image
not
available

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PRESENTED BY
THE PUBLISHER

Digitized by Google

BX
9801
C55

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 1 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University M
JAN 6

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1
The New Year Paradox 2
Holidays or Holy Days 3
CURRENT TOPICS 4
BREVITIES 5
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Church Music: the Minister's Mission 5
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Answering an Ultimate Question, by Rev. George Frederick Wells 6
The New Man; Growing Older 7
Jewish Literature in Christian Hymnody 8
How Can Our Unitarian Churches Help to Secure Social Justice? by Rev. Edwin Alfred Rumball 10
An Independent Liberal Religious Movement in the Philippines, by Rev. J. T. Sunderland 18
Bible Questions 19
A Communion Service, by Rev. Lyman B. Weeks . . . 20
The Kowaliga School; From Proctor Academy 21
The Standard-bearers, by Rev. George A. Thayer . . . 22
The New York League; King's Chapel Services; The Rebuke of the Flowers, by Louisa A. Nash 23
SPIRITUAL LIFE 9
LITERATURE.
Books 14
Miscellaneous 15
THE HOME.
The Lame Boy's Gift, by Frances Harmer 16
The Kit that "Got Even"; "Fuzzy's Flying Machine"; A Kitten as a Doll 17
POETRY.
The Farmer, by Mary Bartlett Smith 6
Her Hands, I. C. B., by Augusta Larned 8
True Self, by Joseph A. Torrey 10
The Four Winds, by Isabel Francis Bellows 16
The Clothespin Dollies 17
Light of my Soul, by Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge 18
UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
Europe Alcohol Sick 20
YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Notes from the Field 21
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 22
PLEASANTRIES 24

Editorial.

THE man who saves himself for big occasions, and takes little pains with small ones, indulges a fallacious sort of economy. Nothing better insures success in the big strains than the habit of putting the best effort into the small ones. Daily calisthenics without apparatus will do more for physical strength than elaborate gymnastics beyond average and natural endurance. To play the clubs that require least of him instead of the proper ones is the golfer's surest way of turning progress into retrogression. The man who has acquired facility in speaking faces a greater danger than any previous one,—not the danger of failure, but the danger of success. He relaxes the strictness of preparation and the severity of discipline, and unconsciously deteriorates. Always to do one's very best does more than dignify small occasions: it makes the man himself ready for any occasion.

FOR young men pressing into the working world one consideration ought to have a front place, though it generally drifts in behind them. Far more important even than the choice of a vocation is the choice of the men under whose leadership it is undertaken. The character of one's employer is a greater asset than the prospects of the employment. The sort of men at the head of a concern, their probity, their public spirit, their range of ability, their standards of action, their repute, count most in the reckoning of promise. Example and influence work down from the head all through the body of workers with such leadership. The pride and confidence with which their employees speak of such employers is their highest guarantee, and to serve under them is worth more than any other inducement.

HABIT and custom, which are such valuable and indispensable bulwarks of progress, curiously become hindrances to progress by continuing effort after the need of it has passed. We notice that in the telephone book there is no punctuation. No one misses the periods and commas, though in composition they are retained everywhere for their usefulness in some places. But how often, even there, they might be dispensed with, and no one the worse. The capital and space make a period unnecessary. It never would be missed. It is almost as ridiculous as the inscription on a child's drawing, "This

277515

Digitized by Google

is a horse." An abbreviation is its own notification to any one intelligent enough to read, and requires no sign except in cases where confusion would result. There is a calculable and considerable saving, no doubt, which makes it decidedly worth while for the printer to omit superfluous signs in printing names and addresses. A good deal may be taken for granted, likewise, in many other places. When we hear exhortations and denunciations and warnings about matters of which we are entirely persuaded, we long to tell the speaker to omit the punctuation and get on to the substance of the matter. Human nature has too many needs unmet for good people to waste time on needs that are ancient history. David has suffered enough: let us attend to the sinners of to-day. "There is only one thing to tell you," said a prison warden to the preacher who asked for advice, "don't give them the Prodigal Son: they've had that."

It is a significant fact, testified to by men whose witness is authoritative, that victims of one and another sort of drug habit are specially numerous among medical men and nurses, are probably more numerous among these people best informed as to the certain effects of indulgence than among those who do not realize what follows indulgence. This shows that being informed as to the consequence of wrong-doing is a very insufficient protection against wrong-doing, a very insufficient deterrent. Of all young men, medical students ought to be most virtuous, knowing so well the perils of vice; but such is not their reputation. Nothing can take the place of the internal forces, nothing can become a substitute for righteousness, and no machinery of information or legal repression will do what is expected of it. Self-respect, a clean heart, and a right spirit, the powers religion stirs, are the only sure reliance.

Good people naturally assume that people of their kind do not need the eighth commandment. "We have got beyond all that," they say. "We do not need to steal, we should have no inclination to steal if we were in need, and it is in quite bad form to mention the commandment in such good company." Yet petty thieving goes on as briskly in such circles as in the lower ranks of society. It goes on more briskly because it is not called stealing and is not penalized. To call it by its right name provokes righteous indignation. Tourists fill their cars with the apples they steal, hotel-keepers have to watch their silver as carefully in banquet-hall as in kitchen, and a curator reports that in one of our metropolitan museums spurious curiosities are left in places where relic-thieves may satisfy their craving without robbing the institution. A little euphemism immunizes people from the sting of a moral law.

Whatever may be thought about capital punishment, and its abolition in some States has put a heavy burden of proof of its necessity or wisdom in States which retain it, there surely is room for the limitation of this extreme penalty to the extreme cases. The other day a man went to the death-chair with this message: "Now the time has come for me to pay for my follies. I am ready to meet it. I served in the United States Army and Navy, and I can meet my punishment as a soldier should. I never knew Frank Ford and did not intend to cause his death. I am very sorry for it and for his family and relatives. No one was to blame for it, only drink; and, if I could only bring Mr. Ford to life by giving up my own, I would willingly do it a hundred times. I hope this will come to the eyes of his wife and family, and that they will not think too hard of me. May it please God to give us both rest." There is no sentimentalism, no extenuation of the crime, in recognizing great nobility in words so genuine, so simple, and so eloquent. Could not society devise some way by which a man under sentence of death who showed such spirit might be given another chance? "If I could only bring Mr. Ford to life by giving up my own, I would willingly do it a hundred times." "May it please God to give us both rest." Are we satisfied to have killed the man who killed? Is not such penalty futile?

Legends of a primitive flood belong to the traditions of every people. Whatever the occasion of them,—and they may have had very definite occasion,—belief in them as affecting the whole world could only be possible in an age when the extent of the world was undreamed of and when its shape was unknown. The story of Noah and the Ark becomes ridiculous when people seriously relate it to the globe and to all its inhabitants. Yet a high-school pupil in an enlightened community was told by a companion that she couldn't be a Christian if she did not believe in everything as the Bible tells it. We have to begin at the beginning with each new generation, and find our teaching ever more necessary than we realize.

Like the repelling poles of a magnet which press apart the more strongly the closer they are brought together, there are fine antipathies in life which no propinquity lessens. To people who fear that pitch defiles, that contact with evil necessarily transmits it, that association in the world makes its temptations, it may confidently be said that the danger is not in the contact, but in the disposition. Nothing seductive seduces the mind that lends no favor to the seduction; no temptation becomes such where one hates what is hateful; and, if the heart be kept pure, Sir Galahad is in the field. This is why churches represent the only sufficient strength against the evils of the world, the final reliance of every reform. They implant that central dynamic which is the mightier and surer the more evil tries conclusions with it. The very attractiveness turns repulsive in a good conscience and a true heart. Develop these powers in the young, and, though the pestilence walketh at noonday, they will not fall.

The New Year Paradox.

Seldom is there a time when we do not wish time away. Some anticipation makes waiting wearisome. It is the coming wedding-day, or the sailing time, or the day when the most desired letter arrives, or the vacation season, or a friend's greeting,—something in the future is always beckoning us and making us impatient with the days between. We are a forward-looking race.

Yet one event we do not contemplate with any eagerness. We do not wish life to end. Except under unusual circumstances, no one wishes death to hasten. If the last day were marked for us to expect it, how we should like the time to lag between our day and that! How fast the slowest time would go that took us surely to the appointed end! Who would hurry things to meet that day?

The paradox of a new year is that it celebrates with rites of revelry and cheer an anticipation which is by itself a sad one. Our eagerness for the fruitions of the future is a disguise which disposition fortunately interposes to delude us. We are always hurrying forward toward a desired haven, and crowding on all sail, and wishing for wind and tide to favor our enterprise, think-

Digitized by Google

ing not that it is an end, but only that it brings us to port. We hasten that which we least desire to come. We try to charm time away, while we wish nothing so little as that our portion should end. The happiness possible to a new year we make its characteristic in order that we shall not think of the real characteristic of the year,—its steady and inevitable cutting of the length of life's thread. The apostle said that he died daily. New Year's Day is the one day of the year which impresses this upon us, and it does this, wonderful to say, in a forgetfulness of the fact, in the form of eager expectation of more than life has yet given, in abundant confidence that the year betokens no ending, but, better than ever before, a beginning.

We say that it is fortunate that this is so, that death is not an execution to be approached with terror or dread, that the shortening of life feels to us like a lengthening of life, and that a new year opens with hope and wishing and confidence of better things to come. It is so surely fortunate that we do not need quite so much emphasis as is sometimes given to the day. The excess of anticipation sometimes betrays a despair under the form of gayety. It is a defiance to hopeless fate rather than a welcome to coming good. It flings a pessimism into the air under the form of revelry. It says, "Eat, drink, and be merry," not because in the new year we are to live, but because in the years it opens we are to die. It seeks to deaden the sadness it feels by narcotics of artificial joy. It becomes gay by intoxication more than by conviction. It dulls the sense of what it feels is dreadful by a stimulated courage, and in its brave defiance self-condemns its cowardice. In clubs and festive gatherings the year is met not in sober strength, but in riotous weakness, not with bravery, but with bravado, not with a heart fit to conquer, but in a spirit sure to lose, not with a will to take opportunity, but with an abandonment to defeat.

To make the time a solemn one is no remedy for this defect. To force substitutes for cheerfulness and jollity will not avail. We should not, if we could, banish all the New Year's rites. But they should be performed with less of pessimism and more of sincerity; they should be accompanied with some touch of thought and purpose; they should be the rites of reason and high feeling, not those of blind indifference and folly; and under the words of greeting and fellowship there should be the spirit of reverence and trust.

The paradox of the New Year is resolved only by the adoption of the religious sort of confidence. There is nothing else so practical, so firm, so lasting, so true. It is tragic to see men in a high sea clutching at one support after another, this spar, that bit of wreckage, and floating off into destruction, fancying they are saved. They have grasped that which is in the same fate as they, and subject to the same contingencies. Their rescue is little more sure than their perishing. Only something more buoyant than they will avail, only something that can ride the waves and withstand their buffetings will sustain them. Only something outside time, and stronger, will keep men above its waves. To salute the time with confidence is as pathetic as was the cry to Cæsar, "Morituri te salutamus." It is a confidence with nothing more than itself. It braves death, but it succumbs to it.

The reason why we can unite without paradox the New Year's cheer with our knowledge that the passing of time is its vanishing is found in so far as we can take into the time another spirit. The only sufficient stay is that of Providence. Dismiss what old fashions of speech we will, this old fashion keeps its style. It "wears its brave state out of memory." It mocks no faith with an empty flaunt. It has no bitterness in its cup, no dregs of regret in its wine, no cant in its challenge. There is a purpose the years have not yet fulfilled. They are the next chance to what without it would be despair. They are the sign of the unstopped course of the Almighty. They signify his infinite resourcefulness. And they symbolize for us the realm where hope and progress are never closed. They give us for our word, not that of dying combatants to an emperor who himself was going their way, but that of living souls who cry to their God, "We who are about to live salute thee."

Holidays or Holy Days.

It makes but little difference how we spell this word, provided we mean that all days rightly lived are holy and that whatever land is beautiful is also holy. We understand that this is the origin of holy, that it really is nothing else but wholly; and that he who lives a whole day or whole life, a good full life, morally and intellectually and physically together, that man is charged with the Holy Spirit. The old conception of health was nothing but wholth: it was the Saxon way of spelling it. The object and end of living was to be whole people, and not half people. This comes around to hit very closely and define very carefully the person who, in the earlier days, was called a sinner. In these days he is the one who lacks wholeness, or wholthfulness. As one agrees with God,—that is, as he becomes a child of God,—he becomes a whole man.

Is the real end of morals and religion anything else but to give us whole people? What is heaven good for if it is to be filled up with the wrecks and fragments of folk out of this world, indorsed solely by the righteousness of somebody else! We understand that in the final estimate you can make a happy home only as its occupants approach health and wholeness; for, carrying the interpretation a little farther, that is the same as holiness or wholeness. Have you noted carefully how much emphasis Jesus placed on the whole man? He told the people who listened to him that his object in life was to increase the life of men,—"that ye might have more life." He was addressing people who could not be any better described than half alive or one-quarter alive.

Take the average of the common crowd, whether on the farm or in the mill, in the court or in the church, and tell us how much real life you find. We do not say that everybody should be able to handle Newton's problems or take high rank among literary men and poets; but who is it that, strolling about his own gardens and fields, has any acquaintance with the birds and the insects, has learned the chief problems that include legumes or comprehend the glory of the rose family or the cereal family, or has the least idea that there are co-ordinate families in the vegetable world as well as in the mammalian world, with whom and which he is himself closely bound. It is this great thought of oneness or wholeness that, after all, works out holiness in the mind of a right liver. You may say to the boy who has given himself over to successful mercantile life that he has possibly one-half of his power unknown or neglected, perhaps wasted entirely beyond recuperation, while he is living out or developing only one-half of himself. The same is true with the mother who has neglected her family, and exploited a small fraction of her powers in some public duty. This is a grand study, this of living a full round life. Even our best achievements may indicate a narrowed vision, with less self-mastery than victory.

Christmas finds us by a beautiful lake, where the pines are bowing their heads gracefully in the waters. Ducks in wedge-shaped flocks are cleaving the liquid mirror,

Digitized by Google

while blue herons and white egrets flash their plumage around the borders. Boys are nowhere sliding down the hillsides; but bees are making holiday honey in loquat flowers. The one thing that we need is here as elsewhere to find God in all things. The chief end of man is to co-operate with Life and Love. You cannot separate holiness from wholefulness, and bundle it into a creed. Holiness here is still to do our fulness in the world. Holidays are those days which are mostly rightly lived. The most holy life is the all-around, most busy and useful life. It is not the extra prayers that are uttered, but the nobler deeds that are done,—these constitute holy days.

Current Topics.

The solution of a delicate problem, which has involved the United States in a diplomatic controversy with Great Britain and other nations, is offered in a resolution introduced in Congress before the Christmas recess by William C. Adamson, chairman of the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, which provides for the suspension for two years of that provision of the Panama Canal Act which exempts American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls. Although the resolution stipulates that at the end of the designated two-year period the President may put the contested exemption in force, it provides that this shall be done only in the event that the opposition of foreign countries to the contemplated discrimination shall have been withdrawn. As there is no reason to believe that Great Britain or any other of the maritime powers of the world will alter its attitude on the issue, it is fair to assume that, in the event of the passage of the resolution, which now seems altogether likely, the exemption of American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls will be permanently abandoned, and a material grievance against the management of the great waterway will be removed.

Official Washington is taking an interest in the protests offered by Central American statesmen to the ratification of the treaty negotiated between Nicaragua and the United States under the preceding administration, which confers upon the United States the sole right to construct an inter-oceanic canal through the San Juan River and the Lake of Nicaragua, and in return establishes a sort of American protectorate over Nicaragua. The opposition of the Central Americans, including many influential Nicaraguans, to this arrangement is based upon the contention that, by injecting a paramount American influence in Central American affairs, it would frustrate the long-mooted project for the formation of a Central American union to be composed of Honduras, Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, and Nicaragua. There are indications that sentiment in Congress is crystallizing into a demand for a thorough investigation into the scope and provisions of the treaty and into the motives that brought about its negotiation.

All prospects of a peaceful readjustment of Mexican affairs by a compromise between the warring factions were dissipated last Sunday, when Francisco Villa, the leader of the Constitutionalist forces and head of the civil government established by the opposition to the régime in Mexico City, announced that under no circumstances will he consider any proposal for the termination of hostilities unless it involves the unconditional surrender and elimination of Victoriano Huerta and his entire administration. In the mean while the interest of the United States in the situation in Mexico is becoming more direct with the progress of the constitutionalists toward the capital. The latest power to remind the American government of the importance of its position in Mexico is Japan, which at the end of last week made vigorous representations at Washington, asking the State Department to extend the protection of its consuls and commanders to Japanese subjects on Mexican soil. The immediate cause of the request presented by Baron Chinda, the Japanese ambassador, was the announcement by Gen. Villa of his intention to extend to Japanese the confiscatory measures which he applied to Spaniards resident within the sphere of his authority.

Events in China are being observed closely both by the friends and the enemies of the republic. The dissolution of Parliament, recently decreed by President Yuan Shi Kai, is an accomplished fact, and the legislative functions of the country have been vested in an administrative council, selected and organized by the executive, and admittedly subservient to his wishes. The radical step undertaken by Yuan Shi Kai has incensed a large and influential part of the Chinese people, who see, or affect to see, in the new order of things the first move toward a return of the old system of absolutism which became so intolerable under the Manchu masters. The dissolution of Parliament has been followed by rapid transactions with foreign financial interests, which, in the opinion of many intelligent Chinese, are destined to place upon the necks of the people a foreign financial yoke.

The readjustment of relations in the Balkan peninsula after the two wars which began in the autumn of 1912 was advanced last week, when diplomatic intercourse was resumed between Bulgaria and Servia. Between those two countries, kin by race and language, the problem of reconciliation is proving comparatively simple, and already there is talk in Sofia and Belgrade of a commercial alliance that shall lower the customs barriers between Servia and Bulgaria. Negotiations between Bulgaria and Greece, however, are proceeding much more slowly. It is pointed out by the Bulgarian government that the Greek authorities are perpetuating their excesses on the peaceful population in the Greek part of Macedonia, with the evident purpose of destroying the Bulgarian element. There is increasing evidence, too, of serious administrative and financial difficulties, which are retarding the restoration of normal conditions in Greece and taxing the resources of the Hellenic government.

Italy, at the beginning of its task of reconstruction in Tripolitania, is facing a grave problem in a continued increase in the emigration of her population to the United States. The attempts of the government to divert the steady outflow of muscle and energy to its new dominion in Northern Africa evidently have proved abortive. On the other hand, the current of population is flowing toward this side of the Atlantic in a steadily swelling volume, which is causing profound uneasiness to the statesmen at Rome. The latest figures, issued recently by the Italian ministry of the interior, show that in the first eleven months of 1913 Italian emigration was greater by 131,066 persons than in the corresponding period in 1912. Of the grand total of 335,225 souls who abandoned the country of their birth between January 1 and December 1 of 1913, 252,000 came to the United States, as compared with 196,106 in 1912.

Digitized by Google

A CURIOUS tale of the negotiation of an alliance between Germany and Great Britain, designed to counteract American enterprise abroad and put a check upon the fast-going foreign trade of the United States, is going the rounds of the daily press in America. The rumors of such a league against American commerce, which would be formidable if it were possible, finds its origin in Washington, where indiscreet diplomats are represented as having betrayed important State secrets to inquisitive journalists. The basis for such an alliance, it is asserted by the sponsors of the interesting disclosures, is the fear, common to all great commercial powers of the Old World, that at its present rate of progress American trade and manufactures will not only soon establish a domination over the non-productive portions of the world, but it will also invade the home markets of Europe, with disastrous results to European nations. As might be expected, no official information is available of such a vast project to crush an enterprising nation.

Brevities.

A discouraged and unhappy girl in a popular story found out a secret that made her useful and happy,—namely, that "everybody's lonesome." Who of us does not, at critical times, welcome tonic companionship and sympathy?

The intentional formation of the habit of praise of others, instead of blame, is a simple accomplishment of incomputable worth. It sets the heart to singing, and thereby lightens the hardest day's work and smooths the most difficult road.

The age of the earth can be calculated in many ways: by geology, astronomy, biology, denudation and sedimentation, the wearing of rock strata by rivers through ravines, the salinity of the oceans, and the thermal energy of the sun.

It is said that messenger boys make up three-fourths of the population of our reformatories; and who wonders, when we recall that they live largely in the tainted atmosphere of the city underworld? Several States, including Massachusetts, have passed laws forbidding the employment of boys under sixteen.

In answer to the question, "Should women propose?" Dorothea Dix replied, "Certainly. The great disadvantage under which the feminine sex labors is sentimental rather than political. Cruelly unjust as it is for women to be denied a voice in government, it is not so unjust as that she should be denied a voice in love-making."

Letters to the Editor.

Church Music: the Minister's Mission.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I was very much interested in a recent editorial note condemning cheap rag-time church music by go-as-you-please choirs, and ending with the phrase, "People would do much better to do their own singing, though poorly, than have it done for them worse than poorly."

This seems to touch a live wire; but even these eighteen lines of wise and cutting criticism are not sufficient to effect a cure of a general ill. Why not turn on the searchlight and discover the cause of cheap music in the gallery and no music in the pews? If a remedy is not to be hoped for, would not a preventive be found in making some knowledge of music an essential of every minister's equipment? I have heard ministers rather boast that they "didn't know one tune from another," which pitiful fact was evident enough in the tunes selected for congregational singing.

In talking with an elderly preacher, who had given forty years of inconspicuous monotony to several unresisting congregations, I asked why he had selected certain desolating hymn-tunes for an Easter service. I was at that time a sort of choir-master, having charge of a chorus choir, and it was often a desperate venture to secure selections that my novices could sing, and in which the congregation would join "with heart and voice." The reply was, with a complacent smile of superiority, "Oh, I know nothing of music, but must have words exactly in line with my sermon."

I ventured to say, "Yes, that is desirable when the sermon has some distinctive theme; but to my mind, speaking from a long experience, there is no sermon that is not aided by a closing hymn of an inspirational nature wedded to a tune that all will join in singing. If they don't sing the words, they will not read them, so of what avail their intimate fitness, from your standpoint?"

"Ah!" said my placid bromide, "when you have preached as long as I have, you will realize how unimportant any particular tune is. It is hard enough to select conscientiously fitting words without having to consider the music, too."

Now, aside from the frivol and rag-time of much of the professional choir music, to which no earnest soul can listen without revolt, there is a far wider field to cultivate among country parishes where congregational singing is the rule. It is here that the music becomes an integral part of the service. Everybody loves to sing, especially those who can't; and for him who can't sing, but does, it is just as much true worship as if his notes were like those of

> "The wise thrush
> Who sings his song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> That first fine, careless rapture."

An occasional discordant note is lost in the general harmony. It is worship often far more truly than anything the sermon called to life, though the service is only complete when sermon and song rise together "in wonder, love, and praise."

My dear, contented parson, turn to the story of "Laddie," and on page 74 read how the people sang, and why.

"You never heard such singing in your life. That was another wonderful thing. My father did not know the notes. He could not really sing. Neither could half the people there; . . . yet all of them were singing at the tops of their voices, and I don't believe the angels in heaven could create grander music."

Is it not, then, worth while for the pulpit to realize what the pews need in this almost unexplored missionary field? Is not some knowledge of and love for church music essential? Should a minister accept a pulpit without admitting that the most inspirational part of the church service has no interest for him, and is, indeed, a dark passage into which he is unable to venture with the lantern of intelligent sympathy?

It is a great thing to "occupy the pulpit," and a greater thing to "deliver the sermon"; but the pulpit and the sermon never altogether get their message across, unless the service becomes in some way general and mutual, and it is music that supplies the crucible in which hearts and voices may be fused for the uplift of all and the hastening of God's kingdom. FREDERIC A. WHITING.

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

Digitized by Google

The Farmer.

BY MARY BARTLETT SMITH.

Did you think when the brown leaves scurried
From their boughs on the tree-crowned hill,
When the white frost glistened in the meadow
And the winds of the night blew chill,—
Did you think of the rich wheat harvest
For the bread that shall feed us all?
Did you think of the sturdy farmer
Who will answer our hungry call?

When the gray squirrels whisked through the tree-top
Every day all the summer through,
Did you think of the busy farmer
And the stores he was growing for you?
From the seed sown in spring-time furrows
He has gathered the ripened grain,
Waving corn for the sweet-breathed cattle,
All the wealth of the fertile plain.

He has builded the barns for the harvest,
To the lambs given tender care;
He has planted the upland orchard
For his own and the world to share;
He has cleared off the stone and stubble
And turned up the new land's store;
All the wealth of the wide, wide country
He has won where man reaped not before.

When the harvest has come to the city,
And the storehouse and market are filled,
Let us think of the gift of the farmer
And the fields he has honestly tilled;
Let us join him in one great Thanksgiving
For the plenty and joy of the fall.
Were it not for the work of the farmer,
We could never be here at all!

Answering an Ultimate Question.

REV. GEORGE FREDERICK WELLS.

A man may be an Odd Fellow, a Granger, a Free Mason, a Knight of Pythias, and a Modern Woodman simultaneously. Many persons have joined and within the same periods of time been loyal, popular participants in fifteen or twenty different fraternal organizations. If to be a member of one lodge is good, it is good for a person to belong to as many as lie within his personal taste and his resources of time and money.

Most people can converse only in one language. Some people are at home in three or four languages. Many can freely read and translate ten different languages. It is said that Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "Quo Vadis," knew sixty languages. The master of many tongues, if his wealth of linguistic power is balanced by an average gift of human feeling and experience, cannot be far from knowing the heart of man. Paul never could have attained his remarkable capacity for human leadership, had he not been a barbarian, a Roman, a Greek, and a Hebrew. A person may have the blood of two, twelve, or twenty distinct nationalities in his veins, and the larger, richer person for each of them. By intelligent travel we may have stored our minds with the separate values of the American, English, German, French, Italian, and other national viewpoints and ideas. The very nature of refinement is universality. Every person with the slightest vision of real culture desires to become cosmopolitan.

Every one who is above the mere machine is more or less versatile. There are farmer-preachers, lawyers in business, physician-musicians, soldier-authors, and men of all the professions who are skilled in the trades. Michel Angelo was an architect, sculptor, and painter. Frank Hopkinson Smith, however he writes his name, is a novelist, a painter, and a master engineer. Such are the diversities, the multiplicities, of human activity, capacity, culture, and character.

Let us see if we shall be startled by a seeming contrast or violation of this rule of variety.

At the Second Annual Conference of the New England Country Church Association an earnest plea was made for what was believed to be the highest good of many country communities,—for pluri-denominational ministers and churches. It is to be hoped that each denomination could contribute a distinctive quality or value if it were to work in any given community. But, since the smaller country communities cannot well support separate organizations and leaders to represent and propagate each such value, it seems extremely feasible and desirable that any minister or church shall cultivate more than a single value, type, or class of truths or qualities. To make clear the plea, it was stated that, while most people nominally belong to but one of our modern fellowships of faith, we should sadly regret to be deprived of the good which has been appropriated in our education and equipment from several modern denominations.

After the address we were greatly surprised to have a well-known leader sharply object to the plea. "Why," said he, "that would be a kind of religious polygamy, a prostitution of the home, like a man having many wives! I can't understand it!"

If all love is domestic love, then there is but one home for a man, and outside of it there is no love nor comradeship. If all truth and idealism are the truth and idealism of the church, then there is but one church, outside of which is hell.

Not long ago I expressed to one of the leaders of one of the greatest of American denominations the earnest desire that his denomination might increase, so that every one in America should become a worthy member of it; that my denomination likewise might increase, so that every American also become a member of it, and that every denomination, ancient with glorious centuries or yet unborn, if it could contribute even the least additional truth or value to human experience, should grow until it became all-inclusive. Thus might the excellence of each be the excellence of all, and brotherhood realized. He replied: "Our evolution has not taken us to that yet. But it is coming!"

It is easy to define and to dream of the fair, bright day which we know to be in the distant future. It is quite another matter to penetrate human ignorance, to develop capacity and appreciation, and to remove the dross of greed and hate. The desired condition will not prevail until a propaganda of the right methods brings them to pass.

At one time I was studying the social life of a small country town in Iowa. Four churches, each of which sought to proclaim the common Christian gospel, were struggling for existence among less than four hundred people. One of the churches was pastorless. A majority of the people were churchless. Two saloons and three restaurants, which were loafing and gambling places for the boys and young men, were thriving. The churches had little influence in the recreations and social life of the town, and vice and Sabbath desecration were prevalent. Upon being asked to preach in one of the four churches, I replied that the effort would not be worth the time, but that I would gladly speak in the pastorless church to the four congregations combined. At the community service which resulted from the challenge, 150 people enjoyed the experience of being pluri-denominational Christians. The social and moral curse of thousands of such country towns will never be removed until a few million church members become practical and positive demonstrators of pluri-denominational Christianity. In

Digitized by Google

fact, there is no other Christianity to-day to be demonstrated.

There are in the United States twenty or more instances in small towns and villages where local churches of two or three different denominations, each too feeble to support individual services, have the good sense to federate for united community work and worship under the leadership of one minister. These one-minister federations of country churches are common in Maine, Vermont, New York, and Wisconsin. While pastor at one time of three churches, each of a different denomination, and all in the same little village, thus having the opportunity of being the pastor of an entire township of 1,000 people, I was repeatedly asked: "What can you preach to such a congregation? You must deal in evasions. You dare not preach Methodist doctrine, Baptist doctrine, nor Congregational doctrine. What can you preach?" I preached the central, fundamental gospel which is common to all churches. The content of my preaching suffered no subtractions. Neither was it a simple addition. It was a multiplication. There is more to unite denominations than to divide them. The United States government is not a negative quantity because it is the federal head of many commonwealths. Its positive power is increased in geometrical proportion by the addition of strength to any of its members.

Why plead for persons who possess the united qualities of many denominations? We already have them. Their number is rapidly increasing. Many Methodists, Baptists, and Disciples have become Congregationalists, Episcopalians, or Presbyterians. In making the change, they have not put off the former to adopt the new. Some denominations are the kindergarten and primary grades in the culture of the soul. Their efficiency is often marked by the number of their graduates. Other denominations are the academies, colleges, and universities. We may graduate from these, also. The true call is into life's larger fields of practice. A traveller is not known by the way-station at which he buys his ticket, nor by his stop-over privileges in larger centres, but by the destination which he reaches. "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

But where in enlightened Christendom is there known a person who belongs at the same time to more than one religious denomination?

TYRINGHAM, MASS.

The New Man.

Truly we need a new man, a man strong enough and brave enough to challenge the corruptions that degrade our life, fearless enough to renounce the shams and lies of life and give himself to the restoration of truth and good. When I say we need a new man, I mean, of course, man in the generic sense and not in the individual sense, for no one man can work the change or fight alone against life's curses and corruptions. What we need, in other words, is a new type of manhood, the type suggested in Tennyson's clarion call to—

> "Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand,"

the generic man of the coming day, the Christ that is to be, the Christ not of Galilee alone, but of our modern life and world, upon whom we shall look not as the exceptional man, but as the normal man, the influence of whose bearing will pervade our markets, our senates, our homes.

The coming man must needs be stronger, nobler, more bold and fearless, than any man the past has known. Stronger, bolder, more fearless than any of old, because the task of lifting the world's life to its ideal level will be harder than any task to which man's effort has yet been given, and nobler, because in such a service only unselfishness can prevail. The coming man must be willing to sacrifice all for the sake of unselfish and impersonal ends,—all men have ever counted dear or worth striving for.

He will be born for the task, and when he appears he will be born not of individual parentage, but of the hopes and desires of a society travailing together in his birth. It is in such a way that all the great and good have entered life. It was in such a way that Jesus of Nazareth was born, for we are coming increasingly to believe that, as surely as Jesus was the child of Joseph and Mary, so surely was he the child of his nation's ardent desires. It was of the travail of Hebrew yearning and aspiration that Jesus was most truly born, for the nation of his time was pregnant with the yearning and aspiration of which saints and prophets are begotten. The noblest souls are always the product of a good that is yearning for birth in the life of their time and immediately preceding it.

Even more will this be true of the coming man. It is in the light of this suggestion that we see our own vital relation with the coming man. It is ours to share in the ardent longing and the passionate yearning for a nobler race which will constitute the travail by which the new man will be born. When he is born, he will be in very truth our child, the child of our hopes and dreams and yearnings, for if our yearnings and hopes should fail he could never exist. But he will exist. Thank God for the signs we see that the birth of the new man is coming. Out of the long travail of ages, hastened by the passionate longing of the present hour for a new world and a new man, will be he born, and in his birth shall the whole earth be blessed.—*Rev. Edward Henry Reeman.*

Growing Older.

The Western Slope is peopled in the main with an agreeable company. Youth has no monopoly of charm, not even of physical attractions; still less of kindly and gracious manners, which are more than beauty's equivalent, and the infrequent accomplishment of the young. It is true we have our own standards. Mere shape and color count for little. We may still take delight in the pure tints of our younger acquaintance, but signs like these have often failed us, and we have learned to look deeper. The feature must express a thought, whether it be of classic mould or not; and the classic pleases better when it shows some of the ameliorating effects of time. A freshly made Venus or Apollo would look rather insipid.

We note the kind of mind or soul that looks out from eyes of fading blue or brown, soul many times so rich in garnered wisdom and love that it floods color out of remembrance. Even with the young new standards are beginning to obtain, such as fit a scientific age. Natural wit and kindness are more prized in the modern belle than the right cut in eyebrows. Young men seek an easy and natural companionship among young women as with themselves. The relation between the boys and girls grows more rational every day, based on intrinsic qualities in each.

Beauty of expression is, however, more Time's achievement than Nature's. The rugged, weather-beaten faces of some of these men, the look of power won and held in reserve which middle-age manhood wears, which grizzled locks and a fleshy double-chin cannot mar! The faces of some of these women, pinched by time or wasting disease, but bearing the impress of thought, and lit with spiritual conquest! Each face tells its own story of suffering and mistake, but wears a look of human tender-

Digitized by Google

ness and trust that could have been won in no other way.

Undoubtedly, there are faces of another sort. The Western Slope is no heaven of the regenerate and saved, nor handsomely appointed drawing-room for the use of the socially eligible and select. It is but a bit of common pasture-land where the sheep and the goats nibble alongside and seem to derive much comfort and edification from each other's society. The vain and the silly, the cruel and the capricious, the selfish and the vulgar, are all here—along with the rest of us. We have not grown so very wise nor good, nor always so discreet, even, on the Western Slope. In many cases we have but retained the follies of youth, grown into crimes. Habit has become our jailer; the old power to resist gone, we dwell with him on easy terms. Yet, in the long run, experience wins its own meed of beauty and grace. An enlarged understanding, teaching sympathy and consideration for others, a chastened spirit, imparting patience, these have a direct relation to personal demeanor. They may inform the body with more than a courtier's grace and lend to a wrinkled countenance a radiance and sweetness youth may well envy. Handsome is that handsome does! The young flout this homely old saw with easy scorn, but it is the only beauty-preserver left to us on the western side of the hill.

We have our own code of manners also. The haste and impetuosity so becoming to eighteen are immoral at fifty. Even the so-called innocence of youth must not be preserved too long, lest it sink into wicked imbecility, like Harold Skimpole's. Reserve is a better sign of power than impulse.

We live in a busy age, full of schemes for our personal success and redeeming the world in a day. We excuse our numerous impolitenesses on the ground of the great ends we have in view, but usually the great ends can wait. It is only in the chance to perform small duties well that any one is important. Hurry and self-consequence are at the bottom of most of our bad manners. On the Western Slope we can no longer hurry, and we are not so important, even to ourselves, as we once were. Our chief merit lies in this growing modesty. We have added a sixth sense,—the sense of our limitations. Habits and opinions become fixed, the will relaxes, imagination grows thin and pale. Beliefs that once walked in as visible embodiment by our side as our friends in the flesh have faded into ghosts,—ghosts which sadden more than they terrify, for, unlike the famous French lady, we not only no longer believe in ghosts, we have not even the pleasant excitement of being afraid of them.

It is to our credit that we are able so many times to go on working without the old incentives. Habit helps here, too, and is less jailer than guardian angel. Belief, lost as rule, or dogma clings to us still in the shape of every human hope and tie. Results are prized, but not of the wholesale order, not in the job-lots of the professional reformer.

Though we have achieved so little, yet we have achieved a little. That, I should say, is the sum of wisdom on the Western Slope. The true Western Sloper, if I may risk the term, should have reached the point where he can look his mistakes and failures calmly in the eye, acknowledging them, but not greatly regretting them, since regret wastes time and depletes the spiritual energies; and there is ample occasion still for the exercise of all our energies.

The afternoon virtues are not to be despised. They are well worth cultivating: a serene and equable temper, a disposition that grows more peaceful toward the world as it ceases to war in behalf of individual claims, a widening horizon of faith and duty; the duty construed somewhat less strenuously than of old, because the faith partakes ever more and more of that love that beareth and hopeth and believeth all things.

On the whole, a fair and goodly company, as I said.—*Celia P. Woolley, in the Western Slope.*

Her Hands.
I. C. B.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

As I beside my friend have often sat,
Long years agone in pleasant converse lost,
Mine eyes have rested on her clever hands,
Untiring in the work for others' good,—
Those loving hands so serviceable, quick,
In works of charity and deeds benign,
Ready at every call of human need,
In self-forgetful ways of blessing,
Giving the gifts of spirit richer far
Than are all other alms of baser coin.
Out of her great heart she gave to many,
Diverse of race and name. All were her kin,
The human claim was in her like the pulse
And beat of blood within her generous veins,
The life bestowed by nature, so those hands
Seemed like the mother hands of all the world
When they stretched forth to East and South,
To own a tie with the oppressed and wronged.
The friendliness that warmed her constant heart
Made cheer and sunshine in her life of toil,
Drew to her young and old to feel the glow of her expansive soul.
To her the earth redeemed was more than dream vision,
Where'er she stood and saw the heavens brighten with a hope.
And can it be those hands are stilled in death?
The heart quiescent now that glowed with ardor
No more to clasp the child that came a gift from God?
No more stretched forth to serve in some great cause
The prisoner far across the desert steppes,
Who looks to-day on drear Siberian skies,
Or convicts in their cells,
Or the dark races of the world who owned her loyalty?
Rest, rest has come for those efficient hands
That vowed themselves to God long years ago,
Nor e'er proved recreant to the promise made.
And we would follow with our love and hope
Her flitting o'er the brook that severs from the eternal land
Where is her quest for one she loved and lost,
Joying in her great joy to find the blended life renewed,
Hearts throbbing with the unison of old,
And voices joining in the song of songs,
Great harmony that lost a single beat,
And then again took up the immortal strain.

Jewish Literature in Christian Hymnody.

The debt of Christian hymnody to the Book of Psalms, the "hymn-book of the second temple," is well recognized and acknowledged. It was through the metrical version of the Psalms, first by Sternhold and Hopkins, and later by Watts, that the English hymn proper gained admission to use in the church service. There are now in all our hymn-books hymns of seventeenth-century English authorship, which at the time of their writing had no chance of hymn-book adoption. They were then regarded as "mere human composures" and having no place in the solemn worship of God.

The wider indebtedness of Chrstian hymnody to the poetical passages of ancient Jewish literature outside the Book of Psalms is not so generally known and realized.

It may be of interest to note a single instance as contained in the third chapter of the book of Habakkuk, of which Driver says, in his "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament": "It consists of a lyric ode, which for sublimity of poetic conception and splendor of diction ranks with the finest which Hebrew poetry has produced"; and he ranks it with the "Song of Moses" (Ex. xv.) and that of Deborah (Judges v.). George

Digitized by Google

Wither, in his "Hymns and Songs of the Church" (1623), has given a metrical rendering of the whole chapter, quaint and most interesting. But a passage of the chapter, near its close, has been borrowed and embodied in hymns by several well-known hymn-writers. A comparison of these borrowings is rather interesting. The passage referred to is as follows (American revised version):

"For though the fig-tree shall not flourish,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no food;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
Yet I will rejoice in Jehovah,
I will joy in the God of my salvation."
—*Hab. iii.* 17, 18.

It will be noticed that here "food" takes the place of "meat," which at the time of the King James Version had that more general meaning, as, *e.g.*, in Jesus' words, "My meat is to do the will of Him who sent me," and like passages.

Charles Wesley, in his hymn beginning "Away, my unbelieving fear" (1742), thus renders the borrowing:

"Although the vines its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise."

This is not one of the best, and "the bleating race" is a bit naïve and a concession to rhyme.

Mrs. Barbauld, in her fine and wholesome hymn beginning "Praise to God, immortal praise" (1772), is better:—

"Yet should rising whirlwind tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

"Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

"Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the later rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

"Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, where every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone."

This hymn, in whole or (more usually) in part, is now to be found in nearly every hymn-book. Emerson includes the whole hymn in his "Parnassus," a marked indication of his own liking of it.

Yet, more compact and perhaps best of all, is Cowper's rendering in his hymn (1779) beginning, "Sometimes a light surprises the Christian while he sings":—

"Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fruit should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice."

A well-known minister among us includes this hymn in his innermost heart-collection of hymns, and confessed to the writer that perhaps this loved passage from Habakkuk was the mainspring of its appeal. The editors of the "Unity Hymns and Chorals, Revised and Enlarged," have taken what to some will doubtless seem the audacious liberty of rendering the second line of the opening stanza of this hymn, "The pilgrim while he sings." But why not? Is such experience confined strictly to those who bear the "Christian" name, and not also a fact of universal religious heart, and, besides, is not "pilgrim" a more poetic and picture-like figure in this journey of the life?

In closing this article, it may be of interest to add George Wither's phrasing of the passage in his rendering of the whole chapter, already referred to:—

"Bloomless shall the fig-tree be,
And the vine no fruit shall yield;
Fade shall then the olive-tree;
Meat shall none be in the field;
Neither in the fold or stall
Flock or herd continue shall.

"Yet the Lord my joy shall be,
And in Him I will delight;
In my God, that saveth me,
God the Lord, my only might:
Who my feet so guides, that I,
Hind-like, pace my places high."

Some other hymn-writers have made like borrowing from this old-time Hebrew prophet; but the foregoing represent, I think, the more notable and worthy instances. *Rev. Frederic L. Hosmer, in the Pacific Unitarian.*

Spiritual Life.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.—*Canon Farrar.*

Many, indeed, think of being happy with God in heaven, but the being happy with God on earth never enters their thoughts.—*John Wesley.*

Let us only take care that, by the glance being turned inward or strained onward or lost in vacant reverie, we do not miss our turn of service, and pass by those to whom we might have been sent on an errand straight from God. *Elizabeth Charles.*

Be not ashamed to be helped; for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How, then, if, being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible?—*Marcus Aurelius.*

The best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions, sentiments, in a man are of no account, if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Are not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy,—the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy, but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniforms.—*Carlyle.*

Religion has not primarily nor mainly come to man by deliberate scientific ratiocination, but by spontaneous experience. It is the whole of man responding to the whole of God. Human nature has not thought out, it has experienced, religion. This cumulative and hereditary

Digitized by Google

experience of the wonder and mystery of the external universe, the greater wonder and the vaster mystery of its own inward life, have made religion, the upward look of awe and adoration, the outward look of sympathy and fellow-service, the inward look of mingled self-abasement and self-reverence, as natural to it as hunger, sleep, or normal respiration to man's physical life.—*John Chadwick.*

True Self.

BY JOSEPH A. TORREY.

And ah! for the man to arise in me,
That the man that I am may cease to be.
TENNYSON.

Not what we are, but what we hope to be,
Is the real self of you or me,
Our own, unrealized possibility,
Not our empirical reality,
The promise unfulfilled,—
The real, potential man whom God doth see.

How Can Our Unitarian Churches Help to Secure Social Justice?

BY REV. EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL.

The problems gathering around the question which we shall discuss at this time have been created during recent years by the wide-spread proclamation of one of the most vital evangels ever heard in our churches. Ministers and people everywhere, in all denominations, are forsaking the study of God in theology to study God in human life and human conditions. Every relationship that men, women, and little children can possibly have, has become full of spiritual significance. No effort has been spared to make each individual listener in our pews a sharer of responsibility for any injustice which has been seen in these relationships. With a meaning wider and deeper than ever confessed before, our churches are now beginning to say, "We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. By our common indifference, common lack of interest, common ignorance, and common self-interest, we have helped to buttress the forces that have kept many of the poor from their true spiritual and material inheritance. We have turned every one to his own way." By whose stripes we are being healed, the preacher of a later century must tell.

When, however, these sin-burdened individuals in our churches have asked what they shall do to be saved, there is not one minister of us but will confess to considerable dissatisfaction with most of the answers that have been given. The charitable efforts of individuals have never been free from an undemocratic paternalism, and, attending these individual efforts, there has frequently been a deep sense of helplessness. The individual gift and helping hand make no impression on organized injustice, and he who in the realm of politics or industry seeks to do his day's work without any violation of conscience frequently finds that he has not only committed political and commercial suicide, but has left the powers of evil more intrenched than ever. In some despair he has looked for an organization to help him realize this new justice, and we must not marvel that he should turn to the society of those men and women with whom he first heard this new emphasis of an old gospel. Surely, the churches with their millions of members in every land, with their professed belief in brotherhood and justice, form the one great natural organization for the accomplishment of this vision of a democracy of God upon the earth.

The churches soon find that this new enthusiasm places a great strain on our Congregational polity. When we seek to have the churches act as churches on matters of social injustice, some will find it easy in their enthusiasm to forget the rights of individual members of the congregation. At the outset we shall be obliged to recognize that, even as our people have refused all dictation in religious matters, the same spirit will be shown towards all proposals of social protest and social reconstruction.

Our peculiar problem might therefore be stated in this way: How are we to avoid committing the churches in an un-Congregational manner to definite social reconstruction, and at the same time avoid the sin of non-committal on injustices where it is to be presumed that religious men and women can have but one opinion?

My answer will be understood better if I hint a little of the context from which it comes. I was asked to speak from this platform, because I am a member of the Socialist party. It was properly thought that, while no man can speak for his party in any absolute sense, the Socialist point of view was needed for a complete symposium upon this subject. I want to answer this question as a comrade believing in our Congregational principles and our splendid Unitarian affirmations. It is due to you all that I should say this, as I wish never even to seem to take the foolish position of "forcing Socialism down people's throats." It may be needful at times to speak out of season, but on this occasion the topic is in season.

First, let us be clear as to what we mean by social justice. Personally, I regret the adjective. Justice should not need any qualification. If justice is not social, it is not justice; but, accepting the term because our inadequate conceptions of justice demand it, it may be defined something as follows: social justice is that condition of human life where each individual and all of them have the fullest opportunity and co-operation for self-development and self-government, the entire condition being brought about by ethical means. I add this rider, because I am unable to conceive of justice as needing any other means. An end that *needs* an ignoble instrument can be but an ignoble end. The spirit in which we seek to realize our vision is as important as the vision. The how we do a thing is as important as the thing we do. We cannot be unjust in order to be just.

As the Socialist minister believes that the ethical and economic education of the people toward Socialism will bring this end more than any other factor that we have before us to-day, we might breathe a word of definition on this subject also. I am content to look no farther for such a definition than may be found in an old volume on most of our shelves, John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy." It is a definition, by the way, which in these days of Syndicalism may be acceptable to those also who accept the philosophy of the Industrial Workers of the World as well as to the organized Socialists. Mill sets forth his industrial organization in these words: "The form of association, which, if mankind continue to improve, must be expected in the end to predominate, is not that which can exist between a capitalist as chief and work-people without a voice in the management, but the association of the laborers themselves, on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which to carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves." Many will be dissatisfied with this definition because it takes no account of the class-conscious and often unattractive campaign assertions of some modern

Digitized by Google

American Socialists. In answer, I ask, with Thomas Kirkup, that we remember that Socialism is a movement towards the better condition, and is not that better condition fixed and posited in the future. It is a living evolution, not a future paradise. We must remember that most historic systems have had to run themselves clear of the turbid elements with which they were originally mixed. Continual discussion, criticism, the wear and tear of experience, the conditions prescribed by history, and the fundamental laws of human nature must and will play their part in wedding this social ideal to fact.

It is with these factors in development that the churches as churches can and should concern themselves. The realization of a condition of human life that will be generally acceptable as socially just presupposes certain things which must exist with fair universality before we can claim to have such a democracy of God among us.

It presupposes first of all, that men and women everywhere shall understand better than they do to-day the real need and true meaning of economic evolution. The real problem is "the distribution of the ideas which must precede the distribution of the product." In this regard many Socialists are in need of quieter and more thorough thinking, as well as the large mass of educated and uneducated non-Socialists. We are all apt to forget, not only that the world grows, but that it must grow. There is no more reason why an industrial system should not be superseded, if it works injustice, than that a religious system should pass away if it no longer has good news for men's souls. It is the almost inevitable growth of the world which is the essence of Socialism. "The great task of the Marx school," says one of the sanest and most trustworthy of Socialist historians, "is not to preach a new and economic and social gospel, not to provide ready-made schemes of social regeneration, after the fashion of the early socialists, nor to counteract with alleviating measures the wretchedness of our present system, but to explain and to promote the inevitable process of social evolution, so that the domination of capital may run its course and give place to the higher system that is to come." With the exception of the bald reference to refusing "alleviating measures," I want to show that the work of the churches may easily come into line to co-operate with this vision.

The advent of social justice also presupposes a large increase in the spirit and practice of democracy. It is marvellous how little democracy there is yet with us in this land. It is marvellous how little there is in our political life, the one narrow sphere where we have tried to practise it. Thousands of intelligent and good men fail to vote at each election. Democracy is without any real significance to them. As a matter of fact, we are killing democracy in this country by confining it to the one sphere of politics. Democracy grows, and grows only, as we extend its functions. Only as other than political matters are touched by democracy can we hope to cure the evils surrounding our present democracy. The people are already under the illusion that democracy is a political term instead of an ethical and religious term that has significance for all human institutions and experience. If any kind of social justice should come to us while our democracy is in this infantile stage, it would be disastrous. A social justice the result of a sudden revolution, or of the political will of a minority of the people, could be neither just nor permanent. The kingdom of God on earth may be a very desirable place, but in a democracy the people must come as a people freely to it and without coercion. If social justice is not something in the future waiting for us to reach it, but a condition of life slowly coming all the time, it can come only unhindered and naturally, as we prepare the way with a larger practice of democracy.

In the third place the end that we have in mind presupposes a greater sympathy, toleration, and appreciation of each other than exists to-day. At present we are in the stage of suspicion and hatred. I find this is violently expressed by working men and women. I find that it is also arrogantly expressed by employers and members of their families. There can come no larger measure of social justice while this continues, whether we conceive that justice in the terms of Socialism or not. The large number of employers and wealthy church members who speak impatiently of anything that calmly proposes to introduce a juster order of society, building upon the elements of that juster order already with us, is one of the saddest facts of our modern religious progress. The large number of employees and sufferers from poverty who see no better way of changing conditions than through hatred and violence is just as lamentable. There can be no *permanent* change in the order of society till we all get together more and patiently seek to understand each other better.

I have purposely omitted all reference to any needful economic change, largely because I fail to see how the churches as churches can affect that in any direct manner, and also because an economic change presupposes under Socialism the more general conviction of its necessity to bring in a strong enough voting power. In other words, we have to change men as a pledge for the safety of any change of system. There must be new convictions and new actions first. If Socialism comes to a people unprepared for it, more than one Socialist writer has said—Comrade Vida Scudder among others—it will be a distinct hurt to the cause. If, on the other hand, it comes to a people who by intelligence, more efficient training in democracy, and larger sympathies have learned the way of life, then it will be a fit expresssion of human fellowship and toil.

Having now described the conditions which must precede the larger measure of social justice which we seek, let us ask what the churches can do to help secure it.

I conceive the task as one in every way peculiarly fitted to our churches of Unitarian-Congregational traditions and convictions.

First of all, I should like to inject a word as to the position of our ministers on this matter. We shall probably find, as the years go on, that more and more of our ministers will become Socialists. This may be specially true of those ministers who come to us from other denominations. Their break with their religious past will frequently be followed with a break with their social traditions before mental equilibrium will be reached. This means that there will be continually earnest heart-searching and unselfish thinking as to whether he shall preach Socialism. If his Socialism is of the right kind, it will be more than a political faith with him: it will be part of his religious expression. However irrelevant it may sound to some of his hearers, to him it will belong to the deepest and holiest in life, and he will feel like another missionary, and cry, "Woe is me, if I preach not this gospel!" He will have to face a possible nomination by his party, and all the time he will have to decide how far he shall publicly identify himself with that party.

In the line of answer we may be able to give some suggestions. We dare not lay down any rules. As a Socialist and one who loves the fellowship of all kinds of comrades, I submit the following reflections.

The churches as churches are doing more efficient work for the democracy of God when they seek to attain their end apart from any political party. The Socialist minister will retain the confidence of his people, and, what

Digitized by Google

is more important, the confidence of his comrades longer, and do very much better work, work eventually more to his satisfaction, if he refuses all nominations. He ought to remember that the Socialist party above all other parties is suspicious of anything that suggests any kind of religious affiliation. If he wants men of his own calibre in office, it is his business to create them, and he has as fine a chance as most men of doing so. It is finer and harder work creating mayors than being one. A minister's job is the hardest work in the land. I mean this literally, and I have no fear of being charged with pride of office, for most of us are not up to our job. He will find also that many of his comrades will think well of his refusal. It has been beautiful to hear, as I have heard more than once, some comrade, perhaps only a few months in the country, tell some "intellectual," so called, who had applied for membership in the party, that he need not join, as it might risk his job, that they would remember his sympathy with their cause, and that it was not needful at this stage to sacrifice himself in this way. These good fellows know what it means to lose their job for being Socialists, and they think all men's hands are against them. There are men, of course, who mistakingly choose the ministry as their life-work and who later change it for some other form of public and social service. This is all right. There is more than one way of serving God and one's brothers and sisters.

All this has been a very lengthy introduction to our subject, but it is ended. The subject is quite simple and short: it is the approach to this question which is hard and necessarily long. What can our Unitarian churches do to help secure social justice? In answering, it will be noticed that we need not make any serious break with our traditions. As we hinted earlier, it is with the factors of development in the realization of this ideal that the churches may concern themselves. We have an important part to play in creating a nobler understanding of human progress, in creating a larger spirit of democracy, and in establishing sympathy among men and women.

First, then, we already stand for a noble estimate of life. As Robert Collyer loved to say, we all trust and believe this to be God's world, and all the people in it are God's folk. This may sound very trite and commonplace, but its implications are full of tremendous issues. Our faith that each individual man, woman, and child is divine lays on us the most radical of social obligations. This faith has already led us into many social reforms, so called. We do not believe that it is a wrong policy to concern ourselves with "alleviating measures," and many Socialists are with us in that disbelief. We have entered these reforms in the conviction that a larger measure of social justice can come only as the social wealth of men and women is increased. If men are becoming weaker, poorer, more oppressed, the chances for Socialism by means of more democracy are considerably less. We have worked for better housing, playgrounds, and better wages and factory conditions; we have labored for the abolition of the commercialized vice and drink traffic, and studied to reduce infant mortality. We have done this because we have believed that no good thing could come until these measures for the increase of the common wealth had been taken. Socialists have always been suspicious of these measures, as tending to postpone what they have conceived as "a far-off divine event." On the other hand, they admit, and their enemies admit, that it is the more intelligent section of the working class who join the Socialist party. In Germany this is more than true. The classes most oppressed among the workers do not readily become Socialists. Their social instincts are crushed, and they perish without a vision. I have had the opportunity at more than one point of my short life to mix and work with poor fellows out of whom, by poverty and oppression, even the spark of rebellion had almost disappeared, and Socialism seemed too much of an ideal, too far removed from the actual hunger and thirst which they had to face each day. I mention these things to emphasize the need for what are called "alleviating measures," but which William Morris more truthfully called "education towards Socialism." A strong social service committee in the church can be, by its activity, an education of the people towards Socialism. But,—and here is where the Socialists are right in their suspicion of those reforms,—if such work simply means the increase of charitable institutions, we shall hinder social progress. There is a slight tendency in some modern charitable work to place all such work which has gone beyond the experimental stage under municipal control, making it the work of the whole people instead of the good-will of a few. Such a policy is in line with Socialist doctrine. In illustration of what I mean, I cannot do better than cite the social policy of the Rochester Social Service Committee, which has Gannett House for its base of operations. We are not seeking to duplicate what the city is already doing. We open our doors to boys' clubs and girls' clubs, but we are most persistent in seeking to open the school-houses for these activities. We have started a public dance hall, but, as soon as we can get it established in the school-house of the district, we shall turn toward pioneering some other good thing. Last summer we formed English classes for recently arrived immigrants and for those to whom the public evening schools were closed for the vacation period, it being our belief—which the attendance proved—that such students are not looking for a summer vacation. We are now about to start a movement to persuade the School Commissioners to open at least one school building next summer for such students. This done, we shall close. We saw the need for a trained nurse in the school in our district. To prove that need, we paid $70 a month to one to work there, and now we are seeking and working to have the city appoint such a nurse in that place; and it looks as though we are succeeding. In simple words, if we do our reforming with the vision of making our efforts the will of the people and not the will of a few generous paternalistic souls, we are logically in line with natural, democratic, social progress. The Socialists are right in condemning anything less than this in social reform.

Such action is quite orthodox, so far as Socialist theory is concerned, and there is no end to the kind of effort which can be so directed. Thus the first thing which our churches as churches can do is more emphatically to proclaim and practise their conviction of the value of each human soul in this safe world of God. We can and must do our part in this matter concretely. The injustice we speak of must be no vague thing: it must be the child in the Southern mill, it must be the inadequate wages of our working-girls, it must be definite. Jesus did his best work with parable and story, and we cannot improve on the method.

We already count a human soul so valuable and precious that we have refused even God the permission to damn it: it remains for us to be just as earnest in our gospel against any system made by man that would damn it. The performance of this involves no party and no 'ism, and it will be our freedom in our Congregational churches to approach the problem from different angles. Some day, somewhere, some God will say, Blessed is that church which calmly and with loving firmness considered the need of my down-trodden people, and took action looking toward their liberation and salvation.

Digitized by Google

In a similar manner our churches are fitted to increase the spirit of democracy. We have noted that this is one of those things which must precede the coming of this larger social justice. It must be this belief in democracy that shall guard our social service from paternalism. There are always plenty of tendencies among us to lead men to imagine that leadership is superior to, instead of part of, democracy. The ideal of servanthood is very often eclipsed, both in our churches and in our communities. Our mission, by our words and our lives, must and can stand for the ideal ethical principle of democracy. The continued limitation of democracy to politics will be its death: its extension to our homes, our churches, our industries, to the land and all natural monopolies, can only give us the training that shall fit us to govern ourselves. Of course, each individual and each church must be left free to apply his democracy, but we are under a great spiritual obligation to preach it and to apply it everywhere we can: it is part of our religion. Failure to trust the people with larger responsibility is a virtual denial of our faith in the divinity of human nature. Our real failure all the time is that we do not know the people, so few of us "take a bath" in them, as Lincoln did. I know of few things in this life that teach humility, love, and unselfishness better than the practice of the spirit of democracy among all sorts and conditions of men, women, and little children. We can do this as churches.

In the last place our churches are in every way fitted to help secure a larger measure of social justice by their gospel of good-will and toleration. A true church, with its loyalty to all the best which the past has won and its loyalty to the best visions of the future, above all other organizations, can help increase this sympathy among men. We already stand for fairness, reasonableness, and tolerance. If the entrance of the liberal mind and heart is wanted anywhere to-day, it is in the ranks of those who, in their earnestness for social justice, have forgotten to teach the truth in love; if it is wanted anywhere, it is also in the ranks of those who cast slurs and contempt at Socialism and Socialists, which, even if they understand what they attack, never warrants contempt nor a slur. The liberal church in every community should and can stand for this spirit of good-will and fairness. It should be the interpreter. It should never sit on the fence, but it ought to know both sides of the fence so well that it will soon lose all consciousness that there is a fence. The liberal church should be large enough to sense the human and universal in all strivings for better things. It should have enough purity of heart to see God and the hunger and thirst after righteousness both in the strike and in the employers' combine. So strongly do I feel that this function is open to our churches that I will even dare to say that, if in any community there is a group of men and women or some cause that is not truthfully understood, the Unitarian church in that community should be blamed, for it is part of Unitarian religion to have men understand each other. It is our privilege to stand in the community, as I hope it is of all churches, for the increase of brotherliness, and I see no reason why churches as churches should not ask disputants in labor troubles to come together for a just settlement. If the suffrage cause, the Socialist cause, the anarchist cause, the single-tax cause, the anti-suffrage cause, the chamber of commerce cause, or any other, is misunderstood in the community, the churches as such can and should act in the interest of toleration. A parish house could hardly have holier uses. The Socialist of all others has the chance to be large in his sympathies, for, no matter what the crisis, he should know that no one man is responsible, but society as a whole.

I shall never forget a little incident which happened to Mrs. Rumball and myself at the time of the great garment workers' strike in our city. We were very friendly with one of the largest employers. A few days before the strike was called, he invited us to dinner with him. We each knew the threatening future, and doubtless each knew that such a crisis would strain friendly relations to the utmost. When the hour for parting came, he said something like this to us, "Well, I thought we should have a fight to-night, and here we are without any real issue between us." The next week Mrs. Rumball and I both joined the strike committee, and the factory girls had Mrs. Rumball for a companion some mornings while on picket duty. Our employer friend joined with his fellow-employers to oppose the workers to the best of his ability, in the sincere belief that his thought for them was better than any thought that they could have for themselves. We parted friends that evening because as Socialists we were willing to recognize that both employer and employee were victims of the same system. So, I repeat, the Socialist above all others should be tolerant, for his entire social philosophy compels such an attitude. The churches can be socialistic at least to that extent. The world is hungry for the truth in love.

Many of you may feel that these reflections are valueless because they fail to give any detailed instructions and deal only with general principles. We cannot and should not give detailed instructions. We receive no detailed instructions when we join a Unitarian church, because it is the spirit of liberalism which really makes us members of this church. Possessing that spirit, we are free to formulate the details much as we choose. So in this matter it is the spirit of justice which churches as churches can foster in their effort to bring the full democracy of God. But let them see to it that their fostering is no pretence.

There may be further dissatisfaction, in that some will infer that we suppose that churches as churches can secure social justice for the earth. Such an inference is not warranted, any more than the inference, often made, that the churches have only to concern themselves with securing social justice. We have considered what the churches as such can do, not what society as such can do nor what ministers as such can do. These are other stories. Necessarily, other forces will play a large and influential part in our social evolution. With some of these other forces, not with all, the churches may be able to co-operate.

Finally, when a larger measure of social justice has come to the world, we shall all see more clearly than we see to-day the true and permanent function of the churches. We shall know then, and Socialists will know then, that great as are the changes, even ethical changes, which will be brought about by an economic revolution, the economic groundwork is not the entire foundation of human life. An economic change evolved from our present system will give us more of the democracy of God than we have to-day, and that is why we want to see the change, why some of us regularly vote a certain straight ticket to bring about political power to help make that change; but I anticipate more need for ministers then than now, for there will spread over the world a wonderful conviction of the limitations of economic changes and a heretofore unheard-of enthusiasm to seek salvation by character. The churches will be flocked by inquirers after the larger thought of God, with a real joy in paths untrod. The new leisure and the wider education can but result in more interest in a faith which combines the honesty of true scientific method and sweet reason with the mysticism of a holy, lovely life.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Digitized by Google

Literature.

The Life of Jesus in the Light of the Higher Criticism. By Alfred W. Martin. D. Appleton & Co. 1913.—There is great need for just such presentations of Christian beginnings as Mr. Martin gave in the lectures delivered last winter before the New York Ethical Culture Society, here collected in book form. They are genuinely popular, adapted to general understanding, yet based on scholarly knowledge and a sane and sympathetic judgment. Here there is none of that rash and ill-informed polemic which disfigures so many of the popular "liberal" treatments of the life of Jesus, but always a positive appreciation of the values which were carried in older beliefs whose untenableness the author points out in no uncertain terms. After an opening chapter on the general principles of Higher Criticism, Mr. Martin discusses the birth of Jesus, his temptation, and his ministry of healing. With a sure hand, history is separated from myth and from legend, leaving a positive and unified picture in the reader's mind. The nature miracles are pronounced legendary, but "there is not in the Gospels any healing act the genuineness of which need be questioned." (What of the cure of leprosy or of dropsy?) Most admirable is chapter V., on the "Prerequisites for knowing what Jesus Taught." We must be able to choose between divergent expressions in the Gospels: especially we must *not* use the Fourth Gospel as a source of information (this cannot be said too often). Excellent is the critique of Francis Peabody and Shailer Mathews, who vitiate their admirable books on Jesus' social teaching by using indifferently synoptic and Johannine material. Perhaps best of all is the warning against the ventriloquistic method of many modern writers, who put their own views into the utterances of Jesus. Out of many illustrations perhaps the most notable is that of the Socialist writers, who try to prove Jesus a social reformer of their own sort. "This," says Mr. Martin with truth, "is sheer distortion of the record. Nothing can be clearer from an impartial, unprejudiced reading of the Gospels than that Jesus addressed himself primarily to the individual heart and conscience. . . . He came not to readjust social conditions. . . . He came solely to refine men's lives." The closing chapters on the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the relation of Paul to Jesus and the founding of Christianity, are scarcely less illuminating and helpful. The discussion of the eschatology of Jesus is particularly good, avoiding extremes of statement. The resurrection of Jesus' body is clearly shown not to have been the meaning of the earliest proclamation, He is risen! There are evidences of incomplete proof-reading. On page 151 *Behuera* obviously should be Behnesa; on page 204 *rescension* should lose its third letter; on page 216 a letter has fallen out of a Greek word. A few mistakes occur: on page 143, the Lord's Prayer is said to consist of 53 *verses* in Matthew and 37 *verses* in Luke; *words* must be intended. On page 200, the crucifixion of Jesus is made in some sense a precedent for the crucifixion of 50 rebels by Alexander Jannæus in 100 A.D. But the date of Alexander is 100 B.C. Names of German scholars are sometimes misspelled. On page 162 Edwin A. Abbott should not be described as a "lamented Congregationalist," but as a living ornament of the Church of England. On page 163 Prof. Wendt of Heidelberg is cited as the author of a "little brochure on the life of Jesus." Wendt left Heidelberg for Jena twenty years ago, and the work alluded to is apparently an exhaustive two-volume treatise on the *teaching* of Jesus. On the same page Dr. McGiffert is described as an "independent Presbyterian." It is now some years since he was forced to withdraw from the Presbyterian body and assume Congregational affiliation. More serious is the statement on page 36, that "of Paul's genuine epistles the higher criticism recognizes in the New Testament not more than four." A small group of scholars, over half a century ago, held only four epistles as genuine; but the present-day New Testament scholars accept in overwhelming majority, at least eight, and very many of the most critical accept Ephesians and 2 Thessalonians as well. On page 242 there is confused language which seems to make Peter's vision of the risen Jesus consequent upon Paul's narration of his Damascus experience, though Peter's vision was four years earlier. On page 190 the reference to the cleansing of the temple is introduced by the words, "pausing only to make a whip of cords," a detail found only in the Fourth Gospel, which Mr. Martin has earlier correctly ruled out as a source of fact. The prefatory note should precede, not follow, the introduction. But these are blemishes easily removed. The book as a whole is useful and deserves a wide circulation.

The Quest of Life. By Charles Reynolds Brown. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.—This preacher is—horrible phrase!—"up to date." He is very much alive: his sermons are often full of good sensible talk, with an abundance of short nervous sentences. But here there is danger; for a style that is made up of long sentences, or of short sentences, or has any trick in it, is so nearly "a bad style," that it has a tendency to weary us with its uniformity. Not that there is any real "trick" in Mr. Brown's sentences. But he evidently believes in the principle, "Write as you would talk," and this undoubtedly gives us lively, picturesque sermons, easily read or listened to. Sometimes his exposition of a text strikes us as rather arbitrary, as when in the exposition of "the city that lieth four-square," he says of the northern gates: "These gates open toward a region of cool intelligence. The impulses of hope and belief are carefully scrutinized. The philosophies of life are here definitely wrought out. The singing may be less hearty, the exhortations are not so loud, the flags which fly have less color in them, and the drums may not beat." Or is it quite happy, or true, to say that in the conversation by the well, the woman of Samaria "burst out into a silly question"? Was it all a kind of rude joking? Jesus certainly took it seriously enough. Or we hear that the men of Babylon said of Jerusalem, "It is a wretched little hole, off in a rocky, barren district. It is peopled by religious cranks. Jerusalem, indeed!" And here is an extraordinary bit about Isaiah: "Isaiah belonged to the fortunate class. He lived on the Avenue." Now and then, too, a passage painfully suggests the famous Mother Hubbard sermon. But there is a good deal that is far better than this. Thus Mr. Brown utters a profound truth in his sermon on the Vision of God, "The solemn fact, that 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' standing unaltered either by the Revised Version or the Higher Criticism, is a steady testimony to the truth that God is with us and for us, arraying himself against the evil which would harm our lives." And here he bears testimony to the moral force of some modern writers: "The old doctrine of conviction of sin was not preached more solemnly by Jonathan Edwards than it is being preached to-day by men of strange lips and with another tongue. Thomas Hardy and Israel Sangwill, Henrik Ibsen and Bernard Shaw are preaching, in words that burn, the need of inward renewal." The Higher Criticism gets a slap when he says that it "insists that there was no den and no lions, and [worst of all] no Daniel." But it turns out that the preacher himself has followed in the same general direction, for he thinks that "the story was written in the second century before Christ to nerve the discouraged Jews in hard straits under the heel of Antiochus Epiphanes." But we forgive everything, even his up-to-dateness, when Mr. Brown makes a brave, if forlorn, charge upon the rather ignoble army of persons who, on Sunday, entirely ignoring the services of worship and fellowship, give themselves up to "poor, weak, cheap diversions which eat up the hours, as Pharaoh's lean cows ate the fat ones, remaining as lean as before." And, in truth, these sermons are full of many keen and trenchant words like these.

Ethics and Modern Thought: A Theory of their Relations. By Rudolph Eucken. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. This book comprises lectures delivered in New York University earlier in this present year. A brief preface tells us that it is addressed less to students and philosophers than to the cultured public at large. Perhaps it is none the worse for that. In it the great sanity of thought and comprehensiveness of view that characterize Prof. Eucken's work are again strongly manifested, and there is little excuse here for an intelligent person to plead that one cannot understand him. Even rather close students of his writings may well welcome this little book, for it contains an account of his doctrine of the spiritual life, which is perhaps the clearest, most concise, and most impressive statement he has yet given. As this is quite the most distinctive feature of Eucken's thought, this book is likely to rank high in future discussions of his position. It is a very noble scheme of ethics that is set before the reader of these lectures, its keynote being the autonomy of the spiritual life. We take the phrase "salvation by character" rather lightly upon our lips, and often perhaps with no very positive sense of what it means. It is rather a convenient way of saying that we do not believe in salvation by sacrament. But Prof. Eucken teaches us how to give to that phrase a depth of significance, which may well make it one of the strongest foundations of modern religion. It is no catchword as he expounds it to us, but a symbol for one of the profoundest truths of our existence. Eucken furnishes interesting evidence that, in one way at least, a great cycle of thought is beginning to come complete.

Digitized by Google

Formerly, men had their inner, invisible world clearly established in the higher place. But they thought proper, from its altitude, to look down in scorn and contempt upon the outward world. This provoked a great rebellion which resulted in putting the visible world on top and reducing the inner world to a mere realm of shadows. Now, once more in Eucken we find the inner world made dominant and supreme, only it comes back to power purged of its contempt for the outward world, full of sympathy and the feeling of responsibility for what goes on in that lower place. It is a great achievement, for which we are all vastly indebted to this strong and simple German mind. H. N. B.

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By H. Wheeler Robinson, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.—Now that the battle of the "Higher Criticism" is won, and a substantial agreement prevails with regard to dates and relationship of documents, it is time to formulate the religious ideas of the Old Testament in the light of new knowledge. Mr. Robinson has provided a most interesting exposition, which rests on sound scholarship and acute insight into the psychology of religion as shown in its history. Fortunately for the general reader he does not aim at completeness of detail, though there is abundant substance in the book. The value of this treatment is not confined to those who are specially interested in the Old Testament. Every thoughtful mind, concerned with belief in God and the religious interpretation of life, will be grateful for Mr. Robinson's presentation, which fortifies and illumines faith and affords new satisfaction with regard to the relation of historical development and a real divine guidance of man. Such an exposition as this will not fail to have its effect on modern theology. The reality of God's fellowship with man gains validity by this study of the prophetic consciousness as a more intense form of religious experience in general.

THE BOOKS OF JUDGES AND RUTH (Cambridge Bible series). By G. A. Cook. Cambridge: University Press. 2s. 6d.—The Cambridge Bible series of commentaries has gained too secure a place to require any apology for the appearance of a fresh volume. Nor is the need for such a book excluded because the same ground has been covered by other works in a different way. The present volume is a reproductive rather than a creative commentary. Its original contribution to the knowledge of the subject-matter is slight, but its form and arrangements are excellent for a rapid survey of results. The present number also has the advantage over the earlier volumes in that it has adopted the Revised Versions as its text. The book is quite up to the standard of the better volumes of the series. The standpoint adopted by Dr. Cook is almost precisely that of Moore in his "International Critical Commentary on Judges."

WHICH TEMPLE YE ARE. By A. W. W. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London. 1913. This is a collection of twelve sermons by an anonymous Canadian preacher, deriving its title from the closing portion of the text of the first sermon, "For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." "We must assume," says the author, "that a modern Christian is also a temple of God, and that his only office in life is to be a building fitted for God's service." This is the high aim which inspires each of the twelve sermons of the collection. In tone they are thoroughly individualistic and evangelical. The object is practical, not doctrinal. So far as the doctrinal basis of the sermons is apparent, it will alienate rather than attract. It involves the fall of man, Adam as "a perfect type," Satan as an actual person, and the Bible as verbally inspired. Each sermon is based on a variety of texts, and is abundantly illustrated from Scripture. One wishes at times for illustrations from extra-Biblical literature, but this is conspicuous by its absence. There is little here to indicate to what century of the world's history these sermons belong.

GEORGE NICHOLS, SALEM SHIPMASTER AND MERCHANT. An autobiography, edited with notes by his granddaughter, Martha Nichols. Salem: The Salem Press Company. $1.—An unpretentious little volume, this will have real interest for those who care for the adventurous life of American sailors and merchants a century or so ago. Especially will it be of interest to those who have some family connection with Salem, and they are many. The story is told in a plain, straightforward, unimaginative way, but those who care to let their fancy play about those times can here find material for many a picture filled with local color from Copenhagen and St. Petersburg to the Philippines.

Miscellaneous.

In the Bible Study Union (Blakeslee) Lessons, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, the final year of the Senior grade is devoted to *The Modern Church*. The lessons for this class are prepared by Rev. Philip A. Nordell, D.D. These lessons seems well adapted to make intelligent, active church members. They begin with a study of the history and problems of Sunday-school teaching, a consideration of the pastor's task in preaching, how to listen to him, how to help him, a study of public worship, and the means of getting people to church. Women's work, young people's societies, church budgets, raising church funds, the boy problem, city missions, reaching the immigrants, problems of the country church, the action of associated agencies, like schools, religious newspapers, Young Men's Christian Associations, the relation of the church to labor problems, race problems, public charities, temperance, prison reform, world peace, and politics,—these topics show how modern is the conception of the life of the modern church. Such lessons ought to create older classes in our Sunday-schools.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.
"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready January 1
[No. 273]
TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRISTIANITY
By
CHARLES W. ELIOT

This is the address of Dr. Charles W. Eliot at the General Conference at Buffalo last October. It is a more thorough elaboration of the Church problem than "The Religion of the Future," which received such universal acceptance. In this notable utterance Dr. Eliot sets forth the great ideals of democracy, both in the State and the Church, forcibly pointing out the function of Unitarianism as a vital expression of pure Christianity.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
AS TRACT No. 273
Order by number only, not by title
American Unitarian Association
25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Four Winds.

BY ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.

Child.

Oh, who is this with scream and shout
That piles the snowdrifts mountains high,
Who bites my ears when I go out,
And trumpets in the sky?

The North Wind.

Oho! from woodrous Arctic sights,
From polar bears and Northern lights,
And the long dark of Arctic nights,
I rush with hue and cry.

Child.

Ah, who is this that smells so sweet,
And plays soft music in the air,
When grass is green beneath my feet,
And birds sing everywhere?

The South Wind.

I come from fragrant orange-trees,
From balmy islands in the seas,
From wild beasts lolling at their ease,
Or prowling here and there.

Child.

Oh, who is this that brings the rain,
And down the chimney finds his way,
Who shrieks and howls against the pane,
And keeps me in all day?

The East Wind.

The mighty ocean is my home.
I lash the water into foam,
And wail, when I on shore must come,
Full of the salt sea spray.

Child.

Ah! who is this that sings a song,
That makes me feel so glad and strong,
When nights are short and days are long,
And all the world is gay?

The West Wind.

I come from heights where brooks are born,
From fields of shining wheat and corn,
I blow a silver fairy horn,
And kiss you as you play.

All the Winds.

We are the Winds of Heaven that blow,
Forever round the world we go;
Backward and forward, to and fro,
We blow and blow and blow.

The Lame Boy's Gift.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

The children lingered in the Sunday-school, for it was very cosey and warm, and the outside world was very white and cold. They were glad of snow, of course, for was not Christmas two days off?

So they gathered round the stove, postponing to the last moment the scamper across the snowy path to the church for the mid-day service.

"Oh, I have one more thing to say, children," cried Miss Winter, the teacher. "You know that we decided to have a Christmas-tree for the factory people, the day after our own tree, and we hope to fill it, or nearly fill it, from your gifts. Now, will each one promise some one thing definitely?"

Gladys Gray and Hilda Leslie spoke together, as they so often did.

"I'll bring a doll!"

Winnie Brown and Mary Short said:—

"We'll make candy, and tie it up in bags We can bring as many as you want"

"What sort of things do factory children like?" interrupted Bertha Paul.

"Just what other children like, I should say." Her brother, a little younger, was rather apt to show that he thought her questions lacking in sense,—a too frequent habit with brothers; but for once Bertha was able to reply, triumphantly:

"Don't you think it would be wiser to give them useful things, Miss Winter? Stockings and pinafores, perhaps?"

Everybody looked anxiously at Miss Winter, who thought for a moment.

"No," she said slowly. "At Christmas time, it would be nice to give them something extra, don't you think? To put a little beauty and grace into their lives?"

Then everybody talked at once eagerly

"I'll manage a pair of skates," cried Fred Jackson, whose father kept a hardware store. "Dad will give them to me if I run some messages for him."

"I've a box of paints I've never touched," added Joe Brown.

In fact, it looked as if that tree would be well supplied. Only one of the scholars had not promised anything, and had not even spoken. This was Robbie Grant, a little boy who limped rather painfully, and who was very shabby. He should, indeed, have gone to the Sunday-school on the hill,—the little Mission Sunday-school for the factory children, seeing that his father worked in the factory. But his home lay at the foot of the hill, and the minister thought it better for Robbie to come down on his tricycle to the school that was more easily reached.

Robbie could think of nothing that he might offer as a gift for the factory Christmas-tree! He knew that it was not always easy for his mother to save out of the many demands for money even his little offering for the missions each Sunday. He did not like to ask her for something else. Yet he did wish he could add his mite to the many beautiful things that would be brought in the day after Christmas

That night, as he sat by the stove, while his father and mother talked about the chances of turkeys being given away to the people, as they had been last year, he turned over in his mind all his very few and very small possessions. Nothing seemed available!

Christmas day came, and he went to church with his father and mother, this time to the Mission on the hill. Far back in the vestry he could see the tree! It was bare of ornament, but it was a nice tree. What could he hang on it?

The next day his mother made him very clean and tidy for the Sunday-school Christmas-tree.

"I daresay you'll get something very nice," she said, as she kissed him good-bye. Robbie smiled, but the smile faded very quickly. It was giving, not getting, that would make him happy.

Then the thought came to him, like a flash of light! He would give whatever present he might receive!

When he reached the school-house, the tree—a much bigger one than he had seen in the vestry of the Mission on the hill—was a wonderful sight to behold. On the top was a star of gold, and all round the star, only a little below, were dolls that looked like fairies. Other gifts were scattered here and there, thimbles in silk bags, little needle-books and pincushions, pen-wipers, and baskets filled with spools of threads. There were small writing-cases, too, besides skates, and a sled, for one boy,—but *that* was really a prize,—and books in large numbers.

After buns and oranges had been given out and enjoyed, and before the ice-cream, the gifts were distributed. Robbie received a book that he had wanted very much, about the Far North and the wonderful adventures of explorers.

While he was eating ice-cream and cake, he looked at it, and felt that he could not give it up. After all, why should he? Would it not look rather ungrateful to the kind teacher and superintendent who had chosen it for him?

He took it home, and read it as long as his mother would keep the lamp going for him. He placed it under his pillow, to feel the edges when he woke. He cared for the book too much to give it up.

So, as he had nothing to offer, he did not join the other boys and the girls in the Sunday-school house. Instead, he sat at home and read his book.

"Don't you go to the Mission Tree, son?" asked his father, at supper.

"No, father," Robbie flushed a little. His class was going, to help hand oranges and pull down things for the tree. He began to picture the merry party climbing the hill, and to wish—oh, how he wished!—that he, too, had a gift, and could join them.

The evening wore on to eight o'clock, the time for the tree.

"I want to see that sight,—the little ones getting their toys," said his father. "Come, Robbie, we can't leave you alone. Put your coat on, and I'll help you up the hill."

Robbie went a little unwillingly, but he saw no way out. He left his precious book at home.

The tree was lighted when they entered. It looked rather a bare little tree, compared with yesterday's, and Robbie was sorry. Somehow, the class did not seem to have acted up to its first intention in the matter. Fred Jackson's skates were the two most conspicuous articles, though the bags of candy—many-colored candies in bags of brightly hued net—cheered things up a little.

The factory children were not particular. They chattered over their poor little gifts—some not at all new!—with eager gratitude.

"Too bad some one didn't donate a few books," Robbie heard the superintendent say. "I thought some one would have seen to that."

Then Robbie, who had been returning to his first desire to give, could bear it no longer. One big boy, the only discontented recipient, was looking a little disconsolately at his share, a top of many colors. That decided Robbie.

He slipped out of the house, and went down the hill. It was not easy, but he reached his home at last. He knew where the key was hidden, under the mat, and he went in. There lay the book! He wrapped it in paper, and started up the hill

This was more difficult! His crutch slipped more than once, and he even fell himself. He wished that he had taken his book with him!

At last the trip was over. Alas! He was too late! The school-house was closed,

Digitized by Google

the people were coming down the hill, laughing and talking, all except the big boy with the top, who was very quiet!

Robbie went up to him.

"I didn't get my gift here in time, Joe," he said. "This book—it's for you!"

Joe caught it eagerly. Boys who have liberal uncles and aunts, as well as fathers and mothers, to supply their needs and even their fancies, cannot imagine how precious a book can be to one who has to give all he earns to the family fund; who must think of rent and the grocers' bills, not of what he wants!

"Say, it's fine!" cried Joe, standing under a light, to look at it. "There's a picture of Peary—and Captain Scott!"

He did not say thank you, for he hardly connected Robbie with the gift! It was his share of the tree!

Afterwards, Robbie knew that good had come out of his delay. Two gentlemen had decided to start a lending library of good books for the factory lads. He was glad to-night, however, for he found as much pleasure in picturing Joe's delight over the book as he had in reading it.

None of his class knew it, but Robbie had learned that it is truly more blessed to give than to receive!

The Kit that "Got Even."

The two plump house kits were washing their faces on the front door-step as the thin barn kit came up the path. "Good-morning, my dears," she said, stopping and grinning politely.

The two house kits looked at each other, then they looked at the barn kit, then they made up two naughty faces.

"You're very thin," said the black one.

"And homely," added the white one.

"And we don't wish to associate with you," said both at once, after which they stuck their tails out straight, and marched around the corner.

"Pooh! who cares for them, anyway?" cried the barn kit, fluffing her back up. "I'm sure I'd rather be homely than have such awful manners. But I'll find a way to get even with them," and she stalked slowly back to the barn.

By and by the two house kits looked into each other's eyes, and, because they could see only a narrow thread of black in the green, they knew it must be twelve o'clock and dinner-time. So back they trotted to the side door; and what do you think they found waiting for them?

An empty saucer,—just that, and nothing else.

"The shutters are all closed," said the black house kit.

"Everybody is gone away," added the white house kit.

"And we are forgotten," said both at once. So they sat side by side on the piazza, and cried into their left fore paws,—their right fore paws they needed to sit up with. Now, when they had shed about seven tears, they suddenly stopped.

"It seems to me"!—sobbed the black kit.

"As if I smelled something good," sobbed the white kit.

"Rather like mice," sobbed both at once.

So they immediately dried their four eyes with the fore paws (and there were two eyes to each paw, which is a riddle), and then they looked around.

Lo and behold! in the saucer which had been empty lay two little brown mice, fairly begging to be eaten.

"Who put those there?" cried the house kits, in surprise.

"I did, my dears," answered the barn kit, popping out from behind the pump. "I put them there to get even with you for being so rude this morning."

The two house kits grew so limp with shame that their tails drooped off the piazza.

"We're very sorry," whispered the black one.

"And awfully ashamed," added the white one.

"Will you please excuse us?" said both at once.

"Pray, don't mention it," answered the barn kit, pleasantly; "I've got even, and that's enough. Let's begin over again."—*By Sally Backus Griggs, in Harper's Young People.*

The Clothespin Dollies.

Two stately little ladies these, as ever you have known,
With petticoats so very stiff that they can stand alone.

Each has a smiling rosy face upon her wooden head,
A dainty cap adorning each, with frills, and ribbon red.

Their gowns, all made of scarlet silk, are beautiful to see;
Aunt Lou dressed them for Marjorie, when she was only three.

At night, the ladies are undressed, and each is then arrayed
In nightgown white, with cap and cape, and on the pillow laid.

When Marjorie jumps into bed, she takes them in her arms,
And hugs them tight to keep them safe from all the dark's alarms.

On birthdays, and at Christmas time, all kinds of dolls she gets;
But these, her little clothespin dolls, are still her dearest pets.

Children's Magazine.

"Fuzzy's Flying Machine."

A story with this title, written by Edna Groff Deihl, appeared in the *Christian Register* of December 11. It was evidently written with small regard for facts, as a correspondent carefully points out:

"A caterpillar is not a 'worm' at all, but of much higher organization. As well call a man an ape!

"The 'borey worm' is a true caterpillar, not a worm, though so called. It can distinguish by sight only light and darkness, and could not see the fuzzy caterpillar or know any of its habits or looks. Neither could the worms mentioned.

"I know of no fuzzy caterpillar, *making a butterfly*, which lives on willow or spins a cocoon, and no caterpillar lives without eating. This one is made to say that it 'can't work at silly things like eating holes in leaves,' etc.

"Most caterpillars rest by day and crawl or feed by night!

"No butterfly can fly from its chrysalis, or moth from its cocoon, without first hanging for some time, usually two or three hours, to expand and dry the tiny, moist wings which come from the pupa in no condition for flight.

"Of course no moth, butterfly, caterpillar, or worm has the power of thinking of the future of itself or of any other living thing, and to represent these creatures as critical, scornful, or wondering is to give them false natures and to be unjust to them."

A Kitten as a Doll.

A little girl eleven years old once travelled all the way from Wichita, Kan., to Rochester, N.Y., with no companion but her kitten. She was allowed to have the pet in her lap, although it is against the rules of railroad companies to allow animals in the passenger coach. Perhaps this may have been due partially to the fact that the kitten was dressed, "like folks," in clothes. The cat was as handsomely attired as a favorite doll, and infinitely more amusing. Her dress did not seem a novelty to her; and the little waist, with sleeves and lace at the ankles, or, more properly, wrists, was dainty, while a handsome lace baby cap completed the fetching toilet. The child said she did not care for dolls, because they weren't alive, and kitty could play with her. Besides, kitty did not object to being dressed and undressed. So she had all the pleasures of playing doll with a live dolly.—*Chicago Tribune.*

When the three children returned from their walk, they found their mother waiting for them on the porch. Mother: "Well, dears, did you meet any one you knew?" The Three Children: "Yes, Ruby and Dereck." Mother: "Where did you meet them?" Barbara (the youngest): "At the same place as we was."

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AGENT, MISS E. M. LOCKE, 270 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 92 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Alleton Burt, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Light of my Soul.*

BY REV. LYMAN V. RUTLEDGE.

*Written for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Parish of Billerica, Mass., Nov. 11, 1913.

Light of my soul that with creation dawned,
Gleaming afar on Galilean shore
And on the ancient hills of martyrdom,
From age to age thou shinest more and more.

Led by thy ray the sturdy pilgrim band
Sought home and freedom in a wilderness,
Built here their shrine wherein thy holy flame
Should purify the thought of righteousness.

They prayed for blessings from the Father's hand,
For freedom of their faith in this new home,
And fervently they prayed Almighty God
To bless their children in the years to come.

The years have passed, two centuries and more,
Since first our fathers met on this fair hill,
And on that bleak November day convened
To pledge their lives to do the Father's will.

From age to age the measured years unfold,
Pouring their fulness on our hill-top shrine,
Bestowing wealth and seasoned happiness,
Enriching memory with gifts divine.

Light of my soul that with creation dawned,
Gleaming afar on shores of Galilee,
Burning anew on this new continent,
And from this altar coming down to me;

Find thou in me a steadfast, fearless heart,
A life illumined with thy radiant love,
Enwilled to follow thine eternal course
From night below to glorious day above.

An Independent Liberal Religious Movement in the Philippines.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Persons interested in the progressive religious developments of our time may well be glad to have their attention called to the "*Iglesia Filipina Independiente*," sometimes known as the Aglepayan Church of the Philippines, because it has at its head Rev. Gregoria Aglepay, who bears the title of *Obispo Maximo*.

On setting out on my present journey to the Orient, I was requested by Dr. Wendte, the foreign secretary of the American Unitarian Association, to carry the fraternal greetings of the Association to Bishop Aglepay (among other representatives of liberal religion in different countries) and to bring back information regarding his religious movement. What follows is the result of two extended and very cordial interviews held with Bishop Aglepay, and also of inquiries made in a number of directions among not only persons connected with his movement, but others—missionaries, educators, and government officials—who have been long in the Islands and are well acquainted with religious leaders and movements there.

Before going to the Philippines, I wrote Bishop Aglepay, informing him of my expected visit to his country and of my desire to become acquainted with himself and his church. He answered my letter promptly, assuring me of a warm welcome and of his interest in Unitarian thought. As soon as practicable after my arrival in Manila I called at his cathedral in the Filipino part of the city, where I had a frank and interesting interview with him of more than an hour. He inquired much about the history and religious teachings of Unitarians and the progress they were making in various countries, and told me much about his own movement and the religious principles on which it is based, ending by making me a present of two books which are its authoritative standards of doctrine and worship,—one a somewhat extended catechism for use in his churches, religious classes, and homes, and the other a volume entitled the "Oficia Divino," which consists of two parts, the first containing what is called the "Gospel" of his Church, and the second part its doctrinal basis and the liturgies and forms of worship used at the regular services on Sunday and in connection with baptism, confirmation, the sacrament, the burial of the dead, and on extra occasions.

On the Sunday morning following my first interview I attended worship in his cathedral. The building both externally and internally has the general appearance of a Roman Catholic church, with pictures, crucifixes, a high altar, flowers, and life-sized statues of Christ and of Mary and her babe. The service, which in form somewhat resembled the mass, was conducted by Bishop Aglepay himself, with the assistance of several priests. One of the priests read a Scripture lesson, and followed the same by what I took to be a very short sermon (both were in Spanish, and I do not understand that language). There was organ music, and an exceedingly sweet solo by a woman's voice.

The cathedral was well filled, but the congregation presented a somewhat unusual sight to one accustomed to Protestant audiences. Here and there were a few benches, all of which were occupied. Most of the area, however, was without seats, but was filled with persons of both sexes and all ages, standing or sitting on the floor,—here a group of men, there another of women or of young people, yonder a cluster of children, in other places families, parents and children, formed in little circles by themselves. Most faced the high altar, though not all: the small children were permitted some liberty in moving about among parents and friends; but, on the whole, the audience was quiet and reverent. I never saw a Sunday congregation that seemed so little conventional or formal, or a Sunday service that seemed so much like family worship on a large scale. The American visitor was given a seat among the small group of priests and deacons near the altar. Although he understood only a little of what was spoken during the service, he could not fail to feel the presence of the same divine spirit which makes true worship a source of joy and spiritual strength in all lands.

How old is the Independent Filipino Church movement? About fifteen years. What is its strength? It claims to have twenty-four bishops and nineteen hundred priests. As to its lay strength, I have difficulty in obtaining any very definite information. Different persons estimate its membership all the way from half a million to two or three millions. From what source does the movement come? It is a great secession from the Roman Catholic Church.

What were the causes of the secession? There were several. One was the tyranny and corruption of that Church. There is overwhelming proof that in few places in the world did the Roman Catholic priesthood ever sink to a lower moral level than in the Philippine Islands under the later Spanish dominance. This unworthy moral character of many of the priests, added to the heavy pecuniary burdens, direct and indirect, that the Church laid upon the people, alienated multitudes.

Another cause, which seems to have operated still more powerfully to create the secession and the organization of a new religious movement, was political. The movement started in connection with the revolution against Spanish rule. It may be said to be, in a sense, the religious side of the effort of the Filipino people to obtain their political independence. The ecclesiastical powers that controlled the Roman Catholic Church were in league with Spain. In the struggle between the Filipinos and Spain they sided with Spain, being desirous of the perpetuation of Spanish dominance in the Islands. It was natural, if not inevitable, that the people in their revolt against Spain should also revolt against the Church which was the ally of Spain. They wanted a church in sympathy with their own patriotic ideals, with their struggle for freedom, with their aspirations for a nationality of their own.

What is the political attitude of the movement to-day? Seemingly, what it was in the beginning. It is plain that the Filipino people now desire independence as much as they ever did. It would be strange, therefore, if a church born out of a great national revolt against foreign tyranny, political as well as ecclesiastical, and out of a burning desire on the part of the nations for a career of its own, were not to-day as much in sympathy with the idea of national independence as in any past time.

The fact that this new Filipino Church favors national independence causes it to be criticised, sometimes severely, by such Americans as desire the indefinite retention of the Islands by the United States. On the other hand, those Americans and others who regard the aspirations of the nation for a career of its own as legitimate look upon the fact that a religious movement is in sympathy with the earnest political yearnings of the people as by no means to be condemned. The fact that Bishop Aglepay was at one time an officer in the Filipino Army of Independence is cited by some as a reason for condemning him, but whether this is just or not depends upon our view of the justice of the Filipino cause.

Is this new Filipino Church likely sooner or later to go back to Rome, as I have heard one or two persons predict? I see no reason for so thinking. The break with the older church seems to be complete and final.

How is the new Church to be described? In its forms and ceremonies, its liturgies and the general mode of conduct of its worship, as has already been intimated, it does not seem to depart greatly from the Roman Catholic Church, such departure as there is being in the direction of greater simplicity and the elimination of such elements of worship as to some minds may suggest idolatry or saint worship. This retention of many of the forms and observances of the mother church is natural, and perhaps not to be regretted, as it gives a continuity between the old and the new and avoids

Digitized by Google

such a violent break as might prove disastrous.

As to ecclesiastical organization and government, the new Church is somewhat more democratic than the old, although its priests and bishops possess considerable power. In two respects it makes a radical departure. (1) It rejects celibacy, which has been such a source of moral evil in the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines, and encourages its priests to marry and establish real homes. (2) It has no pope, and rejects all foreign ecclesiastical authority.

As to the theology of the Aglepayan Church, I must take space to say only a very few words. The Church is distinctly Christian, in the sense that it bases its theology centrally upon what it understands to be the teaching of Christ. Nevertheless, its view of what is the teaching of Christ is not orthodox according to either Catholic or Protestant standards. It highly values the Bible and makes much use of it, but rejects the doctrine of its infallibility, as it claims that Jesus rejected the infallibility of the Scriptures of his time. Its seat of authority it finds not in a book, but in reason, in conscience, in the spirit of God in man. Hence it takes the liberty to select from the Bible what it deems of the highest ethical and religious value and to base its teaching on that. It accepts no religious teaching, coming from the Bible or elsewhere, which seems to it to contradict science. Thus its view of the creation of the world and man is that of evolution, not that of the Genesis legends. Speaking in a general way, it distrusts, even if it does not wholly reject, the miraculous element in the Bible. It distinctly rejects the doctrine of the trinity as unscriptural and irrational. Yet its reverence for Jesus, his life and his teaching, is very high.

Is this movement to be classed with Protestant churches? Bishop Aglepay answers, "No." I am told that two different Protestant denominations have sought to form some connection with it, but have failed. Doubtless it is more in sympathy with Unitarianism than with any other form of Western Christianity, yet I have no reason to believe that it would wish to be set down as Unitarian, nor am I certain but that to call it Unitarian would be somewhat seriously misleading. An orthodox Christian missionary said to me, "One thing is certain, it is a movement in the direction of liberal Christianity." Doubtless the safest thing is to stop with that affirmation. Meanwhile the movement will be watched with interest by all Christians. Certainly, it will be followed with great interest and sympathy by Unitarians.

A serious setback, in a way, to the Independent Filipino Church has been given by the decision of the courts that the church edifices of the Islands built by the Roman Catholic Church belong to that body and cannot be alienated to the new movement, even in the cases, which seem to be very numerous, where the whole congregations have joined the movement. Considering the fact that the edifices were village institutions, built by the villagers, and largely by forced labor, the villagers not unnaturally claimed the same as of right belonging to them; and, especially when any community went over *en masse* to the new faith, it is not strange that it insisted on retaining possession of its church edifice. I am told that Governor Taft, at first at least, gave encouragement to this claim. I am also told by a high legal authority, who is not favorable to the new movement, that, if its case had been legally well managed, the decision of the courts would have been the other way. However, as matters went, Bishop Aglepay and his followers lost the church edifices.

Of course, financially and in the matter of prestige this was a severe blow, all the more severe because of the poverty of the Filipino people. It is not strange that, after the decisions were rendered, there was some falling off of numbers in the movement. However, the Philippine Islands are favored with a warm climate, so that tents and light bamboo structures of small cost serve well as places of meeting and worship nearly all the year round. To these the adherents of the new faith have resorted; and I am told that it is questionable whether the permanent loss of numbers has been very great.

What the future may have in store for the new movement, of growth or of decline, of course only the future can reveal; but, judging from the testimony which seems to me most intelligent and most fair, I should say that at the present time the Independent Church, and not the Roman Catholic, has the sympathy of the larger number of the Filipino people.

Bible Questions.

Some months ago the *Brown Alumni Monthly* reprinted from the *Journal of Education* an article by Prof. V. P. Squires of the English Department of the University of North Dakota. It seems that Prof. Squires, struck with the ignorance of the Bible displayed from time to time in his English classes, determined on a written test of Freshmen. This was optional, but 139 students participated in it. The professor here describes the results: a portion of his article is given. The questions were as follows:—

1. What is the Pentateuch?
2. Name ten books in the Old Testament.
3. Name ten books in the New Testament.
4. Into what groups or divisions is the Old Testament divided?
5. Who was (1) "the apostle to the Gentiles"? (2) "the beloved disciple"? (3) "the wisest of men"? (4) "the strongest man"? (5) "the first murderer"?
6. What idea is suggested to your mind by each of the following proper nouns? (1) Apollos, (2) Cana, (3) Carmel, (4) Esther, (5) Hezekiah, (6) Ishmaelites, (7) Jephthah, (8) Jezebel, (9) Saul, (10) Sinai.
7. Briefly explain the allusion in each of the following passages:—

(1) "When Lazarus left his charnel-cave" [Tennyson.

(2) "And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds." [Tennyson.

(3) "A hungry impostor practising for a mess of pottage." [Carlyle.

(4) "The two St. Johns are the great instances of the angelic life." [Newman.

(5) "He changes the self-satisfied Pharisee into the broken-hearted, self-abased Publican." [Newman.

(6) "The man of Uz." [Browning.

(7) "You stand stiff as Lot's wife." [Tennyson.

(8) "A clamor grew as of a new-world Babel." [Tennyson

(9) "Jonah's gourd." [Tennyson.

(10) "Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha." [Shakespeare.

8. Where did you learn what you know of the Bible,—at home, school, church, Sunday-school, or elsewhere?

If we regard 75 per cent. as the "passing mark," twelve, or 8.5 per cent. of the whole number, "passed" this test. Ninety-one (65 per cent.) received less than 50 per cent. Seventy-one (50 per cent.) received less than 40 per cent. The average standing of the entire group was about 40 per cent.

An analysis of the answers to some of the questions is rather interesting. Ten (about 7 per cent.) could not name a book in the Old Testament, and only sixty-eight (less than 50 per cent.) answered the question properly. This is, however, as a matter of fact, a too liberal allowance, as it is based on the acceptance at full value of such spelling as "Deuteromy," "Deuteromoty," "Deuterominy," "Duderominy," "Goshua," "Salms," "Nehiamiah," "Joob," "Jobe," "Jeob." Fourteen (10 per cent.) named "Hezekiah" as one of the books; five named "Solomon"; two, the "Book of Moses." Among original ideas were the mentioning as Old Testament books of "Paul," "Timothy," Titus," "I. and II. Romans," "Phenecians," "Babylonians," "Gentiles," "Philistines," and "Xerxes."

The answers in regard to the New Testament were still more unsatisfactory. Twelve (8.5 per cent.) were unable to mention a single book. Only forty-six (33⅓ per cent.) mentioned ten, as requested. Five put Samuel in the New Testament; three, the Psalms; three, Ruth; and two, Esther. One mentioned "I. and II. Judges." Seventeen mentioned "Paul," or "St. Paul," or "Paul's." Three suggested "Simon"; two, "Jacob." There were also mentions of "Thelesians," "Philipi," "Thomas," "Lazurus," and "Samson Agonistes."

The answers to Question 4 were too varied and vague to be reported here. Question 5 brought several surprises. I will mention two. The expression "the apostle to the Gentiles" is so common that I at first hesitated to include it. It seemed to me that every one would answer it correctly. To my surprise twenty-seven (nearly 20 per cent.) made no attempt at an answer. Seventy-two (practically 50 per cent.) replied correctly, the remainder voting for John (12), Jesus (12), Abraham (5), Peter, John the Baptist, Judas, Moses, Jacob, and Methuselah. As to "the beloved disciple," sixty-eight (nearly 50 per cent.) were right; twenty made no attempt; thirty-seven (strange to say) guessed Peter; while others named Paul, James, Jesus, Abraham, and David.

In Question 6 I confess to have intentionally included one or more pitfalls. For instance, I expected that some would be confused by the name Apollos. The results, however, exceeded all expectations. Seventy-four (over one-half) made no attempt to an answer. Eleven others answered so vaguely as to be unintelligible. Twenty-six declared it to be the name of a Greek (or

Digitized by Google

heathen) god. Only seven (5 per cent.) gave answers which were clearly correct. Four thought it meant a mountain; three, a town. Others answered "a king," "a giant," "a judge," "an apostle of the Greek church," "another name for Paul," etc. In regard to Cana, too, I expected some confusion. The results were as follows: no attempt, 49; altogether too vague, 20; "the promised land," 22; fairly correct, 28. Other answers were "a mountain," "a desert," "a land in Egypt," "a city in Egypt," "a sinful city that was destroyed," "the first murderer," "a battle fought in Italy."

I will add a few words about Question 8. To this only sixteen failed to reply. Ninety-one (65 per cent.) said that they had attended Sunday-school. Sixty-eight mentioned the home as one of their sources of Biblical knowledge. It was noticeable that with a single exception every one who "passed" emphasized the home. The writer of the best paper said "especially at home"; the writer of the next best paper said "mostly at home and by personal study." This emphasis on the home is, I believe, suggestive.

A Communion Service.

BY REV. LYMAN B. WEEKS.

Many have taken in hand to rescue whatever is vital and worthy to be preserved of the ancient and much-mooted custom of the communion service. Our contention is for a communion service that springs spontaneously out of the living present, in contradistinction to the communion service of ancient authority, which concerns itself solely with the oblivious and long-departed past. Any attempts of a genuinely liberal-minded and progressive church to adapt the signs and symbols of antiquated customs and usages into living expressions of current life is more fallacious than patching an old garment with new cloth or the placing of new wine in old wine-skins. These things cannot be done with success. We must have a new garment for our new-born life and new wine-skins for our clarifying and generating spirit.

Hitherto the attempts of the liberal church have been to stretch or warp or contract the communion service, to fit the demands of a new and expanding life. Have we not as good a right to clothe our spiritual progeny with habiliments that symbolize our conception of communion as had the Apostolic Church to flaunt in the face of the Hebrew Church a myriad of new-fangled signs and symbols? The sacerdotal import of the communion service of the historic Christian Church is as foreign to our life as were the sacraments of Moses to the early church at Rome. The communion service of historic authority professes to commune only with its dead saints, and, faithful to the traditions of the fathers, kills its living ones; but the liberal soul keeps its communion only with the living present, and commemorates in loving remembrance the holy examples and good deeds of all patriarchs and prophets and priests and teachers, with fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and any or all of the multitudes that rest from their labors. Since the liberal church has utterly failed in its heroic attempt to adapt the old order to the new life, it has too readily consented to the easy alternative of abandonment altogether.

After twenty-five years of thorough tutelage and practice in the old school and ten years of intense observations in the new life, I am fully convinced that the very genius and philosophy of the liberal faith makes a communion service a greater necessity in the Unitarian Church than ever was or can be in the old order. As yet the true nature and utility of this service has not been sufficiently defined and formulated to secure the general approval of the liberal churches. Our present intent is not to augment the obvious reasons why such service should be regularly observed in every liberal church, but rather to suggest a form and order of conducting a communion service.

The elements should consist of small cakes, or wafers, not more than one inch in diameter, and pure wine. Water is a good symbol of ablution and purification, but fails entirely as a symbol of the spirit life. These elements should be arranged upon suitable tables, the bread at the left of the minister as he stands in the pulpit and the wine at his right, with sufficient space betwen the tables for the minister to stand during the service. One deacon or deaconess should serve at the table containing the bread, while two are required to serve the wine.

Besides the flagon of wine, there should be upon the table a dozen or more small wine-glasses and a suitable laver filled with water. As the glasses are emptied, the one serving at the left of the table shall dip the same into the laver, then dry with soft cloth, and place before the one decanting the wine. The glass should not be more than half filled.

The services preliminary to the communion proper should consist of appropriate sentences pronounced by the minister, with a concise definition of the nature and utility of the service, a brief memorial or tribute to some departed saint or friend, an appropriate prayer of consecration, first of the elements and of those who are to participate in the communion. At the conclusion of the prayer a subdued voluntary should be rendered upon the organ, during which the congregation, beginning at the left of the minister, should come forward to receive the elements with a word of friendly greeting and a possible touch of the hand from the minister, after which the communicants should return to their seats for silent meditation and communion with those who are absent, and to receive the final benediction.

After a brief voluntary at the opening of the service, the choir should render modulated stanzas from such selections as "Nearer, my God, to thee", "Lead, Kindly Light," and the like, until all have partaken of the elements, when with full organ all should join in singing a suitable doxology, which should be followed by an appropriate benediction. The entire service should not consume more than fifteen minutes for a congregation of one hundred, and should be held statedly on a given Sunday of each month. The name of Jesus should have only a relative and incidental place in the order of service, while the superstitious and traditional incidents which characterize the verbiage of the historic communion should not be allowed to corrupt the simplicity and purity of our holy service. Our communion service must not be adored as a fetish or held in superstitious devotion because of supposedly supernatural authority and origin; but it should be cherished in love and used in simplicity, that it may prove a means of grace in our religious life of vastly greater benefit than any well-ordered and sumptuous meal in our physical regimen.

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Europe Alcohol Sick.

The above title is, indeed, startling: many good and intelligent people will scornfully ignore it as the product of the super-heated fancy of a temperance fanatic. The facts themselves, however, show not only that Europe is sick with alcoholism, but dangerously ill.

The demonstration is complete in a book just published, "The Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe" (Revell, 333 pp., $1.50), by Ernest Gordon, the son of the late Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston, a graduate of Harvard University, and a careful student of the drink problem, who knows the subject thoroughly and at first hand.

There is here very little that is new to the specialist who has followed from the inside the growth of the temperance movement abroad for the past ten years. But these facts have been studiously ignored by American newspapers and magazines. The professional classes in our land are apparently ignorant of these great movements. Summer travellers go and come and see nothing of the real conditions. University circles with us seem strangely indifferent at this point, while our workers for social betterment are, unfortunately, as a rule, "liquor blind." The saloon, the primary and fundamental institution, producing a large part of the evils and miseries with which they deal, is complacently looked upon as "a necessary evil," or as "the poor man's club."

But if this book is widely read, as it ought to be, it will open the eyes of our indifferent leaders and complacent professional classes. What is better still, it will mightily strengthen the hands of the friends of temperance, while it will encourage many a weary worker for sobriety by the hopeful facts which it presents.

We hear a good deal these days about wine and beer as innocent drinks,—"wine the gift of the gods," and "beer is liquid bread." We are solemnly told by "social reformers" that the quick and sure way to cure intemperance is to promote the wider use of these milder liquors. Newspapers and billboards spread broadcast the glowing gospel of brewery and wine press. Even the mail of ministers is overloaded with circulars from Liquor Interests, pleading the opportunity and privilege of bestowing the health and strength needed for their works of piety by stocking the clerical sideboards with *food stuff* in the form of pure beer!

If any one will read the forty pages of this book, entitled, "Europe Alcohol Sick," the scales will fall from his eyes and the vast floods of evil and misery flowing through every land will be revealed and realized. The reader will find here, not the guesses of cranks and the ravings of fanatics, but the

Digitized by Google

solid facts of experience and the cold logic of science. Here are the testimonies of judges and statesmen; the records of hospitals, asylums, and courts; the discoveries of laboratories and insurance statistics; the warnings of prime ministers and crowned heads, the German emperor standing at the head; the pleadings of university professors and common school teachers; the careful reports of official boards and health officers.

The facts show that the people are very sick with alcoholism. The disease afflicts all classes. Its evils and miseries spread everywhere. The increasing use of wine and beer has not lessened the consumption of heavier liquors, nor decreased the amount of drunkenness, nor promoted the cause of temperance. The "big interests" behind beer-keg, wine-cask, and whiskey barrel fight the reformers continually and viciously. The hand of greed everywhere shelters and promotes the disease. The picture painted in this chapter is a black one. Is it exaggeration? The witnesses and documents are above suspicion. Only a small part of the damning evidence is given here. The language of Mr. Gordon respecting Europe simply matches the sober statement recently made by President Charles W. Eliot about the people of the white races in the Far East.

Best of all, however, in this volume are the chapters which describe what is being done in these lands to fight this awful curse. Here will be found a full description of the great and growing "International Congresses against Alcoholism," the last (the fourteenth) recently held in Milan, Italy, attended by over one thousand delegates of distinction from forty-four countries, many of them officially appointed. In another chapter we are told about the "Travelling Anti-Alcohol Exhibitions,"—new and effective devices for temperance education. The growth of "Anti-Alcohol Sentiment among Socialists" makes a hopeful and interesting chapter. The work being done in military circles is vividly told in another chapter. The "alcohol defence" is described with circumstantial details, showing how the liquor interests corrupt the organs of public opinions, coerce government officials, and carry on a wide and vigorous campaign of false and vicious education respecting drink. The tyranny of greed exercised by these men is excessive: of its existence and evil ways few are aware.

The movement against alcohol among students is graphically described. Only a little more than ten years old, it has at present an enrolment of over 27,000 men, a most hopeful sign of promise. How good it would be if we had something like this in America? The story of these young men has its pathetic and heroic elements. Many of these students, for their abstinence, suffer social ostracism, academic neglect, and parental wrath.

The last hundred pages of this much-needed and helpful book contain a dozen valuable documents (many important quotations are given at the end of all the chapters). Among them, "An Appeal to the Women of Hungary," by twoscore of the titled women of the nation; "The Statement of eight hundred German Professors and Doctors," in behalf of temperance; "Addresses," by eminent university professors like Westergaard (Copenhagen), Masaryk (Prague), von Bunge (Basel), and others. Also, Emperor William's notable speech at Mürvick (1910), which the German papers, as a rule, either garbled or refused to print.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.

The Kowaliga School.

Unitarians have long taken interest in the work of Mr. William E. Benson, who established the Kowaliga School for colored youth in Alabama. Mr. Benson has addressed our National Conferences in the past, and has at various times received substantial signs of our sympathy in his unwearied efforts to raise the standard of community life in Alabama.

An earnest call for help comes now from this hill school, which has in the past surmounted many difficulties and accomplished far-reaching results. The annual budget for teachers' salaries, current expenses, and certain additional facilities to provide for growing needs, requires $20,000, of which only $4,500 is definitely pledged. The school is doing a fine work under wise and experienced control. It ought to be helped at this time.

The people of this community, sixteen miles from the village of Kowaliga, look to the school not only for education, but for comfort and encouragement. At this time gifts of clothing, books, or pictures are particularly welcome. Contributions of money or articles may be sent to the secretary-treasurer, Mr. William E. Benson. The address for freight or express packages is Alexander City, Ala. The post-office, which is a money-order office, is Benson, Ala.

From Proctor Academy.

The trustees of Proctor Academy desire to express their sense of the severe loss that has come to them and the work of the Academy in the death of Mrs. Walter S. Carr, Mrs. Henry G. Ives, and Dr. John W. Staples. Mrs. Carr was not a member of the board of trustees, but she was one of the most efficient helpers in all the work that was being done both in and out of the school for the welfare of young men and women. A wise woman, a generous giver of her time and strength, her counsel and her assistance were always at the service of all who needed. She was by nature a peacemaker as well as a worker, and her kindly, gracious words were highly prized and will be greatly missed.

Mrs. Henry G. Ives was a valued member of the board of trustees, whose deep interest in the school and in the young people there makes her death a severe loss. Aside from her action as a member of the board of trustees, she was keenly alive to all the interests and needs of boys and girls, and her purse was always a ready instrument of her generous heart. The girls of the academy will sadly miss her genial smile, her deep sympathy, her ready help.

In Dr. Staples the school loses a strong man and a willing servant. As chairman of the teachers' committee of the board of trustees, his services were invaluable. His judgment was unusually good, his reading of human character keen and correct. In the midst of a very busy practice he yet gave freely of his time and strength for the service of the academy. His sterling character and his unconquerable courage, his splendid optimism and his love of humanity, his cheery smile and his generous giving of himself to all good service, were of immense value in bringing the school to its present high standing. His loss is irreparable, but his service has been without measure.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Notes from the Field.

Lawrence, Kan. "We are giving a Shadow Play entertainment this Friday, the proceeds of which are to be used for your purpose."

Concord, Mass. The Concord Guild has taken for a general subject this year "Religious Faith of the Liberal Christian Church," and is considering one of its divisions monthly throughout the season. On Sunday evening, January 11, a twenty-fifth anniversary service is to be observed, when Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley of Beverly, a former minister of the Concord church, is to speak on "The Leadership of Jesus."

Madison, Wis. "The religious services of the Y. P. R. U. are held every Sunday night at 6.30 o'clock at the parish house. This service is devoted to the study and discussion of religious topics. The Social Committee of the Y. P. R. U. is planning on several big events for the coming winter. The annual

Deaths.

EWART.—In New York City, November 6, Fanny Melbourne Talbot, wife of Richard H. Ewart, aged 76.

MARGARET CHILDS LUQUES

Possessed of a somewhat frail physique, Mrs. Luques was most sensitive to every message from the ideal world. She brought to earth heavenly thoughts, and distributed them among her friends, gladdening their days' routine. A splendid humor expressed with a unique and clever originality brightened all her conversation and the delightful notes which her friends preserve as treasures. She gave from her ample resources to all worthy causes, and in most wise and tender ways to individuals. She joined "the great majority" December 16 from her home in Biddeford, Me. She was a member of the Unitarian church in Saco, and to the church in all its departments of service she was most generous. As a life member of the American Unitarian Association, she took a national interest in our cause, especially in the meetings at the Isles of Shoals. Deep grief for her loss saddens the meetings of her church, but all her friends feel cordial gratitude and inspiration, as they keep the precious memory of her strong, cheery, poetry-loving, and benevolent personality.

WARD R. CLARKE.

EUROPE POPULAR TOURS at Popular Prices $375 and up
Eighth Season THE SHELTON PARTIES Announcements
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1893. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

WINTER BOARDERS WANTED six miles from Richmond, Va., interurban stops in front of house. Fine climate. Good board; northern family. Mrs. Emma Rathbun, Highland Springs, Va.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED concerning the adoption of promising children into good homes. Ward R. Clarke, Unitarian Parsonage, Saco, Me., for the York County Children's Aid Society.

Digitized by Google

play and supper was held in November. A cordial welcome is extended to all who are interested in any phase of the work of the Y. P. R. U., and an invitation to join the Union is given to all. The business meetings are held the last Sunday in each month. Members are requested to be present at all meetings."

A CONFERENCE.

It has been suggested that before the year is very old a number of the workers in the late fair and several others interested meet and confer on various matters relating to our fairs. Such a conference would, no doubt, discover numerous avenues of future helpfulness.

THE BOSTON FEDERATION.

The fall meeting of the Boston Federation was held in Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, Nov. 30, 1913. The afternoon session was opened with prayer by Rev. George F. Pratt of Dorchester, followed by an address of welcome by Mr. Henry W. Porter, superintendent of the First Parish Sunday-school, Quincy. Reports of the various committees and other routine business occupied the remainder of this period, supper being served later by the young people of the Quincy Union. The evening session at half-past seven was opened by a devotional service, led by Rev. William W. Peck of Winthrop, and at this time the Hymn of Dedication, composed by Rev John Haynes Holmes of New York for the opening of the recent bazaar, was sung. The address on this occasion was given by Mr. William H. Sayward of Dorchester on "The Young People's Relation to the Church." A goodly company was present, and the meeting was proclaimed a most successful one.

The next meeting of this federation will be the midwinter one, and it will be held on Sunday, January 25, in the Richmond Street Church, Dorchester, with the Lawrance Union of that church as the hosts.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The regular meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, Jan. 5, 1914, at 10.30 A.M. Subject, "The Manual." Presiding officer, Mrs. George H. Root. All welcome.

The Cambridge Association of Ministers will meet at Somerville January 5, Rev. C. A. Drummond, host. Luncheon at 1 P.M., 29 Central Street. Subject of paper, "William Morris, Craftsman." Take Spring Hill cars from Sullivan Square or from Central Square, Cambridge.

Churches.

DUNKIRK, N.Y.—Adams Memorial Church: After supplying this pulpit for several weeks, Mr. Adlard took over the official pastorate on June 1, 1913. Since the reopening in September a new spirit of hope and enthusiasm has been generated in the devoted band of workers, which is the more conspicuous, following as it does on a time of depression caused by fluctuations of local industry, and the fact that some of the best supporters had left the city. The pastor gave a series of sermons on "The Five Points of our Faith," each one being interpreted in terms of the humanity of God and the new social consciousness. From that time the congregations have grown, until now they are double what they were in June, equal to, if not exceeding, anything in its previous history. Especially noticeable is the increasing number of men, who form two-fifths of the audience. The local press have given good summarized reports of the sermons week by week, which are being read by all classes of people and arousing a live interest in vital religion and the things for which this church stands. The open offertory has been successfully adopted, and promises to assist materially in solving the financial problem. The Independent Workers, the local alliance, who have done nobly in the past, are, if anything, more untiring in their efforts than ever, and are knit together by the highest spirit of unity. The Young People's Unity Club has taken a new lease of life, a literary and intellectual addition having been made to their usual social programme. In this the new minister and his wife are taking an active part, also in the Sunday-school, where every class has an efficient teacher, and where Mrs. Rieger with zeal and ability fills the difficult post of superintendent. This church has long been a force in the city for everything which has made for the betterment of its life, but it is hopefully anticipating that the city will feel still more its impact on many of its pressing community needs in the near future. The situation is full of promise. In a population of 17,000, largely Roman Catholic, with beautiful church premises, admirably located, with weekly congregations of seventy to eighty, and more, and a goodly number of declared and undeclared sympathizers, the society thanks God and takes courage.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. Herbert L. Buzzell: A series of laymen's meetings is being held. At the opening meeting, December 21, the general subject, "The Work and Place of the Church in the Community," was discussed by the following speakers: Mr. E. A. Pratt, "From the Railroad Man's Viewpoint"; C. H. Webster, Esq., "From the Lawyer's Viewpoint"; Dr. N. P. Wood, "From the Physician's Viewpoint." There was a good attendance and a fine meeting. Other meetings of the same general character will be held during the winter about a month apart.

WOLLASTON, MASS.—Unitarian Society, Rev. Carl G. Horst: A candle-light Christmas service was held Sunday evening, December 21, the first of its kind in Quincy. It aroused much interest and the church was filled, many people standing through the service and a number of others being unable to get in. The usual Christmas service with sermon had been held in the morning, but this musical and devotional service gave an opportunity to hear a number of the old carols. The church was simply, but artistically, decorated with laurel, red carnations, poinsettias, and immortelles adding the warm color. The back of the chancel was banked with cedar boughs, and above these shone a beautiful star, which with two exceedingly tall candles completely lighted the chancel. The two magnificent candlesticks, over four feet high, which held the candles, were brought from New York for use at this service through the courtesy of Mr. Walter M. Hatch. A handsome seven-branched candelabrum stood at the right of the pulpit, and this, with several smaller candelabra and rows of candles on the window-sills, furnished the dim religious light which prevailed in the body of the church. The Hallelujah Chorus, as organ prelude, was followed by the Processional, "Waken, Christian Children." The members of the girls' choir were dressed in white. Each wore a sprig of holly and carried a lighted candle. They marched by twos, singing, up the aisle, the minister, following. When passing the communion table, each girl placed her candle there, and then took her place in the choir loft. The whole service was most impressive, and was a fitting opening to the Christmas week. It closed with "Adeste fideles," when the girls took their candles and passed out, singing, the voices gradually dying away, but leaving singing in the hearts of those present the old familiar words.

Personals.

Rev. Albert Lazenby of Lynn is at present in the Canadian Northwest on a Billings Lectureship. He has been preaching in Edmonton for the last three Sundays, and expects to go to Calgary for two Sundays. If it can be arranged, he will go to Moose Jaw and Vancouver.

The Standard-bearers.

BY REV. GEORGE A. THAYER.

There have been men and women who, partly by happy inheritance, partly by persistent effort, have reached a high peak of intellect and of disinterested goodness,—the rare personalities whom our race has been wont to set upon a pedestal for worship, but who still are human beings like the rest of us; of finer mould, of larger brain, of devotion to righteousness and truth so untiring and so wide in its sympathies that it puts the majority to blush, but, nevertheless, mortal men, who must eat and drink, and who in due time will vanish from among us.

They set a pattern of life, and all who do not in some degree fix the eye upon that standard and strive towards it fall short of the proper appreciation of spiritual manhood. No full wages for such: only half-pay or a quarter is their desert.

"I am the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and solar year;
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
The Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

They belong to my family. Up to present date they show how large a spiritual output a human life can achieve.

We cannot say that even these have reached the uttermost limit. No one can tell what sort of an intellectual or devout man is yet in the possibilities of evolution.

But, so far, the great and wise of history are the standard makers of human life.

At Gettysburg, when the Union centre was partly broken through and driven back and the panic-stricken men were deaf to all orders to return to the lines and save the day, a few flag-bearers of the regiments set an

Digitized by Google

example of courage and fidelity, and leaped to the front with their several colors, some of them to be immediately shot down.

Then shame and anger stopped the panic, and there was an immediate about-face to support the standards, and the threatened disaster was turned to victory.

All the moralists, the preachers, the dreamers of what our race ought to accomplish, are Gettysburg flag-bearers, who constantly save the day of justice, freedom, and progress which the desertion of the commonplace, unthinking people has put in mortal peril.

The New York League.

The New York League of Unitarian Women is following out a programme of meetings upon subjects relating in various ways to the life of the people in the city. The December meeting was a noteworthy one. The address was given by Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the Church of the Messiah, upon "New Ideals of City Life." Having passed through the stages of terrible corruption and investigation, he gave reason for hope that we are entering upon an era of good government. He then recounted some of the conditions necessary in a well-governed city.

The announcement was made of the completion of the anniversary fund of $2,500, started last year, the Samaritan Alliance of the First Unitarian Church of Brooklyn being the banner Alliance, having contributed over $600 toward the fund.

The next meeting, on January 2, to be held in the Lenox Avenue Church, will be addressed by Mrs. Edith Ellis Furness on "The Woman's National Theatre." On the last Monday of each month tea is served at the Unitarian headquarters, 104 East 20th Street, from three to five o'clock. The last Monday in January will be a special occasion, a reception by the president, Mrs. Wm. B. Donnell, and the officers of the League.

King's Chapel Services.

Beginning this month, ministers of various denominations are to co-operate with those of our own body in the conduct of the week-day services in King's Chapel. During January representatives of the Baptist and Congregational churches of greater Boston will take part. At the next Saturday noon musical service (January 3) Mr. John Adams Loud will play the organ, and Mr. R. A. Simonds, tenor of the King's Chapel choir, will sing. The list of speakers for the month is as follows: January 1, Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., First Baptist Church, Brookline; January 2, Rev. William I. Lawrance, D.D., president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston; January 5, Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., Old South Church, Boston; January 6, 7, 8, Rev. John Howland Lathrop, First Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.; January 9, Rev. Woodman Bradbury, D.D., Old Cambridge Baptist Church, Cambridge; January 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, Rev. Richard W. Boynton, First Unitarian Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; January 19, Rev. George T. Smart, D.D., Newton Highlands Congregational Church, Newton; January 20, Rev. Paul S. Phalen, Unitarian church, Augusta, Me.; January 21, Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., King's Chapel; January 22, Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, D.D., president of the Andover Theological School, Cambridge; January 23, Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D., First Church, Jamaica Plain; January 26, Rev. Ambrose W. Vernon, D.D., Harvard Church, Brookline; January 27, Rev. Roger S. Forbes, First Parish, Dorchester; January 28, Dean William W. Fenn, Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge; January 29, Rev. Sydney B. Snow, King's Chapel; January 30, Prof. Daniel Evans, D.D., Andover Theological Seminary, Cambridge.

The Rebuke of the Flowers.

BY LOUISA A. NASH.

The corner to the balustrade of the steps in our new sitting-room needed something, so as to distract the attention of visitors from hats, etc., on the upper shelf. I placed my dark brown bean-jar on it, and longed and longed for one of the evergreen ferns from our dear old mountain ranch. Till they could send one, I filled it with the brake fern that abounded around us.

My evergreen bore its change of "habitat" well. It kept bright and green the whole winter. I fed it daily with a few spoonfuls of fertilizing water, that it might be well nourished in its close quarters, and it amply repaid my trouble.

Spring came, but never a sign of the delicate young fronds that I looked for day by day. Its roots had no breathing place at the bottom of my bean-jar, no wonder they can create nothing new! So I found a place for my winter companion under the shady quince-tree near by.

But what can take its place at home? I took my daily walks abroad, but nothing attracted my eye or tempted my hand for that particular spot. One day, after making a street car journey to see a sick friend, what do I see by the side of a bridged gulch but the pretty rosettes of the wild parsnip, its white flowers as delicate as the baby-breath but its stalks as long and as firm as the plantain grass, and its leaves fringed like the Jap asparagus.

I had in my hand a few pansies for my dear friend, to which I had attached a little verse about the heart's-ease (as we call them in England) and the pansies—or "thoughts"—of the French.

"These little flowers are thoughts,
Thoughts of love for you;
Not mine alone, but God's love thoughts
He holds and gives to you.
For each heart ill He'll give heart's-ease,
As you look heavenward."

On leaving her bedside, I gathered the wild bouquet, fragrant with thoughts of her, and it filled my empty corner as it filled my heart. My flowers lasted four weeks and a day by my diary, but the old ones had been succeeded by baby ones on a diminutive scale.

What now? What's spent and gone must be replaced. My next day's ramble took me farther than usual. Where the soil was richer, nature's flowers will surely be choicer, I considered. I hunted the hillside, the woodland trails, the riverbank, but nothing took my fancy. Disapppointed I came home empty-handed.

After a short cut I passed through an opening of a thick wild hedge under a broken-down acacia. There were peeping out at me from among the tall grasses tiny golden stars. Their clusters grew on high stalks. "Just diminutive hawkweed," I thought, "that provokingly closes up in water." However, I scrambled through the underbrush to the place, and found what reminded me of early days in England, called there the "common nipplewort." Here the flowers are of a brighter, purer yellow.

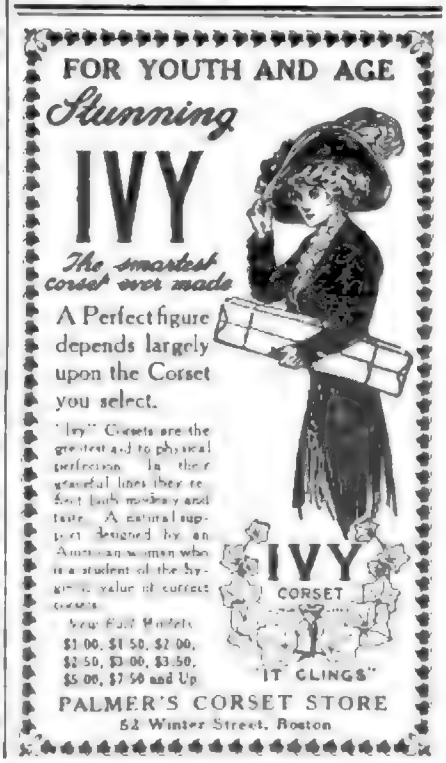
Delighted, I gathered bunches of it, with plenty of the varied grasses, its true setting. Once more my corner has its best adornment. Still, I felt rebuked by the little stars. Had not I tired myself out with my long search and tramp? Yet here, close to my kitchen door, they had been shining invitingly all the time. My eyes had been holden, to open at last and appreciate them!

My rebuke went deeper home still. Had I not been building castles in the air, and working as well as I could for a vacation trip with pastures new, with ocean vistas widening before me, and fine subjects for paints and brush? A family call had come from a second home, where home birds nested!

On listening and answering to the call, were found soon true enjoyment, mutual love, and reinvigoration of life. It is well for us when we discover before it's too late,

"These wild flowers that round the home paths grow
Where the common air is balm!"

A high-class monthly magazine carries a full-page advertisement of a gas-heater that is specifically recommended for use in the children's play-room. It is advertised as "the ideal heat for the nursery," and in heavy type the claim is made that it "will not vitiate the air." Such advertisements are dangerous, says *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. To lead people to believe that any room can be heated healthfully for any length of time by means of flueless gas or oil-heaters is dangerous doctrine.



Pleasantries.

A sage is a man who will sit up all night and worry over things that a fool never even heard of.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"I don't see how the Throckmortons could ever afford to give such a dinner," remarked Mrs. Twickembury. "It was really a presumptuous repast."

First Old Fellow: "Hello, old chap, how are you?" Second O. F.: "First class: how are you?" F. O. F.: "Steerage."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Good sir, will you have soup or fish?"
The waiter asked in tones judicial.
The hungry diner said, "I wish
You would not be so superficial."
—*Mariner's Advocate.*

Brother: "What did you say to that old chap just now?" Sister: "I only thanked him for picking up my bag." Brother: "My dear girl, you must learn not to be so beastly grateful. It's not done nowadays." *Punch.*

A small boy handed in the following in an examination paper in United States history: "Gen. Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The teacher was instructing the youngsters in natural history. "Can any little boy or girl," said she, "tell me what an oyster is?" The small hand of Jimmy Jones shot into the air. "I know, Miss Mary! I know! An oyster," triumphantly announced Jimmy, "is a fish built like a nut."

'Way up in Vermont Uncle Eph Kinney was looking over his field of clover when up drove a neighbor. "Grass is awful short this year, ain't it, Uncle Eph?" he said. "Short!" cried Uncle Eph. "Why it's so short the bumblebees hev to git down on their knees to suck the blossoms!"

The attorney for the gas company was making a popular address. "Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'" Voice of a consumer from the audience: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

An old Irish countrywoman, going to Dublin by train, stepped into a first-class carriage with her basket, and made herself comfortable. Just before the train started, the conductor passed along, and, noticing the woman and the basket, said gruffly, "Are you first-class, my good woman?" "Indade, I am, and thank you," she replied with a smile; "and how do you feel yourself?"—*London Times.*

At a banquet in New York Mark Twain was the guest of honor. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was among those present who happened to be seated near Twain, and in some manner the talk had veered round to pet failings. "What is yours, Mr. Aldrich?" inquired a man near him. The poet opened his lips to reply, but Twain beat him to it. "Vice versa!" he drawled laconically.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Washington *Star* tells how Secretary Bryan listened with an inscrutable smile to the praises of a financial magnate that a certain politician sung. "He's the architect of his own fortune, too," said the politician,—"entirely the architect of his own fortune." "Well," said Secretary Bryan, "it's a lucky thing for him that the building inspector didn't come round while the operation was going on."

ESTEY ORGANS
PIPE & REED CHURCH
120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 164 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry P. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN
School for Girls and Young Ladies
Address The Misses Allen, West Newton, Mass.
Telephone, 121 Newton West.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
31st year, Sept. 23, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys.
George H. Browne, A.M.,
Rev. Willard Reed, A.M.,
Principals.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)
Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 2 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 25
After the Holidays 26
The Best Length of Life 27

CURRENT TOPICS 28

BREVITIES 29

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Running Away from Winter, by Rev. E. P. Powell . . . 30
Missions and the Planting of Christianity, by Prof. Kirsopp Lake, D.D. 31
Religion and Art, by Rev. James G. Townsend 33
The New Life 34
Muscle, Mind, and Morals, by Dr. Warren A. Rodman . 35
The Church and the Cross; Church-going 37
College Expenses, by Milton Reed 38
The Educated Man, by Philip Stafford Moxom, D.D.; Bergson's Creative Evolution, by Daniel Roy Freeman 42
Liberal Christianity in Germany, by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 43
The Tuckerman School; To Young Americans, by Baron D'Estournelles De Constant 46
Poetry and Truth 47

SPIRITUAL LIFE 37

LITERATURE.
Books 38
Miscellaneous 39

THE HOME.
The Fairy and his Bell 40
The Mouse who Dared; The Knowing Squirrels; A Dog Story 41

POETRY.
The Common Duty 30
The "Desert turned to Paradise," by H. W. F. . . . 33
At Assisi, by Kate Louise Brown 35
In Winter, by Mary Davis 40
The Gardener, by Richard Warner Borst 44

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
An Original Social Meeting 44

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 45

PLEASANTRIES 48

Editorial.

"NEVER despise those whom you address," said Mr. Bryce in a university address, "whatever you may think of their intellectual attainments. Give them the best you have to give." That is good counsel for seasoned preachers to be reminded of as well as for college students to hear. Indeed, perhaps, it fits the older men better than the younger, as the practiced speakers are more likely to think almost anything they may say is good enough for the general run of hearers. If they allow this persuasion to infect preparation, let them bear in mind also that their hearers will feel such indifference. It was the superintendent of a prison who replied to the minister's question as to what he should preach about by saying, "Talk to them as you would to any body of people. The main difference between this audience and any other is that a smaller proportion will pay much attention; but that portion will give as intelligent hearing as you will find anywhere." The error is not always one of laziness. One hears preachers who evidently bestowed much labor on their production, yet put it all in a key which would lead the audience to think they assumed no one was present of more than under-ordinary intelligence. To undervalue one's audience is as foolish as for soldiers to undervalue their enemy, and as fatal to success.

THE justifications for reserve, accepted without question in many cases, such as an ambassador's duty of not commenting on political subjects in the country to which he is accredited, are not sufficiently considered in the ministry, and it is freely assumed that the minister is a coward or sycophant if he does not blurt out whatever is on his mind, regardless of who hears him. Men who admire prophetic boldness take it as a special duty to speak what common sense would say was a special duty to keep to themselves. For fear of being thought afraid, they lay themselves open to being thought beside themselves. There are proprieties even in prophecy, and it is not sure that ancient prophets might not have got themselves more heeded if they oftener had observed them. Is it not better that the etiquette which, it is understood, preachers observe, for instance when the President of the United States is in the congregation, should be binding than that the influence of the pulpit should be cheapened by unwise use of such opportunity? Elizabeth, before whom, when she was something over

Digitized by Google

sixty, a preacher gave solemn warnings on the text, "So teach us to number our days," exclaimed that he was a fool and did not know what he was talking about; and, considering what he said and to whom, most people, especially those who find themselves near or beyond that age, will think her the better prophet of the two. It is fine to be bold, but not well to be too bold.

With extraordinary sureness of touch and soundness of judgment, Mr. Martin's "Life of Jesus, from the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism" puts the results of the study of the Gospels more compactly and reliably into the hands of the general reader than has hitherto been done. The book is as notable in exposing the crude radicalisms of criticism and in its fine spiritual appreciation, as it is in its careful statement of the assured results of modern scholarship. Bred in the Unitarian fellowship and trained in its leading school, the author's present position in the Society for Ethical Culture makes his remarkable contribution none the less useful for the Unitarian reader and teacher.

The benefactions of rich men are sometimes reckoned against them because they are rich. Besides being ungracious, this is unfair and inaccurate. It is true that they have given out of abundance. It is true that people of slender means give more to their needy fellows than rich people give out of their plenty. In proportion to resources, generosity keeps its centre nearer the masses than the classes. But it is also true that getting riches brings an added difficulty in disposing of them. It is the tendency of accumulation to beget in possessors a liking for more. If the rich give less in proportion than the poor, it is because it is harder for the rich to give than the poor. "Where there is great power to do wrong, to live and die justly is a hard thing and greatly to be praised, and few there are who attain to this." The words of Jesus, so seldom understood, mean the same as those of Socrates: it is harder for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for the loaded camel to get through that little door in the city gate, called the eye of the needle. The rich man who is generous is entitled to all the credit that he gets, because he has done a thing so hard.

Now and then a suit against a school principal brings up the question whether corporal punishment is advisable in the public schools. The trend of qualified opinion is against it. Experienced and high-minded teachers frequently say that they seldom or never resort to it, and that it might be altogether dispensed with. Although sometimes the one thing a boy seems to need is a sound thrashing, it is a better conquest of him, and of the difficulty, to manage the boy without the thrashing. Under any restriction there is bound to be either abuse of power or the charge of such abuse which puts an unjust burden on the principal. We have been credibly informed of cases where teachers themselves, compelled to witness severe punishment, resolved to resign their posts rather than undergo repetition of the experience. There is always risk that sensational use may be made of the fact of such punishment, and a blameless man be made the victim of persecution or misunderstanding. As a protection to the principal as well as to the pupil, the institution should be abolished. If a boy is bad enough to punish in this way, he is bad enough to expel. The mere fact that a strong man may in anger inflict more injury than can be tolerated is enough to justify the abandonment of this method of discipline. That it is indispensable to discipline, abundant experience disproves. Innumerable instances there are of maintenance of good order and obedience with never a case of corporal punishment. Whatever may be said for it, the brutalizing effect, the indignity of it, the low plane on which excusing rests, and its lessening of the precise forces of self-respect and emulation from which alone improvement proceeds, are sufficient to condemn any sort of beating. There are better ways.

The headmaster of Eton in a letter to the *Times*, in regard to the kind of literature given to the rising generation, says that mischief is being done because people are forgetting that there is only one question of importance to be considered, and that is, What are the ideas of life and conduct with which young people's minds are being stocked? "Those who are working and hoping, however feebly, to encompass the lives of our boys and girls with wholesome atmosphere must know that in regard to sexuality two facts stand out. First, that in proportion as the adolescent mind grows absorbed in sex questions wreckage of life ensues. Secondly, that sanity and upright manliness are destroyed, not only by the reading of obscene stuff, but by a premature interest in sex matters, however it be excited; for the vital question for each youngster is whether or not the true perspective of things is being disturbed by what he sees, hears, and reads." The question is a wider one than this form of it. It applies not only to literature, but to all kinds of publicity on the subject. The wiser and more experienced workers in the fields of social hygiene are clearly tending to confine the range of the candor which is proven necessary, and to recognize the duty of scrupulous caution and restraint in what is said, in care as to where it is said, and in rigorous selection as to who says it.

There can be little doubt, writes a Florida correspondent, that, if the educational law, forbidding the teaching of the negroes in that State, were fairly tested in the courts, it would be pronounced unconstitutional and void. Unfortunately there is at present no likelihood that any teacher will be found at once able to stand the expenses of a costly law-suit and self-sacrificing enough to involve himself in the inevitable discomfort and trouble it would bring, so there is no immediate prospect that the test will be made.

After the Holidays.

So lovely is the season of Christmas, followed by New Year's Day, that we are loath to let it go. Like a strain of music which one longs to hear again and again, this time lingers in memory, and we would stay the passing moment that is so fair, and encore its song. Alas! it not only goes, goes inexorably, but reaction comes. The tide of feeling sinks to its ebb. We revert to the common way again, and in the light of memory its level seems lower than ever. Sharp against the spirit of the time of good-will comes the pushing world, wherein every one seems bent on nothing but his own ends. The sordid aims step in, like scene-shifters after the play, and clear away all the entrancing visions, the charming perspectives, the settings of love and peace, and bid us go about our business. Hateful the treadmill to him who is never free from its servitude, but doubly hateful to him who, like a recaptured slave, is returned from the taste and sight of freedom to its weary, illusory climb. Dark the gloom of sorrow, but never so black as against the sky of

Digitized by Google

momentary gleams of joy and hope. Even in the merriment and glee there lurked the sense that the load was outside the door, that such exaltation could not last; and, sure enough, here it is,—heavy, galling, pitiless,—and we must pack it on and take the road.

There is a way of anticipating this reaction and discounting its cost which is only despair flinging a challenge. It is the way of excess, the getting such a start as shall carry us over the bare place, the revelry and mirth which drinks the cup of forgetfulness and deadens the sensibility, and redoubles gayety and forces mirth to high pressure in the hope of an effect that shall last through the dry time. The throngs in the streets and clubs are trying this method. They think to allay the fear of the future by much noise, as if its troubles were demons which could be driven away by the beating of drums and the shouting of crowds. Toasts are drunk, and maudlin cheers fill the air, and good fellowship runs riot, so that serious men become silly fools and elders take on a sort of youth that youthfulness despises. It is a wise and just appeal made by the Women's Temperance Union in some cities for a protest against this form of celebration. There should be protest against it; and more than protest,—a frank definition of it, a clear exposure of its folly and stupidity and futility. What is sadder than to look on this making of such a good time as may outlast the chill of experience! What will be left of it to be a stay in time of strain? What in it is calculated to give any real cheer, any lasting courage? On the contrary, its accent weakens the emphasis it thinks to strengthen. There in the kind of cheer is the seed of gloom added to gloom. Excess has to pay its price. Time will not be cheated by any such offering. It is of spurious value. It looks like joy, but it lasts like mist. Then what?

In the normal and whole holiday feeling there is an element which stands the test of time, for it reaches out and takes what outlasts time. It consists of that joy which is inspired by realization of the endlessness of the tides. The ebbs which seem reaction are part of the process. Only by taking out a portion and reflecting on it by itself do we become depressed. We have cut off the moment from time when we deem it a contradiction of the preceding moment. It is rather a preparation for the succeeding moment. Sure it is that what has seemed to stop with us will not really stop. Continually the tides will rise, the season bring its cheer. After those who know us have forgotten us, and generations come which have never known us, children will shout and play, carols will be sung, and gifts be brought, and that which lifted us up where we heard heavenly hosts will lift up those who come after us. The torch is handed on, and never fails a runner to take it and lift it. "Abraham saw my day, and was glad," said Jesus, and the gladness we may keep is of the same breed. When ours seems to have had its day, we can look forward to the coming day, and draw "by faith while living our freehold of thanksgiving."

This satisfaction feeds the soul without ceasing. It is not meted out by memory, it is not cut off in the passing of the days, what we have ceased to have does not stop its income. Its heavenly annuities go on to those who have lost earning power. As we decrease, they increase. We have only to turn to them to find they have lost nothing in our losing. They are no mockery, like our cheap efforts to steal a form of permanence in tying a few more days, a few more joys, to time.

This is what parents feel in their children and grandchildren, this is why they take such satisfaction in going the short way they can with them. It is not simply the satisfaction of affections, the tenuity of love. It is the sense that in them they are already living the life that without them would be conjectural. In them the life of the future is structural, vital. With them the elders live ahead of their time. Experience does not terminate with one round, nor the colors of the spirit fade with the pallor of age. There is the successful challenge to the passing season, not in one more of what ends, but of continuity through what does not end, not in a gleam of what must set, but in the dawn of the rising day.

Such is the character of the truths which are the children of thought and of the mind of God. Some forms of them change and vanish, but their reality reappears vigorous and vocal. Entering into them, we are carried on beyond the bounds of our own perception of them. They are the endless generation which time never stops or ages. Those expressions which appear newest, and whose fading turns faith to fear, are as deceptive in their freshness as the colors and songs of a festive eve. Their challenge to time is despair's first voice. They are unproductive. But those which are of the quality and stamp of permanence, give vernal youth to ancient lore, and lift the mind out of its short range where it looks backward and forward, seeing what the past has not kept and what the future cannot miss.

If holiday cheer is of itself alone, then its passing is sad. But if it is of what carries generation on to generation, if it is made of love and truth which time did not make and cannot mar, and which vanquish time, if it is wrought into the soul, then no moods nor changes lessen its light.

The Best Length of Life.

In many places in the Bible it is taken as a mark of divine favor that prosperity and length of days should follow obedience to the law. One of the commandments gives as its reason "that thy days may be long in the land," though one cannot discover any connection of cause and effect between doing what it commends and reaching old age. But elsewhere the Psalmist seems to be preaching to himself another doctrine. He says that wisdom is gray hairs to a man, and that one ought so to number his days as to apply his heart to wisdom.

The haunting significance of this saying that makes it cling to the mind, and challenge a merely commonplace acceptance, lies in its modulation from one sort of measurement to an entirely different one. The terms of one cannot be translated into the terms of another, but, like an exquisite modulation in music, there is a very beautiful effect produced by such delicate change from the measure of quantity to the measure of quality. Mere number makes one kind of length, but a measure of worth makes another kind of length. The mind is suddenly raised from a commonplace level to a height wherein length turns into the illimitable thing. Length of days is a melancholy consolation for their ending some time. A man who was to be executed on his ninetieth birthday would not count it much of a favor that a long life was allowed in the mean time. He would prefer not to be reminded so emphatically that, though postponed, his death was decided on. An indeterminate sentence would be more to his mind. To show him how many years he had to live would not cheer him much. That sudden drop at the end would spoil the pleasure of having it put off. And, therefore, the comfort which it was proper to feel at the contemplation of length of years suddenly became vacant in the Psalmist's mind. He wanted something more sustaining in the mean time, and what makes this sentence of his unforgettable and fresh is that he found it. He found that wisdom had no length at all, and therefore would never stop. He saw that, when life was defined as wisdom, it turned from quantity, which is by nature limited, to quality, which by nature is not.

Digitized by Google

The first attractiveness about this way of putting the matter is that it evens up what is else a very uneven thing. In the long and short of the matter it says this is both the long and short of the matter,—this wisdom runs along through life as though there were no such things as years and birthdays, and the few or many of them. Wisdom is what it is, whatever the calendar says. It does not hear any clock-ticks. Its stream flows on, always bright and jocund, while time's forests and generations decay and pass away. It gives an equivalence to the inequalities of life. Up and down, through years few and many, through all sorts and conditions of condition, up and down through differences of ignorance and learning, poverty and wealth, privilege and deprivation, wisdom runs, and her voice is to all the sons of men. She offers what may be gained everywhere, what may be lost anywhere. Let not the man of high degree think he has gained all heights, or that to his brother of low degree the best heights may not be accessible. There is no aristocracy in wisdom that may not be shared by every one everywhere.

We can hold to this even when we think of the aristocracies of mental and intellectual grading, for wisdom is a different thing from learning. A lesson that can be learned and recited is as different a thing from the impalpable quality called wisdom as reading a language is different from speaking it, or knowing all that can be put into a book or told about business is different from knowing the business. A man might be learned about cooking so as to give on demand every recipe ever published, and yet have no wisdom at all about cooking. A learned cook might be no cook at all. A youth goes from college where he could get A's in a year for mere day and enters a business, expecting to acquire proficiency at no greater cost of effort. But he finds that what he can learn, all that there is to be learned about, in a half-day takes a year of slow hard experience to be wise in. In fact, he finds that some of those subjects he thought himself up in are just the subjects he has to begin all over again to be wise in. For only richness of experience gives wisdom, the ability to feel the proportions of things, the power to classify, and use them, and get out of them all that it belongs to them to give.

This makes quite consistent the possession by ignorant people of great wisdom, which, when we find it, seems to us odd and peculiar and curious. They are wise, often with as deep and sure a wisdom as the records of great lives can show, because they have had the training that makes wisdom, and have acquired the instinct to see where things belong. This makes quite consistent the expectation that the highest things of life are within reach of the lowest level of living, because it shows that the practice of what makes wisdom is open everywhere. All the greatest tests of life come to all alike. There is a civil service examination, so to speak, which no one can evade, and which may raise those of low degree and pull down the mighty from their seats. The strains everybody has to bear, that make the nerve and muscle of the soul, call as evenly as death itself on all alike. No democracy so pure in theory but we see it working in the experiences all have to undergo. The courage, the sweetness, the patience, the good-will, the helpfulness, and the high endurance, wrought in the loom of living, making the web of wisdom, show a community among men produced in hearts fashioned alike, by lives disciplined alike.

And, as wisdom itself is obtained in experience, so this doctrine about wisdom is proved by the testimony of experience. The evidence of human lives is overwhelmingly for such a verdict. All that baffles any one has been met by some one, and conquered. That which is like to inundate life has flooded others, and they have risen above the waves and walked on the waters. No tragedy ever comes that has not before been borne, and with peace at the end. The fabric that such lives wrought was not cut by the abhorred shears. When life closes in on us and we feel the clutch of fate and we die daily, these patterns of love and goodness show us a succeeding plan to this which ends. When we enter into the spirit of the cloud of witnesses that make history throb with life, we breathe an air of freedom. Our days are no longer numbered. A day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as a day. For they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

Current Topics.

Coming close upon the announcement of the voluntary relinquishment of control over the Western Union Telegraph Company by the American Telegraph & Telephone Company, the withdrawal of partners of the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. from thirty directorates of powerful corporations caused wide-spread comment at the opening of the New Year, as an indication of the apparent purpose of great aggregations of capital to conform to the spirit of the Sherman Anti-trust Law, and the provisions in the new currency law against the perpetuation of interlocking directorates. It is the expectation of the Department of Justice that its campaign for the thorough enforcement of anti-trust legislation will be greatly simplified by the compliant attitude of corporations and individuals, as exemplified by the new policy adopted by the American Telegraph & Telephone Company and the Morgan group of financiers. It is explained, in behalf of the Morgans, that their withdrawal from the directorates was undertaken in response to a growing public sentiment, stimulated and crystallized by the disclosures made by the Pujo investigation into the workings of the so-called "money trust."

At a moment when the question of the exclusion of Asiatics from the United States is the subject of interesting and rather protracted negotiations between Washington and Tokio, Anthony Caminetti, Commissioner General of Immigration, in his report, made public at the end of last week, points out that the laws excluding Orientals are being frequently violated, and urges the strengthening of the barriers against the proscribed races. In an official document, which must have been read with no less interest in Tokio than in London, the commissioner finds that "it is perfectly manifest that many Orientals are now getting into this country unlawfully," especially in the case of Hindus, who, Mr. Caminetti argues, have become "a serious problem." New laws, Mr. Caminetti says, will be drafted in an endeavor to bar out more effectively the class of immigration prohibited by existing legislation.

Some decisive development in Mexican affairs, and a possible new application of American policy toward Mexico are believed to be foreshadowed by an interview, which took place on the night of January 2, on the auxiliary cruiser Chester, several miles out in the gulf of Mexico, between President Wilson and John Lind, his special representative in Mexico. Mr. Lind, though the process involved some inconvenience to the President, on vacation at Pass Christian, Miss., was not permitted to land, and the subject of his report to the President was not revealed or even hinted at by the executive, beyond

Digitized by Google

the admission that it had to do with the latest events in the neighboring republic. After the President had left the cruiser, that vessel started on its return trip to Vera Cruz without undue loss of time. The circumstances of the conference on the Chester gave rise to varied speculation, one explanation of the incident being that the international aspect of the war in Mexico had assumed a phase that required new, and perhaps more energetic, treatment by the United States.

QUICK denial was forthcoming on December 31, from both London and Berlin, of the account published in certain American newspapers that the first step in an Anglo-German campaign to eliminate American competition from the markets of the world had taken the form of the purchase of the Portuguese colonial possessions in Africa by Great Britain and Germany, respectively, with a view to the eventual closing of Africa to the American manufacturer and capitalist. In the denial from London, it was pointed out that Portugal had not expressed a desire for such a sale, although it was admitted that, in the event of the Portuguese possessions being put on the market, Great Britain and Germany might take steps to divide the territory among themselves. The explanation of the actual situation in Berlin was couched in similar language, and emphasized, in addition, Germany's right to the pre-emption of Mozambique and Angola in case Portugal should express or intimate a willingness to consider a proposal for the purchase of the territories named.

THE evident desire of the Chinese authorities to interest American capital in the development of China is plainly indicated in cable messages from Pekin last week. It is realized in Pekin that in America alone could China obtain money for her internal development without the onerous political conditions implied in European loans. In spite of the pressing offers made by authorized Chinese agents, however, it is intimated in Washington that no official encouragement will be given to any proposed American participation in Chinese finances that bears the slightest suggestion of active co-operation by the State Department. Legitimate loans by American bankers, of course, will not be hampered in any way by the State Department; but the attitude of the administration toward the interference of foreign powers in the internal affairs of the Chinese republic is indicated by the plain intimation, coming out of Washington, that the resources of American diplomacy will not be applied to the task of obtaining favored treatment for American capital in China.

REFORMS in favor of the Jews in Roumania are foreshadowed in a statement to a group of Jewish leaders, credited to King Charles of Roumania on January 3. King Charles is quoted by the Central News Agency as assuring the memorialists that he recognizes the fact that the condition of the Jews in Roumania under existing proscription is intolerable, and pledging himself to urge upon parliament legislative action to confer the rights of citizenship upon the persecuted race. The news, if it be authentic, indicates a desire, on the part of the Roumanian sovereign, to purge his country of the reproaches which have been directed against it by the liberal press of the world, for the perpetuation of a state of affairs which might well be regarded as anomalous in the twentieth century. On the other hand, the ability of the king to enforce the reforms outlined by him may well be questioned in view of the bitter anti-Semitic sentiment which appears to permeate the Roumanian nation, and particularly the agrarian portion of it.

THE return of Leonardo Da Vinci's painting, "Mona Lisa," to its place in the Louvre, whence it was maliciously stolen more than two years ago by Vincenzo Perugia, an Italian, who wished to punish France for Napoleon's raids on Italian art, was made a ceremonious occasion at the opening of the new year. The priceless painting, after being handed over to the French ambassador by the Italian government, was escorted from Italian soil to Paris by an official party, and its arrival at the French capital was surrounded with marks of respect scarcely less impressive than those which would have characterized the arrival of a visiting sovereign. During the initial public view a substantial admission fee was charged, to be applied to the relief of poor Italians in Paris, in recognition of the cordial co-operation of the government in the recovery of the masterpiece, and its restoration to the place of honor it had occupied in the great French art museum before its abstraction by the patriotic but misguided Perugia.

Brevities.

It is the weakest strand in the weaving of character that snaps first when temptation comes.

A new definition of genius has been given by Thomas Edison, to wit: "Genius is 2 per cent. inspiration and 98 per cent. perspiration."

The ideal school of the future will be the one made so attractive and stimulating by calling out the likings and individuality of the pupils that they cannot be kept away from it.

Orison Swett Marden, in a late book, says that one of the most pathetic pictures in American life is that of the old men who have retired, but had nothing to retire to except their fortunes. They had never prepared for old-age enjoyment.

Marshall Field gave this wise counsel to young men: "The man who puts additional capital into his brains—information, well directed thought, and study of possibilities—will surely get increased returns. There is no capital and no increase of capital safer and surer than that."

Says Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr.: "I have nothing to say against open-mindedness. It is a good antidote to bigotry. In its place it is wholesome. But I am insurgent against regarding this as an adequate substitute for positive knowledge, positive beliefs, positive loyalties, positive affections, positive duties, and a positive gospel."

This is an age characterized by a wide-spread desire for the acquisition of inordinate possessions of earthly goods. It should heed these words of Thomas Hughes in proverbial phraseology: "When shall we learn that he who multiplieth possessions multiplieth troubles, and that the single use of things which we call our own is that they may be his who hath need of them?"

A recent magazine writer of known authority on vocational training says: "The fact that eighty per cent. of the girls in any high school will marry within a few years and be settled in homes, and that the only specific training they will ever get for their life-work must be had in the high school, suggests the desirability of giving girls some-

Digitized by Google

thing more than the boys want. So strong has this feeling become that few high schools to-day omit the household arts from their curriculums."

The character of the thoughts on which we most habitually dwell in our hours of meditation is commensurate with our intellectual and moral standing in the scale of human life.

Copenhagen is the most law-abiding city in the world. In 1910, among its 554,000 people, there was only one murder. This was at the rate of 0.18 to 100,000 population, while the ratio in Paris the same year was 3.6, in New York 6.9, and in Chicago 9.2.

One by one the transportation of dangerous infections is being traced to insect pests. The latest, the simulium fly, has now been proved to be the carrying agent of pellagra, a disease lately attributed to fungus growing upon Indian corn. In some districts in the United States pellagra is almost as fatal as tuberculosis.

The Common Duty.

Not in Sinai's ringing thunder comes the voice of God to-day;
But as each goes forward—backward—Duty fronts him on the way.

Take it! Leave it! On thy choosing clangs the crucial moment's door,
Thou art lord or thou art vassal, serf or king, forevermore!

He who wins must be a doer in the world of thought and act;
He who wins the thing worth winning must be God's in truth and fact.

Must be God's—all God's—no dual empire rules the human soul;
Not to Mammon is the work-time, and to God the Sabbath dole!

Must be God's—all God's—his spokesman, clean of thought and pure of lips;
Must be God's—all God's—his craftsman to the tingling finger tips;

Must be God's—all God's—his vassal lord of all the world beside,
Striking down the wrong inhuman, nursed by human want and pride.

Thou thyself must be a doer in the world of act and thought;
As thou doest, lord or vassal, thou art much, or less than naught!

Thou thyself must be a leader, thou must do thy part or lack;
Set thy face unto the sunrise, put the shadows at thy back!

—Hugh J. Hughes, in the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Running Away from Winter.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

Bringing the two ends of New England together is the happiest feat of recent transportation. The railroads that used to run so generally east and west are now fingering about the Gulf States with a rich enthusiasm. They have found out that Florida is a part of Connecticut and Louisiana a part of Michigan, and that they need to be brought together for mutual comfort. It is not the orange we are after, although the Florida orange is now cheaper than the New York apple: what we want is the Florida potatoes in April and the Tampa strawberries in March, and, better yet, we want a place to go when the thermometer is below zero and the frost is squeezing the life out of old bones. Grippe has made a big change with our northern winters of late, and just how to get on with it we have not yet found out. We should be glad if Russia or China would keep their unmanageable diseases at home, but so far we have found no better way to get along with this devitalizing and undermining grippe than to run away from it.

It is a very bewitching story to read that the thermometer never goes below twenty-five and that the melons in June average forty pounds to the carload. That was not all that they said; but that part was true, and we found not only this, but we found the ground covered with melons rejected after the carloads were all gone. We were welcome to pick up any melon we pleased that did not weigh over twenty-five pounds. In the orange groves all the drops are as good as free, and the drops, like dropped apples, are mainly the sweetest. We found gardens in full blast in midwinter. There were cabbage and carrots and spinach and turnips and cauliflower in January; celery and lettuce at any time; sweet potatoes planted in the summer months, but diggable whenever wanted throughout the year. We found this to be true, and a climate that was evidently sliced off from paradise, the finest we have found anywhere in the world. Roses in blossom in January, and cannas all the year round. A touch of frost may occur at any time from November to April, but not more than enough of it to spice life and keep one wide-awake in horticulture. Two or three times in the winter we found fires kindled in the orange orchards for fear the northern blizzard might edge its way a little too far to the south. But think of the climate that is considered fearfully bitter at twenty-five above zero?

Floridians are not satisfied with boasting of ideal winter climate: they claim that it is a better summer climate than New York and Massachusetts can afford. Among the lakes of central Florida there is a breeze all the time from either the ocean or the Gulf, and where the people know how to live without pools and dirty drains there are neither mosquitoes nor malaria. These are never bred by the lakes, and come from only marshes or slop-holes. Much of the State, however, is owned by these intolerable insects, and it is into these uninhabitable sections that land speculators have been booming thousands of our northern poor people. Their last dollars are taken from them for worthless city lots, located ten miles from any railroad, and farms that are half the time under water. No one should buy an acre without having first seen it, and then having seen something besides.

We must allow this abatement to have full force, for the same rascality is in full operation not only all through the Gulf States, but in California and Colorado and elsewhere. So far as Florida is concerned, among the hills and the lakes the summer is surely as delightful as the winter. The showers are daily all through the months of excessive heat, and the habit of working early in the morning and in the evening, with a three hours' siesta at noon, is far safer than the northern habit of rushing work at mid-day. The breeze never fails you, and the nights are almost invariably cool. The hurricanes of the coasts never touch the highlands, and the pines standing one hundred feet high act as so many lightning rods. Sunstroke is never heard of.

November always shows the southern migration in full motion. It begins earlier of late, and is less transient. The old-fashioned tourist, who was able to spend a month in costly hotels, is now largely displaced by a more quiet crowd of common folk, who desire only to escape cold weather, with attendant catarrhs and rheumatism. These are more likely to take small cottages at from ten to twenty dollars per month, or simple board with some "Cracker" family, possibly at from five to seven dollars per week. There is quaintness and character study ahead, and there are some wonderful displays of Nature, winter rambles without winter, with rowing and possibly fishing in the lakes that fill every hollow.

Schoolma'ams get vacations from the cities of Maine and Minnesota, and ministers are scattered all about the pine woods. Farmers are learning how to close up their houses in Ohio when the apple picking is done and the

Digitized by Google

corn is husked, returning to their northern work about the first of April. It is not an easy problem to solve, this of a winter vacation: each one has to solve it for himself or herself.

By all odds the pleasantest method is to have a little cottage of your own or owned by a club of friends; and, of course, this is also the most economical. When these cottages are closed for the summer, they are never meddled with nor are their gardens trespassed on. It is a fact that the negroes rarely intrude on private property, and they are almost never house-breakers. Nearly every little cottage in the South has its garden and its fruit trees, including orange and grape fruit, loquat and lemon and fig and mulberry. Most of these ripen during what we call winter, and they are at the service of the migratory tenant. He can also do a good deal of gardening during the winter months. On the whole, we do not see anything more attractive in the way of enlarging home life than this annual migration.

SORRENTO, FLA.

Missions and the Planting of Christianity.*

BY PROF. KIRSOPP LAKE, D.D., UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN.

I am going to speak about the past primarily because it is a mirror in which you can see the future, for I take it that that is the only really instructive way in which to study history,—so to use it that by noting the experiments of our forefathers we may be able to make use of their successes and avoid their failures.

The period to which we go back is a time when I suppose the body of people who undertook the most successful mission which has ever been carried out was perhaps not so great as the company assembled in this room, and certainly had not nearly the same degree of influence in the society to which it belonged.

Let me try to reconstruct the situation, the world into which they went out to preach. The Roman Empire was beginning to feel conscious of its failure. It had succeeded in providing a political constitution for a great part of the civilized world, but it had not succeeded in providing any adequate form for the religious life of the people whom it had conquered or who had voluntarily come under its domination. Thus you get a double phenomenon. There is, on the one hand, the movement of the Roman Empire as a great civilizing force toward the East, ever moving further and further east, but at the same time there was a corresponding tide of religious life which was coming from the East back to Rome, spreading over the countries which Rome had brought under its sway, so that, whereas from the legal and constitutional point of view there was a constant movement in one direction,—you could describe it as the Westernizing of the Middle East,—there was a corresponding movement in the other direction, so far as religion was concerned, which could be described only as the Orientalization of the West. Moreover, if you will understand the history of the success of Christianity, you have to realize that nothing is becoming so plain to us in the light of modern research as the fact that Christianity succeeded in impressing itself upon the Roman Empire as the most successful Oriental religion for the purposes of the Roman Empire. It was a long time before it succeeded, but it came in definitely as an Oriental religion, and it made its way always on that basis.

It was not the only Oriental religion. The dominant feature at that time was the number of different types of Oriental religions which were flowing into the Empire, and the question which seems to me to be most important from our point of view is to understand why it was that this particular religion rather than any other succeeded in the Roman Empire.

Let me first remind you, however, how interesting it is to notice that we in our time are in very much the same position as the Roman Empire was at that time, though with certain marked differences. I take it that the whole meaning of missionary enterprise, from whatever denomination, is in the main that we are realizing the necessity of spreading religion into the East. There was, as I said, in the Roman Empire the movement of religion from the East to the West. We have taken that over. We have Occidentalized that Eastern religion, and now we are trying to send it back changed and modified to a still further East beyond that from which it originally came.

In another respect also we are strangely like the Roman Empire, because, although there is a greater stream of missionary enterprise now than there ever has been, and all churches are feeling the necessity of missionary enterprise, not only for the sake of those whom they wish to educate, but also for the sake of their own development, we are all feeling that the old expressions are not quite adequate. We are feeling the truth of religious, of spiritual experience, more, I think, than most generations have felt it. On the other hand, perhaps because we are feeling the truth of that experience, we are feeling also the inadequacy of the forms of expression which we have inherited. We are all doing what the citizens of the Roman Empire were doing. We are striving to find forms which will adequately, more correctly, translate into a language, which will be understood of the people, the experience which we feel to be at the basis of our own lives. So we are really trying to do just what men were trying to do in the Roman Empire.

I come, then, to the question, What were the conditions which made for success? It obviously was not that the missionaries started with any special personal advantages. It was only what they could find in their surroundings which could help them.

In the first place there were certain material advantages which they found. They found an Empire which was fully organized, with means of communication. The great roads of the Empire were open for travel, and you will find that, at all events wherever they were successful, the first Christian missionaries went along the great trade routes. They may have gone into the wilderness off those great lines, too, but, if so, we know comparatively little about it. What we do know is that, where they were successful, it was where they followed the trade route. They went along the great roads of the Empire and they preached in the great towns, in the centres of commerce. They made their appeal, so far as I can understand it, to the business men much more than to the dilettante or even to the cultured classes of their day.

In the second place, among those classes, the business classes of the Empire, they found ready to their hand a great mass of people who were already asking for something to be given them. Remember that the business classes of the Roman Empire were not, socially at least, parallel to the business classes of our civilization. I take it that the great majority of the business classes, that is to say, the men who were actually doing the work, were slaves, and those who were not slaves were very largely freedmen. It was forbidden, you will remember, in the Roman Empire for any one of senatorial rank to engage in business at all. Among that class they found the existence of a group of men who were so marked out that they had the technical name of "God-fearers." You

* An address delivered before the Unitarian Missionary Conference, Nov. 11, 1913.

Digitized by Google

will find, if you read the Acts of the Apostles, that reference is again and again made to people as having various qualities, and also "and he feared God," or "he was one, a devout man,"—various phrases of that kind. If you looked them up in the original language, you would find that they mostly go back to one or the other form of a phrase which you can best translate literally as "God-fearers." One of the things which we have learned comparatively recently is that that is not simply a statement that they were generally pious, but it means that they belonged to a definite class, and I want to try to explain some of the characteristics of this class, because it seems to me that they correspond to a class existing in our own time in all nations, and to be just the class which especially need missionary enterprise.

The God-fearer was a man who was religious, but dissatisfied with organized religion. He felt in his heart the necessity of developing and cultivating that spiritual experience which seemed to bring him into touch with a higher world, but he was not satisfied with any of the ways in which the professional clergy, if I may use the phrase of to-day, were proposing to help him to develop or stimulate that spiritual experience. So he went about, to use modern language once more, from church to church, finding something everywhere, but in no church everything that he wanted. He would go, for instance, one day to the Jewish synagogue, and there he would find a teaching about God, as the only one existing Father of all men. He would find a teaching about God which appealed to him as fine and true. But he would find also teaching as to the observances of ceremony, ritual, everything which we call *cultus*, which offended him. He was asked to observe rules which seemed to him foolish or trivial, and he revolted against them. He said, "I admire a great deal of the synagogue, but I cannot become a Jew."

He went to a meeting-place of the worshippers of Isis or Mithra,—also Oriental religions, you will notice,—and there he found a deep mysticism which appealed to him, which seemed to him to lack the undesirable "clear-cutness" of the theology of the Jew and to provide for his spiritual life that feeling of union with something mysterious, though real, which defied expression; and yet, when he went a little further, he would find that this deeply mystical religion was connected on the other side with a mythology which seemed to him childish and with forms of worship which seemed to him frankly undesirable, and so he was inclined to say, "I greatly admire the mysticism of Isis, but I cannot become definitely one of her worshippers."

Then, when he turned to the official religion of his country, of the state, he found that it was more and more culminating in worship of the Emperor, and he might have felt, "This is the recognition of the divine element in organized society, but at the same time it leaves out of sight both the monotheism of the Jew and the mysticism of the mystery religions, and it is insufficient for my purposes: it is scarcely religion at all."

Thus, you see, he would become a wanderer, a religious man without a church; and I cannot help thinking that that is a phenomenon which finds a most significant parallel in our own time. It finds its parallel here in our own countries; it finds its parallel, as I understand it, still more in the Eastern world which we have opened up. What are we going to do about our class of modern God-fearers, who have undoubtedly a real religious experience, who are hungering and thirsting for an organization in which they will find some satisfactory communion with those who are like-minded with themselves, and who do not find in any existing form exactly that which they are looking for? You see that is a problem which is more than missionary in the narrower sense of the word: it is a problem which appeals to us for our necessities at home as well as our duties abroad

Now the Christians were in the end the people who most successfully satisfied this class of God-fearers, and they did so for two reasons, both of which, I think, point very clearly to the primary duties not only of missionaries, but also of all those who desire to teach religion. In the first place, they succeeded because they thoroughly understood their hearers. The men who succeeded were Hellenistic Jews. That is to say, they were Jews who had been born and brought up outside Judea in the Roman Empire. They had inherited that Judaic monotheism which was at the back of Christianity, which was an integral part of Christianity. They had inherited Messianic teaching, but they had been brought up in the Roman Empire. They knew not only the way in which their ancestors had thought, they also knew the way in which the people among whom they were living were actually thinking, so that they thoroughly understood what would be intelligible and what would not be intelligible in their teaching, and they were prepared either to explain things, if they thought they were necessary, or to drop them altogether, if they thought they belonged to that side of things which were unnecessary for the new world which they were endeavoring to convert.

That is one of the things which missionaries at other periods have often, I think, neglected. They go out into a new world with a message which is intelligible to their own compatriots and which means something to them. They even take the trouble to learn the language of the people to whom they are going; but they do not take the trouble, as a rule, to learn the forms of thought of the nation which they are proposing to convert, and it is just as important to understand the forms of thought as the words of a language.

In the second place they felt, as I take it all who are really deeply impressed with the importance of religion feel, the superiority of experience to any of its forms of expression. What they felt was not that they had a form of words to repeat, but a light to hand on. It was not merely an intellectual message which they brought: they really felt that they were taking with them new life, and it was their business in some way to enable those who should look to them to appreciate and to share in that new life. They knew that the way in which they were going to expound it was inadequate. They were perfectly aware that their knowledge was in part: they understood that they saw through a glass darkly; but what they had was life, and that they wished to hand on.

Then you can understand that men who feel like that are not prepared to be too delicate in their way of dealing with the translation of experience into expression. If you are encharged with acting as secretary of a man who speaks a language which you do not perfectly understand, you will take more trouble in actually repeating upon paper the precise words he has used than if you understand what he means. It is not always the best secretary who is most careful to reproduce the inaccuracies of expression in that which has been given him to put on paper. He knows what his employer wants to say, and he says it. He gives the message rather than the form of the message. It is only when you are not certain that you know what the message really is, and you do not quite understand the letter,—it is only then that you are going to be meticulously careful in repeating everything precisely as it was given you, without asking whether you understand it or whether anybody is likely to understand it. These first missionaries did feel that they thoroughly understood what had been intrusted to them, and they were much more impressed with the necessity of handing that on, so that people should understand it,

Digitized by Google

rather than in repeating the exact form of words in which it had come to them. Therefore, they undertook a process of retranslation, which is at least quite as difficult as anything which we have to do in our generation. They undertook to translate the expression of religious life from what was originally an exclusively Jewish form of statement into something which should be intelligible to an almost exclusively Greek-thinking population, and, if you compare what it was when they started and what it was when they left off, you will find that they left hardly anything quite untouched. Yet it was their own witness that in so altering the statement they felt that they were acting with the greatest loyalty to their own original commission.

They felt, I suppose, that, if you are intrusted to take a message from, let me say, England to Germany, you will probably do it better if you deliver it in German, even though it was originally given to you in English, than if you insist in repeating a series of English phrases which are very admirable in themselves, but have the drawback of not being understood by your German hearers; and so they translated. You will find that in that way they translated the expectation of the coming of the kingdom into the promise of personal eternal life. They translated the Jewish expression Christ, Messiah, into the Greek expression Logos, Word of God; and so throughout the whole apparatus of theology they translated from Jewish thought into Greek thought. It was a tremendous undertaking. We do not understand it fully, because the books in which we have it represent largely a combination of both stages, and we read them through and through without appreciating, without seeing what has happened. But it was a tremendous achievement, and it seems to me that it is an achievement which puts upon us in our generation the responsibility of trying not to fall behind the standard which they set.

It is obviously plain that, if we are going to deliver our message to the nations of the East, we cannot do so by repeating to them a series of expressions which have come down to us, first from Jewish, then through Greek, finally through more or less Germanic ancestry, until they have reached ourselves. We can deliver the message only if we can translate it not only into the language, but into the forms of thought of the people whom we desire to benefit; and I do not know who there is who is capable of doing that at this moment. All I know is that it can be done only as it was done in the first stage, by the process of experiment and failure. Men have to go out, try to understand their hearers, find out what their forms of thought are, and then explain the message, the spiritual message which they have to bring, using the word in its broadest sense, in a form which those people can understand.

I believe that, if we have enough people who know what that message is, who have the experience secure so that they do not have to worry too much about expression,—I believe that they can do it; and the more people who try to do it, the better. We do not want our civilization, which is at least as great as the civilization of the Roman Empire, to go down to history with the same blame attached to it as attached to the Roman Empire,—the blame, I mean, that, although it educated and civilized and extended the material prosperity of the world, it failed to find any form of expression for the religious life, which is so strong, so powerful, so active, in our generation, and which is seeking so eagerly, and at present with so little success, the form of expression which will bring it into line with the thought of our time on other subjects.

UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN.

"The Desert turned to Paradise."

BY H. W. F.

Too long, O God, thy children stray
In wasting deserts of the soul,
While blinding dust obscures the way,
And hunger craves the beggar's dole.

When beasts of passion lie in wait
Why hangs undrawn the hero's sword?
Where noxious weeds of shame wax great
Why rusts the sickle of the Lord?

God! send thy ploughmen forth to drive
Deep furrows in the untilled plain;
With stubborn roots of sin to strive
Where tangles choke thy tender grain.

Crumble these hardened clods of wrong
Beneath thine iron's dread rebuke;
Arouse thy waiting land to song,
Stirred by the passing of thy yoke.

Let freshening streams of hidden grace
In our parched souls once more uprise,
That we thy miracle may praise,—
The desert turned to paradise.

Then wake the sowers of thy Word,
To fling afar the living seed;
Bring in thy righteous harvests, Lord,
To fill the garners of our need.

Religion and Art.

BY REV. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

It is not my purpose to try to set any of those questions in dispute among artists (for which reconciliation I am entirely incompetent), but I wish to indicate the high meaning of art, and the necessary and intimate relation that religion has to it. Our modern artists for the most part contemptuously deny that there is any such relation. With many of them their art is a business, a matter of food and fire and clothes; and art degenerates into a fad of the rich. Its productions are used for the decoration of splendid homes, and their idle wives make art the subject of conversation as they sit in their luxurious drawing-rooms or draw around their sumptuous tables.

There are, on the other hand, a goodly number of artists of a higher type, whose ambition it is to create beautiful things or write melodious songs simply for the sake of their beauty and melody. They assert, however, that their art has no dependence upon anything but itself, and that it furnishes them all the inspiration they need. It is their urgence that they do not associate their art with any scheme of humanity's amelioration or with the ideals of religion. "Art for art's sake," is their contention.

It has not been always thus. There have been artists, and great artists, too, who were men of profound religious emotions and aspirations, who believed that in loving and seeking beauty and melody they were in sympathy with the ends of the universe, and were helping to bring those ideals to their perfect flower. In their art they believed they were servants of God and of humanity, and we know that in the three great ages of European art, the Greek, the Roman, and the German, the most noted artists, such as Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Beethoven, who created incomparable statues and paintings and sang immortal songs, were men of deep religious convictions and ideals.

It is not necessary here to plead the high value of art. True art is a divine afflatus: it makes the cheeks grow pale and the eyes grow wet. It is a fire that warms the hearts of rich and poor alike. More than this, true art

Digitized by Google

has an elevating influence, and makes men grow cleaner and braver. Goethe said that, to lead a rational life, one should every day read a great poem, see a great picture, and hear a great song. And can there be a doubt that all pure art has a tendency to lift men and women out of venality and insipidity, and raise life to its true value and dignity? The ugly and the discordant are always indications of deterioration and disease. The breath of all art ought to be sweet and pure. It should inundate the souls of men with generous emotions and high convictions. Art should never be made the instrument of the base or the licentious, and, while art may give pleasure, it ought to give us something noble.

Therefore, I urge there should be an association of religion and art, and I maintain that such association will be helpful both to religion and art. It would give to religion a form, a body, an articulation, and we know that religion needs such incarnation or expression. It would give to art an impulse, an inspiration, a higher beauty. Art touched with religion takes on new color and meaning. Religion is dumb without art, and art without religion fails to come to its perfect flower.

There is the potentiality in man of apprehending, loving, and creating the beautiful, well-nigh illimitable, but as a great English thinker has recently said, "Never was that power so squandered as in this age," when art separated from religion has grown venal and trivial. Art needs the impartation of that impulse, of that something resolute and unconquerable, that flame which, among life's experiences, shines ever white and pure, and nothing save the fullest consecration to the true, the beautiful, and the good, can rescue art from this servility and venality, and make it the minister to man in the higher things of life, and religion, linked with art, will become more articulate, flashes from that flame of intelligence and love forever, "burning at the heart of the universe."

Jamestown, N.Y.

The New Life.

We are familiar with Lowell's saying, "New occasions teach new duties." Is it not high time to consider that new occasions bring also new privileges, new opportunities, new resources, new spiritual unfoldings, and therefore new life? But the passing days and years are crowded with events; and we are tempted to occupy ourselves with the fussy ticking of the clock, or the rapid movement of the minute hand over the dial, rather than with the large aspects of the time.

The type of humanity is certainly changing. The costumes and portraits of our ancestors affect us with a certain drollery; and we read any account of their ways of thinking, feeling and acting with curiosity. Sometimes we give them credit of having taken the world more serenely, as well as more seriously, than we do; but we rarely wish to have been born a century earlier. Each generation finds itself suited to its own time. Whether this age is better or worse than the former, it is *our* age; and it is not exactly like any other.

The changing activities of the human mind constantly recreate or modify the outward world. He must be a sleepy man who can live in America as his grandfather lived. Steam and electricity have set a new pace for physical and mental activity. A certain promptness and quick decision of all questions, for better or worse, is a modern necessity. Opportunities go as swiftly as they come. We must snatch them on the run. "Double quick, forward!" is the word of command which keeps us on the alert. The effect on our temperament must be considerable.

By the help of new inventions and processes, both in education and labor, and by corresponding methods in government and society, we can accomplish more results and turn out a greater number of products of all kinds than was possible even half a century ago. We can cover more ground in every sense. But it is not easy to fix the value of such changes in speed. Thoreau could not see that the railway train was any great improvement over the old stage-coach, unless there was a better class of passengers to ride in it. If the old meanness only gets on so much faster, what gain? At any rate, the same stimulation which reaches good things reaches evil ones also, just as the warm summer days which are ripening the grain and swelling the fruit are also quickening the growth of pusley and poison ivy, and hatching out all manner of noisome insects. Progress has its drawbacks.

The real gain is in the clearing of our minds, in the enlargement and brightening of our ideals and the elevation of our life. There must be a light and warmth that comes from another sun. Think what multitudes of people are coming in touch with all best things of earth and heaven! Was there ever a time before when such large numbers felt the stir of high thoughts and noble aspirations? We are most concerned to inquire our way toward that higher form of life which is made possible for us in this new time. If there is, indeed, a nearer approach of the Divine to the Human,—a fuller manifestation of the Power which is within all evolution,—let us look and listen with wakeful and reverent sense for the coming of our true King and Lord.

New life implies new light, clearer vision, an opening of our eyes to reality, and a vanishing of phantoms, shadows, and "confused creations of the night." Here, too, there is a double effect; for some lose faith while others are gaining it; some, because they have unlearned some old folly, let go of everything; while others are advancing and laying hold of vitalities and verities never known before. When the sky is swept clear of clouds, what is left? One man finds nothing left but an empty heaven; another sees in the vast blue vault not only an infinite abyss, but the home and playground of all the stars, the stupendous and magnificent realm of God.

Our life is enlarged and enriched, not so much by the discovery of new truth as by the unveiling of deeper meanings in the old truth. New insight gives us a new world. When a man who is spiritually enlightened speaks of God, Man, or Nature, the old familiar words are no longer mere words on his lips: they open like the sky to the astronomer, who sees ten thousand blazing suns where others see only dim points of light.

God is no longer where He was in our thought, nor what He was; for the new life finds the centre of Divinity everywhere, and the circumference nowhere. There are some who feel as if they had lost God, unless they can fix Him in some location and shape Him in some image; or unless at least they can feel sure that He has at some time come out of invisibility and silence and shown himself, or spoken with an audible voice to some patriarch, seer, or prophet. But there comes a time when the sprouting of a seed, the beating of a heart, the monitions of one's own conscience, or the clear perception of any simple truth that serves as a guide of life, comes home to faith and reason as a surer proof of the Real Presence than can be found in all ancient records of marvels and miracles.

This fact alone interprets the change that is coming over the type of humanity: Man is finding himself. His consciousness, or sense of his own existence, is deepening; and his ideal of religious life is coming to include fuller self-realization, and a purer self-love. This must protect him from base uses of his powers, and give him a more just measure of the sacredness of his fellow-man. How can I worthily love my neighbor as myself until I worthily love

Digitized by Google

myself? Altruism will be the exact balance and outcome of egoism, when we make more room for both.

As we go on living, and living simply and truly, the solution of most of our perplexing questions comes unsought. Fulness of life—the life more abundant of which Jesus speaks and which the Christ-spirit brings in growing measure—will carry us over difficulties as wings carry the birds above all obstructions. The soul requires for its health and vigor something more than knowledge: it must have loving interests and inspirations. We are happily finding how large and richly various are the supplies that match our demands.—*Rev. Charles G. Ames.*

At Assisi.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

Dear friend, my heart is with you there,
I find the little town most fair;
Just as of old it nestles still
Alone upon its wind-swept hill.

I know they tread those flowery ways,
The gentle ghosts of other days;
One hears their artless voices now
As twittering birds upon the bough.

I see you strolling from the town,
O little man in garb of brown,
Good Francis, filling e'en the nights
With Lady Poverty's delights.

I know a spot where trees bend low,
Where little modest blossoms blow;
She loved you well, you charmed her care,
O garden of the holy Clare!

Yet seek once more a dearer place,
Where smiles undying in its grace,
That naïve preaching, quaint of words,
Saint Francis and his joyous birds.

Join me with Francis on the way,
In Clara's scented garden stray,
Yet leave in cherished spot of all
My love before the frescoed wall.

Muscle, Mind, and Morals.

BY DR. WARREN A. RODMAN.

Blend in one person the supreme qualities of a Samson, a Solomon, and a Saint Francis, and you will have a man who closely approximates perfection. Nearer to it, surely, than most of us are likely to get. Such an individual might well serve as a norm, or standard, by which to estimate all other men. In muscle, mind, and morals he would be grandly and symmetrically developed. Theoretically, he would not be an impossible person. As a matter of fact, he thus actually and numerously exists,—as the hero of fiction. Measured by this yardstick, the average man, you and I, comes up,—well, it might not be complimentary even to guess how far. In muscle alone or mind alone or morals alone he might come up a foot high, but, figure out the broad average of quality, and he would probably come perilously near the brass band around the small-figure end of the yardstick. The best of us are certainly not out of view above, and the worst of us are within heart-reach, if not easily within hand-reach, below.

This Samson-Solomon-Saint Francis man may stand for our ideal. We are all living toward it, but most of us are cautiously running on the low-speed gear. Some are even backing down the grade, in spite of brake or power. In our own estimation we are far below the ideal. If we do a wrong act, we slide still lower in our own opinion. In the opinion of others, if we are discovered, the brass band hides us, so great is the drop. But yet, as a famous lecturer said fifty-one times in a single address in trying to present both sides of the question,—but yet we are not so dreadfully bad after all. But we are unconsciously inviting that sharp spur to better things, that friend in rough disguise,—disease. Dis-ease, lack-of-ease for body, mind, soul, or all of them together. Usually, when the spur is applied, we kick and cavort, or, if we are jaded, we balk. In either case, we are apt to render the spur worse than useless.

We are often conscious of the presence of disease long before we consent to call the doctor. We often fly the yellow signal of jaundice of the body, the mind, or the moral nature long before we become aware of it in ourselves, except as a vague sense of discomfort. Curiously enough, also, we may sometimes fall far below this arbitrary standard, and still regard ourselves very highly,—a sort of atrophy of the judgment. This complacency is largely due to the fact that we are looking not at the yardstick for our measure, but at the brass ferrule, because we are comparing ourselves with the sediment rather than with the distilled essence, because we are looking down, and not up.

Looking at the matter in a large way, it seems almost incredible that barely a century has elapsed since Philippe Pinel made the revolutionizing discovery that insanity is a disease, and not an obsession; that there is no more indication of the presence of devils in insanity than there is in stomach-ache. But that those of unsound mind were then treated with such gross neglect and even with such active and fiendish brutality as to be beyond belief, we have undoubted and heart-rending evidence. The dread shadows of the great Revolution had not yet cleared away from the new French state; the "terrible Couthon" was still wielding his almost unhindered power with malignant energy; the conditions for reform seemed as disheartening as could well be imagined, when that wise and nobly humane physician, Pinel, with a rare combination of tact and moral and physical courage, succeeded in gaining from Couthon permission to release from their galling chains certain of the inmates of the vile prison dungeons of Paris. This truly great physician succeeded in demonstrating, in the most convincing way, not only that insanity is a disease, but that it is, in large measure, a curable disease. To this radical change of view-point are wholly due the magnificent hospitals, the vast retinue of trained physicians and their assistants, the huge sums of money annually appropriated, the wide and intelligent public interest directed to caring for these afflicted patients, and the development of methods for the re-establishment of their mental balance whenever it is possible. In fact, it has led directly to a sane treatment of the insane. What we need now, as the next step of progress in the field of cure, is a moral treatment for immorality.

Everywhere the sick command the compassion and the service of all right-minded people, though the sickness itself be the result of ignorance, carelessness, or even viciousness. Could we once firmly convince the public mind that criminality is fundamentally a moral disease, just as insanity and rheumatism are respectively diseases of the mind and the body, the practice of inflicting penalties for moral diseases, especially when the penalties are tainted with the element of revenge, would appear as antiquated, absurd, and senseless as would the punishment of a person who is sick in any other way. Immorality is a disease, and in most cases a curable one, if it is wisely and humanely treated.

For what is disease, in essence, but a falling below the norm, or standard? It matters not whether the lack be in the body, the mind, or the soul. If we take physical disease as a type of all disease,—and we may safely do so,—

Digitized by Google

we find only two great classes; namely, degeneration and perversion. Degeneration and lowering of tone, a lessening of energy, a reduction of vitality, and hence of resistance, even to the point of final dissolution. Most diseases lie in this field. Perversion is a misdirection, a misapplication, of vital energy,—a diversion of beneficent means toward bad or undesirable ends. In the body it results in what are known as tumors, or new growths. Relatively, a small proportion of diseases fall within the borders of this group.

But what of inflammation, whose name is associated with so many species of disease? Inflammation is not a disease at all. On the contrary, it is nature's effort to overcome disease, and its severity marks the extent and power of nature's struggle toward normality. It is never found except where degeneration has first manifested its malevolent activity. The aroused and torturing conscience is moral inflammation, striving to cast off the incubus of moral degeneration. But, when perversion and degeneration are combined in one pathological process, we get the mental and moral as well as the physical cancers and sarcomas which have so far baffled all forms of treatment that they almost invariably lead to a fatal issue. But their very obstinacy and virulence should serve to stimulate a rational and humane people to greater efforts toward the understanding of their nature and of effective methods of treatment. Such steps are being taken in the physical and mental realms. Why not also in the moral realm?

It does not require a large knowledge of pathological processes to see that the feeble-bodied, the feeble-minded, and the feeble-moraled present exactly parallel types of disease, are equally in the degenerate class, and are equally in need of the toning-up treatment. The moral degenerate is apt to err in the line of omissions rather than of commissions. His acts are likely to be based on ignorance or selfish indulgence rather than direct malice. They are impulsive and acquisitive, rather personal and minor, than vindictive and aggressive. It is the perversion of the moral nature that leads to the wanton and gross kinds of immorality or criminality. But, when the degenerated moral nature becomes perverted, the problem is extremely serious, even menacing.

Again I say, once convince the public, or the better part of it, that immorality is a *bona fide* disease, and nothing else, with definite causes and consequences, and that it is amenable to scientific treatment, and the whole question of the prevention and cure of crime would be placed on exactly the same footing as that on which they rest in connection with any other form of disease. We carefully segregate those who are physically or mentally so diseased as to be a menace to the public health or welfare, and we keep them so segregated until we can be assured by competent scientific authority that they are no longer sources of danger, often for life. Minor cases in either of these fields we treat in the home. But—and here is the crux of the whole matter—in these two fields we are constantly studying to improve methods of treatment so as to return the patient to his home and to establish him in his public relationships in the quickest possible time and with his normal powers fully restored. But in the moral defections we force the patient into a veritable breeding-den of crime, where he exaggerates the vices of which we ought to be curing him and contracts others from the contagion about him. For vice is vastly more subtly and dangerously contagious than any disease that afflicts either body or mind. The toughest problem that cries to the world for solution to-day is the prevention and cure of idiocy and insanity of the mind and the moral nature.

The degree of Doctor of Morals is one which the spirit of the times imperatively demands. Chairs for the conferring of this noble degree should be established in every great university specifically for the training of experts and incidentally for the education of the public to a proper appreciation of the nature of criminal impulses. Would we, for a single day, tolerate at the head of a hospital for the insane a man whose major qualification for the position was his capacity for constraining his patients by harsh and often brutal methods, a man who knew little or nothing of the psychology and pathology of mental diseases, and still less of scientific curative procedure? Radical prison reform must be based on as careful, as accurate, as exhaustive, and as scientific a study of moral degenerations and perversions, their causes and their cure, as is now being directed to other fields of medical research. A "Court of Rehabilitation," such as has been suggested, would be a long step in the right direction, because it necessarily implies the service of trained men and women to handle the complex affairs of such a tremendously important addition to our penal and reformatory systems.

Do not for a moment get the impression that I am minimizing the seriousness of this great problem of the care of the morally diseased. On the contrary, I am trying to emphasize that seriousness and the method of rationally meeting it. The economic value of such a method as is here suggested would recommend it above all others, even if it were viewed from the crude standpoint of dollars and cents. From the humanitarian point of view it is the only system that can possibly commend itself to the thoughtful mind. With a view to conserving the human resources of our country and utilizing them to the highest advantage, such a system meets every requirement.

Again, I would not be understood as advocating any method based on mushy sentimentality. No molly-coddle treatment can be effective. The morally insane need, above all things else, discipline, but discipline which has for its object the bringing into normal activity of the better qualities of their natures; discipline which tends to strengthen rather than to debilitate; discipline which will develop the powers and capacities that fit these men and women to cope, on a basis approaching equality, with those with whom they will again come in contact after their treatment has resulted in a cure. To rob a man of his freedom is sometimes a painful necessity; to rob him of his ability and opportunity to work is wanton cruelty, besides being an ignorant or vicious waste of good material.

No human being, so far as we know, has ever attained the "full stature of the perfect man" on all three planes of life. Yet every man has, wrought into the very fibre of his being, the potentiality of a closer approach to that standard. In the evolutionary process it is quite in accordance with natural law that in primitive races extraordinary emphasis should be placed on physical strength. Quite as naturally the keen, competitive struggle for life and for dominance tended to develop shrewdness of intellect as the second step in evolution. These are the powers on which man mainly relies for self-preservation, and for a time these content him, until there is awakened in him, through sympathetic contact with his fellows, a large and noble sense of the real values of life and a deep appreciation of his powers and his responsibilities. Then, and then only, does every fibre of his being thrill with the desire to use every atom of his energy for the establishment of a veritable human brotherhood.

Impelled by some such desire, crude though it still is, we spend billions of dollars on physical and intellectual training; but we spend almost nothing—intelligently—

Digitized by Google

on moral training. We spend millions to punish and degrade men in prisons: we spend almost nothing—intelligently—to make men morally sane and so keep them out of prisons. The churches have helped feebly, and more or less incidentally, to raise the general moral tone, but the average clergyman has been, and many now are, as densely ignorant of the psychology of crime as is the dull jail-guard. We may honestly "damn him with the faint praise" of meaning well.

Individuals and organizations are doing noble and effective work, which goes far to counteract the pernicious influence which the public as a whole is exerting through that travesty on enlightenment, the criminal law. Criminality overlaps a portion of the territory covered by immorality, to be sure, but vast areas in the two fields lie widely separated and have little or nothing in common. Some of the noblest moral acts that have thrilled a waiting world have been criminal in the eyes of the law. Immorality is the underlying condition, the determining energy: criminality is the occasional act in violation of human law which is discovered and sometimes punished. How it is punished depends on many things, some of which are not wholly creditable to our civilization. Immorality is the thing which we must work to eliminate through the nurture and development of moral sanity, moral health. It is an Herculean task, but it is the next evolutionary step which must be taken before humanity can come into its rightful inheritance of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

The Church and the Cross.

Do we not speak for a growing multitude of the liberal faith, when we own that we find ourselves more and more using, and loving to use, the two great Orthodox symbols, the Christ and the Cross, but using them in our own way: "the Christ," to suggest the ideal sonship of God made real, and by the power and grace of a personal name to picture the life of God in the soul of man? Such terms as "the Christ life," "the inward Christ," "the Christ in us," are full of beautiful and welcome significance, because they seem so purely and frankly *symbolic*. They generalize the spirit of Jesus; they enlarge the holding capacity of his name until it becomes better able than any other one word that we know to contain all our ideals of consecration, daring, sympathy, love, self-effacement,—of divine incarnation fulfilled. Were one a son of twenty-three Buddhistic centuries instead of nineteen Christian centuries, Buddha's name would probably serve the same symbol purpose.

Thus, too, with the other great Orthodox symbol, the Cross. Can one who knows the story pronounce the word without facing in thought the Calvary scene, and feeling that he faces a supreme illustration of that which always and everywhere is the dynamic of human salvation,—self-devotion raised to the perfect of chosen and agonized death? As symbol of the great fellowship of martyrs, symbol of their motive, their method, the appeal and effect of their suffering, symbol of the world-wide law of vicarious atonement, what other emblem with what other associations equals the Cross?

The Christ of the Gospels was of earth's noblest, his crucifixion no glory of martyrdom passeth; but more majestic than these the truth of universal incarnation and the fact of a universalized cross. Lifted from the historic by idealizations of reverence and love, that life and that death have been drawing all men unto themselves; and now, expanding to symbol, they are leading them on to vision more glorious still.

Honor the symbol in religion! Lofty its origin, noble its function, for this is the natural history of great beliefs: they are born as visions; they live as truths; they grow old as dogmas; they die as errors; they decay as superstitions; and then their souls become poetry, and enter on a higher and an immortal life as symbols,—symbols of truth greater, more beautiful than themselves.

W. C. GANNETT.

Church-going.

Rev. Dr. Herman Page, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Kenwood, Ill., in a recent number of his *Parish Record*, has a sober, sensible word to say about church attendance. He gives figures to illustrate a truth that applies probably to every Protestant Church in the city of Chicago, perhaps in the country, that "The proportion of church people who attend church regularly is seriously small." He utters a truism that will be recognized by all psychologists and pedagogues, when he says that "Spiritual power, like any other kind of power, can be acquired and maintained only through regular habits." He also asserts that "The strength and influence of the church upon the world at large, as well as upon its own members, must depend mainly on the regular attendance of church people at public services." Our neighbor is an all-around parson, who knows the value of golf, country walks, and automobile riding. He is an apostle of outdoor exercise and of fresh air, and has a good word for all these, even on Sunday. But after declaring his belief in all these, he says:—

"We do not think for an instant, however, that these things are any more important or any more necessary than the need for spiritual refreshment. In fact, we are convinced, when we make a comparison, that most people of our acquaintance need spiritual help more than they need exercise or fresh air, even though it would be hard to exaggerate the need for the last two things."—*Unity*.

Spiritual Life.

Now, God be praised, who to believing souls gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!—*Shakespeare*.

Confide to God that which thou hast from him, O thou soul weary of wandering! Confide to the truth that which is from the truth within thee, and thou shalt lose nothing. *Saint Augustine*.

So the spiritual world becomes slowly natural; and, what is of all but equal moment, the natural world becomes slowly spiritual. Nature is not a mere image or emblem of the spiritual. It is a working model of the spiritual.—*Henry Drummond*.

We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.—*Seneca*.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but, when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*Lowell*.

Digitized by Google

College Expenses.

BY MILTON REED.

A recent communication, in which I referred to the steadily climbing expenses at our popular endowed colleges in New England and the hard struggles, ever increasing, of poor students, has been mildly criticised. For this criticism I am thankful. Let us have the facts: the subject is of extreme importance.

Let the limits of the discussion be recognized. I am not discussing normal schools or colleges or universities maintained by the State. The New England States have no State universities. Each State supports an agricultural college and a system of normal schools for the education of teachers.

The Central and Western States maintain, out of their revenues and from the endowment of national lands, universities and technical schools. All of these are good: some of them are institutions of the highest order. They are or may be coeducational. The best of them are magnificent products of the American ideal that education, primary, secondary, or advanced, should be provided potentially for every boy and girl. The result is justifying the splendid ideal.

As the very life of our Republic depends upon the intelligence of our people, as all business is fast becoming scientific, education, moral, intellectual, civic, is the supreme need of the hour. Our Republic cannot rest upon ignorance. Bismarck said, "The nation that has the schools has the future." Shakespeare said, "There is no darkness but ignorance."

Every system of education must be addressed to its generation. There never can be any static or standardized system. All must be fluent, elastic, progressive: special aptitude must be detected and developed. The vast increment of scientific and social knowledge in the last century has imposed heavy burdens upon colleges. When the State gives no aid, except by tax exemption, as is generally the case in New England (there are a few exceptions), the college must be supported by student charges and private benefactions. The latter have been munificent. Our New England colleges, so rich in glorious traditions, nurseries of ideals and patriotism, instruments for the diffusion of culture, have been created and supported almost exclusively by private gifts. Piety and disinterestedness have been their fountain of supply.

Thousands of poor students have been educated at these colleges. Many poor students are now entered upon their rolls, "working their way through," with greater or less self-denial.

The difficulties of such poor students have become greater. This is not the fault of the colleges. It is a part of the genesis of our present-day civilization. The ancient simplicity has fled from our colleges, as well as from every phase of urban living. Every person thinks he requires more and more of creature comforts to live reasonably well.

It would be hard to find any class from whom greater renunciation is exacted than from a poor student enrolled at any of our popular colleges.

You quote a lady as saying that her son completed a course at Harvard on $450 a year. The date of this remarkable economic achievement is not given. So did I,—indeed, for even a smaller sum,—but my class runs back to the remote days of 1868. As you refer to Harvard, we will consider that college. Let us cut to the bone. Here are the figures: tuition, $150; Infirmary, $4; board at Foxcroft, ordinarily, $3.50 per week; at Memorial Hall, $5.25 per week. These items (calling the period of residence about 40 weeks) make a total of from about $300 to $400 per year. Absences from Cambridge would of course reduce this total by the lessened charge for board. Then comes room-rent. The Harvard Catalogue gives $50 as a minimum for this item; but I know from recent experience that it is very difficult to find a well-lighted, heated room, within ready access to the college, for less than $100. Thus, up to this point, we have a minimum charge of $400; a probable charge of $450, and even more; and this for a student practising rigid economy. We must add the cost of books and stationery, hardly less than $40 per year; of furniture, if the student furnishes his room; and, of course, clothes and laundry, which, at a minimum of economy, would cost $70 per year, probably at least $100. I make no account of expense for transportation, dentistry, incidentals, nor of the $10 charge for the Harvard Union. Such is the hard bare edge of expenses. If the student can pinch below these figures, he is denying himself elemental comforts. If he is pursuing scientific courses, laboratory charges and an enhanced charge for instruments and textbooks must be added.

There is no great difference in expenses between Harvard and the other New England colleges, to which students flock in considerable numbers. I am now responsible for the expenses of a student at one of the excellent but smaller colleges of New England. He makes no waste; but I know that the yearly cost will be between $600 and $800. In fact, it is a common experience that the yearly expenses of a student from a moderately provided home, in any of these colleges, range from $800 to $1,000. This sum gives a margin for some luxuries, athletics and freer expense, better clothes and room.

Fortunately, there are scholarships, beneficial aids, co-operative institutions, resources for revenue from outside work, through which many poor students are aided, and become, in a measure, self-supporting. Without these agencies our colleges would be exclusively for the children of the wealthy and well-to-do. These aids must be largely increased, especially the scholarships, or a State University must be established in Massachusetts, or else poor students will be debarred from the priceless privilege of college education. Vacation work, tutoring, help from graduate clubs, even private generosity, will not be adequate to make both ends meet. A State University, or State scholarships, will be the only relief.

I wish I might prolong this letter to the extent of telling instances, within my personal knowledge, of the fearful cost at which many poor students have obtained their degrees in several colleges. The tale would be a harrowing one,—of broken health, hungry stomachs, disordered nervous systems, even of insanity and premature death. Happily, youth is generally vigorous and recuperative. When not carried too far, self-denial, in our early days, is wholesome, and teaches a moral seriousness. But the tragic side of excessive self-denial is too well known to me.

So, the facts being as they are, let us find the remedy. My own belief is that the State owes to every boy and girl, who is worthy of it, an advanced education. They must be trained to use every natural gift with which they have been endowed by the Creator. An incredible amount of brain-power is now unutilized, wasted. Our educational system is only in its infancy. It must be based upon the spirit of American democracy, upon the primal right of equal opportunity.

Fall River, Mass.

Literature.

History of Religions. By George Foot Moore, D.D., LL.D. Vol. I. China, Japan, Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, India, Persia, Greece, Rome. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913. (International Theological Library.)—The vast, unsystematized knowledge of foreign religions which Theodore Parker possessed was used by him in his discourse for the purpose of a critical construction of Christian faith in the framework of a total survey of religion. Samuel Johnson and James Freeman Clarke contributed effectively to the creation of interest in the study of these non-Christian types of religious evolution, and the study found a place in the curriculum of Harvard and of Meadville. The ministry of our liberal churches has long been interested and informed in this matter. The subject has been appropriated by a body of university scholars in many countries, and has been immensely elaborated by their organized knowledge. The Hibbert Lectures and those given under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religions—an enterprise which Harvard and Meadville have helped to maintain—have furnished monographs of this specialized scholarship. The time is ripe for an encyclopedic manual of the whole history of religion, and Prof. Moore of Harvard provides such a manual, so far as the religions of civilized peoples are concerned. A second volume will be devoted to Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. A notice of such a work from an author of Dr. Moore's erudition and ability need not do more than announce the appearance of a treatise so rich and important. One can only wonder at the power of mind which can control a field of such range and such difficulty. The only other great standard manual, that of Saussaye, was produced by specialists in collaboration. It is truly an enormous accomplishment for a single man to achieve this great survey. Dr. Moore modestly speaks of his work as an introduction to the subject, but it is the kind of introduction which only specialists may attempt to criticise. This is a work of highly perfected historical method. In the first place the treatment individualizes each religion in its distinctive characteristic life. In the second place the religious phenomena are presented in relation to all the complex factors of life in the nation's history. Thirdly, the treatment allows one to discover in the total history of these individual types cer-

Digitized by Google

tain uniform tendencies and general aspects which can aid in such final generalization as is sought by history as well as other sciences. The second volume will be eagerly awaited.

CHRISTIAN FAITH FOR MEN OF TO-DAY. By Ezra Albert Cook, Ph.D. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net. $1.35 postpaid. It is evident that the general mind no longer needs to be persuaded to accept modern views of the Bible. The modern historical view is an accomplished fact. It is evident, also, that the critical history of doctrine has established itself. What remains therefore is to provide a modern exposition of Christian faith on this accepted historical basis and in a form adapted to the scientific spirit of our age. There are many signs that we are entering into this period of new formulation, and one of the most interesting signs of it is Prof. Cook's popular little manual of Systematic Theology prepared for classes in colleges, in Young Men's Christian Associations, and Sunday-schools. Thoughtful young men often ask for assistance in shaping their beliefs, in ascertaining what form the Christian faith must have in the present situation of culture. Prof. Cook's attempt to meet this need is admirably successful. It states the problems fairly and squarely, and it provides answers which are perfectly candid and unambiguous so far as the question of orthodoxy or non-orthodoxy is concerned, while the general tone and value is that of constructive affirmation. It is the duty of the Unitarian leader to examine this book, which may be a formative influence on a new generation of thoughtful laymen, and so to forecast the doctrinal situation of to-morrow. The Unitarian may have reason to conclude that in this to-morrow he will be walking hand in hand with the neighbor of another ecclesiastical name. Certainly, if this form of belief prevails, there can be no reason whatever for any exclusion of Unitarians from the fellowship of Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians. At the same time this able and honest and wise little book can contribute to the clarification and systematizing of the Unitarian mind as well as any other. There would seem to be no reason why it should not be the text-book of older classes in our own churches.

THREE LORDS OF DESTINY. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.—These three "Raymond F. West Memorial Lectures," delivered at the Leland Stanford University in the spring of 1913, represent Dr. Crothers on his more serious side and at the highest reach of his literary power. The three "Lords" described and set forth are Courage, Skill, and Love. The present reviewer can think of no more fitting word to apply to the manner in which this is done than to call it Emersonian. The imagery is drawn from Scripture more than is the case in Emerson's Essays. Except for that one might easily imagine that he was reading the older master of phrase and style. This is to say, of course, that they make exceedingly good reading. The humor of other writings by the same author is always delightful, and no one grudges it free play. But here is something with that note held more in abeyance which the intellectual man will prize quite as much. For grace of expression, for spiritual insight, and for their effect of moral tonic, these three essays—for that is what they are in effect—are hard to match in current literature. To the preacher they should be invaluable. Sermons by the dozen fairly jump at him out of these pages. At every turn some mental landscape is lit up for him by a happy phrase, and he is dull, indeed, if he cannot find preaching material here for an indefinite period. And this commendation ought not to discourage the laymen; for these suggested sermons, after all, are of the kind which nobody ever quite succeeds in putting into actual form, but which, if they could be preached, would no doubt cause all our churches to be thronged.

JESUS OF NAZARETH. A Poetical Drama in Seven Scenes. By Alexandra von Herder. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. 1913. $1.50 net.—The Baroness von Herder here attempts to tell the story of the last week of Jesus' life, with phraseology and setting for the most part new. As a human drama, a tragedy of love and hate and death, the work is vivid and effective, and the very unfamiliarity of most of the text, even where presenting the most familiar scenes, gives the reader a sense of reality and freshness. The miraculous and supernatural are not used; human motives furnish all the "effects" and condition all the interest. The language is not verse, not even blank verse, but roughly metrical, in irregular lines, here and there falling into parallelism like that of Hebrew poetry. The historical critic will find little to condemn; the author has used excellent modern works of Biblical scholarship in the preparation of the work. It is a pity that the reference to these in the preface should be marred by uncorrected misprints. By a singular infelicity, a leading character cries out on page 174, "It is them!" But dramatically the work is well conceived; it is expressed in dignified if not lofty wording, and, if not a permanent contribution to literature or to the study of the gospel story, at least gives a not unworthy presentation of the world's great tragedy. Passion Week did not pass off in just this fashion, but it might have done so—which for a work of this sort is no faint praise.

Miscellaneous.

An anonymous author publishes through Thomas Whittaker, New York, a statement of the purpose of Christ's incarnation as revealed by the prophets and himself (*The Highway, A Matter-of-Fact Examination of the Greatest Event in History*). The author has read the Bible with devout feeling and with independent personal realization of the relation of ideas, but the ideas are those emphasized by the old theological scheme of salvation, and in any case are not here well defined.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.

Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.

Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prise for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-men.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready January 1

[No. 273]

TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRISTIANITY

By
CHARLES W. ELIOT

This is the address of Dr. Charles W. Eliot at the General Conference at Buffalo last October. It is a more thorough elaboration of the Church problem than "The Religion of the Future," which received such universal acceptance. In this notable utterance Dr. Eliot sets forth the great ideals of democracy, both in the State and the Church, forcibly pointing out the function of Unitarianism as a vital expression of pure Christianity.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
AS TRACT No. 273

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

The Home.

In Winter.

BY MARY DAVIS.

Now all the laughing brooks are hushed,
The trees stand bleak and drear,
Chill winds sweep through their branches bare,
No songs of birds we hear.

The skies are drab: clouds hide the sun,
The fields are choked with snow,
No pleasure now to walk abroad,
No twilight strolls we know.

But underneath the snow and ice
The brooks are laughing free,
The buds and birds will come again
To meadow, hill, and lea.

With patience wait for Summer's joys
While in the winter skies
Orion and the Pleiades
Shine nightly 'fore our eyes.

CLINTON, MASS.

The Fairy and his Bell.

"Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

One lovely morning in June a little fairy was working in his garden. He was busy at a bed of ranunculuses, which were his favorite flowers. Some months before he had set out the roots in small holes, which he had made with a sharp-pointed stick; and, when the tender plants came up in the spring, he walked about among them every evening, watering them out of a snailshell, which he filled at a brook near by. The ranunculuses were now quite tall; and this morning he was very busy with a little feather brush, made of a wren's tail, dusting the buds which were nearly ready to open. While thus engaged, he heard the distant sound of bells.

"Hello!" said he: "what's that? Somebody's house afire, I suspect."

As he could do nothing for anybody in such a case, he kept on dusting his flower-buds. But the sound came nearer and nearer.

"What can it be?" he said again. "It certainly is not a travelling church?"

In a few minutes, however, he found out what it was. A tall gray horse, bearing on his back an old woman with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, came dashing toward him; and in an instant the animal had crushed through his ranunculuses, broken almost every flower-stalk, and ruined the whole bed. The little fairy, who had just managed to get out of the way himself, gazed upon his dreadful loss with a face full of horror and despair. But directly he was filled with indignation.

"I will find out that reckless person!" he cried. "She cannot escape me!"

So saying, he rushed to his home at the root of an ancient tree; and from a little cavity he brought out a sparrow, which a short time before he had tamed and broken to the saddle. Hastily saddling and bridling the sparrow, he sprang upon him, and rode away with the speed of an arrow. It was easy to trace the course taken by the gray horse and his rider from the sound of the bells that the old woman wore; and in a very few minutes the fairy was skimming along by her side, without, however, attracting from her the slightest attention.

Reaching the border of a small creek, the old woman reined in her steed and dismounted. Standing by the water's edge, she leaned against the horse and appeared lost in thought.

"Now's my time," said the fairy to himself; and he hastened to a fire that some charcoal-burners had made at a short distance, and, seizing a small piece of blazing light-wood, he spurred his sparrow back to the creek. In a moment he had set the horse's tail on fire. The noble animal did not perceive this for a little while; but the instant he felt the fire he gave a great leap, jerked his bridle from the hand of the old woman, and dashed madly away. The fairy rode over the creek, mounted a tree on the opposite bank, and guided his sparrow to the very end of a branch which hung over the water, quite near to the old woman, but still out of her reach.

"Ho! ho!" cried the fairy to the old woman, who was standing with open mouth and eyes looking in the direction her steed had taken. "Ho! ho! Now you are paid up for trampling down my ranunculuses. I should like to know how you are going to get back to Banbury Cross now."

The old woman looked at the fairy for a moment, and cried:—

"So that was one of your tricks, was it? Well, it matters little. I don't care whether I ever get back to Banbury Cross again or not."

"Why, don't you live there?" asked the fairy.

"Yes," replied the old woman, "I do. But one hates being made the object of such general curiosity. I can never mount my horse without bringing together a crowd to look at me."

"Well, that's because you wear bells on your toes," said the fairy.

"But I can't help that," said the old woman. "I don't wear them because I like them."

"Why do you wear them, then?" asked the fairy.

"Well," said the old woman, seating herself upon the ground,—for it was evidently difficult for her to stand without support,—"it's a long story, but I'll make it as short as I can. Many years ago, when I was a young woman, a prince lived in a palace near my mother's cottage. He wore upon his right hand a most magnificent diamond ring, and he declared that he would marry any young woman who could produce one as fine. I loved that prince; and, in order to become his wife, I bought all the rings that I could possibly procure by selling everything I owned. But not one of them was fine enough; none of them would match the one he wore. Here they all are," she said, stretching out her hands. "I wear them yet."

"They are very pretty," said the fairy, "but I should never have spent all my money for mere jewelry."

"What would you have bought?" asked the old woman.

"Ranunculuses," replied the fairy.

"Humph!" said the old woman, contemptuously; and she continued her story: "About a mile on the other side of our cottage there lived an old Jew, who owned one of the finest diamonds in the world. When he first got it, he hid it in his house; but every night the thieves would rummage all over his dwelling, upsetting everything in their search for this valuable jewel. He then took it, and hid it in a secret place in the woods; but, although he put up a notice to the thieves, telling them it was no longer in his house, they would not believe him,—rummaging every night as bad as ever. So he took his diamond to a deep ravine, whose steep sides were everywhere utterly inaccessible, being just as smooth as glass; and he dropped it down to the bottom, where, a hundred feet below the surface of the earth, it glittered and shone like a star. When the thieves came and gathered around the steep ravine, and saw that the diamond was really there, they ceased to trouble the dwelling of the Jew, who thereafter slept in peace.

"When I happened to see this dazzling jewel, as it lay at the bottom of this dreadful abyss, I instantly determined to get it if I could, and by its means marry the prince. So I procured a long cord, and at the end I put a stone. I covered the bottom of the stone with candle-grease, and one moonlight night I crept softly to the brink of the ravine, and gently lowered my cord until the stone touched the diamond. Then, after waiting a few moments, I drew up the stone carefully and slowly. When I took it in my trembling hand and turned it over, the diamond was not there. Overcome with disappointment, I sank against a tree. When the Jew came in the morning to look at his diamond, he gave a loud cry.

"'Hello!' he said: 'who has been putting candle-grease upon my dearest jewel?'

"Then turning, he saw me, with the stone and the cord in my hand, still leaning against the tree.

"'Oh, ho!' he cried. 'So you have been trying to rob me, have you? You thought my diamond was so light that it would stick to a greasy stone, did you? Well, miss, you shall not come about here any more without my knowing it. Mind that!'

"So he instantly took these bells out of his coat pocket and tied them to my toes. Since that time it has been almost impossible for me to walk. I have been compelled to ride everywhere I go, and I am so ashamed at the sound of my bells that I always ride just as fast as I can. That is the way I came to ruin your ranunculuses."

"I am very sorry for you," said the fairy, "although I think you were trying to do a mean trick when you fished for the diamond. If I can find your horse, I will bring him back to you."

So on his sparrow he rode rapidly after the horse, and soon saw the animal grazing in a field. His tail was not burnt much; for he had jumped in the creek and had put it out, and was now eating grass quite contentedly. The fairy gathered a large quantity of the finest clover, and covered himself and his sparrow entirely with it. Then he flew in front of the horse which, attracted by the delicate morsel floating in the air, endeavored to seize it in his mouth. The bunch of fragrant clover, followed by the eager horse, flew along the creek until it reached the spot where the old woman stood behind a little bush. She instantly seized the horse's bridle, and the fairy shook off the clover. The horse heaved a heavy sigh, but said never a word. "I am very much obliged," said the old woman; "and, if you will come to Banbury Cross, I will give you some ranunculus-roots, and you can make another garden."

Digitized by Google

"Thank you," said the fairy, sadly; "but they would be of no use to me now. It's easy enough to get good roots, but I shall never feel like planting ranunculuses again."

"Well," said the old woman, "we all have our troubles. Here am I with these horrid bells which bring all the town around me when I go out, and which entirely prevent me from walking, even when at home."

"Such a thing would not trouble me long," said the fairy.

"How would you prevent it?" asked the old woman.

"I'd cut the strings and take the bells off," said he.

"Oh, I would not like to do that," said the old woman. "I've worn them so long that I do not think it would do to make a change at my time of life. But I will cut off one of them, and give it to you to remember me by."

So saying, she took a pair of scissors out of her pocket, and, cutting off one of the bells from her toes, presented it to the fairy. He thanked her, and told her he should always remember her by it. Then she mounted her horse, and rode swiftly away. The fairy took his bell home, and hung it up in his garden. Every afternoon he rung it when it was time for the four-o'clocks to shut up.

When the fairy died and the bell fell down and was lost, the four-o'clocks got out of their regular habits; and now we scarcely ever see any that shut up exactly at four o'clock.—*Frank R. Stockton, in Housewife.*

The Mouse who Dared.

Little White Ear ran to his mother.

"What shall I do?" he squeaked. "A big Human Being is lying across our door—on the other side! I'm afraid to go out."

"Stay in, then," answered his mother. She was a mouse of few words. "The Human Being will move soon. They never rest long."

"But there's some cheese near by," urged White Ear. "I want it!"

"Cheese!" said Mouse Mother, alarmed. "Then it's a trap. Don't go near it!"

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Father Mouse, who had just come along. "We want cheese badly enough."

White Ear crept back to the hole. There she lay, the strange big thing who was so quiet. He could see her white frock and her golden hair, with the blue bow over one eye. He could see one small foot, with its open-work sock and black, shiny slipper. What he could not see was any sign of her getting up and walking away. Father Mouse came, too, and looked.

Now it happened that their stores were low: the piece of cheese beside the quiet figure was exactly what they wanted. Nothing but Mother Mouse's warnings kept Father Mouse from making a dash for it.

"I should get back before she had time to move," he urged. But Mother Mouse shook her head. They all had a short nibble at a piece of bacon rind, which was the only thing that was left in the larder, and then they all went to bed.

Bright and early the next morning White Ear was at the hole. There lay the Human Being. Nothing about her was changed at all. The bow had not moved an inch. She could not have turned her head! "She sleeps soundly," observed Mother Mouse.

"The cheese is there," replied Father Mouse. But his wife shook her head.

By and by some neighborly mice came along. They listened to the news; they peeped through the hole; they discussed the stillness of the sleeping Human Being and the size and flavor of the cheese. But they all agreed that it would be foolish to try to get it. You never know when a Human Being will move, or what it will do.

The visitors, who had called in hope of being asked to breakfast, went away disappointed. White Ear had to be contented with a smell, and his father and mother did not even take that.

White Ear was very hungry. A smell is nice for the time being, but it does not last long. He returned to the hole. Very still was Human Being: very large looked the cheese.

At last White Ear could bear it no longer.

He squeezed through the hole, and made a bold dash for the cheese. At the very moment he started, his father and mother saw him, and Mother Mouse snatched at his tail—but she was too late. White Ear grasped the cheese, pushed it toward the hole, and through it; then he got safely through himself—and turned to look at the danger he had passed. Human Being was just as quiet as before, and her blue bow did not even flutter.

Now that he was safe back with the cheese, Mother Mouse had not the heart to scold him. Father Mouse gave him a sly pat with his tail. They ate some of his booty, and put the rest away for supper.

As soon as White Ear had had, not enough, but all that they would let him eat of the cheese, he rushed back to the hole. And then he saw a strange sight!

Human Being began to move—but in such a funny way! She slowly, slowly passed out of his sight, without sitting up or even crawling! She was being dragged away!

White Ear had to put his sharp nose and long whiskers through the hole just to see how she managed it. And then he understood it all.

"Mother!" he cried, as he ran back to Mrs. Mouse. "What do you suppose? She was a Human Being, but—she was that always quiet kind they call a doll!"—*Frances Harmer, in Youth's Companion.*

The Knowing Squirrels.

Miss Mary Owens of St. Joseph, Mo., has fed and petted the squirrels that live in the trees of her yard until they are quite tame. One of them will eat from her hand and come when she calls. She feeds the squirrels nuts cracked and placed in a small box, and the box in a tree.

She noticed that the bluejays were eating the nuts before the squirrels could get them. She had no objection to feeding these birds, but she placed food for them in another place and did not want the squirrels to be defrauded of theirs. So she tried this novel plan with success.

She brought the box of nuts as usual and, taking the tame squirrel on her lap, showed him the nuts inside of the box, then closed the lid. She did this twice, the squirrel watching, keen and alert. Then she opened the box, fed him one nut, and closed it again. She did this three times. The next day she took the tame squirrel again and showed him the closed box with nuts inside. He waited, looked at her half questioningly, half appealingly, then with nose and slender paws he opened the box and seized a nut. Miss Owens closed the lid, and this time the squirrel opened it without hesitation.

The next day the closed box was placed in the tree, the lid arranged so that it could easily be opened, but would fall shut again. The tamest squirrel came first and opened it, the others looked on; then, one after another, they followed his example. So now they are fed and their food protected from those for whom it is not intended.—*H. H. Jacobs, in Our Dumb Animals.*

A Dog Story.

A story comes from New Haven about a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from his owner's house, and, while playing with it, tore out all the feathers. The dog, after being shown the featherless handle, was given a whipping. He then disappeared, and, about an hour afterward, walked bravely into the house with a brand-new duster in his mouth. He walked up to his mistress, and meekly deposited the new brush at her feet. By the mark on it she saw that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring store.

Father: "Everything I say to you goes in at one ear and out at the other." Little Son (thoughtfully): "Is that what little boys has two ears for, papa?"—*Pacific.*

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1871 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
SECRETARY, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AGENT, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS. William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

The Gardener.

BY RICHARD WARNER BORST.

A stranger wandering through a garden gate
Who finds the gravel swept, the hedges gay,
And limpid moisture lying on the leaves,
May say, "The gardener has gone this way."

Aye, such am I, who find all things are well;
My hours of grief and joy, both foe and friend;
For this I know, in all my daily care,
My Gardener goes before,—around the bend!

The Educated Man.

BY PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM, D.D.

The educated man is the man who can think; he is the man who, mentally as well as physically, stands on his own feet and is master of himself. Education gives self-possession. It raises knowing from a process of memorizing to a power of vision. The educated man knows facts, but he sees through them to the structural and co-ordinating principle. Many a man has learning who has not true education. There are the encyclopedic men who hold the material of universal knowledge in solution. They have information always on tap, but their minds are not co-ordinative, interpretative, and constructive forces: they are mere casks containing so many gallons, so many cubic inches, of material. There are also the slaves of precedent and convention, whose question always is, What do the authorities say? There are men who, in the realm of science or literature or theology, always ask for "the old paths," and forget that paths are not dwelling places, but cleared roads for advancing feet. They forget, too, that hardy souls must continually carve out new paths as man presses forward to his distant goal. These are the scribes who sit on mouldy seats that once were thrones won by ancient force and valor.

The educated man is the thinker, and always potentially the pioneer, who knows, not because he has memory, but because he has insight; who is not helpless in the change of circumstances, because he has the wit to perceive the meaning of all circumstances and the power to master and subject them to his uses. The mere specialist is the mental artisan who can do one thing and only one: the educated man is the artist, the creative worker, who can do the thing that needs to be done, and can find or make the needful tools. Drop him where you will, he falls on his feet and discovers resources and commands the situation. Whatever may be his particular calling, he guides the work and not the work him. He is not the mere farmer or mechanic, but the man executing his task. He is not the mere teacher, but the man teaching. He is not the mere orator, but the man speaking. He is not the mere legislator, but the man legislating. Whatever he does has dignity and value because he does it. The true craftsman is more than his craft, the singer more than his song, the speaker more than his speech. This he is, not because he knows certain things, but because he is the knower, and he is the knower because he is the thinker. Whatever helps to this state of self-possession, this self-centred power of the personality is ministrant to real education; and whoever has learned thus to stand and move with the sure poise and prevailing force of alert and disciplined intelligence is an educated man.

In the second place he is the man that will not be driven. No man keeps his feet in this world and moves along in his own chosen way save by developed force of intelligence and will. Multitudes of men drift through life, blown hither and thither by the wind of other men's opinions. The course of many is determined almost wholly by circumstances. They float on the current of the present tendency. Their thinking and their conduct, their ideas and their habits, are shaped and defined by forces outside of themselves.

It is a great vice of our time that men are driven and tyrannized by their commerce and industries. In the large cities especially men are chained fast to the Juggernaut car of trade. Life is a fury of labor and money-getting. In the shop, also, and on the farm, often the man does not rule his work, but his work rules him. Thus many do innumerable things and are themselves small and poor, driven on in a treadmill under lash and goad. Absorbed in their sordid bondage, they lose or never gain the power to think largely or soundly on questions that lie outside the narrow limits circumscribing their daily activities. It is a common complaint that men have no time for culture, no time for calm and fruitful reflection; and few are found amid the jostling throngs of toilers to lift an effective protest against the enslavement and impoverishment of the soul.

The educated man is he who, seeing with clear eye the real meaning and true ends of life, will not suffer himself to be made either a slave or a tool. Nor will he abdicate his high and difficult prerogative of thinking for himself. He will have it that the business is to serve the man and not man to serve the business. He believes that man is God's mariner on this sea of time, and he is not to drift with every breeze, but to steer his course by fixed stars to a definite haven. He will not shuffle or cringe before lying conventionalities, and he will stand fast against all tyrannies.

Education as a process of unfolding the whole man, while specifically training him along the line of his greatest aptitude, makes just judgment possible. It corrects the superficial current estimates of values and sets all things in their true relations. The educated man is he who sees the real significance both of what men possess and of what they do. He prizes wealth, but is not seduced by it. He knows the worth of genuine praise, and is not beguiled or confused by its counterfeit. He values position because he appreciates both the opportunities for service which it opens and the responsibilities which go with it. He will not be betrayed into making false estimates. The value of things is derived solely from their relations to persons. There is little worth in any achievement which is not put into it by the doer. The spirit of the man qualifies the deed of his hands. The possessor makes valuable or worthless his possessions. Money in the coffers of a churl is but yellow dirt: in the hands of a real man it becomes a beneficent force.

The educated man is the idealist who knows how to "mix with action." He carries the power of lofty sentiments into common activities, and makes the highest truths domestic. He does not despise what most men call "the real" and "the practical," but he constantly sees these in the light of the spiritual interests and investments of life. He is, thus, in the best sense of the term, a religious man. In him reverence keeps pace with knowledge and patience with experience and charity with insight.

The educated man is in the best sense of the word the humane man. He brings to the problems which confront him not only a disciplined reason and a widely instructed judgment, but also the insight of a real love for his fellow-men. He forms his theories of political, social, and industrial life in accordance with known facts; but he holds his theories continually subject to the revision of a deeper and wider human nature. He does not say with the dogmatist, "If the man does not fit the theory, so much the worse for the man," but "if the theory does not fit the man, so much the worse for the theory." He holds political economy to be the science of human industries, but he puts the emphasis on the word "human" rather than on the word "science."

In conclusion, the educated man is the amply developed man. He has knowledge; but, better, he has sympathy and power. He is not a mere specialist, though he may have, and, indeed, as a rule must have, his specialty. He is the full-rounded personality, touching life at every point in the circumference of his being. The emotional, as well as the rational, and the spiritual, as well as the moral, faculties of his nature are unfolded toward the ideal of a perfect manhood.

Bergson's Creative Evolution.

BY DANIEL ROY FREEMAN.

To be forward with a stricture rather than an admiration of "Creative Evolution," Bergson treats of processes, but leaves reasons out of account. He tells in some measure how events have occurred, but does not explain why they should be so rather than otherwise. He says that life has pushed upward to man, but he too insufficiently explores the nature of man. I do not recall that he anywhere refers to man's capacity for love or asks the meaning of such an endowment. Himself philosophizing and thrilling to the knowledge he came to possess and to its transmission he fails to consider as a concrete accomplishment of life. One learns much from his book, but one is not informed why a musician, for example, exists. Bergson enters into the laboratory of life and explains how "objects represent man's eventual action on matter": he does not turn his attention upon himself and ask what it signifies that he lives, with his ability to read the secrets of existence.

He illustrates his view and its shortcomings in his dealing with the relation of man to other living species. He says: "Life is essentially a current sent through matter, drawing from it what it can. There has not, therefore, properly speaking, been any project or plan. On the other hand, it is abundantly evident that the rest of nature is not for the sake of man: we struggle like the other species, we have struggled against other species." It is apparent that Bergson

Digitized by Google

thinks that he has a true understanding of the place beasts occupy in the drama of life. Supposing he should be correct, would that knowledge of his be a substance of no value? By furnishing him a subject for philosophy and by obligingly fitting into his thought, would they be performing for him no service, proving in no sense "for his sake"? Is man a being apart from his appetite for comprehension? By feeding this hunger, do not beasts become something besides beasts; namely, intellectual and spiritual facts in man's experience? Are they not therein of great benefit to Man? Is this higher service of no moment? Is it a by-product of life?

Physically man may have struggled against certain other species. Spiritually they all offer themselves not as enemies, but as friends. Each may become an object of knowledge. Until Bergson has explained in its own terms this spiritual faculty of knowing and the unifying power it exerts upon all that comes within its scope, or reveals in all that it assimilates, and accounts for the satisfaction it yields its possessor, he has failed to do justice to that life whose "creative evolution" he celebrates.

Liberal Christianity in Germany.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

It is sincerely to be regretted that the Unitarians were not represented in person or by letter at the fiftieth anniversary of the German *Protestantenverein*, or Union of Liberal Protestants, which was observed recently in Berlin with much impressiveness by our German allies and fellow-workers for a free and progressive Christianity. Founded at Frankfurt in 1863 by large-minded, liberty-loving men, few in number, but widely known and influential through their scholarship, courage, and religious earnestness, this Association for a half-century has been the rallying-point of independent and progressive minds in the Protestant churches of the German Empire. It has borne brave and weighty testimony to freedom, sincerity, and the religion of the spirit against the letter of tradition and the tyranny of established churches and creeds. Among its founders were eminent preachers and professors, like the historian Haeusser, Prof. R. Rothe, the Heidelberg group,—the great jurist Bluntschli, Pastor Koenig, Dr. Schenkel, Pastors Carl Zittel, Otto Schellenberger, and Prof. H. J. Holtzmann,—the eloquent preacher Carl Schwartz of Gotha, the heroic M. Baumgarten of Rostock, Prof. Francis von Holtzendorff, the distinguished lecturer on international law at the University of Munich, and Pastor Heinrich Krause of Berlin.

The present writer may be permitted to mention that his first contribution to the *Christian Register* was a translation of an article which had appeared in the German journal *Die Gartenlaube* descriptive of the *Protestantenverein*, its leaders and aims. This translation, printed in the *Register* for September 5, 1868, and successive issues, gave to our Unitarian world perhaps its first definite knowledge of this important movement for liberty of thought and worship in the German Fatherland.

At the preliminary meeting in Frankfurt it was affirmed by the *Verein* that "not the content of the creed but the will and disposition constitute a Christian." The first general meeting of the *Verein* was held in 1865 at the Wartburg in Eisenach, that shrine of religious freedom and brave protest. It declared in the spirit of the great reformer that "no freedom is assured so long as religious freedom of conscience has not become an unimpeachable constituent of public life." To secure that freedom for the German people became henceforth the aim which the *Verein*, with varying success, has pursued till this day. Its second conference was held at Neustadt in 1867, the third at Bremen in the following year. In 1869 it met in Berlin. At the fifth meeting in Darmstadt in 1871 the Unitarians were for the first time represented. The late Mr. John Fretwell, the early and indefatigable pioneer of our church in its international relations, had been appointed by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to convey its sympathetic greetings. Prevented by illness from attending, he forwarded the letter of the Association to the meeting, which listened with great interest to its friendly assurances.

At the seventh conference in Leipzig in 1873 Prof. Dominik Schiemen appeared as a representative of the Hungarian Unitarian Synod, and Mr. John Fretwell for the British Unitarians. The latter bore a letter of greeting from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, in which reference was made to a recent visit to England of Prof. von Holtzendorff and the pleasant personal relations thus established between the religious liberals of Great Britain and Germany. In 1874 the present writer, being in Germany, and the bearer of a letter of introduction to Prof. von Holtzendorff, was invited by the latter to attend and participate in the forthcoming meeting of the *Verein* in Wiesbaden. "It is my hope," he wrote, "that both peoples, the German and the North-American, may and will learn the most from each other. We men of the German *Protestantenverein* and the Unitarians stand very close to each other. For some years past we have kept up friendly relations with the English Unitarians, which was accomplished by Mr. John Fretwell. It would gratify us now to welcome also the Unitarians of America."

An early return to America made it impossible to accept this invitation, but through correspondence with the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. Rush R. Shippen, the matter was promptly taken up, and the American Unitarians were, for the first time, represented at the Wiesbaden meeting by Rev. Messrs. Clay MacCauley and William H. Fish, Jr., then sojourning in Germany. Rev. Mr. Steinthal of Manchester represented the British Unitarians, Rev. Mr. Hugenholtz and others the Dutch *Protestantenbond*, and, finally, the eloquent Hindu Theist, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, brought the greeting of the Brahmo Somaj of India. At the ninth session in Breslau in 1875 Mr. John Fretwell appeared as an American delegate, and made an address in German, as he did at the twelfth meeting in Gotha in 1880. In 1880 the one hundredth birthday of Dr. William Ellery Channing was observed at Hildesheim, and a masterly address was delivered by Rev. Carl Manchot upon the life and services of the great American divine.

In later years the relations between the Unitarians and their German fellow-believers grew slack and intermittent, although never lost from sight entirely. It was not until the founding of the International Congress of Free Christians and Other Religious Liberals in 1900 that more intimate relations were made possible again, and continued with increasing friendliness and co-operation, until they flowered in the warm fellowship and united endeavors of the Berlin Congress of 1910.

The German *Protestantenverein* itself, after its first heroic age, suffered a declension, and lost much of its original virility and influence. Of late, however, owing to the intolerant and repressive measures of the Prussian church authorities, it has become once more a power in German church life. It pursues an aggressive policy in the religious affairs of the Fatherland, and participates vigorously in the church politics which the union of Church and State in Germany makes inevitable.

The scholarly and contemplative aspects of liberal religion are represented more fully by the "Friends of the Christian World," an association of some 1,500 pastors, professors, and spiritually-minded laity, whose seat is at Marburg, its organ the *Christliche Welt*, and its brilliant, forceful leader Prof. Martin Rade. The large-mindedness and moral energy of the latter, however, lead to an ever-increasing interest on the part of his scholarly and devout coadjutors in the practical reform of the church and the social and political order in Germany.

More recently there has been created an association known as the *Bund deutscher Protestanten*,—Alliance of German (free) Protestants. This Alliance seeks to unite the increasingly numerous but widely scattered liberal religious associations of the German States into a larger central organization for united and effective action. It includes the *Protestantenverein* and its local branches all over Germany (Bremen, Alsatia, Gotha, Hamburg, the Palatinate, Berlin, Danzig, Dresden, Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Wiesbaden, etc.); also the various associations known as the Friends of Protestant Freedom (in Westphalia, Hannover, Anhalt, Silesia, Schleswig-Holstein, Oldenburg, Würtemberg; other liberal groups in Baden, Brunswick, Saxe-Weimar, Nassau, Hessia. It is, in short, a union of many movements which cover Germany with a network of liberal sentiments and endeavors, and strive for religious freedom and progress. The director of the Alliance is Rev. Gottfried Traub of Dortmund, who was recently and most unjustly deprived of his pulpit in that city and dismissed from the ministry of the Prussian State Church for his independence and devotion to soul liberty. Its organ is *Christliche Freiheit*, Christian Freedom, a weekly edited by Rev. Mr. Traub. The Alliance has recently made public its programme, by which it appears that it still hopes for reform *inside* the State Church, from which it will not depart unless from compulsion. It aims to secure the rights of the liberal minorities in the State churches of Germany, to put an end to the intolerant, inquisitorial methods of the ecclesiastical authorities, to enlarge the rights of local congregations, to extend the ballot to women in congregational affairs, to give to the clergy the right to choose their own sermon topics and to order their own Sunday worship, to exempt them from repeating the so-called

Digitized by Google

Apostolic and other creeds, and to assure theological professors and students the right of free examination at the universities, now seriously threatened. These are among the purposes which engage the attention of our religious fellow-believers in Germany at the present day.

The recent observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the *Protestantenverein* in Berlin passed off with spirit and éclat. The meetings were well attended. The daily press gave sympathetic and full accounts of the proceedings. The *Protestantenblatt*, the organ of the *Verein*, gave fuller reports. The religious service in the *Neue Kirche*, whose pulpit is associated with the memory of its free-minded pastors Sydow, Lisco, and Hosbach, was conducted by its present incumbent, Rev. Dr. Kirmss, and Rev. Mr. Stage of Hamburg, both prominent exponents of Liberal Christianity. The main address was given in the morning by Dr. P. W. Schmidt of Basle, Switzerland, and was a noble defence of Free Christianity, its church rights and its religious mission. A keen thrust at the deification of Christ was his reminder that in the New Testament no one seeks to be worshipped save the devil, in the Temptation scene, and that Jesus himself disclaimed it. Rev. Mr. Radecke, the successor of Traub in the Dortmund pulpit, treated of "Rome or Wittenberg: which is to possess the Future of Germany?"

In the evening five popular meetings were held in various halls in Berlin, and attracted great audiences. This is a regularly recurring and unique feature in the public demonstrations of the *Verein*, and keeps it in touch with the people. Is there not a lesson in this for our American liberals? Why not appeal to the people themselves? Conjointly with the session of the *Verein* there were held auxiliary meetings of the Liberal Protestant Foreign Missionary Association, which, organized on large and progressive lines, is doing a fine work in Japan and China, the General Association of German Liberal Women, whose endeavor is to arouse the women in their churches to newness of life, and a Peace Congress of Ministers. The Liberal Ministers' Association of Berlin, to which some sixty clergymen belong, invited their brethren to a conference on the political duties of the liberal minister, addressed by Rev. Alfred Fischer, pastor of the Crusaders' Church in Berlin, and others. It was agreed quite unanimously that under the oppressive régime of the present State Church in Prussia the minister must be more or less of a politician, to guard his rights and assure the victory of truth. At the last election in Berlin for church officers and vestries 31,614 liberal and 25,474 orthodox votes were cast. This did not include all the churches, however, for Berlin is still nominally an orthodox city. It has 226 settled orthodox pastors as against some 75 of liberal opinion.

While the energies of the liberal clergy and laity are thus directed toward maintaining their congregational rights and advancing the interests of truth and progress within the churches, there is an increasing drift on the part of the people away from the churches altogether. The Sunday attendance grows smaller and smaller, and represents but a fraction of the population. Meanwhile the popular movement, *Los von der Kirche*, which has already resulted in the legal withdrawal of thousands from the State Church, partly to escape taxation for the support of worship, partly from dissatisfaction with its administration or doctrine, has suddenly assumed great importance. The Social Democrats, who number millions in Prussia, have hitherto abstained from taking position with respect to the church. "Religion is a private, an individual concern," has been their motto. Within a few months, however, the Socialist leaders seem to have changed their attitude of indifference to one of strong denunciation. Declaring the State Church to be the tool of autocratic and plutocratic interests and an enemy to the higher welfare of the people, they have framed a new canon: "No honest Socialist can be a member of the National Church unless he is a double-tongued hypocrite. Leave the Church or leave the party." In obedience to this decree a movement to disengage the Socialist multitude from the State Church has been inaugurated. Five great meetings, attended by over 8,000 persons, were recently held in Berlin. The speeches, while ardent in the cause of this new propaganda, were hostile to the ecclesiastical institution rather than to religion itself. The danger to the latter lies in the attempt of Prof. Ostwald and his Monistic associates in Germany to form an alliance between the materialistic philosophy of the school of Haeckel and the Social-Democratic movement. Twenty years ago the Society of Ethical Culture in Germany, under the leadership of Prof. von Giczycki and others, tried vainly to come into touch with the Socialists. Prof. Ostwald's Monistic Union seems to be more successful. The Berlin clergy were invited to the meeting, but did not appear; probably, wisely, as a heated political assembly is not the place for any serious discussion of religious problems. The number of withdrawals from the State Church is increasing by thousands as a consequence of this change of attitude on the part of the Social-Democrats.

There are many also among religiously-minded liberals, both clergy and laity, who favor a voluntary as opposed to an official or State Church. The new president of the *Protestantenverein*, Mr. Kraemer, a prominent lawyer of Berlin, is of this opinion. The blind and bigoted persistence of the church authorities in haling liberals before ecclesiastical tribunals and disciplining them for heresy, in intimidating pastors and theological professors, in appointing subservient and orthodox, even if weak men to its theological chairs at the universities, and in overriding the rights of congregations in the administration of their own affairs, tends to loosen the bonds that bind the German people to the existing Church. It brings daily nearer the disruption of the existing institution and the separation of Church and State in Germany. It would not take a large re-enforcement of liberal votes in the Prussian parliament, superadded to the Socialist vote, to accomplish this, and it seems to impartial observers that this result is not far away. When it is brought about, the liberal minority will be able to form a church after their own heart and in likeness to our Unitarian congregational churches, and thus to render still more effective service to the cause of pure religion and perfect liberty. Religion itself would have a new birth in Germany and fulfil a diviner mission to her people.

At Brunswick the German Liberal Foreign Missionary Society recently held its annual meeting. The idea of foreign missions has not been congenial to the liberal mind of Germany, but recently a change of opinion has taken place, and this Association, conducted on modern lines and with unusual intellectual and moral resources, is doing a remarkable work. In Japan and China its churches, schools, and hospitals are models, their spirit is large and free, and their missionaries cultivated, devoted men and women.

The gratifying feature in all these recent liberal movements in Germany is the influence, easily to be recognized, which our Fifth International Congress of Free Christianity, held at Berlin in 1910, has had upon them. It was the first occasion in which all the scattered liberal forces of the nation united. It first revealed to them their own strength when working together toward a common end. In like manner the publication of the Berlin Congress papers and proceedings in German, French, and English by the Berlin committee has led to the permanent institution in that city of a liberal publishing house,—the *Protestantischer Schriftenvertrieb* (45 Eisenacher Strasse, Berlin-Schoeneberg), with a valuable and lengthening list of publications. It is clear the German liberal cause is in good hands and is very much alive.

The Young People's Religious Union.

An Original Social Meeting.

An original social meeting was held November 28, by the De Normandie Guild of Roxbury, Mass. The young people of the four churches which had come from the old First Church in Roxbury—namely, West Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, All Souls' Church (Roxbury), and Roslindale—were invited to attend a "gathering of the clan." Nearly eighty people were present. After listening to music and a short address on the history of the parent church and the reasons why the others had grown out of it, followed by more music, the following interesting scheme of entertainment was carried out.—

While still seated, each guest was given a quarter section of a magazine advertisement, which had been pasted on a larger sheet of white paper, and cut, puzzle fashion, into four matchable pieces. The counting of noses and distribution was facilitated by keeping each set of pieces pinned together until the number of guests had been ascertained, then counting out one-fourth as many sets of pictures, and shuffling them by dealing into piles which were in turn piled one on top of another and given out by several ushers.

Conversation and general introduction resulted from the effort to match the pieces into complete pictures. The first quartette to do so was instructed to ring a bell conveniently placed, upon which they were ushered to a circle of four chairs at the head of the room and instructed to talk about "the best joke they ever heard" or some other definite topic. All the groups followed the same plan and in turn were ranged around the meeting-room. Each group was then given an outfit of the following materials: several sheets of white school drawing paper, a sheet of cardboard, a pair of scissors, pens, and a pencil. Several jars of photopaste were available and

Digitized by Google

were loaned back and forth. A small tube to each group would have been better.

With these outfits each group was told to make a miniature church, a parsonage, and the people of the congregation; in other words, to "settle a town," arrange it in a given place on platform or tables, name it and put a sign bearing the name where it could be seen.

The exhibit was viewed with much interesting comment by all those present, and a committee of judges awarded final honors to a group which had carried out the idea of a primitive settlement best by constructing a simple box meeting-house with a removable roof which showed four crude pews and a desk inside, shutters at the windows, a paling around the outside, the parson and his family pinned upright upon the platform-carpet inside the enclosure, and an Indian behind a tree in the offing levelling a bow and arrow at the group. One elaborate model was of a cathedral with double square towers, showing great ingenuity of construction. The names were various and amusing. Lemonade and crackers were served during the exhibition and were to be had during the dancing that followed.

The affair was pronounced by everybody a great success. As an afterthought, the originator suggests that better than magazine advertisements for the puzzle matching, at that kind of a party, would be illustrations of some of our Unitarian meeting-houses taken from the pamphlet entitled "Types of Unitarian Churches," published by the American Unitarian Association, and to be had at 25 Beacon Street.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Post-office Mission workers of the Middle States and Canada meet for Conference at 11 A.M., on Monday, January 12, at 104 East 20th Street, New York.

At the vesper service of the First Parish Church, Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, at four o'clock, Sunday, January 11, Rev Roger S. Forbes will preach on "Why We Pray."

Thomas S. Pierce, having satisfied the Western States Committee, has been received into the fellowship of the Unitarian ministry, and is hereby recommended to the confidence of our ministers and churches. W. M. Backus, M. O. Simons, E. C Smith, Western States Committee.

The Unitarian Ministers' Monday Club will meet at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on January 12, at 11 A.M. Rev. Edward L. Houghton of Norwell will preside. Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., will give a paper on "Ministers' Honorariums for Funerals." Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D., will lead the discussion afterwards. Open to all.

A public platform meeting, under the auspices of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, will be held on Sunday evening, the 11th of January, at the South Congregational Church, Boston, at eight o'clock. Addresses will be given by Rev. Robert F. Leavens and Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck. Rev. William H. Ramsay of Wellesley Hills will preside.

The second annual meeting of the Social Service Council of Unitarian Women will be held Monday, Jan. 12, 1914, at 10.30 A.M., in the vestry of Arlington Street Church. Reports of the Italian, Colored, and South End Industrial School work will be given. It is hoped that Miss Grace Abbott, executive secretary of the State Committee on Immigration, will speak. All interested are cordially invited.

At all the noonday services in King's Chapel next week (January 12 to 16), Rev. Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo, N.Y., will be the speaker. Mr. Boynton will also preach at the evening service in King's Chapel next Sunday at 7.30. At the regular weekly musical service on Saturday, January 10, Mr. John Adams Loud will play the organ, and Mr. R. A. Simonds, tenor of the Chapel choir, will sing.

The New England Associate Alliance will hold its mid-winter meeting at ten o'clock Thursday, January 15, at the Unitarian Church, Winchester, Mass. At the morning meeting there will be a report from Brattleboro, the news from Maine, and short addresses by Mrs. S. M. Crothers, Mrs. William S. Nichols, and Mrs. Edward H. Atherton. At the afternoon meeting, at two o'clock, Miss Jane Clark of the Canadian North-west and Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D.D., dean of the Crane Theological School, Tufts College, will speak.

Churches.

BOSTON, MASS.—Church of the Messiah, Theodore Parker Memorial, Rev. Powhatan Bagnall: Sunday evening services continue regularly, with preaching at 8.10 o'clock. The Young People's Union meets at 7.30. On Sunday, January 11, "Students' Night," Mr. F. B. Washington will preside, and Mr Stewart McCulloch, Harvard 1914, will speak on "Resolutions." On January 18 Mr. A. S. Lattimore will preside, and Mr Jordan P. Williams will speak on "The Measure of Responsibility." On January 25 Mr. Lawrence Whaley will preside, and Mr. Robert Morris will be the speaker. The society desires to express its thanks to all the friends who have kindly aided them by contributions to their recent successful fair and sale.

ATTLEBORO, MASS.—Pilgrim Church, Rev Thomas J. Horner: The vestry was well filled for the New Year's "At Home," given by the official family of the church. This method of celebrating the new year was introduced two years ago and has proved to be a delightful way of getting the people of the church and their friends together, and starts the year with the generous good-will of all. The Christmas decorations were retained and restored with additions that made the vestry beautiful. The new Sunday-school orchestra rendered selections that were much appreciated, after which Mr. McClatchey, president of the church, asked all the people to come forward informally and greet the minister and guests. Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D., gave an address on "The Religion of Democracy." After more music and singing refreshments were served by the Alliance, and general sociability followed for the rest of the evening. The names of thirty-three people who have, within a month, signed the constitution and are thereby enrolled as new members of the church were read Christmas Sunday from the pulpit.

FARMINGTON, ME.—First Unitarian Society: The installation of Rev. Robert Proudfit Doremus as minister will take place Thursday evening, January 8. The sermon will be preached by Rev. William H. Ramsay; prayer of installation, by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson; welcome to the parish, by Mr. Newell R. Knowlton; welcome to the community, by Rev. Richard H. Clapp of the Congregational church, Farmington; and welcome to the conference, by Rev. Paul S. Phalen of Augusta. Rev. George H. Coffin, Jr., Baptist church, Farmington, and Rev. Walter Canham, Methodist Episcopal church, will also take part in the service.

SANDWICH, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. F. K. Gifford: The Sandwich Church narrowly escaped destruction by fire Tuesday morning, December 22. The fire in the

Marriages.

At Wollaston, Jan. 1, 1914, in the Unitarian Church, by Rev. William E. Gallagher, Principal of Thayer Academy, assisted by the Rev. Carl G. Horst, Willard Perkins Sheppard of Braintree and Mollie Gilbert Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Brown.

Deaths.

TORREY.—In Wollaston, Mass., Dec. 20, 1913, W. Quincy Torrey, aged 78 years.

FURNESS.—In Boston, Dec. 27, 1913, suddenly, of heart failure, Dawes Eliot Furness, aged 67, son of the late James Thwing and Elizabeth Margaret (Eliot) Furness.

MCINTIRE.—In Wollaston, Mass., Dec. 21, 1913, in her 88th year, Caroline Fisher McIntire, wife of Farrington McIntire, Harvard Divinity School Graduate 1846, and mother of Mrs. Edward J. Cummings of Wollaston.

Fifty-Fifth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service Automobile Hearses.
Frank S Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 73-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address. "Undertaker Boston."

EUROPE POPULAR TOURS at Popular Prices $375 and up
Eighth Season THE SHELTON PARTIES Announcements
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1893. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED concerning the adoption of promising children into good homes. Ward R. Clarke, Unitarian Parsonage, Saco, Me., for the York County Children's Aid Society.

Digitized by Google

adjoining building broke out at about one o'clock in the morning, and for two hours the church was almost given up. The clock tower was badly damaged, and the side of the church badly blistered, with the windows badly cracked. The insurance covers the damage estimated at $1,000. The people of the church face the New Year with renewed zeal and thanksgiving that the old church still stands.

Springfield, Mass.—Church of the Unity. Rev. Augustus P. Reccord: The church has just completed another successful year. The annual meeting of the Society was held December 30, preceded by an excellent supper served by the women of the church. The treasurer's report showed that the society is in a flourishing condition financially. The total receipts and disbursements were each $11,505. The gifts for religious and philanthropic purposes were $2,225, nearly 20 per cent. of the total budget. During the year thirty-two persons received the right hand of fellowship, making the present membership 343, of which number 290 are resident and active. The reports of the various organizations of the church showed that all were active and efficient. The Sunday-school reported 123 members, the Men's Club 120, and the Women's Alliance 150. In addition to its regular meetings the Men's Club conducted a series of People's Meetings on Sunday evenings during January and February in conjunction with the Men's Club of the South Congregational Church. The series was so successful that an aftermath of six stereopticon lectures was arranged. A similar series of meetings will be held this year. The January meetings will be in the Church of the Unity and will be as follows: January 4, Prof. William Bailey of Yale, "The Church and the Community"; January 11, Mr. Talcott Williams of New York, "The Public and the Press"; January 18, Prof. William MacDonald of Brown University, "Wanted, a New Aristocracy"; January 25, Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne of Auburn, N.Y., "My Adventures in Prison." An informal discussion will follow each address. The Women's Alliance is supplementing its regular activity by supporting for one year, at an expense of $800, a special teacher in the public schools who works exclusively among the defective and delinquent children under the direction of Prof. George E. Dawson. In these and other ways the church is demonstrating its worth to the community by serving the community needs.

Personals.

On Sunday, the 23d of November, a large deputation went by special train from Calcutta to Bolpur to do honor to Rabindranath Tagore, recipient of the Nobel prize for literature. Men assembled from other places, too, so that the gathering numbered more than a thousand souls. Science and literature, law and medicine, art and journalism, religion and education, all had their eminent representatives there. The aristocracy and the various religious communities, too, were represented. Dr. J. C. Bose was elected to preside on the occasion. That was a rare moment when India's greatest scientist presented the homage and congratulation to India's greatest poet.

Rev. Albert Lazenby of the Second Congregational Society, Lynn, is now absent as lecturer on the Billings Foundation for the American Unitarian Association in the Canadian North-west. Mr. Lazenby was generously granted the leave of absence for six weeks by his church, beginning the first Sunday in December. The action of the church sparing its minister for this important service to the cause of the denomination has been greatly appreciated. Mr. Lazenby proceeded directly to Edmonton, Alberta, where the recently organized Unitarian society has been holding lay services. His coming was hailed with joy by the people, and he has been preaching every Sunday to enthusiastic congregations. The churches at Calgary and Vancouver are also hoping to secure Mr. Lazenby's services for a Sunday or two before his return. Mr. Lazenby reports one feature of church life in Edmonton which is novel to those living on this side of the line. He arrived in Edmonton just at the time of the municipal election, and found that the church, being a corporation, had a vote for mayor. The trustees met and passed a formal resolution that the vote of the society should be cast for Mr. McNamara. Mr. McNamara, who was successfully elected mayor of Edmonton, is also, it is pleasing to note, one of the strongest supporters of the Unitarian society.

The Tuckerman School.

Several changes in the programme are necessitated by the finishing of three half-year courses. The Bible lesson, which has been given at 9.30 on Wednesday mornings, will be given at ten o'clock Tuesdays, beginning January 13.

The new course on Principles of Cooking will be conducted by Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln at Bulfinch Place Church Wednesday mornings at half past ten, as facilities are offered here for demonstration. Any who would like to join this class may arrange to do so at the first lesson, January 14. There will be a small fee.

The leaders of the devotional services on Tuesday mornings in January are Rev. Sheed Anderson January 6, Rev. R. W. Boynton of Buffalo January 13, and Rev. Florence Buck January 20. The services are at half-past nine, and all friends of the school and of the speakers are asked to join us.

Acknowledgments of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$4,922.22
Dec. 1.	Miss Priscilla W. Hencock, Wyncote, Pa.	1.10
2.	Society in Milton, Mass	1,000.00
3.	Society in Rowe, Mass.	15.00
5.	Society in Newburyport, Mass.	250.00
8.	Society in Braintree, Mass.	22.50
8.	Society in Rochester, N.Y.	50.00
8.	Society in St. Paul, Minn.	143.25
8.	Society in Winchester, Mass., additional	50.00
12.	Society in Arlington, Mass., additional	10.00
12.	Society in Meadville, Pa.	88.00
13.	W. E. Dean, Portland, Ark.	10.00
15.	A Friend	1.00
15.	Mrs. Charles H. Langmuir, Los Angeles, Cal	1.00
15.	Dr. B. Lake Noyes, Stonington, Me.	2.00
16.	Society in Ware, Mass.	40.00
17.	New York League of Unitarian Women	10.00
18.	Society in Springfield, Mass.	1,000.00
23.	A Friend	1.00
23.	Society in Westwood, Mass.	50.00
27.	Society in Jamaica Plain, Mass.	438.65
29.	John M. Moses, Barnstead, N.H.	4.00
31.	Society in Newport, R.I.	228.04
31.	Associate Members	5.00

Especially contributed for the department of religious education.

27.	Society in Arlington, Mass.	40.88

Received through the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

1.	Society in Portsmouth, N.H.	25.00
5.	Sunday School, Rutherford, N.J.	5.00
8	First Parish in Dorchester, Mass	100.00
19.	Louisville, Ky., Branch Women's Alliance	3.00

The Winnipeg, Man., church building.

8.	Society in Montreal, Can.	566.57
9.	First Society, Salem, Mass.	10.00
30	First Society, Buffalo, N.Y., additional	85.00

The Dayton, Ohio, church building.

9.	First Society, Salem, Mass.	10.00
		$9,195.10

Henry M. Williams, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

To Young Americans.*

By Baron d'Estournelles de Constant.

One of your most devoted guides in America asked me, two years ago, to let you hear a short talk on helpful subjects for morning exercises,—anything, he says, to make you happier or better. I kept his fine and generous letter a long time on my table: very often I thought of it, but it is only this morning that I can write a suitable answer. I will write as I can, knowing that you are not too critical, and that you prefer my poor English to my best French. What I care for is not to send you a literary message, but to reach your hearts.

I have travelled a great deal, and I am able now to draw, from the various experiences of my life, a conclusion which may be of use to you, young friends, who have been so kind to me. Supposing that you can avail yourselves of my efforts, and that I can save part of your future troubles and deceptions, that will be the reward of your kindness, and a new illustration of our French proverb, "Un bienfait n'est jamais perdu."

You cannot know, indeed, what a blessing is the sympathy of youth for a man or for a woman of good-will who has been depressed by the cold faces, by the indifference and the prejudices of the so-called "reasonable people."

When I feel sad and nearly discouraged, I can recover at once by simply meeting the pure and confident eyes of a child,—even a young dog, suddenly jumping or looking at me with joy, can change my mind and refresh it: it can give me a new start. And so it is with the shining of the morning light.

Be kind, obliging, my dear friends, not only to your friends,—that is too easy, and it is the only way to win their kindness in exchange,—but to every being who may take comfort from your kindness. A mere smile may save a soul from despair. Never be avaricious of your smiling, of your regards, towards people who are in trouble. Some powerful men can bring help by their assistance, their money, their material strength: a young man or a young woman can do still more by giving his or her sympathy. Do not be shy, do not be afraid of being ridiculous; a man who does the good work which the others will not do is often ridiculed at first, but not for long: express your good-will as

* This New Year's greeting from Baron D'Estournelles is published by the American Association for International Conciliation.

Digitized by Google

you can, with the right words or with no words, as long as you do not keep it for you alone.

Be true and faithful; it is so easy to lie; but remember that we cannot deceive twice the same friend; we have to change him; and, at length, we find no more friends to listen to us; they all know they cannot trust our word. Never speak against your past friend; keep silent and reserved about his fault, which may be yours; otherwise the friend will find that you can change and he will not feel safe with you.

Never be violent, except to resist a violent aggression, if you see not other honorable issue. That is the great effort for you! Violence is such a temptation for a strong boy even for a little boy! I should say even for a little girl, but the temptation does not last for her. Violence seems, at first, so innocent, so easy, so natural; a mere application of our forces; sometimes a precious help; a good blow! Is it not a good lesson for a bad boy? Yes, indeed, but a bad example, too! Violence is not the way to teach Justice and Right. Suppose your masters would use it to illustrate their explanations with you. There is no limit to violence. Violence has no end. It is never a solution. The violent boy has to be, every day, stronger than his comrade; but he cannot be as strong as all his comrades together.

I have always found that violence leads to domination and that domination does not last, cannot last: the end of it is, sooner or later, collapse and humiliation. This is true for a boy, still more for a man, still more for a nation.

Never a nation, even a great empire, could last by domination: what they are so proud to call "imperialism" has been and will be always the beginning of the end. It is now a well-known fever, an archaic illness, a backward policy. When the majority of the people of a great country stop their work and think only of armaments, conquests, and ostentation, then it means they are isolating and weakening themselves; instead of friends, they have nobody in the world to support them; far from it, conceited, suspected everywhere, they become a danger for all the other nations. Far from being stronger, they feel dissatisfied and angry. They are no longer so good at work. Their intellectual and moral progress, their industry, their genius, and, consequently, their production, artistic, scientific, economic, go lessening every year, compared with other nations. They cannot even understand the reasons of their inferiority; they become jealous and sensitive; they see enemies, spies, danger everywhere; they may extend their military forces; their vitality goes shrinking. The slightest misunderstanding with another nation is sufficient to bring a war which is not a remedy, but the end of all. A war, now, is not what it was in the past, when the brave chevalier had to face his enemy. Now he has to fight at such a distance that he does not know and he does not see the other army. He does not even know why he is at war and what will be the results of the battle, even if victorious. He knows only that the nation had to pay, for the preparation of that war, billions and billions of dollars which were needed to make the country really strong and prosperous, surrounded by friends and customers, billions which were wanted for making good roads, restoring your forests and your rivers, building railways, ports, universities, hospitals, museums, parks, and fine cities. He knows that the nation will have to pay still more after the war, in order to be more and more unsafe and isolated.

You, American young friends, you are a new nation, a new living hope for the world. I expect a great deal, for the future of the old Europe, from your good-will and your good faith. Do not imitate our faults! Do not become too matter-of-fact, too self-confident; do not dream of extending your country, which is already—compared to ours in Europe—as large as a continent; that is my Christmas wish: keep young, keep kind, keep true, confident in your future, faithful to your past. Never forget our common ancestors, our French pioneers, from La Salle to La Fayette and de Lesseps, who so willingly devoted their lives to prepare yours. It is not enough for you to accept their legacy, you have to develop it; that is to say, to increase its value, not its size. You have to make your new world so good that it becomes an example for our old one. Yes! we need your American initiative as you need our experience. No more than a man, can a nation live alone. Your progress will stimulate our progress: your faults would stop our way as well as yours.

And now, good-bye, dear friends; no, good morning,—never good-bye,—we never die as long as we leave our work behind us; good morning to you; happy day, happy New Year. The sky has not changed, the cold winter prepares a mild spring; enjoy your life, enjoy your day; consider your teachers as your friends; listen to them; think of them; speak of them; you will make them happier and better; and you will then feel yourselves in better spirits to play your fascinating baseball, to ride your bicycle or your horse, to drive your motor car (if you can get one), to paddle your canoe, to swim in the deep waters, to walk, to run, to climb, to breathe. Don't forget to learn French, in order to come and see me and to make new friends in the Old World; be happy, be gay, be strong, in order to help any one who needs your health and your strength. The more you help other people, the more you will find everywhere assistance and sympathy. The more your country will appear friendly to other nations, the greater and happier she will be.

There is the fruit of all my political experience: that is what I would call the modern wisdom of men as well as of nations.

PARIS, FRANCE.

Poetry and Truth.

We wonder why it is so many of our modern poems, especially those that touch upon labor, are so jaundiced. One might think at times, in reading our younger poets, that we are living in the Dark Ages, sodden with cruelty, rapacity, and fanaticism, instead of in an age flaming with great achievement, and golden with heroism, altruism, and tolerance. When a poet feels the inspiration of all this, as Kipling has, he gets an immediate hearing around the world. But, when a poet sees nothing in toil but a primal curse, nothing in sex but animalism and white slavery, nothing in organized industry but rapacity, nothing in a big city but temptation and corruption, there is but one safe course for him or her,—to let sociology alone and draw poetic inspiration from ancient history and from inanimate nature.—*Current Opinion.*

In the city of Tokyo, Japan, forty daily newspapers are printed, so a trade journal informs us, while in all Japan there are about eight hundred dailies. One of these has a circulation of 100,000 copies.

Of the two million trees to be planted on the national forests of Montana and Northern Idaho during the present fiscal year, one-half have been set out this fall and the rest will be put in next spring.

An odd and useful plant of our Pacific coast is the soap-root. The grass-like crinkled leaves appear close to the ground in the spring, and are known to every California country dweller. They grow from a deep-rooted bulb incased in coarse fibre. If the fibre is stripped off and the onion-like bulb, crushed between the hands, is rubbed in water as one uses a cake of soap, a plentiful lather results, as cleansing as any soap bought in a store.

CLOSING

If you want to make any change in your telephone service, DO IT NOW, so that the corrected listing may appear in the next Boston Directory

Give your order at 119 Milk Street, 165 Tremont Street or 50 Oliver Street, Boston, or by telephoning Fort Hill 7600—the Contract Department

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Don't conjugate up unnecessary difficulties," cried Mrs. Twickembury.

Before the Dentist's Door.—"If I were only sure that the doctor was out, I would ring the bell!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

The Associate Editor: "I have some paragraphs on 'Socks' here. Where shall I put them?" The Chief: "Among the footnotes."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"In what part of the body is the liver?" asked a teacher, while examining the class in physiology; and she was a good deal surprised when the tall boy replied, "South of the lungs."

Garrulous Stranger (on a train): "My wife's name was Wood. What was yours?" Crusty Old Bachelor: "I guess mine's name was 'wouldn't.' I didn't get her."—*Washington Star.*

The Author: "I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night hour after hour thinking about my literary work." His friend: "Why don't you get up and read portions of it?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"No, my man, this is not mine. It was a twenty-dollar bill I lost." "But it was a twinty dollar-bill before I got it changed, sir." "What did you get it changed for?" "Och, sure, so the owner could convayniently reward me, sor."

An unprepared man went to address a Sunday-school. Thinking to be funny, he asked this question: "What would you do before so many bright boys and girls, who expected a speech from you, if you had nothing to say?" "I'd keep quiet," replied a small boy.—*St. Louis Mirror.*

Miss De Pretty: "I don't see how you whistle through your fingers that way. I could never do it in the world." Mr. Goodheart (wishing to compliment her delicate little hands): "No, Miss De Pretty: if you should try it, your whole hand would slip into your mouth."—*New York Weekly.*

Rev. John Robertson said that one of his biggest critics was a man who ostentatiously put his fingers in his ears while he was preaching. The man annoyed him this way for a long time, and one time he asked Mr. Spurgeon what he should do. Mr. Spurgeon, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "I would—I would pray for a fly on his nose."

An American gentleman from Buffalo, N.Y., entered his name in a hotel register in Germany as "James I. King of Buffalo, N.Y." An open-eyed but hasty reporter announced in the daily paper that James I., King of Buffalo, had arrived in town. Whereupon such a tide of beggars, tradesmen, and loafers surrounded Mr. King, some of them mistaking him for the original "Buffalo Bill," that he was forced to leave the place.

Foote, the comedian, dined one day at a country inn, and the landlord asked how he liked his fare. "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except the mayor!" cried the landlord. "I except nobody," said he. "But you must!" screamed the host. "I won't!" "You must!" At length a petty magistrate took Foote before the mayor, who observed that it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely born the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ESTD. 1848
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
31st year. Sept. 22, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys.
George H. Browne, A.M.,
Rev. Willard Reed, A.M., } Principals.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.

Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.

Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 3 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 49
Fixity and Stability 50
The Watch Tower 51

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION 52

CURRENT TOPICS 52

BREVITIES 53

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Civics, and again Civics; Unitarian Missionary Work . . 54

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Harvard Divinity School 54
Before the First Snow, by Augusta Larned 55
A New Year Word 56
The Philosophy of Door-bells, by E. S. Goodhue, M.D., LL.D. 57
The Mission of Christianity to the Far East, by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D. 59
My Ministry, by Rev. Napoleon S. Hoagland 61
Religion at Harvard 62
The Wisdom of the Japanese, by Eugene Parsons . . . 66
Types of Negroes; Hindus in America; From Dayton, Ohio 67
The Alliance 68
From the Massachusetts Federation of Churches; The Tuckerman School 71

LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines 63

THE HOME.
The Unbendable Doll, by Elizabeth Flint Wade; A Dreadful Man 64
A Rainy Day Visitor, by Edith Francis Claflin; When Mother Bear made Pickles; The Western Jack-rabbit 65

POETRY.
The Coming Christ 57
The Conqueror 62
The Wonderful Toy, by Sarah E. Burton 64

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
The New Course of Religious Instruction 68

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
What our Young People can do for Foreign Missionary Work 69

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 70

PLEASANTRIES 72

Editorial.

THERE is no braver thing in life than the walking the down grade of years into sure weakness, loneliness, and helplessness, with sweet resignation and a cheerful ignoring of the situation. The active heroisms of life are naturally set up as examples, because they are presented in attractive form and in engaging instances. But the passive heroisms are more admirable because they have no such compensations and meet no such recognition. There is little that is dramatic and inspiring in them. The aged are therefore left to themselves. The vigor of the world selects what is like itself. So it easily becomes customary to classify people in a way that leaves the retired forces out of any respectable account or only such account as is reminiscent. The wisdom of Socrates, in the opening part of the Republic, may well be regarded by youth and manhood in every generation. "There is nothing which I like better, Cephalus, than conversing with aged men like yourself; for I regard them as travellers who have gone a journey which I, too, may have to go, and of whom I ought to inquire whether the way is smooth and easy or rough and difficult."

In an address, since his return to England, Mr. Bryce said that he had made a vow not to express any opinion on either American or home politics during the time he was an ambassador and for six months afterward, and was, therefore, not yet unmuzzled. Such candid avowal is significant and instructive. Men usually resent with some spirit any insinuation that they are, or can be, muzzled either by force of authority or propriety. What heat of fervor we have seen, in those who rise to the heights of noble independence, when the declaration has been made that no limitation of speech can for a moment be tolerated in a free country and in the air of religious liberty! To those who do not open their mouth on every subject and in any place under the sun there is imputed an opportunism or cowardice. Woe to the minister who exercises any discrimination as to what subjects he shall take into his pulpit, and what he shall say to the people who do him the honor to listen to him. He is a time-server if he lets any sense of fitness intrude upon prophecy, and a hireling if he acknowledges any obligation as to his utterance. In the mean time it sometimes takes a braver spirit to assert the freedom to choose what one shall say than to say what others demand shall be said.

Digitized by Google

The man who is considerate and tolerant of others, and cautious not to make speech leaden, will have more freedom and more attention, when he most wishes freedom, than the man who is quick to rush into unrestrained expression. The ambassadors of religion may find that a muzzle or two will often be serviceable and save them from being subject to worse constraint.

An admirable trait in an artist is to say nothing but appreciative things of a member of the same craft, and in every calling and profession the principle behind this reserve is indisputable. There is a loyalty due to the craft as a whole, and each member should care more to keep up the dignity and good name of his order than to pick at the flaws and differences which divide him from his fellows. His own place may rest on such fidelity: it may be well to judge not, in order that one shall not be so judged. The case is different when flagrant unworthiness is in question. The man who would shield a fellow practitioner in a violation of law or morals would thereby not protect, but would soil, the medical profession. To conceal moral faults is another matter than to comment on, or charge, professional imperfections. The newsboy, asked what was the best paper, replied, "Well, you see, I can't tell you that, because, if I did, the other papers would think I was knocking them." That was admirable loyalty to employers. But what is the duty of a physician as to a quack whom he knows to be robbing and killing his victims, of a lawyer as to the shyster who brings law into disrepute, of a minister as to the fellow minister whose week-day word cannot be trusted or whose Sunday word is not his own? Is there not such a thing as subornation of loyalty?

The things people bring on themselves and then charge to fate or ill-luck, not to say other people, make up most of the groundwork of ill-fortune. As we cannot hear our own voice, so we cannot see our own behavior just as it is, nor weigh our actions just as they are. Nor does it do much good when others tell us. The thing will not look to us as they tell us it is. Nothing but the proof in experience convinces beyond question. But even that does not completely convince, if there is bitterness left. The lessons of living are neutralized in the spirit that rebels and will not accept them, and seeks for the explanation of misfortune in every direction but the one direction of self. It is the price we pay for independence that no one can help us much when we are in that state of mind. We see how it is when we try to open a plain matter to one who is absolutely color-blind to the nature of it. We have to leave such persons to find their way alone, though we know they will stumble in the rough way and flounder in the bogs. There is a fine wisdom in some of the suffering and pain of the world. The toughest endurance and stiffest pluck gain an ally in sore defeat and repeated beatings and buffetings when they bring a humbled spirit and a teachable mind. The ground of human nature will not cause the good seed planted in it to grow till it is ploughed and harrowed. Better than to remove hardship from our lives would it be to understand it and profit by it.

The London *Times*, in criticising the introduction of alien dances into English society, says that their hold on modern society is not hard to explain. "We have reached again a moment at which the pursuit of pleasure is approved. The pursuit of pleasure is one of the most sensible things to which the mind of man can give itself; for, though the moralists dwell on the difference between pleasure and happiness, the normal man finds that the greater part of his happiness arises from pleasure. Yet the rhythm of life never brings to the surface the same thing twice in the same form. . . . We honestly believe that pleasure is not bad, but good,—a thing worth having for its own sake, no less than as a source of vitality and strength and as a sweetener of life. Yet we seem to be no nearer than we were twenty years ago to what is, for ourselves, natural. We import our nature." That is the point. What is appealed to here as nature is not our nature, but one foisted upon us. The proof is that, after the craze of novelty and daring has passed, highly desirable modifications have been made in the new dances. Those who indignantly repelled charges of impropriety now call attention to certain radical improvements, at once an admission of what was denied and an indication that public opinion has had some influence. Critics must, therefore, not be too exacting. They must be content with modification and not insist on banishment. After excess has shown what it is, the way to prevent its continuance is to substitute rather than abolish.

Fixity and Stability.

Much of the conservatism which hinders the bettering of the world is the outgrowth of a wrong idea of what constitutes stability. It is the kind of attachment to a constitution which is admirable in idea, and to a degree advisable, but which in the end makes a constitution defeat its real purpose. It treats a constitution as if at its finish the principles under which government would be assured and liberties guaranteed were once for all completed. Approaching conditions not contemplated by the makers of the fundamental instrument, pressing for recognition and mending is looked upon as anarchical. Even an appeal to the merits of a matter is deemed an impertinence. To want to change things for any purpose is too inconsiderate to be thought of for a moment. Such a wish is an unpardonable reflection on the wisdom of the fathers and an imputation of demerit in their descendants, particularly those who live more in descent than in ascent, and are, if we may say so, quicker to dissent, than to assent, when improvement is urged. The reply to this objection to revision and to the introduction of new provisions for new conditions is that the inviolability of a constitution rests in its stability, but not in its fixity. A constitution that could not be changed at all is worse than a constitution that could too readily be changed. The purpose of a constitution is to regulate change, to make it progress rather than merely change, to prevent erratic fluency, to make a balance wheel without which the power for the engine would drive it to pieces, to lengthen the periods of experiment so that evolution shall not always be revolution, in short to establish the strength of reason against the perils of caprice. But nothing of this purpose forbids amendment. No reverence for principle need be an idolatry. If a constitution is founded in eternal principles of justice and the common good, if it can stand alone, we do not need to tie it to anything more immovable than those principles. It is made for the sake of stability, but it needs no fixity. It is more reliable for being held above the reach of passing whims, but it is more enduring for being within the reach of growing conviction.

Orthodoxy meets us with a plea for conservatism which sounds much like this defence of fixity in government. It says that those who introduce disturbing ideas are unsettling our foundations. It puts on a long face toward its own household, and warns the more enterprising members of the family that their sort of in-

Digitized by Google

terest will shake the walls and crack the plastering. It has catchwords of condemnation which get fastened to liberal forms of belief, and prevent a fair hearing. The students of the Bible who work in the spirit of truth are called its enemies, and treated as rebels against authority; the appreciation of Jesus, founded in direct appeal to his character and chief sayings, is charged with neglect of him; the adoption as a part of religion that which is ascertained in the present, though it may displace things once believed, is deemed shocking; a consistent use of the fact of a living God is called irreligious because the dead ideas about him are thus abandoned; a time when the only proof of God's presence was a form of miracle of no present convincingness is thought sacred on that account, and the time when science and law is the path of his wonder is called godless. Every step toward higher, and therefore broader, views is charged with danger to these hesitant worshippers of things as they were. We who are trusting to the light of the new day are called the nihilists of faith, and for our confidence that no change is irreverent which is ready with sounder props of faith in place of those no longer safe we are branded with the mark of the theological anarchist. Back to the constitution, defend the faith of the fathers, protect from any change the things once considered sacred as though they were still sacred,—these are the slogans that seem to shame the apostles of things now delivered to the saints.

But we may bide our time. When the basis does not tremble, and the great truths wax stronger for our single-hearted trust in them, and the real constitution of things takes into itself that which is called a danger to stability to make it more enduring than before, we may cheerfully keep on our way. We have the advantage that is more than novelty. For re-enforcements we need not look to those who spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. Good sense even among those unaccustomed to change is coming to sanction the principle of stability through continuity rather than through fixity. It was in China, that land of reliance on unchanged ways, and from the Empress Dowager, that these words were promulgated only a dozen years ago. "Of human ordinances there is none so permanently established that it cannot be subject to alteration. Throughout the ages successive generations have introduced new methods or abolished effete institutions. There is no more objection to altering any particular human ordinance than there is in putting fresh strings to a lute or a guitar." They bring a rebuke, from the heart of conservatism, for inaccessibility to change, and they are just as true in theology as they are in government.

The Watch Tower.

Sentimentally, every new year is a time full of hope and promise, glad anticipation and eager belief in the good to come, until we find its very first day stained with the same old crimes, disorders, tumults, preventable accidents, heartrending casualties, the same envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. The evil that seemed torn up by the roots comes to life again in new places and under changed conditions and names. The world, we see, is going to jog on much as before, with its good and evil struggling and contending together, and neither ever winning a complete victory.

There is no such thing as a happy new year for everybody. We wish it might be so, and yet we know that thousands, nay, millions, must, in 1914, get on as best they may without happiness. And yet some new seed has been sown and some old fallow fields of disappointed effort and fruitless endeavor do give signs of bringing forth a new crop. Some trees that seemed dead give promise of bearing leaves and fruit for the healing of the nations. We hope the better elements are still at the top and are being reinforced and strengthened.

And what of the Church, its aggregate life? Is there glad promise there? A worker in the Forward Religious Movement has recently, from his large field of observation, given a rather discouraging picture of one great city, where, all told, there are a thousand churches. And what are they doing to redeem this peace, where their spires rise as thickly as pointed firs in a forest of evergreen?

Go to the top of one of the tallest buildings, and note how the towers and steeples rise against the heavens, speaking a language to the hurrying crowds of the street quite unlike that of the great exchanges, the immense buildings of finance, trade, speculation, and transportation. This gentle critic of the Church speaks tenderly, with an evident dislike to criticise the sanctuaries and the services he loves. Those who love the churches are clear-eyed, are best fitted to speak of their defects and shortcomings, not in anger, not in a carping spirit, but in regret and sorrow.

And the fault that he lays at their door is not that they are orthodox or unorthodox, not that they are progressive or unprogressive, but that perhaps they are too unsympathetic, too unloving toward each other, too little inclined to get out of their own little stream of tendency and influence into the great stimulating currents of a larger united life. It is sectarianism that stands in the way and hinders the pentecostal spirit. So the head of the salvation army has been giving his opinion of the present state of the churches. He sees that they are not practical: they are dreaming the dreams of the past, while the world is tingling with new energy. It courses like the billows of the sea, wave upon wave, about the walls of the churches. It roars, it shouts, it shrieks its woe and its need against doors fast shut six days in the weeks.

But the spirit of Jesus is still efficient. It is taking hold of those who are not of the church and may not recognize it by the name of Christianity. To some that name is indifferent, if not obnoxious, who still are working in his spirit and know it not. We recognize this force which is forming, if not a church, a spiritual unity outside the church, when we consider the magnificent sum total of rescue work and of benefits for the whole people which has been accomplished during the past dark year. The churches have, doubtless not done their share; but it seems manifest that the finest impulses, the most fruitful initiatives, never come from outside the churches. Thousands of men and women all over the country unselfishly have given time and strength, money and personal effort, for the good of others. How many wise schemes offering opportunity to those who aspire to self-help have been put in practice! how much devotion on the part of science for the saving of life! how much effort put forth in sheltering, feeding, and reforming those too weak to do the work for themselves! how much study given to the reform of prisons and the salvation of the prisoner, what new and pregnant ideas in social service, and the better housing and nurturing of the poor! It is a noble sum total the recording angel has had to inscribe in his golden book of the year. If the note of promise cannot be as loud and long as it sometimes is, still the air vibrates with expectancy, and the winter skies flush with great hopes of blessings to come. For these hopes are not based on any high-flown sentimental conception, on any spread-eagle flights of our great country's destiny and mission, but on a solid foundation of facts, purposes, and earnest effort inaugurated and growing ever dearer to the souls of people who believe they are coworkers with God when they put

Digitized by Google

aside class interests and all selfish aims, and work wholeheartedly for the whole people.

Many of the best regenerators of our time are humble people. Their names are not in the society columns of the newspapers. They make no stir in the world, but it is they who create public sentiment, the strongest of all forces. There are more of them working to-day than ever before, and their faith and hope and courage are laying the foundations of a new social order.

Those who love their country and their kind have good cause to feel a modest assurance that the great needs, deprivations, and sufferings of the world are taking hold of multitudes of people who formerly were indifferent, because they were not awake and conscious of their duty. These people, some of them, were among the old sleepers who had their ears filled with old hymns and prayers, and believed them efficacious for the salvation of the world, without personal effort or any special sacrifice of ease or comfort on their part.

But the new movement for the salvation of the world has no dogma to promulgate, no ritual to establish, no ecclesiastical hair-splitting to advocate, but is a new method and spirit of practical love to man the brother, and woman the sister, and the little child. Jesus Christ still lives, and, so to speak, he is becoming more and more alive every day. When, after he had risen, the Apostles met him in the way, they did not know him, but their hearts burned within them. When our hearts burn with the noblest ambition of service, though we see him not, we may be sure he is near.

American Unitarian Association.

Already at headquarters the final work for the present fiscal year of the Association is being considered. The programmes for Anniversary Week are tentatively being blocked out, and the preliminary correspondence relative to the consummation of the year's work has been begun. Before many months the ministers of our fellowship and the clerks and secretaries of the other organizations having delegate membership in the Association will receive cards of inquiry concerning the material for the Year Book.

It is especially desirable that every member and every person interested in the Association should know about and study carefully, when it appears, the forthcoming report of the commission provided for at the last annual meeting. The resolution which proposed this commission, and which was unanimously adopted last May, reads as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That the president appoint a commission of five persons to examine and report on the status of the American Unitarian Association as to the legal and proper scope and limitation of its powers under its charter, and to recommend such changes n any respect as may seem to them advisable."

The members of that commission, appointed by the president, are as follows: Judge Louis C. Cornish of Augusta, Me., chairman; Henry H. Fuller, Esq., of Lancaster, Mass., secretary; Hon. Henry B. Sawyer of Brookline, Mass.; Rev. William M. Brundage of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss Anna M. Bancroft of Hopedale, Mass.

This commission entered upon its important task early in the autumn, has already met in protracted sessions several times, and has conducted the work with a thoroughness and painstaking industry which deserves the respect and gratitude of every one who believes in the legal and efficient organization of Unitarian interests. The commission has already invited, through the *Christian Register* and circular letters to all the churches and life members, suggestions that may enlighten and assist it in the undertaking. When the report is at length completed, it is hoped that it will offer a working basis, cleared of all doubtful queries and obscure issues. We shall have reason to assume, after the adoption of the report (if it be adopted) that the character of membership in the Association will be clearly defined, that the privileges of delegate societies and the rights of life members will be explained, that the legal necessities under the charter of incorporation will be set forth, that a suitable procedure in the election of officers and the conduct of business will be indicated, and that the methods for the permanent fulfilment of pledges and the carrying out of the wishes of testators will be stated.

The report of the commission is, therefore, intended to inform all who do not understand and all who have held erroneous notions concerning the character and function of the Association. There is great need of such instruction throughout our denomination. The requests which frequently reach headquarters betray great ignorance about these matters. Often are the officers urged to engage in enterprises which are in no way related to the functions of an organization of this kind. Literature is not infrequently presented for publication which has no bearing upon our work, and causes and propagandas are frequently brought to the Unitarian headquarters for promotion which are only remotely related to the fundamental purposes for which the Association was formed.

The end which we should seek is denominational efficiency. This end cannot be fully realized except through a denominational *esprit de corps* which recognizes the supreme purposes that liberal Christianity has in view. The knowledge on the part of the independent churches that compose our fellowship, that we have a definite work to do in this world, that we are employing the best methods for the accomplishment of that work, and that the full strength of our body is devoted to it, cannot fail to produce good results. It is that such denominational efficiency may be gained through such knowledge that we recommend the study of the report to be issued by the commission. A wise and careful consideration of that report is earnestly recommended.

Lewis G. Wilson.

Current Topics.

On the eve of the reassembling of Congress, last Monday, for the deliberations which are expected to strengthen the legislative machinery against the so-called "trusts," a notable achievement in the National Administration's policy of bringing about dissolutions of large aggregations of capital without recourse to legal proceedings was recorded in Washington at the end of last week. Howard Elliott, chairman of the board of directors of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad system, informed the Department of Justice that the corporation which he represented was willing to relinquish control of the Boston & Maine Railroad, the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company, the Eastern Steamship Company, and various trolley lines in New England. The offer, which met with the approval of the Department of Justice, was the outcome of a widespread agitation in New England and New York, in which the critics of the management of the New Haven system complained that the corporation was hampering the territory which it serves by monopolizing its transportation facilities by land and by water.

The surrender of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, following closely upon the retreat of the American Telegraph and Telephone Com-

Digitized by Google

pany in relinquishing control of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and of the withdrawal of partners in the house of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. from thirty directorates of corporations, was accepted by the administration as a fresh indication of the impression which has been produced upon the minds of capitalists by the evident sentiment against the perpetuation of centralized control over vast financial and industrial resources. Nevertheless, when the session of Congress was resumed last Monday, the Democratic leaders, after many consultations with President Wilson, had prepared a comprehensive programme of legislation to add to the strength and effectiveness of existing laws against the elimination of reasonable competition, and against the accumulation of tremendous financial power into the hands of comparatively few individuals.

THE battle of Ojinaga, which ended last Saturday in the defeat of the Federal garrison by the rebels under Gen. Francisco Villa, and the flight of the defenders across the Rio Grande to American soil, with part of their artillery, ammunition, and supplies, presented the Mexican problem in concrete form to the American commanders in Texas and to the administration in Washington. The refugees, including combatants and non-combatants, amounted to about 4,500 souls. They were in utter destitution, and the military authorities on the American side of the line were put to it to provide for their immediate needs pending their return to Mexico. From a strategic point of view the abandonment of Ojinaga by the Huerta forces was an important success for the rebels, inasmuch as it gave them practically complete control over all of Northern Mexico. It also constituted an important preliminary to the next general movement in the direction of the City of Mexico, which apparently was inaugurated at the beginning of the week by the breaking of railway communications between the capital and the port of Vera Cruz.

A SIGNIFICANT incident, perhaps a decisive event, in the struggle against militarism in Germany was recorded at Strassburg on January 10, when courts-martial acquitted all the German officers who had been accused of breaches of the civil law in the recent disturbances in Zabern, Alsace. The acquittal was unanimous, in spite of the equally unanimous testimony of civilian witnesses, who described in detail the high-handed manner in which the military authorities had sustained the honor of the army in the course of the anti-military demonstrations. The judges justified the aggressions of the military by citing a decree issued by the king of Prussia in 1820, which empowered the military to suppress disorders upon their own initiative and without awaiting a request from the civil authorities. The acquittals included even Lieut. von Förstner, who, by a previous tribunal, had been sentenced to a short term of imprisonment for sabering a crippled cobbler who had ventured to remonstrate with him.

THE findings of the military judges at Strassburg aroused violent sentiments of widely-varying import throughout Germany. By the military party, including conspicuously the heir to the imperial throne, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, the verdicts were applauded as a vindication of the honor of the uniform. By the discontented elements, which apparently include the majority in the Reichstag, the decree of Strassburg was denounced energetically as a blow at civil rights and an affirmation of the ascendancy of military force over civil law. The verdict had no sooner been flashed over the empire by the telegraph wires than it became apparent that the nation was preparing to take up the issue in good earnest in a fresh attempt to determine whether Germany shall be ruled by the sword or by duly constituted civil authority. Alsace itself, with Lorraine, lost no time in expressing its discontent with existing conditions, which very likely are destined to retard greatly the attempts of German statecraft to reconcile the territory taken from France in 1870 to its status as a part of the German empire.

THE aggressive part which Turkey is preparing to play in the immediate future of the Balkan states is plainly indicated by the sweeping measures of military organization which are being put in effect in Constantinople. These include the retirement of practically the entire corps of general officers who took part in the first Balkan war, and their replacement by young men, many of whom are Germans, and by the appointment of German officers to the highest commands, with unlimited powers to modernize the army upon German models. A similar reversal of things is in progress in the navy, which is being put under the command of British naval officers, with authority to make of the sea forces of the empire an effective fighting machine. The primary and immediate object of this renewal of efficiency is Greece, which, under the mandate of the powers, apparently will be permitted to retain possession of all except two of the Ægean Islands, which the Greek navy occupied without opposition while Bulgaria was holding the main Turkish strength in Thrace.

As a part of her new policy of aggression, Turkey within the past week has shown a determination to take an active part in the affairs of Albania, which was erected into an independent state under the authority of the ambassadorial conference in London at the end of the first Balkan war. Izzet Pasha, former minister of war at Constantinople, has announced his candidacy for the Albanian throne, in opposition to Prince William of Wied, who has been selected for the honor by the powers. An attempt by a military force from Constantinople to seize the reins of power in Albania ended disastrously at Avlona on January 7, when the Turks, who had arrived in an Austrian steamship, were arrested, and martial law was declared by the provisional government as a means of preventing future attempts of the same sort. In the meanwhile it would appear that Albania is in a state of anarchy aggravated by famine conditions, owing to the depredations of the Servians and the Greeks in the course of the second Balkan war.

Brevities.

"The changing ethics" is a phrase which has plenty of illustrations of its truthfulness in the business, political, and social world of to-day.

"The harvest of a quiet mind" is an enjoyment so elusively delicate and inexpressibly satisfying that, when it is absent, we long for its return, and, when present, we wish it might bless us forever.

A song with an attractive title, like "It takes a Little Rain with the Sunshine to make the World go Round," exerts a moral and wholesome influence we little suspect. Often such titles are very apt, and embody easily under-

Digitized by Google

stood truths, which, when set to pleasing music and well sung, linger long in the memory, sweetening domestic life and performing for us an unconscious ministry of precious associations.

The Harvard Divinity School.

The appointment of Rev. Henry Wilder Foote as assistant professor in the Harvard Divinity School and secretary of the Faculty is a welcome and reassuring piece of news to all friends of the School. He will take charge of the courses lately surrendered by Prof. Peabody, in Homiletics and Parish Administration, and he will co-operate in administrative duties, thus relieving Dean Fenn from many burdensome details. Mr. Foote is admirably equipped by training and experience for the task of affiliating the academic studies of the University with the practical life of the ministry. He has proved his excellence, first as a successful parish minister and then as an admirable administrative officer; and his sympathies and knowledge will re-enforce at precisely the right point the work of the School. Erudition and efficiency, to use Dean Fenn's phrase, will now be happily balanced and mutually serviceable, and the instruction of the School will concern itself more than ever with the new problems and needs of the religious world.

Letters to the Editor.

Civics, and again Civics.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

A few years ago I heard a powerful sermon by William Everett upon the text, "I, also, will ask you one question."

In the *Christian Register* of December 25 one of our honored and devoted ministers asks: "Will not the laity make the distinction between politics and civics, and do their uttermost to uphold the hands of the preachers of righteousness?"

In reply I ask: "Will not the clergy make the distinction between preachment and practice, and do their uttermost to uphold the hands of those who are trying to be doers of the word and not hearers only?"

I am convinced that one reason why the churches are showing a decline in power, efficiency, and unity of spirit is owing to the inability of the clergy to understand the temper of the times and the changed conditions confronting us. Whether we like it or not, the church to-day is only one of many agencies working for the uplift of humanity. It is even losing its leadership because of its militant attitude towards individualism and its laity. Many an active man of affairs is struggling from one week's end to another with a heavy mail, loaded with appeals for charities, philanthropics, and social service, not from Maine to California alone, but from Maine to Maine, encircling the globe. Superimposed upon this altruistic foundation are personal interviews from zealous humanitarians,—interviews obtained often through shrewd diplomacy,—pleading for assistance for pet reforms and redemptive civics.

After a weary week, with but scant measure of time, strength, and energy left for the transaction of business, whose complex demands were never so difficult as to-day, after giving as freely as he deems wise and best to the good works that most deeply appeal to him, and after fulfilling his duties of citizenship according to his own conception of membership in the kingdom of our God, the layman is not going, and will not go, to church on Sunday if the preachers of righteousness continue the story, upbraid him for his shortcomings, and deny him the right of spending his own money in his own way for the redemptive needs of the world.

The name of the average layman is neither "Shylock" nor "Scrooge." He willingly and gladly recognizes his civic and social service obligations. In many ways he keeps well-informed of the pressing needs of the social and economic world, and renders such financial assistance and personal service as the limits of time, space, strength, and means allow, in justice to his family and himself. But he does not care to have the pressure continued from the pulpit on Sundays, or his civic and social duties, which he possibly prefers to decide for himself, defined for him.

Under such conditions, small wonder is it that the golf links are filling up on Sundays and church attendance declining.

Give us words of inspiration, gentlemen of the clergy, not invective: refill the exhausted reservoirs of spiritual life and power, the better to enable us to meet the demands of civic and social righteousness, which are pressing upon us from all sides during the week. Perchance, we know our duty better than you know it for us. Give us not reproaches, not fervent appeals for new work and greater service, but seasons of refreshment, encouragement, and uplift, to help the laity the better to grapple with the work that it is already in their hearts and hands to do.

Civitas.

Unitarian Missionary Work.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The valuable suggestion by Rev. Maxwell Savage that the theological schools have men visit them for personal conference with the students,—men who are actually extending the message of Unitarianism,—is timely. This kind of inspiration will bear practical fruit and give a perspective to those in our divinity schools. Relative to the procedure which Mr. Savage now advocates in the *Register* of December 25, in intent a similar resolution was passed at the ministerial institute held in Spokane. The ministers in this Western country felt keenly the necessity of an understanding of conditions and opportunities by the members of our theological schools. I am not aware that any step in the matter has been taken by the various schools to which copies of the Spokane resolutions were forwarded, Harvard, Meadville, and the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry.

This communication by Mr. Savage is timely, for we are now beginning as a denomination to have a slight consciousness of our religious message. Again and again we read in the *Register* something to this effect: "If any one thinks the need of Unitarian missionary work is past let him visit," etc. I speak partly out of experience when I say the Unitarian message of our relation to the universe, in its affirmative form without combatting orthodoxy as such, is that which people await. It is peculiarly our own message through our history and place in the religious world. This message is both to the doubting and struggling churches, and to the cynical and indifferent unchurched, as well as to reverent truth-seekers in and out of churches.

Mr. Savage's communication is timely also, since we already see the effervescent selfishness of an *ultra* social-service indulgence by our churches and ministers beginning to wane. Our church will live primarily by a message of the spirit with a rational social service as a result.

There is joy in releasing people from a mental theological hell and in giving them a good God. The officers of the American Unitarian Association realize the need and opportunities of the situation for constructive mis-

Digitized by Google

sionary work, and do all in their power. Meanwhile our moneys go pouring helter-skelter, as, for instance, into the Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A., which found their voting membership upon the very things against which we protest, and are frequently the headquarters for opposition to Unitarian work in our outposts. Unitarian lay men and women apparently consider these gifts a sign of liberality. Even a few of our ministers have evidently no idea of preaching just to preach and proclaim a gospel. When East a few years ago, a Unitarian minister said to me, after hearing of certain activities, "But really, now, you know, do you think it pays?"

We need emphasis upon our missionary spirit and its obligations and privileges. I am informed, and, if misinformed, shall be glad to be corrected, that the Unitarian missionary society at Meadville, which was organized while I was there, has gone out of existence through lack of interest in it among the students. I understand there is no student organization for Unitarian missionary work at the Harvard Divinity School or at the Pacific Unitarian School. One result of the visit of the men, Mr. Savage suggests, to our divinity schools might be the formation of student missionary societies, not so much for present church extension work as for the attitude of mind inculcated and future practical results.

FRED ALBAN WEIL.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.

Before the First Snow.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

A dandelion blossomed in my garden on the 17th of December. It had no stem, but rested directly on the ground, as if striving to get some warmth and comfort from its friendly breast. It told the story of the past two months as plainly as if it were printed in words. Its color feebly matched the great flaming, yellow sunrises and sunsets that morning and evening have painted the sky with a suggestion of something more wonderfully intense and vivid than the heavens of July.

We are told that Alaska has given us these aëreal displays, so unwonted for depth and richness at this time of year. The great volcanic eruptions have cast continental masses of dust into the upper regions of the air, and have formed the mighty canvas on which the sun's rays have painted their pictures. They rival the red sunsets of years ago, but are softer, more beautiful, and less pretentious.

The ethereal mildness of this early winter has formed an intermediate season, neither spring nor autumn, uniform for our changeable climate, without sudden transitions, a gentle concourse of days, kindly and salubrious, where the bare trees and withered herbage seem in contrast to the sunny succession of hours and the glorious warm skies.

Thus without extremes of temperature we have wandered through pleasant paths up close to the gate of the new year. The sun gets to bed early, though the brightness of the sky lingers long, and the dark trees are drawn against it in fine lines and delicate pencillings.

The long nights are full of tranquil moonlight and hushed peacefulness, making beautiful shadows and traceries on the withered grass, and the white, dry roads stretch away to infinity. The forest sleeps, its dense, massed shadows speaking only of protection. The air is full of healthfulness, a delicate balm, an inspiring crispness, while the white frost stealthily spreads its silvery mantle for the feet of the fairy queen.

We rise every morning while the world is still dark, expecting snow or rain, only to find the serene heavens flushing with the first faint intimations of color, mauve, pale pink, banded gold, between purple clouds, pulsing shade on shade, color on color, into the clear crystal in which the stars are dying.

Pearly frost beads cling to the grass tendrils, the low mosses, and dead leaves. It is the sweetest air of all the year you breathe as you open your window, made honey sweet by the cleansing of winter cold. One becomes a connoisseur in breathing, in a winter like this: we taste air as wine-tasters judge the juice of the grape. The sweeping currents passed through the alembic of high hills, clarified over snow fields, over frozen lakes and rivers and the vast stretches of the ocean. Out of close, over-heated rooms crowded with people who exhaust the ozone, stale it, and make it poisonous, what a joy to get out under the stars, into the clean, sweet sweep of heaven's breezes, to draw a long, full inspiration, and expel the perilous stuff that has stifled and oppressed the lungs! How joyous we are to get away from so-called entertainments, where gas and steam heat, human exhalations and oppressive odors induce stupidity and dulness, exchanging the chatter of the multitude for the silence and vast expanse of nature's repose!

Half the good of mingling with the joy makers of the world, of hearing and obeying the call of the trumpets, sackbuts, and shawms of society, is the getting away into the silence to feel again the friendliness of nature, the calm, deep joy of her intercourse, her renewing presence,—getting away to a place where we can breathe freely, both physically and spiritually. We do not think often of the ordered course of nature, its power to restore us when depleted of life and strength; how it will bear us on and buoy us up if we will give way to it in faith and patience, quieting our fears, answering our questions, reconciling us to life and destiny, and bringing us gently to the hour of death! For God is in this vast order. It is instinct with divinity. It holds for us the wisdom and meaning of all things when read aright.

We are not always sufficiently large-minded and trustful to take such gifts of weather perfection as have been vouchsafed us this year with whole-hearted graciousness. We must be predicting evil to come, because we have an instinctive feeling that every blessing has an adequate sum of evil laid up for our chastisement.

The silly people in the fable felt obliged to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, because there was something uncanny in so much good fortune. We all have such a goose that at times worried us by the bestowal of what seems unmerited mercies. Unusual good fortune troubles us, in a degree, like unusual misfortune. We cannot get away from the thought of an ogre behind the door, with a big stick, who at any moment may spring out and lay it upon our back.

I have some little neighbors living near by who would be, oh! so happy this beautiful weather, were it not for an entirely undeserved misfortune that has come upon them. In a brush heap not far away lives a family of rabbits, Mrs. Bunnie, Mr. Bunnie, and the little Bunnies. They are the most gentle, kindly, harmless little people alive, and, if they could come freely out of the brush heap and caper about in the sun and under the stars, or in the moonlight, they would be perfectly happy, never bothering their little heads about the evil in the world or the undeserved punishments meted out by vengeful deity.

But, alas! they have enemies! Two dogs with cocked ears and alert bodies, tails taut for slaughter, have discovered their hiding-place, and, day by day, almost hour by hour, they come to watch and spy on the brush pile, so that the Bunnie family cannot put forth the tip of an ear or the end of a nose without danger of being slaughtered.

Digitized by Google

It is very sad, for I love to see the innocent, playful gambols of my little neighbors, when they creep out in the silence and the moonlight, and nip the clover still green along the borders of the paths, or sit upon their haunches with big ears pricked up to catch the faintest sound that comes upon the wind.

But even for harmless, innocent Bunnies the world is tragic. Danger lurks everywhere beyond the brush heap. Peaceable, timid, and innocent, having done harm to no one, they live in a beleaguered city. The dogs are a-quiver with excitement as they watch for their prey, and it is painful to hear a careless passer-by remark "that the dogs will get them rabbits yet." In my anxiety to save the rabbits it has occurred to me that it might be well to spread a little cold poison seductively dressed round in the neighborhood of the dogs. But this, after all, would be no real solution of the problem, and one falls back on the *laisses-faire* argument. God can save them if he wants to, as it is said not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge.

Then the neighbors are sensitive about their dogs. There was never a cur so ugly and ill-natured that its owner did not declare it to be possessed of a sweet and lovely disposition. On the other hand, we must consider that the dog's instincts were given him by nature, and he is really not to blame for his deeds, though he devour chickens and rabbits *ad libitum*. So I see no way that I can act as a providence to the Bunnies. I can only hope that God is on their side. It is the sense of helplessness that overwhelms us constantly when we seek to contend with the evils of this world and to set right some of the wrong things, to straighten some of the crooked things that afflict us with a terrible sense of injury and injustice. We try to appease the pain with a consoling thought, a line from a poet, a sentence from Marcus Aurelius, or some other wise man. What is the life of a rabbit compared with the immensities of the universe and the conduct of the worlds? But, if he love us, does he not love the sparrow and the rabbit as well, the little conies of the rock and the small fowls of the air? Ah, well, I will think of this terrible puzzle no more.

As says Job of the Almighty, "We cannot find him out. He is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice. He will not afflict." In spite of all the seeming cruelty and indifference, we must stay ourselves upon these words.

SUMMIT, N.J.

A New Year Word.

A year ago, while Christendom, forgetting all its lessons of the ages, sounded the praises of "heroic war," a friend in Florence sent me a Christmas sonnet, beginning with these lines:—

> "Bloody the hue Ciatalgia's bivouacs lend,
> Unto the warning Star of Bethlehem.
> Bravely your beacon light may strive with them,
> It only shows how dark the night, dear friend!"

There is a timely lesson in these lines. Do we follow a warning star? If so, let us consider. Or may be it seems to wane because we view it from a low estate, through mirage smoke of a perverted patriotism. If we take the Star of Bethlehem as the symbol of the message of the Prince of Peace, its light shines out as brightly as two thousand years ago and in a slowly clarifying air. The camp-fires which hide it are waning. It is their condemnation that light has come into the world.

As friends of peace, no shade, however dark, should discourage us. The night is black, may be still darkening. This we may realize, but it does not affect our duty. The world is half-converted, half indifferent. It has seen something of war in the last twelve months. It has seen the "Heroic War" turn into the "Squalid War," the "Mad War," "the Sad War." It is dimly realizing that all this is war,—heroic, squalid, mad, and sad. All war has in it something of the heroic, more of the squalid. All war is mad war. All war ends in unutterable sadness. Atrocity, confusion, futility, and waste are the very essence of war. To act decently and in order is the highest achievement of human civilization, while war is the negation of all decency, the brutish, blind overturning of all order.

To bring men to order is to lead them to think. The order of the world is the product of public opinion. The man who thinks creates public opinion. It can be made in no other way. Therefore the man who can think is, for any nation, its most precious product.

To think of war is to reject it and to begin the undoing of the huge war system war has set up. To think of war is to recognize its wickedness, its demoralization, its futility, its ruinous expense, its entail of national weakness, its preposterous lack of relation between purpose and result. To think of the war system of civilization is to recognize it as crystallized cowardice on a nucleus of co-operative greed, serving no rational end, yet making incalculable mischief through corruption and waste. For public money uselessly spent entices corruption as carrion breeds flies. The England we dream of has higher duties than to protect her shivering people from a Germany that never was and never yet can be. The Germany of science and philosophy is not the Germany that bristles with bayonets in self-protection against an imaginary France and an unthinkable Russia. The France of art and literature is not the debt-burdened commonwealth, over whose fields march thousands of men and boys she has deprived of the right to work.

The night is dark, no doubt; but every man who thinks of these things for himself bears his own light. Truth seen at whatever angle is still truth. And in all the ages truth makes free. Whatever is morally wrong is intellectually wrong. Whatever is condemned in ethics is condemned in science. That is right in human conduct that makes for abundance of life. That is wrong which narrows life, which wastes, hampers, or corrupts. The war system does all this. For every Dreadnought in every land, the man lowest down is pushed still lower. For every additional army corps, additional widows take up meaner work, scantier pay, with failing hope: an added number of babies die of neglect or starvation. The waste of nations is the waste of life. It costs far less to save life than to destroy it. Wisdom is knowing what to do next. Virtue is doing it. It is the voice of wisdom and virtue, of good business as well as good morals; good religion, good economics as well as good common sense that sounds from our Christmas Bells. Peace and good-will towards men.

Each new year turns over a new leaf in human history. However blood-stained the page or blurred its inscriptions, each shows the thought of thinking men. Each year records the fading of suspicion and jealousy, the relaxation of the tyranny of impersonal hate. Each year brings us nearer to the conception of "the Old Peace with velvet-sandalled feet," to which all nations still look backward, though its reality lies far ahead.

However dark the night or bright the promise of the dawn, we that believe in our own message have but the one duty. We must keep our torch alight and help to kindle the torch of others. We have no right to falter. We follow no faint-hearted leader. "God consents," it is said, "but only for a time." Only for a time did the illusions of witchcraft, of slavery, of religious persecution endure. Only for a time must we face the illusion of the Great War System.—*David Starr Jordan, in Concord.*

Digitized by Google

The Coming Christ.

They cry: "He comes!
The signs are sure, the mystic number is fulfilled
He comes!"
We answer: "Oh that He would come!
We want the Christ;
We want a *God* to burn afresh
The *Truth* upon the forehead of the world;
We want a *Man* to walk again
Among the wrangling Pharisees, and drive
The beasts and money changers from the Temple courts;
To bring the gospel back again, and prove
How all unlike the churches are to Christ.
We want that Christ to tell again
The saints their sins;
That they were sent to bless the poor,
And they have sold themselves unto the rich;
That they were sent to preach the works of peace,
And they have filled the world with war of words;
That they were sent the messengers of love,
And they have driven love out of their creeds;
That they were sent to teach men not to lie,
Nor tremble when their duty leads to death.
Oh for the Christ again!"

"Again the Christ is coming
Hear ye not the footfalls of the Lord?
He comes, the leader of a riper age,
When all that is not true and good shall die;
When all that's bad in custom, false in creed,
And all that makes the boor and mars the man
Shall pass away forever. Yes, He comes,
To give the world a passion for the truth,
To inspire us with a holy, human love,
To make us sure that, ere a man
Can be a saint, he first must be a man."

—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Philosophy of Door-bells.

BY E. S. GOODHUE, M.D., LL.D.

In Hawaii you seldom find a door-bell or knocker. It may be because such devices would prove a disturbing element in the usual uninterrupted life of the average Hawaiian resident, or because the owners of houses here are generally out in the garden or on some *lanai*, and the bell might go on ringing forever. Here may be another reason. Many householders take an afternoon nap, and a jangling bell would put an end to the normal enjoyment of such delectable occupation.

When a caller arrives at a Hawaiian house, he gently raps somewhere near one of the many open doors, then, if no one appears, he goes in and takes a seat. If still no person appears, the visitor steps out upon the veranda, seats himself in an easy-chair, or maybe stretches himself in a hammock, and begins a novel, of which several of the latest lie upon the table. If the book prove interesting, the reader probably finishes it; if not, he leaves his card and walks away, quite satisfied that another day will do as well,—that he has all the time there is. Having lived in Hawaii, he has learned that business, whatever it may be, is of less importance to a man than comfort of body and peace of mind.

To come to a house where the doors are all open and not a window closed, where everything is left with evidence of recent habitation, yet apparently tenantless, where you may knock and knock without calling up even a servant, then go and take a snooze in the hammock yourself, or step inside to read some of the many magazines scattered about, or even to reach the pantry and get a "bite,"—all without danger of being accused of burglarious designs,—is certainly a privilege.

We came to just such a house one beautiful day in December, trampling ruthlessly upon the shadows of palms and monkey-pods as we passed beneath their shade, crossing a rustic bridge into a path which led us to the top of a hill. Here was the house. The view in all directions was inspiring. Old Mount Waialeale rose proudly to the north, a little nearer, Kahili, while nearer still stood the bare face of Hoary Head, all covered with fleecy clouds. The sunshine glanced and glinted upon the vari-shaped leaves of trees, and from the sea came a gentle wind which switched the palm fronds back and forth, back and forth, till they looked like the reeds hard by in the river as they turned this way and that to the rhythm of the current flowing below.

Eagerly we hurried up the steps, and, almost breathless, knocked at the door; but no one came to answer. The house seemed as deserted as if its windows and doors had been boarded up like those of some summer houses in New England.

"I wonder if they'll ever come back?" queried my companion, as we took easy-chairs on the wide veranda; "for, if they shouldn't, we shall not need to go further."

"Perhaps," I ventured, "this is what happens to house hunters in the Paradise of the Pacific! It is not necessary even to knock that doors may be opened, our mansion already being prepared for us!"

Then I related an experience I had in Honolulu. Calling one morning upon a friend of mine there, I found his house in the midst of a Wagnerian burst of color and fragrance, open for bees and butterflies, but without visible signs of habitation. I rapped at six open doors, passed as many entrances, finding myself at last in a *cul-de-sac* of a pantry, where, lo! the master of the house stood by the safe eating cold taro! He did not seem in the least embarrassed, nor did I make any excuses for my abrupt appearance, but immediately accepted his offer of a piece of taro. Then he told me that he had left one of the last novels and several magazines upon the koa table in the front room, for any chance caller who might get tired waiting for some one to appear, adding that he hoped whoever came would be careful not to disturb two faithful finches which had built a nest in the lattice-work, and were carefully bringing up a family.

"How interesting!" said my companion, still somewhat mystified by the silence of the place. "At home everything is so formal when you call," then, catching her breath, "you don't think the place is haunted, do you?"

"Only by our own incomprehensible souls," I answered.

"Isn't it delightful!" she continued. "In no other place in the wide world can you take such liberties with a stranger's house. Elsewhere, whether you come for a chat or a favor, you step up to a rigid door and ring, as it were, to sound your death knell. Whether it is or not may sometimes depend on who you are. Tramps like us and book pedlers have been known to suffer indignity the moment a door opened. If you are a friend of the house, you wait for half an hour with the thermometer possibly ten degrees below zero, and then ring again. Whether you push or pull,—both styles are used, although the latter contrivance is fast disappearing,—it will seem to you that the other end where the bell rings must be either in China or Beloochistan. This feeling grows on you as you wait. By listening carefully you may hear sounds of a muffled nature like chairs falling on a soft carpet or a fat person tumbling down cellar. If you are at a country house, you may be conscious of a window opening somewhere above you, and perceive the shadow of a head across the porch. Finally, after everybody in the house has had time to assume a formidable dignity, and perhaps take a bath, some one comes to the door, and you are shown into a large,

Digitized by Google

gloomy room, heavily furnished. There you sink into a plush-covered chair, scarcely daring to look up at the series of ancestral paintings on the walls, still waiting. Fifteen minutes go by. At the end of this time, after your card has been borne along like John the Baptist's head on a charger, the mistress of the house appears, looking as resplendent as Queen Elizabeth in her best suit."

"Very true to life," I laughed. "All this is the result of having a door-bell in the house. Put this ancient nuisance, however modified by modern improvement, in these Hawaiian homes, and the rest will follow, if not at once, in the course of a generation or so."

It was an hour or more before we discovered our tardy host approaching through a narrow path that led to a small *patio* at our side. He came along slowly, like Christian, reading as he came, and, seeing us on the veranda, smiled in recognition.

"I'm glad you ran in," he said quietly, folding the tract he had in his hand. "I've been lying under the monkey-pod reading this splendid sermon by Mr. Frothingham on 'The Power of an Endless Life.' If you are not in a hurry, I'll read an extract or two aloud."

We nodded acquiescence.

"'Or again, to argue as so many people seem inclined, were as though a man should say, I cannot enter into all joy and privilege of this spot where I am stopping because in a few short days I must leave the glory of the mountains and the wonder of the sea, and go back to all the dismal darkness and the dreary turmoil of the city street which forms my home. The wiser and better, as the actual, way in life is to enjoy the glories and the privileges while we may. . . . And so it is with life itself. If God in his wisdom has nothing more for me out there beyond the silent limits of the grave, if there is no more consciousness and no more joy and love and opportunity to struggle and aspire, I still will thank him for the fair earth that I have seen, for the wonder of childhood and the mystery of manhood and the power and capacity to know and trust and hope. For these in themselves are good and glorious, no matter what has gone before or what may ultimately follow after.'"

"I don't believe," said our entertainer, when he had finished reading, "that to a child of God there is any real end to anything good in life. We suffer change and pass through states and phases of being, yet are never losers of any intrinsic value except through our own fault. We do not make enough of our mere existence, the joy of breathing pure air and sunshine, the elation of life and growth, the realization that we are free and individual in a world fixed by law. We disparage self-consciousness; but we may well oftener be conscious of self, for upon this depends the consciousness of God The more we enjoy the 'glory of the mountains and the wonder of the sea,' the more, I think, we shall be open to those energies from God which make an adequate life possible."

"Strange!" I answered. "We were just speaking of the absence of door-bells in Hawaii, and I was about to say that perhaps the slow growth of liberal religious truths abroad and their consequent application to life are due to the existence of door-bells in our houses. Wouldn't Unitarianism spread faster if such noisy contrivances and what goes with them were abolished by a normal evolutionary elimination? I find only a few persons who care to read a tract, or who will discuss the most important subjects that man may consider,—his relation to God and his fellow-man."

"There may be some truth in that," answered our host. "The mechanical turn, that push-button propensity to have some one thing follow another automatically, is very well for material affairs,—door-bells and gramaphones,—but in spiritual matters it is disastrous, and, from what I have seen of your mainland methods, there seems to be a good deal of push-button religion over there. More thoughtful thinking, more quiet reading and thinking combined, more real use of time, may be what you need. To my mind religion isn't of much use kept air-tight. It needs diffusion and pervasion like air and music.

"The people of Hawaii—those who are capable of being affected by a subtle oversense of things—are rather inclined to accept time not as a thief, but as a benefactor. We greet him and persuade him to abide with us, leaving his scythe and hour-glass by the way. Hence, we get opportunity to read a good deal of poetry which you spurn as unsuited to a utilitarian age; and, if we do not often listen to sermons, we enjoy the clean, fresh leaflets, called tracts, which fall in our way sometimes. The most of us, although brought up strictly orthodox, have long ago accepted the more rational phases of religious thought. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man,—these sentiments radiate from our soil. It may please you to know that one sermon entitled, 'The Gospel of Personality,' passed through some twenty readings on four islands, and came back to me amply annotated.

"Only yesterday a very busy man called me into his office to show me something which had impressed him deeply. It was a tract entitled 'Accepting Life's Limitations,' in which the author speaks of the 'restraint of action.' 'Not,' said my friend, 'the necessity for action, the strenuous life so much over-urged, but the reverse. I am never so much a realizer of the immanence of God,' he continued, 'as when I am free from urgency, when I am free to realize what and where I am.'"

"Well," said I in all sincerity, but with a desire also to gratify our host, "perhaps this spirit is autochthonous here, and accounts for the lure of Hawaii. I am told that none who touch these shores may depart without wishing some day to return. Even Mark Twain has said, 'No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one: no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through half a life-time as that one has done.' Isn't this something more than the phenomena of climate or the influences of latitude? May there not also be a place in which God prefers to make his presence more easily felt? Perhaps one of your sons was thinking of this when he wrote, 'Those nations which devoted their leisure to recreating health and building up beautiful bodies have tended to survive. . . . A daily life in which there is no time for recreation may be fraught with as much evil as a leisure given to a futile frittering away of energy. Greece became famous because four-fifths of her people were slaves, and thus one-fifth had opportunity for culture.'"

"As to life and the world's work," responded our host, in what I may call an ameliorated Yankee dialect, "there are three classes of persons involved: first, those who have no time for anything but work, who never get acquainted with themselves, and finally die strangers to everything and everybody of spiritual significance; second, those who are idle, profitless alike to themselves and the world which harbors them; and, third, those who preserve a happy medium, who do their work, but see to it that they are not cheated out of the real things of life by an over-assiduity or a false economy of time."

"Yes," I answered, with an enthusiasm which surprised me. "In connection with what you have said, let me read you something from a paper which arrived by this mail: 'It is wholly scientific and in accordance with common-sense to suppose that the energy out of

Digitized by Google

which every human consciousness has proceeded and by which it is constantly supplied and kept in active operation is provided without limit for those who are able and willing to use it. . . . The philosophers, as well as poets, have in all ages thought they discovered the tokens of a divine fire warming and lighting the soul of man. It is in accordance with their mode of thought and their explanation of the divine oracles to accept the modern statement that energy is infinite and eternal, and that there is no part of our organized life into which it does not enter or that can exist apart from it. In a sense, more real than the Christian Church has understood, it is true that in him we live and move and have our being, and that our life is hid with Christ in God.'"

Just then a dainty Japanese maid came to the veranda and, bowing low, shook a large, scarlet hibiscus blossom till its stamens rang a silent, symbolic call.

"This means that luncheon is ready," said our host,—"blue morning-glories for breakfast, scarlet hibiscus at high noon, and golden shower for supper."

As we turned to enter the *lanai* dining-room, my companion said to me, with a smile,—

"Some for the glories of the world; and some
Sigh for the Prophets of Paradise to come!"

THE RECTORAGE, HAWAII.

The Mission of Christianity to the Far East.

BY PROF. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, D.D.

One of the principles which have been hard for Christians to apply in their conduct of foreign missions is that of the flexibility and adaptability of Christianity,—its capacity for differing languages of local tradition, inherited instincts, and national culture. The message has often seemed so definite and compelling that any shading of its outline or any change in its emphasis has appeared to involve disloyalty to the cause of Christ. Missionary service, therefore, with all its self-abnegation and devotion, has often remained provincial, rigid, incapable of transmission, like a frozen stream where the water of life has no free flow. A man or woman reared in some specialized orthodoxy, and finding through it a way to God, wants to carry the same blessing to the heathen world. "Shall we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high," the intending missionary sings, "Shall we, to souls benighted, the lamp of God deny?" Christianity as preached in Massachusetts or as believed in Ohio is thus applied to save India or Japan; and ignorance of conditions, of history, and even of language, seems no barrier to so plain a task as preaching the gospel. Now no obstacle to missionary progress has been greater than this inflexibility. It has carried an antiquated theology and a narrow denominationalism across the seas to foreign nations where these characteristics of Christianity have become the very proofs that it is not needed or even true. I have myself seen, on the walls of a mission school in Egypt, an American chart of Bible chronology, headed "Creation of the world, 4004 B.C.," where one had but to stand at the door and look across the desert to see great monuments of a ripe civilization, antedating the time when, according to this Christian teaching, God said, "Let the dry earth appear!"

The necessity for adaptation and assimilation becomes even more imperative when a foreign nation inherits an ancient culture and a national pride. A barbaric tribe may welcome a Christian missionary, whatever his theology, who can teach them the elementary virtues of health, honesty, and pity.

But, when a Christian missionary approaches a people like the Japanese, he must leave behind him all notions of condescension, patronage, or compassion. He finds himself among a people whose culture had a Golden Age when the American continent was a wilderness, and whose temples and shrines have been held sacred by millions of worshippers, and are still among the world's miracles of art. He must understand, therefore, that he is meeting, not inferiors, but equals, in intellectual subtlety and spiritual insight. The great historic faiths of Buddhism, Confucianism, and Shintoism, which have moulded national life, are still operative in national instincts even when abandoned as personal creeds. The first task of the missionary under such conditions is to understand the Oriental mind and its spiritual aspirations, and to discern therein the same impulses and motives which reappear, in purer form as he believes, in his Christian faith. One gospel in many dialects,—that was Martineau's fine phrase. The missionary must use the alien dialect or speak in an unknown tongue. When the first Christian apostle was confronted by the culture and faith of Greece, he taught this fundamental lesson to Christian missionaries, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all these things ye are exceedingly devoted to religion." The same appreciative sympathy is needed in the Far East to-day. It is a world which for centuries has been exceedingly devoted to religion; and the Christian teacher is undertaking a hopeless task if he permits himself anything like the assumption of superiority or the attitude of scorn.

This need of an Orientalized and assimilated Christianity is re-enforced by the fact that neither the Japanese nor the Chinese have any taste for the theological distinctions which Christian sects represent, but are in an extraordinary degree practical-minded and pragmatic in temperament. They have been familiar for ages with doctrines of incarnation, resurrection, and propitiatory sacrifice, and the supernaturalism of Christian teaching is likely to seem quite insignificant to minds instructed in the Shinto worship of nature and of ancestors or the vast Pantheon and voluminous scriptures of Buddhism. A system of Christian theology or a specialized type of Christian ecclesiasticism is a vain thing to carry to the Far East. To expect to convert thoughtful Japanese into Christians of some special order, such as a denominational mission may represent, into Baptists, for example, or Presbyterians, or Unitarians, with a keen interest in the controversies which these names suggest, is as unprofitable a task as it would be to set up a Shinto mission in Boston.

And yet, while there are these necessary conditions of missionary service in the Far East, nothing is more conspicuous there than a profound sense of spiritual insufficiency. Ancient standards of faith have lost their force for great numbers of thoughtful men, and the tidal wave of commercialism and materialism which has swept over the land has carried many of the intelligent and prosperous quite away from their moral moorings. With this consciousness of a decline in social and spiritual ideals the Japanese look across to Western lands, and think they see there certain fruits of a Christian civilization which do not naturally grow from their own traditions,—a domestic integrity, a position for women, a care for the sick, the aged, and the helpless, the qualities of compassion, sympathy, and self-sacrifice which Christians call *acritas*, or love. With a most touching candor and directness the alert and inquisitive Japanese are applying their eager minds to appropriate these blessings. I had hardly set foot in Tokyo when two reporters approached me with this written question, "What do you think Japan can do to regain her moral idealism?" Now there is but one reasonable answer to this question. A revival of moral idealism in Japan, as in America, must be the corollary of a re-

Digitized by Google

vival of rational and practical Christianity, the translation of the religion of Jesus Christ into the language of modern needs, the adaptation to other traditions of the universally applicable message of the gospel. This translation and adaptation, however, call for much more in a missionary than consecration and self-sacrifice. They require a quality which may be called Christian statesmanship, a gift of appreciation and considerateness, a largeness of horizon which is more than tolerance, and a spiritual tranquillity which is the best evidence of faith; in short, a kind of apostolic sagacity which can accept the material put into its hands and shape it into Christian form.

Here is the change in the spirit of foreign missions which makes the present time so interesting and so hopeful. Judicious leaders in all Christian communions recognize the new demand for an assimilated and indigenous Christianity. They are training a new type of missionary, equipped with languages, with knowledge of literature and philosophy, and with intellectual appreciation, as well as with piety and zeal. They are applying themselves to what one of the wisest of them, my colleague Prof. Edward C. Moore, has called the naturalization of Christianity. At such a time of transition the work of Christian missions in a country like Japan impresses the looker-on at different points, in very different ways. Where the new spirit has not entered there is an aspect of fruitlessness: where the new demand is met there is an astonishing fertility. Waste and wisdom exist side by side. A missionary may find before him a stone wall or an open door. Indeed, the case is not very different from that of the churches at home. At one point the Christian Church is doing what the modern world most profoundly and conspicuously needs; and at another it seems to be doing little besides marking time, counting numbers, keeping the wheels moving, and living on controversies with other Christians. The Christian Church, in other words, at home or abroad, is either the most precious or the least defensible organization in the world.

Here we meet an effect of foreign missions which is likely to be increasingly obvious and significant. It is their reconstructive influence on the Christian Church itself. If simplicity and flexibility are necessary to commend Christianity to the Orient, it may perhaps appear that these qualities are serviceable at home. If it is seen to be absurd to carry some special type of organization or creed, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Congregational, to the Far East as a sacred message, if ecclesiastical or dogmatic discussions, which are so absorbing in America, prove totally uninteresting to Orientals, it may some day occur not only to the missionaries, but to their supporters, that these issues of church government or doctrine are not the essence of the Christian religion, and the deeper secrets of consecration and unity may be brought back from the receptive East to the contentious West. When Phillips Brooks was in India in 1882, he wrote in his journal: "The reconstruction and simplification of Christian theology is imperatively demanded by missions. Indeed, the missionaries are quietly and almost unconsciously doing it themselves." That is precisely the transition which has now unmistakably occurred. No sensible man or woman can serve for any considerable time as a missionary in the Far East without reaching a simplified creed, a broader hope, a richer conception of the gospel of Christ; and such a reconstruction and simplification of theology must have its secondary effect on Christianity at home. Much of the narrowness and rigidity of sectarian teaching has come of sheer ignorance of the world, and a larger horizon of experience will give a larger view of God and of the world. There has been much discussion of late concerning the assimilability of the Orientals and their capacity to accept our ways of life. But the immediate problem of foreign missions is that of the assimilability of Christianity and its capacity to adapt itself to the traditions of those nations which it wants to serve. Some years ago I was visiting one of the most effective mission stations in the world, and, after inspecting its varied ministries, its schools, its college, its hospital, its help for women and for children, I ventured to ask, "Is not this admirable work much more extended and generous than your contributors at home intend?" "Yes," answered my guide; "it is probable that we could not get the money for this kind of work, but then it is certain that we should not be a Christian mission without doing this kind of work." Foreign missions, in other words, have much to teach the churches which support them, as well as much to receive. The bread cast on the waters of the Pacific may return after many days to us. If bigotry, sectarianism, and exclusive claims of authority are ever to be supplanted by catholicity, fraternity, and co-operation, this happy change may be quite as much due to the work of missionaries in an un-Christianized world as to the spontaneous Christianization of the world itself.

The mission of Christianity in the Far East becomes thus a much larger task than many of its advocates realize. It may be easy to set up a Christian mission and get money for its support. Some people seem to care more for sectarian doctrines than they do for the Christian religion; and their enterprises may grow, and even seem to thrive, without any consciousness that, though in the Far East, they are as far from it as though they had remained in Massachusetts. I asked the representative of one mission not long ago how the cause was prospering, and he answered that it had made great gains during the last year. The two branches of his communion, which had hitherto maintained rival establishments, had at last concluded to unite. And what about any co-operation with other missions? I asked. Ah, that was still far away!

It was as though in the presence of a common enemy one regiment had at last determined not to fire on the next in line.

How could a battle be won on such terms of disorganization? The devil, as has been said, laughs at a divided church! When, after two most fruitful visits to the Far East, the beloved and lamented Cuthbert Hall expressed, in 1905, his final conclusion, he wrote these convincing words: "The Christianization of the Asiatic consciousness does not mean its transformation into the likeness of the West, but the mission of the Holy Ghost in the East is to produce an Oriental Christianity, different in institutional form and in temperament from the Christianity of Europe and America." No clearer statement of the present situation could be given. Neither in institutional form nor in temperament should foreign missions be imitations of Europe or America. That form is most appropriate which expresses the temperament of the East. If Christianity has any claim to be a universal religion, it must be capable of Orientalization; and it would be strange indeed if a religion which in its origin is Oriental had been fixed beyond change in the mould of Occidental temperament and form.

As one recalls his observations of missions in the Far East, he remembers with gratitude and pride those men and organizations which illustrate this conception of an Orientalized and assimilated Christianity. One such man has lately died in Japan after forty years of missionary service under the American Board. Dr. Greene was not distinguished either for eloquence or learning, but he had a singular and beautiful simplicity of character and had acquired by long residence an intuitive sympathy,

Digitized by Google

an accurate understanding of the Japanese character, and had come to realize what Christianity could do and what it could not do in the Far East. He saw things just as they were without prepossession or prejudice, and gave his life to promote an indigenous Christianity. He came, therefore, to be trusted and leaned on as has perhaps happened to no other missionary in Japan by native officials and academic teachers, as well as by his brother-missionaries; and the imperial decoration which he received in the last year of his life was simply an official recognition of the service to a foreign land of a self-effacing, modest, and consistent Christianity.

I am tempted to cite here one other example of the same efficiency attained by an assimilated Christianity. The Unitarian Mission in Tokyo is a modest enterprise, meagerly subsidized and limited in its operations, but it has the distinct merit of a genuine Japanization as of a work adapted to the soil. The minister of the Unitarian church is a Japanese, trained in Manchester College, Oxford, under the gracious influence of Estlin Carpenter. He is at the same time a professor in Wasada University, and is regarded as one of the most eloquent preachers in Japan. His slender stipend is paid wholly by his native congregation, and his work is re-enforced by a group of scholarly and devoted professors, teachers, and students who, with two exceptions, serve without compensation and give their time and thought freely to the work. Behind them all is the watchful guardianship of the agent of the American Unitarian Association, Clay MacCauley, whose function is not to force upon Orientals an alien tradition, but to help the Japanese in their translation of the Christian gospel into the language of their own needs. Few Unitarians in this country appreciate the sagacity, patience, and statesmanship of their representative in Japan. He is a leader in civic and social reform, the vice-president of the Asiatic Society, and the author of many books and treatises on the Japanese language, landscape, and life. The imperial recognition, which has been within one year given to Dr. Greene, was given to Clay MacCauley during the war with Russia, so that throughout these years he has been the only Christian missionary whom the Japanese government has indorsed as doing distinguished service to the state. It is a record of which Unitarians should be very proud, and a work which they should generously and gratefully support.

When one finally surveys the field of opportunity thus presented, the mission of Christianity in the Far East grows clear. It is not, as many contributors to missions fancy, the propagation of denominational tenets or ecclesiastical practice. These Occidental controversies have no real interest for the Oriental mind. According to the teaching of Jesus the coming of the kingdom of God was to be like leaven, which should leaven the lump, like light which lightened the world. So must come the kingdom of God in the Far East.

It is a leavening of the mass: it is a diffusion of the light. It is the intensive culture of a rich but half-tilled soil. If one turns to the New Testament, he is confronted by two great words which mark the teaching of Jesus. One is the word of the Synoptic Gospel; the other is the word of the Fourth Gospel. One is the word "Power"; "The Kingdom of God is come with Power; His word was with Power": the other is the word "Life"; "The Life was the light of man; I am come that they may have Life." But power and life are words not of fixity, but of motion; not of machinery, but of vitality. Power is generated to be transmitted. Life is increased by being used. The Christian religion is not a deposit of dogma or a type of government, it is a form of Power, it is a way of Life. Its process of conversion is not dogmatic, but atmospheric. It is a change not only of creed, but of air. Many years ago I was riding one day across the Lebanon range between Damascus and the sea, and passed through many Turkish villages, squalid and unclean, with women veiled and children slinking from the stranger, and fields but thinly sown. Of a sudden I came upon another scene. It was a village where thrift and order prevailed, where there were flowers in the windows and unveiled women at the doors, and children calling a welcome as I passed. What did this transformation mean? It was a Christian village. Fifty years before there had been set up by the sea, at Beirut, the mission station of American Presbyterians. It was about fifty miles away; and year by year, one mile a year, the influence of that teaching had radiated like sunshine over a darkened land; and a new way of life, a converted conduct, an assimilated civilization, had become unconsciously naturalized and appropriated. The mission of Christianity had been fulfilled in a better way than some of its supporters had desired or dreamed. It was not the victory of a creed, but the witness of a spirit. It was not Presbyterianism that met me, but Christ. The word had been with Power: the Life had become the light of man.

My Ministry.

BY REV. NAPOLEON S. HOAGLAND.

To think more of serving than of being served; to be more anxious to help than to be helped. To be more ready to give than to get, but willing and able to get in order more largely to give. Not only to give gladly and wisely, but to forgive and forget the ill-will that any may show or the injury that any may do. To be friendly to foes and to the friendless even at the cost of friendship. To give no heart-room to hate or thought-place to spite or suspicion, but rather to cherish good-will for all, giving even the devil the benefit of the doubt and daring to hope that with a fair chance even he may mend. Not only to feel good-will as a habit of consciousness, but diligently and tactfully to express it at all times in look, tone, word, manner, and act. To try to appreciate all beauty and good in nature and human nature, and, in order to do so to the fullest, to make daily effort to train and cultivate the knowing mind and the understanding heart. To shrink from no task because it is hard or the reward small, so it be worth doing to help another's joy or need; to shirk no service because appreciation is slow or meagre, but to go cheerily and blithely on with modesty and courage doing my appointed duties and discharging the daily obligations faithfully which my place in the social order lays upon me. To owe no man anything but good-will, and the obligation to help according to opportunity, strength, and need. To pay my bills promptly and pleasantly, thus making it easier for others to do the same. To be content to live on simple fare, wear plain clothes, deny myself the coveted book, picture, or play, that I may be able to keep square, pay my fare, and provide for those who have a right to look to me for help and protection. To consider the world my parish to appreciate, serve, and enjoy. To be more concerned to live the simple, sincere, serene life, devoted to these ideals, than to be popular or successful on lower levels, as the way of the highest service it is given me to do. Though my spoken words may stumble, my voice be weak, my personal presence of small account, let me be all the more careful to keep the light of hope and confidence in the Eternal Goodness still burning on the altars of my devotion, an earnest of my gratitude for the great gift of life in such a world as this and of my ordination to a place in its blessed ministry.

TYNGSBORO, MASS.

Digitized by Google

The Conqueror.

Oh, loyal heart and true,
The struggle may be long;
The triumphs may seem few,
And late the victor's song.

The world may press the thorn
Upon thine aching brow;
As prophets knew earth's scorn
Of old, they know it now.

In paths thy feet have trod,
The world shall run to see
That he who works with God
Hath ever victory.

—*Frances Gibson Richard.*

Religion at Harvard.

Some years ago there appeared in the dean's office at Harvard College a college-bred man, widely philanthropic in his interests, a keen and active participant in plans for civic betterment, generations of culture behind him, who regards himself as but the trustee of his own very considerable inherited wealth. His son was a member of one of the younger college classes, seriously devoted to his studies and taking high rank in them. The father had come to express his concern about his son and to complain (he did it very politely) that there was no college rule whereby the son could be debarred from continuing in a certain elementary course in philosophy. "I have for many years," he said in substance, "been a member of the—— Church. My son [he was not twenty years old] was born and has been brought up in this church: he is a member of it. His religious ideas are settled. Since he has been in that course he has begun to question, and I don't want him to. I don't want his religious ideas in any way unsettled or changed." The particular professor whose lectures had led the boy to question his soul is one whom the members of the Senior Class are not unlikely to ask to conduct prayers at that last and peculiarly intimate Harvard service, Class Day morning, when only the class and the officiating minister (not even the student choir is there) are admitted to the chapel. Widely known throughout the American college world as a devoutly religious man, he has deeply impressed and inspired more than forty successive classes of the college to which he has given his life.

Henry Drummond's first visit to Harvard was made just before Drummond sailed for home: having a few days disengaged before sailing, he became President Eliot's guest. He had already visited, in his journeying in the United States, about twenty colleges. To the president he said that he had been strongly advised not to visit Harvard, on the ground that he could not do any good or have any influence in such an irreligious place. When he left, he told the president that Harvard was the most religious college he had visited in the United States; and, if Henry Drummond had been, as he was not, capable of making insincere statements that he might leave behind him a pleasing impression, this statement at any rate was sincere, for Lord and Lady Aberdeen, several years afterwards, at the president's table, told him that Drummond, returning from that journey to the United States, had made to them in Scotland this same remark about Harvard. If, to the father already mentioned, broadly trained, with metropolitan experience, Harvard, although perhaps not absolutely irreligious, was dangerous, it is easy to see how to men less trained it is a godless hotbed of free thought and irreligion, and why Drummond was advised not to go thither.

What was the reason for the condition Drummond found at Harvard? The foundation for this condition was laid far back in early colonial days, when the first battle for truth and freedom of thought was waging at Harvard; but it had been vastly strengthened, when, only a year before that visit of Drummond, compulsory attendance at prayers and church service on Sunday were abandoned. The fight for this freedom was long and hard. Twice in the Board of Overseers, as President Eliot has recounted, Phillips Brooks and Ralph Waldo Emerson had voted against the recommendation of the faculty and the Corporation that attendance at prayers be made voluntary. On the third trial made by the two bodies, Dr. Brooks argued in the Board of Overseers for voluntary attendance, and his change of mind, it is said, swayed the Board and brought about a change in its vote. "When Brooks had voted for voluntary prayers," President Eliot writes, "I told him that he must help to make the experiment successful. He said he would, and he did." And for the twenty-seven years that have elapsed, ministers of the type of Phillips Brooks, from many denominations, have labored at Harvard unstintedly, not only in the chapel services, but also in the innumerable activities of social service into which the quickened religious sense of the college has blossomed.

What are the results? In the matter of the chapel services themselves one thing above all else is clear: whatever other change may come to the college, religious services are, by the will of its students, ineradicably established, steadily increasing their hold. Four years ago Edward Caldwell Moore, who had succeeded Francis Peabody in charge of the services, said, "A college chapel should not be closed Sunday mornings." Until that time the Sunday service had been held in the evening, a time that practically all men of all denominations had free. His position was absolutely right; but most church-goers were already affiliated with a Cambridge or a Boston church of their particular denomination, and it did not look as if those who took Sunday morning to lie abed or walk afield or loaf would change their habit. "We're prepared to stand a heavy falling off," said Prof. Moore, and, with the approval of President Lowell, the change was made. The president joined in conducting the service. Instead of diminishing, the average of attendance increased, and faces not before seen in the chapel appeared. Evidently some were getting up earlier Sunday mornings. In the regular morning service of prayers special days are commemorated. But why, said certain undergraduates, should we not have also on Good Friday our own communion service? Thus another service was established; and on that day on which is commemorated the final sacrifice of him whose life every man in his best moments, especially he who is in the flood-tide of generous youth, would make the pattern for his own, a large body of men, students and teachers, meet, without world of creed, because he said, "Do this in remembrance of me."

In Cambridge the chapel service is but the foundation, the root and the stem, as it were, of the plant whose flower and fruit are elsewhere. From the house dedicated to "Piety, Charity, and Hospitality," the memorial of the college to her son, Phillips Brooks, radiate the many forms of social service, the answer of the young men to Christ's second commandment. Like every other college, built within, or close to, a really great city (I do not mean those smaller cities just big enough to acquire city vices without the cure, too small to possess the treasures of a metropolis), Harvard has at her door, of priceless educational value, on the one hand, for the more personal gain, as it were, of the student, libraries, museums, paintings, sculptures, theatres, concerts, and operas, and, on the other, to make him more serviceable to his less fortunate fellows, strong organizations of trained and thoughtful men and women for every form of philanthropic work. As in enumerating the jobs by which the great number of men working their way through college earn money it is easier to recount what they do not do, so in discussing the work of Brooks House it would take less time to name the forms of social service not undertaken than those that are.

. . . . . .

Is Harvard College, then, religious? It all depends upon one's definition of religious. For more than a quarter of a thousand years Harvard has had but one motto, and for that motto she has stood fast—the Truth. To find that and to hold to it she has taught her sons they should strive above all else, for "the truth shall make you free." So in a man's relation to God, the highest and holiest concern of life, she teaches that a man must think for himself, and for what he honestly, from the very bottom of his heart, believes he must stand unmoved. It is absolutely true that a man may come to Harvard and for the full four years never see the inside of a church or the college chapel. He cannot, it is true, escape the great question; he is likely to run against it from some of his teachers (investigation some years ago showed that every student knew at least one teacher well enough to talk with him on other than class-room subjects); the secretary of Brooks House, or one of the class canvassers, will ask him of his church affiliations—if he'll do something for social service; the "clothing collectors" will ask him for old clothes to help the poor. But he can shift the subject when his teacher, or another fellow, speaks; he can say no to Brooks House, and be not at home when the collector calls; and he'll find an abundance of fellows, good-hearted, too, just like himself. If to be religious means, as the Friends say, to be a "birthright" (and that can be a very precious possession) member of a denomination, or to have joined one without deep stirring of one's heart or keen questioning, to have accepted a creed because of "authority," Harvard is not especially religious, although the man who is content with this will, like him who will have none of religion, find men more than enough, and these good men, too, to make him feel at home, to prevent his being lonely. But, if to be religious means a fearless, confident study and labor, through the teaching and example of Christ, to put one's self into the right relation with one's brother man and God, that neither height nor depth nor any

Digitized by Google

other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, then from the very heart of the University throbs a vital, ever-strengthening current, bringing new life to every spot it touches.—*Extracts from an article by Dean Byron S. Hurlbut, in the Churchman.*

Literature.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By Crawford Howell Toy. (Handbooks on the History of Religions.) Boston: Ginn & Co. $3.—The interest and activity of American scholarship in the field of comparative religion is shown by the abundance of recent publications of the highest order. Beside the nine volumes of the American Lectures on the History of Religion and the new comprehensive work contributed by Prof. George Moore to the International Theological Library, we have another formidable series by eminent specialists under the editorship of Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr. The fourth volume in this latter series is the work of Dr. Toy. This is designed not to trace the life history of the various religions, but to exhibit in orderly and systematic fashion the phenomena which belong to all religions,—notions of the soul, ceremonies, cults, totemism and taboo, gods, myths, magic, divination. This scientific classification of common elements is, however, presented in a form which shows an historical evolution through primitive and secondary types and is completed by a statement of higher theistic developments and of the higher forms of social organization and practice. We are enabled to discern clearly the evolution towards simplicity, refinement, unity, the manner in which that evolution is conditioned by the general progress of human life, and the degree in which religion has itself also contributed to the progress of man. The phenomena are given clear and precise definition and are presented in such an orderly arrangement that consultation of the work for particular topics is made a matter of great ease. The profuse footnotes refer the reader to the exact pages of a multitude of special investigations and discussions, and at the end an exhaustive bibliography of the whole subject is given. These features make this monument of erudition peculiarly serviceable to the student. At the beginning and end of the work Dr. Toy offers reflections of great interest in regard to the highest stages of religious development, but in general the work is occupied with religious phenomena of the more primitive type. The interest, moreover, is that of the scientist rather than that of the historian. An historian is in the first instance concerned with individual differences, while the scientist, grasping the common elements of resemblance in the manifold data, seeks to offer the general class relations. The work, then, is properly designated as an introduction to the history of religion, and it does not attempt to answer a multitude of questions which relate to that history. The development of monotheistic conception in various lines of evolution becomes thus a general fact in which the specific and important difference of Hebrew ethical monotheism is subordinated. In the same way the rôle of great creative individual personalities in the story of religious experience falls into the background. It is in these subordinated elements, however, that the philosophy of religion and individual faith is supremely interested. The very limitations necessarily belonging to this scientific examination only provoke a movement of thought which goes beyond such science. It is naturally of first importance that a philosophy of religion should rest on careful scientific induction and classification, and Dr. Toy has provided this foundation with eminent learning and discrimination.

CLASSBOOK OF OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By George Hodges, New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.—As the title suggests, this volume is intended for class use in schools and churches. Dean Hodges has attempted to do here for the general reader what Dr. H. P. Smith in his History of the Old Testament did for the more advanced student. The material is arranged, not according to the progress of the history, but in accordance with the order of the books in the English Bible. It makes copious references to the Bible itself, and is especially designed as a handbook to be used with the Bible, for which it is to be heartily commended. The attitude taken by the author is frankly critical and constructive, especially where variant accounts of the same event call for interpretation, but at other times traditions of the most various kinds are treated as *bona fide* history. The book is defective (1) in its failure to distinguish clearly the history of the Old Testament from the history of Israel and its religion; and (2) in its rather indiscriminate use of tradition as history. A more accurate title would have been *A History of Old Testament Tradition.* The concise, clear-cut arrangement of the work, however, commends it for class-room work, and as a means of presenting the Old Testament story in an attractive manner.

Magazines.

"Nothing in art or literature is too good for American children." This principle the editors of *St. Nicholas Magazine* have endeavored to live up to since the foundation of the magazine in 1873. In the January *St. Nicholas* two full-page paintings by the distinguished British artist, Arthur Rackham, illustrating Mother Goose, are reproduced in full colors. A biographical sketch of Augustus Saint-Gaudens is illustrated with some of the finest of Saint-Gaudens's works. In this number appears a heretofore unpublished letter by Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," in which she describes the home life of the Alcott family. There is a story, "Black on Blue," by Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrated serials are: "With Men who Do Things," by A. Russell Bond; "The Runaway," by Allen French; and "The Lucky Stone," by Abbie Farwell Brown.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 19 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready January 1

[No. 273]

TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRISTIANITY

By
CHARLES W. ELIOT

This is the address of Dr. Charles W. Eliot at the General Conference at Buffalo last October. It is a more thorough elaboration of the Church problem than "The Religion of the Future," which received such universal acceptance. In this notable utterance Dr. Eliot sets forth the great ideals of democracy, both in the State and the Church, forcibly pointing out the function of Unitarianism as a vital expression of pure Christianity.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
AS TRACT No. 273

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Wonderful Toy.

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

My grandmamma gave me a toy,
The prettiest in the world;
It looked just like our furry cat
When on the sofa curled.

And, when I shook it, it would mew
As if it were in pain;
But, when I hugged it in my arms,
It curled up close again.

And grandma showed a little door
Close to the kitty's heart,
And, when I opened it—oh, my!
It gave me such a start!

Three candy kittens in a row,
One white, one red, one blue,
A ribbon from each mouth that said,
"Love me, for I love you."

And grandma says each little girl
Should be so sweet and true
That all will see upon her face,
"Love me, for I love you."

POMONA, N.C.

The Unbendable Doll.

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.

Little Nancy Martin's father was a farmer, and his farm was way up in the hills, many miles from a village. Nancy's father and mother did not go to the village often, for it was a long, long drive. When they did go, there was a long list of necessary things to buy,—flour, sugar, tea, coffee, pepper, and such things,—and, when these were bought, there was very little money left for Nancy's mother to buy anything for her little girl, sometimes only a penny for a stick of candy.

But Nancy did not mind. Her mother picked out the kind striped with colors, so the candy was pretty to look at as well as good to eat, and Nancy made it last a long time by eating only a little bit each day.

Nancy did not have things to play with, such as most children have. Why, her doll, even, was just a wooden doll that only could be made to lie down or stand up. It could not sit down at all, nor be cuddled up snug in Nancy's arm, just because it was so stiff and woodeny. Nancy loved her wooden doll, though, but she often wished Claribel were more loving. Nancy thought that, if Claribel would bend even a very little, she would feel that Claribel really loved her, too. But no! Claribel would not bend so much as a finger, but was just as stiff as wood knows how to be.

Just before Nancy was six years old, her Uncle Lester, from a far-away place, came to visit her father. Now Nancy had never had a birthday present. There were two reasons for this. One was because the farm was so far away from a place to buy birthday presents, and another was that there was so little money to buy them with. Nancy's mother always made her a birthday cake and frosted it, and, as frosted cake was a rare food in her home, Nancy thought her birthday treat good enough for a queen.

When Uncle Lester found that Nancy was to have a birthday soon, he said to her,—

"What present do you expect for your birthday, Nancy?"

"Oh," said Nancy, "I don't have birthday presents. I just have Christmas presents."

"I thought all little girls had birthday presents," said Uncle Lester, "but tell me, if you were going to have a birthday present, what would you like?"

Nancy looked down at stiff Claribel whom she was trying to cuddle while she talked to this new uncle.

"I would want—I would like," she said slowly, "if I was to have anything, I would like a bendable doll."

"What kind of a doll did you say?" asked Uncle Lester, for he did not know much about dolls.

"A bendable doll," repeated Nancy. "I love my Claribel, but I think she doesn't love me, because, you see, she won't bend. Just look."

She showed Uncle Lester how impossible it was to cuddle Claribel, for, while Claribel would lie down very straight or stand up like a very stiff piece of wood, she would not bend the least little bit.

"What would you do with Claribel if you had a bendable doll?" asked Uncle Lester.

Now, though Nancy had wished often for a bendable doll, she had not thought what would become of Claribel. Surely, she would not like to part with her dear Claribel. After a long time she said,—

"I would like a bendable doll, but I would like it to be Claribel, too."

Uncle Lester wished he had thought to bring his little niece a bendable doll, but he did not say so. He laughed, patted Nancy on the head, and went away to the field where Nancy's father was working.

The night before Nancy's birthday, when she was fast asleep in her bed with stiff Claribel cuddled up to her as much as Claribel could be made to cuddle, Uncle Lester came softly into the room, and, without waking Nancy, took Claribel and went downstairs to the kitchen, and laid Claribel on the table where there was a gimlet, a sharp jack-knife, some bits of wire, and some small wooden pegs.

Nancy surely would have cried and cried if she could have seen what was happening to her Claribel, for Uncle Lester took the sharp jack-knife and cut off Claribel's head, and her arms and her legs, and there lay Claribel all cut in pieces. Then Uncle Lester took the gimlet and bored a hole in Claribel's neck and another in her body and fastened the head back in place with one of the wooden pegs, and now Claribel's head could be turned one way and the other, just like any other doll. Then he made more holes, and with the wire and wooden pegs he fastened Claribel's arms and legs back on her body, and there she was all together again, as bendable a doll as any doll ought to be.

Then Nancy's mother put the night-gown on Claribel, and went up softly to Nancy's room and put Claribel in bed again, and she cuddled down to Nancy just as nice as any bendable doll could cuddle.

Nancy could dress herself, and, when she woke in the morning, she hurried to dress because it was her birthday morning. Then she went to take Claribel to dress her, and —why, Claribel, instead of staring straight at the ceiling, had her head turned and was looking right at Nancy. She caught her up; and wasn't she surprised! for Claribel had turned into a bendable doll, a real bendable doll.

Then she heard some one laugh, and she looked round, and there was mother and father and Uncle Lester looking in at the door. Of course, Nancy had to hear all about how Claribel, her own dear Claribel, had been changed into a bendable doll. Then they went down to breakfast, and there was a nice new dress for Claribel and a little chair just large enough for her to sit in, a chair that Uncle Lester had made with that sharp jack-knife.

Nancy gave a happy laugh, and set Claribel in the chair.

"Oh, Uncle Lester," she said. "I'm so glad you thought to doctor Claribel and make her bendable. I couldn't love any other doll as I do Claribel, and, now that she is bendable, she can love me as much as I do her."

A Dreadful Man.

When Lilla and I were little girls, our parents sent us to board some weeks at a pretty country house. We must have been troublesome. We did not want to pick the daisies or listen to the birds. We wanted to get back where we could ride in the street-cars! But one day Mrs. Smith was canning peaches. "Should you be afraid," she asked, "to take Old Dolly and my little canopy carriage and drive to the store and buy some more sugar?"

All at once we were very happy. "Drive carefully," said Mrs. Smith. "We value Dolly all the more because she is old and has served us so long."

"Cluck! cluck!" Lilla held the reins on starting.

"Don't hurry her," said I. "Dolly is a very valuable horse."

But Dolly was not to be hurried. She kept stopping to eat the tops of green bushes along the road, and was so slow that the peaches were all canned without the sugar when we got back.

But after this we were allowed to drive out often. Mrs. Smith's carriage was a light pretty thing, with a dainty fringed top and two little side-seats and but two wheels. We called it our fairy car. We always took our dolls, and once the kittens, wrapped in our best pink neckerchiefs.

One day we went farther than usual; and, coming down hill, Dolly slipped and fell. We managed to get out of the carriage, but we could not start the horse. Down across a field I spied a man at work, and over stones and through mud holes I eagerly ran to call him.

"O sir!" I gasped, as soon as I was within hailing distance, "please come: our horse"—

He raised his hand. "Stand back! Don't come near me!" he shouted.

He was a large man, with a red handkerchief on his head and a face like a flame of fire. He was stamping with his feet and waving an old vest in the air. "But poor Dolly," I thought; and I stepped nearer.

"O sir! our valuable horse," I began.

"Go back, I tell you! Go back this minute!" he shrieked, and snatched up a pitch-fork stuck in the ground beside him.

What more he said I could not hear. Did he mean to kill me! I thought of fairy-tale ogres; and, turning, I ran, ran, ran for my life.

Dolly, when I reached her, had managed to get up herself, and was eating bush-tops,

Digitized by Google

as usual. Once more in the carriage, I seized the whip and urged her to her utmost speed. "Hurry! hurry!" I cried, and gasped out my story to Lilla.

Then we met, one by one, a boy on the butcher's cart, two girls going for berries, five school-children, and the minister's wife; and I told them all that "a dreadful, dreadful man was in the fields, ready to kill people with a pitchfork."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Smith, when we got home, "it may be some crazy tramp. I'll ask Deacon Salter—he's selectman—to see if he should be taken up."

We went to Deacon Salter's that evening. He lived in a very nice white house; and he was sitting on the lawn, in a red chair, with his coat off. How white his shirt-sleeves looked, and his face how kind and pleasant! handsome, too, except for some very red swellings on his forehead. Before we had done our story, he began to laugh; and he kept laughing and laughing till he cried.

"Well," he said, "I went to mow some brakes in the field, and out came some hornets and stung me; and, while I was beating them off, straight toward the very worst place came this little girl who wants me taken up for a dreadful man because I kept her off from a hornet's nest."—*Little Men and Women.*

A Rainy Day Visitor.

BY EDITH FRANCIS CLAFLIN.

It had rained hard all night, and in the morning the rain was still pouring down. As I looked out of my western window, I noticed an unfamiliar shape in the cherry-tree,—a round bunch of feathers snuggled close against a crotch of the tree It must surely be a bird, but how much larger than the sparrows and starlings that usually frequent the cherry-tree! Could it be an owl in a city backyard?

Yes, it really was. There could be no mistaking its round, owl-like head and the curious circular arrangement of feathers that owls have about the eyes. He had evidently come to our tree for shelter against the bad weather, for the cherry had kept its leaves much more than the other trees of the neighborhood.

All the morning he stayed, just in the same spot, so I had a good chance to observe him; and he was certainly the dearest little mottled gray owl possible. He was small, for an owl, and very round, with conspicuous ear-tufts that he could raise or lower at pleasure. His coloring was wonderful, just the softest, woody browns and grays imaginable, with white patches on the wing and dark, wavy markings, like gray lichens on an old tree, or like the bark of beech-trees after rain.

He was very sleepy, it being day-time, but now and then he would open a round eye, or even two, and look at me with such a wise, solemn expression that I felt almost afraid. Perhaps it was the frivolous chatter of the sparrows that he was gravely disapproving. Sometimes he would turn his head far round without moving his body at all, with most curious effect; but presently he would blink sleepily and let down a feathery eyelid and doze off again. When I had to go away to luncheon, I feared he would be gone; but, on my return, there he was, still in the same crotch, only he had shifted his position a little, so as to show, full front, his grayish-white breast and his face with its curving bill deep buried in his soft plumage, while two white feathered feet firmly grasped the branch.

All day he nestled there, with the rain dripping around him. Toward four o'clock he began to be wakeful. It was too comical to see him lazily stretch himself, just like a a person and yawn, opening a small pink mouth! Presently, now very alert, his bright glance piercing the twilight, he flew to another limb, and soon, with a flutter, to another tree, and just at five o'clock he was off like a flash.

"Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight!" sang an old English poet, and not less "trimly dight" was this little native American owl that visited me that rainy day.

When Mother Bear made Pickles.

One year the three bears decided to make pickles. They didn't like pickles themselves, but whenever Goldilocks and her family had picnics in the forest they brought pickles.

"We'd better make pickles this year," said the Middle-sized Bear, "so, if Goldilocks should come to see Baby Bear, we could offer her something she likes to eat with her porridge."

Next day the Big, Big Bear took a huge basket and went for wild cucumbers. When he brought them home, the Middle-sized Bear, with Baby Bear's help, began making delicious pickles, at least they looked delicious. They washed the cucumbers and cut them in slices. Then the Middle-sized Bear gave Baby Bear a big spoon and a bag of coarse salt.

"Put the salt on the pickles," said the Mother Bear.

For a few minutes Baby Bear did as he was told, and shovelled salt on the wild cucumber pickles. He was having a good time playing with the salt, when suddenly that plump Baby Bear thought the salt looked so much like sugar that maybe it was sugar. By and by Baby Bear was so sure the salt was sugar that he opened his mouth wide and put in a big spoonful of salt. Then how he roared and cried!

Father Bear came running in, and Mother Bear scooped salt out of Baby Bear's big mouth until she wondered how one spoon could have held so much. When she couldn't see any more salt, she washed Baby Bear's mouth with cold water from the spring.

After a while Mother Bear put a huge box of mustard on the kitchen table, and left it there while she went in the pantry to read a recipe for making mustard pickles.

Baby Bear wondered what was in the yellow box. Then he climbed in the Middle-sized Mother Bear's middle-sized chair and reached for the box. He worked hard and worked and worked with his clumsy paws before he could get the cover off the box; and, when the cover came off, the mustard flew in Baby Bear's eyes. That mustard was so strong and hot it burned like fire!

Father Bear came running and Mother Bear came running! The mustard got in their eyes, too, and soon the three bears were dancing up and down on the kitchen floor crying out: "Mustard! Mustard! Mustard!"

Then Father Bear had an accident. He knocked the pickles off the broad window-sill into the sand.

"Never mind the pickles," said Mother Bear, as she carried Baby Bear to the door for fresh air. "They wouldn't have been good anyway, because the book I have been reading in the pantry says pickles must be made of garden cucumbers!"

It was a long time before Baby Bear stopped crying, and perhaps he might have cried until bedtime if a bumble-bee hadn't brought him a wee bit of honey.

After that the three bears went to walk.

"Anyway," said the Middle-sized Bear, as she tied Baby Bear's bonnet strings, "anyway, there isn't anything so good as porridge! If Goldilocks can't eat porridge, if she ever comes visiting Baby Bear, she will have to go hungry! We shall certainly never make any more pickles!"

And they never did!—*Frances Margaret Fox, in the Churchman.*

The Western Jack-rabbit.

Whoever rides out across the prairies of Western Kansas early any morning in fine weather will find the big jack-rabbits busy at work feeding, but, the moment they catch sight of any one, off they fly as fast as the powerful springs in their hind legs will carry them. Sometimes they enter the settlers' corn-fields to nibble at the stray grains. When the dog appears, off they dash, their long ears laid down flat against their neck as they go bobbing down the furrows, leaving Rover to wonder where the streak of lightning went.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AGENT, MISS E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blunt, Mary S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

The Wisdom of the Japanese.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

A peculiar land is Japan, and the Japanese are a peculiar people; and yet, with all the differences between their customs and ours, they have much in common with us. After all that has been said by Kipling and others about the gulf between the Orient and the Occident, racial peculiarities are only skin deep. Human nature is pretty much the same the world over. The "soul of the East" is not so very different from the soul of the West. There is much in the thinking of the Orientals that parallels ours. The similarity of their proverbs and ours goes far toward proving the unity of mankind. Tennyson had a deeper insight than Kipling when he struck the cosmopolitan note in this stanza (published in 1885):—

"Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles."

There is a striking resemblance between the wise sayings of the Asiatics and the Caucasians. As Christians we inherit the life and thought of the Jews. As a result of the conquests of Alexander the Great, Greek culture was taken to many parts of Asia. Later the teachings of Jesus through missionary propaganda became part of the mental furniture of people in nearly all the civilized countries of the Far East, including the Japanese Empire.

So it has come about that there is a universality of ideas and ideals through the world. The inhabitants of the Sunrise Kingdom and the Flowery Empire observed and reflected upon the vital facts that concern man as man, and reached substantially the same conclusions as have Western philosophers of ancient and modern times. No nation has a monopoly of the truth, and the rules of conduct tested by the ages are practically the same in all the five continents. Notwithstanding the differences of national psychology, all cultivated men think alike regarding fundamentals. The utterances of the great teachers of Asia and Europe exhibit an essential agreement. "Though there are many roads at the foot of the mountains, yet, if the top is reached, the same moon is seen," so runs a Japanese ode.

It is plain to every one that there are conflicting elements in the minds of Orientals and Occidentals (as there are differences between Britons and French, between Austrians and Italians), but these have been too much emphasized. While it is true that Japan is of Asia, the fact remains that the educated Japanese are open-minded and are rapidly assimilating all that is best in Western civilization.

In 1868 Japan was about where Europe was at the end of the Middle Ages, but since then feudalism has been swept away in the Land of the Rising Sun. The advance in toleration has been remarkable during the past forty years. Nippon's public schools and universities are modern. In a word, the Island Empire has been revolutionized and Westernized in a single generation.

Before the coming of Commodore Perry, in 1853, the Nipponese had been busy working out a civilization. During the long ages of seclusion they had been developing art, literature, and architecture. For more than a thousand years it may be said that they were eminently a sensible people, although isolated. Their lives were guided by maxims that are the incarnation of common sense. From the moralist's point of view there is much that is admirable in the proverbs of Old Japan.

Books and the art of writing were introduced into the Yamato archipelago from China about 300 A.D. From that time the Japanese slowly emerged from barbarism. From China via Korea came not only agriculture and the arts, but the wisdom and learning of Confucius and Mencius. The precepts of these philosophers became a part of the national mind. The Japanese flung themselves with ardor upon Chinese civilization, and for twelve centuries or more their philosophy of life has been tinctured by Chinese thought.

It is not necessary to give here an exposition of the doctrines of Confucius, which aid men how to live the moral life: they inculcate self-knowledge and self-control. The path of duty is the way to success, according to Confucius, who left his impress on the social institutions of Japan. The Japanese owe him a great debt, as they do Mencius, whose works strengthened their natural impulse toward idealism. One quotation from the writings of Mencius is given: "If all from high to low seek after utility, that country is in danger,"—a saying that recalls the words of Christ, "Man shall not live by bread alone." It reminds us of the pointed utterance of Mohammed: "Whoever has two loaves of bread, let him trade one for a blossom of narcissus; for bread is nourishment for the body, but narcissus is food for the soul."

In the seventh and eighth centuries a wave of religious enthusiasm spread over Nippon from Korea. Buddhism was established and became the dominant religion of the land, although the old native cult of Shinto was never entirely suppressed. Many temples and pagodas were erected. Buddhism gave a powerful stimulus to the art, architecture, education, and poetry of mediæval Japan. Self-help is the keynote of the message of Buddha. It has been claimed that the teachings of the Lord of Compassion, as he is called, made Asia mild. However it may be in India, the influence of Buddhism still abides in Japan. It is seen in the courtesy, the goodness of the people to one another. "The home life is everywhere characterized by gentleness," remarks an observant American who travelled in the Japanese Empire. "Cruelty to animals is unknown,—that unmistakable indication of a people's benignity." Buddhism has also taught the poor a spirit of resignation. Living on a mere pittance, the Nipponese have learned to be content with little, even as was Saint Paul. Theirs is the simple life. The Nipponese peasant is a plodder all his days, yet he is cheerful, hopeful. Doubtless, the outlook upon charming scenery has its effect in increasing his optimism. He faces the future with tranquillity: he knows how to live and how to die. Though Buddhism is losing its hold on the educated class, it is still a power with the ignorant and superstitious, of whom there are many in Nippon. Their philosophy of life seems to be summed up in the counsel given in Ecclesiastes,—"Eat, drink, and be merry." They take life seriously, dutifully, and yet joyously. They are not quarrelsome, and they hate war. Of a truth, Buddhism made Japan "the Land of Great Peace." The stranger within their gates is hospitably entertained: nowhere in the islands of the Mikado's empire does he feel that he is in the slightest personal danger, and theft is unknown.

Shinto may be called "a creed outworn," and yet it has served a purpose. In a sense, Church and State are one in Japan. Shinto may be termed the "official religion" of the Japanese Empire, for its priests safeguard institutionalism. It is a faith that makes faithful subjects. "My country and emperor alone matter," wrote Gen. Nogi in a little poem. That is one cardinal tenet of Shinto,—devotion to the empire and loyalty to its sovereign, an attachment so intense that it is but faintly expressed by the word "patriotism." The Japanese are passionate lovers of nature and they are the more fond of their native land because it contains some of the fairest spots to be seen anywhere on the face of the earth. With its wood-crowned hills and its smiling valleys, Yanato is indeed a beautiful country. The sons of Nippon especially admire the peerless Fujiyama. This grand old mountain has been for thousands of years sacred to the fire goddess. At the summit is a Shinto shrine, kept by two or three priests. It is the Mecca of pious pilgrims from all over the Land of the Rising Sun. The Shintoist thinks nothing of walking a hundred miles to this holy mountain. The trip is more or less a pleasure excursion. The votaries of this ancient national cult worship not only the sun, but other heavenly bodies. There are said to be some fourteen thousand deities in the Shinto pantheon.

Filial piety and ancestor worship are noteworthy features of Shinto. Old age is extraordinarily honored in Japan. The lesson of obedience to parents and respect for elders is impressed upon the young, and boys and girls are taught veneration for superiors and for renowned personages of Nipponese history. The greatest of all Japanese festivals is the annual observance of "the return of the dead." It is a poetical ceremony, to which three whole days are devoted. The presence of their invisible guests, the spirits of the departed, gives an uplift of mind and heart to the relatives, who repair to the cemeteries and engage in silent prayer and meditation. On feast-days and at other times the pupils of the public schools in the primary grades are required to bow in reverence before the tombs of their ancestors and of national heroes. The end in view is the strengthening of the ties that bind them to the past, also the exaltation of patriotism.

Doubtless there is some ethical value in these pious observances, as there is in the code of honor known as *Bushido*, "the Way of the Knight," which encourages the youth of the land to revere the past and emulate the virtues of the Samurai. Feudalism came to an end in Japan a generation ago, but the flower of chivalry, manliness, has not yet lost its fragrance. The influence of *Bushido* as an ethical system goes on. The *noblesse oblige* of the warrior class may be tersely put in two expressive words, "Fair play." *Bushido* taught magnanimity, rectitude, courage, benevolence, politeness, veracity, honor, loyalty, mental discipline, self-control, the suppression of self that goes so far as giving one's life for another or for a cause, and the cultivation of the heroic, with the end in view of redressing human wrongs. The insti-

Digitized by Google

tution of chivalry stood for much the same things in Nippon as in mediæval Europe, except in the estimate of woman, which was not so high in Old Japan as in England and Germany with their extravagant worship of the fair. Shinto and Buddhism blended or, rather, supplemented each other in the training of the Samurai. *Bushido* had its roots in the sayings of Confucius and other Chinese sages of old. The Japanese warrior had something of the nobility of mind and nature of Tennyson's ideal knight, combining as he did the strength of man and the gentleness of woman. Of course, he was skilled in all martial exercises, such as riding, fencing, and the use of weapons.

Knighthood has gone, but the finer spirits of the empire still keep alive its precepts and practices. *Bushido*, the sense of honor, is the mainspring, the animating spirit, of the New Nippon. Its aim is to cherish and foster the best in the national life. Boys and men prize the muscular development and agility gained by fencing, dancing, wrestling, sport, and *Jiu-jutsu*. The love of athletics is as much a passion with the Japanese as it was with the ancient Greeks. Physical culture, as well as moral instruction, is a part of the daily programme of pupils in the primary schools of Japan.

Before the "era of enlightenment" (which began with the reign of the late Mutsuhito, in 1868) Japanese civilization was interwoven with three strands,—Shinto, Confucianism, and Buddhism. In our own time two more factors or elements, Western science and Christianity, have entered into the civilization of the Mikado's empire. Travel and commerce, too, are bringing the East and West together, to say nothing about treaties and political alliances, which have cemented the friendship of Japan and the United States.

DENVER, COL.

Types of Negroes.

To the average American the word "Negro" means absolutely one distinct race. People never think of discriminating between Negroes and Negroes, as they would between white men who are English, for instance, and white men who are French.

Yet there is quite as much need of discrimination in one case as in the other. Just go about, even in New York, and notice the marked differences that exist among the colored people. Here, for instance, is a stalwart Negro, whose brawny frame, aggressive look, and combative manner proclaim him the lineal descendant of some powerful Congo chief. Notice his slow yet graceful walk, his laconic speech, his high cheek bone, straight nose, prominent chin, bulging forehead, and the midnight blackness of his skin. Be sure that a strong and masterful personality beats and throbs behind all those characteristics, and that we have here a man who may be, according to circumstances, either a splendid animal at bay or an ideal hero and saint. As a rule, circumstances do not make him either; but, as you look at him, you instinctively see the latent possibilities within him, and you say that at least a man is there.

But here comes another type of Negro, slender, mercurial, frail in physical organization, but richly dowered with nervous energy and a love for artistic expression. He is, indeed, essentially a poet and an artist combined; and his thoughts are deeply tinged with Oriental sensuousness as well as Oriental languor. His retreating forehead and narrow chest mark him as a man who will surely escape from the drudgery of the plantation for the more varied social life of the town. But he has brought with him the plantation breakdown, and those strange, quaint, plaintive folk-songs of the Negro, whose crude power and beauty have appealed to the world. This man, with his banjo and his songs and his dances and his overpowering emotional activity, is a descendant of some Zanzibar Negro from the east coast of Africa, where you may see his counterpart to-day.

Then you may see the Nile Negro, who, more than any other race of Negroes, is most nearly entitled to be regarded as the typical American Negro. His characteristics are gentleness, docility, patience, and affection. To this race belonged the noble old darkies who, amid the horrors and license of the Civil War, remained the faithful friends and protectors of their old masters and mistresses. To this race, also, belonged the old "mammies" who once played so important a part in the home life of the Southern people. The Negroes of Northern Africa outnumber all the other African races in this country; and it is a fortunate thing that they do, for, on the whole, no other Negroes make such good citizens. Compare them, for instance, with the Guinea Negro, in whose veins the savagery of a hundred generations runs riot, and whose small frame, indistinct speech, low moral nature, and limited intelligence are marks of race inferiority.

Certainly, one can but be glad that the dominant type of American Negro is one of which we can be proud. It has within itself many of the qualities that go to make up a fine manhood and womanhood, but not all: its very gentleness is against it. It lacks the strength which comes only from other and less praiseworthy characteristics. In the struggle for existence which we euphemistically call the advance of civilization, the timid, gentle, and easily led Nile Negro has little chance. It may not therefore be without some purpose in the evolution of life that the American Negro of the future is to be the result of a blending of Negro races. He will inherit some of the characteristics of the Nile Negro, the Congo Negro, the native of Zanzibar, and the brave though savage Zulu. Even the relative proportions in which these various races exist in this country will have much to do with the result.

I suspect that we Anglo-Saxons of to-day would shrink in horror from our old Viking ancestors, were we by some miracle to come across them in real life. In fact, such men to-day would be speedily executed or imprisoned for life as enemies of society; but, lawless and savage as the Vikings were, they possessed many of the qualities that go to the making of a great race; and the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race to-day is largely due to the fact that the blood of the old Vikings and Berserkers courses in its veins. On the other hand, the so-called Anglo-Saxon race of to-day, by which we mean, broadly speaking, the English people, is a composite race. The untamable ferocity of the Norse sea-kings is modified and sublimated by being blended with the traits of other races, so that the result is a race both dominant and dominating, which eloquently speaks for itself to-day in every corner of the globe.

Similarly, the result of a commingling of Negro races in this country may be a race greater than any of them, and thus better able than any of them to hold its own in the struggle for existence.—*Rev. J. B. Wasson.*

Hindus in America.

The Sansar, organ of the Hindus in America, makes an earnest and effective plea for unbiassed and equitable treatment of the British East Indians, who are seeking to make their homes in this country. The first Hindus to seek admittance were of the educated class, professors and lecturers, attracted by the atmosphere of freedom and willingness to listen. A student class followed, and there are about 150 scattered through the various colleges and universities in different parts of the country. The third class, which began to come in 1909, includes laborers and merchants, who have settled mainly in California, Oregon, and Washington.

Most of these immigrants come from the northern province of the Punjab, thus representing the most progressive and virile class of natives of the Indian Empire. They are mostly Sikhs, and are thus, by their religious rules and doctrines, already in sympathy with democratic ideals. They are monotheists and monogamists. In height, robustness, and stamina they are said to compare favorably with the best class of European immigrants. They are of Aryan stock, and can hardly be classed as Asiatic in the sense in which that term is generally used. At home they have been farmers, used to horses and cattle, and they have succeeded in making good in the three States where they have settled, adapting themselves easily to the standards of American and Canadian workmen.

Again these Hindus are frugal and industrious. The India Society has offered to give bonds, for any time that the United States government might require, that none of their countrymen would become public charges. They are interested in all movements for the advance of the human race. They care for their indigent sick, and none of them has ever become an inmate of the State criminal or charitable institutions.

It must not be forgotten that these Hindus are of a race of people who are mentally peers of any other. Only the other day a son of India was given the Nobel prize for greatness in literature, and in nearly every field of art and science the Hindu mind is well to the front. In deciding the questions of regulation and limitation, facts like these ought to be taken into account.

From Dayton, Ohio.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

May I ask for space in your columns to speak a further word of gratitude to our Unitarian churches? Ever since the early days of the Dayton flood in March last there has been a stream of finest charity coming towards us from our Unitarian kin. The money which came in the early weeks was equal to all our needs, and there has been no occasion to turn away any worthy person seeking relief. The giving of relief in money has now ceased.

Digitized by Google

The sending of clothes has been uninterrupted. The Winchester church broke all records for speed with their first munificent gift of twelve barrels, but the same sympathy and care have entered into all succeeding relief, even down to the things which have just arrived. The work of outfitting has gone on steadily, and will continue to some extent throughout the winter; but we are happy to say that we shall not need further shipments of clothing, the material yet on hand being adequate for the remaining work.

The Dayton Unitarian church will retain an abiding sense of the lavish sympathy and generosity of our Unitarian people. We were given relief for all the needs of our own immediate circle; the finances of the church were taken care of in the days when local support was of necessity curtailed; and city-wide relief in money and clothing, by the local church, was made possible, so that the best traditions of Unitarian brotherliness were sustained throughout the crisis.

For all this we are deeply grateful; but even more thankful are we for the immediate prospect of a fine church home, wherein we shall be able to do a work hitherto impossible. Our movement is growing, particularly in its work of religious education for the young, and we see great things ahead. I write this in deep appreciation of the generosity of the many and of the counsel and helpfulness of our denominational officers, among whom Mr. Henry M. Williams should be specially mentioned for his lavish expenditure of time and effort.

TROWARD H. MARSHALL.

The Alliance.

The Alliance board meeting was held on January 9, the president in the chair. Miss Bancroft is receiving many calls to visit branch and neighborhood meetings in New England and New York. She is to attend the session of the Southern Associate Alliance in Dallas in the spring.

Mrs Davis spoke of evening meetings that she has addressed. These give members who are employed during the day a chance to attend as well as the men of the churches who may care to learn of Alliance work.

The Post-office Mission Committee recommended that several branches combine and insert a single advertisement in accordance with some definite plan, and then share the returns. Such co-operation should bring better results than the plan now followed. An interesting experiment is being made in Lowell in distributing tracts among Italians.

An appeal for $600 for Dayton, Ohio, for the furnishings of the new church was recommended. Now is the time for the strengthening of the work at Dayton when a fresh start is to be made, and this appeal will receive generous treatment

The Badge Committee reported that 308 Alliance pins of the 25-cent style and 40 of the $1.25 pins have been sold since the last meeting.

All are interested in a memorial to Mrs. Fifield. The Alliance branch of the First Parish, Dorchester, has placed her name *in memoriam*. Mrs. Davis reported that the committee favored a memorial room in the new student house, and the board voted to ask the board of managers of the proposed student house in Boston for the privilege of endeavoring to fit up and furnish the living room or library of the house as a memorial to Mrs. Fifield, the design and furniture of the room to be subject to the approval of the board of managers. Every Alliance woman will wish to contribute to this memorial. The money can be sent through the branch treasurer to Mrs. William Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Committee on the Junior Alliance is getting information about the work of young people, addressing all the Junior branches and interested individuals. Suggestions will be welcomed by the chairman, Mrs. William L. Voigt, 222 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Reports were received from the Middle States and Canada. Never were the branches in and about New York City more prosperous or more hopeful. Miss Slade reported that the new church at Flushing will be without a floor unless friends rally to the cause and contribute money. Every one might give the cost of one plank.

The report from New Jersey was most interesting. The influence of the liberal church is being diffused all over the State, literature is distributed widely, and respect for Unitarians and their work is growing.

The Pennsylvania branches rejoice in an increase of numbers that for the first time entitles them to two directors. Mrs. Woodbridge of Germantown was warmly welcomed, and her reports were received with enthusiasm.

The story from Eastern Canada is one of long distances between branches, but excellent work is going on, and the future is bright. Toronto rejoices in the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Saunderson.

Twenty-seven members of the board took luncheon together at the Business Women's Club.

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

The New Course of Religious Instruction.

The attention of the Department of Religious Education has been centred, for more than a year, upon a proposed new course of religious instruction. It is intended that this course shall be set forth in a series of books covering the needs of pupils between the ages of four and twenty-one, providing books for classes, for teachers, and for home work. This is one of the largest and most important enterprises ever undertaken by our body. The preliminary work has been done with great pains and deliberation, and is now so far advanced that a somewhat detailed announcement, which is now on the press, will soon be issued.

Three questions naturally arise, and have been asked, concerning this proposed course. I. Why is it necessary? II. What are to be its underlying features? III. What assurance is offered that the course, when completed, will meet the needs of our schools? These are legitimate questions and demand full and frank replies.

I. Why, then, is it necessary to provide a new series of text-books in religious education? Because knowledge grows, and nowhere faster than in the realm of educational method. Striking as this advance is in all educational science, it is, perhaps, most pronounced in the field of education in religion and morals. For here we have not only progress in the science of teaching, based upon growing knowledge of how to deal with developing mental powers, we have, at least in peculiar fulness, the gain that has been made in knowledge of developing traits, tastes, moral capacities and propensities, in what is known, that is, as child psychology. The problem of education in general is that of presenting the subjects taught in such fashion that they may be undestood and assimilated. The special problem in religious education is, in addition to this, that of meeting the developing characters of young people at each stage with such moral or spiritual stimuli as shall help them to take the next step forward.

The history of our denominational effort to provide adequate lessons in religion for young people has been more than creditable,—it has been prophetic. So long ago as 1852 books were issued by the Unitarians, in carefully graded series, as well as in fullest accord with all that was then known of the powers and needs of developing minds. The *One-Topic, Three Grade* lessons, and the *Beacon Series*, subsequently issued, have given our body an honorable place in the religious world. These books, with our many miscellaneous manuals, provide an almost bewildering array of excellent text-books for classes. The courage, energy, and foresight thus already shown have set for us of to-day a standard below which we must not fall. It is for us to imitate those who have gone before us and pass on, as they did, to higher attainments. Their best is not good enough for present needs because they had not the advantages that educators have to-day. Our churches, our schools, our teachers, demand, and our young people need, such a series of lessons as shall include, with the acknowledged excellence of past efforts, the newer knowledge and the more highly perfected method. How those on whose shoulders rests the responsibility for this task plan to meet that duty must appear in the answer to the second question proposed.

II. What, then, are to be the main features of the proposed new course of study? For one thing, it is to be inclusive in its range, beginning with the age of four and ending with the age of twenty-one. It is thus to be longer than the *Beacon Series* and more highly articulated than the *Three Grade Series*. The need of both these changes has been recognized from the first by those who created our present manuals.

In the next place the new course is to be, so far as possible, thoroughly unified. Every author is to be made acquainted with the principles underlying the entire course, and will be expected to write his part with reference to the whole, presuming upon the use of material used in books for younger pupils and preparing the way for later books in the series. All manuscripts will become the property of the Department, and will be studied and unified by our editorial committee. To secure a fuller understanding the authors are to be brought to Boston, in

Digitized by Google

the near future, for several days of conference with each other and with the editorial committee. It is hoped that in this way the authors' initiative may be preserved in a carefully unified and co-operative system.

Once more, it is intended that all manuals to be placed in the pupils' hands shall be attractive in form and substance, divided into chapters rather than into "lessons," and without questions, references, or other text-book appliances. To accompany such books there will be provided teachers' manuals, in which questions, references, teaching outlines, and suggestions will be given as fully as possible. In addition to these, leaflets for school and home work will be provided for pupils of such ages as can profitably use them. Thus it is planned to make the books in this course attractive to pupils and helpful to teachers having in mind their differing needs in a common task.

Perhaps the most important single purpose to be carried out in this course is that the work for each age shall be chosen and presented solely with reference to the known needs of that age. Hitherto, lessons in religion have been largely material-centred. Our proposal is that these lessons shall be child-centred. Instead, that is, of surveying the whole field of religious knowledge and then apportioning this vast material among the grades with the purpose of getting it learned, we propose to set the child in the midst, learn, as nearly as specialists can teach us, precisely what the child needs at each stage of his development, and provide for his use such material as will meet those needs and help forward his development to the next stage of growing character. This is an ideal that could not have been attempted or even conceived until recent times, but one which commends itself to educators as the only one that ought to govern a modern system of religious education.

III. The third question now arises,—What assurance is offered that these plans can be carried out with any degree of satisfaction? The answer to this involves, first, financial ability to make such a scheme real in the form of books, and, second, the intellectual and spiritual equipment of those who must do the work. The first of these conditions is met by the American Unitarian Association, which has set its hand to the work and has both the wisdom and the ability to carry the project to a satisfactory conclusion.

The second condition, involving the intellectual and spiritual fitness of those charged with this task, is one impossible to discuss in this connection. Suffice it to say that it is the purpose of those having the matter in hand to secure the best authors available, having in mind intellectual equipment, and, even more, spiritual sympathy with young people of the various ages for which they write. Their names will be announced as soon as possible. The work of these authors is to be edited, revised, and adapted by an editorial committee, every member of which is a specialist in religious education, having had experience, in most cases extended, in the actual work of our Sunday schools. The secretary of the Department, Rev. William I. Lawrance, the associate secretary, Rev. Florence Buck, and the lecturer, Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck, Ph.D., form the nucleus of this committee. The other members are Mrs. Clara T. Guild, dean of the Tuckerman School; Prof. Henry W. Holmes of the Division of Education, Harvard College; Miss Lillian B. Poor, author of "The Children of the Bible" and kindergarten director of the city of Boston; Miss Frances M. Dadmun, one-time professor of art in Swathmore College, and now superintendent of the School of Religion and Ethics, Watertown, Mass.; Miss Harriet Johnson of the Faculty of the Tuckerman School and superintendent of the Arlington Street Sunday school; and Mr. Allen French of the Division of English, Harvard University, and superintendent of the Sunday school in Concord, Mass.

These persons, with the co-operation of a large number of specialists in religious education and of practical workers in our Sunday schools, all animated by the single purpose to supply our young people with the best aids to religious development that consecrated effort can produce, are entering upon a large and important task. They ask the prayerful interest, the patience, and the kindly help of all.

The Young People's Religious Union.

What our Young People can do for Foreign Missionary Work.

At the December meeting of the executive board of the Young People's Religious Union, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., the secretary of the Department of Foreign Relations of the American Unitarian Association, was present and spoke on "Foreign Missions," making the Unitarian work in Bulgaria especially important; and in closing he made a strong plea for a wider interest in these interdenominational affairs. Dr. Wendte was so interesting and put the work in such a light that we wish every Unitarian young person might have had the privilege of listening to his story.

The suggestion was made that this or a similar topic would be excellent for our young people's meetings to consider. Will not any one who reads this article urge that this be one subject for the new year or at least receive consideration during the next season? Surely once a year is not too often for our Unitarian progress in foreign lands to be reviewed and discussed. It is noted that our churches are taking more and more thought of this. One of the prominent Boston churches is shortly to devote a Sunday evening service to "Christianity in Other Lands," when our Unitarian work in China, Japan, and Italy is to be brought to the fore. Let us follow suit in our young people's societies!

Among other things, Dr. Wendte told us that the Baptists, as a denomination, give twice as much to foreign missions as to home missionary work; the Episcopalians, 60 per cent. more; the Methodists, half and half; while we Unitarians give only from 5 to 7 per cent. Our foreign work is being extended, however, all along the line: it would be impossible to do missionary work nowadays on the old lines. Recent visits of some of our prominent laymen to the Orient and European countries have added much to our knowledge of conditions.

The Unitarian Mission in Japan is doing a splendid work and is taken care of by the American Unitarian Association; contributions are likewise made to the Italian work; but one country that is needy and seems well worth attention is Bulgaria. Dr. Wendte went on to outline the special needs of Rev. Anton Toplifsky, who is doing a valuable work for our cause in that Protestant country, having founded by his own efforts a Unitarian church of forty-five members, and is now publishing a paper, one-half being devoted to politics and the other half to our Unitarian principles. This was mentioned as a vital point in the midst of a district pre-eminently Christian and with missionaries all about. Through this worker our liberal gospel is reaching at least six nationalities.

Dr. Wendte cited all this to show that,

Marriages.

At Winchester, Mass.: Jan. 10, 1914, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, Howard Dow Blendinger, of Plainfield, N. J., and Sadie May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Fisher, of Winchester, Mass.

Deaths.

DAWES ELIOT FURNESS.

Dawes Eliot Furness, who died suddenly of heart failure on Saturday afternoon, December 27, was of old New England stock, being descended on his father's side from Roger Clapp and Maj. John Furness, and on his mother's from Hon. William Greenleaf, Col. Thomas Dawes, and Rev. Andrew Eliot. The late Rev. William Henry Furness of Philadelphia and the Rev. William Greenleaf Eliot of St. Louis, both eminent Unitarian ministers, were his uncles.

He was born in Philadelphia sixty-seven years ago, and graduated from Harvard in the class of '68. His early business life was spent in Philadelphia and in the western part of Pennsylvania. In 1895 he came to Boston to engage in the publishing business, but of late years he had had the care of the business affairs of the late John Henry Brooks, who was one of his closest friends.

He was a member of the Union Club, of the Society of Colonial Wars, and of the Bostonian Society. He was a devoted and active member of the First Church in Boston, from which he was buried, the Rev. Charles E. Park and the Rev. Christopher R. Eliot officiating at the services. He is survived by his two sisters, Rebekah T. and Laura Furness.

Dawes Eliot Furness was a man of the highest integrity, of unfailing loyalty to his family, his friends, and to whatever interests were confided to his care. There are many, from the very young to the very old, who will miss his sympathy and helpfulness.

EUROPE POPULAR SUMMER TOUR $400.00
Italy to Scotland. University man, leader.
THE SHELTON PARTIES
Box A – 294 Washington Street, – Boston, Mass.

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1803. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED concerning the adoption of promising children into good homes. Ward R. Clarke, Unitarian Parsonage, Saco, Me., for the York County Children's Aid Society

MUSIC TEACHER WANTED.—The Southern Industrial Institute at Camp Hill, Alabama, finds itself without a teacher of piano in the middle of the year, and it has occurred to the principal that perhaps some teacher of experience might like to spend the rest of the winter in the South, teaching piano and perhaps instructing our band. We are able to pay a salary, though not large. Correspondence should be had at once with the principal, Lyman Ward, Camp Hill, Alabama.

Digitized by Google

if we do not get our young people interested in some of these big, vital doings of our denomination, the work will not be continued when those who are carrying the burden now have finished their usefulness. He further emphasized the fact that young people *can* help in these great issues by either making monetary contributions for this work in Bulgaria, for example, or by awakening and quickening interest in the calling of a meeting for the discussion and consideration of the extension of Unitarianism in foreign countries, thus bringing the subject before our Unitarian public. Dr. Wendte offered to give freely of his own time and strength to this cause,—that of interesting our young people in these topics,—and will, if consulted, be glad to suggest others who can speak confidently and understandingly of the whole matter.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

On Sunday evening, January 18, the Channing Guild of Channing Church, Dorchester, will hold a neighborhood meeting. The social meeting at six o'clock will be followed by a devotional meeting at half past seven and an illustrated stereopticon lecture on "International Peace," by Dr. James L. Tryon.

The Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston will meet at Bulfinch Place Church, Monday, Jan. 19, 1914. The meeting will be conducted in five divisions, each with its own leader, to discuss informally problems peculiar to its own grade of work. Supper at 6, addresses at 7. Single supper tickets, at 65 cents each, may be purchased at the meeting.

There will be a general meeting in King's Chapel at 7.30 o'clock next Sunday evening, to spread information as to the remarkable interest in the more liberal forms of Christian faith in distant lands. The speakers will tell of what they have themselves observed, chiefly in China, Japan, and Italy. Dr. Charles W. Eliot will speak on "The Unitarian Opinion concerning the Propagation of the Faith"; Prof. Francis G. Peabody, on "The Unitarian Mission in Japan"; and Rev. Louis C. Cornish, on "The Opportunity for Unitarian Work in Italy."

At the weekly musical service in King's Chapel Saturday noon Mr. John Adams Loud will play, and Mrs. George Dyer, soprano, will sing. Speakers for next week at the noon-day services are as follows: January 19, Rev. George T. Smart, D.D., Newton Highlands Congregational Church; January 20, Rev. Paul S. Phulen, Unitarian Church, Augusta, Me.; January 21, Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., King's Chapel; January 22, President Albert Parker Fitch, D.D., Andover Theological Seminary, Cambridge; January 23, Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D., First Church, Jamaica Plain.

Meetings.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEAGUE.—The regular monthly meeting of the League was held in the Girard Avenue Church (formerly Spring Garden), on Thursday, Jan. 8, 1914, at 11 A.M., the president, Mrs. Hayward, in the chair, and about seventy members and guests present. Mr. Bernard Newman of the Philadelphia Housing Commission spoke on the subject "How does our Religion appeal to the Foreign Element in America?" This address was followed by an interesting discussion, during which several members related in detail personal experiences with members of the foreign population.

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The League held its regular meeting, on January 20, at the Lenox Avenue Church, New York. The president, Mrs. Donnell, called attention to the extra meeting, to be held on January 26 at the Church of the Messiah, New York, called President's Day. The religious news of the present time was given by Mrs. Charles A. Nelson. In a comprehensive manner Mrs. Nelson spoke of the religious awakening in literature. The principal speaker was Mrs. Edith Ellis Furness of New York, who spoke of the Woman's National Theatre, and the aims and efforts that are being put forth to bring it about. Mrs. Furness is an able and attractive speaker, an actress manager and playwright, and she belongs to a family all interested, more or less, in the theatre. She is an earnest believer in woman's capacity to bring about a theatre that will be within the reach of all the people and the pride of all the people. The next regular meeting will be held in Brooklyn, at the Church of the Saviour, and the subject will be "The City's Young People: Boy Scouts, Camp-fire Girls, and Athletic League."

Churches.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—The First Parish, William H. Lyon, D.D., and Rev. Abbot Peterson: The parish celebrated New Year Sunday by the admission of fourteen young people to the church, and to the communion service. The church has been much increased of late years by the entrance of older people, but this is the first movement toward it by the younger element. It has been for several years a vital part of the parish, and seems likely to become increasingly so.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. S. M. Crothers, D.D.: A series of five vesper services for young people will be held on Sunday afternoons at 4.30 in the parish house. "Unitarianism and the Missionary Spirit" will be presented as follows: January 18, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, "The Missionary Spirit in American History"; January 25, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, "The Dissemination of the Unitarian Faith"; February 1, Mr. Edward B. Drew, "Christian Achievement in the Far East"; February 8, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, "Present-day Opportunities and Duties of Unitarians in the Missionary Field"; February 15, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, "Unitarianism and the World Religion." To these services a cordial invitation is extended to all young people. There will be a social hour for young people each Sunday at 5.30, at which ladies of the parish will act as hostesses.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.—All Souls' Church, Rev. Thomas Salter Robjent: The church was most beautifully decorated at Christmas, and good cheer pervaded the congregation on Christmas Sunday. The New Year was inaugurated by an audience that completely filled the church, on the first Sunday, when the minister preached on "The Discovery of the Future," founded on H. G. Wells's recent book. The brightest feature of the work here is the striking increase in the morning attendance at the services. Mr. Robjent has caught the ear of the community, and his sermons are commanding attention. Some time ago he quoted, approvingly, the saying of Gerald Stanley Lee: "What is the church for but news,—not old news, but the latest news from God," and ever since has been giving to the people what they feel to be the latest news from God, and the community has responded in a striking way. The evening services continue to attract good audiences. They are confined strictly to the discussion of social topics. A notable address last month was delivered by Prof. Ira M. DeLong of the State University, on "The Price and Promise of Democracy."

PROVIDENCE, R.I.—First Congregational Church, Rev. Augustus M. Lord, D.D.: The New Year began auspiciously with a hospitable house warming on January 1, given by the women of the Alliance to mark the completion of the enlarged and improved parish house, thus formally opening the extensive parlors and assembly room to greater service in the life of the church. The original fine stone structure standing behind the church on Benevolent Street was left practically intact, and was redecorated and modernized with new floors, electric lighting, and improved heating. The enlargements to the south provided downstairs for a new sewing-room, with ample cabinet and drawer space, and a modern kitchen of large proportions and equipped with every convenience; while above there was added a stage and dressing-rooms and a most attractive study with windows to the east and south. The furnishings to this library, done in soft brown, are the gift of a friend of the parish; and another generous giver provided, as a memorial, the fireplace and its fittings in the main parlor on the first floor, that the parish house might have a hearth of domestic cheer so fitting in a church home. The note of cordial hospitality was dominant as the members and friends of the parish gathered, and the cheer of the evening was heightened by the lighting of the first fire on the new hearth by Dr. Lord, who spoke in gracious terms of the many generous friends who had made the improvements possible, and commended especially the women of the Alliance for their faithful and splendid work. The chairman of the evening was Mrs. Henry Bowen. The Chapel Improvement Committee, who undertook to secure the necessary subscriptions, and so successfully carried out the undertaking, are Mrs. Howard K. Hilton, Mrs. Walter Peck, Miss Louise Richardson, Mrs. Augustus M. Lord, Mr. Prescott O. Clarke, Mr. Cyrus Brown, and Mr. Livingston Ham.

SALEM, MASS.—First Church, Rev. Edward D. Johnson: The rebuilding of the organ and its consequent great improvement was the first work of the new church year, and one of importance. A Home-gathering Supper early in October proved one of the largest and most enjoyable of the social events in the church in recent years. Successful cake and

Digitized by Google

candy sales have been held by the Alliance and by the Guild. The centenary of the birth of Rev. Jones Very was observed in November, a sketch of his life was given, and many of his more beautiful sonnets, hymns, and other poems were read. Manuscript poems and sermons, the editions of his works, clippings from the *Register* and from Salem papers, the form in which many of the poems first appeared, were on exhibition, together with pictures of his unique figure and personal memorabilia in the world of American literature and religion. In November the Guild entertained the church at an "indoor picnic." The hall was attractive with the trees, which gave a pleasant outdoor effect, and the evening was marked as another successful event conducted by this valuable part of the church organization. The Union Thanksgiving service of the Protestant churches of Salem was held this year in the First Church. The sermon was preached by Rev. John E. Charlton, Ph.D., of the Wesley Methodist Church, and the church was filled with the representatives from the various churches, including the ministers of the Trinitarian, Congregational, the Methodist, and the Universalist churches, the Calvary Baptist Church, the French Protestant Mission, and the three Unitarian churches. A good-sized group of people came to the church December 22, to listen to the reading of Dickens's Christmas Carols. The service of Christmas Sunday was the most largely attended of Christmas services of the present pastorate. A Christmas tree and entertainment, given to the Sunday-school and its friends on December 29, was a pleasant part of the season and was shared with children who had no other tree. The Guild made its usual gifts of individual Christmas trees, attractively decorated, and carrying cheer to the hospital, to homes for aged men and for aged women, and to various "shut ins." Gifts of money and other help have gone from the church and the Sunday-school to the Carolina Industrial School, the Winnipeg and Dayton churches, and to the General Conference, and to the Y. P. R. U. bazaar. The social service committee has allied itself with the works of the Associated Charities and the Salem Relief Committee.

WOBURN, MASS.—First Unitarian Parish, Rev. Henry C. Parker: The celebration of Christmas was especially pleasant. Mr. Parker preached, December 21, on "The Spiritual Import of Christmas." The church was appropriately decorated, and the choir, under the direction of Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, rendered excellent Christmas music. At the Children's Festival, December 27, a two-act playlet, "Santa Claus's Helpers," was given. Mr. Louis Linscott entertained the little folk with clever crayon drawings, and gifts were distributed. Eighteen red stockings, filled to the brim with toys and useful articles, were sent to families in the city. The Sunday-school gave a Christmas concert, at noon, December 28, under the direction of Mr. Clifford Parker, superintendent. The L. C. S. Alliance Branch met January 1. Mrs. W. F. Davis, chairman of the Fair Committee, reported a goodly sum realized for parish expenses. There was an unusually large attendance at the supper, which was followed by an illustrated talk on his recent trip abroad, by Dr. Robert Chalmers. January 3 Mr. Parker preached a pertinent New Year's sermon. The year opens hopefully for the parish in all its departments.

Personals.

Mrs. Nancy Aseltyne of St. Louis, Mo., one of the earliest and most faithful of subscribers to the *Christian Register*, died recently, lacking but a few days of being ninety-two. The paper has had no more sympathetic and intelligent reader than she, and surely to carry a ministry to minds like hers is one great justification for our work.

Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, secretary of the Church Extension Department, and formerly secretary of the Department of Education of the American Unitarian Association, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Preaching and Parish Administration, and secretary of the Faculty, at the Harvard Divinity School. Mr. Foote graduated from the Divinity School in 1902, having already received the degrees of A.B. and A.M. from Harvard. He served from 1902 to 1906 as minister of the First Unitarian Church of New Orleans. From 1906 to 1911 he was minister of the First Unitarian Church of Ann Arbor, Mich. In December, 1910, he was appointed one of the secretaries of the American Unitarian Association, and recently has had charge of the church extension work. He will take up his new work at the Divinity School about April 1. He will have charge of the courses of instruction which Prof. F. G. Peabody formerly gave in the School, and will assist Dean Penn in the administrative work of the School.

From the Massachusetts Federation of Churches.

The gratifying results of the "Go-to-church Day," reported by communities in several States, leads to the recommendation for a State-wide Go-to-church Day on Sunday, Feb. 8, 1914.

Suggestions for a community church day, as approved by the publicity committee of the Boston Ministers' Meetings, are:—

1. Concerted action is fundamental. Get every church to co-operate. Have at least a cordial understanding with the Roman Catholic priests. Do not use the word "Protestant." Enlist your Board of Trade and civic officials.

2. Use daily or weekly papers. Insert paid advertisements. The papers will print much freely as news. The press is a powerful ally.

3. Use the results of your church census or parish plan; or make a fresh house-to-house canvass, leaving printed and personal invitations.

4. Use the go-to-church button, to give to all who are pledged to attend on February 8, rain or shine, recording their names.

5. Use your own church announcements, calendars, etc. Keep the plan before your constituency. Lift it to the spiritual plane by prayer in your mid-week meetings and Sunday services.

6. At all services on February 8 use cards to secure the name and address of every attendant, thus verifying your count and securing new names which each church may follow up without danger of competing with any other.

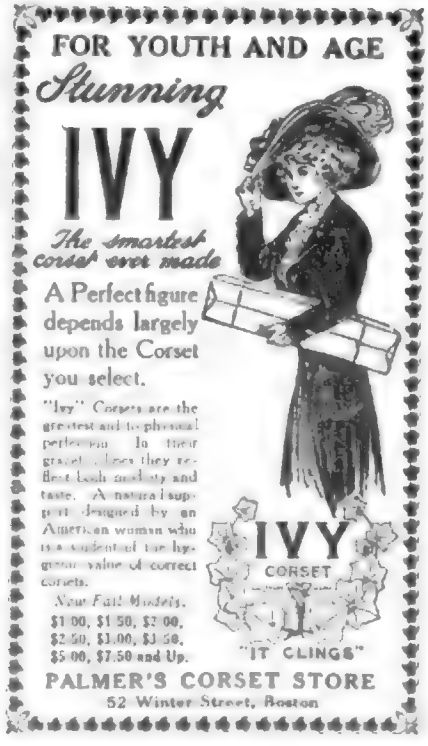
7. In every way make it plain that the effort is not to secure a record attendance on one day, but to establish the habit of regular church-going and to associate it with the wholesome revival of a community spirit.

The Tuckerman School.

Several lectures with conferences and discussions are to be given on Wednesday mornings at half-past nine, which are planned to give practical and important help to the students, especially to those who are preparing to be parish assistants. The equipment of the parish through its various organizations and the necessary qualifications of the assistant in her spirit of work and in experience and knowledge will be the main topics. Beginning February 18, there will be ten addresses by those in the field who will show conditions and methods in all the different parishes represented. Since no two parishes can present the same needs and conditions, the sum of these addresses will make valuable suggestion for the future worker. The speakers are these: Miss Hope Fagan February 18, Miss Esther K. Davis February 25, Miss Caroline L. Carter March 4, Miss Mary Lawrance March 11, Miss Marguerite Emilio March 18, Miss Leontine Pote March 25, Miss Harriet E. Johnson April 8, Miss Katharine Stokes April 15, Miss Edith Jones April 29.

Ministers and others who would like to hear what parishes find for assistants to do are invited to come in and share the pleasure and instruction of these reports.

A national arboretum is being established in Rock Creek national park, District of Columbia. Eventually, it will contain all American tree species which will thrive there.



Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"You can't be too car-full," said the superintendent to the car-driver.

"My daughter's interpolation of Shakespeare is really remarkable," said Mrs. Twickembury, proudly.

A New York auctioneer advertised: "For sale.—A large quantity of oil paintings by some of the most ancient masters of the day."

"How are the acoustics of that theatre?" "The what?" "Acoustic properties?" "Oh, ah, yes: the acoustic properties. Why, it struck me they were rather gaudy."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Biggs: "Our forefathers had wives that were of some account. They could do everything, from the family sewing to driving oxen." Boggs: "Yes: they hemmed and hawed, as it were."

Miss Maguire: "Any letter for me?" Postmaster: "What name, please?" Miss Maguire: "Must I tell?" Postmaster: "Certainly." Miss Maguire: "Well, if I must, 'Tom Dolan.'"

"You have such ridiculous names out in Washington. 'Snohomish' and 'Klickitat,' for instance." "Ah! Where are you from?" "From Sagadahoc County, Maine, sir. What of that?"—*Puck.*

A tip is diagnosed by a witty Scottish writer as a small sum of money you give to somebody because you are afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.—*Toronto Globe.*

"James, what is the national flower of Scotland?" "The thistle." "Correct. Margaret, give the national flower of England." "The rose." "Correct. Now who can tell me the national flower of Spain? Timothy, I see your hand. What is it?" "The bullrush."

Lawrence Barrett, though stern and dignified, could unbend a little occasionally. Once a popular low comedian proposed a combination with him, which he declined. "It would have been an unhappy illustration," said the tragedian, in relating it, "of Grin and Barrett."—*Texas Siftings.*

Not long ago a club reporter on a Chicago paper was assigned to cover an important meeting. "Bring a story of about four hundred words," said the editor. At a late hour the youngster was sent for. "How about that story of the board meeting?" asked the editor. "It isn't finished yet. You told me to make four hundred words of it. So far I have managed to get only three hundred." "What did the board do?" "They met, called the roll, and adjourned until Tuesday evening."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Some years ago, before the subway was built, the wife of a Cambridge professor saw, as she was crossing the street, a blind man near the track of the electric cars, feeling his way carefully along by means of his stick. A car under full headway was rapidly approaching. Anxiously watching him, she perceived that the blind man was not conscious of his danger: and just at the last moment, making up her mind to a supreme effort, she dropped all her packages into the snow and slush, and, seizing him by the collar, pulled him back, just in time to see—the car, loaded with passengers, run off on the wrong switch, and to be confronted by an enraged switchman who had only been trying to move the switch.—*New York Evening Post.*

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 305 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON — 85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
31st year, Sept. 29, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys.
George H. Browne, A.M., Rev. Willard Reed, A.M., } Principals.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 4 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 73
Modernism in the Pews 74
The Tyranny of the Trivial 75
CURRENT TOPICS 76
BREVITIES 77
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Creation; In Two Denominations; The Future Life . . 78
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Nausicaa's Ball, by H. M. Selby 78
Catherine Maria Sedgwick, by Oscar Fay Adams . . . 79
The Language of Worship, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, 81
Self-sacrifice 85
The Caribbean Sea, by Rev. E. P. Herrick; The Little People of Pæstum, by K. H. Austin 86
Three Happenings; Dr. Hale's Old Hat, by Edward F. Hayward; Unitarian Interests 90
Foreign Notes, by Rev. C. W. Wendte, D.D. 91
The Aftermath of War; Community Work at Shelter Neck, by Henry Wilder Foote 92
The Tuckerman School 95
SPIRITUAL LIFE 83
THE PULPIT.
The Church and the Community, by Rev. John M. Wilson 83
LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines 87
THE HOME.
Billy's Fishin', by R. L. G.; The Ginger-cake Man; A Pet Raven 88
Grandmother's Story; Little Bear's Bee-tree 89
POETRY.
The Flight of the Birds, by Edith De Blois Laskey . . 78
The Caribbean Sea, by Rev. E. P. Herrick 86
An Old English Song 88
Gates Ajar, by Rev. Leslie Clare Manchester 90
YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Notes from the Field 93
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 94
HERE AND THERE 95
PLEASANTRIES 96

Editorial.

THE objection to Christianity comes round periodically, based on the calling people Christian whose nations have navies and armaments and who exhibit the vices of civilization. The task which the teachings of Jesus set before the world and the conditions under which men live, and the character of righteousness itself are not considered in these strictures. They remind one of the expectations we sometimes have of the medicines prescribed for us. If we are not cured, we blame the medicines without thinking of the things we do or leave undone in the matter. As Dr. Gordon says of a trained intellect, that it cannot be imparted, it must be won, so the test of Christianity is in the seeing its task rather than the presentation of a finished work, in the direction men take and the purpose they cherish rather than the exhibition of results up to date. If they were to be fully reckoned and with full comparison, they would make a much better showing than is ordinarily credited to them. We should be named and known not with designation only, but with prophecy, not for what we have become, but for what we are becoming. It is among Christian peoples that movements for the lessening of war have begun, and has been carried farthest toward their end, and to Christian nations we find the world looking for all that is most humane and enlightening. The more Christianity is tried, the more it is vindicated.

THOSE who think that their own denomination is peculiarly failing to attract the people will do well to read an article in the *Hibbert Journal* by the vicar of an Anglican church in a large manufacturing city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants. It begins bravely: "It is a healthy symptom in the condition of the Church of England that it is beginning to admit its own failure. That failure is indeed patent, whether we consider the statistics of church attendance or more significant facts, such as the slightness of the Church's hold on the modern democratic movements . . . or its obvious inability to instil a sense of discipline into its members or a sense of mutual charity and trust into its several sections. . . . Of hostility to the Church I find but rare examples, of hostility to persons not many, of hostility to religion very few. The vast majority of people are friendly. They approve of religion, they approve of the Church,—many even subscribe to it. It helps, they feel, to keep the

Digitized by Google

poor quiet and the young respectable. At the same time a clear majority of grown people in all classes, rich, middle, and poor, neither attend the church nor take any active interest in religion. Intellectual reasons may account, perhaps, for five per cent. of the cases, but not for more. For the rest, their attitude is not one of positive opposition or disbelief or doubt, not even of avowed indifference, but of sheer negative neglect. The causes of this neglect are partly the accidents of household occupation: most households include no domestic servants," etc., . . . "but, beyond this, the neglect is due simple unadulterated slackness. . . . I appeal to any parish priest whether it is not his experience that scientific or intellectual movements are far less formidable enemies of religious observance than the bed, the armchair, the pipe, the motor car, the bicycle, or the golf clubs. It is not mental alertness, but physical relaxation, which is the Church's worst opponent. There is a real slackening of moral fibre among all classes, . . . and with this moral slackness goes a spiritual laziness. A large proportion of the people do not come to church simply because they cannot pray. Worship is too severe a tax on their spiritual capacity. . . . This laziness is not observable only in matters of religion. It prevails with all educational opportunities. Very few boys and girls continue any form of study after they leave school, and crowds attend a football match, whilst a mere handful can be attracted to an organ recital or lecture." The proposed remedies are not such as would concern any but churchmen, but the trouble seems to be wider than that of any sects or of "the sects."

Two bishops in Africa invite ministers of various orthodox denominations to a conference and celebrate communion with them. Another bishop calls them to account, and a heresy trial is in the wings ready for its cue. The English Church is sorely exercised, and it is said that the Anglican Church is likely to be rent asunder by the incident. Such is Church Unity. The Bishop of Durham bravely espouses the side of the bishops and says that he will take what comes to them. But he, apparently, has not much companionship. The heavier opinion is that the Church cannot for a moment think of such shattering of its integrity. To those who have leanings toward this sort of orderly union, though with all the tyranny of the lowest order of labor-union, this consistency cannot be altogether pleasing. This is what it means to belong to the best set in theology. Here is the privilege of being a member of the most exclusive circles in salvation. The remembrance of Christ is to be celebrated only by a highly select company. Close communion is vulgar commonness compared with such genteel sufficiency. The Unitarian who knows his place will have no envy of such place. Where he is is nearer the Christ than any self-constituted dignity. The real unity of the company which takes the name of Jesus is where we put it,—in love to God and love to man. And, as for bishops, we look far more like the one of whom John Bright said, "Ah! the good Bishop, he cannot help straying from Churchism into Christianity!"

The publication of President Charles W. Eliot's address at the General Conference as a tract, by the American Unitarian Association, broadens the scope of its influence far more than is usually the case with such publication. No message gains wider attention, save one by the President of the United States, than a message from this leader of the time. It is received, it is true, with varying comment. Indisputable, almost axiomatic, as are its statements, they are being criticised in the general press, and opinions which could not gain a moment's attention by themselves rise to notice in connection with this object of animadversion. It is said that a cat may look at a king, and we by no means imply that this address and its author are above criticism. But, if the cat were anything but a cat, before she looked at the king she would ask whether it was altogether profitable to do so. She would be as conspicuous as the king, indeed more conspicuous for being in such company while remaining only a cat. But the net result would be that her cat-ship would be demonstrated. She would be emphatically nothing but a cat. A sapient editorial writer in an American daily paper looks down from his brief eminence upon Dr. Eliot's declarations and remarks that Dr. Eliot cannot make a wreck of the Bible and rescue Christ from its ruins, says that he is bent on making a wreck of the Bible, and that it cannot be said that in dealing with the book itself he is at all convincing. The reason is that in the Scriptures is not only the genesis, but the prefiguration, of Christ. Parting with this we impair the validity of Christ. So goes the critic. But we see Jesus surviving the separation and independent of such support. The infidelity of the critic is the striking feature of the criticism.

Modernism in the Pews.

In discussions of modernism our attention is always fixed on the leaders of thought in the communions concerned. It is their effort to reconcile enlarged ideas with narrow surroundings, their problem of uniting loyalty to organization with intellectual consistency, their task of staying where they are instead of going where they belong, which absorbs our attention. The question of combining changed convictions with unchanged expressions, of growing plants without cracking the pots they are too big for, is undoubtedly a question mainly for representatives who do most of the writing and talking. But they are not to be left with the whole load on their shoulders. There is a good deal of thinking going on where as yet it has not had expression. In these days of the referendum and initiative some account must be taken of the opinions of people who have little opportunity to make their opinions known. What is the prospect of modernism in the pews?

One fact stands out very distinctly against the background made by the pulpit, and that is the fact that people generally do not take so serious and critical a view of the intellectual aspect of the matter as do the teachers. It is by an effort that they bring themselves to see any very pressing alternative. Since fagots have gone out of fashion, and one's exercise of religious liberty has become inexpensive and unthreatening, the attending one church or another brings no great strain on decision. When people had to agree with ruling faiths or die, their self-respect and independence were stirred to meet the most extreme issue. Those who saw lives given for their faith were aroused to stand for it in the face of danger, while ordinarily they would have been indifferent. Their spiritual fibre was stiffened by persecution. Bigotry brought martyrdom, but it also helped the endurance of it. The softening of the choice by freedom of religion, while it has done away with the persecution, has also reduced the intensity of the conviction. Any very strict intellectual consistency is not a feature of the times. The power to assimilate what is agreeable in a religion, and let the rest go, is more common than the will to force an issue, or face one, when there is a more convenient pathway. The same con-

Digitized by Google

gregation which will receive with a hum of admiration and approval the most outspoken liberalism and criticism destructive of the foundation of their creeds will sing without a squirm hymns from back ages and absurd beliefs, and repeat, without slurring a syllable, declarations which, after what had been said, sound grotesque. Many a Catholic will say things which would make it impossible to think him a Catholic, and yet go to mass and confession with no sense of the mental chasm between the opinions on one subject and the faith on another. Human nature seems to have its water-tight compartments, so that modernism floats in the pews, because the water has not broken through to the engines or the staterooms, and the passengers are unaware that their vessel is down at the stern.

Modernism has a strong hold on the pews in its appeal to comfort and convenience. When people find that they can enjoy all the advantages of liberalism, and suffer few of its disadvantages, they become averse to theological moving-days. Even if their sense of consistency bothers them at times, their practical good sense comes to their relief, counselling letting well enough alone. There is social position to consider. Why disturb one's self overmuch? What have independence and a clear mind to give as compensation for discussion and divided friends and the averted gaze of the saints? The strongest allies of the pulpit modernist, taking his liberalism at home or nowhere, is the man in the pews who values propriety and the way things have generally been said, and does not let his private thinking do more than make genial enlightenment for himself, but never allows it rudely divisive expression in the church. What a scurrying there would be if the agreements he permits at the club with progressive religion were to be acted on, and he espouse the cause he essentially agrees with! It is too awkward and tactless to be thought of.

But, while we have been speaking of modernism in the pews, the antithesis really involved is that between preachers and non-preachers, whether the non-preachers are in the pews or outside them. And, when we forecast the prospects of modernism with the average man, we have to measure the judgment of people who have no tendency to be easy-going in their opinions for the sake of expediency, or whose comfort and convenience do not come into question. What does the impartial man on the outside say when the aim and method of modernism is put up to him? Some pretty hard things. He sets the main points the Church stands for on one side, and then draws the deadly parallel with the things the typical modernist tries to fit into them on the other. When we restrain his first charge, that such men are theological plagiarists, are getting their salaries under false pretences, are wearing an orthodoxy for revenue only, and sailing under false colors, and when we assure him that he must not suppose that these men are dishonest, and that the seeming concealment and deception are only seeming, we meet a charge which our utmost charity will not away with. This charge is that the attempt, if not dishonest, is foolish. It is trying to eat one's cake and have it, too. It is bad construction. It is as if a contractor should try to use the old foundations for his modern sky-scraper. A man might as well expect the latest pattern of engine and cars, with their immensely increased tonnage, to get over the old bridges safely as hope that the framework of ancient theology will stand the weight of modern knowledge on any subject on which theology spoke with authority. The expediency that is urged, the expediency of avoiding schism, of averting disturbance, of gradually introducing truth into the old forms, is an expediency only in appearance or for a little time. It will not last. Instead of being preserved, the endeared statements will be cracked and will expose their weakness more than show their sanctity. Modernism is to him like policy, of which Shakespeare wrote that it was "that heretic that works on leases of short-numbered hours." The practical man is apt to think that one cannot be in two places at the same time; cannot tear down the walls of a building, and yet keep the building to live in; cannot put the religion of our time into the building fitted close to a very different religion, and expect it to feel at home; cannot ask a church to adopt what would shatter its creeds to bits. And quite in accord with the verdict of common-sense sounds the saying of him who made a similar use of absurdity as the final argument in reminding people that they could not make an old garment strong with the strength of the new patch, nor safely put old wine-skins to the service of the new vintage.

The Tyranny of the Trivial.

We are free beings. We are not in prison or in an insane asylum. We think we have control of our time, our thoughts, our interests, our behavior, yet all unconsciously we are fettered. As the god in the old saga was fettered by a trammel of no size or weight or seeming consistency, so we are bound by threads of gossamer and meshes of morning mist. We make amends for the power of trifles over us by trying to think that nothing is really trifling, that all things are of equal importance, that by impulse and desire we can mount up to heights that will clear our skirts of the petty and the mean.

But we know such is not the case. We are conscious that the free spirit within us must struggle and strive, must agonize even, and wage perpetual war against conditions insidious in the effort to subdue us to the tyranny of the narrow and limited in thought and vision. It is this endless struggle for which we have no name, this struggle in which we beat our wings against the bars of the human cage, and, too often tired by the contest, resign ourselves to the narrowing influences about us that puts a hall-mark on nearly every calling, profession, or walk in life.

We seek to get into the atmosphere of the great and celebrated because we imagine that in such presence we shall find that liberality of soul and large view of things that for a moment will set us free from our hampering limitations. But, alas! there, too, we find that the tyranny of the petty and the mean has set its mark. Vanity and egoism, selfishness, suspicion, and jealousy, small malice and ironic scorn, these, too, are present, perhaps more prominently than elsewhere.

To love liberty so dearly and yet to lose it to the insidious influence of mere nothings, the growing thought habits of days and years, the chatter of a little town, the small cares, duties, perplexities, worries, that the crowd engenders and life forces upon us, is no small part of the tragedy of existence. When in rare moments of hope and faith we think of spreading our pinions for an upward flight, we find they have been clipped like the wings of barn-door fowls to prevent them from flying over the fence of the chicken yard.

The petty and trivial would assume a larger control over us were it nor for the intrusion of death, disaster, unexpected change, the thousand accidents of life that come with their solemn and bodeful influence to awaken us to states of mind, to thoughts and convictions we had forgotten and overlived. How noble is a great sorrow that releases thought and feeling, opens to us the larger relations of the world, the common sufferings, wide and expansive emotions that teach us the kinship of hu-

Digitized by Google

manity, compared with the belittling, stultifying influence of a petty and monotonous round! We are shaken out of our limitations oftentimes when we refuse to grow out of them.

Almost insensibly our thoughts lend themselves to a back-door view, a kitchen-window prospect. What can be seen and enjoyed from a little prison we have built for ourselves out of petty preoccupations? We are bounded by the street we live in, the church we frequent, the people we know who think and act much as we do, and whom we visit to catch a reflection of ourselves. Large and noble curiosity dies, and wonder about things that do not touch us immediately is quickened. The mystery that surrounds us, the wide interests of nature and life, infinite in suggestiveness and feeders of thought, have no hold upon our personal world where we live our little bounded existence.

It is sad to reflect that we may get narrow without knowing it, so enslaved to other people's opinions, to conventionalities of which we have never weighed the worth and the significance, that we are quite unaware of our thraldom, while we are all the time dreaming of ourselves as very liberal and broad-minded. It is so easy to become sectional and local where we ought to be continental, so easy to accustom ourselves to our own little chicken yard when we find our wings are clipped to prevent us from flying over the fence.

It is believed by some that narrowness and subservience to the tyranny of trifles is conducive to the ease and comfort of living. The daring spirits that struggle against their limitations and seek to widen their sphere are looked upon with distrust. Conformity has always thus regarded non-conformity. The struggle runs through the religious history of the world. The tyranny of the trivial is found in sacred precincts as well as in the broader field of experience. There is nothing so holy that it may not be perverted by pettiness and a too narrow interpretation of life and doctrine. Religious differences are frequently non-essential. They keep believers apart by the influence they exert upon minds incapable of taking broad views, of getting out of the pinfold of their own particular kind of sectarianism. There are two churches of differing denominations facing each other on opposite sides of the street. What is it that prevents them from advancing into the middle of the highway and cordially shaking hands in spiritual union? It is that subtle, indefinite something, too small for definition, yet powerful as a steel fetter. The small differences of doctrine might be overlooked, but the tyranny of prejudice defies the result. The church that needs new blood, new hopes, and aspirations, a broader outlook, too often dooms itself to stagnancy, if not to decay, because it will not look across the street or round the corner for help and support. Division is weakness, union is strength. Get together is a popular command, but the things that keep us apart are stronger than fine sentiments, and they are generally small, negligible things. This creeping paralysis of the trivial and the weak casts its trail over the world, decides great issues, and even changes the course of history.

We all know how it operates in the red tape and petty officialdom of government, how it makes local affairs and parish interests paramount above great national concerns. Perpetually the fight is waged to prevent the mean, selfish, and subsidiary from encroaching on the rights of the whole people. Everywhere private and sectional concerns are seeking to absorb and appropriate to selfish ends the beautiful places of the earth that wisdom and liberality have sought to secure from destruction for the good of all.

Petty selfishness and greed cannot look upon the happiness of beasts and birds, free in nature, without wishing to destroy. The man with the gun, the pot-hunter, the idle ravager, is the enemy of his kind. All small sins in the aggregate make wide-spread devastation.

Life has surrounded us with all kinds of trammels, those we came into at birth and some that we have forged or woven for ourselves. The true aims of life are light, freedom, the generous posture of mind, the just judgment, discernment of the real relations of things, and the power to discriminate between the lesser and the greater things of life.

It is difficult to be broad-minded, generous, hospitable, just, to the things we have, as we say, been brought up to condemn. We do not reflect that our bringing up may have been very defective, one-sided, narrow. Let us strive in some measure to keep pace with the great world movements that are bringing in a new era of hope and promise, instead of hiding in a little corner that has windows opening only on the past.

Current Topics.

The main features of the national administration's programme for legislation to deal with the problem of the trusts have been defined, in the past fortnight, in a series of conferences between the President and leaders in Congress, both Republicans and Democrats. The projected measures to strengthen the Sherman Anti-trust laws include provisions to eliminate interlocking directorates from banks, trust companies, and allied industrial corporations; the strict definition of monopolies or trusts, designed to terminate the element of a "reasonable" restraint of trade, hitherto sustained as legal by decisions of the United States Supreme Court; the entire abolition of the "immunity bath," which has seriously hampered the Department of Justice in proceedings under the existing law; and the establishment of an interstate trade commission, which is designed to operate as a bureau of information and observation in the workings of large aggregations of capital.

The situation in Mexico City entered into a new phase of international interest on January 13, when President Huerta's government announced that it had been obliged to default in the payment of all national debts now remaining unpaid, or which may become payable in the next six months. The drastic action of the provisional régime, although it had been regarded as practically inevitable for several weeks past, nevertheless caused a profound shock to the governments of the creditor banks, and was immediately made the subject of inquiries by foreign diplomats at the State Department in Washington. These inquiries were at the same time an inferential acknowledgment of the special interest of the American government in Mexico, and an indirect reminder of the expectation of the Great Powers that the United States will take measures to hasten the termination of the anomalous state of affairs in the neighboring republic. While the embassies were conferring with Mr. Bryan on the latest serious development in the Mexican capital, the rebel forces, having captured Ojinaga and obtained the mastery over all of Northern Mexico, were making their final preparations for the movement upon the City of Mexico.

There is every reason to believe that Japan is undergoing one of the great crises that confront the lives of nations, as the result of the wide-spread havoc wrought

Digitized by Google

last week by the outbreak of volcanic activity on the island of Kiushiu, and the failure of the rice harvest, which is said to have deprived ten million people of the means of sustaining life. Although the loss of life by the eruption of Sakura-Jima, on the island of Kagoshima, and by seismic disturbances at other points has been comparatively light, many hundreds of thousands of people have been made homeless. Industry has been seriously hampered, and entire communities have abandoned their homes in terror of the continuing earth-shocks. The authorities in Tokio, realizing fully the extent of the national disaster which has befallen the country, are undertaking comprehensive measures of relief; but it is feared that the problem will be greater than the immediately available resources of the government.

IF any official act was needed to define the issue between civil law and military force in Germany, as precipitated by the recent clashes between the garrison and the civil population of Zabern, in Alsace, that act was performed last week when the kaiser conferred the order of the Red Eagle, Third Class, upon Col. von Reuter, the officer who was in chief command at Zabern, and whose subsequent exoneration by a court-martial has aroused resentment throughout Germany. That the opposition in the Reichstag has no intention of submitting to the decree of the court-martial, that the military authorities may, at their own discretion and initiative, intervene in civil affairs in any community in Germany, is indicated by the tenor of measures already brought before the chamber. The kaiser's ostentatious approval of Col. von Reuter's course in the controversy has served to stiffen the attitude of the government's critics, and to convince them that drastic steps will have to be taken in an attempt to establish the paramountcy of civil over military law in time of peace.

BRITISH public opinion has been agitated by the details of a scandal in the army, which were laid bare in Bow Street court on January 17, when eight army officers and non-commissioned officers and eight civilians, employees or former employees of the provision firm of Lipton, Ltd., were arraigned on the charge of bribery in connection with the purchase of supplies for army canteens. All the military defendants are quartermaster officers, who have been promoted from the ranks,—a sufficiently difficult process,—and their pay, in common with that of officers of the line, is so small that it is difficult to make both ends meet. Most of the officers of the line, however, are younger sons of the nobility, to whom the army pay is only a minor incidental resource. The disclosures of corruption in the quartermaster's department of the war office has given new impetus to the old agitation for a reorganization of the army on a professional basis.

THE crushing effect of great armaments upon the resources of nations is strikingly illustrated by the difficulties which the French cabinet is encountering in its endeavors to meet the requirements of the army under the new system which extends the two-year term of service to one of three years. Joseph Caillaux, the minister of finance, informed the chamber last week that the deficit in the budget for 1914, estimated on the basis of existing revenues, will be $158,800,000, constituting a grave problem of taxation even for the vast resources of the French Republic. Conceding the necessity of a loan of $33,600,000, M. Caillaux informed the chamber that the remainder of the deficiency will have to be met by extraordinary means of taxation, such as a graduated tax on capital, in addition to the income tax already in operation, and by other new taxation and by rigid economies. Although the figures of the budget are sufficiently impressive, there are indications of a popular approval of the project to overcome the effects of the low birth-rate, and consequent shortage of recruits, by an extension of the time of service under the colors by one year.

THE loss of life in war among non-combatants is demonstrated by the figures of the census made after the two Balkan wars, by the Bulgarian government, in those parts of Macedonia and Thrace which Bulgaria retained after the conference of Bucharest. It is shown by these figures that in Bulgarian Thrace only 225,000 males remain out of a total of 494,000 before the first war; that in the district of Mustapha Pasha, on the road to Adrianople, only 4,000 males survive out of a total of 33,000; and that in the district of Razlog and Strumitza, where the Greek armies operated in the second conflict, the male population was reduced from 175,000 to 42,000. It is pointed out in the official report that a large part of the destruction of life among non-combatants was accomplished by the Turkish and the Greek forces after the terms of peace had been signed, and while the Greek and the Turkish armies were evacuating the territories which had been occupied by them in the course of the second conflict.

Brevities.

We are oftenest silent about the deepest things in our lives.

The present English poets are almost to a man reverential in attitude, not given to religious scorn or Christian negations.

What a strange coincidence that America should have been thus named by accident, and that the Indians should have been so called by mistake!

"It's what you save, not what you earn," which is the secret of financial success. There are 106 cents in every dollar to the man who knows how most wisely to invest his funds.

No thoughtful person who frequented the toyshops before Christmas can fail to regret the present fashion in uncouth and mis-shapen dolls and toy animals. It is a cheap taste, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the fashion will soon pass.

The following request, found in a recent church calendar, is suggested for the benefit of new-comers at church: "Strangers are cordially invited to remain and make themselves known after any of the services, that they may be welcomed by the minister and members of the congregation."

The average per capita consumption of alcoholic liquors in the United States each year is about twenty-three gallons. In Kansas, where prohibition is well enforced, the per capita consumption last year was only 3.69 gallons, and it is said that there is an average of $600 in the bank for every single family. These figures speak.

"At present," well says an Anglican clergyman, "it is quite clear that overt attempts at reunion are premature. They are premature because we are still obsessed by the idea that the way to attain reunion is that each side should give up something, and that is the vainest of

Digitized by Google

fancies. Reunion can only be attained when every side comes prepared to say not what it will give up, but what it will give." We must be "clearer in our own minds where we stand and what we have to give."

Letters to the Editor.

Creation.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck said, in an address given in Boston, that "no one, not even Jehovah-God, could create something out of nothing," as though creation were simply the giving of new form to materials already existing. But do not the musician, the painter, the poet, and the thinker create that which did not before exist, the song, the picture, the poem, the formula? and are not these achievements, in a sense, a creation of "something out of nothing"? JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

In Two Denominations.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Rev. George Frederick Wells, in his article on "Answering an Ultimate Question" in your issue of January 1, asks this question, "But where in enlightened Christendom is there known a person who belongs at the same time to more than one religious denomination?"

Why, right here in the little city of Santa Ana, Cal., a gentleman now past threescore years and ten has been, from his childhood up, and now is, a member of the Episcopal Church. Some seven or eight years ago he became deeply interested in our thought, became a regular attendant at our church services, and about two years ago became a member of our church (Unitarian), retaining his membership in the Episcopal Church. He thinks that both these churches have something for him. He is a most loyal Unitarian, and my friend, the rector of the Episcopal Church, esteems him highly.

FRANCIS WATRY.

SANTA ANA, CAL.

The Future Life.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Have you space in your columns for a query? Why are so many people, Christian people who supposedly believe in the future life of the spirit, so generally reluctant to show any interest in it, seemingly reluctant to admit even the possibility of knowing anything of the life to come?

Is it that they fear scientific investigators may wrest from the Almighty secrets which he didn't intend us to know? That would seem a groundless apprehension.

Is it that they agree with Dr. Moxom, who says in your issue for December 25, "It is not important that we should now possess the secrets of the spirit world"? Is it not?

In all other branches of scientific investigation no effort is too great, no time too long, to spend in proving any fact. Is it so much more interesting, so much more important to know, for instance, that a tadpole can be forced to become a tiny frog before his time, or by a change of diet made to prolong his tadpoleship indefinitely, than to learn something—if we may—of the spirit world in which we must eventually find ourselves?

When we think of the many thoughtful people who have little or no hope of a future life, does it not seem worth while to *know?* Serene souls of strong faith can quote,—

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark
Than walk alone in the light."

Assuredly, if that is the alternative; but is it? Isn't God also in the light, and—if we may—why not walk with Him there? J. E. W.

The Flight of the Birds.

BY EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY.

Under the stars all brightly spread,
Lo! they are passing overhead.
Flute-like voices a-whisper, hark!
Soft wings winnowing through the dark.
Borne like boats on the flowing wind,
Fleet and squadron in order lined,
Never fearing the quest may fail,
Still they swing on their mystic trail.

Can it be, when the north wind's breath
Murmurs of hunger and pain and death,
A vision grows in each tiny brain
Of thickets kissed by the tropic rain,
Of flowery, green-clad meads that lie
Sweet and warm 'neath a summer sky?
Or is it a summons blindly heard,
An age-old impulse vaguely stirred,
Across whose gropings and surgings dumb
Crashes at length the challenge, "Come"?

We who marvel, but may not know,
Quicken in harmony, thrilling low,
As if our being's most secret strings
Were brushed by the sweep of those unseen wings.
The cynic's laughter in silence dies,
The jester hushes his vain replies;
Over the lips that railed and scoffed
Reverence falls like a mantle soft;
For watching below so breathlessly
Even the blindest seem to see
The hand of God that through the night
Points the way for that wondrous flight.

Nausicaa's Ball.

BY H. M. SELBY.

"And what is this?" I asked of the Professor, who was showing me the spoils of some excavations in the Greek Islands.

"This" was a spherical object, formed of strips of cloth, shaped like the "pigs" of an orange, crossed with fine wicker netting.

"That," replied the Professor, "is a child's ball, found in the Temple of Athene at Ithaca. I maintain that it is the ball with which Nausicaa and her maidens played on the famous Washing Day."

"But," I objected, "how could it get to *Ithaca*? Surely, Nausicaa's ball would be at *Phæacia*, if anywhere."

"Ah! 'thereby hangs a tale,' said the Professor.

He proceeded to tell me the following story, which, *as he says*, he found in a collection of memoirs—one of the recently discovered papyri. He did not name the author of these memoirs and was vague about the date; in fact, the lucidity, which is one of his most marked characteristics, entirely deserted him while he was answering my questions on this matter.

The story, however, is clear enough. It runs as follows:—

The enmity of Poseidon towards Odysseus—engendered by the blinding by the latter of the god's son, the Cyclops Polyphemus—was not sated by the shipwreck of the hero; in fact, the god was only further enraged by the escape and safe return home of his victim, as we may see by his

Digitized by Google

changing into stone the ship supplied to Odysseus by the kindly Phæacians. But to harm Odysseus on the sea was now impossible, since he was staying on land, rejoicing in reunion with Penelope and Telemachus, and setting in order the affairs of the kingdom, which had so long suffered from the absence of the master. What should the angry god do? After long meditation he at last hit on the device of making himself invisible and whispering in Penelope's ear, as she slept: "The ball!" "Find the ball." "Ask him how he comes by the ball."

When Penelope awoke,—feeling sure that "him" must mean "Odysseus,"—she searched among the things her husband had brought from Phæacia, and—sure enough!—there was the ball. She wondered how the plaything came there, but no unworthy suspicion clouded her noble mind, as—obeying the voice she had heard in her dream—she sought and questioned her husband. Odysseus answered her truly. (He lied to other people, sometimes, but he always told the truth to Penelope.) He related how, in the storm raised by Poseidon, he was saved by the help of the sea-goddess Leucothea and cast on an unknown shore, where he fell into a profound sleep, from which he was awakened by the sound of merry young voices, which he soon knew to proceed from a group of maidens who were playing at ball a little way off from the place where he was; how, after shrouding his nakedness, as well as he could, in leafy boughs, he came forth and stood among the damsels; how the troop screamed and made off, like startled deer—all but one, who remained, standing before him in simple dignity, and, after listening to his tale of woe with kindly pity, and graciously promising aid, told him, in answer to his questions, that he was in the land of the Phæacians, of which her father, Alcinous was king; that she had been directed, in a dream, to come hither, with her maidens, to wash, in the stream which flowed near by, the garments and linen of the palace.

("Thanks, gracious Athene!" interpolated Penelope at this point of the story, knowing that the dream must have been sent by the divine protectress of her spouse.)

Odysseus went on to tell how Nausicaa directed her attendants to give him some of the garments they had washed, and, when he had donned them, made him mount the wagon on which she and her maidens had come, she herself leading the party on foot; how, when they came to the houses, she made him alight and go up to the palace alone, for fear of scandalous tongues if he were seen with her or her attendants.

"So Mrs. Grundy dates back even to the days of Odysseus," I remarked. The Professor nodded, and continued the story:—

"Odysseus added that in the excitement the maidens forgot the ball, but he noticed it among the bushes where he dressed, and picked it up, intending to restore it to Nausicaa. He forgot, however; and he now proposed to dedicate it, as a votive offering, to his preserver, Athene.

"'Do so, dearest Odysseus,' said Penelope, 'and let me accompany thee to the shrine and join in thy thanksgivings to the goddess and prayers for blessings on the gracious maiden of Phæacia. Would that dearest Telemachus might have such a princess for his bride!'

"'*Such* a princess!' exclaimed Odysseus; 'and why not Nausicaa herself?'"

"'Is she still unbetrothed?' asked Penelope.

"'She is,' replied Odysseus, 'and her father is willing that she should be our son's bride.'"

"In process of time, as we know, Nausicaa became the daughter-in-law of Odysseus and Penelope."

"Telemachus wasn't half good enough for her," I cried, as the Professor finished the tale. "The gods gave a very poor response to her desire for a husband like Odysseus."

"True," replied the Professor, "but let us hope that Telemachus improved as he grew older. At any rate, it is good to think how the machinations of the malignant sea-god were powerless against the generous faith of a love that was rooted in friendship."

BAYSWATER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Catherine Maria Sedgwick.

1791–1868.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

Professor John Seely Hart, in his day a *littérateur* of prominence, but now a "half-forgotten author" also, writing of Miss Catherine Sedgwick in 1872, observes, by way of criticism, that "as a novelist she holds about the same rank among the writers of her own sex in the United States that Cooper holds among the writers of the other sex. She was the first of her class whose writings became generally known, and the eminence universally conceded to her on account of her priority has been almost as generally granted on other grounds."

Over forty years have elapsed since the kindly Princeton professor of literature thus wrote of the once popular author, who had then been dead some five years; and the names of both critic and subject are now as little familiar to the readers of the late Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mrs. Edith Wharton, let us say, as those of William Austin or Eliza Leslie, both of whom once enjoyed a well-deserved popularity.

Yet Professor Hart was a literary student of taste and discrimination where the best in English literature was concerned, while Miss Sedgwick, for at least a quarter-century, was very widely admired both in her own country and in Europe, numbering among her intimate friends Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Jameson, Doctor Channing, Henry Ware, William Cullen Bryant, and various other celebrities that might be named in this connection.

Persons who are perpetually in fear lest they shall miss reading the latest issued piece of fiction, and scorn in 1914 to be seen with a book in hand bearing date of 1904, can hardly be expected to take even a languid interest in the work of a literary woman who died twoscore years since, and had ceased writing a decade earlier. Yet our grandparents read her books with delight, we beg to assure them, and those ancestors of ours were not wholly without taste and judgment either.

Miss Sedgwick was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the twenty-eighth of December, 1789, the sixth of a family of seven children, four sons and three daughters. Their father was the Honorable Theodore Sedgwick who, after holding several positions of trust, was speaker of the National House of Representatives, subsequently a United States senator, and, at the time of his death, in 1813, a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Miss Sedgwick's earliest acquaintance with Doctor Channing was made at her father's bedside; but her orthodoxy was of a liberal type even then, and, as years elapsed, she found herself strongly repelled by the rigid Calvinism then dominant. In 1820 the first Unitarian church was established in New York City; and in the following year she withdrew from the orthodox fold, and, with her brother Henry and his wife, united with the newly founded church. In later years others of her family connection accepted the Unitarian faith, also.

But there were those of the Sedgwick kindred who remained in the Calvinistic communion, and one of these, an aunt who was strongly attached to her niece Catherine, remarked, at the conclusion of a morning call from the younger woman after the latter had become an avowed Unitarian, "Come and see me as often as you can, dear;

Digitized by Google

for, you know, after this world we shall never meet again." The Sedgwicks were, with few exceptions, touched with talent of a high order, if not genius; and Catherine enjoyed the privileges that daily contact with cultured kindred affords and excellent social position sustains. They came of somewhat aristocratic ancestry, as aristocracy was understood in the early years of the Republic; and, while democratic in certain essentials, were not unmindful of whatever might naturally be expected from persons of their standing. Theodore Sedgwick, the eldest of the Sedgwick brothers, was graduated from Yale in 1798, and, after practising law in Albany twenty years, removed to Stockbridge. Henry, the most intellectual of the four, was the law partner of his brother Robert in New York City, while Charles practised the family profession, first in his native Stockbridge and later in Lenox. All four were broad-minded, generous-hearted men; and it is due perhaps to their cordial recognition of her literary ability that their sister Catherine was led into the paths of authorship.

It was not till 1821 that Miss Sedgwick appears to have considered the possibility of her engaging in continued literary work. Now, however, after her connection with the Unitarian society in New York, her recovered intellectual freedom and the desire to help others to escape from the chains which she had broken led her to write a short story bearing upon the contrast between Unitarian and Calvinistic views which she at first designed for a tract. On showing it to her brother Henry, he advised her giving it ampler form and scope and printing it as a tale. This advice was accepted; and in this manner Miss Sedgwick's first book, the "New England Tale," appeared the next year, published by Bliss and White of New York.

Not only did the volume win the enthusiastic praise of her brothers, but it became immediately popular. "Everybody," wrote the poet Bryant, "was eager to see it. . . . It was the first time that the beautiful valleys of our county [Berkshire] had been made the scene of the well-devised adventures of imaginary personages, and we all felt that, by being invested with new associations, they had gained a new interest."

Says Miss Dewey, her biographer: "Miss Sedgwick showed sound judgment and artistic intuition in this her first romance by planting it upon her native soil, where people and incidents could be used with the freedom given only by long familiarity,—she struck here the key-note of all her after-success. Her dramatic power lay in her thorough knowledge of the strength and weaknesses of the New England character."

Her presentment of certain phases of New England Puritanism met with some censure at first; but this was presently dispelled, and her suddenly won popularity induced her to continue in the path already entered upon. In the midsummer of 1824 the author's "Redwood" was published, and we find Henry Sedgwick soon writing his sister that the booksellers say it is selling better than Scott's "Redgauntlet." In October he writes that all the booksellers are teasing him to know when the author of "Redwood" will have another book ready.

"Redwood" was immediately reprinted in England and was translated into both Italian and French. Miss Sedgwick's name was constantly linked with Cooper's, and indeed in the French translation Cooper's name appeared on the title-page, an error for which the French publisher or translator was responsible. Among English writers who sent congratulations to Miss Sedgwick on her success were Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth; praise from whom then counted for rather more than it would now do under similar circumstances.

Miss Sedgwick's next publication, "The Travellers," issued in 1825, was of much less literary importance than its predecessors; but was the earliest of a series of booklets intended for young persons, and which became widely popular. It professed to give an account of a journey undertaken by a family of four to Niagara and the Great Lakes, and combined, like many of its class, entertainment and instruction in about equal measure.

"Hope Leslie," a picture of domestic life among the early settlers of New England, was published in 1827. It passed into many editions both in England and America, and by not a few critics is ranked as its author's best work, although several of her later volumes are thought superior to it by other literary judges. In 1830 a Philadelphia publisher printed her fourth novel,—"Clarence: A Tale of Our Own Times." The scene is modern New York, and while the book is the most romantic of all Miss Sedgwick's writings, it is also the most humorous. It should perhaps be added that it is probably the least read production of the novelist's, and the author herself was not entirely satisfied with it.

For a series of tales by well-known authors, entitled "Tales of the Glauber Spa," Miss Sedgwick wrote in 1832 "Le Bossu," a rather skilfully constructed romance of the days of Charlemagne; and in 1835 appeared "The Linwoods; or, Sixty Years Since in America," a tale of home life, the incidents of which are intimately connected with the American Revolution. Many successive editions of this popular tale were called for; but Miss Sedgwick wrote no more novels for twenty-two years when a last one was published in 1857, entitled "Married or Single" which, by some critics, at least, was pronounced its author's highest achievement.

In 1836 Miss Sedgwick began writing in a manner very different from that by which she had been known to the public hitherto, and thereafter her literary output consisted mainly of sketches of common life intended to inculcate moral instruction. One of the first of these, entitled "Home," reached a twelfth edition in 1837, the first one having made its appearance no earlier than 1835.

The little volume was dedicated "To Farmers and Mechanics," a detail which it is instructive to note as marking to some degree the decided difference between one phase of the thinking of the early nineteenth century and that of the twentieth. The mechanic of the present is by no means invariably anxious to be classed as such.

The book thus inscribed was followed at short intervals by such moral tales as "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man" in 1836; "Live and Let Live" in 1837; and "Morals of Manners," a little work which the New York school committee esteemed so highly that it distributed ten or twelve hundred copies among the families of New York district-school children. This was issued in 1846; and not far from the same period appeared "Facts and Fancies," "Wilton Harvey, The Boy of Mont Rhigi," "Stories for young Persons," and several other works of a similar character, intended for children, and young children especially. The literary quality of these minor writings is less than that discoverable in her novels, but they exerted a very beneficial effect upon the thinking of the plainer class of readers.

In 1837 Miss Sedgwick visited in Europe; and her "Letters from Abroad to Kinsfolk at Home," collected on her return under this title, were presently published in two exceedingly interesting volumes. Still other works by her were biographies of Joseph Curtis, a once famous New York philanthropist, and of Lucretia Davidson, a precocious American contemporary verse writer, whose rather commonplace poetical attempts were not only commended by Irving and Southey, but favorably compared to the lines of such youthful poets as Chatterton and Kirke White.

Miss Sedgwick's fame was at its height when in 1836

Digitized by Google

she began writing the little book entitled "Home," already mentioned, a task suggested by a letter received from the Reverend Henry Ware. Her books always sold rapidly and she was the constant recipient of letters from friends and strangers alike highly commending her work. (What author of the present ever receives letters of praise from any one?)

No doubt the sale of her novels helped forward to a considerable degree that of her tales and sketches for young readers; but such stories as "Live and Let Live," "The Poor Rich Man," and "Home," "carried straight to the heart their lessons of human brotherhood, healthful living, plain, practical sense, and deep religious feeling." The second of these three books was inscribed to the noted essayist, Doctor Joseph Tuckerman; and Doctor Channing, having had his attention directed to this circumstance, observed that it was "an honour to have a book inscribed to one by such a woman,"—a declaration of value as revealing the general esteem in which this talented woman was held. Chief Justice Marshall was another eminent personage to whom Miss Sedgwick's writing made strong appeal. "Tell her," he said, when near the close of his life, "tell her I have read with great pleasure everything she has written, and wish she would write more!"

(To be concluded.)

The Language of Worship.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE.

The language of worship—that is, of scripture, hymns, and prayers—may seem at first to be an external consideration, a matter for concern to those who care primarily for good English and who appreciate choice phrasing of religious sentiments. It is, however, of deeper import than this. The importance of right language in worship grows out of the nature of the act. When we consider that it finds the worshipper in his most serious mood or seeks to bring him to that mood, that it involves those profound principles and conditions which metaphysicians have found most worthy of study, and that it leads to consequences in life that are of the greatest importance, it is evident that the language of worship should be carefully chosen in order that the phrase may fit the substance and give it adequate expression.

Moreover, the relationship between form and substance in worship is reciprocal. The character of the act calls for adequate expression, and fitting expression induces the worshipping mood. We choose proper language in scripture, hymn, and prayer, then, not only that the worship may be an artistic unit, but that the human soul may be uplifted. The careful choice of words that will reach the heart and open to it the treasures of the spirit is more, that is, than a literary consideration,—it is a moral obligation.

Especially is this obligation binding when services or worship are prepared for children. They are at an impressionable age; they have real problems and anxieties; they are gathering impressions that will have a moulding influence in later years. How reprehensible, therefore, the carelessness of those who prepare forms of worship for children, where slipshod language, trivial sentiments, and a crass theology are set for their spiritual edification.

Here, then, is a principle of first importance,—that the language of worship should be carefully chosen. Let us go a step further, and say that such language may be, and perhaps must be, often at least, somewhat above their grasp. The present tendency toward simplification of whatever is prepared for children has limits beyond which it should not be carried. You may "talk down" to children about many things, but beware how you cheapen worship, and so destroy that reverent awe which is their birthright, losing which they lose religion itself.

For one thing, the children when at worship are gathering phrases from scripture, hymns, and prayers, that will recur to their memories in later years and amid the stress and strain of life. Such phrases may indeed be simple, but they should at least be strong. As the children grow to be men and women, and put away childish things, let not the language of worship they have learned be among the things thus put away.

Then, as a practical consideration, familiarity with at least some of the scripture passages, the prayers, and hymns in use in the public services makes a bond between Sunday-school and church, a natural bridge over which the child may pass from the one to the other Even while yet in the school, the discovery that the great congregation of adults uses some of the forms of worship with which he has already become familiar makes the public service attractive to the child and predisposes him to the larger allegiance.

Perhaps a more important consideration is that the religious nature develops earlier than the rational, the child's spiritual needs outrunning his comprehension, so that phrases, the meaning of which may not be intellectually grasped, may be spiritually discerned. Is not this, indeed, true of all worship? Can any one really be said to worship if the forms and phrases used are wholly within the mental grasp? Is it not precisely the awe one feels in the presence of that which transcends experience and baffles analysis that constitutes the very essence of worship? We adults have, it may be, gone a little further into the realm of the unknown than the children have gone; but how slight, after all, is the knowledge gained in years of study compared with what is yet unknown to the wisest! Mystery that forever baffles inquiry, sublimity that transcends understanding,—here we have the source of religion, the occasion of worship, the central sublimity of life.

Worship, then, should assume a form that matches in some wise its wondrous solemnity. Its attendant circumstances,—the time, the place, the surrounding conditions, the bodily attitude, the tone of voice,—should not be left to chance, but should be prearranged with utmost care. So, too, the language should be carefully chosen,—clear, pure, dignified, uplifting. Let there be nothing accidental. Let scripture, hymns, and prayers be chosen with at least as much consideration as we give to the selection, preparation, and teaching of the lesson.

But let us not forget that, while dignity and fitness of phrase is always to be secured, there is more than one standard of worthiness, as there is more than one attitude in worship. Sometimes God seems so vast, so transcendant, and human need so wide, so profound, that we dare not worship save in stately phrase. Prayers of the ages, hymns of the Church Universal, words that have fitted the needs of millions in ages past and will uplift millions in ages to come, seem to be the only worthy expressions of adoration and supplication. But the mood changes: God is near, is immanent, and need is personal, my need for the time thrusting aside (and properly enough!) all other need. For such a moment stately phrase or classic form is but an empty sound. The soul's cry must be instant; and, if instant, if true to a commanding need, it is worthy. While, therefore, there are supreme moments when we can find no other form so fitting as the classic liturgy of the Church, there are other moments, also supreme, when we find even this inadequate, and must cry out with the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Digitized by Google

. In practice, this means that in arranging services for children we should provide for both these needs of the soul. Sometimes we should have in mind universal aspirations, actually experienced or desirable to promote, and sometimes we should regard the children as individuals, each having needs wholly personal. Both needs are real, and both should be met. In 1911 Miss Avis Knight of Hartford sent out a questionnaire to young people in the five leading Protestant denominations, asking them, among other things, to give the first lines of their favorite hymns. The replies showed that hymns expressing universal brotherhood, a common interest, and a common cause were closely tied in preference with hymns expressing personal need. Thus, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," had only a short lead over "Nearer, my God, to Thee"; "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," had almost the same number of votes as "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me"; and "O Come, all Ye Faithful" kept close in preference to "What a Friend we have in Jesus." This parallelism of preference, which runs all through the reports as tabulated, throws interesting light on the unconscious yearnings of childhood, now for a sense of universal brotherhood and now for personal help. Hymns of both kinds should therefore be provided, and, if in either case the language fits the mood and the need, it is worthy.

These facts become perhaps more evident when we turn from hymns to prayers. The choice of prayers for Sunday-school use may be even more important than the choice of hymns. They are more evidently worshipful than hymns, though many of the best hymns are really prayers, their ascriptions and supplications being more direct, and standing out the more boldly because the interest is not divided, as it is in hymns, between words and music. Prayers, then, may be expressive either of universal aspiration or of individual need. But here the question arises whether both these prayer moods lend themselves to formal expression. The larger, general, universal prayer does, most assuredly, lend itself to such expression. The great prayers of the ages are evidence of this, their majesty and their universal adaptability being perhaps their chief characteristics.

When, however, we turn to the more intimate and personal form of prayer, it is a question whether this is consistent with formal phrasing. Can one, in other words, express in printed form petitions that fit the soul's most personal needs? I seriously doubt it, and am inclined to think that the attempt were better not made. This means that in the preparation of services for children no printed prayers should be used save those which express the larger, the eternal, and the universal needs, and that these, as a rule, should be the classics of devotion, ancient or modern. In twenty-five years of experience as a Sunday-school superintendent, I have made it a custom to pray with the children about the simplest needs of their lives, but in all that time I have never written a prayer for them to read. For the public and common worship we have used the best forms of prayer available, but for the closer touch I have always felt that as pastor and superintendent I must speak from the heart to the heart, in words too simple and perhaps too sacred to be written or printed.

There are, that is, two mistakes to be avoided: the attempt to express the largeness of spiritual aspiration in impromptu fashion, and the forgetting of the personal touch in our love for classic phrases. Or, to express the same truth in positive form, we should familiarize our young people with the classics of devotion, thus leading them out into the largeness of religious life; and we should pray with them and for them, without bell or book and in the intimacy of the pastoral bond.

One other word should be added,—a warning against the attempt to unite these two forms of prayer, the stately and the intimate. One sometimes hears a leader in worship start off with classic phrases, and then suddenly pass to familiar talk. The effect is not merely shocking to those who value consistent rhetoric, it is disconcerting to the worshippers. They may not know what has happened, but they remain unedified. Here, for example, is a prayer that was composed for use in churches throughout the world on the 13th of last July, intended to unite Christendom in a common petition for the success of the World's Sunday School Convention at Zürich, and to awaken churches and homes to the importance of right religious guidance for young people. The prayer begins as follows:—

"O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, we ask thy blessing upon us and upon thy children in all lands as we bow before Thee." Here the worshipper is started on a familiar hymn and is suddenly recalled, when half-way through the first stanza, to other and unrelated thoughts. It is a fair assumption that many in any given congregation using that prayer would instinctively finish the stanza with which it starts, and so lose touch with the leader. This is what in other connections would be called a tactical blunder. Again, a prayer was printed for general use at that same World's Convention which began with the first sentences of Our Lord's Prayer, and suddenly switched off to a wholly unrelated line of thought. This prayer is so marked an example of how not to do it as to justify the repetition of its opening paragraph, which is as follows:—

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. We rejoice that thy will is the salvation of the world, that the measure of thy love is the gift of thy son."

Here we have the false start, throwing the worshipper off the intended track, the mingling of petition with thanksgiving, and, what is worse than either, the use of a part of our most exalted and most sacred form of prayer with which to introduce the author's main thought. No irreverence was intended, of course, but it amounts to dangerously near that.

My suggestion is that a portion of the Sunday-school hour should be set apart for common worship, in which the stately prayer forms that voice the larger and universal needs and aspirations should have place, and that at another, and probably a later, moment the pastor or superintendent should lead the now solemnized minds and thoughts of the young people into the experience of intimate prayer for their personal needs. By thus separating the two forms and so inducing the divergent moods at different moments, the varying needs of the worshipping soul may be met and satisfied.

A word may yet be said about the use of the scriptures, in readings from the desk or by the school in concert, or for responses. It is almost the universal custom to select these from the Bible. This is as it should be. For, although a passage from some ethical scripture or some modern poet may be both fitting and inspiring, its use in a service of worship at least offers an intellectual challenge, and breaks up that spiritual unity which we seek to promote and maintain. At other moments during the school session such passages may be introduced most helpfully. From the Bible, then, we select our scripture, and, by preference, from the so-called King James Version. For class use, where we seek for a critical understanding of the text, the revision may well be preferred, or even some other modern translation. But in the service we seek for sublime expressions of adoration and supplication, and these we find best in the King James Version.

Digitized by Google

There are the three ways of using scripture selections already alluded to: they may be read by the superintendent, or by the school in concert, or by the superintendent and school alternately. All these ways may well be used, and we are not now concerned to inquire which is the most helpful. But we should distinguish more carefully than compilers of services for schools generally do between the character of passages used in these various ways.

Concert readings by the school as a whole are perhaps the hardest to select, since those who are to use them are in many cases beginners in the art of reading, so that all significance of the passage is lost in a hasty struggle with a succession of words to be recognized and pronounced at a pace set by those who are more advanced. The language of such selections should therefore be the simplest possible, and, by preference, already familiar. If the leader in a children's service comes upon a passage set for concert reading that is neither easy nor familiar, he might better ask the school to follow the words with their eyes while he reads them aloud.

Certainly all tender passages, all narratives or parables, whatever suggests quiet or thoughtful treatment, should be read by a single and sympathetic voice. There are even Psalms which cannot well be read either responsively or in concert, but need the single interpreter. For the most part, however, the Psalms lend themselves to responsive reading. They were written for some such use, and their poetic framework lends itself to alternate reading. It may almost be questioned whether any scriptures outside the Book of Psalms should be broken up into responses for alternate reading.

Thus, in the various elements of worship, in hymns, in prayers, and in scriptures, we are dealing with words, with language that may fit this or that phase of spiritual experience, or that may be used in this or that manner to the best advantage. That a given selection is good is not enough. It must be good for just the use to which it is put. Certainly all that is ungrammatical, tawdry, cheap, all that borders on undue familiarity with Deity and with sacred things, all that challenges criticism or divides the attention, should be studiously avoided. A few hymns, the noblest in the language, a few prayers, chosen from the Church's great storehouse, a few passages of scripture, selected solely for their uplifting power, —a few, I say, preferring dignity to variety and tested worth to startling originality,—may prove the groundwork and the superstructure of that religious life of our young people which may receive the vitalizing influx of the Divine Spirit and withstand the untoward experiences of life.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Spiritual Life.

The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach.—*Ruskin.*

All that is essential in our idea of God we get, not from the understanding, but from the heart; and all that is essential in it is secured to us by the heart's perpetual need.—*F. H. Hedge.*

I reverence the past, its great institutions and great men; but I reverence the nature of man far more than these, and put more trust in that than in all the achievements of man, all the institutions, all the great men of history, who are but as the water-cresses and wind-flowers and violets, which come out in a single spring day, while our human nature is the great earth itself, whose bosom bears them all and prepares for a whole spring-time of fairer flowers, a whole summer and autumn of richer herbage and abundant fruit.—*Theodore Parker.*

Nothing is so easy as to imagine God as past and absent until we *think*, then nothing is so hard. When we become truly in earnest, either with our thoughts or our lives, then we must have a present, personal religion to *us* or none at all.—*Selected.*

No amount of error, no bitterness of prejudice, no vested interest in falsehood, can resist the determined conviction of a single soul. Only believe a truth strongly enough to hold it through good report and ill report, and at last the great world of half-believers comes around to you.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

The Pulpit.

The Church and the Community.

BY REV. JOHN M. WILSON.

All churches are alike in one important direction of their activity, for they maintain and promote essential religion; that is, the religion of conduct and character as distinguished from theology. To be sure, they do this in varying measure, and sometimes in spite of the theology which they apparently think more important than the essential religion, which it is supposed to buttress. Complex and elaborate schemes of doctrine have too much prominence in Christian churches, and certainly lessen their effectiveness for essential religion,—the religion of justice, honor, purity, truth, and brotherliness. Yet we must recognize the steadfast and increasingly wise and enlightened influence of all the churches upon the moral ideals of men and the enhancement of moral energy that they achieve. The fact is that the interest of earnest, wise, devout men in all the churches is deeply engaged for the diffusion and maintenance of essential religion, and the substantial result and actual tendency of church movements of all kinds is the betterment of life, the fulfilment of life, personal and social, in large and noble ways.

Now our church stands, without hesitation and without reserve, for essential religion, since it is a free church, demanding no conformity to creed or systems of thought. It says positively, "not a perfect theology, but a life growing in wisdom and righteousness," is the ideal achievement sought for as the realization of organized religion. Theology may be regarded as an endeavor after a world-picture that will tranquillize confused and perplexed minds, or as a form of mental activity that makes for health and vigor of all the faculties, not as a fixed body of doctrine to which we may be disloyal only at the peril of our souls. Theology is a means of better mental and moral vision, indirectly an aid to the good life. But the good life rests mainly upon reasonable ideals of human relationships, upon moral values discovered in human intercourse, and accepted as stable conditions of progressive morality.

A free church is a specialized form of organization in which men may directly affirm their highest nature and give ample expression to it in visions, aspirations, and reflections. These create for the common life a moral and spiritual atmosphere, an ideal world, whose accumulated treasure of light, wisdom, and power serves to further the best interests and activities of human nature, and make men conscious that they can-

Digitized by Google

not live by bread alone. This world of moral and spiritual values preserves and transmits, from man to man and from generation to generation, the greatest part of the world's inheritance, the most effective and enriching products of man's endeavor, the wealth of ideal beauty, truth, and goodness. A free church is for the purpose of educating, enlarging, and refining the appreciation and love of eternal values, that righteousness, truth, and mercy may increasingly sway personal life and spread their influence through the social body.

A special environment and a special time are necessary to secure the release of our minds and hearts from routine and expediency into the imaginative world of spiritual values. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." In every group of men seeking higher and fuller life there is a presence as of God, which solemnizes and exalts the individual parts of the group, so that they become men raised to their highest power, men conscious of surpassing motives, capable of breaking down and sweeping away the stumbling stones of common usage and selfish advantage. This spiritual invasion of more than individual motive force comes rarely to one alone. He must at least be in the same spirit with others, and, best of all, he must resort to the same place and speak with them the same language of hope and longing. A church is not a thing of stones and timber, but is a living temple of sighs, visions, hopes, art, music, poetry, prayers, of all those ennobling activities of men that join them to their race and to their God. The meeting-house becomes dear and consecrated only by virtue of the resolute devotion, the patience and steadfastness displayed, and the endeavor after truth and right which men pursue within its walls. The place once so consecrated becomes a help to devotion; but the main condition is to be together with our kind, to seek together after the more perfect man in each of us, and the nobler welfare of all which may be realized through thought and aspiration.

These considerations might all be evaded by regarding the maintenance of public worship, or the affirmation and the expression of our best selves, merely a matter of preference, a question of personal taste, not a thing of common obligation and duty. On the contrary, the activity of the churches has created and is constantly enlarging a common fund of moral treasure, conceptions of duty, commanding motives of conduct, upon which all in the community draw, and by which all are benefited, even though indifferent and positively hostile to the Church. Every orderly, honorable life, every merely respectable and passably decent man, owes most of his moral worth to the influence of the Church. It is because somebody has cared for standards of right living that the man who does not care, who is not troubled about such things, has any goodness at all. Every man good for anything outside of the Church is better, more resolute for right living, more aggressive for human welfare, because the churches at which perhaps he sneers are working to sustain moral ideals and establish habits of justice, temperance, honor, and purity among all men. If no one cared to work positively for an increasingly intelligent standard of human conduct, how long would the social world last? How long would these careless persons enjoy their ease and selfish indolence if they were not sheltered by institutions to whose welfare they are indifferent, if the sources of moral inspiration and education were to grow stagnant by universal neglect?

Education is possible without schools; but it would surely be precarious, sporadic, touching only a few, and virtually swamped by general ignorance. Religion—that is, essential religion—is possible without churches, but in that case would be unimportant, ineffective, easily ignored and overlooked. The Church is organized, accumulated, and enlightened, moral energy directed, upon human betterment. It is a structure of human lives and wills resolutely maintained as a bulwark against dishonesty, unchastity, unfaithfulness, hatred, and violence, the ruthless sea of bestiality that would readily waste human powers. It is a positive movement towards realizing those moral values of character and life which otherwise would be neutralized and finally engulfed by selfishness, ignorance, and greed. All men in the community have the advantage of the earnestness and idealism which maintain churches as a shelter for the better possibilities of human nature, as a motive power for the good life essential to common welfare. No man can say that he is not a debtor for these spiritual products, these concrete goods, which the Church creates and heaps up to be freely used as moral resources available for all.

Who makes return for the guidance, enlightenment, and support which the Church provides for his moral life? The subscriber, the pew-holder, the man who sends his check, does something, in so far as money pays for spiritual and moral advantages. But money alone is no just or adequate payment; it is not return in kind, simply to give your money and withhold yourself. "The gift without the giver is bare" when one tries to satisfy his sense of obligation by substituting money for manly loyalty, respect, and comradeship. To give money for moral advantages without paying back some of the life which has been fostered by these advantages is to impoverish yourself and the common life; for the flame of one man's loyalty to truth and righteousness burns brighter only when it catches gleams from another man's fidelity. The person counts a thousandfold more than his money in any fellowship of mind and heart. The debt to the common moral treasure of humanity in organized religion is a moral debt, a spiritual obligation to give what you have received, to strengthen the wholesome, inspiring influences of society by the personal contribution of your will, your desire, your moral force, directed against the tendencies that degrade and enervate men.

What is the meaning of your life in the unending strife with wrong? To be refined and moral is not enough. Human society is so constituted that there are many who have virtues and amiable qualities of mind and character, but who have drawn these from the social organism and are virtually parasites, living upon the moral and spiritual activities and efforts of others. No man justifies himself or pays his moral tax to the community who is not to be counted positively with the forces of good. To take all, even the stock of common virtue, and be indifferent to the sources of moral strength and discipline, is nothing more or less than to be a moral parasite. This is precisely the condition of those amiable and tolerant lives who have no share in the world's moral endeavor, who hold themselves aloof from all fellowship that concerns itself with keeping alive idealism and moral enthusiasm, that definitely works for the fulfilment of human nature upon its noblest side. The valor of wisdom—that is, the aggressive zeal for the growth of men in the knowledge of ideal values and their realization in personal and social life—is the best way in which a man can make even a partial return for the advantages secured to him by the institutions of religion. Here are hundreds and thousands of complacent men and women ashamed to do wrong themselves, but perfectly willing, so far as any personal effort of theirs goes, that wrong shall thrive and prosper, that moral ignorance shall spread and overwhelm the earth. They are simply moral parasites using the highest games of social en-

deavor, the moral sense, the moral ideas, for which men have spent blood and life, wealth and comfort, satisfaction and ease,—using these things priceless and beautiful that they may be happy and self-satisfied. They do not lift hand or foot to preserve or diffuse the moral wealth of the world. They just feed themselves and smile disdainfully at those laboring to achieve the ends of righteousness and truth by associations and fellowships that buttress and reinforce the enlightened democracy of character.

We must sternly and fearlessly estimate these parasitical natures, so common and complacent, as enemies of the social welfare, unsocial men. The men who do not positively affirm their allegiance to the high claims that worthy conceptions of righteousness make upon all men are drags and impediments which retard progress, and decrease the sum of human energy available for the betterment of life. They have absorbed the saving and stimulating influence of religious institutions and are themselves human blind alleys through which no regenerating and healing influence can pass.

The moral sense which thrives and gets breadth and discovers wiser applications of its meanings from time to time is due to organized reflection and activity; that is, does not grow and improve of itself. Human nature has to take thought that it may add to its moral stature as well as to its intellectual powers. Discipline of mind and body, training of any faculty or power in man, involves association and deliberate planning of individuals with like-minded men. There is no unconscious, haphazard progress of any kind in human life. Yet men are so dense, so stupidly selfish, that they are willing the moral training of the race shall be abandoned rather than share in any effort to keep themselves and their fellows at the task of self-discipline and betterment. They deliberately reverse the Golden Rule and do unto others just what they do not wish others shall do unto them. They are willing that the world shall be kept orderly, that standards of honorable conduct shall be diffused and impressed upon young and old; but they wish it all for their own good not paying one penny of their moral obligations to support the right actively and work for it in some fellowship of idealism that would carry them out of self-indulgent parasitism.

The Church, especially our free church, is organized influence for good and represents an obligation from which no man may be excused. Every man must face his social duty to affect other lives helpfully and favorably, for the measure of a man's life is the quality and extent of his vitalizing influence. Our church asks no man to support or further theological opinions. It calls upon all men so to ally themselves with their fellows as to bring the greatest moral pressure to bear upon human activities and dispositions towards a fuller accomplishment of personal right living and social order and justice. No man can successfully acquit himself of this duty to make his influence count for righteousness. He may be agnostic, doubtful of any theology; but he cannot be doubtful of the value of moral training, of re-enforcing and directing the moral sense, of deepening and broadening the current of righteous tendency among men.

That he does not or cannot agree with theological opinions or theories of others is no justification for standing aside. There can be no perfect concord of minds, and our free church does not expect uniformity of belief; for it has broadened itself, so that it offers a home and a fellowship for every man willing to further essential religion, believing in a morality which shall be more than expediency, to be loyal to ideals of life and character which shall summon the wealth of human nature from its hidden depths. No man can do this alone: he needs to work with his fellows, to use the machinery of organized fellowship to bring accumulated energy upon the sluggish mass of over-tolerant and easy human nature. By this means order, beauty, justice, and truth shall be realized, and the kingdom of the good life shall widen its borders.

He alone is acquitted of some form of loyalty to organized essential religion who believes that no effort for lifting life, enlightening minds and consciences, confirming the wills of men in righteousness shall be made. Shall there be no treasury of moral ideals, no imaginative vision of more perfect life cherished to be often gazed upon, no consecration of life by kindling emotions? Shall there be no heroic expression of the higher self, no release by worship of the spirit in man from the stifling prejudices and small concerns of getting and spending, of vain display and foolish ambition? To support and attend church means at its best all this, for it strengthens the good in us, gives evidence to all men of our loyalty to the right, witnesses to the supremacy and authority of the moral order, and helps to extend and perpetuate the influences which conserve life and man's highest welfare.

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Self-sacrifice.

Self-sacrifice in its highest—*i.e.*, its religious—form is the outcome of love, and that love gladly takes upon itself the burdens of sacrifice. Self-sacrifice is the price of love under the finite conditions of human fulfilment: love is the inspiration and reward of sacrifice. This view is true to experience, and is a logical development of the conception of moral self-sacrifice; but this carries us beyond the sphere of morality proper into that of religion and the drama of humanity; and self-sacrifice becomes transformed, indeed, one might say almost reversed, in the process. Self-sacrifice in this region no longer brings with it the sense of loss, for the love that works through sacrifice is realizing itself thereby. Love seeks and expects no other good than love. All else is dust in the balance. It is vanity and less than vanity. In the love that fulfils itself through sacrifice, sacrifice is welcomed for the love which it makes possible and wakens into being. Love thus turns self-sacrifice into self-completion. The sense of pain and regret which moral self-sacrifice involves becomes transmuted into desire for fulfilment. Love draws its life from defects even more than from perfections, for the love that expands to meet the defect expands to increase itself. The love that lives for love and nothing else has no good of its own to give up, and so has none to lose. Its good is the good that blends its being with others in a single whole of spiritual life, and hence the love that "loves itself" really loves the larger life in which the individual, with others, lives and moves and has his being. Its purest sacrifice is its highest self-love. Its giving is receiving, its loss clear gain.

It is this religious love that has led, and still leads, to the greatest deeds of devoted abandonment of self in the interest of humanity. Doubtless the negative aspect of sacrifice is there, but it is only to the onlooker that this feature of sacrifice is a reality. To the agent it is mere appearance. There is nothing but self-fulfilment. He regards his act as part of the higher drama of human existence. It is governed by ends that scorn all temporal limitations. It is inspired by the love that, in Dante's noble phrase, "moves the sun in heaven and the other stars," the love that is stronger than death, and links man's life with things eternal, immortal, and invisible.—*J. B. Baillie, in the Hibbert Journal.*

The Caribbean Sea.

BY REV. E. P. HERRICK.

Fair crystal sea, embracing sunny isles,
Where palm-trees wave, and winter is unknown,
Coquettish oft, and dangerous in thy wiles.
Men gather harvests from a seed not sown.

From Southern continent, with treasures choice,
Thou flowest far to Cuba's sunny shore.
When lashed by storms we hear thy mighty voice,
Rich pearls are strewn upon thy hidden floor.

Thy beating heart sends forth the warm life tide
To the near Gulf and on to Europe's strand.
Fair islands deck thee, as her gems the bride;
Thou liftest skyward many a watery hand.

Thy beauteous sea-tints charm the wonderlust eye
Of those who gaze upon the wide expanse.
Thy restless waves echo the sea gull's cry;
By moonlight, lo! thy wavelets joyful dance

To rhythmic music that still pealeth on
From radiant sky, and the unfathomed deep,
Which shall sound on when we who live are gone,
To join the thousands in thy depths asleep.

O Carib Sea, God walks upon thy waves
At solemn midnight and by sunny days;
Thy voice uplift to Him who ever saves,
Whose face we seek with grateful prayer and praise.

The Caribbean Sea.

BY REV. E. P. HERRICK.

Cuba rests, "the pearl of the Antilles," on the twin bosoms of two tropic seas,—to the north and west the gulf of Mexico, to the south the wide Caribbean Sea.

It is claimed that, geologically, Cuba, Hayti and San Domingo, Porto Rico, and the lesser Antilles were a part of the South American continents, connected with Yucatan until the sea filled the deep valleys where roll the crystal waves of the Caribbean, traversed by submarine mountain ranges whose tops form the smaller islands of the Lesser Antilles. Others claim it was connected with Florida which is, however, not probable.

The equatorial current, crossing from Africa to the South American coast, pours into the Sea to the south of us where it is doubly heated as the narrowness of the Yucatan channel holds back the water which after reaching the Gulf of Mexico is again heated before sweeping through the Florida channel to far-away Europe. The Gulf, a vast circular sea, has a length of a thousand miles and an average width of six hundred and fifty miles. Its indigo colored waves are beautiful, its storms the terror of mariners.

The Caribbean Sea, though closely united with the Gulf, differs in appearance and size. Its waters are transparent and clear. I have looked down from the steamer's prow, seeing plainly to the bottom with the fishes, aquatic plants, and shells. It has an area of 7,500 square miles. Here are the historic coasts of the Spanish main with memories of the pirates of far-off days, who sacked cities, and preyed on the Spanish galleons laden with the gold of the Incas and Mexico. Men still search for their hidden treasures.

This vast inland sea is named after the fierce Carib tribe, who came from the Orinoco region and inhabited the Eastern islands, melting away with the Siboneyse of Cuba, under the rule of the pitiless Spaniard. Upon it now are focussed the eyes of the world, and it is invested with new interest and importance, with the opening of the Panama Canal. Vessels of every land will whiten its vast stretches. The keels of thousands of steamers will plough its surface when the Atlantic and Pacific are united in the near future. It will become a centre of commercial activity, when Col. Goethals's magnificent work is finished and the Pacific shores are brought nigh. No more long, dreary voyages around Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan! Sailing past Cuba and Porto Rico, the navies of the world will traverse this fair tropic sea, and all the cities on its wide shores will share in new developments which follow the realization of the dream of ages.

Here is the birthplace of the fierce cyclones that curve into the Yucatan channel and through the Gulf, sweeping up the Atlantic coast.

One who is familiar with the Caribbean says: "It is an ideal place for a summer day's sail—the waters heave slowly with long, glassy swells and teem with marine life. Flying fishes dart up from it, and skim swiftly away. Porpoise cleave the waves in pursuit. Strange jelly fish drift slowly by. The fins of sharks move slowly on the surface At times a whale is seen spouting or feeding on the animalculæ on the surface of the sea. Varieties of gulls wheel and scream. Pelicans dive. The frigate-bird soars overhead. A line of flamingoes flash by. Coral islands abound, and one looks down through the clear waters to see the sponges and fan corals at the bottom of the sea, the sky at midday a boundless dome of blue, at dawn and eve filled with wondrous cloud masses, fantastic in form, and glorious in color. The balmy breezes lull to repose, and one fancies he has reached the lotus land."

The Carib warriors who thronged its shores are dead, the pirates that lifted the black flag have passed on; but the sea in all its pristine beauty lives, and gives life to its islands and to far-off lands made habitable by its tepid waves.

MATANZAS, CUBA.

The Little People of Pæstum.

BY E. H. AUSTIN.

Now we stood facing the serenity of a Greek temple seen against a background of bluest Italian sky. What gentleness was given to the gravity of the architecture by the warm yellow tones of columns and pediment! The quiet of the great plain exactly befitted the dignity of the building and of the so-called Basilica at its side.

Over all things streamed a hospitable sunlight. Though we were aliens, we were guests, and in an august presence which was gracious to our imperfect apprehension of its innermost meanings. Rejoicing in the stillness that was emphasized, rather than marred, by the footfall of a few other pilgrims, we drew nearer and nearer to the temple of Neptune. Just high enough was it lifted above the stretches of meadow. Beyond it the land sloped softly to the blue sea upon the west.

How could the fifth century before the Christian era have bequeathed to our time through the intervening commotions of humanity and of nature a gift so nearly complete? Slowly we walked about it and through it, guide-book in hand, questioning, gazing, and pondering. Then, at the western end, turning our backs for a moment to the sea, we had a new picture. Now for the mellow tints of the marbles a purple mountain was the background. Again and again our eyes rested with sheer delight on the friendly waving grasses and blossoming snap-dragon that had found lodgment in crevices on the very tops of the buildings. Sky and earth were combining to bring the far centuries near.

As the ancient Greeks had sometimes hunger, so at last had we; and at the seaward front of Neptune's temple we seated ourselves, to partake of the luncheon we had brought from Cava. Then instantly there clustered about us a group of dark-eyed children attended by various dogs. Descendants were they of Greece as well as of Italy!—these comely, bare-headed, gently clamorous visitors! For aught we knew they might be, and now the Past and the Present were one.

The Italian government is righteously discouraging the deep-rooted habit of mendicancy, and everywhere we righteously upheld the government, knowing as well as itself that the children must be trained into an independence of which the fathers never dreamed. But these small fellow-guests at the home of Beauty are not to be turned away without the courtesy of a crumb. Closer and closer they press, the dark eyes surveying our gradually opened stores of refreshment, the childish voices maintaining a low, insistent demand.

Yes, our gift must be a courtesy, and not an alms. Fortunately, in every emergency a reading-knowledge of Italian can be galvanized into a speaking-knowledge,—a language often jerky in its utterance, often bizarre in its use of tenses, and in dire extremity making unusual choice of nouns, but a real mode of communication, nevertheless. In this language a compact was made. The beautiful fellow-beings were marshalled into a line before us They were told that each was to have a bit of our luncheon, and then they were to *go*,—"VIA!" They assented earnestly.

With ceremony and mathematical precision we placed nuts, raisins, and chocolate bon bons on foundations of cracker, ostentatiously guarding each pile from inferiority to any other. In hypnotic silence the row of gazers stood. With continued ceremony we bestowed our gifts in order. Then "*Addio!*" we said, and vigorously waved our hands toward the plains and the sea.

Now we would satisfy our own cravings for such ambrosia and nectar as we had.

But, lo! the line was returning with two or three other children who had suddenly emerged into the landscape, and it was explained to us that these others had nothing.

Forebodings on our part lest the whole plain should become alive with their kindred and friends were hidden to the best of our ability. The line was re-formed. We rehearsed the conditions of the compact. They were accepted by the late comers with all docility. The new piles were erected upon new crackers and bestowed with *empressement*. Again we bade them all "*Addio!*" and waved them away. They

Digitized by Google

and the dogs withdrew to a respectful distance.

With trepidation in our hearts we reseated ourselves to assuage our hunger, and here let it be recorded that the provisions of the treaty were faithfully regarded by the small people of Pæstum. No shadow of broken pledge rests upon the memory of that exquisite day, and for a completed sense of brotherhood between generations twenty-five centuries apart we are indebted to the wistful, beautiful children who shared with us the sunshine, the stillness, the purple of the mountain, the blue of the sea, the winsomeness of the gay snap-dragons on the roof against the sky, and the perpetual serenity of the temples.

Literature.

THE ARIAN MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND. By J. Hay Colligan, M.A. Manchester: University Press. (Longman's, Green & Co.) $1.25 net.—There are many people who seem to think a Unitarian protest against the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity was a novelty on the part of Theophilus Lindsey when he resigned his living in 1773. There are others who imagine any earlier protests to be the eccentricity of a few obscure predecessors. There are few who realize to how large an extent the doctrine of the Trinity had been a subject of extensive and passionate debate within the English Church for more than a century before Lindsey's conscience drove him to leave the Church and made him the virtual founder of a denomination of Unitarians. For some time the best account of this Unitarian controversy within the Church of England has been that found in the work of Abbey and Overton. For historians in general, and incidentally for those who bear the Unitarian name, it is a matter of signal importance that this topic has been made the subject of a special monograph by an able investigator. Mr. Colligan's book on the Arian Movement in England is a fine piece of work which will be fundamental to all further study of this matter. He has made a thorough examination of neglected literature, and the bibliographical detail of his footnotes is of immense value to all students. Mr. Colligan's mastery of detail enables him to throw incidental light on many matters of more general significance than might be suggested by the title of his book. The reader will comprehend how the prevalence of Arminian and Arian views in the American colonies was located in the Episcopal churches before Congregationalists were affected. It can be foreseen that this valuable monograph will assist the student of our own colonial religious history. Criticism of the book must wait until it has been examined at leisure. Its value and importance must be promptly heralded.

BULL RUN: ITS STRATEGY AND TACTICS. By R. M. Johnston. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1913. $2.50 net.—This is a very interesting and, so far as a reader without military training can judge, a very intelligent account of the opening campaign of our great Civil War. It is, perhaps, the most painstaking and minute study of that series of events that has ever been made. In his preface the author pleads for more present interest in and attention to military science. "Bull Run," he says, "was a lamentable illustration of the awful calamities invariably attending nations that lack or neglect an army." His point is, of course, that, if the Federal government had possessed a competent army, the Rebellion might have been crushed at once, and we might have been spared four long years of war. But such an army as he has in mind would probably have divided very much, as the officers then in the service of the government divided between the North and the South, so that the struggle would have begun on something like equal terms. As to the warning of what would overtake us, should we be attacked by a foreign foe, that is impressive enough to one whose imagination sees some likelihood of such an attack. Most of us probably are somewhat apathetic in this matter, because we have great difficulty in conceiving where such an attack should come from. It is not likely that this book will bring much support to the movement for putting our nation on a better war footing. But to all who like to read of the Civil War the book can be most heartily commended. Its descriptions of the movements of troops are clear and vivid. Its criticisms of the generalship displayed on both sides are intelligent and dispassionate. Gen. McDowell is made to appear rather a better soldier than in most narratives of this battle, though Stonewall Jackson is by all odds the most soldier-like figure which this story presents.

Magazines.

The February *Woman's Home Companion* contains a contribution entitled "Why Fifty Women Do Not Go to Church." The author, Bruce Barton, has obtained a mass of concrete evidence of interest. This article is to be followed by another entitled "Why Fifty Woman Do Go to Church." Other contributions to the February *Companion* are: "What I have learned about Canned Foods," by Christine Terhune Herrick; "How Children 'See with their Hands,'" by Mary Heaton Vorse; "The Uses of Biography," by Charles E. Jefferson; "The World's Greatest Paintings," by Laura Spencer Portor; "What Is the Ideal Small House?" by A. Raymond Ellis; "What every Baby needs," by S. Josephine Baker, M.D., in the Department for Better Babies; and "The Fun of Garden Planning," by Frank A. Waugh. Fiction in a variety of fields is contributed by Grace Ellery Channing, Mary Heaton Vorse, Edwin L. Sabin, Myrn F. Cutler, Fannie Heaslip Lea, Anna McClure Sholl, and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. There is good reading for younger readers.

The current number of the *Southern Workman* (published by the Hampton Institute Press) contains the second instalment of the series which this magazine is publishing on the various courses in the Hampton Trade School, and explains how the Hampton blacksmith and wheelwright are trained in initiative, application, and general efficiency. A paper on "Negro Progress in Virginia," by Booker T. Washington, expresses this shrewd observer's belief that "the Negro race in Virginia is going forward in all the fundamental and substantial things of life, faster than the Negro himself realizes and faster than his white neighbor realizes," and gives his reasons for this belief. Interesting illustrated articles in this number are "The Red Cross in Japan," by Saint Nihal Singh, and "Negro Women as Trained Nurses," by Robert McMurdy. Frank G. Speck refutes a statement by Mr. Roosevelt in regard to the ownership by Indians of the land and game in this country. Other articles are: "Robert C. Ogden's Labors in the South," by Samuel Chiles Mitchell; and "The White Man's Debt to the Negro," by Mrs. L. H. Hammond. Among the subjects discussed editorially are the opening of the Court of Claims to the Indians, the visit of the Commission of Southern Universities on the Race Question to Hampton Institute, the Virginia Educational Conference, Bishop Brent's new work in the Philippines, and various aspects of industrial education.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print., 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

An Old English Song.

My heart is like a fountain true
That flows and flows with love to you.
As sings the lark upon the tree,
So sings my heart, dear love, to thee.
And it's, oh, sweet, sweet! and mother mine.

There's not a rose, where'er I seek,
As lovely as my mother's cheek.
There's not a comb of honey-bee,
So sweet as mother is to me.
And it's, oh, sweet, sweet! and mother mine.

The Queen has sceptre, crown, and ball;
You are my sceptre, crown, and all.
For all her robes of royal blue,
More fair your face with eyes so true.
And it's, oh, sweet, sweet! and mother mine.

Ten thousand parks where deer run,
Ten thousand roses in the sun,
Ten thousand pearls beneath the sea,
My mother more precious is to me.
And it's, oh, sweet, sweet! and mother mine.

Billy's Fishin'.

BY R. L. G.

Billy was a fisherman. Billy always had been a fisherman, ever since he could remember, and that was a long time. Why, he had always fished, at first with a bent pin and a piece of string in the old wooden horse-trough at Grandmother's. Now he had a real hook and a real line and a pole that he had cut himself with the knife Papa had given him on his last birthday. For Billy was grown up now: he was seven years old, and wore blue overalls, like a big man.

No more horse-troughs and bent pins for him. Now he crawled out on an old boat landing where the pond was quite deep, and spent whole delightful mornings watching his cork floating on the water, and every now and then bobbing under.

On this particular morning Billy with his friend Buckie, a beautiful St. Bernard, had been out very early to dig worms. How well Billy knew where to find the biggest, fattest ones,—right under the edge of the wood pile, where it was always a little damp. Every time he found one Buckie would go "Woof, woof," and Billy would say, "Nice old Buckie, here's a g'weat fat one." Finally they had enough, and the two friends started off towards the pond, where the sun shone hot, and the shining little fish jumped and swam through the water.

They reached the old wharf and crawled out on it, Buckie following Billy as close as he could, and every once in a while licking his face and saying "Woof, woof."

Oh what a beautiful morning it was, as Billy and Buckie settled down contentedly to wait for a bite! Billy wriggled his toes comfortably in the cool water, and the sun shining through the trees turned his little tow head to gold, and shone on the lock that Mother could *not* make lie down.

Buckie snapped at the brilliant blue-and-green dragon flies that darted by, and Billy wondered if his mother could darn his stockings with one of the big black darning-needles.

Presently a lily pad floated by with a great green bull-frog sitting on it. "Hullo, ol' frawg," said Billy.

"Kerplunk," answered the frog, and dived into the water.

"Woof, woof," said Buckie, and thumped his tail.

Suddenly the cork bobbed under, and Billy with a chuckle drew in a shining little perch about four inches long. He took it off the hook as gently as he could, patting its wet sides, and showing it proudly to Buckie, who seemed as pleased as he. Then, very carefully, Billy leaned over the edge of the wharf and put the fish back into the water.

"Go back to your babies, little fish," he whispered.

That was the way Billy fished. Each one he caught he would hug and pet for a few minutes, then back it would go in the water.

"They's happier that way," he explained to Buckie.

The sun grew hotter and hotter. Buckie was sound asleep, when suddenly there was a tremendous bite, and the pole was nearly jerked from Billy's hands.

"I guess it's a big old mud turtle," he shouted, and pulled with all his might, but the turtle, or whatever it was, pulled harder.

"Buckie, Buckie, he's pulling me in," cried Billy. Buckie woke up with a jerk, and caught hold of Billy's jacket with his teeth. But, oh, just as the big cruel looking head of a huge mud turtle came to the surface of the water, Billy lost his balance, and fell splash right into the water where it was way over his head. Quick as a flash Buckie was in after him, and, as the little yellow head came up, Buckie caught hold of his collar and swam towards the shore.

Good brave old Buckie, how strong he was! "Woof, woof," he barked when he had dragged Billy out, limp and dripping, and laid him on the warm sand, "Woof, woof."

Billy slowly opened his eyes. "I likes fishin,' Buckie," said he.

The Ginger-cake Man.

"Mollie," called her mamma from the kitchen door.

"Yes'm," answered Mollie from behind the wood-pile, where she was building bark huts for her dolls.

"Come here, dear."

This time Mollie did not answer her mother; but she said, sitting her largest doll, Miss Cynthia Bly, down so hard on a bark bench that she fell over backwards, "I expect, if folk's mothers were little girls, they wouldn't like to be 'coming here' all the time." But Cynthia, who must have been shocked into silence by this very naughty speech, made no reply; and Mollie picked her up and seated her more gently, so that this time she was able to keep her balance.

Presently the call sounded again.

"Mollie, I want you."

"In a minute, mamma," said Mollie, fretfully.

Mollie built up the side walls of another hut, put on the roof, placed her tiniest doll, little Peg, inside, and then, rising slowly, walked toward the house, dragging one foot after the other.

Mamma was not in the kitchen, so Mollie went on to the sitting-room, and there she found her sewing by the window.

She did not look up as Mollie entered, or take any notice of her whatever as she came and stood beside her chair.

"What do you want, mamma?" she asked finally, in rather a low voice.

"Nothing, Mollie," she answered, without looking at her.

"But you called me, mamma, and said that you wanted me."

"And so I did, ten or fifteen minutes ago; but I do not want you now."

Now, though Mollie had not cared what her mother wanted her for when she called her, she immediately became very curious, and so she said,—

"Would you mind telling me what you wanted me for, mamma?"

"No," answered her mother, looking up at her this time. "I wanted to give you a ginger-cake man that I baked for you."

"Oh!" cried Mollie, her eyes shining, for dearly she loved ginger-cake men. It was such fun to play with them and then eat them up.

"May I have him, please, mamma?"

"No, Mollie," answered her mother: "I called you twice; and then I gave him to little Jack, who came with some parcels from the store."

"O mamma!" and, with a wail of anguish, Mollie flung herself on the floor, with her head in her mother's lap. "O mamma! mamma why didn't you tell me? I do so love a ginger-cake man!"

"Yes," said mamma, sadly, "I know you do, and that is the reason I made him for you. I did not tell you what I wanted you for, because it is right to obey instantly, and not for the sake of the ginger-cake man."

Her mother lifted Mollie into her lap, and smoothed the golden curls tenderly.

"Cynthia," said Mollie an hour later, when she had gone back to her play behind the wood-pile,—and even then there was the sound of tears in her voice,—"O Cynthia! if I had minded mamma when she called, there might have been just the very loveliest ginger-cake man leaning up against your bark bench that you ever saw!"—*Tennessee Methodist.*

A Pet Raven.

Some years ago my companion on a shooting expedition slightly wounded a young raven. Having heard of the ease with which these birds may be tamed, we tied the bird's legs and brought him home. In a few days he entirely recovered from his wound, and became very familiar, amusing, and mischievous. He learned to say "Hello!" and "Ned," "Papa" and "Good-morning!" His usual perch was the top of a shed, which stood on an alley much frequented by pigs, poultry, and stray dogs. Ralph, a name given him by my wife, would watch his chance; and, when a pig came near his perch, he would alight upon the back of the astonished grunter, and ride him about, quickening his pace by repeated clips of his beak, and shouting his delight most vociferously.

If he saw a dog lying in the alley gnawing a bone, he would steal softly behind him, and, giving him a clip in the back, fly away to his perch with a mischievous chuckle. The dogs frequently were so much disconcerted by the attacks of the mysterious enemy as to abandon the field and the bone together, and Ralph would enjoy the spoils. We afterward sold this bright pet for a large sum.

England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, as well as the Far East, are all favored with the raven's presence; but he especially affects the Orkneys and the Hebrides, living to a great age. The crow is allied to the raven, but smaller. This bird never loses his dignity. The same sedate walk and the shrill "Caw!" characterize him wherever he goes. He slips and slides on the ice at every movement of his long black legs, but he is up again in an instant. A friend in Connecticut has one of these knowing fowls as a pet; and, like his elfin cousin, the raven, celebrated by Edgar Poe, he knows how to come and knock gently on the window-pane when he wants to get into the house. He knows, too, about how much water is to be provided for his bath; and, after his mistress has come out with one pitcher of water and poured it into the pan, Jack always waits for the arrival of the second pitcherful. Then he jumps in, and has a jolly time of it.—*George Bancroft Griffith, in Home Journal.*

Grandmother's Story.

"Grandmother, you promised!" Mary laid a coaxing arm about her grandmother's shoulder.

Paul and Edwin drew their chairs close. They, too, remembered their grandmother's promise. "Do tell us!" they coaxed.

The little white-haired grandmother smiled as she looked into the children's eager faces. "It happened in this very room," she began.

The children looked about the old colonial room with its diamond-paned windows, its deep-throated fireplace. Quaint stories of other days seemed to lurk in the dusky corners, to hide in the chimney cupboard.

"Your great-great-grandmother Hartwell lived in this house while her husband went to fight the British. There were no neighbors near. She was alone with the servants and the children,—there were six children."

"How jolly to have such a large family!" exclaimed Paul.

"Yes, but it was not jolly in war time. The Redcoats often came marching along the pike and stopped at every farmhouse demanding food. Food was scarce enough in those days, and the children were often hungry."

Mary's eyes grew wide with sympathy. "Didn't they really have enough to eat, Grandmother?" she asked.

"Not when the Redcoats came. At last your great-great-grandmother had a food closet made, which none of the soldiers could discover. Turn back the upper corner of the rug, boys, and I will show it to you."

The boys soon rolled the rug back, and at their grandmother's bidding lifted a trap-door. Below the door were shelves and cupboards. The children examined the recess with deep interest.

"Pretty clever great-great-grandmother, I say," said Edwin.

"Yes, she was clever, so clever that she outwitted the soldiers still further. Word came one dark evening that the British would soon pass. Great-great-grandmother hurried the children into this room. She had the servants hide all the food in her war pantry. Every candle in the house was then lighted. No one could see in, but through the chinks in the great shutters light streamed out. To people travelling the road it seemed as if the house must be filled with people. Next the rugs were rolled from the floor, and each child was given a straight-legged chair. The children were not to sit in the chairs, oh, no! The chairs were for your great-great-grandmother's soldiers!

"Every one in the house guessed her plan. It was a ruse in high favor with the lonely colonists. A procession was soon formed: each child marched holding a chair by the back and tilting it, banging first one mahogany leg then another upon the uncovered floor. The noise was deafening. At the head of her marching soldiers your great great-grandmother shouted martial commands. Apparently a whole company of colonials was drilling in this house.

"At last the British were heard cantering along the pike. They drew up their horses and stopped in front of the house. Great-great-grandmother and her soldiers did not stop. The commands grew sharper, the marching chairs stamped more loudly. After a time the British leader gave a quick order, and the enemy passed on, thinking it best not to enter a house so well protected."

The children sat thinking for a long time after their grandmother had finished her story.

Mary spoke first, "Great-great-grandmother was very brave, as well as very clever."

"Yes, and her children were very like her," added Paul.

"It is a fine thing to come of a brave, clever race!" the silver-haired grandmother said softly.—*Frances Kirkland, in the Churchman.*

Little Bear's Bee-tree.

Whenever Father Bear and Mother Bear went after honey, they left Little Bear at home. Little Bear wondered about that honey, and why he was always left at home.

"Where do you find honey, Father Bear?" Little Bear asked one day.

"In a bee-tree, Son Bear, in a bee-tree, to be sure!" answered Father Bear.

"What is a bee-tree like?" asked Little Bear. "Is it like a needle-y pine-tree or a maple-tree, or is it like a birch-tree with leaves that flutter, or what is a bee-tree like, Father Bear, and how does it grow?"

"A bee-tree," answered Father Bear, "is any kind of a hollow tree in which the bees build their nests and store their honey."

"How do you find a bee-tree, Father Bear?" said Little Bear, trying to look wise.

"How do you find a bee-tree?" repeated Father Bear, trying to look wise himself. "Why, Son Bear, you find a bee-tree by—well, a bear knows where to look for a bee-tree; that is all. You find it because you find it! Yes, yes!"

"Could I find a bee-tree?" asked Little Bear.

"Oh, no, Son Bear," Father Bear answered, "not even the way Goldilocks's father found his bee-tree!"

"Please tell me about it!" begged Little Bear.

"Well, Goldilocks's father found his bee-tree the way most men do in the north woods. He filled a little box with honey made of sugar and water. Then he caught a bee and shut it up in the box. When the bee had gathered all the sweetness he could carry, Father Goldilocks opened the box and let the bee go. You must know, Son Bear, that bees fly in a straight line to their nests. That is what is meant by a 'bee-line.' Goldilocks's father followed the bee as far as he could see the right direction; and at last Father Goldilocks reached the bee-tree and helped himself to honey."

"Oh, I wish I could find a bee-tree!" cried Little Bear.

"No, no, Little Bear, no, no!" Father Bear insisted. "You won't know how to find a bee-tree until you grow to be a big, big bear!"

Now that very day Little Bear did find a bee-tree, and this is how it happened. He was playing in the woods between the house and the river, when he jumped upon a long, moss-covered log, and began to dance and sing.

"When I'm big, I'm going to find a bee-tree!"

Just then Little Bear danced straight through the roof of that old rotten log, which had once been a tree, and down he went into a bee's nest! Out came the bees after Little Bear's nose! Home ran Little Bear, fast, very fast.

"I found a bee-tree! I found a bee-tree!" shouted Little Bear, brushing the bees from his nose, first with one paw, then with the other paw. "Oh, I did find a bee-tree!"

"Son Bear found a bee-tree!" echoed Father Bear. Out came Mother Bear, and the three ran back after the honey. And that honey was so sweet, Little Bear did not care if the bees did sting his nose!

After that happy day the three bears always went together in search of honey.—*Frances Margaret Fox, in Youth's Companion.*

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1872 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AGENT, MISS E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mario S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Gates Ajar.

BY REV. LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

Across the star-illumined purple space
  Sometimes I hear the flutter of a wing;
Sometimes I catch the glimmer of a face
  And hear dear lips, death-chilled, break forth and sing.
Sometimes I think I dream; but, waking, know
That angels down the blue skies come and go.

They are my dead; they are the angel host
  That seers through the world have ever known;
The dwellers of a fair, far shining coast
  Who voyage o'er the ether seas alone
To tell me of their love and presence near
My couch, my hearth, my little transient sphere.

They come and kiss my eyelids with a peace
  That only God can send from worlds above;
They come and guard my ways and never cease
  To shine upon my longings with their love;
And but for them, their ministry, I know
My heart had broken, broken long ago.

I reach my hands to them sometimes and pray
  That they, who've risen nearer to the throne
Of God, the Great Eternal Parent, somehow may
  In intercession bring my dreams, my own;
And then I reason that, though grand and fair,
They have but climbed the farther shining stair,

Where we, like them, sometime, must try the way
  And find the bright emblazoned battlement
That looks down on the primrose of the day;
  Where we, like them, shall find our voices blent
In songs that never rolled along the hills
Of earth, its mountain-peaks, its rocks, its rills.

Then let me rest my heart in seas of peace;
  My cherished dead can come to me again.
Their footsteps in my chamber never cease;
  They join our songs, they chant our cradle-strain;
They tread the silent pathway from afar;
They journey back and find the gates ajar.

Three Happenings.

Three beautiful things happened to me to-day,—three things that just for a moment let me touch the heart of life and sent me on my way stronger in rejoicing.

I watched him as he swung his pick, the lithe young navvy, with the figure of the Discobolus. Six tremendous, cunning blows—the brain behind each one—did he aim, aye, and hit his mark, too, every time, at the resisting asphalt. Then he straightened himself, and a smile was on his face, all flushed as it was and beaded with sweat. He caught my eye and laughed at me—the stranger watching him. All the joy of the world was in that laugh, and I laughed back. We understood each other.

. . . . . .

"Put him down at Dockhead Corner, conductor, will you please?" The pretty, young working woman lifted her little son of five or six onto the steps of the tram-car.

"All right, ma'm! Come along, Sonnie," and the man placed the boy on the seat. With a confiding gesture that showed he was used to tram conductors, the child placed his half-penny in the man's hand. Every eye in the tram, which was fairly well filled with working men and women, was fixed on this morning-faced sonnie travelling alone. Dockhead Corner was reached, the tram stopped. Behind it a motor 'bus was blundering along, laden with all sorts and conditions of persons, alongside it a private motor with milady in furs inside. Up goes the tram conductor's hand, the motor 'bus stops, the motor car stops. "Sonnie" must cross to the pavement in safety. He is lifted down, and not till his feet are on the middle of the footway do the other vehicles move. Two men gazing anxiously from the tram windows turn and smile at each other.

"King baby," said one, and the other nodded.

The Child still rules the world.

. . . . . .

He was just a rough man, a waterside laborer belike, a man to whom at first sight some would have given a wide berth if they had met him in a lonely place. He was slouching up the crowded hilly street below London Bridge Station, where at mid-day dray after dray lines up at the curb to be unladen of cases of butter and eggs and foreign produce. In an empty dray which stood rather by itself the carter had tied a little dog, and left it there. It was small and thin and very frightened, and it was sitting on its haunches whimpering miserably. The sound caught my man's ear, and I watched his eyes as they rested upon the creature. They softened—he stopped, put his hand through the bars of the dray, and called,—

"Come, lil' chap!" The wee dog hurled himself against the bars in a frantic effort to reach the speaker, and licked his hand all over. The man fondled him, speaking in what, considering his appearance, were ridiculously endearing terms. The carter came out to his dray, and the following conversation took place:—

"Yourn?"

"Well, 'tis and 'tain't—stray. I picked 'im up, saved his loife," and he laughed.

"It's a noice lil' dawg."

"Bit starved."

"Give yer two bob for him!"

"I don't want yer two bob: give 'im a good 'ome I'd 'ave to find 'im a 'ome anyhow. My missus won't stand 'em."

My man lifted the "lil' dawg" over the side of the dray as the carter loosed the cord.

"He'll be company for me," he said, as he tucked the creature inside his coat, whence a rapturous pink tongue made desperate efforts to reach his face, and went on his way.—*Isabel Basnett, in The London Inquirer.*

Dr. Hale's Old Hat.

BY EDWARD F. HAYWARD.

Admirers of the late Edward Everett Hale will recall the dignity and deep seriousness of his appearance as he walked the streets of his native city. It was as if one of the old Hebrew prophets had stepped out of the past to recall the citizens of modern Boston to the things that are really lovely and of good report. People turned in passing to note the tall and slender figure, clad in its long coat, and the head of oriental gravity, crowded with the soft black hat, which he always wore. Something about this hat, either its shape, unchanged from time to time, or the way in which he wore it, came to characterize the man. Generally it was old, for he was reluctant to give up one to which he had become accustomed, no matter how long had been its term of service; but always it seemed a mark of distinction.

A life-long friend of Dr. Hale once asked him for the gift of the hat he was then wearing when he should have done with it. The request was granted, and the lady fastened the old hat above the door leading into her dining-room in her beautiful house in the suburbs of Boston. Entertaining many distinguished people, she declared that all who partook of her hospitality should pass beneath Dr. Hale's old hat, and thus do unconscious homage to a great and good man. Of course the unfamiliar object excited question and comment; and, when its history became known, it reminded men of the humane and helpful thoughts which had so often lodged beneath it, and served to lend a touch of deeper meaning to every joyous feast.

Discarded, hangs above the door,
  A gift to lady fair,—
The hat that once a good man wore,
  An honored trophy there.

Broad, black, and shapeless, once it sat
  A prophet's forehead grim;
And helpful thoughts a habitat
  Found 'neath that dingy brim.

It went with him as on life's road
  He ministered to man,
Easing the stripes, the wounds, the load,
  Our Good Samaritan.

Bend now, ye gentles, high and low,
  None may refuse the sign;
Beneath that hat all they must go
  Who share the bread and wine.

None are too great, and none too good;
  Pay tribute, one and all,
And pledge in love and gratitude
  The old hat on the wall.

Unitarian Interests.

Those who are far away from the centre, so to speak, of denominational population, for that very reason should take more pains, rather than less, to keep in touch with what is going on around them. Unitarians are naturally apt to be individualistic, to do what lies nearest them, and on that account to lack interest in what is being done by others. That way lies provincialism. This is to be looked upon not from the point of view of duty, though there is a duty in the matter, but from the point of view of enlightenment and interesting information. There are some tendencies, rather novel and of considerable significance, which ought to be appreciated. There are plenty of people who are quite sure that Unitarianism may lay down its arms, that its work is done, that there is no longer occasion for its work. Sometimes Unitarians themselves say this. No doubt this sounds very wise. But the fact is that it is not so. The question is not one of opinion, but one of fact. It shows ignorance. The answer to it is not an argument, but a reference to the real situation. No one has a right so much as to discuss the subject who has not followed recent events, here and abroad. The more liberal other churches get, the more people will see the usefulness of ours. The more they see independent roots growing into the kind of Christianity we have stood for, the more inclined they will be to give us their confidence and support.

There is only one way to keep informed about what is going on, and that is to read descriptions. To know the news, we read the papers: to know our news, we must read what gives such news. There is but one paper which gives this information. In almost every number something of such interest appears. It is not to be expected

Digitized by Google

that everything in this paper will interest everybody. We do not dream of reading all that is printed in the papers we read. We read what is of interest to us. If one page or another does not attract us, we can surely find on some page, other than that which has the joke column, matter that we shall be glad to have read. There is no way of proving this but by experiment. Therefore, we urge a better acquaintance with the movement of which we are a part, in order that we shall be more in earnest in doing our part and kindle a wider zeal on its behalf. This has been the chief motive: it is in fact the one motive, in asking for more readers of the *Christian Register*.—*From a Parish Monthly Letter.*

Foreign Notes.

BY REV. C. W. WENDTE, D.D.

The World and New Dispensation of India in a late issue extends a greeting to our Unitarian missionary:—

"We accord a hearty welcome to Rev. Dr. J. T. Sunderland, who arrived here with his daughter last Thursday evening. As an eminent liberal religious thinker and worker he has long been known on both sides of the Atlantic; but to us here in India he is a valued friend whom we are glad to have in our midst again, after his first visit to this land seventeen years ago. Since visiting this country Dr. Sunderland had always sought to interpret Indian life and thought to the West, and had kept in touch with almost all the movements of modern India. He is here to prepare the way for an All-the-World Theistic Congress, to be held two years hence. We are glad that Dr. Sunderland has kindly accepted the presidentship of Theistic Conference, which will hold its meetings in Karachi during the Christmas Week. On Saturday last he gave an address in the Sadharan Brahmo-Somaj Hall on 'The Religion demanded by the Twentieth Century,' and on the next (Sunday) morning he preached at the same place. On Monday evening he gave a lecture on 'Pain and Evil in the Light of Evolution.'"

Our Brahmo-Somaj friends in India have met with a severe loss in the death of Dr. Damodardas G. Sukhadwalla, a public-spirited and benevolent citizen of Bombay. "The life history of the deceased gentleman reads like a romance of business. He first joined his father's sandal-wood shop,—he took his surname from the article sold therein,—but he soon left it to better his fortune in the cotton trade, and the successes which he met with from the very beginning justified his decision and showed his remarkable business aptitude. He came to be the most prominent figure in the cotton world of Bombay, and he was a director of the Bombay Cotton Exchange. In a few years he became a multi-millionaire and was reputed to be one of the richest merchant princes of Bombay. But, though he quickly amassed a big fortune, he retained his simple habits to the end of his life and was ever an affable, genial, and kind-hearted gentleman. Nobody who did not know him would have recognized in the plainly dressed gentleman, perhaps, the richest Hindu of Bombay. He was simple in his tastes and habits, but he never was miserly, and he freely gave in charity the money he rapidly earned.

"The founding of free reading-rooms and libraries was indeed his chief hobby. He watched and fostered the growth of the People's Reading-room and Library with paternal interest and care, and it was his intention to cover the whole city with a net-work of such institutions. As a first instalment of this project he recently announced a gift of four lakhs of rupees ($200,000). He, if he was not a believer in sectarian charity, still less believed in trumpeting his good deeds. It is therefore impossible to gauge with anything like certainty the total amount of his wide and extensive charities. A whole host of institutions owed their existence either entirely or partly to his beneficence. He also gave away about a lakh of rupees to the Brahmo Somaj.

"The Somaj and its faith were always uppermost in his mind; and other centres of the Brahmo Somaj, in Dacca, Madras, Ellore and other places have been the objects of his munificence. The tomb of Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Somaj, at Bristol, which had been allowed to fall into disrepair, was three years ago thoroughly renovated at his cost.

"Born in the Lohana caste of the Hindus, he refused to bow the knee to the Baal of caste prejudice, and proved himself a brave-minded social reformer by twice travelling over Europe, Africa, China, and Japan. On his return from his first voyage he quietly ignored the verdict of ex-communication passed upon him by his caste men and bravely continued to champion the cause of foreign travel and widow remarriage. He was a fine swimmer, a splendid gymnast, and an expert at slinging. His political creed was that of the Indian National Congress, and he subscribed largely to its funds. He many times refused the offer of a title from government. He was a Justice of the Peace and an Honorary Magistrate. At the time of the late Boer War he sent to South Africa a medical mission at his own expense, for which he was thanked by Lord Roberts. He also contributed liberally to the expenses of the Red Crescent Mission to Turkey during the Balkan War."

Considerable interest has been awakened in the British Empire by the recent conversion to Mahometanism of Lord Headley, Captain Stanley Marquis, Miss Lilley Ranson, and others. The conversions are evidently entirely sincere, the parties named preferring the simple theism of the Arabian teacher to the complicated and self-contradictory Christian creeds in which they had been reared. Lord Headley defined his faith as submission to God and kindness to all his creatures. A collection of newspaper comments on the subject, printed in *Muslim India*, is noteworthy for the entire absence of all rancor or the prosecuting spirit. In India these conversions have created profound interest and improved the feeling of the Moslem peoples towards the British rule.

An amazing sermon was recently preached in Westminster Abbey by Rev. Dr. Charles, the well-known Church of England liberal. A Unitarian who was present reports in his denominational journal:—

"Dr. Charles pleaded for reunion on the basis of liberty of interpretation. He said it was unchristian, irreligious, to impose doctrinal conditions of membership. Christianity was not primarily a system of doctrine. A Christian was one who had the religious *spirit* of Christ, and men might equally have this spirit, though they differed widely in their opinions. When the Church began to impose articles and creeds, it departed from Christianity. It lost sight of the essence of the matter and adopted a lower and unchristian principle. We must return to the true and lofty principle. The English Church, as the National Church, must open its doors to all Christian Englishmen, whatever views they hold. It must admit them in such a way that they shall feel free within its borders, not bound to this or that. The Prayer Book must be altered to suit the views of modern men. Alternate services may be introduced to satisfy those who are not satisfied with the book at present. People, for instance, who objected to the imprecatory Psalms must not be disqualified for church membership or repelled from worship within its walls. In the Creeds were declarations which men were not unchristian for refusing to believe. Few now could accept such clauses as the 'Descended into Hell' and the 'resurrection of the body' in their original significance. There must be latitude through the full recognition of the fact that Christian thought and truth are not fixed, but progressive, and that the Church must adapt its worship to the changing needs of the times."

To those who recall the action of Dr. Channing and his associates in protesting against the imprisonment of Abner Kneeland for blasphemy as an infringement on freedom of thought and speech a recent happening in England is of much significance. Mr. T. W. Stewart is now serving a second term of imprisonment under the Blasphemy laws. Prof. Gilbert Murray, in the Manchester *Guardian*, espoused his cause, and pointed out that the two lectures on which he was condemned do not rightly come under the condemnation of the law, however lacking in good taste and judgment. A large and representative body of petitioners have asked the home secretary to release the prisoner, on the ground "that all punishment which savors of religious persecution should be avoided." Among the signatories are the following: Canon Cheyne, Dr. James Drummond, Dr. Clifford, Prof. Gilbert Murray, Principal J. Estlin Carpenter, Dr. L. P. Jacks, the editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, Mr. G. H. Trevelyan, Mr. H. G. Chancellor, M.P., Mr. T. E. Harvey, M.P., Prof. L. T. Hobhouse, Prof. Muirhead, Dr. J. Rendel Harris, Mr. G. W. Foote, and Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner,—a list inclusive of a great variety of religious and political opinion.

In Denmark the contest over the heresies of our liberal Christian representative, Rev. Arboe Rasmussen, is waxing hot. Unable to secure his dismissal from the State Church, the orthodox champions have sought to prevent his obtaining a new settlement for which he was a candidate. The bishop of the diocese fought hard against him, but the church chose him for its pastor. The Minister of State, in accordance with local custom, was about to present the name of the successful candidate to the king for his royal approval, when the bishop notified him that he would refuse to sign the decree of investiture. The minister, in return, threatened to compel his assent, appealing to the civil courts. The bishop then threatened to resign. This did not disconcert the minister.

Digitized by Google

The bishop called together his colleagues, and the conflict became bitter and personal. The immediate superior of Rasmussen, hitherto friendly to him, was induced to enter the coalition against him. The minister was informed that a disciplinary proceeding had been initiated against Rasmussen. This blocked the action of the minister. A clergyman against whom charges are legally brought cannot be recommended for settlement. The charge was heresy. Three courts will successively have to deal with the matter. In 1908 a Unitarian minister was deprived of his pastorate in the Danish State Church, not for heresy, but because he declined to give the Lord's Supper. It will be interesting to note how the courts will deal with one who holds Unitarian principles, but is correct in all his church relations. This glimpse into the religious life of another people discloses to us the loneliness and hardships of the progressive thinker and honest minister in all but a few countries of the globe, and how incumbent it is upon us who share their convictions without partaking of their trials to show our sympathy and, so far as we can, extend our aid. We are glad to know that the Free Congregation of Copenhagen, in which our fellow-Unitarian Miss Mary Westenholz is so prominent a worker, is in fraternal and effective relations with Pastor Rasmussen.

The Consistory of Munster in the Rhinelands has refused to confirm Pastor Fuchs of Ruesselheim, Hessia, as the successor of Pastor Traub in Dortmund. Pastor Fuchs is a man of irreproachable character and much ability; his Christian faith is unquestioned; he was the unanimous choice of the congregation. He is discarded, as the official notification states, solely because he was one of eighty-nine Hessian clergymen who signed, two years ago, a protest against the action of the Prussian Ecclesiastical Court which disciplined the late Pastor Jatho. It is possible, but not likely, that the higher church tribunal to which the matter has been appealed may reverse this adverse decision. This incident adds new fuel to the flames which now threaten the existence of the State Church in Prussia. The disestablishment of the latter would be altogether desirable were it not likely to divide and weaken the Protestant cause in the threatening presence of Roman Catholic solidarity.

The recent death of Theobold Rupp, a son of the heroic witness for truth and freedom, Dr. Julius Rupp of Koenigsberg, Prussia, removes a pillar of the Free Religious Society of that city, a beautiful and free spirit, and a devoted adherent of our international congress.

A monument to the deceased Pastor Jatho is to be erected in the Protestant cemetery in Cologne. The model is completed, and represents a sower going forth to sow, with groups of playing children, the latter symbolizing the humane spirit of the man commemorated. It will stand in a garden-like enclosure and is to be unveiled in March.

At the next meeting of the Friends of the Christian World in Germany the three topics, Foreign Missions, Roman Catholicism, and the Right of the Laity, will be discussed, probably also International Peace and Personal Abstinence. The choice of topics is significant.

At a recent Congress of Teachers of Religion in Riga, Russia, it was voted that a knowledge of reading and writing increases crime and enlarges the number of criminals.

The great Reformation monument in Geneva, Switzerland, is to be unveiled and dedicated in June, 1915.

The Aftermath of War.

AN APPEAL TO UNITARIANS.

Last year, during the Balkan struggles, an appeal was made through the *Christian Register* for contributions of money in aid of the unfortunate widows and orphaned children of Macedonia, victims of the tragic events which led to the freeing of their country from Turkish control. It was promptly responded to. The aid thus rendered was wisely and conscientiously distributed by our Unitarian representative in Bulgaria, Rev. Anton M. Toplisky, president of the Bulgarian Unitarian Association, and tided hundreds of starving, heart-broken refugees over the terrible winter until they could return to their villages and rebuild their homes and family fortunes. A census just taken shows that the male population of that portion of Macedonia allotted to Bulgaria was reduced during the war from 175,000 to 42,500. In Bulgarian Thrace only 225,000 males remain out of a total before the war of 499,000, while in the district of Mustapha Pasha, where fighting waged so long and fiercely, only 4,000 males are left out of 33,000, the total before fighting began.

Another severe winter is upon this unhappy people. From the desolated provinces of Thrace, Macedonia, and Albania thousands of starving, wretched refugees are pouring into the little kingdom of Bulgaria, whose own resources have been so cruelly sapped by war, and who are entirely unable to feed and care for them. Our help is even more urgently needed than before. Private advices inform us of this, the Red Cross and local Protestant missionaries confirm it. The representative of the Balkan War Relief Committee in Sofia writes:—

"There are now about 120,000 refugees in Bulgaria who have fled from Thrace and Macedonia: of these 8,000 are now in Sofia. 35,000 refugees came from Bourgas, Eastern Rumelia. They are in a most pitiable condition. An urgent telegram has been received from Albania, stating that 10,000 Bulgarian refugees have reached Durazzo. It is impossible to feed or shelter them. In Sofia, Varna, and other towns the government is housing the refugees in schools. All through the war I found missionaries of the American Board distributing relief systematically and wisely. The distress is worst around Bourgas; the people are not even under cover; there are frosts and snows; the conditions are terrible."

Madame Geilnewski writes under date of Drama Salonica, December 23:—

"The people are starving, living out of doors, nearly perishing. Bread is excessively dear,—eight piasters (about thirty-five cents) for a loaf of bread, the ordinary price being two or three piasters."

When such an appeal is made to the Christian world for sympathy and aid, our Unitarian churches, Sunday-schools, Women's Alliances, Young People's Unions, ought not to remain impassive and indifferent. The orthodox foreign missions, we are told, are nobly succoring and comforting these suffering populations. But their means for doing this are all too small. It has never been true of Unitarians that they are callous to the spectacle of human misery and woe, and they will not now, we are confident, refuse to do their part in this exhibit of world-sympathy and service.

With Mr. Toplisky on the ground as an experienced and judicious almoner of their bounty, American Unitarians ought to respond generously to this call upon their humanity and sympathy. Sums great and small will be thankfully received, acknowledged and forwarded. But to be effective the response should be as speedy as possible. Send contributions to Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

LEWIS G. WILSON, *Secretary,*
American Unitarian Association.
CHARLES W. WENDTE,
Department of Foreign Relations.
WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE,
Department of Religious Education.
ELMER S. FORBES,
Department of Social and Public Service.
CAROLINE S. ATHERTON,
Secretary of the Alliance of Unitarian Women.
GRACE R. TORR,
Secretary of the Young People's Religious Union.

Community Work at Shelter Neck.

BY HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

The members of the Alliance throughout the country, and, indeed, everybody in our churches who values especially the social service aspect of church work, ought to be informed of the interesting and highly satisfactory developments in the community work connected with the little school and church at Shelter Neck (post-office, Watha), North Carolina. Many of our Alliance workers know the story of how the work, which began there ten or twelve years ago with circuit preaching under Alliance auspices, has developed into the school, which is now occupying Dix House, and which, though small, is doing an admirable educational work in the community. This year the school has three teachers (Miss Putnam, Miss Hildreth, and Miss Brooks), who constitute a very competent staff. Mrs. Peterson, the secretary and representative on the spot of the Carolina Industrial School Board, is general manager, and Mr. Key, who has now withdrawn from a part of his circuit work, but still has charge of the church at Shelter Neck and at Pink Hill, superintends the farm. These five persons make up the permanent household, with a varying number of boarding pupils of both sexes. The school registration this year has been about fifty, most of them day pupils coming in from the neighboring farms. The school work in general is of the usual grammar school type, but in some branches is carried up into the high school grades. The work is made as practical as possible. The courses in book-keeping and in agriculture are of special value for the boys, while the girls have raffia work, weaving, sewing, and training in kitchen, dining-room, and dormitory work.

Interesting as this work is, however, the community work is of perhaps equal, if not

greater importance, and it has sprung directly out of the call of the neighborhood upon the church and the school. Shelter Neck is primarily an agricultural community, and the influence of the school farm is very noticeable. While the farm acreage is small and its equipment meagre compared to some of the larger model farms, the produce represents a far higher level of agricultural skill than prevails in the neighborhood. For example, every year some twenty to twenty-five varieties of vegetables and fruits are raised upon the school farm, most of which were previously unknown to the community which until recently raised little besides sweet potatoes, collards, onions, cow peas, beans, and corn. The school farm, however, besides introducing improved varieties of most of these vegetables, raises Irish potatoes, carrots, cauliflower, cabbage, radishes, celery, strawberries, and other fruits. In addition, Mr. Key keeps a few good pigs of a grade much superior to the hogs which frequent the North Carolina woods. The farm thus not only offers a stimulating example, but provides a large part of the table for the school. There is no need to buy any pork or lard or vegetables. The school has to lay out money only for groceries and fresh meat. Most of the eggs consumed are brought in in payment for the clothing which is shipped to the school and sold to the community. For the usual large family at least a peck of potatoes is needed for a single meal: this means that the farm is a capital investment for the school. Indeed, the whole school is run with painstaking economy. This fall, for example, Mr. Key bought a piece of beef costing $2.35. It was a particularly good piece, and it was made to last for seven meals, over a period of two weeks, at a time when there were nine at the table, coming to less than four cents a head per meal. It should be borne in mind, however, that, in order to attain the foregoing results, considerable expense has to be incurred in developing the farm, improving the soil by cultivation and fertilization, the providing of the necessary up-to-date farm implements, the purchase and maintenance of horses, cows, pigs, hiring of labor, etc., all of which are essential for carrying on the work for practical educational purposes, as well as for provisioning the school. The Agricultural Department is, of necessity, expensive, at the same time, very essential to the maintenance of the school and the continued growth and expansion of the entire movement along the lines of social improvement.

During the summer, when the school is closed, Mr. Key not only superintends the farm work, but also the preserving and canning of a large quantity of fresh fruits and vegetables, putting up during the summer the entire supply needed for the school during the winter. In this task he is assisted by the women of the community, who have learned how to preserve fruits and vegetables for their own use, and who take the surplus product of the farm in return for their services. Furthermore, considerable quantities of potatoes and of canned goods are shipped each year to the school at Swansboro, N.C., thus helping to keep down the cost of maintenance for that school as well. As a result of this work the entire community is waking up to the possibilities of a better and more varied diet of articles produced upon the surrounding farms.

Toward the end of November a corn show was held in Wilmington. Mr. Key went down to see it, taking with him some Irish potatoes, and two varieties of peppers from the farm. He entered them in the show and took a prize on each entry. It was gratifying to get the Carolina Industrial School on the list of prize winners, but next year the school will send down a better and carefully selected exhibit and expects thereby to demonstrate the value of its work. The Sunday following Thanksgiving was observed as Harvest Sunday in the Shelter Neck church. The church was decorated with corn tied into festoons, and with other vegetables arranged in picturesque and artistic piles before the pulpit. Twenty-three varieties of fruit and vegetable were presented, the neighbors bringing in a few specimens. It made a very pretty show, but the idea of bringing vegetables into a church for Harvest Sunday was a very strange one to the community. The people, however, filled the church and were greatly pleased with what they saw. "I had no idea you were going to have just common things like these," said one man, "or I would have brought something myself. Next year I will show you what I can do."

In addition to the stimulus provided by the farm, the school serves the community in various other ways. It is practically a local medical dispensary, to which people go for advice and help about minor complaints. A supply of simple remedies is kept on hand, and, if there is any serious trouble, people are advised or urged to send for the doctor. In matters of sanitation also the school not only seeks to set an example, but constantly gives information to the people regarding the prevention of disease. These matters are frequently talked over at the Alliance meetings, and not infrequently Mr. Key has made talks on sanitation part of his sermons as he went about his circuit. The general improvement of the neighborhood, county, or State, as represented by the good roads and similar movements, is constantly urged by Mr. Key, who gives personal help and direction.

Finally, the school is the only recreation centre for the community. Saturday and Sunday nights Dix House is open to visitors. Saturday night is held especially for the young people and children, and they come in for games and a pleasant evening, whether they attend the school or not. Often the older people come too. On Sunday nights people of all ages come, chiefly for the singing. Mr. Key, Mrs. Peterson, and Miss Hildreth sing solos, duets, or trios; and there is a phonograph with some excellent records. Furthermore, the recent gift of a fine upright piano has greatly enlarged the musical possibilities of these Sunday evenings, especially as Miss Brooks is a brilliant pianist. If the school could be provided with an acetyline lantern, illustrated talks would be possible, which would be a very great advantage.

Here is a valuable piece of work for the neighborhood, not simply through educating the children in the three R's, but in stimulating the whole community in ways of better living and higher thinking. This, and the very similar work at Swansboro, is a very practical example of social service which ought to commend itself to our people even more cordially than has yet been the case. What the school needs is better support to enable it to do its work more effectively. Both at Shelter Neck and at Swansboro there are constant calls for the expenditure of sums which are trivial in themselves, but which mount up rapidly into larger amounts than the school can possibly afford. Aside from what is needed for salaries and building repairs or additions at the two schools, the Carolina School Board needs at least $1,000 a year to maintain and develop the farm work, having regard to both its educational and its economic features; to keep up the stock of medicines, etc.; and to meet a host of expenses incidental to the settlement work. Will not our people show their appreciation of the practical and helpful work here being done by giving these two schools more adequate support? The treasurer of the Carolina School Board is Mr. Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston, Mass.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Notes from the Field.

Iowa City, Ia.—Since the formation of the Young People's Religious Union of Iowa City seven years ago, the organization has produced two active and efficient trustees for the church. Every church might well take a pattern and have at least one of its Parish Committee or Board of Trustees from among its young people or its young people's society, as Iowa City has done for a number of years past. Since the resignation and departure of the recent pastor, Rev. H. Houghton Schumacher, the

Fifty-Fifth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 73-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address—"Undertaker Boston."

EUROPE POPULAR SUMMER TOUR $400.00
Italy to Scotland. University man, leader.
THE SHELTON PARTIES
Box A — 294 Washington Street, — Boston, Mass.

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1803. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

MUSIC TEACHER WANTED.—The Southern Industrial Institute at Camp Hill, Alabama, finds itself without a teacher of piano in the middle of the year, and it has occurred to the principal that perhaps some teacher of experience might like to spend the rest of the winter in the South, teaching piano and perhaps instructing our band. We are able to pay a salary, though not large. Correspondence should be had at once with the principal, Lyman Ward, Camp Hill, Alabama.

Digitized by Google

young people have had entire charge of the forenoon church service, substituting this for the regular evening service, an arrangement which has proved satisfactory so far to every one concerned.

New Orleans, La.—"It was decided at the last meeting to send ten dollars to the general treasury in Boston. We expect to give a play in order to raise this money, and as soon as it is on hand will mail the above amount to you. With best wishes for the success of the work."

West Bridgewater, Mass.—"Our local Y. P. R. U. has had a very prosperous year, with meetings well attended. The annual election of officers was held recently, and the reports of work done the past year were very encouraging, forty-six religious services being held, with five socials, the annual lawn party, and clam-bake. The Union has made several contributions to worthy objects, and starts the new year with a goodly amount in the treasury. With the new officers and much interest shown by all the members, the prospects are good for even better work in the future. A series of socials will be held during the winter."

Norton, Mass.—"We are trying hard to earn fifty dollars this year to help on the 'parsonage fund,' which our church has got to reduce this year."

Nashua, N.H.—A Young People's Unity Guild has been organized and has lately become affiliated with the central organization.

The Boston Federation.

The mid-winter meeting of the Boston Federation will be held on Sunday, January 25, 1914, at the Richmond Street Church, Dorchester, with an afternoon session at four o'clock for reports and routine business, while at the evening service at seven Rev. Palfrey Perkins of Brighton will speak. Take any *Ashmont and Milton* car.

This federation has devised an unique way to secure even better attendance, by showing, by means of lines, on a card the increase or decrease in attendance for the last two years. On the reverse side the attendance of each union in the federation is noted, both for the last meeting and two years ago, when the record attendance occurred, being 212. An attendance of only forty more than the last November meeting will be sufficient to reach this, and a great effort is being made.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Women's Ministerial Conference will meet on Monday, January 26, at 2 P.M., at the Congregational House, 14 Beacon Street. There will be a discussion of Winston Churchill's novel, "The Inside of the Cup."

At the First Church, Eliot Square, Roxbury, at eleven o'clock, January 25 and February 1 and 8. Rev. James De Normandie will preach three sermons on the great effort being made to have a revival of church-going. On January 25, "Why should those of a Liberal Faith be most interested in Church-going?"

At a meeting of the Fellowship Committee of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada, held at 104 East 20th Street, New York, on Tuesday, January 6, 1914, Dr. Frank C. Doan was admitted to the Fellowship of the Unitarian denomination and hereby commended to the ministry and churches.

The Worcester Conference will hold its forty-seventh annual meeting January 28 and 29, at the South Memorial Unitarian Church, Worcester, Mass., Rev. Samuel C. Beane, Jr. The sermon Wednesday evening will be preached by Rev. John H. Lathrop of Brooklyn, N.Y. On Thursday morning "Business Methods applied to Church Organization" will be discussed by Mr. William H. Sayward and Rev. E. M. Slocombe. In the afternoon "The Religious Culture of our Children and Young People" will be presented by Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck, Ph.D., and Mr. J. O. Fagan.

Meetings.

New England Associate Alliance.—The president, Mrs. Prescott Keyes, presided over the midwinter meeting, held in Winchester, Thursday, January 15. In greeting the delegates, the minister of the church, Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, spoke of the inspiration gained from such a gathering. Mrs. Edgar Burr Smith gave an interesting account of the work done by the three branches in Vermont. Mrs. Alva Ray Scott brought the latest news from Maine. She spoke particularly of Cape Rozier where two years ago there were only four members of the branch which has increased to ten; and of Ellsworth which dropped to sleep five years ago, but is now waking up. There are twenty branches in Maine, and, wherever you find one, you find loyal, earnest women. Mrs. William S. Nichols told of her experience with Camp-fire Girls, and of some charm in this adventure which brings success. An inspiring address on "Hospitality" was given by Mrs. Samuel McChord Crothers. She said: "Hospitality is like honesty—there is nothing to be said against it; but those who really believe in it should practise it. Each church is cold to some and warm to others, and often more kind things are said *about* people than *to* them. If hospitality is to be successful, two must take part in it. Coming from the outside, strangers have an opportunity to see what is lacking, and here is a great opening to help." Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton spoke of the proposed Memorial to Mrs. Fifield, which will probably be a living room or library in the New Student House to be erected in Boston. Nothing could be adequate to express what we owe to Mrs. Fifield, but it can express appreciation of her work. It is hoped each branch will give a little. The roll-call showed 390 delegates present from 77 branches. At the afternoon session Miss Jane Pratt told of conditions in the Canadian North-west. A few years ago there were no Unitarian churches in Canada. Now there are several. The closing address was given by Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D.D., dean of Tufts Divinity School, on "The Contribution of the Liberal Church to the World Faith." Having lived twenty-four years in Michigan, where numbers at Conventions and Alliance meetings are few, Dr. McCollester was surprised to see such a large gathering of Alliance women. He said in part: "We in Massachusetts give courage to large numbers on the edge of liberal work. We are working for religious faith at large and to make the world better. The strength of churches was once judged by numbers, but now by better ideals and larger faith. Many of the most constructive religious liberals in this country work in small groups and enrich the world faith. The liberal thinkers are a great company of seekers of the truth, not promotors of any one sect. We seek not leadership in sectarianism nor in liberalism, but to give firm ideals to the world." The spring meeting of the Alliance will be held in Brookline in April. Jessie M. Fisher, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Chicago Associate Alliance.—The regular meeting was held Jan. 8, 1914, at 11 A.M., in Memorial Chapel. After reports, Rev. Celia Parker Woolley spoke on "Women in the Ministry." She gave a brief sketch of the Christian Church as a source of religious faith and feeling and as a social institution. Woman's relation to the Church has always been that chiefly of a beneficiary. Her contribution, on the thought of administrative side, has been small, though she has always been its faithful devotee and hard-working servant. The Church in the Middle Ages offered a wide arena to the personal ambitions of men, worldly and intellectual, and it was but natural that they should seize and monopolize its opportunities. Women's present relation to the Church is still, for the most part, passive and acquiescent, though she is an active worker in the household or domestic side of the Church. The rapid growth of ideas comprised in the woman movement has been felt within as without the Church. The entrance of woman into the various professions naturally gave rise to the question of her fitness for the pulpit. For well-understood reasons, lying within the nature of the woman herself, the medical profession has thus far appealed to by far the largest number of professional women, and her place in that profession is undisputed. There are comparatively few women in law, and but a small and scattered number in the pulpit. Women have never been warmly welcomed as ministers by the official rulers of any denomination, liberal or orthodox, yet enough has been accomplished to demonstrate their fitness for their chosen task and the high service which they can render. The question is one to be determined by the woman and the congregation which is willing to employ her. That churches are often hindered from making the experiment by the covert or open influence of the powers that be and a distrustful public sentiment is quite manifest. As life is largely a search for self-expression, under conditions of free choice, it follows that women will often find this chance for high and complete development of natural gifts and powers in the pulpit. She has already shown fair and, at times, exceptional ability. The field is therefore as open to her as to men. The paper was discussed by Dr.

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

Rowena Morse Mann, who said that the liberal ministry has the task of meeting the intellectual and moral crises in life. The work of the minister includes guidance, instruction, and inspiration in the matters of right and devotion to the principles of truth and duty which we call religion. Fitness for this task is to be judged only by the adequacy of the minister in preparation and gifts and the equipment of the minister in personal character to be a devoted and powerful guide in the moral life. False to our liberal moral banner and to our shame, Unitarian pulpits have been closed, in too many instances, to the candidature of ministers who are women. The same pulpits, however, are usually closed to all prophetic voices among men. Not so our educational institutions and forward-looking platforms. The prophetic voice will be heard, if not in our Unitarian pulpits, then outside. The ominous fact is not now that our pulpits are closed to professional advancement for women, as that our foremost young women have ceased to desire to enter them. It is at least only a step in our time from the refusal of the Church freely and fairly to welcome women to its pulpit to the refusal of women to enter either pulpit or pew. To extend the matter of sex to the province of religion is too great an intellectual error and too socially confusing to be accepted by women of discernment. An institution which claims moral support and allegiance must show both clearer thinking and better moral appreciation of the religious power of women than is shown in the closed pulpit. Luncheon was served by the ladies of the church. Mrs. Delano read a letter from Mrs. Abby A. Peterson expressing her gratitude for generous contributions to her work in North Carolina. Miss Bertha Lewis read an appeal from Mr. McHale for books. Mrs. E. C. Dudley read a report of the committee appointed by the National Alliance, recommending an opening service for the Alliance meetings. The number in attendance at the meeting was fifty-one.

Churches.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Fourth Unitarian Church, Rev. Leon A. Harvey: The seventh anniversary of Mr. Harvey's ministry was celebrated Sunday, January 11. The largest congregation in the history of the church greeted the preacher. Mr. Harvey is giving a series of Sunday evenings with great musicians. Interpretations of the music of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart have already been given, and Mendelssohn and others are to follow. These evenings are given on the third Sunday evening of each month. A series of Sunday evenings on "Problems of To-day" is also being given, the first one being an address on the "Human Side of the Currency Bill," by Hon. Charles A. Towne, ex-senator.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. Roger S. Forbes: On January 8 the Mather Club held its 56th regular meeting, and listened to an inspiring talk by Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs, on "The Layman and his Church." The speaker emphasized the need of a closer bond of fellowship between the laymen of the different churches, and pointed out the opportunities for effective work by a strong organization of Unitarian laymen. As a direct result of the interest aroused, the Mather Club has joined the National League of Unitarian Laymen.

EUREKA, CAL.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. A. H. Sargent: Regular activities of the church go on as usual. New activities are being carried on by the young people. December 19 the young people presented a new morality play, "The Spirit of Christmas," to an audience of over two hundred people. This play was written by the minister for the purpose. It represented events at Christmas-time among the rich men and philanthropists and reformers and laborers of New York City. The young people enjoyed their work and ended the performance with appetite for more of the same kind. On the evening of January 3 the minister and his wife entertained the twelve actors and their friends with a candy pull, dramatic reading, and a comic pantomime, prepared hastily for the occasion. A general desire for an organized dramatic club was expressed, and plans were made to organize the club January 26. The next dramatic entertainment in view is a new play of college life, "Choosing a Profession," which the minister is writing, to be acted by fifteen boys and girls. The Sunday-school begins the new year with good attendance and active interest. Sermon topics for the eight Sundays of January and February are as follows: "Pressing Forward," "The Grace of Sticking to It," "Finding Good in Everything," "Investing a Life," "The Church of God," "The Hero of a Lion Hunt," "How to be Perfect," and "The Beginning of God in the Soul."

HACKENSACK, N.J.—Unitarian Congregational Church: Rev. R. S. Barrow has been called to this church which he is to serve jointly with the church at Ridgewood. He will give his Sunday mornings to the Hackensack people and will hold afternoon services in Ridgewood. He will continue to live at the latter place. Mr. Barrow was duly installed Sunday evening, January 11. Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright preached the sermon, Rev. Elizabeth Padgham made the installation prayer, Rev. L. A Harvey gave the charge to the minister and the right hand of fellowship, and Rev. James Fairley gave the charge to the people. The act of installation was performed by Mr. Sage, the president of the Hackensack church. It was an impressive service, and a large audience was in attendance.

SUMMIT, N.J.—The Unitarian Church: The church is rejoicing in the fact that Dr. F. C. Doan, recently of the Meadville Theological School, has accepted its pastorate, and has already begun his ministry.

Personals.

Rev. Arthur E. Wilson of Plainfield, N.J., has tendered his resignation from the First Unitarian Society of that place.

Rev. Harry E. Gilchrist has presented his resignation from the pastorate of the First Unitarian Society of Troy, N.Y., to take effect April 1.

An interesting letter received from Shillong in the Khasi Hills of India expresses the eager anticipation with which the Unitarians of that distant place are looking forward to the visit of Rev. J. T. Sunderland.

The field agent of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada, Rev. F. M. Bennett, has recently visited a number of the churches, including those in Rochester, Albany, Schenectady, Troy, Poughkeepsie, and Newburg. He preached at Rochester December 28, at Poughkeepsie January 4, and at Albany January 11. He was present at annual meetings at Schenectady and Troy.

The Tuckerman School.

The Friday lectures which are to describe and discuss denominational activities began with an address on January 9 by Mr. Sanford Bates. As president of the Young People's Religious Union, Mr. Bates sees the need of forming more unions and of having more help in this work. A field worker is desired as soon as one can be supported. On the 16th Miss Jane Pratt gave an interesting address, describing conditions in Calgary. It is a rare privilege to hear a word directly from the Far West. The opportunities for our work seem urgent and inspiring, and a parish worker will find a large field when she can be supported in it.

Several irregularities have occurred in the social welfare Thursday lectures owing to illness or other disability of scheduled speakers; but the list still includes many interesting speakers and subjects. Miss Mary A. Jones of the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association described, in her lecture on the 15th, the preventive work done by that association through its central office, the twelve milk stations, and the co-operation of the various settlement houses. On February 12, at ten o'clock, Mrs. Ella Lyman Cabot will give the address. "Ethical Training in the Home," is her subject, and it is one that Mrs. Cabot has studied recently with interest. Will those who appreciate this opportunity take advantage of it, and share with the class the pleasure and profit of hearing Mrs. Cabot?

Here and There.

The total amount of land purchased in the Eastern States for federal forests is nearly 800,000 acres. So far the principal work on these areas has involved their protection against forest fires.

One of the largest and most valuable timber trees of the country is the tulip-tree, known to lumber men as yellow poplar. It is related to the magnolia, but is the only tree of its kind in the world.

A curious history attaches to "The Lion Sermon" which was preached in November in the Church of St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street, London. In 1646 the Lord Mayor of London was Sir John Gager, and in his will he made provision for a sermon to be preached annually in commemoration of his happy deliverance from a lion he met in a desert as he was travelling in the Turkish dominions, which suffered him to pass unmolested.

Pleasantries.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "that will certainly felicitate matters."

Smith: "Were you at Balaklava, may I ask?" Tailor: "No. Why?" Smith: "You charge so magnificently."—*Chatter.*

Madge: "Do look at that girl, Billy; doesn't she dance like a chicken?" William: "Yes, its the very poultry of motion."

Tomdik: "The women of the present day can't make such pies as our mothers did." McClammy: "No: it's a lost tart."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Prof. Patterby: "Define the difference between wit and humor, Mr. Fresh." Jack Fresh: "Wit is written by the paragraph, and humor by the column."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Why don't you look where you're going?" shouted the cross-eyed man who had been knocked off his bicycle. "Why don't you go where you're looking?" retorted the other.

Cora: "Miss Fussanfeather's hair used to be black. I see it has turned to a chestnut. How do you account for that?" Clara: "I believe she has been using the funny papers to do her hair up in."—*Statesman.*

He couldn't Imagine.—"Why are you so different from writers like Stevenson and other writers of romance, Mr. Realist?" asked the critic. "I can't imagine," returned the realist. "I guess you are right," said the critic.—*The Sun.*

Blackmail.—Angry Citizen: "How much will you take, and leave the neighborhood at once?" Leader of Little German Band: "Fifty cents." Angry Citizen: "you ask too much." Leader of Little German Band: "Ish dot so? Vell, I blays von more tune, und den you see if dot's too mooch."—*Puck.*

"Do you always practise what you preach?" asked the tired deacon of the long-winded minister. "I do, my brother," said the long-winded minister, solemnly. "Well," said the tired deacon, with a sigh, "I don't wonder, then, that you don't seem to get any time to make any pastoral calls."—*Somerville Journal.*

"How are you getting on at school, Johnny?" asked the father, when his boy came home for the spring vacation. "Fine, father," was the encouraging answer. "I can say 'good morning' and 'Thank you,' and 'If you please' in French." He was going to add to the list of things he could do, when his sister broke in, "How soon are you going to learn to say them in English?"

"Mr. Lane called again this morning, sir," said the new office boy as Mr. Stuart entered the office. "Did you tell him I'd gone to Europe, as I told you to, Edward?" asked Mr. Stuart. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "I told him you started this morning." "That's a good boy," said Stuart. "And what did he say?" "He wanted to know when you'd be back," replied Edward, "and I told him 'After lunch,' sir."—*Harper's Monthly.*

An old Scotch lady had the habit of driving to church. Her coachman, when he considered the sermon nearly at an end, would slip out quietly to have the carriage ready. One Sunday John, after hanging about the door, grew impatient. Creeping down the aisle toward his mistress, he whispered, "Is he no near dune yet?" "Dune!" returned the old lady, in high indignation, for her patience had long been exhausted, "he's dune half an hoor since, but he'll no stop."—*Ex.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry P. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
60 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
31st year. Sept. 22, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys
George H. Browne, A.M.,
Rev. Willard Reed, A.M., } Principals.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 5 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes . . . 97
The Ends of the Earth; Denominational Honor . . . 99
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Notes of an Itinerant . . . 100
CURRENT TOPICS . . . 101
BREVITIES . . . 102
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Civics Again . . . 103
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
A Part Greater than the Whole, by Percy F. Bicknell . . . 103
The Importance of the Family . . . 104
Catherine Maria Sedgwick, II., by Oscar Fay Adams . . . 105
The Book of Ecclesiasticus, by James T. Bixby, Ph.D. . . . 106
The Mosher Catalogue; The Unpopular Review . . . 110
Italian Notes, by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D.; Race Betterment . . . 114
Religion in Canada, I., by Rev. W. Copeland Bowie . . . 115
The Beacon; The Elizabeth L. Tuttle Memorial; The Meadville Theological School; Boston Students' Union; The National League of Unitarian Laymen . . . 116
The American Unitarian Association . . . 117
The Tuckerman School . . . 118
Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice . . . 119
SPIRITUAL LIFE . . . 104
THE PULPIT.
The New Doctrine of the Spirit, by Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D. . . . 107
LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines . . . 111
THE HOME.
The Visitation of the Black Cat, by Louella C. Poole; How Rain and Wind and Snow Helped . . . 112
A Kitten who Forgot how to talk; Good Soap-bubbles . . . 113
POETRY.
He Careth, by Florence Foster . . . 103
"Within You," by Charlotte Leech . . . 107
The Downy Woodpecker, by Augusta Larned . . . 112
Ellis Park . . . 114
YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Life Memberships . . . 118
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE . . . 118
PLEASANTRIES . . . 120

Editorial.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL of Massachusetts is a very bold man. In a recent address he recited a long list of sins, vices, indecencies, and paganisms of various kinds, and then charged that these things were due to the decadence of that part of the religious world that lies outside of the Roman Catholic Church. Liberalism in the Protestant Church he held responsible for the flood of immodesty and indecency which he deplores. He overlooks entirely the part played by Hebrews, who to such a large extent control the theatre, the magazines, and the fashions. He throws out a bold challenge to the non-Catholic world, and thereby suggests as a retort a question as to the religious affiliations of "black-handers," saloon-keepers, gun-men, the grafters, and political embezzlers, who are making the government of American cities a hissing and a byword. It is a fair question, Does not the Roman confessional disclose its full share of the iniquity from which in common we all suffer, whether we be Catholic, Protestant, or Jew? Of course we know that the main object of this Roman Catholic prince was not so much to affect those who are outside his jurisdiction, as to warn and consolidate those whom he controls, by drawing a line of moral demarcation between them and their non-Catholic fellow-citizens; but it is not good policy, nevertheless.

EDWIN GINN of Boston, as a publisher of school books and much good literature of other kinds, had dealings with many people in regions far remote from his place of business. But there was nothing in his business or his methods to call particular attention to his personality. He was simply a good business man who gradually accumulated a large fortune which was not tainted with dishonesty. If his firm published an edition of the works of Shakespeare, it was as good as they could make it, and the resulting profit was fairly earned. Mr. Ginn was a good business man, but he was something more; and, as old age approached, he looked about him for some way to invest his money for the common good. Scanning the causes of ignorance, poverty, and crime, he thought he found in the burdens imposed by war one chief cause of the distress of nations. He therefore set his face against war and gave his money to endow on a generous scale a bureau devoted to the furtherance of peace. Some years before that he had erected and given into the hands of trustees a model tenement house of 305 rooms, to be

Digitized by Google

let at moderate rents to the poor in suites of two, three, and four rooms, showing that he did not neglect duties close at hand while he attended to those of wider scope. Only a few weeks ago the mansion on Beacon Hill in which Mrs. Hemenway once lived and administered her many philanthropies was opened anew, and Edwin D. Mead and his staff were installed with a commission to carry out Mr. Ginn's patriotic intentions. In many ways and places Mr. Ginn will be missed, in none more than at the First Parish in Cambridge where he was a faithful attendant on the ministrations of Dr. Crothers, who officiated at his funeral last week.

A good statement of Broad Church principles is that given by Canon Vernon Storr: "(1) a mental welcome to all knowledge; (2) a conviction that dogma is ever provisional and from age to age demands reform; (3) a sense of native and profound inadequacy in human language as an instrument for the expression of spiritual realities." The liberal side of most religious bodies would gladly agree to this list of principles. The difficulty would lie in their application. If the "Church" really rested on them, it would soon take in most, if not all, the outlying "sects." The chief difficulty would lie in the second principle. It appears to be a *sine qua non* of a "Church" that it should derive its principles from some ancient council, and should believe that the age of new knowledge closed with the apostles.

Rabindranath Tagore is one of the wonders of the modern world. He, an East Indian, has not only won the applause of the intellectual world of Europe and America, but he has received the Nobel prize, that, coming from a source outside of the British Empire, has put the stamp of genuineness upon his reputation and given him a rank that the ruling class in India cannot take away. When the news was published in Bengal, the scientist Bose, himself of first rank among philosophers, with a thousand others went down from Calcutta to congratulate the poet on the rare distinction that had come to him. Throughout all India, no doubt, the tidings that a native of India had been given the highest honor that is awarded in the republic of letters caused "a thrill of joy prophetic" to animate all classes. To a scholar in Bengal, living simply as is the custom there, the thirty thousand dollars which go with the award will be wealth undreamed of; but far more than anything money can do will be the giving of hope and confidence to the millions of India who are struggling upward toward the light of the new day.

It may seem ungracious to remind our English brethren that the honors paid to the East Indian poet, Tagore, will have an aftermath of political results. In Bengal this eminent scholar has many privileges as a British subject, but, excepting when as an individual he is the guest of his compatriots in Great Britain, he has few rights of which he need be proud. If he should attempt to live in South Africa, he would find himself surrounded by fellow-countrymen who are at odds with the government because they seek the same privileges that they enjoyed at home; if he should attempt to settle and hold property in other British colonies, such as New Zealand and Australia, he would be informed that these were "white men's countries"; and, if he should take his family to British America, he would be permitted to land, but only on condition that his family should not accompany him. We in the United States live in a glass house, and it is not prudent for us to throw stones; but facts are facts, and some day every fact must be fitted into its proper place, so that the pattern of government and society may become symmetrical and the conditions favorable to an unforced equality.

Special prayers have been appointed by English bishops with reference to the grave peril of civil war in Ulster. The situation is even more threatening than anything in the prayers would indicate. One cannot help noting how remote and general such special collects are. If we did not know all about the trouble they refer to, we should know nothing about it from them. They are like very gentlemanly and indirect reference to matters which it would offend the dignity of those concerned to mention plainly. Does this show a regard for the fact that people of opposite opinions must use the prayers, or is it a form of reverence? In the latter case it is much to be preferred to the extempore particularity which so often cheapens public praying; but, in the words of Father Taylor in the well-known story, "Why go beating about the bush?" A little plain speaking could not offend the Lord, and would prevent the evaporation of devotion into diction.

The famine in North-west Japan, even more than the volcanic destruction which has moved President Wilson to transmit the nation's sympathy to the Mikado, sends its horror into human hearts everywhere. It has wisely been said that humanitarianism becomes a religion only in emergencies. This surely is one such emergency. Homes are being torn down, schools are emptied, crime flourishes, and bands of girls are being sold into slavery by their parents and by themselves. At such times Christian missions vindicate themselves. They become more than their early aim implied. They form a living bond between human suffering and human pity. They are the chain of civilization's sympathy. Founded to save people in another life, they find noblest opportunity in saving them in this life. Without them the utmost willingness could hardly make a way for succor to places where no other agency of kindness exists. And in no more persuasive way could they commend their gospel.

The Alliances will soon resume their attempts to make programmes for next year. They naturally apply to the ministers of other churches, some of whom are called on every year for one or more papers. They probably all give this assistance gladly, especially if their own Alliances are doing the same thing; but is it not a little too much to ask ministers, most of whom have excellent and appropriate papers in stock, to write fresh ones so that a series may result? The writing of a paper worthy of so intelligent an audience as an Alliance is a serious matter, and most ministers, especially those most likely to be called upon to do this, have already about all the study and writing that they can well do. It should be remembered, also, that a paper written for a special course might not be available again.

Few men of his ability and opportunity to make a noise in the world have gone through life as modestly and quietly as George S. Merriam, who has just finished a long and useful life. In the days before it had become the *Outlook*, he edited for five years the *Christian Union*, and gave it an atmosphere as different as possible from that which now surrounds the Contributing Editor. Mr. Merriam had a mind singularly free from irrational

Digitized by Google

prejudices. He was at all times willing to look on all sides, even the side opposite to his own, and, if he found any reason to change his opinion, he changed it. He could not be a bigot or a partisan if he tried, but he could be a patient seeker after the truth and a modest exponent of it, and to such pursuits he quietly devoted himself. To us it cannot seem strange that he found his resting-place among the liberal souls who strive to unite pure religion and perfect liberty. In his writings he combined intelligence and good-will in just proportions. In this office, as in many other places, there will long be regret because we shall see his face no more.

The Ends of the Earth.

Once the ends of the earth were far remote from each other, and also from the centres of civilization and intellectual culture both in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean Sea and in the Far East. West and East knew little of each other, and held each other in light esteem. The grand march of Alexander across the known world quickly became the subject of myth and legend, and the ends of the earth, with the far-off isles of the sea, were still separated by many leagues of space and by still more divisive barriers of intellectual misapprehension and ignorance.

Now, as compared with the slow process of the centuries, we may say that, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all this has changed. India is now nearer to England than Rome was to Greece when Alexander was born. Steam, the telegraph, the telephone, and now the wireless, have abolished time and space, as they were known but one hundred years ago. They have done more, for they have turned the earth into one vast crucible, in which are being melted down the barriers of race prejudice, national exclusiveness, pride of caste, color lines, and religious antagonisms and hatreds.

To young observers it may seem that all these hindrances to intercourse and good-fellowship were never stronger than they are to-day, but we need only to recall the events and conditions of half a century ago, and the half century that lies back of that, to see that the changes have been amazing and momentous. The opening up of the Japanese empire has been the most dramatic, but by no means the most world-shaking, event of modern times. There are movements of thought, desire, and purpose universal in their effects, and as resistless as the tides that sweep around the world. They must soon change the relations now existing between the dominant classes and nations and the vast populations that have hitherto been passive and submissive under the control of the white man. Even in the brief time since the picturesque phrase "the white man's burden" was coined, changes have come that would make more appropriate "the white man's clique," "the white man's peril," "the white man's problem."

For three thousand years one-quarter of the people in the world shut themselves within the limits of the Chinese empire, and let the rest of the world go by. Of Israel and the laws of Moses they were ignorant. The Trojan War woke no echoes in Far Cathay. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome were unknown to them, as, in turn, all ancient and mediæval Europe were indifferent to the course of events in the Far East.

Now all this is changed. China has turned in its sleep; India has begun to take notice of the outer world; and throughout the whole Asiatic continent there is an uprising of men and nations that must precede a readjustment of all the social and political relations between the East and the West. With less of the uplift of intellectual training and less distinctness of plan and purpose, Africa, after its torpor of five thousand years, is stretching out its hands towards the powers of Europe, not by way of entreaty, but with a threatening gesture.

In all these movements and awakenings, with many more that might be cited, the demand for equality lies deepest of all, an element in all, a world-wide outcry of the majority of the human race, a demand so important and imperative as to make the agitations and uprisings in our Western world seem to be only transient and superficial irritations.

In some quarters this demand for equality is obscured by the notion that it is prompted by a desire to blend races and destroy national traits and traditions; but such a desire must be merely incidental and futile. In our Western world Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, may claim and achieve social and political equality without even suggesting intermarriage as a probability. In like manner races and nations may assert themselves, with, for a time at least, a tendency to fly apart and assert their independence of each other.

Let us cite a few samples of the claims that will change the face of society the world over. The demand is that upon his own soil a Chinaman may be, in every way that law and custom can provide, the equal of a German or an Englishmen; that in India the line of demarcation between a conquering race and a subject people shall be abolished; that in Africa, each in his own country, the black man shall have exactly such rights as the white man enjoys in that country. Such demands call for a complete readjustment of social and political relations everywhere.

Compared with these upheavals, which we scarcely notice, our little domestic problems seem to be only local and comparatively unimportant. When they are solved and settled, we shall find ourselves facing still greater ones concerning human rights and human duties. The upheaving is universal; it is not all good; for together with the noblest aspirations there are now pushed up into activity all the hatreds, grudges, and greeds which are always lurking in the recesses of human society. The wheat and the tares will grow together until the harvest, but the harvest will be good and great.

G. B.

Denominational Honor.

In the *Survey* of Nov. 29, 1913, a report of the last meeting of the General Conference was contributed by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, entitled "Social Service and Individualism Tugging at Unitarians," in which severe strictures were made on Unitarians in general and the Conference in particular, for their disproportionate interest in "such purely parochial and ephemeral topics as theological education and practices of ordination," and for their "neglect of the so-called social question." The writer said that it was discouraging to hear the chairman of the council warning the churches against vain excursions into regions far afield from the traditional shrines of piety, and exhorting them not to confuse active service of community needs with the true and pure needs of religion. It seemed to him "ridiculous and yet lamentably characteristic to find the one great evening of the Conference reserved for the consideration not of the relation of the church to the community, but of our Unitarian proclamation." It is charged that "one may read from cover to cover printed proceedings of conferences held as late as 1903, yet scarcely find a reference of even the most casual description to what we know to-day as the social question." The impression this report would make on one who knew nothing of the trend of

Digitized by

things among us, and of the character of the Conference as a whole, and its spirit, was such that not a few who attended the Conference were moved to protest against the report as unfair and misleading, and to repudiate the representation by a Unitarian minister of the purpose of his denomination. Several ministers wrote letters to the *Survey*, and in the number of January 17 these letters are printed with a rejoinder from Mr. Holmes. The first called attention to the one-sided character of the report, referred to the *Register* for a fairer representation, and said that to do social justice to a denomination full of the spirit, and with a noble record, of social service, we must look to its good works and to sympathetic interpretation of its aims for wisdom regarding its trend, always bearing in mind that the Unitarian denomination is temperamentally disinclined to formulate any sort of a creed on any subject whatever. To this Mr. Holmes did not feel that any answer was required, and professed no desire to break its effect on the reader's mind. The second reply denied the right of a small section to appropriate the title of progressiveness, and reserved the right to apply the term more widely, and to do so with a reasonable amount of good-will as well as avoidance of dogmatism. To this Mr. Holmes gave only scornful notice as being "a good illustration of what the radicals are 'up against' in the Unitarian Church to-day." The third protestant made an exhaustive survey of the proceedings of twenty years of conference meetings, showing that "it acquitted our body from that total and inexcusable indifference to social questions which might justly be inferred by the casual reader from Mr. Holmes's statement" which we have given. To this Mr. Holmes rejoined with a definition of his use of the phrase "social question," by which he meant "nothing more nor less than the economic reconstruction of the social order." He claimed, therefore, the benefit of a *non sequitur*, and returned to the original indictment, considering that further dealing with his critic's reply belonged to a denominational journal.

It is noticeable that, in charging this error of supposing that by "social question" he had in mind any of the social questions so widely discussed in conference meetings, Mr. Holmes omitted any reference to the title of his article, which wholly justified the sense of the term which he thought so little likely to be taken that it never entered into his head that it was necessary to define the term in the *Survey*. The title of his article was "Social Service and Individualism tugging at Unitarians." It is possible that this was not Mr. Holmes's title; but he can hardly have failed to read it, and, having read it, he strangely ignored the effect of a title in dominating the sense of what follows and the effect of this title in creating just the understanding, which he charges on his critics as misunderstanding.

We refer to this discussion, in which we have partly but fairly summarized what the reader will need to go to the *Survey* to get in full, not in order to intrude upon it, but in order to make these columns a medium of information about what is of vital significance in our denominational life, and in order to gain the judgment of Unitarians about what they are best fitted to estimate, and to ask them to keep clear what is now distinctly before them, but which has been confused for various reasons. The indictment hitherto made and implied is now definitely withdrawn. All the denunciation and rebuke, so far as it relates to indifference to social questions and to social service, is owned to be *obiter dicta*. Our full credit is restored. Henceforth we are to understand that the record of interest in social questions and of work in social service is not challenged by anything that may be said, no matter how it sounds. Thus we need not be vexed, and we need not waste our time with replies to imputations of this character. We have the testimony of our liveliest critic that all the good that could be said of us on this head may easily be admitted without objection.

We are relieved, also, of the fear that any reader of Mr. Holmes's assertions on this topic in the *Survey* will suppose him an impartial representative of Unitarian judgment as to the last meeting of the General Conference. His magnanimous reference to the critic who charged injustice upon him must not disarm us. He owns that there is nothing to be said to this exposure of unfairness except to leave it to the reader. His desire not to break its effect will probably not do so, and the readers of the *Survey* will not be slow to recognize that the Conference as reported to them by Mr. Holmes was quite another thing from the Conference as it was heard by this fellow-minister and many others.

The emergence of the real issue in what purports to be a division in the Unitarian body on the subject of social welfare is what we chiefly wish to bring out. The question is whether the Unitarian denomination is to be driven into a declaration on the matter of social reconstruction; whether it is to become a form of socialism rather than a form of religion; whether it is to turn into a propaganda of raw dogmas outside its field or keep its mission in accordance with the principles living in its history, its achievements, and in its opportunity. We need no longer fear being misunderstood. We need not truckle to vague generalities lest we should seem to be stultifying ourselves. Let us have the courage of our convictions. Let us welcome men of every opinion to our standards without committing any to the other's opinion. Let us hold liberty of prophesying as well with regard to social programmes as to theological programmes. Let us entertain no puerile timidity in vindicating the primacy of the religious sentiment, and let us copy the manly candor of those who would stampede us towards ends they, more than we, adopt. Let us no longer try unworthily to be all things to all men, but avow our aim and our devotion. Let us trim to no pattern, but the pattern shown to us on the mount of our vision. Let us put on the whole armor of God, and in whatever part of the field we are placed bring home the spoils of intrepid service.

American Unitarian Association.

Notes of an Itinerant.

From the land of the cactus, the yucca, and the sagebrush, I send greetings to my fellow-workers in the snow-clad North. I should like to write about the marvels of the desert, of the great brown mountains, the castellated buttes, the volcanic peaks and scoriæ, the deep-cleft canyons, the clear dry air, the gorgeous colors of dawn and sunset, the curious, sparse vegetation, and of the peoples, white, brown, and red, who are building cities, digging wells and irrigation ditches, herding sheep and cattle, rearing families, here in the great South-west. But this record must first concern itself with things Unitarian, and with the happenings and observations of the week of travel which brought me from Washington to San Antonio.

The Old Dominion is one of the most challenging fields for our work that I know of. It must be slow, patient, persistent work, unchilled by neglect, undismayed by prejudice, content with small numbers, and made only the more resolute by opposition. When I first entered the service of our Association, our cause had hardly a friend or adherent in Virginia. Uni-

Digitized by Google

tarianism was regarded not only as a most dangerous and deadly heresy, but it was also identified with New England and with abolition. Virginia had forgotten that two of her greatest sons, Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall, had been Unitarians. It remembered that Charles Sumner and John A. Andrew and John Quincy Adams were Unitarians. Slowly the glacier of prejudice has melted: gradually our constructive message of religious freedom and brotherhood has found a widening response. We now have five distinct centres of influence established and four ministers at work. All four must look for a large proportion of their support to the friends of the cause, who make their gifts to the Association. If that source of supply were to be shut off or seriously diminished, the work would have to stop.

At Richmond we have a charming little church building, the attractive new parsonage behind, a loyal band of workers, and the wise, resourceful, and genial leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Bowser. At the suburb of Highland Springs Mr. Weatherly has a good congregation, and he also conducts the Paragraph Pulpit which, through the medium of the Richmond papers, carries our word over the State. Mr. Bowser generously adds to his labors in Richmond the care of the little society gathered each year by Mr. Pennington in Norfolk. In the West Mr. Seaton is at work at Roanoke, a fast growing railroad centre; and Mr. Pennington has just organized a society at Lynchburg where Mr. Seaton prepared the way last winter. Mr. Pennington is an adept at Post-office Mission work and in the circulation of literature, and Mr. Bowser's sermons are often printed in the Richmond and Norfolk papers. My own Sunday was given to the cause at Lynchburg,—an old tobacco market and a new manufacturing centre in the upper valley of the James, a city all up and down, with steeper grades than Newburg or Seattle, a city of old-time wealth and culture and now of modern industrial activity, the seat of Randolph-Macon College and other famous schools, and within reach of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. I had the privilege of preaching to the newly-organized society and of conferring with its leaders; and, as Mr. Seaton was kind enough to come over from Roanoke, the work there was also discussed and plans made for the winter and spring.

A midnight train on Sunday night from Lynchburg brought me at noon the next day to Atlanta. Twenty-four crowded hours sufficed for a visit to the new lot, a careful study of the plans for the new church with the architect, a two-hour conference with the Trustees, good talks with the vigorous and effective young minister, Dr. Conkling, and his most helpful wife, a dozen or more downtown calls on old friends and new, and a delightful luncheon at the hospitable and charming home of the president of Atlanta University. Never in my fifteen years of acquaintance with Atlanta, have I known our cause to be so full of promise as it is now. The sale of the old lot and its shabby and poorly constructed chapel has brought in—or will bring in when the payments are completed—$30,000. Two-thirds of this sum has been expended in the purchase of a deep, centrally located lot on West Peach Tree Street, one of the main thoroughfares of the city. This lot has on it a well-built house which can readily be made into an excellent parish house and parsonage, and there is room beside for an attractive and churchly building for public worship. The society has to rely upon the balance of the proceeds from the sale of the old lot, new subscriptions amounting to nearly five thousand dollars, and the pledge of an equal sum from the Association. It is hoped that the Alliance and other friends will help, and that the society will thus be able to expend some $20,000 for the new church, organ, furnishing, grading, etc. This will give the society an equipment such as it has never before possessed. Dr. and Mrs. Conkling have already made themselves strongly felt not only in the religious, but also in the civic, life of Atlanta, and are identified with many of the progressive movements, philanthropic and intellectual, in the city. If the society will take up its new opportunities and obligations boldly, steadfastly, and generously, a bright and useful future awaits it.

The situation at New Orleans presents no problems. There, under the cheerful leadership of Mr. Kent, everything is healthy and fine. I could do no more than pay my respects to Col. Soulé, the Southern vice-president of the Association, and to other leaders in the congregation, lunch with the Kents, and congratulate every one on the growing numbers and extending influence of the society. The uncertainty of the sugar industries under the new tariff and the cessation of the Mexican trade do make some people in New Orleans just now feel poor; but the buying of automobiles seemed to be as lively as ever, and the preparations for Mardi Gras did not indicate any wide-spread depression. Our attractive church will soon need some rehabilitation, a new front porch, better glass in the windows, a chancel for the organ, an enlargement of the ground floor of the parish house; but these will be taken care of in due time.

Then across bayous and swamps, by rice fields and sugar plantations, past oil wells and cotton presses, into Texas—of which more later.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

THE reading of the message to Congress by the President at the beginning of last week and the subsequent prompt activities of the leaders in Congress have defined in detail the legislative policy of the administration on the problem of the trusts. At the end of this week, as an outcome of a general agreement among the majority in the national legislature, the five bills, embodying the views of the executive and of the party, are in a fair way toward enactment. Country-wide comments on the policies outlined in the President's message indicate a general impression that the legislation contemplated by the Democratic party will not be so drastic as was supposed several weeks ago, and the opinion is reflected that the uncertainty which has been hampering industry and commerce is about to be removed, and that the industrial revival is already setting in in important branches of activity, notably the iron and steel trade. Foreign comments on the situation likewise convey the impression that the United States is on the eve of a business revival.

THE testimony of experts, who have appeared in the last fortnight before the House Committee on Mines and Mining at Washington, as to the value of radium in the treatment of malignant cancer, has crystallized legislative opinion in the past fortnight in favor of a national project for the control of the sources of supply of radium by the Federal government for public use. The hearings before the committee have attracted international attention, and have served to bring out the opinions of many eminent physicians, to the effect that radium promises to offer the curative agent for

Digitized by Google

one of the most baffling diseases that have engaged the resources of science. One of the interesting incidental results of the investigation is the announcement that an American of vast wealth, whose name was not divulged, is contemplating the establishment of twenty hospitals for the treatment of cancer, in various central points throughout the country.

Public opinion in Spain, and to a less degree in other European countries, has been exerting itself in the past ten days in an endeavor to induce the belligerents in Mexico to reach an agreement and bring the hostilities to an end. In response to many representations from pacific organizations in Spain, Gen. Venustiano Carranza, the provisional president of the constitutional faction, announced last Sunday that the military operations conducted by him would end only when Huerta shall have been driven from office, and the constitutional régime shall have been re-established throughout the republic. In addition, rebel leaders charge that the simultaneous receipt by constitutionalist leaders of pleas for the restoration of peace from Spain, Portugal, Russia, Belgium, Holland, and Great Britain, indicates a concerted movement to bring pressure to bear upon the rebel chiefs at a time when Huerta is sorely pressed by consecutive military reverses. This movement they ascribe to the activities of Huerta's diplomatic representatives abroad.

The long-protracted negotiations between Washington and Tokio in the search of means to adjust the relations between the United States and Japan after the passage of the anti-Japanese legislation in California last winter entered upon a new phase on January 21, when Baron Makino, Japanese minister of foreign affairs, informed the Japanese parliament that the endeavors of the government to secure equal treatment for Japanese subjects in America had failed, and that Japan is now elaborating "other plans for the solution of the question." The nature of these plans, the minister added, could not be divulged yet. Baron Makino's address gained added significance from the fact that it was given out to the American press in full by the Japanese embassy in Washington on the day of its delivery in the chamber at Tokio. The minister's statement also brought to public knowledge the fact that the third Japanese note on the California question, presented to the State Department at Washington last August, has not yet elicited a reply from the Secretary of State.

The Japanese government's declaration on the subject of the negotiations with Washington evoked many expressions of dissatisfaction in the Japanese parliament. The opposition took quick advantage of the occasion to attack the government on the ground that it had not exerted itself sufficiently, and had not shown sufficient firmness in its endeavors to terminate a situation which, in the opinion of the Japanese people as a whole, is anomalous and humiliating to the national pride. It is feared by the friends of peace in the empire that the continuation of the misunderstanding between their country and America on an issue which the Japanese regard as vital will serve as a powerful impetus to the anti-American agitation which has been going on in Japan for a year past. To offset such an event the Japanese foreign office, confronted by an apparently unyielding attitude at Washington, is exerting itself to find a new solution of the difficult problem. The nature of this solution, naturally, is kept a profound secret in Tokio.

The internal discord in the newly-erected State of Albania has reached such proportions that it was announced in London at the beginning of the week that the powers had decided to dispatch forthwith a fleet to the Albanian port of Avlona, in an endeavor to suppress the candidacies of Essad Pasha and Izzet Pasha, both Moslem Albanians, for the throne of the latest of monarchies, and to support the establishment of William, Prince of Wied, as the sovereign of Albania. At the same time, it is intimated, the international force will be employed to hasten the termination of the Greek occupation of Southern Albania, which is imposing excessive and unnecessary rigors upon the native population in a determined attempt to denationalize the Albanians. The powers have pledged their material support to Prince William at the beginning of his reign by guaranteeing an international loan of $15,000,000 to the young state. In the mean while the two Moslem pretenders to the throne, and especially Essad Pasha, who defended Scutari against the Montenegrins, are prosecuting their respective campaigns with energy.

The Reichstag is showing a disposition to tighten its hold upon the imperial purse-strings as a means of convincing the government of its determination to curb the power of the military by establishing administrative rules or a legislative prohibition to prevent the intervention of the military in local affairs, except upon requisition from the civil authorities. Smarting under the recollection of the recent incident of Zabern, where the garrison sabred citizens at their discretion, the Reichstag, on January 24, took up the consideration of a bill absolutely prohibiting the employment of military force in any part of the empire without the express request of the civil government. In order to impress the kaiser with the seriousness of its purpose, the chamber then postponed all further consideration of the imperial budget, which the government regards as the main and pressing issue of the session, until January 28. The imperial chancellor accepted the situation with as good a grace as was possible under the irritating circumstances.

Brevities.

What a careless envelope-addressing people we Americans are! We ought to be ashamed of it.

A new word has been coined, "posteritism," meaning the interest and service one may now exhibit for the welfare of those who are to come after us.

Says ex-President Eliot of Harvard, with brave truth-telling, "In America there is a general lack of gentle and courteous manners," and yet, paradox that it is, a kinder-hearted people never existed.

"The Priest," written by Rev. William Sullivan, is tabooed from some of our libraries. Nevertheless, it is getting a wide reading. Sherman, French & Co. of Boston announce a new edition.

In a symposium on the comparative cost of living in the country and in the city, one man writes thus to a daily paper: "I have lived in both city and country, and find that it costs all you have, can earn, borrow, beg, or,

if fortunately situated, steal, to live in either." The grain of truth in this humorous exaggeration makes it worth while.

Dr. Josiah Strong looks forward in faith to the time when men will not go into business for selfish reasons, but for the common good. He would probably admit that the realization of this ideal is somewhat distant in the future.

Dr. George U. Wenner, in his "Religious Education and the Public School," urges strongly the solution of the main question by the concession of Wednesday afternoon to the various religious organizations for systematic instruction in religion.

Francis Thompson, the English mystic of the last century, is described by his recent biographer as believing "that sanctity is medicinal, holiness a healer, from virtue goes out virtue, in the love of God is more than ethical sanity. For the feebleness of the world, seeking some maternal hand to which it may cling, a wise asceticism is remedial."

Letters to the Editor.

Civics Again.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The communication of "Civitas," in your issue for January 15, is both interesting and helpful. Ministers appreciate just this directness and frankness.

"Will not the clergy make the distinction between preachment and practice, and do their uttermost to uphold the hands of those who are trying to be doers of the word and not hearers only?" Most certainly. That is precisely what we would like to do. We appreciate the many calls that the laity meet and the arduous duties that command men of affairs; but, just because we do have some comprehension of the "temper of the times and the changed conditions of things," we would admonish the over-burdened laity that a part of the heavy pressure which they feel is due to the fact that times and conditions are not always accordant with ethical principles; that, whenever economic practice ignores ethical principles, disorder arises, confusion results, and the labors and burdens of mankind multiply. Is it not helpful to point out the facts, just because ministers wish to do something to make labors less exhausting by restoring moral order in the economic world, the moral order which the church stands for? Certainly, inspiration, not invective, is our purpose. We would "speak the truth in love," without sacrificing truth to love. We would gladly "refill the exhausted reservoirs of spiritual life and power." But of what use to do so if the laity persist, as too much they have done, in pumping out the supply into channels so muddy with unethical economics that the clear waters are hopelessly contaminated? The circulation between ethics and economics has become obstructed,—with a moral result similar to the physical condition of things that obtained in the Chicago River before the cut was made into the Mississippi. All the clarity of the great lake could not clear that stream, so long as one end was choked up. The shipping had difficulty in navigating the mud. When the clear current of spiritual life flows unobstructed between the fountains of moral supply and the great seas of human activity, order will result and the burdens decrease. "Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly with thy God," has been the burden of the message of those who would preach righteousness in these heavy-burdened times,—because we loved you, gentlemen of the laity. One thing is certain: the civic and social and economic business of life cannot be well performed independently of the heavenly visions of ethical principle. Men of affairs have too much attempted the divorce of ethics and economics. Is it not the clergyman's professional business to attempt a remarriage of that which God joined together?

A. W. LITTLEFIELD.

NEEDHAM, MASS.

He Careth.

BY FLORENCE FOSTER.

"The good God always builds the blind bird's nest!"
So runs a Turkish proverb, sweet and wise.
How calmly may she fold her wings in rest,
Knowing his touch upon her shadowed eyes!
Thou, who has known his love so strong and grand,
Rest, too, in his right hand.

"Behold," he crieth, "I will bring the blind
By ways they have not known,"—assurance sweet,—
"Straighten the crooked path, make life more kind,
Turn darkness into light before their feet."
Is thy sight darkened friend? Thy God can see.
Let that suffice for thee.

Unsheltered birds his providence shall shield.
The helpless soul shall lean upon his strength.
Our need, grown great, to greater love shall yield,
And help, though long delayed, shall come at length.
Wait for him, doubting not. He knoweth best
Who builds the blind bird's nest.

A Part Greater than the Whole.

BY PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A certain rich man, oppressed with the blank despair that comes from having no unsatisfied desires except the one vague, nameless, all-consuming longing inevitably experienced as soon as definite and namable cravings are silenced, one day ran away from the possessions that had possessed and enslaved him for so many weary years, struck out a new life for himself under hard and forbidding conditions, conquered for himself a place in the world, and achieved contentment. It was no new thing even for a rich man to do, but it was new and intensely significant to this particular rich man.

The story of the artist who last summer went into the Maine woods and, with no equipment or implements of any sort except what nature had provided, succeeded in wresting a maintenance from his wild surroundings, in procuring food and clothing and shelter suitable to his needs, is a narrative that appeals to every reader. It is true that doubt has been thrown on the verity of the supposed adventures, but they seem at least plausible, and they have a poetic, if not an actual, truth that wins them a ready hearing. At any rate, one is as free to accept the narrative as its denial, and to enjoy in imagination the adventurer's solution of the practical problems that successively confronted him. As a struggle with limitations of a very elemental character, the experience pictures itself to the inner eye in somewhat the same attractive colors as have given "Robinson Crusoe" its world-wide popularity.

We complain of our restrictions and think ourselves cribbed, cabined, and confined in such wise as to hinder the best development of our powers. But do we ever give a thought to the vast horror of a state of being not subject to limitations? What satisfying consciousness of existence could one have without the ever-present restraints that are signs to us of our distinct individuality and make us conscious of our contact with life and reality at countless points, some of them pretty sharp ones, in-

Digitized by Google

deed, which if we ceased to feel, we should find ourselves wallowing aimlessly and hopelessly in an uncomprehended and incomprehensible infinite? In the published accounts of the psychic researches of the French savant, Col. de Rochas, we read of his putting his subjects into a deep, hypnotic sleep, during which he makes certain downward passes and apparently causes the sleeper to retrace in reverse order some of his or her previous states of existence, revealing a succession of metempsychoses that are full of strange, though not necessarily impossible, incidents. One of his subjects, a young girl whose name is given as Joséphine, is made to live backward not only her conscious earthly life, but also her pre-natal existence, until at last she personates an old man who, if for the moment we credit these manifestations, after a dreary period of post-mortem wanderings through chaos and dark night, finally succeeds in getting himself reincarnated in the person of Joséphine. The whole story, like many of a similar sort, may be taken, if we choose, as a parable illustrating the unendurable blankness of a state of existence freed from all human limitations. A whole universe in which to roam at large forever is gladly exchanged for a temporary habitation at Voiron in the department of the Isère; and the checks and restraints of a woman's life in a lowly station are willingly accepted in lieu of the terrifying featurelessness of a nameless and sexless state of being, unconfined by bounds of any sort.

An infinitesimal fragment of the universe is all we crave. The gift of the whole would be worse than useless. A part is to us much more than the whole. It is an ancient truism that space and time mean nothing to man until they are cut up into sections. Unconfined space conveys no impression; but a limited portion of it, bounded by four walls, a tessellated pavement, and a vaulted roof, becomes the majestic cathedral of awe-inspiring proportions. The free exercise of a bodily faculty, the unimpaired sense of sight or hearing, the unhampered use of the limbs, or the unconscious functioning of a perfect digestion, is never really appreciated, never becomes a source of keen satisfaction, because it is taken too much as a matter of course, like the air we breathe or the force of gravitation that enables us to retain contact with the goodly frame of the earth. But in proportion to the losses suffered from the filching hand of time, or from the more abrupt depredations of accident or disease, we value the fraction of sight or hearing or power of locomotion or vigor of digestion that may remain to us as our infirmities multiply. A person, for example, who has always enjoyed the full freedom of personal intercourse that is facilitated by nothing so much as by acuteness of hearing, can have no conception of the preciousness to a deaf man of that minute fraction of auditory capacity whereby, with the help of an electric device that both transmits and magnifies sound, he is enabled to catch the tones of a familiar voice and enter into some sort of communication with the audible universe. The strictly limited degree of this communication renders it far more esteemed than the unconsidered whole that makes up the normal person's intercourse with those around him. A necessary elimination of the trivial and the meaningless help, of course, to enhance the value of that fraction of intelligible converse still possible to the deaf man; but the chiefly operative factor here, as in every instance of abnormally increased valuations, is the scarcity of the commodity in demand. In the same manner, one who, like the historian Prescott after that grievous accident to his eyes, can spell out but a few words of large print in the brightest hours of the day, prizes the little reading power left him more than he ever did the perfect vision of his heedless youth.

It is the old story of the Cumæan sibyl and the prophetic books: not until six of the nine volumes had been destroyed by her could the sibyl obtain from careless Tarquin the price that would originally have bought the whole set. Instead of demanding the same price after each burning of a third part of the precious series, the canny dame might safely have trebled her figure, as she would doubtless have extorted the larger sum just as easily, and perhaps more easily, from the astonished king. That a third part may be nine times as valuable as the whole need not, however, cause any great surprise if one pauses to reflect.

Malden, Mass.

The Importance of the Family.

The family is the only mechanism which human wit has ever contrived that has attractiveness enough to bind the individual's caprice to travel in regular orbits, and to build up an orderly society out of the gravitation of social units. It is a successful mechanism just because it is so much more than a mechanism. It is a biological necessity and a psychological craving, and a training ground for every development of ethical, spiritual, and economic life. The family lies at the roots of the school and the factory and the church, though all these institutions have at times grown into unnatural forms which injure and repudiate their origin.

I remember that, when I was an undergraduate, we were once set an essay by Jowett, the great master of Balliol, on the Origin of our Moral Ideas, and embarked on a great variety of theories without pleasing the master, who at the end delivered himself of the dictum, "The fact is that our moral ideas originate in the nursery." We then thought it a terribly unphilosophic come-down from the altitudes of metaphysics, but most of us have probably realized by now how profoundly true it is. Moral education, the moulding of individuals into conformity with social requirements, must begin in the nursery; and it will make no slight difference whether this early training is conducted well or ill. It is no less important to guide the child's first steps aright towards the secular and religious knowledge it will need to make its way through life. No state machinery will ever be as satisfactory in these respects as a good family, for no state machinery will be so potent. It will not touch the individual's life so closely and constantly nor yet so lovingly. Even quite an inferior family would be superior to the finest public institution.

If, then, a state wants good citizens, the best thing it can do is to keep the family in good condition.—*F. C. S. Schiller, in the Hibbert Journal.*

Spiritual Life.

Better the chance of shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose than to expend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

If God be manifest in the beauty of nature, in human love, and in the justice of the moral law, he is manifest, also, in the human intellect when it seeks after intellectual truth.—*Francis C. Lowell.*

To believe that in all our practical activities we are working with God, that in all our subtle scientific researches we are but thinking over his thoughts, that it is the Eternal Spirit who drives the car along the street and flashes our message around the world,—all this is literally true. Change your words a little, and for nature's forces

Digitized by Google

say the Eternal Will, for nature's laws the Eternal and Unchangeable Thought, and you have the religious conception exactly.—*J. Frederic Dutton.*

It is not so much by the Christ who lived so blameless and beautiful eighteen centuries ago that we are saved directly, but by the Christ we form in our hearts, and live out in our daily life, that we save ourselves, God working with us both to will and to do.—*Theodore Parker.*

The bright, cheerful view is always the healthiest. It is not necessary to see everything through rose-colored glasses, for one's daily life has its share of thorns and thistles which cannot be imagined away. One must look beyond them and above them, and, realizing to the full the blessings that are ours, take less heed of shadows and defects.—*Jewish Messenger.*

Catherine Maria Sedgwick.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

II.

It was Miss Sedgwick's good fortune to pass her entire career in the midst of an unusually refined and intellectual circle. Not only was she accustomed to mingle frequently with the various members of an extensive family connection gifted much beyond the average; but her literary fame brought her hosts of friends and admirers, which her rare qualities of disposition enabled her to retain through life. She had what might be termed a genius for friendship; and such famous women of her day as Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Jameson, Fredrika Bremer, Harriet Martineau, and others who might be cited were both glad and grateful to be numbered among her intimates. Of the first of these she wrote in her journal, in 1835, after reading Mrs. Kemble Butler's recently published book:—

"She is a complex being, made up of glorious faculties, delightful accomplishments, immeasurable sensibility, and half a hundred little faults. Let those find them and mark them who have an appetite so to do. I have not."

It was through Fanny Kemble that Miss Sedgwick met in England such literary folk as Hallam, Sydney Smith, Lockhart, Milman, Rogers, Joanna Baillie, and many more; and, wherever she went, she was at past fifty the most enthusiastic and untiring member of her travelling party. On the Continent, likewise, she had introductions to the people best worth knowing, and her kindness to a group of Italian exiles of rank in America assured her a warm welcome from the Sismondis at Geneva and other lovers of freedom elsewhere in Italy.

In addition to foreign travel Miss Sedgwick journeyed rather extensively for her day in her own country. She was also a frequent visitor in the New York homes of her brothers, passed much time in Stockbridge and Lenox, visited Fanny Kemble in Philadelphia, and often paid long visits to a favorite niece, Mrs. Minot, who lived at Woodbourne in Roxbury. It will thus be seen that she was no recluse. On the contrary, she enjoyed travel and the meeting many persons, and she found a warm welcome, as was natural, everywhere. When in New York or Boston, she attended the theatre now and again, and enjoyed so doing; and she was a wide but discriminating reader. Writing letters was a favorite occupation with her, and her epistles to kindred and friends still furnish delightful reading. Scattered through them are to be found many bits of illuminating literary criticism and amusing characterizations. Of Fenimore Cooper, whom she met, but was not altogether pleasantly impressed with, she remarked that he was a typical John Bull, "even to the growl." In July of 1835 we find her writing thus in her journal at Saratoga Springs, "the most vapid of all watering-places," concerning some of its frequenters:—

"A more leaden *batch* of women I never saw,—nothing of the brilliancy of fashion, and nothing of the charm of nature and individuality. They have gone just far enough in civilization to obscure nature, and not far enough to polish it. The varnish is on, the last touches not given."

A year or two later we discover her reading the Life of Mrs. Hemans, in which she was disappointed. "She seems to me to have belonged to those times when the elect few had no sympathy with their race, when they were born for music and song, for *pas seuls* and *pas de deux*, and *not* to be linked in with their kind, to lean on the strong and sustain the feeble. . . . In our practical, working-day world we can scarcely conceive such an existence as hers. What I like least of all is a littleness of vanity that is betrayed in blowing off with a *gale* of contempt the incense offered her."

The contrast between such natures as Mrs. Hemans's and Miss Sedgwick's is indeed striking. There was nothing of literary vanity to be detected in the latter, nor want of sympathy with human kind. For more than twenty years she was an active member of the Women's Prison Association of New York, and from 1848 till her death was its honored first directress. She was a frequent visitor to the prisons and other institutions, especially the Tombs, Blackwell and Randall's Islands, and was often called upon to minister to the sick and dying. At the Isaac T. Hopper Home she taught for many successive years a Bible class on Sunday afternoons during her visits to New York, and she was peculiarly successful in winning the confidence of the inmates of the Home. Nor was her work confined within the walls of the institution. She did not lose sight of the practical side of reform, and thus she was led to employ the inmates in her own home and recommended them to friends, "believing that favorable circumstances and kindness were the means best adapted to save them from an evil life." After her death in 1867 the annual report of the Association contained a well-deserved tribute to her work, the close of which is as follows:—

"The touching modesty which formed so striking a portion of her character made it always impossible for her to recognize the value of her own work; but we who can remember the spirit of love and tenderness which surrounded her like an atmosphere know that it fell like balsam on thousands of wounded and weary hearts, encouraging the helpless and comforting the forsaken, so that her memory is a perpetual inspiration and encouragement to us in the labour which she shared with us during her life."

During her long life Miss Sedgwick was called upon to endure many and severe bereavements as one by one brothers, sisters, beloved nieces and nephews passed on before her; and in her latest years she suffered much from bodily pain, while still later signs of mental failure were apparent. For the greater part of this period she remained at Woodbourne; and there in the home of her devoted niece, Mrs. Minot, she passed away in unconscious peacefulness on July the twenty-first, 1867. She had always had a physical dread of death, as was natural to one of her somewhat shrinking nature; but, "mercifully unconscious of the final parting, she crossed that 'narrow sea' which had formerly seemed so terrible to her."

It was a beautiful, well-rounded life that came thus to its end,—a life filled with happy activities. Adored in her large home circle, she was admired as an author on

two continents, and there seems to have been absolutely no trace of literary vanity in her character. Her firm common sense and her equally ready perception of humor were probably strong factors in preserving her from this too common failing in authors. Nor do we find in her nature any symptoms of selfishness. She loved and was beloved in turn; and, while duty was the mainspring of her existence, it never assumed in her case an aspect the least forbidding.

That the literary work of so talented an author as Miss Sedgwick should be so entirely thrown into the background as it is now is perhaps matter for regret. It may well be that, having served its turn in its day and generation, such a fate as has befallen it is perfectly natural; but of one thing we may be sure, that, could she have lived to witness the almost complete eclipse of her literary fame, she would have felt no bitterness in regard to it. She would have been among the first to recognize and be reconciled to the inevitable. Her work was all well done; but, as we learn, through her letters and journals, to know the woman rather than the author, we are led to believe that, eminent author as she was, as a woman she was something finer still.

The Book of Ecclesiasticus.*

BY JAMES T. BIXBY, PH.D.

Since the English and American Bible Societies, about a hundred years ago, dropped the Hebrew Apocrypha out of their editions of the Bible, the book of Ecclesiasticus has been little known to English readers; but, in truth, it is a very notable, wise, and morally helpful book, immensely superior to Ecclesiastes, which was left in the canonical Old Testament. With its notable companion in the Wisdom literature of the period, intervening between Malachi and Matthew, it reached the highest level among the books hidden between the Testaments; and its merits have been acknowledged by all competent Scripture scholars.

The Apocrypha was the bridge by which much of the best and potent thought of Judaism and Greece passed over into Christianity. He who would understand the emergence in the Gospels and Epistles of such beliefs and forces as the expectations of the Messiah, the Johannine doctrine of the word of God, or the Christian doctrine of immortality as the natural heritage of the spirit's essence, ought to familiarize himself with the Apocrypha. Only by a due knowledge of it are Old and New Testament seen to be integral parts of one natural religious evolution.

The book of Ecclesiasticus is a code of maxims for moral and religious improvement, portraying the life and character at which a devout worshipper in the synagogue should aim, and by which true blessedness might be obtained. It has been recognized by eminent teachers as the most complete and practical "manual of ethical culture" produced by ancient Israel.

Written originally by the learned scholar Jesus, the Son of Sirach, in Jerusalem, about 200 B.C., it was enlarged and translated into Greek by the grandson, who introduced it into the circle of Jewish and Greek scholars who gave such prestige to Alexandrean culture. It is a composition partly in prose and partly in verse, and in many respects seems like a Jewish counterpart of Poor Richard's Almanac, so full is it of shrewd epigrams and homely details as to the smallest matters of daily behavior. Its stock of wise saws and practical observations, sometimes keen and cynical, at other times exhibiting deep insight or fine and delicate criticism, is admirably versatile and remarkably comprehensive. The reflections are those of a wise, broad-minded veteran who from the calm height of a long life in many lands and posts looks back on his career and sums up its lessons.

How terse and biting are some of these proverbs:—

Coddle thy child, and he shall make thee afraid.

Be not as a lion in thy house and as a crazy man among thy servants.

A fool travaileth with a secret, as the mother in labor with a child.

If thou hast heard something, let it die with thee. Be not alarmed, it will not burst thee.

What pregnant wisdom in homely counsels such as these:—

Health and a good constitution are above all gold.

Delicacies poured out before a closed mouth are as messes of food set upon a grave. . . . Afflict not thyself with sad reflections. Gladness of heart is the life of a man and prolongeth his days.

What regard for justice and respect for human dignity is shown in the admonitions of which these are samples:

To the slave that is wise shall they that are free do service.

The Lord will not accept any personage, however important, and will always hear the prayer of him who is wronged.

He that defraudeth the workman of his hire is a blood-shedder. He that taketh away his neighbor's living slayeth him.

Hardly any one, I think, has satirized the follies of men and women more unsparingly than the Son of Sirach. Nevertheless, he is a persistent optimist, seeing the good in life and humanity, and beholding all the experiences of life illuminated by the sunshine of divine good-will and religious trust. While the author indulges too much in bitterness against personal and national foes and in cruel gibes on weak women, his faith is liberal and humane. What rational views of the essence of religion, far ahead of his age, are expressed in such an apothegm as this,—

Sacrificing what is wrongfully gotten is an offering of mockery, and the mockeries of transgressors are not accepted by Jehovah.

The object of man's supreme endeavor, as presented in Ecclesiasticus, is "truth," and the surest means of obtaining divine rewards is righteousness and helpfulness to one's fellows. Witness such sayings as these:—

If thou hast a servant, treat him as yourself.

The mercy of a man is toward his neighbor. But the mercy of the Lord is toward all flesh. He reproveth and disciplineth and teacheth, and then he bringeth them back home as a shepherd his flock.

Be as a father unto the fatherless and in the place of a husband to the orphan's mother; and thou shalt be as a son of the Most High, and he will love thee more than thy mother did.

When we read such noble verses, does it not seem as if from some long buried gospel we were reading recovered words from the lips of the Galilean Master himself?

With the closing chapters, devoted to describing the glories of creation and cataloguing the long line of Hebrew heroes and saints (a section well entitled the "Hymn of the Forefathers"), the book reaches a splendid climax, giving voice to the instincts of reverence for the mighty dead and gratitude for their gifts to humanity, a section of which the later eulogies, in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews of the worthies who lived by faith, is an evident imitation and hardly an improvement.

If, since the bodies of these famous men were buried in peace, their names live evermore, and their historic lives have been singing so gloriously and undyingly in the choir invisible of our human benefactors, it is

* Extracted by permission from "Hidden between the Testaments" *in Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

Digitized by Google

in great degree because of the eloquence with which the Son of Sirach early embalmed their memories and made such pious thanksgivings a customary part of our great national and religious festivals.

YONKERS, N. Y.

"Within You."

BY CHARLOTTE LEECH.

Why am I taught to pray,
"Be done on earth, thy will,"
And in the selfsame breath to say,
"Deliver us from ill,"
Unless it be
I come to see,
Day after day, from morn till even,
That *I* am all there is of earth
And all there is of heaven.

The Pulpit.

The New Doctrine of the Spirit.

BY REV. HOWARD N. BROWN, D.D.

It is expedient for you that I go away: for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but, if I depart, I will send him unto you.—JOHN xvi. 7.

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit has of late been newly stated in a form of faith recently put forth by our friends the Congregationalists. That statement is, by the way, a quite remarkable document; and it is rather amazing that so little public attention has been directed to it. We may recall that many incidents in history, from which we now date the beginning of great things or by which we mark the turning of a tide in the affairs of men, passed almost unnoticed at the time of their occurrence. There is some reason to predict that the adoption of this new expression of Christian faith, by a body representing the Congregational churches of this country, will also hereafter be remembered and recalled as the opening of a new chapter in ecclesiastical history. As all may not have seen this new statement, it is perhaps worth quoting in full:—

"We believe in God, the Father, infinite in wisdom, goodness, and love, and in Jesus Christ, His Son, our Lord and Saviour, who for us and our salvation lived and died and liveth ever more; and in the Holy Spirit who taketh of the things of Christ and revealeth them to us, renewing, comforting, and inspiring the souls of men.

"We are united in striving to know the will of God as taught in the holy Scriptures and in our purpose to walk in the ways of the Lord made known or to be made known to us. We hold it to be the mission of the Church of Christ to proclaim the gospel to all mankind, exalting the worship of the one true God and laboring for the progress of knowledge, the promotion of justice, the triumph of peace, and the realization of human brotherhood. Depending, as did our fathers, upon the continued guidance of the Holy Spirit to lead us into all truth, we work and pray for the transformation of the world into the kingdom of God; and we look with faith for the triumph of righteousness and for life and glory everlasting. Amen."

It will be observed, by those who are familiar with the history of this church in which we are assembled, that every position claimed by King's Chapel more than a hundred and twenty-five years ago, when because of the alteration of its prayer-book it was accused of flagrant heresy, is here entirely and unhesitatingly yielded. Not a shred of the Athanasian formula of belief is left in this statement of faith. Dr. Freeman and the members of this church more than a century ago decided to leave out of their worship all reference to the dogma of the Trinity. Whatever the merits of that dogma might be, they held that, except by remote inference, it was not taught in the New Testament, and therefore they could not regard it as one of the essential elements of Christian faith. However their motive is to be construed, Congregationalists have now done exactly that same thing in formulating their new expression of faith. They have left out of it every reference to that dogma which the Council of Nicæa established. Perhaps in the course of another century such references will disappear also from the forms of worship employed by Protestant Christianity. That is about as rapidly as changes of note and consequence have been effected in the Church of the past.

When that day comes, as sooner or later, one may say, it is quite sure to come, this church will become historic in a new sense. Once, long ago, its members, intelligent, earnest, enlightened men and women, whose minds had been powerfully influenced by the currents of thought that produced the American Revolution, took a step which they imagined all the world about them was presently to take. Like every one else, they failed to see how slow spiritual changes must necessarily be. Several generations had to pass before any considerable body of Christians was ready to do what they had done. Several generations more will probably pass before the world at large is ready to acknowledge, what some of us know to be the truth, that the step taken by King's Chapel in old days was not folly and not treachery, but was a brave and intelligent and most Christian proceeding, which the good sense of mankind must at last ratify and approve.

I have called attention to this new proclamation of what the modern Christian mind believes, more especially for the purpose of considering a little its doctrine of the Spirit. "And in the Holy Spirit," says this document, "who taketh of the things of Christ and revealeth them to us, renewing, comforting, and inspiring the souls of men." What strikes one first about this statement is its glad return to forms of thought that prevailed in the apostolic age. Those forms of thought that arose when Christianity was new were several times translated, like the Gospels themselves, into a different manner of speech as the new religion spread out into the West. This mattered little, so long as a vital experience was propagated from heart to heart, which the forms of thought were designed to represent and explain. Indeed, it was inevitable that such translation should be made, otherwise Christianity would not have been intelligible to the peoples of the West. But, as the experience gradually faded under the world's rough usage, the forms of thought tended to become mere abstractions; and, as such, lost much of the meaning that originally belonged to them.

In our own time there has been a persistent, profound, and most fruitful study of the earliest Christian literature in order to recover the mind of those by whom Christianity was first preached to men, and in this latest statement of the office of the Holy Spirit we have one of the results of that study. It is spoken as one of the companions of Paul on his missionary journeys might have preached this most distinctive Christian doctrine. In the thought of the first apostles the Holy Spirit was something which, in considerable measure, had come to take the place of Christ as a living presence in the hearts of men. Christ was enthroned on high, and the conceptions of that age did not easily lend themselves to the thought of his continuance as a personal power in this

Digitized by Google

lower sphere. Ultimately, he was to come again to judge the earth, and meantime the throne of his influence and power was in heaven. But into the place left vacant, when his bodily presence was removed from among men, had come the Holy Spirit, to be the earthly light and guide of all his followers.

At first a certain ecstasy marked the coming of this spirit. What happened when its advent was first noted we are told in the book of Acts,—how there was the sound of a rushing mighty wind; how tongues of fire appeared above the heads of the apostles, who were praying together; and how they began to speak languages which they had never learned. We may remark that none of these signs are altogether unknown to the students of strange and unusual mental phenomena. There is good reason to think that the account left to us describes, with substantial accuracy, a veritable occurrence. Afterward this Holy Spirit was imparted by the "laying on of hands," and we cannot doubt that, during all the days when Christianity was making conquest of the Roman Empire, the giving of the Holy Spirit remained one of the most vital and most essential parts of the new faith and the new experience. It was not only that converts believed some change was wrought within them when a Christian apostle said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost!" They felt the invasion of that new power in their lives. They knew that something had been imparted to them, and the spirit, as a guiding presence in all their affairs, was thenceforth as real to them as to the Quaker, for example, was his "Inner Light."

Now it is extremely interesting to see modern thought returning to expressions of faith which were originally associated with this deep and lasting experience of human souls. The Athanasian formula did not undertake to define the office of the spirit, probably for the reason that, by the beginning of the fourth century, the original experience had largely ceased to be perpetuated. The Holy Spirit then, and for ages afterward, was little more than a name. But here is an attempt, in words at least, to recall something of the Christian life as it was at the beginning. "Who taketh of the things of Christ and revealeth them to us, renewing, comforting and inspiring the souls of men." This, again, is the conception of some kind of presence at work in the world, doing what Christ did when he stood in person among his followers. I say it is significant of much to see later dogmas and definitions laid aside in favor of a statement mostly couched in Biblical language and designed to set forth the living experience of the first disciples of Christ. It is interesting, too, in a way, that the original custom of the "laying on of hands" is still preserved in the Church, as it is in ordination and confirmation services. Such memorials of the piety of past ages have always a certain beauty, and perhaps a certain use; though in that day what was conferred upon or was awakened within the mind of the new convert was as plainly recognized as is the giving of an electric shock, while now the Christian must be content with a theory that some change, unfelt, is wrought within him.

This suggests the query, What experience of ours corresponds to the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as our brethren of another household of faith have stated it? It is all very well to get away from speculations which are altogether in the air, doctrines about which nobody can possibly know whether they are true or false, in order to have statements of belief which once grew out of what human souls actually felt, as truly as we feel sunlight and air. But no religion that has amounted to anything as a moral and spiritual force ever lived long on the experience of other men and other times; and perhaps to-day, less than at any previous period of history, can religion maintain itself on phrases that do not correspond to the experience of those who are now alive. A good doctrine of the Holy Spirit must therefore describe not alone what was found true in apostolic times, but what we of this present day have certified to us, as a reality of the world in which we live.

If we come to consider that question, many would ask, no doubt: "What is the use of any such doctrine? Why not say, at once, that God is round about us, and what advantage can there be in attempting a distinction between his presence and the work of a Holy Spirit?" God, it is said, is Spirit. In any event, it is a divine presence to which we refer when we speak of a "renewer, a comforter, and an inspirer of our souls." Why do we not say at once that this is God by whom, to take the words of the Psalmist, we are "beset behind and before?" and what else but that can we mean when we say that we believe in the Holy Spirit?

Well, of course, we do mean that, yet the first Christians, when they used this term, intended thereby to designate a special manifestation of the divine presence. They had a special experience which they thus described. Some influence from the unseen world had come very near to them, to move them profoundly in their inmost being; and it was this that they named the Holy Spirit.

Now, although our own habits of thought and feeling are, in many respects, quite different from theirs, it seems to me there is enough likeness between their inner life and our own to justify us in continuing their manner of speech, and that there is enough advantage in the use of the phrase to make it greatly worth while. In a general way, we know what we mean when we speak of the Spirit, and it answers to impressions of ours which we hold indubitably true; while, on the other hand, it is almost a priceless phrase to us, just because it does not mean too much.

Every now and again we have a certain consciousness of powers at work in the world within us and about us that are vast and intelligent and beneficent. As in the eyes of our friend there sometimes seems to flash the deep soul, which generally dwells behind a kind of mask, but then, as it were, comes to the windows of its house to meet us face to face, so there are moments when a great soul of all things appears to reveal itself in such wise that we stand in living contact with it. It is not merely that our philosophy tells us there must be a Supreme Being, out of whom all things come and by whom the wide universe is controlled. It is that we somehow meet that invisible presence, are aware of it close at hand, as the power by which every other power is swayed. I should think that at such times, though there may be no ecstasy and no supernatural sign, we have had an experience of the Holy Spirit, and that this touch between our living consciousness and a much greater consciousness might be called fellowship, or communion with that Spirit.

While we can render to this extent a reasonable account of words which we often take upon our lips, it is good and useful to have an expression which transcends all definition that we can give of it. I am quite sure of striking a responsive chord in our common experience when I say that again and again we rebel against what seems too definite and too clear-cut in the theological conceptions offered to our inspection. We have a sense that human knowledge has no right to claim such comprehension of the infinite mystery. Not only so, but there is a mystical side to most of our minds which rather rejoices in the bigness and vagueness of ideas that we cannot comprehend. We incline to deny that the map of a spiritual universe, which some people profess to believe in, can be very correct; and we instinctively

Digitized by Google

prefer to think of that wondrous land without asking too closely how it may be bounded or what it contains.

For one thing there is the somewhat troublesome question of the personality of Deity, which we do not have to wrestle with when we speak of the Spirit. The Infinite Mind, we are constrained to think, must possess all the attributes of personal being, though it is apt to puzzle us to think of personality on so vast a scale. But in the Christian doctrine of a holy spirit we can find relief from that puzzle. The Spirit may not be to us altogether impersonal, yet we do not feel obliged to try to realize that it is a person. It is a presence, a power, which has a special mission to the hearts and souls of men. Where it comes from or how it stands related to the great Sovereignty that holds the throne of the universe, we scarcely feel moved to inquire.

Of all aspects or manifestations of Deity, Christians have dogmatized least about the Holy Spirit. It is as if they had wished to keep one part of their religious life where dogma could not much intrude. For this reason, if for no other, we may well cling to the speech of the past. As interest in dogmas has waned, so, in fact, the attention of the Church has more and more turned to the Spirit. It seems a happy augury of better days to come, when religion shall be less bound by systems of ideas which the rationalistic mind has planned, shall move more in that realm of life where experience is not the slave of logic, and where things continually come to pass which all the wiseacres have said could not take place.

In yet one other way the doctrine of the Spirit appears to fit into our best living and our highest thought. "Who taketh of the things of Christ, and revealeth them to us," says the new confession of faith. Now, if we were to understand by this that the Spirit mediated or ministered nothing else save what was rooted in that single personality, I, for one, should think the statement too narrow to cover the facts which it ought to include. But it need not be thus read. The Spirit may thus deal with the things of Christ, who lived the supreme life of human history, and it may also deal in the same way with the things of any life that is worthy our remembrance. Once it was thought necessary to make everything pertaining to Christ exclusive, as if nothing like it could be found elsewhere. Now, as by general consent, we hold that life up as being typical and representative of humanity, so far as it learns to live and walk in the Spirit. Thus construed, the statement puts before us a mighty truth.

"It is expedient for you that I go away, in order to send the Comforter," the Master himself is reported to have said; and, truly, into his place there has come a great spiritual presence, which has more and more grown to fill the whole world of human interests. Something like that transpires in the case of every life, which men widely love and reverence and honor. After it has gone from us, its appeal to the common heart is made in a somewhat different way; but its power for good is in many respects multiplied and increased.

Perhaps we might borrow an illustration from the wonderful force of electricity which appears to be so closely allied with the processes of our physical life. By means of a direct current of that power, carried from the mechanism by which it is generated, we turn the wheels of our factories and move the traffic along our streets. But there is another current, called an induced current, which in some inexplicable fashion is set up as a kind of adjunct to that primary flow, and that is the wonderful agent by which all the tones and inflections of the human voice can be carried for hundreds of miles along a slender wire. We use the direct current where brute strength is required; but this finer, more spiritual force we use for the transmission of intelligence.

So the life that has exercised great power over men, when its career is apparently ended, is transformed into a still more remarkable kind of influence. What Saint Paul said of his Master, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more," is in a way true everywhere. All who go from us into the spiritual world are afterward more than a memory of what they have been. They become to us a new kind of being. It is commonly said that we idealize our heroes and our friends when they are no longer with us. It is probably more true to say that we know them better than ever we knew them in the flesh. The essential soul and spirit of them comes out more plainly when the accidents and frictions of worldly life no longer engage our attention.

There are things about every personality not likely to be revealed to us till all the pettiness of earth has dropped away from it, and its greater traits stand free of some things by which, in bodily presence, they were in part obscured. All this belongs to our spiritual life. It is part of the phenomena of a spiritual world. It is because we are spiritual beings that these things are true. Given the continuance of our personal being in another realm of pure spirit, must we not think that this other realm is pervaded by a great power and presence through which those whom we have loved and seem to have lost may still come near to us? Not even here are we so many separated and sundered points of existence. There is something which surrounds us all and flows through us all and makes us one. Much more that must be true of those who dwell altogether in the spirit, as we do only in part. And that something that unites us may well be a Holy Spirit by which we are continually enlightened and inspired.

As we read our Gospels, we see that the followers of Christ did not appreciate his greatness while he was still with them; but after his death they did begin to realize what an unspeakable privilege had been vouchsafed to them. Was it that a fond memory exaggerated the good and the beauty which their eyes had once beheld? Was it not rather that a Holy Spirit had taught them the real glory which at first, like children, they could only partly see? We can, of course, take our choice of these two explanations; but I hold that sound experience will ratify only the last. Life ought never to be a process of disillusionment. The farther we can explore it, the more wonderful it becomes. The past seems better than the present just because we know better what made it worth the living, when all the things that did not count have dropped out of sight. The great man looms larger than his contemporaries found him, because we do not have to behold the peculiarities which made some of them think him small and mean.

So does the Holy Spirit reveal to us, as we go on, things greater and better than we at first realized, and evermore it is the comfort and renewal of mankind to discover that the dull pebbles of experience, which it has gathered in somewhat thoughtless mood, turn out to be like polished gems, which make for it a priceless heritage of splendor and worth.

BOSTON, MASS.

Men one day will learn to trust God and to love him; and, instead of shrinking from him, they will earnestly desire to approach him, for they will know the truth, that God is indeed good to all, to every creature,—to the lowest, the saddest, the meanest, the sinfullest,—and that his tender mercies are, and ever will be over all his works.—*John Page Hopps.*

The Mosher Catalogue.

An individually selected library often becomes the artistic embodiment of its owner's personality. A real book-lover—that is, one whose books are each and all sensitively related to himself—is known by the books that he buys. His library is a microcosm of his individual cosmos. The catalogue of a man's library is a form of autobiography. Now, this principle has been carried one step further in our time by one who has shown us that not only the criticism and collection of books may belong to the creative arts, but the publication of them also. The history of printing and book-selling records other instances of a like nature. Pickering and Moxon and Russell Smith, to mention only two or three recent names, are examples of publishers who impressed their businesses with a personal artistic character. But none of these better deserves the description of creative publisher than Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Me. Many publishers we have who know and love and publish good literature, and take pride, too, in the building of beautiful books; but such books are only a small part of their general output. Their catalogues are impersonal, *omnium gatherum*, lists of unrelated volumes. There is evident in them no selective principle, save that of a general merchant to purvey such creditable wares as the reading public is likely to purchase. You do not say immediately, as you take up one of their books, "This is a Pickering book!" or some one else's as the case may be. Their name on a title-page stands for nothing distinctive, nothing beyond general respectability, or the reverse. With Mr. Mosher it is delightfully different; and, as a result of twenty years' devotion to a certain personal ideal of literary appeal and perfection, he is able, with perfect propriety and without need of explanation, to entitle his catalogue—"The Mosher Books."

As one looks back over Mr. Mosher's publishing career, one is struck by the fact that he began right away as he meant to go on. Already the line he meant to mark out for himself was clear in his mind, the result of a well-defined maturity of taste and judgment. For I believe I am right in thinking that the first issue from his press was an edition of George Meredith's *Modern Love*, at that time of day all but unknown outside the secret society of fanatic Meredithians. I remember well the grateful surprise and curiosity with which in London I received Mr. Mosher's present of that now rare reprint. It is always delightful to catch the windfall of a beautiful book, as it were, out of the air; and then one was thankful to this unknown enthusiast oversea, first, for having discovered for himself that great unappreciated poem, and then for his courage in reprinting it. "Portland, Maine," meant nothing to me in those days, or I should have been still more surprised at this good thing coming out of that particular Nazareth. Even more exotic to me would have seemed another publication that soon followed,—Andrew Lang's translation of *Aucassin and Nicolete*.

Andrew Lang was very angry over that act of charming "piracy"; never, in fact, got over it. Possibly, I take an immoral view of such so-called literary piracy, yet it seems to me mere childishness, when one has neglected properly to protect one's literary property, to complain if some one exercises his undoubted legal right of taking a fancy to it. Actually, I rejoice no little that so much exquisite literature would seem to have been thus left unprotected; for in that neglect has been the opportunity of Mr. Mosher's enthusiasm, and by reason of it many lovely things that, in the indifferent hands of their "legitimate" sponsors stood a fair chance of oblivion, have been rescued and displayed for our "delight in widest commonalty spread." One English writer, at all events, who had the common sense to take this view of Mr. Mosher's "piracy," William Sharp, has had good reason to congratulate himself on his association with The Mosher Books; for it is hardly too much to say that the fame of "Fiona Macleod," in its inception, at all events, was largely due to that devoted appreciation in far-away Portland, Me. So William Sharp would have been the first to admit.

But Mr. Mosher as an exquisite Claude Duval of publishing is but an almost forgotten parenthesis in his career. If, as Kipling says, he has taken his good where he found it, 'tis all to the gayety of bookmen, and here I am not so much concerned with the so-called piracy as with the creative taste which inspired it. Of this creative taste Mr. Mosher's catalogue is one really exquisite expression. *The Bibelot* is the other. The catalogue has the charm of a delicately made anthology.

Often I take it down and turn over its leaves, as I would walk in a garden of old-world flowers. How one admires the charming conceited arrangement of the garden, its quaint walls and the inscriptions scattered here and there on dial and bower. It is the *catalogue raisonné* lifted into the region of poetry. His garden is not without its austerer walls and sturdier sunlit groves, over which preside such names as Milton and Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold and Browning, Meredith and Whitman.

To the making of the library which this catalogue represents Mr. Mosher has not only brought the creative selective taste of a rare lover of literature, but it has grown more and more evident that his publishing has had a deeper purpose than either the production of dainty editions or the commercial gain resulting from their purveying, and that he has combined with both those very proper aims a certain missionary enthusiasm for the dissemination of the more spiritual and exquisite forms of literature. Long ago (1895) in his prefatory note to the first issue of *The Bibelot*—to me the most fascinating miscellany of lovely thought and expression ever compiled—Mr. Mosher thus defined a purpose which he has pursued no less in his book-publishing than in the little magazine in question! "To bring together the posies of other men bound by a thread of one's own choosing is the simple plan of the editor of *The Bibelot*. In this way those exotics of literature that might not immediately find a way to wider reading are here reprinted, and, so to speak, resown in fields their authors never knew."

The tiny, delicately worded prefaces to each issue of *The Bibelot* revealed that Mr. Mosher possesses a sensitive pen of his own, and these and the occasional introductions to his catalogue vibrate with a passion for literature that speaks for itself, and clearly differentiates Mr. Mosher from his publishing brethren. With what a "sad sincerity" Mr. Mosher has devoted himself to his dream, some words of an almost valedictory wistfulness from a recent foreword of his bear witness. He has been quoting one of Whitman's affirmations of the spiritual nature and destiny of man. "And would you," he says, "call this *a lost point of view?* If it is, then my scheme of things has an insubstantial value, and any 'tidings of great joy' I thought inherent in the books I have chosen to offer you is but a mirage of the mind, the baseless fabric of a vision that fades and leaves no trace. . . . At times I may have unduly insisted upon the fact that it was not merely a commercial adventure with me, but the possession of ideals in book-publishing, with the implication that the thing done was for a purpose beyond itself, 'seeing finally with inexorable vision the way that life comes and the way that life goes, whatever may happen with words.'"

Recently, in a volume called *Amphora*,—a sort of private breviary of prose and verse,—Mr. Mosher has included several such little essays of his own, among them one which I find especially delightful for the glimpses it gives of the bookish ardors and adventures of his youth,—"The Books I shall not read again." "No! I shall never again read books," he says, "as I once read them in my early seafaring when all the world was young, when the days were of tropic splendor, and the long evenings were passed with my books in a lonely cabin dimly lighted by a primitive oil-lamp, while the ship was ploughing through the boundless ocean on its weary course around Cape Horn." This glimpse of bookish seafaring is as tantalizing as it is fascinating. I want some more of those old memories. Won't Mr. Mosher be persuaded to take his pen in hand and go seafaring and book-faring once more? I am persuaded that he could write us a new *Bibliomania* with a spiritual-human thrill in it entirely missing from the old.—*Richard Le Gallienne, in the Forum.*

The Unpopular Review.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Those of us whose hair is turning gray remember well what a notable forward step in American periodical literature occurred when the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the editorship of James Russell Lowell, began to appear. It filled a great need. So does the new quarterly magazine, *The Unpopular Review*, just launched in New York City by the publishing house of Henry Holt & Co. It seems likely to signalize a similar noteworthy advance in American letters, for it is a magazine whose high aims lift it into an intellectual and ethical atmosphere in which neither editor nor publisher feel the need of the sentimental and sensational trash that fill the pages of the *popular* periodicals of the United States. It has no stories, no pictures, no muck-raking revelations as to prominent personalities and organizations, no gossip about ambitious nobodies, no fulsome puffs of editorial pets or notorious idols of the passing hour, no one-sided arguments for partisan policies or new-fangled panaceas. Instead it has a dozen trenchant, sensible, well-informed

Digitized by Google

discussions, marked by independence and originality, upon the great social and public questions of our time. While full of weighty facts and plain statements of the results of modern researches and the experiences of our race, they are as witty as they are wise.

There has been much discussion of late whether teachers of Christianity or those engaged in religious or philanthropic work should often speak upon political issues or social problems; but it is certain that, if they do, they should have an impartial and all round knowledge of such questions. One of the best helps to this to-day, it seems to me, is to read regularly such an independent, sane, keen, thoroughly posted and wide-awake periodical as *The Unpopular Review*. HARVARD GRADUATE.

Literature.

THE RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION OF TO-DAY. By James T. Shotwell, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.—The William Brewster Clark Memorial lectures, given in Amherst College last April by Prof. Shotwell of Columbia University, were heard with keen interest, but in the end were regarded as inconclusive. From the title one is led to expect an account of some very recent and revolutionary change, but the reader soon finds that the revolution is no novelty and involves no reign of terror. The "to-day" of the title is an historian's to-day, a distinction of modern from more ancient time in the life of the Occident. The revolution is the rise of the sciences, the handing over to them of the explanation of phenomena, and the consequent secularization of much that once was in the domain of the Church or was in some way intricated with religion. The revolution in religion, therefore, really reduces itself to the rise of a scientific civilization, or *Kultur*, and even if this shows of late an accelerated power, it must not be supposed that religious faith and religious institutions are without some acceleration of adjustment to it. Prof. Shotwell presents the matter in a fresh and stimulating fashion, but with incompleteness and inadequacy. In the end he means to argue that there is provocation for religion after all the scientific secularization is accomplished, and he elucidates this by distinguishing our scientific attitude and our religious consciousness in their comparatively primitive manifestations (pp. 101, 113, 114). The fundamental religious phenomenon is found to be a thrill of awe—and appreciation—before that which is mysterious. The future survival of religion depends on the fact that the mysteries of life and matter, after all our science, are forever likely to produce that stimulating thrill. The argument lingers so much in the more primitive period studied by the anthropologists that the reader might be tempted to forecast only some repeated primitive thrill without the higher development of religious consciousness presented in the yet unfinished evolution of ethical monotheistic religion. Indeed, the theologian, versed in the reconstruction of theology,—or shall we not say revolution,—due to Kant and Schleiermacher and also to the anthropological science and comparative religion in which Dr. Shotwell is at home, will wonder if he is not being left out of account, especially when he is told (p. 99) that we are still unhistorical and never consider religion as a process. The theologian may properly suggest that even Systematic Theology has now absorbed the facts and valuations which Dr. Shotwell is expounding and indeed with more critical precision. It would indeed be another book if this were set forth, and apparently there is need for such a public explanation. Why should not the William Brewster Clark Memorial Lectures give a modern theologian the chance?

A PEOPLE'S MAN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.—Mr. Oppenheim, returning to the field of diplomatic struggle and one-man power, which he has made peculiarly his own, writes now the story of a socialist leader, set amid warring factions. Lady Elizabeth and a daughter of the people provide the contrasted feminine types needed for the development of the story. The action takes place in London: the issue seems doubtful until Germany takes a hand in the game, and matters hasten to an exciting crisis. An Oppenheim novel needs only due announcement, since its public is ready for each new book from the popular writer. In this he certainly holds his own.

Magazines.

The Midwinter Fiction Number (February) of the *Century Magazine* contains seven short stories. "The Temple of the Countless Gods" is a love-story of Japan, by John Luther Long, author of *Madam Butterfly;* "Mother" is by Lawrence Perry; "What a Woman Wants," by Caroline Duer; "That Affair of the Boots," by Henry S. Watson; "Shadows," by George Bronson-Howard; "The New Nest," by Katharine Holland Brown. "The Last War in the World," by H. G. Wells, is a flight of imagination that is also a powerful indictment against war. The question as to the right of the Louvre Mona Lisa to be called an older picture than the Mona Lisa in the Prado Gallery in Madrid is the subject of a study by Walter Littlefield, illustrated by framable pictures. Artistically the number is unusually rich. "The Mexican Menace," by W. Morgan Shuster, author of "The Strangling of Persia," and "Racial Consequences of Immigration," one of Prof. Edward A. Ross's important series, and "The Boy who goes Wrong," by H. Addington Bruce, are among the more serious articles. Percy Mackaye's bird masque "Sanctuary" is the leader of the poetic contributions; and ten pages are devoted to the comic section, "In Lighter Vein."

In the February *American Magazine*, Finley Peter Dunne, famous as the creator of "Mr. Dooley," writes an amazing article entitled "The Majesty of the Law: Impressions of a Boy of Seventeen at a Hanging." Mr. Dunne, at seventeen years of age, was a Chicago newspaper reporter; and, as such, witnessed a public execution, which he describes and interprets with great vividness. His article is a notable document on the subject of capital punishment. Hugh Fullerton begins a series of articles entitled "American Gambling and Gamblers"; Ray Stannard Baker begins a series of letters from the field entitled "Seeing America"; George Fitch, the Illinois humorist, describes the "Homeburg Weekly Democrat" in a sketch of life in a small town; Walter Prichard Eaton, the theatrical critic, writes ably on the subject "What is a Moral Play?" and J. Breckinridge Ellis contributes an article entitled "The Finger Test of Literature," which is an account of a blind man's ideas of literature gained from the slow process of finger reading. Edna Ferber, Kate Jordan, Alfred Ollivant, Samuel Merwin, and Maravene Thompson contribute fiction. Prize-winning letters are published in the contest entitled "What is a Criminal?" The Interesting People Department contains five short articles about remarkable living Americans. James Montgomery Flagg, Kin Hubbard, Ed Howe, and Oliver Herford make humorous contributions.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.
"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Downy Woodpecker.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

Little bunch of feathers,
White and black and gray,
Why do you come roaming
On this wintry day?
Tap, tap, up the tree,
I have gentle thoughts of thee.

Near my window climbing,
Turning your bright eyes,
When you spy a grub or worm,
With a pleased surprise.
Tap, tap, up the tree,
Welcome friend you are to me.

When the frost is biting,
Still you do not care;
There's a feast within the bark
For you everywhere.
Tap, tap, up the tree,
Want can ne'er come nigh to thee.

Down a hole you make your nest
In the old oak's side,
Line it soft with moss and grass,
Where your nestlings hide.
Tap, tap, up the tree;
Birdie, what can frighten thee?

In your castle rocking
When the winds are high,
Timid people mocking,
You are safe and dry.
Tap, tap, up the tree,
Teach thy cheeriness to me.

The Visitation of the Black Cat.

BY LOUELLA C. POOLE.

Yes, Charcoal certainly must be lost; for the children had rummaged the house from cellar to garret, in a vain search for him, and Nanna Brooks had laid aside her sewing to help.

The little Brookses were inconsolable at the disappearance of the pet, which had won its way into the heart of every member of the family from the day it first stepped paw across the threshold.

And what would Jack Sprat do without his little playfellow? From the beginning the big, awkward St. Bernard pup and the tiny kitten had shown the keenest interest in each other, and interest that soon developed into warm friendship. A pretty picture they made, eating from the same dish, playing at hide-and-seek, and, when tired out from their frolics, cuddling down close together for a nap.

"Oh, I have an idea!" cried Sister Nell, as she fled to her room, returning soon afterward with a dozen neatly printed slips of paper, each one of which read as follows: "Lost—A six-months-old black kitten, answering to the name of Charcoal. When last seen, he wore about his neck a yellow ribbon with bell attached. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving him at No. 7 A Street."

"Now," exclaimed the triumphant printer, "if you children will tack up these posters in conspicuous places, I shouldn't be surprised if something came out of it. At any rate it will do no harm to try."

Whereupon the little Brookses dried their tears, and suddenly became very busy.

The next day, in her zeal for good works, Nana Brooks went to the kindergarten, the primary, and the grammar schools in the neighborhood, and asked permission of the teachers to address the classes, which was cheerfully given; and, going from room to room, she announced, in her bright and inimitable way, the loss of little Charcoal, and succeeded in so interesting the small fry that before another twenty-four hours nearly every boy and girl in the district had become a self-appointed detective bound on discovering the whereabouts of that kitten or knowing the reason why.

And now comes the strangest part of my story—strange, but true, nevertheless; for all this really happened, and not so very many years ago either, right here in a suburb of Boston!

For some days after the announcement of their loss, the Brookses' door-bell seemed to have acquired the secret of perpetual motion, as kittens galore descended upon the household. Not only were black kits produced in breathless expectation of receiving the coveted reward, but various-colored kits of assorted ages and sizes,—tabbies, tigers, calico cats, black-and-white kits, kits tawny yellow, and even a couple of Angoras!—for descriptions of the waif had become somewhat distorted. So was it strange that after a while the Brookses themselves became confused in their judgment of cats, and black kittens in particular?

"And kittens grow so fast, too," declared Ted, fondling one especially engaging little beauty. "'Course Charcoal would be bigger'n when he went away a week ago. I believe this is Charcoal!" giving the ball of black fluff a loving squeeze.

"No, it isn't Charcoal, his eyes were yellower!" replied Lou, who was taking lessons in water-color, and described the eyes of the missing one as "pure gamboge."

"Yes, but a cat's eyes change with age and the weather! Wait, I have an inspiration!" exclaimed Nell, ever ready of resource. "Call Jack Sprat!"

Jack Sprat shambled in from the yard, and simultaneously the ball of black fluff assumed the appearance of a small demon, as it confronted the big puppy in a fury, eyes blazing, back elevated, and tail distended, and hissing and spitting like a bunch of firecrackers. Jack Sprat fled in dismay. That settled the question, and thereafter, in times of doubt,—and there were many such occasions,—his puppyship was called in to act as judge.

But one day, after three weeks had passed and forty-seven kittens had been interviewed, and the Brookses had about given up hope, an odd-looking bit of feline forlornity put in an appearance, borne in the arms of a freckle-faced ragamuffin. Surely this hungry-looking waif could never be the once plump Charcoal; but the eyes—big and bright and beautiful—were the nearest approach to "pure gamboge" seen since the ill-fated day of their owner's disappearance. Lank and collarless, it seemed incredible that so short a time could have wrought such a change.

"Call Jack Spratt!"

Once again was the umpire summoned, and,—oh, joy!—no longer could there by any doubt about it! Who but Charcoal would dare to rub so affectionately and with such an air of proprietorship against the awkward legs of the great puppy! And who other than Jack Sprat could have looked so silly and sheepish and, yes, actually happy, as he sniffed his former playfellow with every indication of delight, and immediately began a set-to at hide-and-seek!

Great was the rejoicing in the Brooks household that day, and great also was the rejoicing in the heart of the young tatterdemalion who had restored Charcoal to his rightful owners, thereby receiving a crisp dollar bill and a good dinner for his trouble.

Needless to say, the truant grew plump and beautiful again; and one day, when he had nearly reached his full stature, Sister Nell brought him home a new ribbon with a tinkling silver bell attached—a ribbon almost the identical color of his eyes,—and at the same time his puppyship was presented with a handsome collar on which was engraved in plain script—so plain that "he who runs may read," quoth Nell—these words: "Jack Sprat—member of the Humane Society."

"But, if I had my way about it," she added, "I believe I'd rechristen the dear beastie, and call him King Solomon; for, like that monarch of old, he helped settle, in the wisest and surest way, a difficult question as to rightful ownership."

How Rain and Wind and Snow Helped.

"How cold it is!" said Tiny Hare, as he sat near the edge of the wood one day.

"Good-night, Tiny Hare," called many of the insects that had sung night and day all the Long Warm Time.

"Where art you going?" asked Tiny Hare.

"To bed," said the little creatures. "We shall sleep in the earth or under the bark till the Long Warm Time comes again. We have to go to bed first, because we are the wee ones."

Next day the bats flew past, and many little furry animals of the wood ran by Tiny Hare as he played in the field.

"Where are you going?" called Tiny Hare; and they cried, "We are going into caves and hollow trees to take the long nap."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Tiny Hare, "nobody will be left."

Next day dear, wee, baby Tiny Hare, hiding in the bushes, saw the bears making their beds, and the beavers in the streams plastering their mud houses.

"What are you doing?" cried Tiny Hare.

"We are making the beds for our long sleep," they said drowsily, and soon wood and field grew very quiet.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear," cried Tiny Hare, "how lonely it is!" and he ran to his home of sticks and leaves in the briar patch.

"I'm cold and sleepy," said Tiny Hare.

"Eat your supper, and lie by me all the dark, dark Dark," said kind Mamma Hare.

"No; you will wake me when the light time comes. I wish to sleep all the Long Cold Time."

"Who ever heard of such a thing for a hare?" said Mamma Hare.

"I wish to," said Tiny Hare. "I wish to sleep in a tree."

"A hare cannot climb a tree. Come, eat your supper and sleep in my warm fur," said Mamma Hare.

"No," said Tiny Hare, "I wish to sleep weeks and weeks, and I will find a tree that

I can climb," and that dear, wee, naughty, baby Tiny Hare ran away into the woods all alone.

He tried to climb a tree, but he could not. He looked and looked for a tree with a hollow near the ground, but he did not find one. By and by the Dark came. How cold it was!

"I'll sleep here," said Tiny Hare, and he ran into a snug hole in the ground.

"Good! I wish a rabbit for tea," said the old weasel who lived there, and he put out his sharp claws.

How Tiny Hare did run! How afraid he was! The dark, dark Dark had come, and he could not see his paw before his face; but he ran and he ran, till the old weasel lost him in the bushes.

"Here's my bed at last!" cried Tiny Hare, as he came to a hole under a rock. The Moon was rising, and oh, she was sad for baby hare!

"I'll help him," said the Moon, and she shone brightly into the hole. There lay a snake with bright eyes.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Tiny Hare in fear, and he ran away through the woods.

By and by he found a tree trunk that slanted from the ground. Tiny Hare ran up the long trunk, and jumped into a snug round nest lined with the warmest, softest fur and milkweed silk.

"This is my bed. It must be," he said, and snuggled down to sleep.

Home came the flying squirrel whose bed it was.

"Well!" said he, "get out of my bed at once."

"This is my bed," said Tiny Hare.

Then the flying squirrel became so angry that he flew from tree to tree, scolding all the time.

"I wish to sleep in this furry bed all the Long Cold Time," said Tiny Hare, sitting up.

"Well, you can't," said Flying Squirrel. "Hurry now, and fly down to the ground."

"I can't fly," said Tiny Hare.

"If you can't fly, you have no business in a tree," said Flying Squirrel; and he pushed and he pulled Tiny Hare out of that snug nest, till he stood on the branches high above the earth. How Tiny Hare did feel!

"Now learn to fly, "said Flying Squirrel, and he pushed dear, wee, baby Tiny Hare, who couldn't fly at all, right off the tree!

Wind in the tree-tops heard it all.

"I'll help him," said kind Wind, and he blew so quickly and so hard that Tiny Hare sailed down like a ball of fluff, and wasn't hurt at all.

Then—what do you suppose? Along ran Fox. He saw Tiny Hare.

"Aha!" barked he.

How Tiny Hare did run and run through the bushes, and after him ran Fox, laughing!

"Let him run," he said, "I shall catch him at last."

Snow lay up in the clouds that Wind had blown over the Moon.

"I will help him," said Snow, and she fell in big flakes that lay white on the ground, and sly Fox lost the trail of Tiny Hare in the bushes.

How tired Tiny Hare felt when he knew that he was safe!

"I wish to be in my home," he said, and he crept oh, so slowly, to his home where Mamma Hare and Papa Hare were fast asleep.

He crept into Mamma Hare's soft fur.

"I *will* be good!" he said and she bit his ear for love. Soon how safe and warm he felt, and he slept and he slept and he slept all through the long, cold Dark.—*Anne Shutze, in the Mayflower.*

A Kitten who Forgot how to Talk.*

There was once a little kitten who lived in the same house with six little dogs, with whom she played every day. One morning she was very hungry; but, when she tried to tell her mistress, she found that she had forgotten kitten talk. All she could say was "bow, wow, wow."

She ran crying out of the house down the front path. At the gate stood Dobbin, the horse.

"Poor kitty," he said, "why are you crying?"

"I'm hungry; and, when I try to say that I am hungry, I say 'bow, wow, wow,' and that is not the way for a kitty to say that she is hungry."

"Oh," said Dobbin, "I'll tell you how to say you are hungry. Say 'neigh, neigh, neigh,' and then you will get something to eat."

"No," cried kitty, "that's the way a horse says he is hungry, not the way a kitty says she is hungry."

Kitty ran crying down the road until she met Bossy, the cow. "Poor kitty, why are you crying?" asked Bossy.

"I'm hungry; and, when I try to say that I'm hungry, I say 'bow, wow, wow,' and that is not the way for a kitty to say she is hungry."

"Oh," exclaimed Bossy, "I'll tell you how to say that you are hungry. Say 'moo, moo, moo,' and then you will get something to eat."

"No," said kitty, "that is the way that a cow says she is hungry. That is not the way for a kitty to say that she is hungry."

Kitty ran on across the field, crying as she went. In the corner by the fence stood a woolly sheep. "Poor kitty," the sheep called, "why are you crying, what is the trouble?"

"I'm hungry; and, when I try to say that I'm hungry, I say 'bow, wow, wow,' and that is not the way for a kitty to say that she is hungry."

"I'll tell you how to say that you are hungry," replied the sheep. "Say 'baa-aa-aa,' and then you will get something to eat."

"No," said kitty, "that is the way for a sheep to say that he is hungry. That is not the way for a kitty to say that she is hungry."

Just at the barnyard gate kitty met the little white hen. "Poor kitty," she clucked, "why are you crying, what is the trouble?"

"I'm hungry; and, when I try to say that I'm hungry, I say 'bow, wow, wow,' and that is not the way for a kitty to say she is hungry."

"Oh," said the hen, "I'll tell you how to say you are hungry. Say 'cluck, cluck, cluck,' and then you will get something to eat."

"No," cried kitty, "that's the way a hen says she is hungry. That is not the way for a kitty to say she is hungry."

On toward the barn ran kitty. Just then who should walk out of the barn door but the big black cat? When he heard what the trouble was, he said, "I'll tell you how a kitty says she is hungry. Say 'meow, meow, meow.'"

"Yes!" said kitty, "that is the way a kitty says she is hungry." And she ran back toward the house as quickly as she could scamper.

"Meow, meow, meow," she said to her little mistress.

"Why, poor kitty," the little girl exclaimed, "I forgot to give you your saucer of milk this morning. You must be very hungry!"

Little mistress brought a full saucer of rich milk, and kitty drank it all up.—*Kindergarten Review.*

*Selected by the Story Committee of the New York Public School Kindergarten Association.

Good Soap-bubbles.

Fill a quart bottle half full of distilled or soft water, and sift into it four-fifths of an ounce of pure Castile soap powder. Allow the powder to dissolve thoroughly, then add one-third of a pint of pure glycerine, mix thoroughly and let stand until all bubbles have disappeared. Use the solution in a temperature of sixty-five or seventy degrees. After the solution has been used a few times, or if it fails to produce satisfactory bubbles, it may be freshened up by adding a little more glycerine. With this solution gorgeous bubbles can be made which will last from five to thirteen minutes. By heating the water in the first place, the solution can be made in a very short time.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 Incorporated 1904

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AGENT, MISS E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blunt, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Ellis Park.

Little park that I pass through,
I carry off a piece of you
Every morning hurrying down
To my work-day in the town;
Carry you for country there
To make the city ways more fair.
I take your trees
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanness,
Some of your shade, some of your sky.
Some of your calm as I go by;
Your flowers to trim
The pavements grim;
Your space for room in the jostled street
And grass for carpet to my feet;
Your fountains take and sweet bird calls
To shut me from my office walls.
All that I can see
I carry off with me;
But you never miss my theft,
So much treasure you have left.
As I find you, fresh at morning,
So I find you, home returning—
Nothing lacking from your grace.
All your riches wait in place
For me to borrow
On the morrow.

Do you hear this praise of you,
Little park that I pass through?

—*Helen Hoyt, in Poetry.*

Italian Notes.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

An overturn has recently taken place in Italy in the relations between the Church and the State. For the first time since the unification of Italy the Vatican has taken an active part in political elections. It has done more than this even, as a writer in the *Christliche Welt* points out,—it has upheld the existing government at the polls. The *Osservatore Romano*, the official journal of the papacy, and the Election Commissioner of the Holy See, Count Gentiloni, openly declare that the Vatican has induced the Roman Catholic voters in 338 out of 508 electoral districts to give up the policy of abstention and to cast their ballots for the liberal candidates nominated by the government party. Out of these 228 were successful, to which should be added 21 avowed Catholics and 12 conservative Catholic deputies, who also were elected.

Great consequences may flow from this change of policy on the part of the Church. Why was this step taken? Certainly not for love of the "robber state," or any present intention of abating the papal claim to temporal as well as spiritual sovereignty in Italy. The late electoral reforms in that country admitted over five million new voters to the privileges of the ballot. This could only tend to increase the prestige of the civil power among the masses. It might also strengthen the hands of the anti-clerical radical party and the socialists. In such a crisis the Church had to act, and it supported at the polls the very monarchy which for so many years it has bitterly fought.

This course has led to many curious complications. To find themselves sustained by the Church power was a strange experience for many a radical and Free Mason candidate. In some instances the unnatural coalition worked against the more radical candidates. To defeat an ex-priest and opponent like Romola Murri every effort was put forth by the Church, and but too successfully. We read in the Italian journals that in the valleys of Piedmont, where the Waldensians are strong, the government endeavored to secure the return of a Roman Catholic. It threatened the Waldensian clergy, if they did not exert their influence in behalf of this candidate, to levy a heavy money fine on their church's property. In a weak moment they yielded and signed a circular in his behalf. But, when election day came, the Waldensian people repudiated the pledges of their pastors, declared that freedom of conscience was the paramount issue, and elected a radical socialist candidate.

It is noted that since the elections the churches are much better attended by men than formerly. On the other hand, the radical elements are solidifying and organizing to resist the new peril to secular institutions and national unity. Five members of the present cabinet, too, are members of the extreme left. What, too, is to become of the pretence that the pope is a victim and prisoner of the civil government when the papacy is working shoulder to shoulder with the State in the administration of political affairs? and what will be the effect of this reconciliation on the Catholic world outside of Italy? It is apparent that the future of the Church is full of possibilities and surprises, and that, whatever may be the immediate result, the impending separation of Church and State has been measurably advanced by this re-entry of the Vatican into political affairs.

A very important issue has already been presented by this changed relation of Church and State in Italy. A number of Roman Catholic deputies to the Parliament have declared that it is their intention loyally to uphold the constitution and laws of the State, and have justified their course by a reference to the oath which they took at the beginning of the session.

In opposition to this the domestic organ of the papacy, *Unità Cattolica*, maintains that Catholic deputies can take such an oath only with the mental reservation (*reservatio mentalis*) of all the Church's rights. The Italian government, it declares, has no right to demand such an oath of Catholic representatives, and the circumstance that a faithful Catholic takes such an imposed oath is a sufficient indication, without further public explanation, that it was taken with mental reservations. If it be lawful to make the latter in worldly affairs, how much more where the Church's interests are at stake! It was unspeakably detestable, therefore, for Catholics to declare that they took such an oath in loyalty and with true devotion.

Such is papal morality, and such the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the sovereign State. It will be recalled that in the controversy between Cardinal Newman and Mr. Gladstone, the Cardinal declared that "no pledge from Catholics was of any value to which Rome was not a party," a sentiment to which Mr. Gladstone vigorously demurred. Apply this principle to our American political life. There are said to be some forty Roman Catholic congressmen, several Roman Catholic senators, and two Roman Catholic judges on the Supreme bench in Washington. Did they take the oath of loyalty to the Constitution and laws of the United States with "mental reservations"? Was Rome consulted and "a party in" their professions of loyalty? Would they obey her dictation in preference to the supreme laws of the land when it came to a decision or action which should antagonize the temporal interests or the claims to superior authority of the Roman Catholic Church at home or abroad? We cannot believe it, and yet, according to the oft-repeated highest ruling of the Church, they must obey her commands, and their perjury would be entirely justifiable. Sooner or later in this country—especially if the Catholic elements in Congress are welded into a fraction large enough to decide many issues if their vote was thrown solidly on one side or the other—this conflict of authorities is sure to arise. It is well, therefore, for Americans to be informed of the manner in which the Roman Church endeavors to settle it in the country of its origin and centralized authority.

The *Cænobium*, the Modernist organ, published at Milan and Lugano, has reprinted in full or in abstract over a dozen of the papers read at the Paris Congress of Religious Progress. At least fifty of the addresses at the Congress have now appeared in print in various languages and countries, thus furthering and extending the influence of the meetings. The most recent is the publication in the *Hibbert Review* of the thoughtful paper of Miss Maud Petre on Authority. The official French Report of the Congress will soon be issued.

Race Betterment.

If it is true, as H. G. Wells makes his hero declare in one of his recent novels, that there is a collective mind apart and distinct from individual intelligence, then it must be admitted that the social intelligence of to-day is concerned as never before with the future and with the good of coming generations. Of this the Conference on Race Betterment, just held at Battle Creek, Mich., is a striking illustration. Whatever one may think of the individual views expressed or of the immediate, concrete results of such gatherings, says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the fact is in itself significant that such a conference, extending over five days and attended by thousands of people, is possible. Never before in the history of civilization have there been so many men and women who were earnestly, sincerely and unselfishly laboring for the general good. One may criticise their reasoning, dissect their statistics or draw from their premises entirely different conclusions; but the important fact remains that such conferences, which are becoming increasingly frequent, would have been impossible and practically inconceivable a generation ago. The pessimist and the critic see in such gatherings only another symptom of universal unrest and discontent. The optimist sees in them faintly foreshadowed the dawning of the age of which Tennyson sang, when each man's good shall be all men's aim. The purpose of the Battle Creek conference, as officially stated, was "to assemble evidence as to the extent to which degenerative tendencies are actively at work in America and to promote agencies for race betterment." Under the first head were papers on apparent increase in degenerative diseases, the causes of the declining birth-rate, crime, deterioration of civilized women,

Digitized by Google

factory degeneration, alcohol and tobacco, social evil, and delinquent and defective children. On the constructive side were discussions on eugenics in many of its phases. The programme impressed one as being overloaded on the degenerative side, possibly because of an overemphasis of the subject at the present time, and as too much given over to a discussion of the past and present conditions rather than of constructive plans for the future. The general effect left on the mind of the listener was that the many papers and addresses, most of them excellent in themselves, were not correlated and were written often from conflicting, if not contradictory, points of view, while many of those in attendance impressed the careful observer as being earnest rather than informed and zealous rather than discriminating. The impressive, undeniable fact, however, is that they were there. It is possible to-day, for the first time in the history of civilization, to call and to hold a conference to discuss not time-worn dogmas or even present-day needs, but future possibilities. From this point of view such conferences must command the careful attention of the student of social development.

Religion in Canada.

BY REV. W. COPELAND BOWIE. *

I

The recently-formed prairie cities, such as Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Edmonton, and Calgary, have large and in some places handsome church buildings; and apparently a greater proportion of the population attends the services than in Eastern Canada or in England. The streets in these prairie cities on the Sundays were well filled with church-goers, and were more like what I used to observe many years ago in Aberdeen, Inverness, and other towns in the north of Scotland. I had not many opportunities of learning much of the character or type of the religious teaching most in favor among the people. The Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the Baptists were the denominations which were making most headway in the prairie cities which I visited; and these orthodox congregations seemed to be on friendly terms with each other. I "sampled" a few services and sermons. In one large well-attended Presbyterian church the anthems, chants, and hymns were beautifully and reverently sung; but the "long" prayer and the sermon were constructed on very old-fashioned lines, stuffed full of Calvinistic doctrine, the like of which I had not heard since my boyhood. At an equally large Methodist church, at which six or seven hundred people were present, the minister's prayer and the sermon were as rational and reverent as any ordinary Unitarian could wish to hear. The hymns were very poor and stiffly doctrinal; and it surprised me that such tawdry, inconclusive, uninspiring verses could be sung with such evident heartiness. Canada, however, is not the only country, nor the Methodist the only denomination, in which such glaring inconsistencies occur.

There is, doubtless, a larger, freer religious atmosphere in Western Canada than in England. The narrow, petty ecclesiastical and theological questions which so often give rise to controversy and trouble in the Church of England and among Wesleyan Methodists at home could hardly, I imagine, live for an hour in the bracing air west of Winnipeg. At the same time there are evidently considerable numbers of people inside the orthodox churches who are in intellectual revolt against the older theology; and there are many thoughtful men and women in these new communities who find that they cannot, with any feeling of sincerity, become worshippers in orthodox churches. It is these men and women "of hope and forward-looking mind" that Unitarians should feel called upon to serve and help. I suppose no Unitarian really believes that "orthodoxy" will permanently survive. Once the results of modern thought, science, and criticism have become part of the ordinary mental outfit of mankind, "orthodoxy" will pass away just as the belief in alchemy and witchcraft have passed away. Meanwhile, there are many people suffering from spiritual destitution, while liberal religious people possess riches in abundance, though at present they are doing very little by way of sharing with those in need.

The Unitarian movement in Canada is mostly of recent growth. The church at Montreal dates from 1842, that at Toronto three years later. Upwards of half a century then passed before congregations were formed at Hamilton and Ottawa. A start was made at Winnipeg in 1904, followed at Vancouver in 1909, Victoria and Calgary in 1910, Edmonton and Moose Jaw in 1912. On the invitation of the American Unitarian Association, which out of the Billings Lecture Fund generously paid two-thirds of the expenses, the committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association commissioned the secretary, the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, to visit, preach, and lecture at the various places, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, where Unitarians were in the habit of assembling for worship. He sailed from Liverpool on August 12, and arrived at Southampton, after an absence of 100 days, on November 21, 1913. During the time he was away, the secretary travelled by land and sea upwards of thirteen thousand miles. The notes which follow are taken from the reports sent from Canada to the committee of the Association. They are given in the chronological order of the places visited.

Victoria, British Columbia.

I arrived at Victoria on Saturday morning, September 13, and was met at the wharf by the Rev. F. W. Pratt and Mr. John Gunn (formerly of Edinburgh and Newcastle-on-Tyne). The city occupies a fine situation, and its beautifully indented coast adds variety and charm wherever you go. The climate is said to resemble that of Devonshire, and is much drier than its neighbors on the mainland. There is now a population of 60,000. The streets are exceedingly well made and lavishly lighted, while the residences in the city and suburbs indicate prosperity and comfort. At present money is scarce, due apparently to over-speculation here, as elsewhere in Canada, in "real estate." The natural resources of Vancouver Island are, however, so great that recovery is expected to be not long delayed. The inhabitants, with the exception of the Chinese and the natives of India and Japan, are intensely British; it was difficult to realize that one was upwards of six thousand miles from England.

The Unitarian movement has had a somewhat chequered career. Services were held for a brief period about twenty years ago, when the Rev. W. W. C. Pope, then an active young layman, was the local secretary. Mr. A. J. Pineo, a master in the high school, organized services in 1910; and he was followed by a minister who attracted a number of people for a time; but difficulties and troubles arose, and progress was arrested. The congregation was split in two; and the task of reuniting the divergent elements is now proceeding under the healing ministry of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt. The secretary informed me that the membership roll did not exceed 30. I preached on September 14 to a very attentive and appreciative congregation of 60, of whom the majority were men. The hall in which the services are held is very central; but it is approached by a gloomy, uncomfortable, badly-lighted entrance and staircase. Fortunately, the building is required for other purposes, and the congregation must vacate in the course of a few weeks. The American Unitarian Association hold an excellent corner site in Fernwood Street, a good residential part of the city, easy of access by two tramway routes. There is a cottage on the site, and it is proposed to build a small church-hall at the rear, at an estimated cost of $1,700, and to leave the cottage standing, to be used perhaps as a parsonage.

I am satisfied that there is a fair opportunity in Victoria of establishing, in the course of a few years, a self-supporting congregation. There were evidences of this not only on the Sunday, but at the week-evening lecture which I delivered on September 18, and in private conversation. There are a few excellent men on the committee of management, and the development of the movement is full of promise.

It is gratifying to add that the new church, the site of which had on it trees laden with apples when I was there in the middle of September, was dedicated for worship on Sunday, December 7, 1913. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association made a grant of £50 towards the cost of erecting the little building—the total cost was only £350. The Rev. F. W. Pratt and the members of the congregation are to be congratulated upon the rapidity with which they secured a meeting-house for worship and work in Victoria.

Vancouver, British Columbia.

Here I found myself in a great modern city which had grown by leaps and bounds, spreading itself over an immense area, with its 40 miles of concrete sidewalks, 31 miles of paved streets, and 25 miles of plank sidewalks, and a population of 175,000, and, if the growing districts of North and South Vancouver be added, with a population of 200,000. New Westminster, with upwards of 20,000, is only a car-ride distant.

* Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

Vancouver occupies a splendid position on the coast, and merchants and other business men are looking forward to a large expansion of trade on the opening of the Panama Canal. Over-speculation in "real estate" (how tired one becomes of the words!) has been followed by slackness of trade, scarcity of money, and unemployment. Vancouver is a busy, well-cared-for city, with more shops and fewer large stores than in American cities or even in Toronto and Winnipeg. The rainfall is nearly double what it is in Victoria, though I experienced delightful weather.

The Unitarian church is situated in 10th Avenue, about two miles from the centre of the city, but easily accessible by tramcar. It is a simple, well-designed meeting-house which, apart from the site, cost about £1,000 to build. It will accommodate 250 people, and is seated at present for 150. The building was opened for public worship two weeks before my arrival, but the dedication services were held on Sunday, September 21, when the Rev. F. W. Pratt and the Rev. Marshall Dawson assisted in the services, and I preached morning and evening. There were 65 present in the morning, about 150 in the evening, 60 being present at a week-night lecture on September 24. The congregation were very attentive and appreciative. The hymn-singing was hearty when the tunes were well known. The secretary of the church was away from home, and I could not obtain accurate statistics, but I gathered that the enrolled members do not exceed 40. It is gratifying that such a small body of people are willing to pay the minister, with the aid of the American Unitarian Association, a salary of £350 a year.

I met the committee, or trustees as they are called, and all were hopeful concerning the future of the church, as well indeed they might be in a city like Vancouver. Mr. Dawson, until recently a student at the Unitarian College on the Pacific coast, is in charge of the congregation for a period of four months. A minister from England is desired for Vancouver. Many were anxious for the return of the Rev. M. R. Scott, whose preaching evidently made a deep impression. I was very favorably impressed by the Unitarians whom I met, and by the large opportunity presented for establishing a strong and influential church. The movement is only in its early stages. Wise and enthusiastic leadership and guidance are required for the organization and consolidation of the congregation. There is room not only for one, but for at least three Unitarian churches in the Vancouver district.

(To be Continued.)

The Beacon.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I am led to wonder how widely the ministers and people of the Unitarian fellowship appreciate the very admirable work that is being done by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association in its weekly publication of *The Beacon*.

Doubtless, the teachers, and especially the scholars, in our Sunday-schools realize what *The Beacon* is. To judge from the two young people in my household, the paper must be read every Sunday in some hundreds of homes with keen delight. The matter which it prints, both prose and poetry, is so well chosen and so wholly suited to its purpose. The illustrations, too, are so very superior, showing the most careful selection and the best taste. One cannot imagine anything better to put into the hands of our children in a day when there is much laxity as to the character of the printed matter that falls under their eyes. The faithful and loving care with which the editor, Rev. Florence Buck, performs this weekly task should have more general recognition.

The Beacon needs to be better known among us. It should have more general support from our ministers and churches. Let those who do not know it make its acquaintance, and its intrinsic merit can be counted on to gain their hearty confidence and support.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

The Elizabeth L. Tuttle Memorial.

The committee in charge of the Elizabeth L. Tuttle Memorial desires to announce that the sum of two thousand dollars has been received, and has been placed by the treasurer, George Wigglesworth, with the "Children's Mission to Children," according to the trusts specified in the circular under which the money was collected.

It has been impossible to reach the many friends who would gladly contribute to this memorial, but the placing of the fund with the "Children's Mission to Children" will provide continually an opportunity to remember in a significant way this devoted life. The income of the fund is to be used in relief work in behalf of older girls, a kind of helpfulness to which Mrs. Tuttle gave untiring energy.

For the Elizabeth L. Tuttle Memorial Committee: Mr. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., chairman, Mrs. Clara Bancroft Beatley, Mrs. Gertrude Freeman Bowers, Miss Fannie M. Faulkner, Mrs. Abby A. Peterson, Judge J. P. Parmenter, Mr. William H. Pear, Mr. George Wigglesworth.

CLARA B. BEATLEY.

The Meadville Theological School.

The academic year began with nineteen in the student body, the group, though small, representing India, Japan, Armenia, Finland, Norway, Italy, Germany, England, Ireland, and the United States, in cosmopolitan fraternity. The courses of study, being necessarily somewhat recast and readjusted by the entrance of three new members of the faculty, now cover, as well as may be, the wide range of knowledge required by the young minister for starting in his career. His real training and discipline must, of course, come in his 'prentice years of actual work.

The complaint that is made against ministers is usually that they do not know or do enough in the one line which the critic has in mind as most essential to human progress; that is, the critic of the church and its ministry is usually one devoted to a specialty of economic, health or educational reform, who tests all institutions by their service to his chosen field of effort.

The demand thus made from the many-sided world of social reform, that the minister be a "monomaniac about everything," can hardly be met. The training-place for ministers must, however, provide sufficiently varied stimuli of interest and instruction to enable the would-be minister to find out what forms of intellectual, ethical, and social devotion he can best exemplify in his own life. The minister, like the house-mother, must do many things fairly well. We are learning now that either and both these functionaries may also do some one thing unusually well. The ministry of religion does even now allow of some specialization in gifts and effort, although the demand upon the church, as upon the home, is still for all-round capacity and general usefulness. Theological schools have, therefore, now the double task of helping those who are to minister at religion's altar to serve all the people of a given parish in many ways, and to serve in some way or a few ways the needs of the whole community in which that parish is located.

With all the limitations of its isolated position in a small town away from university stimulus and city organization, the Meadville School does give a fair chance to earnest students to accomplish this double aim of ministerial training. It is hard to get enough young people to try to be ministers in this day of engrossing demand and alluring calls of wholly specialized social service. It is still harder to get those who have the intellectual thoroughness that is needed for the Unitarian ministry or for ethical leadership. It is hardest of all to get such as are needed to go apart from the main currents of academic attraction to a small school in a remote location. But, in spite of these difficulties, the case is not hopeless for the training or supply of liberal ministers; and the Meadville School is making an honest and laudable effort to give its students that balanced training in the thought side, the duty side, and the social side of religion which is needed to-day in the ministry of religion.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

Boston Students' Union.

The Students' Union, a club for young girls studying in Boston, is anxious to find part time work for girls who are supporting themselves while they are studying. Any one who has work to offer, such as reading aloud, writing, mending, care of children, or of a doctor's office, may apply to Miss Ellen A. Webster, Boston Students' Union, 81 St. Stephen Street, Boston.

LUCY LOWELL,
Secretary of the Union.

The National League of Unitarian Laymen.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

May I call attention, through your columns, to the fact that the National League of Unitarian Laymen has arranged to have Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs in the field as its agent for the purpose of visiting the Unitarian men's clubs of New England and bringing them into closer co-operation with the League. I would suggest that such clubs as have not already heard him make a place for him upon their programmes at the earli-

Digitized by Google

est opportunity. He is a man with a message and with the ability to deliver it with power and effectiveness. His address before the men's club of the Church of the Unity last Thursday night will long be remembered, and some of his suggestions will be adopted in the near future. I wish to express my appreciation of the opportunity thus afforded by the League.

AUGUSTUS P. RECCORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The American Unitarian Association.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The board of directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1914, at two o'clock. Present, Messrs. Carr, Dole, Frothingham, Homer, Howe, Hutchinson, Little, Richardson, Robinson, Sprague, Wiers, Williams, Wilson, Mrs. Keyes, Mrs. Lombard. In the absence of the president, on a missionary journey in the South and South-west, Mr. Carr presided.

The records of the last meeting were read, and the treasurer presented the following statement for the month of December, 1913:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand Dec. 1, 1913	$18,707.06
From donations	4,272.89
Bequest of Miss Ellen Sophia Brown of Boston, Mass., additional to the Chandler Robbins Fund, final payment	1,063.48
Bequest of Miss Susanna E. Cary of Jamaica Plain, Mass., to create Susanna E. Cary Fund	5,000.00
Unitarian Church of Morgantown, W. Va., in trust	381.80
British and Foreign Unitarian Association for portion of salary and expenses of Field Secretary in Canada	606.25
Interest	191.16
Income of invested funds	9,278.75
Foreign relations, gifts	20.00
Reimbursements for advances on Unitarian Building Account	13.45
Investments, received for reinvestment	26,094.88
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, repaid on loans	2,780.00
Church Building Loan Fund, interest	125.00
	$69,434.72

PAYMENTS.

For missionary purposes (societies, etc.)	$4,818.61
Salaries and other missionary expenses	2,250.27
Expenses of Unitarian Building	329.27
Payments on account of sundry trust funds,	3,976.86
Investments	27,841.10
Investment on Church Building Loan Fund, loan	500.00
Church Building Loan Fund, sundries	4.09
Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1914	29,714.52
	$69,434.72

The Committee on Church Building Loan Fund reported the following loan made since the last meeting of the Board:—

First Unitarian Church, Ann Arbor, Mich.	$500.00

At the suggestion of the treasurer it was

Voted, To rescind the vote passed at the December meeting, requesting the directors of the Sunday School Society to pay from their principal the back royalties due on the Beacon Series.

Voted, That these royalties be paid by the Association from the balance of cash turned over to it by the Sunday School Society last year.

Under Finance Committee Business the following votes were passed:—

Voted, To ratify and confirm the action of the treasurer in executing a receipt and agreement with the executors of the estate of George O. Wales, dated Jan. 7, 1914, of his bequest of twenty thousand dollars ($20,000) for the benefit of all Souls' Church of Braintree, which said agreement has been read at this meeting.

Voted, To accept the bequest of five thousand dollars ($5,000) from the estate of Mrs. Sarah P. Sears, and to confirm the act of the treasurer in adding the same to the permanent fund of the Association, the income only to be used, in accordance with her desire as expressed in the letter of the executor of Jan. 10, 1914.

Voted, To authorize the president, Samuel A. Eliot, and the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, in behalf of the American Unitarian Association, to execute and affix thereto the corporate seal to an agreement dated Dec. 31, 1913, between said Association and the Spring Garden Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, for the future use of the land and church and garage, recently conveyed by said Spring Garden Unitarian Church to this Association, upon an option to have said premises reconveyed to it upon the terms therein set forth.

Voted, To authorize the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, to execute in behalf of the American Unitarian Association, and to affix its corporate seal to an agreement with Edwin S. Dixon, the mortgagee, of extension of the mortgage on the premises recently conveyed to it by the Spring Garden Unitarian Church of Philadelphia.

Voted, To confirm the action of the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, in ratifying the action of the Unitarian church of Atlanta in making a lease of a part of the premises on West Peach Tree Street, Atlanta, until Sept. 1, 1914, at $60 a month.

The treasurer mentioned several bequests to the Association which had recently been announced, and outlined an agreement with the executor for the early payment of the Cruft legacy.

The secretary reported for the Publication Committee the progress made by the committee on the new course of Religious Education, stating that at a meeting on December 31 authors had been designated to prepare books for the ages of nine, eleven, thirteen, fifteen, eighteen, and nineteen.

Resolutions were read from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, setting forth the policy to be followed by their board in the Canadian North-west for the next two years, and the secretary was instructed to reply, expressing the general approval of the plan on the part of the American Unitarian Association.

A letter of thanks for the telegram of congratulation sent on New Year's Day was read from the Hon. William J. McNamara, mayor-elect of Edmonton, and president of the Unitarian Society in that place.

Voted, To appropriate for the balance of the present fiscal year the sum of $305 for work in Kingston, Jamaica, under the direction of Rev. E. Ethelred Brown.

The resignation of Rev. W. M. Backus of Minneapolis as a director of this Association was read, and accepted with deep regret. Upon the recommendation of the Western Conference Rev. Fred V. Hawley of Chicago was nominated to fill the vacancy. It was then unanimously

Voted, That the secretary cast one ballot for Mr. Hawley to serve as a director for the balance of Mr. Backus's unexpired term, and he was thereupon declared elected.

Deaths.

COUCHIER.—In Wollaston, Mass., January 20, Mrs. Carrie L. P. Couchier, in her seventy-seventh year.

LURA BELLE (BANCROFT) DAY.

Mrs. Day, who died on Tuesday, January 20, in this city, was a sister of Miss Anna M. Bancroft, president of the Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women.

Born in Hopedale, and reared under the religious influence of the Hopedale Parish and Sunday-school, Mrs. Day represented the finest traditions of our Unitarian faith. Clear in her convictions, fearless in her loyalty to the truth, and uncompromising in her devotion to the highest social and domestic standards of New England, she is mourned by a wide circle of friends. A lover of art, music, and good literature, she dwelt in the atmosphere of beauty as well as of truth; and, when bereavement and ill health assailed her, the glory of her faith in this life, and in the life to come, shone forth with increasing clearness to strengthen and cheer those about her.

Surely, in such lives our confidence in the reality of spiritual things is justified. In their light do we see the light.

L. C. W.

IN MEMORIAM.

As we review the life of Susan Whiting Ives, we feel that, while her death has cast a shadow over the little community of which she was a great part, by her work among us in all ways which tend toward making the world better, she was an angel of light, whose radiance illumined the dark places and brightened the lives of all she came in contact with. By her quiet, unobtrusive giving, without respect to person or creed, many a household was led to see in her one of those angels of mercy whom an inscrutable Providence sends into the world to impress upon all the loving character of a beneficent Creator.

Mrs. Ives, by her gentle, tactful disposition, never gave to patronize, but with the purest altruism sought to cheer the hard lot of our less favored humanity. Her noble charity furnished a striking example of the truth of Scripture, "It is more blessed to give than receive." Her short life of five years in Andover Village, filled with the deeds of many years, left an impress upon our community life which cannot be effaced.

Her whole life was one of consecration. She loved her church. For it she never hesitated to sacrifice, and to her in large measure was due the success of its different auxiliary departments. To promote the religious work of two parishes, Mrs. Ives, as a coworker with her husband, strove with ardent zeal, and the Unitarian Church body must always have a warm place in its liberal heart for the untiring efforts and indefatigable interest of Susan Whiting Ives.

No institution, sacred or secular, failed to receive her support and encouragement. As a worker in the local grange she occupied a conspicuous position, and by her regular attendance aroused enthusiasm among her associates. The reform movements, especially the temperance cause, found in her an earnest advocate. Always alert to secure justice for her sex, she was among the strongest supporters of the equal suffrage movement, and with broad-minded faith fondly anticipated the golden age of woman's status as a citizen. She never forgot that she was a part of the great world about her. Unselfishness was the ruling principle of her life.

A woman's crowning grace is her home life. By the sunshine which Mrs. Ives diffused about her family circle, and by the loving thoughtfulness which she showed for those nearest and dearest to her, she satisfied every requirement of the definition of the Christian life. In every relation of life, in all the microcosms which knew her best, she exemplified, in a marked degree, the character of Solomon's perfect woman, "She hath done what she could." A faithful wife, a generous friend of humanity, a noble woman, has gone to her reward.

MRS. T. P. FARR,
MRS. JENNIE HOPKINS,
MISS J. W. KIMBALL,
Committee of the Women's Branch Alliance,
All Souls' Union Church, Potter Place, N.H.

ANDOVER, N.H.

EUROPE POPULAR SUMMER TOUR $400.00
Italy to Scotland. University man, leader.
THE SHELTON PARTIES
Box A — 294 Washington Street, — Boston, Mass.

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1893. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

HOME WANTED, adoption possible, for high school girl of 14, lately orphaned. Well born, healthy, attractive. Highest references required. Address W. S., *Christian Register*.

Digitized by Google

Voted, To appoint as lecturer in Arkansas and Texas, on the Billings Foundation, Rev. James C. Duncan of Clinton, Mass.

Mr. Wilson made announcement that Mr. Foote would be obliged to sever his connection with the Association on April 1, having recently accepted the appointment of Assistant Professor of Preaching and Parish Administration, and secretary of the Faculty of the Harvard Divinity School.

Voted, To transfer the sum of $350 of the amount appropriated for field lecturer to the Social Service Bulletin in the Budget of that Department.

Voted, That, when its present minister shall have been admitted by the Middle States Committee on Fellowship, to commence as of Nov. 1, 1913, the payment of aid, appropriated conditionally, to the Society in Summit, N.J.

The meeting adjourned at 4.15 P.M.

LEWIS G. WILSON,
Secretary.

The Tuckerman School.

The special interest in "Sunday School Day" continues, and Saturday mornings bring people from Taunton, Cohasset, Brockton, and other places an hour or more away with others from more easily accessible places. To the teachers of one school at a distance the offer was made to pay railroad fares of all who should attend the Saturday session of the school. This offer was accepted, and several are present each week from this town. The arrangement was in appreciation of the fact that to give one's time may be possible when to give both time and expense of travel may not be afforded so frequently. This instance furnishes a suggestion for other schools or churches or Alliances. Many illustrations of good structure in stories were furnished by members of the story-telling class at one lesson, and the analysis of stories with well-arranged points was shown by many in the class at another hour. The contribution of each helps all the others, and the result must be a wider knowledge of good and appropriate stories by those taking part in the exercises.

The Tuesday morning devotional services will be led by the following speakers in February: Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, February 3; Rev. Henry C. Parker, February 10; Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, February 17; Rev. Lyman B. Weeks, February 24.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Life Memberships.

It is some time since an appeal for life memberships appeared in this column. "Why need any more?" may be asked; but we certainly need as many as we can procure. The more, the better.

The latest addition, Rev. Edward B. Maglathlin of West Bridgewater, Mass., made a member by the Pilgrim Federation, brings our list to 222, which means a fund of $2,220, this fund to be kept intact always, the income only to be used. It can easily be seen that this income is so pitifully small that no organization could run very long on it. Hence we are very anxious to increase the life membership list in order to obtain such a sum as will insure an income sufficient to do more of such work as our officers and directors have in mind.

It is most commendable for a union or a young people's society to make the minister, his wife, or some other interested friend a life member: if there is not money in the treasury to permit of this being done, here is a good motive provided for which to work. There certainly is no more satisfactory way in which to show appreciation for past and present favors. Try it and see!

SUGGESTED TOPICS.

Topics that have been suggested for young people's meetings are Temperance and Liberal Christianity in Other Lands or Foreign Missions. Excellent meetings or a series of meetings might do well to consider these subjects to the advantage and enlightenment of all concerned. The Unitarian Temperance Society and the Department of Foreign Relations are prepared with valuable advice regarding speakers and other information; and our own secretary, Miss Torr, will be glad to make any of the arrangements within her power.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The regular meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, Feb. 2, 1914, at 10.30 A.M. Subjects, "The Fifield Memorial," by Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton; "The Francis Davis Memorial." Presiding officer, Mrs. Walter L. Bouvé.

The Cambridge Association of Ministers will meet, February 1, at 91 Park Street, Newton, Rev. Harry Lutz, host. Luncheon at 1. Subject of paper, "The Quality of the Cup." Take Newton trolley at Park Street, Boston, to Park Street, Newton. Train leaves South Station at 12.25.

William Sullivan, of All Souls' Church, New York City, will speak at two of the noon-day services in King's Chapel next week. His dates are Thursday and Friday, February 5 and 6. Rev. H. T. Secrist of Meadville, Pa., will speak on Monday, February 2; Rev. A. K. DeBlois, D.D., of the First Baptist Church, Boston, Tuesday, February 3; Rev. S. H. Roblin, D.D., of the Second Universalist Church, Boston, on Wednesday, February 4. At the weekly musical service on Saturday, January 31, Mr. John Adams Loud will play the organ, and Mr. Otto Riedel, baritone, will sing a solo.

Meetings.

WORCESTER LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The regular meeting was held January 21, at the South Unitarian Church, Mrs. Frank E. Davis presiding. Mrs. Beane gave a summary of denominational topics: the new observance of Christmas by municipal trees; the Nativity in pantomime by townspeople of Pomfret, Conn.; the dramatic pageant in Springfield. The first missionary conference, held November 11 and 12, 1913, was reported. Reference was made to Dr. Charles W. Eliot's message, which has stirred other denominations. A social service conference was held in Boston in December. The president, Mrs. Davis, asked for the executive committee, that articles be prepared during summer to respond to worthy calls for the fairs of Alliances, usually held in autumn, and fourteen women pledged themselves to make such articles. Members of Worcester County Alliances are to be invited to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the League in May. It was voted to place the name of Mrs. Sarah Theo. Brown upon the "In Memoriam" list of the National Alliance at the twenty-fifth annual meeting in April; that Mr. Garver be invited to talk about the work of Mrs. Brown; and that all contributions for this fund be collected by April. The League was addressed by Miss Winnifred S. Farrell, librarian of the Merrick Public Library, Brookfield Mass., upon "A Rational View of Sunday Observance." The speaker described a Puritan Sabbath and noted its passing, and she also described a rational Sunday of to-day. In the discussion following, Mr. Beane quoted the late Senator Hoar, who believed staying away from church was one vote against the church. Mrs. Walsh of Brookfield appealed to all to bring their influence to bear upon attending church. The paper of the afternoon, "Condition of Working Women of England," was by Dr. Myrtle Smith. The speaker reviewed the early conditions of labor in England and changing aspects up to the present time with the laws passed at different dates. The wages of women at different periods for various kinds of work was compared with that paid to men. Comparison of the number of men and women in industrial life at given dates was made. The low wage of the unskilled and untrained women workers of to-day in England was emphasized. The discussion concerned the intemperance, the poverty, the disease among the workers. Lena Hurlbut Bellows, Secretary.

Churches.

BERLIN, MASS.—First Unitarian Church: The ordination and installation of Herman Frederick Lion will take place Tuesday afternoon, February 3, at two o'clock, Rev. C. E. Park will preach the sermon; Rev. George F. Pratt will make the ordination prayer; and Rev. John Baltzly, Rev. Austin S. Garver, Rev. J. C. Duncan, Rev. S. R. Maxwell, Rev. H. A. Rothrock of the Methodist church, Berlin, Rev. John P. Marvin of the Congregational church, Berlin, and Mr. Waldo L. Wheeler, president of the parish, will also take part in the services.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Church of the Saviour (First Unitarian), Rev. John Howland Lathrop: A refreshing experience of Christian fellowship has recently occurred in this parish. On December 20, just as the churches of Brooklyn were about to hold their Christmas services, an accident occurred which crippled the heating-plant of the Sands Street Methodist Episcopal Church near by, and an invitation to that congregation to join with the Church of the Saviour in the Christmas service the following day and to use the building for evening service and mid-week prayer-meeting, etc., was extended. The invitation was cordially accepted by the minister on behalf of his people, and a large congrega-

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

Digitized by Google

tion greeted the two ministers, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Lathrop, who were in the pulpit together. Mr. Henderson conducted the service, and Mr. Lathrop preached the Christmas sermon. The following Sunday the congregations worshipped together again, and the ministers divided the sermon period, one speaking on the old year and the other on the new year. On Tuesday, at five, the Church of the Saviour held its Sunday-school Christmas festival and tree, and at eight the Methodist Sunday-school enjoyed the same tree. At this festival the Methodist congregation presented the minister of the Church of the Saviour with a handsome umbrella, inscribed with his name, "from his friends of the Sands Street M. E. Church." As a result of this association, Mr. Lathrop was invited to preach last Sunday evening in the Methodist church. Whatever doubts there may have been in the minds of the one congregation concerning the other previous to this occurrence, there is to-day a strong and cordial feeling of friendship which has found expression in many ways. Such a simple manifestation of Christian comity cannot fail to have a lasting effect.

HARTFORD, CONN.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Albert C. Dieffenbach: The annual supper, January 15, was attended by more than one hundred persons. President Ira A. Mather, at the head of the table, presented the choir and the speakers. The speaking consisted of a relish of good stories by Mr. Sturgis B. Loveridge; a penetrating call to duty as Unitarians by Mr. Harold W. Stevens, vice-president of the society, who said that not complacency in the possession of truth, but the continuous search for truth in freedom, is the one thing above all others which we must guarantee to the community; an appreciative and brief address on working together, by Mr. J. Walton Bissell, the indefatigable and highly efficient chairman of the society's committee; and a closing address on the church's business as a "fellowship and a force, a household of the faith and a centre of civilization," by the minister. The choir sang delightfully. They were applauded as if with a desire to express the heart of the people for their inspiring work on Sundays, which must needs be heard without audible response. A series of mid-winter sermons began on Sunday, January 25.

NASHUA, N.H.—First Unitarian Congregational Church, Rev Manley B. Townsend: Rev. S. B. Nobbs addressed the men of the church recently as representative of the national Unitarian Laymen's League. The men have been meeting monthly in an informal way for some time, and it was deemed that now the time was ripe for organization. Mr. Noble's address was a vigorous exposition of our word and work, and a bugle blast to action. In strong, forceful, Anglo-Saxon words he sketched the great mission of the church, calling upon men everywhere to awake and gird themselves for the work. He suggested three lines of work through three committees—the advertising of the local church, the work of social service, and a committee of patriotism to further questions of State and national importance. After the address the men partially organized as "The Unitarian Club of Nashua," the organization to be completed at the next meeting. It was voted to affiliate with the National Laymen's League. In December the men of the society were privileged to listen to Dr. C. W. Wendte, who spoke on "Unitarianism as a World Religion." Dr. Wendte's force, enthusiasm, and optimism carried all with him. The people of this church have been pretty well educated in the importance of foreign missionary work, and are ready to do their part when called upon. We strongly urge the men's clubs of our fellowship to hear these two strong men, Dr. Wendte and Mr. Nobbs. Their messages are needed by all Unitarians.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Chuch for the Unity, Rev. C. B. Elder: The church has just concluded its year, and held its annual meeting, at which reports of the various officers were read, showing a sound and healthy condition. The treasurer reported all bills paid and every dollar of indebtedness cancelled. The people are united and encouraged as they face the new year. Recently Mr. and Mrs. James E. Wesson opened their home for a New Year's reception to Mr. and Mrs. Elder, to which all those connected with the church were invited. In spite of the severe weather prevailing, a very large number were present. The report of the Alliance, besides describing many activities, showed that there was lately sent to the Edward Everett Hale Memorial House in Washington a handsome coffee urn, as a memorial of Dr. Hale, who began his ministry in Worcester and was the first pastor of Unity Church where he remained for ten years, leaving to become the pastor of the South Congregational Church in Boston. There was also sent to the same place by Miss Mary Hoar a fine picture of her father, Senator George F. Hoar, a former member of Unity Church, who was a constant attendant at the Church in Washington during his service in Congress.

YARMOUTH, ME.—Central Parish, Rev. Leverett R. Daniels: The church year so far has proved encouraging. During the early winter the Women's Alliance held a very successful two days' fair. The Christmas season was duly observed by the church and Sunday-school. A Christmas party was given the children upon Christmas evening. A fine Christmas tree was loaded with presents, and Santa Claus was on hand to make the occasion complete. Upon Christmas Sunday a vesper service was held. Special music was rendered by the young ladies' vested choir, and an excellent address was delivered by a former pastor, Rev. A. G. Pettengill of Portland. The annual New Year's supper and party was held upon the evening of New Year's day, with a large number present. The minister was remembered with a well-filled purse. The monthly meetings of the Men's Club have been well attended. During the week of prayer, Central Parish joined with the First Parish in holding meetings, the ministers alternating in giving short addresses upon practical subjects. The Sunday-school of Central Parish is unusually prosperous this winter, the attendance being larger and more constant than formerly. The school is well graded. A new feature of interest in the town is the holding of a union meeting once a month by the Young People's Religious Societies of the four Protestant churches. These meetings are largely attended, and are serving a good purpose in uniting the religious interests of the town.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

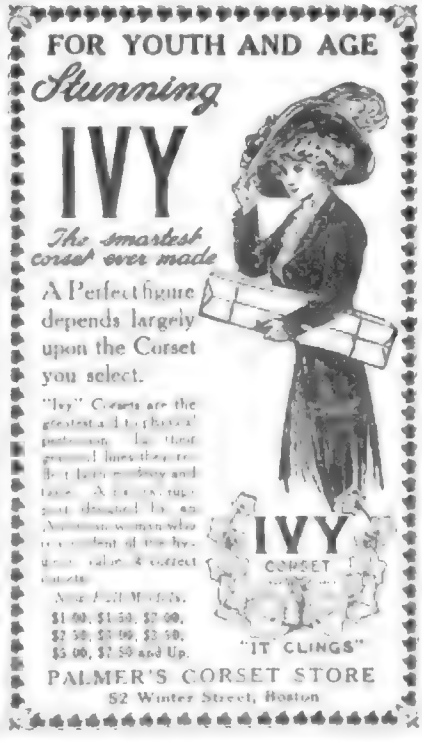
The Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice held a chain of three meetings on Sunday evening Jan. 11, 1914, at the South Congregational Church, Boston, the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y., and All Souls' Church, Germantown, Pa.

The Boston meeting was conducted by Rev. William H. Ramsay of Wellesley Hills, assisted by Rev. George Grover Mills of Watertown in the opening service. The speakers were Rev. Robert F. Leavens of Fitchburg and Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck of Boston. A choir of seventeen young people from the Boston Federation of Y. P. R. U. furnished the music.

The Brooklyn meeting was in charge of Rev. William M. Brundage, Ph.D., of Unity Church, Brooklyn, and president of the Fellowship. The speakers were Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the Church of the Messiah, Manhattan, Rev Maurice H. Harris, Ph.D., rabbi of Temple Israel, Harlem, and Rev. John H. Lathrop of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn.

Rev. Oscar B. Hawes of Germantown conducted the service in his church, and addresses were given by Rev. Edmund R. Reeman, of Lancaster, Pa., and Mr. R. W. Little, secretary of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity.

The Fellowship has recently published, as Tract No. 4 in its special series of "The Prophets," the address of Rev. Edwin A. Rumball of Rochester, N.Y., before the Fellowship meeting at the Buffalo Conference. Copies of this address, entitled "How the Church can promote Social Justice," may be obtained at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, as long as the edition lasts.



Pleasantries.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Bill: "It is said that Alexander the Great, when on a campaign, ate the rations of a common soldier." Hill: "And did the poor soldier get nothing?"—*Yonkers Statesmen.*

"Johnny," said the teacher, "who were the two strongest men of olden times?" "Samson and Hercules." "Can you tell anything about them?" "Oh, yes. Samson was a regular Hercules."—*St. Louis Star-Sayings.*

Jones, who doesn't own a motor-car, and is never likely to, was met at the Motor Show by a friend, who expressed surprise to see him there. "Well," said Jones, "it's lovely once a year to come and look at a whole mass of cars that you don't have to dodge."

An aged couple received a box by express, on Christmas, from their daughter in the country. On opening the box and finding that it contained a dozen of eggs, the old people fell upon each other's necks and wept. The old lady sobbed, "And to think we never sent her a thing except a chest of silver."

"I believe Fanny is making me an afghan," said the youth. "I was calling there last night, and she was working on it, but she wouldn't tell me who or what it was for." "She told me. It is for you, but it is not an afghan. It's one of a pair of ear tabs."—*New York Sun.*

Langdon and Chester were next-door neighbors on Beacon Street, and were usually excellent friends. But on this occasion Langdon had knocked Chester down and was sitting on him. As we passed, we heard Chester shout between his angry sobs, "You let me go, you incorrigible Encyclopædia Brittanica."

A Cambridge, Mass., correspondent has discovered "the real Mrs. Twickembury" in a former member of the Progressive Party in that city, who, in giving his reasons for returning to the Democratic party, says frankly, as reported in the *Herald:* "Honest effort is futile when a few self-appointed leaders proselyte a party organization for their own self-aggrandizement."

The story was told of a prominent minister in Hartford, Conn., who was addressed by a colporteur with the question, "Are you a Christian?" "I hope so," replied the clergyman, modestly. "Hope so! Don't you know so?" persisted his interlocutor. No response from the divine. "Well, now," said the stranger, "if a man should strike you on the right cheek, would you turn to him the other also?" "No, I wouldn't, if he had as much cheek as you have." The interview was not prolonged.

The recent death of Lord Wolseley has brought out many anecdotes. On one occasion, as the soldiers were dining and the orderlies were hastening back and forth with pails of steaming soup, Wolseley stopped one, and ordered him to remove the lid of his pail. The man promptly obeyed. "Let me taste it," said the general. "But"— began the orderly. "Let me taste it, I say!" and he tasted it. "Disgraceful!" he exclaimed. "It's for all the world like dish-water." The orderly saluted. "That's what it is, sir!" he said.

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introducton is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register*:—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
56 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
31st year. Sept. 27, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys
George H. Browne, A.M., } Principals.
Rev. Willard Reed, A.M., }

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 6 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Library of University ...

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 121
To-day's Platform for Congregationalism; The Ethics of Winter 123

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Notes of an Itinerant, II. 124

CURRENT TOPICS 125

BREVITIES 126

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Denominational Cleavage; Jesus and Eternal Punishment 126

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Declaration of Faith, Polity and Fellowship; A Preacher's Plea for a New Internationalism by Rev. E. H. Reeman 127
Kikuyu; A Reply to the Cardinal, by Rev. Edward Cummings 128
Answering Children's Questions, by Sarah E. Burton; As Others See Us 134
Religion in Canada, II., by Rev. W. Copeland Bowie; Billy Sunday in Pittsburg 138
Unitarian Balkan Relief Fund; National League of Unitarian Laymen 140
The Tuckerman School; "Pinafore" in Boston 142
Acknowledgments; A Fair in Boston; Isles of Shoals Association 143

THE PULPIT.
Voices of the Time, by Rev. Edward Glenfaun Spencer . . . 131

LITERATURE.
Books 134
The Magazines 135

THE HOME.
Dillie and I send Valentines, by Kate Hudson; An Elephant Story 136
Two Stupid Boys; Ginger and the Cats 137

POETRY.
The Toast 134
In the Doll Shop 136

THE UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE.
The Boston Meeting 139

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Boston Federation 141

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 141

HERE AND THERE 143

PLEASANTRIES 144

Editorial.

AMONG the curiosities and humors of criticism is the remark of a ministerial critic of "Twentieth Century Christianity," that the author had no special right to prophesy, that his eminence as an educator and man of letters offered no presumption in favor of his ideas about religion and its probable future, and that the shoemaker should stick to his last. This is the superstition of the "expert" in good earnest. But for expertness in discerning the signs of the times one would surely go to a man who had sat over a generation in the seat of university outlook, though he were not President Eliot, than to some theological scholar. If the Congress of the UnitedStates should summon to some inquiry about the trend of religion in the present age those deemed experts, there is no one more likely to be first in the list than President Eliot. He has said that probably no one has heard more preaching in his time than himself, and it is well known that no attendant at College Chapel was more regular than the President of the University. So for years there passed before him the preaching of men, truly representative, of every name in religion, and he has had means of judging the direction of religious opinion during the last half-century which probably no man in this country has had. The effect of his prophecy is only heightened by calling in question his rights as a prophet, and there surely must be laughter in heaven over the plight of his critic.

REFERENCE is often made to the evident fact that Roman Catholic churches are crowded while in Protestant churches there is often but a small congregation. The inference drawn is commonly uncomplimentary to the Protestant churches. But a moment's reflection with a little arithmetic puts a different face on the matter. Take, for instance Harvard Square in Cambridge, Mass. Within a few minutes' walk from the First Parish Church there is the chapel of Harvard College, one Swedenborgian church, two Episcopal, one Congregational, one Baptist, one Methodist, one Christian Science, and—but one Roman Catholic. Naturally the congregations, other things being equal, would be largest in the latter church. In Boston within hailing distance of the Common there are four Episcopal churches, four Unitarian, one Swedenborgian, two Congregational, one Baptist, one Universalist, and—no Roman Catholic. Of course such figures prove nothing, they are offered merely as a sug-

Digitized by Google

gestion that in numbering the people and compiling statistics it is always desirable to include all the figures, lest even figures be made to lie. Probably Protestant churches too readily follow the example of the bees and swarm even before the hive is crowded, but it is not a sin to like plenty of elbow room and to enjoy fresh air in church on Sunday morning.

The inquirer who tries patience to the cracking point is the one who masks with truth-seeking an intention to draw on disputation and lead up to attack. The ingenuous listener thinks the question comes from a seeker after the light who is genuinely puzzled by the point he seeks explained. But it transpires that the questioner is in no doubt whatever, and acts the part of inquirer only to get behind the walls and gain a chance at hostilities. The treachery of such methods justifies indignation. To assume docility, and then let loose bigotry and condemnation, is beneath the dignity of discussion. One is apt to find that trusting reply is but casting pearls before swine.

The conference at Kikuyu, to which we have referred, is being more and more hotly discussed, and that unlovely name is like to be perpetuated in an unlovely contest. The Primate of all England has written a letter, hoping that the controversialists will lay down their pens and await the formal action he must take with what is laid before him, and promises that the Bishop of Zanzibar shall have ample opportunity of laying his case before the proper ecclesiastical authority. The Archbishop of York in his New Year letter says that, unless issues are wisely handled, they will set back the course of Christian unity, if only by endangering the unity of the Anglican Church. From Oxford Principal Selbie writes: "We have no wish to see the Church of England weakened or ignored by the prolongation of internal strife. But we do not believe that her highest interests would suffer in any way if she were to make the concessions which seem to be required by the exigencies of the present situation at home and abroad." A missionary of twelve years' experience in Uganda says that "the honor of the Anglican Church would be far better sustained by an adequate occupation of the districts . . . than by criticism of men . . . who feel themselves drawn very close to their fellow-soldiers in the strife." And yet a bishop writes that "unity purchased by the bartering away of apostolic principles is only a poor imitation of the reality for which Christ prayed," which shows that England needs missionaries more than Kikuyu.

Pittsburg has been deemed worthy of a visitation by the Rev. "Billy" Sunday. Since the second week in December he has been excoriating this unhappy city with eloquence, in comparison with which the thirty-fourth chapter of Isaiah is insipid playfulness!—of course all sorts of liberalism, from social idealism to Unitarianism (if that by any chance be a fine parabola and not pleonastic to any unnecessary clique!). "Had I a thousand dollars," said the Rev. Mr. Sunday, as reported, with many other things in the delighted Pittsburg press, "I would give $999 to the church and $1 to education!" Oddly enough he makes no such munificent allowance for "revival" preaching as he himself so effectually demands! The well-meant liberal apology for Mr. Sunday—namely, that he is undoubtedly sincere in his own type of Christianity—is acquiring a very ironical content. It reminds one of the story of the Roman slave in Martial, who, together with a large candelabra, was purchased by a rich widow. When, after an eventful career, he had become heir to his lady's vast estate, he persisted in worshipping the candelabra as a sort of divine mascot! Seriously, however, orthodox Protestantism (although Mr. Sunday's theology is, by his own utterances, so far from Nicene Christianity as to put his orthodoxy in question) should find some means of stopping such blasphemous buffoonery as, for instance, this: "I sometimes have thought how good it would be if an epidemic of typhoid fever or something as bad might sweep over a town where I have just concluded a revival season, so that those who had been saved would not have time to backslide and be lost." [*Cf.* Matt. xi. 21 and the book of Jonah!] It is, however, encouraging to read in the Pittsburg *Post* that, after three weeks of such goodly work, only eighty-two felt moved to "come forward" when Mr. Sunday then made his first call for repentance! The remainder of the twelve thousand in the audience had the good sense to avoid incurring any such risk of typhoid, etc., as that would be!

Substantial results in the treatment of cancer by radium warrant the recording of the first significant victory in the campaign against this inscrutable destroyer of human life. That it cannot yet be determined how lasting the results are, and that premature hope must not be indulged, does not diminish the profound encouragement and gratitude to be taken from the announcements from London. The fact has been established that cases too far advanced for surgery have shown apparent disappearance of the cancer under radium treatment. It remains to be seen whether the disappearance is temporary or total. But the fact that Middlesex Hospital, London, records 32 patients out of 68 cases admitted discharged, most of them going about their usual work, from June to September, 1913, while for the same period in 1912 there was for 24 cases admitted a mortality of 100 per cent., and that these cases were regarded as hopeless, is a fact of undoubted weight. Life has been lengthened up to middle life, but after middle life this arch-enemy of normal length of years has cut off the average duration of life. Now dawns a valid hope of deliverance from this dread foe also. When this conquest shall have been completed, as we have such firm grounds for trusting that it will be completed, medical science, already possessing the highest place in the honor and confidence of mankind, will demonstrate its right to the title of God's saving grace for human life.

The indifference of people who hold thoroughly Unitarian views in religion and yet take no part in any Unitarian church is one of the standing puzzles of the time. A reason frequently given is the liberalism in other churches. But much as there is, gleaning carefully through them all, the proportion is not yet great, and will by no means account for the phenomenon. The people who are in no church at all form the significant mass of liberals. Their views seem to help them into indifference to organized effort in making religion of use in the world. We talk of the duty of Unitarians to propagate their faith and strengthen their organization. The greater duty is the duty of people to be Unitarians in fact who are such only in their mind. If they once got out of the individualism, which is a polite word for selfishness, of their religion into its fellowship, they would fill more churches than could be built for them. To be self-satisfied, to content one's self with deliverance from the trammels of undesirable belief, to cut one's self off from associations because the old compulsions are no longer enforced,—this sort of liberalism is really a very

narrowing and contracting influence. It justifies people in saying that of all bigots the liberal bigot is the least bearable. A man who calls himself a Unitarian, whom no one else has any reason for thinking such, and who does nothing else, is an explanation of the smallness of the Unitarian denomination. It is not the number of Unitarians in other churches which decreases our force. It is the kind of Unitarian in no church at all.

To-day's Platform for Congregationalism.

There is something suggestive and stimulating in the very title of the new confession of faith adopted last autumn by the National Council of Congregational churches. It is the platform for to-day, not for yesterday or to-morrow. It does not compel those who accept it to repeat the very words and phrases in which the fathers set forth their hopes and beliefs, nor does it bind any one to say to-morrow what he says to-day if for any good reason he sees good cause to express his faith in some other way. The delegates with all seriousness and with precision of speech declared their allegiance to the faith which the fathers confessed, "which from age to age has found its expression in the historic creeds of the church universal"; but they do not profess to repeat the terms of those creeds or even the specific tenets set forth with such judicial severity in the ancient days.

The members of the Congregational churches do well to keep in mind the great symbols in which the fathers attempted to set forth the grandeur of justice, the severity of the moral law, the magnanimity of the Divine Love, and the immortal hope set as the prize of the high calling. All the outlines of theology are now softened, and "Duty, Stern daughter of the voice of God," invites us with more benignant mien; but he who does not know that some of the most savage creeds ever adopted by Christendom have put iron into the blood of heroes scans the world of human life in but a superficial way.

We say, then, that our Congregational neighbors have done well to hold fast to the ancient faith while they give it expression in the speech of the present day. Some of the older adherents of Congregationalism miss the old phrases and wonder whether some of the substance has not been lost from a platform which contains no definition of the Trinity, and no clear assertion of it; no setting forth of the penalties of unbelief, nor any threat of future punishment; no appeal to an infallible Bible, nor any appeal to the miraculous sanctions of the moral law.

All these things the framers of the platform, no doubt, were satisfied might be left to the guidance of the Holy Spirit which might be trusted to lead them in to all truth and with regard also "to the freedom and responsibility of the individual soul, and the right of private judgment" which are stoutly affirmed.

John Calvin and James Arminius differed so greatly in matters of doctrine that their followers were ready at one time to fight for their respective beliefs. Arminius became the chief authority of American Methodists and John Calvin of Congregationalism in New England. A hundred years ago the antagonism between them was so great that between them socially, ecclesiastically, and often in business affairs so great a gulf was fixed that they had no dealings with each other. Now Arminian, Methodist, and Calvinist Congregationalist exchange pulpits and preach the same doctrine, and both honestly affirm their allegiance to the faith cherished by the fathers. Henry Ward Beecher called himself a Calvinist, and, being challenged to tell what a Calvinist was, he said, "A Calvinist is a man who lives now and believes as I do." That was a jocular evasion of a declaration of what in his day was considered to be a perilous lapse from the true belief. The writer heard him say in his own pulpit, sixty years ago, "I believe that the doctrine of eternal punishment is taught in this book [laying his hand upon the Bible] but it has been one of the weaknesses of my ministry that I have never been able to preach it." Now in the Northern States, at least, the preaching of that doctrine is commonly left to men of the type of Billy Sunday.

Under the head of "wider fellowship" in the new platform there is a curious limitation of vision. The circle of fellowship is enlarged to take in all the branches of the "Church of Christ," but not a word is said to suggest the existence of a vast world lying outside of Christianity in which are religions worthy of the attention of the wisest and best of our race, and also vast tracts of heathenism about which the founders of foreign missions had the most pronounced opinions. What inference is to be drawn from the absence of all recognition of the best elements in the various Biblical religions of the Orient, and a similar reticence concerning the duty to convert the millions, "lying in wickedness" and formerly declared to be without hope unless the gospel is preached to them?

Whatever criticism friends or foes of Congregationalism may put on record, the fact remains that a great advance is apparent in this platform made for "to-day." If it does not seem sufficient, it may be amended to-morrow. No creed expresses all that any human being believes, hopes for, and reaches after: no platform can be anything but a temporary scaffolding erected for a special purpose and losing its meaning when its purpose is fulfilled. The souls of devout and valiant men and women never express themselves in creeds: they pour themselves out in psalms and hymns and sacred songs, in prayers and poems, and in plans and deeds that express in outward action that which the heart has conceived, the imagination has portrayed, and the active powers have conspired to express in terms of well doing and heroic achievement. Happy the denomination or the church that can set before itself any form of words that will challenge the minds and hearts of its adherents to holy living and fruitful endeavor. Happily the true function of the creed is no longer held to be, or to draw, a dividing line between saints and sinner, but rather a guide to action; in short, something like what is aimed at in the purpose expressed in this platform to exalt the worship of the "one true God" while laboring for the progress of knowledge, the promotion of justice, the reign of peace, and the realization of human brotherhood." These are noble tasks, and any creed that promotes them will be justified by its fruits. G. B.

The Ethics of Winter.

Winter is to the physical life what suffering, privation, and trial are to the soul. It is the rude nurse of qualities precious to the experience and moral education of man. The snow feeds the roots of grains, and nourishes the soil with its chemic properties. The cold strengthens the trunks of trees, helps them to strike deeper their roots, to lift higher their heads, to brace more firmly their giant arms. The ice itself builds snug houses for the fish and other aquatic creatures that sink to deep waters to find safety. Innumerable are the beautiful adaptations wrought by the cold in vegetable and animal life, until we feel in studying them that the whole animate and inanimate world thinks, contrives, and reasons not only to shelter itself from the inclement time, but also to draw from the arsenal of winter its weapons of strength,

Digitized by Google

—the toughness of its rock-ribs, the vigor and rude force of its thews and sinews.

The soul, too, finds its deep and permanent profit in these winter ethics; for, if the hard experience of life has built for it a house of ice, has killed the pretty buds and blossoms of early hope, it, too, must sink to deeper waters to find its help and safety, must turn suffering and toil and self-sacrifice and privation into a golden treasury of nobler and higher purposes and blessings than any that come with summer sunshine. If its little house of verdure is torn away and withered in a night, it must build itself a new home in the very tempest blasts, as do the robins and sparrows when the great winter blizzards are upon them; and it will in time have cause to bless the severity of its trials because of the new force that has come to its spiritual thews and sinews. The track of the storm has laid open the way for the angels of God.

Our maps indicate a geography of souls as well as a division of climates. The tropical nature may, however, exist in all latitudes. It is not tried, it does not suffer, it lives always in the calm, even sunshine. We have all known it, and we call its experience prosperous and happy. We say, How much these persons are to be envied in their well-padded existence, where all things minister to them like fleet-footed attendants, and the sound of lutes and dulcimers is in their ears, and the flowers of the earth gather perfumes to delight their senses, and their good impulses and kind deeds are only a luxurious kind of selfishness!

These people live in the tropic lands of the soul. All things for them are smooth and prosperous. Their wheels roll on velvet. They tranquilly take the best of everything as their right. Do these people ever penetrate into the higher or deeper phases of experience? It is difficult to believe.

It is not from the tropics that comes the great progress in religion, in morals, in life, in the amelioration of existence for the masses, in better hopes for mankind. These things come out of the winter lands, from men and women who have been tried by the cold blasts of experience and fortune, of loss and doubt and struggle with themselves, and with the world about them. These are the deep, strong, loyal natures, born in the cold of adversity, tempered in the bitter winds that God sends to those he would use for his own great designs. Let us think of the men who have made our own nation great and powerful. Not one of them was a holiday liver, a summer fly: all were winter souls, bent and gnarled oftentimes, like our dear Lincoln, by the cold and the tempest, but nourishing within an invincible honesty, perfect consecration to duty, obedience to the Highest, and a great strong faith, born only in the winter of adversity, because then the soul must walk by faith, and not by sight.

Wonderful is the thought of how God fashions his weapons. What profound despair, like the darkness of the shortest day of the year, often comes upon those souls that are to arise and shine brightest in the heaven of belief! What a mighty hope lives in hearts tried by the deepest affliction, every wind from the four quarters striving in vain to blow out its little candle! Such was the hope in the breast of Columbus, who was a winter soul, nourished on bitter roots and forced to endure hardness. Such was the soul of Luther when Rome, joined to the powers of this world, was howling round him like a pack of hungry wolves.

Though tropic lives seduce us, charm us, sing us to sleep with siren voices, whisper to us like the murmur of soft breezes among the vines, woo us by a thousand enchanting notes to relax the moral fibre and weaken the force of purpose and resolution, let us not yield. Rather, like Ulysses, let us lash ourselves to the masts, and stop our ears as we sail by their islands. In the stern, cold north are the hidden forces that nourish virtue and keep alive the sublime hopes of man. There are the great achievements wrought on God's anvil, beaten out with strong hammer by strong arms. In that region of character lie the great heroisms and aspirations of mankind. There are the spaces of celestial beauty wrested from Chaos and Old Night; and under the northern heavens, sparkling with millions of stars, shine the great spiritual constellations, palpitating with the meaning and purpose of life,—obedience, trust, love, faith, self-sacrifice, and labor.

American Unitarian Association.

Notes of an Itinerant.

II.

In the vast empire of Texas liberal Christianity has as yet but a very slight foothold. There are organized Unitarian churches only in the cities of Dallas and San Antonio. There has been Unitarian preaching at different times in Austin and Fort Worth, and there are organizations affiliated with the Universalists in Houston and in some smaller places. I think, however, that the Unitarian ministers in Dallas and San Antonio are the only preachers of a really liberal Christianity at present working in the State. The Dallas society is self-supporting, and has recently sold its first small church, and purchased the conspicuous building formerly occupied as the Temple of the Reformed Jewish Congregation. The San Antonio society was organized a year ago, and has taken a good start under the leadership of Mr. Badger. The Association has purchased for the future use of the society a small but well-located corner lot. This lot now carries a cottage, and the net income from the rental of the house is being laid up as the nucleus of a building fund. For the present the society meets for public worship in a handsome and convenient Odd Fellows' Hall.

I had two busy days in San Antonio. On Saturday morning I saw a number of the people identified with our movement and motored through the business and residence parts of the city. In the afternoon I was taken to see the beautiful old Spanish Missions to the south, then to the north for afternoon tea with Gen. and Mrs. Lee at the United States Military Post, and then to the club for dinner with the trustees and other leading members of the church. On Sunday I had the pleasure of leading the worship of some one hundred and fifty people and of dining with Mrs. Badger and other friends. Mr. Badger had taken the opportunity of my coming to accept the invitation of the liberals in Houston and to go over there to preach for them.

There seems to be no reason why we should not have a strong, influential society in San Antonio. The organic growth of a Unitarian church will be slow there as everywhere in the South, but an excellent constituency is already discovered, a loyal nucleus organized, a Women's Alliance, a Liberal Club, and a Sunday-school all at work, and a lot ready for a church building when the time is ripe. The city is growing and is undergoing the dramatic transformation from a Mexican town to a modern, industrial American metropolis. Nowhere in the world, save in Phœnix, have I seen so many automobiles in proportion to the population. It seems as if every white family must own a car.

The way of the development of our cause in Texas is plain. We should establish three strong centres of influence in the three largest cities,—San Antonio, Dallas,

and Houston. If in the last-named place we can co-operate with our Universalist friends there, so much the better. Each of these three cities claims to be the largest city in Texas. Far be it for a wandering missionary to say which is right. Suffice it that all three are ambitious, alert, and growing centres of industry and population. From these centres three other cities can easily be reached. Dallas has interurban connection with Fort Worth; San Antonio is only a few hours away from Austin, the capital and seat of the State University; and Houston is not far from Galveston and Beaumont, the latter a fast-growing oil centre, where a group of liberal people is said already to exist. All these points of vantage can be occupied and a fruitful work begin if only the people of our churches will supply their Association with the essential funds. Texas is ready for us if only we are generous and public-spirited enough to use our opportunity of serviceableness.

The challenge of New Mexico and Arizona is less imperative. If indeed our resources were as large as our hopes, then we should all agree that it is time that our message was heard in Tucson and Albuquerque, where the State Universities are, and in Phœnix and Santa Fé, the capitals of the new States. I have just visited these four cities; and, while our cause has friends in each of them, they are few in number and not as yet eager to assume much responsibility. Most of them are people who have gone to the South-west seeking health for themselves or for some member of the family. They are exiles from the North rather than citizens of Arizona. Even if they were alert and sanguine, they would prove to be but a transient constituency. When, then, we weigh the comparative claims of these cities with those of such places as Houston or Birmingham or Tacoma, it is evident that our work in the newest States must wait upon more important enterprises.

The South-west has been kind to me. Its winter climate is delightful, its representative people unlimitedly hospitable. Its only shortcoming is the lack of water. It must be a poor country for the Baptists.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

DEFINITE steps toward the solution of several international problems are foreshadowed as the result of a conference which the President held with the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign affairs on January 26, and in the course of which he discussed frankly and in detail the relations between this country and several great and lesser powers. An aftermath of that conference is the probability that Congress will soon be asked to modify that feature of the Panama Canal Law which secures to American coast-wise shipping exemption from the payment of tolls for the use of the water-way. It has been a matter of public knowledge for several months that President Wilson had become convinced that the clause of exemption constitutes a violation of the language of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and that the British protest lodged against this phase of the law for the government of the canal is based upon justice. The advocates of exemption are preparing for a vigorous struggle to maintain their ground in Congress.

ANOTHER outcome of the conference was the issuance from the White House of a specific denial of the reports, industriously circulated by several influential newspapers, that the Japanese government was aiding the régime of President Huerta of Mexico with arms and supplies, in opposition to the wishes and the policy of the United States. The President gave it to be understood that, although repeated shipments of arms to Huerta had been made by Japanese mercantile houses, under the sanction of international law, the attitude of the Japanese government toward the Mexican issue has always been correct. In exonerating Japan from any suspicion of open or underhanded opposition to American policy in Mexico, the President intimated that no way is open to this government, under existing legislative or judicial enactments, to meet the grievances of the Japanese under the land laws recently put upon the statute books of California. In this connection the President pointed out that the United States has no constitutional authority to regulate the acts of State legislatures except in certain well-defined contingencies.

THE President's declarations on the Japanese problem came at a time when relations with America are the overshadowing issue in the Japanese diet, in connection with the debate on the government's estimate of $150,000,000 for a comprehensive programme of naval construction, chiefly of dreadnoughts. In response to an interpellation on January 30, Baron Makino, the minister of foreign affairs, informed the deputies that he could not divulge the contents of the notes of protest which had been presented by the Japanese minister at Washington. He reiterated, however, his previous assurance that the government regarded the California question as a vital affair, involving the honor of Japan. In contesting the proposed naval appropriation in the diet, Baron Shimada, the leader of the opposition, pointed out, in the course of debate last Sunday, that the naval increase contemplated was inadvisable, among other reasons, because it might arouse the suspicion in the United States that it is directed against this country.

FRIENDS of China see indications of reaction in the recent passage, by the newly-constituted administrative council, of a bill imposing the worship of heaven and of Confucius upon the president of the republic. The measure, which was submitted at the instance of President Yuan Shi Kai, involves the adoption of a state religion by China,—a departure which has been warmly opposed by a league composed of representatives of Christians, Mohammedans, Taoists, and Buddhists. Although the freedom of worship in China is secured by a dozen treaties with different nations, the official recognition of Confucianism, it is feared, cannot fail to exert an undesirable restriction upon the rights of non-Confucians. It is suspected that Yuan Shi Kai's motive in inaugurating such a conspicuous backward step is a desire to popularize himself and his administration with the majority of the people. Already many classes of Chinese non-conformists have indicated their purpose to resist any attempt to compel them to participate in the outward rites of Confucianism.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the backward step which China has taken in the adoption of a state religion, it has made a forward move by accepting a project advanced by the American Red Cross Society for the control of the river Hwai, which, by floods from time to time, has cost many thousands of lives and has caused heavy losses of property. The agreement reached by the Chinese government and the Red Cross provides for the raising by the society of a fund of $20,000,000 for the construction of levees and retaining walls, and the rectification of the course of the river, in order to prevent future recurrences of the periodic disasters of the past. The tentative plans for the work have been made by an American civil engineer, Charles

Davis Jameson, who has studied the Hwai and the peculiarities of its course. The retaining works, if undertaken, will be under the financial control of foreigners. The undertaking by the Red Cross is a notable advance in the direction of preventive philanthropy.

The creation of a vast aërial war fleet for the French military establishment is assured by the success of the public subscription which was opened a few months ago, and which was closed last Sunday with patriotic ceremonies, after the popular contributions had reached the total of $1,200,000. With this amount the committee in charge will purchase 210 aëroplanes of various types, will train seventy-five aviators and establish seventy aëroplane sheds and repair stations at ports of call. By this method it is hoped to equip the offensive and defensive forces of France with a new and perhaps invaluable weapon. President Poincaré, in presiding over the proceedings in the Sorbonne last Sunday that marked the closing of the subscription lists, pointed out that the possibilities of aërial warfare had not yet been clearly defined, but that the progress which already has been achieved in the development of progression through the air on the principle of the aëroplane gave promise of marked and perhaps decisive achievements in the same direction in the near future,—achievements which might revolutionize the art of war.

The frightful evils which the plan of government selling of liquor are bringing upon the Russian people were pathetically pointed out to the council of the empire in St. Petersburg on January 28, by Count Serge Witte, the author of the monopoly. Count Witte explained that it has been his hope that government control of the sale of *vodka*, the popular drink of the nation, would have the effect of restricting the consumption and at the same time would bring desired revenue into the treasury. The results of the undertaking, he admitted, had been disastrous, as the government agents had exerted themselves to increase their sales, and thus had augmented to an alarming degree the habits of intemperance which always had been the besetting vice of the masses. Powerful argument was presented by Count Witte for prompt and energetic governmental action to remedy the error for which he had unconsciously furnished the basis, and which he contended had been propagated by his successors in the ministry of finance.

Brevities.

We become like what we habitually admire, and thereby our admirations become revealers of character.

We see what we have the power of seeing. "Where do you find Indian arrow-heads?" asked a visitor of Henry D. Thoreau, who, leaning over, picked up one at his feet.

What trivial and senseless things people will do in order, as they say, "to pass away the time," as if time were a useless commodity, the sooner wasted the better!

We generally believe that feeling comes before thought, that the emotion is spontaneous; but J. Jacobs asserts as follows: "We feel as our ancestors thought, and think as our descendants will feel."

It appears to be a fact that, while the opium habit is being crushed out in China under a heathen government, in British India, on the contrary, under Christian domination the same habit is actually spreading. It is here confined largely to the wealthy and middle classes of the large cities, and to some extent includes the rural population, also.

Little and secluded, but effective, educational plants in the homes of this country produced such men as Lincoln, Grant, Greeley, Edison, Clemens, Burroughs, and others. If the public schools can learn the secret of their power and influence, it will be most valuable knowledge. Says Emerson, "That which we do not call education is more important than that which we do."

Letters to the Editor.

Denominational Cleavage.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

It is to me a matter of the greatest personal satisfaction that you have introduced into your columns the recent *Survey* controversies, since this illustrates more clearly than anything that has happened in recent years the line of cleavage in the Unitarian body to-day. I have been told a thousand times, if I have been told once, that this line does not exist,—that we are all, conservatives and radicals alike, standing and working for the same thing. I have always been convinced that this is not so, and I am rejoiced that at last you see that it is not so. This line of cleavage is absolute. On the one side is the great mass of Unitarians who have no conception of applied religion beyond that of traditional social service, which means binding of the wounds of the people. On the other side is the group of radicals who regard social service as a necessary evil, and give themselves to the real religious work of social reconstruction, which means the establishment of such a just economic order that no wounds can be inflicted. These radicals are revolutionists, and believe, therefore, that the Church must have a "revolutionary function."

To this programme and ideal of social reconstruction, as contrasted with social service, I have been openly and frankly committed lo! these many years. If this be treason to Unitarianism, as you plainly intimate in your editorial in "Denominational Honor," make the most of it!

John Haynes Holmes.

New York City.

Jesus and Eternal Punishment.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Can you or any of your readers tell what to do with Jesus' apparent acceptance of the doctrine of eternal punishment? After reading the gospel story,—and I do not understand that the passages referred to are not integral portions of the whole, or that they are essentially colored by the misunderstanding or preconception of the disciples,—I see no escape from the conclusion that Jesus did accept the doctrine. The rich man in the parable lifts up his eyes after death, "being in torment"; it is better for us to sacrifice an offending hand or eye than that the whole body be cast into Gehenna; at the final harvesting the angels will cast the evil-doers into a furnace of fire, the chaff into unquenchable fire, and at the last great assizes those at the left hand of the Judge are to go away into eternal punishment,—and all the efforts of our Universalist friends to escape the textual issue seem to me futile and vain. We are thus brought to the dilemma; either Jesus was mistaken, or we must believe in eternal punishment.

But another and, if possible, more serious difficulty arises: How *could* the Jesus of our love and reverence accept the doctrine? I have tried—I scarcely know with

what success—to solve the difficulty in this way. Jesus, with his human limitations, and, as a Hebrew of the Hebrews, the son of Joseph as truly as of Mary, would naturally accept the beliefs of his age and of his people until reflection and opposing occasion should call them in question,—beliefs the Scribes and Pharisees, sitting in Moses' seat, prescribed must not lightly be rejected. Only when reflection had led him to question some of them did he do so. Then he could dare to challenge, and, for something better, reject things said to them of old time. But as to the doctrine of eternal punishment, which seems to have been the current belief of his people, he may not have thought much about it as an *act*, but only of the *grounds* of the award. These the elders found in the violation of the ritual, but Jesus in the moral life of the persons under judgment; and those who should at last go away into everlasting punishment would be condemned to it not for ritual violation, but for immorality and selfishness.

We of the liberal faith have abandoned the doctrine; but we must not forget that for long centuries of Christian history it seems to have awakened little protest, only here and there a Justin, a Clement, or an Origen, calling it in question. Even our own Channing, I believe, held, with his confrères, that man's freedom carried with it the terrible possibility that some might forever resist the pleadings of the Spirit.

But more and more the Christian consciousness is revolting against the doctrine. The recent creed of our Congregational brethren is practically silent about it, and the same silence in "evangelical" pulpits is often deplored by severer members of those bodies. Dr. Gladden, I understand, in his recent book hopes for the final restoration of every soul. May we not assume, then, that, when Jesus should have reflected more fully on the doctrine itself of eternal suffering, the same tenderness which so insisted on the heavenly Father's love for the evil as well as the good, and which saw restoration for the penitent soul when it should come to itself, would have revolted from the doctrine which left a spot of eternal blackness in the Father's universe?

H. D. CATLIN.

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

Declaration of Faith, Polity, and Fellowship.

The following declaration was adopted by the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, Oct. 25, 1913:—

We believe in God the Father, infinite in wisdom, goodness, and love; and in Jesus Christ, his Son, our Lord and Saviour, who for us and our salvation lived and died and rose again and liveth evermore; and in the Holy Spirit, who taketh of the things of Christ and revealeth them to us, renewing, comforting, and inspiring the souls of men. We are united in striving to know the will of God as taught in the Holy Scriptures, and in our purpose to walk in the ways of the Lord, made known or to be made known to us. We hold it to be the mission of the Church of Christ to proclaim the gospel to all mankind, exalting the worship of the one true God, and laboring for the progress of knowledge, the promotion of justice, the reign of peace, and the realization of human brotherhood. Depending, as did our fathers, upon the continued guidance of the Holy Spirit to lead us into all truth, we work and pray for the transformation of the world into the Kingdom of God; and we look with faith for the triumph of righteousness and the life everlasting.

We believe in the freedom and responsibility of the individual soul and the right of private judgment. We hold to the autonomy of the local church and its independence of all ecclesiastical control. We cherish the fellowship of the churches, united in district, state, and national bodies, for counsel and co-operation in matters of common concern.

While affirming the liberty of our churches and the validity of our ministry, we hold to the unity and catholicity of the Church of Christ, and will unite with all its branches in hearty co-operation; and will earnestly seek, so far as in us lies, that the prayer of our Lord for his disciples may be answered, that they all may be one.

A Preacher's Plea for a New Internationalism.*

BY REV. E. H. REEMAN.

The cost of dreadnoughts and armaments not only imposes a tax upon the financial resources of the nations of Europe that at times strains them almost to breaking point, but it also effectually prohibits the expenditure necessary to real experiments in measures of social amelioration. If some agreement could only be come at, say between Germany and England, that would eliminate the present foolish rivalry in naval armaments, not only would the financial burdens of the two countries be lightened to feather-weight, but an enormous amount of money would at once be liberated that could be directly applied to the saving and development of human life, instead of being eaten up as at present in the devising and upkeep of mechanism for the destruction of life.

If there is one thing that modern civilization has the right to indict as a criminal offence, it is the fostering of the war spirit between nations. I hope the time will yet come when an international court will play the same part in relation to disputes between nations that the criminal courts of every civilized nation now play in regard to disputes between man and man,—when a code of international law and ethics will make it as impossible for a nation to take the law into its own hands and wage war upon another nation because of some private dispute between the two, as it is for you or me to take the law into our own hands when in dispute with a fellow-citizen,—when it will be as much an offence against law and order for a nation to make war upon another as it now is for one man to punch another man's head.

The only way out of the present chaos, as I see things, is such an arrangement and agreement between the nations as will put an end to the present policy altogether, and reduce the armaments of all nations to the lowest minimum adequate to the policing of an international court. I see no reason why we should not abolish all private and individual national armaments, establish a court of international law, adequate to the settlement of any dispute that may arise between individual nations, and permit to such an international court the maintenance of only sufficient force of arms to secure obedience to its laws on the part of any possible recalcitrant nations.

Such a course requires no more than an agreement between the nations to carry it into immediate effect, and, since the common sense of modern civilized nations is a comparatively equal quantity, cannot be dismissed as a wild dream. If an international ring can define the limits of a conflict in the Bulgarian States, why should not an international court, properly established, and having for its aim the peace of the world, be able to eliminate the prospect of conflicts between nations? Suppose, for example, that the dominant nations of the

* Extracts from a lecture on "Labor and Politics in England," given at the Girard Avenue Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, January 11.

present day, including America, Germany, Great Britain, France, and other nations, could be induced to form such a court, could it not compel obedience to its laws on the part of lesser nations? And would not such compulsion be absolutely justified in view of the ends aimed at?

Commerce between all of these nations, peaceable and profitable, is an established fact and compact of every-day incidence. Why, then, should a compact of peaceful interest in the broader sense be less possible?

I am convinced that a true development of domestic policy among the several nations is impossible until some agreement on international relations, framed in a pacific spirit, is reached.

If we can think to-day in universal terms, if we can sustain commerce on an international, if not upon a universal, basis, surely we can organize human life on a footing of universal interest and well-being. If in national life patriotism can override and control the interests of parties and classes, surely the spirit of a larger humanitarianism could be developed that might control the interests and partizanships of national patriotism.

I venture to believe that the new democracy that is now travailing in birth, and the larger franchise to which we are coming that will ultimately give to the women of the world an equal voice with men in the affairs of state, will revolutionize not merely the domestic policies of nations, but also the whole realm of international life.

Kikuyu.

This is the name of a town in British East Africa. There it represents Christian unity: in England it signifies sectarian disputation. Never did the religious spirit more harmoniously unite different denominations than in June last at Kikuyu, when about sixty missionaries of five Protestant churches met to consider how they could present a simple and single Christianity to the natives, instead of laboring along divided ways for the success of Anglicanism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, and other "isms" which seem to impair the general strength by their scattering of forces. The liberal-minded Anglican bishops of Mombasa and Uganda warmly promoted the conference, and their efforts elicited a hearty response from the heads of the missionary societies of other churches. It was agreed to establish as a common basis of creed the acceptance of the Bible and the Apostles' and Nicene creeds, to adopt a federal form of church organization, to receive into any pulpit a preacher recognized by his own church, and to admit the members of each church to communion in other churches. Rejoicing over this fraternal agreement, the conference closed with a general communion service, conducted by the bishop of Mombasa, according to the Anglican rites, in a Scottish Presbyterian church.

Surely all this was a true exemplification of "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." But the bishop of Zanzibar looked across the channel from his island diocese and frowned. His high church susceptibility recoiled from the unpriestly spectacle of an Anglican bishop administering the communion to members of other Christian churches. Ultimately he accused the Mombasa and Uganda bishops of heresy, and petitioned their metropolitan, the archbishop of Canterbury, to bring them to trial. Hence a controversy is raging in the Church of England, and on the part of the sacerdotalists it is somewhat acrimonious. Of course, there are two sides to the question, and the exclusionist party may find support in the rubrics. But in these days the wider and more brotherly view must eventually prevail. When complaint was made of Phillips Brooks having welcomed Edward Everett Hale to communion, the latter said, "Tell them that I had my invitation from the Master himself nearly nineteen hundred years ago." A simple saying, but deserving of serious thought by such as the bishop of Zanzibar.—*Boston Herald.*

A Reply to the Cardinal.*

BY REV. EDWARD CUMMINGS.

Some years ago a distinguished New York charity worker told me of the startling way in which it was suddenly brought home to him that New York was a Catholic city. He had been invited to attend a public meeting of certain Catholic charities, and was sitting on the platform listening to the proceedings. Suddenly he was electrified by hearing the speaker say, in a perfectly matter-of-course manner, "In Protestant London" they do so and so. Here in "Catholic New York" we do so and so. Never in all his years of experience had the contrast of Protestant London with Catholic New York occurred to his mind. He had always thought of himself as a citizen of a Protestant country and a Protestant city, and it was a real shock suddenly to realize the undoubted fact that he was only a Protestant living in a great Catholic city. But he assured me that it was a very useful and enlightening shock, and that he felt very grateful to the official who administered it.

Now some such valuable service the Cardinal has been rendering this complacent and retrospective community. He is unquestionably the Official Shocker for this locality. If there are any Protestants in Boston who fail to realize that they are living in a Catholic city, which is presided over by a prince of the Roman Church, it certainly is not the Cardinal's fault. He has done all he could reasonably be expected to do to make his Protestant fellow-citizens wake up.

But the Protestants of Boston are wonderful shock-absorbers. They are so complacent and so conscious of their Puritan and Protestant past that it takes a great deal to shock them into a realization of their present situation. So it is not altogether surprising that the Cardinal should show a little impatience and exasperation over the failure of his repeated efforts, for he had been trying for some time. Even before he became a Cardinal he made the sufficiently shocking announcement that, as a part of his programme for making this a good Catholic community, the public school money was to be divided and sectarian education substituted for that corner-stone of democracy and guaranty of civil and religious liberty and progress, our American system of non-sectarian public schools; but even this putting of the ecclesiastical crowbar to the foundations of the republic did not seem to shock people very much.

The next shock ought logically to have come when he became Cardinal, for almost anybody would think that a New England Cardinal, bringing the pomp and circumstance of a prince of the Roman Church to the sacred city of the Puritans would cause a stir, even among the most complacent and retrospective citizens. But it did not seem to shock them. On the contrary, many seemed to like it. They seemed grateful to the Cardinal for adding so much picturesqueness and color to the rather sombre tone of local religious institutions; and some of them even went so far as to discuss cheerfully the suggestion that in no distant future Boston might be known to fame, not simply as the Athens of America, but as the Rome of America.

* The Cardinal's attack was given great publicity by the discriminating Boston press. Editors of two of these Boston daily papers have sent for the manuscript of this "reply," with the avowed intention of giving it the same degree of publicity. But neither paper would publish it, one because it came "too late," the other because it was "too controversial."

Digitized by Google

The Protestants and non-Catholics of this community are certainly wonderful shock-absorbers: but the Cardinal is also a resourceful shocker, and his recent attack on the "New Religion" and "New Paganism" and pretty much everything new and old outside the Roman Catholic Church ought to rouse even the most apathetic.

According to the published accounts,* this address to the men of the Holy Name Society is a scathing arraignment of the social and religious evils of the time,—the decay of decency in dress, action, and conversation; the influx of folly; the greed of amusement, and all the other dangers which threaten the home and the nation. "And what, in this last analysis, is the cause of all this moral degeneracy evident on all sides? Why, it is simply the natural result of the decay of even the external semblance of Christianity outside the Church." That is to say—outside the Roman Catholic Church. He contrasts the crowded condition of the Catholic churches with the mere handfuls in the chilly churches of other creeds. "Look abroad and behold the contrast," he cries. "The temples of other creeds are deserted and forsaken." He accuses their ministers of insincerity and mercenary motives; expresses pity for "*the few sincere men*" engaged in the hopeless task of keeping the spark of Christianity alive in their congregations. He denounces in unmeasured severity "the leaders of this false and crude intellectualism," who have tampered with the old beliefs about God and the Bible and miracles, and set up new religious ideals which breed confusion in the religious world. Finally he asserts that "it is consideration of old and eternal truths, truths eternal and immutable, that will bring back to those even outside the true church respect for Christian principles and Christian ideals."

Now I for one am very grateful to the Cardinal for this latest and most comprehensive shock, for several reasons. First of all, I am grateful to him for lending the weight of his own example and the prestige of his high office to a frank, free, fearless, outspoken discussion of the ecclesiastical and religious problems which confront us.

There has always been in this community a great reluctance on the part of leading non-Catholics to say or do anything which might offend the sensibilities of their Catholic fellow-citizens, or precipitate a discussion of underlying differences, or furnish a pretext for aggressive action on the part of ecclesiastical politicians. This conciliatory silence has undoubtedly been carried too far. Dr. Hale used at intervals to complain that this forbearance had been carried so far that nobody dared say "Catholic" above a whisper, a forbearance bound in the long run to be mistaken for fear, and bound to precipitate the very evils which self-respecting candor and courteous frankness of speech would tend to avoid. Thanks to the stirring example of the Cardinal, this era of whispering has come to an end. Hereafter, let us remember that frank, free, and fearless discussion of ecclesiastical and religious differences is to be regarded as a Cardinal virtue.

The innovation is a good one. It is high time to get rid of the antiquated notion that doctors of divinity must not submit their theories and ideas to that candid and searching comparison which has proved of such invaluable help to doctors of medicine. The saving of souls is at least as important as the saving of bodies. Spiritual health and hygiene are at least as important as physical health and hygiene; and doctors of divinity, who care for the spiritual health and minister to the vital needs of the soul, and believe they severally have discovered the elixir of life upon which the salvation of the world depends, should not hesitate to put their own claims and the claims of others, to the severest tests, remembering always that the common aim is to find the true remedy which shall lift the burden of sin and sorrow and suffering and spiritual death; remembering always the test prescribed by the "Great Physician," "By their fruits ye shall know them." If we can follow the Cardinal's lead in the direction of such free discussion and scientific method, there is great hope of progress where progress is sorely needed.

There is another very important fact which ought constantly to be borne in mind. When we are listening to the Cardinal, we are not listening to the great Catholic Church of America; and, when we are replying to the Cardinal, we are not replying to all our Catholic fellow-citizens. There are good reasons for believing that a large percentage of the most intelligent of our Catholic fellow-citizens do not sympathize with his intemperate attack. Beneath the apparent conformity and uniformity of ecclesiastical discipline there exist great varieties of individual opinion and personal conviction. There are Roman Catholics and there are American Roman Catholics. With many of our Catholic fellow-citizens we are constantly working shoulder to shoulder in philanthropic endeavors to help the unfortunate and improve social and industrial conditions. Some of them are distinguished citizens, in positions of great responsibility, in whose public spirit and integrity Protestants have absolute confidence. We know that our free, democratic institutions are safe in their hands. We confidently believe that, if the Cardinal should try to carry out his threat against our schools and use his powerful ecclesiastical machinery to undermine our free institutions, the Australian ballot would quickly show him that there are many good Catholics who are also good American Catholics, when it comes to a choice between America and Rome.

First, then, for some of the points of agreement. The alarm which the Cardinal feels in regard to certain demoralizing tendencies in the amusements and recreations of the time is doubtless justified in large measure. The retiring mayor of Boston has more than once sounded a similar alarm. I think it was two years ago that I received from the mayor a circular letter, addressed to the clergy of the city, urging them to see to it that the members of their flocks were kept away from disreputable dance-halls and similar places of amusement.

I have a very definite and practical remedy to suggest. I venture to repeat what I pointed out at that time,—that neither Catholic churches nor other churches are doing their duty or living up to their opportunities in this matter of amusements. I urge now, as I urged then, that all our churches, Catholic and Protestant alike, ought to do more than try to keep young people and older people out of bad places of amusement. They ought all to make the organization of leisure, the provision of innocent recreation and amusement, an important part of their every-day work for the good of the community. In the organization of proper and innocent and instructive recreation and amusement all our churches have a great field which is hardly cultivated.

The church buildings afford admirable facilities. Many are idle much of the time. The people of the city terribly need good substitutes for the commercialized amusements now supplied them by private and irresponsible enterprise. If churches would get over their antiquated notion that there is something impious and irreligious about "good times" in their precincts, they might gain a great hold upon the youth who now find bad sorts of good times enticing them in every direction.

* Boston *Herald*, Jan. 19, 1914, and other Boston newspapers.

The churches have lost many of their former functions. Education is turned over to the public schools; philanthropic work and poor relief, to the organized charities and public officials. But the organization of leisure so as to supply all sorts of wholesome, innocent, instructive forms of recreation and amusement offers our churches a splendid opportunity for meeting a vital need, and at the same time securing a vital hold on large bodies of people who are now drifting away from religious institutions.

I wish that all churches, Catholic and non-Catholic, might use their buildings freely for the dance, the social gathering, the moving picture, the dramatic performance, and many other recreations which have such immense possibilities for good—if well used. Why should the devil be allowed to have all the good things? Why should not the matrons in our churches set a good example to both the commercial dance-halls and the fashionable matrons who are demoralizing our young people by absurdly late hours and other practices which make such "recreation" impossible for young men who have any serious business to attend to, with the result that our fashionable matrons succeed in having their daughters associate with the less desirable class of young men, who do not hesitate to turn night into day, and pay more attention to their amusements than they do to their business?

I am confident that churches could serve the community, serve themselves, and serve the cause of morality and religion in no way more effectively than by frankly and cordially and generously organizing recreative amusement, so that the rising generation would look to religious organizations for this extremely vital and important element in daily life.

Let us turn now to some of the points of cordial disagreement, and gratefully emulate the example of frank and free discussion which is henceforth to be counted a Cardinal virtue. To follow his example to the extent of bringing wholesale charges of insincerity and shame against those from whose opinions we dissent is the last thing I should care to do. I have little doubt that he and his followers are just as honest and just as sincere in their views as many of the men he criticises so unsparingly are in theirs.

In the first place, it is worth noting that the painful picture which he draws of the deserted and forsaken temples of other creeds, and the millions of people who remain unchurched, is a picture of Catholic failure, first of all. It simply means that the great historic church which calls itself Catholic—or universal—has absolutely failed to justify its name. To find the sum total of this failure of the Universal Church, you must add together not only the millions of unchurched, but the millions in non-Catholic churches.

The Protestant Reformation and the great Protestant movement all over the world is simply a record of the constantly increasing failure of the Mother Church to meet the spiritual needs of her growing children. The people the Cardinal affects to despise for their intellectuality may not have much use for Protestant churches, but for the Roman Church they have no use at all. The task of Protestants is indeed difficult, and calls for more wisdom and organizing ability; but it is the task of repairing Catholic failures, of providing a religious home for those who have refused to live in the narrow quarters provided by the Mother Church. In so far as Protestant churches succeed in providing for the spiritual needs of even a portion of the great body of non-Catholics, they are just to that extent doing something the Roman Church has absolutely failed to do.

In the second place, what is to be said to the sweeping and ungenerous charge that all the moral degeneracy of which he complains is due in the last analysis to the decay of Christianity outside the true Church? That accusation is manifestly as unjust as it is short-sighted and untrue. If the Cardinal wants statistical proof that membership in the Catholic Church is not absolutely synonymous with private morality and civic virtue, let him examine the records of our criminal courts, or the religious complexion of the inmates of our penal institutions, or the church affiliations of those who have done so much to make our municipal politics crooked. Let him inspect the liquor saloons which exert such a demoralizing influence upon private morals and home life. Let him examine the history of countries where the Catholic church has been most dominant, and compare the mental, moral, and material condition of such peoples with the conditions of Protestant lands.

Then, having plucked the beam out of the Catholic eye, he will see more clearly to pluck the motes out of Protestant eyes.

Again, he denounces our "new religion" as a "new paganism." Let it be clearly understood. The Cardinal stands for the old religion of "truths eternal and immutable," for the traditional Christianity of the Catholic Church. We stand frankly and openly for the new religion,—the world religion, the religion of the future, the religion of truth: truth revealed constantly, ever brighter and more inspiring and more wonder-working and miraculous; saving and redeeming truth. We stand for the religion of the Master, who said that it was his mission to "bear witness to the truth," who bade his disciples be guided in all things by "the spirit of truth." The Cardinal calls this new religion a new paganism. My reply to that charge is that this new religion is neither so new nor so pagan as the Catholic religion. It is not so *new* because it is the religion *of* Jesus,—the living religion of the living Jesus,—while the Catholic religion is the religion *about* Jesus,—a post-mortem, theological and ecclesiastical religion which came into existence long after the voice of the Master had been prematurely silenced by the great tragedy of the crucifixion. The new religion is not so *pagan* as the Roman Catholic religion because it is the religion of the Christian Church stripped of the paganisms which have obscured the religion of Jesus for so many dreary centuries.

The supreme act of paganism was the deification of Jesus after the ancient pagan manner of deifying great leaders and religious teachers. That has always been the tragic fate which has overtaken great religious teachers. It is so much easier to deify than it is to obey! It is so much easier to worship than it is to imitate. Yes, the great historic Church paganized the new religion of Jesus,—the spiritual religion of God and the soul and eternal life,—so completely disguised it in old pagan forms and symbols, and so persistently persecuted and killed those who refused to accept these pagan misconceptions, that the true religion of Jesus is only just beginning to emerge in its original beauty and purity and saving power after all these centuries.

No wonder the great Catholic or Universal Church began to lose its hold upon Christendom as soon as the spread of education and general intelligence made a great Protestant schism and reformation inevitable.

No wonder that European countries have more and more refused to tolerate the pretensions of the once dominant Catholic hierarchy, until we hear it suggested that, shorn of its former strength and glory, the Church hierarchy may follow the example of so many of its people and emigrate to America.

No wonder that the European statesmen and students of civic and religious liberty who have been engaged in

Digitized by Google

the prolonged struggle to rescue their institutions from the deadly grip of clericalism and ecclesiastical politics send their warnings across the ocean, bidding New England beware lest toleration be carried to the point of criminal indifference, and the noxious growths of clericalism and ecclesiastical politics be allowed to spring up and choke the precious seed of civil and religious liberty which our Pilgrim Forefathers and Puritan ancestors brought from far, and planted with such infinite toil and lofty consecration.

No wonder the Christian churches which were born of the new light of this Protestant Reformation have in their turn lost their hold upon the truth-loving and light-seeking world, in so far as they, too, have failed to bear witness to the truth, and be guided by the spirit of truth in all things,—failed to await expectantly and eagerly and thankfully the promised revelations of a "new heaven and a new earth,"—the newer and higher and more beautiful and more inspiring conceptions of God and man and the soul and human destiny, which are forever beckoning the seekers of the truth onward along the upward path of eternal life and endless growth in truth, goodness, and beauty.

There is only one way that churches—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—can permanently succeed and thrive in the growing sunlight of human intelligence and advancing civilization; that is, by adopting the new religion,—the new-old religion of the Master and of all the greatest religious teachers of the world, and following the day star of truth as he followed it, and taught the world to follow it, even when it leads to a cross. There is only one way for the churches of the future to succeed permanently,—by following, and helping mankind to follow, the day star of Wisdom and of Love, that guiding star of human destiny which taught the wise men of old, as it teaches the wise men and women of to-day, to bring their precious gifts of wealth and wisdom to the Christ Child and the humblest holy family, housed in the poorest dwelling, even among the beasts.

Is there any hope that the churches will find this one and only way, and save themselves by spreading abroad the light and truth which alone can save this dying world? Is there any hope that the great Mother Church of Rome will do this?

A few years ago there were earnest, eager men inside the great historic Church, who cherished the inspiring hope that their beloved Church might come to deserve its universal name, by welcoming the light of the new revelations of science and scholarship. Under the milder and more diplomatic discipline of the predecessor of the present pope, these hopes rapidly grew and blossomed and began to bear good fruit.

Then, as all the world knows, came a cruel frost. A new and reactionary pope crushed this incipient renaissance with remorseless rigor. The new light of modernists and intellectuals was smothered by the ban of anathema. Everywhere, all round the world, the priests and leaders of the great Catholic Church were forced to choose between the Old and the New. Some brave souls chose the new truth, and suffered for their loyalty, and turned sadly from the great Mother Church they so much loved, feeling that she had forever lost her chance of leading the world in the way of truth and liberty, light and life.

Once more a great opportunity was lost. The dead hand of ancient authority snuffed out the new light within the Catholic Church. Conformity and uniformity once more triumphed over life and growth. Religious discipline had been maintained. The Catholic renaissance was dead.

What is our part? What can we do, we of the chilly churches and the scattered handfuls, for whom the Cardinal expresses such scorn?

It has been our high privilege in the past to lead in the way of light and truth. To our predecessors and to our prophets have come the new revelations which have gradually taken the place of sacred error and inspired myth.

It is our mission still to lead. The vanguard is small in comparison with the main body of the army and the mixed crowd of camp followers that slowly follow on behind. Our leaders have been intellectual, moral, spiritual leaders,—the light bearers of a new age. We revere and love these prophets of the glorious past and the more inspiring present, more than any one can hate or scorn them.

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in," following the guiding star of truth, bearing the banner of the Prince of Peace; remembering that "the seekers of the light are one."

"One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new."

BOSTON, MASS.

The Pulpit.

Voices of the Time.

BY REV. EDWARD GLENFAUN SPENCER.

By their fruits ye shall know them.—MATT. vii. 16.

There is in the world to-day a good deal of scepticism in regard to the practical utility of religion, or of that which passes for religion. Much adverse comment is made upon the alleged inadaptability of religion to the varying needs of our increasingly diversified life, and there is open dissatisfaction with the meagre extent to which precept is exemplified in practice. Persons ostensibly religious are found to be no more earnest, high-minded, or serviceable than persons ostensibly irreligious, and there is the tendency to discount everything but the constant witness of the actual work-a-day life. The pious phrase, the unctuous manner, all the outward marks of self-conscious sanctity, excite suspicion: whosoever relies upon them to smooth the way to consideration or to favor thereby foredooms himself to disappointment. Men wonder what his prelusive oiliness portends. If he be real, they think, he needs not this forerunning lubricity, as "good wine needs no bush"; if he be unreal, the fact is obvious in the tell-tale lines which no cloak, however ample its folds or silken fine its surface, will quite avail to disguise.

The social inefficiency of religion, it is urged, is even more obvious than the personal. The collective aims and activities of men exhibit the same unrealities and brutalities as the individual, upon a more extended scale. Commerce and politics conform as little to the precepts of the Decalogue as to the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. The predatory habits of classes evoke the bitter resentment of the masses, and the ceaseless bickering of the nations blocks the way to universal brotherhood and peace. Social and personal relations are multiplying at an almost bewildering rate, obligations broaden and deepen, responsibility gathers weight with the advancing and vanishing decades; but still our ways are overmuch

Digitized by Google

the ways of the jungle, revealing no inroad of reason and morality at all commensurate to the need.

This mood or temper of the time is startling, and, upon the surface of it, disconcerting. Well-meaning persons are distressed by it, seeing in it nothing but the entrance of religion into the shadow of total eclipse. Beyond doubt the shadow is there; it has been there for longer than is pleasant to recall; but religion is not entering the shadow, for she has long been obscured by it. Now, indeed, she is emerging, but in unfamiliar guise. She wears an unwonted aspect, she has fellowship with much that hitherto has been regarded as alien to her, and she speaks with a tone and accent not easily recognized as hers. Men have lost the clew to her identity. They confound her with the obscuring shadow to which they have stupidly given her name, and they are mistaking her ringing challenge for the caustic speech of that spirit of denial by which she has ever been opposed.

Serious as such misgoing is, it is not by any means unusual, and it is not necessarily fatal. It has ever been the practice of men to "forge a lifelong trouble for themselves by taking true for false and false for true," and the practice has hardened into habit. They do not often detect the false nor discern the true until they have made the luckless choice and have discovered their hands and hearts to be empty of that of which they expected to find them full. That men should fall victims to this habit, with respect to so simple a matter as religion, need occasion no surprise; for men are not simple, they are needlessly multiplex, prone to become enmeshed in webs of their own spinning, and prone to attribute their confusion to any but the actual cause.

There has been no exponent of religion comparable to Jesus, and the critical, sceptical spirit of our time is the spirit of Jesus after a score of centuries coming to its own. Jesus walked and talked with God. He lived eye to eye with the inmost centre of reality in men and things. His passion for the real, the vital, the essential, bore fruit in his clearness and keenness of moral vision. He had that rarest of all human endowments, the seeing eye. He peered into those internal realms of being which few in any age have the impulse or the courage to explore. What he discovered he faithfully reported. What did he discover and report? What did he say?

Well, for one thing, he said that men had eyes to see with, and ears to hear with, and hearts to understand with; but, he said, men do not see with their eyes, nor hear with their ears, nor understand with their hearts, and it was true and is true, now as then. If you doubt it, visit any up-to-date university. Go into the physical, chemical, and biological laboratories, and learn what you will learn. You will find that the most momentous task they have undertaken there is the training of young men and women to see what they have been looking at all their lives, and to hear what nature is incessantly ding-donging in their ears. As for the understanding heart, the universities are doing comparatively little for that, though they are doing more than they were, and much more than the churches, whose particular business it is.

But let us listen again to Jesus. What is he saying? "Beware of false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? The evil tree cannot yield good fruit, nor the good tree evil fruit. Therefore, by their fruits ye shall know them!"

What is the spirit of the time saying, to men, to nations, to institutions, to constitutions, to our much-vaunting Western civilization? Just what Jesus said to his own day and generation and to all succeeding time: Don't profess nor protest nor pretend. We shall not judge you so, but by what you prove to be. Produce, produce! Show us whether ye be food-bearing fig-trees, or barren hurtful thistles. Let us see your fruits!

Who that hath ears to hear will fail to distinguish in this challenge the voice of the divine-human spirit, awake, self-conscious, purposeful, and seeking in all existing forms and modes of life that which is as real, as vital, as permanent as itself? Who that hath the understanding heart will miss herein the accent of that wisdom engendered of disappointment, chastened by suffering, and apt at last to discern, and swift to prefer the plain and artless true to the most alluringly bedizened false? This is the challenge of religion issuing out of the depths of our common human nature, where at last it is coming to its own. It has the clearness, the directness, the authority of that inmost centre of reality, the attractive "pull" of which men feel when they yearn and turn toward God. Nay, do not smile and shake the head. Men do yearn and turn toward God, each in his own time and in his own way, when the house of life he has built lies around him in ruins, if not in the smooth and prosperous days in which it stands four-square to wind and sun. Then, indeed, is no time for seeming. One feels that he must be real. He must find somewhat within himself to cling to, to trust in, and he finds it nowhere but in that one flawless thread of truth, of sincerity, of reality, which runs inward from the surface to the centre of his life, and links his soul to God. It may be more than a thread; but at least it is a thread, a flawless, indestructible thread of life divinely real.

That is what religion is, yours and mine, and the world's,—just so much of real life as is present in the varied web of unreality we are weaving day by day. It is what men feel who dare not lie,—the sense of being themselves of the very substance of the truth, so that in ceasing to be true they cease to be.

What we call our moral and religious progress is the gradual expansion within us of this area of real life. This is what we are, distinct from what we seem to be; but the proportion is not fixed. Like the world in which we live we are not static, but dynamic, ever in motion, ever advancing into a future different from our past. We properly speak of ourselves as becoming, as becoming kinder, gentler, more patient, more forbearing. We might, with equal propriety, say more religious, more real, more human, for kindness, gentleness, patience, and the like, are traits distinctively human; and it is as much our business to exemplify them as it is the sun's business to be the source of light and heat. They are traits distinctively human, but they are also the ideal objectives of religion; and the problem of religion is one with the problem of life.

We do not become religious by adopting certain beliefs and observances, nor by any pledges or covenants whatever. We do not have to "get" religion. On the contrary, we sometimes struggle to get away from it, to silence its inward voice of reproach or incitation, to smother it or drug it into torpid inactivity,—a struggle which is nothing but the futile effort to get away from what is most vitally, most essentially ourselves. We are born religious. We are religious because we are human, because the nature which is ever struggling for fuller and finer expression in us is divine. Religion is of our bone and blood, so to speak, as native to us, as inseparable from us, as breathing; but our religion, which is our life, is always more potential than actual, and we enter into full and fruitful possession of it only as we enter into full and fruitful possession of ourselves.

"Beloved, we are sons of God," says the apostle. That is the ultimate fact concerning us, the basis of our unlimited hopes, our confident expectations; the inexhaust-

Digitized by Google

ible source of our immeasurable capacity to be. "Beloved, we are sons of God; but it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, when it shall be manifested, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Naturally, inevitably, the child shall be like the Father, and in himself shall see the Father as he is.

Now you begin to see, do you not, the significance of the critical, sceptical temper of our time. Its voice is the voice of religion, of this deeply involved, divine life of the spirit which, all unnoted, has been evolving to the status of self-conscious power. It is the voice of our essential humanity, challenging, denouncing, repudiating that which offers itself as its product, and which grossly misrepresents and traduces it. It has become articulate, consorious, mandatory, in behalf of humanity oppressing, as well as of humanity oppressed. To that which calls itself religion it challenges: "Show us your fruits! What have you produced? Where is that which proves that you are what you profess to be? Are these your fruits, this smug pharisaism that strains at a theological gnat and swallows a sociological camel? the want and misery here, the wasteful prodigality there? this utter need, that callous indifference? your woful traffic in potential motherhood? these bristling legions, fleets of thunder and flame? Surely they cannot be your fruits; but from what deadly upas-tree have they fallen, and how have you suffered it to thrive?"

There is no answer to this question, and there can be none; for that which is challenged is unreal, while that which challenges is real. Where the light of reality falls, the shadow of unreality no longer blots the ground. When truth speaks, the voices of falsehood are drowned. Truth is speaking now, in the manifold unrest, the discontent, the resentments, the cravings, and the aspirations of this troublous time. It is the truth of our human nature. It is the ultimate fact which underlies our social covenants and conventions, and it is declaring its right to be supreme. Human nature is asserting its divinity and its unrestricted right to whatever is needful to nourish its roots and insure the maturing and ripening of its fruits.

Religion will nevermore speak in the old oracular mode. She will declare the counsels of God as they are revealed in the aspirations and yearnings of man, and her voice will become more and more indistinguishable from that of her twin-sister, science; but by science I do not mean the body of verified knowledge, but that holy spirit of devotion to truth, to invincible fact, which insists upon verification, and which is the spirit of science. Religion, of course, will always speak of that of which science, in the narrower sense of the terms, will decline to speak; but her accent and inflection will be those of science, and she will prefer a truthful silence to a speech whose fulness exceeds the measure of reality.

The spirit of science is widely diffused in our day. It has contributed much to the world-wide awakening of men to the splendid inheritance which is theirs, inalienable from the nature which is theirs. To this wide diffusion of the spirit of science, more than to the promulgation of any dubious "ism," we should ascribe the social crisis which is upon us. It has imbued men with its own fine appetite for fact, has incited them to pin their faith to fact, and to nothing else but fact. If ye be sons of God in fact, it says, ye must trust the fact. It is fundamental, fit to be the foundation of your laws, your customs, your institutions, all the forms and modes of your collective life. All that is at variance with it is fiction, like much that even now is tottering to its fall. You cannot teach men that they are sons of God and expect them to submit to being crowded from the paternal board: you cannot preach the brotherhood of men, and set one to draw the family cart and another to wield the whip. If the alleged fact be not realizable in the outward conduct and experience of men, it is not fact. If it be fact, it is so realizable; and it is obviously your duty heartily to support whatever attempt men are making to realize it, whether in their inward or their outward lives.

The time is long since passed wherein the fact can be gainsaid. It is asserting itself in these voices of protest and complaint, and it is manifesting itself everywhere in its own intrinsic quality and power. The tree of life is known by its fruits. Its utmost excellence reveals itself in its product, not in its poorest product nor in its average product, but in that in which it makes its nearest approach to perfection. Was there ever a time when our human nature came to such glorious fruitage as in the present? when human life bore such overwhelming witness to its latent moral worth and power? when what we call ordinary men and women attained to such extraordinary heights of self-renunciation? Yesterday the white-faced sons of God crowded the deck of a slowly sinking ship. One by one they, the strong, the brave, the fit to strive, calmly yielded their chance of life to those too weak for strife. Yesterday Father Damien as calmly went to his gruesome death-in-life in the leper colony in Molokai; and Sir George Turner, M.D., later of the leper asylum at Pretoria, studied the slow progress, in his own flesh, of the dread disease he set himself to fight. Such sons and daughters of God, whose name is legion, who are of every race and creed and condition, have proved, and are proving, and will prove, more and more, of what celestial strain our human nature is. They come not to be ministered unto, but to minister, each to give his life a ransom for many. They come not that they may live, but that others may have life, and may have it more abundantly. They come to heal the sick, to cleanse the leprous, to bind up wounds, to comfort the afflicted, to set the imprisoned spirit free, to strike off the shackles of ignorance and superstition, to save men from themselves and from each other, to raise the morally and spiritually dead, and to promote good will and brotherhood and peace.

In all this world of mystery within which we are ensphered there is nothing so mysterious, so impenetrable to us, as these units of life, so variously related, yet so isolated, which we call ourselves. We boast of being self-conscious, but are we completely so? Does our self-consciousness overlie the whole wide area of our being? Does it plumb the silent depths where God and self are interfused? We know not what capacity for high, heroic action is within us till occasion calls it forth, to what prodigious issues we are ripening till the fateful challenge sounds.

The tree is known by its fruit, for nothing is borne upon the bough but that which circulates in the sap and is built into the wall of the cell. If the fruit be good, the tree is good; and there is no goodness anywhere but the goodness of God and of those who are of his strain. Therefore these many grievous ills against which the innumerable voices of the time are uplifted are the fruits, not of our humanity, but of our inhumanity. Our human nature will not tolerate them, God abhors them, and both declare that they must cease.

The innumerable voices of the time are saying that this world, as we have marred it, is not good enough for men,—God's children,—and we must not try to silence those voices, but rejoice that they are heard. Never in all the history of man was there an age so religious as this. Never has God spoken so clearly, so intelligibly, as he is speaking now. Never did men, his children, so bravely, so heartily, so universally, echo his speech.

EVERETT, WASH.

The Toast.

Now thank we all our Poets who have given
Their magic gifts of sunshine—woven song.
Here's loving tribute to them,—the clear seeing
Who sang of Life and Love—not Death and Wrong.

Suppose some power Satanic stole our sonnets,
Or buried deep in mire our Grecian urns,
Suppose some blighting wind destroyed our red rose,
That song for lovers—gift of Ploughman Burns.

Just fancy if from this gray world was taken
Our Wordsworth's board of golden daffodils,
If hushed and still was little Pippa's singing,
And no Keats "stood tiptoe on little hills."

Now thank we all our Poets (safe enfolded
In golden mists amid the hills of God).
Our loving cup we pass, and thus we pledge them,
"The souls who felt the 'stir of might in clod.'"

—*Louise Morey Bowman.*

Answering Children's Questions.

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

Long ago Emerson declared, "It is natural and beautiful that children should inquire and maturity should teach, but it is time enough to answer questions when they are asked." Experience shows that many children ask serious questions at a very early age. The duty of the elders is apparently not only to encourage the asking, but to adapt the answers in such a way that growth and experience shall not bring surprise, dissent, and possible disgust. The little fellow of four years who, when repeating the ancient nursery prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," persisted in saying, "You pray the Lord your soul to keep," and, when corrected by his mother, soberly replied, "I'm not big enough to pray the Lord, it must be 'you pray the Lord,'" surely had some ideas of his own to be respected in his training.

So, too, the girl of eight years who said to her father, an active clergyman, "Papa, I'm not going to say any more 'Lead us not into temptation,' for if God is good as you say he is, he will not lead us that way!" Only permission to substitute "Leave us not in temptation" reconciled the youthful logician to the Lord's Prayer!

Another little girl was taken to a Methodist class meeting by a pious aunt and was asked in turn by the class-leader: "Little girl, do you love the Lord?" The child, feeling instinctively that her answer must be in the affirmative, responded, "Yes, sir," and the leader passed on with the usual "God bless you!" But the child burst into an agony of tears and could not answer her aunt's anxious questions. She overheard the whisper of a lady sitting near, "Perhaps she is being converted, little children are sometimes," and her aunt's fervent response, "God knows, I hope so!" only increased her sobbing. Not until she reached home and threw herself on her mother's breast could she speak. "O mamma," she cried, "I told the man a lie! I said I love the Lord, and I do not know how to love the Lord." The dear mother, herself a Methodist, answered, "But you love papa and mamma and little sister and baby brother." "Yes, yes, I do, oh, I do, I know you all, I do love you; but I don't know the Lord, how can I love him?" "You love him through us whom you do know, darling, and he accepts it as love to him. You did not lie, dear, you did not understand, that is all."

Through a long life of varied mental and spiritual experiences the child never forgot the agony caused by the class-leader's mistake, nor the comfort of the dear mother's assurance that God accepted what love she could give. To the last that mother love was the strongest, sweetest attestation of God's love.

Some children are naturally very emotional, like the one who was reading with her mother for the first time how Jesus called little children to him and blessed them, and, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she cried, "O mamma, how I wish I had been one of those children!" The mother explained that she could even now be one of his children by living and loving every day as the dear Jesus taught. The child, and later the woman, never forgot the lesson.

Other children are naturally intellectual, at least to a limited degree. An honest, outspoken lad of twelve, in answer to a question in the Sunday-school, declared, "I do not believe in God!" "What?" the teacher demanded, with a look and tone of horror. "I don't believe in God," the lad repeated tremulously, but still honestly. The unwise, but well-meaning, teacher rebuked him in very strong terms, pointing to the baleful influence he was bringing to the class by words little short of blasphemy, and threatening to report him to his parents. Fortunately she did so, and fortunately he had a home whose very atmosphere breathed freedom of thought, honest expression, sympathetic dealing with every mood, and careful adaptation of instruction to need. Later a minister, visiting in his home, made an eloquent plea for the idea that God is in man. The lad listened intently, and, when a pause came, deliberately walked around the speaker's chair, then, stopping in front of him, with searching eyes and voice asked, "Mr. Goddard, can I walk round God?" "Bless the boy!" was the delighted response. "Ask questions, my lad, keep on asking questions," and a talk followed suited to the youthful understanding, which the boy, who had thought long and painfully on the mystery of God, long remembered, as did the older listeners.

Instances could be multiplied, by every thoughtful lover of children, to show the urgent necessity of finding first the state of the child's mind, its natural tendencies, and, secondly, adapting instruction, suggestion, and illustration to the individual need. It means a great responsibility, involving a vast amount of labor on the part of parent and teacher; but the reward will be equally great to the faithful laborer.

Pomona, N.C.

As Others See Us.

I think the readers of the *Christian Register* would be vastly interested in an article that appeared in the November issue of the *American Citizen*, entitled "The Fallacy of Proselyting," by the Rev. B. A. Wasson, rector of the St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Newark, N.J. Among other things Mr. Wasson says: "The greatest danger of the Church, from the viewpoint of orthodoxy, is Christian Unitarianism as found in the orthodox denominations. The Episcopal, the Presbyterian, and the Congregational churches are honey-combed with Unitarianism. The young and promising, the best-educated clergy of these and other denominations are Unitarians, and the indications are that in another generation the educated portion of American Protestantism will be so."

Hilary Bygrave.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Literature.

The Problem of Christianity. By Josiah Royce. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company. Vol. I., *The Christian Doctrine of Life;* Vol. II., *The Real World and the Christian Ideas.*—These are days when the social aspects of Christianity are emphasized, and Prof. Royce presents Christianity as a social experience, as a salvation by loyalty to the invisible Church. Never before has the idea of the Church been so apotheosized or so fused with the idea of the universe. This rather startling exposition starts from historical data, but the data are not found in the latest phases of Christian evolution or in the initial preaching of Jesus. The essential content of Christianity is to be obtained from Paul, or, rather, from "Pauline communities," but it is obtained by a selective process. "Those are right who have held that the Church, rather than the person of the founder, ought to be viewed as the central idea of Christianity." Paul said, The Lord is the spirit. With Royce the concrete personal figure of the Lord Jesus fades entirely into the spirit of the community, and in the end spirit is not a name for a dynamic redemption of the will by divine grace so much as a relation of mutual comprehension in the community. Nevertheless, this philosophy of loyalty, seizing upon the idea of the Church as the very essence of Christianity, means to be intensely ethical, and therefore re-emphasizes, as correlated to the ideas of the Church, the ideas of sin and atonement, ideas which are absolutely essential to human moral history, whether Christianity exists or not. In brief, the thought is that the social evolution of man by a fatal necessity breeds its own negation in a rebellious individual self-will. Redemption from this guilt and sin lies through union with the non-legal community of life which is actuated by the spirit of love. Only that loyalty can cure the warfare of the collective and the individual will. But the deepest guilt is that of the man who, once adopted into that loyalty, becomes a traitor to it. He sins against the Holy Ghost, and consigns his self to the hell of the irrevocable. Only an atonement can rescue him. This means that against such tragic guilt the Christian community opposes still higher energies of love, and the spiritual world is thereby richer and more victorious than before. Atonement is not one act of one individual: it is the continuous action of the community. The second volume is a metaphysical argument that such a community is a divine reality, and is the universe in its real and deeper structure. How is reality known? Not by perception alone (empiricism), nor by conception alone (rationalism), but by a social knowing called interpretation. Only this can know minds or mental expressions. By this the self interprets its

past to its future. This unites self to self in the community relation. This provides continuity with differentiation. The real universe is just this community of interpretation, or, in religious terms, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Invisible Church. After all, this real universe seems to be a very academic affair. It seems to do little more than explain itself to itself. It is a far-off heaven of complete mutual understanding, or, rather, of a mutual understanding never complete. One will not use the reproach that this philosophy bakes no bread, but not all of us feel quite at home in a universe of mere cognitive process.

THE SON OF THE HILLS. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.—Mrs. Comstock began her literary activity in the pages of the *Christian Register*, and she has always been loyal to its interests. Naturally enough, *Register* readers feel an especial interest in her undoubted success, and that they do we have had frequent proof. Her new story is set in the Virginia mountains among the people who long seemed to let the currents of advancing civilization sweep by them, leaving them aimlessly drifting or stranded. The exploitation of child labor, the prevalence of the hook-worm disease, and the peculiarities strengthened by isolation from wider interests give the writer opportunity for dramatic scenes as soon as the conflict of an awakening appears, and also allow her to develop characters unlike, in some respects, those she has previously drawn. The story of Sandy, son of the hills, is the story of a quest for better things than his childhood knew, and his achievement makes also the story of a neighborhood. It is touched with something of the passion for humanity, the faith in democracy, that is willing to trust where it cannot see clearly, so long as pure aspiration and honest endeavor remain dominant. That the earlier book, *Joyce of the North Woods*, has reached the 100,000 sale mark and is still selling affords the best of auguries for another wide-spread success in the present novel.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT. By Parris Thaxter Farwell. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.—The Village Improvement Societies have been one of the agencies that have contributed to make life in the country much better worth while than it was some two-score years ago. The writer of this book has been active in such work as theirs, and is well acquainted with the various ways of creating and sustaining public spirit in their behalf. These chapters record what has already been done in such places as Stockbridge, Mass., where the movement has the longest and best-developed record of accomplishment. They discuss with clear thinking and plain speaking the obvious duty of communities to make the most of their facilities and to provide proper surroundings for the people, and they suggest ways to this end so attractive that the reader is straightway impelled to do his share towards helping along the needed improvements as they are shown to be by no means impossible of attainment. This is a book to be generally accepted and taken to heart. There is so much yet to be done in the building up of our American towns, and so much that is plainly within our reach without waiting for the millennium, that it ought to stir up fresh interest and enthusiastic concerted action. The illustrations do their full share towards increasing the emphasis of the text.

The Magazines.

Those who imagine that our age is tending to secularism must be ignorant of the amount of intellectual energy expended on the subject of religion in our periodicals. A few illustrations:—

The *Constructive Quarterly* for December continues to illustrate the possibility of united activity of all churches, even without administrative unity. So, for example, Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, holding a union of churches unpracticable at the present time, makes a powerful plea for a united world-wide campaign against particular evils like the appalling waste of militarism. "If war is hell, then armed peace is purgatory, and it is the mission of the Church to save the world from both."

The same journal has an excellent article by James Ramsay MacDonald on the religious side of the labor movement. He deems it of vital importance for both interests that the Church should retain the confidence of men in the labor and socialist movement. "Nobody wants the Church to become a political or a socialist organization, to fly a red flag and haul down the crosses of the saints. All we say is that it is the duty of the Church to stir up the souls of men so that they are perturbed by the insistency of the question, 'What ought I to do.'"

As usual, the *Yale Review* for January has a rich variety of themes; but "The Significance of Bergson" is attractive not only because of the subject, but because of the significance in present philosophical thought of the author, William Ernest Hocking. His discussion of Bergson's view of intuition will attract attention.

The Harvard Theological Review for January contains another acute expression of Prof. Hocking in regard to Royce's Problem of Christianity.

In that journal a somewhat depressing article on "Theology and Tradition," by William R. Arnold, is balanced by a lively and heartening exposition of the "Modern Man's Religion," by John E. Le Bosquet of Boulder, Col. The "spontaneous democratic socialization of modern religion," "that immediacy of practical idealism which is so pervasively the glory of the present," is found not to preclude for the future that complete interpretation of life which will be a renewed theology.

It is always an intimation of reconstruction, renewal, progress, where men are eager to ascertain the essence of our religious inheritance; for such an essence is determined in part in expectation of new and unencumbered life in the future. In the *Harvard Review* D. C. Macintosh of Yale shows how historical study and philosophical analysis combine to emancipate from old theological forms a permanent and fruitful substance. "Christianity is the religion of the experience of Christ-like divine grace; the religion whose universally accessible miracle is the experience of redemption from unchristlikeness to a Christ-like morality, through a Christ-like religious dependence upon and fellowship with the Christ-like heavenly Father." The translation of this formal language into the simplicity of preaching would find liberal and orthodox in substantial agreement.

A similar interest attaches to a lecture by William Adams Brown of Union Seminary on "Modern Theology and the Preaching of the Gospel," printed in the *Biblical World* for December. To preachers who have some fear of the new theology, he argues that the scientific reconstruction of theology comes to these generally accepted results: Religion is an ultimate fact of life; religions differ in kind and worth; only Christianity can permanently and completely satisfy the needs of mankind, and "Christianity is Christ, so far as he has yet become incarnate in humanity." In some of our churches this is expressed more simply and lucidly by the prayer that the spirit which was in Jesus may be in us also.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 27, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 16 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 12 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

In the Doll Shop.

The dolls in boxes upon the shelves,
They whisper softly among themselves;
While the dolls that stand on the counter low,
Beribboned and fine from head to toe,
Are praised and chosen and sent away
For dear little girls each shopping day.
And what do you think they say up there,
Where they lie in boxes, undressed and bare?
They're always speaking—I'm sure you've guessed—
Of the good time coming, when they'll be dressed
In daintiest pink and blue and white,
With buckled slippers and ribbons bright,
And, stretching their arms to all who view,
By some little mother be chosen, too.
And so they whisper away and tell
Of the dear little girl who will love them well.
And that's how they comfort and cheer themselves,
The dolls in boxes upon the shelves.

—*Rosa Mills Powers, in Youth's Companion.*

Dillie and I send Valentines.

BY KATE HUDSON.

There are *three* things Dillie and I have in common, for all we're so far apart in age and circumstances. We both like to be through our given day's tasks one good hour before bedtime. We both like to devote that same hour to "doing things." And we both, at times, are apt to be a bit lonely,—Dillie and I,—she, because, in a big family of grown-ups, she's the only one just exactly ten years old; and I, because I have no family of my very own at all. So we have decided to adopt one another, so to speak; and we accordingly walk home together from the school in which she learns what I try to teach; and we do our several "home-works," and spend, as much as possible, the above-mentioned, just-before-bedtime hour together

When Dillie was strapping up her books the other evening, she breathed such a ponderous sigh that she nearly made me blot the composition I was correcting. "Why, Dillie, dear," asked I, "what is it? Examples or boundaries?"

"No, not *this* time," said Dillie, with another sigh. "It's valentines." And she went on to explain that she must send one to Cousin Selina in Salem, and wanted dreadfully to send another one to Lizzie Pulsifer in Quebec; and that all her worldly wealth consisted of six cents and three more coming to her from Grandma Harrison for running errands; and what could you buy for nine cents, anyway? And for the third time Dillie signed most woe-begonely. Poor Dillie!

By that time I had finished my home-work. "Let's rummage," proposed I, "you among your belongings, I in mine; and, if we come across any wherewithal, we'll just up and make some valentines."

So we ransacked boxes, drawers, and desk, and we gathered some correspondence cards with envelopes, a tube two-thirds full of photo-paste, a good-sized stick of green crayon, half a roll of pin-wheel paper,—"Is there any bright red in it, Dillie?" I cried; "and some light sky-blue?" And Dillie said, "Yes, there is,"—and three or four playing cards she'd been hoarding, on account of their lovely backs. There was the nine of hearts, the six, the ten of hearts, and the ace of clubs. The latter Dillie tucked back into her box, for its ornamental back's sake, and from the others we cut, with great care and my sharp embroidery scissors, the tiny red hearts to use in our work; for, whatever else you may draw or paint or paste on valentines, there just simply have to be hearts and hearts!

Then Dillie and I put our heads together, and for several evenings were very busy indeed, so that by Thursday we had a good supply of valentines ready to paste; and, when we tell you how very pretty they were, you'll all want to go and do likewise.

The one for Cousin Selina had blue pin-wheel-paper forget-me-nots pasted on, spray-fashion, with leaves and the connecting stem traced in green crayon, lying across the card. In each corner was one of the tiny hearts cut from the whist-card, and underneath Dillie had written in her very best hand:—

"How can I forget thee
If thou forget-me-not?"

Lizzie's had a big fat pin-wheel-paper heart redly glowing in its centre, and a forget-me-not,—just the blossom-star without leaf or stem,—in each corner, with

"Take thou my heart and give me thine,
Sweet Valentine!"

neatly written underneath.

One for Grandma Harrison—for even elderly grandmas and aunties like valentines when they're home-made—had a spray of leaves and stems (made with that last-forever bit of crayon) slanting across it all strung with tiny play-card hearts instead of blossoms, and a big paper heart in each corner, while underneath it said,—

"L. M. N. O.
I love you so;
6, 7, 8, 9,
So won't you be my valentine?"

There were funds on hand for two two-cent stamps, and Grandma Harrison's love-token (all properly addressed and stamped with a perfectly-good-for-that-purpose second-hand one) was to be laid upon her breakfast-plate. So that five left-over pennies could be slid back into Dillie's bank as a nest-egg for coming high feasts and holidays.

An Elephant Story.

"I was a full-fledged M.D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle.

"I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate; and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn, to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare, and took in my shingle; for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon, and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there. Only, if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection, perhaps you'll change your mind.

"When I'd been in business a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals; and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it, and leave that for him. I never did; for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The despatch was:—

"'*Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!*'

"Hebe was the favorite elephant,—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune."

"I've seen her," broke in one of the drummers; "and a beauty she was, too."

There was a murmur of agreement from the men, and the story-teller went on.

"Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability, and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there, with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle.

"'Mr. Barnum,' said I, getting into the carriage, 'if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any.'

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony, and almost wild with the pain.

"Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and, when we entered, we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks,—poor thing!

"Even Dick quailed now. 'You can never get near her,' he whispered. 'She'll kill you, sure.'

"Her keeper divined what he said. 'Don't you be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. 'Hebe's got sense.'

"I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"'I like your pluck, my boy,' he said heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

"While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt, to my horror, a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but, as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me, it had an awful suggestiveness.

"'She's only curling your hair,' sang out the keeper. 'Don't mind her.'

"'I shall have to cut, and cut deep,' said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, 'Cut away!'

"The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her, as if this were an every-day occurrence.

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten percep-

Digitized by Google

tibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"'Shall I cut again?' I managed to call out.

"'Cut away!' came again the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work: the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate; for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and my tools: I was as limp as a rag. Don't tell it of me, boys!"

The men were silent for a minute or two. "Did she get well?" one of them asked at length.

"Oh, yes! I forgot the sequel. That's where the moral of the whole story comes in.

"It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's Circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"'Hebe's well and hearty, sir,' the keeper answered me. 'Come in and see her: she'll be glad to see you.'

"'Nonsense!' said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me as I stepped into the tent.

"There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair,—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth, boys!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Two Stupid Boys.

Dean Stanley once said to a little boy, "If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?" The name of the hero of Waterloo was then on all men's lips.

When nine years of age, Arthur was sent to a preparatory school. He was bright and clever, but could not learn arithmetic.

Dr. Boyd writes, in *Longman's Magazine*, that the master of the school, Mr. Rawson, declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication.

Stanley remained unchanged to the end. At Rugby he rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence, except that of doing "sums." In due time he took a first-class at Oxford, where the classics and Aristotle's Ethics were the books in which a student for honors must be proficient. He would not have done as well at Cambridge, whose Senior Wrangler must be an accomplished mathematician.

On the contrary, that other stupid boy, "more hopeless" than Stanley, developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic.

He became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length, and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting, till midnight. The story has two morals. One is that a boy may be stupid in one study and bright in all the remaining studies. The other moral is—and it is most important—that a boy may overcome by hard study his natural repugnance to a certain study, and even become an eminent master of it.—*Youth's Companion.*

Ginger and the Cats.

Ginger is a big shaggy dog the exact color of ground ginger. He is such a pet of the family that he is allowed to sleep in the house. His bed is on the kitchen lounge, and Mistress made him a little mattress to keep him warmer. This is kept during the day at the foot of an unused stairway. When it is bedtime, Master says, "Come, Ginger, it's time to go to bed."

"Bow-wow," says Ginger, and off he trots, seizes his mattress, drags it across the floor, then pulls it up to the foot of the lounge. It is funny to see him chase around in a circle two or three times before he curls himself up for the night. In the morning he drags his mattress back to the stairway.

Buff and Peggy are two coon cats who live in the same house. Buff is big and good-natured; but Peggy is little, old, and somewhat spoiled. Ginger has been taught to be kind to the cats, and they in turn are more friendly than cats usually are, still they are more or less jealous of his greater privileges. *They* have to sleep out in the barn.

One cold winter morning Master had business for Ginger before he had time to do his chamber-work. When Ginger came in again, Buff and Peggy had taken possession of his bed. Buff was jubilantly working her paws up and down, and purring like a big automobile. Peggy was curled into a fluffy gray ball, and merely opened one eye when Ginger appeared. Ginger looked at the cats, then pranced and whined. No doubt he was trying to say, quite politely, "Excuse me, but it is time to put my bed away." He whined once more to make sure they heard him.

"Now there'll be a scrap," declared Mistress. "I'll bet on Peggy."

"I'll bet on Ginger, if it is two to one," contradicted Master. "Here, Ginger, go put your bed away."

"Bow-wow, bow-wow," barked Ginger, going a bit nearer the cats.

Buff stopped treading and purring, huffed up her back and spat defiantly. Peggy didn't move at Buff's warlike attitude, but it was noticed that she was watching Ginger from her two slits of eyes.

"Go put your bed away," repeated Master.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow," answered Ginger, dashing forward, then back with the speed of lightning, while Buff spat and Peggy tightened her paw for a stroke. They had the coveted bed and seemed willing to fight to keep it.

"I told you to put your bed away," threatened Master.

Ginger groveled at his feet, looking up as if to ask, "What can one poor dog do against two cats?"

"Ginger!" and Master stamped his foot.

Ginger stopped, straightened up, then took a fighting position. Peggy got to her feet in haste, and both cats had a paw raised expectantly.

"U-r-r-r," growled Peggy.

"Spit, spit," went Buff.

Ginger didn't bark, he was waiting. When he saw that Peggy's paw had relaxed a bit, he made a rush, grabbed a corner of the mattress, and down it came, cats and all.

What a mix-up there was for a few minutes! Mistress jumped upon a chair to be out of the way. What a squirming, twisting, and waving of gray tails and yellow tails, for Peggy and Buff were taking their revenge on Ginger. Then the air cleared. Ginger dragged his property away to safety, and Buff and Peggy scuttled under the stove, where they nursed their injured feelings and glared out to see what would happen next.

"Good dog," praised Master, when the bed was in place.

"Good dog? You mean poor dog," protested Mistress, getting down. "Look at his nose." Ginger whined and laid his nose on her lap. He felt as he did last year when he had a fight with the porcupine. He had three long, deep scratches down his nose.

"Never mind, Ginger," said Master, patting him, "those saucy cats will never get on your bed again," and they never did.—*Annie Balcomb Wheeler, in Zion's Herald.*

Mother (anxiously): "Don't go near the horse, dear: he doesn't know you." Child (to the animal): "My name ith Dorothy Perkins, horthey."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AGENT, MISS E. M. LOCKE, 270 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER M. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Religion in Canada.

BY REV. W. COPELAND BOWIE.

II.

Calgary, Alberta.

There is in Calgary a population of 74,000 spread over a considerable area, with wide, well-made streets and good shops. Many of the banks and public buildings are built of a gray sandstone, which gives an appearance of solidity and distinction to the city. I was taken on a visit to the public schools, and found them exceedingly well equipped, and attended by children who looked remarkably well fed and clothed. There are several large churches,—Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic. A university has recently been founded, and I had the pleasure of meeting the dean and some members of the staff, and of delivering an address under the auspices of the University on Educational and Social Problems in London.

The Unitarian congregation consists of about 75 members. The church hall is well placed in a residential part of the city. There are people of all sorts and conditions connected with the congregation at Calgary. I preached on Sunday, September 28: about 70 adults were present in the morning, upwards of 100 in the evening. The hymn-singing was excellent, led by a former member of our church at Bradford, assisted by another from Horwich. There is a well-attended Sunday-school. People from Birmingham, Coalville, Ilford, London, and elsewhere, introduced themselves after the services. At the week-evening lecture there were from 60 to 70 present, and a more attentive and appreciative audience no one could have desired. There were several visitors present on each occasion, and all were very cordial in their expressions of gratitude to the two Unitarian Associations for the missionary work they were doing in Canada.

The congregation is self-supporting: the Rev. John Evans, formerly belonging to the Universalist denomination, had been elected as minister, but domestic reasons prevented his settlement. The success that has attended the work in Calgary reflects great credit upon the ministry of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt. I was delighted to see in Calgary such evidences of the importance and value of our Unitarian principles and faith.

Edmonton, Alberta.

I spent a few days in this interesting city which, like so many other places in the West, has grown with extraordinary rapidity. It covers at present, it seemed to me, too large an area, involving considerable expense in road-making, sewer-laying, and the like, which might have been saved, if the "real estate" men had failed to induce so many people to purchase building "lots." The population is reported to exceed sixty thousand, but it is spread out over an area probably as large as the city of Birmingham with a population of more than half a million. The dwelling-houses, shops, warehouses, banks, churches, and schools give to it a prosperous appearance, with promise of rapid developments in the near future. Edmonton is the capital of Alberta, the seat of the Provincial Government and of the University. The climate was most agreeable and bracing during the days I was there. The winters are said to be bright and dry, so that, when the thermometer falls to forty or more degrees below zero, the currents of the soul or the body do not freeze! The appearance of the children certainly indicated that healthy men and women may be reared in Edmonton.

The Unitarian movement is of recent formation. Mr. Pratt held a few services. Mr. A. J. Pineo followed later as minister. He succeeded in attracting a considerable number of people; but apparently he could not hold them, and so he resigned in the spring of 1913. I met several of the members of the congregation in conference along with Mr. Pratt. I was impressed by the character of the men and women we interviewed. There seems little doubt that Edmonton offers an admirable field for the labors of an able, earnest, active Unitarian minister, which it would be very difficult to match anywhere in England.

The congregation, with the aid of the American Unitarian Association, are prepared to pay a salary of £350; and apparently there would be no difficulty in a minister and his wife getting along on this salary at least as well as on £250 in England, especially if he buys "a lot" and erects his own house,—not so foolish or expensive an experiment as it sounds. The organization and management of the movement stand greatly in need of improvement. My week-evening lecture (October 3) did not attract a large audience—barely 50: at the Sunday service (October 5) there were upwards of 100. There are only 30 to 40 people closely identified with the movement at present. I believe a capable minister could double the membership in three months.

Billy Sunday in Pittsburg.

In this enlightened age, year of our Lord 1914, a startling thing is occurring in Pittsburg, one of the largest of our American cities. "Billy" Sunday, the evangelist, has built a great tabernacle, holding 15,000 people; the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches have united, and are supporting him with all the zeal of Crusaders: thousands are being turned away from the tabernacle daily, and the city is in a religious frenzy.

Mr. Sunday is preaching a real hell fire with brimstone you can smell, a real devil with horns and a tail: he is thundering anathemas against all who do not believe his teaching (particularly Unitarians), and is verbally casting Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer into the eternal fires. All this would be sad enough if he were appealing only to the ignorant; but it is an astounding fact that many of our most gifted and best educated ministers and laymen have been drawn into the emotional maelstrom, and are giving Mr. Sunday whole-souled support.

We Unitarians have sat serenely in our churches for years, soothing our consciences, and indulging our sense of self-satisfaction with the belief that, although our movement was a small one, the effect of our teaching was permeating the older churches with new light. Now, lo and behold! those frightful doctrines which have been millstones about the neck of Christianity, doctrines we thought were dead and buried, are being revived.

Mr. Sunday is one of the most potent forces in America. Let us not be blind to that fact. He is leading a great reactionary movement, which will soon make itself felt in all parts of our country, unless it is met with strong and immediate opposition.

Dilworth R. Lupton.

Pittsburg, Pa.

I feel that the people of the Unitarian fellowship should know and appreciate what is going on in the city of Pittsburg. "Billy" Sunday is holding an evangelistic debauch in a wooden tabernacle just across the street from the Carnegie Museum. The contrast of the influence of the two institutions is striking. The city is stirred by the vulgar methods and utterances of the revivalists, which make good matter for the newspapers that are alert to use their opportunity. Mr. Sunday seems to have caught a large part of the orthodox clergy in his net, some of whom are ashamed of being in it, but have not enough strength and courage to break out and denounce his methods and his untrue and corrupting teachings.

It is said that a large portion of his hearers are people from suburban towns who come out of curiosity or who are less modern in their religious thinking than the people of the city. The car lines are reaping profit on the long hauls. Mr. Sunday seems to have made a mistake in coming to so large a city, and is apparently piqued at his failure to move the masses and at the silent or open disapproval of the more enlightened citizens. No doubt he realizes that he has many "repeaters" among his converts, and is not getting so large a return financially or otherwise as he has expected.

However, young life is being so misled that it will take years for recovery to normal spiritual growth. Religious life is being lowered and the future normal work of the churches made more difficult. School workers are troubled. Some have given their assent to Sunday's influence, others are in revolt. Liberals have thoroughly realized that their battle for freedom is not won, and are turning to our churches and using them gladly as instruments with which to combat this evil of mediævalism which is corrupting the life of our day.

The ministers of our churches, Rev. L. Walter Mason, D.D., of the First Unitarian Church and Rev. Charles E. Snyder, of the Northside Unitarian Church are making good use of their opportunity afforded through the stirring of the thousands by the evangelist. Mr. Sunday has, as usual, made bitter attacks on the liberals. Our ministers are each preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons on the Unitarian interpretation of religion to very large congregations. The newspapers are giving a fair chance for the publication of their utterances. Each minister has published a strong sermon, defining and defending Unitarianism against the attacks of the revivalist, copies of which are being distributed by the thousands. Demand for these sermons and for other Unitarian literature is large, and is being well supplied. In other words, our ministers are "well on the job," and our churches are profiting largely by the religious stirring.

Let the easy-going "liberals" who think that our work is done, and the indifferent

Digitized by Google

and preoccupied "liberals," take notice. Unless we can pour more money and men into the cause which underlies all our modern freedom and our movements for true democracy, we and our children shall not reap the fruits of spiritual liberty. The Unitarian Church is the great instrument for the needed emancipation of human souls. It is the preserver of spiritual Christianity, and is our defender against all the superstitions and tyrannies which threaten the coming better day. Increase the power of the liberal church if you would make civilization worth while. This is the *first* duty and privilege.

F. M. BENNETT,
Field Agent, Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada.

The Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

The Boston Meeting.

Rev. William H. Ramsay, in his introductory remarks, brought up the question of the resolutions passed at the General Conference, desiring to reaffirm them. He said that all the leading denominations have practically endorsed them, and that most of the people who were present when they were passed, as well as those who had left the meeting by that time, knew they were coming up and had had ample time to talk them over. He said that, while liberty is a good thing, too much of it takes away the opportunity of doing things together. He insisted that we were not afraid to go on record theologically by teaching our children the Five Points of Our Faith and placing them on the walls of our churches and Sunday-schools, and that it was no less our duty as a Christian church to make our attitude in matters of general social aim perfectly clear.

Rev. R. F. Leavens called attention to the mistaken reference of Mr. Draper of Hopedale, last spring, to the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice as "a group of Socialists." He pointed out that the organization was not committed to any one programme, and that, as a matter of fact, the members held very diverse opinions. He disagreed with the chairman, Mr. Ramsay, as to the Washington resolutions, holding that diversity of belief forbids the committing of an unvoiced minority to any given set of statements, and that better than passing a set of resolutions is the taking to one's own heart the duty of thinking out one's own social faith and working toward one's ideal conscientiously. He said that the meetings of January 11 were not primarily church services, nor were the persons who attended them social workers or social reformers; that each meeting was a gathering of people interested in the church; that the church and its members should exert an influence for human benefit; and that the church's function, in contradistinction to the special work of other reform agencies, was to keep the vestal fires of the spirit burning in the hearts of the people. He said that, while neither the Unitarian body nor the Fellowship should commit itself to any measure or programme of reform, the church must not, however, close its doors to hearing and thinking on the subject of Labor, Trade Unionism, Socialism, Syndicalism, Co-operation, and other reform movements with which people are perforce becoming more or less familiar in these days. He spoke for a fair hearing and intelligent and sympathetic consideration of the many measures before society; for a joining of hands, heads, and hearts on the part of employer and employee toward the working out of their common problems; for the abolition of wage slavery without warfare; for the appreciation by the church that the labor movement has a religious ideal and aim, and that, as a religious organization, the church should not oppose any one of its phases, but should seek to become familiar with the entire subject in order to give the necessary fair hearing. In closing he urged that we should be true liberals, shutting out no one as Theodore Parker was shut out; nor yet things and thoughts that we ought to consider,—recognizing rather that there might be lesser saviors of their time to-day, lesser apostles with zeal and enthusiasm as of old; and that, instead of crucifying or persecuting them, we should adopt the attitude of the great liberal, Gamaliel, who bade men realize that, if a thing was not of God, it would die of itself, but, if it were of God, opposing it were futile.

Prof. E. D. Starbuck said that Christianity started as a spiritual brotherhood, a fraternity of common spirits in the ordinary things of life as well as the spiritual, but that it became heaven-centred and for seventeen centuries imagined itself to take charge of an abstract relation to an absentee God; in fact, became a religion of other-worldliness. He pointed out that such streams of tendency flowing into Christianity as Asceticism, Dualism, Transcendentalism, Neoplatonism, and Institutionalism had dwarfed the real Christianity, and that we were only just beginning to realize to-day the domination of these streams of tendency, only just beginning to try to shake them off.

He called attention to the difficulty of outgrowing custom as witnessed by the wearing of buttons on the sleeves and backs of coats for ten or eleven centuries; persisting in spelling "through" in the centuries' old way instead of "thru"; having Christmas pies; decorating with greenery as in Greece's manner of tree-worship; Germany's clinging to the Yule-log; and children in Southern California, who never saw snow, talking about reindeer in connection with Santa Claus. He noted the tenacity of certain phrases in our liturgy and sentiments of fifteen and eighteen centuries of dogmas in our services, that are still in use, though they do not fit our common life any better than does the idea that the priest is a member of the City of God in the heavens, and that, the more righteous and important he looks, the more sinful the ordinary man ought to feel for the good of his soul. Emancipation from this idea of the "elect" or "select" is slow, but the various reformations have all been steps out, and it is now becoming the dominant note in society that the individual has a right to what Plato calls "a birth in beauty." The Church has had to catch up with itself and to become a social institution. Secret orders and fraternities have gotten stronger than the Church along certain lines. Recreations, and so forth, go on outside the Church. Dr. Starbuck believes that the Church should widen itself whatever way it can to take in the common life of the common man to sanctify it; that it must become

Old Valentines
BY
Munson Havens
An entertaining story with no problem nor unpleasantness, but just enough of love's complications to give it piquancy. A wonderful collection of old valentines plays an important part in bringing reconciliation to all concerned and happiness to the young pair of lovers. An ideal Valentine gift appropriately bound and charmingly illustrated in color.
$1.00 net.
Postage extra.
Ready February 1
Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston & New York

Digitized by Google

earth-centred; that it is still far off from this, and that it is the personal responsibility of each one of us to help bring this idea, this spirit, into our legislatures, our shops, our homes, our churches, in order that there may come about a democracy of religion, and earth become a garden of righteousness.

Report of the Germantown meeting of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, Jan. 11, 1914:—

"Moral Essentials in Social Reform."

Rev. E. R. Reeman said that our best and most sincere attempts at social reform must, for some time to come, be of an experimental nature. No man can say with certainty just how the new principles we are feeling after and seeking to apply will work out. We must make the experiment in order to *see* how they work out. It may even be that a number of lives and careers may have to be sacrificed in the laboratory of experiment. The patience, self-control, and self-sacrifice thus demanded are necessary moral essentials we do well to recognize. There are certain other moral essentials fundamental to any intelligent approach to the social problem. The first of these is *The Communal Sense*, which finds its expression and fruition in public spirit and is based upon a recognition of the solidarity of human interests, since "no man liveth to himself" nor has any right so to live. The only secure and proper foundations of politics, economics, and a true social life are grounded not in expediency nor in commercial profit and loss, but in the moral imperatives of human nature. Our present difficulties are not the result of having trusted human nature too much, but of not having trusted it far enough. The instincts of self-preservation and self-development should not be blamed for seeming to cause difficulty in a civilization which is at fault in hampering them. If they seem to interfere with commercial values, it should be remembered that so-called commercial values are dependent primarily on community congregation, and that no individuals should be permitted to exploit public needs for private profit. The communal sense is the recognition by the individual of certain definite moral obligations to the society upon which all that he values depends. It is only the development of this sense as a moral force that can change the temper of present-day commercialism.

The second essential in social reform is *Social Vision*,—that high moral conviction and devotion of men of inward moral purity and sincerity which will make them dream dreams for society and have the courage to lead in the evolution which it is the purpose of their vision to hasten. Social vision must be the chart and compass for Public Spirit.

The third moral essential is *Social Courage*,—the collective expression of that personal courage which is strong enough to defy society in the interests of society; which fears not the mob whim of the unenlightened, but which realizes that crowd psychology inevitably recognizes and finally approves the intelligence which dares to follow its sincere conviction. The strong man lives for the moment of crisis when his voice will carry above all the laws and customs to which society has ever paid homage; when he becomes a law unto himself and unto others. Social courage is society itself becoming adventurous in order to become heroic and to embark upon needed social experiment. Social courage is far more important than lack of social ability. The lack of social vision and social courage point to a still deeper deficiency which makes plain the need of a fourth moral essential in social reform.

This fourth essential may be called *Social Faith*. It is, first, a trust in their own appointed leaders by the people themselves. It is, second, a trust in the people on the part of the leaders and officers of society. It is, in other words, a religious faith in the integrity of human nature, the divinity of humanity. To such faith alone will the heart of humanity, long hardened by mistrust, respond.

Every social problem is at bottom a religious problem, has a spiritual significance. Until this is recognized it is never properly understood. Thoroughly analyzed, it will be found that all social conditions and economic institutions are the reflection of a deeper philosophy of life. To change or improve the social structure we must change and improve the social philosophy.

We need a new faith in the dignity and divinity of human nature, and only this can give the right direction to the aspirations after social reform that are stirring in the present age. This it is the business of the Church to help to create, and in creating it the churches will make their best contribution to the social problem.

Unitarian Balkan Relief Fund.

The appeal through the columns of the *Christian Register* for money contributions in aid of the Bulgarian and other Balkan refugees, nearly all women and children, victims of the recent atrocities in Thrace and Macedonia, has met with an encouraging response. The first instalment of aid has already been forwarded to our Unitarian missionary, Rev. Antony M. Toplisky, who did such noble service in this field last year, than whom one could not desire a more efficient and devoted almoner. Why should not Unitarians, who give so generously through unsectarian channels, also show their loyalty to their own denominational undertakings when they are efficiently and unselfishly administered?

In the mean time the reports received privately, or through the public press, give an increasingly tragic and moving description of the prevailing distress in this unhappy country. The ferocity of these professed Christians and Mahometans towards the helpless women and children of the villages they destroy would make one almost despair of human nature, were it not relieved by the world's charity which now is beginning to find its way into these regions so lately ravaged by war.

It is especially desired that small contributions be sent in from many individual subscribers, and that our churches, Sunday-schools, Young People's Religious Unions, and Alliances do their modest part in this urgent and commendable work. Five cents a day, we are told, will sustain the life of a child in one of these Bulgarian refuges, mostly school-houses, until the arrival of spring enables the stricken families to return to their shattered homes and cultivate anew their devastated fields. Our aid will thus accomplish much, but let it be prompt.

The following contributions are acknowledged:—

Mrs. Nightingale	$5.00
Carlisle Unitarian Church	5.00
Mrs. Mary A. Webber	25.00
Charles F. Smith	10.00
Miss E. G. May	10.00
Miss Adeline Willis	5.00
Mrs. F. M. McGarry	10.00
Grafton Sunday-school	10.00
Alice M. Block	5.00
The Misses Kimball	100.00
A Friend, Providence, R.I.	200.00
Miss Elizabeth Hurd	5.00
Mrs. George G. Lowell	25.00
Clarence E. Carr	5.00
Miss Emily Gray	5.00
Charles W. Wendte	10.00
Chestnut Hill Alliance	10.00
Arthur B. Emmons	100.00

Contributions may be sent to Rev. Charles W. Wendte, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Department of Foreign Relations: American Unitarian Association.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

The Laymen's League have made a new departure this winter in putting an organizing secretary into the field.

Long since the women of the parishes united in the National Alliance have been rendering splendid service to the local churches and to the denomination at large. They have planned and worked together to meet the great demands which are pressing upon the churches, and in this have caught a larger vision of the mission of the Unitarian gospel than could possibly have been gained by merely pursuing the round of narrow parochial interests. The Alliance has been a unifying force in the churches and a missionary power in the world.

The League believes that an equally great opportunity for usefulness is opening before the laymen of the churches. The time has come for a forward movement, for everywhere advancing the principles for which Unitarians stand. The occasion calls for the organization of the men of the churches, and this is the work to which the League is now addressing itself. The field secretary, Mr. Samuel B. Nobbs, is visiting the men's clubs in the churches to explain the purposes and aims of the League, and to point out the advantages to all concerned which come from the federation of the clubs into a great national organization. Already Mr. Nobbs has spoken before clubs at Rockland, First Church, Dorchester, Greenfield, Springfield, and Salem, and in every church has awakened great interest.

It is also hoped by the League that there may be a men's club in every Unitarian church in the country. Mr. Nobbs has already assisted at the organization of clubs in Nashua, N.H., West Somerville, Petersham, and Bulfinch Place, and with possibly one exception all have taken steps to join the League.

At the May Anniversaries there will be a meeting of the League to which the affiliated clubs will send delegates. At that time the work of the League will be thoroughly discussed, and definite plans for future activities will be laid before the meeting.

Meanwhile, it is desired to make as many appointments for the field secretary as possible for addresses before clubs already in existence, and to speak to groups of men in

Digitized by Google

churches where as yet no clubs have been organized. Besides the engagements already made for the next three months there is opportunity for about twenty more appointments. Mr. Nobbs is a strong and direct speaker. The minister of a church where he recently assisted in organizing a club writes as follows to the secretary of the League: "You spoke truly when you said that Mr. Nobbs was an interesting speaker and a steam-engine for energy. He was all that and more. He was forceful, interesting, wise, and stimulating. Send us some more like him." I shall be glad to hear from any who are desirous of making appointments with Mr. Nobbs.

ELMER S. FORBES, *Secretary,*
National League of Unitarian Laymen.
25 Beacon Street, BOSTON, MASS.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Boston Federation.

The Boston Federation of Y. P. R. U. held its eleventh Mid-winter Meeting on Sunday, Jan. 25, 1914, at the church of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, with an attendance of 211, within one of the record.

The meeting opened with an invocation by Rev. C. A. Henderson of Philadelphia, and an address of welcome by the pastor, Rev. Ernest S. Meredith.

The business meeting, which was conducted by the president, J. Harry Hooper, opened with a roll-call, to which sixteen unions responded. The secretary's report of the last meeting was read and accepted.

Miss Chenoweth reported for the Friendly Service Committee, telling of the philanthropic work accomplished. Miss Richards, chairman of the Membership Committee, told of the prospects for interesting new unions. For the Music Committee Miss Richards reported that a chorus from the federation furnished music at the meeting of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice on January 11.

Mr. Allen, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, announced that a comedy, "The Colonel's Maid," would be given for the benefit of the federation by a picked cast at the following places: Meeting-house Hill, Parish House, Dorchester, March 11 and 12; Quincy Unitarian vestry, March 20; Church of the Disciples Parish House, Fenway, Boston, March 27.

A Hospitality Committee, consisting of Mr. Frederick G. May, Jr., Miss Minnie Packard, and Mr. Chester R. Allen, was appointed to serve during Anniversary Week, and the following Nominating Committee was elected: Miss Marian Dudley Richards, Mr. William E. Weston, Mr. Frederick West, Miss Helen Pepper, and Miss Georgie May Morris.

It was voted, on recommendation of the president, to adopt as the Federation Hymn the Hymn of Dedication written by Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York for the Young People's Religious Union, and to write Mr. Holmes apprising him of the fact.

A social hour was taken, during which the hospitality of the Lawrance Union was enjoyed.

The evening meeting opened at seven with an organ prelude by Mr. Ward C. Lincoln and a devotional service conducted by Rev. Charles P. Wellman of Dorchester. Rev. Palfrey Perkins of Brighton delivered an interesting and stirring address on the subject, "Manners, Morals and Religion," in which he defined the tendencies of modern society and emphasized Sir Philip Sidney's description of a gentleman, as one who has "high thoughts in a heart of courtesy."

Two solos by Mr. Henry Jackson were much enjoyed.

F. ANTOINETTE PRATT, *Secretary.*

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

Rev. Charles Milton Perry of the Presbyterian ministry, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministry and churches. Certificate granted Jan. 27, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

Rev. Charles Francis Potter of the Baptist ministry, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministry and churches. Certificate granted Jan. 27, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

At a meeting of the Fellowship Committee of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada, held at 104 East 20th Street, New York City, Sept. 30, 1913, Rev. William L. McKinney was admitted to the Fellowship of the Unitarian Ministry, and is hereby commended to its ministers and churches. William M. Brundage, Chairman, Walter R. Hunt, Leon A. Harvey.

The Ministers' Monday Club will meet at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, February 9, at 11 P.M. Rev. Marion F. Ham of Reading will preside. Rev. Daniel Roy Freeman of Braintree will speak on "People's Forums in Relation to Church and Town." Rev. George Grover Mills of Watertown will discuss especially "The Forum in its Civic Relationships."

Rev. Charles Sherman Bodwell of the Congregational ministry, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, upon the endorsement of the former committee, consisting of Messrs. Garver, Lord, and Brown, is hereby commended to our ministry and churches. Certificate granted Dec. 8, 1913. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

Churches.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Third Congregational Society: The Harvard Street Unitarian Church is holding a series of Neighborhood Meetings during the month of February. The course was opened Sunday, February 1, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, who gave an illustrated lecture on Japan. Meetings will be held on the following Sundays at five o'clock. February 8 Rev. Daniel Evans, D.D., will speak on the Labor Question; February 15 Rev. Joseph P. MacCarthy of the Unitarian Church, Waltham (subject to be announced); February 22 a miscellaneous programme consisting chiefly of music will be given.

Deaths.

POWARS.—In Brookline, Jan. 23, 1914, Mary A., daughter of the late John and Louisa Crosby Powars, aged 69 years, 6 months.

MILLER.—In Hudson, Mass., Jan. 29, 1914, at the home of her nephew, Charles M. Houghton, Ellen R. Miller, formerly of Walpole, N.H., where she was born Sept. 12, 1834.

MRS. HARRIET N. (FELTON) PARKER.

LANCASTER, MASS.

1823–1914.

In her ninety-second year, beloved and honored, in her home in "The Old House," at Lancaster, on January 17, Mrs. Harriet N. Parker passed peacefully to the other life. Surrounded by her children and grandchildren, she had enjoyed that happiness and affection which are the meed of a well-spent life. No one who has been privileged to know her in her home will ever forget her thoughtful, cheerful, delightful personality, and the perfect hospitality there always to be found. A lifelong member of the old First Parish, where for so many years she occupied each Sunday her place in the family pew, she was always identified with its interests by her own activities, and became closely associated with its history by the marriage of her oldest son to the daughter of its minister, whose life was nearly co-eval with her own. It is appropriate that the *Register* record this tribute, for she was one of its most faithful readers and friends, and she also believed in spreading its good tidings by giving others the opportunity of enjoying its pages. Keen in her interest in all passing events until the very close of her life, she lived to see her sons achieve success, and their sons and daughters grow up around her, and at home she enjoyed a daughter's devotion, while those who had passed beyond the home circle were still with her in happy memories.

When, after the simple and beautiful burial service, she was laid at rest in a bed of roses in the midst of the pure white expanse of fallen snow, still gently falling as the loving hands of sons and grandsons lowered the outgrown body to its resting-place, it seemed the fitting climax of a beautiful life, filled with affection and loving service, and crowned with the accomplishment of high ideals,—a life that remains the inspiration of all who knew her.

"None knew her but to love her,
Nor named her but to praise."

F. T. F.

Fifty-Fifth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 78-78-76
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address. "Undertaker Boston."

EUROPE POPULAR SUMMER TOUR $400.00
Italy to Scotland. University man, leader.
THE SHELTON PARTIES
Box A - 294 Washington Street, - Boston, Mass.

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1803. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

HOME WANTED, adoption possible, for high school girl of 14, lately orphaned. Well born, healthy attractive. Highest references required. Address W. S., *Christian Register.*

Florence, Mass.—Free Congregational Society, Rev. R. Edward Griffith: This society considers itself fortunate in having secured Mr. Griffith as its pastor. His sermons are strong and full of inspiration, and the congregation is increasing in numbers. The Ladies' Industrial Union is helpful to the society in various ways by giving suppers and entertaining the Liberal Laymen's Club. The Alliance, though small in numbers, is doing some charitable work, also it is interested in helping to purchase new hymn books, which are much needed.

Lancaster, Me.—The Church of Our Father, Rev. E. H. Reeman: The high-water mark of attendance records was reached on Sunday evening, January 18, when every seat in the church building was filled, the church parlor crowded, and many people were unable to find seats, some even failing to gain admittance. The occasion was the second delivery of a lecture by the minister, on "The Inside of the Cup," repeated in response to many requests. A pleasing sight was the faces of the two Episcopal rectors of the city, who shared standing-room at the back of the church. The congregation included in addition many of the leading citizens of Lancaster. The happy event coincided with the twelfth anniversary of the foundation of the cause in this city. Mr. Reeman begins a new series of Play Studies on Sunday evening next. The series will include many of the most notable dramas of the day, among the number Israel Zangwill's "The Next Religion," Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," John Galsworthy's "Strife," "Justice," and "Silver Box." Brieux's play, "Damaged Goods," will be discussed on Sunday evening, February 8, on which evening the service will be open to men only. A spirit of expectant optimism prevails among the members of this church, and the outlook is felt never to have been more hopeful.

Newburgh, N.Y.—Church of our Father, Rev. Alfred J. Wilson: The annual meeting and parish supper of this church was held January 13. Despite the exceedingly cold weather, about one hundred persons sat down for a delicious turkey supper, provided by the ladies of the church. After the supper the company adjourned to the church auditorium for the business meeting. As is customary with this church, a vote for minister was taken by ballot, and the present minister was re-elected by a practically unanimous vote. The reports of the treasurer and chairmen of standing committees showed the condition of the church to be healthy and progressive. The Alliance had been very active, and had raised over six hundred dollars during the year. The minister's report covered the various phases of the church's activities, and, besides calling attention to increased contributions during the year and the accession of several new families, noted particularly two outstanding events of interest. These were the social survey of the city and the public forum. The first was made possible through the activity of the minister and some members of the church. The second was a series of public meetings held on Sunday evenings in the church for a period of nearly three months this fall. Local social and civic problems were presented by the speakers, and a general discussion from the floor followed. They were well attended, and much interest was aroused. The outlook is distinctly encouraging as the society is making steady and sure gains in numbers and influence all the time.

Newport, R.I.—Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones: On Sunday, January 25, after the morning service, the congregation adjourned to the parish house to honor Mr. George E. Rice, for forty years sexton of the church, who in that long term of service has never missed a single Sunday. He was presented with a gold-headed cane, suitably inscribed, and a purse of forty dollars. Congratulatory speeches were made by the minister and by the president of the corporation, Mr. Walter A. Wright. Mr. Rice, though surprised and greatly affected, replied in a fitting manner, in a speech full of deep feeling. On Monday evening, January 26, the Charity Organization Society observed its thirty-fifth anniversary by a house-warming at its new home, the beautiful old Vernon House, Count Rochambeau's headquarters during the Revolution. The dedicatory address was given by Rev. Emery H. Porter, D.D., rector of Emmanuel Church, and the dedicatory prayer was offered by Mr. Jones. Both clergymen are members of the Board of Reference. The choir of Channing Memorial Church sang a social service hymn written by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, and chanted the Lord's Prayer. Thus impressively was the intimate connection between religion and social service emphasized.

Petersham, Mass.—First Unitarian Congregational Parish, Rev. Robert C. Douthit: The recent visit of Rev. S. B. Nobbs in the interest of the Unitarian Laymen's League was an occasion of inspiration and encouragement. The Channing (men's) Club was organized in the autumn of 1912, and monthly meetings have been held with varying success, from fifteen to twenty-five usually being present. On the night of January 16 the meeting was brightened by the presence of ladies, also, and both men and women listened with eager attention to Mr. Nobbs's eloquent portrayal of the needs and opportunities. Their hearts responded to his enthusiastic call for united work and vigorous effort in the propagation of our liberal faith. At the close of Mr. Nobbs's address the club voted unanimously to become affiliated with the National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Wollaston, Mass.—Unitarian Society, Rev. Carl G. Horst: The annual business meeting of the church was held Monday evening, January 26. The reports of the officers, committees, allied societies, and minister all showed good work done, and the church in a sound and healthy condition. The treasurer reported all bills paid, and a small sum in the treasury. Besides the regular services during the past year were held a series of vesper services and a series of special Lenten services for the deepening of the moral and religious life. Among special events were the three days' celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the church, January 31 and February 1, 2; the Wollaston country fair in the vestry and on the church grounds September 12, 13; and the beautiful candle-light Christmas service, the first one ever held in Quincy. In his annual report the minister recommended: a more thorough organization of the parish, so that every one connected with the church may have a place upon at least one committee; the erection of a parish house, where larger and better accommodations may be had for the Sunday-school and social activities of the church; the holding of the Wollaston country fair to be made an annual event; an annual collection for the benefit of the Unitarian Service Pension Society.

Personals.

Rev. Perry Marshall, minister in New Salem, Mass., writes that he is working hard on Turkish. This is the thirty-first language which he has undertaken to study.

On Sunday, January 25, at Meadville, Pa., there was an exchange of pulpits between Rev. Henry T. Secrist of the Independent Congregational Unitarian Church and Rev. J. T. Nichols of the Park Avenue Congregational Church, the first event of the kind there, and very agreeable and significant.

The Tuckerman School.

Visits to the School for Crippled Children and to the Roxbury Neighborhood House have been made by groups of students to better understand the purpose and work of the School and to be present at a clinic at the Neighborhood House. The latter visit was interesting as connected with the lecture recently given by Miss Mary A. Jones, director of the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association. The interesting and satisfactory evidences of good work that is being done in both institutions furnished topics for discussion at the Thursday morning Conference.

A pleasant addition to the week's programme has been the reading of three papers on "The Women of the Bible." These were prepared for the Jamaica Plain Alliance branch, and the writers consented to repeat the readings to the class. Since the subject is not one met with in manuals for instruction, the papers were very helpful and suggested what might be done for special classes of adults with the very limited references given in the Bible to its women.

"Pinafore" in Boston.

The famous opera "Pinafore" will be presented in the Parish House at the Church of the Disciples, Jersey and Peterborough Streets, by the young people of the Lend-a-Hand Club. Two performances are to be given, on the 11th and 13th of February, at 7.45 P.M.; also a third performance at Jamaica Plain. Competent artists will assist the chorus. Mr. James C. Bartlett, of international fame as the singer of "Ralph" in the earlier performances of "Pinafore," has been instructing the young people. Mr. Everett J. Harrington is accompanist and leader.

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$9,295.10
Jan. 1.	A friend	1.00
	1. Society in Exeter, N.H.	36.50
	1. A. A. Ballou, Brockton, Mass.	10.00
	5. First Parish, Brookline, Mass., additional	100.00
	5. C. G. A.	2.00
	6. South Congregational Church, Boston, Mass.	500.00
	6. R. W Thrift, Lima, Ohio	10.00
	8. Society in Plainfield, N.J.	48.84
	9. First Parish, Milton, Mass., additional	100.00
	9. Mrs Otis Norcross, Boston, Mass.	100.00
	10. Mrs. Susan J. Cheney, South Manchester, Conn	25.00
	10. Miss Mary Cheney, South Manchester, Conn.	25.00
	12. Society in St. Paul, Minn., additional	2.50
	12. Society in Madison, Wis.	30.00
	13. A friend	1.00
	14. Mrs Francis H. Day, Rochester, Eng.	20.00
	15. A friend	1.00
	15. A friend	1.00
	15. R. N Adams, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich	12.00
	17. Chaplain Walter Wilson, Denver, Col.	30.00
	17. The Philadelphia League of Unitarian Women	10.00
	17. Society in Marlboro, Mass.	100.00
	17. A friend	1.00
	19. Society in Stow, Mass.	20.00
	19. Society in Schenectady, N.Y.	10.00
	21. A friend	1.00
	21. Norfolk, Church Dorchester, Mass.	10.00
	22. All Souls' Church, Chicago, Ill.	20.00
	22. Society in Malden, Mass.	10.00
	26. A friend	1.00
	26. A friend	1.00
	27. Society in Rutherford, N.J.	10.00
	27. Mrs. A. B. Fenno-Gendrot, Roxbury, Mass.	80.00
	28. Society in Fairhaven, Mass.	200.00
	28. Sunday School, Barnstable, Mass	5.00
	29. First Parish, Brookline, Mass., additional	900.00
	29. Miss Eleanor S. Parker, Boston, Mass.	50.00
	30. Morton D. Hull, Chicago, Ill.	50.00
	31. Associate members	33.50

ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Jan. 1.	Income Hollis Street Church Fund	20.00

RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Jan. 5.	Mrs. Wm. H. Savary, Groveland, Mass.	1.00
	6. Society in Evanston, Ill.	5.00
	6. Sunday School, Newburyport, Mass.	10.00
	6. South Congregational Church, Boston, Mass.	30.00
	21. Society in Wollaston, Mass.	7.00
	26. First Parish in Hingham, Mass.	75.00
	30. Mrs. A. B. Fenno-Gendrot, Roxbury, Mass.	20.00
		$12,061.44

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

A Fair in Boston.

The Women's Alliance of Bulfinch Place Church will hold a St. Valentine's Fair on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11 and 12, 1914, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., with luncheon served from 12 to 2.30 and supper from 5.30 to 7.30. There will be an entertainment each evening at eight o'clock.

Isles of Shoals Association.

The mid-winter reunion of the Isles of Shoals Association will be held at Dr. Hale's Church, Exeter and Newbury Streets, Boston, on Saturday, February 14. An informal reception will take place from twelve to one. Luncheon will be served at one, followed by informal speaking. The Association is fortunate in securing Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Mrs. George W. Root, one of the best of the Ladies' Alliance speakers, and Rev. Frederick R. Griffin of Montreal, a minister we hear far too seldom, to speak. There will be two or three impromptu speeches as well.

Mr. William E. Weston and his "troupe" of last summer will sing and play, while Mr. William H. Sayward has promised to read. All in all, a most attractive programme is in store for those who attend, and a substantial luncheon is promised.

All present, past, and prospective members, with their friends, are cordially invited. As it is well-nigh impossible to reach every one by means of the postal card notice, no one at all interested in this meeting of old friends and in this opportunity to make new friends should fail to be present.

Luncheon tickets, 75 cents, may be obtained by sending remittance before Wednesday, February 11, to Carl B. Wetherell, 1 Fuller Place, Cambridge, Mass.

Here and There.

California led last year in timber sold from national forests.

There are 703 bighorns, or mountain sheep, in the national forests of Nevada.

The biographical survey and the forest service have been co-operating in the extermination of ground squirrels on national forests in California. The annual loss of range feed and grain crops from ground squirrels is enormous.

1849 LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY 1914
Chartered by the State of Massachusetts
Incorporated 1849 Charter Perpetual

SPRINGFIELD
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Of SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Cash Capital - - - $2,500,000.00

Annual Statement, January 1, 1914

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Banks and Cash Items	$826,371.56
Cash in hands of Agents and in course of collection	1,091,056.80
Accrued Interest	61,012.52
Real Estate Unincumbered	300,000.00
Loans on Mortgage (first lien)	1,994,970.00
Bank Stocks	1,865,772.00
Railroad Stocks	2,781,650.00
Miscellaneous Stocks	1,213,330.00
Railroad Bonds	250,290.00
State, County and Municipal Bonds	427,930.00
Miscellaneous Bonds	131,520.00
TOTAL ASSETS	$10,943,902.88

LIABILITIES.

CAPITAL STOCK	$2,500,000.00
Reserve for Reinsurance	5,286,834.80
Reserve for all Unpaid Losses	483,024.63
Reserve for all other Liabilities	342,669.59
TOTAL LIABILITIES	$8,612,529.02
NET SURPLUS	*$2,331,373.86
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS	$4,831,373.86
LOSSES PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION	$58,525,255.78

*$500,000.00 transferred from Surplus to Capital account by stock dividend, declared in July, 1913.

A. W. DAMON, President, PRIOLEAU ELLIS, Asst. Sec.
CHAS. E. GALACAR, Vice-President, E. H. HILDRETH, Asst. Sec.
W. J. MACKAY, Secretary, G. G. BULKLEY, Asst. Sec.
F. H. WILLIAMS, Treas.

Western Department, Chicago, Illinois
A. F. DEAN, Manager
J. C. HARDING, Assistant Manager W. H. LININGER, Assistant Manager
E. G. CARLISLE, 2d Assistant Manager L. P. VOORHEES, Cashier

Pacific Coast Department, San Francisco, Cal.
GEO. W. DORNIN, Manager. JOHN C. DORNIN, Assistant Manager

Agencies in all Prominent Localities throughout the United States and Canada.
BOSTON AGENTS:
OBRION, RUSSELL & CO., - 108 Water Street

Pleasantries.

"No," said Mrs. Twickembury, "my husband can't see you this evening. He's predisposed."

A contemporary asks, "What shall we say of the hundreds of elders and deacons in our church who take no religious newspaper?" Speak of them as kindly as possible under the circumstances.

Student: "Would you perhaps buy this Greek dictionary?" Antiquary: "I am sorry, but I buy only whole libraries." Student: "Just so. This book is the whole of my library."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly on Willie. "Round," was the answer. "How do you know it's round?" "All right," said Willie: "it's square then. I don't mean to argue about it."

"Tommy," said Tommy's mother, "I am afraid you will make yourself ill. Do stop eating. How is it that you can possibly eat so much?" "I'm sure I don't know," said Tommy thoughtfully, taking another bite, "guess it's just good luck."

A lady was surprised to hear a woman of apparent cultivation pronounce the word "mural" as though it were spelled mooral. She slipped out and consulted her dictionary, remarking to a friend on her return, "She is wrong. Mu is pronounced mew, as in cat."

A young lawyer excused himself from a luncheon party the other day, saying, "I must go to my office." Said the hostess, laughingly, "We didn't know you had an office." "Not have an office!" he replied. "Why, if I didn't, what would I have to stay away from?"

In Peabody a small Unitarian girl of four, whose father, a bank official, had complained more than once that the income tax made him sick, was playing that her doll was ill. Her mother asked, "What is the matter with dolly?" The child replied, "I think she has the income tax."

A correspondent writes: "I have a married daughter living in Reno. The other day her son, six years old, used the term 'Gosh.' He was instantly rebuked by his ten-year-old sister. He replied, 'All the boys in our school say 'Gosh,' 'Yes, John,' his sister responded proudly, 'but remember we are Eastern children!'"

Dr. Holmes was in a Boston bookstore one day, when a woman came in to purchase a book for a holiday present. One of the first volumes shown her was "The Last Leaf." "Who is this by?" asked the customer. "Dr. Holmes." "Did he draw the pictures?" "Oh, no; he wrote the poetry." "The poetry! Is that all?" The clerk looked at the doctor, who had overheard the dialogue and was enjoying it. When the lady went out, the doctor repeated comically: "The poetry! Is that all?"

During the MacDowell Music Festival last summer in Peterboro, N.H., a waitress of The Inn, where the orchestra was entertained, rushed in distress to the wife of the proprietor excitedly, exclaiming that "one of the orchestra men can't eat meat!" "Why not? Is he ill?" "Oh, no, but he is a Unitarian!" "A Unitarian? Why, Unitarians eat meat." "Well, maybe it's a Cemetarian!" "Oh, you mean a vegetarian!" "That's it," exclaimed the girl, "I knew it was something religious with 'tarian' on the end."

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 305 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introducton is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give beneath the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. B. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register*:—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Universe:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
32nd year. Sept. 22, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys.
George H. Browne, A.M., } Principals.
Rev. Willard Reed, A.M., }

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University

The Christian Register

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 7 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 145
The Menace of Friendship 146
The Significance of the Conference of Charities and Correction 147

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Notes of an Itinerant, III. 148

CURRENT TOPICS 149

BREVITIES 150

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Francis David Memorial Church 150

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Shadowland, by Augusta Larned 151
The Immigration Bill; The Founder of Toynbee Hall . . 152
Marriage and the Income Tax 154
The Chance for Unitarianism, by Rev. Charles E. Park, 155
Theodore Thornton Munger 158
Unitarianism in Canada, III., by W. Copeland Bowie; Charles Gordon Ames Memorial 162
Dr. James K. Hosmer; From Camp Hill, Ala., by Alice Gray Teele 163
The Balkan Relief Fund 164
The Tuckerman School; Isles of Shoals 167

LITERATURE.
Books 159

THE HOME.
How Little Miss Muffet caught a Mouse, by Louella C. Poole; Little Wait-a-Minute 160
Two Ways of Moving; Not Properly Equipped . . . 161

POETRY.
The Jolly Old Spider, by C. Burnham Maddock . . . 160
Trees 162

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
Report and Appeal 163

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Time for holding Annual Meetings 164

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 164

HERE AND THERE 167

PLEASANTRIES 168

Editorial.

THE report of the meeting in Seattle of the National Conference of Charities and Correction is a noteworthy publication. It registers the fortieth year of the work of the Conference and the last year of the service as Secretary of Mr. Alexander Johnson, who for nearly a generation has been a leading influence in its administration. We have certain rights of pride in Mr. Johnson's career because he has also been a layman in the Unitarian Church, and has brought to his work in the Conference a genius for inspiring direction, and just the spirit which we like to think represents our purpose. With sound common sense, a faculty for energizing leadership, and idealism always connected with things to be done, Mr. Johnson has united a personal quality that brought and retained the utmost confidence. Such a life is a pattern to the prophets. No enthusiasm has run to waste in tirades against things in general, but particular directions of reform have been taken up with comprehension, understanding, and clear-sighted purpose. It has been said that Mr. Johnson came near being a Unitarian minister. We think he has been such a minister as those in the office would like to have been. His ordination has been proven in a consecrated devotion, and the members of his nation-wide parish follow him in retirement with every blessing and gratitude.

THE *Christian Register* has, naturally, never intimated that committal to "a programme and ideal of social reconstruction, as contrasted with social service," constituted "treason to Unitarianism." In the body of Rev. John Haynes Holmes's article in the *Survey* the social question is made synonymous with "active service of community needs." As a matter of fact, social service is far more than "binding of the wounds of the people." It is a careful process of fundamental betterment, and often has a reconstructive function. But that any conceivable social reconstruction could make wounds impossible it appears to us folly to maintain.

ONE of the sons of a liberal family in the East was sent to a private school in which religious instruction of a doctrinal sort is conscientiously given each student, unless vigorous objection is offered. In this case, however, the young chap was firm; and to one of his weekly letters appended the militant postscript, "and be sure to

Digitized by Google

tell me what I believe about the Holy Ghost, Mamma!" It would be much more interesting to know what his instructors really believe about the Holy Ghost in this day and generation. Time was when the Holy Ghost was the most important factor in the theological arsenal. It was a component in the cosmic substance, a medium of psychic communication of physical healing, as well as the ineffable bond of unity in the Church, the spiritual seamless robe enwrapping the Bride of Christ; finally, the third person of the Trinity. A complete historical survey of the various doctrinal conceptions of this entity would be a mighty work! To-day how things have changed! Most of us would prefer to remain silent as the physico-chemical rôle, and reserve our decision as to its identity, in all save that of bringing the Father to his children.

To be without honor in one's own country and among one's own people is a privilege not reserved for prophets alone. It arises from a form of violating the tenth commandment. The root of it is resentment against superiority on the part of one's fellows, growing out of the desire of covetousness. If people cannot gain what others have gained, they can at least discount that gain in their minds and so accomplish an inverse covetousness. Thus the meanest of sins conceals its despicable nature under the form of discrimination. The worst of it is that those who give this instinct free play cut off their own advancement. Under cover of keeping a form of equality they really produce the disadvantage of themselves and their fellows. It is as if a man should distrust the aid of a room-mate in a fire and, in waiting for the firemen, both lose their lives. Community advancement is clipped in this way. Those who are able and ready to serve are disregarded, and provincial distrust postpones improvement, until help from the outside comes, and the balance of mediocrity is undisturbed. Some communities are so vain as to credit no eminence that is not their own, others so sensitive of their lack of it that they will hail every excellence but the one plainly exceptional. Running down one's own cause is spurious sagacity and injurious loyalty. It is like the naïve question of the woman whose physician-son had just bandaged an injury, "Hadn't we better have the doctor run in this afternoon?"

The Kikuyu controversy, theologically analyzed, is merely this. What magic power resides in the rite of confirmation? Extraordinary as it may seem, the Church of England is the only Christian body which has made this rite, in addition to baptism, which it presupposes, a prerequisite to receiving the Eucharist. The Roman Catholic ruling is not more stringent than the good counsel that it be required: Leo XIII. was emphatic in this (1907). However, it is not a canonical requirement. Up to Tertullian's time (150 A.D.) nothing was heard of such a rite. He treated the catechetical rite as twofold,—exorcism of the evil, as baptism; benediction of the Holy Spirit, as confirmation. The Church of England, however, has been, since about 1250 A.D., peculiar in its ruling that, to avoid the degradation of the former (baptism) into a mere "charm," confirmation at the hands of the bishop should be encouraged, so also that the learning of the catechism would be given a teleological value. The Roman Church has always insisted upon Episcopal confirmation, but not upon the requirement of it before admission to the Eucharist. The Anglican Church makes it a rite following catechetical instruction, and required before admittance to the Eucharist; and, since none but its own bishops can impart it in this case, one very readily sees how valuable a means of exclusion and inclusion it comes to be. For the fact is the action of bishops Willis and Peel simply proclaims as unnecessary this elaborate catechetical instruction and the much-stressed confirmation ceremony of the Anglican Church. On the other hand, the intransigent Bishop Weston of Zanzibar is inconsistent with the principles of his Tractarianism, which seeks homogeneity, if nothing more, with the Roman Church. In this connection it is worth while to note the accusation made by a writer in the (London) *Nation*, that the Bishop has tolerated the celebration in his diocese of the Roman feast of the Immaculate Conception (by Anglican priests). Moreover, his request that the accused bishops be tried before the Archbishop of Capetown rather than the Archbishop of Canterbury, as has always before been the case (for instance, Bishop Colenso of Natal, in 1860), is another innovation that to some savors of Rome. The complications of Kikuyu promise quite a hubbub, but it is reassuring to know that Bishop Weston's cardinal tenet in reality emphasizes the authority of the Church of England over against the doctrine of Rome.

In 1856 Quinet, according to Prof. Guérard, in his "French Prophets of Yesterday," wrote, "Certainly it would be an immense progress if the nations could be drawn away from Catholicism, which represents barbaric mediævalism, on to one of the most modern forms of Christianity. And among these you cannot have failed to see that Unitarianism is the one most in harmony with our times; for, while it preserves a shadow of Christian antiquity, and thus reassures the trembling spirit of the people, it also goes hand in hand with the most fearless philosophy. Who could not wish that the voice of a French Emerson, of a Channing, should be heard in the midst of our French society, in our provinces, in our workshops?" Quinet found no support for his hope in France, but a great religious movement was started in Brussels. Is the Unitarian Church then founded there still in existence?

The Menace of Friendship.

International good-will is the last sentiment to be cultivated by the political leaders of the nations. Good-will between any two nations is interpreted as a menace to all other neighboring nations. If France and England bury old hatreds and begin to talk about an *entente cordiale*, somebody in Germany sounds the alarm and declares that a plot against Germany is on foot. If France and Germany show signs of burying old grudges and forgetting ancient hatreds, England looks askance at plans to run a tunnel under the British Channel, and says it is quite as well to let France keep her distance. All the principal European powers strain every nerve to maintain the *status quo*, and to prevent any two powers from becoming too intimate and friendly, lest, when the others are off guard, a slice of Africa or a concession in Asia may be bought, sold, or exchanged to the advantage of the two contracting parties and the disadvantage of all the others.

We may come nearer home for an illustration which may suggest sober thought to every citizen of the United States. It ought to make us all ashamed to reflect that in our relations with Japan we descend every week to the lowest level of national prejudice and jealousy. In our better moments we remember the generous part played by our government in its relations with this ancient empire, but in our frequent lapses we resent as an affront and a challenge every rumor of an increase

Digitized by Google

of good-will between Japan and Mexico or some South American republic. "What, Japan and Mexico cultivating friendship and exchanging courtesies? Then there must be a plot on foot against the United States! Build four more dreadnoughts or super-dreadnoughts immediately!" Instead of Mexico it may be some South American republic that is guilty of meeting the friendly advances of Japan with courtesy or kindness. Again the alarm is sounded, and we are warned that the opening of the Panama Canal will be the signal for an attack upon our possessions in the South. We must therefore spend millions to fortify. If Japan is striving to make friends in South America, we may be sure that mischief is afoot. Let us beware lest we be caught napping, and so lose our costly canal and our insular possessions. Scarcely a month passes that some newspaper does not display headlines concerning the menace of Japan. Meanwhile, the wisest and best elements, both at home and in Japan, are trying to find a safe basis for their private and public relations. These efforts are continually nullified by these insidious appeals to the passions and the prejudices of the rabble of well-dressed and empty-headed people, who ought to know better.

For in truth these are not the promptings of patriotism or even of an enlightened self-interest. They are reminiscences and survivals of the old savage jealousies that once presided at all the contacts of one tribe or nation with another. It is possible for two nations to draw straight lines between their respective possessions and claims, and then to agree to respect each other's rights without controversy. Japan does not allow Americans to get a title to large tracts of real estate in the Japanese islands, and frankly says so, making laws and regulations excluding us from anything approaching control of any part of her territory, and, so doing, is acting within her rights. We also have an undoubted right to exercise our own judgment concerning the place and privilege we are to accord to those who come to share the inheritance we have won from nature and savage men, by means some foul and some honorable, but now giving us an acknowledged title to the soil and resources of the country we occupy.

Our interests are identical. Whatever makes for the happiness and prosperity of Japan is good for us, and what one nations gains must in the end be shared by the other. Let us then put away jealousy and so order our ways that friendship between two nations will no longer be considered a menace to any other nation. These are not the days recorded in the Book of Deuteronomy, in which Moses is reported as saying to his people that the Lord their God had delivered into their hands all the towns and cities that lay in their way to the promised land. There were "cities fenced with high walls, gates and bars, besides the unwalled towns a great many; and we utterly destroyed . . . every inhabited city, with the women and the little ones. But all the cattle and the spoil of the cities we took for a prey to ourselves." Those days have passed, and yet it was as late as the days of our great-grandfathers that British warships, sailing around the world, stopped long enough at every newly discovered pagan town or village to put the fear of God in their hearts by bombarding and burning everything in sight; and some other nations even later than that thought they were doing God service by similar practices.

Genghis Khan and Tamarlane took it for granted that it was entirely right and proper to harry, burn, kill, and destroy all life and property in the lands they invaded, and even as late as the Boxer rebellion in China military forces that marched under the flags of Christian nations did things that war correspondents have never dared to report. Happily these things are now becoming exceptional; but the evil spirit that prompted them is not yet fully exorcised, and now and then lifts its horrid head in these international jealousies which make even the friendships of nations causes of offence. The case may not be quite as bad as it looks, because some of the fright and indignation may be merely feigned by ship-builders and steel-makers who have to get up sham war cries in order to create a market for their wares. Let us hope that human nature is coming out right side up faster than it seems when we hear the talk about the plots against us that friendship is hatching in Mexico and Japan.

G. B.

The Significance of the Conference of Charities and Correction.

The fortieth annual report of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, to which we have already called attention, has a significance which ought not to be allowed to pass with brief mention. It shows the making of the road along which the evils and imperfections of society are reached with remedy. It exhibits such a road, and it surveys the ground for its extension.

The aim and results of the Conference are sometimes somewhat contemptuously received as mere temporizing with superficial improvement in conditions which require more radical treatment. Those who have a plan of action, or rather of reconstruction, which it is fondly hoped will dispense with much action, have little use for the hewers of wood and drawers of water in the temple of regeneration. Some people even think that such efforts are not only ephemeral, but positively harmful; for they postpone that revolution in which confidence rests. They perpetuate conditions by improving them, which ought not to exist at all. They occupy the mind with mending what ought to be done away with. They delude men with false satisfactions, and lull to rest idealizing with specious realizings. They postpone the good time coming with their improvements of the times that are here. They substitute commonplace and ordinary plodding for the inspiring and exhilarating flights of prophecy.

It is truly much more thrilling to be stirred by a great emotion than to be faced with an achievement and a practicable obligation. To tingle with feeling, with indignation, or with zeal seems a much higher and nobler exercise of the soul than to go to work. When one surveys the whole situation and devises a scheme which, if it worked, would make this earth a heaven, he has the advantage of dealing with a very large matter in a very large way. He carries this grandeur of conception in imagination so intently that it changes from the world of ideals to the world of things. It seems not only possible, but actual. But, when he tries anywhere to work such ideal out, he finds that he cannot deal with the actual whole, and that he has to bring it to the test of practicable working in the part of the world he is in. If the world could be remoulded to his heart's desire as easily as the desire can be formed, all would go well. A little "if" continually gets in the way. "If it worked" is just the hard point. There is a third something that has to be taken into account with the evil and its remedy, and that third something is the people concerned. Recalcitrant materials have to be dealt with, and the recalcitrant material is what compels the prophet to come down from his high mountain and tramp in the dust of the highway with the people who are faring towards the promised land he tells them he has seen.

If the whole truth were told, the prophets themselves get a little tired of nothing but visions. Continual tingling with nothing else to show for it will pall upon

tell me what I believe about the Holy Ghost, Mamma!" It would be much more interesting to know what his instructors really believe about the Holy Ghost in this day and generation. Time was when the Holy Ghost was the most important factor in the theological arsenal. It was a component in the cosmic substance, a medium of psychic communication of physical healing, as well as the ineffable bond of unity in the Church, the spiritual seamless robe enwrapping the Bride of Christ; finally, the third person of the Trinity. A complete historical survey of the various doctrinal conceptions of this entity would be a mighty work! To-day how things have changed! Most of us would prefer to remain silent as the physico-chemical rôle, and reserve our decision as to its identity, in all save that of bringing the Father to his children.

To be without honor in one's own country and among one's own people is a privilege not reserved for prophets alone. It arises from a form of violating the tenth commandment. The root of it is resentment against superiority on the part of one's fellows, growing out of the desire of covetousness. If people cannot gain what others have gained, they can at least discount that gain in their minds and so accomplish an inverse covetousness. Thus the meanest of sins conceals its despicable nature under the form of discrimination. The worst of it is that those who give this instinct free play cut off their own advancement. Under cover of keeping a form of equality they really produce the disadvantage of themselves and their fellows. It is as if a man should distrust the aid of a room-mate in a fire and, in waiting for the firemen, both lose their lives. Community advancement is clipped in this way. Those who are able and ready to serve are disregarded, and provincial distrust postpones improvement, until help from the outside comes, and the balance of mediocrity is undisturbed. Some communities are so vain as to credit no eminence that is not their own, others so sensitive of their lack of it that they will hail every excellence but the one plainly exceptional. Running down one's own cause is spurious sagacity and injurious loyalty. It is like the naive question of the woman whose physician-son had just bandaged an injury, "Hadn't we better have the doctor run in this afternoon?"

The Kikuyu controversy, theologically analyzed, is merely this. What magic power resides in the rite of confirmation? Extraordinary as it may seem, the Church of England is the only Christian body which has made this rite, in addition to baptism, which it presupposes, a prerequisite to receiving the Eucharist. The Roman Catholic ruling is not more stringent than the good counsel that it be required: Leo XIII. was emphatic in this (1907). However, it is not a canonical requirement. Up to Tertullian's time (150 A.D.) nothing was heard of such a rite. He treated the catechetical rite as twofold,—exorcism of the evil, as baptism; benediction of the Holy Spirit, as confirmation. The Church of England, however, has been, since about 1250 A.D., peculiar in its ruling that, to avoid the degradation of the former (baptism) into a mere "charm," confirmation at the hands of the bishop should be encouraged, so also that the learning of the catechism would be given a teleological value. The Roman Church has always insisted upon Episcopal confirmation, but not upon the requirement of it before admission to the Eucharist. The Anglican Church makes it a rite following catechetical instruction, and required before admittance to the Eucharist; and, since none but its own bishops can impart it in this case, one very readily sees how valuable a means of exclusion and inclusion it comes to be. For the fact is the action of bishops Willis and Peel simply proclaims as unnecessary this elaborate catechetical instruction and the much-stressed confirmation ceremony of the Anglican Church. On the other hand, the intransigent Bishop Weston of Zanzibar is inconsistent with the principles of his Tractarianism, which seeks homogeneity, if nothing more, with the Roman Church. In this connection it is worth while to note the accusation made by a writer in the (London) *Nation*, that the Bishop has tolerated the celebration in his diocese of the Roman feast of the Immaculate Conception (by Anglican priests). Moreover, his request that the accused bishops be tried before the Archbishop of Capetown rather than the Archbishop of Canterbury, as has always before been the case (for instance, Bishop Colenso of Natal, in 1860), is another innovation that to some savors of Rome. The complications of Kikuyu promise quite a hubbub, but it is reassuring to know that Bishop Weston's cardinal tenet in reality emphasizes the authority of the Church of England over against the doctrine of Rome.

In 1856 Quinet, according to Prof. Guérard, in his "French Prophets of Yesterday," wrote, "Certainly it would be an immense progress if the nations could be drawn away from Catholicism, which represents barbaric mediævalism, on to one of the most modern forms of Christianity. And among these you cannot have failed to see that Unitarianism is the one most in harmony with our times; for, while it preserves a shadow of Christian antiquity, and thus reassures the trembling spirit of the people, it also goes hand in hand with the most fearless philosophy. Who could not wish that the voice of a French Emerson, of a Channing, should be heard in the midst of our French society, in our provinces, in our workshops?" Quinet found no support for his hope in France, but a great religious movement was started in Brussels. Is the Unitarian Church then founded there still in existence?

The Menace of Friendship.

International good-will is the last sentiment to be cultivated by the political leaders of the nations. Good-will between any two nations is interpreted as a menace to all other neighboring nations. If France and England bury old hatreds and begin to talk about an *entente cordiale*, somebody in Germany sounds the alarm and declares that a plot against Germany is on foot. If France and Germany show signs of burying old grudges and forgetting ancient hatreds, England looks askance at plans to run a tunnel under the British Channel, and says it is quite as well to let France keep her distance. All the principal European powers strain every nerve to maintain the *status quo*, and to prevent any two powers from becoming too intimate and friendly, lest, when the others are off guard, a slice of Africa or a concession in Asia may be bought, sold, or exchanged to the advantage of the two contracting parties and the disadvantage of all the others.

We may come nearer home for an illustration which may suggest sober thought to every citizen of the United States. It ought to make us all ashamed to reflect that in our relations with Japan we descend every week to the lowest level of national prejudice and jealousy. In our better moments we remember the generous part played by our government in its relations with this ancient empire, but in our frequent lapses we resent as an affront and a challenge every rumor of an increase

Digitized by Google

of good-will between Japan and Mexico or some South American republic. "What, Japan and Mexico cultivating friendship and exchanging courtesies? Then there must be a plot on foot against the United States! Build four more dreadnoughts or super-dreadnoughts immediately!" Instead of Mexico it may be some South American republic that is guilty of meeting the friendly advances of Japan with courtesy or kindness. Again the alarm is sounded, and we are warned that the opening of the Panama Canal will be the signal for an attack upon our possessions in the South. We must therefore spend millions to fortify. If Japan is striving to make friends in South America, we may be sure that mischief is afoot. Let us beware lest we be caught napping, and so lose our costly canal and our insular possessions. Scarcely a month passes that some newspaper does not display headlines concerning the menace of Japan. Meanwhile, the wisest and best elements, both at home and in Japan, are trying to find a safe basis for their private and public relations. These efforts are continually nullified by these insidious appeals to the passions and the prejudices of the rabble of well-dressed and empty-headed people, who ought to know better.

For in truth these are not the promptings of patriotism or even of an enlightened self-interest. They are reminiscences and survivals of the old savage jealousies that once presided at all the contacts of one tribe or nation with another. It is possible for two nations to draw straight lines between their respective possessions and claims, and then to agree to respect each other's rights without controversy. Japan does not allow Americans to get a title to large tracts of real estate in the Japanese islands, and frankly says so, making laws and regulations excluding us from anything approaching control of any part of her territory, and, so doing, is acting within her rights. We also have an undoubted right to exercise our own judgment concerning the place and privilege we are to accord to those who come to share the inheritance we have won from nature and savage men, by means some foul and some honorable, but now giving us an acknowledged title to the soil and resources of the country we occupy.

Our interests are identical. Whatever makes for the happiness and prosperity of Japan is good for us, and what one nations gains must in the end be shared by the other. Let us then put away jealousy and so order our ways that friendship between two nations will no longer be considered a menace to any other nation. These are not the days recorded in the Book of Deuteronomy, in which Moses is reported as saying to his people that the Lord their God had delivered into their hands all the towns and cities that lay in their way to the promised land. There were "cities fenced with high walls, gates and bars, besides the unwalled towns a great many; and we utterly destroyed . . . every inhabited city, with the women and the little ones. But all the cattle and the spoil of the cities we took for a prey to ourselves." Those days have passed, and yet it was as late as the days of our great-grandfathers that British warships, sailing around the world, stopped long enough at every newly discovered pagan town or village to put the fear of God in their hearts by bombarding and burning everything in sight; and some other nations even later than that thought they were doing God service by similar practices.

Genghis Khan and Tamarlane took it for granted that it was entirely right and proper to harry, burn, kill, and destroy all life and property in the lands they invaded, and even as late as the Boxer rebellion in China military forces that marched under the flags of Christian nations did things that war correspondents have never dared to report. Happily these things are now becoming exceptional; but the evil spirit that prompted them is not yet fully exorcised, and now and then lifts its horrid head in these international jealousies which make even the friendships of nations causes of offence. The case may not be quite as bad as it looks, because some of the fright and indignation may be merely feigned by ship-builders and steel-makers who have to get up sham war cries in order to create a market for their wares. Let us hope that human nature is coming out right side up faster than it seems when we hear the talk about the plots against us that friendship is hatching in Mexico and Japan.

G. B.

The Significance of the Conference of Charities and Correction.

The fortieth annual report of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, to which we have already called attention, has a significance which ought not to be allowed to pass with brief mention. It shows the making of the road along which the evils and imperfections of society are reached with remedy. It exhibits such a road, and it surveys the ground for its extension.

The aim and results of the Conference are sometimes somewhat contemptuously received as mere temporizing with superficial improvement in conditions which require more radical treatment. Those who have a plan of action, or rather of reconstruction, which it is fondly hoped will dispense with much action, have little use for the hewers of wood and drawers of water in the temple of regeneration. Some people even think that such efforts are not only ephemeral, but positively harmful; for they postpone that revolution in which confidence rests. They perpetuate conditions by improving them, which ought not to exist at all. They occupy the mind with mending what ought to be done away with. They delude men with false satisfactions, and lull to rest idealizing with specious realizings. They postpone the good time coming with their improvements of the times that are here. They substitute commonplace and ordinary plodding for the inspiring and exhilarating flights of prophecy.

It is truly much more thrilling to be stirred by a great emotion than to be faced with an achievement and a practicable obligation. To tingle with feeling, with indignation, or with zeal seems a much higher and nobler exercise of the soul than to go to work. When one surveys the whole situation and devises a scheme which, if it worked, would make this earth a heaven, he has the advantage of dealing with a very large matter in a very large way. He carries this grandeur of conception in imagination so intently that it changes from the world of ideals to the world of things. It seems not only possible, but actual. But, when he tries anywhere to work such ideal out, he finds that he cannot deal with the actual whole, and that he has to bring it to the test of practicable working in the part of the world he is in. If the world could be remoulded to his heart's desire as easily as the desire can be formed, all would go well. A little "if" continually gets in the way. "If it worked" is just the hard point. There is a third something that has to be taken into account with the evil and its remedy, and that third something is the people concerned. Recalcitrant materials have to be dealt with, and the recalcitrant material is what compels the prophet to come down from his high mountain and tramp in the dust of the highway with the people who are faring towards the promised land he tells them he has seen.

If the whole truth were told, the prophets themselves get a little tired of nothing but visions. Continual tingling with nothing else to show for it will pall upon

even the most exuberant temperament. To be a thriller popularizes one's message, but in time the fact that a steady diet of anticipations issues in starvation comes home to the most enthusiastic reformer. The crust of reality has a staying power which the stimulant of idealism fails to give; and contact with those who have enlisted in the ranks reveals the significant fact that one does not give up his idealism, but heightens it in getting into hand-to-hand relations with the problems of civilization. It was a wise word of a philosopher, that there is no such thing as pure enterprise. The enterprise which gets above touching the earth ceases as fatally to be enterprise as that which never gets above the earth. It is refreshing to the idealist to see ideals in the working, to see them applied, and to observe how they respond to the challenge of a situation. There is no issue between the idealist and the matter-of-fact man in this: the issue is simply one of method. Shall we do more for another and better order of things by contending for a doctrine of social order, or by making the social order better wherever there is a chance to do so?

The inspiring thing about the reports in the publication we are dealing with is that they proceed from men who are in the thick of the best kind of social reconstruction yet in sight, the kind that reconstructs executively instead of legally, and relies on better laws not for the doing of what no number of perfect laws will ever do, but for enabling people to do those things. Here is a man who comes to talk about immigration, and he speaks with authority because he is doing the work he speaks of. Here is another who surveys the relation of commercial organizations to social welfare, and his able contribution is valuable because his whole life is absorbed in a great civic work in a large city where he comes into hourly contact with every phase of the matter he deals with. Here is the subject of prisons treated by persons actually carrying out new methods of management, and bringing evidence that some grave evils of prison administration which seemed unsurmountable have been done away with. Here is the secretary of the Conference himself dealing with the question of the social work of a church, and bringing his case in the form of an actual church, and its way of putting its members into effective relation with the needs of their community. So it is with topics about the health of the community in relation to productive power about public supervision and administration, standards of living and labor, child welfare in many connections, and families and neighborhoods. All are handled by persons who not only have something to say, but, what is more, say something about what is actually being done and definitely possible to do. We are not hearing much of the language of fiery exhortation, of impassioned appeal. A plain prose account is given us. But we rise from the reading with a sense of having seen a great work going on, and of having witnessed a vast change in process and in assurance. Here is a great army of workers for better things. They are in every field, and they bring sheaves with them of a harvest worthy of a year. Steadily, and not too slowly for the magnitude of the task, praying is being wrought into the deeds of righteousness. Here is the continual remaking of the world. Here is the pattern of the work of the saints. Reconstruction is going on, not on paper, not in debate, not in dreams, not in congresses and parliaments, but, where all such agencies direct, in the places where alone reconstruction can be really carried out,—here, and here, where the ailing is.

Still, we shall hear that all this is wasted energy, pitifully wasted endeavor, and that nothing will accomplish wide and lasting good till Mr. Wiseman's plan shall be put into operation. But which plan? Uncle Remus's story of the rain-maker is a parable in point. It was perfectly safe to promise rain when those who demanded its bringing should decide where it should fall and how long. The malcontents were found at the end of the day, undecided among themselves, and sulky with dissension. They could not agree on what they were agreed in expecting. The miracle-maker feared no strain on his powers. Reforms of every kind can safely be promised on such condition. In the mean time we might as well keep busy. We can go home and do the best we can, and find things better worth doing than the best we have done. In that way all things finally get done.

American Unitarian Association.

Notes of an Itinerant.

III.

The return journey from the farther side of the Continental Divide has led me to traverse the entire territory of the Central West, to study again the needs of our missionary work in that vast and dominant district, to take part in the anniversary celebration of the church at Hinsdale, and to visit the Chicago headquarters and there review the whole situation with Mr. Smith, the secretary of the Western Conference, and Mr. Hawley, the newly-elected Western representative on the Board of Directors of the Association.

In the last twenty years there has appeared a marked tendency in the organized church life of the West which has both a good and an evil side. It is a tendency which affects all the Protestant fellowships. It is, indeed, a part of a vastly larger movement which is changing many of the habits of our national life. In all the Protestant denominations, with the possible exception of the Christians or Disciples, the churches of the smaller communities are declining, while the churches in the big centres are holding their own or gaining. The rural counties of the prairie States are dotted everywhere with abandoned Evangelical churches. The country church problem is nowhere so discouraging. Certain reliable statistics, drawn wholly from orthodox authorities, declare that there are 800 dead country churches in Ohio, 750 in Missouri, 1,700 in Illinois, and so on. The deplorable side of this tendency is less noticeable with us than with the great Protestant bodies, simply because we have comparatively few country churches. Nevertheless it is true with us also that the churches in the larger cities appear to be growing more and more influential and serviceable, while a number of societies in the smaller places are languishing or have but a name to live. Even in some of the cities that can hardly be classed as small the churches now have to expend all their energies in the effort to survive, and have no surplus for the real work of a church. In very recent years a new development has still further promoted the decay of the smaller places. The immense growth of the mail order business, combined with the facilities afforded by the parcel post, is rapidly running the merchants of the smaller cities and towns out of business. This still further diminishes the capacity of self-support for the churches and contributes to the importance of the great commercial centres.

It is not necessary to discuss the causes of the decay of the Western rural churches. Suffice it that the causes are quite beyond the control of any church or body of churches. They have to do with economic and industrial conditions, with fundamental changes in the thoughts and habits and desires of great masses of people, with the irresistible movement of population, wealth, and influence toward the big centres. We cannot bend or direct these movements. We must simply adapt our-

Digitized by Google

selves to them and plan our work accordingly. We shall try to keep vital and resolute such work as we are now carrying on in the smaller communities, but it will be unwise to plant new churches in places where the American-born population is diminishing, or where industries are declining or moving away. We must obviously concentrate our limited resources on the growing centres of influence and make the churches at these centres strong with diffusive power and alive with the sense of responsibility toward the liberally-inclined people of the neighboring counties.

In Minnesota, for instance, we want, in addition to the work among our Scandinavian fellow-citizens, to see the churches in such centres as St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth take up responsibility not only for their own communities, but also for the liberal cause in the State at large. In Wisconsin, Milwaukee, and Madison are the natural centres of influence. There are the great educational and industrial resources. It will be better for our churches in such cities to spread their membership, active and associate, over the State than to encourage the maintenance of little struggling missions in isolated towns. Our work in Missouri thus naturally centres in St. Louis and Kansas City; in Michigan, in Detroit, Grand Rapids, and Kalamazoo; in Iowa, in Des Moines, Sioux City, and Davenport. In Indiana the church at Indianapolis already realizes that it must be a State as well as a city influence. The Indianapolis newspapers go all over the State. Public opinion is more and more formed in the capital city. A strong liberal church at that centre will better serve our cause than half a dozen weak churches in lesser places.

The Ohio plan of campaign has been apparent for many years and is being steadily pushed ahead. We hold the four corners of the State, with the strong churches at Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, and Marietta. We are developing new movements on the eastern and western sides of the square, in the growing and important industrial cities of Youngstown and Dayton. Each of these six churches is to make itself responsible for the diffusion of our message in neighboring towns and cities, and finally, if we should be needed, all six churches can converge upon the capital, Columbus, and raise our banner at the centre of the State.

I have spoken of the political and commercial capitals, but even more vital centres of influence are to be found in the great and growing State universities. Wisely the directors of the Association have for years past put most of the money at their command for use in the West into the university towns. The churches at Minneapolis, Madison, and Lincoln, where are situated the Universities of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Nebraska, are now self-supporting, but the churches at the seats of the Universities of Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas continue to look to the Association for sympathy and financial aid. There is no more fruitful work that the Association can undertake.

The chief problem in the Western field is in Chicago, which is the commercial capital of the whole district, and where public opinion is formed for the whole Central West. Our three churches are comparatively inconspicuous, and our constituency, while fine in spirit, in quality, and in individual achievement, is weak in numbers and in capacity for united action. The churches are, however, ably led and well located, one on the North, one on the West, and one on the South Side, near the university, with Mr. Jones's work at Lincoln Centre in between. The plan of campaign is, therefore, plain, if the churches can develop the will and the power to push it through. Each church should make itself a strong influence for liberal thinking, rational religious education, and public-spirited endeavor in its own section, and then, when the fitting opportunity comes, all should unite in the maintenance of a down-town, evening preaching station, supplied by our strongest ministers and laymen, from which our message can radiate, through the medium of the press, throughout the Western field.

The Western Unitarian Conference has long possessed an admirable spirit of independence. It has an endowment fund which materially helps in meeting the regular charges, and it has the loyal support of a considerable body of churches. Its officers are experienced and devoted. The work at the Chicago office is well in hand, and is conducted with discretion and fidelity.

Samuel A. Eliot.

Current Topics.

President Wilson, on February 3, took a significant, possibly a decisive, step in the Mexican situation by issuing an executive order removing all restrictions from the exportation of arms and ammunition across the Mexican frontier. In a note explaining the purpose of the new regulation, it was pointed out at the White House that the suspension of the embargo on arms and ammunition from American sources would place the Federals and the Constitutionalists in the neighboring republic on an equal basis, and that it would place the United States in accord with other powers, in so far as the exportation of munitions of arms into Mexico is concerned. By the Constitutionalist leaders the action of the President of the United States was welcomed eagerly as a material contribution to the strength of the rebel cause. The issuance of the executive order in Washington was followed immediately by the release of large quantities of military supplies, which had been held on the American side of the border under the President's original proclamation of neutrality.

The issue of the exclusion of Asiatics was fought out afresh in the House of Representatives at Washington, February 3, when the Chamber, by overwhelming votes, rejected every amendment to the Immigration Bill offered in the attempt to debar Mongolians, Malays, and negroes from admission to the country. The proposed legislation was aimed chiefly at Japanese and Hindoos, and the California delegation in the House took a leading part in the struggle for exclusion. In the course of the debate, which at times rose to dramatic heights, the arguments for and against exclusion were emphatically stated, and California got an opportunity to place once more before the country its unalterable objections to the Asiatic as a neighbor on the soil of the State. The bill, as finally passed by the House, later in the week, contained a clause applying the test of literacy to all immigrants,—a provision which was bitterly opposed by many immigration organizations throughout the country. It is believed the President himself is opposed to this phase of the measure.

In Tokio the refusal of the House of Representatives in Washington to place itself on record as opposed to the immigration of Asiatics was received with outspoken gratification in high quarters. The Japanese foreign office accepted the rejection of the plea of the Californians as an indication of the purpose of American legislators to approach the problem pending between Japan and the United States in a broad and conciliatory spirit. Although, of course, the prospect of the passage by Congress

of an immigration law free from discriminatory provisions does not affect directly the issue presented by the anti-Japanese legislation placed upon the statute books of California last year, it, nevertheless, was welcomed in Tokio as a material step toward the adjustment of a situation which has risen to the prominence of a vital national issue in Japan. With the demonstration of friendliness in the American House of Representatives fresh in their minds, Japanese statesmen are taking up with renewed confidence the task of negotiating a new treaty with the United States, which shall remove the causes of potential friction between the two countries.

In another quarter certain provisions of the Immigration Bill, as passed by the House, have been received with active dissatisfaction. The foreign office at Rome last week caused the information to be conveyed to Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page that the Italian government would not accept the proposed legislation if, upon its enactment, it should contain the provision that an American doctor and an inspector shall be placed on board every Italian steamship transporting immigrants to the United States. On this question, which the Italian ministry is disposed to regard in a serious light, Italy had previously defined its attitude. It has been pointed out that the regulations of the Italian merchant marine require the presence of a royal naval surgeon on every Italian emigrant ship, and that the action proposed by the United States would not only cause unnecessary confusion, but would constitute a reflection upon the efficiency of the Italian government medical service.

Another decisive step in the direction of the complete destruction of popular government in China was taken on February 3, when President Yuan Shi Kai issued a decree dissolving all the district councils in the provinces. With the national parliament legislated out of existence, by a previous presidential mandate, Yuan Shi Kai now has only one more popular deliberative body to deal with, and that is the provincial assembly in each of the provinces. The dispersal of this institution already is provided for in a decree under the consideration of the administrative council, which Yuan established as the successor of the proscribed parliament, and which is completely under the control of the dictator. The friends of popular rights in China have been greatly aroused by the latest administrative changes put into effect by Yuan Shi Kai, who also recently caused the establishment of a state religion in China by the passage of a decree by the administrative council, which placed the head of the state under obligation to attend the rites of Confucianism.

The council of the empire in St. Petersburg last week took cognizance of the growing evil of intemperance in Russia by adopting drastic regulations, limiting the sale of alcoholic drinks. The attempt to combat drunkenness in the empire was prompted by recent disclosures of a deplorable state of affairs, brought about among both urban and agricultural communities by the operations of the law which made the sale of *vodka*, the national drink, a government monopoly. In a recent plea before the council, Count Serge Witte, who was responsible for the placing of the sale of *vodka* under the control of the ministry of finance, made a pathetic admission of the failure of his plan to encourage temperance and incidentally to profit the imperial treasury, and urged his fellow-councillors to take immediate and effective steps to check the ravages of the vice which, he pointed out, was devouring the manhood of the Russian people. Under the new system the government will continue to sell *vodka*, but the opportunities for the purchase of the beverage will be greatly limited.

Brevities.

In this world, constituted as it is, the happy man is the normal man. Happiness may be either cause or effect, bringing about harmony of condition and relation.

At a recent conference on City Planning, a speaker quoted Dr. Simon N. Patten as saying, "When you get all the people talking about any reform in the same language, the victory is won, and all is over but the shouting."

Mark Twain possessed the power of expressing a serious opinion in the humorous fashion. Speaking of friendship, he said: "The holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime—if not asked to lend money."

What Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts calls "the riddle of reformers the world over" is the paradoxical situation thus described by him, that "countries with little or no prohibition are decisively reducing the national *per capita* consumption of liquors, while the United States, with more prohibition than any other country, has never succeeded in accomplishing such reduction in the nation as a whole, except temporarily in years of financial depression."

Letters to the Editor.

The Francis David Memorial Church.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Three years ago a company of forty English and sixty American Unitarians went from the meetings of the Berlin Liberal Congress on to Hungary, and there enjoyed the impressive ceremonies of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Francis David. We were received with lavish hospitality, welcomed in eloquent speeches from lips that trembled with emotion, honored to our heart's content. For the culminating meeting we went with an hundred or more of our Hungarian brethren an all-day journey from Kolozsvár to Deva, where a memorial tablet was erected in the dark cell in which Francis David died for our faith. The ancient castle lies in ruins on the hill-top overhanging the quiet town. As I stood on the crumbling battlements, looking down upon the town, and out over the lovely slopes of the valley of the Maros, I felt that I was on holy ground. A little later, at a closing banquet, we were all deeply interested by the proposition of some Hungarian seer that a memorial church be planted on the lower slope of the holy hill. Some of us made contributions for it then and there.

For some reason the matter was not followed up at that time, but now appears an earnest "Appeal to all Unitarians and Other Liberal Thinkers" (printed in the *Christian Register* Dec. 18, 1913) for the sum of $15,000 with which to build a church that shall be a home for the handful of Unitarians living in Deva, and fittingly express the reverence which all well-informed Unitarians feel towards this greatest of the martyrs for intellectual freedom. The Unitarians of America are invited to give one-third of the cost; namely, $5,000. This is a reasonable proportion for us, and the whole cost is not too great

when we appreciate the importance of the proposed memorial. This building, if erected at all, must be a pinnacle of loveliness so noteworthy that its fame will be sounded abroad, a creation so rare that all travelling Unitarians will need to journey the width of Europe for the sake of a prayer within its walls and a revery amid the ruins above. The appeal is signed by Joseph Ferencz, Bishop; George Boros, Chief Secretary; Baron Kalman Petrichevich Horvath and Gabriel Fekete, Chief Curators; and Michael Vegh, Church Secretary. They sign "with cordial brotherly greetings in the name of the Chief Consistory of the Hungarian Unitarian Church held at Kolozsvár on the 26th day of October, 1913."

At the commemorative meeting in the stately church at Kolozsvár I felt it a very great honor to address the crowded assembly of the clergy and laity of Hungary, and, on behalf of the Unitarians of America, convey to them the greetings of the American Unitarian Association. I did it in terms of brotherhood and affection. I assured them of our admiration for their honorable history, and of our desire to co-operate with them in all high ways. I spoke earnestly, and I think that they believed that I meant what I said. Now they have opportunity to find out whether I spoke merely for myself, or whether I truly represented a sister church of generous and world-wide sympathies.

In my belief that the Unitarians of America will in this practical way substantiate my words of comradeship, I now offer to receive and send on to Hungary any contributions that may be entrusted to me. I shall record all receipts in the *Register*, and crave indulgence for not making individual acknowledgment. The Hungarians desire to inscribe the name of every contributor upon a brick in the structure of the Memorial Church.

(REV.) CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Shadowland.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

The most illusive, inexplicable things in nature are shadows. They form a mysterious world of their own, and have a large share in the subtle beauty and witchery of all things, from the deep backgrounds of forests and mountains to the magical fantasy of shadowed snow. They are touched with strange half-lights, incalculable reflections, atmospheric effects of such variety an artist may study them for years, and can yet make no general theory of their witchery on the new and varied transformations of color and form they may produce.

The shadow is the half-sister of the light; only the half-sister, for light enters, more or less, into all shadows, colors them with a thousand new meanings and suggestions. Without this play of light in shadow the world would hardly be beautiful, for the shadow is always the background against which the light paints its pictures. Everywhere the shadow eludes and defies theories. It must be studied by itself. It cannot be generalized. Every shifting effect of sky and light, changes and beams from this bodiless something, we call a shadow, which exists only by clinging to something we call substance. And yet at times shadows seem more real than the objects to which they are attached and by which they live.

In spite of their sharp edges and the depth of the penumbra they are full of color touches. Rembrandt saw them filled with a gold radiance; and all the colors of the spectrum seem to glow in his pictures, if we look with a seeing eye. Rembrandt was the great shadow wizard, the man who, like cats and owls, saw best in the semi-dark; and it seems a little strange that nature has produced only one of his genius, which lay mainly in the shadow world. It seems that he had imparted to him some of the secrets of the sun, who is the greatest of all artists, both in shadow and light. Without study we hardly perceive this subtlety that forms so much of the charm of all the eye rests on. Light is so compelling of attention, we often do not see what lays behind it or is even mingled with it. All seems plain, common daylight which, like common sense, appears to govern the world.

But this is the trickery of nature. She hides her beauties of shadow behind her as Lilith, the first wife of Adam, is said to have hidden her dark children when the Lord came by. All things have their spiritualized portraits, drawn with this cunning pencil of the sun. A world without shadow would lose its most compelling charm, both for sight and imagination. In this sphere is found all fairy lore, all the ground for wonder and common miracle that enchants and thrills simple minds. The shadow, we may say, is nothing, it has no existence; yet it attaches itself to everything, follows stealthily with its vague outlines, and forms the region of romance, poetry, waking dreams, and art. What would it be without the half-lights?

Curiously enough, the shadow but slightly resembles the thing that gave it birth. Its reversal of image gives it an entirely new meaning, touches it with mystery and unreality. We have all passed through rivers and lakes where we knew not whether we were floating over water or in air. Every object on the near shores, every fern feather and lock of moss or blade of grass, every leaf or bush or tree, with glimpses of sky and moving cloud, is repeated with exquisite accuracy; but behind and beyond this sphere of brilliant colors, heightened by reflection, the real melts into the vague, the shadowy, the impenetrable, the land where sunken cities lie and gleam up at moments to the eyes of dreamers, while the church bells are heard chiming far under the waves, or shipwrecked boats reveal themselves with the bones of dead men strewing their decks. Out of this mysterious shadowland come the sweet, enticing songs of mermaidens and sirens from haunted rocks and wondrous places of unfathomed depth.

One remembers the pictures made by strange and beautiful reflections in the shaggy fastnesses of nature, as something too exquisite to be true,—the smile of a lake set like a splendid jewel between dark pine forests and huge beetling crags, or where the white spectres of snow-clad mountains lift their crowns. The innocence and purity of the vision can never be forgotten. Charming Mt. Watkins in the Yosemite Valley, reflected in Mirror Lake, where the solid mountain seems melted and poured into a more lustrous mould, a vision of unearthly beauty,—which is reflection and which solid mountain becomes a puzzle. The medium between is so pellucid, like a crystal ball, it seems to reflect a sky vision rather than solid earth and rock, with tree belts and shining flowers and shrubs clinging to their feet.

It was Hamerton who studied shadows and reflections among the lonely savage tarns of Scotland, and spoke of their incalculable enigmatic nature, so that the truest seeming may be the most impossible in reality. Exquisite little rivers, like the Concord and its branches, are often one long series of shadow pictures. The plants and flowers that creep to the river's brink to gaze at themselves, the thickets that liven the banks, distant glimpses of field and hill, the solitary plover upon the branch of a dead tree, the water rat that

Digitized by Google

plunges into the stream, the trout that rises to the fly, only enhance the unreality when you gaze into the depths below and note the spiritualized forms of the world seen as upon a sensitized plate of the sun's creating. The dipping willows, the leaning birches of silvery stem, the vari-colored grasses, cardinal flowers, golden-rod and asters, butterflies and glittering insects and flitting birds, all seem risen from buried gardens of Atlantis far under the sun-flecked stream.

But the winter shadows upon spotless snow are the most delicate and, in a certain sense, mysterious. The interlaced tree stems are no longer earthly material images: they are delicate network of lines, blue and faintest violet. The hollows and wind whirls are painted like the interior of rosy seashells.

The sun colors in new fashions. It tints the hollows and shaded ridges of the snow fields with shades and blend that seem borrowed from some other sphere. But the moonlight shadow has even a fairer soul. With snow on the ground it seems a sketch world little shaded. With the moon in its second quarter showing that illusive, poetical light it is as we imagine it first beamed over creation when it was as yet but an outline, when depths and heights stood in faintest drawing, and the sky stooped gently to mingle with the scene.

Half our lives we live on the night side in shadowland, and still it enters into our waking lives. It colors all our dreams. It weaves its mystic threads into every joy as into all our sorrows. Its wonder and its dread are never far from us. To our ken it is the world of spirits. It has been tenanted by a thousand spectres, hob-goblins, witches, and maleficent beings to make children dread the dark. Still it is the chosen land of the romancer, the poet, the dreamer, the thinker,—the night for rosy dreams, the morning for the impact of painful reality; the night for living over one's past, weeping, reclothing it, bringing back in memory those who have gone from us, who were earth's rare and lonely ones. Yes, shadowland is the porch of the other world where we glimpse through the door ajar into the place of departed souls.

Shadowland, soft, impalpable, background of what we call the real world, the black and white etching of the universe, spangled with stars, the half world where we go to love, to mourn, to hide our hearts, to weave our stories, where we enter in as through a sacred door when we would fly the too gross and heavy materialism of garish daylight!

The Immigration Bill.

By the Jewish and Catholic journals great importance is assigned to the new Immigration Bill now pending in Congress. The Jewish publications approve it in one clause only: the Catholics oppose it emphatically, and with good reason from their standpoint. The writer does not promise to review the long list of reasons given on both sides in behalf of the literacy test, which the present bill includes in the following terms: "All aliens over sixteen (16) years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language, or some other language or dialect, *including Hebrew or Yiddish*," are to be excluded. The test is to be made upon individual slips with thirty to forty printed words. Among various humane exceptions (*i.e.*, dependent and sound relatives, etc.) occurs the remarkable one: "who shall prove . . . that they are seeking admission to the United States solely for the purpose of escaping religious persecution" (if otherwise admissible).

The last clause is most remarkable. It is avowedly humane and obviously is directed toward the reception of Russian Jews, 101,330 of whom came hither for the year ending June 30, 1913. There is, of course, no equivalent clause for the benefit of South Italian or Polish immigration, numbering 405,978 for the same period. It has therefore been bitterly attacked by Catholic journals.

The clause has also great utilitarian justification in that those who were thus admitted would be in all probability permanent and industrious citizens of this country. They would come with their entire families, and naturally be amenable to colonization projects; in addition they could be organized into labor unions; and thus avoid debasing our present standard of living as the more transient bachelor immigration does at present; and the wages earned in this country would not be sent over seas. The humane principle would alone make the clause laudable: the practical considerations reinforce it. It is estimated that upon the total number of immigrants a reduction of 20 per cent. would be effected. The reading test was included in the bill which was retired by President Taft last session, but which was very nearly passed over veto by the House; the Senate repassed it four to one. The present administration is in favor of the bill, with some modifications. L.

The Founder of Toynbee Hall.

I had long intended to write some account of Samuel Barnett, Canon of Westminster, still better known as Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and founder of Toynbee Hall. I kept putting it off, owing to a difficulty that all journalists will understand,—the difficulty of knowledge. Canon Barnett I had known for more than twenty-five years, at times intimately. For two years, when living in the next street to his home in Whitechapel, I saw him nearly every day, and very often he invited me to discuss with him perplexing and intimate questions of life. In public affairs I served under him year after year upon various committees, tried to further his ideal of personal service, and gave his purposes such help as a knowledge of classical literature and military drill could give. I think he would never have wasted a minute of life over "lost causes" any more than I should, but I did my best to support him in victorious causes which heavy-hearted despair and inertia call lost.

From some people the secret of his power was hidden, and so remains. Except very luminous eyes, he had no "physical advantages." He was small, frail, far from "good looking," and entirely unathletic, though at one time he played tennis with an adroitness akin to cunning. To people he liked, his smile was singularly quick and sympathetic, but he was far from being one of those winning priests who smile and smile. His look, I think, more commonly expressed indignation, or even impatience. Watts in his portrait just caught the expression, though of course "the Prophet," as we used to call him, always tried to conquer impatience, as prophets should. Among my own many errors he often used to rebuke that of not suffering fools gladly. In this respect, like many people, he unjustly attributed to another the weakness to which he himself was exposed. His quite genuine humility helped him to resist even this temptation; and it must have cost him an unceasing struggle, for, on my word, he had plenty of fools to suffer! But the knowledge of shame or wrong consumed him with rage; and, once when the treatment of girls and women in London had been more than usually brutal, he called upon the members of a Cadet Company that I then commanded in Shadwell to strike all offenders

Digitized by Google

to the ground, no matter what laws might be broken or what the consequences might be.

As Watts caught his impatient expression, so the portrait in the [new] volume catches the interested, but half-satiric, smile with which he listened to something humorous or outrageously paradoxical. He was singularly perceptive of humor or irony in others, and enjoyed the most fantastic speculation. But, in general, he was saved from the dangers of humor in himself. He was seldom ironic, and seldom used the fine power of satire that he possessed. Sometimes it burst out when he was speaking of the rich man's indifference, and Miss Octavia Hill once told me she thought he went wrong in not trusting the good-will of the rich enough. But no one turned to him for irony or satire, and he had none of the attraction that the jolly and humorous person sometimes has, though humor is always distrusted for leadership. Neither to rich nor poor was he ever hail-fellow-well-met.

Nor was he in the least eloquent as an orator is. No one went to hear him as crowds went to hear Liddon in Oxford or St. Paul's. Both in speaking and writing his style was unmistakable, but unattractive. One would have thought it difficult to put thought so fine into form so little calculated to please. Literary critics usually condemned his writings as "dull," and his speeches and sermons were much the same in style, for I think they were nearly always written. It was a style so easy to burlesque that all of us could reel off imitations of it upon any occasion, such as the lighting of gas-lamps or the fall of a horse in the street. Here was no passionate outpouring, no attempt at oratory or splendid language or moving appeal. It was thought cut to its barest,—short sentences crammed as full as they would hold, and then left. In the original meaning of the word, it was a "sententious" style,—full of "high sentence." To me, who detest the smallest touch of rhetoric, it came with relief; but literary or emotional people went away disappointed. "Protests against error become in their turn errors"; "Idolaters recognize no change"; "Unpopularity is no condemnation, but neither is it acquittal"; "The sense of sin has been the starting-point of progress"; "Quarrelling is the luxury of security,"—how admirable such sentences are! How chokefull of wisdom! Each would make a splendid text for an essay or a sermon. But, when a speech or sermon is largely made up of such sentences, and the ordinary mind is left to make what best it can of it all, the ordinary mind will not be bothered to understand, and it votes the speaker dull. You might almost as well try to rouse a congregation by reading them one of Bacon's Essays or a chapter of Proverbs. Sometimes the touch of malice that makes the epigram was added, but that was rarely. For the moment I can recall only one such instance,—"The modern Jew is Jacob without the ladder."

But writing about style and manner and appearance only puts off the difficulty, and brings us no nearer the centre. I suppose most people have thought of Barnett as a distinguished Broad Churchman and philanthropist, who established various societies or institutions, and had a queer notion of improving the poor by giving them pictures to look at and music to hear. Of course, all that is true. Broad Church is an obsolete word, certainly, and unctuous patronage has made philanthropy stink like the apothecary's ointment. But, still, he did establish or inspire all manner of societies and institutions, —Toynbee Hall and all the imitating "Settlements," the Children's Country Holiday Fund, the Whitechapel Picture Gallery and the Baths, the Shoeblacks Blue, the Whittington and other Boys' Clubs, my own Cadet Battalion (the Queen's), and other public or private means of advancing knowledge, health, and the happy reasonableness that is thought to come of "culture." "The poor need the best" was one of his repeated sayings, and no one ever believes it. No real beauty, he thought, should be considered a waste in daily life, any more than the box of precious ointment was wasted on the feet of Christ. His was a vision reaching far beyond the Socialistic and philanthropic ideals of sanitation, eugenics, and state control of the crazy. He would have agreed with a recent leader in the *Daily Herald* which said, in reference to Anatole France's visit:—

"We look forward to the day when not merely our authors and Fabians, but our transporters and navvies, our taxi-men and postal sorters, and all their kindred, will be in the mood to appreciate and rally to every distinguished Continental exponent of art and philosophy who honors us with a visit. Literature and culture, and the appreciation thereof, should pertain to the people as a whole."

And, with all this insistence on the necessity of the beautiful in common life, his distinction was that he never mistook memories for hopes,—never attempted pretty revivals of handicrafts, maypoles, and wassailing cheaping-steads, as was the fashion some thirty years ago. He was a Futurist, always looking forward, letting the dead bury their dead, and leaving past or existing beauty and institutions to preserve themselves only so far as they were still capable of living spirit. He remained a Churchman, it is true. He recognized the value of body and form. He was rather fond of repeating Jowett's saying, "The great man is he who does original things in a conventional way." There was still room for originality within the conventional ways of the Church, and he thought the Church had sufficient spiritual power left in her for change and life. But his proposals for a democratic and elected Church implied a lively change, enough to make the Bench of Bishops shudder! And in the same way, in regard to dogma and belief, his sole insistence was on the inward and spiritual life. I asked him many years ago what he would say to some one who inquired whether he believed the resurrection of Christ was a physical fact. He at once answered, "I should say no. But at the same time I should show how much more marvellous and vital his spiritual resurrection has been."

So we come to what I believe was the heart of his power. It did not lie in politics or practical schemes and institutions,—not in Toynbee Halls or charity organization (certainly not!) or picture galleries or Socialistic panaceas. It did not lie in anything business-like or external, first-rate man of business though he showed himself on every committee. It lay, I think, in a spiritual insight, delicately sensitive to the difference between life and death. If the brains were out, the thing would die, no matter how splendid and reverend and beloved the poor corpse might be. He laughed at me once for saying, "All change is good"; but he never doubted that there can be no life without change, and by quick intuition he perceived the moment when change must come or life be lost. That is why I have called him the Iconoclast, the greatest breaker-up of idols I have known. "Idolaters recognize no change,"—I have already quoted that true saying of his, and the secret we are looking for lies hidden in it. Idolaters, worshippers of dolls, people who cling to systems, institutions, or symbols after they are dead,—those were they who roused his impatience more than the sinful. A passage in one of his best books ("The Service of God") illustrates what I mean:—

"The trivially-minded man goes on ignorant of God, absorbed in the trifles of the day, satisfied with shows and

plunges into the stream, the trout that rises to the fly, only enhance the unreality when you gaze into the depths below and note the spiritualized forms of the world seen as upon a sensitized plate of the sun's creating. The dipping willows, the leaning birches of silvery stem, the vari-colored grasses, cardinal flowers, golden-rod and asters, butterflies and glittering insects and flitting birds, all seem risen from buried gardens of Atlantis far under the sun-flecked stream.

But the winter shadows upon spotless snow are the most delicate and, in a certain sense, mysterious. The interlaced tree stems are no longer earthly material images: they are delicate network of lines, blue and faintest violet. The hollows and wind whirls are painted like the interior of rosy seashells.

The sun colors in new fashions. It tints the hollows and shaded ridges of the snow fields with shades and blend that seem borrowed from some other sphere. But the moonlight shadow has even a fairer soul. With snow on the ground it seems a sketch world little shaded. With the moon in its second quarter showing that illusive, poetical light it is as we imagine it first beamed over creation when it was as yet but an outline, when depths and heights stood in faintest drawing, and the sky stooped gently to mingle with the scene.

Half our lives we live on the night side in shadowland, and still it enters into our waking lives. It colors all our dreams. It weaves its mystic threads into every joy as into all our sorrows. Its wonder and its dread are never far from us. To our ken it is the world of spirits. It has been tenanted by a thousand spectres, hob-goblins, witches, and maleficent beings to make children dread the dark. Still it is the chosen land of the romancer, the poet, the dreamer, the thinker,—the night for rosy dreams, the morning for the impact of painful reality; the night for living over one's past, weeping, reclothing it, bringing back in memory those who have gone from us, who were earth's rare and lonely ones. Yes, shadowland is the porch of the other world where we glimpse through the door ajar into the place of departed souls.

Shadowland, soft, impalpable, background of what we call the real world, the black and white etching of the universe, spangled with stars, the half world where we go to love, to mourn, to hide our hearts, to weave our stories, where we enter in as through a sacred door when we would fly the too gross and heavy materialism of garish daylight!

The Immigration Bill.

By the Jewish and Catholic journals great importance is assigned to the new Immigration Bill now pending in Congress. The Jewish publications approve it in one clause only: the Catholics oppose it emphatically, and with good reason from their standpoint. The writer does not promise to review the long list of reasons given on both sides in behalf of the literacy test, which the present bill includes in the following terms: "All aliens over sixteen (16) years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language, or some other language or dialect, *including Hebrew or Yiddish*," are to be excluded. The test is to be made upon individual slips with thirty to forty printed words. Among various humane exceptions (*i.e.*, dependent and sound relatives, etc.) occurs the remarkable one: "who shall prove . . . that they are seeking admission to the United States solely for the purpose of escaping religious persecution" (if otherwise admissible).

The last clause is most remarkable. It is avowedly humane and obviously is directed toward the reception of Russian Jews, 101,330 of whom came hither for the year ending June 30, 1913. There is, of course, no equivalent clause for the benefit of South Italian or Polish immigration, numbering 405,978 for the same period. It has therefore been bitterly attacked by Catholic journals.

The clause has also great utilitarian justification in that those who were thus admitted would be in all probability permanent and industrious citizens of this country. They would come with their entire families, and naturally be amenable to colonization projects; in addition they could be organized into labor unions; and thus avoid debasing our present standard of living as the more transient bachelor immigration does at present; and the wages earned in this country would not be sent over seas. The humane principle would alone make the clause laudable: the practical considerations reinforce it. It is estimated that upon the total number of immigrants a reduction of 20 per cent. would be effected. The reading test was included in the bill which was retired by President Taft last session, but which was very nearly passed over veto by the House; the Senate repassed it four to one. The present administration is in favor of the bill, with some modifications. L.

The Founder of Toynbee Hall.

I had long intended to write some account of Samuel Barnett, Canon of Westminster, still better known as Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and founder of Toynbee Hall. I kept putting it off, owing to a difficulty that all journalists will understand,—the difficulty of knowledge. Canon Barnett I had known for more than twenty-five years, at times intimately. For two years, when living in the next street to his home in Whitechapel, I saw him nearly every day, and very often he invited me to discuss with him perplexing and intimate questions of life. In public affairs I served under him year after year upon various committees, tried to further his ideal of personal service, and gave his purposes such help as a knowledge of classical literature and military drill could give. I think he would never have wasted a minute of life over "lost causes" any more than I should, but I did my best to support him in victorious causes which heavy-hearted despair and inertia call lost.

From some people the secret of his power was hidden, and so remains. Except very luminous eyes, he had no "physical advantages." He was small, frail, far from "good looking," and entirely unathletic, though at one time he played tennis with an adroitness akin to cunning. To people he liked, his smile was singularly quick and sympathetic, but he was far from being one of those winning priests who smile and smile. His look, I think, more commonly expressed indignation, or even impatience. Watts in his portrait just caught the expression, though of course "the Prophet," as we used to call him, always tried to conquer impatience, as prophets should. Among my own many errors he often used to rebuke that of not suffering fools gladly. In this respect, like many people, he unjustly attributed to another the weakness to which he himself was exposed. His quite genuine humility helped him to resist even this temptation; and it must have cost him an unceasing struggle, for, on my word, he had plenty of fools to suffer! But the knowledge of shame or wrong consumed him with rage; and, once when the treatment of girls and women in London had been more than usually brutal, he called upon the members of a Cadet Company that I then commanded in Shadwell to strike all offenders

to the ground, no matter what laws might be broken or what the consequences might be.

As Watts caught his impatient expression, so the portrait in the [new] volume catches the interested, but half-satiric, smile with which he listened to something humorous or outrageously paradoxical. He was singularly perceptive of humor or irony in others, and enjoyed the most fantastic speculation. But, in general, he was saved from the dangers of humor in himself. He was seldom ironic, and seldom used the fine power of satire that he possessed. Sometimes it burst out when he was speaking of the rich man's indifference, and Miss Octavia Hill once told me she thought he went wrong in not trusting the good-will of the rich enough. But no one turned to him for irony or satire, and he had none of the attraction that the jolly and humorous person sometimes has, though humor is always distrusted for leadership. Neither to rich nor poor was he ever hail-fellow-well-met.

Nor was he in the least eloquent as an orator is. No one went to hear him as crowds went to hear Liddon in Oxford or St. Paul's. Both in speaking and writing his style was unmistakable, but unattractive. One would have thought it difficult to put thought so fine into form so little calculated to please. Literary critics usually condemned his writings as "dull," and his speeches and sermons were much the same in style, for I think they were nearly always written. It was a style so easy to burlesque that all of us could reel off imitations of it upon any occasion, such as the lighting of gas-lamps or the fall of a horse in the street. Here was no passionate outpouring, no attempt at oratory or splendid language or moving appeal. It was thought cut to its barest,—short sentences crammed as full as they would hold, and then left. In the original meaning of the word, it was a "sententious" style,—full of "high sentence." To me, who detest the smallest touch of rhetoric, it came with relief; but literary or emotional people went away disappointed. "Protests against error become in their turn errors"; "Idolaters recognize no change"; "Unpopularity is no condemnation, but neither is it acquittal"; "The sense of sin has been the starting-point of progress"; "Quarrelling is the luxury of security,"—how admirable such sentences are! How chokefull of wisdom! Each would make a splendid text for an essay or a sermon. But, when a speech or sermon is largely made up of such sentences, and the ordinary mind is left to make what best it can of it all, the ordinary mind will not be bothered to understand, and it votes the speaker dull. You might almost as well try to rouse a congregation by reading them one of Bacon's Essays or a chapter of Proverbs. Sometimes the touch of malice that makes the epigram was added, but that was rarely. For the moment I can recall only one such instance,—"The modern Jew is Jacob without the ladder."

But writing about style and manner and appearance only puts off the difficulty, and brings us no nearer the centre. I suppose most people have thought of Barnett as a distinguished Broad Churchman and philanthropist, who established various societies or institutions, and had a queer notion of improving the poor by giving them pictures to look at and music to hear. Of course, all that is true. Broad Church is an obsolete word, certainly, and unctuous patronage has made philanthropy stink like the apothecary's ointment. But, still, he did establish or inspire all manner of societies and institutions, —Toynbee Hall and all the imitating "Settlements," the Children's Country Holiday Fund, the Whitechapel Picture Gallery and the Baths, the ShoeBlacks Blue, the Whittington and other Boys' Clubs, my own Cadet Battalion (the Queen's), and other public or private means of advancing knowledge, health, and the happy reasonableness that is thought to come of "culture." "The poor need the best" was one of his repeated sayings, and no one ever believes it. No real beauty, he thought, should be considered a waste in daily life, any more than the box of precious ointment was wasted on the feet of Christ. His was a vision reaching far beyond the Socialistic and philanthropic ideals of sanitation, eugenics, and state control of the crazy. He would have agreed with a recent leader in the *Daily Herald* which said, in reference to Anatole France's visit:—

"We look forward to the day when not merely our authors and Fabians, but our transporters and navvies, our taxi-men and postal sorters, and all their kindred, will be in the mood to appreciate and rally to every distinguished Continental exponent of art and philosophy who honors us with a visit. Literature and culture, and the appreciation thereof, should pertain to the people as a whole."

And, with all this insistence on the necessity of the beautiful in common life, his distinction was that he never mistook memories for hopes,—never attempted pretty revivals of handicrafts, maypoles, and wassailing cheaping-steads, as was the fashion some thirty years ago. He was a Futurist, always looking forward, letting the dead bury their dead, and leaving past or existing beauty and institutions to preserve themselves only so far as they were still capable of living spirit. He remained a Churchman, it is true. He recognized the value of body and form. He was rather fond of repeating Jowett's saying, "The great man is he who does original things in a conventional way." There was still room for originality within the conventional ways of the Church, and he thought the Church had sufficient spiritual power left in her for change and life. But his proposals for a democratic and elected Church implied a lively change, enough to make the Bench of Bishops shudder! And in the same way, in regard to dogma and belief, his sole insistence was on the inward and spiritual life. I asked him many years ago what he would say to some one who inquired whether he believed the resurrection of Christ was a physical fact. He at once answered, "I should say no. But at the same time I should show how much more marvellous and vital his spiritual resurrection has been."

So we come to what I believe was the heart of his power. It did not lie in politics or practical schemes and institutions,—not in Toynbee Halls or charity organization (certainly not!) or picture galleries or Socialistic panaceas. It did not lie in anything business-like or external, first-rate man of business though he showed himself on every committee. It lay, I think, in a spiritual insight, delicately sensitive to the difference between life and death. If the brains were out, the thing would die, no matter how splendid and reverend and beloved the poor corpse might be. He laughed at me once for saying, "All change is good"; but he never doubted that there can be no life without change, and by quick intuition he perceived the moment when change must come or life be lost. That is why I have called him the Iconoclast, the greatest breaker-up of idols I have known. "Idolaters recognize no change,"—I have already quoted that true saying of his, and the secret we are looking for lies hidden in it. Idolaters, worshippers of dolls, people who cling to systems, institutions, or symbols after they are dead,—those were they who roused his impatience more than the sinful. A passage in one of his best books ("The Service of God") illustrates what I mean:—

"The trivially-minded man goes on ignorant of God, absorbed in the trifles of the day, satisfied with shows and

symbols, concerned with the conventions of society, and with the phrases and forms of patriotism and of religion, heaping up between himself and God a mound made up of petty interests, petty virtues, and petty beliefs. The woman in Ibsen's play kept her dolls through her married life. She talked of them, thought of them, cared for them, till they absorbed her nature. Death swept over her home and took her children. Temptation encircled her husband. God passed by in the storm and earthquake. She gave no heed, she realized no fact, because she was so taken up with her dolls."

As dolls and trivialities, he goes on to specify "talk about social schemes, Church progress, policies and philosophies, passing itself off as serious." Under the same heading I can imagine him including all the political hypocrisies of to-day,—the contrivances for doing good to the poor in a lump, the whining about peace while armaments are piling up, the chatter about democracy while half the adult population is excluded from a voice in legislation. Many other such idols of the House of Commons, of the Church, and of the Street he would now be helping us to break; for it was his genius to perceive when the spirit has gone, and has left only the doll or the law. Life in servitude to unchanging idols or inanimate law he refused for himself. "A mind must be thin and narrow, timid and hard," he wrote, "which lives under the law and not under the spirit." And yet the life which he refused is the life which nearly all our guides in politics, churches, and newspapers go on living.

In the middle eighties we were all revolutionary,—not so revolutionary of course, as every one is now, but still very revolutionary. And yet I remember maintaining even then that "the Prophet" was the most terrible revolutionist of us all. I meant what I have tried to explain. His spirit was perturbing as the leaven in dough or the new wine in old skins. Always eager for the fresh and vital manifestation of the soul, he never failed through forming habits or idolizing institutions, societies, doctrines, and forms. When every one was extolling and imitating his idea of "settlements" (from which there can be no doubt many university men have acquired education), Barnett in one of his discourses quietly said: "I do not preach the duty of settling among the poor. I simply repeat the commandment, Love God." Of all leaders whom I have known, he almost alone fulfilled the most difficult duty of leadership: he so hated idols that he was always ready to lead a revolution, even against himself.—*Henry W. Nevinson, in the London Nation.*

Marriage and the Income Tax.

Consider the English of the original,—the famous "Paragraph C":—

"There shall be deducted from the amount of the net income of each of said persons, ascertained as provided herein, the sum of $3,000, plus $1,000 additional, if the person making the return be a married man with a wife living with him, or plus the sum of $1,000 additional if the person making the return be a married woman with a husband living with her; but in no event shall this additional exemption of $1,000 be deducted by both a husband and a wife: Provided, That only one deduction of $4,000 shall be made from the aggregate income of both husband and wife when living together."

Between their first clause and their last did a psychological earthquake take place in the minds of the lawmakers? The first clause allows an "additional" exemption of $1,000 to either one of a couple happily married. The middle clause ("in no event") expressly limits this addition to but one of the pair. The final clause (the "Provided"), as it has now been interpreted, makes a single $4,000 the total joint exemption for the two, thereby from each one of them actually docking $1,000 of the $3,000 allowed to every one else. In spite of the indication afforded by the term "aggregate income," this docking seemed so extraordinary that, until the last ruling appeared, many believed that, with "only one deduction of *four* thousand" allowed, the other deduction of the normal *three* was taken for granted. For were not two persons concerned? Else why talk of "addition" at all? If docking were what was meant, it would have been so easy to say in three lines instead of a dozen, "Every person shall be allowed a $3,000 exemption except a husband and wife living together, who shall be allowed only $2,000 each."

For that is all it comes to. What begins by calling itself "addition" turns out to be subtraction. This is the new Washington arithmetic! One wonders if it has been applied elsewhere,—perhaps in the new Tariff Law. What is the explanation? Can it be that our legislators with their "$1,000 plus" at first set out to do the natural thing,—reward successful home-making by increased exemption,—and then just changed their mind? That is not likely: they would have obliterated the signs of the earthquake. It is probably a mere case of twilight thinking and bungling phrase, both common enough in legislation, but here occurring in a very conspicuous place. They were suddenly changing their unit of taxation from the individual to the pair, and were a bit confused in their minds. The old idea, "A man and his wife are one," was in their thought; or, at most, they are one and a third, as they figured, so they considerately added their $1,000 plus." They should have figured more considerately still. "In some things a man and his wife are one, in others not; and in cost of living, the basis of exemption, *not*." Even to figure them as two is to forget the market cost of children.

But, whatever may explain the arithmetic, subtraction, not addition, proves to be the thing they meant. Their *plus* works out as *minus*. Now for the consequences. One is that many persons having an income less than $3,000, who fancied themselves under the general law exempt from even making a return, find themselves under the ruling obliged to not only make return, but often to pay an income tax. The case of a husband and wife with separate incomes, whose joint total lies not far above $4,000,—and there must be thousands of such cases,—is an example. Suppose that each of the two has $2,500 income. Had she said "No," instead of "Yes," when he asked her, both would have gone untaxed. Their love costs them $10 a year,—one per cent. of $1,000 ($5,000, less $4,000 exempt). Cheap enough, perhaps; but what is it in the government that taxes love? Cheap, too! and curious as statesmanship. *In its new law our government is actually penalizing virtuous marriage and the creation of its citizens!* Can it have been the deliberate intent to do this? we ask again. Can it be now the government's conscious and abiding wish to do it? This point is too late now for consideration for this year, doubtless; but not too late for public discussion, and not too late for possible change in the law before another year dawns. In the great law, so just and promising as a whole, it is a blunder not merely in phrase, but in principle, more amazing than any obscurity; for what so assures a nation's prosperity and permanence as the abundance in it of happy homes and fruitful marriages? What should a government foster with more assiduous care than the source of supply of its native-born citizens? France in dismay is pondering these questions. England is sombre over them. Germany is beginning to ask them.

And the United States is beginning to penalize marriage! Read again the law clear-cut on the return blank:—

"An unmarried individual or a married individual not living with wife or husband shall be allowed an exemption of $3,000. When husband and wife live together, they shall be allowed jointly a total exemption of only $4,000 on their aggregate income. They may make a joint return, both subscribing thereto, or, if they have separate incomes, they may make separate returns; but in no case shall they jointly claim more than $4,000 exemption on their aggregate income."

What is the proclamation but this? "Let husband and wife quarrel and part, and each shall count as a full individual, exempt for the usual $3,000: let husband and wife live together in love, beget children, and rear citizens,—ten little Democrats, possibly,—and each parent shall count as two-thirds of an individual, exempt for but $2,000." A $6,000 exemption for the marriage that is failure,—scandal, perhaps,—and a $4,000 exemption for the marriage that succeeds, that carries the economic burden of children through years, and that contributes these children as citizens to the nation's resources. If this be not penalizing virtuous marriage, the normal home, the creation of citizens, what is it?

Our Washington law-makers might well have used their Income Tax opportunity in precisely the opposite way, to frame a law that would have directly *rewarded* successful wedlock and the contribution of children to the State. Make the adult individual, whatever his or her status,—single, married, or married and parted,—the uniform unit of exemption; for all such individuals fix a uniform exemption of $3,000, or $2,000, if this would be fairer, then allow for each living child an "additional" exemption of $500 or $1,000, applying this addition to the husband's exemption or the wife's, as they may agree. Then the tendency of the law would be to promote marriage and keep it enduring and encourage the large family by making its economic burden a little lighter to bear. The creation of citizens-to-be would amply justify the measure, and the administration of the law would be at least easier than it now promises to be.

Why should not the Federal Income Tax Law be amended before another year in some such way as this? Would not such an amendment make it a more commonsense and more statesmanlike measure? Would not the public heartily approve the change? What is the very last thing to be expected from a government if it be not a tax upon love, the penalizing of successful marriage, the imposition of a fine on those who present children to the State?—*W. C. Gannett, in Unity.*

The Chance for Unitarianism.

BY REV CHARLES E. PARK.

We hear a good deal said these days to the effect that Unitarianism has done its work, and has no further excuse for continuing as a distinct cluster of churches. The recommendation is repeatedly made to us that we are merely perpetuating a needless rift in the fair face of Christian unity, and that in the interests of that unity, which ought to be the ideal of all true Christians, we should close up this breach by quietly and decently going out of existence. We are assured that our honored names —our Martineaus and Channings and Emersons—have been accepted with due honor and reverence by all sects and denominations, that their influence has made itself felt upon all systems of theology, that they have already moulded the world of religious thought as deeply and profoundly as human beings could reasonably hope to mould it, and that to continue their spirit and their revelation under the guardianship of a distinct denominational body is therefore a needless task, inasmuch as that spirit and that revelation of theirs are virtually common property with all Christian denominations.

All these ancient shibboleths of Unitarianism are now accepted by Trinitarians. Nobody of any account believes the world was made in six days, nor that the whale swallowed Jonah, nor that there is a place of everlasting punishment. Nobody believes in the bodily resurrection, nor in a literal interpretation of the Trinity, nor that Christ is identical with God, nor that man is by nature totally depraved, nor that humanity was redeemed from the vengeance of a wrathful God by the atoning self-sacrifice of Christ. People, we are assured, who still do call themselves orthodox, and still do make use of the cherished dogmas of the resurrection, the atonement, the Trinity, and so on, use them in a purely symbolic sense, to convey beliefs and meanings with which Unitarians would find themselves in heartfelt accord; and that, after this process of reinterpretation has been perfected, there would be found no difference whatever between Unitarian and Trinitarian. The new wine of theology, which Unitarians have put into new bottles of verbal expressions, the Trinitarians have preferred to put in their beloved old bottles, and to take the risk of those bottles breaking under the strain; and we are told that, so long as that wine is really the same, new wine in both instances, it is pure pedantry in us to insist that the bottles shall be like our bottles.

In other words, to make an issue of the mere matter of verbal expression, and to perpetuate our denomination simply for the sake of a literal expression of truths, which are the same in both cases, is a piece of unpardonable finickiness. The matter is laid before us as a duty. When there is virtual agreement in matters of real belief, an agreement which has been reached not through concessions made by us to them, but through concessions made by them to us, then for the sake of church unity we ought to give up a name which has ceased to denote a vital difference of belief; we ought to give up a separate existence which facts no longer justify, and merge ourselves once more in the old historic bodies from which we originally broke away. The effort is thus made to lay the blame for a great deal of church dissension upon us; and, in fact, the effort goes much further than that. Inasmuch as we will not decently die, now that the time for our death has come, but perversely insist upon continuing a superfluous and harmful existence, many of our critics appear to have undertaken the gratuitous task of killing us. They do this by spreading the report that we are already in the throes of death, we are visibly shrinking away, we are breathing our last. A large chorus of voices are vociferously singing our death chant. In such cases it is usually true that the wish is father to the thought. To the extent that this is so, it were unnecessary and undignified in us to pay any heed to what is said. Hard words break no bones, not even donominational bones.

Once in a while, however, we meet a man who in all honesty and kindliness believes the old fable that we have done our work, and that we no longer have any excuse for our separate denominational existence. When we meet such a kindly and sincere critic as that, we feel ourselves at once put upon the defensive. We feel impelled to take his criticism seriously and give it careful consideration. Is it true that we have done our work theologically? Is it true that our duty now is gracefully and quietly to retire, and be content with the impress we have undeniably left upon the form of modern theology? These are sober questions, and should have a little sober thought. Wherein is our belief, our life attitude, different from the

Digitized by Google

belief and the life attitude of other bodies? If there is no such point of difference to be discovered, then are not our critics right, and ought we not to do our part towards healing the breach? If this healing can be brought about only by the surrender of our name, ought we not to consider such a surrender as a real and a serious duty?

In attempting to find the difference to-day between a characteristically Unitarian theology and a characteristically Trinitarian theology, we are facing one of the most baffling tasks that could be found. You can compare two definite and strongly marked objects, whether those objects be paintings or golf balls or automobiles or systems of theology; but, when you attempt to compare two objects, neither of which is definite nor strongly marked, you are at once involved in difficulties. That is the trouble with trying to compare Unitarianism and Trinitarianism as they exist to-day. Neither is definite, and neither is strongly marked. Each presents great differences of details within its own limits. It is true of each that the divergencies within its own body are in many cases greater than the divergencies between corresponding points in the two bodies.

We have been accustomed to hear this criticism made of our own body. People have frequently told us that we did not know what we believe, that some of us believe one thing and some of us believe directly the opposite, and that there is absolutely no co-ordinating intellectual feature that runs unfailingly through all forms and variations of Unitarian belief. We have sat in humble silence while this criticism has been made, because we know that within certain limits it is undoubtedly true. But now it occurs to us, with a roar of laughter, that this criticism better fits the people who have made it than ever it fitted us; for, if there is anybody under the bright sun of heaven to-day who literally and pitifully doesn't know what he believes and doesn't know what to believe, and doesn't know which way to look for intellectual guidance, it is the Trinitarian, whether he be Congregationalist or Episcopalian or Baptist. Orthodox theology is in a state of unspeakable chaos. Marius among the ruins of Carthage was to be much preferred to the ordinary orthodox theologian of to-day. He ventures no postulates whatever as to the Deity—as to his functions and attributes. Theologians are in half a dozen minds about Christ, whether he be man or God or God-man or Man-God. Some of them say that he has lived from all time: others declare he never lived at all, but is only a folk-myth. In short, when we set foot upon the precincts of orthodox theology, we find ourselves floundering in a quivering morass, compared to which our own Unitarianism is a firm and dry ground. If, therefore, it is difficult to draw any comparison between their theology and ours, the difficulty arises a great deal more from their indefiniteness and uncertainty than from ours. The wheel of fortune has whirled in a surprising way. We are the dogmatists to-day, and they are the ones who literally don't know what they believe.

That is one reason, perhaps the principal one, why this most recent French philosopher Bergson is so popular with them. Bergson's idea of the immediacy of knowledge, that the intellect does not produce the sum of knowledge, but that there are portions of knowledge that are given through other channels than those of the intellectual process,—in other words, immediately given; that knowledge is to be acquired not alone through mental analysis, but through another mysterious method, which for want of a better name he calls intuition,—this idea of Bergson's of the immediacy of knowledge seems to them to excuse a great deal of their intellectual helplessness. Bergson's philosophic reluctance to affirm any positive trait or attribute concerning God seems to them to lend a philosophical sanction to their own bewilderment before that mystery; and Bergson's idea of a Creative Evolution,—of the principle of life reaching out continually in a blind and groping fashion, after a perfect expression, of whose locality it is utterly ignorant, of whose nature it has no conception, and of whose methods of attainment it has not the faintest ghost of a notion,—Bergson's idea of Creative Evolution which is so aptly described by a refrain from one of our popular street songs, "We don't know where we are going, but we're on the way," seems to coincide so exactly with their own vague theology and their own aimlessness that they have hailed him as a prophet of light and truth.

If, however, they would point to Bergson as their mouthpiece, the man who utters what they believe, then their case is not much better. It is hard for us to find just what Bergson does believe that is worthy to be considered a definite and constructive theology. The thing that strikes us Unitarians most forcibly about Bergson is his philosophical caution. It seems to us that he fails to make the most of his own logic. He does not dare to take the theological positions which his own process of thought opens up to him. He recognizes the fact of personality as a mysterious and indefinable fact, and he affirms that personality is to be apprehended not by analysis, but by intuition. Why, then, does he not take the next step and affirm the possibility, at least, that there is in God an attribute that corresponds to personality in man? Why does he hesitate to discover in God a trait that he eagerly recognizes in man? And why does he not admit the possibility of apprehending the personality of God by intuitive methods just as well as the possibility of apprehending human personalities by intuitive methods?

Again, he declares that the germ of life is creatively evolving, in a blind, aimless experimental fashion towards a perfect state, a perfect expression of itself; but he refrains pointedly from admitting that this perfect state is foreseen even by God himself. He does not dare to attribute to God even sufficient self-consciousness to formulate the vision or the ideal of the perfect state to which life is evolving. In short, according to him God himself does not know what human perfection is, nor where it is, nor when it shall be reached, nor how it is to be reached. God is like Childe Roland. He hasn't the power of knowing what perfection is nor how he is to get there. All he has is the power of recognizing it *when* he gets to it.

Now this seems foolish to the Unitarian, for according to our notion all things are relative. The essence of perfection consists in the fact that it tallies with preconceived ideals and definitions of perfection. If human life is evolving towards a perfect state, we think it inevitably implied thereby that there is in the mind of God an ideal or a vision of what that perfect state is, for otherwise it could not be perfect. In these ways it seems to be left to the foolhardy Unitarian to plunge in where our angelic orthodox brethren fear to tread, and to dogmatize about the personality of God and the majesty of the absolute intelligence where they merely wag their heads in mild dismay. If there be any virtue in these considerations, it would seem that it is left to the Unitarian to be the courageous pioneer in these new fields of speculation, to blaze the trail, to form convictions, to enunciate hypotheses, and to give human life the guidance and the impetus which nothing but a conviction, even though it be a wrong one, can furnish.

We may be pardoned, therefore, if we disagree with the prevalent notion that Unitarianism is obsolete and defunct,—that its work is done, and that its time has come to cease its existence. So far from being done, the work of Unitarianism, in philosophy at least, is bigger and broader

and more important than ever. The exercise of faith seems to be rapidly becoming a distinctively Unitarian activity; and, so far as belief goes, there is more belief and profounder belief, more of the courage and serenity of trust, more of the strength and singleness of clear-cut purpose, more of the impetus and obligation of definite hope and conviction among Unitarians to-day, than among most of the so-called Trinitarian bodies. The reality and nearness of God, the confidence in his self-consciousness and his love, the eternity of his truth, the majesty and definiteness of his purpose,—these are things which the Unitarian is giving to the world to-day. It is vain to say that Unitarianism is dead, or that its work is done; for it is become strangely true of us that the Unitarian stone which the builders rejected is become the head-stone of the corner in the temple of modern Christianity. We are just beginning to reap the benefits of the unsuspected intellectual strategy which our spiritual forefathers inaugurated. One hundred years ago, in the days of the later New England theology, they broke away cleanly and decidedly from what seemed to them the fantastic and artificial dogmatism of the age, and enunciated a theological position which was founded upon the most honest and most reasonable thinking of which they were capable. This step involved them in great scorn and odium. They sowed in tears, but it remains for us to reap in joy; for New England theology is confessedly dead, and orthodox theologians are lost amidst the wreckage; and of all the intellectual factors in the field none are so well situated, so well equipped, to furnish a clear, constructive, theological basis for Christian belief as the Unitarians.

This is not said boastfully,—and it would not be for a moment accepted by them,—but it honestly seems so to us. The theological salvation of the immediate future lies apparently with the Unitarians; and not the theological salvation only, but the practical salvation of the immediate future seems to be in our hands. It is apparent to any dispassionate observer that the typical Unitarian life attitude, the posture of the soul towards God and the problem of growth and immortality, is more in harmony with the prevailing political and social life attitude of the day than is the case in any other religion. There is less of a wrench in passing from practical life to spiritual exercise with Unitarians than with any other denomination. Thought and conduct with us go hand in hand. Religion and practice are joined together in a close wedlock of co-operation and mutual assistance. There is no chasm between the two. There was once such a chasm—there still is with many people. You remember what Lord Melbourne said when he heard Edward Irving preach in London,—"If religion is going to interfere with a man's private life, things have got to a pretty pass." That saying indicates the existence of a wide rift between religion and life, a rift that had to be crossed every time a man went from one sphere to the other. That rift is by no means closed up to-day.

When we think back, it is not difficult to see how that rift came into existence. Five hundred years ago the prevalent political theory declared that certain favored classes were divinely equipped and ordained to do the governing for a country, while the other classes were by divine ordination doomed to be governed. Out of this theory arose the old fallacy of the divine right of kings, and the whole fabric of the nobility as distinct from the commons. It was the function of the nobility to do the governing, and of the commons to be governed. At the same time, there was an exactly similar theory in religion,—a theory which declared that a certain divine institution, either church or Bible or community of saints, was divinely ordained to do the saving, while the rest of mankind, in and of themselves utterly helpless, were, by divine ordination, destined to be saved by this institution. Out of this theory arose the old fallacy of the authority of the church or the Bible or the congregation of elect.

Both in politics and in religion, then, there existed those two factors,—the small class or institution whose function it was to do the world's governing and redeeming, and the great mass of mankind whose fate it was to be governed or redeemed. We all know what a drastic change has come about in the political side of that old theory. The Petition of Rights, James II. and the Bishops, the Revolt of the American Colonies, the French Revolution,—all these upheavals have been merely incidental pains in the birth of a new theory which declares that government is of the people, by the people, and for the people, that a true basis for government is to be found only in the consent of the governed, and that the subjects themselves should and must have a voice in their own government. In other words, the great principle of self-direction has been established in the realm of politics, and our own American republic had its birth in the intensity of that belief, and is fundamentally dedicated to that proposition,—political self-direction.

Now it is simply another testimony to the conservatism of all religion, that this change in the political theory of five hundred years ago was not accompanied by a similar change in the religious theory. While the world accepted the new political theory of self-direction, it still clung to the old religious theory of the sacramental power of the church or the institution whose function it was to redeem the mass of mankind. While they were politically their own masters, they were religiously the helpless and passive subjects of their divinely ordained masters. That was a curious contradiction,—one of those strange inconsistencies with which the history of mankind is brimming full,—but it is necessarily a temporary phase. Religion, however conservative, must yield sooner or later to the force of that new theory of self-direction. It was our fortune as Unitarians to be among the first to enunciate that new theory in religion,—that man's spiritual salvation is not at the mercy of an external sacramental institution or reservoir of grace, but that it is to be determined by a proper cultivation and exercise of the spiritual forces latent in himself. Just as man came to the dignity of self-direction in politics, so our Unitarian forefathers maintained that man might and should assume the dignity and the task of self-direction, of self-redemption, of self-salvation in religious matters. That is the path we were turned into, and that is the path into which, we are bound to think, everybody must sooner or later be turned.

Just as our country has assumed the task of political self-management, relying upon the political resources latent in its individual citizens, so our country must in time assume the task of spiritual self-management and self-redemption, relying upon the spiritual forces latent in each individual soul. That is virtual Unitarianism, that is Channing's doctrine of the inherent spiritual dignity and trustworthiness of human nature. That is the "leadership of Jesus and the salvation by character" of our own so-called faith.

It is therefore vain to say that the work of the Unitarians is done. On the contrary, it is just beginning. The name "Unitarian" is universally misunderstood and universally hated. It may have to disappear. We do not very much care. But the spirit of Unitarianism—the life attitude of Unitarianism—is still to come into its own, and will come into its own; and the preservation of that spirit is one of the holiest and one of the soberest tasks that we are called upon to assume to-day.

BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

Theodore Thornton Munger.*

Have Unitarians anything to learn from the Liberal Orthodox? If not, they will hardly care to spend their time on this book, whose main interest lies in the picture it gives of the mind of one of their older representatives. Dr. Munger's life was without striking incident. Even the changes of his mental and spiritual life, great as they were, show no dramatic struggle; but, if there is anything of value to be learned from this movement, so like to Unitarianism, yet claiming important differences, then this clear and straightforward account of this man of far-reaching influence cannot fail to be illuminating.

Unitarians are inclined to look upon Progressive Orthodoxy as a contradiction in terms, and on its advocates as a kind of dilute Unitarians, somewhat wanting in frankness. It was Dr. Munger's life-work to combat these ideas against Unitarian and conservative alike. He regarded the schism of the Congregational churches into Trinitarian and Unitarian as one of the most needless, but felt that there was something vital wanting in Unitarianism. As a young man, when his religious views had become unsettled, and he was considering leaving the Congregational ministry, he wrote concerning it: "I feel more than ever the *terrible lack* in that denomination. There is a great gulf between them and us. I feel, too, that as religionists they are superficial compared with Trinitarians. Their scheme of religion is not profound, does not reach the limits of man's nature; and, if our faith is not greater than we, what is it good for?"

The objection is a familiar one, though not negligible on that account; but the particular form of it has interest as it gives the keynote to Dr. Munger's thought. His ideas are again set forth in the titles of his two principal works, *The Freedom of Faith* and *The Appeal to Life*. These are great titles, and singularly appropriate, at once a confession of faith and a challenge. Strong in the faith that is in him, which he feels to be at one with the faith of his fathers, which it was the purpose of orthodoxy to maintain, he counts himself orthodox, even though he holds the current statements of orthodoxy to be very imperfect and out of date, yet knows himself free to seek truth wherever it is to be found.

It may be worth while to recall, what is often forgotten, that as a Congregationalist Dr. Munger was peculiarly within his rights in exercising thus his freedom of thought. The Congregational churches are bound by no authority outside of the individual church. A church may have a creed, and may change it. The attempt of certain conservatives to adopt a creed binding on the whole fellowship was frustrated during the earlier part of Dr. Munger's ministry, and with his aid. If a minister finds his belief to differ from the creed of his church, it is his right and duty to seek to change the creed rather than leave the church, provided the "faith" is retained. Time and experience have shown that the changes proposed, great as they were, did not go beyond the limits of what the churches were willing to accept.

How great those changes were is set forth in full outline in the introductory essay to *The Freedom of Faith*, entitled "The New Theology." The old view is familiar: a sentence in a letter to Dr. Munger from his father on the occasion of his son's ordination describes it. "The object of the ministry of the gospel," he wrote, "is to bring back a revolted world into reconciliation with God, through the merits of Christ."

This idea, with its implications, the Unitarians rejected. Neither could the Progressive Orthodox accept it as it stood, yet they believed it to contain a core of truth of fundamental importance, which they were called upon to express in a more adequate way. The old faith must be brought into accord with the facts of human nature. The controlling idea was not rejection, as in the Unitarian movement, but evolution, that mighty conception just then beginning to be grasped in its wide significance.

"The New Theology," said Dr. Munger, "does not propose to do without theology, by substituting for it sentiment, mysticism, or altruism, though it values all three. It holds to the historic faith of the Church, while recognizing a process of development. It claims for itself a broader use of the reason in the sense of man's whole inner being, and a more natural interpretation of the Scriptures as a continually unfolding revelation of God, not a magical book, a mere collection of proof-texts, but a living book, written by real men."

As to natural science, this theology "ignores any supposed antagonism, but refuses to merge itself in a system that is both material and finite, nor indeed to be accepted as a closed system." Nature and the supernatural are regarded not as antagonistic, but as complementary. It demands a wider study of man, ignoring the distinction of sacred and secular, and seeking "to replace an excessive individuality by a truer view of the solidarity of the race,"—significant words in 1883.

On this basis the New Theology "holds to the Trinity, though indifferent to the use of the word, but not to a formal and psychologically impossible Trinity; to the divine sovereignty; to the Incarnation, not as a mere physical event, but as the entrance into the world through a person of a moulding and redeeming force in humanity; to the Atonement as a divine act and process of ethical and practical import,—not as a mystery of the distant heavens, but as a comprehensible force in the actual redemption of the world from its evil; to Justification by Faith in the sense of a faith that, by its law, induces an actual righteousness,—a simple, rational process realized in human experience; to Judgment as involved in the development of a moral nature."

It was at this last point that controversy was most strenuous, for the New Thought denied that future punishment must be everlasting, claiming that the word "eternal" in the Bible was not a time word, and that to identify it with "everlasting" was a terrible misconception. Aside from that the progressives contented themselves with assenting that what a man soweth he shall also reap, and that death makes no change in that principle. Whether they were right as to the meaning of "eternal" or not, their general attitude was so expressive of the spirit of the age that it requires a strong effort of the imagination to realize that the belief in an endless hell was prevalent less than a generation ago even in the most cultivated orthodox circles.

Dr. Munger's writings had a wide influence, penetrating even that citadel of conventionality, the mind of Queen Victoria, and bringing comfort and relief to many a mind troubled by religious questions, especially among the young. But the further working out of his principles in his works is likely to prove something of a disappointment to those who read them now. There is an uncritical acceptance of miracles and of Biblical narratives in general which is out of harmony with our conception of liberalism. This is due in part to the fact that *The Freedom of Faith* was written thirty years ago, and in part to Dr. Munger's own temperament. While not fearing Biblical criticism, he had no taste for it. If Biblical material seemed to him to have religious value, he accepted it without inquiring too closely as to its historical character. It was the method of the preacher rather than the scholar, and herein he was akin to his leader and predecessor, Horace Bushnell. Consequently, the permanent value of his detailed teaching, founded, as it largely is, on Scripture, is somewhat impaired.

This does not prove the failure of the method; similar shortcomings may be found in Channing, for instance. Dr. Munger, whom to know was to love, would have been the last to claim finality for his work. It was for progress that he stood, and the achievements of the liberal orthodox since his works appeared are abundant evidence of the fruitfulness of this method in that respect. Here has been its greatest achievement, so great indeed that efforts in other directions have of necessity been tentative, or held in abeyance until the results of this work shall have been assimilated. Inevitably the consequence has been to draw the liberal orthodox nearer and nearer to Unitarian ideas, as, for instance, in the virtual abandonment of miracle by a number of men of high standing. But there remains the distinction of method, if of nothing else. The liberal orthodox still seek to restate the old doctrines, believing that there is in them an invaluable core of truth which Unitarians have missed, while the latter incline to reject them as of no value. The danger for the one is that in his love for the old he will compromise with the truth and "accommodate" himself to statements he does not believe. The danger for the other is that in rejecting what he regards as untrue he may also discard what is vital. Each regards the other as having succumbed to his danger, and there may be truth in both charges. Every day, however, the liberal orthodox become more radical and outspoken, and on the other hand there are not wanting signs of a disposition among Unitarians to inquire again concerning the truth hidden in these old beliefs. When such a confirmed radical as Dr. W. C. Gannett declares that "the religious liberal is beginning to recognize that his own deepest faiths are revised and enlarged forms of the very doctrines he repudiates," that the Incarnation and the Vicarious Atonement "are supreme truths for the religious liberal," the Atonement as "a universal law of human experience, we almost hear the voice of Munger and of Bushnell speaking from radical lips. If what Dr. Gannett says is true,

*Theodore Thornton Munger, New England Minister. By Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D., LL.D., Yale University Press.

Digitized by Google

then this biography is of great value to Unitarians; if not, neither the book nor this notice of it are of any particular interest to them.

Literature.

THE GREATER MEN AND WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Vol. I., Adam to Joseph. Scribner's. $3 net.—This volume begins another encyclopedic work under the editorship of Dr. Hastings. The set will probably consist of about six volumes. The aim of the series is stated to be to assist in making the preaching of the present day accurate and attractive, and the work is accordingly designed especially to meet the need of preachers and popular lecturers on Biblical themes. The attitude taken in regard to the sources is conservatively critical, and with this as a foundation each character is dealt with homiletically, first by treating the various personalities as types and examples, and, secondly, by adducing copious quotations from a wide range of writers, both Biblical and non-Biblical, who also treated these characters homiletically or, at least, made some reference to them in a homiletical treatise. As a result the volume is especially rich in illustration and the history of homiletics. This extensive use of homiletical illustration is designed to render the preaching upon the men and women of the Bible attractive. The quotations themselves are of a chaste and high order and should prove stimulating. The book consists of 517 pages in excellent type and covers the names Abel, Abraham, Adam, Cain, Enoch, Esau, Eve, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. A good idea of the arrangement of the work can be gathered from the fact that the article on "Abraham" covers 225 pages. Pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and other religious workers should find in this volume a mine of suggestive material for practical presentation.

THE MAKING OF CHARACTER. Some educational aspects of Ethics. By John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Philosophy in University College, Liverpool. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.—What Dr. MacCunn contributes is not mere education suggestion. It is a pretty complete scientific exposition of the bases of character in congenital endowment, grounded in evolutionary science and psychology. Nearly half of the book examines the various influences and agencies which can educate the native capacity, and here the attention is not confined to family, school, and church, but dwells with rich profit also on the Wordsworthian education of nature, and education through one's share in the economic work of the world. All these matters are presented with illustrations from the storehouses of literature and with a calm serenity of wise judgment that corrects the hectic rhetorical exaggerations of some modern critics of life. Facts and argument support the view that even under adverse conditions the pursuit of livelihood may yield an enviable moral development. "It is fortunate that our characters have not to wait for their development till economical or political reformers have transmuted society into a perfect school of virtue." Written out of rich knowledge of science and of literature, expressed in clear and attractive language, this book of wisdom can be a companion and friend for all those who prize the attainment of character as salvation.

VEXED QUESTIONS. By Minot Simons. Privately printed for the members and friends of the First Unitarian Church, Cleveland, Ohio.—Is religion important? Can we love an infinite being? Can we love our enemies? Can there be evil in a good world? Is there any use in prayer? Shall we fear to doubt? Have we souls? Are we immortal? What is life for? Why is life so incomplete? These are the questions that vex men and women of every degree of culture. They are the human questions that spring out of the experience of life. They are the questions that create systems of religious doctrine. Rev. Minot Simons states these questions, and suggests the answers that are necessitated by life itself, and are tenable in the light of modern scientific knowledge. With simple directness, speaking as man to man, he defines the problems without obscuring them; and he shows the way in which an honest, devout, complete nature comes to sincere, intelligent, and inspiring faith. This is a real service for which there is a real need. Every community has people who feel left alone in their wrestling over such difficulties. Whatever other preaching may be necessary at the present hour, this kind is imperatively needed. Mr. Simons's sermons can show other ministers a commendable and effective model for the treatment of these vexed questions.

JULIA WARD HOWE AND THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT. By Florence Howe Hall. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1 net. Mrs. Howe was nearly fifty years old before she became interested in the woman suffrage movement. At that time the arguments which she had stored in her mind against political equality came to her as in reality only so many reasons in its favor. "All that I had felt," she wrote, "regarding the sacredness and importance of the woman's part in private life now appeared to me equally applicable to the part she should bear in public life"; and she counted it a privilege to witness for that cause until the very end of her days. These selections from her speeches and essays on the subject so chosen as to present her convictions from different points of view have been put together by her daughter, who prefaces them with a foreword and an introductory chapter. Only a short time has elapsed since the living voice pleaded and argued with the same earnestness and gentle reasoning that speaks from these pages. Would that all the advocates of this cause might speak with the same serenity that never doubted nor despaired, never wavered in its certainty that justice will be done.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.
"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN
No. 31
Co-partnership in Housing
BY PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM

The housing problem is one of the complex and difficult social problems which nearly every growing town and city in America is facing to-day. England is solving it in a measure with its garden cities and garden suburbs, such as Letchworth and Hampstead. Then, too, by the introduction of the co-partnership principle it has there become possible for the wage-earner to enjoy all the advantages of owning his own house, without the danger of losing the whole or a part of his investment should his work take him permanently to some other locality. Co-partnership in housing has yet to be tried in the United States, but there is reason to believe it will be as successful here as in England. This Bulletin is an important contribution to the literature of the movement in America.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
Order as "S. S. No. 31," not by title
PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT
American Unitarian Association
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

The Home.

The Jolly Old Spider.

BY C. BURNHAM MADDOCK.

A jolly old architect is the fat spider,
His houses are many and quaint;
And he asks not a cent of his tenants for rent,
Nor worries at any complaint.

A lesson in thrift is the jolly old spider,
He works night and day, oftentimes
Builds cellars and walls, long parlors and halls,
And stairways that nobody climbs.

He is wise, very wise, the fat jolly spider,
For he tries to please every class,—
One room on top floor, or, if wanted, a score,
Some of which have walls wholly of glass!

A model of patience, this same jolly spider;
If his dwellings are swept from his sight
By an earthquake of doom, in the shape of a broom,
He'll build them again over night!

Oh, this very old, wary old, chary old spider
Of Spidertown grim and gray!
Though we never may be so famous as he,
Let us copy his virtues each day.

How Little Miss Muffet caught a Mouse.

BY LOUELLA C. POOLE.

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey,"

chanted the mistress of the beautiful Angora, as she stroked the silken sides of her pet, which was busily engaged at that moment over the contents of a gilt-bordered china saucer.

"But, if a wee mouse
Should enter the house,
'Twould frighten Miss Muffet away!"

playfully added Minnikin Uptonia, with a knowing glance at her hostess. "Now really and truly, Cousin Emily, do you think Little Miss Muffet could catch a mouse if she wanted to? You tell me she never yet has caught one."

"Do I think she could?" replied Cousin Emily. "I most assuredly do. Just look at the sharp claws encased within her velvet mittens, and surely a quicker and sharper-eyed puss never lived, and her smellers are of the keenest. But Little Miss Muffet knows there's no necessity for her soiling her paws in any such fashion; for why should she hunt for a living, with fresh cream a-plenty, not to mention 'curds and whey,' and every other choice bit her appetite craves forthcoming without the slightest trouble?"

"Wasn't it Darwin who said that animals have sometimes been known to lose their instincts by long and close association with man?" answered Minnikin Uptonia. "I question whether Little Miss Muffet has not reached that stage in evolution where she no longer desires to hunt, either for pleasure or necessity."

"Well, possibly you may be right, but, judging from the way she sometimes sits in the window and makes mouths at the sparrows, I suspect you give us too much credit for our progress in evolution. But I don't want the dainty darling to catch mice,—to make a mere mouse-trap of herself. Besides, we already have a mouse-trap, always baited, at the foot of the cellar stairs, though it is seldom called into use; for there seem to be but few mice about this old house, in spite of its age."

During this colloquy Little Miss Muffet, though to all appearances deeply absorbed in her dish of "curds and whey," might, to the close observer, have been seen to prick up her velvet ears at this discussion of her qualifications as a mouser. At least, I feel quite sure she must have known, in some mysterious way, what was said about her, if one might judge by what happened the very next day.

The family were sitting at breakfast, when a sudden bumpety-bump-bump over the cellar stairs gave them such a start that Grandpa Brooks very nearly tipped over his coffee cup. Hark! Was that a burglar? Heaven forbid! A ghost? Banish the thought! Through the slightly opened doorway a silken paw was thrust. The door opened wider,—a mouse-trap appeared, victim and all, behind which proudly strutted Little Miss Muffet.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the astonished Minnikin Uptonia. "If Little Miss Muffet hasn't really caught a mouse—trap and all!"

"Oh, you precious darlinty," cried Cousin Emily, "I always knew you could do it, if you wanted to!"

Little Miss Muffet, all covered with glory and cobwebs, laid down the spoils of her hunt as her contribution to the morning's repast. Her shining eyes and mellifluous purr gave evidence to her own self-satisfaction; but whether she caught that mouse just to show what she could do, or whether her hunting expedition was a mere coincidence, will forever remain a mystery. But this I do know, or at least have every good reason to believe, that that was the first, last and only mouse her ladyship succeeded in catching.

Little Wait-a-Minute.*

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Bessie whom everybody loved. Her father loved her; her mother loved her; her brothers and sisters loved her; and her uncles and aunts and little friends all loved her.

But there was something she used to do that nobody liked. Her father didn't like it; her mother didn't like it; her brothers and sisters didn't like it; and her uncles and aunts and little friends did not like it either, and it was this.

When father came home tired from his work, he would often say, "Bessie, will you run upstairs for my slippers?" And Bessie would answer, "Yes, father, I will, but—just wait a minute till I finish putting dolly to bed," or something like that.

And sometimes, when mother was busy in the house, she would call from the door, "Bessie, come in, dear, I want you to help me a little," and Bessie would answer, "Yes, mother, but—just wait a minute, I do so want to finish my little garden."

And, when her little friends would call to her, "Bessie, Bessie, come out to play," even then she would so often answer, "Just wait a minute," that by and by every one began to call her "Wait-a-Minute" and nearly forgot that her real name was Bessie.

One evening father came home late, and Wait-a-Minute ran to meet him. He kissed her, and put his hand way down deep into his pocket, and brought out two pink tickets.

"Oh, father, father," said Wait-a-Minute, jumping up and down, "are those circus tickets?"

"Yes," said her father, "they are; and, if you are ready next Saturday at one o'clock when I come home, we will go to the circus." And he told her about the dancing bears, and the funny clowns, and the wonderful ladies who jump through paper hoops while riding on horseback, standing up; and about the great tall giant, and the little wee dwarf and the very thin man, and the very fat woman, till Wait-a-Minute said, "I'll be ready, father, I'll be ready, at one o'clock on Saturday."

So Sunday passed, and Monday passed, and Tuesday passed, and Wednesday passed, and Thursday passed, and Friday passed, and Saturday came, and Wait-a-Minute woke up early.

"O mother," she called, "isn't this the day we go to the circus?" And her mother said, "Yes, dear, if you're ready at one o'clock."

"Oh, I will be ready," said Wait-a-Minute, and she got up and dressed herself and had her breakfast.

After that she went upstairs to play with her dolls. The dolls' house looked so untidy that she said to herself, "I really can't leave it like this." So she took out all the furniture, and shook the little carpets and rugs.

Nine o'clock passed, and ten o'clock passed, and eleven o'clock passed, and twelve o'clock came, and her mother called upstairs, "Bessie, Bessie, it's time to get ready." But Bessie answered, "Oh, just wait a minute, mother: I'm in the thickness of tidying my dolls' house."

Minutes passed, and more minutes passed, and still more minutes passed, and Bessie did not come. Her mother went on getting a nice little lunch ready for her, and put it on the table. There was a glass of creamy milk, a nice fresh egg, and brown baked apple for dessert. She was just saying to herself, "Wait-a-Minute will be late," when she heard her coming down the stairs.

There was not much time left, so Wait-a-Minute had to hurry over her lunch, hardly tasting it. Then she ran upstairs with her mother. Her face and hands were washed, and her mother was brushing her hair and saying, "You must wear your little new shoes," when the bell rang, and—there was father!

"Where's Wait-a-Minute? Isn't she ready?" and just then the town clock struck *one*.

"O Wait-a-Minute, I shall have to take Harry who lives across the street. He is all ready to go. I saw him when I passed by," and he went out and shut the door.

Then Wait-a-Minute ran to her own little room, and threw herself on her bed, and cried and cried till the pillow was wet with her tears. At last she could cry no more, and then she fell asleep.

By this time father and Harry were at the circus. They saw the dancing bears and the funny clowns, the hoop lady, the little wee dwarf and the great big giant, the very thin man and the very fat woman; but all the time father was wishing that Wait-a-Minute might have been there, too.

When he came home, mother was sewing

*Selected by the Story Committee of the New York Public School Kindergarten Association.

by the lamp, all alone. "Where is Wait-a-Minute?" said father. "Fast asleep on her own little bed," said mother, quietly: "she cried herself to sleep and has never waked up."

So the father went upstairs softly, and he found Wait-a-Minute asleep on the pillow. He stooped down, and kissed her so quietly that she didn't wake up. Then he went downstairs and had supper.

By and by Wait-a-Minute woke up and it was dark. At first she was puzzled, then she remembered all about it, and a little sob came to her throat. But she slid from the bed, and stole quietly down into the lighted room.

When she saw her father, she threw her arms around his neck, and pressed her cheek against his, whispering, "I'm so sorry, father, I was not ready!' And he gave her a big hug, and said, "Maybe, little one, we can try again."

The days passed by, and circuses came and circuses went, but father did not say anything. At last one evening he came home later than usual, and Wait-a-Minute ran to meet him; and what do you think he put in her hands but two blue tickets!

"Oh, father, father, are they circus tickets?"

"Yes," said her father, "for next Saturday, if you are ready in time" "Oh, I'll *try* to be ready," said Bessie.

Sunday passed, and Monday passed, and Tuesday passed, and Wednesday passed, and Thursday passed, and Friday passed, and Saturday came; and, when Wait-a-Minute woke up, the sun was shining brightly.

"Oh, mother, mother," she called, "isn't this the day we go to the circus?"

"Yes," said her mother, "if you are ready in time."

"Oh, I'll try to be ready," said Wait-a-Minute, jumping out of bed, and beginning to dress herself.

After breakfast, she ran upstairs to her playroom. The dolls' house was so untidy that she really must make it right. So she took out all the furniture, and shook the little rugs and carpets.

Nine o'clock passed, and ten o'clock passed, and eleven o'clock passed, and twelve o'clock came.

"Bessie, Bessie, it's time to get ready," called mother.

"I'll come just now, mother," said Bessie; and she ran downstairs, and there was the nicest little lunch spread out on the table.

"It was so good, mother," she said, as she finished.

"Then come, dear, and get ready," said mother, and Bessie ran upstairs.

Hands and face were soon washed, and her hair brushed. "Run and get your best little shoes," said her mother. They were put on, then her pretty blue dress and blue velvet coat and her hat, and she was just fastening the last button of her little brown gloves when the bell rang, and there stood father.

"Well, is Wait-a-Min— Oh, there you are, dear! Come along." She turned to kiss her mother good-bye, and the town clock struck *one*.

"Just in time," said her father, as they went down the steps. "Do you know, Wait-a-Minute, I'm going to give you a new name, because you were ready to-day. Can you guess what it is?"

Wait-a-Minute thought; then she said, "No, father, but I don't like Wait-a-Minute. What is the new name?"

"Be-on-Time," said her father, gently, "my dear little Be-on-Time."

"O father, I like that name," said Bessie, and she squeezed his hand hard. "I hope I can keep it."

And she did.—*Helen D. Denbigh, in Kindergarten Review.*

Two Ways of Moving.

"I don't think I like to move," Philip Ludden said, yawning, and stretching his tired little arms.

It had been a long, hard day for the little fellow, for there are always so many things one does not like to have go on a load of furniture when moving from one house to another; and little boys, if they are nice and obliging, can make themselves very useful.

Philip had carried so many, many things that he could not remember half of them. He knew that he had carried the dining-room clock, because he had had to stop twice to rest, it was so heavy. Of course, he couldn't forget Dexter, the parrot, for he had scolded all the way so loudly that a little girl whom they had met said she didn't know that a parrot could be so scoldy. Whereupon Dexter screeched "Shut up! shut up!' at the top of his parrot voice, until Philip was glad when the new home was at last reached.

Then boxes! my!—Philip could not understand where they had all come from—and lamps—and pictures! Why, it was no wonder that his little arms ached, and that he should declare that he didn't "like to move."

Grandmother Ludden had heard him. Grandmothers often do hear many things that little folks are unconscious of their hearing. And very soon a loving arm drew Philip close, and a low, soothing voice said: "It sometimes helps to hear of people who have had to work harder that we have. I know of a little boy and his sister who, when the family moved, had to drive the cattle a long distance, —many, many miles, through woods so dense that their father had to clear the way before them with axes."

Philip was not leaning his tired head against his grandmother's shoulder any longer: he was sitting erect, with his big brown eyes full of interest.

"The cattle, also, had to do their part in moving by carrying feather-beds strapped upon their backs. Pots and kettles hung on straps were carried in the same way by a pair of sturdy horses that were afterwards used to help plough the uncultivated land in the new wilderness home," his grandmother went on to say.

"A number of families were moving at the same time, and it took many days for this strange caravan to reach the end of the journey. At night great fires were made beneath the trees, where food was cooked and eaten, and where the tired travellers slept at the end of each day's journey."

"Why didn't they get a man to move them same as we did?" queried Philip.

"Because every man had to be his own mover in the days of the early settlers," his grandmother explained. "Many of the Pilgrims had not even built homes for themselves, but were living a sort of gypsy life until they should come to a place in which they thought it would be best to settle. Every member of the family had to do a certain share of the work. Even the cattle had their part to do."

"Who were these children you have been telling me about, grandmother?" Philip asked.

"They were two of your Pilgrim ancestors, and their names were Silas and Betsy Harrington," grandmother responded. "They finally settled in the Connecticut Valley," she added.

Philip's little form had straightened as his grandmother went on with her recital; and, when she had concluded, it was an earnest pair of eyes that met her own.

"Well, if my ancestors did all that without complaining, I reckon I'd better not say anything more about carrying a clock and a parrot and some boxes, or—or—anything else, just two blocks," he asserted, with a resolute look in his brown eyes that would not have shamed either Betsy or Silas Harrington, could they have seen it.—*Helen M. Richardson in Sunday School Times.*

Not Properly Equipped.

Little Gardner, whose big brother had been presented with a bicycle, asked his mother if he could not have one, too.

"You're not old enough," she replied, "but I will buy you a velocipede."

"I can't use a velocipede on these rough roads," he exclaimed.

"The motor cars use the rough roads every day."

The youngster thought for a moment, then with a look of scorn, remarked,—

"Do you think I am filled with gasoline?" *Exchange.*

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1871 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AGENT, MISS E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Alliston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Trees.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—*Joyce Kilmer, in Poetry.*

Unitarianism in Canada.

BY W. COPELAND BOWIE.

III.

SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN.

This is the most wonderful city I have so far visited in Canada. It seems to have been created by miracle. Ten years ago there were just over a hundred people living, for the most part, in shacks: to-day there are some thirty thousand residents, many of them living in well-built, comfortably furnished houses. There are wide streets, lighted by electricity, tramways, well-built, substantial shops, stores, banks, schools, churches. The river Saskatchewan runs through the centre of the city, and both banks have already numerous houses where a few years ago the prairie wolf wandered undisturbed by thefoot of man. There are university buildings which would do credit to Leeds or Sheffield: the agricultural department of the university with eighty acres of farming land, its cattle, horses, sheep, poultry, pigs, and mechanical appliances for farming, surprised and delighted me.

There is no Unitarian church or movement in Saskatoon yet, but Rev. F. W. Pratt is eager to pitch a tent here in the near future. We met several people who encouraged us to believe that there was an opening in Saskatoon for a Unitarian church. There was little time for advertising and no very central or suitable hall obtainable, but I was prepared to give an exposition of the principles and faith of a Unitarian to any one who cared to attend on a somewhat wintry night. Thirty people came and listened with the closest attention to what I had to say, on Tuesday evening, October 7. The Unitarian literature displayed by Mr. Pratt was eagerly carried away. My impression, confirmed by talks which I had with several people the following day, was that with hard, patient, persevering work a Unitarian church could be built up in Saskatoon.

MOOSE JAW, SASKATCHEWAN.

This is a thriving prairie town with a population of about 30,000 (in 1901 there were 1,158). It derives its extraordinary name from an Indian source and is said to mean the creek where the white man mended his cart with a moose jaw-bone. The main streets are wide, well paved, and lighted; the shops and stores, banks and other buildings closely resemble those of other towns in the west of Canada, and bear witness to rapid development in material prosperity. There are school and church buildings which would do credit to a long-established city. Having no service to conduct on Sunday morning, I attended a large Methodist church with seating accommodations for upwards of 1,000 people. It was three-fourths full, and the minister preached an admirable sermon. The Presbyterian church is also large and evidently well attended. The presence of church and school in these new communities shows that they are not so wholly given over to mere money-making as is sometimes represented.

The Unitarian movement in Moose Jaw is in its infancy. Mr. Pratt had held occasional services. A young man, who afterwards went to Meadville, conducted services for a few months in a small hall where the attendances ranged from 20 to 35. After he left, a little group of 8 to 15 met together for worship and conference; but at the time of my visit these gatherings had also ceased. On Sunday evening, October 12, I conducted a religious service in a picture theatre (a badly-lighted, ill-ventilated building), and delivered an address on "The Message of Unitarians." There were upwards of 100 people present, 5 of whom were women. The majority of the men were about 30 years of age. With the exception of half a dozen who had dropped in merely to see what was going on, no minister could have had a more attentive and appreciative audience. We used one of the Essex Hall hymn sheets, and the singing was hearty. Several leading citizens were present, and the few avowed Unitarians were greatly encouraged.

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN.

Regina is 1,772 miles west of Montreal: it is the capital of the province, and stands right in the heart of limitless prairie lands at an altitude of nearly two thousand feet above sea-level. The local newspaper described it as "the most progressive and enterprising city of the Canadian west"; it is elsewhere described as "a city of certainties" which "offers more and better opportunities to high-grade intellectual men and women than any other city on the American continent." There is considerable rivalry among these new western cities, so they vie with each other in proclaiming their virtues to the prospective investor or settler. The miles of streets and sewers, of paved and planked sidewalks, with every possible unit of population added, and the banks, schools, and churches erected at a cost of a long line of dollars make an impressive picture in the language of the accomplished "booster." But, exaggeration apart, Regina is a remarkable city, and has much to feel proud of. It has had longer to grow than some of its neighbors further west. It dates its foundation from 1882, when the population numbered two hundred; in 1901 there were 2,249; in 1913 there are about 35,000. The city is well planned, and has the advantage of not covering so large an area as several smaller places. The public buildings are perhaps not beautiful in the sense in which the term is applied in Europe, but they are solid, well designed, and adapted for their various purposes. The Baptists, the Methodists, and other denominations possess large and imposing churches, several with accommodation for perhaps a thousand people. The dwelling-houses are numerous in which people comfortably off have their abode; and there were fewer idle people hanging about the streets than in some other western cities I had visited.

There is at present no Unitarian movement in Regina. Mr. Pratt had conducted a few services, but he did not have much response. A small room on the second floor of a large block of buildings was secured for my lecture on October 14. The newspaper on the following morning gave prominence to some of the things I said in explanation of the principles and faith of Unitarians, and reported that the lecture was "well attended." The large attendance was in the spirit, not in the flesh. There were six middle-aged men in the room when I began my address, and there were seven when I finished. The newspaper added that "great interest was shown" in what I had to say, and this was strictly accurate. My small audience consisted of an ex-Methodist minister, an ex-Baptist, a man who did not know that he had any religion until he heard me speak; another had been partly converted to Unitarianism by Rev. Charles Hargrove in Leeds some years ago; the fifth member of my audience agreed with all that I said, but was of opinion that I had left many things unsaid; the sixth man was quietly sympathetic and grateful; while the man who came in towards the end was discreetly silent as to his religious opinions. I imagine he was a newspaper reporter who told his readers next day that "Dr. Cowie" said certain things, the phraseology of which I did not recognize. The newspapers throughout have given very friendly notices; and, owing to the enterprise of Mr. Pratt, my portrait (not too flattering) has been published in every city I have so far visited.

My audience of six were unanimously of opinion that the Unitarians should "set up business" in Regina, and hold Sunday services regularly. They knew friends of their own who were dissatisfied with the older theology, and who were intelligently and reverently disposed towards religion. Perhaps when Moose Jaw secures a minister, it will be made part of his work diligently to sow the good seed in Regina until it takes root, as the two cities are only forty-one miles apart.

Charles Gordon Ames Memorial.

The Church of the Disciples, wishing to perpetuate the memory of its former minister, proposes to raise the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to be known as the Charles Gordon Ames Endowment Fund. During his long career as writer, editor, and preacher, Dr. Ames exemplified and served the highest ideals of Christian citizenship, and, like his Master, "went about doing good." In order to continue this service to humanity the church to which Dr. Ames devoted his ripest years and richest endeavor wishes to secure this fund and proposes to use the income in reinforcing its own organization and in extending and quickening its usefulness as a Free Church.

This it hopes to do by systematically distributing religious literature, by providing a church home for the many students in the numerous schools and colleges in the neighborhood, and by a more efficient co-operation with other churches in general service to the community and in the promotion of Christian unity.

The Church of the Disciples feels that no

nobler or more fitting memorial can be established for this grand and saintly man than such a fund, devoted to such purposes; and the privilege of sharing in this enterprise is offered to all who treasure grateful memories of Charles Gordon Ames.

Contributions, large or small, will be thankfully received, and should be sent to the church treasurer, Mr. John B. Carpenter, 254 Park Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Dr. James K. Hosmer.

Many friends of Dr. James K. Hosmer would have been glad to join in the celebration of his eightieth birthday, which he passed on January 29, had they known of the event in time. "I find myself excellently well, as I have always been. Cannot remember even a headache," he writes in recounting the joys of the day, and adds, "We sit here in the sun, and we are sunny inside." So many of those who remembered the birthday with messages of love were former pupils of Dr. Hosmer at Antioch College, that he wrote for them a poem, "The Mystic Spring," dedicated to old Antioch friends. Antioch College, it will be remembered, is located at Yellow Springs, Ohio, a town that takes its name from a large spring, rich in iron, the waters of which, though limpid, stain all they touch a bright yellow:—

There's a stream that flows mute, from a source underground,
Through caverns unsunned, far below;
But it breaks to the light at last out from a mound
On the brink of a glen that we know.
Here's mystery deep, and there's magic besides,
For the spring, like an alchemist old,
Transmutes the dull rocks in the bed where it glides
Till they glow with a tinge as of gold.

We asked, as we mused by the weird, yellow spring:
"How far and how long have you run?
And whence comes the witchery wild that you fling
O'er the rocks as you break to the sun?"
We asked, but the spring uttered never a word
To our questions. Then suddenly fell
A sound o'er the wood: from the twin towers we heard
The call of the Antioch bell

There sits an old man, with his days ebbing low,
Dim-eyed and well spent in his strife,
And a symbol he finds in the spring that we know,
Of a brightness new come to his life.
Good hearts, so you think of me yet! Now appear
Sweet waters, long mute, and the stream
Breaks out into voice at last close to my ear,
Making golden my day, as I dream!

You are not as you were in the sixties, they say?
Five decades the memory runs.
Your dimples are wrinkles, your tresses are gray,
Your bloom gone to daughters and sons.
But for me you will bide in your beauty of yore,
As you conquered in youth, long ago,
Though we muse by the weird yellow spring nevermore,
On the brink of the glen that we know.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Report and Appeal.

I. FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Received during the year ending May 23, 1913, from memberships and contributions (forty-nine branches of the Women's Alliance contributed)	$482.64

Expenses for the same period were as follows:

Publicity work by Mr. Crooker,	$300.00
Printing (chiefly tracts) . . .	267.05
For Department in *Word and Work*	60.00
Postage and general expenses .	59.97
Expenses of annual meeting .	14.98
Total	$702.00

This statement shows that the annual expenditures have considerably exceeded the annual income. The directors see the opportunity for larger and finer work, and they appeal to Unitarians for loyal support. As a basis for this appeal they present the following report:—

II. WORK DONE DURING THE YEAR.

(1) The distribution of free tracts has continued as in the past. The calls come from all parts of the country, and many are from temperance workers not Unitarians. Wherever they go they seem to be highly appreciated and do much good. The Society (through the generosity of Mr. Courtenay Guild) has printed a 5,000 edition of a four-page leaflet ("The Menace of Drink"), containing the short but remarkable statement which President Charles W. Eliot made in October at the General Conference in Buffalo. It is hoped that our churches, Sunday-schools, Young People's Religious Unions, and Alliance Brances will make a larger use of this small but valuable tract.

(2) The publicity work done by Mr. Crooker for several years has been continued: the monthly department on Temperance in the *Christian Register*, the temperance page in every issue of *Word and Work*, frequent temperance editorials in *Zion's Herald*, contributions in *Unity* and our other denominational periodicals, articles in the Springfield *Republican*, *Union Signal*, and several other journals,—thirty-nine articles in all. In addition, a number of temperance addresses have been made by Mr. Crooker and other members of the Board.

III. NEW WORK.

(1) Through the initiative of Mr. Thomas H. Elliott of Lowell (now a member of our board), investigations have been made respecting the use of "moving picture films" to give wide popular instruction in temperance and to make the facts impressive. It is clear that great good could be done in this way if the Society had sufficient funds.

(2) The board contemplates the purchase of a stereopticon outfit of 70 slides (with descriptive manuscript), which presents in clear manner the remarkable facts which have recently been brought to light in the fields of scientific research, insurance records, industrial experience, and athletic contests. This would afford a new, popular, and powerfully effective means of temperance education. It is proposed to lend this "outfit" to our churches and societies. The views are attractive and interesting to old and young, and the explanatory manuscript would enable any one to accompany the views with an instructive address.

(3) It has been suggested that Mr. Crooker be asked to give more of his time to this temperance work, but it is impossible to carry out such a plan in the present financial condition of the board.

IV. OUR FINANCIAL NEEDS.

The brief statements just made show how money could fruitfully be used by the Society. It is clear that *its income must be more than doubled* if it is to undertake the work waiting to be done. Even with this large fund at its disposal, Unitarians would not be doing, in proportion to their wealth and numbers, as much as many other denominations.

V. WHAT THE SOCIETY NEEDS AT ONCE.

(1) Five churches or individuals to give $100 apiece.

(2) Ten men and women to pay for life memberships, which are $25.

(3) Two hundred new annual members, paying $1 a year.

(4) Contributions from 100 of our Alliance Branches instead of 49.

Such generous responses ought to place the sum of $1,200 or $1,300 in the treasury of the Society. With such a sum a great deal more can be accomplished. We confidently appeal to the generous Unitarians of the land to help us undertake the larger things.

Contributions should be sent at once to Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

From Camp Hill, Ala.

BY ALICE GRAY TEELE.

Thinking that my friends in Boston, Cambridge, and elsewhere, might like to know my opinion of the work that Lyman Ward and his coworkers are performing at Camp Hill, Ala., I should like to make a sort of report that may help them better to understand it. This Southern Industrial Institute is for the education of deserving young men and women (white) of limited means, who have never had a chance to go to school. There are rooms to accommodate 100 or 110 students from primary to grown-ups, the eldest now in school being thirty-two years old. Many of the adults, deprived of all study privileges while young, are barely able to read words of one syllable or to write a simple sentence. They come from poor homes, yet their spirit is so fine, their enthusiasm so great, all the drudgery of the teaching is removed, as they are so anxious to get on in their work. So many other advantages are given by the fine body of teachers, composing the faculty, that, when the student leaves, either at graduation or before, it may be truly said that the least part of the cultivation received here is that learned from the printed page.

An orchestra is now being formed with a few borrowed instruments, more or less battered, with one or two owned by the boys, an apology for the bass drum with other fittings, so meagre as to make a pathetic sight when this company of young men parade so manfully these red clay roads of old Alabama. Poor as are the students

in money, poorer is the Institute! The State of Alabama has made a grant of $3,000 per year for four years, but, as there is not enough money in the State treasury to pay it, it is all due now. A serious deficit is made in Mr. Ward's finances. A new well is needed to complete the water system lately introduced, with many needed improvements on this old slave plantation of 400 acres. Many students by one or two days' work on the land help to pay their way through the Institute, others borrow money from friends, while Mr. Ward finds generous donors to give scholarships to the most needy. These are helped in every way, kind friends sending barrels and cases of clothing, bedding, school supplies, with many articles for use either in school or in the rooms. These lifts are a real message of hope to our students, who are inspired by a great purpose to better their condition.

While the work of Mr. Ward has been great, facing obstacles that would have discouraged many, with a great opposition from those who should have supported him, yet much remains to be done before this Institute for white youth can reach the splendid equipment of Tuskegee about thirty miles from us to the south, under the direction of Booker T. Washington, for the uplift of the colored race.

Somewhere, at some time, now or in the future there is some one who is waiting to put this grand work where it belongs. Now I should like to ask for a steam boiler, of 90 horse power, either new or somewhat used, which will not only heat the Girls' Dormitory, called Good-will Hall, but will furnish power to run our saw mill. There must be many who will give small or large sums, that the heating apparatus may be installed and the saw mill started at once. All gifts may be sent to Rev. Lyman Ward, Camp Hill, Ala., S. I. I., or to me at the same address, for which not only the students and faculty will bless you, but the influence will be far reaching throughout the South.

The Balkan Relief Fund.

The response to the appeal for the Macedonian and other Balkan sufferers in this supreme hour of their distress and need has brought the committee a number of contributions which are gratefully acknowledged. They are particularly gratified to note a number of gifts of smaller amounts. The most recent advices from the seat of suffering state that the sum of *two cents a day* is sufficient to furnish food for an adult or child and tide them over until, in the early summer, the fertile fields of the Balkan peninsula will provide them at least the necessaries of life. Thus every dollar given accomplishes a deal of good. Unitarian and other religious liberals are wont to look with more or less distrust on Foreign Missions, so called; but this form of missionary activity, sheltering the homeless, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, comforting the heart-broken, must surely commend itself to their judgment and sympathy. We could ask no better introduction for our gospel in the Balkans than this expression of human helpfulness dispensed through our judicious and unselfish almoner, Rev. Mr. Toplisky, president of the Bulgarian Unitarian Association.

The committee acknowledges, in addition to previous gifts:—

Rev. William C. Gannett	$5.00
Mrs. Fayette Smith	2.00
Miss Ellen C. Morse	3.00
Mrs. H. G. Grew	50.00
Miss Frieda Wendte	2.00
Miss Susan E. Denton	2.00
De Normandie Guild, First Church in Roxbury	4.00
Unitarian Church of Burlington, Vt.	5.00

It seems necessary to emphasize that all money should be sent to Rev. C. W. Wendte, D.D., 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Time for holding Annual Meetings.

A few years ago the following vote was passed by the executive board of the Young People's Religious Union: That a recommendation be made to all unions to have their annual meetings in April, in order that the correct lists of officers may be printed in our annual report, and that notice of this be sent to the national secretary, the meeting to be held not *later* than April. In consequence, printed notices were sent out to all the unions, calling attention to this desire on the part of the Board of Directors.

In conformance with this request, some of the unions changed the dates of their annual meetings, and have sent in their changes regularly as soon as new officers were elected. We should like to remind all to do so, in order to have at headquarters a correct list of officers with their addresses.

Our fiscal year closes April 30, so that all lists should be in on or before this date. If this were conscientiously attended to, the secretaries' names would appear right in our annual printed report. But, as it is, we are quite apt to hear it said, "The notice did not reach the secretary," or "It was sent to the wrong person," no notification of any change having been sent, and our knowledge of the occult science not being sufficient to apprise us of the fact. This may seem of small consequence as regards societies, but, as a matter of fact, it is of paramount importance that our lists be authentic and up to date.

We want all our union presidents, secretaries, and treasurers to receive *Word and Work*, and how is this possible unless their names and addresses are known to us? If you hold one of these offices and do not see this publication, kindly write to tell us. However, if you do receive it, pass it around among the members that do not have access to it or have portions read at some of the meetings. The more our young people are kept in touch with these denominational facts and events that are from time to time mentioned within the limits of this monthly bulletin, *Word and Work*, the better equipped will the future workers in our Unitarian ranks be.

A copy of the year's programme will also be appreciated at the same time the list of officers is sent. It should be a secretary's duty to attend to these little formalities. Indeed, an extra programme or two can be found most useful. Still another duty might be to inform headquarters of any entertainment, supper, or other function in which the young people officiate. Keep Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, in mind, occasionally!

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Ministerial Union will meet on Monday, February 16, in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Rev. William R. Ward of Dover will speak on "Some New Uses of Nature."

The Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston will meet at the First Parish Church, Watertown, Monday, February 16. Subject, "The Germ Theory in Sunday-school Work," by Rev. Bradley Gilman. Supper at 6, addresses at 7, meeting adjourned at 8.30. Supper tickets may be purchased on the evening of the meeting. The meeting at 7 is open to all interested.

The weekly musical service will be held as usual in King's Chapel next Saturday noon. Speakers at the week-day services next week are as follows: February 16 and 17, Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, Unitarian Church, Montreal, Canada; February 18, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Boston; February 19, Prof. James Hardy Ropes, Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge; February 20, Rev. Charles Conklin, D.D., Universalist State Superintendent, Boston.

The one hundred and thirty-third session of the Essex Conference will be held with the Second Church, Salem, Rev. Alfred Manchester, minister, on Wednesday, February 25. Beginning at 9.30 A.M., addresses will be given by Rev. E. J. Prescott of Gloucester and Rev. Albert Lazenby of Lynn. After intermission and luncheon there will be a devotional service with communion. In the afternoon addresses will be given by Rev. L. C. Cornish of Hingham, Mass., and Rev. Bradley Gilman of Canton, Mass.

Meetings.

The Philadelphia League.—The regular monthly meeting was held at the First Church, February 5, 1914, at 11 A.M., the president, Mrs. Hayward in the chair, and seventy members and guests present. The numbers are increasing, and the meetings are interesting. Mrs. Woodbridge, the new director for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, gave an account of the directors' meeting in Boston; and Mrs. Evans spoke of the meeting of the New York League on president's day, seven members of the Philadelphia League having been guests on that occasion. Mrs. Charles R. Simons read a paper on "The Origin and Development of the Christian Sunday," and Mrs. M. R. Klinglesmith told of the old blue laws of Connecticut.

Worcester Conference.—The forty-seventh annual meeting met with the South Memorial Unitarian Church, Worcester, January 28 and 29. The sermon Wednesday evening was delivered by Rev. John H. Lathrop of Brooklyn, N.Y. In the absence of the president, Charles L. Wilde of Lancaster occupied the chair. The devotional service Thursday evening was conducted by Rev.

J. L. Marsh of Bolton. The annual report of the secretary gave a summary of reports from the churches of the Conference. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $252.50 on the right side. The following officers were elected: president, Orra L. Stone, Clinton; vice-presidents, Charles L. Wilde, Lancaster, and A. F. Butterworth, Brookfield; treasurer, D. W. Lincoln, Worcester; secretary, Rev. J. C. Duncan, Clinton. Directors: S. C. Beane, D.D., Grafton; Henry R. Smith, Leominster; Mrs. Mary H. Stone, Clinton; Mrs. A. P. Rugg, Worcester; John F. Faxon, Fitchburg; Rev. E. M. Slocombe, Worcester. Missionary Committee: Rev. S. C. Beane, Jr., Worcester; Rev. W. A. Wood, Upton; Rev. F. N. Lewis, Hopedale. Missionary Council: for two years: Rev. J. L. Marsh, Bolton; for three years, Miss Mary Garfield, Fitchburg; and Charles L. Wilder, Lancaster. The subject of the morning's discussion was "Business Methods Applied to Church Organization." Mr. William H. Sayward said that the church exists for recreating the people. It should be based on business principles, not left too much to the clergy, whose proper work is leadership in the higher life of the spirit. Mr. Sayward then told of the reorganization of the church in Dorchester to which he belongs, and how the whole congregation has been enlisted in its service. Rev. C. M. Slocombe spoke of "Efficiency in Church Affairs." Mr. Slocombe told interesting personal experiences in the endeavor to join the church, and gave pertinent suggestions as to the management of church finances and the oversight of the parsonage. The hearing of candidates and the calling of a minister were carefully considered, and suggestions made concerning the intensive as well as the extensive work.

A collation was served by the South Memorial Church to over three hundred people. Upon reassembling it was voted, after a long discussion on the subject of the missionary work of the Conference, to consider the matter at the next session. The subject chosen for the afternoon was "The Religious Culture of the Young," and the first speaker was Prof. E. D. Starbuck, who told the story of the growth of the child from helplessness to helpfulness. The next speaker, Mr. J. O. Fagan of Waverley, told of his experience with a class of boys in the Waverley Sunday-school. It shows what can be made of a Sunday-school class at the hands of the right sort of man. He explained how he personally got into social and spiritual touch with the boys. It may all be summed up in saying that he gave himself to them. On motion of Judge Smith it was voted to invite Mr. Fagan to furnish the directors of the Conference with a copy of his address for publication. An unanimous vote of thanks was extended to the South Memorial Church for its generous hospitality, and to the preacher and speakers. With the singing of a hymn announced by the Rev. A. N. Foster of Oxbridge the Conference adjourned. James C. Duncan, Secretary.

Churches.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. Fred Alban Weil: The church has completed a successful year of work. At the annual meeting, January 14, reports were heard from all departments of the society, including the Unitarian extension work. Attendance at the morning services has increased the past year. With two exceptions the minister occupied his pulpit. The sermons are emphatically of a kind to stimulate spiritual thought. Some are frankly theological and denominational. Meanwhile the church is represented in the community through social service by its members and friends. This was the seventh annual report of the minister, and he reviewed in some detail the progress of the work and its challenge, as it pertained especially to Bellingham. The society was organized in 1905 by Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr. Services were held every other week for a year or so. The present continuous weekly services were begun October, 1907, in a clubhouse. The work has been carried on during a period of financial depression. The congregation is shifting through removals from town; but many retain their fellowship with the church and are heard from frequently, although widely scattered. The Sunday-school, of which the minister is superintendent, is in a splendid condition, with thirty-two scholars and an average attendance of twenty-eight. There are three teachers, in addition to the superintendent. One of the teachers was identified with the school as a scholar for several years, and will attend the State University next year; another is a teacher in the public schools, and another is a graduate of a leading Massachusetts college The Sunday-school is regularly organized with officers, and has a librarian. It holds annually its picnic and Christmas party. The school was started about six years ago with four or five scholars

The Young People's Society meets at the Sunday-school hour, and has a class as part of the Sunday-school. It is composed of members who have graduated the past year from the lower classes in the school. The young people have their own officers and organization, and are affiliated with the national organization of Unitarian young people. Decorating the church and similar service is given by the young people, who are really interested in the church through having been connected with the Sunday-school for several years. "College Town Work," so designated, is carried on at the State Normal School, which has five hundred students, and is located a few blocks from the Chapel. The past year showed eleven students registered as Unitarians at the school. One of these graduated, and one left (to teach) at the mid-year commencement in January of this year. It is difficult to convey the bigotry under which the Normal School has been conducted, making it really an evangelical school in its religious affiliations, instead of a State school. Consequently the gain in students of the Unitarian viewpoint is interesting. Some of those now registered as Unitarians first found their religious faith at the Chapel several years ago and then went out to teach, and are now returning to graduate from the Normal School. The Chapel is sending forth every year a few teachers for Washington, or elsewhere, who found freedom from dogma and a real worship within the Chapel. The minister conducts a Normal School class at the Chapel during the Sunday-school hour, at the close of the morning service. The Normal students are also invited to socials of the Young People's Society. With a change in the head of the Normal School, it is expected there will be less sectarianism, and Normal students will feel at liberty to worship as their heart and conscience dictates, without fear of results, in carrying on their school work.

The Women's Alliance the past year has accomplished much. Its membership is about twenty, and the actual planning and accomplishing naturally rests upon a smaller number. For several years the Alliance membership was much less, but more women in the church are now joining. In a new community, with varied social interests, it takes time to unite women for Alliance work around the ideal of the church, especially when it is also recalled that Unitarians have to be made in this pioneer work before they can be organized. It takes time to give a church background. The Alliance in a sale of two days in December, including a small aftersale, raised the sum of $275 cash. This, however, included some heavy expenses, such as the printing of a cook-book with 298 recipes from local women, which reduced the actual balance made after all debts were paid. The Alliance enters into the social life of the church, and its afternoon teas are attended by others than of our faith. Meetings are regularly held every other week.

In the Unitarian extension work conducted by the church a gain had been made the past year through the establishing of two new stations. One of these is at Blaine, Wash., on the British Columbia line, where monthly services are now being held. The congregation is composed mostly of Icelanders. The release of these men—for the congregation is largely men—from old dogma, and their receiving of a larger message concerning God and man, which they earnestly seek, has been worth while. Ten Icelanders recently came to Bellingham, and sang at a morning service. They arrived from their railroad trip in the dark, early morning in order to be present. The day was especially beneficial for all concerned. Rev. Earl Morse Wilbur, D.D., preached the sermon, and the Chapel was filled. It was the New Year service. On the Sunday before, the Chapel had been well filled at the Christmas service, and special instrumental music helped emphasize the occasion. This is the first time the Chapel has been filled for two consecutive Sundays. Dr. Wilbur's visit was helpful. He preached at Lynden in the evening, addressing the Sunday-school in Bellingham, also.

The other new preaching station of the past year is Friday Harbor, Wash., the county seat of San Juan County, which is composed of islands. It is necessary to take a launch

EUROPE POPULAR SUMMER TOUR $400.00
Italy to Scotland. University man, leader.
THE SHELTON PARTIES
Box A - 294 Washington Street, - Boston, Mass.

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1893. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

POSITION WANTED, by a refined American woman, as companion and housekeeper. Best of references. Address H. A. C., care *Christian Register*.

Digitized by Google

for a rough passage of several hours in order to reach Friday Harbor during the winter months. The minister spoke in a high-school auditorium filled with people, and the next time will hold a Unitarian service more fully. The invitation to speak came from a member of the school board, and, as the place of the meeting was in the school-house, a somewhat general address was given. The invitation to return asks for a definite Unitarian service. At Lynden the minister preaches regularly once a month in the evening, while evening services are also held at Sedro Woolley and Everson, all within the State of Washington, but in different counties. Lynden and Everson are in Whatcom County, and Sedro Woolley is in Skagit County. These counties are each as large as some of our New England States. The result is that the minister covers a territory, reaching from Bellingham some twenty miles to the north and thirty to the south and thirty to the west. These places have been one outcome of the Bellingham work. Services have been held at Sedro Woolley around six years, resulting in the formation of an Alliance; at Lynden for three years, with a church organized there; and at Everson for three years, with Blaine and Friday Harbor the new stations for the present year. Bellingham is becoming the centre for Unitarian thought, and there is tremendous need of it for this northwest corner of the North-west. Extension work takes the minister away from home on Sunday evenings, usually to remain away over night.

The financial report of the church showed a gain every year over the previous year for the years since the present weekly services were launched in 1907, up to the past year. The morning offerings, the past year, have amounted to a larger sum than before; but the financial depression resulted in a smaller sum raised as a whole the past year. There is pending against the society an assessment, just made for paving in front of the Chapel, of several hundred dollars. Any one interested in the welfare of the finances of the church, standing as it does for a varied kind of work, both in Bellingham and the adjoining territory, is asked to communicate with the president of the board of trustees, Mr. H. H. Ells, Bellingham, Wash. Such interest will be appreciated.

Previous to the present annual meeting, the church had both a dinner and a meeting. With the growth of the society and the necessity of converting the auditorium of the Chapel into a banquet-hall for the occasion, it was thought best to vary the custom by holding a definite business meeting first, with light refreshments and a social afterwards. The plan proved excellent, and the church starts its present financial year with more pledges than previously secured at an annual meeting. Members of the Sunday-school and the Young People's Society attended and were initiated into the workings of the church at its annual meeting, whereas with a regular dinner there would not have been room at the tables for them. This extended report is given as it is some time since a church item has been forwarded from Bellingham, and also since it is desired that the friends of the Bellingham church, who have contributed to its progress in different ways in the past, may know of its present and the challenge for its future. The former board of trustees was re-elected.

Berlin, Mass.—The Unitarian Society: Mr. Herman Frederick Lion, recently of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained and installed as minister, Tuesday afternoon, February 3. A council, made up of six ministers and six lay representatives of churches, convened at noon. Rev. Austin S. Garver of Worcester was made moderator, and Rev. John Baltzly of Hudson scribe. The moderator led the council in prayer; the call and the letter of acceptance were read; the candidate made a statement touching his preparation and his feeling of vocation for the ministry, whereupon the council voted to proceed to ordain and install, in accordance with the order of service submitted for approval by the society. At the dissolving of the council its members partook of a luncheon, prepared for them and for other visitors. Then came the service. Mr. Garver presided, and stated what had been done at the council; Mr. Baltzly invoked the divine blessing; Mr. Bodwell of Harvard read a Scripture lesson; Rev. C. E. Park preached on "Manliness and Religion"; Mr. Garver gave the right hand of fellowship; Rev. J. C. Kent of Northboro charged the people; Rev. S. R. Maxwell of Greenfield charged the minister; the president of the society, Mr. Wheeler, and the minister of the Congregational church of the village, Mr. Marvin, welcomed Mr. Lion, the first to the parish, the second to the town, and the new minister pronounced the benediction. It was an impressive service.

Lincoln, Neb.—All Souls' Church, Rev. A. L. Weatherly: Mr. Indu Prakas Banerji of Calcutta, India, who is studying for his master's degree in the Nebraska State University, conducted a service in All Souls' Church, Lincoln Neb., on Sunday, January 25, in celebration of the eighty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Brahmo-Samaj, of which he is a lay preacher. The service was at four o'clock in the afternoon, and a goodly company gathered, not only from interest in the Brahmo-Samaj, of which Mr. Banerji had spoken in an address to the Social Ethics Class of the church on a previous Sunday, but also because of their interest in the speaker. Mr. Banerji conducted the entire service, which consisted of the singing of hymns, prayer, and a sermon based on the text from "The Upanishads": "In this ever-changing world He is unchanging, and amongst the living He is the living; He alone is meeting the needs of all. Theirs is peace who see Him in their lives: for none else is it." At the close of the meeting the company assembled on the front steps of the church, where a photograph was taken, to be sent to India. Mr. Banerji has been appointed lecturer on Bengali Literature and Topics in the State University.

Orlando, Fla.—Unitarian Society, Rev. Eleanor R. Gordon: Recent sermon topics have been: "Unwritten History," "Are Unitarians Loyal to Jesus?" "The Star and the Cross," and "Heresies and Heretics."

St. Louis, Mo.—Church of Messiah, Rev. J. W. Day: The annual meeting was held January 7, and the usual reports presented. A very large number attended, and unusual interest and enjoyment were manifested. The value of such fellowship in heightening vigor, in acquainting members old and new with the work, and in engendering pride in such work, was much in evidence. All the reports showed wholesome condition. The president made useful suggestions as to active support, and explained that, in order to keep the advantages of a free church, wherein the mercantile motive and method are absent, it is requisite that every aid should be volunteered rather than solicited. The treasurer's report showed larger Sunday contributions than at any time during the last fifteen years, which confirmed the observation of a greater number of large attendance Sundays than usual.

The report from the Mission Free School by its secretary, Mrs. H. W. Eliot, showed that, in entering on the fifty-second year of its corporate existence, practically its seventy-ninth year, the home for children was never in better condition. 349 children have entered the home, and 331 have been removed, the monthly average being 38. From parents directly came 141, from the Juvenile Court and probation officers 77, from hospitals 29, from the Provident Association 28, from special workers 17, from different churches 14, and from other sources 33. 194 children were removed by their parents, 45 by probation officers and Juvenile Court, and by others 4. 17 were sent to other institutions, and homes were found for 4. The causes for resort to community support for these children were, in the case of 12 fathers and 23 mothers, non-employment; 41 parents were in hospitals, 2 were insane, 10 were inebriates, 25 fathers deserted 72 children, and 8 mothers 19 children. In receiving children, there is no restriction as to nationality or creed. 282 were Protestant and 57 Catholic and 1 Jewish. 309 were of American parentage, 15 of Irish, 3 of Russian, 4 of German, 2 of Swiss, 2 of Scotch, 2 of Canadian, and 1 each Belgian, Greek, and Austrian. This year 39 children were sent to the Hospital for Infectious Diseases. Soon thereafter a requirement was put in force that every child entering the Home should bring a clean bill of health; and, wherever this is possible, parents are required to take their own children to the Dispensary for examination. In the school-room there has been an average attendance of 26. Instruction is given in common branches and in domestic science, in manual training, in sewing and mending, laundry and housework. Gardening was taught, and many vegetables raised for the table. The cost of maintenance for the year was $6,438.75. The annual allowance from the income of the endowment fund was $6,000, and $283.10 was subscribed in addition, and donations of $228.60 were received from parents. "The name we most love to apply to the Mission Free School is that of Home, for it is truly more of a home than an institution,—a home containing a large family of children, leading a useful, well-ordered life, happy in their work and happy in their play. In the little time they spend in the Mission Home, all is done that can be to set their faces in the right direction and give them a training that will be useful to them."

The report of the president of the Eliot

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

Digitized by Google

Alliance, Mrs. W. S. Stuyvesant, showed a membership of 114, the largest in its history, and an organization into 13 committees covering all the activities of the church. The proceeds of the annual sale and dinner were approximately $300, and there is at the present time in the treasury $311.51, which will be expended in the running expenses of the different departments of the Alliance and for such response as may be possible to appeals from other churches. Interesting details were given of the good done by the Cheerful Letter Committee, and the programme of the present year was described. The general topic is "The Religious Drama," and at each monthly meeting a play, or part of a play, is read, so that the whole period is covered from the earliest miracle play to the present-day play of a religious character. Three meetings of the Mississippi Valley Associate Alliance were held, and a Junior Branch Alliance has just been organized. The chairman of the Post-office Mission Committee read her report as part of the president's report, giving an account which mingled wit with instruction and interest. The Young Women's Society reported through its president and secretary the making of articles for the fair and garments for the babies of the Bethesda Home. A course of lectures on Art, by Prof. Holmes Smith, is being given under the auspices of this organization. Eleven dresses were sent to the Mission School of the church, and five fancy articles were contributed to the Bazaar of the Young People's Religious Union in Boston. The Sunday-school report was given by Mr. E. F. Brown, the superintendent. The educational and institutional ends of the school were to acquaint the pupils with the biography, history, poetry, philosophy, and religion of the Bible, and to help establish ethical ideas through the use of class discussion of the Bible, personal influence, and specially by class activities. The religious aim is to develop the religious nature by joining in a religious service and by class conversation. The connection of the school with the church is kept in mind. The minister's report gave a list of services rendered in various directions of community work, and of preaching services at several institutions, and of the half-hour service at the Mission School every Sunday afternoon.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—All Souls' (Unitarian) Church, Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, D.D.: The annual reception to Dr. and Mrs. Pierce and members of the Board of Trustees, under the auspices of the Parish Union, was held at the church on the evening of February 4. Dr. S. A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, was an honored guest. The occasion was made the more enjoyable by the reception of a magnificent coffee urn as a gift of Unity Church, Worcester, Mass., Dr. E. E. Hale's former home. The urn is handsomely decorated and is in memory of Dr. Hale, and for use in the new Memorial Parish House. A fine picture of the late Hon. George F. Hoar, long a regular attendant of this church, a gift of his daughter, was also received and was greatly admired. After the reception a fine musical programme was rendered by the members of the church choir and others, under the direction of Mrs. H. Clay Browning, the soprano and leader of the choir. Dr. Eliot gave one of his delightful impromptu talks. The reception was attended by a large number of members of the church and their friends, and was a most enjoyable affair. During Sunday evenings of this month Dr. Pierce is preaching a series of sermons on the general subject, "A Man's Religion." Much interest is being taken in this series of sermons, and the attendance is large. The project of the new church is awaiting only the sale of the present church property. The Building Committee and the Board of Trustees are of opinion that before work begins on the new edifice the old church should be sold and the money in hand to complete the new one. Negotiations to the end desired are under way, and public announcement will be made when a sale has been made. The attendance at church services is large and increasing, and all the activities of the church were never in better condition and were never doing better service. This church is peculiar in the number of strangers who attend services. Washington is visited by thousands from all parts of the country. Every Sunday there are many visitors from other cities, members of Unitarian churches or other denominations who come to hear Dr. Pierce. The message he has to give is thus spread throughout the nation. The need of a great church of the Unitarian faith here is very pressing. The people are doing the best they can with what they have, and are looking forward with hope and confidence to the work of the future.

Personals.

After a pastorate of somewhat over ten years, Rev. J. F. Meyer has resigned as minister of the Eliot Unitarian Church, South Natick, Mass., in order to accept a unanimous call to the Independent Protestant Church of Columbus, Ohio.

The Tuckerman School.

Many opportunities for field work are offered the volunteer whose services may be valuable or of lesser quality. To be in a district of the Associated Charities under the direction of its secretary is an experience that is offered to some students, and with such opportunity there is a chance for much gain to the student. The direction of the able leader and the weekly conference in the district bring to the inexperienced a knowledge of conditions and the privilege of discussions and decisions that are of great educative value. But this is not the only kind of field work. The church worker has calls of a different kind,—on a different people, perhaps in another community,—but she gains an insight into the other side of the field work. All are human problems—all require study, time, and intelligence. In the February conference on field work, one report showed that, in addition to her duties as superintendent of a Sunday-school, the student taught a class regularly in the school and directed the teaching of another. She conducted weekly teachers' meetings, organized and regularly met three girls' clubs, planned and carried out two entertainments, had charge of two suppers, and had made thirty "follow-up" calls. In the clubs was emphasized the relation of members to the community and to the church and several helpful contributions were made for church and community purposes. Other reports were of less varied but equally interesting field work.

The regular programme of instruction is well under way for the second half of the year. May we have response to the cordial invitation to visitors to attend devotional services or lectures or conferences during the succeeding weeks?

Isles of Shoals.

The Mid-winter Reunion of the Isles of Shoals Summer Meetings Association will be held at Dr. Hale's Church, Boston, Saturday, February 14, beginning at twelve o'clock. An interesting and entertaining programme has been planned, with informal speaking, music, and reading. Luncheon tickets, 75 cents each, may be obtained of Miss Grace Torr, 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass., or of Mr. Carl B. Wetherell, 1 Fuller Place, Cambridge, Mass. Tickets should be purchased immediately.

Here and There.

It was an old custom in Oxfordshire for the maid servants to ask the men servants to bring in ivy and other greens with which to decorate the house. If any man refused, the maids stole a pair of his trousers and nailed them on the gateway. As a still greater punishment, the uncomplying men were debarred from the privileges of the mistletoe.

The largest tree in the United States is said to be the "Mother of the Forest," a giant redwood in the Calaveras big tree grove in California. It is supposed to contain 140,619 board feet of lumber. There are, however, many claimants for the honor of being the "largest tree" and the "oldest tree," and these claims, according to foresters, cannot always be verified.

FOR YOUTH AND AGE
Stunning
IVY
The smartest corset ever made
A Perfect figure depends largely upon the Corset you select.
"Ivy" Corsets are the greatest aid to physical perfection. In their graceful lines they reflect both modesty and taste. A natural support designed by an American woman who is a student of the hygienic value of correct corsets.
New Fall Models.
$1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $5.00, $7.50 and Up.

PALMER'S CORSET STORE
52 Winter Street, Boston

Pleasantries.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "we decided that it was best for Lucy to have her asteroids removed."

He: "Darling, why are you so sad?" She (gulping down a sob): "Oh, dearest, I was just thinking this will be our last evening together until to-morrow night!"—*Puck.*

Aunty: "Wouldn't you like to study languages, Bobby?" Bobby: "I can talk two languages now, aunty." "You can? What are they?" "English an' baseball."—*New York Weekly.*

Sign-painter: "Now, Missus Johnsing, what does you want put on dis yer sign?" Missus Johnsing (after a moment of deep thought): "I guess 'Goin' out scrubbin' done in here' will do."—*Life.*

"Father," said a small boy, "what is a demagogue?" "A demagogue, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."—*Woman's Journal.*

"Stop, Charlie, don't ask me. I've always regarded you as a good joke, that's all," said the fair maiden. "Well, I tell you what," returned Charlie, "you'd better snap me right up. Good jokes are hard to find nowadays."

"Ma! ma!" Willie sobbed. "Do my ears belong to my neck or my face?" "Why, what is the matter?" was the temporizing reply. "Well, you told Mary to wash my face, and she's washing my ears, too!"—*Montreal Herald.*

In reading-room, two boys, twelve and eight years old, looking at illustrated book. Elder (reading): "India-rubber tree." Younger: "Is that a rubber tree?" Elder: "Yes: you hit that tree with a hatchet, and the hatchet'll bounce back."

A young lady who prided herself on her geography, seeing a candle aslant, remarked that it reminded her of the "Leaning Tower of Pisa." "Yes," responded a wag, "with this difference: *that* is a tower in Italy, while *this* is a tower in *grease.*"

Teacher: "Did Columbus know that he had discovered a new continent?" Class: "No: he thought it was India." Teacher: "Correct. Why did he think he had found India?" Bright boy: "I s'pose it was 'cause the inhabitants were Indians."—*New York Weekly.*

A little three-year-old boy, who from infancy had been under the care of doctors and trained nurses, was visiting his grandmother after convalescence from tonsilitis. An open fire attracted him. After watching the sparks, which came incessantly on the chimney, he asked, "Grandma, are those red spots germs?"

Father (left in charge): "No, you cannot have any more cake. [Very seriously] Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that dreadful noise?" Little Girl (sobbing): "Yes." Father: "Well what is it?" Little Girl: "Give me some more cake." And she was quite right.—*Presbyterian Standard.*

"Oh, what is that, dear mother?" "That is a rose, my child." "But what, dear mother, is that next to the rose?" "A sunflower, darling." "But, oh, what is it that is growing next to the sunflower?" "That is a pond-lily." "But, oh, dear mother, they are all growing out of the same vine." "That is the way, my child, they grow on lambrequins."—*Upholsterer.*

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular seasons and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know.... I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George B. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship.... It makes a decisive step in advance.... There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed.... I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON — 85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ASHTD. N.H.
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
31st year, Sept. 22, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys
George H. Browne, A.M., Rev. Willard Reed, A.M., } Principals.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 8 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes . . . 169
Seeing Life Whole . . . 170
The Infallible Faith . . . 171

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Parsonages . . . 172

CURRENT TOPICS . . . 173

BREVITIES . . . 174

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
A Final Word on Civics; The Cleveland Federation; Church Music . . . 175

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Modern Job, the Son of Job, by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D. . . . 175
The Duty of Work for Peace, by Edwin Ginn . . . 177
Present Expansion and State of Protestant Missions, by Cornelius H. Patton, D.D. . . . 179
Unitarianism in Canada, IV., by W. Copeland Bowie; The Land without a Sky . . . 186
The Second Generation; San Francisco Letter . . . 187
New York Letter . . . 188
Negro Progress in Virginia; The Intra-Mural School of Baltimore Penitentiary; The Tuckerman School . . . 189
American Unitarian Association; The Alliance . . . 190

SPIRITUAL LIFE . . . 177

THE PULPIT.
The World's Beatitude, by Rev. Roger S. Forbes . . . 177

LITERATURE.
Books . . . 182
The Home University Library; Miscellaneous . . . 183

THE HOME.
The Playmate, by Juliette Golay; The Washington Birthday Lesson . . . 184
Cats as Clocks . . . 185

POETRY.
The True Poet, by Charlotte Fiske Bates . . . 175
Don't Cry—Smile, by Oliver Penmark . . . 182
Sleepy Land, by Isabel Francis Bellows . . . 184
Kingliness of Service, by Frank Walcott Hutt . . . 185

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Pilgrim Federation Rally . . . 191

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE . . . 191

HERE AND THERE . . . 191

PLEASANTRIES . . . 192

Editorial.

A KANSAS city millionaire lumberman, who has given one of the six millions to be raised for the theological schools of his denomination, has excluded one divinity school from the benefits of his gift because of two well-known professors too much tinged with scholarship. He advises that in teaching the Bible we should stick to that part we know and let speculation alone. "The man who speculates in the business world is not a good man to trust. If we cannot trust him, can we afford to trust a man who speculates in religion?" It is hopeless to deal with a contention which can cram so much confusion in a little space. The two uses of the word "speculation" are entirely different. And as for speculation, the man who insists on faith in matters about which scholars can show facts, and refuses to look at the facts study has disclosed, is the most dangerous kind of speculator.

HON. A. J. BALFOUR is delivering the first of two courses of lectures, the Gifford lectures, in Glasgow. A few sentences from a report of his first lectures are very appetizing. "The plain man's picture of philosophy," he said, "was of men generally quarrelling in an unknown tongue." He himself had never been able to accept any of these great systems. He had none to offer, and he did not intend to devote much time to showing where he differed from those of others. "When I speak of God," he said, "it is not the Absolute of whom I am speaking. It is the God whom a man may easily love and adore, not merely the end or conclusion of a logical process." Some critics might describe his statement as anthropomorphism, but he hoped to commit worse crimes in their eyes. The plain man's conception of God and the philosophical conception must ultimately be brought into harmony and connection. The man who does this will receive the thanks of the human race.

A FAVORITE reply to arguments for Darwinism, dignified, if one may say so, by Secretary Bryan in some of his lectures, is the cheap appeal to laughter by offering men the choice between apes and direct creation for their origin. Disraeli once made the same crushing remark: "Some say we are descended from angels, and some say we are descended from apes; I am on the side of the angels," and we are reminded of the saying as to Disraeli,

Digitized by Google

that his wheat was worthless, but his chaff was the best in the world. Even as chaff such dealing with truth scarcely comes up to this standard. One should prefer to believe in a descent in name which is ascent in fact than in descent both in name and in fact. The truth is that we have both ascended and descended. We have ascended from the brute and we have descended from the angels, and we can prove our heritage in both directions. The belief in the divinity of human nature is a belief that we have no less a Father than God, and the knowledge of brute ancestry indicates through what a course that spirit has risen and proved its source. Not to see God in the process indeed robs it of its dignity, but not to see what the process has been subtracts from the glory its victory. One of John Donne's quaint verses runs: "Indeed 'twere madness now t'impart, The skill of specular stone, Since he which can have learned the art To cut it can find none." To have the soul of angels with no real task to try its power were madness indeed. The divine spirit could prove itself no otherwise than in rising through clod and flesh.

The reading of the Bible in church services offers an opportunity rarely realized. Besides the opportunity of selection and arrangement as a means of acquainting people with what few have any contact with otherwise, there is the inexhaustible opportunity of effective presentation in the reading. Every one has heard familiar passages so read as to bring out a meaning and force and beauty never before felt. Between the extremes of sacrosanct utterance, which intentionally lifts the reading out of edification into pious rotation, and the elocution that intrudes artificial expression and exaggerated vividness, there is a happy mean in which the narrative lives, and the poetry exalts and the history pulses with humanness. "Is what you read last Sunday really in the book of Acts just as you read it?" is the sort of question which is worth provoking. The mobbing of the apostles in the interest of Diana of the Ephesians is a story well worth reading with spirit and orientation. In such reading the Bible is discovered by reader and hearer.

The importance of making churches useful to youths in college is realized without question; but the value the church may have to the youth out of college is not enough reckoned. If he has been in college, he has had a social life of his own, congenial and helpful. But, when he goes from college or home to industrial, business, or professional beginnings, the social side of his nature has not the same satisfaction. His companionships are not so likely to be of his sort, his relaxations are not such as he has had at his disposal; and when, in a church, he gets the greetings which ought to be given him, and makes the acquaintances there available, he feels a larger home has come to compensate in real part for the home he has left. No one who has not had such experience can know what a warm place it gains in the heart and life. Fellowship means more when, a stranger, a young man hears a cordial voice and feels a genuine hospitality than it does even when he receives the formal right hand of welcome to church membership. A man becomes a member of a church the first time some one in it makes him feel that he belongs there and that human beings compose it. "For the first time in my life," said a young man, after his first Sunday in a new town, "I felt what a church might mean to a stranger. The feeling of part ownership in their religion and their work came strongly to me, as well as a realization of the social power of the church. Church has always been too common to be analyzed,—common in the sense of being ever present. I took it as a part of life,—a place where people went to hear a sermon and sundry music, followed by the usual Sunday dinner, where the chief topic of conversation was the good or bad points of the sermon, and the way the choir talked during prayers! You 'chop it up' with people after the service, and feel, unless the service was exceptional, an all-pervading goodness at having really been at church. But, while I saw that there was much more than this to be gained, I have rarely felt it, and never as I did in this homelike parish. It was not the particular church, but the conditions under which I went, that brought it out. So, you see, I have found a big truth in a small puddle." It is a big truth, and ministers and people should realize towards the new-comer what the new-comer should find them to be.

An Englishman writing to the *Times* makes the interesting conjecture that the sound of footsteps in a house at night, accepted as good evidence of ghosts, may actually be due to impressions made upon the "æther" and perceptible to the senses, and may be reproduced under favorable circumstances, and become again perceptible. Ghosts may therefore be "ætheric memories." If there were any independent warrant for such registering and reproduction, any knowledge of what constitutes favorable circumstances, this conjecture would become more interesting. As it is, the mystery of the explanation is just as inexplicable as any ghost theory. A rejoinder is printed, saying that the sounds may be occasioned by the warping of boards, resuming their place after the use of the day, which sounds altogether likely, and shows how much common-sense might explain if given a fair chance.

Seeing Life Whole.

If life were what the old-fashioned theory of God's will implied,—predestined and made in advance,—it would be a simple matter to suppose that favored persons might have inside information about his plan, and therefore be able to tell other people what to expect and to prepare for. It would be just as sure as it is to tell what the endless strip of paper will become which is fed into the machine that makes it wall-paper. There are the various patterns and traceries, each one having a die to itself in the shape of rollers, which are so accurately adjusted that each one prints its part of the design in precise relation to the other parts, and the whole pattern comes out as if printed together. All the parts work together, for each has been made with reference to its fitting all the rest.

The trouble with making human life in this way is that every die, so to speak, has a will of its own, is drawing not what was made its one unalterable part, but what it itself wishes to draw. Fancy those dies suddenly endowed with some choice in the matter, however little the choice may be, however much determined by causes beyond its control, and each one with some idea of its own as to what tracery would be the best and most beautiful contribution to the whole design, and the strip of paper registering at the end the total result of these separate efforts to make a harmonious whole,—what sort of wall-paper would be produced? There would be inevitable confusion. The different parts would not fit at all. One would be in one scale, another in another. Color, pattern, all that enters into the whole composition would be in a complicated disorder, and, the harder each one tried to makes its notion of the design triumphant, the less apparent would be any design at all. There

could be no printing of wall-paper under these circumstances, until every part worked with reference to what every other part was doing, and all wrought with a common idea. Every die would have to select its part of the pattern, and be continually making the part harmonize with all the rest.

The confusion and disorder in human life as a whole is by some people taken as evidence that there is no such thing, and that there can be no such thing, as providence. Life is not a machine in which raw material fed in at one end is bound to come out a certain product at the other end. The old fatalistic notion would be a very simple settlement of the whole difficulty if we could see any indication that facts correspond to it. If we could look into the future with a mental spy-glass, a temporal telescope, and if any one ever had calculated human doing with the precision of an astronomer's calculations, then ordering one's life and insuring its prosperity would be comparatively easy. We should accept a place as one which it has pleased God to give us, and do our appointed task in conformity with the pattern laid before us, and all would go well. But, since this is not the case with life, since no calculations can give us more than a large average of happenings and doings, but cannot anticipate what may rise to frustrate them or what to change them, and since God has made it in human nature not to be content with any place as if he had fixed any one anywhere like a cog in a wheel or hole in a pianola roll,—since the essence of human nature is self-control, it seems as though a notion of providence belonged to superstition and not to religion.

This is true of a mechanical providence, a providence which draws life merely for us to trace. But it is not true of a vital providence, a providence which gives ideals to be realized, aims to be worked out in free performance, possibilities which, though not sure in fact until we make them fact, are sure facts in being possibilities. It is a harder task to make a harmony of free wills, but it is a vaster harmony when it is made, and the vision of the making is infinitely more inspiring than a ready-made picture in which one must make his line. The only way to make life interesting enough to attract us to make the most of it is to make us partners in the enterprise. We do not need to deny providence in giving up for human beings the kind of providence which planets illustrate. We reject it not because it is more than humanity can aspire to, but because it is less. We reject it because we have a better. A providence imposed upon us is good enough for planets, but it is not good enough for anything that lives on them, and it is certainly not good enough for anything that knows that it lives.

A very simple illustration goes as far, perhaps, as the profoundest speculations. Here is a child with the gift of drawing. In the kindergarten may be seen the horse and its rider which this child of four or five has drawn. It has life and moves in the eye. Every line gives spirit to the picture. There are few lines, but the thing is there. It reminds one of the figures on the pediment of a Greek temple. What would happen if most of us tried to make this simple drawing? What has that child shown that most of us could not show? We should attempt to make the part we began with exact, and we might succeed. But very soon we should find our figures clumsy and unlifelike. The reason would be that in drawing the part we began with we should not have clearly before our eyes the whole, and make each line a part of that whole. In the little artist's mind there was a picture of a boy astride his steed. Every touch of the crayon had concern with the picture and not merely with the line under it. A whole was in every part, and so each part went not a bit otherwise than made that whole. The ideal was in the performance, and so the performance was ideal.

We get providence in life when we get clear and consistent ideals. We demonstrate providence in so far as we dominate our doing with the largest and truest measure of perfection. If our hold on the greatest is strong enough to control our use of the least in life, if we make all things according to some pattern on a mount, we are showing a divine will. There is no success in any part that is not connected with a great whole. It is only the love of God that makes all things work together for good, because no lesser love is competent for such wide endeavor. When that love is intimate and is put into all doing, a faith in providence is made. According as we see life whole are we likely to make our part of it correct and lifelike, and nothing but a religion is competent for such vision.

The Infallible Faith.

In his "Meaning of God in Human Experience" Prof. Hocking remarks: "The church is always right in claiming to be infallible. Any church which modestly declines such pretension, any mystic who in his main point admits that he may be mistaken, does thereby stamp itself or himself as fraudulent. For, if one knows God, he will also know that he knows. Hence, although not every one that claims certainty is true, every one that disclaims it is false. It is among the certain ones that all true churches will be found. What the church chiefly has to learn is not to be infallible in regard to too much."

At first reading, this may provoke denial; but reflection will incline one to put his faith to no less high a test. "Fraudulent" may be too strong a word, and "false" too undiscriminating; but the main fact convicts many a faith of faithlessness, and confirms many a faith in its confidence. Our rejection of the claim of infallibility on the part of any church, our disinclination to make the claim ourselves, arises from the sort of infallibility that is commonly claimed and disclaimed. It is an infallibility not in the "main point," but in regard to every point, not about a few things, but about "too much," that we deny of others and refuse for ourselves. Having this stretch of "infallibility" in mind, because such stretch is generally made, we, at first, wonder that a modern theologian should so uncompromisingly sanction the claim of infallibility.

We shall more easily find agreeableness and usefulness in this surprising sanction of infallibility in faith if we stop and examine the nature of faith. It has two main lines of definition. It may refer to what we believe, or it may refer to the way we believe it. It may mean a set of opinions or declarations: it may mean an attitude or disposition of the mind. For example, there is the Mohammedan faith, as taught in the Koran, and there is the faith of the Mohammedan in his religion as shown in his manner of living and dying for it. There is the faith which Paul said he had kept,—namely, the doctrines he held and taught,—and there is the faith by which he kept it. Faith may be defined as what we believe about what we cannot know, and also as the disposition to do so. We say a man holds a certain faith: it is another thing to say he is a man of faith. The second use has no reference to the particular faith he holds: the first use may have nothing to do with the degree of faith with which he holds it. There is the faith of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, whatever it was; and then there was faith in him of which he gave the best description that has ever been given, "Faith is [the substance] of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." There

is, in short, a faith, a particular belief, and then there is faith in itself; that is, a way of believing. One is static, the other is dynamic; one is temporal, and gets outgrown, the other is eternal and never fades away; one is the letter which killeth, the other is the spirit which giveth life.

It is the confusion of these two senses of faith, the transfer of one use of the word to the other without notice, which makes all the trouble about this matter of infallibility. We have no hesitation about claiming infallibility when we have entire confidence in a man, in a cause, in a prospect. If we feel any hesitation, any uncertainty, any doubt, any pretence of assurance that is not real, we turn away from an advocate. We demand of him the sincere feeling of infallibility or we do not listen to him or trade with him or follow him. The best part of any argument—that is, the most convincing part—is the certainty in it of the man who is presenting it. We know that he may be mistaken, and we bear it in mind; but we will not tolerate for a moment that he shall feel he may be mistaken. When Cromwell besought the men of Edinburgh "by the bowels of Christ that they should consider they might be mistaken," he was demanding the surrender of the one thing that could uphold them. To admit what he asked was to admit the whole case. To say they might be mistaken was to assent to his certainty of not being mistaken. As a matter of belief they might be mistaken, but as a matter of faith they must not be mistaken. Their faiths might be wrong: their faith could not be weakened with that possibility.

There are faiths, and there is faith. To assert of any faith that it is infallible is for the man outside the faith impossible, but for the man who holds that faith it is indispensable. It is his faith in his faith that makes it infallible. But on this account to extend undeniableness to all the articles in which he puts such faith is to mix the certainty of an attitude and disposition of the mind with the invariable uncertainty of its conclusions.

Keeping this distinction between faith as a set of propositions and faith as a disposition of the mind helps us to be fair toward those whose claims we count presumptuous. What we really mean is that their transfer of the infallibleness of their faith to the articles of their faith is not allowable. The certainty of faith in one sense does not belong to faith in the other. But, understanding by faith an inner conviction, we cannot dispute the right of a claim of infallibility. We depend too much upon that right ourselves to deny it to others. The man who does not believe what he believes with unreserved loyalty is not worthy of the belief. The first and great commandment was that a man should believe in the Lord his God, but the power of it was that he should so believe with all his heart and soul and strength and mind.

There is an element in bigotry that is requisite in any faith, without which no faith can march and win conquests, and which may be kept without the bigotry. It is this certainty that faith in anything has in a man. "It is among the certain ones that all true churches may be found." If liberalism thinks it can relax its temper of assurance, it will find its strength turn to weakness. Freedom in believing and reverence for the inexhaustible possibilities of truth and humility in spirit undermine themselves when they are accommodating and yielding, and deferentially backward in being certain of anything. The great God pardons mistake quicker than fear of it, and decorates the man who puts his heart in his belief, though it may be in denial of him, while the man who hides his talent in the safety of the earth stays in outer darkness. The widest differences between believers are bridged in their faith each in his faith, and the unity of Christendom will come not in uniformity of faiths, but in unity of faith. We are more at one with those who keep their contrary faith with all their hearts than with those among us whose faiths are without faith. Having learned "not to be infallible about too much," we should not unlearn the infallibility of the few great realities for which we stand. For the deciding thing is not what we stand for, but how we stand for it.

American Unitarian Association.

Parsonages.

The Association has just issued "A Pamphlet of Parsonages." This pamphlet contains a number of testimonies from ministers about the hardships sometimes involved in serving churches which do not provide a house for the minister, and about the sense of comfort, freedom, and efficiency which comes with the building or purchase of a parsonage. The pamphlet is illustrated with a score or more of pictures, showing the way in which Unitarian parishes in all parts of the country and of all grades of financial ability have met this need. As an illustration of the kind of experience set forth in the pamphlet, the following testimony, which arrived too late to be printed with the others, is in point. One of the well-beloved and successful ministers of our fellowship writes:—

"I have served three churches. In my first pastorate I was put to great inconvenience to find a suitable place to live. The salary was small, house rent was high, and vacant houses that I could afford to rent were very scarce. The result was that my wife and I were most uncomfortably housed in four rooms that lacked most of the conveniences of modern houses. Our discomfort seriously interfered with the performance of my daily duties in that spirit of hopefulness that is necessary to success. I do not say that the church, in this case, could have provided a comfortable house for its minister: I merely say that such provision, when it is possible, is the wisest course for all churches.

"When I went to my second charge, I found the same condition confronting me. The church building was situated near the centre of a city of some eighty thousand inhabitants. It had made no provision for the housing of its minister. The salary was about six hundred dollars more a year than I had been receiving. But my family had increased, and the cost of living in a larger city was higher. Rents were exorbitant, and there were no vacant houses to be found within a radius of twenty blocks of the church. After two or three months of fruitless search, living, in the mean time, in an apology for a family hotel, I was compelled to locate my family in a remote suburb, nearly four miles from the church building. During my entire stay of five years in this pastorate I had to depend upon the street railway service to reach the church and the main field of my parish work. All our shopping had to be done in the city, and I found that the combined carfare for the family amounted to about one hundred dollars a year. One hundred dollars subtracted from our already modest income brought actual hardship to my wife, who, burdened with the care of small children, was compelled to work beyond her strength in order to make our income cover our expenses. In addition to these rather trying circumstances we were compelled to move three times in the five years. Here again I do not say that the church could have provided its minister with a house near the church building. I am simply trying to show that the church would have been greatly benefited if it could have done so. A parsonage situated near the church would have doubled the

Digitized by Google

value of the minister's service in that city, and the church would have been the most direct beneficiary.

"In my third pastorate I was again brought face to face with the house problem. There were no vacant houses of any description to be had in the place,—a residence suburb of one of our larger cities. In this case it was not a question of money, but of finding a vacant house. A constant influx of people from the city proper kept every available house occupied, with applicants awaiting their turn in the rental agencies. After weeks of anxious search I learned (quite by chance) that a family was about to vacate a tenement of four small rooms. I found the owner and secured the rooms before three other applicants could reach him. Then we moved in. It was like packing sardines in a box. We existed (I will not say lived) in these rooms for about six months. Then I succeeded in renting a larger house. This made two moves in the first year of my work in the parish, with all the confusion and breakage incident to such domestic upheavals. As in my former pastorates, my first year in this one, which should have been spent in getting hold of the loose ends of the parish work, was devoted mainly to the absorbing question of where and how to live.

"The first year of settlement is necessarily a busy one. Hundreds of calls must be made, the minister's sermon must be prepared with special reference to the needs of his new charge, reorganization and reinvigoration of the church work is expected, and, above all, both the minister and his wife must steadily manifest that spirit of optimism that people look for in a new leadership. Enough to test the metal of any ordinary man or woman. But add to this the perplexing, irritating, depressing necessity of house-hunting, and you have a situation that calls for a very extraordinary man and woman. This is something like expecting valiant and successful campaigning of an army without providing a base of supplies. The army is likely to consume most of its valor in looking for the means of subsistence.

"We moved into the new house with the understanding that it might be sold at any moment, and we lived in it for about a year in this unsettled, apprehensive frame of mind. Then the thing which we so greatly feared came upon us, not because we feared it, but because the owner of the house had a chance to sell it. The nightmare of house-hunting was again our unwelcome guest. We looked far and near, and many of our people joined in the search, but we could find nothing in the way of a shelter to be had for love or money. It was then that I resolved to place the matter before my Parish Committee, and ask my people to take the only sensible course in such a situation. I explained to them the condition that was confronting us. I ventured to say that the church should not ask its minister to bear a burden like this if there was any way to prevent it. I urged the fact that three of the other churches in town had met the same situation by buying property to serve as a minister's residence, and that this property was steadily advancing in value. My people accepted my logic. A suitable house, situated about two blocks from the church, was bought, and the minister's family was installed. The gain both to the minister and to the church was immediately apparent.

"In the case of the minister the question of where to live is settled. He is no longer compelled to worry about prospective domestic changes, and can devote his whole time and energy to his parish work. This one item is sufficient to cause any minister to look with favor upon a church that owns its own parsonage. Everything else being equal, he would accept a call to such a church much more readily than he would go to a church where he would be compelled to spend the better part of the first year in house-hunting. If the parsonage is kept in good repair, as all church property ought to be, the inducement is all the stronger. So that the church that owns its parsonage is always in a position to secure the services of a better minister than it could hope to secure without such provision. Our laymen are beginning to see that the providing of a house for the minister's family is not only an expression of good-will for the minister, but good business policy for the church.

"To sum up! The minister's house should be considered a part of the church plant, and should be provided for in all estimates of church equipment. Such property is always a good investment, and, if not used by the minister who happens to be in charge, it can be rented to advantage, and the income used to keep it in good repair. The house should be designed with special reference to the needs of a minister's family. The lack of proper heating arrangements in church buildings compels the average minister to have his study in his home. Like the physician, he needs a special arrangement in the design of his house; but where this arrangement is not possible, any ordinary dwelling-house of adequate size is better than no provision for his needs. The church that meets this fundamental requirement of adequate church equipment will find its efficiency as a religious organization increased manyfold."

This experience carries its own appeal. It ought not to be necessary for a minister to take the initiative in this matter. More than fifty of our parishes have met this need to the increase of their own usefulness and the happiness of their ministers. There are fifty more churches that ought to be giving prompt and generous attention to the acquisition of parsonages.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

HAVING failed to embody their views in legislation pending in the House, the advocates of the exclusion of Asiatics are preparing to press their demands with undiminished energy in the Senate, in the course of the consideration of the general immigration measure now pending in the senior chamber of Congress. It is evident that in their endeavors the opponents of Asiatic immigration in the Senate will meet with the opposition of the executive branch of the government, which is showing a determination to avoid any legislative action or discussion which might irritate public opinion in Japan pending the negotiation of a new treaty between America and Japan. The animus of the demand for the exclusion of Japanese and other Orientals once more took tangible form at a House hearing on February 13, when Anthony Caminetti, Commissioner General of the Bureau of Immigration, took occasion to plead for fresh legislation to "check the menace of Asiatic immigration."

THE latest phase of American enterprise in the Far East, as indicated by the agreement recently signed by representatives of the Chinese government and of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, for the exploitation of oil and other properties in the province of Shen-Si and the northern part of the province of Chi-Li, is attracting international attention. Under the terms of the concession the Standard Oil Company becomes the partner of the Chinese government in a series of operations which include the development of sources of oil and the construction of railways, pipe lines, and other works necessary to the contemplated industrial undertakings. It is provided by the articles of parnership that the Standard Oil shall always maintain its control of

the joint enterprises by the possession of 55 per cent. of the stock. The scope of the agreement is so wide and the possibilities of the territories affected by it are so varied that, in effect, the Standard Oil Company, by the affixing of the signatures to the extraordinary document, obtains the right to exploit the richest part of the Chinese republic.

A striking national movement is under full sway in Sweden, where the land-owners and property-owners are bringing pressure to bear upon the government for a comprehensive revision of the offensive and defensive scheme of the kingdom, with a view to a material increase in the armaments by both land and sea. In response to a recent demonstration by thirty thousand farmers in Stockholm, King Gustave announced that he was in accord with the demand of his land-owning subjects, that the country shall be put in an efficient military condition. As a counter-plea to the farmers' demonstration, the Socialists a few days later appeared before the palace in about equal numbers, urging the sovereign to maintain the present neutral attitude of Sweden. The situation entered an acute phase last week, when the cabinet resigned as a protest against the king's utterances in his speech to the farmers. The agitation promised thus to precipitate a constitutional crisis.

The Unionists in the House of Commons, who are concentrating their energies on the Home Rule problem as the dominant issue of the session recently begun, had their initial trial of strength with the government on February 11, when they pressed to a vote a resolution to put off the passage of the measure until after a fresh appeal has been made to the electorate. The government carried the House by a vote of 333 to 255, but the outcome of the balloting was greeted with cries of "Resign! Resign!" by the opposition. The elation of the Unionists was based upon the fact that the government majority of 78 showed a falling off of twenty votes from the Liberal strength in the last preceding vote on a vital issue. It is apparent, from the tone of the king's address at the opening of parliament, and from the utterances of Liberal leaders as the session has proceeded, that Prime Minister Asquith and his advisers are convinced of the necessity of material concessions to the susceptibilities of Ulster, if an internal conflict is to be averted in the course of the application of the contemplated measure of self-government for Ireland.

Public opinion in England has been wrought up to a considerable degree of dissatisfaction by the admission, implied by the action of the directors of the Great Eastern Railway, one of the most important lines in Europe, in electing an American, Henry Worth Thornton of the Long Island Railroad, as general manager of their system. The selection of Mr. Thornton to fill the vacant post was coupled with the intimation that the Great Eastern Railway desired the application of American methods to the operation of its lines, which run through one of the most thickly settled parts of the globe and have to deal with difficult problems of construction and administration. The London press, with impressive unanimity, sought, in their comments on the significant action of the directors of the Great Eastern, to discover the cause for the inability of the controlling owners of the property to find a man within the entire British empire to whom they could intrust the post of highest responsibility on a British railway.

Cable dispatches to the Associated Press from Sofia announce the decision of Czar Ferdinand to visit America early in the coming spring, accompanied by some of the leading men of Bulgaria, for the purpose of studying American methods of administration, with a view to their application in Bulgaria. The announcement from Sofia also conveys the impression that the Czar, in the course of his visit, will endeavor to remove some of the erroneous impressions of Bulgarian civilization and character which have been conveyed abroad by the enterprise of the enemies of Bulgaria in the course of the second Balkan war, when Bulgaria was completely cut off from the rest of the world by the operations of the armies of five hostile nations acting in concert. One of the methods which the Bulgarian government already had adopted to conciliate American public opinion is its decision to take a liberal part in the forthcoming Panama-Pacific exhibition, at which Bulgarian industry and art will be comprehensively represented.

Brevities.

If the thought, strength, and time spent in tearing down what others have built with honesty and fidelity could be diverted into building something better than the thing discredited, what a changed world this would soon become!

We are neither wholly good nor wholly bad, but we are good and bad at the same time. The natural way is for the wheat and tares to grow together. The best we can do is to increase the area of the wheat, and to root up as many of the tares as possible.

Archbishop Tillotson, the celebrated English divine of two hundred years ago, declared that "moral heresies" should be the only kind of heresies thundered against by the Christian Church. For this sane and searching judgment the good Archbishop was then called an "infidel" and an "atheist."

Denmark is called "the Co-operative Kingdom" because the government draws so large a part of its financial sustenance from co-operative societies, especially in dairying and the marketing of grains and live stock. She has solved her land problem by co-operative mortgage-credits and governmental aid.

The Massachusetts Federation of Churches is a joint committee of the various churches to overcome overlapping, overlooking, and over-organizing. Among other things this Federation recommends that, in order to avoid multiplying organizations, local federations of churches should themselves take up needed civil reforms and philanthropies.

It is now being urged by a moral and social commission in Washington, and by other agencies, that leaders in all religious bodies in this country get together and agree upon a series of Bible readings in our public schools, so that States compelling these readings may have the best possible series, and States not requiring or permitting them may consent to do so.

In a campaign of only two weeks' duration in New York City a few weeks ago, four million dollars were raised for the needs and present work of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association of that city. Three millions of this go to the work which the women are undertaking, while one million is set apart for the work among men. This remarkable financial feat testifies to the confidence

Digitized by Google

which the public holds in the practical character of the humanitarian and Christian work these two organizations are doing in that great city.

Letters to the Editor.

A Final Word on Civics.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Still as of old "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation"; and so will it continue to come long after the present generation of wise clergy and insensate laity are spelling out the mysteries of life and death from the thither side of the veil. CIVITAS.

The Cleveland Federation.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In Cleveland we have a successful Federation of the Protestant Churches. I am wondering if there is another in the United States. Last Sunday, in connection with the United Missionary Campaign, there was a general interdenominational exchange of pulpits. About two hundred ministers exchanged pulpits, for the most part occupying the pulpit of another denomination. I preached in one of the largest Methodist churches of the city, and the Methodist minister preached for me. I wonder if such an incident would be possible in any other city of the United States.

I am inclined to think that the Protestant churches of Cleveland are at present showing the way toward a practical church unity. The Federation has a paid secretary and an office staff. Several important committees, in one of which I am serving, are doing some valuable things for the good of Cleveland. The spirit of fellowship is broad and fine, and I am expecting that great things will be accomplished in the next five years. The spirit of the city is becoming more and more liberal. Our Federation of Charities is a model for efficiency. We are just beginning to realize the possibilities of practical Christian fellowship. Frequently the orthodox ministers have quoted Dr. Hale's great word "Together." The point of this letter is that they have taken in the Unitarian. MINOT SIMONS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Church Music.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I was much interested in a recent letter in your columns concerning "Church Music: the Minister's Mission." Your correspondent, we must admit, had had a most unfortunate experience with the "elderly preacher," and I would not for a moment think of defending him. I think only that he was a very exceptional minister, and it is hardly fair to judge all by this one horrible example. Some of us do have an appreciation of music, and of its place in the service of worship, and some of us have our souls tried by the lack of taste and judgment on the part of those who preside over the organs and direct the choirs in our churches. It was only recently that an organist played as the prelude of the communion service Dvořák's "Humoresque!" In another church, at a point in the communion where the minister had particularly requested that the hymn be sung softly and sympathetically, the organist burst out with the full organ.

More especially are we disturbed by the failure of the directors of choirs to appreciate the words that they select to sing in the services of our liberal churches. Over and over again I have heard choirs render selections that were entirely appropriate for Catholic, Episcopal, and orthodox churches, but which are entirely unsuited for our services. Apparently such directors look only at the music, and not at the words, which is quite as stupid as the minister who looked at the words, and not at the music.

We need more of the work that was done a few years ago by the committee that selected a number of anthems appropriate for use in liberal churches. We need more co-operation between ministers and choir directors in the selection of both the words and the music, of solos, anthems, and hymns to be sung in the services of our churches. FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

The True Poet.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

When feeling is into expression caught
  By his all-revealing pen,
He seems to have thought the very thought
  Of a myriad of men.

That same, indefinable, haunting shade
  That he brings to the light at last,
The round of thousands of souls has made,
  And they recognize the cast.

No mystery ever is his alone,
  For, evolve it when he may,
Some other instantly finds his own
  When the veil is drawn away.

How ancient, eternal, the brotherhood!
  For often the poet's line
Makes a world of strangers understood,
  Like a mason's countersign!

The Modern Job, the Son of Job.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The Rev. Étienne Giran, pastor of the French Walloon Church in Amsterdam, Holland, is one of the most scholarly, forceful, and brilliant exponents of free and liberal Christianity in Europe, an eloquent preacher and a writer of literary distinction and charm. Keen in his critical insight, logical and fearless in his exposition of historical and philosophical truth, his colleagues in French Protestantism do not refuse him the tribute of their admiration, while they are often made uneasy by his advanced opinions and radical affirmations in the domain of religion and ethics. A number of interesting and meritorious books have already been produced by M. Giran, who is still a comparatively young man and has not reached the maturity of his intellectual and literary powers. Among his published writings are "Paroles de Sincerité," a collection of discourses; "Le Christianisme progressif," an essay on Christianity and the modern conscience; Le Christianisme progressif et la Religion de l'Ésprit," a series of theses contributed to the Fifth International Congress of Free Christians at Berlin, in which the religion of the spirit is affirmed against narrow christologies and dogmatic assumptions; "Jésus de Nazareth," a compact review of the career and teachings of Jesus in the light of modern historical and critical science, a work of much merit which the British and Foreign Unitarian Association has printed in an English translation. A recent work of importance is a historical vindication of Sebastien Castellion, the religious liberal of the sixteenth century.

Our present purpose is to call attention to a little volume of M. Giran of a philosophical-religious character entitled "Job, Fils de Job," an essay in the form of a drama on the problems of evil.* In this work the author

* *Job, Fils de Job*, Essai sur le Problème du Mal. Troisième edition. pp. 147. Paris: Fischbacher

assumes that, although the ancient patriarch depicted in the Bible has ceased from earth, his children and grandchildren and their innumerable descendents, scattered throughout the world, in Western Asia, the region of the Nile and Europe, and converts to new doctrines,—Israelites in Palestine, Christians in the West, Musselmans in Arabia,—have yet preserved through the centuries the sentiment of veneration for their common ancestor, Job. They have never ceased to cherish the story of his sufferings and spiritual experiences, or to recall his discussions with his devout friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, whose names are all perpetuated in their family history. One of these descendants, a modern Job, dwelt in a commercial city of the Netherlands at the close of the nineteenth century. His wealth and influence paralleled those of his Biblical ancestor, his vessels thronged the ocean, his representatives were to be found in every world-centre of business, and his warehouses overflowed with rare and precious things. His enlightened patronage of art and letters brought him celebrity and honor, while his lofty personal character and beautiful home life were still deeper sources of happiness. Suddenly, like his prototype in the Old Testament, he meets with a series of misfortunes and disasters. Stroke after stroke he loses, in the short space of a few years, his three sons and all his possessions. Retreating, crushed and in sorrow, to a modest dwelling, a new trial of his faith awaits him. His only daughter dies. For long days he remains stricken, dumb, without food or sleep, cut off from human companionship and sympathy, weeping and in despair. An old servant, Elihu, waits upon him in his solitude and misery.

After many days there come to visit him his three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. They find him seated on a bench before the entrance of his dwelling, his bowed head supported between his hands. Silently, respectful of his sorrow, unwilling to intrude upon his grief with vain words, they sit down and await his word. The silence is at length broken by the afflicted man, who speaks to them in moving terms of his distressing experiences, his loss of faith in God and a righteous ordering of the world. It is the same eternal problem of suffering on which his ancestor Job discourses in the Old Testament, but encountered under new and modern conditions, and with a changed conception of the universe which demands a more satisfying interpretation of the universe and the relation to it of both God and man, and a more rational philosophy of the mystery of good and evil.

With much expository skill and spiritual insight the author makes each of the three friends, who now in turn, as in the Old Testament, essay to answer the challenge Job has made to their intelligence and sympathy, the representative of one of the schools of religious thought prevailing in Christendom at the present day.

First Eliphaz proceeds to unfold the current Christian and theological explanation of the problem of evil and the solace it seeks to bring to suffering and bereaved souls. An infinite and loving God has mysteriously ordained the evil to afflict us for our higher good. Therefore we must patiently endure it without murmur or misdoubt, as a discipline for our characters and for our eternal well-being. Job demurs to this view as only a method of evading the issue presented, and of relieving both God and man from the responsibility for it. Finally Eliphaz points him to the cross, to the mediatorial and atoning sacrifice of Christ as the true redemption from evil and sin, and to the immortality of the soul as affording opportunity for the vindication of God's dealing with man and man's eternal recompense for present suffering.

But Job remains unconvinced and bitter in his arraignment of the ordering of things. Hence a second friend, Bildad, presents another line of reasoning. God does not wish or ordain the evil in the world. Human suffering is not his work. He wishes with all his heart to deliver man from pain and anguish. He works unceasingly to this end. But he is not an all-powerful God. Such a one would at once put an end to the injustice and evil of the world. But he is what is better, an all-loving God. The evil is not from him. It is incarnated in the nature of things. It reveals a world-power that makes for unrighteousness and injustice, for pain and suffering. Christianity calls this power Satan. God can do no evil. He strives for us, suffers with us, is anguished for our sakes. He labors by our side for the ultimate liberation of souls. The cross demonstrates the impotence of God, but it also demonstrates his invincible love. This suffering God, this vanquished God, speaks to our heart. If we did not believe this of him, we should despair of the ultimate victory of the good.

The author here refers in a foot-note to Pastor Wilfred Monod's work "Aux Croyants et autre Athées," in which this view of Evil and Deity finds eloquent expression.

The third friend Zophar in his turn takes the word, and to his interpretation of the problem nearly half of the book is devoted. He opposes the theory of Eliphaz, which legitimizes the apparent abstention of God by invoking his mysterious designs, and of Bildad, who would excuse God's seeming indifference by affirming his impotence. He thinks Job does not justly ask for the divine intervention in his behalf. Miracles do not happen. Such an intervention as the heart often, in its weakness, desires of God would be a violation of the normal course, the appointed laws of nature. These laws God himself observes. There are limits even to his omnipotence. He cannot pronounce evil good, or confound the false with the true, or act in contravention of his own character or reverse himself. To say, however, that God is impotent is to claim to know his nature and will, and that no finite being can do. We must believe him to be all-powerful, and his will to be perfect. Why sin and evil and pain are a constituent part of the world we do not know. The origin of evil is equally hidden from us. Whether God is immanent or transcendent, who can tell? It suffices for us to know that he is, that he is all-perfect, that he is our Father. The evil in the world is therefore justified. It has its place and part and purpose. The world is not finished, it is in the making. Its birth-throes are a part of its growth. All things are in movement and in evolution. Evil is undeveloped good. There is in reality no problem of evil, only a problem of sensation: not what happens to us, but how we meet it is the real issue. There is an eternal dualism in man and in the nature of things, which, perhaps, is only the double aspect of a higher and unknown unity. God is ever true to himself. His will never varies and is perfect: his government is altogether righteous. He is the source of order, the fount of life, intelligence, beauty, goodness. He makes use of the blind, antagonistic, chaotic forces of nature, to develop the human soul and assure in it the victory of right over wrong, of good over evil, and of God over all. It is for us to make a wise choice of the providential instruments God has placed at our disposal, and become co-partners with him in building up a universe. When we devote ourselves to the good and the true, it is God with us, God in us, that gives us strength and assures the victory. Once men believed that to ameliorate the lot of man one must modify the will of God. To-day we understand that it is the will of man that must be modified and brought into accord with the divine will and purpose, for in this alone true beatitude is to be found.

The discussion ends with the departure of the three

Digitized by Google

friendly disputants, and a kindly word from the aged servitor Elihu to his master. The latter, who has invited Zophar to come to him again on the morrow, sits in the evening sunshine. For the first time in many days Job finds the setting rays of the sun peace-bringing and beautiful. In opening his eyes to this outward loveliness, God is revealing to him those spiritual treasures of which blind circumstances had for the time deprived him.

This drama of man's soul life, strikingly conceived and depicted, is worthy of a large reading. It has reached a third edition in France. We understand that an English version has been made and is now awaiting a publisher.

BOSTON, MASS.

The Duty of Work for Peace.*

BY EDWIN GINN.

We have before us a task that few comprehend. It is for us not only to institute the measures necessary to curtail this awful waste of life and property, but to bring conviction to the masses that this question cannot be handled successfully by a few people. It is a work for the whole world. We must do our part towards bringing the subject so forcefully before each and every one that all will feel that it is necessary to take a hand in it. We go about our vocations of every kind, giving ninety-nine per cent. of our time and money to them, with hardly a thought or a dollar to the greatest of all needs, and expect these terrible evils of war will be done away with, —that in some way the powers of the earth or the heavens will remove them. Great changes in the established order of things do not come about in this way. The all-wise Power has no hands or voices but ours. He must work through his creatures; and, if we fail to take up his commands, the work will have to wait. Latent feeling must be transformed into action. The peace leaders have not impressed the people sufficiently with the idea that this is a work that must be undertaken by the people as a whole in a large way if any great change is to be made, and that it will never succeed with an indefinite and uncertain source of supply. We must place responsibility as broadly as possible upon the people, and ask each to take a hand in contributions of both money and time. It is not enough for the minister in the pulpit to devote one Sunday in the year to a peace sermon, nor for the teacher in the school to give one day in the year to peace lessons, nor the newspaper one editorial in the year, nor for the men of business and finance to have a convention once a year to talk over these matters. All must be awakened to the necessity of taking a vital hand in this work. The future of our cause depends especially upon the co-operation of vigorous young men who wish to devote their whole lives to carrying it forward, and to such our schools and colleges and churches and the press should earnestly appeal.

Spiritual Life.

It is not only to those whose spiritual windows are of the same shape as yours that you are neighbor.—*George MacDonald.*

The one great thing we need is to believe that in character, in service, lies the true life of a human creature. We do not thoroughly believe that. We think of the struggle to be perfect and the effort to serve humanity as suburbs of human life, great districts into which excursions are to be made, not as the very city and citadel of humanity, to live outside of which is—not to be a man. *Phillips Brooks.*

Let not future things disturb thee; for thou wilt come to them if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which now thou usest for present things.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

It is not the exquisite ray of the rose jewel which best illustrates the beneficence of light. It is its daily luxuriance, its steady beaming on the evil and the good, its persistent healing and blessing and creating, which most fills us with gratitude for the gift of sunshine.—*C. A. Staples.*

*The closing words of Mr. Ginn's last address at Mohonk.

The Pulpit.

The World's Beatitude.

BY REV. ROGER S. FORBES.

Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.
Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?
Beware of covetousness.—LUKE xii. 13–15.

In this bit of conversation, which has been wafted down to us from the busy past, we have an index to the Master's policy in teaching and leading men. He declines to settle a dispute between two avaricious brothers. It was the old bone of contention which had caused the excitement,—a small estate, a little property. The possible claimants were not numerous; but the strength of the feeling aroused in such cases occasionally seems to greaten as the number of legal heirs diminishes.

Northern hunters say you can safely keep in captivity one of the famous, ferocious Esquimaux dogs or a considerable number of these shaggy descendants of the great northern wolf, but never two. Each piece of food thrown to one arouses the savage jealousy of the other. Creatures higher in the scale of intelligence have been known to show the same unreasoning eagerness.

In this case there was no request for arbitration. There was on neither side an apparent desire to be carefully just. Had Jesus given to either a favorable decision, he would have been praised in the unmeasured terms in which Shakespeare's Shylock praised Portia: "A Daniel come to judgment!" "An upright judge, a learned judge!" and the condemnation proceeding from the opposite quarter would have been equally emphatic.

The Master, perceiving that no authoritative decree from without could be a permanent settlement, under such circumstances, of the difficulties involved, went to the heart of the situation by appealing to the hearts of the disputants. He refused to be an umpire, and remained a teacher.

His teaching is not of a kind to be accepted easily or to be adopted quickly. His beatitudes are beautiful, but they are comparatively new in the world. There are much older beatitudes, firmly imbedded in the mental habits of mankind. To ask the average man to put aside the old in favor of the new is like asking an American to turn to the left when he meets one coming toward him, or an Englishman to turn to the right. Now, the beatitude which antedates any other is of a flavor quite different from that of the New Testament and reads: "Blessed are they that get, for theirs shall be the comfort and the power."

The great Teacher never disputed the right of any man and every man to get what rightfully belonged to him. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." He would have been

the last to challenge the statement of a contemporary student, that a civilization is to be judged, as to its health and actual advancement, not by the charity dispensed within its borders, but by the wages paid. No more, on the other hand, did he hold up the desirability of getting as the ultimate aim of existence.

If we were granted, magically, the power and privilege to convince the whole race, instantly, of the truth of one assertion, what could we say to humanity which would bless them more richly than this: The joy of living consists not in getting and keeping, but in earning, creating, and discovering? That is the fact which people to-day need supremely to learn. If any truth came directly to the lips of Christ from the very centre of his mighty, loving heart, it was this one. It was the burden of most of his parables, and of much of his preaching.

It is the one truth which is persistently and flatly contradicted in present-day affairs. Go, if you would test the accuracy of this statement, to political gatherings and listen to a few of the most eloquent among the candidates. Note the desire in the breasts of the admiring auditors, which is appealed to most consistently. It is, of all desires, the least truly Christian. What is it that colors the opinion and determines the conduct of many a man in a great democracy? Is it not the wish to fortify his own incompetency? How keen the dread of civil-service tests strictly enforced! How frequently and vociferously those, who have but little of the conventional "good things of life," are assured that they who possess this kind of treasure are thereby their enemies and oppressors! Blacker than any line of division which has been drawn between Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, is the line which the demagogue likes to draw between "the haves" and "the have-nots." In this way material possessions are positively idolized.

Admitting the existence of a thousand wrongs and the necessity for constant rearrangement, one must protest, in the name of sound economics and spiritual law (sound economics and spiritual law being one and the same thing), against such a mistake as this. It is a very unpopular protest to make. Are God's truth and the voice of the multitude never at variance? "Crucify him! Crucify him!"—was not that the voice of the multitude?

The joy of living lies in earning, creating, and discovering rather than in holding or taking or having. How can I prove this assertion? By referring you [to the happiest careers on record.

There was the "sunny life" of Samuel June Barrows, once the minister of this church. That was a life of perpetual outlay of power with an enormous income of smiling satisfaction. A man on fire with the desire to create something better, not to get something good!

There is the "Boyhood and Youth" of John Muir, the Scotch lad, who at last plunged into the most wildly interesting recesses of the American continent, revealing wonders. There is no more cheerful autobiography, and it is a continuous record of delightful observation, hardy achievement, and useful discovery. The lad becomes panic-stricken in the waters of a lake while swimming, calls for help, and is drawn into a rowboat, safe and trembling, by his comrades. He finds this a humiliating defeat and concludes that he ought to punish himself for so nearly losing his life from unmanly fear. Accordingly, back to the lake he goes, at the earliest opportunity, rows his boat to the middle of the lake, dives down thirty or forty feet, several times in succession, saying to himself, "Take that!" every time he strikes the water, and then swims about calmly, unaided and out of sight of all possible help. "Never," he says, "was victory over self more complete."

Victory over self, that is the joy of living,—making one's self right. Here we come upon a picture of a clock invented by this youth or a desk which he built. It is a story of what he saw, did, and made. There is no end to the list of examples which I might cite in support of my assertion. You remember the extraordinary request (one of three) which Gladstone, the achiever, said he would make of God, "That I may speedily be enabled to divest myself of everything resembling wealth."

To many an idle spirit, in ward-room or drawing-room, in the political game or the social whirl, the world's false beatitude ought to be shown in its real deceitfulness. The redistribution of all "the good things of life" could do no more than to pave the way to general happiness: it could not touch the springs of it. Good things are a wretched substitute for goodness. There are a few persons whom we respect and trust perfectly,—they whose claims are never in excess of their manifest fitness.

No one can award to us, out of hand, the best things in life. Like the roses which win the prize in the fragrant, competitive exhibition of experienced gardeners, these sweet blossoms must be an outgrowth and an upgrowth, the results of intelligent cultivation. When shall we awake to the fact that spiritual law is as real and potent as the laws on our statute books? that the paths to happiness are prescribed and not accidental?

As Carlyle said, there is "a set of conditions already voted for" which govern all voyagers on the seas of Time. The only way to get around Cape Horn or any of the capes of difficulty which challenge our courage is to "conform valiantly" to the conditions set. Favor and friendship count for nothing in the awards of the universe. Promises, votes, and preferences will not turn the rudder to the right angle or trim the sails. Under the majestic beat and the heavy pounding of facts nothing but knowledge and obedience will suffice.

The Master's beatitudes and the world's beatitude are irreconcilable to each other. The Master's beatitudes have the perfect advantage of being entirely in accord with the Law. The results of obedience we have already looked upon, in the smiling satisfaction of the achievers, the persevering earners. The consequences of disharmony need not be enlarged upon here. An American poet has portrayed them in the cry of a desperately lonely, empty heart,—so empty that it ached,—the cry of a man who had got as much as he wanted in his own way:—

> "If He could doubt on his triumphant cross,
> How much more I, in the defeat and loss
> Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
> Of having lived the very life I willed,
> Of being all that I desired to be!
> My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

It is a comfort to know that there is a set of conditions already voted for and fixed. The weather-beaten mariner learns them as they apply to long voyages on deep waters. Jesus learned them as they apply to the exercise of men's affections and their wills. Blessed are they who long and try to exhibit more self-command, loyalty, knowledge, and solid worth than they have yet displayed,—"the poor in spirit." Blessed are they who are teachable and not wilful,—"the meek." Blessed are they who are kind in what they think and say of others and in what they do, and not hateful and suspicious,—"the merciful." Blessed are they who never deem impurity pleasure,—the clean in heart.

These are the rules, as unchangeable as the genial influence of the sun on the earth's surface, as strong before the schemes of greedy men as the rocks on which the bullets of a rebellious army flatten themselves. To those who obey them there can come no deadly bitterness of spirit. These are the rules of perpetual growth in peace.

God grant that all may be led and moved to obey them! They offer freedom from every miserable restriction and release from every yoke of bondage.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Present Expansion and State of Protestant Missions.*

BY CORNELIUS H. PATTON, D.D.

I have here a volume which I have been late in reading, but doubtless many of you have read some time ago,—"The Quest of the Historical Jesus," by Albert Schweitzer, a well-known German writer. The interesting thing is that the man who wrote this book has gone out to Africa as a foreign missionary. A good many people are astonished that a man of such superb scholarship and ability as a writer, who is known not only as a great historian and theologian, but also as one of the leading authorities on Bach, and as an expert organist, should spend the rest of his life—he is in the late thirties—out there among the savages on the Congo River. It seems that two friends of his went to the Congo and engaged in medical work, and both of them lost their lives; and Dr. Schweitzer has cherished it as an ideal for many years that, if he could ever bring himself into the financial position where he could support a medical work, he would go out and take their place. That fact has astonished the Christian world, and yet why should it? Is it not most natural for a Christian to do just that thing? Is there anything greater, more Christ-like that Herr Schweitzer could do? I confess I feel very much with that domestic of his who is said to have remarked: "Well, the heathen won't have a ghost of a chance, when Herr Schweitzer gets after them. They will just have to be converted."

One of the most hopeful things about this missionary movement is the quality of its leadership, the kind of men and women going to the front. Of the last six men the American Board has put into China, four received the fellowship in their respective divinity schools. Of these men George Sherwood Eddy, the Y. M. C. A. secretary for Asia, told me, "Of all the Christian missionaries I have met round the world, I have never seen the superior of those young fellows you have sent to China in the last two years"; and he added, "In ten years, when they have acquired the vernacular and settled down to work, they will make a great impression upon the Chinese nation."

What is it in these superior young men in our schools and colleges that is leading them to turn their backs on all that we count so dear in our home life, our culture, and our comforts, and to go out and identify themselves with the lowly people on the other side of the world? It is part of my task to prepare the papers of the candidates we send out. I presume in the last nine years I have prepared papers for three or four hundred of these candidates. Among the questions we ask them is this, "What is your motive in offering yourselves for this work?" Almost without exception the dominant motive in these young people in recent years is found to be that of the investment of their life for the highest values. They say in effect: "We have just this one life to live: we want it to count in the largest possible way, and we feel that the need in the foreign field is so great that we can count for a great deal more abroad than we can at home. There are plenty who can do our work here: there seem to be few who can work in foreign lands."

It is interesting to find that service of the highest kind is the great motive working in the hearts of our young people. It is that which is deepest and largest in their souls, responding to that which is the deepest and largest need of the world.

The men in England and America who launched this modern missionary movement were big men. Let us not think for a moment that they were small, narrow people; they were noble, apostolic souls. The first instructions of the Prudential Committee of the American Board to the missionaries who went out from Salem in 1812 would be fairly appropriate to-day because they are so tolerant and sympathetic. Adoniram Judson, Gordon Hall, and the others of the original band were told that they were not to go to India to find fault with the people who were following such light as they had; that they were to remember that God had not left himself without witness; that they were not to ridicule the absurd practices which they would see, but by love and sympathy they were to win the people's confidence. There was a time later on when this work crystallized into more dogmatic and ecclesiastical conceptions, but the founders of the Board were peculiarly great and noble souls. I think one reason why the present structure is of such magnificent proportions is because the foundations were wisely laid; and I must say that, while there has been, of course, a good deal of modification, particularly on the part of some of the more conservative denominations, during the last twenty-five years there has not been anything like as much change in the underlying motives of this work as you would suppose. People think that medical missions are a modern thing. Not so. China was opened, it is said, "at the point of a lancet," by the medical missionary Peter Parker, sent out by the American Board. The very first missionaries studied helpful ways of approaching the people, through medicine, friendly help, practical service to their neighbors and friends.

I want to speak of certain misconceptions which seem to have taken possession of the public mind with regard to foreign missions. We are not seeking to impose upon foreign people our peculiar intellectual concepts or our Western ecclesiastical institutions. We are trying to plant a seed, and we want that seed to be watered and to grow and to develop as God's own spirit shall direct: we desire that foreign nations shall be as free to develop it in their own way, directed by God's spirit, as we have been free to develop the truth in our freedom-loving New England. We are, to use Prof. Edward C. Moore's fine expression, practising "the naturalization of Christianity."

The other misconception is as to the size of this work. People have an idea that this is a rather forlorn enterprise which is struggling to maintain itself out of widows' mites; that, when you visit mission lands, you can hardly discover any evidence that missionary work has been going on for these one hundred years. Now the largest congregations that I have addressed were not in America, but were in countries like Turkey and India. Take our work, for instance, in Central Turkey, at places like Adana, Aintab, and Marash. There you find large and highly organized Congregational churches. In the city of Aintab, which I visited two years ago, they wanted the Protestant Christians to meet together; but they had to divide them up into three groups in order that they might all get into the largest auditorium on the same day. The men were to come in the morning, the young people in the afternoon, and the women in the evening; and they sat there in Turkish fashion, squatting on the floor just as tight as people could be packed into a building. We

*An address delivered by Dr. Patton of the American Board of Foreign Missions at the First Unitarian Missionary Conference in Channing Hall, November, 1913.

Digitized by Google

had fully fifteen hundred people in that auditorium at each of those services. I preached in the city of Adana one year after the massacres, in which three to four thousand Christians had been put to death, and I faced an audience of five thousand people packed into one great church.

At Ahmednagar, in India, our mission covers sixty acres. It took me four days of hard work to go around and visit our institutions, such as the theological school, high schools, industrial schools, vernacular schools, hospital, and churches.

In South India, at Madura, also, you get an excellent idea of the magnitude of the work and of its splendid system of concentration. I suppose the ordinary tourist who goes to the city of Madura to see the famous temple of Menarchee, occupying fourteen acres in the heart of the city, would hardly notice certain other things which are going on. They look at the thousands of priests and the dancing girls and the throngs of worshippers at the shrines; they see the great on-going life of heathenism as it has existed for three, possibly four, thousand years, and they think Christianity can make no impression whatever. Yet what do we find? At each one of the four gates of the city is a street looking down towards the great towers of that temple, and on each street there is a Congregational church. One cannot enter the city without passing one of those churches. Each church has as its pastor a well-trained man. There is a men's hospital, conducted by the famous Dr. Van Allen, a beautiful stone building with great arcades, a building erected not by American money, but by the gifts of Rajahs, whose families had received treatment at the hands of this physician. Opposite that is the women's hospital, with two American doctors in charge and an array of native nurses. There is the Boys' High School and a Girls' High School. Near by is the Bible Women's Training School, where forty or fifty women are being educated, mostly widows who would have been burned on the funeral pyre of their husbands a few years ago. In the distance you see the fine buildings of the college, which now receives government degrees. As a matter of fact, the temple which seems to dominate that city is girdled with American institutions, and that city is being shaken from centre to circumference by this band of workers, following these different lines of Christian ministry. The more I rejoice in these signs of God's blessing upon this work, the more I admire the faith and the heroism of the pioneers who went out with no facts achieved, with no history behind them, with nothing but their faith in Almighty God. It is an easy thing to believe in this work to-day; but in those days it called for men of a heroic mould.

I wish to present to you two great facts in regard to this world in which we are living. If you should ask me, What is the biggest fact in the world to-day? I think I should say without hesitation, It is the decadence of the non-Christian religions, the fact that these old ethnic faiths, and some not so old, like Mohammedanism, are to-day honeycombed with doubt or actually tottering to a fall; that Buddhism has lost its hold upon the intelligent Japanese; that the issue in Japan to-day is no longer between Buddhism and Christianity, but Christianity and nothing; that the Japanese people, to a considerable extent leaving their old ideas, are drifting without faith or hope. The religious census of the Imperial University in Tokio is startling. Out of five thousand students a few less than three hundred subscribe themselves Buddhist: sixty-seven, I think, were Christians, and all the rest said they were agnostics or atheists. Japan to-day is a great nation prospecting for a religion, peering into the different faiths of the world and trying to see whether any of them is suited to their needs, or whether they will invent a new religion, some eclectic system of their own.

Pass over to China. We are witnessing to-day an amazing religious transformation in that empire, the most amazing in the history of the world. When the missionaries of the American Board went out to the Sandwich Islands in 1819, they found that the people had already thrown away their idols and welcomed them as teachers of a new faith. That fact, that three hundred thousand people had thrown away their idols, created a sensation in America: money poured into the treasury of the Board, and workers offered themselves to meet the tremendous situation. That thing is being duplicated in China on a vastly larger scale—four hundred million people practically throwing away their idols. Yuan Shi Kai has established in the last three years not less than four thousand public schools in the capital province of Cheli alone. Where did he get his school buildings? He secured his buildings for the most part by taking possession of the idol temples, the Buddhist temples, and closeting the gods, either putting them behind a partition or calmly turning them out and converting the premises into a school-house. That happened again and again. They came to one place where nobody seemed to have much interest in religion, and so they calmly piled the gods in the market-place and set fire to them, and the people stood around, nobody objecting, so glad were they to have a school. In another place the agents of Yuan Shi Kai were even less ceremonious. They took the images and dumped them into the river, and the people cheered their gods as they floated away, they were so glad to have schools in the community. Mr. Stanley of our mission at Pongchwang told me the other day that, at the last visit he made to a certain place where the people had been resisting this movement, he found the people busy in the centre of the town with pickaxes and shovels, digging a great hole. He asked, "What are you doing here?" "We are burying the gods." "Burying the gods? What are you burying the gods for?" "We are going to have a school in the temple." Of their own accord they had voted to abolish the gods and establish a school in the temple. The city of Canton, the largest in China, during this recent counter-revolution threw out all the idols in their temples and left just one as a historical memorial. That sort of thing is happening all over China to-day. Buddhism is dead in China.

I think it is not saying too much even in regard to India, and even in regard to Turkey, that their religions are in a decadent condition, and that we are witnessing a world-wide breaking down of ancient religious systems. There can be but one greater fact than that, and that is the actual winning of this world to the principles and teachings of Jesus Christ.

Over against this fact I would place the proved adequacy of the Christian religion to meet the world's deepest needs. After a century of experimentation, after many mistakes and some blunders, after feeling our way in many directions, there has been worked out what may now be called a science of Christian missions. We know our aim, and we know our method. We know what our approach should be to a given people. We understand whether it should be medicine or industry, or schools or direct evangelization, or all of those things combined. There has been worked out in a fairly satisfactory way a body of procedure and principles which

Digitized by Google

you will find embodied in the Edinburgh Conference reports; and there has been also such a demonstration of the success of wise methods that we feel we are on the right road, and that we are assured we can go into any non-Christian land and achieve a great success.

In China during the last twelve years, since the Boxer uprising, more people have turned to Christianity than had been won in the last hundred years. Though sixteen thousand were put to death, that loss has been more than made good, and more than a hundred thousand new converts have been secured. Korea, of course, is a wonderful story. In practically only twenty-five years a church has been gathered of nearly two hundred thousand members, strong, aggressive, self-supporting, self-propagating. In India there is truly a great situation. At this very moment they are holding in the city of Bombay the centennial exercises of the oldest mission of the American Board. When William Carey went to India in 1794, he labored for a number of years before he made a single convert. He was not allowed to land on British territory, on account of the opposition of the British East India Company. Our own missionaries were driven from the Bengal Province, and after great difficulty and protracted delay were at last allowed to establish themselves in Bombay. I stood on the spot on the bank of the Ganges River where William Carey baptized his first convert, and there President Hall of the William Carey College at Serampore said to me: "Here Carey baptized his first convert. Across the street there, just up the bank, is William Carey's house." He said, "While Carey was baptizing this man at this spot, his ears were filled with the lunatic shrieks of his wife, who had lost her reason out of sheer loneliness in that heathen land; and he heard also the wild ravings of his missionary companion, who had lost his reason out of sheer joy because they had at last made one convert." Standing on that spot, I was reminded of the remark of Henry Martyn, one of the early missionaries, who, as he sailed away from India, said, "If I should ever live to see one Hindu genuinely converted to Christianity, it would be as great a miracle as though a man should rise from the dead." Yet President Capen of the Board, and others who have gone out there to Bombay to engage in that ceremony, are in the midst of a company of over three million Christians in that country. Not only that, but the atmosphere of India has been so changed intellectually and spiritually that I may say that Christianity is in solution in the air, so that it needs only certain conditions, a certain conjunction of forces, to precipitate in any part of India a great Christian movement.

We ought to study very carefully those mass movements which are occurring in India to-day. The British census of India, taken two years ago, showed that during the preceding decade the gain in Christians in India had been 33 per cent. over the whole country, and that in the Punjab the gain had been over 400 per cent.

I wanted very much to see a mass movement actually moving, and, while in South India, I asked Mr. Jeffrey of our Madura missions to show me one. "Well," he said, "I am not taking over any villages at just this moment; but I took one over two weeks ago, and I would like to have you go and see the people." We went there, and the whole village met us on the road with their Hindu band, great drums as big as barrels, and, with the other instruments, making a horrible din. The procession went down the road and turned into the hall. This building was so packed full of squatting, sweaty people that you could not have got another in with a shoe-horn. I could have thrown a pebble in, and it never would have reached the floor. After great difficulty we stepped over their heads, between men and women and squalling babies, and finally got to the end of the hall. I said to him: "Do you call this a Christian meeting? It is the most heathen sight I ever saw." He said, "You wait." He held up his hand, and instantly a hush fell over the gathering and the band stopped. We engaged in silent prayer, and I could hear the people breathe. Then he introduced me in the native language, and told me in English what he had told them. He told me who they were, and the circumstances under which they had been gathered from the lowest caste of Hinduism. Friends, to stand up before a company like that and realize that two weeks before they were worshipping idols, following the abominable practices, and believing in that most pernicious social system, caste, and now that they were Christians—why, if a man could not preach on an occasion like that, he would have no preach in him. Afterwards I went around among their homes and asked them all the questions that I pleased. I made up my mind there were three motives back of the movement. There is, first, the economic motive. These people were desperately poor. They had been kicked down and out by the inhumanity, the brutality of the Brahmin system, and they had discovered that here were some people among them who were willing to help them up. Let us not scorn that motive. Has Christianity put nothing into our lives whereby we are glad to-day that we should scorn the motive of the man in India who wants more to eat and more clothes to his back? But there was also the intellectual motive. These are ignorant people, for the most part, but they are innately shrewd: they are exceedingly practical, and they have made up their minds that there is nothing for them in idolatry, that the thing is essentially wrong, and that the missionary is essentially right.

Then I clearly discerned the true spiritual motive, a desire for peace with God. These men who had been making long pilgrimages to the Ganges River, saving up their rupees for ten, fifteen, or twenty years that they might make the trip and wash away their sins in the muddy waters, who had been slashing themselves and doing all sorts of hideous things that they might get peace, one day found one standing among them who told them that peace is not to be obtained in that way, but by simple trust and obedience in a loving, heavenly Father. Do you wonder that they became Christians?

Is it not apparent that we have entered upon a new era for this work, that a new fulness of time has dawned? On every side the non-Christian nations are awakening to a new intellectual and spiritual life. Increasingly is it evident that the work of foreign missions has passed from the individualistic to the nationalistic and racial basis. It is no longer a question of obtaining a few converts here and there, but of saving powerful nations and races. The motive, however, must always remain the same,—the desire to share with those who need it most the blessings God hath poured out upon us through this Christian religion, the motive of unselfish service to all our fellow-men. The call surely is for men and women of the spirit of Christ and of the early apostles who will go out among these backward people, spend their lives among them as their neighbors and friends, healing their diseases, filling their stomachs, educating their children, and all for the purpose of saving their souls and building them up into self-respecting, intelligent, prosperous, God-fearing communities. If you have men and women of this spirit, I can assure you there is plenty of room for them in the foreign field.

Digitized by Google

Don't Cry—Smile!

BY OLIVER PENMARK.

The storms may come, the winds may blow,
And life be cold the while;
But sunshine drives the clouds away
And makes all radiant our day—
If we but smile.

Then cast away your bitter frown
And banish every guile;
God's in his heaven; His love is true,
And all the world grows fair for you—
If you but smile.

Look out upon the tranquil sea,
Spreading o'er many a mile;
So stretches Love's far-reaching arms
To fend us from our wild alarms—
If we but smile.

Then smile, dear heart, and yet again;
Trust heaven and earth the while;
Whate'er betide, God's love is wide
With hope and confidence beside,—
So smile, dear, smile!

Literature.

Our Intellectual Attitude in an Age of Criticism. By Marion LeRoy Burton, President of Smith College. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.—Dr. Burton wishes to offer intellectual clarity to people involved in doubt, especially to the youth of our colleges whose contact with an age of criticism has resulted in intellectual confusion with regard to the problems of religion. He recounts the destructive force of criticism in the near past, but proclaims the emergence of constructive tendencies. He champions the freedom of the intellect,—"Any thinking person doubts at times." Doubt may be the path to positive knowledge. The sudden emergence of modern conceptions on the rigid and static background of mediæval knowledge makes it practically inevitable. Deeper yet, there is doubt because of the obvious limitations of man's knowledge concerning self, God, and evil. The condition of advance from doubt is fearless and candid search for truth, in freedom from external authority of church and book, yet with that freedom which defers to the rational truth given in the permanence and stability of our world. With this intellectual attitude Dr. Burton approaches the Christian faith. The source of Christian truth, he holds, is in Jesus. At this point there is much that gratifies feeling, but fails to be discriminating thought. The modern reader of our Gospels will certainly not think that the preaching of Jesus was the communication of truth unknown to the prophets and the seers before him. Dr. Burton does not adequately distinguish Jesus as a vehicle of religious ideas, and Jesus as a power of religious stimulation. His real meaning in this chapter has been better expressed by a page of Theodore Parker (Cent. Ed. III. 156). Dr. Burton then proceeds to show what on these terms the modern Christian believes, and his exposition is powerfully expressed and congenial to the liberal Christian, except where he slips back into traditional expressions once dogmatic in meaning, though now for him the natural rhetoric of enthusiasm and appreciation. Reword the sermons of Minot Savage with conventional inherited forms, and we have in general this kind of liberal theology. So the world gets on. By and by we shall all be reading Theodore Parker's Sermons of Religion as the utterance of a Church Father, and then there will be a gain in profundity of thought and discrimination in thought with even larger access of religious emotion.

The Wolf of Gubbio. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.—By each book that she has put out, whether it has interpreted the mind of childhood, brought visions of the spacious days of great Elizabeth, or given wings to imagination in order to disclose the hidden things of common life, Mrs. Marks has proved herself again the true poet, one born to open the eyes of duller neighbors, to make pulses beat more quickly by gleams of beauty or some thrill of expression, and to attune other hearts to the harmonies of a simpler, more just, more loving brotherhood among men. No poet has felt more truly that beauty and truth are one, that they are the eternal hope in the heart, the eternal goal towards which men are urged by their common nature. Her work has deepened with her maturity, and the simplicity and directness of its appeal is a combination of genuine, passionate human sympathy and restrained, exquisite workmanship. In the new volume she has a dramatic subject, Saint Francis, humble and loving among his villagers; the villagers, harried by fear of poverty and concerned for their future; the robbers, bitter and ruthless in their necessities; King Louis, driven by inward impulse; the Wolf, blindly longing to be not wolf, but man,—these are the dramatis personæ whose drama is played out on Holy Night, when creatures may speak, and when, if ever, selfishness is transformed. A new book by a true poet, once recognized, needs only announcement; for lovers of real lasting literature know their own and claim it with joy.

Marriage and Divorce. By John Haynes Holmes. (The Art of Life Series, Edward Howard Griggs, editor.) New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cent net.—Mr. Holmes finds that in a world of change the institution of marriage is not exempt from the influences of transformation. He cannot assent to the ecclesiastical view that marriage is a sacrament and indissoluble, or to Dr. Adler's view, based on social ethics, allowing separation, but never divorce. On the other hand he rejects the extreme individualism of Ellen Key and Bernard Shaw, which favors the freest divorce in order that the development of personality may be unrestricted. Against the latter he pleads the facts that marriage is a social institution, and that, in general, the extension of social control means the expansion, not the repression, of personality. The essence of marriage is spiritualized sex-attraction or love, and is therefore individualistic at the outset; but in the union of lives we have a social fact in which society has a vital interest. Society should prevent the marriage of the unfit, prescribe the preparation for family responsibilities, require legalization by a civil ceremony. The corollary is that marriage should be ended legally when it has been ended morally, though the process of divorce should be made solemn and difficult. "I believe," says Mr. Holmes, "that the instincts which have prompted the formation of the union may be safely trusted to safeguard its continuance."

Heroines of Modern Religion. Edited by Warren Dunham Foster. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company.—The first volume in a series of books about famous women, *Heroines of Modern Progress*, proved to be, as we are told by the editor, something more than a record of what ten brilliant women had accomplished for the cause of womanhood and the race: it was an inspiration to others. The present book ought to be no less influential in showing how women, moved by ideals of self-surrender to a great purpose and a deep religious impulse, transcend the limits of intellectual belief, and stand together for the rights of the spiritual side of man. The ten women here presented are Anne Hutchinson, Susannah Wesley, Elizabeth Ann Seton, Lucretia Mott, Fanny Crosby, Sister Dora, Hannah Whitall Smith, Frances Ridley Havergal, Ramabai, and Maud Ballington Booth, whose winning face glows from the frontispiece of the book. These women teach lessons of brave sincerity, all the more effective because they have thought little of themselves and much of others.

Our Modern Debt to Israel. By E. C. Baldwin, Ph.D. Sherman French & Company. $1.25.—It presents a rapid survey of the contributions by the prophets, priests, and sages of Israel to the life of modern times. The scope and character of the work are well indicated by the fact that the author, a professor of English literature, writes from the standpoint of a layman for laymen. He does not pretend to increase the knowledge of the subject, but to render more available to the average man the results of specialists. The viewpoint of the book is historical and constructively critical. On the whole, the book is well proportioned, in spite of the fact that fifteen pages are given to a comparison of Ezekiel's Holy State with Plato's Republic, whereas Deutero-Isaiah gets only two pages, and less than a page is devoted to the explanation of Job. Criticism might also be made in some of the items and transitions of Old Testament thought; but, in the main, the author's impressions are sound, and his results stated in a convenient and readable form. Young people and group readers in Bible study should find this little book very useful. L. W.

The Facts about Shakespeare. By William Allan Neilson, Ph.D., and Ashley Horace Thorndike, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.—In this summary of what we know about Shakespeare, the documentary records and early traditions of his life have been supplemented by information regarding the times and scenes amid which he lived, the literature he read, and the theatres for which he worked. The chronology of the plays has assisted in a careful study of Shakespeare's own development, and the concluding chapter defines the general impression made by the man and his work. The writers have proceeded through this programme in scholarly fashion, examining closely all available data that throws light on the life or personality of the great dramatist. They have put their study into interesting form, and produced a convenient and useful book which gives a pict-

Digitized by Google

ure of the times in which Shakespeare lived and wrote, as well as an estimate of his record and achievements.

SIS WITHIN. By Harriet Hobson. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.—Sis, voted "creepy, crawly queer," in the Foundlings' Home, wherein this tale of complicated human nature begins, is the psychical power-house whence proceed the various influences that mould characters and events in this dramatic tale. The theme is unusual. Diantha, the interesting young woman of the drama, is writing a novel, and she finds, dawning upon her by degrees, that she is writing a true story, piercing mysteries that lie close about her, reading with unerring certainty hidden secrets of character, and foreseeing events while yet they appear unheralded. "Thinking people are just beginning to realize that there is a great unexplored world all around us," and the excursions into this unexplored world have much to do with the gradual development of the plot and its outcome. This interest must make up, to the reader, for lack of skill in character drawing and general construction.

The Home University Library.

Five new volumes of the Home University Library, published by Henry Holt & Co., illustrate anew the value and availability of the series. In *Euripides and his Age* Gilbert Murray contributes a delightful study of the great poet and thinker, making clear, first, something of the tradition of thought in which Euripides was reared, and how he expressed it and reacted against it, and then showing how he obeyed the laws of Greek tragedy at the same time he liberated its spirit. One need not be a scholar to enjoy these chapters, which give the reader a definite impulse to return once more to the reading of the plays themselves. *Shelley, Godwin, and their Circle*, by H. M. Brailsford, M.A., follows the process by which the glowing assurances of the French Revolution were transmuted in a generation to the prayer and the clouded vision of Shelley's *Hellas*. In 1789 Dr. Price preached the famous discourse to his non-conformist radicals, believing that democracy had already triumphed, that human perfectibility was established, and that war and dissension had been abolished. Between the sermon and the poem the story is told. An addition to the scientific books of the library is *Nerves*, in which Prof. David Fraser Harris of Dalhousie University explains in non-technical language the place and powers of the nervous system. It is an exposition of the capabilities and peculiarities of the nervous system, both interesting and illuminating, and the reader may gain from it some useful hints for himself. Sir John Murray gives, in *The Ocean*, a general account of the science of the sea. He explores the depths of the ocean, treats of its various qualities, its plants and animals and marine deposits, and concludes with a chapter on the geospheres, which is likely to arouse a desire to know more of the great matters to which it points. Last among the recent instalment of new books in this series is a volume on *Co-partnership and Profit-sharing*, by Aneurin Williams, who has given a great part of his time for twenty years to this movement, which he believes, with reason, to be destined to do in the industrial world what the introduction of constitutional rights has done in government. The possibilities of co-partnership are clearly seen and plainly stated with instances from England, France, and the United States. There is no doubt that there is a popular interest in the subject now, ready to listen to the arguments that a few years ago seemed to fall on deaf ears.

Miscellaneous.

Pilgrim Press of Boston will publish, early this spring (1914), a book of about 300 pages, entitled *Shall I Drink?* by Joseph Henry Crooker, the author of the two books, *The Church of To-day* and *The Church of To-morrow*, which were received so favorably by the public. This new book, by Dr. Crooker, is the result of many years of study and observation. It discusses the problem of intemperance from a somewhat fresh point of view, and in an interesting and instructive manner, clear in statement, earnest in spirit, but without fanaticism, and with a wide survey of important facts from scientific laboratories, insurance observations, medical records, and industrial experiences. It will contain about a score of attractive and instructive colored charts and diagrams.

Sturgis & Walton publish two companion volumes intended to provide in convenient form such selections from the Old Testament as will afford an acquaintance with the wonderful literature it contains, and also promote the study of English. *Readings from the Old Testament* contains stories, poems, nature descriptions, and character studies, presented in a complete and connected form. They furnish a common ground on which all children may unite without introducing any questions of religious belief. The compiler, Louise Emery Tucker, believes strongly in the use of strong, simple words and phrases, such as one finds in the English Bible. The selections have been so classified and arranged in sections as to make them convenient for use in the class-room or for assembly reading at morning exercises or for home reading. The companion volume, *The Old Testament Phrase Book*, has brought together the more striking short passages and the more illuminating of its similes, metaphors, and descriptive phrases, classified for effective use in class-room work in English. Here are phrases that have furnished inspiration to all the greatest English writers,—phrases illustrative of the common things in nature and in every-day life, phrases with which everybody should be familiar.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 19 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prise for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN

No. 31

Co-partnership in Housing

BY PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM

The housing problem is one of the complex and difficult social problems which nearly every growing town and city in America is facing to-day. England is solving it in a measure with its garden cities and garden suburbs, such as Letchworth and Hampstead. Then, too, by the introduction of the co-partnership principle it has there become possible for the wage-earner to enjoy all the advantages of owning his own house, without the danger of losing the whole or a part of his investment should his work take him permanently to some other locality. Co-partnership in housing has yet to be tried in the United States, but there is reason to believe it will be as successful here as in England. This Bulletin is an important contribution to the literature of the movement in America.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

Order as "S. S. No. 31," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

American Unitarian Association

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Sleepy Land.

BY MABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.

Here is the boat for Sleepy Land,
Ready to sail on the twilight sea,
Softly slipping up to the strand,
Waiting for you and me.

What shall we take to Sleepy Land,
To comfort our souls as we sail along?
A woolly blanket in either hand,
And a little crooning song.

Who steers the boat to Sleepy Land?
Ah, 'tis a fluttering fairy crew;
The Sandman's always in command,
And a little dream or two.

We are drifting fast to Sleepy Land,
All in the dusky starlit air,
A murmurous sound on the shining strand—
O baby, we are there!

The Playmate.

BY JULIETTE GOLAY.

"Good-bye, Julie, good-bye," said Annette.

"Good-bye, Julie. I wish *I* didn't have to go to school this pleasant day," added Celia.

So said Julie's two sisters.

"I wish I *could* go," six-year-old Julie answered; and she watched, a little wistfully, the fat black pony Fanny and the wicker cart holding her two sisters disappear around the corner. It would be a good many hours before they would reappear she knew; and, in the mean time, what would she do with herself?

It was a pleasant day, as her sister had said. Lake Michigan gleamed in the sunlight and lapped gently the soft white sand. Should she go to the shore and dig wells? That was stupid all alone. Everything seemed stupid to do alone that morning.

"I wish," she said aloud, "that I had a playmate just the size of me, too little to go to school for all day. I'd like her to have hair as black as Snow-white's, eyes as blue as the lake, and to wear a blue dress the color of her eyes, and white beads, and every day white stockings and black pumps, like my best ones. And her name would be Lucy Gray."

She sighed a little. Was it a fancy, or did she hear an answering sigh and a faint rustle behind her? Had a playmate come?

"I mustn't look around," she thought, her heart beating quickly. "She'd vanish, if she's there. Lucy is a magic child."

"Do you want to see our garden?" she said, leading the way and holding her eyes as steady as a soldier's on parade. "That is a nice place to play. Don't you like this honey-suckle bush? Let's stand by it a minute and listen to the bees. It is a factory, you know, and the bees are weaving cloth. We can't see it now, but at night they put out pieces as big as my handkerchief all over the grass for the fairies to gather. When I get up early enough, I see the thin webs all over the lawn."

Lucy said nothing; but chatterbox Julie was content to talk if some one would listen, and now she half-believed that some one was listening.

"Here's the pansy bed; and I must pick off the faded pansies, for mother says that makes more blossoms. You needn't help because you are a visitor. If you look about, perhaps you will see the toad that lives in the garden. He is really a prince, I'm sure of that, and I'm trying to disenchant him. I've sprinkled him several times already with nine drops of running water, and said,—

"'Appear in your true form, O noble prince,' but that doesn't seem to be the right charm. Perhaps nine drops of dew would be better,—it must be nine something,—what do you think?"

Lucy had now become so real that Julie turned as she spoke; and, lo! Lucy vanished.

But she came again the next day. Julie felt her near as soon as the pony-cart and her sisters disappeared. That day they played flower dolls all the morning under the willow-tree. Julie left a doughnut for Lucy under the tree when she was called to her dinner; and, when she ran out again, the doughnut was gone!

"I believe Julie is happier," her mother said to her grandmother a few days later. "When we first came to the suburbs, she seemed so lonely when her sisters were at school that I was quite uneasy. Now she seems perfectly content to play alone, and chatters as if she had a playmate."

"And all her talk is of charms and fairies. She is not unlike a fairy herself, or a bit of thistle-down. I wish the child were more robust and had more appetite. I found she had left a nice hot cooky under the willow yesterday. In my day children did not despise hot cookies. But she does seem happier lately."

Julie was happy. Old games had a new zest when she shared them with Lucy. First every morning she must walk along the top of the low stone wall that surrounded the grounds. The wall had called to her before Lucy came; but she had never dared attempt it till she felt Lucy behind, and even so little shivers ran up her back and down again from the beginning of the walk to the end. However, it must be done; it was a charm against lightning, and of lightning Julie was afraid; but no lightning could strike her home on the days she had encircled it. Then there were the pets to feed, the pansy bed to tend, and the whole garden to examine, to see what flowers had opened that morning. Lucy could tell in what flowers a fairy had slept and on what errands flew butterfly and bee.

Lucy seemed shy of the house, and the first rainy day Julie missed her playmate; but she soon learned that, when she was alone in the play-room, if she opened the window over the porch, sat in the middle of the room, her face buried in her lap, and wished hard, presently she would feel Lucy there. It was just by a "feel" that she always recognized Lucy's presence,—a warm, pleasant "feel," like a light in the room. The room was cosier when Lucy was there, and even the raindrops had a friendly sound.

If a step was heard on the stairs, Julie quickly opened the window for Lucy to escape; for to no one had she ever spoken of her playmate. Not to her sisters, they would laugh; not to the cook, though she scolded her for leaving doughnuts and cookies under trees, and gave her lunches with a less liberal hand; not to her grandmother, who told her fairy tales; not even to her mother, when she tucked her in bed; yet Lucy was now almost as real as they. Julie had but to wish for her, and Lucy was there, the quiet, gentle little comrade, who never said "No," and vanished only when Julie turned to look at her. Once gone, she returned no more that day, but the next day she would come.

One afternoon Annette and Celia returned jubilant from school. They threw their school-books on the table, caught little Julie, and danced her about.

"No more school this summer, Julie," said Celia.

"And, best of all, when it opens in the fall, you can go! School is going to move nearer. No more mornings alone. What do you think of that, little sister?" Annette asked.

What did she think? Julie did not know. Lucy Gray came no more.

The Washington Birthday Lesson.

A cold is a bad thing to have at any time, but a cold just before a holiday seems a double calamity! It may not be a bad thing, on the whole, to get out of a day at school, but to miss a holiday!

Dick Hardy stood at the door on the morning of the twenty-first of February. His throat felt undeniably queer, and his head was funny, too. But to-morrow was the birthday of George Washington, a holiday, and the day of the baseball match! He had been promised that he might go with Walter, his elder brother, and see it all through. He had never seen a ball game right through before. This might have been because he had only seen the game through a hole in the fence, and there's always some selfish boy pulling you away to look himself.

"Dicky, dear," called his mother. "You must put on your comforter now! It's a quarter to nine."

Dicky seized his comforter and began to wind it round and round his own throat with his own hands. His mother had a way of seeing what he was thinking about when she put it on

But he nearly strangled himself in his haste, and she had to do it after all. Just as he foresaw she would, she stopped and looked searchingly at him.

"You're hot, dear!" she said, laying her cool hand against his burning cheek. "I'm keeping Mary at home to-day, her cold is so bad. Perhaps you'd better stay, too."

"No, mother," said Dicky, fearing for to-morrow. "I'm—I'm quite all right."

Seeing that she still looked at him doubtfully, he swaggered,—

"I'm feeling—fine!"

He had his way and went to school. But his throat grew queerer and his head funnier—at least that was how he described his symptoms to himself.

The teacher made the morning quite pleasant for the members of her class. She let them sing patriotic songs—Dicky couldn't manage even a line, though—and recite patriotic "pieces," and at last they rested while she talked to them about George Washington.

"He simply told the truth," she said. "He didn't try to reason it out till he persuaded himself that he needn't. He did not"— here she looked at a little girl, who quickly looked at the floor,—"he did not say:

'Well, the tree's cut, and it can't be helped. My telling all about it won't mend it!' No: he was asked a question, and he answered the truth."

"But sometimes it's kind to say a wrong story," said one very argumentative little girl. "Suppose there's only one piece of cake, and you're company, and they say: 'Do you want it?' Is it wrong to say 'No,' so that some one else can get it?"

The teacher smiled.

"A hostess usually says, 'Will you have a piece of cake, Marjorie?'" was her reply, "and then you can answer truthfully, 'No, thank you.'"

"And then she thinks you don't want it, and it's all right," said Dicky, suddenly.

"And she thinks a story," retorted Marjorie, triumphantly. "Isn't it as bad for her to think a story, as for you to say one?"

The teacher crossed abruptly over to look at the goldfish. Then she turned to her class again.

"A story can't be a story unless the person telling it or thinking it knows it isn't the truth," she said. "But you don't have to worry about what other people think—only about what you say. And I hope you'll none of you ever tell any kind of a lie, white *or* black!"

"No, ma'am, we won't," chorused the class, earnestly. It was really necessary to set her mind at rest, for it was nearly twelve o'clock and she had a way of enthusiastically forgetting the time—sometimes.

The next morning Dicky's throat was astonishingly queer, and his head extraordinarily funny. But so strong was the little fellow's will, and so keen his desire to go with Walter, that he rose and dressed, with some assistance from the said Walter, and even tried to eat his breakfast. Mother, luckily, was not at the table. She was with Mary, and so Dicky hoped to get off safely.

But, just as Walter was tying the comforter on, their mother came into the room.

"Dicky, is your throat all right?" she asked anxiously.

Dicky made no reply.

"Why, look what a color he has!" cried Walter. "Did you ever see him look better?"

"It's his throat that matters," said his mother. "Dicky, dear, if it isn't quite right, you must stay at home."

Dicky shook his head. That might mean anything.

"We've not much time, if we're to see the practice," urged Walter. "I'll look after him, mother!"

"Why doesn't he speak?" said the mother, coming to Dicky and laying her hand on his cheek. "Oh, how warm he is!"

"So's the stove, and he's been sitting by it," explained Walter.

"Well, if you're all right, you may go," said Mrs. Hardy, kneeling down in front of Dicky. "Sure, dear?"

Dicky looked at her. And then he thought that, if George Washington's mother had looked at him like that, George wouldn't have told her a lie.

It was a hard struggle for a moment, then he said, huskily,—

"My froat's a little—queer—an' my head's funny; but I'm all right!"

Mrs. Hardy scarcely heard the last words. She was examining the back of the "froat," and the verdict followed swiftly upon the examination.

"He can't go, Walter," she said, firmly.

Then the oddest thing happened. He didn't want to go! He let his mother undress him, and put him into a warm bed, with a deep sigh of relief. Now that the fight was over, he knew it had been hard work to fight. He was quite glad to be lying down flat and soon he dropped off to sleep.

"Good thing you took it in time," said the doctor that evening. "Another day would have made it pretty serious. He'll be all right soon, now."

Then Dicky knew that he was very glad George Washington had set him so good an example.—*Frances Harmer, in the Churchman.*

Kingliness of Service.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

"Ah, to be prince!" sighed the boy. "Oh, for the popular crown.
Surely, the king's highway knoweth no thorn nor frown."

"Boy," said the ruler benign; "rare are the sceptre and throne;
Rarer the paths of ease that lead to the conqueror's own.

"He that would feast with the king must with his soldiers be fed.
He that would lead and command, first must obey and be led.

"He is a hero that tries: kingdoms and thrones are his fief.
Willing for service he reigns: gladly men call him their chief."

Cats as Clocks.

When Betty and Belinda went down to the shore to play, they forgot there was anything else in the world besides stretches of white sand, that glistened in the sun like millions of jewels,—high castles with windows in them, and deep wells all around,—two little tin pails, one yellow and one blue, and two scarlet spades. Other things, such as mother and home and the hour for dinner, were quite forgotten.

And, when mother told the twins that they must think about dinner time, and come home then, both little maids looked quite forlorn.

"Can't think of dinner when we're building castles," objected Belinda, "and there's no town clock down on the sand to strike and let us know."

"No big clock," lisped Betty, forlornly.

"How would it do to take Mrs. Bink's black cat, Billy, down with you?" suggested Uncle Noel from an easy-chair on the veranda.

"A cat isn't a clock!" Belinda informed her uncle loftily.

"No, but Billy Binks could tell pretty nearly when the clock was going to strike twelve, if you looked into his big, green eyes."

"Tell us how?" coaxed Betty. And the two little girls perched themselves on the arms of their uncle's chair.

"If you looked into Billy's eyes in the dark, the green part would be almost covered by the black pupil; and, if you held him in a strong light and looked, the black part would be only a tiny slit in the green.

"If you took Billy down to the shore in the morning, the black pupil of his eye would be quite large; and, as the sun gets higher in the sky, and stronger, it would grow smaller, till at twelve o'clock, Billy's eyes would be all green, except for a tiny slit of black. Of course, it's only on a sunshiny day when there's plenty of light that you could use Billy Bink's eyes for a clock," finished Uncle Noel, laughing.

"Billy Binks doesn't like building castles on the sand, and wouldn't stay," insisted Belinda. "So I think, Betty, we'll have to remember about uncle's story by watching the sun instead; and, when it gets up high, high in the sky, we'll know it's time to come home to dinner."

So, after uncle's story about the "Cat Clock," Betty and Belinda thought of something else besides sand castles and spades and pails—it was the big, round, yellow sunball up in the blue sky. And they were always home in time for dinner.—*H. Margaret Fairlie, in the Sunbeam.*

Jamie's mother was reading a story to him. "And so Tommy went out to the moor," she read. "What is the moor, Jamie?" asked mamma. "A moo-er!" answered Jamie, thoughtfully: "why, I should s'pose it was a cow!"—*Youth's Companion.*

When little Philip and his mother took a trip to the mountains, the car was so crowded that there were only two vacant seats facing each other. She placed Philip on one seat and sat down opposite, saying, "Mamma will ride backward, as it does not make her sick." Philip immediately began to cry, and the mother, much alarmed, asked if he were sick. "No," sobbed Philip, "but I don't want you to go backward, mamma: I want to go to the same place that you go."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

PRESIDENT, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
SECRETARY, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
AGENT, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blanc, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY.
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Unitarianism in Canada.

BY W. COPELAND BOWIE.

IV.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

This is the great central city of Canada—the Chicago of Western Canada, it is sometimes called. It has grown in area and population with extraordinary rapidity. Winnipeg is the gateway inwards of the farmer, the gateway outwards of the product of his labors. Its industrial and financial importance in Canada can hardly be exaggerated. In 1871 the population was 241; in 1913, 200,000. Here, if anywhere in the Dominion, there should exist a strong and active Unitarian church. The movement has had its ups and downs; and the weakness of some of our missionary methods has been revealed. The American Unitarian Association recently rendered great and genuine services to Winnipeg. It placed Rev. Horace Westwood in charge of the movement, and contributed so handsomely to the building fund that a beautiful and well-planned church has been erected within a year of his settlement as minister. There is still a debt on the building which some English Unitarians may like to assist in clearing off.

The dedication services were held on Sunday, October 19. There were nearly 200 present at the morning service, upwards of 150 in the evening. A more attentive and earnest congregation no one could have wished to address: the devotional services were marked by a quiet reverence. The members of the congregation, in public and in private, spoke in the warmest terms of Mr. Westwood's ministry; and he seemed to me admirably fitted for the position which he occupies. I visited the Sunday-school and gave a brief address to the scholars and the teachers: Mr. E. T. Steinthal (son of the late revered minister of Cross Street Chapel, Manchester) is superintendent. Now that there is a hall and class-rooms, the Sunday-school is sure to grow. I may add that by using a carriage I was enabled to visit the Icelandic Unitarian church in Winnipeg before the conclusion of the Sunday evening service, and there also to deliver a short address. On Monday evening a Thanksgiving supper in the church hall was largely attended. It was delightful to hear the officers and several members of the congregation speak of the interest and value of Unitarianism to their thought and life.

In the afternoon of October 20 a meeting of representatives was held, when it was decided to form a Canadian Unitarian conference or society for the diffusion and support of the principles of Unitarian Christianity throughout the Dominion. The formation of such an organization has been spoken of for some time past, and I believe it will in time prove of great service in Canada. Dr. Hersey (of Montreal) was elected president, Mr. W. P. Hinton (formerly of Ottawa), chairman of Committee; Mr. E. J. Ransom, treasurer; and Rev. Horace Westwood, secretary.

I was the guest on Saturday, October 18, of the Women's Canadian Club at a specially arranged luncheon, attended by three or four hundred of the leading women in Winnipeg, when I gave an address on "Educational and Social Work in London." It was one of the most interesting and striking meetings I have ever attended, and I was glad of the opportunity given me of speaking to such a fine gathering of Canadian women.

The newspapers gave excellent reports of the Unitarian services, as well as of the women's meeting. Some observations about compulsory education led to a controversy between the opposing newspapers, both of whom claimed me as a supporter! I had to disavow any desire to advise or criticise the people of the Province of Manitoba: they could draw their own inferences, and apply them as they considered wise and right.

REVIEW OF THE SITUATION.

Reviewing the whole situation, it seems to me that the Unitarian movement in Western Canada is one of large opportunity and great promise, but as yet of comparatively small fulfilment. The seed-sowing done by the Rev. F. W. Pratt has been in many ways admirable. No one, I imagine, could have worked with a more wholehearted conviction of the importance and worth of our Unitarian principles and faith than he has displayed. But there are too many loose ends to the strings that hold the Unitarian movement together in several places in Western Canada. With the possible exception of Calgary and Winnipeg the foundations are not yet very firmly laid.

Concentration and consolidation are required all along the line. If a settled minister were placed at Victoria, Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, and Winnipeg, later on perhaps also at Saskatoon, each minister being required, as a condition of receiving a grant, to engage in a certain amount of Unitarian missionary work in the district within a reasonable distance of the city in which he lived, there would soon, I believe, be signs of permanent progress in Western Canada. The newly-formed Conference of Unitarian Churches in Canada may gradually be in a position to render helpful counsel in opening up new centres, and in encouraging and strengthening existing movements.

As I travelled from place to place in Western Canada, I gradually became convinced that, if half a dozen able, zealous, sensible Unitarian ministers, not too old to learn, would go out to Western Canada in the spirit of apostles and pioneers, they would succeed, *with hard work*, in establishing self-supporting congregations in the course of a very few years. Are there no young men in the Unitarian ministry with the adventurous spirit of the pioneer ready to offer themselves for service in Western Canada, prepared to take the risks which the farmer and the ordinary man of business are compelled to take when they resolve to settle in a new country?

The pressing need of the movement is, therefore, the discovery of half a dozen earnest, capable ministers, prepared to go out to the West in the spirit of pioneers in the new communities that are growing up so rapidly. A suggestion made by Mr. Pratt is worthy of consideration; namely, that, as an experiment, a few of the leading Unitarian congregations might try to discover a young man prepared to offer himself for the missionary field, and provide him with the necessary training and equipment.

The Land without a Sky.

BY A COLONIST.

The other night I climbed the little hill behind the Canadian town in which I live. Few of the townspeople climb it: they walk the streets, and haunt the picture shows, and throng to see the games, but they do not climb the hill. I stood on the summit and looked around me with a lifting and exaltation of the heart. The air I breathed was pure and fresh and life-giving. I looked to the south over the smoke of factories, and I saw the sea, blue and calm, and the islands in it. I saw the curving of the shore and the tortuous inlets by which rivers at their mouths opened a passage for the tide, and above all was spread the vault of sky. The sun had set, not even a wisp of cloud was in the heavens; but to the north, just above where it had set, there glowed a splendid light, that began as primrose, slowly turned to lemon, then darkened into orange. It breathed a spirit of loveliness and peace ineffable. I thanked God for the sky.

Then I thought on the people below me, the same people that have taken possession of this land of noble distances, and are, day by day, with infinite toil, conquering it for the use of man. They have many gifts, many virtues. They are the strenuous sons of strenuous sires. They labor much, and they love, and they are kind, and yet in some ways they are strangely lacking. I realized wherein they were deficient: as I thought upon them, it came to me that they had no sky. From the Pacific to the last cape upon which the restless Atlantic beats they live under the mighty arch of it; some, nay, many of them, behold with joy the heavens and the stars; but I was thinking of their souls. These live in a land which has no sky. I do not speak of all, but I do speak of the mass, the multitude of the dwellers in this land. Their eyes are bent upon the ground, lest by chance they should miss any outcrop of gold. They are worshippers of material power, vainglorious admirers and supporters of a swollen imperialism. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches have entangled and destroyed their souls. Of anything that is signified by the ideal that is inward and holy and simple they have yet to learn.

They have few avenues of escape out of their daily round of life. Here and there some few faithful souls have found the charm and mystery and enlargement of music; but for the most part the churches, which ought to be the ministers of music to their souls, drug and debase them with anthems of a weak and cloying sweetness. In most of the church choirs vulgarity sits enthroned. There is no painting: there is no architecture. Here and there an art gallery makes its appearance: here and there a fine church lifts its head. But I feel that so far art, with its shy sweetness and ineffable charm, has never come to them to bless their souls. Here and there a note of poetry is heard, like the first prelusive pipings of the bird of dawn; but for the most part there are no songs save ragtime inanities. The great

escape of the soul into the world of spirit, into the spaces of the sky, comes to men from religion; and religion has this gift, that, unlike culture, it touches the poorest and meanest, and teaches the common man the infinite possibilities of this our little life.

Religion has been dragged down and coarsened by the materialistic and commercial spirit of the people. They have not really begun to think about the meaning of the faith which has been handed down to them: they believe what their fathers believed and as their fathers believed. There is no poignant experience behind their faith. In religion they pay a perfunctory tribute to the unseen and a careless homage to the past: they have not seen God face to face, nor trembled at his awful majesty. Mysticism is utterly alien to this spirit. There are some who have sought escape from the deadly dulness of their religion by seeking in strange and corybantic practices an outlet for the fire that is in their souls. The air of the prairie is electric, and wears the nerves and stirs the spirit with strange desires; and some of the dwellers on these monotonous plains have said, "Let us seek escape in religious excitement." So they gather in little meetings, and work themselves into a perfect delirium of emotion, that in spiritual intoxication they may perchance find that lost country where they shall see the sky again.

Is there no hope? Surely, for the sky is there always. It may be that the hard task entrusted to them of subduing the earth for the use of those who shall come after, the task that has hardened so many faces and written on them so many wrinkles, has made it necessary for them to concentrate on this material side of things, and to forget that above them are spread the eternal heavens. It may be that they are being sacrificed for the sake of posterity, brave and unconscious martyrs who are giving themselves for the good of the race. I like to think of them so, for I respect and admire and love them. But I can see dark days are at hand. For presently they will begin to think and wonder and question: they will lift puzzled and wistful eyes to see if the heaven is still spread above them, and if there are in it illimitable depths which mock the measuring rods of reason and tradition. Then the house which they have builded for their spirits will come tumbling in ruins about their heads. There will be confusion and shaking and apparent ruin; but in the end the vital faith which is beneath all these rendings will come forth naked to the free winds, and the soul of man will again behold the stars.—*The Christian Commonwealth.*

The Second Generation.

Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones has been conducting an Immigration Class at Lincoln Centre, Chicago. The following report, taken from *Unity*, gives a good idea of the way the study has been carried on, and indicates some of the conclusions that have been reached:—

The Lithuanians had a most intelligent and scholarly interpreter in the person of a practicing physician in one of the oldest Lithuanian colonies in the city of Chicago. When he arrived in Chicago twenty years ago, there were three hundred Lithuanians awaiting him there. Now the population number seventy-five thousand. This man has witnessed the growth and shepherded the better life of these people, and is now able to interpret them in terms of American sociology.

This was but a sample evening. The Scandinavian, the German, the Bohemian, the Pole, the Russian Jew, and the Armenian have been interpreted in like manner, by competent representatives, from the inside; and without collusion, or any acquaintance the one with the other, they have told the same pathetic, incriminating, but at the same time heroic, triumphant, and thrilling, story. All of them testified from the best of first-hand information to the essential integrity of these immigrants. They were honest, ready to work, and had a capacity to endure, and in the vast majority of cases possessed spiritual resources that enabled them to rise through all difficulties and defeats into self-respecting, self-supporting American citizens. Such is the fundamental character of the immigrants, and, in spite of their exploitation at every step of their American experience, these new-comers have, in the main, preserved their integrity. These speakers testified to what they had seen and much of what they had endured, through the exploitations of expressmen, hotel men, real-estate men, saloon men, and, too often, employers of labor; and still these new-comers have made good, proving themselves to be an indispensable and invaluable asset of the growing city of Chicago, as they have been of the growing country of the United States. Without their labor many of the wheels of industry would become still, and the ore would remain undug, or, if digged, would remain unworked.

With strange unanimity the spokesmen of these nations confessed that the immigrant problem becomes acute in the second generation. The American born children of these immigrants are the ones that appear in the police courts, that perplex the protective agencies, and oftentimes render life and property unsafe. The causes are not far to seek. They fall promptly under a few well-defined groups of influences and tendencies.

The first of these influences, paradoxical as it may seem, seems to be incident to the public school system of America. Not that education hurts the child of the immigrant any more than it hurts any child, but in the public schools a chasm is dug between parent and child. The little learning in English leads them to distrust the intelligence of their parents, to be ashamed of their mother tongue, to regret, and oftentimes to rebel against, parental authority.

Second, the contact of the child with the more extravagant native-born child awakens in the second generation an ambition that exceeds the earning power; an impatience with their condition that breeds, first, discontent, then pretension, and these ripen into extravagance and defiance.

In the third place, by common consent, and with an array of facts and figures as overwhelming as they are convincing, all these witnesses testified to the corrupting power of the American saloon, where indolence waits upon dissipation and loafing ripens into crime. All these witnesses were near enough to the habits of their fellow country-men, both at home and in America, to enable them to understand sympathetically the good side if there is any, to the European beer and wine sipping; but they are all agreed that the simple home indulgence of the European peasants has little or nothing in common with the vulgar, coarse, vicious atmosphere of the American saloon, which, first, last, and all the time, works in all these communities to the brutalizing or stolidifying of the first generation and the criminalizing of the second.

These studies at the Lincoln Centre have done much to dissipate the prevalent assumption that, while the inhabitants of Northern and Western Europe have been and may still be desirable, the hordes from Eastern and Southern Europe are to be distrusted, and, if possible, be kept out. This superstition vanishes on closer examination. That the East European is generations behind the West European in culture and civic development goes without the saying, but that these unfortunate children of more recent despotism are incapable of culture, insensible to democratic ideals, and unresponsive to the influences that make for citizenship is a proposition not sustained by the facts. When we get close up to these East-European people and find them in their homes, and note their energetic struggle for their children, their high ambitions for the same, we are rebuked; and, when we analyze and catalogue the influences with which the American born, the "favored free citizens," surround these toilers, we can but feel a sense of humiliation over the misapplication of patriotism, the short-sighted statesmanship that is oblivious to the degrading forces fostered and protected by American institutions, and as oblivious to the upward push, the climbing possibilities, of these children of the East.

San Francisco Letter.

Unitarianism of the narrow sort, morbidly self-conscious, a little superior, exceedingly sensitive, with a suggestion of cold storage, and over-loaded with traditional respectability and timidity, is quite out of fashion in the far West. Our early childhood was, no doubt, prim and proper; but, when Starr King left the Hollis Street Church and became a Californian, he interpreted the Unitarian position broadly and gave it an enviable standing which it has never forfeited. No one need apologize in San Francisco for being a Unitarian. The church that gathered around King has held a steady course ever since. During the long term of ministry of Horatio Stebbins, it lost some-what in volume, but it grew in solidity. When Bradford Leavitt came, it held its own till the great disaster scattered it, apparently beyond recall. His work in gathering the fragments and restoring the church was almost equivalent to building anew, and deserves appreciative remembrance. When he felt he must give up a calling in which he had few compeers, it was a time of stress for the church. Much depended on the man who should succeed him. Those in authority deplored competitive try-outs for such a position as the leadership of the church, and quietly presented inquiries until they felt justified in inviting Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton of Brooklyn to occupy the vacant pulpit for a few weeks. The first sermon greatly impressed his hearers. The second satisfied them that he was just the kind of preacher they would be glad to hear right along. He

was called. He came, and he is working with tremendous energy in building up the church. He is unsparing on himself, and so no one is in position to resent any appeals for service. He has a class of young people in the Sunday-school which meets before church. He comes fresh and smiling to a vigorous sermon that would daunt an ordinary man, and then insists, against all precedent, on preaching in the evening.

He is equipped at every point, and his sermons are stimulating and helpful. He is little interested in denominationalism as an end, but the vital questions of life he attacks with vigor and firmness. He thinks straight and keenly, and in the art of expression is a master. It is a constant delight to hear him if one has any interest in the things of the spirit. He is not easy to follow if one's mind is engrossed on other things, and he is not attractive to the large class that crave something succinct and half humorous. He is in dead earnest. He is in no sense sensational, nor is he of the cheaply diplomatic type of pulpit orators who seem satisfied to say next to nothing in flippant familiarity, and have no higher purpose than to send home a large number of complacent hearers who think they have enjoyed hearing a "good short sermon." He is distinctively a preacher, with leanings toward prophecy. He is somewhat stirring and inclined to militancy. If one is in need of comfort and any form of coddling, he would better go elsewhere. It is no easy gospel that he preaches, and he is not especially patient. He is deeply grounded in fundamental democracy and doesn't mince matters when he refers to the scribes and the Pharisees. The encouraging thing is that such strenuous preaching, such positive conceptions, such clarion calls to service, are drawing in people of like fibre, and the congregations show marked increase.

With characteristic vigor he passes from pulpit to vestibule, and greets all who care to meet him with a cordial smile and a hearty hand-grasp. There is manifest rise of temperature in the social atmosphere, and a friendliness and interest somewhat rare in metropolitan churches. Everywhere increased life is observable. The Sunday-school has grown in size and is full of spirit. The Starr King Club has revived and is making a place for itself. The Men's Club is more vigorous. The two women's organizations were very strong and efficient before.

The crowning evidence of renewed life was furnished by the Church Supper on February 2, preceding the annual meeting Soon after Mr. Leavitt came we had a fine gathering of like nature, and a few years later we repeated the experiment, but since then we have omitted the social gathering, leaving it to a few of the faithful to do the needful in disposing of the business, so that the important annual meeting has been a somewhat perfunctory affair. This year Mr. Dutton made a strong plea for a church supper, and with some doubt the invitations were sent out. Over three hundred accepted, and donations of food and contributions of money met the full requirements of the occasion. Our capable women planned it well, and the dinner and the service by our own young people was all that could be desired. It was a tremendous success, and brought together the old and the new in a very delightful manner.

The annual reports were all encouraging and interesting. They were brief and eloquent of good accomplished. The monotony of an uncontested election was varied by a contest over the one position on the Board held by a woman. The trustees had named a woman to fill an unexpired term until the annual meeting, and her election was recommended. Some one from the floor nominated another woman, equally acceptable, and a spirited balloting was made necessary, the regular candidate winning by the close majority of five votes. Mr. Dutton spoke well, the whole congregation seemed to be full of hope and good cheer, and all were greatly pleased at the revival of the pleasant custom of really getting together at the annual meeting.

Charles A. Murdock.

New York Letter.

To New Yorkers it is a strange sight to see Dr. Slicer sitting, unheard, in his own pulpit; but even that is a big stride in the right direction, and the past record of the minister of All Souls' speaks for him always, and always will while humanity in our great city cries out for aid and sympathy. Dr. Slicer was very wise and discriminating in social service, and many of the methods followed to-day are those which he suggested or approved. Mr. Sullivan preaches regularly, and the work of the parish goes on without interruption.

The Third Church of Brooklyn (Mr. Brundage's) held its annual dinner January 15, and the Men's Club united with the Women's Alliance to make this affair a great success. Mr. Brundage's sermon topics for January were: "The Promise of 1914," "What is Man that thou art mindful of him?" "But with me it is a very Small Thing," "Thy Comforts delight my Soul." The Sunday-school of this church is very successful, and the young people's Bible Class numbers 28. On January 21 the Unity Child Welfare Committee held a meeting, at which Dr. Anna M. Richardson spoke on "Prevention of Infant Mortality." She was followed by Rev. Walter M. Howlett, assistant secretary of the Brooklyn Children's Aid Society, and Dr. Charles Brodie Patterson.

Unity Church of Montclair, N.J., presented a most attractive programme, through its Forum for January. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, on January 4, spoke on "The Inside Facts of the Campaign for Pure Food and Pure Drugs"; January 11, Mr. Louis F. Post gave an address on "Industrial Democracy;" January 18, Hon. Frank I. Cohen of Glasgow, Scotland, had for his subject "If Glasgow ran American Cities"; January 25, Gutzon Borghem's topic was "Insurgency in Art"; and February 1, Charles Rann Kennedy spoke on "Plays and the Public." Announcement for future meetings include Mary Antin, on "The Whole Gospel of Immigration"; Benedict J. Greenhut of the big New York firms and Miss Leonora O'Reilly and Prof. John B. Clark, on "The Minimum Wage," giving thus the point of view of the employer, the employee, and the political economist; J. A. MacDonald of Toronto, Canada, on "George Washington and Anglo-Saxon Unity"; Earl Barnes of Philadelphia, on "Property and its Just Distribution"; Thomas Mott Osborne of Auburn, N.Y., on "Our Prison System; What it is, and What it Ought to Be"; Mrs. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, on "The Feminist Movement in the Drama"; Anthony Comstock, on "The Youth of the Nation and the Foes to Moral Purity"; and Mr. George McAneny, on "The Government of Cities."

This splendid work of the Montclair society does for the Jersey town what the People's Institute does for Manhattan borough and the Brooklyn Institute does for Brooklyn. The Forum is non-sectarian. Its basis is entirely different and independent from the church membership. The finances are entirely separate, but the meetings are held, for the present, in the church building.

Mr. Wiers's sermon topics are as follows: "In the Morning, Mountains; in the Evening, Fountains," "The Philosophy of Handicap," "Religionizing Democracy," "Other Faiths than Ours," "Democratizing Religion."

On Sunday, January 11, the class on "Eugenics and Methods of Teaching Sex Hygiene" was started, and it is hoped it will succeed. The Montclair public school has forbidden the teaching of this subject.

The proper methods surely should be sought and found, but in the mean time the need of the work should rouse every father and mother to action. "The teaching at the mother's knee" is a beautiful and sentimental ideal, but the fact is obvious that mothers, from ignorance or indifference, have not done their duty, and the individual need of the child, as well as the state of public morals, demands reform. The school and home, working together, may in time secure something like a proper condition of intelligent and pure childhood.

In front of the church in Montclair, so placed that he—even if he be running for a train—may read, is a board bearing attractive mottoes. The following are some already chosen: "In life's small things be resolute and great," "The honor of courage is in combat, not success," "The world is just as one's heart makes it," "Sanctified common sense is the force which counts," "Do noble things, not dream them." There are so many interesting things to tell of this society that an entire letter might be devoted to it. This last item may be illuminating as a side light upon woman's importance in the church. In December there were three pleasant Sundays (one very cold) and one stormy Sunday. The attendance was as follows: December 7, rain; men 45; women, 72. December 14, clear; men, 60; women, 127. December 21, clear; men, 92; women, 143. December 28, clear; men, 49; women, 92.

The Flatbush church celebrated the seventh year of Mr. Harvey's pastorate, January 11. This was a most enjoyable occasion and well attended. The Sunday-school of this church has engaged Mr. Arthur E. Oates, a student of Union Theological Seminary, as director of the Boys' Club, held on Saturday afternoons.

On Presidents' Day, at the Church of the Messiah, a delightful affair was held from 3–5 on January 26.

The Second Church of Brooklyn has not called a minister as yet, but every Sunday good sermons are preached and the activities of the church go on as usual. At the recent parish dinner, given early in January, more were present than last year; and it was found,

by reports, that the finances of the society were in a better condition.

At the First Church, Brooklyn (Mr. Lathrop's), a course of fifteen lectures, by Mrs. Simkovitch of Greenwich House Settlement, is announced. The subject is "Social Progress in Cities." Five dollars is the cost for the entire course.

The New York Unitarian Club held a meeting at the Hotel Manhattan January 22, with Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., as speaker on the subject, "The Way to Industrial Unity: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self."

The New York League of Unitarian Women hold their next meeting in Mr. Lathrop's church. Attention to young people will be given at this session: "The Boy Scouts of America," with James E. West as speaker; "Public School Athletic League," Miss Elizabeth Burchenal, speaker; "Camp-fire Girls," Miss Grace E. Parker, speaker.

H. T. C.

Negro Progress in Virginia.

The negro race in Virginia is going forward, in my opinion, in all the fundamental and substantial things of life, faster than the negro himself realizes, and faster than his white neighbor realizes. This progress which Virginia negroes are now experiencing is owing to two causes.

First, they have been fortunate for a number of years in having governors with foresight, vision, liberality, and courage, and in having superintendents of education and other State officials who have considered the interests, prosperity, and progress of all the people, regardless of race or color; and I have always noticed that the character of the colored race in any community or State is patterned very largely after the character of the white people in that community or State.

The second reason why the negroes of Virginia have made, and are making, such great strides grows out of the fact that they are blessed with the leadership and guidance of such level-headed, conservative, safe, unselfish, and able colored men as Major R. R. Moton, the leader in the Negro Organization Society, and dozens of others I could mention. This society has for its object the unifying and focussing of all the organizations among our people in Virginia on certain fundamentals of life, such as education, health, and cleanliness. It is not the purpose of this society to seek to interfere with the special work and purpose of any of the individual organizations represented, but to co-operate with them so as to promote education in its broadest sense, without which there can be no permanent prosperity.—*Booker T. Washington, in the Southern Workman.*

The Intra-Mural School of Baltimore Penitentiary.

The work now being done in the Intra-Mural School of the Maryland Penitentiary is something so well worth while, so fraught with possibilities for the good of mankind generally, and yet so simple and everywhere available, that everybody interested in the improvement of prison conditions should know about it.

A humane warden appears to have changed the atmosphere of the great prison. Beginning in a massed accumulation of 33 per cent. illiteracy, the Intra-Mural School has changed the tone of the place from despair to hope, and the series of articles now appearing in the Baltimore *News* give most interesting details of the process and facsimile "exhibits" of work done. It teaches the things men and women need to know. The truck driver is taught, in an actual truck-driver's booth from addresses written in many and inexperienced hands, to read and write the sort of English that will help him.

There are teachers enough among the prisoners to give individual instruction as far as individual needs make it necessary, and thus a large percentage of the prison population is either helping its fellows or being helped by them, often enjoying both experiences at the same time.

The New York *Evening Post*, commenting on this school, says:—

"What impresses one in such results, as in the general work of the school, is not so much the development of the prisoners as the skill of the teachers. There is a moral here for everybody who longs to improve conditions in any direction. Pious wishes are absurdly inadequate to any real task. They may be the prerequisite of reform, but they wait upon intelligence and energy. In our political system there is often no serious effort to get the right men, and with the best of will they are difficult to find and to enlist. Those who are stirred by the need of doing something meanwhile grow impatient, and cry out against a civilization which allows evils to go unremedied. They fail to realize that the securing of the necessary means is as indispensable as the desire to cure, and may be longer in coming."

The Tuckerman School.

Mrs. Ella Lyman Cabot, in her lecture on "Ethical Training in the Home," emphasized, in her introduction, the change in the point of view regarding such training. "'Whipping a Child into Shape,' which was once a not uncommon practice, has been replaced by the training which allows a child to develop and grow to be a reasonable person, a comfortable member of the family, and a helpful member of the community. To do things because they are known to be right rather than to be enforced to do from the coercion of another is to aid in upbuilding character, and it is toward such development that all ethical training aims. Starting children in good habits is possible in earliest infancy, and the mother's wisdom and firmness in their acquirement are in large demand. The vacillating mother or teacher makes domineering children, and all children like to experiment in tyranny. Habits of obedience to ordinary every-day requirements are among the first to receive attention. These not only develop character, but make for the serenity of a child, and in these days of confusion the serene mind is a great asset. Because we live so close together it is socially inconvenient to permit conduct that will discommode others, but we must look at faults from a large point of view, and keep small faults small. Give responsibility to correct faults rather than complain about them. To anticipate trouble on its way and forestall it so that it never arrives is what the mother does who provides special occupations for rainy days or for railroad journeys or for time spent by the mother with guests. When faults of conduct occur, instant repentance is not always to be expected. Indeed, it takes time with some children for directions to sink in and take root. We talk much of temptations to wrong-doing. It were better to think more of temptations to right-doing and to release goodness rather than so often to attack faults."

Throughout this interesting lecture concrete examples were given of actual experiences in ethical training. In the discussion questions were answered and suggestions

Deaths.

MRS. ANNIE EVANS WHITE.

Mrs. Annie Evans White, wife of Mr. Joseph N. White of Marchmont, Winchendon, Mass., died at her home, on Sunday, February 8, after an illness of but a few hours' duration. The loss to our Church of the Unity is immeasurably great, and the entire community is in sorrow. Mrs. White was the centre and inspiration of a gracious and benign home-life, which radiated far and beneficently. Possessed of a naturally sunny and optimistic spirit, she grew into all those graces that influence most helpfully the social life. In the church she was a leader and a tireless worker, always ready, without hesitation from selfish considerations, to perform her part. And her work was always well done, with tactful patience and appreciative thought of others, and their personal convictions. Her religious attitude of mind was deeply devotional, yet sane and rational. She preferred to register her convictions, not in a formulated creed, but in character and deeds. She met all people,—rich and poor, lettered and unlearned,—with sincere and changeless courtesy and sympathy. The young and the old were alike glad of her presence, with its unfailing cheer. Three daughters and two sons now grown to mature years, own the wise and loving guidance of this mother's heart and hand; and the husband, so sorely bereaved, knows that she was the home-maker, from whom proceeded all those gracious amenities that made Marchmont an ideal home. Within the church, which she deeply honored and loved, her memory will abide as a constant inspiration to duty and devotion.

A. P.

Fifty-Fifth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 73-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address—"Undertaker Boston."

EUROPE POPULAR SUMMER TOUR $400.00
Italy to Scotland. University men, leader.
THE SHELTON PARTIES
Box A - 294 Washington Street, - Boston, Mass.

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1803. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

given by Mrs. Cabot that were much appreciated.

The intense cold kept many away; but all in attendance were fully repaid, even those who came from places an hour or more away.

On Thursday, February 26, at ten o'clock, Miss Jane R. McCrady will speak on "The School Visitor," and friends are invited to hear her. There will be no session on Saturday, February 21.

American Unitarian Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Board of Directors held their regular monthly meeting at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1914, at 2 P.M. Present, Messrs. Brown, Dole, Eliot, Fox, Frothingham, Homer, Howe, Little, Long, Richardson, Robinson, Williams, Wilson, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Dinsmore, Mrs. Keyes, Mrs. Lombard.

The records of the last meeting were read, and the treasurer presented the following statement for January, 1914:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1914	$39,714.52
From donations	2,866.34
Bequest of Miss Harriet Otis Cruft of Boston, Mass., to create the Harriet Otis Cruft Fund	50,000.00
Bequest of George O. Wales of Braintree, Mass., to create the George O. Wales Fund	20,000.00
Bequest of Mrs. Sarah P. Sears of Boston, Mass., to create the Sarah P. Sears Fund	5,000.00
Gift of Miss Elisa Philbrick of Salem, Mass., to create the Helen Philbrick Fund	500.00
Interest	9.15
Income of invested funds	8,468.93
Foreign Relations, gifts	558.80
Reimbursements for advances on Unitarian Building Account	6.69
Investments, received for reinvestment	12,008.86
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, repaid on loans	2,625.00
Church Building Loan Fund, interest	68.58
Unitarian Service Pension Society, interest	7.75
Income Smith Education and Thomas Funds added to principals as required by trusts	418.57
	$132,253.19

PAYMENTS.

For missionary purposes (societies, etc.)	$9,243.16
Salaries and other missionary expenses	2,095.10
Expenses of Unitarian Building	484.77
Payments on account of sundry trust funds	8,051.68
Investments	84,315.07
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, loan	1,500.00
Church Building Loan Fund, sundries	1.48
Unitarian Service Pension Society, pensions	2,807.04
Publication Department	1,300.00
Cash on hand Feb. 1, 1914	22,453.00
	$132,253.19

Notice being given of the death of Mr. Calvin M. Woodward of St. Louis, a director of the Association, the following resolution was adopted:—

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association learn with deep regret of the decease of their fellow-member, Prof. Calvin M. Woodward of St Louis, Mo. Prof. Woodward was a loyal and interested Unitarian, constant in his attendance upon and support of the Church of the Unity in his own city, and never failing in his devotion to our denominational welfare. Although not able frequently to attend the meetings of the Board, his character and his reputation as a public-spirited citizen and educational idealist deepened the confidence and incited the zeal of his associates.

The Committee on Church Building Loan Fund reported the following vote, made since the last meeting of the Board:—

Montclair, N.J.	$1,500.00

Upon report of the Finance Committee it was

Voted, To transfer $500 from the Reserve Fund to the Church Investment Fund, and to appropriate the same for increase of investments in the Butte, Mont., church property.

Voted, To appoint as auditors for the present year Charles A. Royce and William Morse Cole.

The Publication Committee reported the following votes, which were adopted:—

Voted, To appropriate a sum not to exceed $80 for the reprint in pamphlet form of certain addresses delivered at the Missionary Conference as edited by Dr. Wendte.

Voted, To publish as tract No. 7 in the German Series a translation of "Twentieth Century Christianity" by Charles W. Eliot.

Voted, That the Committee on the Hymn Book have the authority to incur any expense for copyrights necessary to make possible the sale of the new Hymn and Tune Book in British Dominions.

Voted, To accept with the thanks of the Board the offer of Mr. Dole of the plates and rights to the following books: "The Spirit of Democracy," "The Religion of a Gentleman," "The Theology of Civilization."

A communication from President Southworth was read and it was

Voted, To distribute one-half of the income of the Brookes Fund among the following students of the Meadville Theological School: A. G. Singam, W. A. Smith, J. G. Garrison, R. S. Rao.

Voted, That, if the income of the Billings Lectureship Fund be sufficient to appoint as lecturers Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, to visit the Western College town churches, and Rev. George L. Chaney, in Florida.

A communication from the minister at Rockland, Mass., was referred to the Committee on Church Building Loan Fund.

A communication was read from Rev. B. Fay Mills, offering his services under certain conditions as lecturer for the Association, and it was

Voted, That the Board is not prepared to enter into the proposed arrangement.

Plans for the development of the church property at Holyoke were presented to the Board and referred to the Committee on Church Investment.

After hearing from Mr. Lawrance his plan for Summer Institutes it was

Voted, To encourage Mr. Lawrance to believe that $500 will be available for the Institutes which he desires to hold during the coming summer.

The meeting adjourned at 3.40 P.M.

LEWIS G. WILSON,
Secretary.

The Alliance.

The Executive Board held its regular meeting on February 13. Mrs. Guild and students from the Tuckerman School were present, that these future parish workers might learn more in detail what are the aims and methods of the Alliance.

The Post-office Mission Committee called attention to the Unitarian temperance tracts that may well be used more generally. The co-operation of ministers, field agents, and conference secretaries, and of all workers, is solicited to extend more effectively to isolated correspondents the notice of conferences, visiting lecturers, and special meetings, that such individuals might be able to attend if duly informed.

The Cheerful Letter Committee reported a most enthusiastic meeting on February 6, with forty-five chairmen of local committees present. Twenty libraries have been sent out or transferred during the last four months. The leaflet containing devotional services for Alliance meetings and a few selected hymns is about to be mailed, one copy to each branch, with information as to how a branch may secure further copies for distribution among its members.

An appeal is recommended to the branches for $200, to aid Sig. Gaetano Conte's work in Italy. There seems to be at this time an unusual opportunity to further the cause of liberal religion in Italy.

The board heartily endorses an appeal for $500 for furnishings in the new church at Atlanta, Ga. It will be remembered that this society was founded by Rev. George L. Chaney. After an honorable record of thirty years, the people are building a church and parish house that will bring larger opportunities for service in this important Southern city.

The Southern Missionary Committee called attention to the numbers ministered to by the preachers in the Southern Circuits. With different groups each Sunday of the month, and an average hearing of from thirty to fifty people, as many different individuals are reached in the course of their monthly appointments as the majority of our large parishes afford.

Mr. Van Ness has recently visited Norton under the auspices of the committees on college centres of the Alliance and Association, preaching at the Unitarian church in the morning, and in the evening addressing the faculty and students of Wheaton College in the college chapel.

The following report was received, and its recommendations were unanimously adopted by those present: Inasmuch as the members of the Committee on the Junior Alliance feel strongly that there should be a close co-operation between the older and younger women of the Unitarian churches, and inasmuch as the method of co-operation varies greatly, as do conditions, in the different localities of a wide field, the committee recommends:

The continuing of Junior Alliances where they already exist;

The further organizing of them in branches where Junior Alliances seem to be the best link between the branch and its young people;

That the character and government of Junior Alliances be local and not national;

That their work and progress be reported to the Alliance through the branch to which they belong;

That in all cases the Junior Alliances acknowledge themselves a part of their parent branches.

The committee recognizes in the Camp-fire Girls an organization that appeals to younger girls as the Scout movement appeals to boys. A new lending paper on Camp-fire Girls has been added to the list, that branches may desire to borrow at this time.

Subscriptions are being received for the Fifield Memorial. The committee on Unity House, the proposed student house, gratefully accepts the suggestion of a Fifield Memorial room in the house.

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

Digitized by Google

The board recorded its sense of loss in the death of a director, Mrs. Joseph N. White of Winchendon, Mass. Mrs. White was deeply interested in the work of the Alliance and was in her girlhood in Cincinnati a member of the Sunday-school class of Miss Ellis, with whom the Post-office Mission had its beginning.

New branches have been formed at Carlisle and New Bedford, Mass., the latter in connection with Unity Home, a mission established by our New Bedford Church, and a branch at Hemet, California.

Reports of great interest were presented from Western Canada, the Pacific Coast, and New England except Massachusetts.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Pilgrim Federation Rally.

At the rally of the Pilgrim Federation, held at Unity Church, Brockton, Sunday evening, February 8, the pastor of the church, Rev. Dudley H. Ferrell, welcomed the various unions in behalf of the president, Mrs. Buckley, and introduced Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck. Rev. E. B. Maglathlin of West Bridgewater read the Scriptures, and Rev. L. A. Walker of Rockland offered the prayer. Excellent music was furnished by the quartette of Unity Church.

Prof. Starbuck spoke for about an hour, his subject being "The Religion of Young Manhood and Womanhood." A brief résumé follows:—

Childhood's path is plainly marked; but, as we come to young manhood and young womanhood, the way grows more difficult and the landmarks fade out, so that there is almost none to be seen anywhere. Every young man has to discover a new country for himself. Each individual differs from all others, and this distinctive characteristic nature is aching and longing to have born into the world. The life way of youth is a beautiful way, but many lose it and wander for a long time without finding that which nature is trying so hard to bring in to the world. The God life, as Paul said long ago, is travailing in agony to have its birth, and it is waiting to be born in you. The societies gathered represent, in many respects, the most important factor of the life of religion to-day. These societies ought to be missionary societies and gather in the young men and young women of the community, then so fill them with bounding life and enthusiasm that they will have a new birth of the sense of high things. Our forbears saw long ago what ought to be done, and they worked it out into a great doctrine. The only mistake they made was in trying to do a wholesale business; that is, in treating all alike. You and I are to find the young man and young woman who are taking life flippantly and bring them to the thoughts of righteousness and the new birth of spiritual things. The responsibility rests upon us; but what we sometimes do, I fear, is to say that it is none of our business, that they can just go on as they are going. No: we are still our brother's keeper, and it is our duty to bring these young men and young women into the church, and there give them a new sense of things.

There should be two births. The first is that delicious sense of fulness of life. The birth of the sense of beauty that is bound up in the plants, the animals, how it is that Nature this long time has been creating richer life. Birth number two is very different from the first one I have tried to describe. It is that birth into the higher truth that I myself am a part of all this. The bigger thing would express itself through you. Just as in playing a game, at first you are concerned only in mastering the game itself, and then the game plays itself through you. Our problem is to gather in those who have perhaps made a mistake and have not received the right word at the right time, to take them in and to help them to a new birth into the sense of things, and then keep at it until there is the second birth, and the enthusiasm that comes with it will take care of itself and trust in the life of God.

L. A. WALKER,
Secretary.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

Rev. George T. Ashley, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the Southern States, is hereby commended to our ministry and churches. Fellowship granted Feb. 12, 1914. John W. Rowlett, Clifton M. Gray, Alexander Bowser, Committee.

On Ash Wednesday, February 25, the noon-day service in King's Chapel will be conducted by the Rev. James De Normandie, D.D. There will be no service on Monday, February 23, that day being observed as a holiday. The other speakers for next week are as follows: Tuesday, February 24, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Second Unitarian Church, Brookline; Thursday, February 26, Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., Shepard Memorial Church, Cambridge; Friday, February 27, Dean L. J. Birney, Boston University School of Theology. At the musical service next Saturday noon Mr. Malcolm Lang, organist of the Chapel, will play, and Miss Marion L. Moorhouse, violoncellist, will play a solo.

Churches.

PEPPERELL, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. D. R. Child: On Tuesday evening, February 10, was held the annual parish supper in the vestry of the church. Tables were set for one hundred and twenty, and were beautifully decorated with the Alliance color, yellow, by the committee in charge. At each plate was a round yellow cardboard disk, bearing these words: "The First Parish Church is your Church: won't you give it your hearty interest and loyal support? It needs you." The guests were welcomed by the pastor, and after supper were addressed by Rev. A. W. Littlefield of Needham, on the outlook and duty of the liberal church at the present hour. He was followed by Mr. Child, who reminded the parish of various needs, material as well as spiritual, for their consideration during the coming year. He also suggested the forming of a Men's Club in the church. On the Sunday previous he had presented to his people an historical address, it being the one hundredth and sixty-seventh anniversary of the formation of the "First Church of Christ" on February 9, 1747, and therefore no special allusion was made to this fact. As the sleighing was fine and the moonlight brilliant, the evening, in spite of the extreme cold, was most thoroughly enjoyed by the large company, who were filled with renewed enthusiasm for the perpetuation of the First Parish in Pepperell.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, minister: The annual business meeting was held on the evening of February 3. This year the meeting was preceded by a supper at which 320 were present. Keen interest was shown in church matters. The reports of the various departments indicated healthy and vigorous growth, particularly the Sunday-school, which has increased 100 per cent. in the last five months. The morning congregations are good, and the evening services, begun November 1, promise well for the future.

WALTHAM, MASS.—First Parish Church, Rev. Joseph P. MacCarthy, Ph.D.: The February Calendar announces the February sermon topics as follows: "Dr. Eliot's 'New Religion,'" 'The New Paganism or the Old Paganism,' and 'Miracles, Ancient and Modern.'" On February 22 Rev. George Grover Mills of Watertown will preach in exchange with Dr. MacCarthy. At the regular monthly supper of the society Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs, field agent of the National League of Unitarian Layman, will speak. At the regular meeting of the Women's Alliance, February 17, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will speak on "Emerson and Some of the Shorter Poems." Dr. MacCarthy was the speaker for the annual Guest Day meeting of the East Lexington Women's Alliance on January 8. He gave an address for the Men's Club of Walpole, Mass., on January 11, and preached for the Immanuel Methodist Episcopal Church of Waltham on January 18. A reading from Browning's "The Ring and the Book" will be given on Thursday afternoon, February 26, by Mr. Watson, for the Browning-Emerson class. Miss Maud Banks, daughter of the late Gov. Banks, will speak on the "Arizona Indians, their Life and Customs," early in March for the benefit of the Fair fund.

Here and There.

The light-house reservations on the Great Lakes are able to grow all the white cedar needed for spar buoys in their district.

Formerly it was believed that fish could not hear, "since they had no ears"; but anatomists have proved that these creatures have, indeed, organs of hearing, though not external ones.

There are several bands of the Persian fat-tailed sheep on the national forests of Southern Utah The large fat tail sometimes weighs as much as forty pounds, and, like the hump on the camel, is a reserve supply of nourishment when food is lacking.

It has been said that there are altogether only twenty-nine jokes in the world, and that most of these can be found in the specimens of Roman humor which have been preserved for us by the satirists and wits of the classical and post-classical periods. How far this may be true is a question.

Pleasantries.

"If you suffer from chapped hands," said Mrs. Twickembury, "I can give you a very nice emolument."

Sunday-school Teacher: "'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' Who is 'thy neighbor'?" Little Girl: "Please, ma'am, the folks as borrows from us."—*Puck.*

"She's very timid, isn't she? She tells me that she never feels safe unless her door is locked." "Yes, and sometimes she's so nervous that she even bolts her food."

She: "What a wonderful thing is nature! How grand! How comprehensive!" He: "Yaas: even the smallest plant or the smallest insect has got a Latin name."—*Texas Siftings.*

Jones: "Say, Smith, what is the height of antiquarianism?" Smith: "Don't know: what is it?" Jones: "When a fellow goes out to Chestnut Hill to read 'Twice Told Tales.'"—*Beacon.*

"John," said a lady to her new coachman, as he was on his way to the polls to vote, "are you going to exercise the franchise to-day?" "Which of the horses is that, mum?" inquired John.

A real little Miss Twickembury, who lives in Providence, told her mother the other day that the teacher had said the children must be careful not to wet their feet, as there was considerable ammonia in the neighborhood.

History Professor: "The Americans are the reformers of the world. Now, can you even mention, my dear sir, any Englishman who endeavored to raise legislation to a higher plane?" Student: "Yes, sir: Guy Fawkes."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

She had sent off a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly, the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office; and she said to her companion, "That's from George, I know: I can tell his stutter."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A poem on courtship:—

Insp
Sel
Aff } ection.
Rej
Dej

—*Washington Post.*

One day John, aged three, came running to his mother in deep distress. Upon inquiry the mother learned the cause of his tears. "Muvver," wailed John, "Charles drew a picture of I got drowned, and he wouldn't draw a picture of he help me out!" *Judge.*

A newly rich woman in Chicago called on an acquaintance who had just returned from an exhibit of prints at the Field Institute, much impressed with what she had seen. "Have you seen the Japanese prints?" she asked of her caller. "No, I have not. Is he presentable? If he is, I must have him up to dinner."

A witty bishop crossed the Bay of Fundy, from Digby to St. John, in company with a certain Mr. Caswell, who was struggling with sea-sickness; but the bishop, who was above such weakness, was inclined to conversation. He had failed, however, to catch Mr. Caswell's name correctly, and persisted in calling him "Mr. Aswell." At last the sufferer, in a moment of ease, corrected him, saying: "*Caswell*, my lord: my name is *Caswell*, not *Aswell*." "Oh!" said the bishop, eying him critically. "Well, Mr. Caswell, don't you think you would be *Aswell* without the *sea*?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.

Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.

C. H. . . . SON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co.
By mail, 50 cents | 272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular seasons and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry P. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO. 272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON — 85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.

LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.

PRINTERS

272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL

West Newton, Mass.

Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.

MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.

A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farm of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School

FOR BOYS, Cambridge, Mass.

31st year Sept. 22, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys.

George H. Browne, A.M., } Principals.
Rev. Willard Reed, A.M., }

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.

Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.

Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.

Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 9 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 193
- Bags with Holes 194
- A Confession for the Unchurched 195

CURRENT TOPICS 196

BREVITIES 197

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- Exchange of Pulpits 198

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The Winter Sleep, by Augusta Larned 198
- Civilization, by Charles F. Dole, D.D. 199
- The Worth of an Experience 200
- The Religion of Youth, by Rev. Roderick Stebbins . . . 201
- The Third Beatitude as a Principle of Natural Selection, by Rev. George R. Dodson 202
- Comparisons, by Rev. Eliza M. H. Abbott 205
- Two Weeks in Calcutta, by Rev. J. T. Sunderland . . . 210
- A Mother; Meadville Theological School; The Macedonian Relief Fund 211
- Calvin Milton Woodward; Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper; Two Important Conferences in Boston; The Isles of Shoals Reunion 212
- The Tuckerman School 213

SPIRITUAL LIFE 205

LITERATURE.
- Books 206

THE HOME.
- The Twenty-second, by Lee Wyndham 208
- A Ride with Old Billy; Judge Not; When to Cry . . . 209

POETRY.
- Ode on a Lycian Tomb 198
- Romance 206
- Bubble-blowing 208
- Divine Discontent 210

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY
- Drink and Accidents 213

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- The Annual Meeting of the Religiou Education Association 214

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- South Worcester Federation 214

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 214

PLEASANTRIES 216

Editorial.

EVERY time Friday falls on the 13th of the month there are head-lines in newspapers owned and edited by intelligent and decently educated persons connecting this conjunction of dates with ill luck and misfortune. The reason for the practice does not clearly appear. It may be that in some cases the persons perpetrating these scare heads know no better and really think that disaster may be expected when Friday and the 13th come together. There are people of good abilities and even high standing in the business world, who are haunted by this ancient superstition; but it is fair to suppose that in most cases it is a mere journalistic trick to attract attention, or even a joke not supposed to be seriously taken by anybody. The truth is, however, that for many thousands of people who are educated enough to read the newspapers such paragraphs. are as seriously taken as an account of an earthquake or a blizzard in the West. The practice feeds on superstition, encourages it, and does more harm than thoughtless editors know. Many useless fears, anxieties, and regrets would be avoided if all such superstitions could be swept out of the popular mind. The harm they do is incalculable, and their effects are seen in all the most important concerns of the common life, especially in morals and religion, to the enrichment of the specious swindlers who make the public pay a heavy tax on its superstitions.

AT the funeral of Lord Strathcona, for whom burial in Westminster Abbey was offered and declined, a minister of the Church of Scotland, of which he was a member, made this significant statement: "Lord Strathcona was a loyal and generous son of the Church of Scotland; and almost with his last breath he told me—as he had often done before—how deep was his affection for her simple worship, and how he valued her ordinances most of all. But in saying this he added—and, speaking as one who was delivering a testimony, he bade me repeat it to others—that in his long life he had learned a great toleration, and had come to realize that God reveals himself to his faithful people by the lips of all the churches; for it had been his experience that he could receive benefit from them all; so that to him denominational distinctions, and even the distinction between Protestant and Roman, almost ceased to exist, in view of the great elemental truths which all, according to their ability, strove to represent; the 'good and Great Crea-

Digitized by Google

tor' could and would reveal Himself somehow to us through them all." The combination of loyalty with magnanimity and breadth is the rarest. In some people the need of it is from one side, in some from another. For liberals who think that breadth lies in no attachment and that loyalty is narrowness, this message is peculiarly pertinent. The ecclesiastical vagrants who attend almost anywhere, or nowhere, as they feel inclined, are often the first to claim the title liberal, the last to merit it.

There appeared last October, in the *American Historical Review*, an article entitled "The Influence of the Colonial Clergy and Pulpit on the Revolution." Vividly written and thoroughly trustworthy, it deserves the consideration of every clergyman in New England, who is proud to be a successor in the pulpit of Puritan divines. Tyler's "Library History of America" had a chapter on the subject that is perhaps known to many. This discussion is much more exhaustive and concrete. The vigor, eloquence, fearlessness of the clergy of that crisis are stirring to read of. Mr. Van Tyne plainly shows how they made vocal the intellectual dynamic of the Revolution. The fire and flame of this prophesying was equal to the fire and flame of their countrymen's cannons.

Mr. Balfour's Gifford lectures are being followed with such extraordinary interest that repeated reference to them must be in order. As his mode of attack promised, his subject is full of encouragement to the man who thinks, though not a philosopher. The view of common sense that external objects are not mental states, that they are independent of the person who perceives them, that "these objects affect us when we perceive them, and we do not affect them by perceiving them," is the foundation upon which the whole superstructure of science is built up. The effort of science, therefore, to get to the unperceivable, its picture of a real world more and more remote from the real world as we perceive it, and its separation between our sensations and perceptions and the outside causes producing them, lands it in a logical tangle. Mr. Balfour "thought the difficulty would be mitigated if we gave up our idea that we could get our notion of an independent external reality as a conclusion from immediate perception. We must start with external reality as an inevitable belief. We know that cause is there, and that it is independent of the receiver, and, if we are not to make nonsense of the whole process of learning by experience, we must begin with the assumption of an external material mechanism acting upon us, and try to find out how it acts."

The London *Spectator* discussing the merits of a theological career, in the terminology of a country where they take Orders! There is something highly significant about this departure on the part of a journal rigidly political in tone. The prospect "of instructing one's fellow-creatures in moral, philosophical, and religious truths" is not alluring to the writer of the editorial. The curate in England, he admits, has less time for leisurely enjoyment, less money, less dignity, and less honor than his compeers in, for instance, business. "No mention whatever is made of intellectual difficulties." It lately occurred to the writer, as he read the address of Sherman Whipple denouncing law and the lawyers, that the ministry is no longer the only profession constrained to face criticism and sometimes suspicion. There are open mutterings against the honesty of lawyers: the ethics of the medical profession have repeatedly been assailed in the last few years. Strangely enough, the burden of this accusation is the same in each case. If they say the clergy suppress truth and prevent ethical justice to please their congregations, they say also that the lawyer who yesterday defended a man notoriously crooked will to-day sit on the bench as his judge, and a doctor who yesterday diagnosed a case of acute indigestion as appendicitis will to-day operate for the huge fee! At the bottom the suspicion is the same. Are your principles of more value in your eyes than money? Sooner or later we are bound to become professionally sensitive about this. It is a salient fact that, if the American Protestant pulpit either loses its freedom or is profoundly suspected of having lost it, the most mighty, the most powerful organ of democratic free speech, in this country, therefore, to a larger degree of ethical righteousness, will have surrendered its charter! Special interests control press, periodicals, and to some extent the printing press itself. Our sensitiveness will have need to be timely!

The continual pushing of human antiquity backward must give the old-fashioned view of the Bible, still in fashion with more people than we think, a harder strain than all arguments and questions. Geology would have finished the subject long ago were it not merely geology, but, when human beginnings steadily retreat, and the date of creation is supplemented by the existence of full-grown civilizations long before it, the situation gets critical. Prof. Petrie reports that during the last fifteen years, before which absolutely nothing was known of all these periods, there has been formed a conception of ancient Egypt of ten thousand years ago, and a continuous written narrative is possible of the course of events in the far-distant ages before the beginning of narrative history. Could all but see it so, such facts enhance the dignity of creation as it was represented in the religion, though not in the history, of the Hebrews. In the Psalms we get such religious view, and are lifted out of the prosaic account which swayed the mind so long. The more is revealed by the investigations of the archaeologists, the more such insights are illustrated. Perhaps the time will come when the Bible will be revered for what it is, as it is, instead of being forced into an eminence lower than its own.

Bags with Holes.

In the old times there were two kinds of moralists,—prophets and false prophets. The records indicate that the latter class were in the majority. It was the business of these men to criticise their neighbors and fellow-citizens; this was expected of them. The warnings of the true prophets were often disregarded, and their writings have come down to us as scripture profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, only because they have stood the test of time and experience.

One of these men called Haggai lived in Judæa in the old days B.C., and heard from his fellow-citizens complaints not unlike those that we hear to-day about the difficulty of earning enough to pay the cost of living, and he very plainly set before them what seemed to him to be the real cause of the trouble. It was not because they did not earn enough, he told them, but because they did not know how to manage their affairs, that they were in distress. He said: "Consider your ways. Ye have sown much and bring in little; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe ye, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages earneth it to put into a bag with holes." Can any language more accurately describe the

Digitized by Google

practices of multitudes of our fellow-citizens (including perhaps ourselves) than this statement that there are holes in the bags into which we put our wages?

A recent editorial on "The High Cost of Living" has been widely copied and so generously commented upon that it seems worth while to add a few items to the account of the waste that goes on continually and excessively in all our affairs, private and public. Congress appropriates annually $1,000,000,000. That is a sum that it passes the power of any imagination to compass. But, nevertheless, that sum must be paid by the ninety millions of people who live in the United States. Let no one flatter himself with the delusion that because he pays no taxes he pays no part of this enormous sum. What the poor man does not pay in taxes he pays in the higher cost of the cheapest food he can buy. We pay annually in army and navy pensions $160,000,000. If we reckon twenty million families, that is an average of $8 for every family in the land, and the tax is collected. Every poor man pays his share of the cost of every battleship, and is now defraying the expenses of the government in all the departments of the army and navy. These things it is difficult for the man in the street to understand; but it is an undeniable truth that every dollar lost, spent, squandered, and wasted is a charge upon the resources of the whole country, to be made good in the general reckoning, each one paying his share, whether he will or not.

The principal items in the cost of living are food, clothing, and shelter. Of these food is the most important and the most costly. The more men, women, and children are engaged in raising food-stuffs, the cheaper will be the product; and the more people are doing things that do not increase the production of food, the shorter will be the supply and the higher the cost to everybody. If a million immigrants come into the country, they must be fed, whether they earn wages or not. If they earn wages, the burden of cost will be distributed in many ways; but, if they do not produce bread-stuffs, the price of bread-stuffs will go up, and they who have nothing to gain by the importation of laborers will find their burdens increased without remedy; hence the bitter complaint that arises from the people with fixed incomes. But immigration is too large a question to be studied in a paragraph. Let us turn to less conspicuous holes in the bags into which we put our wages.

St. Valentine's day has just passed; the Easter trade is just coming on; last December we had a rushing Christmas business. In these and similar seasons of "spending money for that which is not bread and laboring for that which does not satisfy" we have within the last quarter of a year spent many millions of dollars. It is safe to say that of every ten dollars spent at Christmas not more than two brought any permanent satisfaction. Were it not for fashion and a fictitious sense of obligation, we should all gladly sew up that enormous hole in the bag into which we drop our wages and our savings every year.

Eggs are expensive in the months when hens do not lay; but they are all the year more costly than they were before thousands of dozens were broken every day at the soda fountains throughout the country. Tobacco and chewing gum cost millions. Most people think the money spent for medicines well spent, but, when proprietary medicines of many kinds are sold by the million dollars' worth, we may be certain that, whether the health of the community is improved or not, the cost of living has been greatly increased. If one firm sends out in one year seven million almanacs, how many bottles of medicines does it sell?

One of the largest holes in the pocket into which we put our wages is that one through which flows the stream of drink. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and the like are luxuries, but not excessively harmful. They cheer, but do not inebriate. But alcohol and opium are both costly and dangerous. As one goes out, the other comes in, and the annual bill for that which no man would call a harmless use of these things is enormous. Aside from the cost to the consumer, the grain consumed in brewing and distilling reduces and raises the cost of the food supply, while the land appropriated to the raising of tobacco is so much withdrawn from the production of meat and grain.

The contents of the garbage carts should not be forgotten when an account of the incredible waste of American housekeeping is to be taken. What we throw away would keep famine from the cottages of one hundred million of the inhabitants of India.

A Confession for the Unchurched.

There is an impressiveness which no one is proof against in the row of curtained booths which first greets the eyes of the visitor to a Catholic church. What revelations of human sorrow and sin those narrow walls could give were they to become vocal! What anguish of spirit has been soothed, what shame and repentance given the grace of forgiveness, what discouragement met with hope, what perplexity cleared in wise counsel, what wrongs righted, what temptations forestalled, what virtues inculcated, what bulwarks re-enforced against evil, what wholesome penances prescribed, what sacred confidences established, what saving directions vouchsafed, as laden souls were unburdened there! We see institutionalized the universal dependence of human beings on something outside and above themselves. Whatever is said of the claims of the institution, of exclusive absolution, of delegated powers and miraculous authority, there is a human utility, a force of helpfulness, which would keep it alive without sacramental belief. Whatever might be said of perils and harm, of wrongful use, of perversion, and of the sort of dependence which creates no self-reliance, and fails of the noblest ethical results, we have none of them in mind. None of our readers are liable to such dangers or need any warnings. We have in mind not the limitations of the confessional among those who use it, but the opportunities of a confessional among those who do not.

There is a wider constituency than that of any church for which a confessional is needed, and few men and women there are who do not in some wise gain its benefits. In the great congregation of the unchurched there is an inner enclosure for each member, which he carries with him. To all who ever think of God as a living spirit about and above their lives there come times when sins and humiliation and uncertainty and want throw them into a relation with him which can only be likened to a confessional. The need of sympathy and a sense of companionship is, curiously, a need at the same time to be left alone by one's fellows. No human companionship answers the craving for such understanding and help. But, however self-reliant and reticent the nature, its independence of the world is seldom an absolute independence. "No one knows me," said Confucius, "but there is heaven, heaven knows me." "Now am I alone," said Jesus, "yet not alone, for the Father is with me." To every one with such faith there is open such communion. In the great cathedral of God the whole world may see confessionals and may retire within their privacy, sure that the thoughts and remembrances of short-comings and unworthiness are known of him who seeth in secret.

But how about those who, having no such faith, or having it vaguely, cannot find the solace of its high intimacies and co-operations? For the widest world of all, what confessional is available? Is there anything corresponding to the confessional among those who are unconscious of it, who would, perhaps, deny its existence, and who cherish a stark and uncompromising independence.

We doubt if this description really fits any one. The apostle was on solid ground of human experience when he said that no man liveth to himself. The pretension of self-sufficiency, however backed up in performance, is a pretension. But, take it as a fiction, it is a very useful fiction. Without it men would not accomplish many forms of human helpfulness which bless the world. They understand how to help their fellows not according to their understanding of them, but according to their understanding of themselves. If the needy of the world waited for others to understand them and their needs, their needs would remain unmet. It is through our own deepest experiences that we are able to enter into the experiences of others. We could not penetrate the secret places of personality in others, just as we know no one can penetrate ours. And so the fiction that one may be absolutely free of others becomes an algebraic quantity by which we are able to solve for others their problems. We co-operate with them not out of any presumption that we possess their secrets, but out of the plain assumption that we cannot do so. It is the condition on which alone men can help one another, that they shall not have their lives turned inside out. Self-respect would not tolerate for a moment a universal spiritual communism, nor would the strength which one has, and the other needs, be available by any process which would lay bare to any one the inviolabilities of individual self-possession. A man is morally weakened by the very things that lend him strength, when they lend and do not train. It is a fatal spiritual immodesty when under the hope of assistance any one puts himself into the power of another by disclosing that which should be his most sacred, though it may be his most terrible, possession.

But what is denied the manly spirit directly is granted indirectly. By what no one must know in us we know what to do for others in what no one must know in them. Who is fitted to help a man in his straits but one who has been in those straits? What imaginative sympathy can touch the places in others which, having those places in one's self, can enable one to reach in others? How could the things no one should reveal ever find understanding did not more than one person have their incommunicableness? What should save us from being so shut away from our fellow-creatures,—as Stevenson felt divers were able to touch and see, but with no power to send sound through the vitreous veil which divided them,—what if our isolation did not itself make a subtle and most vital bond?

So we call the service of others the world's great confessional. Men expiate their sin in placing at the disposal of others an understanding otherwise impossible. Their fellows in every grade become their priests when they receive appreciation of their trouble keener than their own. What most delicate effort can be other than clumsy and impertinent when it comes from those who do not make the service a confessional, or have nothing in themselves to bring them to their knees? What strictest individualist who insists that every man must bear his own burden will spare to draw the conclusion, not that, therefore, men shall be left to themselves, but that they should bear one another's burden and so fulfil the law of Christ? What priest could draw from a penitent fuller confession than the crying wants of the world compel from those whose hearts will not let them pretend that they are not themselves hungry and cold and in prison? And as for secrecy, the open secret of the world is this, that we live in a human world, and that in giving ourselves to others through what we cannot confide to them, we do at once make a good confession and keep pact with the sanctity of self. And the seal of no confessional is stricter than the seal human helpfulness puts on the deeds which are both acknowledgment and absolution.

Current Topics.

An important problem involving the international relations of the United States was solved on February 21, when the Senate ratified treaties of arbitration with eight countries,—Japan, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Portugal, Norway, Great Britain, and Switzerland. The action of the Senate was the outcome of a series of conferences between the President and leaders of both parties in the Senate, in an effort, by the executive, to put an end to the long delay in the adjustment of the situation involving the possibilities of arbitration with the nations named. Although the treaties as ratified do not include provisions for the settlement of questions that concern the vital interests, independence, or honor of the contracting powers, much significance attaches to the refusal of the Senate to sanction any amendments to the agreements submitted to it, including an amendment exempting the canal tolls issue from the scope of the treaty with Great Britain.

The possibilities of international disagreement, however, are foreshadowed by the determination of some of the leaders in the Senate to attach to the Senate Immigration Bill a provision imposing the test of literacy on incoming aliens. In the face of the announced opposition of the President to such a clause, there appears to be a strong sentiment in both houses of Congress for legislation that shall put a rigid check upon immigration, and the House of Representatives embodied the literacy requirement in the measure passed by that chamber. The indications are that a vigorous attempt will be made in the Senate to retain this feature in the bill. In the event of such action, however, there is an excellent prospect that the executive will veto the legislation. Mr. Wilson's attitude on the issue is based upon the disclosure of a strong feeling in European countries that the application of the literacy requirement would introduce an element of unnecessary discord in their relations with the American republic.

European opposition to the exclusion of illiterates from the United States was expressed in tangible form in response to an interpellation in the Italian Chamber of Deputies on February 21. Replying to a question by a deputy as to the attitude of the Italian government toward the contemplated restriction, Prince di Scalea, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, informed the chamber that the government is opposed to the proposed legislation, and that it would join other powers against "measures in America which might become a source of racial aversion between the American and European peoples." Although the scope of the international protest to which the prince referred was not defined by him, it is understood that several of the representatives of great powers in Washington have communicated to the State Department the unwillingness of their governments to acquiesce in the contem-

plated imposition of a rigid educational test upon their nationals that might seek admission within the boundaries of the American republic.

THE international phase of the Mexican situation assumed an immediate importance on February 20, when it became known that William S. Benton, a British subject, had been put to death after a drum-head court-martial by order of Francisco Villa, the leader of the Constitutional forces in Juarez. The disclosure was followed promptly by inquiries at the State Department by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador. The visit of the British envoy was taken to mean, in the first moments, that the British government was disposed to place upon the United States the responsibility for the safety of British subjects in Mexico. It was plainly intimated at Washington, however, that the United States disclaimed such responsibility. Nevertheless, immediate steps were taken by the administration to look into the incident and determine the legality or illegality of Villa's act. It is the contention of the Constitutionalist chief that Benton had threatened his life, and that his execution was preceded by a public trial.

ALTHOUGH the British government maintained a discreet silence on its course in the newest phase of the Mexican problem, the London press gave vigorous expression to what is evidently the popular feeling, that energetic measures must be taken without delay to impress upon both factions in the conflict the well-established fact that Great Britain takes good care of its nationals abroad. Some of the editorial comments on the affair went so far as to present to President Wilson the choice of enforcing order in Mexico or waiving the principles of the Monroe doctrine to the extent of permitting Great Britain to step in and exact satisfaction for Benton's death, in order to prevent a repetition of such incidents. The attitude of a considerable section of the British press is summarized in the following query by the London *Daily Mail*: "How long, we may ask, does the President of the United States propose to permit Mexico to flounder in the present morass of anarchy?" The *Daily Express* points out that under the circumstances "the Monroe doctrine becomes a grotesque and intolerable sanction."

THE Constitutionalist crisis in Sweden has been temporarily deferred by the formation of a new cabinet under the premiership of Dr. Knut Hammarskjoeld. The reorganized ministry began its existence last week with the declaration that it would devote itself to carrying out King Gustave's project for the development of the offensive and defensive resources of the kingdom. The ability of Dr. Hammarskjoeld to accomplish his purposes, however, may be regarded as doubtful, in view of the fact that the government is in the minority in the chamber. A new parliamentary election, therefore, is inevitable in the near future, and in the campaign preceding the election the voters of Sweden will be asked by the opposition to express at the polls their disapproval of the conduct of the king, whom they accuse of exceeding his constitutional prerogatives in expressing a demand for a material increase in the armaments of the country,—the paramount issue in Swedish political life.

EXTRAORDINARY pressure is being brought to bear upon the British cabinet in an effort to induce it to reconsider its decision to refrain from official participation in the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco next year. Replying recently to representations by a distinguished body of capitalists and public men, Prime Minister Asquith announced that the government had seen no reason to reverse its former attitude upon the question. Not disheartened by this rebuff, the advocates of participation in the fair are organizing a new petition to the ministry, headed by eminent authors, who point out in their memorial the value of the exposition as a promoter of international amity, and urge Great Britain not to miss the opportunity to draw closer the ties of kinship with the great English-speaking people on this side of the Atlantic. The authors' petition will be reinforced by another, bearing the signatures of three hundred members of Parliament, who take a similar broad ground in advocating a generous representation of the products of British industry and art in the international exhibition of civilization that is to signalize the completion of the Panama canal.

Brevities.

Steps to insure perfect freedom of thought and speech for professors of political science in all American universities will soon be undertaken by a committee appointed recently in Washington at the annual meeting of the American Political Science Association.

Salvation is physical, mental, emotional, moral, and spiritual good health. A thoroughly-good and spiritually-minded man is always safe, either in this world or any other. When we become sufficiently Christ-like, then his salvation will also become ours.

We oftenest speak of building character, as if it were a mechanical process, something put together in a constructive, orderly way. But the truth seems to be that character is a growth, as the tree or fruit grows,—"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

How much human goodness lies hidden and unsuspected in lives and conditions the most unpromising and uncongenial to its development! To find these flowers of goodness where least expected forms one of the happiest surprises of human experience, and is a discovery which warms and inspires the heart.

It is a common belief that only he who works serves his fellow-men. But service has many other forms of expression. Says R. L. Stevenson, with deep thoughtfulness, "So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others, I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."

There are many definitions of faith, such as "believing where we cannot see," "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," the summing up of our mature convictions, firm and earnest belief in the truth of certain moral and religious facts, etc. A philosophic definition is thus given by Rev. Merle St. C. Wright, "Audacity pushed to infinity is faith."

We sometimes need to have a truth put into terse and seemingly brutal language before it will penetrate our indifference and stolidness. Such words as these of Andrew Carnegie ought to perform that service for the advocates of militarism: "The foulest blot remaining upon so-called civilized man, beyond question, is the killing of each other. That he has ceased to eat his fellows after killing them matters nothing to the slain and little to the survivors. It is the killing of each other that stamps man still the savage."

Letters to the Editor.

Exchange of Pulpits.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Rev. Minot Simons, in the last number of the *Christian Register*, states, "I preached in one of the largest Methodist churches of the city, and the Methodist minister preached for me. I wonder if such an incident would be possible in any other city of the United States."

I would like to say that as far back as 1862 Rev. Horatio Stebbins of the First Parish, Portland, exchanged pulpits with the minister of the largest Methodist church in the city, and also that Dr. Thomas Hill exchanged with the minister of the same church. I think there have been other similar exchanges in the same line, but of these two I know personally. L. B. D.

Portland, Me.

Ode on a Lycian Tomb.

What gracious nunnery of grief is here!
One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood;
Each sad presentment celled apart, in fear
Lest that herself upon herself intrude,
And break some tender dream of sorrow's day,
Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray.

O pale procession of immortal love,
Forever married to immortal grief!
All of life's childlike sorrow far above,
Past help of time's compassionate relief:
These changeless stones are treasuries of regret
And mock the term by time for sorrow set.

Cold mourners—set in stone so long ago,
Too much my thoughts have dwelt with thee apart.
Again my grief is young: full well I know
The pang reborn, that mocked my feeble art
With that too human wail in pain expressed,
The parent cry above the empty nest.

—*S. Weir Mitchell.*

The Winter Sleep.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

It is interesting to study a few house plants during the cold months, and notice their habits, the peculiarities of their breathing, the manner in which they turn yearningly toward the light alternately exposing the upper and under surfaces of their leaves, the resilience or graceful curving and twining of the stalks, and the manner in which they husband vitality. But more interesting than all is the drowse into which most of them fall during the coldest weeks of the winter. To be sure, there are plants, like some of the begonias, that have a passion for putting forth flowers nearly all the year; but the need to rest at times is very strong in most. The output of energy is not constant, but rather intermittent.

They are like human sleepers, with a low heart-beat during certain hours of the night, when rest is most profound. This time, when they refuse to put forth leaves and blossoms under the most promising conditions of sun and exposure, just holding their own until the depleted energies revive, is such a mark of intelligence in plants, one may almost say they think. Nature's rest doubtless has a vital connection with all growth. The new-born baby spends its first weeks in sleep. It is lapped in perfect quietude. Rest and silence are the nurses that watch over its cradle and guard its life. Deep sleep, delicious, dreamless, gentle as the down that covers its breast, ushers it into the first moments of dawning consciousness when it looks about and begins to observe the things that are not itself.

Grateful, doubtless, to the plant is the pause, longer or shorter, before the powerful and energetic awakening of spring. There is garnered strength required to push forth a bud from the resistance of the limb, to mould it closely, packed in the smallest space, and then, after long, cunning work in secret, to shake out a perfect leaf, to shape and tint a flower, to hide the secret of the seed, and perfect the fruitage. This wonderful cycle of reproduction and growth is not a sudden impulse of the spring. It is prepared in our northern climate by what we call the dead season, though there is no death in nature. The fructification of plants by insects, one of the most beautiful nature stories ever told,—for it has all the freakishness and uncertainty of a fairy tale,—is not more wonderful than the long winter nap of vegetation which to us is the veriest commonplace. Leaves are the lungs of the tree, we are told, and when they have fallen, the tree passes, as we may say, into a trance state which simulates death, but is only patient waiting for the resurrection.

"Time was," says Ruskin, "when I used to think a picturesque or beautiful tree was hardly to be met with once a month. I cared for nothing but oaks a thousand years old, split by lightning or shattered by wind or made up for my worship's edification in some particular or distinguished way. Now there is not a twig in the closest clipt hedge that grows that I cannot admire and wonder at and take pleasure in and learn from. I think one tree very nearly as good as another, and all a thousand times more beautiful than I did my picked ones."

The exquisite economy of nature is what we are called to admire in vegetation's sleep,—the rest of all the herbs and grasses that clothe the ground, of all the trees of forest and field that prepare for the mighty harvests to come, and all the pomp and splendor and magnificence of summer.

The world is a vast school-room even in mid-winter, the only one where first-hand knowledge is to be gleaned of a million forms of things that must come to us through patient and loving study, if they come at all. The winter brings to us that beauty of structure that no other season brings in such perfection. Winter, in our northern climate, strips her forest athletes to the bone, and bids them wrestle with wind and tempest for strength and growth.

The scientist leaves our scant powers of observation far behind. At every step in the world of real things he enters a new country where there are wonderful objects of study. We, too, have a country of vast dimensions, though we may not own a foot of land, but unfortunately we are too ignorant to take possession of our domain. The naturalist's study is among the barren rocks, the humblest vegetable and animal forms of life. What the indifferent neglect as slag and débris, useless for beauty and delight, he finds often marvels of charm and instruction in color, form, and wonderful adaptation.

The winter sleep of plants has no attraction for us unless we can look deeper than bare, rugged outlines, than dripping limbs and withered, faded grasses, than dead leaves that blow idly about the world like troops of ragged witches, and beyond the mud and slush, the fierce winds and leaden skies. The earth itself seems oftentimes in the deepest repose. It has no visible work to do. It stretches itself passively under the dominion of the elements. It is scourged like some vast, inert, non-resistant Calaban, some huge, hairy giant, who has lain down to sleep and will not be roused to labor until his nap is ended. But, once awakened by the quickening

Digitized by Google

influence of a new life, how joyous he is, how he seems to shout with glee and bend himself mightily to his renewed task of making the land fertile and glorious!

When the rude tempests are over for the time, when the great winds die away in the north and west, there comes a strange, dreamy interval, a time we may call happy for the resting vegetation, as on warmish days in February, when things lose the sharp edge of reality all wrapped in the finely woven veils of haze, transparent, softening all color to just tints of gray and blue and violet,—placid, gentle, slumbrous time when happy dreams are abroad, and the giant trees, bare and leafless, stretch their mighty limbs in what we may conceive as a blessing to the earth. What may we not imagine of love and gentleness when the winter turns to a good old fairy who wears commonly hodden grey and seems bent, wrinkled, and ugly, but on select days turns her cloak to its blue satin side, and shows us the charming features of a young witch!

Also, this winter sleep of nature has a quick and living element like the slumber of a strong, healthy child who breathes easily with a steady rise and fall of pulses, but will soon awake with loud and boisterous laughter, and kick away his old clothes in the lusty strength of his young health and vigor, shouting in triumph. Yes, it is the snow baby and the rain child and the young Hercules of the mighty labors to come who lies in the earth cradle under the tender sky while the sun looks down upon them with the smiles of a protecting deity.

These are the dreamy days when we would seek the warm side of a great rock, the shelter of an evergreen tree, the hollow in the wood where the ferns will soon begin to unfurl their fronds, and in some sheltered spot would turn to the delightful study of tree branchiness, so hidden under leaves in summer, and revealed in structural beauty when the sky looks through the interstices, and the stars hang in the boughs, and the moon is caught and tangled in the net.

It is an endless study of the pure beauty of form, those delicate, aërial meshes, those lines all grace and exquisite proportion that are never a meaningless confusion. Every twig is in the right place for symmetry.

So, perhaps, when we gain a larger view of this human life of ours, the tangles will smooth themselves out, the confusions and disheartening puzzles may disappear, the contradictions yield to a broader scheme of harmony than any we have known, and the winter sleep that counterfeits death may hide only a concealed life and reinvigorated vitality may hint to us of hidden truths of this life and the life to come. For nature is like the daughter of Jairus when Jesus bade her rise and come forth, saying, "she is not dead, but sleepeth."

So the earth lies in a beautiful dream and shall awake out of its trance as a great prophecy which, if we could read aright, would take away all fear and cause us to rest like the earth in the perfect faith of renewal we believe is to be ours.

To perceive a new realm of beauty and truth, physical, moral, or spiritual, is to enter upon a new life, to have the eyes unsealed, the ears unstopped. It is enlargement, liberty, that pushes narrow bounds to the horizon, that lifts the heavens to an immeasurable height, that sets our common days to the music of rills and bird melody. It is to get out of our limitations, to awaken from the winter sleep of the soul, to find a world fairer than poets have imagined, humanity glorious, and faith in destiny, and the hope of man, like a great swelling anthem, going up from all the earth.

Then all speaks of immortality, and the beloved friend who left us yesterday does not go far away from us, but passes as a unique influence, a felt and recognized presence in the beauty of the sky, the motion and color of clouds, the song of released waters in the spring, the first faint loveliness of wood flowers in the "front" of March, the first faint emerald on the willow, heightening all beauty for us by a special radiance, because love is deathless and life eternal.

SUMMIT, N.J.

Civilization.*

BY CHARLES F. DOLE, D.D.

The people of the United States are asked to spend over $140,000,000 a year in building and maintaining warships. We need this money badly to educate our children and to better our conditions of life. Why, then, do we need it for battleships? Why do we imagine that war is a matter of course in our world and not a hideous disease? Why do we sophisticate our religion and explain away its application to the business of international murder? The answer to this question goes a great deal further than the mere subject of battleships. Let us face the whole meaning of the fact that we are still, on the whole, an uncivilized people. If we were civilized, we should not have battleships.

The fact is, war as a mere brute use of force is not the great evil in the world. The battleships are only a symptom. The real evil lies beneath, in the lives and character of the people who want warships. The real evil is hate, contempt, pride of fancied superiority over other people, selfish insistence on our rights, with our duties forgotten, any kind of disregard of our neighbor. The barbarous animal world lies here, where selfishness and contempt are. The barbarian is a fighter, as the animal is. The barbarian, like the animal, does not know better; but we know better, which is, on the whole, a hopeful sign that we cannot remain barbarians.

We must not be thinking of other people as uncivilized when we ought to be thinking of ourselves. That which makes war is like the germ of tuberculosis. The disease is common to human nature, it lurks wherever men live together. To understand it is to know how to avoid it. It begins in the family life: indeed, it would cease to exist anywhere if we could once bring up our children in homes exempt from it. What if the men and the boys in a family hold the mother and the sisters as inferior beings? What if the older or stronger grow up rude and masterful toward the younger or smaller children? What if boys and girls put on a tone of impertinence toward the "help" in the house, or catch from their elders a notion of the inferiority of immigrants, or a dislike for the people of a different race or color or religion? All war begins in the family life, in habits, in tones and looks and words of scorn, pride, fear, suspicion, hate, class distinction, self-will, fostered or suffered to grow in the child, never overcome in Sunday-school or church, at last swaying masses of men and women toward cruel or unjust action, provoking to war, and demanding the apparatus of war for attack or defence against enemies, often wholly imaginary. The bad germ is in the sophisticated home of the well-to-do class, quite as much as in the new immigrants' tenements. Thus, a woman of refinement and religious profession, speaking of the popular subject of "white slavery," declared that she sometimes felt "as if she could tear those people to pieces." Call this "righteous indignation" if you choose, but it was the same passion and hysteria that makes a Coatesville riot or plunges a nation into war with the cry, "Remember the Maine!" There is no mercy or sympathy or humanity in this kind of passion, rushing forth like a freshet, not to help make

*From an address, "Why We Want Battleships," in the Springfield *Republican*.

Digitized by Google

miserable creatures better, but to get vengeance. Not unjust acts only, but ugly or bitter words from elders to their children, too often from the young to the old, from foremen to their workmen, from comfortable people in their clubs talking about labor unions, from workmen about the people of wealth, from white men about negroes, from native Americans about "foreigners,"—all such things are war material.

What to do! Is real civilization possible? Is human nature capable of any marked improvement? It sometimes seems hopeless. To say no, however, is to say that our religion is a failure. It is to say that human genius can achieve the victory over the ocean and the air and tame every power in outward nature, and yet cannot tame itself. Grant that it is the nature of the animal to hate and fight; is it not for the man, at his best, to love and forgive and help and serve without stint? Some men have always lived thus, as naturally as childish men have quarrelled and fought. It is a difference of level: on the lower level men fear and suspect each other and pull part; on the higher level men co-operate. It is a difference of temper: the one temper is unsocial or offensive; the other temper is friendly and humane. It is a difference of attitude: in the one case a man puts you off as an alien; in the other case he makes you welcome. It is a difference of habit: in the one case you never know how the man will behave; in the other case you can count on his hearing and helping you. It is a difference of purpose: in the one case the man is selfish; in the other case he seeks what is good for all. It is a difference of will: in the one case the man shows self-will or ill-will, being swayed as animals are by his feelings; in the other case the man is swayed by a good-will. He is what we call a "live wire," for the good-will of the universe runs in him. Who will dare to deny that it is human nature to show a good and loyal will? We have tried it at times, and we always liked it whenever we tried it. Some time the world will get down to simple terms and learn that we are religious, so far as we live as men and women of good-will; likewise, that no one is religious when the current of his good-will goes out of him. We are all "poor sticks," and one about as poor as another when our good-will has gone.

Evidently the pressure of the new times demands a new standard of living. The civilization of the world, or (if you like better to say so) the religion of the world, does not keep pace with its growth in power and wealth. Let us venture briefly to suggest a not impossible standard. We will not ask it at once for our South American neighbors or for Russians, or for our newest immigrants, but for all church members, and especially for all college and high school graduates; that is, for the people in the United States, who have all the modern light there is. Let us expect of them from this time on, and let them expect of one another, the conduct of civilized or grown-up men and women in the following quite practicable respects:—

First, they shall insist with themselves upon looking upon everything with a fair and open mind. Church members and high-school graduates should know enough not to be prejudiced. They should be counted upon to "hear the other side."

Next, they should be expected to possess public spirit; that is, to take active interest in everything that concerns the public good. No one surely can be a good Christian or a good Jew or a good American without this.

Then we ought to insist upon the most civilized and civilizing and religious thing of all, and also the most rational and human; namely, a good temper. Indeed, no one who has had ordinary chances ought to be about in the streets, or tending children in homes and schools, who does not bear a good-will. To go about with an ill or selfish will is as bad as to go about with some kind of contagion.

You see, if we have a population of one hundred million of people in which all the grown-up church members and all the decently educated men and women expect each other to be fair-minded and public-spirited and to maintain a steady good-will, a new fashion will be set for all the children and for every immigrant who comes here. You could not have a race riot or a lynching ever again; you could not well get up a strike or have occasion for one; it is almost impossible to see how you could have a war with any people.

Does any one think our three simple and natural demands are too hard? Does any church member, Jewish or Christian, or any high-school graduate, complain that it is expecting of him too high a degree of civilization, when we ask an open mind, public spirit, and habitual good temper? If any one does complain, there is one thing left which we can and must ask of him; namely, endless modesty and patience with other people. Don't let him ever again claim to be civilized or even religious. Don't let him despise any man ever again or think himself a superior person. Surely, there is no barbarian so obstinate or dangerous as the sophisticated kind that imagines civilization is to wear clothes and to travel in a railway carriage, and that yet under all this guise carries the narrowness, the bigotry, the selfishness, the egotism, the ill-will, and the passions of the savage without the savage's innocence and honesty.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Worth of an Experience.

During my days of enforced and painful idleness in New York, Castle Garden was my chief resort. I would spend hours on those benches, either writing poetry, generally of a dolorous kind, or studying the many and varied ships which plied the deep before me, or picturing to myself the greater distress which I thought awaited me when my five dollars was all spent. But Castle Garden stands in my memory associated with much holier thoughts than these, for it was there that a spiritual vision came to me unique in my experience. It is, I believe, chiefly because of that vision that throughout my ministry I have preached with unshaken faith and unreserved devotion the precept that "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Feeling deeply depressed and disheartened, late one afternoon I strolled down to the famous park. The sea and sky were very beautiful, but I seemed to have no share in their beauty: I appeared to myself to be a fugitive in an unfriendly world. I sat on a bench and cast a vacant look on the world before me. I felt very lonely, and longed, as a babe, for my mother. But, as the sun began to fade away from the sky, I began, as by a miracle, to feel an inward supply of power and courage. The beauty of the sea and sky seemed to have been made for me: I was owner of all that I saw. I seemed to myself for the moment to look upon the world through the mystic eyes of my Oriental ancestors, and see it, so far as a youth could, as the garment of God. Surely the Father was with me. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God." I remember with perfect clearness that I said audibly, "The God who created me and these wonders before me will never forsake me," and arose and walked like a strong man.

Now you have the privilege of explaining this experience as "an uprush of reserve energy from the subconscious realm," or as "nervous reaction," or whatever

Digitized by Google

else you please. What *I* know is that the abiding worth of an experience ranks higher in the world of real life than that of any philosophy *about* it. From that day to this, notwithstanding the fact that I have often stumbled and fallen, doubt in God's providence has never secured a hold upon my mind, nor do I remember that I have ever failed to trust that he is mine and I am his. In my extremity in a lonely world, without Bible, preacher, priest, or sacrament, I came into living first-hand contact with the Eternal Reality.—*Abraham M. Rihbany, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

The Religion of Youth.

BY REV. RODERICK STEBBINS.

In this important subject we are apt to expect either too little or too much of Youth. Youth is fond of the text, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but, when I became a man, I put away childish things." He often makes a mistake, however, in regard to what childish things really are, and puts aside the trust and faith which were the religion of his childhood. Youth is essentially sceptical and questions if there be any rational grounds for faith. He needs to be helped to retain his faith, but here is where we expect too little of him. We fail to talk with him, to explain to him that he cannot live his daily life, that he cannot rise in the morning or lie down at night with confidence that his life will go on in an orderly way. If we will, we may show him that the very heart of his existence is kept alive by faith. We may give him work to do and point out to him that this work presupposes faith, of a kind. We may ask him to listen to tales of faith, but in all these ways our tendency is to let him alone and to expect nothing. As a result the very language of religion grows unfamiliar to him. He has no religious vocabulary, and perhaps we conclude, therefore, that he has no religion.

On the other hand, Youth may be urged toward religion. Too much may be expected of him. Youth may be asked to respond to an experience which he has never had, which he never can have so long as he remains a youth. Henry Drummond once said that youths could not have the religion of their grandmothers. A grandmother has to have a religion suited to her as a grandmother. That is the right and beautiful thing for her, but it is not the religion of Youth.

Many good and earnest people make the mistake of thinking that a grandmother's religion must be also the religion of a young man or a young woman. They expect the same kind of religion to meet the needs of different experiences. They expect immaturity to be satisfied with what appeals to maturity. This accounts for that insincerity which is often laid at the door of religion. Young people are often urged to speak of an experience which they cannot possibly have had. They become adepts in the use of a vocabulary which is largely beyond their comprehension.

Florists in their greenhouses force their plants to bloom. They produce, undoubtedly, very beautiful flowers which serve the purpose for which they were raised, but often at the sacrifice of the leaves and the roots of the plants. When the plant has blossomed once, it can never blossom again, the vitality has been sapped. So it is that, by forcing a religious experience upon an age not ready for it, a certain ability to talk about it may come, a certain beauty of expression and form may appear; but, beneath, the roots of the religious life are perishing because there is no deepness of earth. Youth needs mature experience of life before it can have a genuine mature religious experience.

Therefore the religion of Youth cannot be an interest in dogma and creeds. Youth is not intellectual, and its religion does not take intellectual form. It does not concern itself with abstract discussions. It cares nothing for statements of belief. If forced upon it, Youth repeats the words; but they are shibboleths, without meaning.

Neither is feeling, in its heights or depths, for Youth. The grandeur and sublimity of religion are incomprehensible to it. We should be careful not to expect this. Not until the human soul has become conscious of its own weakness, of its ignorance, of its wrong-doing and sin, can it have any comprehension of the meaning of repentance or the forgiving love of God. Youth is strong, confident of itself, wise even in its own conceits. Can we believe that to call itself a miserable sinner avails anything? Youth does not yet know what it is to be miserable because of sin. Can Youth know what all the sacraments of life mean until they have been experienced? Youths plight their vows in holy marriage, but not until the weeks have lengthened into months and the months into years, and the years have multiplied until they have reached twenty-five or fifty, or perhaps threescore, do they realize the full significance of the words, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness or in health, to love and to cherish until death us do part." Not until they have cradled their first child in their arms can the youths who marry realize the awful mystery that underlies human life, nor can they be expected to seek the profound explanation of the passionate affections that enrich their lives. Not until they have stood beside an open grave which soon must close over one whom they deeply love can they respond to the words, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." What can youth understand of the peace that the world cannot give? Youth does not want peace! Youth wants action! Here is the centre of its religious life. No time is so replete as Youth with high ideals, with confident enthusiasm, with self-forgetting admirations. About a religion of action all these may be grouped, and Youth may find its religious life best expressed in doing those things that appeal to its admiration, to its enthusiasm, and to its confident idealism. Youth is active. What more natural, then, than that it should seek to express its deepest life in action? Youth needs to give its admirations and its enthusiasms some expression. Let it find its outlet in daily life. Let it express its religion in fair play and hard work. The Religion of Youth should not allow cheating at a game or shirking honest work. Let Youth be clean-bodied and clean-minded. Religion abhors foulness of any sort. Let Youth be chivalrous to those weaker than itself and kind to those less fortunate. Religion is not for bullies or oppressors. Let Youth control the temper and make others happy. Religion never causes suffering. Let Youth be thoughtful, and avoid all causes of giving anxiety. Religion lessens and does not multiply the avoidable pains of life. Let Youth be honest, truthful, upright, manly. Religion does not countenance lies and deceits of any kind.

Such, then, is the religion of Youth, to be set forth in its most winning and attractive forms. Youth can understand this. It is within the range of experience. God appears to Youth, not at the end of a theological argument, not as the result of creeds, not as the solution of the mysteries of life, not as a solace for the sufferings of life, but God appears to Youth in the satisfied conscience at the end of a worthy piece of work done, of an honest game honestly played, the reward of a self controlled, the happiness of a service rendered.

Digitized by Google

Shall Youth, then, hear nothing that it cannot understand or be brought within the range of nothing that transcends its own experience? If we say so, Youth can never grow to manhood, for we grow only by learning that which previously we have not understood, or by experiencing that which hitherto has been unexperienced. The child takes up a book and finds many words that he does not understand, but that does not prevent him from reading the book. He gets its story and its spirit, though there are words he does not know and an experience that is beyond his imagination. He does not read the book as a man would read it, nor understand it as a man would understand it, yet he gains from it something that contributes to his growth in wisdom and in understanding.

So it is with a youth and his religion. If his religion is to grow as he grows, he must hear things that he does not understand; but he may pass them by for the time, taking what is within his comprehension while that which transcends his experience will leave some impression. As a child should not be denied knowledge that there are words beyond his ken, so a youth should not be denied the knowledge that his religion is not complete. His experience does not cover the experience of maturity. As beautiful as the youthful time is, it is not the whole of life. As real as Doing is, it is not the whole of religion.

Therefore, sometimes, let Youth listen to prayers that he cannot feel, let him listen to thoughts that he cannot understand, let him find his religion where he ought to find it, in action joined with youthful idealism and admiration, then he will perceive, dimly at first, as he must, that meditation, faith, prayer, hope, as well as deeds, are realities, and, experience and knowledge increasing, Youth will find his religion illumined and justified by the confidence of manhood in the eternal goodness at the heart of the world.

Milton, Mass.

The Third Beatitude as a Principle of Natural Selection.

BY REV. GEORGE R. DODSON.

This is the age of the fractional thinker. The world abounds in specialists, technical experts, and capable students of details. The men of science, the students of history, the social workers, offer us a bewildering amount of information; but few are the synthetic minds, the organizing geniuses, who can unify it all and make of it an instructive and helpful conception of the world. A distinguished teacher recently said, "What we need in education is a philosopher." An army of investigators is piling up discoveries which cannot be properly used until some one co-ordinates them and establishes a scale of values, so that the various ends and objects of education may be appreciated at their relative and proportionate worth.

But this is the great need in all other fields where our serious interests are involved. There is no lack of brilliant essayists, clever sensation-makers, and dealers in paradoxes, who are able to startle and entertain the public, but who can offer no guidance or real help because they fail to see life sanely, because they are without any clew to the meaning of history, have no central view, are thinkers without any great idea,—are, in fact, lost themselves.

There are some even who scoff at philosophy, who go on heaping up the materials for the house of thought, but assert that to build is beyond human capacity. Yet I cannot believe that what is so necessary, that for which such great preparation is made, is impossible. Though no competent thinker would claim to be a "spectator of all time and existence," it is not, I believe, a hopeless undertaking to seek a wide survey from an elevated position and discern the direction and main tendencies in human evolution, to get some inspiring idea of what the universe is doing. When the short sight is thus corrected by the long view, the result is a gain in sanity, balance, efficiency, hopefulness, and joy.

The problems of organization in our industrial life, *e.g.*, take on a different aspect when we thus withdraw to a sufficient distance and see them in the light of tendencies that are now shaping the world. Having tried to make this clear in a recent address, and being given the opportunity to present it in the official bulletin of one of the civic organizations of St. Louis, I appealed to my fellow-citizens as follows:—

Light Ahead! How the Labor Problem is being Solved.

Light Ahead! is, it must be confessed, a rather exultant title, but it has been chosen deliberately and with the conviction that the facts submitted in this article will justify it to the reader's mind. Many statements of the Labor Problem have been made and equally numerous perhaps are the suggestions which have been offered for its solution. At last light is breaking in upon us, and it is becoming clearer what the central difficulty is and now it is to be removed. This may be said with confidence, because some successes have already been recorded.

Our failure till recently has been due to the fact that we have ignored certain essential factors in the problem. The assumption has been that wealth is the product of natural resources acted upon by labor; *i.e.*, by human muscles directed by intelligence. This is all that the so-called practical man ordinarily has taken account of, and this is why he has failed. He has left out of account human emotions, the feelings of interest, hope, loyalty, trust, devotion, which actually multiply the productiveness of muscle and mind. The practical man of this kind, the "no-nonsense about me" type, was proud of his shrewdness and his knowledge of finance and technique; but he was not really intelligent, for he had no psychological insight, he did not know human nature, and so failed to secure the trust and hearty co-operation of his associates and the public. He can impose on us no more. Moreover, he will not long be with us, for nature has already begun to eliminate him.

Why was France, so rich in natural resources and inhabited by one of the capable peoples in the world, so poorly cultivated before 1789, and why has it been a garden ever since? The answer is known to all. Before the revolution the peasant had no interest in production, no hope in his heart. Whether he produced much or little, all but the means of the most meagre existence was taken away from him. When the soil came into his possession and the products of his labor and savings were secured to him, he worked with a will and has made his country one of the richest in the world.

Why were the Southern planters beginning to free their slaves before the Civil War? Among other reasons, for this, that they were discovering that slavery was really not profitable, that interest and hope are more productive than force and fear. Hopelessness and ill-will are depressors, and wherever the latter is there is also what in the language of syndicalism is called sabotage.

What human beings will do, how efficiently they will work, depends not solely on the strength of their muscles, the acuteness of their minds, their technical skill or their environment. It depends also and largely upon how they feel, upon their ideals, upon the dominance of stimulating or paralyzing emotions. Thus we hear of a certain steel works whose managers had the intelligence to get them-

selves trusted and secure good-will instead of ill-will, with the result that their employees "lifted forty-seven tons a day instead of twelve and a half, and gained thereby for themselves an increase of sixty per cent. in wages." That is, religion, the spirit of good-will, which rejoices to give more than it receives, and is thus the opposite of the spirit of the thief and robber which tries to give less than it receives, is a producer of wealth, since it multiplies the productiveness of all the other factors.

This is admirably stated by Gerald Stanley Lee, in his latest book, entitled "Crowds," a book that has the demerit of excessive length and a too epigrammatic style, but which, nevertheless, brings to us the message of a man of insight and vision. He says: "One sees these men everywhere one goes, in thousands of factories, doing their work without any draught. We already have tall chimneys for our coal furnaces: we have next to see the value of tall chimneys, great flues to the sky, on the lives and thought and inner energies of men. The most obvious way to get a draught on a man, to get him to glow up and work, is to cut an opening in the top of his life. Just where to cut this opening, and just how to cut it in each man's life,—each man considered as a problem by himself,—is the labor problem."

In order to see how it is all to come out, we do not need to be theorizers, but simple observers. The great business organizations and labor unions that have the intelligence to see, not merely the elementary truth that honesty pays, but that positive good-will and trust and loyalty and devotion pay almost miraculously, will force their rivals either to the same principles or into bankruptcy. The author just quoted says prophetically, but with numerous facts to support him: "*The world cannot help falling, from now on, slowly, a little ponderously perhaps at first, into the hands of good men.* . . . Goodness in its baser form already pays. Only the biggest men may have found it out, but everybody is watching them. The most important spiritual service that any man can render the present age is to make goodness pay at the top (in the most noticeable place) in some business where nobody has made it pay before." Already we see that a great department store cannot be run without religion. It is "visionary to try to run such a great machine of hundreds of souls, of human emotions, a huge loom of enthusiasm, of love, hate, covetousness, sorrow, disappointment and joy, without having it full of clerks who are experts in human nature, putting themselves in the place of crowds of other people, clerks essentially religious. So we watch the men who are ahead *driving one another into goodness.* The man who is not able to create, distribute, or turn on, in his business establishment, goodness, social insight, and customer insight, can hope to-day to keep ahead in business only by having competitors as inefficient as he is."

The reason that men's thoughts are confused is that their life is confused. The whole trouble is due to the fact that we live in a changing order, in a time when the civilized part of the world is making the transition from a régime in which force and cunning prevailed to another in which they are being replaced by intelligence, *real* intelligence, and good-will. The old methods won the money and power, but the newer methods are not only in accord with the moral sense, but they are more efficient. Observe the contrast.

It was once considered good business for an employer to get as much work out of his employees as he could for the smallest wages they would accept, and to charge the public the highest price it was willing to pay for the product. That is, it was actually considered to be wise for everybody to work against everybody else. What is the consequence? What could it be except universal distrust amounting in special cases to actual hostility? We observe workmen doing as little work as possible, producing as little as they dare, and the public hostile both to trust and labor union, since both seem to the average man conspiracies of ill-will, devices for holding up all who have need of labor or the products of manufacture.

The average citizen wishes both business men and artisans to prosper, but, so far as they are actuated by the spirit described, he is hostile to both. He sends, *e.g.*, for a workman to make some simple repairs which he could himself make in a few minutes if he had the tools. When the workman comes, he walks back to the shop for more tools or a helper, and eventually charges four dollars for services worth about fifty cents.

Such methods are not intelligent, but injurious to labor in the highest degree. Contempt of justice is suicidal. Those who have the sense to see this will eventually control the earth, its financial resources and its labor power. An organization that is actuated by precisely the opposite spirit is bound to be an invincible competitor. The trade-union leaders who do not comprehend this are like the trust directors who so manage affairs as to incur the intense hostility of their workmen and their customers. The defect of both is a lack of intelligence, a defect which is happily fatal. The process of selection will obviously permit the survival only of men of insight and faith in the practicability of goodness, of men who have the genius to see that a soulless corporation cannot compete with a corporation which organizes both efficiency and good-will, which pays its workmen as much as possible, sells its products to the public as cheap as possible, thus securing not only a reasonable profit, but a security and permanence resting on the good-will of all.

In the fierce competition of the present, size will soon be of less importance to a corporation than soul. Vast capital directed without regard to human emotion will be a less valuable asset than a manager who wins trust and devotion because he deserves it, and whose spirit spreads by contagion till it dominates all his associates down to the humblest. There was a time when land animals almost as large as whales flourished on the earth, but, when more intelligent and efficient competitors appeared, they ceased to be; and to-day we dig up their skeletons and put them in museums for the uses of science and the astonishment of the public on Sundays and holidays. This lesson should not be lost on those who put their trust in size nor on those who are frightened by present industrial tendencies. The day of the soulless corporation, managed by the "practical" man on the principle of getting as much and serving as little as possible, is swiftly passing and soon will be only a memory.

All who have eyes to see realize that a trade-union which limits production, which proceeds on the principle that we can achieve prosperity and lower the cost of living by not working, by producing for the wages paid as little coal, machinery, clothing, and food as possible, and by making necessary service dear, cannot last. Such unions must be forced upon a large minority of the workmen, upon the employers, and a public that would like to be friendly, but detests being imposed upon. The first unions that have the moral originality to face about and adopt the principle which some of the department stores and factories are already using, which strive to make unionism a synonym for reliability, efficiency, and productiveness, which work in the interest of employers and the public, will effect a revolution, and make present and past methods seem marvels of stupidity.

When the author of the Thirty-seventh Psalm declared that the meek shall inherit the earth, he expressed his pious hope and faith. When the Prophet of Nazareth uttered the same words, it was with perfect insight into

Digitized by Google

their truth. To-day the principle may by the clear-sighted be observed in operation. It is a fundamental law of life. In his remarkable book, "A Religion Worth Having," Prof. Carver of Harvard University shows that the men who combine efficiency and goodness, those who live by the good spirit and do their work well, inevitably come into possession and control of the earth. This is not the motive of their conduct, but its absolutely unavoidable effect. Those who seek first the kingdom and its righteousness, who labor in the spirit that wins friendship, love, and trust, find that all the other things are "added to" them.

To many this discovery of the practicability of Christianity comes as something astonishing and the proposal to take it seriously as revolutionary. After all, idealism works in the human world. You can make bricks and metal or wooden objects without regard to ideal principles, but you cannot do a thing with men unless you can win their trust, their loyalty, and willing help. And this is more and more true. The world is moving fast. Only recently a railroad magnate complained that he is now being criticised for methods that everybody used without question not long ago. There was a time when a minister was permitted to read the Sermon on the Mount; but, if he proposed that it should be applied, if he advised his congregation to seek first the right life, and trust that the other things would be "added," one could say to him, "You are able to stand there and teach these impracticable principles only because your congregation is worldly wise enough not to take such ideal considerations too seriously." But observers all over the world now are seeing and announcing that these ideal teachings of religion are not impracticable: they are the essential conditions not only of moral health, but of success in the industrial and commerical world.

"The Terrible Meek" is the name of a recent drama. The author has perceived that the third beatitude is not a pretty saying only, but a law of life. It is also a principle of selection, terrible in effectiveness, as they are realizing who are finding the control of great industries and vast enterprises slipping away from them into the hands of men who may not surpass them in technical equipment, but who do surpass them in eliciting the trust and loyalty and friendly co-operation of men.

The question arises, If goodness pays so well, will not multitudes pretend to seek it, not because they care anything about it, but for its results? Thus the world will be filled with hypocrites, goodness corrupted, and religion itself debased. Never fear. If the world is eliminating the men of ill-will, it removes also the hypocrites. We are all discerners of spirits, and from childhood detect the hollow ring of insincerity. The only men who will reap the earthly rewards of the good life are those who would live by their principles, regardless of reward. The only way to win the good-will and trust without which success is impossible is to deserve them. The only way to seem is to be.

In thus setting forth the true nature of the labor problem and the solution which is now going on before our eyes, the writer realizes the danger that such remarks may be regarded as just preaching. One may take that view of the matter, if he chooses, but at his peril, for the question is one of life and death. The old days when capital and technical knowledge were sufficient for success, when a corporation or trade-union without a soul, without the spirit that wins friends, could succeed, are swiftly going. Those who cannot see this will be eliminated inevitably by natural process, leaving the men of the right spirit in control.

This process of selection, which is to work such a revolution in human life by producing a change in the dominant type, is irresistible. Yet, although no power on earth can stop it and our inertia and mistakes can at most only delay it, upon our attitude toward it depend our welfare and our very existence. Those who cannot or will not learn shall be rejected, and whosoever goes wholly over to the good spirit, the same shall be saved. Moreover, through such devices as the Consumers' League it is possible actively to co-operate with this process of evolution, and even to hasten it by favoring the admired and desired type.

To have clear heads and to see our way is to have hope in our hearts. We cease to waste those most precious forms of energy, human thought and love. We need not pay attention to the recipes of those who are but tinkering with the social structure because they have not grasped the total situation and have no unitary view; and, while we welcome all happy social adjustments and plans of conciliation, we know that no such devices can harmonize men who put their trust solely in organization, whether of labor or capital, in force and shrewdness alone. We cannot raise flowers at zero temperature, and we cannot solve the labor problem until we have the psychological insight and courage to risk our lives and fortunes on the practicability and irresistibility of a contagious Christian idealism that brings warmth of heart and delight in human service.

Religious Implications.

So far my statement to the St. Louis public. If this view is substantially true, it is well to note certain of its implications which are of profound significance for religious thought and life. Nature apparently becomes interested sometimes in the production and dominance of a new type. This may pass now as a figure of speech, although the time may come when it may prove to be more. A visitor from some other world, coming to earth at intervals of say twenty thousand years during the silurian age, would naturally have inferred that God, or nature, was here interested chiefly in molluscs, for they were then the highest types of life on the planet. Returning in the next geological age, he would have had to revise his opinion, for the fishes were then lords of creation. After some millions of years a new type is dominant, and reptiles rule the mesozoic age. In the tertiary and quaternary the mammals, introduced a little before, are supreme, and with these in recent times man has contended for existence and mastery.

Our visitor would need a plastic and open mind to find out what the universe is doing. If he generalized from what he saw during any one geological age, he would inevitably be mistaken. The data for a wise judgment were not before him. To see the truth it is necessary to observe tendencies, to view the process of evolution in the large, to catch the drift of the ages. Not even when savage man appeared was it possible to do this, nor in the ages of barbarism. For a long time the dominant type was the fighting man. Then the men who possessed a genius for organization, who learned to fight together, came to the front. In recent history the producer of wealth, the shrewd money-maker, seemed to be the favored type. Now we, to whom the ends of the ages have come, are beginning to see that the men who to their efficiency add goodness are coming inevitably and by natural process to the lordship of the earth.

What kind of a world is it of which this can be said? To the question, "Is the universe congenial to our moral and spiritual ideals?" an observer in the carboniferous age would have had to reply, "Apparently no." Through all but the most recent past no other answer would have been possible. The truth lay below the horizon, and is only now becoming visible. In our intense delight we

Digitized by Google

may exclaim, "Blessed is this generation to which it is given to see and understand!" But why has it taken so long for the world to begin to show its quality and ripen into goodness? Why the natural first and then the spiritual? Why is it that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, and that the earnest expectation of the creation has had to wait so long for the revealing of the sons of God? We may not know, but it is ours to rejoice in the sweep of the sublime vision. We are doubtless mistaken in many details, but we can make out the larger features of the great process, and therefrom derive guidance for our actions, and for our hearts immeasurable joy and hope.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Comparisons.

BY REV. ELIZA M. H. ABBOTT.

Some one has said that "comparisons are odious." It appears to me that in most cases the reason that they are disagreeable may be found in our application of them; for do we not often compare the strong point in one person with the weak point in another? Is this method just or wise, remembering that we all have both weak and strong characteristics? We all have idiosyncrasies and sharp angles, as well as smooth curves, and we have vulnerable places where we are quickest hurt. Fortunate we shall be if we can discover our own weak places, not tenderly to guard them, but to strengthen, outgrow, or transform them.

When we learn to compare a strong element in one person with a different strong element in another, comparisons may be pleasant and profitable enough, and perhaps we might cheerfully abide such test. It is the thoughtless, unreasonable comparison which we dread,—the feeling that our weak point is measured against the strong point of another, whose individual weakness is then and there unseen. This sends the arrow home, for too well we may realize that we have not reached our test in a line where another may have achieved a great success. But we know, also, that in a line more akin to our best powers or special gifts, or in an hour more favorable, we, too, could have excelled.

Versatile talent is not apt to bring its possessor great renown: its force, being scattered rather than condensed, is not as clearly recognized. It is sometimes said that there are fewer great, overshadowing minds now than in other centuries; but, if this be so, it means, probably, that great minds are growing more numerous. If less conspicuous, it is because they are not as rare, proving that humanity as a whole is slowly rising. This should cause rejoicing, because the more great minds, the easier the lifting. Evidently we need many more yet, for still the mass lifts slowly, and the burdens fall on a few.

Now and then a genius flashing out compels the wondering gaze of the world; and, if a tidal wave brings it in sight at a favorable time, its meed of praise is forthcoming. We may not accurately measure how much these stars add to the lifting power, so much needed, but I wonder if those people, with a talent for adaptability, doing anything and everything which helps out,—a rather unconscious gift,—are not really the best rounded characters. It is helpful and most blessed to have these dear souls in our world; and, whether they are ever publicly recognized or not, I think God knows just where to find and reward them. Do we not love those sympathetic friends, who, when some one is bearing hard upon a weak point in us, will hasten to speak of a strong one, overlooked? Even so we may be just and generous to our fellow-travellers in the matter of comparisons. The commonplace person is not to be compared with a genius in one direction.

Clearly this matter of comparisons is in our own hands,—or in our hearts first, no doubt. We make them freely, voluntarily. Everywhere we shape our ideas, and reach our conclusions by comparisons. We fix the ratio; we decide the quality; we establish degrees according to our judgment. May we never forget that the cultivation of our own spirits will color and literally stamp that judgment!

Most of us have moods and appearances which may often be shaped by our own condition of mind. We shall be wise to guard our final judgments and make our comparisons by the high standard of the golden rule.

MALDEN, MASS.

Spiritual Life.

Peace hath mightier tests of manhood than ever battles knew.—*Whittier.*

There is no beautifier of form or complexion or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.—*R. W. Emerson.*

The kingdom of God is not a business set up in rivalry with worldly business, but a divine law regulating and a divine temper pervading the pursuits of worldly business.—*Martineau.*

When the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body, or when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

It is not in any peculiarity of his nature, nor in any mysterious relation that he sustains to the Supreme, nor in any official position that he holds as the alleged Messiah or Christ of the Jews, but in the moral power of his great character that the incalculable worth of the Man of Nazareth consists.—*W. H. Furness.*

There are two ways of reaching truth,—by reasoning it out and by feeling it out. All the profoundest truths are felt out. The deep glances into truth are got by love. Love a man, that is the best way of understanding him. Feel a truth, that is the only way of comprehending it.—*F. W. Robertson.*

I would say to all: Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.—*Elihu Burritt.*

They are very simple,—these uses of religion. Only to help men, midmost a world of infinite mystery and beauty and progression, to understand their situation, to touch their eyes that they may see the wonder and the glory all around them, and to attune their ears to all the voices that resound on every side, and to lift up their hearts with gladness, trust, and joy to the Supreme Eternal Spirit.—*John White Chadwick.*

Romance.

As I came down the Highgate Hill,
The Highgate Hill, the Highgate Hill,
As I came down the Highgate Hill,
I met the sun's bravado.
And saw below me, fold on fold,
Gray to pearl, and pearl to gold,
This London, like a land of old,
The land of Eldorado.

Oh, Drake he was a sailor bold,
And Frobisher, Sir Walter, too,
But ne'er they saw so rich a realm
As this that lay before us.
Methinks they strode beside me still,
Blood of my blood, down Highgate Hill,
Methinks they felt the self-same thrill,
And sang the self-same chorus.

And Keats he joined us half-way down,
Keats the chemist, Keats the clerk,
Oh, Keats he joined us half way down,
And laughed our lusty laughter;
And hailed with us the far lagoons,
The mystic groves, the hid doubloons,
And all the passionate, splendid noons
And the feasts that fall thereafter.

As arm in arm down Highgate Hill,
Down Highgate Hill, down Highgate Hill,
As arm in arm down Highgate Hill,
We met the sun's bravado,
And saw below us, fold on fold,
Gray to pearl, and pearl to gold,
Our London, like a land of old,
The land of Eldorado.

—*H. H. Bashford.*

Literature.

The Reformation in Germany. By Henry C. Vedder, Professor of Church History in Crozer Theological Seminary. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.—Prof. Vedder narrates the German Reformation to the settlement of the religious question by the Peace of Augsburg in 1555. He furnishes not only narration, but discussion also and comment, and the result is a very interesting book. There is no work on the subject that conveys such abundant information and descriptive detail, with frequent citation of illustrative documentary material. The "Foreword" indicates what effort the author has made to master the materials with the thoroughness of a scholar and at the same time to produce a readable book. He is to be congratulated on the success of this undertaking. His judgments of persons, his comments from the point of view of an American theologian and social reformer, may not always find assent, but he is entitled to them by serious study, and they give an added vitality to the exposition. He is no blind hero worshipper, and the conventional Lutheran will not enjoy everything; but neither is he writing in reaction against the reformers and their work. He is fair and discriminating. The addition of such a work to the existing literature is justified not only by this fresh and interesting expression, but also by the sociological or economic background which it furnishes. Dr. Vedder's sympathy with Christian social ideals has given him a breadth of view which contrasts with the narrow theological interest of older church history writing. He has not, however, we judge, fallen a victim to this interest and noticeably exaggerated or distorted the relations of fact. As he himself justly says, "to study the movement from any single point of view exclusively is to accumulate misinformation, not knowledge." It is quite true that we miss "the religious enthusiasm of other accounts" and may hesitate to indorse so sweeping a statement as "the German Reformation really owed its success far less to religious fervor than to social ferment and political selfishness." It is necessary to underscore the word "success" here to convey the right impression. What is said also about the Reformation as the warfare of the new capitalistic order against the Church has its truth, if we are looking at all those interests that rallied around the reformers. But even in Dr. Vedder's temperate handling of the subject one may lose sight of the strength of the purely religious interest with which reformers like Luther and Calvin were engrossed. It was religion that made them reformers, however many factors co-operated in the social whole to make their religious protests effective for social change. The fifth centennial of Luther's theses is not far distant. American scholarship has produced such valuable contributions as those of Schaff, Jacobs, McGiffert, Preserved Smith, and Vedder. Let us hope that the list may be extended by special studies of Luther's religious principles.

The Pilgrim Faith. By Ozora S. Davis, President of Chicago Theological Seminary. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1 net.—President Davis has written a sketch of the achievements of Congregationalism in the form of an outline of its New England history, its pioneer work in the West, its missionary undertakings in foreign lands, with due praise of the leading personalities connected with its story. The book is calculated to quicken loyalty and enthusiasm among the conservative churches of the Congregational order; and in these days when churches as institutions are disparaged by many, it is a useful thing to be reminded of the formative influence they have had in American life. That little episode in New England which obliges us to distinguish two branches of Congregationalism is given a passing mention as follows: "The second great controversy was with the Unitarians. There had been premonitions of the approaching conflict as early as 1756, when Thomas Emlyn wrote his *Humble Inquiry into the Scripture Account of Jesus Christ*. But it was not until the time of William Ellery Channing that the Unitarian debate became intense. Then the New England theologians were definitely challenged to explain how there can be three persons in the Godhead, and to account for the two natures in Christ. They replied, especially in meeting the latter point, with an appeal to the Bible. The issue of the conflict was the separation of the two churches and their practical activities, rather than any essential development or modification of the New England theology itself." Emlyn's *Humble Inquiry* appeared in 1702, the date 1756 being that of the first American reprint. Instead of being the aggressors in controversy, as Dr. Davis implies, the Unitarians were notoriously accused of concealing their views. The first to attempt controversy on the point was Jedediah Morse in his Thursday Lectures of 1790, and he failed to secure debate. As is well known, the controversy, when it came, was due to Morse, in 1815, who charged on the liberals "hypocritical concealment" and summoned the orthodox to come out and be separate. The liberals answered that they had not wished to divide the churches by debating a dormant topic in theology, and it was only when the orthodox had separated and the division was seen to be final that Channing challenged the orthodox dogma. If it is necessary that offences come, it is well to know the man by whom they come.

Religion in Social Action. By Graham Taylor. With an Introduction by Jane Addams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net; postage, 12 cents.—The instructive introduction by Jane Addams tells the reader what all workers for social reform gratefully remember at mention of Graham Taylor's name,—that he is a theologian who early gave himself to that vision of democracy which makes it an expression of essential Christianity. It rehearses his immense services in every kind of political reform and social betterment, in the study and teaching and practice of every kind of philanthropy, and in the generation of that social passion which to-day actuates a rising generation. Dr. Taylor's book is the formulation of his faith and his programme for "the democracy of religion and the religion of democracy." It will be read with sympathy and with commendation, for it is a temperate and wise and true discourse. There are individuals, it is true, who will shrink from such a programme of direct activity on the part of church organizations for changes in industrial conditions, and there are single churches which will be slow to undertake these mediatorial functions. But the proclamations of such bodies as the Federal Council of the United Churches of Christ and the activity of the Men and Religion Forward Movement show that the great adaptation of religion to the social tasks is, in principle, an accomplished fact. Dr. Taylor's book, as its title indicates, utters the ideals and the experience of those who are leaders in this modern development. It speaks not for the angry assailant, but for the persuasive leader, and it will furnish guidance and inspiration for all those who know that to love men is to love them in all the actual relationships of the common life.

The Assurance of Immortality. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1 net.—Dr. Fosdick is a Baptist clergyman, who has recently become generally known by contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* marked by acute observation and philosophical power. His book on the assurance of immortality will intensify the interest which he has already aroused. It comes from a full mind acquainted with the results of science and of critical philosophy, and it comes, also, from a large heart that beats with "the still, sad music of humanity." It is written with the grace of truthful expression and with argumentative skill. Dr. Fosdick addresses the mood that asks what difference it makes whether we believe or disbelieve in the continuance of personality beyond the grave, and the first part of his essay is devoted to establishing this difference. He considers what kind of world we have if death ends all. It would be a world which "throws away with utter carelessness its most precious treasures, never resolves to harmony the disso-

Digitized by Google

nance of its inequities, and has no way of preserving its moral gains; where no eternal value in personality motives sacrifice for spiritual quality in the individual or furnishes basis for passionate and hopeful service to the race." In the second part of the essay he shows effectively the inconclusive nature of the arguments against personal continuance, and, in closing, makes a powerful statement of the grounds of assurance. "The reasonableness of the universe is pledged to the immortality of man; the beneficence of God is unthinkable without it; the verdict of the spiritual seers confirms it; and, when it is put to the verifying test of life, it builds the loftiest character." Here is a book that can build faith and quicken the spirit. It is a ministry, too, to those who have loved and lost—awhile.

FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.20 net.—How a boy looks to himself at seventeen, how his friends seem to him, how life itself presents an aspect that it withdraws later, one may be led to remember through the pages of this delightful book. Never once, from the first page to the last, does the mature man look over the shoulder of the lad or interpose a suggestion or venture a wink of understanding. His comments may be funny, but they are perfectly serious. He may think much of himself, but how could it be otherwise? This story of "manhood in the making" is enjoyable from the moment that we see Corkey, called from his position as head boy of the school and "armed at all points," begin life as a neophyte in the world of business, up to the last page, when he forgives his aunt for laughing at his diary and reflects that "only a woman can laugh at the naked truth," and that such was the act of the woman who drank champagne on the night of the Revolution. We are told that Mr. Phillpotts has two specialties,—Dartmoor and the human boy. He has certainly made good in his delineation of the one as of the other.

THE GIRL AND HER RELIGION. By Margaret Slattery. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. This book is for the girl who thinks. Yet the girl who thinks is the one who needs it least. Wholly serious and deeply in earnest, the writer warns against tendencies that seem harmless in their beginnings, but which need the control of higher purpose and consecrated will. The writer realizes the conflict of desires that invade a young girl's mind, the love of pleasure and pretty things and the approval of others, as well as the deeper longings that are instinctive in her nature and general training. It is a book that ought to develop consideration for others and sympathy between girls differently placed, as well as the desire to be the right kind of a woman and home-maker. The book is attractively printed and illustrated, and comes neatly boxed.

THE KNIGHT IN GREY. By Marie E. Richard. Philadelphia: The Castle Press.—This historical novel, dedicated to the young people of the Church of the Reformation, has been written primarily to interest the young people of the Lutheran Church in its history; but its interest for the young people of other churches is by no means limited. The story belongs to us all, and the romance, set in these stirring times and introducing historical personages, has decided attraction. The writer challenges her young readers to discover any liberties she may have taken in the telling of it. Undoubtedly she has built carefully upon known facts, and she has kept true to the general outlines of events; but her characters have a general finish and completeness not drawn from books or ancient documents.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. By W. H. P. Phyfe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.—On the shelf with the *Blue Book*, *Who's Who*, and the bound *Farmer's Almanac* belongs rightfully this convenient handbook of reference in time of need. The only trouble is that a book like this should be used less for reference than for study, because it is not the words that we are doubtful about, which ought to trouble us, but the many that we mistakenly think we pronounce with correctness. For a quarter of a century this manual of proper pronunciation has been in use by the American people, but the present edition has been revised, enlarged, and printed from new plates, with the addition of valuable notes and comments.

ANGEL ISLAND. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.—Mrs. Gillmore's novel is so much more significant and telling in book form than when printed as a serial that those who know it only as it appeared in the pages of the *American Magazine* will do well to take it up again in its completed form. Fantastic and strained as the theme appears, when told bluntly in announcements or book notices, it deepens as the purpose of the writer is brought out, and the latter part of the book emphasizes her thought with apt suggestion. Probably the story, as a story, would have been more vivid and interesting had there been but three couples instead of five to serve as types.

OLD VALENTINES. By Munson Havens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 net.—How pleasant it is, after reading a series of problem novels, and breathing the atmosphere of soiled characters and lowered standards, to happen upon a wholly agreeable story of home-making, in which love has its own regal way, and the old, high, fine ideals count for something, as they undoubtedly count still in real life. The story is bright, and its lightness has the compensation of wholesome humor and the kind of sentiment one may frankly confess to enjoying.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools

FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.

By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.

Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.

Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN

No. 31

Co-partnership in Housing

BY PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM

The housing problem is one of the complex and difficult social problems which nearly every growing town and city in America is facing to-day. England is solving it in a measure with its garden cities and garden suburbs, such as Letchworth and Hampstead. Then, too, by the introduction of the co-partnership principle it has there become possible for the wage-earner to enjoy all the advantages of owning his own house, without the danger of losing the whole or a part of his investment should his work take him permanently to some other locality. Co-partnership in housing has yet to be tried in the United States, but there is reason to believe it will be as successful here as in England. This Bulletin is an important contribution to the literature of the movement in America.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

Order as "S. S. No. 31," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

American Unitarian Association

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Bubble-Blowing.

Our plot is small, but sunny limes
  Shut out all cares and troubles;
And there my little girl at times
  And I sit, blowing bubbles.

The screaming swifts race to and fro,
  Bees cross the ivied paling,
Draughts lift and set the globes we blow
  In freakish currents sailing.

They glide, they dart, they soar, they break.
  Oh, joyous little daughter,
What lovely colored worlds we make,
  What crystal flowers of water!

One, green and rosy, slowly drops;
  One soars and shines a minute,
And carries to the lime-tree tops
  Our home, reflected in it.

The gable, with cream rose in bloom,
  She sees from roof to basement;
"Oh, Father, there's your little room!"
  She cries in glad amazement.

To her, enchanted with the gleam,
  The glamour and the glory,
The bubble home's a home of dream,
  And I must tell its story;

Tell what we did, and how we played,
  Withdrawn from care and trouble—
A father and his merry maid,
  Whose house was in a bubble!

—*William Canton.*

The Twenty-second!

BY LEE WYNDHAM.

The boys were in a state of excitement. For two weeks the idea of having a fire brigade of their very own had been the topic of conversation.

"I think it a good plan," said Mr. Scott, the headmaster, "if you can prove yourselves so promptly obedient that we needn't have one bit of fear, and your parents needn't have one bit of fear, as to your getting in danger."

Mr. Scott had made obedience a popular virtue. Until he came, the boys had thought obedience—well, an excellent thing for girls, and little boys under ten! They over ten might very well, they deemed, be allowed to decide for themselves what to do and what not to do; but, when they had recited the "Charge of the Last Brigade" and "Casabianca," had listened to stories of great generals and conquering kings, of judges who condemned king's sons, and so on, they began to see obedience as a manly and soldier-like quality, and to boast of possessing it!

"Just think," said Jim West, "of being in the Boys' Fire Brigade, and having to go to a fire!"

"We'd have a uniform, too," cried Oliver King, "as good as the Boy Scouts'!"

"We'll talk it over with a committee made up of your fathers," Mr. Scott concluded.

The committee meeting was held on the evening of the 21st of February. The boys were to assemble in the yard of Mr. Scott's house at ten on the morning of the next day, which was, of course, a holiday!

Promptly at the appointed time, with a military erectness of bearing, the boys were at the yard gate. Mr. Scott came out at once. The day was keenly cold, and he beckoned them inside.

"Come to the library, boys," he called out. "We'll talk round a fire."

Oliver King, who was all of fourteen, led the way as a matter of course. The rest, whose ages ranged from his proud seniority down to Jim West's nine years and eleven months, followed. The room was bright and cheery, lined with books and maps. They found seats, and Mr. Scott began.

"Your fathers," he said, "approve of the idea!"

There was a murmur of applause.

"The boys of the Fire Brigade," went on the headmaster, "will have a uniform. It will hang at their bedside. On Saturdays they will put it on and assemble here for drill, which the sergeant will give them. But, when there are fires"—

Oliver interrupted: "They'll go to them, sir, won't they? Day or night?"

Mr. Scott smiled.

"Well, the nights we'll leave to your waking and your parents; but, if a fire occurs out of school hours, you'll certainly go!"

Fred Winter spoke up eagerly, "Don't you think we ought to go in school hours, too, sir?"

"That must be left to your teachers," decided Mr. Scott. "I feel pretty sure, however, that, if the Boys' Fire Brigade has done good work, the teachers will be for letting them go."

The boys looked satisfied.

"Your work," continued Mr. Scott, "will be to take up your place, in single or double file as the space may allow, to stand there in silence under your own Captain," here every boy looked at Oliver, who tried to look modest! "and do nothing till he tells you what to do. The firemen proper will give their directions to him. These directions may be to run messages to the nearest telephone or to take a message back to headquarters; but your chief usefulness will be in keeping back, with gentleness, boys and children not of the brigade, and in taking care of any women or children rescued from the building on fire, or perhaps of property—portable property. New ways of usefulness will probably develop. We must have a band, of course," went on the young headmaster, with mounting enthusiasm, "and our own parades, some evenings. Now, I will enroll all boys over ten and under fourteen. We have another brigade for those over fourteen."

He began to call names and enter them in a new book. No one noticed Jim West, whose face had fallen sadly.

"Please, sir," he said, suddenly. "When may boys join?"

"We shall have a recruiting week," replied Mr. Scott, "every three months."

He finished the name he was writing and called:

"Next!"

Jim thought hard! He would be ten years old on the 22d of March. He couldn't join until May the 22d! He would be out of all the fun for three months, and wouldn't be in the "first bunch" in any case. It was very hard and a shame!

Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind. Perhaps "flashed" is not the right word, for a flash is bright, and this thought was dark! He had come to this nice little town, with its excellent school, just after Christmas! No one knew when his birthday was, except the teacher who taught his room, and she happened to be away sick, with a substitute in her place. No one would think about his age. He was tall for it! If he said ten, he would not be doubted!

"Now, Jim West, age?" inquired Mr. Scott. The last boy had been entered while Jim thought.

"T—ten," he stammered. No one noticed his confusion, because it was evident he had been in a brown study when spoken to.

"Birthday?" said Mr. Scott, briskly.

Jim had not counted on this. He could not invent anything. He said quickly,—

"To-day, sir."

Mr. Scott laid down his pen and looked at Jim, not at all in doubt, but in congratulation.

"Jim," he said, "I envy you."

Everybody else looked at Jim, who by no means envied himself!

"Yes," went on the headmaster, "if I could have chosen my own birthday, I'd have been glad to choose George Washington's."

Jim had not thought what he was claiming.

"I never knew that before, Jim," cried Fred Winter.

"How would you know?" Oliver came to Jim's assistance. "We're not girls! We don't have birthday parties and cakes and nonsense like that."

"Come, come," said Mr. Scott. "I don't call a cake nonsense, if you do! I think we'll have both a cake and a party to-night, for the boy born on Washington's birthday. Will you all come here at six o'clock, boys? Shake hands, Jim."

Jim stumbled forward, not knowing what to say or do.

Mr. Scott took his hand, and pointed up to a picture of the Father of his Country which hung over the mantlepiece. A wreath of fresh green leaves hung round it.

"I always put a wreath round his picture on his birthday," said the young headmaster, "not only because he was a fearless soldier and a wise general; not only because he was a great statesman and a noble-minded man, and our First President. He was all that and more! He was the boy who didn't tell a lie when telling a lie was the way out of a difficulty. Three cheers for George Washington, and three more for his twin here."

Jim could not interrupt the cheers. They rang out three times! But, before they could begin his cheers, he turned round to them and held up his hand.

"Don't cheer me," he said, and they were the hardest words he had ever spoken. "I've told a lie, sir," he looked at Mr. Scott, "I won't be ten till the 22d of March."

There was a dead silence. It lasted some very uncomfortable seconds. Then Mr. Scott again took Jim's hand and said,—

"Jim, what made you say that?"

"'Cause," answered Jim, forgetting his language lessons, "I wanted to be in the First Brigade."

Mr. Scott looked at the boy and up at the Father of his Country again.

"Boys," he said, "it's fine to be like our First President, and not tell a lie; but the next best thing is to be brave enough to own it and give up what it was going to win for us. I think we'll have the party, just for George Washington's sake; and I think,"—he laid his other hand on Jim's downcast head—"that we'll stretch our rules one month and let Jim in. Let's vote on it."

Digitized by Google

"I guess," said Jim, after the party, "that I'll speak the straight truth after this. It's the meanest kind of a feeling I had when he was talking to me."

Oliver, to whom he was speaking, glanced up at George Washington's pictured face.

"You're right," he answered. "It must be fine to be like him and stop this side of the lie!"

A Ride with Old Billy.

Dolly Dutton and her cousin Ruth sat under the big elm in front of the house, with their dolls around them.

Many who passed along the shady country street smiled and nodded at the little girls, who seemed so happy and contented.

"Ruthie," said Dolly, "there comes Miss Sereno. It's Missionary Day; and she'll leave Old Billy here and walk to meeting with ma,—she always does,—and I've thought of something perfectly splendid! Let's dress up in those funny old things of Aunt Hannah's, and go to ride. We'll play we are city ladies."

"I'm afraid maybe it wouldn't be right," said Ruth.

"Miss Sereno won't mind," said Dolly, "and pa says Old Billy needs exercise. We'll have plenty of time; for they always call on Miss Eunice afterward, and talk about her spine, and then go to the minister's. They never get back till supper. Come, now, so's to be all ready when they turn the corner by the church. It'll be such fun!"

Two quaint little ladies came from the house soon after, dressed in long dresses, with very short waists, white silk shawls, and big poke bonnets, and climbed into the old-fashioned chaise with yellow wheels.

"I guess we had better go this road," said Dolly, turning the horse's head toward the country road: "it's so very quiet that we won't meet so many people. It's quite a pretty place here,—don't you think, Mis' Warren?—there is such a breezy wind."

"Yes: I've brought all my children to spend the summer, so to have 'em get full of health," said Mrs. Warren. "I don't see what makes folks all laugh so, but maybe they do in the country 'cause they're so happy."

"I 'most b'lieve that man is the minister, but he laughed so I couldn't tell. I think he isn't very polite," said Mrs. Dutton.

Just then a load of gay young people from the hotel drove past them.

"The dear little grandmothers!" said one lady. "Such sweet, innocent faces! I doubt if they *could* do anything wrong."

Dolly and Ruth heard and blushed under their big bonnets. They were already wishing, down deep in their guilty hearts, that they were under the big elm at home.

"I guess we'd better go back now," said Mrs. Warren: "maybe the children will cry. My baby has got the mumps so she can't eat any pickles. She cries after 'em dreadfully, but I have to say 'No.'"

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Dutton. "My baby has mumps 'most every week. We'll have to keep on this road, 'cause I don't know how to turn round; but maybe it will come out by our house."

"Don't you s'pose you can turn round?" asked Ruth, after a long silence. "What will Miss Sereno say?"

"Oh, dear!" said Dolly. "I don't know but she'll have us shut up in jail. I 'most know I never can turn back, and I always was afraid of her. What shall we do?"

"Let's get out and run home, and tell 'em all about it! It's 'most dark now."

"I don't dare," said Dolly, just ready to cry. "Why, Ruthie! There is the church this minute! Didn't I tell you we'd come out all right?" And Dolly laughed gleefully.

"Who is that coming?" asked Ruth, faintly. "I b'lieve it's Miss Sereno."

"Yes," said Dolly, "and I'm going to own right up and have it over."

Miss Sereno had stopped, and was gazing at them with an astonished face.

"Who in the world"— she gasped.

"We are playing we are city ladies," said Dolly, talking very fast; "but it isn't nice at all, 'cause we didn't ask you about it. Do forgive us, dear Miss Sereno. It was all my blame—every bit."

Miss Sereno laughed until she had to lean against a tree for support. Her spectacles dropped off, and tears ran down her face.

When she could speak, she said sweetly:—

"Well, dears, I guess there isn't any harm done. I forgive you, and I will try to remember that little girls like to ride. I'll take you home, and tell your mothers not to scold you. Of course, it wasn't quite right to take the horse without leave; but I am sure you would never do it again."

"No, indeed! We never will," said Dolly, gratefully.

They never did, but Dolly and Ruth had many delightful rides after that in the chaise with Miss Sereno behind Old Billy. *Julia D. Peck.*

Judge Not.

"O mamma!" cried Jack, running into the sitting-room where his mother was sewing, "Sidney is breaking a commandment: he is,—'Thou shalt not steal,'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack," said his mother, in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, hopping about on one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar-bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"O-h!" said mamma, in a tone of relief: "that's it, is it? Come here, Jack." And, taking her little boy's hand, she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma, of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at that question, but did not say no.

"Now, Jack, I want you to see how mistaken you are. You think you would not break a commandment; but, because you are so able to believe evil of your brother, you are really breaking the command which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mamma. You said it meant saying what was not true about any one; but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack; but you are sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack; "but now I s'pose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened, and Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as though he was ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dicky, mamma," he said, slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here is a letter for you. I saw the postman coming and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling at him; and then she turned and looked at Jack.—*Sunbeam.*

When to Cry.

There are millions of children in the world who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing; but they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now I have often thought that there are children who cry, now and then, at the wrong time; and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry.

But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise, and he told me:—

"It is bad luck to cry on Monday.

"To cry on Tuesday makes the eyes red.

"Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads, and for the heads of older people.

"It is said that, if a child begins to cry on Thursday, he will find it hard to stop.

"It is not best for children to cry on Friday—it makes them unhappy.

"Never cry on Saturday—it is too busy a day.

"Tears shed on the Sabbath are salt and bitter.

"Children should on no account cry at night: the nights are for sleep.

"They may cry whenever else they please, but not at any of these times, unless it is for something serious."

I wrote down the rules just as the old man gave them to me. Of course they will be of no use to the older boys and girls. *St. Nicholas.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
679 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Divine Discontent.

Be not content, contentment means inaction;
The growing soul aches on its upward quest;
Satiety is twin to satisfaction;
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

The tiny roots deep in the dark mould hiding
Would never bless the earth with leaf and flower
Were not an inborn restlessness abiding
In seed and germ to stir them with its power.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled;
And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented:
There is a healthful restlessness of soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

So, when the restless impulse rises, driving
Your calm content before it, do not grieve:
It is the upward reaching and the striving
Of the God in you to achieve, achieve.

—*Author unknown.*

Two Weeks in Calcutta.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Calcutta, the "City of Palaces," the proud commercial emporium of India, was made very angry when, two years ago, it was announced by the government that the national capital, which ever since the establishment of British rule had been located here, was to be taken away and set up in Delhi, the old capital of the Mogul emperors. Many prognostications of disastrous results to the city were made, such as loss of business, decline in values of real estate, and decrease of popularity as a place of residence for native princes and men of wealth and distinction. But, instead of these evil predictions coming true, Calcutta has never been more prosperous than now. The amount of shipping at its docks is enormous. Real estate is selling at prices never before known. Great business buildings and fine private residences are going up in great numbers. One revisiting the place after seventeen years, as I do, hardly recognizes it, except in the back streets and the vast native sections, where, alas! poverty, squalor, and destitution reign, just as of old.

I reached Calcutta by steamer from China, via Singapore and Rangoon. Instantly I felt at home; for, as my boat approached the wharf, I saw waiting, with smiling faces and waving hands, eight or ten dear old-time Indian friends, with Principal Maitra, known and honored in America and England, at their head. A welcome from one's own blood kin could not have been warmer than that accorded by these brethren of a kindred faith. They took us (my daughter and myself) to the home of Dr. J. C. Bose, the eminent Indian scientist, where we were entertained throughout our stay in Calcutta. And nothing could have been more interesting or delightful. Dr. Bose is a professor in the Calcutta University, an author of learned scientific books, and an original investigator whose work has attracted much attention in Europe and America. I met him three or four years ago when he was in America giving lectures at Harvard and other universities and before some of our scientific societies. Although he and Mrs. Bose have both visited not only America, but France and Germany, and have spent some years in England, and hence are able to adapt themselves easily to our Western ways of dress and living, when there is need for it, yet they love best the customs and ways of India, and always practise these in their own home. Thus we have had the great privilege of coming into close touch with the real interior life of a cultured Indian family.

My stay in Calcutta has been as crowded as it has been full of interest. The work devolving upon me has been twofold: first, that of filling engagements (some ten in number) to preach and lecture in churches and educational institutions, as "Billings Lecturer"; and, second, that of making preparation for the All-the-World Theistic Congress, which it is expected will be held in India next winter. In the interest of the Congress I have obtained private interviews with prominent men of various religious faiths, and delivered no fewer than six public addresses to audiences, most of them large,—one in the City College and another in the Calcutta University,—the response in every case being most gratifying.

I have been very glad to meet in Calcutta at least three of the Brahmo young men who have been sent for theological training to Meadville in America and to Manchester College, Oxford, England. At a meeting of the General Brahmo Committee, which has charge of the work of selecting these students, I inquired carefully regarding the results of this foreign study. It was gratifying to find the testimony unanimous that those who enjoy the benefit of these scholarships profit greatly, and return from Oxford and Meadville prepared to do better religious work in India than would otherwise be possible. The committee requested me to convey to the president, professors, and trustees of the Meadville Theological School, and to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and the faculty of Manchester College their very sincere thanks, and also the thanks of the Indian Brahmo community generally, for the help rendered to the cause of pure and progressive theism in India by these scholarships.

I have also made careful inquiries regarding the results of the "Beacon Scholarships," which several American Unitarian Sunday-schools are maintaining for the education of poor boys and girls in the Calcutta Brahmo boys' and girls' schools. I have seen and talked with a number of those whose schooling is made possible by these Beacon Scholarships. They desired me to let the Sunday-schools in America know how very grateful they are. They are all children who are either without parents or whose parents are too poor to pay for their education. Their teachers assured me of their faithfulness and diligence and of the good progress they are making in their studies.

As I have already said, it is seventeen years since my previous visit to Calcutta. Of course, I see many changes in the Brahmo-Somajes, as well as in the city. Children have become men and women with children of their own. Men who then were students, and who talked eagerly with me of their unselfish hopes and dreams for the future, are now approaching middle life; and I am glad to recognize not a few of them as making their earnest dreams of usefulness come true by lives of noble devotion to the promotion of those educational, social, and religious reforms which India so much needs, and for which the Brahmo-Somaj stands. There is urgent need for these new leaders of a new generation, for I note with sadness conspicuous vacancies in the old ranks. Mozoomdar is gone, and who can quite fill the place of this great preacher? Debendra Nath Tagore has fallen,—a singularly stately tree in the forest, "leaving a lonely place against the sky." Mr. A. M. Bose, a great leader in public life and in education, as well as in religion,—a truly national character,—is gone, a loss felt deeply by all Bengal and all India, as well as by the Brahmo-Somaj. Prof. B. N. Sen, who spent some months in America, several years ago, and who made a deep impression by his thought and his scholarship, has passed on in the early prime of what was giving promise of a remarkable career.

We are always tempted to compare unfavorably the present generation with the past. But we must not do so with the Brahmo-Somaj in India; for, serious as I perceive its losses to be, I find many strong and devoted men doing its work and heroically carrying forward its banner, not only in Calcutta, but in other parts of India. Since leaving Calcutta, I have attended the great Indian National Congress, the Indian National Social Conference, the National Industrial Conference, the National Association for the Elevation of the Depressed Classes, and the All-India Theistic Conference,—assemblies which bring together large numbers of the most influential men of all sections of India; and nothing has surprised or impressed me more than to find how large a proportion of these men have received their training in the Brahmo-Somajes. As yet Brahmos form hardly more than an infinitesimal part of the whole population of India, but the number of leaders that they are furnishing in every kind of advance movement is astonishing. Nothing could more clearly indicate the vast service which this small and brave band of religious reformers is rendering to the higher life of their country.

In this connection I may mention two interesting events which occurred in Calcutta while I was there. One was the action of the Calcutta University, the premier university of India, in conferring the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Rabindra Nath Tagore, following the bestowal upon him of the Nobel Prize in Europe. Mr. Tagore (who is a son of the honored Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore) is by common consent the most eminent living Indian poet. More than any other writer he is the literary leader of his generation. He is also in a way a great religious and political leader; for his poems, which are both deeply religious and fervently patriotic, and many of which he has set to music of his own composition, have attained a wonderful popularity among all classes of the people, being committed to memory and sung in thousands of homes in all parts of Bengal and beyond. Thus through the fine medium of poetry and song, the pure, high, forward-looking Brahmo faith is being silently and widely spread in quarters where otherwise it could find no entrance.

The other event to which I refer is the dedication of the new Ram Mohun Roy Memorial Library, a fine edifice which has recently been erected in a central part of the city in honor of the great scholar, reformer, and founder of the Brahmo-Somaj, whose name it bears. The governor of Bengal, the Maharajah of Burdwan, and several eminent scholars took part in the dedication. It is inter-

Digitized by Google

esting to note how wide-spread is coming to be the recognition of Ram Mohun Roy as not only one of the most eminent sons of India, but as one of the great men of the modern world.

BOMBAY, INDIA.

A Mother.

I was called to the West last week on the errand that can come but once in the experience of each individual. "Most all of the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows; brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins; but only one mother in all the wide world."

Naturally it is from one's mother that one gains most of those deep things of the spirit by which one lives. That boon of blessing is given to mothers,—the crown of their motherhood,—to give of their best to their children. "The real religion of the world comes from women much more than from men," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "from mothers most of all, who carry the key of our souls in their bosoms."

My mother was just one of the common people of the first generation born in the Middle West, whose lives have helped to shape our national life there; but to me and to those who came to know her well she possessed some of those traits of character that give worth to human life. She felt that she had a soul,—that she was a soul; and, in order to keep her soul alive, to have it growing and to maintain it always young, she fed her soul continually on the best things. She looked for the good, the true, the sweet, the lovable. When she corrected her children or when she influenced others, it was never, that I can recall, by reproving the bad so much as by calling out the good quality that she desired. So the good grew, and the evil fell out of sight as no longer attractive.

What she said about others was never unkind and unpleasant, however any one differed from her. She wished others to be individuals and to have the joy of directing their own lives; to see the good ahead and to turn to it, and so have the strength that comes from self-direction.

As she grew in years, she kept always interested in people, in the things about her, in the happenings of the day, and in the progress of the world. Coming late in life to a new community, she was as much interested in its welfare and in the men and women who were shaping its life as if she had been born there. She kept no standard of the past to which the world must conform to meet her approval. The world grew, and she grew with it. So she kept ever young in spirit with its new life.

She knew how to suffer, to renounce self, and to endure hardship, pain, and suffering. She did it without complaining, or losing the sweetness of her nature. Even when sickness lay heavy upon her, and those near to her were summoned about her bedside, expecting death at any moment to lay his hand upon her, it was more like a house of mirth that gathered there than one of sorrow. She hid her suffering from all but the sharpest eyes, and she herself was as gay as the red bird that in summer sang and raised her young in the tree by her window and in winter found shelter in the honeysuckles by her porch and shared her bounty. Her son-in-law, with whom she lived during the trying ten years of her widowhood, said of her that he had never known her to say an unkind word about anybody, had never known her to lose her temper or to be angry, had never known her to worry, to fret, to be impatient, or to complain. Why should one yield to these things if one believes in the reality of religion, since it is by such things the soul's growth is checked? Her faith was simple and fundamental but it was sweet and positive and satisfying.

It is by lives like this we guide our belief.

"What know we greater than the soul?
On God and God-like man we build our trust."

F.

Meadville Theological School.

Among the many services required of the liberal minister is the delicate, and to some persons difficult, task of leading the devotional exercises of the Sunday congregation. The "foolishness of preaching" still furnishes the central feature of all congregational bodies, both orthodox and Unitarian; but use of a more formal printed "service," including responsive readings, is more and more superseding the wholly extempore guidance of the opening exercises in even the most non-ecclesiastical churches. The common use of the Hymn and Service Book issued by the Unitarian Association and similar compilations leaves little for the individual minister's choice in devotional exercises except the choice of hymns and the Scripture reading, and the extempore but expected "Prayer" which is still an essential element in most liberal churches. The selection of hymns is easy if a minister will only remember that he seeks thus to provide a poetic atmosphere for the special subject of the hour, and should choose from the wealth at his disposal something sufficiently simple in words and music for the people really to use together. The choice of Scripture reading is sometimes bewildering from its very freedom and wealth of opportunity. Many liberal ministers no longer feel restricted to the use of the Old and New Testaments, but, knowing the ancient sages and poets of all faiths to be their spiritual ancestors, use freely all "those books to be read upon the knees," of which Emerson spoke.

It takes more good sense and good taste, however, to gather a garland of beauty from the wild wood than to make a nosegay from a walled garden of carefully selected flowers. Hence the erratic and the disputatious often lose sight of the true aims of the devotional service in the effort to "whet the scythe of their argument" by the use of some well-known and pungent modern writings. Theological schools should help students to a perception of the difference between the eternal and universal and the transient and local in religious writings, and show the higher uses of the former for the unification of the congregation in aspiration and trust. The restriction of students who are to serve in parishes of Christian traditions to the Old and New Testaments in their selections of readings for the daily and weekly meetings in which they try to practise the art of devotional leadership has undoubted pedagogical value, as giving familiarity with the usual and near before ranging through the outer world; and especially is this true in respect to a generation of youth growing up so ignorant of the Bible of their ancestors as to fail in understanding much of the best literature of our civilization. But any restrictions are easily misunderstood, and the present plan of the Meadville School to give the students full freedom, but teach them how they may use it to highest advantage, seems the best. In this plan the students themselves present selected readings from any and every source for criticism, and learn thereby that the basis of criticism in liberal parishes which they may hereafter serve will be not doctrinal, but based upon the requirement that all such exercises should be in the direction of united trust and uplift. A collection of compilations of value is also being made for the aid of the students in selecting extra-Biblical material.

The following is the programme of the course on Scripture reading in the Department of Practical Theology at the Meadville School:—

Opening lecture by Dr. Southworth; two lectures on the Old Testament by Dr. Waterman; two on the New Testament and Apocrypha by Prof. Bowen; one on the Church Fathers and Christian Mystics by Dr. Christie, as well as one on Arnold and Clough; one on Martineau, Newman, and Ruskin, by Prof. Greve; one on Tennyson and another on the American Poets by Dr. Barber; two on Emerson and Carlyle by Prof. Spencer; two on Wordsworth and Browning by Prof. Hutcheon; two on the non-Christian scriptures by Dr. Waterman; and others on readings proposed by the class, conducted by Dr. Southworth.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

The Macedonian Relief Fund.

We are glad to note that simultaneously with our own appeal for the relief of the sufferers by the Balkan War, our British Unitarian friends have been collecting funds through their organ, *The Inquirer*, for a similar purpose. Miss M. E. Durham, who has recently returned from an errand of mercy in Albania, has given her fellow-believers in England a truly harrowing account of the suffering by hunger and exposure of the unfortunate victims of the war in that province. Responding to her eloquent plea, some $1,200 have been raised and forwarded to the local relief committee.

We in America are a little behind this amount, but are gratified to acknowledge the following gifts added since the publication of the last list of contributors: Miss Mary G. Schwarz, $5; Laconia (N.H.) Sunday-school, $2; Greenfield Alliance, $7.25; A. D. G., $5; Mrs. P. M. Thomson, $3; Sarah C. Wentz, $5; Peterboro (N.H.) Guild, $4; Mrs. J. H. Tweedy, $25; Miss Belle Grant, $5; Castine (Me.) Alliance, $5; Mrs. Charles Devereux, $1; Middleboro (Mass.) Alliance, $1; E. S. P., $25; Miss Mabel T. White, $5; Young People's Religious Union, Northampton, $5; a friend, Northampton, $5; two friends, Augusta, Me., $2; Mrs. Henry Shake, $2; Miss Mary F. Bartlett, $10; Braintree Alliance, $5; Mrs. Henry S. Upson, $5; Mrs. Caroline E Richardson, $10; Leominster Alliance, $5; Northampton Unitarian Sunday-school, $5; Eureka (Cal.) Unitarian church $2; Meadville (Pa.)

Alliance, $2; Saco (Me.) Alliance, $10; Laconia (N.H.) Unitarian Sunday-school, $5.30; Minneapolis Unitarian Sunday-school, $10; Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D.D., $10; a friend, $1; South Carver Alliance, $2; Mrs. W. O. Wise, $1; E. S. B., $2.

Further contributions may be sent to Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Calvin Milton Woodward.

Prof. Woodward was my classmate at Harvard College, and always a valued friend. I am glad that on the 30th of September, 1913, he celebrated his golden wedding. When he called upon me last summer in Brookline, he looked such a picture of perfect health that his recent sudden death from apoplexy on Jan. 12, 1914, is still a great surprise.

After graduating from Harvard Prof. Woodward was for five years the principal of the Brown High School in Newburyport, Mass. In 1862–63 he served in the Union Army as captain of Company A in the 48th Massachusetts Volunteers. From 1865 to 1870 he was the vice-principal of the Smith Academy in St Louis, Mo., and from 1871 to 1909 was the professor of mathematics and applied mechanics in the Washington University at St. Louis. Since 1909 Prof. Woodward has been professor emeritus of the university which he had served so long; and it was while he was travelling in the interest of his university that he was so suddenly taken away. It is pleasant to note that Prof. Woodward received in 1883 the degree of honorary Ph.D., and in 1905 that of LL.D. from Washington University, and that in 1908 the University of Wisconsin conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Probably Prof. Woodward will be longest remembered by the general public as the author of the often quoted saying, "Send the whole boy to school," a quotation from an address made by him at the inauguration of the St. Louis Manual Training School in 1879.

In 1912 Prof. Woodward was chosen a director of the American Unitarian Association.

To us who knew him well in his college days he always seemed the kindly and scholarly gentleman. By his character he will longest be remembered, "The one thing finished in this hasty world."

Henry G. Spaulding.

Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper.

Mrs. Sarah Emery Hooper, widow of Samuel Thompson Hooper, died February 18, in Cambridge, in her ninety-third year, from the effects of long age. She had not been ill, and her death brought quietly to a close a life of notable activity. She had lived in Cambridge for about two years and previously lived for several years in Portland, Me., where she made her home with her niece, Mrs. John Carroll Perkins.

Mrs. Hooper was born in 1822 in Buxton, Me., and was the daughter of Alexander Jose and Sally (Emery) Jose. In 1845 she was married to Samuel Thompson Hooper, a Boston business man of the firm of Hooper, Newell & Stevens, commission merchants. They opened a branch business house in Melbourne, Australia, upon the discovery of gold in that country; and Mr. Hooper and his wife went out there and remained for several years in their early married life.

She returned to America at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, and at once took an active part, among other women, in relief and other work. She served on the Sanitary Commission, and in other ways was interested in work in behalf of soldiers. Mrs. Hooper was long one of the active workers in the parish of the South Congregational Church from the days of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's pastorate there. With Abby May, she founded the Women's Auxiliary, which later became the Women's Alliance, and she did much to promote its aims. She was a director and first vice-president of the American Unitarian Association and the only woman ever to fill that office.

Other interests which enlisted Mrs. Hooper's sympathy and active co-operation for many years included the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital, the Massachusetts Indian Association, and the South End Industrial School. Mrs. Hooper was the founder and first president of the Boston Cooking School.

Mrs. Hooper was the last of her own generation, but is survived by several nieces and a nephew. They are: Mrs. John Carroll Perkins of Portland, Me.; Mrs Hale, wife of Rev. Edward Hale of Chestnut Hill, minister of the First Unitarian Parish in that place; Mrs. A. E. Crane of Westwood; Mrs. Ossian Ray of Lancaster, N.H.; Mrs. Herbert H. D. Peirce of Washington, D.C., wife of the former United States minister to Norway; Mrs. Samuel Stevens, Washington, D.C., and Mrs. Woodruff of Marietta, Ohio. The surviving nephew is John Small of Portland.

We hope later to present a more personal tribute to the memory of a woman to whose activity and influence the community in general and the Unitarian denomination in particular have owed much, and to whom honor and affection have flowed out in large measure.

Two Important Conferences in Boston.

A Country Church Conference will be held under the auspices of the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Universalist, and Unitarian Social Service Commissions in Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, March 4 and 5. A Conference of Church Federations of New England will be held on Thursday, March 5, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Thursday morning meeting will be a joint session of the two bodies.

At the Wednesday morning meeting at Pilgrim Hall, 10.30 o'clock, Dr. S. A. Eliot will preside, and the general subject, "The Church and Community Religion," will be presented in addresses by Rev. Howard F. Legg, Wilbraham, Mass., and J. A. Scheuerle, secretary of the Hampden County Improvement League with discussion opened by Rev. E. A. Pratt.

On Wednesday afternoon, two o'clock, Prof. A. R. Merriam presiding, C. C. Carstens and Rev. Silas E. Persons, Cazenovia, N.Y., will speak on "The Church and Community Recreation."

The Wednesday evening meeting will be at Kingsley Hall at 8. Rev. Harry F. Ward will preside; and Prof. F. W. Howe will speak on "The Church and Community Co-operation," and Rev. Willard E. Waterbury will open discussion.

Prof. Henry K, Rowe will preside at the joint session Thursday morning, and Rev. George K. Leighton, Rev. Rockwell H. Potter, and Rev. Thomas Chalmers will give addresses on "The Church and Civil Government."

Thursday afternoon Rev. Alexander Mann will preside; Rev. Frank W. Collier will conduct devotional service, and the speakers on "Church Federations" will be Mr. Frank H. Robson, Worcester; Rev. C. M. Woodman, Portland; Rev. Raymond Calkins, Cambridge; Rev. Ralph S. Cushman, Fall River. "Women's Part in Church Federation" will will be illustrated by Mrs. George W. Coleman, Mrs. Georgia M. Root, and Miss Harriet J. Stevenson.

On Thursday evening Prof. Alfred Williams Anthony and Rev. Charles S. Macfarland will speak on "State-wide and Nation-wide Federation."

The Isles of Shoals Reunion.

Notwithstanding the worst blizzard of the winter,—a terrific storm, comprising snow, wind, and rain, followed by the usual sea of Boston slush,—nearly 90 persons—to be exact, 87—attended the mid-winter reunion of the Isles of Shoals Summer Meetings Association, held Saturday afternoon, February 14, in the parlors of the South Congregational Church (Dr. Hale's), and during the meeting, however cold and stormy it was outside, there was only the warmth and glow of the good fellowship and congenial spirit of the midsummer gatherings on the beautiful isles of the sea.

After a half-hour of renewing old associations with friends, luncheon was served at one o'clock, President Brigham D. James of Jamaica Plain calling the gathering to the tables, and inviting Rev. H. G. Arnold of West Roxbury to say grace. After the luncheon President James appropriately welcomed the members and praised their loyalty, inasmuch as on a day like that nearly 90 out of 150 who accepted tickets came to the meeting. He then presented as toastmaster Carl B. Wetherell of Cambridge, treasurer of the Shoals Association.

Mr. Wetherell presided over the post-prandial exercises with the most genial humor. After stating briefly the pleasure and purpose of the meeting,—a renewing of the ties that make the Shoals' meetings delightful,—he introduced Mrs. George W. Root of Winchester, a prominent Alliance worker and one of the speakers last summer, who told briefly of some specific things the women of the Unitarian churches are doing in social service and propaganda work. One, in which all were interested, is to furnish a living room or library in the proposed new Tuckerman Home for Girls in Boston as a memorial to Mrs. Emily A. Fifield. Another work is in women's colleges, broadening the religious services by securing the admission of Unitarian speakers. She also told of successful work in connection with the North End Union along specifically social service lines.

Mr. William H. Sayward of Dorchester made a stirring layman's address in praise of the Shoals' meetings, and the fine spirit

Digitized by Google

they create and perpetuate, and then added greatly to the merriment of the meeting by singing Henry Clay Barnabee's famous song, "The Cork Leg." This was a great hit with the gathering.

Rev Frederick R. Griffin of Montreal was the principal guest, and delivered a bright and impressive address upon the joy and profit of the fellowship of the Shoals' meetings, based, as it is, on the highest purposes of life, which fellowship he characterized as the typical Unitarian spirit. He gave, also, some amusing incidents in connection with international conferences in London and Paris last summer, and told briefly of the spirit and work of his church in Montreal.

Rev. W. I. Lawrance, the last speaker, dwelt on the spread of the Shoals' spirit, which he said was a willingness of all to put more into the thing than they got out of it, and he ended by proposing a toast to Mr. Thomas H. Elliott, president emeritus of the Association and the generous, tireless worker who had made the Shoals' movement and the summer meetings delightful and profitable.

Music on the piano was furnished by William E. Weston of Quincy.

The toastmaster, in bringing the meeting to a close, spoke encouragingly of the outlook for the meetings the coming summer, mentioning particularly certain improvements in the hotels, and stating that the committee was already at work upon a programme of high interest and value.

The Tuckerman School.

The Friday lectures which are given at half-past ten each week are especially helpful to any who may be at all uncertain or unfamiliar with the different branches of organized work in the Unitarian denomination. In a recent lecture on the Alliance Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton traced the development of that active body from the Women's Auxiliary and gave an inspiring account of the work which is aimed at and accomplished by it. Through the courtesy of the president of the Alliance the class was permitted, on the Friday following, to attend a regular monthly meeting of the Alliance Board of Directors, and some of the students were able to attend both morning and afternoon sessions, which were alike informing and interesting. The further pleasure of being entertained at luncheon as guests of the president rounded out an unusual and profitable day.

Mrs. Caroline Saville gave, on the 20th, a most interesting account of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Students already somewhat familiar with this activity were not acquainted with its growth or extent, and were well prepared, through Mrs. Saville's talk, to help in the work when opportunity shall offer.

Miss Hope Fagan's paper, read on Wednesday, 18th, was the beginning of the series to be given by parish assistants. As the first graduate of the school, and therefore the most experienced of the graduates in actual work as assistant, Miss Fagan's paper received the interested attention which it merited.

The devotional services on Tuesday mornings in March are to be conducted by Rev. William H. Parker on March 3; Rev. Edward D. Towle, March 10; Rev. Carl G. Horst, March 17; and Rev. George Hale Reed, March 24.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Drink and Accidents.

Some two months ago, a prominent Boston daily published a long article by a representative of the liquor interests, in which it was asserted that accidents are more common among abstainers than among drinkers, more common in no-license towns than where there is license. It is greatly to be regretted that the editor of this able newspaper refused to print a correction of this erroneous statement, so that, so far as its readers are concerned, it stands committed to this pernicious falsehood. It is surely very unfortunate that the papers of the land are so subservient to brewers and distillers. This is not an exceptional case.

What are the facts respecting this matter? They are all on one side of the question,—that opposed to this statement. There are, as yet, no records of accidents in license and no-license towns which afford a trustworthy basis of comparison. This is obvious for two reasons: (1) There is, at present, no uniform method of reporting accidents; some concerns report only serious accidents, while others report the most trivial. No scientific conclusion can be drawn until accidents are classified and all reports are standardized (2) The relative hazard of different occupations must be taken into account in any such study. Ten thousand men employed in a safe trade in a license town would probably have less accidents than a thousand men in a no-license town if they used very dangerous machinery. This is a most important factor to consider, but it is not considered in the accident reports of the State. The statements of the writer of the article, to which reference has been made, ignore both these elements of the problem and are therefore utterly worthless.

But on the main point the facts are abundant and decisive:—

I. Accident Insurance Companies, as a rule, discriminate against drinkers. Many of them give abstainers the same policy at a lower rate,—in England 10 per cent less. Many refuse to assume liabilities if dangerous machinery is run by drinking men. The companies act upon the teaching of general experience that drinking materially increases accidents.

II. The Supreme Court of this State has recently held a manufacturing company responsible for the death of an employee who was injured by a drinking fellow-servant, known to be intemperate by the company. Courts generally hold employers responsible for accidents which are obviously due to the carelessness of drinkers. Such facts show that judges assume that drink plays a prominent part in the production of accidents.

III. It is because the drinking of liquor causes accidents that railroads put their employees under a prohibitive policy, many managers insisting that they shall not drink, either on or off duty. To be seen in a saloon is regarded as sufficient ground for discipline or discharge.

IV. Statutes have been passed in many States prohibiting railroads from employing any man in their operating departments who is known to use liquor. In some States such laws apply to automobiles, stage-coaches, and those who operate steam or sailing vessels. All these laws imply that drink is a prolific cause of accidents.

V. The experience in industrial concerns in Germany is decisive. In the many cases where the use of beer has recently been lessened by express prohibition or by the substitution of "soft drinks," the percentages of accidents have been cut down to one-half what they had previously been.

VI. Many careful investigations upon a large scale have shown that among operatives in large industrial plants the percentage of accidents is high on Monday, after the excessive drinking of Saturday and Sunday, while the number decreases toward the end of the week, when there is less drinking.

VII. Similar investigations have shown that the maximum of accidents occur about 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. daily. These hours represent the times when the injurious effects of the morning and the noon drinking are the greatest,—clear proof of the close relation of drink and accidents.

VIII. Psychological experiments, conducted with great care and on a large scale, especially by eminent scientists in Europe, have conclusively shown that very small amounts of alcohol (what would be called the very moderate drinking of beer) so dull the senses and derange the brain functions that mistakes and accidents are much more common after the use of the liquor. This is simply scientific confirmation of the experience in the industrial world that the drink habit unfits a man for the best service. And this condition is productive of all sorts of accidents.

IX. The experience in the British Army points clearly in the same direction. As total abstinence increases among British

Deaths.

In Loving Memory of
DANIEL S. JONES,
who entered into life eternal
February 28. 1913.

Boston School of Social Science
Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, Mondays in March at 8 P.M. DR. ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY
SOCIAL EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION
Admission 10 Cents

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1803. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

BOOKS WANTED.
"Our Neighbors," Ian MacLaren.
"Lords and Ladies," Julia Stratton.
"One Day's Weaving," Lynde Palmer.
"Mrs. Limber's Raffle."
For the above books a suitable price will be paid.
Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

soldiers, not only disorders, but accidents, decrease. The "firing tests," in both army and navy, showing that abstainers are better shots than drinkers, afford striking confirmation. Liquor incapacitates a man physically and mentally, and such incapacity is productive of innumerable accidents.

X. Wherever drink shops have been kept shut an hour or longer later in the morning, preventing laborers from drinking before going to work, the number of accidents have been lessened. Large employers of labor in Scotland have so thoroughly learned this lesson, "That the danger lies in the morning sip of liquor," that they have recently secured a law from Parliament which does not allow bars or public houses to sell until after 10 A.M.!

These and many similar facts most conclusively prove that drinking, even so-called "moderate" drinking, is a prolific cause of accidents. It is useless for representatives of the "trade" to make false claims at this point. The facts are becoming too well-known.

Surely the law-makers of our commonwealth (to refer only to Massachusetts) ought to heed these important facts. It is a shame that the liquor men have been able to deceive and coerce our legislators, and so defeat bills, demanding a later opening of saloons. To keep them closed until after 8 A.M. would be for the great good of both employers and employees, and this would also mean a decided benefit for the public in general.

J. H. Crooker.

Roslindale, Mass.

The Young People's Religious Union.

South Worcester Federation.

The annual meeting of the South Worcester Federation was held in the South Unitarian Memorial Church, Worcester, on Sunday, February 8, 1914. The meeting opened at 4.30 with a short devotional and praise service, Mr. Charles T. Aldrich presiding, and a word of welcome was given by Miss May A. Leland. After the reading of the records, the following societies responded to the roll-call: Hopedale, 4; Grafton, 9; Westboro, 17; West Upton, 9; and Worcester, 20. The nominating committee presented the following names for 1914: president, Mr. Elbert Marso, Hopedale; vice-president, Miss Aurilla Ayer, West Upton; secretary-treasurer, Miss May A. Leland, Worcester; and they were declared elected. The Young People's Religious Union of the South Unitarian Memorial Church, Worcester, invited the federation to an indoor picnic, to be held on Saturday, March 28, from 4 to 7 o'clock; and Westboro invited the federation for the April meeting.

Rev. Clement E. Tomlin of Westboro was the speaker of the afternoon, and he took for his subject, "Wealth or Character." After the speaking the meeting adjourned until 6.30, when the speaker of the evening was Mr. Sanford Bates, the president of the Young People's Religious Union, whose subject was, "The Problems of Unitarian Young People of To-day." The meeting adjourned at 7.45.

May A. Leland,
Secretary.

Department of Religious Education.

Rev. William I. Lawrance, Secretary.

The Annual Meeting of the Religious Education Association.

The annual meeting of the Religious Education Association is an event interesting to many of our people, but should be interesting to a still larger number. This year it is held at New Haven, Conn., and so will be within easy reach of a large number of our churches. The meetings begin at half-past nine o'clock on Thursday morning, March 5, with sessions forenoon, afternoon, and evening, closing on Sunday evening following.

The programs of these annual meetings are always highly interesting. This year they will be especially so to people of our habit of mind, the general topic being "Education and Social Life." The speakers include many of the most eminent college and university presidents and professors, together with clergymen and laymen prominent in educational and civic affairs.

The Religious Education Association is broad in its spirit and absolutely without denominational bias. Unitarians are always on the programs. This year President Samuel A. Eliot, Prof. William Howard Taft, Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck, and Rev. William I. Lawrance are among those who are to make addresses.

Best of all, these gatherings bring together like-minded scholars who place the advancement of the kingdom of Heaven above denominational pride, and who work together in the most harmonious fashion to learn and practise the best methods of religious work. There is always enthusiasm, culminating in the great evening gatherings that bring together thousands of eager hearers; but at the heart of all is the sane, constructive, progressive group of specialists in religious education who seek not popular applause, but the careful and scholarly study of the great problems of life.

It would be hard to imagine any series of meetings more congenial to Unitarians than these, yet the fact remains, not greatly to our credit, that our representation at these annual gatherings and our membership in the Association is less, rather than greater, than that of other religious bodies in proportion to numbers. The following practical suggestions are offered, in the hope that some of our people may be moved to co-operate in this work:—

1. Let as many as possible of our ministers, Sunday-school superintendents, and teachers be sent to the approaching annual meeting at New Haven. The sessions are open to all, so that the fares to and from New Haven and the cost of living while there will be the only necessary expenses. The Association headquarters will be at Hotel Taft, where rooms may be secured at from $1.50 for one to $3.00 for two per day. Other hotels are somewhat less in price, but it is worth the extra cost to be in the atmosphere of the headquarters and to come into contact with the leaders of religious thought life in America. If churches will send their ministers, they will find their outlay amply repaid in the brighter and stronger work that follows. Superintendents and teachers thus sent will gain a new understanding and appreciation of their work that will justify all it costs.

2. Let our ministers and Sunday-school officers and teachers become members of the Religious Education Association. That membership costs $3.00 a year and brings with it the six numbers of the magazine, *Religious Education*, in which are to be found, as they are to be found nowhere else, articles on every phase of religious work, especial emphasis being placed on the right religious guidance of children and young people. At least one such membership should be held in every school, and the magazine thus secured should be circulated regularly among the teachers. When the best minds and most consecrated souls discuss the very problems with which we are all wrestling, we do well to know what they say. No one thing would probably do more to elevate the level of Sunday-school work among us than a general reading of this magazine, *Religious Education*.

The annual meetings of the Religious Education Association have been held at various cities throughout the country. This year it comes almost to the doors of the largest number of our churches. It is an opportunity of getting into touch with one of the greatest movements of the age that should not be lost.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Cambridge Association of Ministers will meet at Wellesley Hills, March 2, 1914, Rev. W. H. Ramsay, host. Luncheon at one. Train leaves South Station at 12.05. Worcester trolley leaves Park Square, Boston, for Wellesley Hills.

The regular meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, March 2, 1914, at 10.30 A.M. Subject, "The Organization of our Girls." General discussion. Presiding officer, Mrs. Claude U. Gilson. All cordially invited.

Rev. William M. Taylor, formerly a minister of the Disciples of Christ, having satisfied the Committee for the Pacific States, has

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air aerated with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. B. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 Incorporated 1904

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 383 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

been admitted into the Fellowship of the Unitarian Ministry, and is hereby commended to the confidence of our ministers and churches. Benjamin A. Goodridge, Thomas L. Eliot, Earl M. Wilbur, Committee.

At the weekly musical service in King's Chapel next Saturday noon, Mr. Malcolm Lang, organist, will be assisted by Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, soprano of the King's Chapel choir. The speakers for next week are as follows: March 2, Rev. Phillips E. Osgood, Church of our Saviour, Roslindale; March 3, Rev. William F. Jordan, First Congregational Church, Holliston; March 4, Rev. Harold G. Arnold, First Parish, West Roxbury; March 5, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre Unitarian church; March 6, Rev. F. R. Sturtevant, First Parish, Taunton.

Meetings.

THE WORCESTER LEAGUE.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the First Unitarian Church February 18, Mrs. Frank E. Davis, presiding. After the opening exercises Mrs. Charles B. Elder reviewed timely denominational topics, mentioning the new hymn and tune book, and reading from the report regarding pensions for our ministers. Sixty-nine responded to roll-call. Mrs. William Holden, director, in her paper, "Alliance Work," gave a complete and interesting report of the progress of Alliance branches throughout this country and Canada. Rev. Edwin M. Slocombe was the second speaker. His subject was "Some Conditions of Growth." He said our denomination had grown, in spite of opposition, and had come to the parting of the ways. There is always danger of arriving. We have only as much spiritual power over people as we have of the divine life within us. Human personalities are channels through which God works. To grow, one must render more service. What are we doing for those who never heard of our faith? At two o'clock Miss Miriam Witherspoon of the Associated Charities told of the work of the visiting housekeeper. For two years a paid worker has given all her time to families who are down and out, but not hopeless. She directs and guides into better methods of housekeeping and home-making. She visits about fifteen families each week. The experiment of such a worker has proven a success. The second speaker, Mrs. Fred H. Smith, gave a detailed account of the Animal Rescue League. As president of the society, she finds that the person who confesses she prefers to help human beings rather than animals usually assists neither one. During the year the Worcester Society cared for 669 cats and 367 dogs. The speaker wished that a children's branch might be formed. Lena Hurlbut Bellows, Secretary.

Churches.

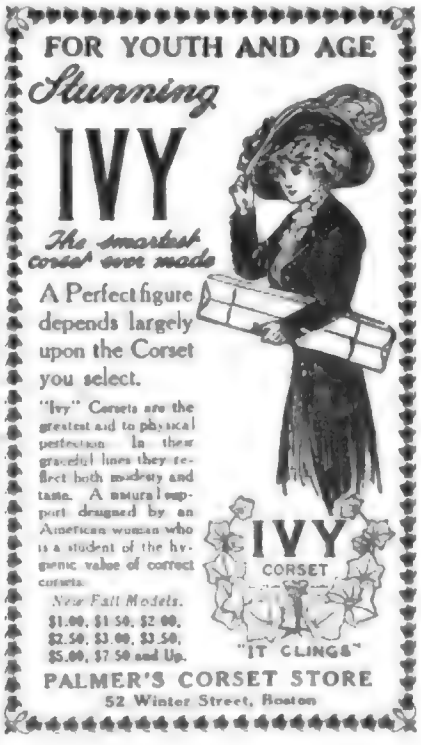
ELLSWORTH, ME.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Sidney Scott Booth: After being closed for five years the church was opened last November with Mr. Booth as pastor. Although many of the beloved old members have been removed by death, all who remain are loyal to the church, and a large number of young people are bringing to the society the vigor and enthusiasm of youth. Large and earnest audiences have attended the Sunday morning services, receiving inspiration for the week from the able and practical sermons. It has not, as yet, been possible to organize a choir; but a volunteer chorus of young women, under the leadership of the organist, Mrs. F. L. Kent, leads the singing, and each Sunday some one of the number gives a solo most acceptably. A Go-to-Church Sunday, initiated by Mr. Booth, in which all the other churches united, proved very successful, and the following Sunday nine members were admitted to the church by a short and impressive service. The Sunday-school has made a satisfactory start. The Women's Alliance, with a good membership, is earning money to pay the current expenses of the church and is working for a mid-summer fair. The study class is reading Dr. M. J. Savage's "Out of Nazareth." The Unitarian Club, to which nearly all the younger people belong, was organized by Mr. Booth to promote the social life of the church and incidentally to raise money from concerts to be given by a Pierrot and Pierrette troup. Club meetings alternate with "open nights," to which the public is invited. The first "open night" was so enjoyable that many inquiries have been made in regard to the next date.

ORANGE, N.J.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Walter Reid Hunt: On Sunday afternoon, February 15, a Sunday-school meeting was held in the parish house at four o'clock. It was largely attended by the parents of the children of the Sunday-school. Invitations were sent to all the Unitarian churches of Northern New Jersey, but on account of the storm but one church responded. The new church in Summit, led by their enthusiastic minister, Rev. Frank C. Doan, sent a delegation of five. Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck gave a searching address on the place which religious education plays in the development of every child, and called upon parents and churches to attend to this most important part of their work, and give to it the time and attention which it deserves. The Association is to be congratulated and generously supported in its work of enabling churches and Sunday-schools to have the inestimable privilege of knowing Dr. Starbuck personally, and gaining the inspiration which flows from his ripe experience and contagious personality.

WOBURN, MASS.—First Unitarian Parish, Rev. Henry C. Parker: At the meeting of the L. C. S. Alliance Branch, February 5, Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Winchester spoke on "The Inside of the Cup." All were interested in his forcible treatment of this widely discussed book. In the evening the Covenant Club gave their annual supper and entertainment. As in previous years, the attendance at the supper was limited only by the size of the tables. After supper, the audience adjourned to the church, where they were entertained with a fine organ recital by Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, assisted by Mr. James H. Penaligan, trombonist, and Mr. Frank E. Rowe, Jr., cornetist. Following this, an original minstrelette, composed by Mr. Boland H. Dow, was given by members of the Covenant Club. Mr. Arthur H. Linscott, the president, acted as interlocutor. The minstrelette was supposed to give a fair representation of one of the meetings of the club, and the audience were kept in a roar of laughter from the rising of the curtain until its fall. The Covenant Club, composed of forty male members, is one of the institutions of the parish. They meet monthly. The list of speakers this year has been unusually good, beginning with Rev. Henry C. Parker, who spoke on his "Summer in Europe." Other speakers were Hon. John Jacob Rogers, whose subject was "Present Tendencies in Congress"; Major Meredith of the Massachusetts State Militia, on "Opportunities and Advantages of the Militia for Young Men"; Mr. Clarence R. Preston, secretary of the Florence Crittenden League of Compassion, who spoke on the work of the institution; and Mr. Edward C. Stone of Boston, whose subject was "A Lawyer's Experiences." At the next meeting of the Alliance, March 5, Mrs. George H. Root of Winchester will speak on the "General Work of the Alliance," and Mr. Morris Carter of the Boston Art Museum will give an illustrated lecture on "The Treasures of the Museum."

WOLLASTON, MASS.—Unitarian Church, Rev. Carl G. Horst: Special services for the deepening of the moral and religious life will be held Sunday evenings during Lent as follows: March 1, at 7.30, Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D.; March 8, at 4.30, vespers, with the Apollo Quartette; March 15, at 7.30, Rev. Julian C. Jaynes; March 22, at 7.30, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D.; March 29, at 7.00, Neighborhood Meeting of Y. P. R. U.'s, address by Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Beverly; April 5, at 7.30, Rev. Frederic Gill; April 12, Easter Sunday. To reach the church take any Quincy via Wollaston car at Dudley Street and get off at the church, corner Beale and Farrington Streets.

Roadside signs, each containing a single catchy sentence in large type, are proving effective in warning against fires.



Digitized by Google

soldiers, not only disorders, but accidents, decrease. The "firing tests," in both army and navy, showing that abstainers are better shots than drinkers, afford striking confirmation. Liquor incapacitates a man physically and mentally, and such incapacity is productive of innumerable accidents.

X. Wherever drink shops have been kept shut an hour or longer later in the morning, preventing laborers from drinking before going to work, the number of accidents have been lessened. Large employers of labor in Scotland have so thoroughly learned this lesson, "That the danger lies in the morning sip of liquor," that they have recently secured a law from Parliament which does not allow bars or public houses to sell until after 10 A.M.!

These and many similar facts most conclusively prove that drinking, even so-called "moderate" drinking, is a prolific cause of accidents. It is useless for representatives of the "trade" to make false claims at this point. The facts are becoming too well-known.

Surely the law-makers of our commonwealth (to refer only to Massachusetts) ought to heed these important facts. It is a shame that the liquor men have been able to deceive and coerce our legislators, and so defeat bills, demanding a later opening of saloons. To keep them closed until after 8 A.M. would be for the great good of both employers and employees, and this would also mean a decided benefit for the public in general.

J. H. Crooker.

Roslindale, Mass.

The Young People's Religious Union.

South Worcester Federation.

The annual meeting of the South Worcester Federation was held in the South Unitarian Memorial Church, Worcester, on Sunday, February 8, 1914. The meeting opened at 4.30 with a short devotional and praise service, Mr. Charles T. Aldrich presiding, and a word of welcome was given by Miss May A. Leland. After the reading of the records, the following societies responded to the roll-call: Hopedale, 4; Grafton, 9; Westboro, 17; West Upton, 9; and Worcester, 20. The nominating committee presented the following names for 1914: president, Mr. Elbert Marso, Hopedale; vice-president, Miss Aurilla Ayer, West Upton; secretary-treasurer, Miss May A. Leland, Worcester; and they were declared elected. The Young People's Religious Union of the South Unitarian Memorial Church, Worcester, invited the federation to an indoor picnic, to be held on Saturday, March 28, from 4 to 7 o'clock; and Westboro invited the federation for the April meeting.

Rev. Clement E. Tomlin of Westboro was the speaker of the afternoon, and he took for his subject, "Wealth or Character." After the speaking the meeting adjourned until 6.30, when the speaker of the evening was Mr. Sanford Bates, the president of the Young People's Religious Union, whose subject was, "The Problems of Unitarian Young People of To-day." The meeting adjourned at 7.45.

May A. Leland,
Secretary.

Department of Religious Education.

Rev. William I. Lawrance, Secretary.

The Annual Meeting of the Religious Education Association.

The annual meeting of the Religious Education Association is an event interesting to many of our people, but should be interesting to a still larger number. This year it is held at New Haven, Conn., and so will be within easy reach of a large number of our churches. The meetings begin at half-past nine o'clock on Thursday morning, March 5, with sessions forenoon, afternoon, and evening, closing on Sunday evening following.

The programs of these annual meetings are always highly interesting. This year they will be especially so to people of our habit of mind, the general topic being "Education and Social Life." The speakers include many of the most eminent college and university presidents and professors, together with clergymen and laymen prominent in educational and civic affairs.

The Religious Education Association is broad in its spirit and absolutely without denominational bias. Unitarians are always on the programs. This year President Samuel A. Eliot, Prof. William Howard Taft, Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck, and Rev. William I. Lawrance are among those who are to make addresses.

Best of all, these gatherings bring together like-minded scholars who place the advancement of the kingdom of Heaven above denominational pride, and who work together in the most harmonious fashion to learn and practise the best methods of religious work. There is always enthusiasm, culminating in the great evening gatherings that bring together thousands of eager hearers; but at the heart of all is the sane, constructive, progressive group of specialists in religious education who seek not popular applause, but the careful and scholarly study of the great problems of life.

It would be hard to imagine any series of meetings more congenial to Unitarians than these, yet the fact remains, not greatly to our credit, that our representation at these annual gatherings and our membership in the Association is less, rather than greater, than that of other religious bodies in proportion to numbers. The following practical suggestions are offered, in the hope that some of our people may be moved to co-operate in this work:—

1. Let as many as possible of our ministers, Sunday-school superintendents, and teachers be sent to the approaching annual meeting at New Haven. The sessions are open to all, so that the fares to and from New Haven and the cost of living while there will be the only necessary expenses. The Association headquarters will be at Hotel Taft, where rooms may be secured at from $1.50 for one to $3.00 for two per day. Other hotels are somewhat less in price, but it is worth the extra cost to be in the atmosphere of the headquarters and to come into contact with the leaders of religious thought life in America. If churches will send their ministers, they will find their outlay amply repaid in the brighter and stronger work that follows. Superintendents and teachers thus sent will gain a new understanding and appreciation of their work that will justify all it costs.

2. Let our ministers and Sunday-school officers and teachers become members of the Religious Education Association. That membership costs $3.00 a year and brings with it the six numbers of the magazine, *Religious Education*, in which are to be found, as they are to be found nowhere else, articles on every phase of religious work, especial emphasis being placed on the right religious guidance of children and young people. At least one such membership should be held in every school, and the magazine thus secured should be circulated regularly among the teachers. When the best minds and most consecrated souls discuss the very problems with which we are all wrestling, we do well to know what they say. No one thing would probably do more to elevate the level of Sunday-school work among us than a general reading of this magazine, *Religious Education*.

The annual meetings of the Religious Education Association have been held at various cities throughout the country. This year it comes almost to the doors of the largest number of our churches. It is an opportunity of getting into touch with one of the greatest movements of the age that should not be lost.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Cambridge Association of Ministers will meet at Wellesley Hills, March 2, 1914, Rev. W. H. Ramsay, host. Luncheon at one. Train leaves South Station at 12.05. Worcester trolley leaves Park Square, Boston, for Wellesley Hills.

The regular meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, March 2, 1914, at 10.30 A.M. Subject, "The Organization of our Girls." General discussion. Presiding officer, Mrs. Claude U. Gilson. All cordially invited.

Rev. William M. Taylor, formerly a minister of the Disciples of Christ, having satisfied the Committee for the Pacific States, has

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 Incorporated 1904

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 219 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

been admitted into the Fellowship of the Unitarian Ministry, and is hereby commended to the confidence of our ministers and churches. Benjamin A. Goodridge, Thomas L. Eliot, Earl M. Wilbur, Committee.

At the weekly musical service in King's Chapel next Saturday noon, Mr. Malcolm Lang, organist, will be assisted by Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, soprano of the King's Chapel choir. The speakers for next week are as follows: March 2, Rev. Phillips E. Osgood, Church of our Saviour, Roslindale; March 3, Rev. William F. Jordan, First Congregational Church, Holliston; March 4, Rev. Harold G. Arnold, First Parish, West Roxbury; March 5, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre Unitarian church; March 6, Rev. F. R. Sturtevant, First Parish, Taunton.

Meetings.

THE WORCESTER LEAGUE.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the First Unitarian Church February 18, Mrs. Frank E. Davis, presiding. After the opening exercises Mrs. Charles B. Elder reviewed timely denominational topics, mentioning the new hymn and tune book, and reading from the report regarding pensions for our ministers. Sixty-nine responded to roll-call. Mrs. William Holden, director, in her paper, "Alliance Work," gave a complete and interesting report of the progress of Alliance branches throughout this country and Canada. Rev. Edwin M. Slocombe was the second speaker. His subject was "Some Conditions of Growth." He said our denomination had grown, in spite of opposition, and had come to the parting of the ways. There is always danger of arriving. We have only as much spiritual power over people as we have of the divine life within us. Human personalities are channels through which God works. To grow, one must render more service. What are we doing for those who never heard of our faith? At two o'clock Miss Miriam Witherspoon of the Associated Charities told of the work of the visiting housekeeper. For two years a paid worker has given all her time to families who are down and out, but not hopeless. She directs and guides into better methods of housekeeping and home-making. She visits about fifteen families each week. The experiment of such a worker has proven a success. The second speaker, Mrs. Fred H. Smith, gave a detailed account of the Animal Rescue League. As president of the society, she finds that the person who confesses she prefers to help human beings rather than animals usually assists neither one. During the year the Worcester Society cared for 669 cats and 367 dogs. The speaker wished that a children's branch might be formed. Lena Hurlbut Bellows, Secretary.

Churches.

ELLSWORTH, ME.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Sidney Scott Booth: After being closed for five years the church was opened last November with Mr. Booth as pastor. Although many of the beloved old members have been removed by death, all who remain are loyal to the church, and a large number of young people are bringing to the society the vigor and enthusiasm of youth. Large and earnest audiences have attended the Sunday morning services, receiving inspiration for the week from the able and practical sermons. It has not, as yet, been possible to organize a choir; but a volunteer chorus of young women, under the leadership of the organist, Mrs. F. L. Kent, leads the singing, and each Sunday some one of the number gives a solo most acceptably. A Go-to-Church Sunday, initiated by Mr. Booth, in which all the other churches united, proved very successful, and the following Sunday nine members were admitted to the church by a short and impressive service. The Sunday-school has made a satisfactory start. The Women's Alliance, with a good membership, is earning money to pay the current expenses of the church and is working for a mid-summer fair. The study class is reading Dr. M. J. Savage's "Out of Nazareth." The Unitarian Club, to which nearly all the younger people belong, was organized by Mr. Booth to promote the social life of the church and incidentally to raise money from concerts to be given by a Pierrot and Pierrette troup. Club meetings alternate with "open nights," to which the public is invited. The first "open night" was so enjoyable that many inquiries have been made in regard to the next date.

ORANGE, N.J.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Walter Reid Hunt: On Sunday afternoon, February 15, a Sunday-school meeting was held in the parish house at four o'clock. It was largely attended by the parents of the children of the Sunday-school. Invitations were sent to all the Unitarian churches of Northern New Jersey, but on account of the storm but one church responded. The new church in Summit, led by their enthusiastic minister, Rev. Frank C. Doan, sent a delegation of five. Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck gave a searching address on the place which religious education plays in the development of every child, and called upon parents and churches to attend to this most important part of their work, and give to it the time and attention which it deserves. The Association is to be congratulated and generously supported in its work of enabling churches and Sunday-schools to have the inestimable privilege of knowing Dr. Starbuck personally, and gaining the inspiration which flows from his ripe experience and contagious personality.

WOBURN, MASS.—First Unitarian Parish, Rev. Henry C. Parker: At the meeting of the L. C. S. Alliance Branch, February 5, Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Winchester spoke on "The Inside of the Cup." All were interested in his forcible treatment of this widely discussed book. In the evening the Covenant Club gave their annual supper and entertainment. As in previous years, the attendance at the supper was limited only by the size of the tables. After supper, the audience adjourned to the church, where they were entertained with a fine organ recital by Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, assisted by Mr. James H. Penaligan, trombonist, and Mr. Frank E. Rowe, Jr., cornetist. Following this, an original minstrelette, composed by Mr. Boland H. Dow, was given by members of the Covenant Club. Mr. Arthur H. Linscott, the president, acted as interlocutor. The minstrelette was supposed to give a fair representation of one of the meetings of the club, and the audience were kept in a roar of laughter from the rising of the curtain until its fall. The Covenant Club, composed of forty male members, is one of the institutions of the parish. They meet monthly. The list of speakers this year has been unusually good, beginning with Rev. Henry C. Parker, who spoke on his "Summer in Europe." Other speakers were Hon. John Jacob Rogers, whose subject was "Present Tendencies in Congress"; Major Meredith of the Massachusetts State Militia, on "Opportunities and Advantages of the Militia for Young Men"; Mr. Clarence R. Preston, secretary of the Florence Crittenden League of Compassion, who spoke on the work of the institution; and Mr. Edward C. Stone of Boston, whose subject was "A Lawyer's Experiences." At the next meeting of the Alliance, March 5, Mrs. George H. Root of Winchester will speak on the "General Work of the Alliance," and Mr. Morris Carter of the Boston Art Museum will give an illustrated lecture on "The Treasures of the Museum."

WOLLASTON, MASS.—Unitarian Church, Rev. Carl G. Horst: Special services for the deepening of the moral and religious life will be held Sunday evenings during Lent as follows: March 1, at 7.30, Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D.; March 8, at 4.30, vespers, with the Apollo Quartette; March 15, at 7.30, Rev. Julian C. Jaynes; March 22, at 7.30, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D.; March 29, at 7.00, Neighborhood Meeting of Y. P. R. U.'s, address by Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Beverly; April 5, at 7.30, Rev. Frederic Gill; April 12, Easter Sunday. To reach the church take any Quincy via Wollaston car at Dudley Street and get off at the church, corner Beale and Farrington Streets.

Roadside signs, each containing a single catchy sentence in large type, are proving effective in warning against fires.

Pleasantries.

"Did she make you feel at home?" "No, but she made me wish I was."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "my daughter has published several poems, but all of them autonomously."

"Mummy, can I have that pear that was on the dining-room sideboard this morning? 'Cos"— "Because what?" "'Cos I've eaten it!"—*Punch.*

A woman whose pastor asked after her health replied dolefully, "I feel very well; but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I'm going to feel worse afterward."

It was the first time that Uncle Zeke had ever seen an auto. He gaped after it for a minute and then exclaimed: "Landy, ef de hosses break away from dat carriage, dey sholy mus' a ben goin' lak sin."

Teacher: "Now each of you boys give a sentence, and turn it into the imperative form." Michael: "The horse draws the cart." Teacher: "There, put that in the imperative." Michael: "G'lang, git!"

Johnny: "I wonder why I can't make my kite fly?" Elder sister: "Perhaps the caudal appendage is disproportionate to the superficial area." Johnny: "I don't think that's it: I believe there isn't weight enough on the tail."

Officer: "What's the matter with that soup you're turning up your nose at?" Private: "It's full of sand and grit, sir." Officer: "Now look here, my man, did you come to camp to grumble or to serve your country?" Private: "Well, I did come to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it."—*Boston Transcript.*

In a certain literary club years ago, one of the members, in proposing the name of a candidate for membership, mentioned, among his qualifications, that he could speak several dead languages. To this an opponent replied that he never heard the gentleman in question speak but one dead language, and he murdered that as he went along.

During a debate in the Victoria legislature an unfortunate member, whose education had been sadly neglected, was reading out a document to the House, and vainly endeavoring to decipher an obscure letter. Turning to his next friend, he asked anxiously, "Is that a hem or hen?" "Oh," replied his friend, "call it a hen, and move that it lay on the table."

After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for forty minutes without pulling up his hook, I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught. "No, sah, I reckon not," he replied. Finally I asked him what particular object then he had in view. "De objick, sah," he repeated, without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole, "de objick of my fishin' for fish whar dere hain't any is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch!"

A soldier is allowed to "change his religion," as it is termed, if he can convince his commanding officer that he has good reasons. On one occasion a man intimated his desire. "Now," said the colonel, "what are your reasons? Have you conscientious convictions in regard to the matter?" The man intimated that he had. "And," continued the colonel, "to what denomination do you wish to be transferred?" Said the ease-seeking Tommy, "I disremember the name, sir; but it's them as parades for church half an hour later than the others."—*Quiver.*

ESTEY ORGANS
PIPE & REED CHURCH
120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Fayal Street, Lynn, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.
The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular seasons and special occasions of the children's service.
The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.
The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*
"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.
COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—
"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music in what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."
From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—
"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."
From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—
"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination.
From Rev. Henry P. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—
"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."
Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.
Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, *Principal.*

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
31st year. Sept. 22, 1913. Six-year course for Harvard or any other college. New Features: Nichols Field, playground on Charles River, opposite Soldier's Field. Junior Department for Younger Boys
George H. Browne, A.M., } Principals.
Rev. Willard Reed, A.M., }

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)
Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No more east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 10 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 217
The Modern Pharisee 218
Letting down the Bars 219

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The New Course of Religious Education 220

CURRENT TOPICS 220

BREVITIES 221

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Denominational Statistics; Exchanging Pulpits; The Thought of Jesus 222
Our own Church Fathers and Mothers 223

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Country Week, by Rev. George L. Chaney . . . 223
Of Some Survivals 224
Appeal to the Christian Churches 225
International Congresses of Liberal Religion in India, by Rev. J. T. Sunderland; Rev. J. Brierley 234
Noble Enjoyment in Modern Cities, by Rev. George R. Dodson, Ph.D.; Oriental Notes and News, by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 235
Temperance Education Posters; An Appeal to Members of Congress 236
Vice-Presidents of the American Unitarian Association; The Work at Swansboro, N.C. 238
Acknowledgments; The Tuckerman School 239

SPIRITUAL LIFE 226

THE PULPIT.
Life in the Spirit, by Rev. J. A. Baldridge 227

LITERATURE.
Books 230
Magazines 231

THE HOME.
Ruth's Dog, Towzer, by Harriet T. Comstock; What happened to Baby Bird; The Most "Honorable Mention" 232
Benny's Diary; The Bears that Escaped 233

POETRY.
Matthias, by Charlotte C. Eliot 223
O Tired Heart 227
Phaethon, by Alice Foster Tilden 229
O Willie Willie Alligam 230
One Sensible Name 232

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Nominating Committee 237

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 237

PLEASANTRIES 240

Editorial.

There are some American citizens who, with a mistaken theory of patriotism, make themselves obnoxious to the government and obstruct the generous policies through which wise rulers are now trying to bring about international good-will. A case of some importance is that of Japan. Every move made by the Japanese to find an outlet for an overcrowded population in South America is regarded as a threat and a danger to the United States. It is not unjust to say that such suspicion and enmity is the fruit not of an enlightened patriotism, but of ignorance, jealousy, and a suspicion not warranted by the facts. All our recent information, for instance, about Brazil goes to show that, if five million Japanese or other Orientals should be landed in that country within the next five or ten years, the social and political earthquake shock would scarcely be felt in the northern continent, and in Brazil would be a welcome contribution to social and industrial progress. A citizen of Brazil has recently said that in that country there is "room enough for all the races of the world to live in prosperity and harmony." India, China, and Japan must send out colonies. There is room enough for them where they will not hinder, but promote, the common prosperity. If those who have the power will only act wisely and generously, it will be possible to guide the streams of emigration so that they may fertilize and not devastate the countries to which they are directed.

Will Christianity ever become the universal religion, accepted by all the families of mankind? A few years ago the answer of those who were most devoted to the cause of foreign missions would have been an unqualified affirmative. Jesus, Lord of lords and King of kings, and the religion of Jesus triumphant everywhere were thoughts to kindle zeal and quicken faith. Now after these many years of effort there has come a change not for the worse, but for the better, which, however, involves an abatement of the claims once made and the expectations once cherished. It is now seen that there is tremendous vitality in the religions that have stood the tests of experience for from one to three thousand years. Judaism, Confucianism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, and Mohammedanism are not weakening, but strengthening, in the same way and for the same reasons that nationalities are asserting themselves with new and unwonted vigor. Christianity is now reaping its greatest rewards in the

Digitized by Google

diffusion of science and the practice of the healing art. Missionaries as healers, teachers, and students of other religions are coming into more cordial relations with the followers of the great religious leaders of the Eastern world; but the benefits they confer are such as may be assimilated by non-Christian religionists. If by its manifest superiority it should ever happen that Christianity should become the paramount religion, the indications seem to be that the other religions would not disappear, but would become denominations, and we might have a Buddhist Christianity, a Hindu Christianity, and so on, as we now have a Catholic and a Protestant Christianity.

Dr. Aked of San Francisco holds radically Unitarian opinions about the strict and normal humanity of Jesus. For them he was attacked as president of the Church Federation. His resignation, however, was declined by a vote of 74 to 19. A long statement by Dr. Aked in the Philadelphia *Ledger* has points of curious interest. One is the fact that these views "passed unchallenged in the more orthodox circles in New York Baptists." Another is Dr. Aked's present contention that he holds "to the foundation truths of the Christian religion," and believes "that the evangelical truths of Protestantism were never safer, never surer, than they are to-day." If these two facts are true and accurately stated, if the "evangelical" truths of Protestantism and the rejection of the virgin birth are entirely compatible, there is no reason for the exclusion of Unitarian representatives from the Federation.

In these busy days the value of rest, not as relief from occupation, but as the best guarantee of continued ability, is not enough considered. There is a form of creature pride which disguises its culpability in its unselfishness. It grasps too much of the satisfaction of energy without insuring its reliability. Doing things for others defeats itself when it uses up the power which is useful for others, and such care for others reminds one of Bacon's saying about the captain who, losing his vessel by overloading it, though with precious stones, gives but poor account of his voyage. There was much wisdom, as well as cleverness, in the reply of the little girl who, after an attack of grippe, was told by her mother that she might go down to breakfast: "I have been tired all winter, and now I have a chance to rest I am going to take it." If all patients could be their own physicians, to this effect, there would be little left for the physicians themselves. The captains of industry are learning that getting the most out of labor no longer means working overtime and speeding up. It rather means rest periods and refreshment. Often enough the shorter day means the larger product. A little husbanding of resources multiplies the potency and value of service.

Dr. Wright, in a long statement obtained by the New York *Sun*, in reply to the question as to the needs of the church of to-day, gave a valuable contribution to the subject. The following quotations are specially worth consideration: "The Protestant Church is doing as well as any church and better than most voluntary and ideal interests. The highest interests do not pay materially, but spiritually. Their upkeep costs, but they keep us up thereafter. The schools, the courts, the churches, the army, navy, and police, are to be paid for; but they should be the better, and not the worse, for that, and we should make the same intelligent sacrifice for our entire associated life. The social vesture is not a cloak of charity, but an investment to keep us from the nakedness of savagery. In this endeavor the churches play a prominent and important part, dependent upon individual use and abuse, though with much torpid tradition to live down and stigma, even stigmata, of moral sloth and mental bigotry. We suffer from the faults of our fathers an entail of evil until we make some central, therapeutic change. Many ministers, members, and churches are less sanguine and valiant than they used to be; and many more should be so. Yet this, I believe, is less the fault of the Protestantism of the churches than of the churches of Protestantism. I mean the fault is less ideal than institutional; and the defect, or the deficiency, due more to causes extraneous to the churches, or to secular progress, than to changes in the churches themselves. But precisely this changelessness of the churches is itself an old and continuing fault." We are inclined to add that many ministers, members, and churches are also less sanguine and valiant than they should be, and, if there were less introspection and more doing, such churches would present the best sort of answer to the modern challenge to the church.

The Modern Pharisee.

The Pharisees have been too much connected with the hypocrisy which was charged against them. Allowing all that can be alleged for this fault of their system, it was not its main characteristic nor by any means the most significant thing about them. To think of "hypocrite" when the word "Pharisee" is mentioned is to remove from the mind that which is most useful for modern example. The main fact about the Pharisees was their strict orthodoxy in faith and morals. They were the conservators of correct opinion and procedure. They elaborated a marvellously minute code of behavior. They carried orthodoxy to the highest point of development. They were the strict constructionists of the time. Not one accent, not a mark, not the slightest sign could be omitted from what was laid down in the Law. Their pride and glory was in keeping the correct doctrine free from pollution or dilution.

But this was not all. The distinctive thing above all else was that they put the regulations that had grown up about the law on a plane of authority wholly equal to the original law. With them tradition was just as inviolable as law. The Sadducees thought as highly of the law as they did. But the Sadducees did not give the same rank to the rules which clustered around the law. With the Pharisees it was all one. Their minute prohibitions and distinctions were just as sacred as the words on the tables handed down to Moses. They were so punctilious about these matters of belief and conformity that the interior realities of religion were left out of account. Those who became hypocrites were hypocrites for this reason,—not because they were insincere and double-minded and intentionally two-faced, but because they were so exclusively occupied with outside things that they overlooked inside things: the importance of orthodoxy was so absorbing and preponderant that the central powers of religion were ignored.

This is worth recalling, not because it is not already familiar and well known, not as information about the Pharisees, whose denunciation is in all the churches, but in order to prevent some strictures we are about to make from being misunderstood. We think pharisaism is a perennial growth. The harm of it is oppressing us to-day. We cannot turn in any direction without finding it blocking the way. The essence of the opposition we in the Unitarian church have to face is pharisaism, pure pharisaism; and this, let it be repeated, not as

pretence and insincerity, but as putting the emphasis in the wrong place in religion, and in the duties of religion. It is pharisaism over again to put a scheme of salvation in front of the simple gospel of Jesus, and say, "You have got to believe this elaborated scheme just as you believe the sayings of the Master himself, and, if you do not conform to it, you are no Christian here or hereafter." It is pharisaism over again to quote a saying with later speculation written into every word of it as if the saying came from Jesus. It is pharisaism over again to put a system of thought and definitions of important words which never entered into the mind of Jesus or his disciples, as though they had existed from the beginning. It is pharisaism over again to carry into one's own thought on any subject a part of the teaching of Jesus, or bring out one resemblance, and then claim his whole authority and influence as if he promulgated substantially that teaching. There are no aims so diverse and contradictory, no doctrines so different, no sects so incompatible with each other, but each has found some point of connection with the teaching of Jesus as a basis for claiming him for their side, and for excoriating the other side for scepticism and infidelity. Indeed, the feature of belief is not so much the scepticism of those who deny as the scepticism of those who affirm. Jesus turned the tables on the Pharisees, who counted him a heretic, by showing theirs to be the essential heresy. They attended scrupulously to petty matters of tithing, down to mint and rue and every herb, and passed over judgment and the love of God.

Judgment and the love of God. These make the true standard of measurement. To put fidelity to matters of doctrine, or undue attention to these matters negatively as well as positively, ahead of fidelity to truth and love, is to be an infidel in the household of faith. To draw the lines of fellowship with speculations about Jesus, instead of with substantial sympathy with Jesus, is to domesticate scepticism. To believe in God with such words as others cannot use, and then call them unbelievers, is to plant atheism in the heart.

It is frequently wearisome to find one's self always on the defensive, always explaining questions, always warding off attack, always denying aspersions, always sustaining the ungracious part of apology. There is refreshing air in the opportunity to have our own citadel, and to do a little excommunicating on our own side; to show those who have got over-fond of inflicting it how it is to suffer it. The guns of the Pharisees can be turned against them in the twentieth century as aptly as in the first. The dialectic in Jesus' teaching as keen as his precepts were noble is ever serviceable. Run up the flag of our deep and powerful faith, and require a reverence to it from our critics. Proclaim the gospel Jesus preached as a better measuring-rod of consistency than any gospel preached about him. Lift up the truth God shows now as just as holy as any truth believed of old. Be more consistent to their principle than the Pharisees were, and claim authority not only for things since ancient revelation, but for things of present revelation. If development ties us to the past, it also reaches into the future with its bond. A gospel is something new, and the new become old is no longer gospel. That which is authoritative in an old gospel is its power to keep new and in its origin in sources ever open to the spirit. God is alive, and the man whose belief is fixed to his past existence is treacherous to his present grace. Truth is working, and the man who counts it a heritage and not a production is false to the truth. Wonder is in what sustains and animates the order of the world, not in what is supposed to have confused and upset it. The modern Pharisee who counts this untrue is untrue to his own faith. He is scuttling the craft he is in, while he hacks at such faith as ours. The burden of defence is on him. In the tactics and drill of the modern army of the Lord he is poorly equipped. His reliances remind one of the cumbersome armor and weapons of Chinese soldiers, and use of noise with force, in comparison with their modern equipment. Already he is showing the modern spirit; and, while he is coming into line with the faith of the future, it ill becomes him to apply to others the test he no longer conforms to himself.

Letting down the Bars.

It was Stevenson who said that "the present dissatisfaction, the absence of a solid base and foundation, this snatching at this thing and that, is like sitting down to a Chinese feast of a hundred dishes, and, after trying them all, getting up from the table unfed."

There are many people in our time who know not whether they are moral, unmoral, or immoral. They may find themselves in this peculiar state of mind even though their overt acts conform to so-called respectable standards. They will condemn nothing vigorously because of the itching curiosity ever growing about things exciting and forbidden. It leads to a taste for unhallowed dishes which do not nourish, but produce what may be called moral dyspepsia.

It is this appetite that both creates and feeds on the indecent literature, plays, and moving picture shows that have been so much in evidence the past year. Just now what are called the new dances that have passed like an epidemic of amusement over the world have awakened the clergy of several denominations to loud denunciations. Kings and queens and leaders of society have added their interdict to the new craze, but thus far neither the secular nor the spiritual arm has succeeded in staying the progress of this form of amusement from circling the world and defying those who would bid it pause.

It is a sign of the times, not a little singular in a season of financial depression and anxiety about the uncertainties of the future. Even the little towns have caught the fever, and an unusual impulse of gayety is passing over the country. Perhaps because the clergy are denouncing in such strong terms these amusements, everybody, the young especially, is eager to participate. On the contrary, there are reputable people who publicly uphold the dances and say that, if properly danced, they are both chaste and beautiful. But the opportunity to dance them improperly so often seized upon is, of course, the ground for heated criticism. Those who uphold the dances may ask the critics whether they have seen with their own eyes the things they condemn, or have acted of hearsay and rumor.

How good is all that stimulates a wholesome sense of gayety! It is a healthy sign of vitality, of those reactions that bring vigor and a zest and fulness of life. "To be of a quick and healthy blood, to share in all honorable curiosities, to be rich in admiration and free from envy," says Stevenson, are the gifts of fortune, and, one may add, the power of being easily amused, and of amusing others with blithe spirits and sympathetic humor.

The world has need of far more simple, clean joyousness, gayety, and mirth than it possesses; and it is one of the sad phases of human nature that so many things pure and good in the outset are easily perverted to base uses, and lose their innocence through the smirch of unwholesome suggestion. The theatre that at its best has been called the people's school and church had passed through phases of indecency quite unprecedented. The horrors of the White Slave revelations have stimulated play-

rights and managers to produce plays of such pruriency that even members of the profession have been moved to protest. The moving-picture shows that were hailed at their advent as a cheap and instructive amusement for the people have in many cases gone much the same way, and require an oversight, to make them respectable, that too often is lacking. The very cheapness of these shows is a source of danger, for they draw in children and very young people, and spread the subtle poison of a too early knowledge of seductive forces of evil.

It is the plea of playwrights whose plays have been interdicted or condemned by public opinion, that they are great moral teachers, simply showing the snags and pitfalls of our social state, and putting up warning signs for the unwary. They would completely take down the bars and sweep away all obstacles to the presentation of all forms of naturalism so called.

But there are indications that the public is growing weary of all forms of filth, both in books and on the stage. The cry of philistinism, raised against those who protest against these influences for themselves and their children, is being heard and will, it is hoped, be heeded. If it is the business of the stage to body forth the time, "its form and pressure," as a people we are not perverted to the point of lacking good and abundant material for wholesome amusements. If the bars are down, it is the duty of the right-thinking classes to put them up again to where they will insure the decencies and proprieties that protect the honor of family life and the sanctity of all true relations.

American Unitarian Association.

The New Course of Religious Education.

The Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association has in hand the preparation of a complete new course of religious instruction. A pamphlet has been prepared by the Department which explains the need and purposes of this course, and an additional leaflet has been printed which sets forth the provisional titles and briefly describes the contents of the proposed new manuals. This pamphlet makes it plain that the real aim of religious education as now conceived is not so much the imparting of information as the awakening of life. The end in view is growth in character, in happiness, in usefulness, and in spiritual vitality. The successive manuals are to be carefully adapted to the now well-known laws of child development, and the best knowledge and skill of our fellowship of churches has been availed of, both in the planning of the course and in the selection of the writers for the manuals.

It is planned that the new course, when completed, shall contain books for each successive year from the ages of four to twenty-one; that in the earlier years these books shall be primarily for the teachers; that in the intermediate years there shall be books for the pupils, having chapters instead of lessons, and with them manuals for the teachers and leaflets for the home work of the pupils. In the advanced courses the books will be addressed directly to the pupils, and a choice of subjects will be indicated and provided for.

It is intended that the course shall be unified by having each book based upon those which have preceded it and preparatory to those which follow, this unification relating both to the material to be used and to the thread of purpose that runs through the whole series.

It is further planned to engage the services and co-operation of authors who will enter into the spirit of the whole course as well as into the preparation of their particular manuals, to pay these authors a just recompense, and thus to come into full possession of their product. The books will then be thoroughly edited by the Committee on Manuals, so as to bring each part into full harmony with the whole scheme.

It is intended by this course to give to young people in the Unitarian Sunday-schools, as well as to all others who may use the books, not merely instruction suited to their understanding, but stimulation and guidance in religious living,—a stimulation and guidance that appeals to the spiritual needs and possibilities of the developing life, and by continuous and progressive leading brings young people into vital connection with the church and into a genuine religious experience. The aim is, first, knowledge; second, loyalty; and, third and supremely, the serviceable Christian life.

These plans, the themes to be studied, and the authors to be secured, have been under the prolonged and very careful consideration of the officers of the Department of Religious Education and of the Committee on Manuals for more than a year. When sufficiently formulated, the plans were presented to the Directors of the Association, who have had sufficient confidence in the interest and financial support of the people of our churches to place at the disposal of the Publication Committee a sum of money sufficient to launch the enterprise. The Publication Committee and the Committee on Manuals have held several joint meetings and authorized the announcement of the plan. It is hoped and expected that some of the manuals will be ready for use in the autumn of 1914, and the remaining manuals will follow as rapidly as they can be prepared and published.

The Directors of the Association invite the interest and sympathy of all people who are interested in religious education in the development and fulfilment of these plans and hopes. This is obviously one of the most important and far-reaching endeavors ever attempted by the Association. Its fulfilment will mean long, hard, patient, thorough work and generous financial support from our people. The Unitarians have been useful pioneers in many fields of Christian thought and service. Shall we not now prove our right to be pioneers in the development and application of a scheme of religious education which shall be in line with the convictions of modern minds, with the best knowledge of our day, with the ideals of our prophets and seers? The churches are just awakening to the tremendous importance of their educational responsibilities. It is vital to the prosperity and progress of Christian institutions, of whatever name or tradition, to provide for the right training of the children. It is our high privilege to take up our part of this responsibility, to work not for ourselves alone, but for all our sister churches, and to help build the highway along which the Christian armies can march.

Samuel A. Eliot.

Current Topics.

The relation between the United States and the people of Mexico has become increasingly complicated within the past ten days, as the outcome of the negotiations to determine the manner of the death of William S. Benton, who was executed under the orders of rebel authorities in Chihuahua, and of Clemente Vergara, a citizen of Texas, who is believed to have been killed by the command of Victoriano Huerta, the provisional president of Mexico. The British government, urged to action by strong popular feeling at home, last week showed a strong determination to demand and exact a satisfactory explanation for the execution of Benton from General Villa,

Digitized by Google

the Constitutional chief, who has admitted his responsibility for the affair. In equally energetic fashion Governor Colquitt of Texas, in official communications to the State Department at Washington, has indicated the determination of the administration of Texas to get at the bottom of the facts as they affect the taking of the life of a citizen of Texas. Between the two demands, the State Department found itself face to face with a serious problem.

THE purpose of both factions in Mexico to take full advantage of the newest phase of the international tangle for the advancement of their respective interests was shown at the end of last week by the announcement by Venustiano Carranza, the chief commander of the Constitutionalist army, of his refusal to enter into negotiations with the British government on the Benton incident unless Great Britain first accorded its official recognition to the Constitutionalist *régime*, and by Huerta's denunciation of President Wilson's policy in Mexico as the direct cause of the disorders, which have resulted in such violations of the rights of foreigners as the killing of Benton. The efforts of the State Department to ascertain the actual conditions under which Benton met his death were apparently frustrated at the beginning of the week by the refusal of the Constitutionalist authorities at Juarez to permit the British-American commission of inquiry to proceed to Chihuahua to examine the body of the slain Briton.

IN the mean while, the comments of the European press on the problems that have been put into concrete form by the execution of Benton plainly reflect a growing resentment against conditions in Mexico, and a widespread conviction that American policy is responsible for the maintenance of the existing reign of terror. Influential newspapers in Great Britain and on the continent are pointing out that, if, under the provisions of the Monroe doctrine, it is impossible for a European nation to employ force in Mexico for the purpose of safeguarding the lives of its nationals, it is the duty of the United States to put an end to the long-continued state of anarchy across its border. The discussion of the situation in the foreign press tended to a consensus of opinion that the Mexican crisis in its latest phase is putting to the test the tenability of the principles of the Monroe doctrine,—a policy to which European public opinion has been slow to accord its sanction.

THE final failure of all efforts by British organizations and individuals to induce the government to revoke its refusal to take official part in the San Francisco fair became a certainty on February 24, when Sir Edward Grey, in response to questioning in the House of Commons, announced that the government had seen no reason to reconsider its earlier decision on the matter. The attitude of the British government on the subject is in accord with that of the German ministry of foreign affairs. On the day of Sir Edward's statement in the House, the French nation made generous provisions for participation in the exposition by a parliamentary appropriation of $400,000. The action of the French Chamber of Deputies was simultaneous with that of the Italian government, which, on February 24, assured a commissioner for the exposition that Italy had decided to take part in the international event at San Francisco in 1915, whatever may be the outcome of Italy's protest against certain provisions of the Immigration Bill as passed by the House.

FURTHER allegations of corruption in Japanese public life are leading to the belief, in Tokio, that the disclosures of irregular relations between German manufacturers and Japanese purchasers of supplies for the navy will lay bare a more extensive betrayal of public interests than was at first supposed. While the evidence against an admiral and another officer of the Japanese navy is being considered by the authorities of the ministry of marine, three prominent Japanese naval contractors have been arrested on charges of having resorted to bribery in their dealings with naval officers. In addition to the state of affairs suggested by these investigations, a deputy made the definite assertion in the chamber on February 23, that high officials in the government had amassed fortunes by means of corrupt dealings at the expense of the national treasury. Public opinion in Japan has been profoundly irritated by the conviction that there has been dishonesty in the public service, and the opposition is taking quick advantage of the popular clamor for a cleaning-up process.

THE constitutional crisis in Sweden, precipitated by the participation of King Gustave in what appears to be a national demand for a material increase in the offensive and defensive forces of the kingdom, continues with every indication of an intense struggle to come. A considerable part of the Swedish people—apparently the majority—have become convinced that Russian policy in the Russification of Finland is the prelude to an advance upon the Swedish frontiers. It is pointed out by the advocates of a greater armament at Stockholm that Russia, having deprived Finland of its ancient rights of self-government, is turning the grand duchy into a vast military camp. Inasmuch as no foreign power of aggressive tendencies menaces the Russian empire at that point in its far-flung border-lines, it is argued by patriotic Swedes that the military activities of the Slavic neighbor can mean only that Russia is preparing to take full advantage of the first favorable moment in international affairs to carry out its purpose to impose its sovereignty upon Sweden.

Brevities.

The Go-to-Church movement has served to remind many delinquent church people of a duty too long neglected.

We often forget that a church is an educational institution. For a man to absent himself from church services because he feels a religious deficiency is like a boy staying away from school because he is ignorant.

Dr. Ewald Stier, a German philosopher, expresses the opinion that an examination of the tools and implements of the stone and bronze ages leads him to believe that in prehistoric times perhaps one-half of the population was left-handed.

The *Automobile* estimates that on October 1 there were 1,229,000 motor cars in the United States, partially distributed as follows: New York, 121,000; California, 118,000; Ohio, 90,000; Illinois, 79,000. New Mexico ends the list with 765 cars.

Sometimes it is the keen eyes of a foreign visitor who sees the salient features of American life most clearly. Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, spoke thus of us to a Chicago reporter while looking out of a window commanding a wide view of the city's business district: "There is your American romance—there in the large

Digitized by Google

office buildings and marts of trade. Yours is the romance of great achievements in commerce, in industrial leadership; and it is a wonderful romance. The child of the world's nations is leading them."

It is told of Dr. Cuyler that, when very ill, some relative suggested his possible impatience to join the glorious company waiting for him above. His characteristic reply was, "I've all eternity to visit with those old fellows: I am in no hurry to go."

It has been estimated that the air in a steam-heated office is several degrees drier than the air in the Sahara Desert. To this extreme dryness of offices and houses has been ascribed by some physicians injury to the respiratory passages and greater susceptibility to colds with the coming of winter and the shutting of doors.

According to the statement of Mr. G. H. Marshall of the Connecticut Institution for the Blind, boys who are blind can become good gardeners. He says, "At first some mistakes were made, plants being pulled up for weeds; but they quickly learned to distinguish between vegetables and weeds by the texture and shape of the leaves." Here a trained sense of touch is a partial compensation for the loss of sight.

Countless deaths are recorded daily from diseases and accidents which already we have the science to prevent. Preventive medicine is the great hope of the future as to the lowering of the death-rate from disease. Deaths from accidents of railway travel are a disgrace for our civilization. The Illinois Central says that no passenger has been killed on its suburban trains by the company's contributory negligence for fifty-seven years.

Letters to the Editor.

Denominational Statistics.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In the *Literary Digest* for February 21 I note an article called "Church Gains for 1913." From this article I take two sentences, "Denominational official reports are used where there are such," and, "The figures for the Jewish members are misleading. The denomination furnishes no statistics." Then follows the list of denominations, giving name, number of ministers, churches, communicants, and net gains. Against the name "Unitarian" there is a blank in the column of "communicants gained." May I ask, was this blank arrived at by using a denominational official report, or were no statistics furnished, or just what did happen?

My point is this. Had not our denomination better stay out of such a list altogether or else gather the figures by some system which will set us forth in a better and a true light? Mark Twain once said, "The wise man bloweth his own horn, lest it be not blowed." If we, as a denomination, are going to pretend to blow our horn by appearing in such a list, let us send forth more than such a hollow, echoless toot as this in the *Digest*.

I do not believe that our death-rate is greater than our birth-rate. A number of people joined this church in conservative Louisville during the year 1913. I know that a number joined my brother-in-law's church in Cleveland. That's the record of only two churches. Are the figures of our yearly increase accessible? If so, they should be gathered. If our ministers need to be educated up to see the advertising value of making such figures accessible, let the work begin. If they cannot be obtained, we had better keep out of such lists.

Our name there in the *Digest*, with its glaring blank space against it, gives ammunition to our orthodox opponents and to the opponents of religion and churches in general who are constantly stating and persuading people who do not know the facts that Unitarianism is either at a standstill or declining. Such a mistake as this drooping appearance of our name in this list is but one more reminder of the need of business wisdom in religion.

"The children of darkness are still wiser in their own generation than the children of light." This is mighty poor advertising and a wet blanket to the man or woman who may be thinking of taking the step into Unitarianism.

Maxwell Savage.

Louisville, Ky.

Exchanging Pulpits.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I have read, with interest, of the good work done by the Cleveland Federation of Churches as reported by Mr. Simons. He states that he has recently exchanged with the minister of the largest Methodist church in the city, and asks "if such an incident would be possible in any other city in the United States?" It may be of interest to know that it is not only possible, but that it has already happened. More than two years ago (December, 1911) the ministers of the Church of the Unity and the Trinity Methodist Church exchanged pulpits, to the apparent satisfaction of both congregations. Abstracts of both sermons were reported in the local press under the heading "Trinity-Unity Exchange." I cite this fact, not in disparagement of Mr. Simons's testimony, but merely to indicate that there are other cities in which this same spirit of Christian unity is manifesting itself. Springfield has its Federation of Churches and its Federation of Men's Church Clubs, in both of which the Unitarian church is included, and for two years the Unitarian minister has been the president of the local Ministers' Association.

Augustus P. Reccord.

Springfield, Mass.

The Thought of Jesus.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Is it overpresumptuous, on the part of a staunch and loyal Unitarian who has been out of the country since early in the autumn, to suggest that the interest and controversy aroused by Dr. Eliot's latest utterances on "The Religion of the Future" have made it clear that it is time for our body as a whole to consider afresh the question "What think ye of Christ?"

No religious movement has ever been actuated by more courageous or high-minded motives than the Unitarian undertaking to strip the figure of Jesus of Nazareth of the fantastic, misleading, and often repellant garments in which theology and the Church had succeeded in clothing him throughout the course of the ages.

But now that we have succeeded in this task, what figure is it that emerges? A great ethical teacher? A leader and inspirer of men? A religious genius? A transcendent philosopher poet? Socrates, Plato, Confucius, and the great Stoics were powerful ethical teachers. Pericles, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon, and Lincoln were leaders and inspirers of men. Among religious geniuses we find the Buddha, Mohammed, St. Francis, Savonarola, Luther, and Channing. Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Emerson, Tennyson, and Browning were transcendent philosopher poets. With all that the Man of Galilee shares

Digitized by Google

with these figures and many others, does he not still remain the crowning figure of history? In spite of the infinite problems and contradictions of the gospel narratives, do we not still find his personality the most profoundly moving, appealing, and inspiring the world has ever known? Can any of us truly say that he would know our God of Truth, Spirit, and Love, were it not for the life and message of him whose fate it was to be despised and rejected of men? Can we not realize that in him is to be found the most perfect realization the world has ever known, or is likely to know, of the Spirit of Eternal Truth and Love? If we still hearken to the words "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," do we not find the very peace and serenity of God? Must we not accept, reverence, and adore "the comfort Christ," if we are to understand aright "the grandeur God"?

Thomas Coggeshall.

Dresden, Germany.

Our own Church Fathers and Mothers.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I believe that we Unitarian ministers have as just and generous a laity, men and women, dealing with us as our employers as any body of employees in the world. Any claim we present to them that is fair, that appeals to human kindness, we have learned to know will be honestly and ungrudgingly responded to.

But, in a circular received to-day, we ministers are asked to make an appeal to the laity, the embarrassment of which I think we should be spared, and the full charge of which I think the lay men and women of our churches should considerately assume in our stead.

In this circular we ministers are asked, in the first place, to send our contributions to the service pension which we Unitarians so fairly owe to an aged clergy. That is all right! Many, if not most, of us ministers have held it both a joy and a privilege to send our annual contributions to these long arrears of what has been our elder brothers' honest due.

But we are also asked to go to our churches, with an appeal to them to do their part in this just and considerate dealing with their aged employees. Some sense of propriety, right or wrong, impels me to decline this errand. I can't do it.

It seems to me that for me and my church to be clamoring for the overthrow of existing conditions and their reconstruction, so that by and by, when this gets done, there won't be aged and deserving men and women in need of anything, while in the lengthy mean time we are leaving undone what is due to those nearest to us and most entitled to an affectionate concern, is to make us guilty of the terrible charge of Jesus: we are taking what we owe to father and mother and spending it upon some dubious temple of the Lord, of which we happen to be the much-assured and ardent devotees for the time.

I should not like one of my church men or women being obliged to approach me with the reminder: that we had used our ministers and their wives, in a profoundly true and helpful sense, as the fathers and mothers of our churches; that I, as a minister, had very possibly grown up in the church and Sunday-school, and had taken to the ministry under such a godfather and godmother; and that what had been lacking to secure them provision for old age was due them now in some honor-giving and acceptable way; and would I not contribute to it?

I should feel that I was painfully embarrassing any lay-member of my church in being called to remind me of so obvious a relation and the duty of it, and I am sensible of the same embarrassment in having to remind any of them.

So I send my confession to the *Christian Register*, owning that I can't appeal to my church in behalf of our Service Pension Society, fervently as I believe in it, and I ask the laity of our churches to take this business up as their own, and to attend to it without the reminder and appeal of their ministers. I am very sure that the secretary of the Service Pension Society will furnish all the information needed.

George Kent.

New Orleans, La.

Matthias.

By Charlotte C. Eliot.

They gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven apostles.—Acts i. 26.

On me the lot has fallen; was it Thine,
O God, the choice? Wilt Thou direct me now?
Then let me to Thy will in silence bow.
How can I err if led by power divine?
Ere I go forth fulfilling Christ's design,
Re-make me, Lord; with wisdom me endow;
Touch Thou my lips that eloquence be mine,
And keep me faithful to my solemn vow.

Christ in the flesh I cannot walk beside,
Nor hear his speech, nor look upon his face
As these have done who followed him their guide.
Among them all be mine the humblest place;
Yet, if my heart be his, none can divide
Me from his love, and I am satisfied.

The Country Week.

By Rev. George L. Chaney.

Just before leaving home I received a clipping from one of your exchanges, commending *Country Week*, and asking who originated it. So far as I know, it began in Boston in those years of humane revival when the churches forgot themselves long enough to remember their neighbors. The decade or two succeeding the close of the Civil War witnessed a rebirth of altruism which found its acceptable calling in the Freedmen's Aid and Soldiers' Memorial Societies, the revived and reinvigorated Young Men's Union, the Suffolk Union for Christian Work, the Industrial Education Society, the Whittling School and Flower Mission, the Juvenile Courts and its merciful arrest of youthful criminals on their way to confirmed criminality, and the Woman's Prison under the redeeming care of Mrs. Johnson. These and many other saving powers bestirred themselves in those live days.

It was then that *Country Week* was born, the happy thought of many kind hearts, but the gracious act of Helen G. Putnam, who put it into practical effect. A child of King's Chapel, a scholar of Winkley and teacher in Pitts Street Chapel, later an enthusiastic member of the Hollis Street Church, she was simply true to her nature and nurture, when she began this mission of sunshine and fresh air to the children of the city lanes and streets. The Young Men's Christian Union, then under the quickening touch of W. H. Baldwin, the brothers Edmund and Henry H. Sprague, Dr. Richardson, and others of their kind, was the recruiting station of *Country Week*, and there Helen Putnam met her squads of children and marched them to their camping homes in the country. To get these homes she visited country towns and spoke in country churches and vestries, and won the sympathy and co-operation of those choicest

Digitized by Google

women of the land, the farmers' wives and daughters, who gladly opened hearts and homes to the darklings and starvelings of the city courts and lanes. One of these city waifs, I remember, on being landed in the open country, exclaimed, "Why, the sky is blue!"

Fifty years ago men and women, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, acted along these lines of human brotherliness, and the churches found their calling and made their election sure in this applied Christianity. They began what is now more commonly undertaken by the settlement workers. Most of the lively humanity of the modern settlers was prefigured and foreordained by our church philanthropies. The pattern was shown them on the mount, and they have accepted and worked up to it.

This, as it always seemed to me, is the pre-eminent mission of the Church, to start and dedicate the things which a responsive world will take up and carry to increasing uses.

Country Week was one of those inspirations of a church-bred woman, Helen G. Putnam, who died, as she had lived, zealous of good works and surrounded, like the spiritual Dorcas she was, by the garments of praise which she had made and given for the spirit of heaviness.

Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Of Some Survivals.

There are few things more interesting than the study of the world's survivals. They are at once the history of its past and the prophecy of its future. Some of these survivals are growing from more to more: some are visibly decaying. Many things that were very much alive are now dead. Corpses or their tombs survive. Of others we have to say that, while their souls are living, their bodies, their outward expressions, are dying, or are at least undergoing vital changes. Life, as we know it, carries always within itself the remains of a past life. Our bodies, for instance, are, amongst other things, a museum of antiquities. They are eloquent of the road we have travelled.

This which is true of our natural history is true also of our social and our religious history. There are things to-day in our social and our spiritual condition—institutions, customs, habits of thinking—whose enormous bulk fills the horizon, whose strength seems impregnable. There are others which are weak and puny, struggling for existence. The question here is not at all of relative size or mass. The entire question is one of development or decline. The institution which at present fills the eye may be, after all, only a row of kidney beans. The tiny shoot appearing above the ground may be an acorn's sprout, on its way to be the oak of centuries. It will make all the difference to us which side we are on.

As we look back, we see the difference between the good and the bad in society is not only in their moral value, but in the fact that the one is the growing thing and the other the decaying one. What has become of the earlier cruelty? It has left scarcely a monument behind. The old brutality is a dying force. It weakens hour by hour.

Take, as a further illustration, one of the world's first-class hatreds, that of the *odium theologicum*,—in plain English, theological hate. We know how that has expressed itself in earlier times. Its story is that of the Inquisition, of the torture chamber, of the rack. Queen Mary said she burned heretics because God would burn them in hell. There is still persecution, a mild one, but yet a persecution, for believing contrary to the fashion; but it is a decaying power, decaying because of the new life and light that are coming. We are getting to-day a better understanding of what belief really is, and of the responsibility attaching to it. When certain things are brought to the mind as facts, the mind will accept them until it is shown that they are not facts. Where the proof is clear the intellect has no choice. It believes by its own law. Precisely because we are learning here to understand the mental laws, the old religious hatreds are doomed. They will be seen to be such a waste of good emotion. It will be as ridiculous to abuse a man for doubting a supposed historical fact for which you can bring no proper evidence, as for abusing his disbelief that two and two make five. In the future none will seek to persuade his fellow except by the truth of facts and the truth of the spiritual instincts.

We have spoken of survivals where the soul of a thing lives, while its body, its outward expression, is changed. That we see everywhere going on, and it is one of the finest features of the time. As a good example let us take patriotism. There is no harm: there is much good in patriotism taken by itself. The love of one's country is next to the love of one's home, and there is never any harm in true love wherever it makes its habitation. There is nothing but good where this love finds expression in laboring for one's country, in seeking the best things for it, in striving to lift it to its highest, in suffering for it with heroism and quenchless hope when its hour is darkest. But there are forms of patriotism which are survivals, with, happily, nothing but decay before them. That is the patriotism which of old taught the Greeks to call outsiders barbarians, to whom no justice need be observed, no mercy shown. It is the patriotism which to-day exhibits itself in hatred and contempt of the foreigner; which calls for armaments to overawe or crush him; which refuses to acknowledge any excellence, any wisdom which is not insular,—a patriotism born of hatred rather than of love. That, we say again, is a survival that will not live. It is contrary to the spiritual consciousness, to the laws of the soul. The patriotism that will survive is the patriotism that, beginning in love, will go on in love; that will raise its own country that thereby it may the better help other countries; that will seek its own best, that it may thereby procure the best for every creature. The soul here is greater than the old body which it is casting off. It will by and by obtain the body that fits it.

We cannot understand any one pursuing this study of survivals without finding himself filled with a glorious optimism. For it brings us upon the finest fact in the world. What do we see? That the things which are going out are the bad ones, and the things which are coming on are the good ones. War is going, cruelty is going, the cult of falsehoods is going. But see what is coming! Right amid the ages of violence, the ferocious barbarism of ancient man, in the very midst of all this, there appeared the tender plant of the spiritual culture. There grew in some elect hearts and minds the sense of love, of brotherhood, of purity, of righteousness, of eternal justice. There they were, faint and feeble ideas, unclad, unarmed, with no battalions as their allies, no strength from sword and gun. In their nakedness these ideas were set upon, battered, bruised, trampled under the iron forces of the world. The men who held them were unarmed, had nothing to fight with but their souls. Yet amid all the wars and tumults, amid all the wrecks and catastrophes, these things have survived, are here to-day, growing from more to more, their prospect secure, their victory certain. This is not rhetoric: it is the simple fact, for any one to see who will look.

These ideas and forces, embodied in saintly and inspired souls, developed into institutions, expressed in sacred literatures, and ever being wrought upon and

Digitized by Google

reinforced by the overbrooding spirit,—all this is what we know as religion. Religion is, and ever will be, the great survival. It has its times of pause, of reconstruction, of turning back from outer conquest to an inner purification. Such a time is upon us now, but the situation is of a time which is already passing. Prophecy is coming to its fulfilment. Religion, ridding itself of its illusions, founding itself anew on the facts of man's spiritual nature and destiny, claiming for itself all the true as well as all the good, is as safe, as abiding in its possession, as the eternity to which it belongs.

The greatest of all questions of survival is that of the survival of man after death. The usual argument here has been that of the distinction between matter and spirit. But here a counter argument has to be noted. The difference between matter and spirit is intrinsically as great in the soul of a beetle as in the soul of a man. Both are invisible, intangible, unweighable, possessing none of the qualities of matter. If, then, on this ground you argue for the survival of man, what of your beetle? The argument does not trouble us. Everybody, materialists and idealists alike, believe in the indestructibility of matter. You may change it infinitely, but annihilate it never. If that is true of matter, be sure it is of spirit. The change here will be according to the laws of spirit. The beetle's soul will not be destroyed any more than its body; but its change, its future, will be according to the size and quality of its soul. That will find its place somewhere. The change in the man's soul will also be according to its size and quality. That is exactly what religion has taught from the beginning.—*J. Brierley, in The London Christian World.*

Appeal to the Christian Churches.

The Conference of the Evangelical Churches of Switzerland has issued an Appeal to the Christian Churches of Europe, "in the name of the God of Justice and of Love, our Heavenly Father, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace," calling the churches to a deeper sense of their duty, and their rightful leadership in opposing the present portentous militarism and armaments of the nations. The appeal is signed officially, in behalf of the Conference, by four pastors of the Canton of Berne: Rev. G. Ris, chairman, Rev. E. Ryser, Rev. M. Billeter, and Rev. Charles Simon, together with Prof. Louis Emery and Rev. J. Savary, of Lausanne, of the Synodical Commission of the National Church of the Canton of Vaud, from whom the proposal came. These leaders in the Swiss churches feel the situation to be so serious and urgent that they propose a Congress of the Churches of Europe, to be held at Berne some time during the present year, to consider the whole subject in the most searching and definite way. The churches of America, as well as of Europe, will undoubtedly be included in their formal call for the Congress. Their solemn appeal, which is issued in German, French, and English, is as follows:—

Dear and honored Brethren:

The two Balkan wars have just shown once again—and with what tragic eloquence—what are the horrors of war: three hundred thousand men in the prime of life cut down by death, on the battlefield or in the hospital; as many and even more wounded, of whom a large number, maimed for life, will always be incapable of earning their living, and for many years will have to be kept by their fellow-citizens; thousands upon thousands of widows and orphans, mourning their natural breadwinner, and abiding in dire poverty; fertile countrysides laid waste, towns and villages burned and destroyed; brutal outrages and cruelties of every sort; new rancors and hatreds added to old enmities and breeding the desire for revenge, the germ of future wars. Behold what we, the Christians of Europe, have witnessed—nineteen centuries after there was sung, in the land of Judæa, the song of welcome to the glory of the Son of Man, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Is it possible for us to console ourselves in some measure for the horrible spectacle of this war by the thought that the efforts of diplomacy have succeeded at least in confining that strife to the Balkan peninsula, and that the rest of Europe has continued to enjoy the precious benefits of peace? But does this peace really deserve its name? Fellow-Christians, we cannot, and we must not, believe so. Think only of the innumerable efforts and precautions which the several governments have had to take in order to preserve peace—without being able to guarantee it—even for a few weeks in advance. Think of the hundreds of thousands of men who are at this moment under arms ready to fight, and still other hundreds of thousands who can join them in a few days. Reckon up the millions and tens of millions which the nations of Europe are spending on the maintenance of their forces by land and by sea.

May we be allowed in this connection to quote a few figures? In 1880 the six Great Powers of Europe—Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia—spent £144,000,000 ($697,000,000) for the upkeep of their armies and navies, with a total, on a peace-footing, of about 2,650,000 men. In these figures, as in those that follow, we have reckoned only the army and navy budgets, and not the colonial budgets, which also include military expenditure, but incurred outside Europe. Thirty years later, in 1910, the military and naval expenditure of these same states exceeded £284,000,000 ($1,375,000,000), a sum which maintained still on a peace-footing 3,800,000 men. For 1914, we already know that they will have more than 4,200,000 men under arms, and that the total of their military and naval establishment will amount to more than £320,000,000 ($1,549,000,000).

Led on by the example of the Great Powers, and to safeguard their neutrality in case of conflict among the others, the powers of second and third rank, according to population, are likewise compelled to increase their military expenses to a very considerable extent. With regard to Switzerland, for example, they have amounted from £480,000 ($2,333,000) in 1888 to £1,680,000 ($8,141,000) in 1910. At the present moment the annual total of military expenses for the following countries may be estimated at £48,000,000 ($232,000,000): Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Greece, Holland, Montenegro, Norway, Roumania, Servia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey. Needless to say, the expenses of the recent Balkan wars are not counted in this sum. And these states, on a peace-footing, maintain about 800,000 men.

Thus we may say that in 1914, without supposing for that year any special political complication, Europe will have a military and naval expenditure of £380,000,000 ($1,849,000,000) and 5,000,000 men under arms, to whom, in case of war, may be added three or four times that number.

Notice also that this figure of £380,000,000 does not represent the whole financial burden which Europe endures on account of international rivalry. A notable portion of the European national debts, which to-day exceed a total of £648,000,000 ($3,137,000,000), comes from expenses incurred through past wars or military expenses covered by loans, and from this, for the interest and sinking fund of that part of the debts, there is an

annual expense which may be valued at £200,000,000 ($968,000,000).

Moreover, it is necessary to take into account the loss of wealth due to the fact that these 5,000,000 men instead of doing productive work are being maintained by their fellow-countrymen. Estimating at £48 yearly the value of the work which on the average might be done by each of these able-bodied men, there is under this head an indirect annual expenditure of £240,000,000 ($1,172,000,000). We may conclude, then that in 1914, if a condition of peace is kept in Europe, that condition will cost approximately $4,000,000,000.

Does this condition really deserve the name of "civilization" (we dare not say, out of respect for Christ, of "Christian" civilization)? To this question, evidently, we can reply only in the negative. Just as to-day we agree to designate as "savage" the condition of people where each individual makes justice for himself and where the vendetta reigns, because with those people there is neither law nor law courts nor police, even so the centuries of the future will one day rightly give the name "barbarian" to the present international régime,—that régime where brute force outweighs law, and where the largest item of European budgets is devoted to making millions of men competent to kill other millions.

If the great majority of those who, rightly or wrongly, call themselves Christians have contributed in part to this wretched condition of things, what, then, do the churches say, which formally recognize Christ as their Sovereign Lord, and whose express mission is the establishment on this earth of ours of the Kingdom of Justice, of Love, and of Peace? Have they wrought, as they might, and ought to have, to bring together the nations on the common ground of brotherhood, by reminding them ceaselessly that the fruit of justice is sown in peace, and that the true greatness of nations, like that of individuals, consists not in conquering and dominating other peoples, but in rendering to humanity the maximum service that is possible? When the governments of the countries where these churches are established engage in war, have they always sought—impartially, in the light of God's own Spirit—to know on which side lay justice, which side had the better right? Leaving aside their natural sympathies as in duty bound, did they ask the Almighty to give the victory to the cause which in their eyes stood for the right? Have they not rather, influenced by the spirit of this world, prayed that victory might be to the armies of their own people, without taking thought for the justice of the cause? Have not many of their spiritual leaders dared to glorify war as a divine institution instead of seeing therein, as is really the case, one of the most awful manifestations of human selfishness?

We are well aware of all the moral and social progress that has been made under the influence of that gospel which is being preached more or less faithfully by all the churches. We recognize the action of the spirit of Christ, in the international laws designed to mitigate the horrors of war, in the recourse to arbitration made by some powers, and in those international congresses held in favor of peace. But what the churches have done during these last centuries, by indirect rather than by direct action, against war and in favor of peace, is little or nothing in comparison with what they could and ought to have done in order to remain faithful to the spirit of their divine Master, or even simply to follow the example of the Church of the Middle Ages in its efforts towards the establishment of the Truce of God. We ought, in this respect, to humble ourselves before God, and humbly to recognize that in the war on war, in the efforts made hitherto to burst the barriers which sin has raised between the nations, and to lead these to thoughts of peace, the churches have not taken the place and the position which was their duty and their right.

This neglect—this, so to speak, official neglect—of our Christian duty cannot longer continue without scandalizing the world and without covering with opprobrium the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is absolutely essential that all the churches which have at heart the glory of their Master and the advancement of the kingdom of God shall understand and undertake, without delay, the task which thrusts itself upon their attention. It is absolutely essential that in this Europe of ours, armed to the teeth, the churches shall uplift their voices with all their strength and cry, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" It is absolutely essential that they strive with all their might against prejudice, selfish interest, and that false patriotism which sows jealousy and hatred among the nations. It is absolutely essential that they work together for the substitution of right for brute force, of arbitration for war.

By what means shall the churches acquit themselves of this sacred and noble task? It is not for us to find it out and state it here: we wish this to be the work of a *Congress of the official delegates of the Churches of Europe.* Our own ambition,—the ambition of the churches of a neutral country, where citizens speaking different tongues and confessing different faiths can live together in peace,—our ambition and our prayer, is this, that the churches of Europe, of all confessions, forgetting for a moment the differences that separate them, and bowed before the Cross on Calvary, shall remember that they all alike confess the same Master, the same Father in Heaven, and the same call; viz., to establish here on earth the kingdom of the God of Love. May they, forgetting their differences and remembering only these things, assemble together their delegates in Congress to seek, under the holy guidance of the Spirit of God what the churches, as churches, might do to promote among the nations the spirit of Justice and of Peace.

With this end in view, and in the conviction that we are acting according to the will of God, we take the liberty of asking you, dear brethren in Christ, if you would be disposed to send official representatives of your church to a Congress of the Churches of Europe, which, if it be God's pleasure, might hold their sessions in the course of the year 1914 at Berne. We shall be extremely obliged if you will make us acquainted with your answer between now and the 15th of April next; and, if the number of affirmative replies is sufficient, we will send you later fuller information as to the date and composition of the Congress.

Berne.

Spiritual Life.

Our acts make or mar us: we are the children of our own deeds.—*Hugo.*

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character.—*Goethe.*

The highest thoughts that come to us are the first-fruits of loving moods, which bear the stamp of holiness. *Marian Dudley Richards.*

We are in the spiritual and eternal world: there is no other in which we can be, for there is no other. Never be afraid of giving up your best, and God will give you his better. Not this everlasting getting: deny yourself

Digitized by Google

and give, and infinitely more shall be yours; but give, not bargaining: give from love, because you must.—*James Hinton.*

In all the difficulties and crosses of my life, this is my consideration: since it is God's will, I do not only obey, but assent to it; nor do I comply out of necessity, but from choice.—*Seneca.*

Better for us nothing of science, art, philosophy, religion, that is not contained within the Bible's scope, with evermore the firm resolve to make the most of these, than all the wealth of all the centuries, while we are passive and inert.—*John W. Chadwick.*

There is something in the human soul that loves to bear, to endure, to suffer,—that goes forth to meet the realities of pain. I believe it is an instinct of the soul that in this way it shall come, somehow, to know itself. We do not want to be cheated out of anything that earth has to offer. If heaven could be offered to us prematurely, there is something within us that would put it by.—*E. T. Clapp.*

O Tired Heart.

O tired heart,
God knows!
Not you or I,
Who reach our hands for gifts
That wise love must deny.
We blunder when we fain would do our best,
Until a-weary, then we cry, "Do Thou the rest."
And in his hands the tangled threads we place
Of our poor, blinded weaving, with a shamèd face.
All trust of ours he sacredly will keep.
So, tired heart,—God knows,—go thou to work or sleep.

O tired heart,
God knows,
Where we but guess,
Of unknown, future years,
Their joy or bitterness.
For we are finite, limited, enfurled:
His vision in its sweep reaches from world to world.
Our hidden, complex selves his eye doth see,
And with exceeding tenderness weighs equally.
O wisdom infinite! O love naught can o'erwhelm!
Rest, tired heart,—God knows,—give o'er the helm.

—*Hannah Coddington.*

The Pulpit.

Life in the Spirit.

BY REV. J. A. BALDRIDGE.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.—GAL. v. 25.

Paul has here drawn a sharp contrast between life in the Spirit and life in the flesh, or, to modernize the teaching, the one is life inspired by the diviner part of human nature, and the other is a life prompted by our sensuous feelings. These two conflicting elements of our nature cannot be reconciled. The one is contrary to the other. The battle must ever be waged, and it is our inherent and personal duty to see that the diviner part of ourselves is in control. There is no discharge in this war. But, as our apostle here points out, this can be attained only by a full surrender of our wills to the will of the divine,—by a complete mastery of the old self, the overcoming of our grosser self by awakening our latent convictions and striving for nobler selfhood and a better service to others.

This new resolve marks the beginning of a new experience. We now become conscious of our relation to the divine, the eternal, and the feeling grows within us to make ourselves, in character and purpose, worthy of such a destiny. Life takes on a new meaning, the world assumes a new aspect, and all things seem to possess a new worth as related to things which endure. This new sense of worth becomes the wellspring of better conduct and nobler achievement. No wonder that some anxious soul cried out, "Self is so small, make me a part of something larger;" and this is the cry of millions to-day.

Life in the Spirit is thus a life that is prompted by an ideal purpose. It is no longer a question of getting saved, in the theological sense of that term, or simply a preparation for heaven, but a new equipment and power for duty and service. This ideal purpose relates us vitally to the life that now is. We know that we are personal units in the cosmic, universal life, and that we are vitally related to one another. Thus we find ourselves in conscious relationship, here and now, with the seen and the unseen, with the past and the present, and with all that is yet to be. We are coworkers with God, with men and angels, and with all the forces of life that make for truth and righteousness, and how urgent the call!

Our present mission, however, is to make this world a better place for habitation, for human growth and development, and for the well-being and happiness of mankind. This specific purpose, as now understood, has been sadly neglected, and the reasons for this neglect, as it should seem, are at least two: first, men in general have been so preoccupied with self-interest, and especially with money-getting, that they neither have had time for nor interest in the common welfare; and, second, the Church—even the more spiritual part of the Church—has been so intent upon saving itself and others from a future hell—a hell of rather materialistic concepts and fearful forebodings—and in fitting its disciples for the heaven to come that the burning questions and pressing problems of our present human need have been sadly neglected.

There is at present, however, a great change taking place in the minds and, let us hope, in the hearts of religious people. This change of mind has been brought about by the cry of millions in want, the wail of the widow in tears and the orphan in distress, by the persistent protest of the enslaved workers and a menacing unrest in multitudes of citizens. Another thing, however, entered into the new civic interest of the churches; and it was the fact that the toilers with hand and brawn were quitting the churches. This fact was, no doubt, more appealing to many ministers and church people than the persistent cry of human distress.

But it is indeed true that we often fall below our real purposes, our best ideals. Still, with every renewal of our faith and quickening of our spirits there is a distinct and wholesome improvement witnessed,—a distinct gain of insight and motive. Life is deepened, broadened, purified, uplifted, and we get a firmer grip on reality. Our past mistakes humble us, our low ideals shame us, our sins against the weak and helpless sting us; and all this enters into the crucible of our transforming character and growing ideals. The divinity of our nature comes to the fore, and a God-like simplicity of thought, feeling, and aspiration, possesses our souls. Life is thus no longer a mere dream of wealth or pleasure, but a conscious fellowship with God in the world's redemption.

The greatest example of life in the Spirit the world has yet had—and perhaps ever will have—is that of

Jesus Christ. He literally lived and walked in the Spirit. He was ever conscious of the Father's presence. The Father's will was the actual law of his every-day life,—not simply as a rule or code of conduct, but as an indwelling power and motive; and he emerged from prayer and communion with the Father into the light and glory of his unique and consecrated life. His was not only fellowship in the Father's love and goodness, but fellowship also in the Father's compassionate sufferings,—in that mysterious law of life and growth which inheres in the very life of the world. For love, sentient and outgrowing, whether on the part of men, angels, or God himself, must, in the reach and struggle of its aspirations, feel the pains of an aching heart. God is more really human than we sometimes think, and Jesus, being filled with the Spirit, entered into the fellowship of the Father in all its wisdom, love, and pain, and its mystic power and eternal strivings.

Many there are who would gladly enter into the fellowship of Christ's glory, who are not willing to share with him the pain and anguish of his consecrated life. But in this way—and this way alone—shall man be redeemed from sin and evil. Many follow the Christ until, Peter-like, they come into the shadow of the cross,—the cross of their trial and experience,—and then suddenly their enthusiasm wanes. They compromise with the world for seeming gain or safety, and compromise spells defeat for him who makes it. There is—there can be—no enduring crown without its cross and no abiding joy that is not reached through pain. The very cosmic universe was born in pain and through struggle, and, in some real sense, this must ever continue. If nothing more, it must feel the pains of the growing child. But there is constant cosmic birth,—the birth of new worlds and of new beings for those worlds,—and the birth-throes of that cosmic life and fruitage must continue indefinitely. So it would seem. I cannot conceive that God would placidly enthrone himself in these vast creations, all of which "travail in pain together," without himself sharing in this fellowship of suffering. The pain and anguish of the afflicted child is ever shared, less or more, on the part of the parent.

All this is the proof of vital relationship and the test of all true service, and those who shrink from this ordeal of vital relationship—this redemptive work of humanity—through fear of material loss, social caste, or from any other reason, are indeed a long way from the example of Jesus. The gateway that opens into "the straight and narrow way" of spiritual life and fellowship has written over its archway, in letters of living light and glowing truth, "The Law of Life Herein is the Law of Sacrifice." For it is a fact of human experience that all things of abiding worth can be gained only by the cost of that which is of less value,—if that closes the gate or hinders us in the way. Some persons talk much of walking in the footsteps of Jesus,—talk much of discipleship,—who, after all, are prone to seek the easiest pathway. But, on the other hand, there are those who say but little in regard to these things,—the things of a fuller and nobler life,—and who do not surrender themselves to the Infinite Will because of this very thing,—the personal sacrifice required. They do not openly admit this fact, but secretly they know that this is the real cause of their neglect. Therefore, as Voltaire said, "Most men die without having lived."

But the blessings of a reconciled life are more—much more—than mere compensation. This life implies a new sense of personal worth; it imparts a diviner wisdom and a fulness of life beyond human estimation. God alone knows its real value. Life becomes a "song of degrees," an ascent to the Temple of Wisdom and a diviner worship. We can only catch the notes of this song, in their sweet harmony, as the harps of the Infinite herald them forth from the inner dwelling-place of God. Thus a new reverence possesses the soul, a diviner peace dwells therein, and our spirits come into "tune with the Infinite." Whatever imperfections may still cling to us, our whole life is changed and our motives purified. And so we may sing,—

> "If Thou wilt fill my mouth with songs,
> Then I will sing to Thee,—
> But, if my silence praise Thee best,
> Then silent I will be."

We have herein a practical illustration of the law of unity. God is one, the world is one, humanity is one; and all things are trending toward harmony. But man, as an intelligent and free agent, can realize his oneness with the Father only by a wise and wholesome choice of the true and worthy. Then, in some great sense, he may with Jesus declare, "I and my Father are one,"—one in essential nature, in spirit and purpose, and ever grow, more and more, into the love and character of the divine. This is the law of our being, this is the way of life and peace, and this is the goal of our destiny; for "we are changed into the same image from glory to glory—or from character to character—as by the spirit of the Lord," as Henry Drummond paraphrases this passage, and this suggests the law of eternal growth and progress.

But the test of this reconciliation, this conscious oneness with God, is in our relation to and treatment of our fellow-men. If we will not be reconciled to others, if we will not treat them, whatever may be their seeming shortcomings, as children of the common Father, be assured that our oneness with the Father is far from being complete. "For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?" is still a pertinent question. To apply this test in its evident meaning, would indeed be a severe judgment to many who profess the Christian name,—and just, even if severe.

With all our boasted intelligence and progress, with all our churches and their multiplied functions, the spirit of practical brotherhood is still at low tide. However, signs are not wanting that the tide is rising,—coming again to the shores of human life and conduct,—and that it will be fuller and higher than ever before in human history. This tide is a mighty swelling of the sea of human life; and, for the first time in recorded history, the great tide is swelling up from the very depths of this sea of human progress,—that is, from the mass of the people, the toilers and oppressed, and even from the submerged and nearly forgotten,—and many are alarmed. But the tide is so deep and strong, so full and high, that it is destined in the not distant future to transform the whole aspect of our now crude civilization,—crude from a moral point of view. A new spirit is coming into society. Brotherhood shall take the place of selfish rivalry, harmony shall displace discord, and the unity of the spirit shall bind all in the bonds of liberty, fraternity, brotherhood. War shall cease, hatred shall die, injustice shall be purged from the civic and industrial life of the world, the voice of the oppressor shall no longer be heard in the land, and the long-looked-for era of the world's peace shall be at hand. And, believe me, the very elements of nature shall feel the synthetic influence of the new order, and all shall become more friendly to man,—to man in accord with natural law and in harmony with himself. Such is the law and sequence of things. Mother Nature, when a better harmony is established between herself and her children, shall respond to the changed spirit of her children,—shall brood over them in all the love and

patience of her great heart, and a new humanity shall be born. Natural law shall no longer be perverted and the elements poisoned by the sin and greed of man, and then shall man realize that, as it is written, "Nothing shall hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain." This shall indeed be "the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness (justice)." Then with Thoreau, the friend of Emerson, we may declare: "I am eager to report the glory of the universe. I go forth to make new demands on life." And who would not rejoice to share this privilege with Thoreau?

This is the supreme obligation of our lives to-day,—to "go forth and make new demands on life." Life is brimful and running over with opportunities. "The fields are white to the harvest." The cry of need comes from every quarter. Hearts are sore, bruised, and crushed, and eagerly await the healing touch of the Christly spirit. Then, remember, Life will "pay on demand" every obligation faithfully discharged—and with compound interest. The world of human thought and activity is not bankrupt: it is only perverted and its veins clogged by unfaith and injustice. We are told that "love measures life by its chances to give itself away,"—and love never fails. And how do we measure life,—by the standard of love or that of cold neglect,—which? If we measure by the standard of love, all things are ours, and life becomes a joy and victory.

OKLAHOMA, OKLA.

Phaethon.

BY ALICE FOSTER TILDEN.

How the fulfilment of long-felt desire
Beat in his pulse, as in the shining car
He stood, and gathered up the golden reins!
Light in his eyes and light upon his hair,
Vigor and grace in all his slenderness,
And wild exuberance of youth, youth, youth,
Burning and generous, his achievement seemed
An answer to the prayer of all the world.
So in the sun-god's car he stood and smiled,
Head back, lips parted, as his steeds' first plunge
Rolled the great wheels and tossed his shining hair.

The first slant rays drew up the sunrise mist;
The next dispelled it with a warmer gleam,
And under him the waking earth unrolled;
Green level valley, dim and shaded still,
Hamlet and town and stern-browed purple hills,
And soft lights of the undulating sea.
The great hoofs echoed on the glistening path;
The great wheels growled and grumbled as they flashed
So swift a brilliance not a spoke was seen;
And Phaethon, head back and lips apart,
Heard all as the accompaniment of song,
And raised his voice above the chariot's roar,
And sharp hoof-notes and rushing of the breeze.

Light that I shed, receive it, receive it!
Truth that I sing, believe it, believe it!
Mine is the hour,
The wisdom, the power;
All I unfold to you,
Give it as gold to you,
Lightens the way for you,
Brightens the day for you!
Shadows depart;
Sing, my heart!
My chariot wheels as they steeply roll
Bear far the light of a sun-god's soul!

Up the steep path his youthful beauty flashed;
The radiance of the chariot lighted up
The rounded slenderness of strong young arms,
Turned a white shoulder into gleaming gold;
Shadowed a firm neck; touched a glowing face
Illusively, as if in a caress;
Lingered to revel in the flying hair.
So went he singing up into the morn;
And still behind him rays of splendor lay,
Making a golden circlet of the strand,
Where the receding, ever-hungry tide
Sucked at the cringing sands that it embraced.

Alone, but with an earth and heaven to share
His lack of comradeship, sped Phaethon.
Growing in grace and dignity he seemed,
Standing firm-planted in the mighty car,
Erectly poised as a lithe dancer stands,
When the rough road uptossed the giant wheel,
With the wild plunging of the nervous steeds.
They felt his firm hand urging through the reins
Their quicker flight, and waving mane and tail
Gave back a light that rippled down the air,
And danced on tree-tops swinging in the breeze,
Catching each leaf-end, changing green to gold.

Up, ever up, the sun-god's chariot whirled;
Up, ever up, rose the exultant song.

My tongue shall be a golden bell
To ring the joy of earth afar;
Mine eyes a mirror that shall flash
Her glory to the farthest star!

The high song broke and trailed away forgot,
As the o'er-radiant, hot breath of noon
Told the young climber he had reached the goal.
And now at last the glory of the hour
Seemed waning; and he panted wearily
For one short minute's rest from that fierce heat,
For a brief pause of the on-rushing steeds;
For some release from holding tight the reins.
He leaned against the car; his eyes sought rest
In the deep violet dome so far above;
And then far down where the fair earth lay spread;
Then gazed around, all dizzily. And then
His song leapt once again from heart to lips.
Erect he braced himself, pushed languor back,
Tightened his hold and urged again the steeds;
But drove he knew not whither through the skies.

Short was this second triumph! Brief the space
That the great chariot scarred the floor of Heaven!
When weariness a second time assailed,
It found as prey a wavering Phaethon.
Unmarked, the loose reins struck the frightened steeds;
Smiling and singing, head back, lips apart—
A brave, wan smile, a tired, half-breathed song,—
Phaethon stood, swaying and wondering,
Like a wide-eyed and half affrighted child,
In the hot splendor sunk and overwhelmed.
His tired muscles now all uncontrolled,
The strong white shoulders stooped, the round young arms
Fell heavily; but still the nerveless hands
Clutched at the ends of the loose-flying reins.

Lo, in the task if I fail,
'Twas a task for a god!
Would ye hamper the eagle in flight
With a chain and a clod?
Yet up to the noon have I driven,
And scaled the steep skies;
If less I had dared and less striven,
And unseeing eyes
Had turned on the glory around,
Won the wreath of success
Mole-blind, crawling face to the earth,
Would the failure be less?
Nay, failure to know I had failed
I should win; that is all!
Thank the gods for the steep upward climb!
Worth the pain, worth the fall!

Hardly a breath from Jove, that thunderbolt
That struck from Heaven the fainting charioteer!
He reeled and fell; and from the great car freed
Still from his white lips rose a thin, sweet song;
A breathless song, half-inarticulate,
In its own music hiding.
Thus he died,
Singing and falling, cleaving the cool sea
With his lithe body; and pale bubbles rose,
Glistening opals in the falling dusk,
Riding the sea awhile, and vanishing.
But the sweet air still kept the dying song,
Breathing and trembling to its outmost bound,
In ecstacy to seize a poet's heart,
And sweep its strings in music. Silence came,
And kissed the sea to slumber in the dark.

MILTON, MASS.

O Willie, Willie Alligam.*

Oh, pleasant was the sunshine
And blithe the windy ways!
A poet-lad went strolling
Through all the changeful days.
One knew just where to find him,
He left a trail of song
By hedgerow and by cottage,
The Irish ways along.
O Willie, Willie Alligam,
'Tis you, for you, we fret,
And many a lovin' Irish heart
Is mournin' for you yet.

Some sing of blood and battle,
And some of want and woe;
'Tis sure you'll have to get them
Wherever you may go;
But Willie sings of flowers,
Of brook-voice and of birds,
And all his songs have sunshine
And pleasant, coaxin' words.
O Willie, Willie Alligam,
'Tis you, for you, we fret!
The lovin' mischief of your ways
Is lingerin' with us yet.

They say you went to London,
And there found prosperous ways;
Found friends and favor, shinin' gold,
And plenty much o' praise;
Why, everything you wanted
Came runnin' at your call!
Dear lad, you're not forgotten
Back here in Donegal!
O Willie, Willie Alligam,
'Tis you, for you, we fret!
The music of your happy songs
Is singin' to us yet.

O, singer of the sunshine,
Where are you, Willie, now?
They say the earth is lyin'
All cold upon your brow;
The feet that loved to wander,
Alas! are restin' still.
No more they pace the hedgerows
Or climb the windy hill.
O Willie, Willie Alligam,
Our eyes with tears are wet!
For you the breeze is sobbin,'
Is sobbin' for you yet!

—*Kate Louise Brown, in the Poetry Journal.*

Literature.

The Eschatology of Jesus. By H. Latimer Jackson, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.—The problem indicated by the title of this book is just now in the forefront of New Testament discussion, and has called out a host of critical treatments, of which this is one of the most valuable. Originally presented as "Hulsean Lectures" at Cambridge, Dr. Jackson's nine chapters put before us the materials of Jewish eschatology from its beginnings in the Old Testament to its culmination in the preaching of Jesus and the establishment of his Fellowship. The chapter on the Apocalypses is especially illuminating for the general reader; but the kernel of the book is in chapter vi., where, with sure hand and keen historic insight, Jesus' eschatology is set in relation with that of contemporary Judaism. There are everywhere the evidences of fine scholarship, the voluminous literature of the subject has been used and digested; but the text reads smoothly and interestingly, all learned references being properly relegated to the foot-notes, which make the book a rich quarry for the special student. It is perfectly clear, from the perusal of this book and others dedicated to the same theme, as it ought to be perfectly clear from a perusal of the Synoptic Gospels, that Jesus was a literal eschatologist. He did believe that the end of the present world order would come in his own generation; he did believe that the kingdom of God would literally be established in a transfigured world; he did believe that he was to come in power as the promised Messiah to set up this kingdom. He did not substitute for these literal expectations "spiritual" meanings, or redefine these classic terms as descriptive of ethical realities. So all his hearers understood him, so all primitive Christendom believed. Only when the promised eschatological program failed of realization, did the conviction arise: *He must have meant something else*, and the process of spiritualizing begin. But, having said this, we have not described Jesus' mission. During his brief period of public ministry, he was not Messiah and was not establishing the kingdom. That was all future. But, because it was imminent, he has another task, to prepare men for it. He prays "Thy Kingdom come": he works that men may be ready to enter in when it does come. He is "his own forerunner." All the outward and material aspects of the kingdom are not now in his hands—or in his heart. The inward and spiritual life of the kingdom is his supreme interest; for, unless one has already turned and put on the kingdom-life, he may not enter. Jesus' supreme service to the world is in stamping indelibly upon human hearts his conception of the perfect life, and supplying the spiritual impulse that put its realization within the power of common men. He believed that the outward perfect world order which corresponds to this inward perfection of life was to come in his own time. It did not come. None the less, his ideal of the Kingdom-life became the most powerful force in history, and is surely, if slowly, transforming the world into the Holy City of the ancient Hebrew dream.

The Supreme Reality. By Samuel R. Calthrop, L.H.D. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.—The purpose of this volume is indicated by the following inscription: "To all who have longed to adore Infinite Love and Right and Truth, who have sought and have not yet found, this little book is dedicated by one who once sought in great darkness, and who, in the midst of that darkness, resolved to share the fate of all his brothers, light or no light, heaven or no heaven. The moment that resolve was made, the heavens were opened, and the light of God shone round about him." The book is intended for "plain people": its author is a theologian. Few of our ministers in actual service could be more fitly characterized as such. He writes, however, not in technical language, but in language which can be readily understood and in a style which is vigorous and clear. Dr. Calthrop was advanced in years when the present century began; his interest, however, is not in the past, but in the present. He speaks of the twentieth century as "ours," though he is conscious that he belongs, after a ministry of forty-five years to one congregation, to a passing generation. In a few swift sentences he characterizes the theological world into which he was born,—"made not six thousand years ago, doomed to perish in a few short years, . . . caused by its Maker from the beginning, the vast majority of whose inhabitants were doomed to Eternal Damnation, under the yoke of an infallible Bible, whose worst texts were used to crush out the noblest hope of men." This world, he declares, has passed away, and a new world has been bequeathed to the men of the new generation, "with æons of Time behind it and Time illimitable before it,—time enough to solve all problems, to heal all diseases, to put down all hatreds." The volume consists of seven chapters of prose and one of poetry, closing with two sonnets addressed to William James. These chapters are as far apart in their titles as "Zoroaster" and "The Soul in History A.D."; but they are animated by a common spirit and purpose, that purpose being to show how great is the aid which science brings to the man of common sense, in enabling him to know more about the universe than he now thinks possible. Some of these chapters are virtually sermons, whether originally written as such or not, and they disclose the stimulating quality which characterizes Dr. Calthrop's preaching. They ought to be read and re-read at times when one's faith burns low and one is in need of a flame from another life to kindle his own languishing zeal; for they are radiant with the spirit of youth and good cheer.

Amos, Hosea, and Micah. By J. M. P. Smith, Professor in the University of Chicago. Macmillan.—This volume fully follows the plan and maintains the reputation of *The Bible for Home and School*, edited by Prof. Shailer Mathews. Elaborate discussions of text, composition, and doctrine are eschewed. The necessary remarks on textual errors and editorial additions are made in footnotes, and historical conditions are given in introductions. The personality of the three prophets and their thought are set forth in an interesting way: the evils they attack and the ethical and religious standards they represent are fully and clearly described. Amos, if he was a "peasant" shepherd, was certainly a man of religious insight; and his conception of the relation between Israel and Yahweh may almost be said to be epoch-making. A similar importance may be ascribed to Hosea. The story of his marriage (repugnant to the modern sense of decency) has been much discussed. Prof. Smith thinks it likely that chapter iii. does not describe a separate affair, but is only another version of the marriage of chapter i. It is better, however, to take it as an independent account of a marriage,—not the marriage described in chapter i., for the woman of iii. is clearly not she of i. It is not necessary to take these stories as historical facts: on exegetical grounds it is better to regard them as two independent dramatic presentations (imagined by a couple of late editors) of the thought of chapter ii., which is a plain description, in familiar, prophetic style (though probably not by Hosea), of the religious situation in Israel. As to the book of Micah, the only part of it assigned by Prof. Smith (and doubtless rightly assigned) to the contemporary of Isaiah is chapters i.-iii.; the rest consists of fragments, mostly exilic or post-exilic.

* William Alligam, as poet-lad, spent much time wandering over the moorlands of his native Donegal. He loved to talk with the country folk, and frequently expressed his delight in their deep spirituality and naïve expression of it. He was as deeply loved by them, and, long after he left Donegal for London, "Willie Alligam, our own Willie," as they called him, was a frequent name over peat fires.

Digitized by Google

This volume will be an admirable guide for those who wish to get at the substance of the teaching of these three prophets, and have not time to read larger works; and the small price (75 cents) puts it within reach of every one.

PREHISTORIC TIMES. By Lord Avebury. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.—In its seventh edition this notable book, whose author has been more widely known as Sir John Lubbock than as Lord Avebury, reaches its final form. Only last spring, a few months before his death, the writer subjected it to a thorough revision, making numerous additions dealing with recent discoveries and theories, and cutting out portions which seemed no longer essential. New illustrations have been added to supplement or replace those of earlier editions, and the type of the book has been entirely reset. The new evidence touching the antiquity of man receives proper attention, as also the result of recent discoveries in archæology. The chapters on "Modern Savages" are increased by additional interesting material, and the book is qualified to retain the hold it has always had on readers who desire to know what science has to say on these matters. The concluding chapter remains as fresh and as encouraging as ever. A theory which teaches "humility for the past, faith in the present, and hope for the future" is a religious theory, and Lord Avebury's arguments for the increasing happiness and welfare of humanity are well grounded. The book deserves the substantial and attractive setting which the publishers have given it.

IDONIA. By Arthur F. Wallis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.—There is much to commend in this romance of old London, but the Elizabethan style in which it is written practically constitutes something of a barrier between the writer and the reader. Denis Cleeve, the gallant young hero, who sets out on an unselfish quest to the great city, meets with wonderful adventures, considerable good luck, a gem of a maiden, and final success. Life in the sixteen hundreds had its romantic and its picturesque features, more agreeable to us to-day to read about than they might be to experience; and Mr. Wallis has introduced them in his story with advantage.

Magazines.

An unusual feature of the March *St. Nicholas* is a fairy operetta in one act by David Stevens, author of "The Madcap Duchess." It is intended not only for reading, but for amateur productions. The first personal article to be published in this country on the distinguished English painter, Arthur Rackham, appears under the title "Arthur Rackham: The Wizard at Home." This study, written by Eleanor Farjeon, describes the life at Chalcot Gardens, and mentions the artist's daughter Barbara, who has undoubtedly inspired many of his graceful compositions. The recent purchase by the French government, for the Luxembourg Galleries of a *St. Nicholas* illustration by Arthur Rackham, has placed the highest official art approval in the world upon this painter's work. The serial stories by Allen French, Abbie Farwell Brown, and A. Russell Bond, are continued, and there are various short stories and articles of interest.

Fiction in the March *Century* includes no less than nine short stories, among them "The World Set Free," a prophetic tale by H. G. Wells; "The Education of Popo," a story of a young Mexican's first love, by Maria Christina Nena; and an unusual story, "The Quality of Genius," by Katharine Holland Brown. The art in the number, besides the many illustrations in the text, consists of various insets. The frontispiece is a reproduction in full colors of a painting by George Inness, Jr., which made a sensation when it was exhibited in Paris. There are four pages of the work of John S. Sargent, and eight pages of Leon Bakst, the eccentric Russian colorist. The non-fiction features include "What have Women Done with the Vote?" by George Creel; "The Golden Temple of Amritsar," an artistic piece of description by E. F. Benson; "Origins of the American People," by Prof. Edward A. Ross; "The Next Step in Prison Reform," a timely paper by Richard Barry; "What about Russia," by James Davenport Whelpley, touching upon the present situation between the United States and Russia; "Dublin," an article by Brand Whitlock, minister to Belgium. The editorial department is devoted to a tribute to the late S. Weir Mitchell, physician, novelist, and poet.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 19 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

EASTER SERMONS
BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

Sent free of charge to Post-office Mission Workers and any one interested by the Post-office Mission of the Church of the Disciples.

The Blessings of our Knowledge and of our Ignorance in Regard to a Future State.
The Meaning and Importance of the Resurrection.
"Souls Already Risen with Christ."
The Resurrection of Jesus.
Many Mansions in God's House.
Homes in Heaven and on Earth.
Old and New View of the Hereafter.
What God gives He gives forever.
Communities Above.
How is Jesus the Resurrection and the Life?
Not Unclothed, but Clothed Upon.
The Progress of Mankind Onward and Upward forever.

Please state the number of sermons needed. It will be best to ask for several in the order of preference, as some of the editions may be exhausted.

Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready March 1
[No. 274]
HE IS RISEN!
The Easter Tale and the Easter Truth
By
REV. ALEXANDER IRVINE INNES

"HE IS RISEN!" This salutation forms the watchword around which Mr Innes gathers the ideas associated with both the Christian and universal conceptions of the Resurrection. It is a tract especially prepared for the Easter season, setting forth the liberal interpretations of that great festival. It is written in the spirit of Christian sympathy and presents the relations of New Testament evidence to universal hopes in a picturesque and scholarly manner.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
AS TRACT No. 274
Order by number only, not by title
American Unitarian Association
25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

One Sensible Name.

I'd just like to know why they call a bird Dick,
And just why they call a crow Jim;
A parrot's called Polly,—just think of the folly,—
I wonder who *could* have named him!

A cat they call Tom, and I can't understand
Why they call a big wild rabbit Jack!
They call a goat Billy,—it's awfully silly
The way they have named the whole pack!

But right over there sits my curly-haired pup,
Thank goodness they've left *him* to me,
So I've named him Woolly—I think it is fully
As good and means something, you see!

—*George O. Butler, in Youth's Companion.*

Ruth's Dog, Towzer.

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

A very funny thing happened at Ruth's house the other day, and brought her into ill-repute with at least one member of the police force.

She is a very serious little girl of five, with great solemn, truthful eyes. No one would ever dream of her telling what was not exactly true, and she never made a joke in her life.

She was sitting on the bottom step of her stoop on this special morning, when Mr. Smith, the big policeman, came along. He interested Ruth very much by going to the door of every house, a little open book and pencil in his hand. After talking with whoever came to the door for a moment, he turned away, sometimes writing in the little book, but oftener not.

At the minister's door he wrote something, and at Dr. Blake's. Ruth particularly noticed that.

Mr. Smith was a tremendous power in the neighborhood. Not a boy dared to shout a shout or fling a ball when he was in sight; and, as for the little girls, —well, they always breathed freer when Mr. Smith turned the corner.

Ruth watched the big man until he reached her house. Then, with a quaking heart, she saw him mount her steps. Mamma opened the door.

"Do ye kape a dog, mum?" asked Mr. Smith.

"No," replied mamma; and to Ruth the dear voice seemed to shake with fear.

Mr. Smith bowed sternly, and turned to come down.

It was perfectly clear to Ruth now. Mr. Smith was putting the entire neighborhood under arrest, except those who kept dogs!

The minister had one, and so did Dr. Blake. She meant to save mamma if she could. So she tremblingly faced Mr. Smith on the bottom step, and said gently, "Mamma forgot Towzer, sir."

Mr. Smith was all attention.

"Is this your house?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir." Ruth's great, honest eyes gazed frankly into the grim face, looking down.

"And you have a dog, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Towzer is our dog."

Up the steps again went Mr. Smith, and sharply rang the bell.

Mamma replied.

"Where's your dog, mum?"

"I told you that we had no dog. We have never had a dog," mamma answered.

"Oh! This is an old trick, mum, though we don't meet it often in these neighborhoods. However, you've got a truthful little girl; and she isn't so sure that ye have no dog. I insist upon seeing him, mum!"

A funny little gleam came in mamma's eyes.

"Ruth," she called, "you may as well bring Towzer. The officer insists upon seeing him."

Mr. Smith's face grew very red as Ruth ran upstairs.

Presently she came back. "Here's Towzer, sir," she said with a quiver. "Here's our dog!" And she held up to the astonished eyes of the big policeman a dirty Canton-flannel dog, one shoe-button eye quite gone, his tail in shreds, and his detached ears pinned to his head with safety-pins!

If Mr. Smith had been wise, he would have laughed, but Mr. Smith was not on the police force because of his wisdom.

Mamma, though, laughed merrily, while Ruth hugged Towzer, and felt that in some roundabout way he and she had saved the family from an awful fate.

What happened to Baby Bird.

Two little birds had built their nest inside of a porch, high up under the roof. Here they were safe from wind and rain, from prowling cats or any unfriendly birds, and it was so lovely and quiet, for no one seemed to be living in the house.

They often twittered and chirped with delight about the snug place they had found, for they had a wonderful secret. In the nest were three little eggs, which by and by would be baby birds.

One morning they were much frightened to hear a great banging of shutters. People had come to live in the house. A man was cutting grass in the yard, and there on the porch in a big rocking chair sat a girl in a red coat. She was only a little girl, but she looked very big to them. She would find out about the nest, and they were sorry.

The little father was afraid to go to get breakfast; but, after peeping and starting several times, he at last darted out with a whir of wings, keeping high above her head. He did this many times during the day; but, as the girl never seemed to notice him or come near the nest, they soon forgot to be afraid, and were as happy as ever.

From the first she knew there must be a nest near, but she wouldn't have frightened those little birds for the world. So that was why she always sat still when they flew through the porch and stayed in the far end.

Then came the great day, when tiny voices said "peep, peep." There in the nest were three babies, with eyes shut very tight and not even a feather for a dress. When they were hungry, which was very often, they would hold their mouths open very wide, until a worm was dropped in. The little father was busy. The mother had to stay at home most of the time to keep them warm; but, as they grew older, she, too, would go off for a little fly and to find food.

One morning they both left the nest, and the babies waited for their breakfast. The little brother bird grew tired of waiting: he was very hungry. He tried to peep out to see if mother and father were coming.

"Don't, don't," cried his little sisters, "you'll fall."

But he wouldn't listen. Farther and farther he leaned out over the edge, and the next minute fell headlong down, down. As he fell, one of his sharp claws caught in the ledge upon which the nest rested, and there he hung, his poor little leg almost pulled out of place.

If he moved even the tiniest bit, he would fall into that awful dizziness below and be crushed. The little sisters could do nothing to help him, nor could his mother, when she came home a little later. She fluttered her wings and gave sharp, shrill cries, which brought his father and by and by many neighbor birds; but none of them could lift the poor baby back in safety.

Then the little girl came, feeling sure all those excited cries and so many birds flying about the nest meant trouble. When she saw the little brother, she knew something must be done at once or he would die.

She climbed up on the railing, and tried to reach him, but he was far, far above her head. Then she called loudly,—

"John, John, bring a ladder, quick, please."

John, the man who cut the grass, came hurrying as fast as he could with the ladder. The next minute the little brother bird was lifted gently back into the nest.

Wasn't he glad to be safe home again with mother and father and little sisters, who chirped and sang with joy? and aren't you glad the little girl was on the porch?—*Mary Galloway Woodall, in the Churchman.*

The Most "Honorable Mention."

Dorothy and Uncle Ralph were having one of their twilight talks. It was Saturday evening.

"How about the essay, Dot? Did you finish it?"

"Yes." Dorothy sighed a little. "Yes, Uncle Ralph, I finished."

"And will it take the prize?"

"Uncle Ralph!" Dorothy's voice was reproachful and protesting. "It isn't fair to make fun of me; and you know very well I never dreamed of taking the prize for anything. But I'll tell you"—this confidentially—"I did rather hope I might succeed in getting 'honorable mention.' You and father would have been just a little proud of that, wouldn't you? But"—

"Well?"

"Nothing, only it did seem as if there were nothing but interruptions from the moment I sat down with my paper and pen. First, there was Nora to ask something about the puff tarts—as if any other dessert wouldn't have done just as well to-day. Then Clarice came with her doll's bonnet-strings in a knot that must have taken at least ten minutes to untie; and directly after her Fred, with a button off his coat. Before I had finished the second page, little Kitty Conrow ran in to ask my advice about the trimming of her hat; and Harry, to see if I could not do something for his kite, and —oh, I can't tell you half of them! Even mother had to come once. Poor mother!—she was so sorry to disturb me; but I don't think one of the others thought it mattered a bit. Positively I felt quite cross sometimes. Now, what kind of an essay could a girl write under those circumstances,—a girl

like me, you know, who isn't very clever any way? I did my best, but there'll be no 'honorable mention' for Dorothy Evans!"

"I don't know, Dot." Uncle Ralph spoke reflectively. "Having to stay in this corner,—that's the bother of a broken leg, you know,—I can't help hearing a good many things. I heard Nora, for instance, saying to herself, as she came away from the library door this morning: 'Bless Miss Dorothy's heart for a rale lady!' And I heard Clarice singing her doll to sleep in the little rocking-chair yonder. The tune of her lullaby was 'Sweet Galilee," but the words were just 'Dear Dor-o-thy! dear Dor-o-thy!' over and over. And it must have been your neighbor Kitty whose voice I heard under the window, telling some one delightedly that Dorothy had given her 'just the loveliest idea' for her hat! At any rate, it was Harry, and no other, who was declaring so emphatically to his playmates, 'I tell you, fellows, our Dot's a brick!' Fred, too—Fred said to me, as he was going out to the office this afternoon: 'Have you ever noticed what pretty hands Dorothy has, Uncle Ralph? I have thought of the very thing for a graduation present for her!'"

"It's a silver thimble!" laughed Dorothy, who is an October child, and was longing for an opal ring.

"It's no such thing. But I never tell secrets. I was only going to say that the best of all the things I heard to-day was the ring in your mother's voice when she said, 'Dorothy is such a comfort!' Won't that do for 'honorable mention,' Dot?"

"I should think it would!" There was a little quiver in Dorothy's low voice, and the brown head went down on the arm of the invalid's chair. "Why, Uncle Ralph, it's better than the prize itself, if only"—and then she could say no more at all, but Uncle Ralph understood.

What do you think about it, girls? This, at least, is the kind of 'honorable mention' that every girl can earn.—*Boys and Girls.*

Benny's Diary.

Little Ben likes to write, and so he was very much pleased when mamma gave him a diary. It had a red cover, and the date of each day was prettily printed on a separate page.

"You had better keep your diary on the table in your room," said mamma. "Then you will always know where to find it."

"Yes, mamma," said Benny. "What shall I write?"

"This is New Year's day," said mamma, "so you might write some good resolutions."

"What are they?" asked little Ben.

"Why, you might resolve not to lose your mittens and books and toys," said mamma, smiling.

"Oh, yes!" said Benny. So he wrote something on the first page of his diary, and put it in his pocket. He started to carry it upstairs; but he met Rover in the hall, and he had to stop and wish him a happy New Year. They had a good romp together, and then Benny saw that it was snowing. So he ran out to find Tom, who had given him a severe snowballing a few days before; and now there was a good chance to pay him back.

The snow kept on falling for three days, and Benny had so much fun that he quite forgot his new diary. But one day, when Tom was shovelling a path, he saw something red in the snow. What do you think? It was Benny's diary. He had dropped it in a snow-bank when he was turning somersaults.

Tom opened it, and this is what he saw in Benny's writing:—

"Jan. 1. I am gowin to make a reserlution not to be so careluss bout losin my things."

And that was all that Benny had written. How Tom did laugh!

Benny looked sober a minute, and then he began to laugh, too.

"Well," he said, "I am goin' to make a new reserlution not to lose anything more, never again."

And mamma says that he is keeping this resolution pretty well for such a little fellow. *E. H. Thomas, in Youth's Companion.*

The Bears that Escaped.

Sue pressed her face against the car window and peered out into the twilight. During the day she had enjoyed herself; for what little girl can help having a good time on a railway trip if she is well and has a kind mother who understands little girls as a companion? But, as evening came on, she began to remember how far away she was from her old home and from all her playmates, and she felt very lonely and homesick.

Her father had been sent to be superintendent in a new factory in a Western town, and Sue and her mother were to spend the summer with him. But Sue did not want to go. She wanted to stay at home and have the same jolly picnics and play-days that she had had the summer before.

Even the sight of her father's eager face did not make Sue happy as she stepped from the train. She cast critical glances at everything, from the small frame depot to the last twinkling yellow street-lamp that she could see in the distance.

The long, bare, two-story building into which they stepped five minutes later, and which her father explained was to be their home for the summer, was worst of all to Sue. It had been built for a hotel; but, as it was not just then needed for that purpose, and as houses were very scarce, it was divided into apartments and rented to several families. Sue's father had his office in one of the big rooms downstairs. Mother was delighted with the big, airy room, and began planning at once where she would put the pretty things that she had brought in her trunk to make it "homey" and pleasant. But Sue thought it was bare and like a barn.

They were to take breakfast at a hotel near by, but they needed some things from a store which was only a few doors away; so, while Sue took off her wraps, her father and mother hurried out on their errand.

Voices sounded from the room across the hall,—childish voices,—and presently Sue heard a boy call, "Who let out my brown bear?"

"I didn't," came the prompt answer in what sounded like a little girl's voice. Then, in a distressed tone: "Oh, oh! Mine is gone, too,—my nice, big cinnamon bear!"

"They were here just before supper, for I fed them," said the boy.

At the word "bears" Sue shivered with terror. Bears right in that house! What should she do? She was terrified to stay there alone, and she dared not run out to warn her father and mother. They were gone only a few minutes, but the time seemed like hours to Sue; and, when they did come back, she was so frightened that it took her a long time to make them understand what she had heard.

Children were running about in the long hall, so her father opened the door and called, "What's all this I hear about lost bears?"

"Oh, they're caterpillars that we caught this afternoon," answered the boy. "They were so fuzzy and big that we called them our bears, and we had them in two glasses, but they got out. We'll get some more to-morrow. Did your little girl come?"

"Yes, here she is. Come in and tell her about your bears," said Sue's father. Sue was so glad to hear that the bears were of such a harmless sort that she welcomed with a smile the bright-faced boy and girl that followed her father into the room.

"Mother wants you to come over to our rooms for a warm supper," said an older girl, appearing at the door just then. "You must be tired and hungry after your long ride."

The new friends were so pleasant and kind, and the supper so delicious, that Sue just couldn't keep on feeling cross and unhappy. By bedtime she had made so many plans for the next day that there were not going to be nearly hours enough in it to carry them all out.

"We're going to catch some more bears to-morrow," she laughed, as she was undressing for bed. "I'm not afraid of brown bears or cinnamon ones either."

"They are very useful bears," said her mother, smiling. "They have helped to drive off two enemies that were troubling my little girl,—homesickness and discontent."

Sue nodded sleepily, too tired to answer, and soon she was sleeping so soundly that she did not dream of bears or anything else. *Louise M. Oglevee, in Sunday School Times.*

Father: "Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water?" Tommy: "Yes, father, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?" "Certainly, my child." "Now I know what makes the singing in the teakettle when the water begins to boil."

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

President, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
Vice-President, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
Clerk, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
Treasurer, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

Directors: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mare S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, General Secretary,
219 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

International Congresses of Liberal Religion in India.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

In previous letters I have told of the very satisfactory arrangements which I was able to make in Japan and China for holding International Religious Congresses in those countries. This article is to tell of the equally satisfactory plans formed for a series of Congresses in India.

Fortunately for our purpose, there exists in India a national organization known as the "All-India Theistic Conference." On my arrival in Calcutta I found a very urgent invitation awaiting me to accept the presidency of that body, which was soon to hold its annual session in Karachi. The excellent opportunity which would be afforded me at such a national gathering to confer with prominent representatives of the theistic faith from various widely separated sections of the country caused me to accept the invitation.

The Conference took up the idea of a series of International Congresses in Asia with enthusiasm. Nor did it stop with mere words, but proceeded definitely to invite Dr. Wendte and the other Western brethren to come to India, and appointed a strong committee with full power to make all necessary arrangements.

On account of the very large extent of the country and the importance of reaching all sections, it was decided to hold not a single Congress in India, but three, and possibly four. This idea of several Congresses had been suggested by Dr. Wendte, but it was also in harmony with the unanimous judgment of the committee with whom the decision of the matter was left.

The "Missionary Pilgrims" from America and Europe will probably enter India at Bombay in the West. This is the largest and most important city in that part of the country. It is also the headquarters of the progressive and influential Parsee community of India. It seems fitting, therefore, to hold an initial congress of at least two days in Bombay.

There is very much of interest in the north. Here is the home of the Sikhs, an important theistic people numbering several millions. Here is the main strength of the Arya-Somaj, a religious and social reform movement that is growing fast and becoming influential. Here the Mohammedans are particularly strong. Here are located Delhi and Agra, the old Mogul capitals of India, whose wonderful ruins the Pilgrims from the West will certainly desire to visit. And here is located Benares, the "sacred city" of the Hindus. It would seem natural, therefore, to plan for a Congress in one of these northern cities.

In the east Calcutta is conspicuous. It is the headquarters of the Brahmo-Somaj, and, more than any other single place in India, the centre of reform thought and reform activities of all kinds. Therefore, as a matter of course one of the congresses must be held here and probably the largest and most important of all.

If a fourth Congress is held, as will probably be the case, it will be in Madras, the largest city of the south.

Necessarily the initial steps in preparing for the Congresses in India had to be taken by the Brahmos, for the membership of the All India Theistic Conference is made up mainly of Brahmos. But representatives of other theistic faiths will be added to the committees of arrangement, as well as placed upon the lists of speakers and of honorary presidents and patrons. Thus every pains will be taken to make the Congresses inclusive of all believers in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Many persons of influence are already manifesting their interest in the Congress movement and more still are certain to do so as it becomes more widely known. Rabindra Nath Tagore, the most distinguished poet and literary leader of India, has been chosen president of the Congress to be held in Calcutta; and Dr. Bhandarkar of Poona, one of the foremost Oriental scholars of the world, president of that to be held in Bombay. Sir Narayan Chandravarkar, formerly a judge of the Bombay High Court, and now premier of the native state of Indore, has been made general chairman of all the committees of arrangement. Other Brahmos of nearly or quite equal distinction are already enlisted in the movement in one way or another. Indeed, we are assured of the strongest possible support of all sections of the Brahmo-Somaj community.

As to the Christian missionaries in India, how much sympathy can be expected from them is as yet uncertain. Perhaps it is too much to expect the co operation of any except a few of the most liberal.

A considerable number of Mohammedans have already expressed to me and to others their willingness to lend their influence and aid, among them being two justices of the Supreme Court in Calcutta. One of the gratifying surprises that have come to me has been the reception accorded to the Congress idea in connection with a visit made to Aligarh College, the chief seat of Moslem learning in India. After interviewing the principal and explaining to him the purpose of the Congresses, I was invited to deliver a public lecture on the subject in the main college auditorium, the principal himself presiding, in order that the trustees, professors, and students might learn of the movement. I think nowhere in India has the Congress conception been received with greater assurance of sympathy than in that large and representative audience of Mohammedans.

A number of prominent leaders of the Arya-Somaj, including the principal of their most important college, have expressed their warm sympathy and desire to co-operate. The same is true of a number of leaders whom I have interviewed among the Sikhs.

Many friends thought it desirable that I should seek an interview with His Highness, the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, the most enlightened and influential of the native rulers in India, with a view to securing his co-operation. The interview could hardly have been more satisfactory. He assured me that the object of the Congresses met his warmest approval, and that we might count upon his aid in any way in his power. At a lecture which I gave in the Durbar Hall of the palace before his cabinet, his civil and military staff, and others, he showed his interest by personally presiding. He will probably preside at one of the sessions of the Bombay Congress.

In an interview with the Rajah of Pithipuram, one of the native princes of Southern India, this enlightened popular leader not only assured me of his great interest in the Congress movement, but, in case of a Congress being held in Madras, promised himself to bear the entire expense.

We have reason to believe that the ruler of the Cutch Behar Native State will give important aid to the Congress in Calcutta.

Thus the campaign for the Congresses in India seems auspiciously begun. It is in the hands of strong men, who are laying careful and wide-reaching plans; and I do not see any reason to doubt that these plans will be carried to a complete and gratifying success.

Bombay, India.

Rev. J. Brierley.

By the death, February 8, of the Rev. J. Brierley, the well-known "J. B." of the *Christian World*, liberal Christianity loses one of its ablest prophets and most effective exponents. While retaining to the end his connection with Evangelical Nonconformity, he, more than any other man of his time, gave it a new meaning and direction by inducing it to accept freely and gratefully the transforming work of science and criticism. For over a quarter of a century his weekly essay appeared in the *Christian World*, and largely contributed to that journal's wide influence and circulation. Ministers especially, of all denominations, Roman and Anglican, Jewish and Nonconformist, took in that paper solely for "J. B.'s" articles, and it would be interesting if it could be known in how many pulpits they were translated into sermons. Many of them were suggestive restatements of the great doctrines of religion, distinguished by wide knowledge and fine scholarship. Others were marked by a psychological skill rarely equalled even by its professors, lightened by a delicate humour, and humanized by generous and catholic sympathies which never failed. They sounded the note of a real experience which made them the most delightful reading.

Mr. Brierley received his ministerial training at New College, London, and entered the Congregational ministry in 1870 as the pastor of the church at Torrington. Subsequent settlements at Leytonstone and Balham proved his power, and drew large congregations. His gifts of speech were great: he talked exactly as he wrote, and his wonderful and easy memory enabled him to dispense with manuscript in the pulpit. A serious failure in health compelled him most reluctantly to renounce the pulpit for the pen, but the gain to influence and power by the exchange was great. He now addressed every week tens of thousands where before he addressed hundreds, and his writings carried his message far and wide. He was an omnivorous reader, and appeared to forget nothing that had once come under his eye. His quotations from all likely and unlikely sources, always apt and telling, were a striking feature of his essays. What Thackeray said of Macaulay might with slight alterations be said of "J. B.": "Take at hazard any two or three pages, and, glimmering below the stream of the argument, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other writers, characters, literature, poetry, philosophy, with which you may or may not be acquainted. Your neighbor who has his stock of reading

Digitized by Google

stored away in his mind shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory of the writer, but his appreciation of the unities in widely divergent minds." He laid under contribution not only the fathers and the great classical authors, but a crowd of French, Italian, and German writers, many of whose names were quite unknown to his ministerial brethren.

Like R. L. Stevenson and J. R. Green, he scarcely knew what a day's good health meant. Yet, like them, he kept a cheerful outlook on life, scorning to whine of his ills and pains, whether in public or private. Perhaps his greatest tribute is the gratitude of thousands of doubters and tremblers, for whom he made religion once again a reasonable thing and a thing of infinite joy and hope and peace.—*J. W., in the London Inquirer.*

Noble Enjoyment in Modern Cities.

BY REV. GEORGE R. DODSON, PH.D.

The primary problem of men is that of existence. They must first learn to protect themselves from enemies, to wrest from nature the necessities of life, and establish a social order. When this has been achieved and leisure becomes possible, a new problem arises; namely, as to the character of the activities which shall fill the waking hours not devoted to toil. With the shortening of the work day and the rise in wages, this problem is becoming acute. The first result was not encouraging: witness the hoodlumism and rioting on Hallowe'en and New Year's Eve and the barbaric noise of the Fourth of July. Some have been disheartened at this when they have compared it with the noble dramatic entertainments and splendid public processions of the ancient Greeks, for whom leisure meant beautiful enjoyment.

But a better day is dawning, and the discouraged may take heart. The great cities are already in the way of solving the problem. St. Louis, for instance, is planning a Pageant and Masque, which will be a "renaissance of joy in the life work and leisure of every man, woman, and child" in the city. Six or seven thousand people will take part. The Pageant will be written and staged by Thomas Wood Stevens; the Masque, by Percy Mackaye, with the assistance of Joseph Lindon Smith; while the music will be written by Frederick S. Converse. In the Pageant there will be a representation of the historical life of St. Louis. The vanished races of mound builders, Spanish gold seekers, French explorers, missionaries and colonists, American fur traders, trappers, river-men and soldiers, will pass in procession before the spectators on Art Hill. This visualization of the past, of the evolution of a great city from a frontier village, ought to deepen the local loyalty and pride of our people, and give this generation a sense that it is part of a historical life.

"When the Pageant is done, the poet of the Masque will take these forces, clothe them in immortal symbols, and interpret their larger meanings," relating this local life to the larger national and world life. He will seek to "remove the audience in imagination from its hilltop to a viewpoint of even larger vantage,—let us say to the bird's-eye view of the horizon's rim." The months of preparation, of co-operation necessary to make the great idea a success, should be valuable in binding our citizens together. The key-note is, "If we play together, we shall work together."

This enterprise, regarded as a sign of the times, a prophecy of the future, ought to fill us with hope. The success of one city may be to other cities a revelation, the first beginning of a movement destined to transform their civic life, substituting beauty for barbarism and beautiful enjoyment for aimless and dangerous rioting and repulsive waste.

Oriental Notes and News.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

I wonder how many readers of these notes are aware that the largest social service club in the liberal Christian fellowship, if not in the religious world, is the Friendly Society connected with the Japanese Unitarian church in Tokio. It counts over twenty-six hundred members, nearly all of whom are recruited from the artisan classes, which to the number of hundreds of thousands reside in the districts surrounding Unity Hall, the official headquarters of the Club and missionary centre of the Unitarian movement in Japan. The founder and president of the movement, Mr. Suzuki, is an earnest, consecrated spirit, inspired by liberal Christian ideas and of remarkable organizing ability. He is nobly sustained by a group of university professors and by members of the "Church of the One God," as well as of the society itself. The words "social service" must be understood in a large and inclusive sense proportioned to the local demand and need. Thus at the seventeenth monthly meeting of the society, held on the 3d of February at 6.30 P.M. at Unity Hall, the programme informs us that there was an address by Mr. Okamura of the committee; a report of the society's activities and aims by Mr. Ito; remarks by the president, Mr. Suzuki; a lecture, "Common Morality," by Mr. Munesue of the Post-office Federation; a story-telling interlude by Rev. Mr. Murayama, the theme being drawn from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables"; and short speeches by members of the club.

What were called propagation meetings were held on the evenings of February 6, 7, and 8. The programmes included such themes as "Prof. Eucken's Presentation of Christianity," by S. Nukaga; "The Gospel of Power," by Rev. D. Ebina, the liberal independent Congregational preacher of Tokio; "The Religion of Life," by Rev. S. Uchigasaki, the Unitarian minister; "The Origin of Religion," by Prof. R. Minami of the Unitarian Mission; and address by a Japanese colonel of the Salvation Army, "Eternal Seekers for the Truth," by Rev. Mr. Uchigasaki; "The Power of Woman," by Prof. J. Nitobe, the eminent educator; "Man's Chastity," by Mrs. K. Yajina; "The Democratic Tendency of Religion," by Prof. Abe, president of the Unitarian Association, etc.

The club publishes a handsome illustrated newspaper, the *Yuai Shimpo*, with articles and news likely to appeal to the working-people. Recently the club took earnest action, through its committee, for the abolition of the geisha and lower forms of vice. It maintains classes, lecture courses, and open discussions on topics of current interest. What liberal church in the United States or England can make an equal showing?

The *Rikugo Jasshi*, or *Comos*, is the title of the monthly theological and general review published by the Japanese Unitarian Association. This review, handsomely printed and ably edited, has recently doubled its size and its subscription list, and aspires to be the most excellent review of its kind in Japan. The February number (No. 397) contains 136 pages. Among its articles are: "Prof. Ernst Troeltsch and his Philosophy of Religion," "The World of Creation," "Longing and Prayer," "The Fundamental Life," "Calamities and Human Life," "The Poems of Rabindranath Tagore," "A Visit to the Slums in Tokio," a short story, several poems, "Topics of To-day," Books of the Month, Unity Hall Reports, etc.

Japanese admirers of Prof. Eucken have raised 10,000 yen ($5,000) to arrange for a course of lectures in Tokio by that eminent thinker. It is hoped he may accept. Prof. Minami of the Unitarian Mission, and chief editor of its *Review*, who studied at German universities, has been active in this movement. This is another testimony to the remarkable intellectual activity of this remarkable people, and to the intensity of their desire for a new world philosophy, which shall replace the crumbling world systems of thought and faith in which they have been reared. We trust Prof. Eucken will accept the invitation. In this connection we may state that Prof. Eucken is soon to visit London to give a series of lectures. He will be entertained at a public dinner by his friends and admirers in that city on May 28.

The deep religiousness of our Hindu Brahmo (Theistic) friends is manifested by the frequency and fervor of their worship, which can teach us many lessons in the expression and development of the divine life within the soul. Their meetings for prayer and religious conference on high themes of the spiritual life are many, fervent, and protracted, and shame our comparative coldness of faith and laxity of worship. Once a year the *Maghotsav*, an anniversary festival of their Somaj, is observed with impressiveness and devotion. The eighty-fourth anniversary of the Sadharan Somaj began this year on the 17th of January and lasted till the 1st of February, with morning and evening services, prayers, the singing of hymns, sermons, and addresses by their leading members; for the Brahmo Somaj, like our Society of Friends, has no regular and paid ministry, but depends on the voluntary services of its laymen, in which lie at once its strength and its weakness. It would certainly seem to promote the spiritual ardor of their meetings. On the Sundays of the festival three services are held, that of the afternoon being devoted to the working-people. The annual meetings of their various societies—missionary, women's, theological, philanthropic, Sunday, school, social, etc.—do not, as with us, constitute the main feature of their anniversaries, but are interspersed throughout the many gatherings for devout meditation and prayer which the festival affords.

Digitized by Google

The New Dispensation, the Adi and Arya Brahmos, in Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and other centres are equally ardent in their observance of their many and protracted festivals. The government of India has met the religious requirements of their theistic employees in a sympathetic spirit, arranging the public business in such a way as to permit their civil servants to attend at least the more important of these festivals.

Our Brahmo and Mahometan friends in India may be in some danger of excess in their devotions, and a consequent weakening of practical efforts for their own personal and the larger social welfare; but this will not excuse that deficiency of spiritual fervor and indifference to the exercise of individual and social worship which is one of the most serious drawbacks of liberal Christianity. Here, then, is where the Hindu and the Christian, the East and the West, can learn from and help each other. The mysticism of the Orient and the practical power of the Occident must supplement and reinforce each other, until both unitedly shall produce what Carlyle in his essay on Cromwell calls the greatest of forces, the practical mystic, the type best fitted to rule and regenerate the earth. Of all forms of Christianity, however, Unitarianism seems best adapted to initiate such a task. It cherishes the present life, with its immediate needs and vast resources and possibilities. In its loyalty to the higher reason it should appeal, as no other form of Christianity, to the rational, ethical mind of China and Japan. It is also essentially a mystical faith, whose deepest source of power is the divine life in the soul of man. This spiritual form of piety has already, in our short history, flowered in the transcendental philosophy, the profoundly religious lives and utterances of Channing, Parker, Emerson, and Martineau, and in the devout and lyrical hymnology of Longfellow, Johnson, Sarah Flower Adams, Gannett, and Hosmer, than which no more mystic and fervid expressions of faith have been witnessed by our generation. It is this which is the warrant for the increasing interest our Unitarian fellowship is taking in the present rise of Oriental nations in social and religious values. For our own sake, for their sake, for the sake of mankind and the world that is to be, we must heed this call for testimony and service, and in giving them our best reap the richest reward ourselves, and fulfil in our experience the word of the Master, "He who loseth his life shall save it."

Rev. Clay MacCauley presided over the recent annual meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan in Tokio. His new book, "The Faith of the Incarnation," may be reckoned one of the most scholarly products of the Christian missionary movement in the East. Reverent, loyal to the faith of Jesus as revealed by the New Testament when read in the light of the higher criticism and the scientific study of religions, logical and reconciling, this is a work which our denomination may well be proud of, and which should be read by all our ministers. It may be obtained at the Unitarian Book Room at No. 25 Beacon Street.

Our German Free Protestant friends, who sustain liberal Christian missions in Japan and China which have anticipated by a quarter of a century the advanced methods and aims recommended by the late Edinburgh Conference on Missions, have just dedicated with interesting ceremonies a Student Home in the heart of the University Quarter of Tokio. The American Universalists, who spend twice as much on their mission as we Unitarians expend on ours, have also dedicated a fine new building for a similar purpose. We are being outstripped by our fellow-liberals in this promising field of service. The money for a second church or meeting-place of our Japanese Unitarian sympathizers has indeed been voted by the American Unitarian Association, but complications have arisen which delay the matter. It is to be erected in the heart of the University Quarter, with its 20,000 students, 4,000 of them women. A feature of our present services in Unity Hall, Tokio, is the recently awakened interest of girl students in them. Quite a large number of the latter attend, most of whom have to travel or walk five miles to reach the hall.

The learned Prof. Dr. Brajendanath Seal, appointed King George lecturer of Comparative Philosophy, began his course in Calcutta before a crowded auditorium with a lecture on "Hindu Ideals," an endeavor to give a philosophic survey of Indian civilization, and to contribute towards the reconstruction of Hindu life and nationality.

The Maharaja of Koochbehar has been invited to be patron, and Mr. Rabindranath Tagore president of the All-India Theistic Congress.

An Egyptian paper states that more and more colonies are being founded on the banks of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez, and on Mt. Sinai. The rich deposits of minerals, magnesia, and petroleum attract them. The organization of a "Mount Sinai Mining Company" is announced.

Dr. J. T. Sunderland is on his way to England, via Naples and Paris, and hopes to return to this country in late March.

Temperance Education Posters.

Thanks to the good publicity given to that movement of the Boston Associated Charities, "Alcohol Education through Posters," by Dr. Joseph H. Crooker, through your columns, many Unitarians have written for information. Lately the calls have become much more frequent because the churches want these posters for No-license campaigns. May I say here, our posters are too general to be used in that way. They do not focus on "Vote No." We stand for long range education, working towards no specific legislation, but seeking to change the attitude of men towards alcohol.

Unceasing alcohol education in Germany is almost steadily reducing the consumption. Unceasing education can do it here, and what we want is to get a system of alcohol education boards established through this State (42 x 29 inches), carrying our posters (posters passed on by careful physicians); and we do not want these posters changed oftener than three months, because the effect of these things is cumulative. The churches want to help us, but they have not quite taken in that they have just what we need,—superb sites. Bulletin Pulpits placed outside and carrying our posters would carry the facts in time to every man and woman in this State.

Lowell and Holyoke will place such boards. The Woburn Women's Club is asking the churches there to place them. Fitchburg placed small ones, too small for the workingmen to notice much; and I believe that, when I ask them, they will gladly put out larger ones. Hyde Park used them, and several Boston churches are carrying them. They cost about $3, and the posters 5 cents apiece.

Mrs. Clara B. Beatley is willing to present this cause. Prof. Francis G. Peabody is also willing to speak. We hope the Unitarian churches will give us a chance to establish not a No-license campaign, but long range education.

Elizabeth Tilton,
Chairman.

An Appeal to Members of Congress.

The House Naval Committee has just heard the demands of some of our admirals for four new fourteen-million-dollar battleships, instead of one new one, which has been the Democratic policy for the last two years. Before action is taken, the following considerations are commended to those who have the serious responsibility of disposing of the hard-earned taxes of the people and of conserving our resources.

1. We have never asked any nation to arbitrate with us and been refused.

2. Except for six months' war with one weak European power, a war which we began, we have been at peace with the whole world outside this continent for one hundred years.

3. Though for most of our history we had a very small navy, we have never been attacked and have always, as in 1895, maintained the Monroe Doctrine. If we are to reason from the known to the unknown, we shall keep peace with the greatest naval power on earth as we have for the last hundred years with our northern border line unguarded. Not within the lifetime of any battleship ordered this year will it be possible for the second naval power, hedged in by the Russian Bear on one side, resentful France and the first naval power on the other, to cross the ocean and attack a people which has always been its friend.

4. The only possible danger that one of the experts could name was from Japan. But Japan knows that, should she attack the Philippines, she would commit national suicide, as she would need half her force to protect her islands and her new possessions from her old enemies, Russia and China. President Eliot reports that in his trip to the Orient he found only one among our military and naval men two years ago who was not absolutely certain that war with Japan was imminent. He himself found not the slightest indication of it. He was a statesman and they were technicians professionally engaged in looking for trouble.

5. Is not the last man to give impartial advice as to our need of guns the man who sells them or who might win prestige by using them? Can congressmen expect technicians to speak as statesmen when the problem is not technical, but is one that concerns economics, politics, history, and psychology? Are not the military experts simply conjuring up remote, theoretical possibilities as unlikely to occur as that New York will be swept away by a tidal wave? Nations, like men, must prepare to deal with reasonable probabilities, not with fantastic possibilities.

Digitized by Google

6. In all our foreign wars combined, we lost less than 15,000 men by foreign bullets; but we are losing forty times that number—600,000—every year from preventable causes over many of which the federal government has large control. "One can never tell what the case may be a year hence," said one of the admirals. Alas, we can surely tell that a year hence another long roll of victims, numbering about as many as perished in four years of the Civil War, will have died because of our folly in putting our greatest defence where it is least needed, leaving our greatest needs unremedied. The yearly cost of our national Children's Bureau, which is trying to prevent our awful infant mortality, is less than the annual *repairs* on two torpedo boat destroyers. Let us indeed "be prepared"; but let us prepare for our certain, definite foes and call a halt on the increase of defence against the bugaboos conjured up by timid visionaries.

We women, representing many thousands of our silent sisters, appeal to Congress to spend the taxes of the people not in increase of last year's naval program, but in saving the lives of American citizens from preventable disease and accidents, so that the time may come in which it shall no more be said that the safest nation on earth is spending two-thirds of all its federal income in paying for past war and in preparation for future war, while it is far behind other great civilized nations in protecting its citizens at home.

Signed by Mary E. Woolley, Jane Addams, Ida M. Tarbell, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Josephine Preston Peabody Marks, Anna Garlin Spencer, Emily G. Balch, Elizabeth McCracken, Mrs. J. Malcolm Forbes, Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, Mrs. George Winslow Perkins, Lucia Ames Mead.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Nominating Committee.

The Nominating Committee has mailed to the Unions the customary request for suggestions as to names for officers and directors, and the chairman hopes every union will respond by sending in at least one name for consideration. The committee this year is made up as follows:—

Chairman, Mr. Fred G. May, Jr., 68 East Street, Dorchester; Mr. Harold S. Lyon, West Bridgewater; Rev. P. R. Sturtevant, Taunton; Miss Elsa Waldie, Germantown, Pa.; and Miss Harriet C. Stimson, Detroit, Mich.

The constitution provides that each local society may suggest names for the nominations to be made at the annual meeting, for the general officers for the ensuing year, by sending them to the chairman of the Nominating Committee on or before April 1.

This is a privilege and duty that every branch should be glad to accept and undertake. Please talk this matter over at your next meeting and let us know your recommendations. By such means only can the Nominating Committee present a thoroughly representative and democratic list of candidates. The positions to be filled are those of president, vice-presidents (six or more representing different sections of the country), secretary, treasurer, fifteen directors as follows: one each from California, Canada, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and eight from Massachusetts.

Every State having 100 or more members in local unions is entitled to a director. We wish to emphasize the importance of this matter and urge each delegate to consider it seriously and reply by April 1.

All communications should be addressed to

FREDERICK G. MAY, Jr., *Chairman*,
68 East Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Interest in Foreign Missions.

Several of our young people's societies have already taken up the subject of our foreign missionary work; and so far Dr. Wendte has received a few contributions from our unions towards the Unitarian work in Bulgaria, concerning which a general appeal was made through the columns of the *Christian Register* and the daily press. It may be recalled that Rev. Anton Toplisky of Doubnitza, Bulgaria, is living in the Macedonian borderland and is doing a wonderful work for Unitarianism in that region, a Bulgarian Unitarian Association having been formed and much interest awakened in our liberal Christianity.

Boston Federation Play.

Do not forget that the initial performances of the three-act comedy, "The Colonel's Maid," will be given by Boston Federation artists on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 11 and 12, in the Parish House of the Meeting-house Hill Church, Dorchester. Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, or from federation members.

South Middlesex Federation.

The mid-winter meeting of the South Middlesex Federation is scheduled to take place at Watertown, Mass., on Friday evening, March 6.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At All Souls' Church, Roxbury, vesper services will be held every Sunday afternoon during Lent at 4.30. There will be a special musical programme, with a short address by the minister, Rev. Sheed Anderson. All are cordially invited.

The Unitarian Ministers' Monday Club will meet at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on March 9, at 11 A.M. Rev. Joseph P. MacCarthy, Ph.D., of Waltham will preside. Rev. Theodore D. Bacon of Salem will speak on "The Growth of Our Unitarian Churches." Discussion open to all.

A vesper service will be held at the First Parish Church in Dorchester, next Sunday, March 8, 1914, at four o'clock. Rev. Roger S. Forbes, minister of the church, will give a short talk on "The Constant Incarnation." Following the service there will be a social meeting in the vestry to which all are cordially invited.

Dr. Felfkar M. Gunn, editor of *The American Journal of Public Health*, will speak on "Community Problems of the Public Health Authorities," at the public meeting of the Social Service Council of Unitarian Women, Monday, March 9, 1914, at 10.30 A.M., in the vestry of Arlington Street Church. All interested are welcome.

Meetings.

THE FLUSHING BRANCH ALLIANCE.—On February 19 a delightful luncheon was given to Alliance officers and friends, by Miss Ida Slade, president of the Flushing Branch, at her home. A warm reception awaited those who had journeyed through the snow-piled streets of Manhattan over the icy roadways. Among those present were: Miss Anna H. Bancroft, president of the Alliance; Mrs. R. H. Davis, corresponding secretary; Mrs. W. L. Voight, vice-president; Middle States, Mrs. William B. Donnell, president, New York League; Mrs. H. S. Griffin, newly elected president of the Lenox Avenue Branch; Miss Emma C. Low, Rev. William L. Sullivan, Rev. and Mrs. James H. Ecob, and Rev. John H. Lathrop. After luncheon the company proceeded to the Friends' Meeting-house, a quaint old building full of historic interest, where the meeting was called to order by Miss Slade. Miss Bancroft gave a graceful word of greeting, after which Rev. William L. Sullivan spoke on "Society and the Individual, a Problem of Democracy." He touched upon the conditions that made for, and against, the domination by the group or the individual, from the tribal days down to the time of legislative representation and the modern boss. He emphasized the need of instruction in justice and patriotism,—a deepening of the spiritual life,—and urged the support of whatever would uplift "from

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address: "Undertaker, Boston."

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientele.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

Boston School of Social Science
Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, Mondays in March at 8 P.M. DR. ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY
SOCIAL EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION
Admission 10 Cents

DR. BATES' SANATORIUM
Established in 1893. For treatment of nervous or mentally ill. Illustrated booklet on request.
DR. W. LINCOLN BATES, Supt.,
Jamestown, R.I.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

the savage to the star." In summing up, he said, "We must socialize our sympathy, and power must be individualized." Other speakers were: Rev. John H. Lathrop, Rev. James H. Ecob, Mr. Lindsay, Mrs. William B. Donnell, Mrs. R. H. Davis, and Mr. Walter U. Lawson.

Churches.

North Easton, Mass.—Unity Church, Rev. W. L. Chaffin: On Jan. 1, 1868, the present senior pastor was settled here and has just closed the forty-sixth year of his pastorate. In 1905 Rev. Abram Wyman was chosen as junior pastor, Mr. Chaffin being made senior pastor. What is most important to note in the events of the past year is the resignation of Mr. Wyman, which was caused by his declining health. His faithful ministry of eight years here has made his resignation a great sorrow to his many friends, not only of this church, but of many others. He has the earnest sympathy and the sincere hope of many that he may soon regain his health so as to be able to take up again the ministry. The church's contribution to the American Unitarian Association for founding new churches and helping weak ones, and missionary work in general, was, for 1913, $627. The Methodist and Baptist societies united with the church in a Thanksgiving service conducted by the ministers of the three churches, excepting Mr. Wyman, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong of the Baptist church. Reports of the various committees show activity and interest.

Spokane, Wash.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. John H. Dietrich: The church here began a successful year January 1. The annual dinner and meeting attracted more than could be comfortably served in the church dining-room. The meeting was marked by great interest and good speeches, and was pronounced the best ever by those who have been members since the founding of the church. The reports of the various organizations showed progress. The church treasurer reported a comfortable balance. Mr. Dietrich was engaged for another year with an increase of salary. Mr. Dietrich is giving a series of talks on Tuesday evenings on the general subject, "The Life of Jesus," which is attracting much attention. The first two taxed the capacity of the church, after many had been turned away. The third was given in a down-town hall, and all available standing room was taken, the audience numbering about eight hundred. The Women's Alliance gave its usual Christmas Bazaar in December, which netted about $250. It requires chairs in the aisles of the church to seat the audience every Sunday morning.

Westboro, Mass.—First Congregational Unitarian Church, Rev. C. E. Tomlin. On Tuesday, February 17, at 7 P.M., the Unity Circle, composed of the unmarried ladies of the church, served a supper and gave a brief entertainment to the men of our society. Forty men responded to the invitations sent them. More would have been present, but the unpassable condition of the roads after the severe snowstorm prevented their coming. After a bounteous supper and a few selections of music Miss Bertha Jackson, president of the Unity Circle, in a brief address, informed the men regarding the object of the gathering; that it was to encourage the men in the formation of a club. The meeting was then turned over to Rev. C. E. Tomlin, the minister, who, after a few remarks, introduced as the speaker of the evening Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs, field agent of the National League of Unitarian Laymen. Mr. Nobbs captured his audience and held their attention to the end of his talk. The address was vigorous, impressive, and convincing. He was obliged to leave immediately after his address. The men, however, remained, and voted unanimously to at once proceed to the organization of a club. The following officers were elected: Judge William E. Fowler, president; Louis E. Jackson, vice-president; Lawrence F. Fales, secretary; John L. Brigham, treasurer. Judge Fowler then occupied the chair, and a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution. Twenty of the men present signed their names as members of the new organization, and several others made known their intention of joining later. Mr. Tomlin began his ministry here last September, and in November he began a series of vesper services. The attendance at the vesper services in November was 110. An illustrated address, subject, "The Making of a Criminal and the Making of a Man," was given by the minister. The attendance at these services has increased each month, and on the evening of Sunday, February 22, reached the 350 mark. The choral work at this service was performed by a chorus of thirty voices and an orchestra of fifteen pieces. The Alliance Branch has now a membership of seventy members, and the aim of the society is to have every member of the church in the Alliance. The Sunday-school is also a vigorous and growing organization. It has a membership of seventy-three scholars. Great credit for the interest in this department of the work is due to the superintendent, Mrs. Mabel Thompson, and her efficient corps of teachers. The annual parish meeting was held Tuesday evening, March 3, and the ladies of the church served supper.

Winnisquam, N.H.—Independent Religious Society, Rev. George L. Thompson: This is a fine example of church organization in a small rural community. Winnisquam is not a town, but a small railroad station on the White Mountain Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, just a hundred miles from Boston. From this centre radiate four roads which lead to four towns; namely, Laconia, Belmont, Tilton, and Sanbornton. All these towns are well-provided with churches; the nearest, however, to Winnisquam is three miles. It was Rev. George L. Thompson, pastor of the Unitarian church at Laconia, who discovered the need of a place of worship for the people of Winnisquam, who are mostly thrifty farmers and with their families number about three hundred in all. The work was started about two years ago. One neighbor gave the use of a summer cottage; another loaned an organ; another contributed fuel; others provided chairs, etc. At the first service about fifty attended. The attendance has been a little less than that for the past two years. About a year and a half ago a charter was secured and a regular society formed. The work is now self-supporting, and the society has received the gift of a lot on which a chapel will be constructed this spring. Friends near and far have been generous in assisting toward the success of this work. Over a thousand books have been received to form the nucleus of a free library; a beautiful organ was also a gift; and several hundred dollars have been received toward the building fund. There are a great many children in the community who attend the Sunday-school with interest and enthusiasm. Last Christmas a tree, an entertainment, and suitable gifts were provided for about forty children. The success of this movement is due, almost wholly, to the untiring and self-sacrificing efforts of Mr. Thompson, who has won the love and esteem of the whole neighborhood.

Vice-Presidents of the American Unitarian Association.

In the issue of February 26, in the excellent notice about Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper, were used the following words: "She was a director and first vice-president of the American Unitarian Association, and the only woman ever to fill that office." To guard against any misunderstanding, may I not call the attention of your readers to the fact that, while it is true that Mrs. Hooper probably was the only woman vice-president who actually presided at a meeting of the board, it is not true that she has been the only woman who held the office of vice-president. On the present board the names of Miss Emma C. Low and Mrs. John W. Loud appear. I am prompted to make this communication since already the impression has been made that Mrs. Hooper was the only woman in the list of vice-presidents.

Lewis G. Wilson,
Secretary.

The Work at Swansboro, N.C.

The Emmerton Industrial School opened last October under very favorable conditions, with Miss Mary A. Forness of Peabody, Mass., and Miss M. E. Pratt, of North Middlesex, Mass., as teachers. The largest number of students enrolled was seventy-eight, and the average attendance for a large part of the time has been sixty.

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

In addition to the literary work of the day school, the teachers have had a night school for boys who could not attend during the day, a sewing class for girls,—and this class was attended by some of the pupils from the graded school,—a crochet class for the women of the village, a class in drawing, a class in stenography, and a boys' club. The carpentry class is under the management of a skilled workman.

These varied activities would indicate that the teachers have been kept quite busy. In addition to the above work, they have visited the homes of the children in times of sickness, and it is easy to believe that their visiting was a help to the children and the mothers.

The value of the teachers' work is to be seen in more things than their success in teaching text-books. There is a constant need and a constant opportunity of awakening the best ideals of human nature. In an indirect and inoffensive way thrift can be encouraged, and saving for the future and old age and the beautifying of the home.

Last November, when the governor of North Carolina made a proclamation, designating two days as "good road" days, and called upon the people to quit their daily occupation and work the roads and streets, the people of Swansboro were persuaded to take part in this good work. The leadership in this good movement was turned over to Mr. Robinson, our minister at Swansboro. The teachers and some of the pupils of the Emmerton school shouldered their hoes and rakes and did yeoman's service. The example was good. Some of the women of the village fell in line, and the beginning of better things to come has been made. The "ice has been broken," and it will be easier hereafter to do such things and more things.

More ground is needed for the Emmerton school. If the minister who lives in Salem Cottage, which is on the campus of the Emmerton School, had a plot of ground big enough for a good-sized garden, he could make it a help to the people by showing what a fine variety of vegetables could be raised the year round. Furthermore, additional ground is needed to prevent the crowding of the Emmerton School. It would be a great misfortune if outhouses of various character should be permitted to be built near the school buildings. When the lots are sold off, which will perhaps be done very soon, we hope to be able to buy more land. If any one interested in the Emmerton School can help in this worthy enterprise, he might correspond with Mrs. A. A. Peterson of Watha, N.C. Two rooms have been added recently to Salem Cottage, and they are a great blessing to the teachers and the minister. The Bear Creek church has been painted and all bills paid. A new roof is needed for this church, which they hope to be able to put on in the near future. Through the patient and earnest work of Miss L. O. Fessenden of Philadelphia, money has been secured with which to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the late Claude B. Frazelle, who was for a number of years a faithful and loyal member of the Swansboro Unitarian church.

A tablet in memory of Miss French has been received, and will be placed in the Unitarian church. The life and teachings of Miss French will abide with the people here for years to come. The people appreciated her as a strong character, a good teacher, a good friend. The Emmerton School and other such schools in the South will always be a help to the people because "such as these have lived and died."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$12,061.44
Feb. 2.	Society in Portland, Ore.	250.45
2.	Society in East Lexington, Mass.	10.00
2.	Society in Manchester, Mass.	10.00
3.	A. D. Griffith Gouldbusk, Tex.	1.00
4.	Society in Sudbury, Mass.	10.00
4.	H. M. Rowe, Baltimore, Md.	5.00
5.	Meadville Theological School, Income of Brookes Fund	1,000.00
6.	A Friend	1.00
7.	Society in Hudson, Mass.	61.75
9.	Sunday School, Exeter, N.H.	5.00
10.	A. E. W.	2.00
11.	Society in Canton, Mass.	50.00
12.	"Interested Friend"	5.00
12.	Mrs Lovina E. Hawley, Cortland, N.Y., additional	50.00
12.	A friend	1.00
12.	A friend	1.00
13.	Holland Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.	10.00
14.	Society in Hood River, Ore.	10.10
16.	Society in Orlando, Fla.	10.00
18.	Miss Sarah E. Hearsey, Dorchester, Mass.	50.00
19.	Society in Norwell, Mass.	25.00
21.	Society in Beverly, Mass.	100.00
24.	First Church in Salem, Mass.	221.00
28.	Society in Greenfield, Mass.	50.00
28.	Associate Members	23.08
	ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.	
2.	Fairhaven, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
13.	Sunday School, Orlando, Fla.	2.00
19.	Sunday School, First Parish, Portland, Me.	10.00
	RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.	
2.	Sunday School, Kingston, Mass.	10.00
7.	Channing Religious Society of Newton, Mass.	29.74
9.	New North Sunday School, Hingham, Mass.	10.00
9.	Sunday School, Taunton, Mass.	30.00
10.	New Bedford, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
18.	First Icelandic Church, Winnipeg, Man.	25.00
19.	Rev. and Mrs. George D. Latimer, Boston, Mass.	5.00
24.	Sunday School, Ayer, Mass.	2.00
	THE DAYTON, OHIO, CHURCH BUILDING.	
21.	Society in Toledo, Ohio	250.00
		$14,417.05

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Tuckerman School.

The second hour of those devoted to addresses by parish assistants was occupied by Miss Esther K. Davis and Miss Ruth Lawrence on Wednesday, the 25th. Miss Davis, a recent graduate, described her work as minister's secretary or assistant. In such a position where only part-time work is required there is possible special study, a Sunday-school class, and other regular work. These combined duties contribute to personal development, power to study, spiritual growth, and a broader point of view.

Miss Lawrence, while not a graduate of the school, is interested in its students as a group of the larger body of Unitarian young women whom she is helping in various ways. In describing her work with students in Boston, there was shown a development and growth which may justify an organized effort in the future. Numberless calls and conferences, letters and other means, have helped the worker to get in touch with young women who are studying, and to aid them in locating in suitable boarding places or in removing from one place to another, or in other ways that are helpful to persons away from their homes.

Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the board of directors of the school, was the speaker on the 27th in the course of lectures on Denominational Agencies. In describing the American Unitarian Association, Mr. Eliot sketched the history of its formation briefly, and paid tribute to the younger men who, in 1825, saw that the time and opportunity was at hand for doing things together, and so helped form the organization. The work of the different departments was briefly explained and the growth and influence of various missionary movements traced.

In closing the address, Mr. Eliot showed that the forces of the business man and spiritual leader were necessary in the heads of the various departments, and that deepening and strengthening the spiritual life is the greatest happiness of them all.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lenses which have been ruined by exposure to London fog and smoke.

During a heavy storm, one night last September, an immense number of migratory birds, mostly swallows, were going South across the Alps and became exhausted about the hospice of St. Bernard, being unable to fly against a violent head wind. They must have perished but for the action of the monks, who opened all the doors and windows and illuminated the hospice, attracting the birds, who flew inside.

Veuve Chaffard

Pure Olive Oil

Bottled in France in honest bottles.

	bot.	doz.	case.
Full Quart Bottles	$1.00	$11.00	$11.00
Full Pint Bottles	.60	6.50	6.50
Full ½ Pint Bottles	.35	4.00	7.50

	each.	case.
Red Label, gallon tins	$3.00	$34.00
Blue Label, gallon tins	2.40	27.00

S. S. P. Italian Olive Oil

	bot.	doz.	case.
S. S. P., bottles	$0.65	$7.50	$7.50
S. S. P., ½ bottles	.38	4.25	8.00
S. S. P., ¼ bottles	.25	2.75	5.25
S. S. P., Pyramids	.35	4.00	9.00

S. S. P. Creme de la Creme		each.
	¼ gallon cans	$0.85
	½ gallon cans	1.45
	1 gallon cans	2.70
	6 gallon cans	15.00

S. S. PIERCE CO.

Cor. Tremont and Boston Sts. Copley Square | Boston

COOLIDGE CORNER, BROOKLINE

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Twickembury, "that I'm not very well versified in the doggerels of your church."

Miss Sanborn's cook, hearing of the immense grain bills, advised, "If I were you, miss, I wouldn't keep any cows this winter, except the horse."

A Long-felt Want.—"Why do you recommend this collar button so highly?" "We throw in with it a bureau that sits flat on the floor."—*Chicago Record.*

"What kind of oil, Pat, do you suppose they use to produce that color?" asked the citizen as a freight train went by showing a green lantern. "Sure, I should say some of the Imerald Isle, sir."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Little Mary wrote a composition on "The Cow." It was brief: "The cow is a very useful animal." Her mother requested her to read it to the minister, which she did, amending it thus to suit the occasion: "The cow is the most useful animal, except religion."—*Working Woman's Journal.*

A friend of ours came down from Vermont to hear a philosophical lecture by Prof. Royce. I asked her how she liked it, and she replied: "Oh, I liked it all right; but the idea that a man could stand up and call *that* philosophy! Why, it was only downright Unitarianism, just such as we have in Vermont."

An unfinished Poster.—An artist relates that one day he was standing in front of a huge poster which represented a well-known actor in the character of Henry V. Two men strolled by and stopped to look at it. Finally, one of the men turned to his companion with a look of disgust, and asked impatiently, "Henry V.—what?"

The late Bishop Mandell Creighton was asked if he could state the difference between an Oxford man and a Cambridge man. The bishop was at that time a professor at Cambridge, and he replied, "An Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him, a Cambridge man as if he didn't care to whom the world belonged." Might this story be applied to Yale and Harvard?

England's heir-apparent was riding on a London 'bus incog., and asked the driver his reason for exclaiming, whenever he whipped up one of the horses, "Come up, your Royal Highness, will you?" "Why do you call him Royal Highness?" asked the duke. "Well, sir," he replied civilly, "'cause he's so 'orty and lazy and good-for-nothing—see!" His real royal highness did not pursue the subject.

When Mr. Gladstone was travelling once, he purchased a beautiful bunch of grapes. At the custom-house the officer refused to let the grapes pass, saying that they were dutiable. Gladstone refused to pay the duty, whereupon the custom-house officer insisted. Gladstone took them out of the basket and ate every one of them. "Now stop me!" said the "Grand Old Man," triumphantly, as he took his seat in the train bound for Brussels.

Senator Vance was one of a large family of boys. Their mother hoped that at least one would have been a good Presbyterian minister, but they slipped through her hands. Zebulon was the youngest; and all her hopes centred in him, until he said, "Mother, I am sorry, but I cannot become a minister." "Why not? What is the reason?" He answered, "I am not good enough to be a minister." She was sorely troubled, but at last faltered out, "Zeb, don't you think you are good enough to be a *Unitarian* minister?" —*Pacific Unitarian.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

DIVINITY SCHOOL
Harvard University

For the year 1914-15 two Resident (William) Fellowships of $500 each are offered to graduates of Theological Schools who intend to devote themselves to the Christian Ministry. These Fellowships are designed to encourage advanced theological work of a high order. Applications, accompanied by testimonials and specimens of work, must be made before April 15, 1914, on special blanks, to be obtained of the dean of the Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
86 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ESTD. 1848
A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition, $250 a year. Tuition scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information, address Francis Treadway Clayton, *Principal.*

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

MAR 11 1914
Librarian of University of

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 11 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 241
From the Hand of God 242
Providence 243

CURRENT TOPICS 244

BREVITIES 245

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Peace and Righteousness 245
Is Unitarianism a Real Gospel? 246

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Higher Battles, by Phillips Brooks; Religious Narcotics, by X 247
Economic Conditions and their Victims, by Warren A. Rodman 248
Is the Episcopal Church Protestant? by Rev. John Snyder 250
Rural Route Religion, by John Visher; Charles William Eliot at Eighty, by Rev. Frank L. C. Wicks; A Business Man's Testimony 258
Familiar Superstitions; The Sunday-school a Peril, by Rev. E. A. Coil 259
The Macedonian-Bulgarian Relief Fund; For Winnipeg, Man.; The Francis David Memorial Church; Isles of Shoals Poem 260
To Honor Prof. C. H. Toy; Ministers' Quiet Day; To Alliance Workers; The Tuckerman School; New York Letter 261
"The Sinlessness of Christ," by Rev. Stephen Peebles . 262
Inspiration; Tragedy in Life; A Sale 263

SPIRITUAL LIFE 249

LITERATURE.
Books 254
Miscellaneous 255

THE HOME.
How the Dolls came Home, by Pauline Carrington Bouvé; A Born Lawyer 256
A Little Boy and a Little Voice; A Way They Have; True Stories about Salem Cats; Where to Find Her, 257

POETRY.
The Light-fingered Ones, by Ellen Burns Sherman . . 247
After Many Days, by Rev. Pemberton H. Cressey . . 248
The True Romance 254
Heimdall 256
A Troublesome Doll 257

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Notes from the Field 262

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 262

HERE AND THERE 263

PLEASANTRIES 264

Editorial.

IT ought to be the policy of the missionaries who are working for the good of China to encourage the maintenance of Confucianism as the popular religion. There is much good in the moral system which for two thousand years has been accepted in China. To destroy it, with nothing as good to take its place in the affections of the people, would be to invite moral chaos. This the more intelligent and well-instructed missionaries now see; and their method is to accept all that is evidently good in Confucianism and then invite their Chinese neighbors to consider the points of superiority that they claim for Christianity, or, at least, to show in what particulars it might supplement and complete the national ideals. It is a notable fact that the man who proposed recently to make Confucianism the state religion was educated in America, and may be supposed to have thought of the relations of the two religions, and proposed to adhere to his own because to destroy it might invite moral chaos. It would not be an advantage to the missionaries if Christianity should by some freak of fortune be made the state religion. The manly attitude and the true Christian policy is for the representatives of Christianity to drop, once for all, the old delusion that all heathens are children of Satan, and that between them and the missionaries there can be no common ground. Even in Ceylon's isle, where every prospect pleases, Christian travellers have discovered that man is not vile, but is a very pleasing member of the human family.

THE Bishop of Zanzibar has had his application denied for a heresy trial of the two bishops whose Christian action has made the name of Kikuyu historical, but he has the satisfaction of being told that the subject will be referred to the Central Consultative Body of the Church for consideration and advice. This body consists of the Archbishop of Canterbury and 14 bishops appointed by the bishops in the various provinces and dioceses of the Anglican Communion. Next July, therefore, there will be laid before this body two questions: "Whether the provisions of the proposed scheme of federation contravene any principles of Church order, the observance of which is obligatory upon the bishops, the clergy, and the lay workers of the Church of England at home or abroad"; "Whether, due consideration being given to the circumstances of the case, the action of the bishops who arranged and conducted the admittedly

Google

abnormal service in question was, in the opinion of the Consultative Body, consistent or inconsistent with the principles accepted by the Church of England." In the mean time two memorials backing the protesting bishop, one of them signed by 750 priests, and a memorial to the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury, signed by clergy of London, show against what forces the tide of Modernism has to contend in the Anglican Church. We can but acknowledge that the request for a repudiation "of the claims of some clergy to reject the miracles of our Lord's birth of a Virgin and the actual resurrection of His Body from the Tomb," since "these truths lie at the very centre" of their faith, would help clear the air. To accept and disbelieve a specific statement is not conducive to intellectual integrity among men whose union depends on such grafting.

The emergence of a sense of humor is always welcome in a controversy, and the more welcome the more serious the controversy. When Dean Henson, preaching before the University of Oxford, said that "a decision of bishops, however eminent, to the effect that bishops are essential to a Church, could neither alter history nor affect opinion," there must have been some relaxing of facial muscles, and, when he went soberly on to remark that an "appeal lies, not to the bishops, who perhaps on such a question are not well fitted to decide (for all men magnify their office, even bishops) but to the facts of history, to the lessons of experience, above all, to the reason and conscience of devout and considering English Churchmen," the shades of St. Mary's could hardly have kept inaudible a hum of enjoyment. The solemn self-importance of lofty condescension, which sometimes makes men in office seem bishops themselves, is only confirmed in being taken seriously. Would that seeing the fun of the matter could penetrate the encasement of the unconscious makers of it! What high horses would amble with the ponies then! If the Vatican authorities, for instance, could only join Maeterlinck in his comment on their putting his book in the Index: "What is the good of giving importance by commenting upon it to something unimportant? If my condemnation came from Lhassa or Timbuctoo, would you advise me to complain of it or discuss it? It comes from Rome, which is less far, perhaps, but still far from your cordially devoted Maeterlinck"!

An English clergyman in Birmingham is at the same time a well-known cricketer. The *Times* reports that he has in the past been subjected to some criticism for continuing to play in county cricket, but he has always maintained that his cricket has increased his influence, especially with boys and men, and has been useful to his parish in many ways. It is a little surprising that this objection should be made in the English Church, and about a game that is so appropriate to the profession as cricket; but the instinct is the same everywhere. The association of ideas, not the particular doing, is what explains the pother there are always people ready to make about what a minister may or may not properly do. A clergyman in an Illinois town not many years ago was driven out of his pulpit because he would belong to a golf club and associate with men in the most wholesome and congenial recreation that any man could find. Another clergyman gave as the chief reason why he played golf, that on the links he had the advantage of getting acquainted with men. People do not call themselves hypocrites or insensible to proprieties when they pass easily from grave to gay, nor is real dignity anywhere broken by bending. A man who preserves the respect of his fellows, and his own, can do anything in the ministry that men anywhere properly do. It would be worth while in many a church to pay the minister's dues for the sake of toning up his religion through invigorating exercise, and making him at ease with men, and them with him. The English minister, by the way, has just been appointed to an advantageous rectory.

It is not altogether to the discredit of human nature that, in the west of Ireland, the play written by Canon Hannay, well known as George Birmingham the novelist, should have excited much hostility and violence. It was not safe from attack even in the town where its author had officiated as rector for twenty-one years. The reason seems to be that there was a priest in the play, and the actor taking the part was mobbed. The police were powerless to keep order, and nothing but the intervention of a Catholic priest availed to produce quiet. The mere suspicion that the priestly office was reflected on by being acted on the stage would naturally arouse indignation among people who belonged to the Church and revered its representatives; and, in a country where feeling runs high between Catholics and Protestants, it was a risky venture to present a play in which the priestly function was imitated. Making capital out of an office which is connected with veneration and solemnity is in questionable taste anywhere. We have seen stage clergymen in this country whose creators deserved execration not for any intentional act on their part, for doubtless they were sincere, but for the insipid creatures they made out their clergymen to be; and, when they set out to show a manly minister, the result was even more painful. Playwrights and actors should get acquainted with a few real men in the ministry, and create what has never yet appeared,—a minister of the real sort.

From the Hand of God.

In an introduction to a certain collection of writings, purporting to come from persons of prominence since their death, we read that "in many ages of the world various literary productions have been the result of spirit inspiration, but in every instance but two the mortal hand has been used as the amanuensis of the inspiration which has quickened the brain. These two instances are the Ten Commandments, written independently for Moses on Mt. Sinai, and this present work." To adapt Whistler's famous remark, we might add, Why drag in Moses? But to be serious we should have to rejoin, Why only two? We believe that many writings come directly from the hand of God; that whatever is true is true, not in its being said by any one, but in having been true before it was said. Truth is a discovery, not a manufacture; exists, not made; and that men of every grade, from the prophets down to the man who holds his conviction because he deems it true, not deeming it true because he holds it, refer their conviction to something higher than themselves, is part of the same idea which was in the mind of the writer of Exodus when he said that the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables.

Not that we for a moment wish to claim that our figurative interpretation was that of the writer of Exodus. For aught we know he thought that those tables of stone were graven in the mount by no human hand, but by the direct writing of God. What we are concerned to maintain is that the fact of the matter is best assured to the modern mind by letting the prosaic sense go and keeping the sense underlying the prosaic sense. How much the appreciation of what the experience was to

Moses himself has been obscured to us by our being held to the notion held by people after Moses lived! How far have we been held from what really happened by disputation as to the correctness of the statements in the narrative! How much have the delusions of credibility harmed those who have rejected them as well as those who have been deceived by them! What a deal has been missed by both sides in the discussion whether the handing down of the law happened as it is pictured! Who can read over the account and not feel that any laws laid down under solemn sense of responsibility, and according to deep convictions of right, and based upon a belief in moral authority, would be felt to be fundamentally rooted in the mind of God? Moses knew in what a reverent purpose they were framed, and it was no deception, but a profound truth to him, that the tables of stone proceeded from on high, that he was merely a transmitter of principles, a carrier of a divine message. It is a trivial and childish thing to affirm or to deny as to their being chiselled by supernatural agency. The significant thing is that they were believed to have been so engraved, and that the reason why they were believed so to have been engraved is one with the reason why people still, with a faith on any subject worth the name, hold it as something delivered to them, something man did not make and cannot mar, something that is everlastingly so, something the permanence of which, the indestructibility of which is dimly parabled in the form of words graven on stone or made in monumental brass.

The day is indeed past when this deep conviction can be produced where it is lacking by insisting on any crude form of a divine origin. To talk of tables of stone does not strengthen the bonds of right doing in circles where they are flouted To claim the mediation of spirits does not commend any message among those not already satisfied as to the communication. To thunder forth one's creed as the final and undeniable declaration of God has no more force than to declare it without such guarantee. To have all the sincerity ever in man, and all the confidence of a heavenly revelation, avails nothing if the matter itself has no such mark. The day is not past when a sense of immutability, a demonstration of eternal reality, and an exhibition of those truths which have outlasted time and "shine to-day, forever new," are welcome and effective. The thing of which stone and graven words are the symbol is the thing we need to-day, and it seems as if no time were readier for it and more open-minded.

Such a demand and such resort is the logical outcome of conditions which breed in some minds a deep despair. When confidence has been blighted, it is specious logic which says henceforth no one is to be trusted. When trickery triumphs, it is trumpery wisdom which says that to succeed every one has to play the same game. When hopes are disappointed and from the heights of exulting realization one is hurled down to levels of human nature, untouched by light, it is no real conclusion to say the struggle nought availeth. Sadder than the failures of a time to make good the pledges of its prophets is the failure of the prophet to keep his faith bright and his ideals in commission.

To succumb to an agnosticism out of intellectual stress is unfortunate, but it has no such tragic regret in it as has the abandonment of God because so many needs of him suddenly come to the front and deny spiritual realities and their eternal life because one after another of the faiths in human nature have been dishonored. The more seems the moral law to be written not on stones, but in dust, the more should men and women write it on the tables of their hearts and lives. The more poor props fail, the more should we value and cling to those whose adoption we have tried, the more should we keep faith with those who remain faithful.

The sign of God in human life is in the two immutable facts of experience,—the living God in daily creation and in the ideals of the soul, and the living soul which feels that life and sees those ideals. They are what make commandments sacred and righteousness firm and faith unshaken. In them is the word of the Almighty, written not on tables of stone, but in the fleshly tables of the heart.

Providence.

To many religious people Providence seems to be a special divinity,—not God Almighty or his Son, but a subsidiary power, who especially looks after human interests, averts misfortunes, and intervenes when dangers threaten. He may be called the God of deliverance and hope. The ex-votos hung up around the image of a saint in an Italian church seems the visible expression of Providence entertained by many, and which vaguely invades the minds of all classes.

Providence, in fact, is a lesser God than the Almighty All-powerful One who acts through the forces and laws of the universe—is, in a sense, closer, more intimate, perhaps more human. To some he may seem an embodiment of Jesus Christ, but this is not the common acceptation. Providence, as half-defined in our mind, is the power that presides over temporalities, one where religious aspects are in a certain sense limited.

Providence may severely afflict the just man to test him, to ascertain the strength and validity of his faith; but in the end he will make it all up to him as in the case of Job, will rebuild his barns and fill them to bursting, will give him store of fat cattle far in excess of the original numbers. Providence in those days loved to bestow on the just man who had borne affliction great riches, length of days, and many children. So incidentally wealth came to be looked upon as a sign of righteousness, where, as in our time, great wealth is suspect of unrighteousness. The unjust man whose fortune is plethoric gets, as we say, the benefit of luck, seconded by shrewdness, energy, and skill in over-reaching. It would seem a mockery to say that Providence had aided the multi-millionaire.

But the religious tinge still inheres. Providence is not the same as Fortuna to the Romans. He does not present himself to us as the turner of the wheel, who brings up good and ill by a blind and accidental chance. Still, something of a sacred nature is implied, a power not ourselves that has an inexplicable influence on our lives, and leads us to add piously to an agreement the words "if Providence permits." It is not because of merit altogether that the world believes in the ministrations of this watchful and alert deity who saves some from great peril and allows others to perish, who prospers all the affairs of this one, and frustrates all the efforts of that one who is even more worthy of success.

It seems, however, essential that the world should possess in some form this external power or emanation of deity,—this power that in a way orders, directs, controls, the lives of human beings, and is recognized and instinctively believed in, no matter how much of caprice, contradiction, and accident seems to pertain to it. We refuse to allow that it is ill luck or chance which in itself must be regarded as part of the providential order.

There is a faith old as religion itself in some form that believes every hair of our head is numbered, that every step we take in life is under the direct guidance and guardianship of a higher power, that, however accidental the facts of life may appear, there is nothing that was

not planned and foreordained from the beginning of the world. But even a sincere belief in this hard-and-fast fatalistic scheme only intensifies the puzzle, casts it back into the void and abysm of time, instead of reconciling the contradictions or solving modern problems.

Providence that began, perhaps, by being a nature God, a special Providence, as we may say, for certain small tribes or communities of men, before it came down to us, has such a hold upon multitudes of souls, they would perhaps lose their religious faith were they convinced that favoritism cannot exist in the Divine Mind, that it is not embraced in the illimitable schemes of the universe.

But who is ever actually convinced of the total absence of Divine care and protection extended over human life? The greatest unbeliever who ever lived may find himself in circumstances where he will instinctively act as if God did care for his creatures, that there must be a great heart of love somewhere, whether it manifests itself in little schemes of our choosing or in ways we cannot trace. We may assert boldly that God, or Providence, call him what you will, does love the righteous man who is the crown of humanity and the justification of the race, whether he treats him as he treated Job, for trial and reward, or leaves him in the inevitable conditions he has made for himself.

On the higher plane, apart from all selfishness and expectation of special protection, apart from all favoritism, all necromancy and conjuring Providence, is the prime necessity of life, both as an outward stay on which we lean unconsciously through an interest, or an inherited faith and an inward spirit of love and protection, when it breathes peace and comfort to the soul. It fails us only when our expectations are irrational or absurd, when we expect God to do for us what we can generally do for ourselves. "Seek and ye shall find." It is the non-seeker, the shirker, who expects God or Providence to save him the trouble of seeking. The world is full of shirkers who lay the blame of their ineptitudes and failures upon Providence. If God loves the righteous man, we may be sure he loves as well the brave, courageous, resourceful man, who blesses his Maker for bestowing upon him the power to help himself and to be a stay and a resource for others.

Current Topics.

The elimination of a cause of international irritation became practically assured on March 5, when President Wilson, at a joint session of Congress, read a special message calling attention to the immediate necessity for the repeal of that section of the Panama Canal Act which provides for the remission of tolls for American coastwise shipping. In a notable State paper, which attracted universal attention, the President summarized the situation in this memorable passage: "The large thing to do is the only thing we can afford to do—a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood. We ought to reverse our action without raising the question whether we were right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for generosity and the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation." To carry out the President's urgent recommendations, bills were promptly introduced in Congress, with the prospect of their early passage despite some emphatic opposition that developed.

The general question of industrial relations, including the problems of unemployment and strikes, will be taken up by the Federal Industrial Relations Commission in a series of hearings throughout the country, to be begun at the end of this month. At these hearings, which will be conducted at every industrial centre in the republic, employers and employed, as well as social workers and economic specialists, will be given an opportunity to give their views to the commission as the basis of a comprehensive attempt by Congress to deal with the issues involved. The proposed legislation will be aimed at the conservation of energy by scientific methods and the stimulation of production by the application of the latest economic principles. The commission, in a statement to the public, invites co-operation in its endeavors to inquire thoroughly into the questions involved in the industrial situation of the country, and to place before Congress a general consensus of the most intelligent views on the subject available.

The pronouncing of sentences in prison upon a score of Ruthenians in Hungary last week served to call universal attention to the activities of the Russian propaganda in Austria-Hungary. Among the sentenced persons was a Russian monk from the Russian monastery at Mount Athos, who had been convicted of having conducted a Russian nationalist agitation under the guise of missionary endeavors in Galicia and other parts of Austria-Hungary. Evidence was submitted to the court to show that Count Bobrinsky, the leader of the moderate party in the Russian douma and president of the Galician National Union, had directed the pro-Russian movement in Hungary, which aims to detach the Ruthenians from their allegiance to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and to attach them to Russia. The trial just completed is one of a series of judicial and administrative measures which Austria-Hungary has adopted to put a stop to Slavic, and specifically Russian, agitation within the confines of the dual empire. The moving spirit in the prosecutions is understood to be the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne.

The well-authenticated reports that Russia is carrying on hurried military preparations on a general scale are causing alarmed speculation in the European press. The purposes of a gradual mobilization of forces is naturally being kept a profound secret in St. Petersburg, but the fact of the mobilization has been sufficiently patent to the outside world to affect the course of values in the European markets. One explanation of this mystifying military activity is that the Russian government has become aware of a general recrudescence of revolutionary sentiment on a dangerous scale throughout the empire, and that the administration in St. Petersburg is seeking to allay internal ferment by military preparations aimed ostensibly at a foreign foe. This theory of the policy of Russia, however, is not generally accepted as the true one, and there is a consensus of opinion abroad that Russian policy is contemplating some new and startling *coup d'état* in European affairs.

It is the fear of some Russian project aimed at Swedish independence, that is the ultimate cause of the constitutional crisis in Sweden. The King of Sweden last week dissolved Parliament on the discovery that the opposition in the chamber was able to obstruct legislation designed to place the country in a position of military efficiency. It is pointed out by the advocates of a greater armament at Stockholm that the movement of troops in Finland, on the Russian frontier of Sweden, gives grave cause for apprehension that Russia is planning a

Digitized by Google

military demonstration against the Swedes. While the Russian military commanders are continuing their alarming tactics in Finland, the Swedish people are preparing to fight out the issues presented by the royal military programme in a general election, which many patriotic Swedes are disposed to regard as a decisive event in the history of their people. It is believed that King Gustave and his advisers will find popular support in their endeavors to create an effective military organization.

Another possibility for the employment of force by the Russian empire is presented by the anomalous situation in Southern Albania, where the Greek government, under thin disguises, is conducting an aggressive campaign in an endeavor to frustrate the purpose of Austria and Italy to include that part of the Albanian lands in the boundaries of the new state of Albania. The Greek propaganda is taking the form of local uprisings against the Albanian authorities, which have the support of Austro-Italian diplomacy, under the authority of a general agreement among the powers to build up and conserve Albanian nationality. The menace of Austro-Hungarian pressure upon Greece to enforce compliance with the mandate of Europe, has caused a revulsion of feeling in St. Petersburg, where Austrian influence in any part of the Balkan Peninsula is regarded as a direct peril to Russian interests. The restrained attitude of the Russian press on the subject of Albania is regarded as one of the danger-signals of a portentous situation.

Turkey, if outward indications are to be relied upon, is taking an active interest in the military situation in the Balkans. Despite the signing of the treaty of peace between Turkey and Greece after the second Balkan war, the relations between the two countries is one of extreme irritation, caused by the evident intention of Greece to establish control over the Ægean Sea and to dominate the coast of Asia Minor. The Ottoman war office is carrying on a comprehensive scheme of military organization under the instruction and control of German military officers. A similar activity is going on in the navy, under the direction of British naval experts. Close observers of events in the Balkan Peninsula are disposed to believe that the last shot in the struggle of the races has not been fired yet, and that the present frontiers are a temporary expedient destined to be swept away by a new convulsion, which may break out at almost any moment.

Brevities.

A truly irreligious man is a sadly thwarted, imperfect, and unlovely specimen of manhood. When the highest factor is left out, all the rest suffer a deterioration.

While the United States contains but 5 per cent. of the population of the world, it has 69 per cent. of all the telephones of the world and 65 per cent. of all the telephone mileage. New York City alone has 500,000 telephones, more than twice the quota of London. Berlin has 210,000, and Paris only 92,000.

The premier of New South Wales, in Australia, is said to have addressed a political meeting on a Sunday night recently while a religious service was being held in a neighboring church, and the practice is reported as growing in that country. On the last Sunday of the recent mayoralty campaign in Boston the successful candidate addressed several political meetings. Is not this an unnecessary innovation?

The *Independent*, in printing now a manuscript, supposedly by De Quincey, which it has held for the past sixty-five years, offers the consoling remark that this is done in part "for the encouragement of contributors who suffer a weekly disappointment in not seeing their articles in type."

The Harvard Senior class has elected A. L. Jackson, a negro student, as class orator who will be the principal speaker at the June Commencement. He won his election by a large plurality over five other candidates. This is a good illustration of the democratic spirit which prevails at Harvard.

Do we realize how rapidly the English language is growing? The original Standard Dictionary of twenty years ago contained 304,000 words, while the new Standard just published includes about 450,000 words now in use. The new words are increasing so rapidly that it has been thought practicable to issue a weekly dictionary in supplementary form to meet the daily need.

When we are doing what we think is right, we have a strength and endurance which can visit us at no other time. Something tonic, exultant, and inspiring seems to pass into our being then as a part of the Eternal Rightness of the world. We may not be able to describe it, but it is so vivid and satisfying an experience that we are brought into communion with everything good and pure and true.

Letters to the Editor.

Peace and Righteousness.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The Department of Social and Public Service of the American Unitarian Association has just issued a circular letter to the churches, embodying the resolutions in regard to International Peace which were unanimously adopted by the General Conference at Buffalo last fall. The challenge of these resolutions is timely.

There is very grave peril that the United States may at any moment become involved in a needless and cruel war. The peace-loving people of our country and the representative citizens of the great industrial and educational centres of the nation need to realize how strong is the pressure which commercial interests and excited politicians are bringing to bear upon the President and Cabinet in Washington in favor of intervention in Mexico. This nation of ours is being pushed by private interests and thoughtless clamor into conflicts whereof the only certain outcome is a great expenditure of life and treasure and an endless sequence of administrative burdens and responsibilities.

What are the forces that are pushing us toward catastrophe? National animosities have nothing to do with this case. There is no malice or hatred involved. There is no possible military glory in fighting the undisciplined rabble that in Mexico is called an army. We have no desire to extend our sovereignty over another alien and unwilling people. There is not, as there was when we went to war with Spain in 1898, a wide-spread and honorable sentiment about helping an oppressed people to win their freedom. No! the arguments for war with Mexico are sordid in comparison. We have lost our Mexican markets. Americans have made investments in mineral and oil lands in Mexico, and their property is either de-

stroyed or imperilled. Americans living in Mexico are in danger from the murderous brigands that masquerade as patriots.

But the residence of Americans in Mexico or their investment in property there has been wholly voluntary. They have never been guaranteed any greater security than the native people are able to provide for themselves. And, even if a special protection is now, at great sacrifice, granted to them, will these investors be any better off? Is it not obvious that we cannot control an acre of Mexican soil outside of the fence of American bayonets?

The desire for intervention on the part of American property owners in Mexico is, however, natural and inevitable. But shall nothing be said about the *artificial* forces that are pushing the country toward war? There is, for instance, the clamor of the newspapers, which are maintaining correspondents near the scene of trouble. These correspondents burden the wires with the rumors and stories that make head-lines and keep the public mind tense. These newspapers, and the immature public opinion which they represent, are inclined to sneer at the feebleness of the administration and, by paragraphs and cartoons, to connect the idea of unwillingness to fight with meanness and cowardice. Again, a mere desire for excitement is a not unimportant element in the situation. To many thoughtless people, to people of monotonous existence or vacant minds, the chance for excitement is itself a call to intervention. Battle stories that can be bought for a penny are more interesting reading than the ordinary run of things. In the border States, this thirst for adventure sometimes takes the form of a jaunty confidence, which would have us believe that intervention would be a kind of holiday picnic, and that it would be "good sport" to go down and shoot up a few "greasers."

There are, too, some good people who are deceived into believing that "intervention" in Mexico is something different from war. A little clear thinking will, however, discover that intervention means nothing else than invasion. It means that we must take sides and choose between the equally undesirable parties that call themselves "Federals" and "Constitutionalists." It may mean a prompt union of the forces now contending in Mexico and a joint assault upon the invading Americans. It means bloody battle against an enemy that gives and expects no quarter. When successful in the field, it will still involve the garrisoning of every town and the protection of every railroad bridge, cut, and tunnel. It will mean the chasing of guerilla bands across arid wastes and trackless deserts into all kinds of mountain ambushes. It will practically mean, as Mr. Taft has pointed out, "the subjugation of 15,000,000 of people." It may force us to make ourselves permanently responsible for Mexican affairs.

Or what can be said or done to offset the curious and perverse energy of the "moral Crusaders"? These people, though rather hazy in their purposes, are a real peril in the present delicate situation, for they reinforce the arguments of self-interest or of reckless excitement with appeals to a sense of moral obligation. They are much moved by the stories of pillage in Mexico and by the pictures of starving widows and children. They urge us to a kind of vague philanthropy, without seeing how they are playing into the hands of the demagogues, of the seekers after army contracts, of the political spoilsman, and of the hosts of plunderers who expect to fatten at the public crib. These philanthropists imagine that, because the United States is strong and rich, and is, as they say, "the divinely appointed guardian of a Christian civilization in the Western world," therefore it is our duty, at whatever cost, to restore law and order in Mexico.

Among these adherents of a distorted altruism are the sincere but bigoted Christians who look upon the state of affairs in Mexico as the result of the domination of the Roman Catholic Church, and believe that a possible American invasion is a heaven-decreed opportunity for the introduction into a benighted land of a militant Protestantism. In this group, too, are the people who genuinely believe that the United States ought to exercise a protectorate over all the Americans, who assume the condescending "big sister" attitude which is so peculiarly exasperating to all Latin-Americans. They are the people who acclaim the declaration that "everybody must know that the end of intervention will be the flying of the American flag from the Great Lakes to the Culebra Cut."

Finally, among the artificial forces, there are the advocates of intervention "in the interests of humanity," who would have us believe that it is our duty to give to the Mexicans "the benefit of real liberty and good government," and that we ought to invade Mexico in order to execute justice, proclaim freedom, and promote prosperity. These people have, as Senator Hoar used to say, "forgotten the vocabulary of liberty." They talk about "giving good government," a phrase that is in itself an insult to any self-respecting people. There can be no good government imposed upon a people by an alien authority. Is it not the axiom of freedom that the only good government is self-government?

It is our good fortune that it is not a demagogue or an agitator, but a trained and resolute servant of the public good who stands to-day at the helm of State. We may agree that the President has made some mistakes in the conduct of this difficult business. He would not be mortal if he had not. But, in the face of ridicule and abuse, he has been calm and patient, a leader whose influence has steadily made for order, peace, and national righteousness. Shall he not be made aware of the fact that he has the confidence and support of his right-minded fellow citizens? Samuel A. Eliot.

Is Unitarianism a Real Gospel?

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I heard recently of a lady long identified with our liberal Church, and in sympathy with it in mind and heart, who has joined one of the churches of the old theology, because she believes her inner life will more surely get its daily bread, and her devotion to humanity will have the opportunity of an ampler, freer service. This amazes me. I cannot see how one, in surrendering her intellectual freedom and living a double life, can augment her spiritual being and keep what Kempis calls "the quiet, single eye"; or why, in any Unitarian church, she could not find a number of east windows looking out upon the fields and hills, a score of doors opening into the streets and alleys, of our manifold human life.

Why could not we satisfy her need of worship when even the churches of the old creeds are finding their loftiest, most spiritual hymns in the poems of our own poets? It is said we exalt reason, and that reason is the solvent of all beliefs. Teach men to reason about their beliefs, and they invalidate them. Reason, it is said, is critical, and criticism paralyzes religion. It is forgotten that reason is not only critical, but constructive, and that, while we have taken away some things, we have given far more than we have taken.

For example, we have taken away the old Bible, but have we not given a better, because a truer, Bible? Have we not shown the Bible's psychical value, its moral grandeur, its poetry, its naïve childlike simplicity? If we have taken away the old, supernatural Jesus, have we not given,

in his place, the natural, human Jesus, one of the great moral geniuses of the world, whose ideas have elevated the race? If we have taken away the old God, the angry God who consigned the millions to eternal pain, have we not given for him a higher, nobler God, who makes no laws he himself does not obey? If we are not so insistent in justifying the "ways of God to man," do we not, as James H. West said, try "to justify the ways of men to God"?

Have we not, then, in exalting reason, given far more than we have taken away? Indeed, did not Emerson come in the nick of time to save the churches of the old faith from intellectual bankruptcy? If we have taught men to distrust the various religions, have we not shown them the eternal value of religion?

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

The Higher Battles.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Would you see loyalty, implicit obedience, and the complete acceptance of a law which is supreme? Where will you find them so absolute as in the eager intensity with which the scientist watches the face of Nature to catch the slightest intimation of her will? Would you see magnanimity? Where is it so entire as in the heart of the true merchant who feels the common wealth surrounding his personal fortunes and furnishing at once the sufficient means and the worthy purpose of his becoming rich? Would you see self-surrender? Its noblest specimens have not been on the field of battle where the dying soldier has handed the cup of water to his dying foe. They have been in the lanes and alleys of great cities where quiet and determined men and women have bowed before the facts of human brotherhood and human need, and given the full cups of their entire lives to the parched lips of their poor brethren. We learned during the great war that the heroism of the President might be every whit as great and splendid as the heroism of the general. The enthusiasm of the truth-seeker may be as glowing and unselfish as the enthusiasm which scales the height and captures the citadel with the resistless sword.

There is nothing good or glorious which war has brought forth in human nature which peace may not produce more richly and more permanently. When we cease to think of peace as the negative of war, and think of war as the negative of peace, making war, and not peace, the exception and interruption of human life, making peace, and not war, the type and glory of existence, then shall shine forth the higher soldiership of the higher battles. Then the first military spirit and its works shall seem to be but crude struggles after, and rehearsals for, that higher fight,—the fight after the eternal facts and their obedience, the fight against the perpetually intrusive lie, which is the richer glory of the riper man. The facts of government, the facts of commerce, the facts of society, the facts of history, the facts of man, the facts of God, in these, in the perception of their glory, in the obedience to their compulsion, shall be the possibility and promise of the soldier statesman, the soldier scientist, the soldier philanthropist, the soldier priest, the soldier man. "The sword is beaten into the ploughshare, the spear into the pruning-hook." "The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled." It is not that the power of fight has perished: it is that the battle has gone up on to higher ground and into higher light. The battle is above the clouds.—*From Phillips Brooks's Sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.*

The Light-fingered Ones.

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

Oh, master brigands are the stealthy years,
Whose deftly thieving hands are never caught—
Whose sly accomplices are never jailed,
Though every hour their pilfering fingers steal.
Nor ever once returned their booty rare,
Through all the vandalizing ages gray,—
For never sleuth may find their robber-cave
Which holds the rifled treasures of the world.

Your baby's dimples, curls, and lisping speech—
Who stole them save the feline-footed years,
With silent, hourly thefts, impalpable
As those by summer sun and zephyr made,
Whose kisses rob her fragrance from the rose.
The same light-fingered touch is theirs, perchance,
Upon your boyhood, youth, and innocence,
When, leagued with dark allies of doubt and fear,
They plunder faith and hope of all their dreams,
And leave their victim stricken and undone.

Yet ruled by law are these, whose tithings sore
No man escapes: a solemn code they keep—
To give, or good or ill, whene'er they take.
Themselves the bonded slaves of man's desire,
Though veiled serfs, they work unseen his will.
Most fairly, too, they leave upon the face
Of him whose treasure-house they break
A ledgering clear, with loss and profit writ
In facial cipher all the world may read.

How like you, then, the gently thieving years—
And how their ledger-balance left on you?

Religious Narcotics.

BY X.

Consistency is a jewel worth paying something for, and it is sure that the price will be demanded; and inconsistency can seem very valuable and be worth little. Emerson's well-known judgment of consistency does not qualify everybody to despise it. The real question always is, What demands the consistency and what excuses the inconsistency?

The measure in which Unitarianism is intellectual in spirit and method, though exaggerated, and often charged upon us without clear and sufficient indictment, may be recognized without admitting all that goes with the statement. The power and influence of a form of worship which impresses the imagination, which is stately and noble, and productive of deep feelings of reverence, are beyond question. If they could be united, —if reason could be satisfied with no shock to the spirit of worship, and worship be kept in touch with the great course of human beliefs, with no injury to intellectual integrity,—there would be little occasion for comparisons easily invidious. It is a great strain on one's loyalty to conviction to suffer the torture of bare and crude expression. It is as severe a strain on one's æsthetic satisfactions to endure repeated maladjustment with the necessities of thinking. Between the two excuses for conformity, in spite of inconsistency, the most agreeable one is probably the second. So long as we are not on a witness stand and liable for perjury, we are likely to endure an inward clash of opinion for the sake of realities that go deeper than opinions rather than undergo total spiritual discomfort in writhing at tactlessness and discord, inseparable from dissidence.

The processes we are noting go on of necessity. It is most unfair to make the imperfection of one side or the other a matter of blame. The defects are those inseparable from the qualities. It belongs to teaching to call into play attention and thinking; it belongs to religion

to call into play sentiment and imagination. What we mean when we criticise one or the other tendency is that it seems to take more than its share. The effort should be to give each its place and, in doing so, appreciate how fundamental each is in its place. That such effort is not for one side alone, there are signs not as often noted and appraised as we should wish. In the notice of Lenten services for Trinity Church and chapels, New York, there are these significant words: "There is to-day great need of clear doctrinal instruction. Too little heed has been given to the place of the mind in religion." Here is an approach from the side of liturgical expression in religion to the position occupied by congregational bodies. In it is implied an acknowledgment of lack, corresponding to the lack, charged up on congregational worship, of ritual effectiveness. We have seen a gradual assimilation of beauty and order, through more religious music and common participation in worship, in churches of Puritan traditions. Those who wish for more of it point to the coldness they feel in such churches compared with the impressiveness and warmth of more elaborate ceremonial, and sometimes they desert churches of their faith for churches of their feeling. They say that they can read any meaning they please into the creeds, and that, in fact, no one lets creeds stand in the way of appreciation of the worship of the churches. But, when they arrive in such communion, they find a return there to the platform of reason, and are invited to receive definite instruction in the doctrines of the faith. Here is ritualism hungering for reasons for its faith, just as reason hungers for what ritualism brings. When the rationalist comes under the spell of a noble ceremonial, he longs for a worship which will continue such sway. But, were he to yield to this desire, he would speedily find himself face to face with a stress on doctrines which would waken as deep a longing for the simple and unconfused principles in which his mind found liberty and peace. He would not rid himself of inconsistency by running from one kind to another. His plea for modernism, as it excuses such defection as his, really commits him to the exercise of modernism in his own church,—to the amalgamation with his rational way of thinking about religion, a human way of making religion impressive as well as convincing. And, if instruction is carried out thoroughly, the resort to doctrinal methods will compel those who have sought churches of ritual power to return to churches of teaching efficiency.

Unless there is some such process of mutual amalgamation, the spell of ritual in religion will have an effect fairly to be called narcotizing. It will put to sleep the mind, and enervate the soul by an excess likely to become, in a fine way, sensuous. It will connect worship with antiquity only by a hypnotic insensibility to what antiquity really was. It will lead to dreaming of heights instead of scaling them. It will commit men to a method as inherently absurd as would be a return to the ploughs of Palestine by one who counted its agriculture hallowed by association with Bible times, or the using of vessels now in museums because they sailed mediæval seas. It will confirm the superstition that God is felt more by the length of his life than by the presence of it, more for having moved men in ancient days than in directing them to-day. It will excuse insincerity for the sake of elevation, and thus ally itself with the sort of policy by which men defend the subordinating of principles to expediency in their commercial dealings. It will put religion to the trouble of clearing itself from the charge of complicity with hypocrisy. And, what is most to be regretted, it will leave unutilized the rich armory of weapons available in the revelations of modern discovery. Why is antiquity a thing to conjure with more than futurity? Why is legendary miracle more spiritually useful than actual wonder? Why curiosities of belief in place of its utilities? The prophet with as much power to interpret what is taking place in the to-morrow morning of creation as courage to proclaim it, and the church which can make science antiphonal with religion,—they will feed the souls and elevate the minds of the children of men, and waken out of sleep those whose heaven is behind them, to give them the joy of a new day and the expectancy of a coming kingdom.

After Many Days.

BY REV. PEMBERTON H. CRESSEY.

With wild dismay
I faced the house of clay;—
Must I, the vision-haunted, pour my soul
Through the mean gateway of that wretched goal?

Grimly I met my fate,
Stooped to my low estate,
Curbing and crumpling all my higher aims,
Subdued myself to those low-portalled claims.

Slowly my ardent fires
Cooled to new-found desires;
I filled each cranny of my earthen dome,
And turned the walls of prison into home.

One day the Master hand
Struck off the encasing band
And left me standing in the sight of men,—
Who looked, and caught their breath, and looked again!

For lo! the inner face
Of that imprisoning space
Was now the outer surface, carved and fair;—
And all those ardent fires,
Where burned my heart's desires,
Were lovely colors sparkling in the air!

Economic Conditions and their Victims.

BY WARREN A. RODMAN.

The sorriest victims of the present economic conditions stand at the antipodes of the social world. They are the enormously rich and the bitterly poor. As the current sweeps along nearer midstream, the friction of circumstance is less and less keenly felt, and least of all in the very middle of the stream. The rich are ever in danger of being overwhelmed by the domination of superabundance; the poor suffer the moral, mental, and physical starvation of unconquerable insufficiency. On whom does the burden bear the more heavily? It is difficult to determine. It is as if the irresistible current were robbing one shore of its normal products and heaping them recklessly on the other shore with the result of dire disaster to both.

In some respects we are forced to believe that the rich carry the heavier handicap. Those of us who have never been rich probably have little or no adequate appreciation of the terrible ennui of enforced leisure. The prisoners in our jails know it at its very worst. Conventionality is the jailer of the rich, stern and uncompromising in most cases. Many a business man, on retiring to voluntary leisure, breaks rapidly on the shoals of monotony; but note the strange anomaly that the over-leisured rich, especially the women, are, or seem to be, among the very busiest people in the world. Their business is not generally of the most highly productive kind, and that is, possibly, the reason for its being so thoroughly unsatisfactory in the summing up.

The rich and the poor are much alike: both are human. Neither class has a monopoly of the virtues or of the

Digitized by Google

vices. The rich inevitably have the greater burden of temptation because they have abundant means for the gratification of desire and of purchasing immunity, so far as mere money can achieve such an end. The poor are often blessed by having the brake of impotence firmly applied to the wheels of desire. A young man or woman who grows up in the midst of unlimited and enervating wealth, unsullied by its whim-generating and contaminating touch, must possess innate qualities of a very noble type and deserves the laurel wreath of lofty merit; and we glory in the fact that such heroes of the battle of morals against mammon are numbered by the thousands, big-hearted, big-minded men and women who have stood the acid test and have emerged clean and pure. It is undoubtedly a great misfortune to be over-rich, yet, singularly enough, almost everybody courts that particular form of misfortune. A few there may be whose arms are not spread wide in welcome of such mischance, but they are the exceptions that clinch the rule.

The reasonably poor are further fortunate. Simple living is thrust upon them. They have the goad of necessity to spur them on up the mountain of achievement. The climb is an arduous and stimulating adventure because none can command the automobile, opportunity. Heavy-footed and body-weary, but hope-buoyed, they toil up the steep and rugged slope, occasionally arriving at the palace of bitter disenchantment at the summit, if they happen to have chosen that particular kind of a mountain; but, if the choice has been of a vernal or fruitful hill of not too ambitious altitude, they find keen delight and deep satisfaction in the invigoration of the climb and the glory of the end attained.

The very rich man who has once been poor says, with a sigh, "I was never so happy as when I was poor." The poor man who has never been rich says, with an equally profound sigh, "How happy I would be if I were only rich!" One man holds that it is a disgrace to die rich. Another knows that dying is a cruelly expensive matter for his family, and that they feel it to be disgraceful not to be able to provide a fitting funeral. We all have our troubles.

Since both borders, if we return to the stream metaphor, seem to be such undesirable territory to live in, we in the middle ought somehow to get the margin dwellers farther out into the stream. We might make some very valuable land by filling in the shallows on one side, gathering the accumulated surplusage from the other for the purpose. Perhaps we are already experimenting in a tentative sort of way in that direction. What may be the outcome is difficult to determine.

We absurdly blame, and at the same time envy, the rich. Possibly we blame them because we envy them, so queer and contradictory is human nature. We blame, and at the same time we pity the poor. Possibly we blame them because we find ourselves obliged to pity them, which is more or less of a reflection on our own executive capacity and political skill. Their poverty taunts us with our lack of courage and fairness,—our lack of courage in not putting our souls into the work of evening up the treasure-bearing currents of the stream of civilization, our lack of fairness in not strewing opportunities more uniformly, so that all might have some chance at the plucking of prizes. With smug complacency we wear clothes sewed with the very thread of life of the poor we profess to pity. With gourmand appetite we eat food which is sweated out of little children. With caustic criticism or with pseudo gratitude, we still accept, or condone, the gratuities of the rich, and we grumble greatly about the heaviness of our taxes and the high cost of living. To the submerged tenth, or more, life costs so high that they know little or nothing about living. At the other end of the scale it amounts to the same thing; life, as they know it, costs so much in the things that are vital and worth while that they know little and care less about real living.

Yes, we at the middle are beginning to see and to accept the fact that we are largely responsible for the lamentable conditions that continue to exist. When we became human, we shunted off the limiting law of "the survival of the fittest" and assumed the freedom and the burden of brotherhood and humanity, with a little of divinity as the leaven that would quicken the whole lump. That leaven is working now as never before, and it will finally bring to fruition some of the visions of the prophets and seers of the past and of the present. We cannot stay, or direct, the currents of affairs by futile pity or belittling envy. We may hasten the desired consummation by the warmth of our love, the earnestness and impersonality of our labor, by the heartiness of our co-operation in the effort to bring into effective being the ideal community, —the brotherhood of man.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

Spiritual Life.

What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult for each other?—*George Eliot.*

He who would write a heroic poem must make his whole life a heroic poem.—*Milton.*

To put knowledge in the place of ignorance, happiness in the place of misery, justice in the place of wrong, love in the place of hate, harmony in the place of jargon,—is not this to create a new world?—*Charles G. Ames.*

Hold your dull life up to the light, and see how it will be transfigured. Life is not meant to be a path of ease, but steep and rugged; and it is only through self-denial, discouragement, discipline, and trial, that you may attain the higher life.—*Light on the Hidden Way.*

A man only understands what is akin to something already existing in himself. We are all visionaries, and what we see is our soul in things. We reward ourselves and punish ourselves without knowing it, so that all appears to change when we change. . . . Every soul has its climate, or, rather, is a climate.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Religion is no more possible without prayer than poetry without language or music without atmosphere. In the dumb heart it invariably dies; and, wherever it lives, it is in the habitual faith that, as we "give good gifts unto our children, much more will the heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him."—*John Hamilton Thom.*

O Thou who art the Shepherd of all wandering souls, we who have loved too few, and none aright, beseech thee to teach us compassion. Show us the hungry hearts of men and women, turned bitter with long waiting, that with understanding we may love those who love us not. Blot out of our remembrance all harsh words, and make us ever mindful of the hidden pain. To all weakness that men bear as a burden from the past make us very merciful. To all defect of love in those who have never been loved

Digitized by Google

make us blind. Even towards wilful malice make us forgiving, when we remember how richly we have been forgiven. Show us the hidden tragedies and the hidden heroisms of those who have wronged us. Help us to look upon the thwarted souls of men in the days of their life as we shall look upon their still faces in the days of their death, that, understanding all, we may forgive all. Amen.—*Unity Hymns and Chorals.*

Is the Episcopal Church Protestant?

BY REV. JOHN SNYDER.

He must be a very shallow man, or a man of pitifully restricted sympathies, who can view with indifference the creation, development, and destiny of any institution that has ministered to the wants or expressed the aspirations of large numbers of his fellow-creatures. It is quite natural, then, that every thoughtful man, whatever his religious affiliations, should feel a profound interest in the present discussions respecting the title of one of our largest and most influential religious organizations. Outside of primitive societies, names are generally purely arbitrary. No man names his children James, John, or Peter with any thought of etymology, and very few men ever think of the historic significance of the family name which is theirs by inheritance. What is true of individuals is strikingly true of institutions. Very probably the name "Christian" was given to the disciples by an alien or an enemy. The names "Puritan," "Quaker," "Methodist," of which the bearers are justly proud, were at first the marks and symbols of derision. Their unsavory and contemptuous associations have evaporated, leaving nothing but what is honorable and fair. The history of the word "Protestant" is of the same nature. Used at first to designate the religious protests of a few petty German princes, it came to be the comprehensive title of that great revolution which won spiritual emancipation from the Roman Hierarchy. Men forget its humble origin in the light of its splendid achievements. But there has always been in the Episcopal Church, both in England and this country, and notably since the great tractarian reaction, a body of sincere and devoted men who have earnestly protested against the use of a title which they declare to be narrow, sectional, sectarian, peevish, and misleading. They disclaim relationship with all the spiritual descendants of all the continental reformers, alleging, in effect, that they owe to the Lutheran movement simply the help of that political force which loosened the clutch of a foreign hierarchy from the throat of the English Catholic Church. They assert that, doctrinally and ecclesiastically, there is a great gulf fixed between themselves and every Protestant body in the world; as every such body is without that essential grace of the apostolic succession without which a true church is impossible. How far will these claims bear historical examination?

That Christian churches existed in England before the creation of the papacy, is beyond question, and that is true of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, and the vast region covered by Eastern churches. It is also true that England was more restless under the papal domination than any other country in Europe, because England was unconsciously sowing the seeds of that secular democracy the harvest of which she is reaping to-day. But when Henry VIII. came to the throne, did anybody in England question the religious supremacy of the pope? Did Henry deny that the final authority to annul his marriage with Catherine rested in the papal chair? Whatever traditions of an earlier form of faith may have survived, that faith had no organic life, no ecclesiastically recognized existence. Every prelate and priest in the land existed only by virtue of a papal decree. There was no recognized religion in the country except that of the Roman Catholic Church. It was the "visible" orthodox church at the beginning of Henry's reign. How and why did it cease to be the visible and orthodox church at the end of that reign? In the answer to this pregnant question is found the significance of the controversy which Rome had and has with her rebellious children. In the mind of the impartial historian this tremendous change meant revolution. In the mind of the Episcopal high-churchman it meant simply restoration. The latter claims, in effect, that the shadow of the Roman hierarchy was simply lifted from the radiant form of the English Church, which, like the enchanted princess in the fairy tale, resumed the glory of its long-suspended life. But, even if we accept the high-churchman's extremest claim, even if we admit that, in the dark crypt of some old cathedral, or in the cloistered refuge of an ancient monastery, this half-forgotten church might have been revealed, the very motive power that restored this queen to her rightful throne had its root in the seminal principle of Protestantism. For nobody claims today that the despotic Henry, the complacent bishops, or the servile Parliament were endued with infallibility. The protagonists of episcopacy may fall back upon the decrees of ancient councils for the justification of their revolt against the papal power, but they cannot escape from the enveloping atmosphere of Protestantism. For hundreds of years England had accepted as infallible the papal interpretation of those decrees, and the rejection of that interpretative authority involved as much Protestantism as the revolt of Luther and Calvin. Says Lord Macaulay: "The Protestant doctrine touching the right of private judgment, that doctrine which is the common foundation of the Anglican, the Lutheran, and the Calvinistic churches . . . we conceive to be this . . . that there is on the face of the earth no visible body to whose decrees men are bound to submit their private judgment on points of faith." Of course no Protestant body has consistently held to that principle, but it furnishes the only logical justification for, or explication of, the religious revolt of the sixteenth century. Nay, it is the only power that can build the bridge by which the soul can pass even from one infallibility to another! To achieve measurably that final result was evidently the purpose of the English prelates who surrounded Henry's throne. Says Dr. James Martineau:—

"When Henry VIII. required from convocation the acknowledgment of his prerogative as supreme head of the Church in these realms, his intention undoubtedly was to provide fully for the consequences of his breach with Rome, and to centre in the Crown *all* the prerogatives which it had hitherto shared with the papacy. In the appointment of bishops, he had already possessed the right of investing them with their temporalities; he now acquired the right of conferring on them their spiritualities; and nothing remained in the whole process of making or unmaking bishops, to which his prerogative was inadequate. . . . The purpose was not to lower or in any way change the nature of episcopacy, but to exalt the functions of royalty by absorbing into it the spiritual rights disengaged from Rome. How the lineal apostleship of the supreme pontiff and the prerogatives inherent in St. Peter's Chair could be imported into the English monarchy was not very clear, but the difficulty was got over by appeal to the divine right of kings . . . admitting of easy extension from the sphere of natural to that of Christian polity. In acknowledgment of the royal supremacy in this unrestricted sense, Cranmer

Digitized by Google

and other bishops, on the accession of Edward VI. renewed the tenure of their sees, by taking out commissions for holding them during the pleasure of the Crown. While this notion prevailed, and the sovereign, in addition to the function of chief magistrate, held a pontifical character, room was left for the maintenance of episcopacy as a divine institution, annexed to the sacred prerogative of the Crown." "Observe," continues the great English theologian, "finally the operation on the Established Church of Elizabeth's lowered interpretation of her spiritual supremacy. The pontifical prerogative of the sovereign being thrown away, the divine rights of episcopacy lose their support and go a-begging. Whither now are they to look for their legitimation? Formerly they claimed in right of the Holy See. That title being cancelled, they held of the consecrating power of the Crown. This having disappeared, what becomes of them? They ought, as dependents, to have shared the fate of their superior and vanished from existence." Very probably Henry's ideal was simply a Catholic Church without a pope, for it was just as dangerous to deny the real presence as it was to question the royal supremacy. The submersion of the doctrine of divine right in the rising tide of parliamentary power, and its final extinction in the corroding atmosphere of changing dynasties, has been recognized by all parties in English politics. The transference of ecclesiastical authority to a purely secular body has been complete. The recognition of this fact some seventy years ago sent Newman, Manning, and a host of their followers into the Church of Rome. The logical necessity for this act is revealed in the attempt to resuscitate the dead dogma of divine right on the part of certain protagonists of high-churchism as late as 1850. A Rev. Mr. Bennett, an English curate, declares that the Church's alliance is not with the State, but with the Crown. He asserts that the oath of supremacy was, and is, to the sovereign alone; to the sovereign, moreover, not as constitutional head of the empire, but as ruling by divine right. Churchmen, he says, have "the high privilege and blessing of looking on him as our anointed terrestrial governor under Christ . . . the sovereign exercises his office as coming from God,—the State as coming from man." Here is the dried and withered survival of a political ideal which, however, furnishes the only logical basis for the claim of the English establishment to be regarded as a branch of a Catholic Church whose creed is infallible and whose authority is imperative. Transplanted to the American republic, it has lost even that semblance of Catholic authority.

Peculiar emphasis is laid upon the obvious and constitutional defects of the Episcopal Church only when she pretends to possess a sacerdotal character and authority which history and logic both alike disclaim. As an integral and vital part of the great Protestant movement which rescued western Europe from the clutch of the Roman hierarchy, her story has been one of increasing splendor. Even within the constricted limits of the Oxford movement she has produced devoted and consecrated men and women whose mediæval theology may be narrow and obsolete, but whose spirituality has touched with tender sympathy the poor and submerged classes of great English cities. In the secular world the true saint is rarely touched with the suspicion of heresy, and thousands of intelligent and public-spirited churchmen who know little, and care less, about ecclesiastical discriminations have been foremost in securing the achievements of English liberty. Her splendid scholarship has illumined every branch of human knowledge. In America, where she is, fortunately, not burdened with State patronage, her growth, especially among prosperous and socially prominent classes, has been remarkable. Her doctrinal liberality and the beauty of her stately ritual afford to an increasing number of people a decent and decorous service of public worship. Those of us who dissent from her theology and are, sometimes, a little amused by her ecclesiastical aloofness, will heartily regret to see her change her honorable title, and strive to dissolve partnership with the grand principles of a rational Protestantism. And that regret will be intensified if this result is accomplished in the interest of a "Catholic" Church which the irresistible principles of logic and the undeniable facts of history prove to exist only in the imagination of a high-church clique. This is no time for any live church in this republic to clothe itself in reactionary garments. Every historic and theological claim is being subjected to the relentless analysis of criticism. Even from the door of the Infallible Church the patient and tireless wolf of "modernism" has been hardly driven away! Is it wise practically to create another sect, and not only provoke civil strife within the area of the Church itself, but revive controversies, and re-create forgotten antagonisms with every sect that touches its borders? Every attribute which fits the Church to be the Church of a free State, is an inheritance from its Protestant ancestry. In England every reactionary movement in Church, State, and society has found in the "Catholic" party an enthusiastic advocate.

"But," says the earnest and conscientious high-churchman, "in spite of all the possible difficulties and dangers that may attend this contemplated change of title, the actual truth can take no thought of consequences. Our church is not and never has been Protestant. We possess one divine grace, that determines our catholic character, which is shared by no Protestant body, whatever may be the soundness of its religious faith." Speaking of England, Mr. Gladstone says: "Her reformation did not destroy but successfully maintained the unity and succession of the Church in her apostolical ministry. We have, therefore, still among us the ordained, hereditary witnesses of the truth, conveying it to us through an unbroken series from our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles. This is to us the ordinary voice of authority."

These words were written more than eighty years ago, and the patient scholarship of Mr. Gladstone's own church has done much to weaken and discredit the great statesman's sources of ecclesiastical information. Says Dean Stanley: "The long and fierce controversy between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, which continued from the sixteenth to the first part of the nineteenth century, has entirely lost its significance. It is as sure that nothing like modern episcopacy existed before the close of the first century as it is that nothing like modern Presbyterianism existed after the beginning of the second. . . . No existing Church can find any pattern or platform of its government in those early times." Dr. Hatch has shown how the Christian church grew by a national process of evolution, from the simplicity of the synagogue to the splendor of the papacy. We have not forgotten the pathetic story of John Newman's efforts vitally to associate the English Church with true catholicity; and his sad and reluctant conviction that it was only the legitimate child of modern Protestantism! Besides these concessions, it can be shown, conclusively, that the English Church has not always maintained the judgment concerning her apostolic ministry which Mr. Gladstone so confidently asserts. Says an intelligent English writer: "The orders of ministers ordained in other Protestant churches were, from the time of the Reformation up to the year 1662, continuously and systematically recognized in the Church of England; and, stranger still, that since the year 1662 they have been formally recognized by

Digitized by Google

law, and conspicuously recognized in practice by English bishops." This statement is abundantly confirmed by the concurrent testimony of two witnesses selected from among the extreme protagonists of the high church or "Catholic" party. Says Mr. Keble: "Nearly up to the time when Hooker wrote, numbers had been admitted to the ministry of the Church of England with no better than Presbyterian ordination." This was during the reign of Elizabeth. From another unimpeachable witness we see the same liberal practice down to the overthrow of the English Church by the Commonwealth. Every high-church advocate knows Bishop Cosin. He was the great champion of "catholic" ritual at the time of the Restoration. He says: "If at any time a minister so ordained in these French churches came to incorporate himself in ours, and to receive a public charge or cure of souls among us in the Church of England (as I have known some of them to have so done of late and can instance in many others before my time), our bishops did not re-ordain him before they admitted to his charge as they would have done if his former ordination here in France had been void." Admit that one such person exercised his functions in the English Church and the whole tissue of an apostolic ministry is poisoned and emasculated. No living bishop or rector knows, or can know, how far the flow of apostolic grace may, in his case, have been "turned awry."

But suppose we admit the claim of extreme ritualism; suppose we believe with the "Catholic" party that every individual bishop can trace his ecclesiastical authority back through nineteen centuries to the miraculous touch of the first apostles. Then what? What is the spiritual value of the apostolic succession to the Episcopal Church? We know what it means to the Church of Rome. It is the one channel through which is poured not only sacramental grace, but absolute undeviating, eternal, and infallible truth. It is the divine preservative by which the Truth is, through countless ages, protected from the least taint of withering error or mistake. This Church is more than a creed; it is a polity, and no Catholic can hold the shadow of a belief, upon any subject on earth or in heaven, upon which the Church has put the seal of its condemnation. Her most brilliant scholars and ablest scientists must abandon any conviction which the Church holds to be inconsistent with her creed. When Rome speaks the world is silent! Private judgment is the fruitful mother of every heresy. Bishop Harty of the Philippines, warning his young men against the insidious influence of the Y. M. C. A., says, in effect, they pretend to a religious unity based upon what is essential in Christianity. Outside of an infallible church who can determine what is essential in the faith? And the bishop has the best of the argument. Has anybody claimed that an apostolic ministry has made the Episcopal Church infallible? Has it created a miraculous insight that discriminates, unerringly, the difference between what is essential and non-essential in Christian doctrine? Has it created a visible body whose voice is as the voice of God? What is the justification for its separation from the Roman Church? Simply that the very body from which it received the apostolic ministry had fallen into such grave errors that a schism which rent Europe in twain was better than submission to a power which laid upon the mind and conscience of men such intolerable burdens! And not only has it detected and repudiated the errors of the Roman Church, but it has, by pure human authority, altered its own structural character, striking, for illustration, from its articles of faith the doctrine of eternal punishment. Nay, it has done more than that. It has declared in the nineteenth article of its articles of religion, "As the church of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred; so also the church of Rome hath erred; not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but *also in matters of faith!*" All these ancient churches possessed the apostolic ministry. What reason do we have for believing that the English Church alone has been immune from the contagion of heresy? "Ah, but," says the devoted high-churchman, "we have the ancient primitive unchangeable creeds to which the Church has steadily adhered. These have protected us from the inroads of heresy." Does any instructed person maintain that an apostolic ministry has secured doctrinal unity in the Church, has established a system of creedal interpretation? Says Dr. Martineau: "We are persuaded that both laity and clergy are ashamed of the ridiculous affectation of a dogmatic unity to which every Sunday publishes a thousand contradictions. They well know that, in spite of this pretence, the English Church harbors every heresy that ever provoked the peremptoriness of Rome, and among her writers of renown can produce the modern counterparts of Arius, Eutyches, Pelagius and Sabellius." He continues: "It is vain to pretend a duty on her part to sanction nothing but the absolute truth. She has no resources for discriminating the absolute truth. With the repudiation of pontifical claims, she loses the false semblance of an objective oracle for the determination of doubts; and can do no more in this matter than produce in her teachers the subjective conditions favorable for the discernment of truth."

We can only repeat the serious question, of what spiritual value is the dogma of apostolic succession in the church of the living God? It does not exclude heresy. It does not determine the boundaries of religious truth. It does not create a visible, infallible church. It may subsist in companionship with the deadliest error. Phillips Brooks declared it to be an ecclesiastical fable, and we had the singular spectacle of the leading bishop of the Church using, mechanically and magically, an instrument of priestly consecration of which he denied the reality! Is it not obvious then, that the Episcopal Church cannot consistently assume the name of "Catholic" if that title connotes an authoritative, infallible institution, the divinely appointed treasure-chamber of the Christian faith? Her history is woven into the web and woof of Protestantism. Whether she was created in the sixteenth century, in the general revolt against Roman pretensions, or is an organized revival of an earlier and simpler English faith, is a matter of historic indifference. In either case the great achievement was wrought by the simple instrument of private judgment, the creative power of the new faith. Apart from its splendid Protestant inheritance, what has this Church done for the advancement of modern civilization? In England the "Catholic party" is the synonym of reactionism. It has blocked the path of intelligent secular education. It has been the steady enemy of a growing democracy. Socially and politically the enemies of reform have found in this party a trusted ally. What wholesome law has it added to the pages of English jurisprudence? What immortal names has it given to the glory of English literature? What great scholars, in the higher ranges of science, have found congenial fellowship with its half-cloistered mediævalism? In the long struggle for political liberty it was invariably on the side of royal pretensions and aristocratic privileges. With the prestige of the State in its hands, it has fought strenuously against Catholic emancipation and the enlarging political rights of its dissenting fellow-subjects; it has lived to see the triumph of Presbyterianism in Scotland, the disestablishment of the Irish church, and the threatened disestablishment of the Church in Wales. In England the attempt to

change the title of the Established Church would meet with derision and defeat. Its Protestantism is deeply embedded in its constitution. As a State Church, it is governed by the State; which would quickly rebuke any attempt to limit its national character, or pass beyond its own normal activities. Will it be wise and wholesome to import this reactionary spirit into the life of American episcopacy? This republic is the lusty child of Protestantism. This does not mean that men of all creeds are not loyal Americans. It simply means, consistently and logically, that a sacerdotal institution is out of harmony with the principles of a free democracy. For if the State is human and the Church divine, there can be no doubt as to which shall determine their mutual limitations! Our forefathers saw that so clearly that they disestablished every church, and placed every ecclesiastical institution on a footing of equality. Who can question the wisdom of this course when we see the venerable Church of Rome, like grief-crazed King Lear, treated with contempt and contumely by its elder daughters, finding a generous hospitality and a trustful toleration in the household of the Protestant child it had driven, curse-laden, from its door? This policy may make more Americans Catholics, but it has certainly intensified their love of our free institutions!

The growth of the Episcopal Church in this country has been large and normal. While that growth has been conspicuous among the socially prosperous classes, its remarkable triumphs have been by no means confined to them. The beauty and dignity of its ritual, the breadth and liberality of its doctrinal interpretations, together with a wholesome and rational recognition of the value of certain forms of social amusements and recreations which many of the narrower sects denounce, have attracted to its communion many intelligent and cultivated men and women, few of whom, perhaps, share either Mr. Morgan's crude and barbaric theology, or the high-churchman's desire to change its name. To the kindly and sympathetic man on the outside, such a change as is contemplated would, especially at this stage of our common religious development, seem to be a serious and disastrous mistake. Never in the history of our country have men cared so much for the fruitful labors of a church and so little for its ecclesiastical title-deeds. Even if those title-deeds had a better historic justification than they can possibly claim, they would secure a doubtful respect and command but slight recognition among a people who are bent upon bringing to bear upon perplexing social problems the whole concentrated force of the Christian ideals. No patent of ecclesiastical nobility will command much respect among the great body of earnest men and women who are bent upon giving healthful, rational religious sanctions to the bewildered conscience of American democracy. For one powerful sect to dig a gulf between itself and that great mass of Protestant Christianity which is feeling the electric thrill of a common faith, would seem to be the extremity of unwisdom.

And what would be the effect of such a change upon the domestic affairs of this Church? Not only would it grieve and distress a large number of its loyal members who recognize the precious value of their Protestant inheritance, but it would probably be saved from a serious schism only by the reflection that the same authority that made the change could in the future unmake it. And such action would recall the grave prophecies of the reformed Episcopal secession! That movement would have been more significant and portentous if numbers of the clergy and laymen had not felt that the Church normally recognized, by its wholesome liberality, the very convictions which carried these seceders out of its fold. That fold has sheltered evangelicals, high, low, and broad churchmen, together with the most extreme ritualists. These have dwelled together in practical unity. But this movement, made in the interest of a more accurate etymology, would soon reveal itself as an effort in the interest of a narrower theology, a more pretentious and exclusive ecclesiasticism and a more intense sectarianism. If any man doubts this, let him study the history of the Oxford Tractarian Movement in England. Any attempt to brand the American Church with the character of a fancied "catholicity" will not only drive men like Newman and Manning into the Roman fold, but grieve that larger body of men who will fret under the chafing of a closer doctrinal collar.

The time has come when the great Episcopal Church, like every other religious organization, must face novel and startling intellectual conditions. Lecky says that "few greater calamities can befall a nation than the severance of its higher intelligence from religious influences." And he must be but a dull observer who fails to see that we are facing this serious problem. Speaking of men who represent this higher intelligence in the churches, Lecky says: "Custom, fashion, the charm of old associations, the cravings of their own moral or spiritual nature, a desire to support a useful system of moral training, to set a good example to their children, their household, or their neighbors, keep them in their old place, when the beliefs which they profess with their lips have in a great measure ebbed away. . . . But there are times when the difference between professed belief and real belief is too great for endurance, and when insincerity and half-belief affect seriously the moral character of a nation." Said the great Goethe: "The deepest, nay, the only theme of the world's history, to which all others are subordinate, is the conflict of faith and unbelief," and he declares in effect that only in ages of faith are "the marked epochs of human history"; and so the Church is confronted with this most solemn question, Can this century be made an age of faith? The elder creeds are not assailed with the vitriolic assaults of a Voltaire or the cruder ridicule of an Ingersoll. They are disintegrating under the acid tests of modern thought. Undigested by rational interpretation, they have ceased or are ceasing to be spiritual nutriment for minds more religiously sensitive than "Billy Sunday." Able and scholarly men are seriously striving to create a new, secular commonwealth uncolored by religion, and masses of lesser intelligences have found refuge in superstitions so crudely barbaric that the spasm of Salem witchcraft seems almost respectable by comparison! If the Episcopal Church is seriously bent upon rendering service in re-christianizing this great republic, it must look one significant fact squarely in the face. The religion of the future will tolerate the pressure of no external religious authority. It must be Protestant in *essence*, whatever it may be in name. Every claim it makes must be submitted to the final court of human judgment. Dr. Martineau says: "Where there is pontifical doctrine there cannot be Protestantism; and where there is a *jus divinum* there can be no harmony with a free state."

The Episcopal Church holds in solution the theology of the seventeenth century and the progressive spirit of the twentieth. If the "Catholic" party insists upon precipitation, it will create a controversy, inside and outside the Church, during which every offered claim will be submitted to the severest theological, historical, and scientific tests. The history and results of the Tractarian movement teach us that unless the Church has determined to make fundamentally structural changes in its character, it will not be wise to invite that controversy.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

The True Romance.

The night doth cut with shadowy knife
In half the kingdom of the sun;
The red dawn meets with her in strife,—
Vassal of mine I hold each one.
The sailors chant beside the mast,
The tempests lash the riven foam,
But I, the King, am striding fast
Before the prow, to guide it home.
I am the lover wed to tears,
I am the cynic cold and sage,
I am the ghost of noble years,
I am the prophet lapp'd in rage.
I am the fane no longer trod
That moulders on the wild hill-brow;
I am the fresh and radiant god
To whom the young religions bow.
Perfection woo'd in many a guise
Is in my charge, a stabled beast;
The myriad moons look from my eyes;
The worlds unsum'd sit at my feast;
My glance is in the splendid noon,
The golden orchid blown of heat;
My brow is as the South lagoon,
And all the stars are at my feet.
The lost waves moan: I made their song.
The lost lands dream: I wove their trance.
The earth is old, and death is strong;
Stronger am I, the true Romance.

—*R. T. Chandler.*

Literature.

In Freedom's Birthplace. By John Daniel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.—Mr. Robert A. Woods, head of South End House, calls attention, in the introduction to this study of the Negro race in Boston, to the anomaly in the attitude towards the Negro of Boston people, who have contributed large sums of money for the education of Negroes in the South, and paid little attention to the serious problem of their Negroes at home. Mr. Daniel's study began among experiences associated with the establishment of Robert Gould Shaw settlement ten years ago. It proceeds historically, tracing carefully, sympathetically, yet dispassionately, causes and results in the course of Negro life in Boston That racial antagonism and color aversion have been a handicap in progress is freely acknowledged, but that these are the only cause of the trials which this people is compelled to suffer is shown to be a mistaken idea. The study is, however, constructive, and its result must be to add another help and well-based encouragement to the endeavor to obtain for the Negro a better fighting chance. Considering his status in Boston, he has won full recognition as a man and a citizen of all those rights and privileges which statutory power can guarantee, standing with his white fellow-citizens in full equality before the law. To this initial evidence of his progress must be added the recognition by the Negro people that their salvation is not something that can be received as a privilege, but must be worked out for themselves. The Negro has shown that he has a fundamental grasp of his own problem, and, says Mr. Daniel, this means that the battle is half won. The final proof of the progress of the Negro is shown in the actual extent to which he is advancing by means of his own ability. His living districts in Boston are of better quality and more widely distributed, a general social order has been evolved, the standards of the Negro home and family have been raised. Negroes are filling many positions of trust and responsibility, and making their way upward into occupations of better grade. An astonishing amount of property, chiefly in the form of homes, has been accumulated, and a small but promising start has been made in the direction of racial combination for economic betterment. The Negro's attainment, measured against the background of conditions fifty years ago, have been, to say the very least, remarkable, and Mr. Daniel is inclined to approve the assertion that history affords no other example of a race that has made equal headway in its first half-century of independent existence. If they had not developed something of the spinal force necessary to all achievement, this advance would not have been possible; and the increase of this moral stamina, the development of the tougher and stronger qualities in their make-up, will mean further advance at an accelerated rate of progress. To the limits of such progress no bounds can now be set. One must think of the Negro as the growing child compared with the mature adult. Not less interesting as a study is the writer's consideration of the prejudice against Negroes, and his closing pages as to the wider application of the study to the problem in the country at large, North and South. We hope that the book may have a wide reading. It illuminates much cloudy thinking and befogged reasoning, combining, as it does, the presentation of facts and statistics with breadth of view and the will to reach the truth.

Studies in Stagecraft. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.—This is a study of the drama of to-day, or, rather, of the principles derived from that study. The writer has conducted departments of dramatic criticism in *The Bookman*, *Vogue*, *Everybodys' Magazine*, and *Dress and Vanity Fair*, and, naturally, the chapters of this book have previously appeared in print. They consider the play writing and the play acting and the play criticism of to-day from many different points of view, and each one of the twenty-four short essays is a definite contribution to the purpose of the writer. The critic is not only an expositor of the best that has been done, he says, but a herald and announciator of the best that is to be. He is sympathetic to dramatic art in different spheres or grades of presentation; sees that melodrama, for instance, has its place and should not try to disguise itself as a study of contemporary social problems; finds that the real reason for the triumph of the moving picture play is that it offers a more artistic type of narrative than the former cheap melodrama; commends the work of the Drama League, and makes suggestions. The book is a companion volume to the writer's *Theory of the Theatre* which treats of the drama of the past.

What Men Live By. By Richard M. Cabot, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.—"What is the best way to care for the tuberculous? How can neurasthenics be restored to balance and happiness? How can the unmarried mother be helped to find herself in an altered world?" Questions like these have pressed upon Dr. Cabot until he compelled himself to answer them, and the answer turns out to be also the word that is needed not only by exceptional victims of their own or the world's misdoing, but by plain, ordinary men and women, who are not ill-considered nor unbalanced nor separated from their kind by sin or misfortune. The uplift that comes from looking one's blessings squarely in the face and recognizing their greater possibilities is of itself enough to take one out of the reviewer's world of criticism into a grateful mood, willing to be taught. Dr. Cabot simply states the eternal principles, good, reliable, work-a-day principles, by which man lives. Work, play, love, worship! Some of us who have had to work have almost forgotten how to play; some of us have been so busy trying to play that we have never learned the blessing of "the steady job"; some of us have narrowed the meaning of love and cramped it into selfishness; and many have drawn that line between work and worship that makes the one commonplace and the other artificial. It is a good book that bids one stop to think, seeing wherein the balance may be better adjusted. Moreover, this is not only clear analysis and good advice, but it is, incidentally, interesting reading.

The Precipice. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.—With considerable skill Mrs. Peattie has woven into her story of the discontent, the longing, the doubts, and the hopes of women to-day several differing types, and she has dramatically expressed the respective answers given to the "fanfare of trumpets" that calls them to listen, even against their wills. "Shut their ears to it as they will, they cannot wholly keep out the clamor,—but, whether in thrall to love or to religion, to custom or to old ideals of self-obliterating duty, they are stirred,—and they present to the world a new problem, a new force, or a new menace." Mrs. Peattie champions the case of Kate, the leader, with earnestness, but also with understanding of the plain truth that women do not all want the same thing in life,—sometimes a discouraging factor in the problem, but not necessarily so. When Kate thinks that Marna is mourning for her lost opportunities, she is really wondering if she told George to warm the baby's milk, and the importance of the baby's milk is not to be gainsaid. The book is alive with the strength of the writer's convictions. She works into it several dramatic situations, and even as a story it is worth reading.

Peter Cottontail. Unc' Billy Possum. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 50 cents net each.—That there are two new books about the small people who live in the Green Meadows is good news for the many children who declare that the Bed-time Story-books are the best ever. In the one they may learn how Peter Rabbit changed his name to Peter Cottontail, and how many funny tricks he played on Reddy Fox, with now and then a trick played in turn upon him. Narrow escapes there were in plenty; but tragedies never happen in the Green Meadows, and life there is continuously interesting. The second volume tells of the adventures of Uncle Billy Possum in the Green Forest. Uncle Billy was certainly an old rascal; but he had to live, and he knew no reason why the eggs in Farmer Brown's hen-house were not as

Digitized by Google

rightfully his as anybody's. His lawlessness shocks nobody, and one always wishes him good luck in getting out of his numerous scrapes.

Sunshine Jane. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.—Sunshine Jane was a nurse, empowered to care for sick souls and convince them that everything is perfectly all right if people will only combine to think so. How her experience in the village proved this one must read the story to find out, but the transformation worked there in the short space of two weeks certainly deserves investigation. She gains a lover and inherits a small fortune, to say nothing of settling difficult problems and untangling various twisted skeins. Even if one smiles over the easy results, it cannot be denied that Jane's philosophy has practical justification in common experience, to the extent that it is better to laugh than be sighing, better to make the most of what one has than to dwell on what one has not, better to hold a happy, confident trust than to doubt the power of goodness and love.

Alma's Junior Year. By Louise M. Breifenbach. Boston: The Page Company. $1.50.—Alma as a junior at Hadley is not less entertaining and attractive than when she was a Freshman or a Sophomore, and she shows the same ability to make friends and incidentally to have good times herself. Boarding-school life is depicted with considerable understanding of girl nature. This Hadley Hall Series has already made itself popular, as stories of such schools usually do if the girls are natural. Alma ends her Junior year, which has been "simply perfect," with the determination to do her best in the year to come, though she is quite sure she can never be "half-dignified or good enough to be a real, live Senior." With this promise for the fourth volume of the series, the tale of the year's adventure comes to an end.

Sandy. By S. R. Crockett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.—Mr. Crockett maintains his charm of character-drawing and invigorating narrative. Sandy, self-centred and masterful, dense as to distinctions usually recognized, but clear-sighted where his interest was aroused, is one of his characteristic heroes. V. V. (potent initials) is a dear lady, fit to be the ideal of a man like Sandy, and the element of witchery, irresponsible and frank, that has endowed more than one of Mr. Crockett's fascinating heroines, belongs in this case to a minor character. The story has its dramatic chapters and proper ending. It is another of the novels that make us thankful the world of fiction has not yet been wholly monopolized by those who have a problem to solve or propaganda to spread.

Miscellaneous.

The Secret of Achievement, by Marion LeRoy Burton, president of Smith College, is one of the small books sent out by the Pilgrim Press, which contain in narrow compass words of wisdom and inspiration for those who try to square their lives with the implications of eternal principles. These books are attractively printed and bound.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company publish the books of James Allen, who has written much for those who desire to make their lives count on the side of truth, justice, and love. *Foundation Stones to Happiness and Success* presents one of the last manuscripts prepared before his death. Of him it has been said that he wrote only when he had a distinct message, and that his thought became a message only when he had first lived it out in his own life. The six chapters of this little book are sane, and practically they help many in the establishment of great principles in character-building.

In the Art of Life Series, of which Edward Howard Griggs is the capable editor, *The Use of Leisure*, by Temple Scott, helps to carry out the purpose of the series, which is not to solve problems nor present dogmatic theories of conduct, but to deepen insight, challenge thought, and point where wise, brave thinkers have already led the way. The right use of leisure would undoubtedly add much to the world's present sum of happiness and worth. This call to a consideration of ways and means is on a high, yet practical, plane and ought to win attention. The series is published by B. W. Huebsch and sold for fifty cents each.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools

FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.

By James B. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.

Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.

Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

EASTER SERMONS

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

Sent free of charge to Post-office Mission Workers and any one interested by the Post-office Mission of the Church of the Disciples.

The Blessings of our Knowledge and of our Ignorance in Regard to a Future State.

The Meaning and Importance of the Resurrection.

"Souls Already Risen with Christ."

The Resurrection of Jesus.

Many Mansions in God's House.

Homes in Heaven and on Earth.

Old and New View of the Hereafter.

What God gives He gives forever.

Communities Above.

How is Jesus the Resurrection and the Life?

Not Unclothed, but Clothed Upon.

The Progress of Mankind Onward and Upward forever.

Please state the number of sermons needed. It will be best to ask for several in the order of preference, as some of the editions may be exhausted.

Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"In 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"Told with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript*.

"It is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.

Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 Park Street, Boston

Ready March 1

[No. 274]

HE IS RISEN!

The Easter Tale and the Easter Truth

By

REV. ALEXANDER IRVINE INNES

"He is Risen!" This salutation forms the watchword around which Mr. Innes gathers the ideas associated with both the Christian and universal conceptions of the Resurrection. It is a tract especially prepared for the Easter season, setting forth the liberal interpretations of that great festival. It is written in the spirit of Christian sympathy and presents the relations of New Testament evidence to universal hopes in a picturesque and scholarly manner.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

AS TRACT No. 274

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Heimdall.

In Elder Edda I read it,
That volume of wonder lore,
How Heimdall, a god of credit,
Was watchman at Heaven's door.
The sight of his eye was keenest
Of all in Asgard's towers;
For he saw, when earth was greenest,
Pale Autumn amid the flowers

His ear was the best at hearing,
Of all above or below.
When the Springtime's step was nearing,
He heard the soft grass grow
He heard the talk of the fishes
Deep down in the silent sea,
And even the unbreathed wishes
Of chick in its shell heard be.

And he heard the feathers growing,
And wool on the old sheep's back,
And even the light cloud snowing
Far off on the sunbeam's track.
He knew what the birds are thinking
That brood o'er the crowded nest,
Ere their fledglings' eyes are blinking,
And song is warm in the breast.

I think it is only guessing
Heimdall was loving as wise,
And Nature, who bent in blessing,
Anointed his ears and eyes.
And should we but love undoubting,
So, perchance,—ah! who can tell,
We might hear the corn-blade sprouting,
And the tiny leaf-bud swell.

—*Augusta Larned*, in "*Songs of a Happy Life*."

How the Dolls came Home.

BY PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVÉ.

Nan had not been good to them; for there they lay on the floor, half-dressed, with uncombed hair and unwashed faces. Genevieve had a sprained ankle, and Eleanor had a wounded hand, and they both lay crumpled up, face downward, in a corner, alone and forgotten; for Nan, the make-believe-little-girl mother had gone away to the country for the summer, and had left them in this plight.

Nobody knows how long they might have lain there and what might have happened if Miss Hanson, who lived on the top floor, had not chanced to spy them and taken them to her room.

"These poor dear children should be taken to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Dolls," she said to Nan's mother, and then an idea came into her head. "I'll tell you what we will do," she said. "We will dress these two poor things up in new clothes and get them ready for Christmas. I will write to their mother, and tell her I have found two destitute children, and taken them to the Children's Society to be taken care of; and that, when she comes home, she may have them come to see her, perhaps. That will be a great joke, won't it?" and Miss Hanson, who sewed in one of the big department stores, took the wretched dolls upstairs with her.

A few days later she wrote to Nan, and told her she had found two badly treated, deserted children, without clothing and in a miserable condition, alone in a lodging house; that she was getting clothes for them; and that she hoped to find a home for them with some kind person who would take care of them properly.

The little girl in New Hampshire was having such a good time up among the hills that she had no time to think of dolls; but she was a tender-hearted little girl and was sorry for the destitute children, and she was also very angry with the "cruel mother" who had deserted them. She wrote every week or two, and asked a great many questions about them; but Miss Hanson answered only in a general way that they were doing well, and were being clothed by a woman who was sorry for them.

"I wonder how she can take care of them if nobody will take them," Nan said to her grandmother; "for, you know, grandma, she has a little, wee room that is hardly big enough for one person, much less three! It must take a good deal to feed two children. It is so good of Miss Hanson, isn't it, grandma?"

When October came and Nan came back to town, she went straight to Miss Hanson.

"How good you are!" exclaimed the little girl. "Oh, dear, I wish I had been as good to my dolls as you were to the children you found! They have been kidnapped—lost—my Genevieve and Eleanor,—and I shall never see them again," and Nan wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron as she sobbed out her grief on Miss Hanson's shoulder.

"Kidnapped? Well, perhaps they may be found some day. Who knows?"

This did not comfort the little girl.

"The police never, never take any notice of lost—d-dolls," she sobbed, "and they are gone, gone!" Of course the loss of the doll children was a genuine grief, and Nan was sad; but there were lessons and roller-skating and story books that helped to lessen the sorrow a good deal. Then, too, Christmas was coming, with all the delicious mystery of the season! Christmas Eve came at last; and, just while Nan was cuddling up in her bed, Miss Hanson knocked at the door.

"I came to tell you that I thought I would bring those two children to see you to-morrow if you would like to see them," she said, and Nan gave a little scream of delight as she sat up in bed and began to ask questions. "What do they look like? Are they good? Are they Italians, or anything foreign like that?"

"Goodness! How can I answer all at once! Let me see. One is dark and one is fair, and they are both very good: they don't ask questions as you do, and have not cried once since I took them. Will you be ready for them to-morrow morning by half-past eight?"

"Yes, yes," cried Nan, "and I'll divide my things with them."

The next morning Nan's mother heard a noise at the door before the little girl was dressed. She stepped out into the hall and then called, "Nan, those little children are here: don't you want to see them?"

"But, mother, I am not dressed yet. What will they think? What shall I call them?"

"Oh, just put on your kimona, and give them a greeting, dear: it's cold in the hall."

Nan thrust her feet into her new pink slippers, folded her kimona around her, and ran into the hall. As she opened the door, there, sitting against the stair railing, were Genevieve and Eleanor, exquisitely frocked, bonneted, and cloaked, just as smiling as if they had never been "deserted, destitute children" at all.

"Oh, you darlings!" cried the little girl, as she embraced the tiny creatures rapturously. "Oh! you beauties!" Truly they were very elegant. Genevieve wore a lovely rose-colored cashmere dress trimmed with lace and ribbon, and a lovely white hat with a white feather, and the most fascinating long blue cloak made with tassels and loops, and a hood, just like a real person. Eleanor, who was fair, wore a sky-blue dress, and a blue coat, and a blue silk bonnet lined with white that was the exact image of the baby's upstairs; and both of them had hand-made underclothes, all ruffled and tucked and feather-stitched, that could button and unbutton, hook and unhook, as easily as Nan's own!

After Nan had kissed them, she found a wee note under Genevieve's coat. This was what she read:—

"How do you do, mother? We are glad to be at home! If we had not been left destitute, we would not have been kidnapped; but the good kidnapper took care of us. We have such beautiful clothes now, perhaps you will take us with you next summer when you go away. But please keep us clean and please keep our clothes clean, for we are very careful ourselves! We love you and are glad to come back to our own dear home and our darling little mother.

"Your lost doll-children,
"Genevieve and Eleanor."

"I am glad, too," said Nan, as she tucked the doll's letter back in its place. "Just think what dreadful things I thought about your mother, dears! But she is never, never, never, going to be a cruel mother any more!"

A Born Lawyer.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants,—all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed-corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shot-gun and fired away: the first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued, "And, seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran to put it out."

"Did he put it out?" said another

"As he passed inside, the door shut to, and the barn was soon in flames, when the hired girl rushed out with more water."

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer,—

"Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" said another.

The lawyer said, "There, that will do: you have all shown great interest in the

story." But, observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said, "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, and stammered out,—

"I want to know what became of that squirrel, that's what I want to know."

"You'll do," said the lawyer: "you are my man. You have not been switched off by a confusion and a barn burning and the hired girls and water-pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel."—*Tact in Court.*

A Little Boy and a Little Voice.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who went to the country to visit his cousin Kate. He was nearly six years old, but had never been out of the city before. It was springtime, and, oh, such a beautiful, beautiful place! The days were not long enough, there were so many things to see. Everything seemed wonderful. But what delighted him most was the waking up of trees and plants that had been fast asleep so long. They looked so brown and hard, he had thought they must be dead. But every day out came a little leaf or flower that nodded to him, and seemed to say, "How do you do? See, we are alive!"

One day he watched Cousin Kate scattering tiny brown seeds into boxes filled with earth. "They'll never wake up, will they?" he asked.

"Yes," she told him, they would turn into little plants that were going to live in the garden. There they would grow strong and big and have on them something his mother often bought in market that was good to eat. She set the boxes on a bench near some cedar trees at the end of the garden, where the sun would shine on them, and covered them with glass. "For Jack Frost might pay us a visit some night and hurt them."

Every day the little boy would get on his wooden horse, which he loved to ride, and gallop up to look at them. And, sure enough, in a very little time there were dozens of tiny green heads peeping out. But one day, as he rode up, his wooden horse ran too fast, and before he could stop him the bench and boxes were knocked over. Out tumbled the plants, the roots and leaves all in a tangled heap.

The little boy looked at them with wide, frightened eyes, and then he got on his horse and rode away. Faster and faster went the wooden horse. But somewhere away off a little voice kept saying,—

"Aren't you ashamed? Aren't you ashamed?" Louder and louder grew the voice and slower and slower went the horse, until he stopped quite still.

"Cousin Kate will be angry and will send me home," answered the little boy.

"But you ought to tell," said the little voice. Slowly he turned the horse and rode toward the house—round the corner—oh, so slowly! Cousin Kate was sitting on the side porch sewing. She looked up and smiled at him. The little boy tried to smile back, but he couldn't. Then he tried to speak, but his breath seemed quite gone. He swallowed hard and tried again:—

"Cousin Kate—a—little boy was riding his horse in the garden—and—and he upset your boxes of plants. He's sorry"—

Cousin Kate put down her sewing and came down in the path. She took his face between her hands and looked straight into his eyes.

"I am so glad the little boy told," she said gently. "Will he help me plant them again?"

The boxes were set back in their places, and, when the last little root was covered and well watered, the little boy got on his horse, and galloped gayly away. And all the time the little voice kept saying: "Aren't you glad you told? Aren't you glad you told?"—*Mary Galloway Woodall, in the Churchman.*

A Troublesome Doll.

Dolly's lost her arms and legs—
Careless thing to do!
Dolly's gone and lost her head,
Lost her body, too.

Nothing but her wig is left
On the nursery shelf.
Oh, I've told her lots of times
Not to lose herself!

—*Good Housekeeping.*

A Way They Have.

Mrs. Flint came for a visit to her sister's home, and her little niece Charlotte was delighted to see her.

"What became of the black kitten that you had when I was here before, dear?" asked Mrs. Flint.

"Why, don't you know?" asked Charlotte, much surprised.

"I haven't heard a word," replied the aunt. "Was he posioned?"

"No, ma'am," said Charlotte

"Drowned?"

"Oh, no."

"Stolen?"

"No, indeed."

"Hurt in any way?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well," said Mrs. Flint. "I can't guess, dear. What became of him?"

"He growed into a cat," said Charlotte.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

True Stories about Salem Cats.

A cat which my sister once owned amused us by his manner of eating. If given milk in anything but a saucer, he never tried to lap it up, but, dipping in his paw, licked off the milk, and repeated the operation until he had eaten enough. He would patiently eat an entire meal in this way.

One of my pussies was one day in my room, when, becoming tired of the ball he was amusing himself with, he thought he would obtain another. Climbing to the table where the work-basket stood, he took a ball of yarn in his mouth, and was about to jump down with it, when he heard a step in the hall, and, immediately *replacing* the ball, he jumped down and began playing again. Another time, when I was ill, some blanc-mange of which kitty was very fond was brought to me. My mother leaving the room for a moment, my cat jumped up on the bed where I was sitting up, and tried to eat from my saucer. On my calling to my mother to remove him, he, hearing her coming, jumped down, ran to a chair, and, curling himself up in it, was apparently fast asleep when she entered the room.

A pretty kitten named "Dick," owned by a little boy of my acquaintance, will always run to a paper bag when one is put within his reach, and dive into it. When a very little kitten, he would allow himself to be carried about in a bag by his young master.—*Salem Observer.*

Where to Find Her.

Bobby Bennett was a funny little fellow. He treasured up the words and sayings of the grown people of his acquaintance, and delighted to get them off when occasion permitted, to the great amusement of his elders.

One day he heard two of the neighbors speaking in terms of high praise of his mother, whom he adored.

"I like Mrs. Bennett *so* much," said one. "She's so reliable."

"Yes," said the other. "You always know where to find her."

This encomium pleased Bobby very much,—and he turned it over, in his little brain, for future use.

Soon afterward, one of the ladies, coming into Bobby's library, found him sitting in his mother's lap, rapturously kissing her.

"Why do you love your mother so much, Bobby?" she asked.

"Because I always know where to find her," replied Bobby.

"Where do you always find her?" asked the amazed lady.

"Well," answered Bobby, slowly, "if she isn't upstairs or downstairs or at church or down street, she's 'most always at Miss Baker's." M. C. B.

Elsie (with picture-book): "I'd just love to be a mermaid." Margie: "I wouldn't. What would I hang up for Christmas?"

Teacher: "Now each of you boys give a sentence, and turn it into the imperative form." Michael: "The horse draws the cart." Teacher: "There, put that in the imperative." Michael: "G'lang, git!"

Little Dot: "Is it hotter in the country than in the city?" Little Dick: "Course not." Little Dot: "Then why do mens wear thick clothes and silk hats in the city, and then, when they go to the country, put on thin clothes and straw hats?"—*Good News.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Alaston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Rural Route Religion.

BY JOHN VISHER.

I have just returned to my Dakota farm home from a trip to Europe. There are some things to which I was blind, which now I see, and, seeing, wish to say.

Conditions surely are changing. My parents were ten weeks, my son and I as many days, in crossing the Atlantic. "Time makes ancient good uncouth." Those old canals, the Erie and B. & O., did not float us to the interior as they floated our ancestors, though we followed their routes.

Manners and morals have improved. They brought their religion, at least their spokesmen of religion, with them. They had to buy and cook their food as they went along. Ours was all ready for us wherever we went, not only bodily, but spiritual food as well. In London and in old and New Amsterdam even our breakfasts were prepared, not only upon arrival at restaurants, but at the meeting-house and Westminster Abbey and the Ethical Church and the Temple, where we were cordially welcomed to come in and eat, and we did so most heartily, and "felt our hearts burn," as did the two disciples on the way to Emmaus.

But upon our home coming were not our forefathers better off than we, for had they not their oracles with them? It might indeed seem so, when we found, in an area almost as wide as all London and Amsterdam combined, no preaching at all, although the region is well settled.

Still, that was only in seeming, and appearances are deceptive. No sooner were we at home than Rural Route religion came pouring in on us, coming to our very door. Several religious weeklies and not a few no less religious monthlies came, besides those angels of peace and good-will, the International Conciliation publications, notably that on Japan, by Charles W. Eliot, and the "Victorious Death of Captain Scott," by H. J. Bridges; and one and all sang their Christmas pæans as of old, and sang them, also, of as old, to those tending their flocks. Surely it is only the form of things, and not their substance, which is changing.

But—and this is the point I wish to bring out—with changing times and conditions our methods, too, must change. It is a stale statement that, though living within reach of churches, within hearing of the spoken word, yet it is mainly the printed word that is feeding men to-day.

When I first came to the Dakotas, thirty-three years ago, direct from Harvard, the need was for union churches. Now, that is an outgrown issue, this broad-churchism, for non-churchism has supplanted it. Men have ceased to go to church; and this is true not in the West only, but everywhere,—in the East and in Europe.

With a single exception, wherever I chanced to lodge, the people were without religious affiliations. Families which had made great sacrifices and had undergone persecutions because of their church connection had become in the third and fourth generations non-church-goers.

While my own great-grandfather, a Dutch burgomaster, in an out-of-the-way hamlet in Holland, had suffered persecution and had been mulcted in heavy and repeated fines because of secession from the State Church, his son had walked out of church in the midst of the baptismal service of his youngest child, unwilling to assent to the doctrinal standards of the church his father had helped organize; and almost all his children and grandchildren are to-day outside its pale, not only those in the Netherlands, but in America as well. They, in common with people in general, are not irreligious, but non-religious, quite indifferent to all specific forms of church activity.

Now this is not an isolated fact. It illustrates a condition which is becoming the rule and not an exception; but, if so, should we not act accordingly? Distinctive forms of religious activities must change with changing times and conditions, even as other things change. Old methods must make room for new ones, or at least accept them as copartners. Mosaic rites and rituals made way for a higher dispensation of love, so must cathedral forms and functions submit to be supplanted, as far as the masses are concerned, by a homespun product of lofty humanitarianism, a rural route religion brought to our very doors.

These thoughts were prompted by a letter, breathing deep gratitude for thrice read *Christian Registers* sent for many years to a burdened widowed mother of many children. Who can compute the cheer and comfort they conveyed? May that form of good work go on and be multiplied manifold.

Forestburg, S. Dak.

Charles William Eliot at Eighty.

BY REV. FRANK I. C. WICKS.

On the 20th of this month, Charles William Eliot achieves the age of eighty. Surely, never before have eighty years beat so impotently against a human frame. Time seems to have given up the fight to make him yield to her might, and said, "To him alone will I grant earthly immortality."

There he stands, the stalwart frame unbowed by weakness; tall, erect, free; the splendid heritage of strength unimpaired; the noble, severe brow; the clear eye; the firm-set mouth; every feature significant. In repose, quiet dignity; in action, clean-limbed and vigorous, with swinging stride; the voice so finely modulated that it touches the ear with just enough force to reach the mind; every word as finely chiselled and finely shaded as a cameo; and, behind all, mind and character,—a superb mind that goes straight to the mark, and makes luminous the passage from thought to thought; a character that adds its golden weight to every word.

Such is Charles William Eliot at eighty, to my mind the greatest man in the world,—greatest in thought, greatest in achievement, for did not the American university spring from his brain? Until the time of Eliot, we had colleges that were imitations of Oxford and Cambridge. It was he who swept away traditions and precedents and gave us a university that is the expression of the spirit of the American democracy.

When such a man brings to us the religion which has grown up in his soul through four-score years, we listen with reverence. He speaks to us not from the prophecy of youth, but from the fulfilment of age. He brings only what has been tested by time and found good. We want to know what has been the faith, the aspirations, the guiding principles that have gone to the building of this life. We want to know the springs that have fed this mighty stream.

The religion of such a man must have something eternally sound at the core, and, when we find it is the religion that we profess, it comes as a stirring summons to make it bear such fruit in our lives. We do not listen to Dr. Eliot's presentation of his views with the idea that we shall adopt them as our own and claim parentage. We cannot adopt an idea as we would a child. Its lineage will exhibit itself and our pretensions be exposed.

Trained as a Unitarian, Dr. Eliot would not permit us, if he could help it, to accept any of his beliefs simply because they were his. He is content to present them in clearest light, and give you his reasons. Then, if they seem clear to you and appear to be reasonable, you may accept them. He would have every man think for himself, knowing that truth is of value only as we make it ours through our own mental processes. So it is, we never hear the domineering note in Dr. Eliot's voice. You never feel that the castle of your understanding is being assaulted. It is always the sweet note of reasonableness, "Come, let us reason together."

Dr. Eliot has done more than any one else to release us from the spell of the so-called orator who imagines that noise and passion and waving of arms and scattering artificial flowers of fancy are eloquence. He goes at once to his subject, holds closely to it, and stops at the end. There is no elaborate introduction, no fine peroration, no passion, hardly a lifting of the voice. His speech is cold and austere. He gives you his ideas and you must warm them up with your own blood. Every word is a compliment to your understanding.

This is the Dr. Eliot who presided at the Buffalo Conference last October, and, in his opening address, described what he termed "Twentieth Century Christianity."

Indianapolis, Ind.

A Business Man's Testimony.

In "Business and Idealism," an address by Mr. George D. Markham of the St. Louis Commercial Club before the Boston Commercial Club, Jan. 16, 1914, occurs the following paragraph, which is especially pertinent when taken in connection with the paper on "The Third Beatitude as a Principle of Natural Selection," contributed by Dr. George E. Dodson to a recent *Christian Register*:—

Manufacturing seems to demonstrate the growing tendency to closer and more humane relations with employees. Many years ago leaders of manufacturing began to ameliorate the working and housing conditions of their employees. I regret that time does not permit the mention of many honorable instances of model towns, profit-sharing, and various forms of philanthropy. What was formerly infrequent is becoming almost the rule in this regard, certainly in the case of large and successful establishments. Yet this tendency, praiseworthy though it is, is not the new idealism which is coming in manufacturing, and which will transform the relations between master and workman. A model town has often housed a body of

Digitized by Google

hostile employees. The new idealism should create a partnership feeling between employer and employee. What I mean can be best described by an illustration:—

George W. Niedringhaus, vice-president of the National Enamelling & Stamping Company, says that his company, anticipating a hard struggle because of present business conditions and the new tariff law, called all the leaders among the employees in his St. Louis plant into conference, and laid the whole problem before them somewhat as follows: "We must make economies and lessen our cost of output, but we do not wish to discharge men or cut down wages. Therefore, we come to you and ask you to help us by economizing material, power, and time, thereby increasing our output and decreasing our expenses without the discharge of men or the reduction of wages." Mr. Niedringhaus says that this overture on the part of his company met with a ready and favorable response from the men, and that he has never known such accord and understanding and mutual sympathy as now exists in their plant, although he thinks they always have been on good terms with their men. Mr. Niedringhaus describes this occurrence as a change from the policy of authority and compulsion to that of partnership. You can doubtless match this instance with many more. Surely the cruel master is disappearing from manufacturing and the captain of industry has arrived, a captain who has the welfare of his men at heart and who is beloved and trusted by them. Coming leaders in manufacturing will be idealists and can well be ranked with professional men of the highest standards.

Familiar Superstitions.

The editorial paragraph anent the superstition regarding the number thirteen strikes me very forcibly, as thirteen has been a very fortunate figure for me my life long. Perhaps it would be better to say that the figure referred to has coincided with most fortunate and happy events in the writer's experience. Marriage on the 13th is, after over forty years of increasing happiness, perhaps the highest good which two of us associate with that date. A supper where thirteen of us sat at table and all survived the appalling fact for more than seven years did not make us less sure of the number's harmlessness.

The coming of last year was especially welcomed by my wife and me because it was a thirteen year. As such we anticipated especial blessings in it, and they arrived, in number far beyond our hopes. Would it not be well to initiate a compaign to be quietly carried on against all superstitions, with a slogan for daily use during its continuance? We already have "Swat the fly" doing good service. How would "Slam the superstition" answer? In our household we have for years been killing superstitions so far as they relate to us. When people about us fear to do a certain thing because there is a superstition about it, we proceed to do that thing and thus "lay" many an otherwise bothersome idea. So we are free to do much that many avoid doing.

It will probably occur to you that the author of "Father and Son," the younger Gosse, having been told when a boy, by his austere parent, that if he worshipped wood or stone, as heathen were reputed to do, God would at once strike him dead, proceeded at once to build an altar of wood out of his chamber furniture and instantly worshipped it, waiting then, with fear and trembling, the result, and nothing happened! He had killed that idea, "dead as a door nail."

So we have quietly put out of its misery many a fondly cherished fear. Would it not help if, on any especial recurrence of thirteen as a date or Friday as a day, our papers and their contributors should cite fortunate and happy facts, peculiarly advantageous, which have come to the world on that day and date? By so doing we should greatly lessen our fears and reinforce our nerves and our serviceability.

READER.

The Sunday-school a Peril.

BY REV. E. A. COIL.

Lest some one infer, from the above caption, that I am opposed to the Sunday-school, I hasten to say that I am not. From the time I was a little barefoot country boy, attending the summer Sunday-school in a little country church, even until now, I have, almost continuously, been identified with Sunday-school work as scholar, teacher, or superintendent. My interest in the institution is not waning, but I am convinced some very radical changes are necessary. It is the Sunday-school, as now conducted, that is becoming a peril both to the child and to the Church. I have no doubt about this, and I am, therefore, much concerned. Of course, there are exceptional Sunday-schools, in which the perils I have noted are avoided; but I am persuaded they are the exceptions and not the rule.

For a good while I have made it a point to interview Sunday-school teachers of different denominations, whenever the opportunity offered, concerning their work. I have been surprised at the number who say, in substance, "I know very little about the Bible and religion, but my pastor and the Sunday-school superintendent were anxious to have me take a class, and I did so." That Sunday-school teachers are, generally speaking, a worthy, self-sacrificing class, is true; but that fact does not justify parents and pastors in intrusting the training of children, as to the greatest fact of history, to willing workers who confess that they know but little about the subject.

A man's religion consists of his thought about the source whence he came, his relations and duties, his destiny, and the conduct growing out of that thought. If his thought upon these great questions is not clearly defined, he will be vacillating, subject to every wind that blows. If it is well defined, his life will have stability and aim that will make it effective. The thought of men and nations as to their whence, their relations and duties, and their destiny, lies at the very foundation of all individual achievements and all social institutions, and makes individual character and those institutions what they are. Religion is, therefore, the greatest fact in history. And yet thoughtless people intrust the training of children in this great essential to those who know almost nothing about it, and, in many cases, no matter how willing, have very limited opportunity to study it.

In my investigations I have found some Sunday-schools in which the chief effort, especially in the primary department, seems to be to entertain and please the scholars, to insure their return on succeeding Sundays. Another sad and disastrous fact associated with such Sunday-school work is that many parents, sending their children to poorly equipped and poorly managed Sunday-schools, imagine that they are being religiously trained, and, therefore, utterly neglect such training at home. In answer to my inquiries as to the religious training of their children, many parents have said to me, some of them with quite a show of pride: "Oh, we are taking good care about that: we see to it that our children go regularly to the Sunday-school." Whether their children are under competent instructors while there or simply entertained to insure their return the next Sunday, the average parents do not know and make practically no effort to find out. That this condition constitutes a peril to the child, I think no thoughtful man or woman will doubt.

The peril to the Church arises from the facts that Sunday-school scholars do not, generally, attend church services, and many of them, dropping out of the Sunday-school when about fourteen or sixteen years of age, with almost no knowledge of religious history, thought, and life, are lost to the Church entirely. Then those who do attend church often find themselves, practically speaking, in a different world. Frequently, entirely different hymn-books and services are used, and the sermons are so foreign to anything associated with the Sunday-school that it is difficult for them to feel at home there. This condition, as to the sermon, grows out of the fact that pastors, as a rule, are not related to the children of their Sunday-schools and their churches as they should be, and they, therefore, have few thoughts and sentiments in common. No matter how hard they try, it is almost impossible for pastors, under our present methods of life, so to arrange their pastoral work as to become thoroughly acquainted with the children of their congregations. When they call at the homes, the children are usually at school or out at play, and so are rarely seen at all. But, even if they were at home, and anxious to hear about religion and its various bearings upon life, it would be impossible, in the short time a pastor can spend in each home during a year, to give the children adequate instruction as to the greatest, farthest-reaching, and most important fact of history.

Under our present modes of life, there is a gap between the pastors and the children of their congregations which almost precludes the possibility of the pastors doing successful work among those children. Then to rely upon the Sunday-school, as now conducted, to furnish adequate religious training, is clearly to imperil the interests of both the child and the Church. Even if Sunday-school teachers could, in all cases, be paid for their work as teachers, the compensation could not, as a rule, be large enough to enable them to devote their whole time to it, and there would, therefore, still remain much to be desired. Verily, here is a condition that merits prayerful attention.

I am fully persuaded that our Sunday-school methods should be so modified as to

Digitized by Google

put the religious instruction of all the scholars under fourteen years of age into the hands of the pastors, the men who are supposed to have had special training for such work, and who can devote all their time to that and kindred interests. In trying to determine whether a method is possible that would make such an arrangement successful, I recently planned a few Friday afternoon meetings, to be held in the Sunday-school room of my church. I asked the parents to come, with their children, immediately after the close of the public schools. Enough came to enable me to test my theory, and I am convinced that the fundamental principles of religion can be so presented in the form of stories, readings, and illustrations as to interest and impress all Sunday-school children under fourteen years of age assembled in the same class.

Out of my studies and experience, this is what I have to suggest: Let the Sunday-school meet as usual. Conduct the opening exercises as has been customary, using, to the greatest possible extent, hymns, tunes, and services that are used in the church, so that any Sunday-school scholars, going to the church service, will feel equally at home there. After the opening exercises, I would have all above fourteen years of age go to classes in charge of the most competent instructors that can be secured. Presuming that their earlier religious training has been adequate, those older scholars will be able to enter into discussions among themselves, and with their teachers, that will be mutually very helpful. Then I would have the pastor, in company with a good singer, if a separate room is available, so that singing may be a part of their exercises, take charge of all under fourteen years of age, and instruct them, by means of stories, readings, and illustrations, in the fundamentals of religion, interspersing this work with the singing and interpretation of the very best church hymns. All of this work I would have done with special reference to making it perfectly natural for the scholars to pass from the Sunday-school into a church service, and feel just as much at home in the one place as in the other.

By some such modification of methods, I believe, instead of being a peril to the child and the Church, the Sunday-school can be made one of the greatest inspirations for a noble life that it is possible for man to devise.

Marietta, Ohio.

The Macedonian-Bulgarian Relief Fund.

Our Unitarian missionary in Bulgaria writes us, under recent date:—

"Your love for our people and country is wonderful to me. It is far from my understanding how you can exhibit such loving kindness and good-will as to make one more effort to alleviate our people's sufferings. It was with much emotion that I received your recent enclosure for the relief of the refugees, victims of this unhappy war in the Balkans. Although very much engaged now with my missionary work for the organization of our Unitarians as a regular church body, and the rebuilding of our Unitarian hall, I will turn aside for some weeks and fulfil the sacred duty of Christian charity, as you desire it from me, for the thousands of unhappy human beings that I see here suffering. Our Bulgarian people and government are doing their best, but it is not sufficient to supply even the elementary needs. I have prepared a plan according to which we can best realize what you desire. In my next letter I will give you information about the best way for expending this relief which you have sent us for the refugees from Macedonia and Thrace. . . . As for the money you have sent for the refugees, I shall not take one dollar of it for any other purpose. I desire to do everything that an honest man and brotherly agent of Unitarian Christianity in the Balkans can accomplish.

Anton N. Toflisky."

The following contributions have been received since our last acknowledgment:—

Miss F. C Damon, $2, Elizabeth S. Stackpole, $5; Rev. George Kent, $5; New Orleans Unitarian church, $5; Mrs Lucy F. Young, $5; Winnisquam Unitarian church, $2.25; Rev. F. H. Thacher, $2; Caroline M. Brown, $5; Universalist-Unitarian church, Waterbury, Conn., $2.57; Universalist-Unitarian church Sunday-school, Waterbury, Conn., $93; D. S. Waterman, $5; L. M. Waterman, $5; Alameda (Cal.) Unitarian church, $3.55; Nashua Y. P. R. U., $5; Cohasset Woman's Alliance, $5; Caroline Lucas, $1; E. C. Elder, $5; Lawrence, First Unitarian Church, $4.65, Mrs. Minot G. Gage, $2; Mrs. J. S. Howe, $5; Mrs. W. J Rotch, $10; Cleveland Unitarian Church, $100.

An interesting feature attending one of the contributions is that it was earned by the sale of young turkeys on a farm in Indiana. In all there have thus far been 85 contributors,—individuals and societies,—who have given $1002.50 towards this worthy cause, an exhibition of human sympathy and good-will creditable to our fellowship and indicating the growth of altruistic and international sentiment among Unitarians. Any further contributions, already made, will, on their receipt, be cheerfully forwarded. We think it advisable, however, to close the subscription at this time, with many thanks to the kind donors and especially to the *Christian Register*. It should be added that the entire expense (for postal money orders, postage, printing, stationery, etc.) has been $22. The balance has been sent to Mr. Toplisky.

Charles W. Wendte.

For Winnipeg, Man.

Our friends in Winnipeg, Man., are making a brave effort to secure a house of worship that will provide shelter and give permanence to their movement. The local Alliance has pledged a thousand dollars toward the building fund, and hopes to raise half of that sum by the 1st of July. Instead of asking financial help from our well-established churches, they have hit upon an excellent plan to raise this money, by which those who co-operate with them may receive ample return for what they do.

The Alliance has printed Dr. James Freeman Clarke's statement of Our Faith in remarkably attractive form. This card, measuring 9¼ x 5¼ inches, might well hang upon the walls of our homes. It would be an admirable gift at Easter time, on birthdays, or at any other time, in place of flowers or books, and might well be given by teachers to their pupils. The price is but 25 cents each, or $1 a dozen when bought for use in Sunday-schools. The secretary of the Alliance proposes to bring these cards directly to the attention of our schools, but as Easter is rapidly drawing near, many may like to know earlier of this opportunity to give and to receive at the same time. Orders should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. William G. Bale, 69 Maryland Street, Winnipeg, Man.

William I. Lawrance.

The Francis David Memorial Church.

Previous to March 6, the following contributions have been sent to me in answer to my appeal, in the *Register* of February 12, on behalf of the proposed memorial at Deva: The Women's Alliance of the First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, $50; Rev. C. E. St. John, $5; Mrs. C. E. St. John, $5; Everett St. John, $5; Harold St. John, $5; Miss Mary Lyman, $5; Mrs. Ellen R. Brazier, $5; Mrs. J. T. Rorer, $1; C. Stoddard Cook, $5; Mrs. James Murray Kay, $5; Mrs. Lucia W. Shead, $50; Miss Mary F. Bartlett, $25; Two Friends, $10; M., Cambridge, $5.10; P., $5.00; total, $186.10.

As the call is for $5,000, I am still in a receptive mood, and I beg that any who did not see the appeal of February 12 will hunt it up. If any have waited to learn if there is need of the help they were half inclined to send, they will discover from this report that their help is essential. I hope that the Unitarians of America will desire to take part in this tribute to the greatest of our martyrs.

Charles E. St. John,
32 South 21st Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Isles of Shoals Poem.

A pleasant incident of the recent Shoals Reunion was the sale of a Shoals poem by Miss Cheney, dedicated to Mr. Thomas H. Elliott, and illustrated by Miss Blanche Russell. It was a generous gift of artist and printer to the Association, and the proceeds of the sales are for the Repair Fund for the little old Stone Meeting house. Over eighteen dollars came in at the Reunion; and the friends who desire more copies will be glad to learn that more can be obtained from Miss Torr at 25 Beacon Street.

The poem is of convenient size to place in the service book, and comes in two shades, cream and plain white. These are ten cents each. Miss Torr will take orders for illuminated copies which are twenty-five cents, and which Miss Russell has kindly consented to do. The poem is a charming ap-

EPICURE Vanilla
—ALSO—
Milk CHOCOLATE
5 and 10 Cent Cakes
Half-Pounds 25 Cents
S. S. PIERCE CO.
Cor. Tremont and Beacon Sts. Copley Square
185 Milk St. (wholesale)
Coolidge Corner, Brookline
BOSTON

preciation of the little Stone Meeting-house, and all Shoals friends will surely wish to possess a copy. C. S. B.

To Honor Prof. C. H. Toy.

Through some misunderstanding, an advance notice of the lunch to be given by the Ministerial Union in honor of Prof. C. H. Toy has failed to be sent to the *Register*. The meeting will be held at the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, Monday, March 23 (Prof. Toy's birthday), at noon. Tickets will be $1. Dean Fenn, Rev. Dr. William H. Lyon, Rev. R. G. Forbes, and, it is hoped, Prof. Emerton, will speak. All Unitarian ministers are invited to attend.

FREDERIC GILL,
President

Ministers' Quiet Day.

The fourth Ministers' Quiet Day will be held in Lynn on Tuesday, April 28. Lynn has a new and beautiful church, attractively situated near the sea, and the city is accessible by steam and trolley cars. Further announcements will be made through the invitations to be issued to all ministers resident in New England, and visiting ministers.

RODERICK STEBBINS,
Chairman.
EDWARD D. JOHNSON,
Secretary of the Committee.

To Alliance Workers.

The sessions of the Conference to be devoted to the meeting of the Southern Associate Alliance will be Friday, April 3. Texas appreciates the honor of the presence of Miss Anna H. Bancroft, president of the National Alliance.

The benefit to the local organization is more wide-spread than the mere attendance at the meeting will convey. It shows to the people of the Southwest that co-operation is the spirit that permeates the thought of all liberal people. We hope for a good attendance, notwithstanding we are so wide-spread.

Alliance workers of the South, we hope to see you in Dallas for the Conference, April 2–5.

HARRIET R. SPALDING,
President Southern Associate Alliance.
DALLAS, TEX.

The Tuckerman School.

Story-telling in its Sunday-school practice is usually connected with work with little children only, and it is there that it is of first importance as an art; but the adaptation of stories or of incidents read and the expression in good form of real experiences must have a place in all Sunday-school teaching. One who can well use this resource to illuminate a lesson or add to its emphasis adds to the teaching power. Adaptation of stories is the lesson for Saturday, 7th, and on succeeding Saturdays there will be lists of stories suitable for use with different classes of younger children. Teachers and others will remember that the instruction on Saturday mornings is free, and the exercises are sure to have some helpful suggestion to those in Sunday-school work.

The week's programme has been enriched by the Country Church Conference on Wednesday and Thursday. The addresses were both interesting and helpful, and connected well with the Wednesday morning conferences and lectures in the regular Parish Problems course.

Miss Caroline L. Carter whose address was scheduled for Wednesday, the 4th, will speak on May 6 of her work as parish assistant. Again the invitation is extended to any who are interested in the work which is being done by the various workers in the city and country churches.

New York Letter.

At the Church of the Messiah, New York, the Woman's Alliance has afternoon meetings, at which Mr. Holmes gives a course of lectures on "Some Modern English Poets." Alfred Noyes was the poet discussed on February 17. At the Social Service League, February 20, Mr. Laurence Chamberlain spoke on the "White Slave Traffic: its Relation to Church and State." On Sunday, February 22, the Sunday-school children held a brief service in commemoration of Washington's birthday. The Friday Night Club of this church held its annual dinner at Hotel Marseilles Friday, February 27. Mr. Holmes was toastmaster, and the speakers were Rev. Leon A. Harvey and Mr. G. E. O'Dell of the London Ethical Culture Society. Miss Katzenbach gave some delightful monologues.

During March, Mr. Holmes will preach a series of special sermons on the general topic of "Some Moral Problems of our Times." The subjects are: "The Weapon of Violence: can its Use in Social Action be Justified?" "Legislation and Morals: can we make people good by Law?" "The Facts of Sex: How, when, and where can they be taught?" "Eugenics: can we breed a better Race?" "Divorce: is it Right or Wrong?" During Lent Mr. Holmes will preach on Sundays at 4.30, on the following topics: "Bergson and Creative Evolution," "Eucken and Spiritual Idealism," "Maeterlinck and Mystic Stoicism," "George Bernard Shaw and Radical Pantheism," "Sir Oliver Lodge and Scientific Theism," "Josiah Royce and the Religion of Loyalty."

The First Church, Brooklyn, begins Lenten services on February 25, and this year Mr. Sullivan will assist Mr. Lothrop in conducting them. In co-operation with the American Unitarian Association, Mr. Lothrop's Society will have a free lecture course by Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck, Ph.D. The subjects are "A Child-centred Religious Education," "The Cultivation of the Imagination," "The Expressional Activities in Religious Education," "The Religion of the Teens," "Suggestions for an Ideal Curriculum," "Practical Pedagogy."

Sunday, February 1, was "Go-to-Church Day," and many people felt called upon to make an effort to attend services. Many of the churches were filled, and the ministers, encouraged by numbers and enthusiasm, gave unusually fine addresses.

At the Flatbush church, Mr. Harvey's, the following topics were discussed during February: "The Religion we need," "The Joy of Labor," "George Washington." On one Sunday Mr. Brundage of the Third Church and Mr. Harvey exchanged pulpits.

The Sunday evening meetings in Mr. Harvey's church are extremely interesting and well attended. Mr. Holmes spoke there lately on "New Ideals of City Life"; Mr. Henry Rowley gave an address on "Robert Burns: Poet, Ploughman, and Reformer"; and one evening in February was a musical service. The Woman's Alliance of this church had for a speaker on February 11 Dr. Lyman Beecher Stowe, and his subject was "The George Junior Republic."

At the Third Church, Mr. Brundage's, the sermon topics for March are: "What Loyalty to a Cause requires," "The Cross of Christ," "What does it mean to speak the Truth?" "When shall one speak the Truth?" "Conciliation better than Coercion," "To know when to be silent, even when one is in the right." The Alliance will discuss on March 13, "The Woman Movement." Mrs. M. W. Huzhan is to be the speaker.

On February 22, in Mr. Harvey's church, Mr. S. E. Ikemoto of Japan spoke on "Japan and International Peace."

No one has been called to the pulpit of the Second Church, Brooklyn, but it is thought that a minister will soon receive a call.

At the Montclair church, Mr. Wiers's, the sermon topics for March are "Religious Amnesia," "Comrades," "The Joy Test," "Other Faiths than ours." A masquerade party on March 27 will be given. A *Vice-versa* Quadrille and a one-act play are to be the features. The following mottoes attract the travelling public to the Society: "A man has no more religion than he acts out in his life," "The greatest remedy for anger is delay," "Consider how cheap a kindness it is not to speak ill," "There is a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays itself," "Politeness is benevolence in small things." Certainly these are bright gems to set in the day's thought. In April or May "A Little

Deaths.

BROWN.—In Tyngsboro, Mass., Tuesday, March 3, at her home, Mrs. Salome Stephens Brown, wife of the late Rev. William Brown.

Funeral services were held at the First Parish Church, Tyngsboro, on March 5. Rev. Charles T. Billings of Lowell and Rev. N. S. Hoagland of Tyngsboro conducted the services.

Mrs. Brown, who was Salome Stephens Williams, was born in Taunton, Feb. 20, 1837. She was the daughter of Francis Dighton Williams, descendant of Richard Williams, founder of Taunton. In 1865 she was married to the late Rev. William Brown. Three children survive her; Mrs. George W. Alger of West Bridgewater, Mass.; Rev. William Channing Brown of Littleton, Mass.; and Miss Ophelia S. Brown of Tyngsboro, Mass.

Mrs. Brown was passionately attached to the Unitarian cause. Her circle of acquaintance throughout the fellowship was large. She will be missed by many.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientèle.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

BOSTON SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE
TREMONT TEMPLE
Victrola Concert at 7.30. Lecture, 8 P.M., March 16
DR. ALGERNON CRAPSEY,
"The Out Family Woman."

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

Journey through Syrian New York" will be taken, with a good guide. This idea was suggested to the Montclair people by the articles of Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany now running in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Syrian settlement in New York (Manhattan) is largely commercial: the residential place is in Brooklyn, where better homes can be procured for less money. The Syrians were quick to seize upon this and profit by it. There is a quaint story told of a humorous merchant in New York City. When asked where he got his curios, he replied, "I find them in the ancient ruins of the dead city of Brooklyn, and I sell them in the live city of New York."

He had not yet discovered the unity of the boroughs, but he had sensed the difference.

Mr. Bennett F. Fishler has introduced a bill into the New Jersey Assembly, forbidding all teaching of sex hygiene in the public schools of the State. The class in Mr. Weirs's church now studying this subject voted a unanimous protest against this bill. Other Montclair societies did the same. Such a bill, say public-minded citizens, "will make the deplorable circle: The home does not, the school shall not, the street does"!

The heavy and prolonged snow-storms are giving work to many men in and about New York, and, in so doing, bring to light many pitiful sides of the economic question. That such an army of the unemployed eagerly accept often in weakened condition, this terrifically hard work, shatters the belief of many who have held that there is employment for all who are willing to accept it.

The New York League holds its annual election at All Souls' Church, March 6. Rev. Charles H. Sears will speak on "Vacation School Work," and Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper on "Church Union." Several new officers will be voted for, and the work for 1915 be begun. H. T. C.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Notes from the Field.

Los Angeles, Cal.—"You will, perhaps, be interested in knowing what our society has been doing this winter. It was reorganized in the fall, and new officers elected. We have had socials at the church and at several homes of our members about once a month. Two Sundays ago about twenty-five of us took our luncheon with us to church, and, after the sermon, took a car to one of the canyons, where we spread out our luncheon, later enjoying a tramp through the mountains. On the first Sunday in January, we had a similar affair at one of the beaches, where one of our church members tendered us the use of her cottage. Before Christmas, we filled twenty-six baskets with clothing and provisions and took them to needy families at Maternity Cottage, where a party was given to about two hundred of the Russian neighbors. Sandwiches and coffee were served, and candies and fruit distributed. Religious discussions are held Sunday mornings, at ten o'clock, attendance and interest in which are steadily increasing."

Nashua, N.H.—The Nashua Union reports two meetings a month: one consisting of a devotional service in the church, with some special topic that is generally discussed later, and a second meeting, of a business and social nature, at the home of one of the members. This society recently made a contribution to the Bulgarian fund.

Germantown, Pa.—"We have been holding our regular monthly meetings with more or less success. Our table at the fair was quite successful. Then we had a very enjoyable literary evening in December; and in January a card party, the proceeds of which our treasurer is sending to Boston. On a recent Friday evening we entertained the members of the other two societies in Philadelphia and the congregation of our own church. It was a large meeting and a very enjoyable one. A member of our church gave us a delightful talk on the "Newer Messages of the Modern Dramatists," with readings from some of the dramas. Afterwards, we had a social hour, with a few games and refreshments. There were many people to greet and to introduce to each other. Next month we are planning a progressive supper from house to house. If we are able to do as we are planning, we shall tramp several miles before the meal is ended. We find that suppers are the most popular, and enjoyed by all, so we shall have them before our evening meetings. Since the gas stove has been put in the kitchen at church, it is very easy to cook a very nice meal."

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes will give an illustrated lecture on "England" at the church of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, on Wednesday evening, March 18, at eight o'clock. The pictures to be used were taken by Mr. Holmes last summer. A small admission will be charged for the benefit of the Women's Alliance.

The Jamaica Plain church will give a series of four vesper services, beginning March 15, at 4.30 P.M. Mr. Dole's addresses will treat Four Great Epochs in the Growth of Religion: (1) "The Religion of the Early Christians," (2) "The Imperialistic Religion of Rome," (3) "Protestant Sectarianism," and (4) "The Comprehensiveness and Beauty of the Modern Religion." The mention of the name of Mr. F. O. Nash, the organist, is the promise of good music.

The Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston will meet at the First Unitarian Church, Somerville, Monday, March 16, 1914. Subject, "The Oriental Understanding of the Bible," Rev. A. M. Rihbany. At Sullivan Square, take a Highland Avenue car. Leave the car at Trull Lane. The church is on the corner of Trull Lane and Highland Avenue. Time from Sullivan Square, 15 minutes. Supper at 6, addresses at 7, meeting adjourned at 8.30. Single supper tickets, at 65 cents each, may be purchased at the meeting. The meeting at 7 is open to all interested.

At the weekly musical service in King's Chapel next Saturday noon Mr. Malcolm Lang, the organist, will be assisted by Mr. R. A. Simonds, tenor, who will sing a solo. Speakers at the noon-day services next week are as follows: Monday, March 16, Rev. James B. Gregg, D.D., Rollstone Congregational Church, Fitchburg; Tuesday, March 17, Rev. C. L. Noyes, D.D., Winter Hill Congregational Church; Wednesday, March 18, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Unitarian church, Milwaukee, Wis.; Thursday, March 19, Rev. Minot Simons, Unitarian church, Cleveland, Ohio; Friday, March 20, Rev. Francis H. Rowley, D.D., President M. S. P. C. A.

Meetings.

The Philadelphia League.—The regular monthly meeting of the Philadelphia League of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women was held at the Spring Garden Church, on Thursday, March 5, 1914, about 11.15 A.M., the president, Mrs. Hayward, in the chair, and about eighty members and guests present. Mrs. Davis read a letter from Mrs. Peterson, telling of the urgent need for funds to carry on the Social S rvice work at Shelter Neck. Miss Anna M. Bancroft addressed the meeting on the subject of "Our Activities and our Responsibilities." Deborah Anne Frost, Secretary.

Churches.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—First Congregational Unitarian Church, George A. Thayer, D.D.: The congregation, at a recent meeting, unanimously voted that, in view of the long and highly acceptable service of Dr. Thayer as its minister, a period of thirty-three years, he be considered as having a life tenure of his ministerial office at the full present salary, and that an associate be given him whenever such an arrangement can be satisfactorily made.

"The Sinlessness of Christ."

A Letter to an Orthodox Friend.

By Rev. Stephen Peebles.

In my criticism of the book you kindly lent me the other day, when I came to consider the alleged sinlessness of Jesus, I am afraid I did not make my meaning clear.

Sin is possible only for creatures who may be visited by two or more impulses which conflict with each other and which are entertained at the same time. Moreover, to make

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 **Incorporated 1904**

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

it possible for the creature to sin, these impulses must present themselves, not only on the scale of strength, as stronger and weaker, but also on that of worth, as better and worse or higher and lower.

The lower animals, we think, are seldom visited by simultaneous impulses which conflict, and certainly if diverse impulses are ever together present in an animal's consciousness, they are presented only on the one scale, that of strength. And of course the stronger must always prevail. Of the higher and lower, worthier and less worthy, the animal knows nothing. Moved always by a single or a dominant impulse, no opportunity is afforded him to choose, and where no choice is there can be no sin. Though never so much evil may result from his act, the animal remains sinless.

He is also void of virtue. For, as sin is the *choosing* to act upon a lower impulse in the presence of a higher, virtue is the *choosing* to act upon a higher impulse in the presence of a lower. Entrance to the moral plane is thus fast closed against him.

But we can choose; that is to say, the two scales of compassion, that of strength and that of worth, being always present to our consciousness, we may set aside the stronger though less worthy impulse and act from the weaker and worthier. And thus we may add the element of virtue to our act. Or, setting aside the worthier impulse, we may act from the stronger, though less worthy, and thus add the element of sin. And this, the power to choose, alone lifts us from the unmoral to the moral plane of being.

Now to say that Jesus was protected by his divine nature from ever acting from a lower impulse in the presence of a higher, in our thought thus depriving him of the power to choose, is to place him beyond the boundaries of the moral universe and out of all relation to us as moral beings,—a monstrous conclusion it seems to me and one that is certainly incompatible with the thought of him as Saviour.

GOSHEN, ORE.

Inspiration.

"The spirit of man is the candle of God" is the figurative way in which one of the Proverbs expresses the relationship between God and man. We may think of the entire universe as suffused in the divine essence as the earth is shrouded in its own atmosphere. It is through man that this divine substance functions. In man it bursts into a flame that warms and illuminates. Man is God made manifest in terms of life.

The character of the candle flame is not only dependent upon the atmosphere in which it burns, but upon the character of the substance that enters into the candle as well. If the candle be of a substance for which the oxygen of the atmosphere has a strong affinity, then it will burn with a strong and steady flame that emits warmth and light and nothing else. But, if it be of substances for which the oxygen of the atmosphere has little affinity, it will burn but fitfully and poorly, with much smoke and noxious fumes, and will finally flicker and go out.

So it is with us in all our individual lives. We are the candles of God, and whether we burn with that steady glow that gives warmth and light to all our fellows, awakening them to renewal of life, or with fitful flicker that poisons and contaminates all who associate with us, depends upon the way the life substance in us unites with or uses the divine life substance of the world.

The life substance of the great prophets of humanity was so pure and divine of itself that it had a strong affinity for the diviner life without, and life in them was a strong and steady flame that gave an abundance of light and warmth to all: they were the great candles of God that shed their genial and life-giving warmth over the whole world and have illuminated all the centuries since their time. In them was God made manifest in highest form.

It is well for us to ask ourselves occasionally, "What kind of a candle of God am I? Do I so use the divine life-substance of the world that I radiate that warmth and light which quickens and awakens the life about me, so that it is enriched and raised to a higher potentiality? Or do I carry with me only that damp and chill that stifles and quenches the life flame of others?" The way in which these questions can be truthfully answered determines whether we are living well or ill, whether we are walking in the heavenly road or have lost our way in the pathway of life.—*Rev. E. M. S. Hodgin, in the Pacific Unitarian.*

Tragedy in Life.

Tragedy is a thing of the soul, not of the body. Agamemnon, Hamlet, Othello, are not subjects of tragedy because of any misfortune which has happened to their bodies or to their material goods. When we think of them, we never think of these things which in the long procession of the ages are matters of absolute indifference. It is in the maimed or impotent soul, in the degraded character, that tragedy consists. Think of Shakespeare making the ground of tragedy the fact that the hero had broken his leg or lost a fortune! No: the souls in hell are there because, as Dante said of Epicurus, they have lost spiritual good. There, and there alone, is the groundwork of life's tragedies.

What, then, it will be asked, are we to express no regret, no grief, for these occurrences which shock the world? Now, we do not say that; for grief is natural to man, and it purges his nature and sweetens his character, so long as it does not degenerate into futile, hopeless melancholy. We are but men; and we needs must grieve with our fellow-men, either when sitting by the bed of suffering or hearing of the harrowing incidents in which scores of human beings are involved in what we cannot help, from our point of view, regarding as a dire catastrophe. But we must always remember that grief is a pure expression of our point of view, which is limited, partial, finite. We know but a tiny segment of a vast circle. Within our little creek, to use Carlyle's simile, we have the minnow's right to say what we find there. But beyond that creek is the river, and beyond that the infinite sea. Shall we, in our self-important littleness, dare to say what boundless possibilities are there?

If we hold that the world is not a final fact at any moment, that it has a purpose, that that purpose is being constantly worked out, but that the ultimate issues are revealed within the unseen, that the death of the body is not that of the soul, and that all which happens was included in the divine plan,—if we have faith to look at the universe in this way, and to see that it is not to be measured by our little subjective plummet, we shall not despair at the many seeming ills of human life.—*Spectator.*

A Sale.

The Carlisle branch of the Women's Alliance will hold an Easter sale, Thursday, April 9. Contributions will be gratefully received by Miss Lillian W. Ricker, Carlisle, Mass., Secretary.

Here and There.

Minnesota has a forested area of twenty-eight million acres, the largest of any State east of the Rocky Mountains.

Canada has established a forest products laboratory in connection with McGill University at Montreal, on the lines of the United States institution of the same sort at the University of Wisconsin.

Tree planting on national forests has to be confined to comparatively short intervals in spring and fall. In spring it starts when the snow melts and stops with the drying out of the ground: in the fall it comes between the fall rains and first snowfall.

The State University lands in Arizona are to be lumbered under a co-operative agreement between the government and the State Land Commission. Arizona is the first State in the South-west, and one of the few in the country, to cut its timbered lands on forestry principles.

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS
CORSETS
In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk
IVY, LA LOUISE, and BON TON MODELS.
Palmer's Corset Store
52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

She: "All extremely bright men are conceited anyway." He: "Oh, I don't know: I'm not."

"There isn't a word of truth in the whole matter," said Mrs. Twickembury. "It's all a pigment of your imagination."

Bookstall Clerk (after fifteen minutes): "Would you like to buy that book, madam?" Lady (absently): "Oh, no, thanks. I've almost finished it."—*Punch.*

"Remember, Arthur, you are the son of a gentleman. Try to behave like one for just one day." "All right, mother, but it will spoil the whole day for me."—*Life.*

Mrs. Comeup: "I like our minister because he talks right out in good old Angular Saxon." Cynicus: "That probably accounts for his lack of rounded periods."—*Baltimore American.*

During the World's Fair.—Miss Gush: "O captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?" Captain Storms: "Yes, he charged me three dollars a day for a bedroom on the fourth floor."

"Did I hear you say, conductor, that the locomotive was at the rear end of the train?" "Yes, ma'am. We've got a locomotive at each end. It takes an extra one to push us up the mountain." "Dear, dear, what shall I do? I'm always so sick if I ride with my back to the locomotive!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A correspondent sends the *Listener* a rare bit of English. It was written by a woman in excusing her tardiness in answering an inquiry that had been addressed to her: "I would have written before, but I have been sick with a dog-bite in the arm. The man that owns the sawmill's dog bit me in the road." The excuse was accepted as sufficient. *Transcript.*

A man once presented himself at the office of Ticknor & Fields with a bundle of manuscripts in his hand. He was met by Mr. Fields. "Good-morning, sir," he said. "Is this Mr. Fields?" "Yes, I am Mr. Fields." "Mr. James T. Fields?" "Yes, that's my name." "I mean a member of the firm, Ticknor & Fields." "Yes, I am he." "Oh," with a look of disappointment, "then I'd like to see Mr. Ticknor."

During the Rebellion the Law School at Cambridge was presided over by Profs. Parsons, Parker, and Washburn. They were divided in their political views, and each did his best to maintain his opinion. Prof. Parker was one day asked, "How do you get along on politics at the Law School?" "Nicely," he answered. "We are equally divided." "But how can that be?" continued the inquirer. "There are three of you?" "Easy enough," replied the professor. "Parsons writes on one side, and I on the other; and Washburn,—he speaks on one side and votes on the other."—*Transcript.*

An expedition was sent to a Southern State to observe a solar eclipse. The day preceding a professor said to an old colored man: "Sam, if you watch your chickens to-morrow morning, you will find that they'll all go to roost at eleven o'clock." Sam was sceptical, but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens, as foretold, retired. The old negro sought the scientist. "Perfessor" said he, "how long 'go did you know dem chickens would go to roost?" "About a year ago," said the professor. "Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was the man's perplexed reply. "Why, perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

ESTEY PIPE & REED CHURCH ORGANS
120 Boylston St. Boston — Mass.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. B. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 364 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
85 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)
MACDUFFIE SCHOOL SPRINGFIELD MASS
Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Library of University

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 11 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes . . . 265
Workers and the Working Class . . . 266
The Sifting of Hates . . . 267
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Efficiency or Deficiency . . . 268
CURRENT TOPICS . . . 268
BREVITIES . . . 269
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Methodist-Unitarian Fellowship; The Service Pension Society . . . 270
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Pictures in Snow, by Augusta Larned . . . 270
The Charm of Anonymity . . . 271
The Church and the Nation, by Rev. William H. Ramsay . . . 272
The Descent into Hell, by H. M. Selby . . . 274
In Praise of Faith . . . 277
Art in Religious Instruction; Dean C. Worcester on the Philippines . . . 278
"Willie Alligam" . . . 279
Under the Jasmine in Florida, by Milton Reed; Work at Orlando, Fla. . . . 282
One Hundred Years of Peace; Country Church Conference . . . 283
Unitarianism in Old England; The Alliance; Service Books Wanted; A Library in Florida . . . 284
To Honor Prof. C. H. Toy; A Memorial of Mrs. Dix; The Tuckerman School; American Unitarian Association . . . 285
SPIRITUAL LIFE . . . 274
LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines . . . 279
THE HOME.
How Bobbie came Back; When a Play came True . . . 280
Cat that goes to School; The Nice Way; A Music-loving Pigeon . . . 281
POETRY.
In Fellowship . . . 270
Blossoms from the Blade, by Charlotte Fiske Bates . . . 271
Crescendo, by Richard Warner Borst . . . 274
Bellerophon to Pegasus, by Alice Foster Tilden . . . 277
Loss, by Caroline Fletcher Dole . . . 278
The Right Size . . . 280
The Wind and the Flowers . . . 281
My Prayer . . . 282
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Is the Sunday school a Peril? . . . 286
YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Boston Federation Notes . . . 287
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE . . . 287
PLEASANTRIES . . . 288

Editorial.

THE ratification of so many treaties by Congress with so little ado ought to be gratifying to every American citizen who is jealous for the honor of his country. Still more gratifying ought to be the movement to remove every occasion on the part of foreign nations to accuse us of bad faith in the matter of tolls on our coastwise traffic passing through the Panama Canal. President Wilson spoke words of truth and soberness when he declared that "The United States is a nation too big and strong" to be anything but frank and generous in its treatment of other nations. The Irish vote and the German vote lose all claim to consideration when they are cast into the balance against the good name of the American people. The Jews have a good case against Russia, but nevertheless we owe to Russia all courtesy and kindness in our official relations. Let it be known everywhere that "America loves justice"; that "America is generous"; that "America is honorable,"—and then we can have our own way when we plead the cause of the oppressed at home and abroad. The Psalmist describes as an admirable man him "who sweareth to his hurt and changeth not." He is the man who, if he makes a promise, keeps it, and whose word is therefore as good as his bond. Let that be the ideal of the American people.

THE appeal of our Church Pension Society is likely to be most appreciated where it may be least responded to, and least appreciated where it might easily be met. Ministers know how just and fair it is that the burden of years and slender resources, after a career rarely giving possibility of saving, should be shared by others. Yet, by the very conditions of the problem, they are themselves unable to share each others burdens to the extent necessary. Why more laymen do not respond to a call which has every claim on their chivalry and sense of justice, and which seems calculated to waken spontaneous and generous response, is a question as yet unanswered. Is it because so many feel that they are doing all that should be expected of them in maintaining an active ministry? Is it because they have no specific object before their minds, a mere society being too impersonal to stir much interest? Is it because they cannot afford an added tax? The probability is that they have not yet felt that the job is theirs. But it surely is the laymen's responsibility. The sacrifices of ministers who contrib-

Digitized by Google

ute are an injury to the Society if they tend to produce the impression that this fund is a ministers' co-operative relief fund. It would be better to make the appeal to laymen only, and accept no gifts from ministers, than to allow this impression to stand. We cannot believe that there are not persons enough whose means would enable them to make a fund which would do honor to our body. If every such person would think, not of a society and a vague body of recipients, but of men they have known, who may be the very ones receiving honorable pension, the fund would soon be made ample.

That at a session of the House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury it should be proposed to drop the word "obey" from the marriage service of the Anglican Church is remarkable; and, though the proposal was withdrawn, the fact that it was made by the Bishop of Lincoln, and withdrawn only because he thought it unlikely that the motion would be passed by a large majority, is significant. Two bishops favored the insertion of similar pledges by husband and wife, advising some recognition of the man's leadership in the home, and the Archbishop of Canterbury thought the Church should face the possibility of making such changes. The postponement is evidently only a concession of courtesy to a convention which, though outgrown, must not be treated quite like old clothes. All that will finally be left of the superstition that the man is the only head in the family will be just enough to meet legal exigencies. Men and women will settle the rest by common sense.

An Episcopal rector of high standing has protested in *The Survey* against the publication in *The Survey* columns of an attack on the House of Bishops, deeming the publication a violation of good taste, and the attack itself "so unfair as to be unworthy of publication" in its columns. He contends that "criticism of the bishops by members of their own Church on matters purely ecclesiastical should not be permitted in letters to a journal like *The Survey*, where the subject cannot be fairly thrashed out in its correspondence columns." The explanation by *The Survey* that the publication in question was purely a statement of fact does not meet the point that "the bald fact" carried by itself an insinuation that was unjust, and that denominational criticism is out of place in *The Survey*, since its columns are obviously not adequate for full examination of the merits of the question. While sympathizing with the protest against the action of the House of Bishops in refusing to enter the federation of Protestant churches, our own experience leads us to sympathize also with the sense of injury that follows a one-sided report of the matter calculated to pillory a denomination in public without a hearing of both sides of the question. Social justice is as obligatory towards church workers as towards factory workers. Even in a House of Bishops, life may be lived fairly.

There are two senses in which an opponent is called dangerous: one because of his strength which may overcome his adversary's; the other because of his adroitness which may circumvent superiority. He must be a coward who will not measure conclusions with an adversary in a cause he holds just; but he would stand as a fool who closed with one who could not fight fair. To win the fray is one thing; to show the better case another: the merits of a debate and the merits of a question are always to be distinguished. The man whose main purpose and pride is to come off victor as to the debate stands on a lower plane than the man whose only ambition is to make his cause clear and determine whether the truth is his or another's. This is the only end which justifies controversy, the only one which makes it tolerable. When it degenerates into fencing for personal advantage, the braver way is to await a foe who will not stab in the back; and the sophistry which is most dangerous is not that of the man who knows it as such, but that of the man who cannot help tucking in something outside the premises and evading the point which he cannot meet.

Workers and the Working Class.

The great majority of the men, women, and children in the United States are workers, but only a small minority belongs to the "working class." John Mitchell calls attention to the fact, of which he seems not to see the full significance, that "articles of general consumption . . . are all commodities in the production of which union labor has little or no part." The men, women, and children, whether in Kansas or New England, who are engaged in the production of the commodities on which all depend for sustenance are workers; but they do not belong to the "working class," about which so much is now thought, felt, written, and proclaimed, as if this class included the whole of society, excepting the employers and millionaires.

The "working class" is to be found only in mines, factories, some mechanical trades, and, in general, in occupations devoted to manufacturing operations requiring the services of large numbers of operatives working under superintendence. The majority of these people are, in the United States, foreigners, and to a large extent illiterate. There are, including ten million negroes, something like sixty million workers in the United States whose interests are entirely neglected by the sociologists, who try to get inside "the mind of the worker."

The statement is constantly made, and often made with tearful emphasis, that there is no longer an open career for boys and girls. The statement is made with an eye open only to the conditions in which "the working class" does its work. But, even thus limited, the statement is conspicuously untrue. Witness the fact that the great fortunes of recent origin were made by as many young men who rose from the ranks of "the working class" as were made by those who were merely workers, like the cattlemen and meat-packers of the West.

It is said that the boys and girls who dodge the working-man's fate are driven into the "already overcrowded clerical field," where the chances for promotion and escape from heart and brain deadening drudgery are few and hard to find. And yet, except in the case of money inherited from the Astors and Vanderbilts, who "grasped the skirts of circumstance" in the early days of the republic, most, if not all, the millionaires of to-day who were not working-men, like Schwab, Carnegie, Rockefeller, *et alii omnes*, were clerks in banks and warehouses, or telegraph operators, and the like.

The writer is perfectly willing to admit that society is full of wrongs from bottom to top; that there is not, and never has been any perfect form of Christianity; that the wage system, which has survived the vicissitudes of human history ever since the beginnings of civilization, is now, as it always has been, used by the strong for the oppression of the weak; and that, even for those who choose to look that way, there are proofs in abundance that there is not anywhere to be found evidences that a Divine Providence is shaping the ends of human destiny. The writer has never met any pessimist, with a budget of indisputable facts, whose tale of woe he could not match with equally distressful facts drawn from his

own observation and experience. And yet we may be sure that this is a better world than was on exhibition in that Europe over which Napoleon drove the ploughshares of war, or that upon which Julius Cæsar looked when he had climbed to the height of his power and his ambition.

The wage system does not work well now: it did not work well 4000 B.C., when, in Egypt, Ptah Hotep wrote, "It is hard to satisfy hired servants. . . . When favors have been shown unto servants, they say, 'We go.'" Then, as now, wages failed to satisfy hired servants; then, as now, they went on strike, even when employers were making special efforts to satisfy them.

The apostle Paul put himself at the centre of things, when he felt "the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." Of what the sons of God will do when they appear, we get some hints in the experiences of the long line of saints and heroes described in the Epistle to the Hebrews; in the transcendent example of that shining soul who claimed for himself no higher title than "the Son of Man"; in the work of those in our day who are making no declaration of rights, but are striving, might and main, even to the sacrifice of their own lives, to drive out the causes of disease and poverty. Let some one write out the long roll of the physicians and other workers who have given up leisure, comfort, health, and even life itself, to drive out of the world leprosy, deadly fevers of many kinds, pestilences, and all the physical evils that beset and afflict the human family.

In the last sixty years we have seen American girls driven out of the "working class" of operatives in our mills; we have seen the Irish and the Germans driven out of and up from the ranks of the operatives; and now we see the same process going on with Armenians, Greeks, Lithuanians, Poles, and half a hundred other nationalities, who are bringing in and solving new problems for our infant republic. It will be a long day before the procession of candidates for places in our "working class," which now reaches around the world, comes to rest and all its members take their places as cheerful workers in the vast laboratories of civilization. Meanwhile, let us who have escaped from or avoided the tasks of "the working class" do what we can to "cast up a highway and gather out the stones" for those who shall come after us. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said the foremost worker of all time. G. B.

The Sifting of Hates.

According to the sense in which the teaching and example of Jesus are usually taken, the word "hate" should be dropped out of the human dictionary and all hate be cleaned out of the human heart. Perhaps the slowness of human progress towards this end, and the practical hopelessness of ever reaching it, may be due to this use of his precepts, as well as to the difficulty of carrying them out, for, as a matter of fact, does any one really intend to get rid of the power of hating; can any one listen with a genuine reaction to counsels of its excision? Putting aside the question whether Jesus ever hated anything or not, is it involved in a gospel of love that hate should be wholly eliminated from the human heart?

A second look at the matter shows us in love itself an element which gives us pause. A good lover, we say, is ever a good hater. That is, he commits himself by the intensity of his loyalty and passion to corresponding intensity toward hindrances and hostilities. Are there foes to that which his soul cherishes? His love itself arms him against them. Does he value truth to the death? What should he do, then, with lies and falsity but vow eternal enmity toward them? Does purity and chastity hold his heart? Is there any word but "hatred" for the sentiment they excite toward all that would soil and violate them? Love is protected and buttressed about with the possibility of hating. It is itself a power of hating, since the more it prizes its object, the more it turns against all that would destroy it. The intense attraction involves an intense repulsion as directly as the flow of the tide involves its ebb.

The same is true of righteousness. There is no turning towards it without something corresponding to renouncing "the devil and all his works." It is an epicene morality that adopts a tolerant mood toward wrong. The loose and easy indolence of certain types of goodness, and their productivity of the worst evils in the very manner of their kindness toward them, are responsible for much of the persistence of evil in human nature. A little good hating would produce more righteousness, more loving-kindness, than all the benevolence in the world without it. What makes the child's nature more fertile in selfishness than the indulgent kindness which sees nothing wrong in what that child does and nothing dangerous in what it desires to do? Why is it that the unselfish parent may be all the time training selfishness in children through parental self-denial? The soft enjoyment of ministering to the pleasure of offspring absorbs the attention so that the sentinel, hatred, is put to sleep, and evil creeps into the stronghold. Love blinds the eyes to faults which hatred of them would never fail to detect. As for evil, to start with hating it is the best protection against it. A regard for goodness that was not a bitterness toward its opposite would be futile. It is said, indeed, and repeated wearisomely, that to know all is to forgive all. Never was epigram crammed with more truth and error. The truth is the forgiveness: the error is the tolerance of the thing for which a person is forgiven. If the saying means that magnanimity makes black white, and decay health, and lies true, and lust love, then it is like a wolf in sheep's clothing. To lose out of ethics that which was pictured in a personal devil is to lose the thing that makes ethics useful away from home. The man who can look back on a training in habits of life which rested direction and warning and prohibition not on any abstract wrong of the things condemned, or on any nice ethical discrimination, or on duty itself, so much as on downright hatred of the forbidden things, will testify that it was that hatred more than all else besides that kept him straight. The Puritan put an element into his morals that his descendants in less strenuous dilemmas can ill afford to lose. He did not palter with his evils, nor disguise them, nor allow them to change their names. He hated them, and, while his powers of hating went too far, and made him stern and hard, and spread among things that deserved no hatred, they were powers that were bad in their mastery of him, and not in their service.

It is obvious that what we mean, and what the Christian gospel can only mean in purging the soul of its hates, is separating them and classifying them according to their quality. One hate it must, of course, keep, and that is the hate of hate. And it must discriminate as to what hates it will hate and what hates it will keep. It will hate the hates that rise from envy and jealousy and wounded self-love and vexation and from a liking for faults in others than oneself. It will keep the hates that are pure and unvindictive and without cruelty and malice. It will banish the hates that sour the mind, and keep the hates that cleanse and sweeten its thoughts. It will destroy the hates that are personal, and preserve the hates that are for things in themselves hateful. It will beat into ploughshares the swords of battle, but

it will forge into swords the ploughshares of cowardice. It will make pure men's hearts with charity for all, and it will guard that charity against imposture, deception, and weakness which would neutralize it. The apostle made a list of the things he said people must "put away." They are hateful things. It is sweet and lovely and of good report to hate them. Wherever they are not hated, there is no godliness nor contentment nor assurance of peace. Where hatred of them is vitiated by any admixture of hatred of their doers, the right to hate them vanishes. It is things we may hate,—never people, however hateful people may seem and be. It is the things that make them hateful that we must hate, not the persons they make hateful. And it is those things wherever they may be, chiefly in ourselves.

Lent is a season consecrated to such fight against evil, such godly hatred of the tempters in wilderness and town, such struggle with the beasts of the Ephesus of to-day. Its note is abnegation. If, denying himself the luxury of hate, a man thinks himself like to grow effeminate, let him think of the hates of life like Christ's demands. Let him assemble them, and hear their war-cry. They make a man's Lent.

American Unitarian Association.

Efficiency or Deficiency.

The prompt and serious consideration of the people of the Unitarian churches must be given at this season to the urgent financial needs of their national work. They must make choice between the *efficiency* which can be promoted by generous giving or the *deficiency* which will inevitably follow inadequate contributions.

The directors of the Association have always believed in and practiced absolute candor and complete publicity about financial matters. They have been chosen to serve as trustees for the advancement of a great cause. They are, however, impotent to promote the interests of that cause unless the members of the Association provide the needed financial support.

Our religious organization is not like a government, which has the right of taxation. The work of the Association is supported by voluntary subscriptions. It cannot be too often repeated that the opportunities and demands of this work are vastly in excess of the resources of the board. It is a heartbreaking business, month after month, to have to turn down the urgent appeals of deserving fellow-workers and to put into cold storage the excellent suggestions for new and vital service which come from many friends. It would, however, be a fatal policy for the board to enter upon new ventures for which there is no prospect of financial support. The printers' bills must be met, and the preachers of our word cannot live on the fresh air of freedom alone.

Six weeks remain of the financial year. It is obviously impossible for the officers and directors of the Association to personally present the needs of the cause to many individuals or churches. They must depend upon the local ministers and committees and upon the earnestness and good-will of the people for the raising of this money. The time is short, the opportunity is vast, the duty is second to none in the life and work of our churches.

The directors of the Association have, in response to urgent appeals from the field, entered this year into obligations larger than ever before in the history of the Association. They have been exceedingly reluctant to believe that the churches will not support them in these well-directed endeavors. They have, therefore, made the greater venture, believing that the merit of the work done and the appeal of the work that ought to be don will reach the minds and hearts of the people who can and ought to give the money to support the work. The budget for the current year, adopted last May, calls for an expenditure of $120,000. Of this sum about $40,000 is assured from the income of the various trust funds and endowments, but it is absolutely necessary for the churches to raise $80,000 unless they wish the Directors of their Association either to contract disastrous debts or to drastically cut down the work.

It is now sixteen years since the words "Debts of the Association" appeared in the treasurer's statement. It should be the earnest desire of all the adherents of this cause to keep that record intact. We deeply appreciate the loyal and liberal support of many friends. Their patient "continuance in well-doing" is the life-blood of our endeavor. We ask the ministers and people of our churches, the Alliances and Sunday-schools, to bear their part in our collective work.

Samuel A. Eliot.

Current Topics.

A notable move in the direction of the development of the vast resources of Alaska was made on March 12, when President Wilson signed the bill authorizing the expenditure of $35,000,000 for the construction of a government railway about one thousand miles long in the great territory in the North. Simultaneously with the act that wrote the bill into the statute book, it was announced that the Department of the Interior would take prompt steps for the beginning of the work which, there is every reason to believe, will open up a highly profitable region to the commercial activities of the world. One of the immediate results of the construction of the projected railway line will be the acquisition of a practicably inexhaustible supply of coal. President Wilson, in signing the bill, expressed his gratification at being able, at last, to reach out "the hand of real helpfulness and brotherhood to Alaska, which will now link it to us by many bonds that will be valuable to both sides."

The cause of arbitration as a means of preventing the outbreak of war between nations is being advanced with marked success by William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, who announced, on March 13, that agreements involving the investigation of disagreements that might otherwise lead to armed conflicts, would be signed in the immediate future with Brazil, Chile, and Argentina. Treaties in effect identical with these are in process of negotiation with France and Great Britain. The British government, it is explained by the State Department, already has accepted the provisions of Mr. Bryan's treaties in principle, and only the details remain to be adjusted in the reaching of the Anglo-American agreement proposed by the Secretary of State. The foreign office in Paris last week issued an announcement of its willingness to discuss, in a sympathetic spirit, the proposals made by Mr. Bryan to France. The French republic is the first European country to accede in principle to the State Department's project that disputes which fail of settlement by diplomacy shall be submitted to a commission.

The menacing attitude of Russia continues to attract universal attention as a disquieting portent of the hour. After a long conference between the members of the ministry and the party leaders in the Douma, it was announced from St. Petersburg at the beginning of the

week that the men who govern Russia have reached a complete agreement on the necessity for an immediate and material augmentation of the military resources of the empire. One version of the immediate purposes of the Russian war office is that more than 400,000 men will be called to the colors immediately. Such an increase in offensive and defensive power in time of peace may well be regarded as a grave omen of warlike activities in the near future. It is explained that the administrative and the legislative branches of the Russian government, after a careful study of the situation, have reached the unanimous conclusion that existing international relations justify the preparations suggested by the reported intention of the war office.

A POSSIBLE sidelight on the Russian view of the international horizon is furnished by a remarkable statement by Count Serge Witte, former premier of Russia, who is quoted by the Associated Press as having said to an interviewing journalist in Budapest last Saturday: "Only the first act of the Balkan affair has been played. It is now the intermission, which may last for years or only for months. The relations between Austria and Roumania constitute one of the points of danger, and the relations between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente are in no wise clear." Count Witte's frank admission of the uncertainty of the immediate future was generally accepted as a veiled warning, in behalf of the Russian government, of the intention of the Triple Entente to resist, with force if need be, any attempt by Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Germany to assert a predominating influence in the Balkans, or to interfere with Russia's plans for the final settlement of the issues created by the outcome of the second Balkan conflict.

IF Russia is planning an increase in her offensive and defensive power, her policy is only the reflection of a general tendency toward augmented military expenditures throughout the continent and in Great Britain. Despite the heavy burden of taxation under which the British rate-payer is struggling, the naval estimates for 1914-15 are greater by $13,000,000 than those for the preceding period. France is putting into operation the plan of creating a greater army by the extension of the two-year term of service under the colors to three years. The German appropriations contain provisions for a material increase of the army and navy in numbers and an improvement in equipment. Preparations for a mobilization, it is believed, are being made silently but swiftly in Austria-Hungary. The situation, in some of its aspects, recalls those breathless moments that accompanied the outbreak of war in the Balkans, when it appeared that the world would be involved in a general conflict.

THE Unionists are not disposed to accept the compromise recently proposed by Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, in his outline of the government's plans for the passage of the bill providing Home Rule for Ireland. The Prime Minister announced, in effect, that the cabinet was prepared to concede to Ulster the privilege of voting, by counties, on a proposal to exclude itself from the provisions of the bill, this exclusion to last for six years after the establishment of the first Irish parliament, and the issues of the extension of the scope of the measure to Ulster to be decided at the end of that period by the vote of the imperial parliament. The attitude of Ulster, and of the opposition in parliament, toward Mr. Asquith's offer of a compromise, is indicated by the continuance of the Unionist demand for a fresh appeal to the British electorate, on the plea that there has been a radical change in public sentiment on the issue of Home Rule since the last election. On the other hand, it was announced in behalf of the government at the end of last week that the cabinet has indicated its last measure of concession to Ulster.

ACTIVE measures are being undertaken in France, with the sympathetic co-operation of the United States, to establish on the route of the Panama Canal some symbolic memorial to the participation of French brain and capital in the initiation of the great undertaking which has been brought to completion by American energy. It is proposed to erect, at some conspicuous point on the waterway, a heroic statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the French engineer who conceived and executed the Suez Canal, and who began work on the unsuccessful attempt to dig a ship-route through the Isthmus of Panama. Among the supporters of the project are President Wilson, who evidently regards such a monument as a graceful acknowledgment of the debt which America owes to France in the mighty undertaking, and Col. George W. Goethals, the engineer who carried out to a successful conclusion the engineering and administrative problems that proved too great for his French predecessor.

Brevities.

Supt. William H. Maxwell of the schools of New York City goes on record as saying that marriage makes better teachers instead of less efficient ones.

To be "our brother's keeper" is to-day being translated into all forms of social service. It means not so much the cure of the ills of society as prevention of these evil and harmful influences.

We may not see the need or the necessity of pain and suffering; but of one thing we are certain, namely, that out from these experiences we gain a wisdom and a knowledge we can get in no other way.

The recalling that this year marks the centenary of Norway's independence of Denmark brings out the curious fact that her people are bilingual. The Danish language is the official language, and now it is desired that the "landsmaal," or native speech, should replace this as the official one.

The inability to wonder tends to make us lead prosaic and unimaginative lives. This faculty, so strong in childhood, should not be allowed to fall into disuse with advancing years. As we once wondered at the railroad engine, so now we wonder at the wireless. To see something wonderful is always an exhilarating experience.

The mid-week prayer-meeting of to-day among the orthodox churches has changed distinctly from that of several decades ago. It is less often given exclusively to prayers and formal testimonies, but considers matters of current social and community betterment, even including at times matters of church business, all of which is an improvement.

Most religious observers are probably agreed that, if the partial breakdown of the American Sabbath is to be remedied, the move to this end must first come from the Church itself, and that Christian people should more fully recognize the spiritual values inherent in a proper observance of the day. Few, however, will be inclined

to accept the ultra statement of one Presbyterian editor, "that Sabbath desecration is a sin in God's sight as deadly and as hateful as murder or theft."

We never truly see each other,—the real persons which we are. We see the mask of form and feature through which one soul speaks to another, but the real personality is never clearly perceived.

Whenever we become discouraged at our failure to live more nearly to our ideal of the Christian life, we ought to comfort ourselves with the fact that we are trying thereby to bring our lives up to the standard of the most divine and heroic example in all human history.

Letters to the Editor.

Methodist-Unitarian Fellowship.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Instances of fraternal relations between Methodist and Unitarian ministers are by no means so novel and rare as recent letters in the *Register* suggest. Seventeen years ago, in a Canadian city, a Methodist minister asked me to preach in his church, and I did so. Some six or seven years ago a Methodist minister in Cambridge, Mass., asked me to exchange with him, but the failure of his health prevented the carrying out of the proposal. I suppose that many similar instances have occurred, for the Methodists are not theologically rigid.

Fredbric Gill.

Arlington, Mass.

The Service Pension Society.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

May I take a little space to urge upon your readers the support of the Unitarian Service Pension Society? The purpose of the Society is to provide a service pension for all ministers who have reached sixty-five years of age and have completed twenty years active service in the Unitarian ministry.

We feel that this service pension is meeting an urgent need in our denomination. It is an act of simple justice to our aged ministers, which has been too long deferred. The great industrial corporations and other religious denominations are providing funds for service pensions. Unitarians should not lag behind. The Society asks for the active financial and moral support of Unitarian laymen and women, churches, Alliances, Young People's Societies, and Sunday-schools. The American Unitarian Association is trustee of the funds of the Society. This assures stability and wise investment.

The two present needs of the Society are: 1. A large permanent endowment, by gifts and bequests. This is essential to the permanence of the pension fund. 2. Annual contributions from individuals, churches, Alliances, Young People's Societies, etc., for distribution in pensions. Contributions may be sent to me at the address below.

A word to the ministers: If you have reached sixty-five years of age, and have served twenty years in the Unitarian ministry, please notify me. You are entitled to the pension by virtue of age and service rendered, but it is impossible for us to tell your age and term of service intuitively. Will you not help by giving the information?

John H. Applebee,
Treasurer.

933 Maryland Ave.,
Syracuse, N.Y.

In Fellowship.

Untouched by grief, how should I walk these ways,
These common ways of earth, wherein each man
Is set apart, as by some unknown plan,
To work his problems out, for blame or praise?
So eager the desire for happier days,
The wish to crowd with joy life's narrow span,
All nobler thoughts might end where they began,
Nor guide my footsteps through this tangled maze.

But, taught by sorrow, lessoned by defeat,
I feel at last the strange electric thrill
That binds true hearts together, and I greet
All men as brothers, seeking, serving still.
I own my human heritage complete,
To love and suffer with undaunted will.

—*The Churchman.*

Pictures in Snow.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

Snow is a pretty background for everything. Plain houses, old red barns, homely sheds, mean walls and fences take on magic effects through the witchery of the white medium. The least bit of color is alluring against its negative aspect. Scarlet and all warm tints are seen endued with a charm never noticed at other times. The school children, in their red caps and knitted coats, are all Kate Greenaway's, seen "under the window."

The white trimming is prettily caught and held with capricious touch on roofs and window-sills of village houses. Even ugliness becomes beautiful in this masquerade. The garden shrubs and little evergreens are a joy to see. Twilight is the witching time that brings a sense of romance and exhilaration. Then the village street is quite magical with rich sunset lights, darting through it mixed with firelight and lamplight from windows and doors that open to let in home-comers. The tranquil but cold night steals along with early moonlight,—a little crescent half-drowned in the yellow effulgence of the sky. What so charming as the blended lights softening the ghostliness of the snow with rosy glow?

The village shops are open, the markets are agleam. Saturday night electrics are streaming over the people, as they wander out to purchase the Sunday dinner. Children trot alongside their mothers, dogs frisk in the snow, young folks are skating on the pond, and their merry voices ring out in the stillness that has banished wheels. Only a sleigh goes tinkling past, now and then.

Boys and girls are still coasting down the long hill, emerging from a clump of dark pines like a procession of elves and brownies and Teddy Bears out for a frolic. The good smell of baking bread or roasting meat comes from the kitchen chimney of many a village house, where the evening meal is preparing. It is hospitable, and greets you like the welcome of a friend, though you be a stranger passing by. The master's step is on the porch. He stamps his foot, opens the door with a key, and goes into the sanctuary of the tired.

There is a house that stands away from the others in grounds of its own. Old people lived there so long, it became fairly impregnated with their being. Houses have a physiognomy of their own. Some are good-humored and smiling, though a little vulgar and commonplace. Others are dark and sullen, as if saying, "Keep away from this door." But this house was simply hospitable and open-hearted, welcoming the best and noblest people, whether rich or poor,—a kind of sheltering arms for the homeless, the sad, and friendless. But now it is vacant. The snow tries to beautify it, but the heart and soul of the dwelling have departed. It hangs wreaths along the walls, adorns the windows with beautiful etch-

ings, sculptures friezes under the eaves, but no smoke floats from the chimneys. The great hearth, that always glowed with firelight when evening came, casts no gleam upon the pane. The bell, that always sounded so constantly and so joyously, rings no more. Should it sound in the great empty rooms, what a hollow, ghostly, and portentous noise it would make, waking the echoes with fright.

On cold, clear evenings like this, when the last ray shone over the world, and people were wending to the warmth and cheer of their homes, how beautiful and sacred the old house looked. What a place of rest out of the world's turmoil, the wild beast's struggle! What a refuge in wintry evenings, with the good glow spreading far out to guide the steps of home-comers. The master's footstep, that all the household knew, was heard at the door, and all the house awakened to welcome his home-coming. Dogs barked and leaped joyously; the canary in the window piped a joyous song; the cat left the hearth rug to come and mew and purr with joy around his feet.

All is cold there now. The factitious amber light that gleams in the windows is from the western sky. It seems like cheeriness, like home light; but it is only a reflection from without, not from a centre of warmth within. The hearth is cold. Children's feet long since ceased to patter up and down the stairs. It is years since their voices echoed from the walls. Great trees close in, gaunt and bare, around the dwelling from which life and light have fled. The path through the snow is no longer cleared to the door that once opened so joyously to welcome guests. It darkens like the door of a tomb. The snow closes all around it like a winding-sheet. No human feet seek an entrance. There are tracks of birds, of dogs, of cats, of squirrels and rabbits. They alone approach, and shyly enter the porches, and make their little zigzag lines around the house. The old mansion is like a harp with broken strings. Life's harmony has fled. As the lights kindle in the village, its fictitious lights go out, and it rises dark and lonely against the sky.

The snow blanket only makes the village the cosier, the more domestic. Its houses draw closer together. Nature has reclaimed its own. There are no harsh, discordant noises, but a blend of sounds all musical. Even the locomotive whistle comes into the general harmony. The silence is restful where no wagon wheels creak, and the sleigh runners make only a smooth and gliding sound. Aged people remember the days of their youth,—the time of deep snows, the great sleighing parties, the spelling-bees, the apple-parings, the husking-bees, and all the simple, old-fashioned fun and frolic of the past,—the happy time of remembered youth, when the world was only a great innocent playfellow. The old times, as we call them, are in memory surrounded by a halo. The new times, those in which we live, seem to glide on the brink of an abyss. We forget that in those old days there was sin and sorrow, remorse and unmitigated pain, in human hearts that concealed their woes just as our neighbors conceal theirs now, though their homes look so happy and prosperous to-night.

It is in a sweet and sacred stillness the little homes pass before us in the snowy night. The old untenanted house seems only the record of vanished experience. It is the human imprint that gives it dignity. It is this that clings so tenaciously to the walls,—the love, the joy, the grief, the mourning, heart-loneliness, and heart sorrow,—all are written there in invisible letters. Otherwise, it were a mere heap of stones with vague cosmic values, with no power to move our pity or give the touch of sympathetic imaginings.

We have been dreaming of home, the ideal shelter-place of the world, while love light and firelight and lamplight have gleamed over the snow from village windows. We are told the home ideal is not the same any more,—a place of shelter from all the hurts and worries of the world, God's school for teaching the virtues and nourishing sacred affections. It is attacked and, in a certain sense, disparaged. Is there a worm at the root? But, as you walk abroad at night where the snow lies like a soft, protecting, white hand on the roofs,—a kind of visible blessing,—the old feeling returns, the disparaged sentiment of the sacredness of home, that nothing can impugn: the one perfect retreat where our wounds are bound up, the sting of our disappointments soothed away, where our sorrows find shelter to be healed, where we need not pose or pretend or feign anything, but can be just ourselves. What can we substitute for home? If it were banished and forgotten, would not humanity invent it anew.

SUMMIT, N. J.

Blossoms from the Blade.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

O ye beauteous things that bless us so,
While the winter still is lingering!
Well the soul doth note the way ye grow,—
Out of sharpest-bladed green ye spring.

With what sympathy ye seem aglow!
Is not each of you a conscious thing?
Life's true secret here ye seem to show,
As if perfected through suffering.

Such a ministry be ours to know,
As your white and fragrant graces bring;
And as close to every blade-like throe,
May God send such blessed blossoming!

The Charm of Anonymity.

A certain discredit attaches to an anonymous communication. One suspects that the writer is saying something for which he wishes to evade responsibility, or that his statements cannot be relied upon, or that he wishes to accomplish by indirection what he has not the candor or courage to attempt openly. The first impression made by nameless literary production is that it is illegitimate. The modern spirit is against the subtraction of personality, and demands a local habitation and a name for every claimant upon its attention. The ancient method of concentrating attention on the contents of a work, and of erasing the personality of a writer in the interest of authority and tradition, has left little trace in our time. Hymnals and books of devotion preserve this subordination of individuality, and publishers, under special circumstances, find pseudonyms and concealed authorship useful for advertising purposes. But in such cases one expects sometime to be informed, and the concealment of authorship heightens expectation of revelation.

There is something to be said, however, for anonymity. For one reason, at least, the ancient idea deserves revival. It turned the mind to the worth of the matter rather than to the glory of the author. It would be invaluable to have more of this spirit to-day. Fame, repute, a place in the public eye, are curiously attractive; and, to one who earns and desires them, they are not to be grudged. But they do little for the real credit either of an author or his work. It vitiates the purity and sincerity of the work to have a motive of praise at its heart, and our enjoyment of it suffers when we learn that the producer revels in his publicity, swells in interviews, and poses as the lion of a social menagerie. It is seldom that admiration can stand the strain of close personal contact with the person behind the word. Egotism is never lovely,

least of all in connection with creation in literary art. To desire or enjoy being known is a pardonable frailty; but it is a frailty, and, substituted for the enjoyment of making truth and beauty known, personal pride is a cheap incentive. It is not altogether unknown, even in these times of literary self-glorification, for men of distinction to evade its rewards and hate its penalties. If they could have what they love regarded, and themselves remain unknown, their joy in creation would be enhanced. Nor is their modesty itself a covert bid for a new zest of popularity, since nothing is so pleasing as the bringing to light of a hidden flower. It is the genuine expression of their absorption in production. The delight of finding truth and beauty, unalloyed by any intrusion of self, is the most exalted of all delights. It keeps the world undistracted from adoration of truth by the mere medium of it, and it sets the discoverer free from his own limitations to share a pure pleasure with the world. The trammels of self-consciousness hinder freedom in creation, and to think how he will be judged bribes the integrity of a conscientious workman. There could be no more liberating influence, for one aspiring to literary usefulness, than that of putting self out of the case and of imagining, what often must be imagined, that he will never be known in connection with it.

This praise of anonymous work, with literature as an example, is by no means a counsel of perfection. If reckoning could be made of the world's work done by persons never known in connection with it, outside their immediate circle, we should have glorious witness of selflessness in manifold directions. When we travel, our lives are kept for us by the experts in bridge-building, the trained eyes of inspectors and track-walkers, the skill of engineers, the virtuosity of those who manipulate the intricacies of switches, and the ingenuity of thousands unknown to us who are devising measures and appliances of safety; and the telegraphers, among whom any indulgence in intoxicants is practically unknown, form a vast corps of special providences, and fill with contemporary meaning the saying, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

The architecture of a great city glorifies the common way of millions who never think to whom they owe the beauty round them, and to those who happen to know the firm names is hidden the names of the designers and draughtsmen whose art and taste and skill may merit nearly all the credit that the architect receives. How much of the great influence of the press, even in these days, when it is overloaded with cheap influences, is due to learned and erudite men, statesmen in shirtsleeves, scholars in harness, keen and far-sighted observers and gaugers of the tendencies of the times, whose names play no part in the result, and who never gain nor care for the credit for their service? Nor should we forget the organizing power, the resourcefulness, the courage and genius for command of editors and pressmen, who lay at our doors each morning the tribute of the world.

The kind of devotion to the duties of life which religion prescribes is not rare in any direction of human activity. But it needs both the emphasis of religion and the illustration of experience to make us realize how sweet and sure and satisfying are those rewards which no neglect or unawareness or indifference can deny to those who are denied the satisfactions of repute. There is great charm in privacy, in having some secret of great moment, in being the repository of important confidences, and in sharing high counsels hidden from even the wise and prudent. Those who love precious stones prize above price those rare gems without compare which it may be their fortune to acquire. They are their own in an inalienable sense. Such charm, such privilege, such exclusive possession, may be had by those who learn, in Faber's phrase, "to scorn the praise of men." The resignation of what is dear, after all, only to a childish desire, the surrender of the vanities of compliment and credit and name, leaves in our hands what is of far higher satisfaction. To every work is given its own excellence; to every man, without any deduction, the result of his doing. His works do follow him, whether he be alive or dead. It is of small, even ridiculous, consequence to one's self whether others know what one has done. Recognition, the lack of which sours so many minds, is the last thing really worth our caring for. If it fails in good work, there is fine revenge in thinking who lose the worth of it,—not the "proud doer," whom the Lord "plentifully rewardeth," but the unfortunate ones who had neither eyes to see nor ears to hear, or whose senses were beholden by self-will or prejudice. Since the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and the Father seeth in secret, those who do his will as best they can are getting the best of all good things. In fact, names are generally "writ in water,"—in the righteous deed do we find pure life.

The Church and the Nation.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. RAMSAY.

The divine discontent of our time is a wholesome indication and a prophecy of better things,—even when it concerns religion, as it surely does; for a great and growing number of people in this country to-day are thoroughly dissatisfied with existing religious conditions, and are hoping for and waiting expectantly for a new type of church. One is constantly meeting such people,—earnest, cultivated, public-spirited, and, in the best sense, religious, men and women. Most of them were nurtured and brought up in some church, but many of them have lost their interest and become detached from the old forms. There is at the same time a genuine faith in the reality of religion. There is a real longing on the part of a great host of people for a perfectly sincere and yet beautiful and modern expression of religion.

The people I have in mind will all say "Yes, I want a church. I long for a heartfelt religious fellowship. I need it more than I ever did before!" They will say with Amiel: "I cannot be in the right all alone. I cannot live my life without Christian prayer and discipline; yet a force of conviction I cannot disavow forbids me the forms I know. When will the church to which I belong, and my teachers belong, rise into being?" Now a great many truly religious people to-day are in precisely this attitude. They attend church services fitfully,—they hardly know why. But they do not find spiritual satisfaction. So they are not enthusiastic about the Church. It is not what they really desire; it does not meet the real needs or satisfy the highest spiritual aspirations of the earnest men and women of to-day.

Now what is the real trouble with the Church? Why does it not meet the needs of such a large number of earnest, thoughtful, devoted men and women to-day? What is it that they really desire in the way of religious expression and fellowship? What kind of a church do they want? Probably most of them would find it easier to say what they do not want than to even outline their ideal. One thing that they most certainly do not want is a sectarian church. Sectarianism means a closed circle of ideas and interests. A sect is always founded upon some merely partial and one-sided aspect of truth that is mistaken for the whole. It appeals to one type of people, one type of mind.

Now religion, in its largest and most important meaning, is essentially a national concern. The Church, in its highest significance, is the symbol of moral and spiritual ideals which are national in their scope. The spirit of the new day in our own country as in Great Britain is the spirit of Ethical Nationalism. The church of this new day must respond to this new spirit: it must be distinctively national in its spirit and its aims. The church must symbolize and express in every legitimate way the highest and noblest ideals of national life: it must symbolize and promote the actual ideals, the real aspirations and longings and aims of the living men and women to-day who desire to see our nation lead the nations of the world not in commerce and material wealth alone, but in moral and spiritual pre-eminence.

To do this the large national conception and national aims of the church must predominate. The church, in the largest sense, has always symbolized the ethical and spiritual unity of the nation. That has been, at bottom, the significance, as it is the justification, of the great national churches. The Church of England, *e.g.*, has symbolized the common ethical and spiritual life of the British nation. It has aimed to keep alive a sense of appreciation and reverence for the great national and communal ideals,—the sense of spiritual unity and continuity. This great national Church of England has, moreover, promoted the virtues of loyalty and devotion to those things which constitute the higher life of the nation. No doubt this aim has been mixed with, and partly frustrated by, much that has been narrow and arrogant and merely sacerdotal in its ministers and in the methods of its government. But still the aim is a splendid one, and it has helped to keep alive great and glorious traditions and memories and influences without which the life of the nation would be lamentably impoverished. The great cathedrals belong to the whole nation. They are, whatever else they may be, the visible symbols of the nation's religious history.

It is our misfortune as a nation that we are still poor in those elements that create a national spirit in religion,—a national idealism. Our traditions remain vague, unhoused: we use them only fitfully and accidentally: we have as yet given them no adequate religious consecration. Indeed we have hardly as yet conceived of a national idealism or a national religion. Such expressions of religion as we have are fragmentary and individualistic, and have no suggestion, even, of a national idealism. The section of the American Church that is inclined to build cathedrals, and has a vision, however distorted it may be, of a great "American Catholic Church," might do a wonderful service for American civilization by becoming the nucleus of what might come to be a truly American Church, by including in its fellowship all the idealistic and spiritual forces of the nation,—every element that is working for and making for the kingdom of heaven upon the earth. This is really the type of church that thousands—hundreds of thousands—of thoughtful, forward-looking, and devoted men and women in this country to-day are longing for.

How is it to be obtained? Hardly by a consolidation of the existing sects, through some method of compromise, by which each sect agrees to drop points of difference and cling to points of agreement. This would lead simply to "a colorless and impotent undenominationalism, which produces an armed truce, but settles no disputes and assuages no antagonisms." It has truly been said that undenominationalism is an abstraction which will only pass muster as a religion in the interregnum between two great national ideals. Consolidation of existing sects would be a great benefit economically, and it would be an advantage in many other ways; but it might mean practically nothing in the way of an expansion of religious ideals.

The larger church that so many people are hoping for and waiting for is far more likely to come through the action of individual congregations and groups of people who are free to use the elements and symbols of a national idealism. The independent liberal churches of America have a splendid opportunity before them to-day to meet this growing need of a church that is at once spiritual, free, and responsive to the call of the modern world. But to do this we must "show a catholic power of adaptation," and assimilate and learn to use elements and forces that we have too long ignored. The Puritanism from which the American Unitarian churches have descended—some of them in direct line—left these churches as an inheritance a rigidity and bareness that were, it has been truly said, "the product of a passing negation and protest." But that which is a product of negation and protest cannot be permanent or lasting. It is not the normal or really human method in religion.

Mrs. Humphry Ward urges the churches of the new faith to seize upon ritual, upon music and art; to speak in colored, parabolic, stimulating ways, using the natural sensuous impulses for its own purposes, appealing, without fear for itself, to those sources of delight—color, music, ordered speech, and magnificent action—which are in widest commonality spread.

Mrs. Ward is not pleading for any return to mediævalism or any recrudescence of "ancient form through which the spirit breathes no more," but rather for that legitimate and necessary use of symbolism that appeals to something besides the logical or reasoning faculty, to which the churches of the Puritan tradition have made their appeal, almost to the exclusion of every other method of approach to the soul. Mrs. Ward wants the churches of the new faith to "spend time, love, craft, and money in the attempt to make *beautiful* what they believe; to insist upon working it out into tangible, symbolic forms, so that it may win the hearts of men, as the art of Angelico won them from the walls of San Marco."

In the working out of the destinies of democracy the Church is unquestionably one of the most potent, if not the supreme factor. Without great ethical ideals the future hangs in tatters. The most important problem of the nation at the present hour is the education—not of the intellect only, but of the conscience and will,—the moral and spiritual education of the great masses of the people. This is surely the chief function of the Church. The task is rendered all the more difficult by the existence of an enormous and steadily growing foreign element in the population. It cannot be done by preaching alone; and, least of all, by preaching of the old rationalistic and argumentative type. A clear presentation of moral principles and a rational statement of religion is, of course, essential to the development of a worthy and lasting type of national life. But the great truths of religion and morality can often be more effectively inculcated by visible symbolism and acted story than by a mere logical statement.

> "Where truth in closest words shall fail,
> The truth embodied in a tale
> Will enter in at lowly doors."

Many people in America, and especially in New England, to-day seem to have a haunting fear of the ascendency of the Roman Catholic Church. So far as this fear is based upon the growth of the Roman Catholic element in the population, it may be fully justified; and it is surely to the credit of this great Church that it devotes itself so assiduously to the promotion of the religious principles in which it so devoutly believes. One of the ablest scholars and clearest thinkers in this country

Digitized by Google

to-day, Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia College, says that "No intelligent observer can have followed the recent developments of Roman Catholic policy without discovering that the Church is preparing to give up its struggle against the forms of civil government and to exercise its authority through them. It has no intention of surrendering the smallest fraction of authority as such, but it expects more and more to express authority through a spiritual ascendency in the mind of the voter. Instinctively or rationally the Holy See has discovered the true relation of the state behind the Constitution to the state within the Constitution." "Accepting democracy as the inevitable form of the state within the Constitution, the Roman Catholic Church fully and deliberately intends to make itself what once it was—the ruling aristocracy of the state behind the Constitution."

Here surely is a challenge worthy of all the force and all the resources of our American Protestantism. It would be utterly unworthy, it would be paltry and cowardly, on the part of non-Roman Catholics to adopt the outworn and discredited methods of religious intolerance in a struggle that should be decided, and that must ultimately be decided, upon the principle of the survival of the fittest.

If Protestantism—conservative and liberal—is adequately to meet the moral and religious situation that confronts us in the United States to-day; if the churches are to solve the enormous problem of shaping the moral life of the people; if they are to be effectual and trusted guides and leaders of the people,—then they must learn to look at their functions in no narrow local or parochial way, but in a large national way: they must learn to put themselves down close to the lives, and understand the thoughts and ideas of the common every-day folk: they must adopt the methods that most effectively appeal to the actual capacities and wants of the great common folk in whose hands lie the destiny of the republic. The Roman Catholic Church is earnestly grappling with this problem in its own way. Is there enough of wisdom, of devotion, of the power of adaptation, in Protestantism to do its part successfully toward solving the same great national problems?

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Spiritual Life.

Let us devote ourselves anew to the service of good-will. Let us resolve, for the time to come, to be considerate of all, the present and the absent; to be just to all; to be kindly affectioned to all.—*N. L. Frothingham.*

There never was a call to men and women to be more solely and fully religious than now. We need to put forth the power of our religion in active duties, to live it out in our social circles as well as personally.—*Channing.*

The piety which dwells in the heights of the soul, which walks and works with God in God-like beneficence, is more sublime than the valor which breasts the shock of armies, than the genius which walks in glory among the stars.—*Frederic H. Hedge.*

Oh, blessed the fact that we have those who claim us for the ideal, who never will let us down, nor even grant that we shall fail, but hold up our spirits to go in a starry way, and to see light always in the skies, whatever the night be! Oh, blessed that we have the prophets and seers, the saints and diviners, who never will permit to us a low aim, but always insist on the highest, and then never will allow the highest to be sought in any but the highest way!—*J. Vila Blake.*

Thank God that for the human heart there is more than one spring-tide. Whenever we realize a vital truth, whenever we gaze with sympathy upon an unselfish life, whenever we read inspired thoughts and our inmost being springs alert in response, then, for us, all Nature is bursting into bloom, even in the deadness of winter; for us, every frozen stream has a melody, and even the cold, gray sky a message.—*Abby Parson McDuffie.*

Crescendo.

BY RICHARD WARNER BORST.

The rising and the setting of the sun,
  The radiance of a lamp that burneth bright,
  Then waneth in its niche until the night
Enfold it,—Life, thou art not such a one
To follow these! Nor is't enough to run,
  Esteeming it the end to reach the height,
  Then, prone upon a peak that gleameth white
With heroes' bones, cry out at last, " 'Tis won!"

Ah, these alone may not suffice for me;
  The rather, may my lance still keener grow
With every thrust; my every triumph be
  The sign of more! May Heaven's bugles blow
Reveille with more joy eternally,—
  My life forever onward, upward go!

The Descent into Hell.

BY H. M. SELBY.

It would be interesting to know what proportion of the many people who, since the Reformation, have recited the Apostles' Creed have attached any definite meaning to the clause, "He descended into Hell." On the other hand, in pre-Reformation times, even to the illiterate, the sentence would call up a very distinct picture, as the "Descent into Hell" (or Hades) was one of the episodes in the Easter miracle-plays and liturgical dramas; and those who could read might also be acquainted with the source of the episode, viz., the "Gospel of Nicodemus"; for this work was well known in the Middle Ages, though, after the Reformation, it shared the neglect with which Protestants have always treated apocryphal literature, both Jewish and Christian. This essay is an attempt to elucidate the dogma of the Descent into Hell by an examination of the work just mentioned. Before proceeding to this examination, however, it is necessary to cast a glance at Jewish eschatology.

At first the Jews, like other peoples, imagined the spirits of the dead—good and bad alike—as confined in a shadowy land, like the Greek Hades. To this land of shades they gave the name of Sheol. But, after the Exile, the Jews began to imagine a separation between the good and the bad, and they also evolved the idea of a final judgment. This latter doctrine led to the conception of what is called by theologians the "Intermediate State": human souls, as well as the fallen angels, were regarded as awaiting the final judgment, sometimes all in Sheol, sometimes all in the Third Heaven,—in either case, with a separation between the good and the bad,—sometimes the good in Paradise (which was located in the Third Heaven), the evil in Sheol. This eschatology was substantially adopted by the Christians, but they were confronted with a question of their own, viz., If salvation

comes only through Christ, what about the patriarchs and prophets and other good men who lived before Christ? In their attempts to answer this question, the Christians evolved the story of Christ's Descent into Hell,—a story to which allusion is made in Ephesians iv. 8-10 and 1 Peter iii. 19, though we have no full account of the supposed event earlier than that contained in the "Gospel of Nicodemus."

This work professes to have been written in Hebrew, and to have been translated into Greek by a certain Anandas (in some versions Æneas), but it is held by scholars that Greek was really the original language. The title, "Gospel of Nicodemus," is not found in any manuscript earlier than the thirteenth century. It probably arose out of the fact that Nicodemus is a prominent character in the narrative contained in the "Gospel," wherein he plays a non-committal rôle, similar to that attributed to Gamaliel in Acts v. 34, *seq.* The work, as we now have it, consists of two parts, viz., the "Acts of Pilate" (a title which is sometimes given to the whole work) and the "Descent into Hell" (*Descensus ad Inferos*). Several manuscripts of it exist in Greek and Latin, and there is also a Coptic version of Part I. As will be seen presently, the various versions differ from one another in several important particulars, though all agree in the main outline of the story. "Of twelve manuscripts, only two or three give the second part consecutively with the first" (Introduction to the Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations in the Ante-Nicene Library). No portion of the work is held to be earlier than the fourth century.

Part I. falls into two divisions, probably by different authors. Division 1 (chaps. i-xiii) gives an account of the trial, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ, great prominence being assigned in the narrative to Pontius Pilate. This account does not differ materially from the accounts given in the canonical gospels, but a few details are inserted which are not found in the latter; *e.g.*, it is stated that, when Christ was brought into the Praetorium by order of Pilate, the Roman standards bowed before him.

Division 2 is mainly occupied with the action of the Jewish authorities with regard to the resurrection and some particulars relating to Joseph of Arimathea. As these latter serve to elucidate Part II. (with which we are chiefly concerned), I give a short summary of them before entering on our main subject.

The narrative states that, for his action in burying the body of Jesus, Joseph, by order of the Sanhedrim, was thrown into prison in a room without a window, the door of which was sealed and guarded. On the first day of the week following the crucifixion, a summons was sent to Joseph to appear before the Sanhedrim, but he was not to be found in the prison. While the doctors were wondering at this news, tidings were brought by the guards who had been set to watch the tomb of Jesus of the appearance of the angel who rolled back the stone at the entrance of the sepulchre and told the women that Christ had risen. Then there enter a priest named Phinees, a teacher named Addas, and a Levite named Haggai, who state that they have come from Galilee, where they have seen Jesus on a mountain talking to his disciples, heard him give his final directions about preaching the gospel (as in Matt. xxviii. 16, *seq.*, and Mark xvi. 15, *seq.*) and witnessed his ascension. On the reception of this astounding intelligence, a search for Jesus is instituted at the instigation of Nicodemus. This search, of course, proves fruitless; but Joseph of Arimathea is found, a reconciliation is effected between him and the Sanhedrim, he returns to Jerusalem, staying at the house of Nicodemus, who gives a feast in his honor, to which are invited Annas, Caiaphas, and other priests, besides some elders. On the day following this banquet, he is visited by the rulers of the synagogue, the priests, and the Levites, in answer to whose questions he thus begins his story:—

"On* the preparation, about the tenth hour, you locked me up and I remained all the Sabbath. And at midnight, as I was standing and praying, the room where you locked me in was hung up by the four corners [in the second Greek version, *lifted up by four angels*] and I saw a light like lightning into my eyes. And I was afraid and fell to the ground." He goes on to tell how he was tended by Jesus, who, after—at his request—showing him the empty tomb, took him by the hand, placed him in the middle of his own house, though the doors were locked, and led him to his bed, saying, before he departed: "Peace to thee! For forty days, go not forth out of thy house, for, behold, I go to my brethren in Galilee."

Part II. begins, in all versions, with the announcement of the risen saints (see Matt. xxviii. 52) put, in the Greek and the first Latin version, into the mouth of Joseph, and, in the second Latin version, into the mouths of Phinees and his companions. Among those risen saints, especial mention is made of Karinus and Leucius, sons of the aged Simeon, who blessed the infant Christ in the Temple.† Joseph proposes that some members of the Sanhedrim shall go with him in search of these two brothers. Accordingly, a party, consisting—in addition to Joseph—of Annas, Caiaphas, Nicodemus, and Gamaliel, set forth, find Karinus and Leucius in the city of Arimathea, engaged in prayer, and conduct them respectfully to the synagogue, where they are requested to state how they have risen from the dead. Karinus and Leucius ask for paper (by signs, in the first Latin version; orally, in the Greek version), on receiving which they, first of all, write a prayer to Christ, asking permission to relate their experiences. Having obtained an assurance of authorization (apparently by a mental conviction), they record how, when they, "along with" their "fathers," were lying "in the deep, in the blackness of darkness," suddenly there came on them a glow, like that of the sun, accompanied by the shining of a light of kingly purple. This was hailed by "the father of the human race" (Abraham in Greek version) and all the patriarchs and prophets as the divine light promised long ago, Isaiah quoting his own words: "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light," etc. (Is. ix. 2).

Simeon and John the Baptist join the rejoicing throng, the former announcing the approach of the same Jesus whose greatness he had prophesied while he was yet an infant, the latter once more heralding the advent of the being whom he had hailed as "Lamb of God," and who had received baptism at his hands.

In the midst of this exultation appears Satan (who is described in the first Latin version as "the prince and leader of death," and in the Greek version as the "heir of darkness"), bidding Hades (which is personified throughout the narrative), prepare to receive Jesus who (says Satan) boasts himself to be the Son of God, and is a man fearing death, and saying, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful." Satan goes on to rail against Jesus because he has healed many whom he (Satan) had afflicted with blindness and other physical evils, ending his denunciation with the words, "And those whom I have brought to thee [Hades] he has dragged away," and glorying in the vengeance he has taken by planning all the agoniz-

*The quotations from the "Acts of Pilate" are taken from the translation of the first Greek version in the Ante-Nicene Library.

†In treating the "Descent into Hell," I have mainly followed the first Latin version.

ing details of the crucifixion. Hades hears with amazement that any one has been able to drag away the dead by his own power, without prayer to God, and says that such a being must be divine. "Perhaps," concludes Hades, "he is the same who, by the word of his command, brought alive Lazarus after he had been four days in stench and corruption, whom I kept dead." Satan replies that he is the same, whereupon Hades implores Satan not to bring Jesus to him, for, at the time of the release of Lazarus, he, himself, and his officers trembled as they tried in vain to keep Lazarus, who, "shaking himself like an eagle, sprang out and went forth from us with all activity and speed; and the same ground which held the dead body of Lazarus immediately gave him forth alive," so that, if Satan brings him who acomplished this escape, all the souls now under his (Hades') custody will speedily be let loose.

This colloquy is interrupted by a voice as of thunders, and a shouting of spirits, crying: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; . . . and the King of Glory shall come in." Hades thereupon challenges Satan, if (as he boasts) he is a great warrior, to go forth and fight against the King of Glory; and, turning to his officers, bids them "shut the cruel gates of brass and put up the bars of iron, lest we, holding captivity (*i.e.*, being custodians of a band of prisoners) be taken captive." Meanwhile the (Old Testament) "saints" exhort Hades to open the gates to the King of Glory, David repeating (Ps. c. vii. 15–17, LXX.: "He hath shattered the brazen gates and burst the iron bars. He hath taken them up out of the way of their iniquity," while Isaiah, quoting his own words (Is. xxvi. 19, LXX.), acclaims, "The dead shall rise up, and those who are in their tombs shall rise again and those who are upon earth shall exult because the dew which is from the Lord is their health," and adding, "Where, O Death, is thy sting? where, O Hades, thy victory"? (Hos. xiii. 14; quoted in 1 Cor. xv. 55.)

Karinus and Leucius go on to tell how, in the midst of these utterances, there came to Hades, in the form of a man, "the Lord of majesty and lighted up the eternal darkness and burst asunder the indissoluble chains; and the aid of unconquered power visited us, who sat in the profound darkness and in the shadow of death" (cf. Is. xi. 2; Luke i. 79).

Hades and Death (who is now introduced for the first time) acknowledge themselves vanquished, and join the demons in hailing Jesus in these words: "Who art thou, so great and so little, lowly and exalted, soldier and commander, wonderful warrior in the form of a slave, and the King of Glory, dead and alive, whom, slain, the Cross has carried? . . . In thy death every creature trembled and the stars, in a body, were moved."

The narrative continues: "Then the King of Glory, trampling on Death by his majesty and seizing Prince Satan, delivered him to the power of Hades, to be in his power forever," explaining that Satan was to serve as compensation for "Adam and his sons, my just ones."

He then stretches out his hand, saying, "Come to me, all my saints," and, holding Adam by the hand, says to him, "Peace be with thee and with all thy children, my righteous ones." Then Adam and all the "saints" fall down and worship Jesus, who, after marking them with the sign of the cross, goes up "from the powers below," followed by Adam and the Patriarchs and Prophets (who write passages from the Jewish Scriptures as they go) till he puts them into the charge of Michael, with orders to conduct them into Paradise.

On their entry thither, they meet and converse with Enoch and Elijah, who have been placed there in the body, being "reserved to the coming of Anti-christ that they may do battle with him by divine signs and wonders"; their ultimate destiny being to be slain by Anti-christ in Jerusalem, and, after three and one-half days (three days, in Greek version), to be taken up alive again into the clouds.

While Enoch and Elijah are speaking, another man comes up, miserable in appearance, bearing on his shoulders the sign of the cross. This is the Penitent Thief. He explains that he was signed with the cross by Jesus, who instructed him to show this sign to the Angel of Paradise, and say by whom he had been sent. In virtue of these credentials, he had been admitted by the angel, who assigned him a place on the right side of Paradise, bidding him watch there for the coming of Christ, with Adam and the rest of those who had been rescued from Hades.

"These," writes Karinus, in conclusion, "are the divine and sacred mysteries which we saw and heard—I, Karinus, and Leucius. More we are not allowed to tell of the other mysteries." He then proceeds to say that he and his brother were instructed by Michael to "walk across Jordan into a place rich and fertile, where there were many of those who had risen along with" them. All these, together with the brothers, were baptized "in the holy river of Jordan," each, after the ceremony, receiving a white robe. Karinus and Leucius then, still following the directions of the angel, proceeded to Jerusalem with the other saints, to celebrate the Passover of Christ, the Lord, with their living relations. After three days, the rest of the risen ones were "snatched up into the clouds and taken across Jordan and no longer seen of anyone," but Karinus and Leucius were told to remain in the city of Arimathea in prayer.

After they had finished writing, the brothers rose, and Karinus gave his manuscript to Annas, Caiaphas, and Gamaliel, while Leucius handed his to Nicodemus and Joseph, whereupon the two writers were suddenly transfigured, "becoming exceedingly white," and were seen no more. The two manuscripts were found to be "exactly the same, not one letter more or less."*

A note is added, stating that Joseph and Nicodemus reported the whole matter to Pilate, who put the words of Karinus and Leucius among the public records of the Praetorium.

It seems worth while to add to the particulars given above some details found only in the second Latin version:—

(1) Eve is mentioned among those who hailed and adored Christ on his entry into Hades.

(2) The Penitent Thief is represented as coming *to Hades* to herald the approach of Christ. We may assume that he went into Paradise afterwards with the patriarchs and prophets, but the fact is not chronicled.

(3) We read that, as Christ was departing from Hades, "all the saints of God asked the Lord to leave, as a sign of victory, his holy cross in the lower world, that its most impious officers might not retain as an offender anyone whom the Lord had absolved. And so it was done. And the Lord set the cross in the midst of Hades, which is the sign of victory and which will remain even to all eternity."

Perhaps even this bare summary may make it clear to some readers that all the three documents of which the present "Gospel of Nicodemus" is composed have great literary merit. No one who reads the work itself can fail to be struck by the graphic narration of all the events recorded. In the "Descensus ad Inferos" there are also passages of great dramatic force, especially those describing the scenes in Hades just before the advent of Christ and at the moment of his appearance.

Turning from the manner to the matter, we find much

*This last statement is omitted in the Greek version.

in the work which is of interest to the folklorist as illustrating old and wide-spread beliefs; *e.g.*, the belief in the dumbness—or, at least, taciturnity—of those who return from the dead,—a belief sometimes modified into the notion that a ghost must be addressed before it can speak. There is, moreover, one incident which shows a Jewish belief not generally known. I refer to the incident that Joseph, in order to ascertain if the form of Jesus, which he saw, were a disembodied spirit, applied the test of reading the Commandments, and, when the figure joined in the repetition, was convinced that Jesus had really risen *in the body*, as a mere ghost would not say the Commandments.

In conclusion, I would point out that the narrative of the descent into hell contained in this work supplies an answer to a perfectly legitimate question which might occur to any one who had heard only the outline of the story. Such an one might say: Granted the necessity of a solution of the difficulty as to the salvation of the patriarchs and prophets, why should this solution have assumed the curious form that it actually bears?

But to any reader of this work before us, the answer is quite clear; viz., that in the story of the descent into hell we have one of the many instances of the transference to Jesus of Messianic beliefs, for the legend could be substantially constructed by changing from the future to the past tense the passages quoted in the "Descensus ad Inferos." The further question, how far these Messianic beliefs were modified by foreign influence, though very interesting, does not fall within the scope of this essay.

BAYSWATER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

In Praise of Faith.

Let Science have her rule in the heights and the deeps, wherever she can reach and establish her sway. Let her reconstruct the genesis of nature, lay over again the courses of the planet, and lean her ladder against the stars. But, after all, it is faith that builds the house where life and honor love to dwell. All great works, all noble births, all that is most precious and saving in life,—Scriptures, temples, hymns,—all beautiful arts, all saintly and heroic lives, all grand and sublime things, are her offspring. When faith languishes, civilization droops, empires perish. When faith revives in some new advent of the Spirit, new empires start into life. The course of ascending history is traced by her benefactions, of history descending by her hurts. Her monuments in distant lands and ages past are honored in their decay, and draw the wondering eyes. These are the things which men traverse earth and sea to behold,—the pyramids that still point heavenward after the lapse of four thousand years, the stupendous aisles of Philæ, the unerring sculptures of Athens, the sacred dust of Palestine, the newer marvels of Christian Rome. All these are the offspring of faith: they consecrate the world. Curiosity traces them out in every remote corner of the globe. Science waits upon them with eager ministries; traffic and travel are accommodated to them; railroads are built to convey pilgrims to their sites; at their crumbling altar-stones Devotion rekindles her fires.

Shall men wander so far to behold what faith has done in time past, and despise the power of faith in the present? That wonder-working power which laid the entablature of Denderah, and sprung the arches of Cologne is no antique, no recluse of the Middle Age, no native of Egypt or Rome, but cosmopolitan and modern as the sun. God her father and Humanity her mother survive all change; and the constant offspring works hitherto, and will work.—*Frederic Henry Hedge.*

Bellerophon to Pegasus.

BY ALICE FOSTER TILDEN.

I.

Hold on thy wings the beauty of the sun!
Let the stars gild thee; keep the moon in thrall;
And night, the velvet-clad, her cloak let fall,
Sleep-heavy, for thy rest, beloved one!
Purer than fire has thy course begun;
Wave thy glad wings in heights that birds appal;
Leave on the little earth's encumbered ball
Aught that can stain thee; now, thy task is done.
Yet are there scarings on thy wings and mane,
And yellowed is the silver of thy hair;
Ah, the Chimæra's breath but turned to gold,
Dear, the sad relics of thy late-borne pain;
Hadst thou been less of Heaven, thou fiery-fair,
Deep were the scars that now my hands enfold!

II.

Wilt thou depart, beloved? Free as day
Thou wast, when first I saw thine image glow,
Mirrored in cool Pirene's depths, below
The framing of a vine whose rustling play
Hid thee at first; but, lightly brushed away,
Left the pool clear. Intent, I watched thee grow;
A nearing star whose motion seemed to flow
In rhythmic light across the hill-rocks gray.
Line after line I watched thy form draw near;
Thou didst descend and lightly tread the marge,
Fairer and brighter than all earthly things!
How dared I fright thee from thy respite here?
Swift was my leap as arrow to the targe,
Above the startled lifting of thy wings!

III.

Straight as the meteor's trail across the sky,
Cleaner than lightning severing the blue,
Our headlong course did part the air as true
As thunderbolt from Jove's dread hand let fly.
Tossing thy snowy-crested mane awry,
Snorting pale fire, scattering snow-cloud dew,
Turning to bite, arching thy neck anew
For the sheer plunge from out the ether high—
All didst thou do, O wild one, to be free;
All, to unseat the monster whose grim might
With clinging knee and hand still held thee fast!
Wheeling in rainbow curves above the sea,
Flashed the god's gift in gold before thy sight;
I held thee bridled, Pegasus, at last!

IV.

Wilt thou depart, beloved, from my side?
Together we have soared above the world,
Rugged and bleak as by a Titan hurled
Into the void, unaimed; or, circling wide
Under the moonlight, heard the sleepy tide
Murmuring lazy comfort as it swirled,
Full-fed, about the cliffs, then backward curled,
Seeking again in ocean's deep to hide.
Then the wild journey o'er a sunny land,
Whose beauty mocked us in our desperate flight
To the Chimæra's cursèd carnage-plot.
Thy strength in battle steeled my lifted hand;
My heart was guarded by thy pinions bright;
Beloved, I have proved thee; leave me not!

V.

Above the din of battle shalt thou rise;
Below the starry deep thy course shall lie,
Reflected from the glory of the sky,
A guiding to the path of high emprise.
Throughout all ways that men may e'er devise,
There shall we pass together, thou and I,
A man and horse to the dull passer-by,
Wings of a beckoning angel to the wise.
For we have dreamed beyond the dreaming stars,
And sorrowed deeper than the sobbing sea,
And mid the clouds the fight was thine and mine.
And, breaking through the golden sunset-bars,
Man's little strength shall ever linkèd be
With the free soaring of thy wings divine.

MILTON, MASS.

Loss.

To Samuel B Capen.

BY CAROLINE FLETCHER DOLE.

[This poem, taken from the *Congregationalist and Christian World*, has just been written by the mother of Rev. Charles F. Dole and Nathan Haskell Dole. In a few months she will be ninety-seven years old.]

Loss? Not in ships or palaces grand
Or treasures of silver and gold.
But the light of an eye and the clasp of a hand
That never before was cold!

O silent voice, so strong on the side
Of all that was right and true!
O generous heart, always open wide
For wants neither small nor few!

Dear spirit, for heavenly glory white,
And fit for its service high,
We follow thee in thine upward flight
Beyond our darkened sky.

What loss to the world in its need of worth
No human treasure could buy!
What loss to the world for the love that had birth
In the bosom of God Most High!

There are many here and in distant lands
Who will grieve for the vanished friend,
Who will gather to pray in sorrowing bands
That the Comforter help will send.

Art in Religious Instruction.

There is ample evidence that pictorial and sculptural art has played a large part in the teaching of religion in great periods of history. Art has been the chief and sometimes the only means of imparting religious teaching in most of the world's greatest periods of religious belief. In the art of any age you will find the highest reach of the thought, being, and aspiration of the people among whom it was produced. This fact suggests the query whether or no we use it to the extent we might. It is certain that in secular education it is becoming more and more an important factor, fixing on the minds of pupils an impression which is almost indelible. May I give you a personal experience? In my young days, when I was getting theological instruction from Prof. Fergusson at the Pastors' College, I came across a painting by Oliver Merson called "In the Shadow of Isis." It was an illustration of the "Flight into Egypt." Night had fallen on the plains, and Joseph, Mary, and the child Jesus were resting in the shadow of a ruined temple. Joseph was stretched full-length on the sand, and Mary had found a seat on the red granite head of a fallen Egyptian deity. She was nursing her precious babe and pondering over her strange circumstances. She had turned her head and had caught sight of an ancient carving on the ruined temple wall. It represented the goddess Isis nursing her child Horus, the Egyptian savior of men. I do not care to say how many years ago it was when I saw that picture. I have never seen the canvas since, but in my mind's eye it is before me as I speak. I can see the lotus capitals on the temple columns just touched silver by the bright moonlight. I can see Mary in the shadow cast by the crumbling wall, holding her babe to her breast; and I can see the surprised turn of her head as she sees the three-thousand-year-old representation of the same idea that was associated with herself and child. To my orthodox boyish mind that was a new thought. I realized at once that Christianity was not the only religion which taught that the divine dwelt in the human. Though it took me some years to develop fully to the Unitarian standpoint, more than any other special fact that picture made me a Unitarian. Now I maintain that, though it is not likely that a picture may often have such an important effect upon a life as that one had upon mine, in due proportion, a thought or fact represented in pictorial form has far more lasting result than the same truth portrayed by words. Hence I hold that it is to the great advantage of all teaching that some pictorial illustration be given if possible.

The principle which underlies all the world's best art is well expressed in Browning's well-known words:—

"For don't you mark, we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that —
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

Here Browning gives us the kernel of the whole matter. Religious instruction has one, and only one, object in view, and that is the cultivation of the highest that mankind may know. The highest is the spiritual, and the spiritual is the most difficult to cultivate because it is the highest. It cannot be fully expressed by anything lower; and yet you must use lower means to teach it. Science is not adequate because it deals with material facts. Criticism of past errors is not sufficient because that is negative, and the spiritual is positive. For full expression of the spiritual you need something higher than the intellect, for it belongs to the realm of the heart, the emotions, the soul. How can you get over the difficulty? You never can completely: because immediately you seek to put a spiritual truth into a material form, it loses some of its virtue. Who, for instance, ever believed that the whole of love was expressed in that word of four letters? But you have to use the lower if you want to express the higher to another. The consequence is you have to leave room for the play of the pupil's imagination. That is the prerogative of Art. It moves in the sphere of symbols and emblems. The artist takes a material fact, endows it with some quality which it does not materially possess, exaggerates, idealizes, glorifies it so that it suggests the artist's thought. He lifts it from the local setting which the ordinary person associates with it, and places it among the universal realities to which it belongs. That is what Browning calls lending his mind out.

The ideal Sunday-school teacher is an artist in like manner. He takes a Bible story, thinks over it, brings his perception of religious truth to bear upon it, then presents it to his scholars in such a way that it is no longer a mere story, but an emblem of spiritual truth. He uses metaphors, accentuates this point or that. So his lesson becomes a work of art, and the children will see the Bible incident in a way they have never before seen it, because added to the simple story there is the addition of the teacher's mind. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the teacher of any kind passes his work through this process. In his own soul first the truth is perceived or the mood realized, and then he seeks to convey an impression of it to others. For that purpose he uses whatever means have come to him in his environment or upbringing.

If the teacher is a true artist, in his teaching sphere he is not likely to be satisfied with himself or his work; but he will do all in his power to have a living knowledge of what he teaches. Do not be content with anything less than the best you can do. Give that best, and, if it be out of your own highest spiritual experience, it is bound to be successful. Put before your scholars the highest you know, and your listeners will be drawn to it; for they, like us all, "needs must love the highest" when they see it. . . .

Paintings are cheaply reproduced, and statues are photographed, and the best poetry may be bought for a few pence; and there is the Bible,—that treasure store of ancient story and parable, all works of art that may be used with advantage in illustration of religious truths experienced by the teacher himself. All these illustrations I suggest are the outcome of experience, and are therefore bound to be serviceable. There are two ways in which they are used. One way is to take your Bible story, your poem, or your picture, and make it the subject of your lesson, and get out of it what you can. Much good may be secured in that way. It is the ordinary way, but it is not the best way. The best way is to be sure of some religious truth that is so precious to you that you want your scholars to have it, too. Fix on this, and then find your apt illustrations from any source at your command. Make your parable or picture emphasize your truth. Your lesson then becomes a work of art. Mr. Spurgeon used to call illustrations windows; and I remember his telling his students to be sure not to build their houses entirely of windows, for they would not in that case be sufficiently substantial. First get your house of a religious truth, then put in the windows to give it light. Always let your illustrations serve the truth you wish to emphasize, and never let the truth become a mere appendage to an exciting tale, for that is not art.—*Rev. Lucking Tavener.*

Dean C. Worcester on the Philippines.

May I call to the attention of your readers a new book in two volumes which has just been issued by Macmillan. It is Dean C. Worcester's work on the Philippines. The author has lived in those islands during the past twelve years and more, both as "secretary of the interior" and formerly as a botanist and zoölogist. The book is well worth the reading. It contains one hundred and twenty picture illustrations, and many pages of vivid narration, wherein the author recounts the perils and privations incurred by himself and other Americans among the wild "Head-hunters," in their mountain fastnesses. I am led to write this letter wholly of my own initiative, because I crossed the Pacific ocean, four months ago, in company with Prof. Worcester, and I

found him a sincere, straightforward man, whose words could be trusted, either in conversation or on the printed page. I believe he knows more about the Philippines than any other living man, and I commend his latest book to all who are interested in that wonderful country. His judgments as to the qualities and capacities of the Filipinos seem to me reasonable and of great weight.

Bradley Gilman.

"Willie Alligam."

Will you allow me to state that my poem "O Willie, Willie Alligam," in a recent issue, was a tribute to the well-known Irish poet, William Allingham, author of "The Fairies" and other of our childhood's classics.

"Willie Alligam" was the Donegal peasants' name for him, and it was so stated in the accompanying footnote. The blunder of the *Poetry Journal* seems to have been repeated by the *Register* proof-readers.

Kate Louise Brown.

Literature.

Miss Billy Married. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25 net.—Miss Billy is quite as attractive and even more unexpected as a wife than as a girl. She passes through the difficult experiences of adjustment in the marriage relation, inevitable to the saint as to the sinner, and emerges as much Billy as ever, but disciplined, refined, and with a record of achievements behind her that justify a triumphant ending. Pollyanna, the heroine of the *Glad Book*, is near kin to Billy, and Miss Porter is to be congratulated on the production of two heroines that share in popular favor, and deserve it for their natural, wholesome spirit.

The Treasure. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1 net.—The new book by the author of *Mother* is less a story than a contrast between that home which typifies the ordinary, unorganized, wasteful, discouraging conditions in too many American households and the same home when the appearance of the graduate servant had brought its chaos into order. The attitude of the mother of the family, the one most to be benefited by the change, is instructive and may give hints for more progressive action on the part of readers. The story has already become rather widely known by its publication in serial form.

Burbury Stoke. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 25.—Mr. Hopkins has that unusual gift, the ability to tell a story in the first person without parading either the attractive qualities of his hero or ostentatiously confessing his deficiencies. He has sentiment, humor, and a taste for character study, which turn a simple love-story into an interesting romance. One gets the out-of-door flavor in his books, even more welcome at this time of the year than when one has the real thing, and the story's refreshing qualities satisfy while one is reading it and afterward.

Magazines.

"The Repeal of Reticence," by Agnes Repplier, is the *Atlantic Monthly's* definitive commentary upon current methods of advertising vice through multifarious and indiscriminate trumpeting of its dangers. Other papers are Henry L. Mencken's incisive article on "Newspaper Morals," which escapes conventional criticism, and "The Monroe Doctrine and Latin America," by a distinguished Peruvian, F. Garcia Calderon, which examines our famous doctrine through the other end of the telescope. In "The Education of the Girl," Mary Leal Harkness protests against the opinion which apportions equal cultural values to Greek and cooking. "War and the Interests of Labor," by Alvin S. Johnson, is a peace argument driven home to unionism. "The Valuation of Railways," by Samuel O. Dunn, gives a comprehensive idea of far-reaching changes of policy foreshadowed by the recent government move.

Mr. Ribbany's interesting autobiography in this installment concerns itself with certain phases of his American experiences. There is a group of poems by Grace Fallow Norton, and verse by Amy Lowell. The stories include "The Greater Art," by Laura Spencer Portor, "The Second Voice," by Harriet Lewis Bradley, and "Tammas," by Emma Mauritz Larson. The number ends with a lively Contributors' Club.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

EASTER SERMONS
BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

Sent free of charge to Post-office Mission Workers and any one interested by the Post-office Mission of the Church of the Disciples.

The Blessings of our Knowledge and of our Ignorance in Regard to a Future State.
The Meaning and Importance of the Resurrection.
"Souls Already Risen with Christ."
The Resurrection of Jesus.
Many Mansions in God's House.
Homes in Heaven and on Earth.
Old and New View of the Hereafter.
What God gives He gives forever.
Communities Above.
How is Jesus the Resurrection and the Life?
Not Unclothed, but Clothed Upon.
The Progress of Mankind Onward and Upward forever.

Please state the number of sermons needed. It will be best to ask for several in the order of preference, as some of the editions may be exhausted.

Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 Park Street, Boston

Ready March 1
[No. 274]
HE IS RISEN!
The Easter Tale and the Easter Truth
By
REV. ALEXANDER IRVINE INNES

"He is Risen!" This salutation forms the watchword around which Mr. Innes gathers the ideas associated with both the Christian and universal conceptions of the Resurrection. It is a tract especially prepared for the Easter season, setting forth the liberal interpretations of that great festival. It is written in the spirit of Christian sympathy and presents the relations of New Testament evidence to universal hopes in a picturesque and scholarly manner.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
AS TRACT No. 274
Order by number only, not by title
American Unitarian Association
25 Beacon Street, Boston

The Home.

The Right Size.

I met a little Elfman once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through—
"I'm just as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you!"

—*John Kendrick Bangs*

How Bobbie Came Back.

A cablegram has just gone oversea to Rome announcing to a friend of George H. Mifflin glad tidings with Cæsarlike brevity. It reads, "Bobbie back." That, by the way, might make an excellent title for a mystery story, if Mr. Mifflin were in the habit of publishing fiction of the type. At any rate, it marks the ending, if not the solution, of a mystery in which he and scores of his acquaintances have been interested for the past ten months.

It may be stated here at the outset that Bobbie is a Boston terrier. The pith of this relation lies in his being "back." How he came to be "back" nobody knows exactly. Where he was when he was not "back" is sufficiently puzzling for any detective. Why he should go anywhere to come "back" from, probably will never be explained.

The full circumstances of the Odyssey of Bobbie cannot be learned, for Bobbie's best manner of conversation, the wagging of a stump of a tail, is not particularly lucid. Of the disappearance of Bobbie, of the tireless search for him and of his final return, a nonchalant prodigal, the details are known and are here published for the first time.

To begin with, Bobbie came to Mr. Mifflin out of the everywhere into here. In a word, he was found, a waif of the streets, taken to the Animal Rescue League, and there through his winning personality so endeared himself to Mr. Mifflin that he became a member of the latter's household in Marlboro Street.

There was a certain affectionate reserve about Bobbie, coupled with a dash of the hunting spirit and a willingness to debate any question with other dogs of high or low degree and of all sizes and weights, that commanded respect and sympathy. He became well beloved in the Mifflin household and in the offices of the Houghton Mifflin Company on Park Street, whither he accompanied his master every day, keeping regular business hours.

To all outward appearances he was a model of dogs. He seemed delighted with his home and with the literary atmosphere of his days. Then the *Wanderlust*, or something, entered the canine heart. One night, ten months ago, Mr. Mifflin opened his door at eleven o'clock to give Bobbie a whiff of air, and out went Bobbie, unmindful of all summonses. Bobbie had gone back to the everywhere.

Such behavior on the part of his pet puzzled his owner, and, although it was then late, Mr. Mifflin called up the Union Club to learn that a terrier much like Bobbie in appearance had been seen sniffing at the staid portals of that organization. Believing that Bobbie might have gone to the office again, Mr. Mifflin donned hat and coat and journeyed to Park Street. There was no Bobbie.

It was then that the search began. It was then that the police, dog fanciers, possible dog thieves and all Mr. Mifflin's friends took up the hunt for Bobbie without avail. Mr. Mifflin knows the value of advertising, and he sought the services of the *Herald*. He offered a reward; he stated the points of his dog; he solicited co-operation.

Strange to say, there were few answers. Mr. Mifflin wondered, and finally consulted an expert. Said the expert:—

"If you wish to appeal to dog thieves, you must seek a medium which appeals to dog thieves. Dog thieves do not read the *Herald*."

The advice seemed good, and his advertisement was placed elsewhere, where it would meet the eye of the sort of persons he wished to interest.

Letters began to flow into the office of Mr. Mifflin. His days and nights were full of futile journeys. He sought out dark places which his correspondents indicated. He entered devious byways, obscure tenements and back alleys. He saw many dogs of the Boston terrier persuasion, but no Bobbie.

One letter postmarked Taunton came to him printed as by the hand of a conspirator. It gave the address as that of a private box in the Taunton post-office. Taunton-ward Mr. Mifflin fared with a detective. They found the box, only to discover that it was the property of the Taunton insane asylum.

Odd voices called Mr. Mifflin on the telephone. One insisted that Bobbie was found. There was no doubt of it, said the owner of the voice. The markings were the same. The only out about it was that the foundling was distinctly feminine. Mr. Mifflin asserted the undoubted masculinity of Bobbie.

"What difference does that make?" shouted the voice. "This is your dog."

The seeker hung up the receiver disconsolately.

The reward was marked up to $50, but there were no results. Every dog fancier in the city was visited. The police were notified. Mr. Mifflin's friends became a band of amateur detectives.

Nobody was sure of escaping suspicion. One lady informed Mr. Mifflin that she was convinced that Bobbie was in the possession of a distinguished clergyman. She did not wish to reflect on anybody's reputation, but facts were facts. She whispered and others whispered, and the story only found rest when Mr. Mifflin made it plain that the dog of the divine was not Bobbie.

A Boston terrier was killed in the Fenway by an automobile. From two distinct sources Mr. Mifflin was informed of the accident. He jumped into his automobile, located the remains in the midst of a group of curious boys, after scrambling down an embankment. It wasn't Bobbie.

Thus month after month passed, and Mr. Mifflin gave up hope of ever seeing Bobbie alive. Then the miracle happened—Bobbie returned; returned as if nothing had happened; returned and took up the threads of his career where he left them without even a casual reference to aphasia.

The way of it was remarkable. For some time it has been the practice of the Houghton Mifflin Company to send one of the boys to the post-office for the firm's mail, and it chanced that one of the newer employees was chosen for the task. The bag for the mail, however, was the same that had always been used.

As the boy made his way along the crowded sidewalks of Washington Street he noticed a little brown terrier with white markings sniffing curiously at the bag. He felt a tug at the leg of his trousers at the heel, and then another. The dog stopped, wagged his tail, and then followed. Up Bromfield Street, across Tremont and into Park, went the boy, the mail bag, and the dog.

At the door of the Houghton Mifflin Company the boy paused, shooed his chance friend away, and closed the door in his face. The visitor would not be rebuffed. He stood on the steps, balanced characteristically on three legs, and waited.

Somebody else came along, opened the door again, and in darted the terrier. Up the stairs he went and waited again. The inner door opened, and again the dog went in. There may be ninety and nine or ninety times nine Boston terriers in and about the business district, but to the employees of the Houghton Mifflin Company there is only one Bobbie.

He was no stranger to them. No other dog had his pleasant manners. To be sure, he was somewhat travel-stained, but still the same. No prodigal ever received a warmer welcome as he moved sedately through the outer offices to the sanctum of Mr. Mifflin. There he paused, looked up at his master, and flourished the stump of tail. Bobbie was back,—that expresses it.

Now you may see him any day taking his ease on a cushion in front of the large fireplace in Mr. Mifflin's office, wagging his ears and looking wise. What have been his wanderings he alone knows.

There are many things that still puzzle Mr. Mifflin: Why his collar was changed; why those who had him did not return him to the address on his old collar; why he returned when he did, and a lot of other whys. It's all a mystery, no doubt; but then, there is rejoicing in the Mifflin household, and it is enough that—Bobbie's back.—*Boston Herald*.

When a Play came True.

Eleanor skipped along the country roads, singing. She was going to the store,—the wonderful store Uncle Henry kept in the little country village where she and mamma were visiting; the store which had a candy counter on one side, with all kinds of lovely things from the five-for-a-cent candies to those marked forty cents a pound. Then came the grocery counter, and on the other side one counter held dry goods, a few dolls, bolts of cloth, some cheap toys, and on the counter next to that was a soda fountain and ice-cream.

In the middle of the store were piled cans of crackers, bags of flour, and a stand with apples, peaches, a few lemons and oranges, and over the very centre hung a great bunch of bananas.

All her life of six years Eleanor's favorite play had been to keep store. Day after day she sold make-believe goods over a make-believe counter to her dolls, and to make-believe customers. Often an overturned box would be a counter, and her toys would be the stock, which she would sell over and over again and count imaginary change.

Now she was going to Uncle Henry's store,

and see how he did business, and she was sure she would learn a great deal to add to her play when she went home.

Mamma had said she might go and meet Uncle Henry and come home to dinner with him. And perhaps mamma knew how she felt about stores, which was the reason she let her go a whole half hour before Uncle Henry could leave to come home.

He was all alone and very, very glad to see Eleanor, and gave her one of the store dolls to play with. Soon a woman came in for some percale, and Eleanor was free to roam where she would. She gazed at the candy in the glass case, then she wandered over to the groceries.

The woman left, and a little boy came in for a soda; then there were no more customers for a few minutes, and Uncle Henry showed her the till, where the money lay in little round divisions that looked as if a round ball had been laid here and there and had hollowed out the wood.

The door opened, and a man came in. He was old, very old, Eleanor thought, for his hair was white, and his face was wrinkled, oh, so wrinkled; but he was very tall and held himself so erect he made Eleanor think of the soldiers marching on Decoration Day.

But to Eleanor's surprise he did not ask Uncle Henry for anything. No, he spoke to her, and his eyes twinkled as he asked, "Are you waiting on customers to-day, madam?"

Eleanor looked at Uncle Henry, who smiled, and the old man continued, "I would like to buy some candy; will you sell me some?"

Eleanor went behind the candy counter, and waited with a thumping heart. Was Uncle Henry going to allow her really to sell some really thing to a really person? He surely was! She was so excited she could hardly listen to what the old man was saying.

"Now, what kind of candy would you choose?" he asked. "What do you think is the best kind?"

Eleanor helped him select two large chocolates, with a candied cherry inside, and two mint marshmallows, and a stick of pink and white peppermint.

She handed them to him in a paper bag, gravely took the nickel he handed her, and gave him one cent in change. Then he held the bag out to her.

"I haven't any teeth," he said politely, "so I cannot eat them. Will you be kind enough to eat them for me."

What a delightful customer! In a few minutes Eleanor was seated on his knee, and learned that his name was Uncle Nat to all the boys and girls he knew. He was the most understandingest uncle. He knew just how she felt about keeping store, and he thought it would be lovely if she came down every noon to see Uncle Henry. He agreed with her that a month of noons was a long time, and perhaps Uncle Henry would let her wait on some of the other customers when she had gained experience.

Then they walked home to dinner, Eleanor with a hand in Uncle Henry's and one in Uncle Nat's until they came to the parting corner.

After that, every noon, Eleanor came to the store, and every noon she waited on Uncle Nat. Sometimes it was candy, sometimes ice-cream, and once Uncle Henry showed her how to mix soda, and this most delightful customer and Uncle Nat in one insisted that she have one, too, with him.

And the very last day of her stay, Eleanor, with dancing eyes, sold Uncle Nat the very favorite doll she had seen in the showcase all summer.

And at Christmas time Uncle Nat smiled over a very crooked pin-ball, made with real little girl stitches, with "Uncle Nat" embroidered on it, and underneath 80 pins, which was just Uncle Nat's age.

And although she never saw him again, and Eleanor is a big Eleanor now, with boys and girls of her own, she still remembers the kind old man who loved little girls, and made for one of them her favorite play come true.—*Emma Florence Bush, in the Sunday School Times.*

The Wind and the Flowers.

"You dear little blossoms, why don't you blow?"
Cried the gruff, bluff wind, "there's no more snow."
But the flowers laughed gently, the earth within;
"Why, when you stop blowing, kind sir, we'll begin!"
—*Martha Burr Banks, in Little Folks.*

The Nice Way.

"Why don't you learn the nice way of doing things?" asked Elsie's mother, as the little dishwasher appeared at the door with a broken plate in her hand,—the third one she had dropped in a week. "I used to think I'd never scold a child for a broken dish, but I'm afraid you're very careless, Elsie. There's a nice, careful way to wash dishes,—a nice way to do all your tasks. Try to think always what the nice way is."

Elsie closed the door softly as she went out. "There's a nice way to close a door," she said, "though I never thought of that before."

After dinner she stacked the dishes, instead of leaving them in careless fashion over the table. "When I wash dishes in the nice way," she soon observed, "they are not apt to get broken."

Just then Elsie's little sister came into the kitchen, fretting and crying. Elsie felt so provoked that she began to get cross herself. Then she thought, "There's a nice way to act toward your little sister, even when she's bad."

"Don't cry, Nellie," she said. "I'll help you build a playhouse just as soon as I sweep out the kitchen."

Then the smiles came to the little sister's face,—such sweet smiles that Elsie said, "I'm always going to find the 'nice way' of doing things."—*The Child's Gem.*

Cat that goes to School.

Here is the true story of a cat which goes to school in South London every day when school is open. It began the habit as a little kitten, two years ago, when the children coaxed it to follow them.

Soon the cat needed no persuading. The teachers made a pet of it, fed it, and let it remain throughout the day. Then the cat formed the habit of going to school by itself. The scholars are called to school by a bell, which rings first as a warning to them to get ready and a second time to call them to assemble.

After a little while the cat learned to associate the sound of the bell with going to school. As the notes rang out it would get up and wait to be let out of the house. By and by it realized the difference in importance between the first bell and the second, so that now, if it can make its way out of the house when the first bell rings, it walks with slow and deliberate gait to the school, which is about a quarter of a mile away. Should it be detained until the bell rings a second time, however, it shows great anxiety to get out of the house; and, when the door is opened, knowing that it is in danger of being late, it runs as if all the mice in the world were waiting.

Pussy has missed school only once during the last two years, and that was when she was ill. As soon as she got better she was up at the sound of the bell, and away to the class-room like the rest of the scholars.

She has become quite an established feature of the school, and takes her place for a nap during lessons on the teacher's desk.

Pussy was present at a recent prize-giving. A good friend of the children gave out the prizes, and then turned to leave.

"Oh, but there is one other prize, an important one, please!" said the mistress, with a merry smile. "Pussy has not been absent or late for a whole year." And to the surprise and delight of the pupils, pussy was handed up to receive her prize—a little decoration attached to a ribbon for the neck. The cat quietly waited while her prize was fastened in the proper manner, and then sauntered off home with an air suggesting that she thought her diploma well earned.—*Exchange.*

A Music-loving Pigeon.

Not far from the writer's home there is a little gray pigion who is a great pet with his fair young mistress, and who has shown a great fondness for music. When his mistress practises or takes her piano lesson, so soon as the first note is struck, a gentle "tap, tap," is heard at the window, and there stands the pigeon, begging to come in. When admitted, he walks straight up to the piano, and lies at the player's feet, and all during the music expresses his admiration in a gentle cooing. The little creature is affectionate and fond of petting, but will leave any one to listen to music.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell 'kitten.'" "K-double-i-t-e-n," said Mabel. "Kitten has two i's, then, has it?" "Yes, ma'am: our kitten has."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

My Prayer.

Our wishes and our prayers are not
Always the same:
Alas! we often wish for what
We dare not name.

We strive to pray with bitter tears
For what we should;
But sadder than all else appears
The prayed-for good.

Lord, pardon me if I deplore
My granted prayer;
And what thou hast taught me to pray for
Teach me to bear.

—*Selected.*

Under the Jasmine in Florida.

BY MILTON REED.

"Sweet spring, full of sweet scents and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie."

Florida, under the March sun, has not the emerald-green tinge of the England, in its vernal or summer gloss, of which George Herbert wrote. Yet it has a delicious beauty of its own. The crystal air quivers with sparkling light. The tawny sands forget their aridity when quickened by fertilizer and water, and laugh as rich vegetable growths climb up from the dull soil into flowering shrub and citrus tree.

No sultry heat has invaded the State this spring. Some of the days have been uncomfortably cold. Hoarse winds from the Northland have swept down over fields of ice and snow, lapping frost into their veins. Fruit-growers, remembering the disaster of twenty years ago from an untimely freeze, have had anxious hours. But, so far, the snap has been sucked from the chilly winds before they cavorted into Florida. They edged the nights with cold, but their bite was palsied. Tree and flower escaped their sting.

Lustrous days chase each other into the silences from which they were born. They pass into the uncreate, the home of unreality. After all, a day is only a shadow of eternity.

Florida presents no such riot of picturesque scenery as California. No giant mountains peer into the skies: no canyons or chasms mark the unbuckling of hill from hill: no cataracts pour their lymph down sheer cliffs, or break into foam as they leave their couch of snows on the lofty uplands. Florida has no such snare of flowers as California. It is much richer in lakes, but the flat lands give them only a tame girdling In fact, all the scenery in Florida is tame, yet it has its magnetic charm.

Its greatest endowment is its climate. This is tempered by ocean and lake. Built upon a coralline formation, the soil, largely pulverized cochina, is porous, and quickly responsive to nitrogenous enrichment

Florida is more than a winter playground. Yet the tourist is a valuable asset. More than one hundred thousand wanderers from the North have been here this winter, filling hotel and boarding-house.

The sections which have been reclaimed to agriculture are devoted mainly to garden truck and citrus fruits. In the year 1913 more than five million boxes of oranges and grape-fruit were shipped from Florida. The truck farms supply great quantities of tomatoes, strawberries, celery, lettuce, peas, and other early vegetables.

Jacksonville is the only large city. However, the smaller cities, like Tampa and Orlando, have gone through a considerable development in late years.

Much of the land in the State is owned by absentees. This fact does not make for good. Land speculation is a part of the economic order of our times, but the day will come when it will be prohibited. Probably, on the whole, at present, it results in more good than evil.

It seems strange to a New Englander to know that the laws of Florida allow the incorporation of companies to buy and sell land. One result has been that many innocent purchasers have been sadly duped. Gross imposition has been practised upon the credulous. Even where fraud has not been resorted to, there has been evil in the locking up of great tracts of land in impersonal, co-operate ownership. In one city near by, possibly all the outlying land is owned by such companies. An unnatural price is forced; the normal growth of a city is smothered.

A greater evil is the rapid deforestation of the State. Sawmills and turpentine stills have been the maws into which thousands and thousands of trees have disappeared. Those of us who came here twenty-five years ago recall the noble groves of evergreens, swaying in the wind, casting thin purple shadows on the sand. Now a dreary mass of stumpage is all that remains of a great number of those garnishments of the landscape. Whole sections have been deforested, and there is no replacement of trees. The people of Florida seem hardly to realize what the effect of this devastation is to be on the future of the State in climate, fertility, rainfall, and scenic attractiveness.

Orange County, in the north centre of the State, is on the modest highlands of the peninsula. The little town in which I am writing is said to be about 374 feet above the sea-level. Dour old Dr. Johnson might call this "a reasonable protuberance of earth." It would be merely a hillock in corrugated New England. Indeed, this county is largely a social creation of the Yankee. About twenty years after the Civil War, immigrants began to crawl into Florida from New England. They bought land, planted orange groves, gave to some of the settlements Yankee names. They combed the wilderness, subdued the jungle. In all their settlements we find many external marks of New England customs. The economic lure was orange culture. All prospered for a while. Not on the Shaksperean third day of Cardinal Wolsey's farewell, but about twenty years ago, came "a killing frost." In one night, fruit and the pith of the tree were frozen. The loss was heavy on the settlers, many of whom were of small means. Hundreds of them wandered back to New England. They preferred the lash of a Northern winter to the deadly frost of the honeyed South. Groves were abandoned: houses fell into decay. Values sank to unreasonably low prices. Then was the feast of the land-wrecker He came into towns like Orlando, Sanford, and Deland, where land was sold as on a bargain-counter, and snapped the prize. All over Orange County, even at this day, may be seen the ruins of once well-kept fruit plantations. Many groves have reverted to the wild. The orange-tree has a voracious appetite. It needs costly fertilizing. Starve it, and it dies.

The orange is not indigenous to Florida. It is an exotic, brought over by the early Spaniards. But no citrus-producing country yields fruit more delicious and nectared than Florida.

The wanderer who is here for a few weeks has but scant interest in the commercial or industrial potentialities of Florida. He comes here to enjoy an interlude between late winter and early spring. In a few days, he adjusts himself to the easy ways of those around him. The dominant flutings of the mocking-bird, the flashing color of the blue-jay and redbird, the morning w-h-i-r-r of the woodpecker, the flight of the soot-black crows, are pleasing reminders that some bird-life is left in the United States.

"And then and then came Spring with rose in hand." Yes, the rose-bushes are now aflame with perfumed tincture. The orange-trees are putting out their delicate blossoms for a new fruitage. The jasmine, with golden eyes, climbs over the verandas. The lantana springs in lush bushes where it can find a footing in the gardens.

In this semi-tropical State, the dagger of the winter winds is blunted. The springing vegetation "weighs not the dust and injury of age" The cordial of new sap is in its veins, what William Sharp called "the green blood of the spring."

"Time's spoils" are made over into new forms. The spirit of youth seems to be reanimated in the oldest tree. Everything beckons to the future Forms and shapes change. The tides of life ebb and flow. The new becomes the old, and the old is re-born into the new. Nothing is wasted. All "is teil co-operant to an end": a part of the creative impulse, indwelling everywhere, by which are "laid great bases for eternity."

Plymouth, Fla.

Work at Orlando, Fla.

The readers of the *Christian Register* and the friends of our churches in general will be glad to be assured that the Unitarian Church here is doing a fine work. This is not a centre of fashion, but of business and intelligence,—a happy mingling of Southern and Northern peoples. Many have winter homes here, while hundreds pass through this thrifty little city, remaining from a week to a month. Rev. E. R. Gordon is closing her third winter's work. She has planned wisely, labored faithfully, preached earnestly; and, as a result, success crowns her efforts. She has commended our cause to the whole city; she has won the enthusiastic support of many Northerners and some Southerners; she has achieved the deserved reputation for fine sermons and skilful parish management. During February this year the congregation averaged seventy, while the first Sunday of March eighty people were present. At a recent afternoon Alliance meeting, representatives of sixteen States were counted.

It is valuable work that is being done in Orlando. Its influence is very precious and powerful. Many more such centres are needed in the South. The South needs a new sort of college-town Unitarian mission, more quiet, personal, and general in its scope and spirit than what we have done in the North. Not so much at present to organize churches as to put a true Unitarian into sympathetic contact with students in a half-dozen

educational centres. They need the educational uplift that would come from such vitalizing association with a wise, devout, catholic-spirited liberal in religion. The intense interest of the South in temperance would open a wide door for a strong, earnest young man of consecration and common sense, to act as general missionary of the moral ideal (as we understand it) to the young men of the South. He would need tact and piety, but in the end his reward would be great.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

ORLANDO, FLA.

One Hundred Years of Peace.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Fellow Citizens,—The 24th of December, 1914, will mark the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. This treaty brought to a close the last war between the United States and Great Britain. In spite of differences which from time to time have arisen between our two nations since the negotiation of that treaty, the spirit of respect for law as a substitute for war has prevailed among both our peoples, and we have had a century of peace.

It is proposed that this period shall be commemorated throughout the American Republic and the British Empire. Committees of distinguished men representing both nations have held a conference to prepare for the observance of the centennial, and, in order that the blessings of peace may be universally recognized, have planned to invite all nations to participate in the programme. The event, therefore, besides being memorable in the history of the two countries immediately concerned, should be a means of developing the peace idea among all mankind.

It seems to us fitting that Massachusetts should co-operate with her sister States and with the national government in this festival of nations.

Citizens of Massachusetts for a hundred years have been in the forefront of the movement for peace and arbitration. Worcester, Channing, Sumner, Hale, Ginn, and Capen are on the honor roll of this world-wide cause, which is now coming to success through the International Peace Conferences at The Hague.

The sons of Massachusetts, native and adopted, have through all the intercourse of the United States with Great Britain had a conspicuous part both in making peace and preventing war. Benjamin Franklin and John Adams signed the treaty that ended the struggle of the Revolution. John Quincy Adams was chairman of the American commissioners who made the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the War of 1812. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, appointed from Massachusetts, negotiated with Lord Ashburton the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, which adjusted dangerous difficulties with Great Britain, some of them relating to the Canadian border. Joshua Bates successfully served as umpire in the adjudication of claims between our two countries. Charles Francis Adams was a member of the Geneva tribunal which settled the controversy over the Alabama Claims, the most important of international arbitrations. Eminent members of the Massachusetts bar have participated in nearly all the other great arbitrations which have been held from the time of the Jay Treaty until to-day, including the Alaskan Boundary and the Fisheries cases. Among the ministers of the United States to Great Britain have been three members of the Adams family, besides Edward Everett, George Bancroft, Abbott Lawrence, John Lothrop Motley, and James Russell Lowell, names which are held in high respect by our people. George Peabody, a common benefactor of both nations, was an ambassador of good-will between them. The writings of Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Holmes have been potent not only in promoting friendship with Great Britain, but with the world.

We, the undersigned, therefore express the hope that the Commonwealth and the citizens of Massachusetts generally will observe this centenary; and we suggest the adoption of a programme which, while it is appropriate to the historic part taken by Massachusetts in the relations of the United States with Great Britain, shall be conceived with a breadth of mind that will emphasize the thought of peace with all nations, and shall appeal to all the races that constitute the population of our State.

JOHN D. LONG,
JOHN Q. A. BRACKETT,
JOHN L. BATES,
CURTIS GUILD,
EUGENE N. FOSS,
LOUIS A. FROTHINGHAM, ET AL.

Country Church Conference.

The Country Church Conference recently held in Boston was particularly interesting for being under the auspices of the social service commissions of six of the leading denominations of New England,—Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Unitarian, and Universalist. There were four sessions, and the interdenominational aspect was further emphasized by holding them, respectively, in the Congregational House, the Unitarian headquarters, the Baptist Ford Building, and the First Methodist Church.

All the addresses were of excellent quality, and discussed live questions. From the nature of the case, perhaps the most interesting were those which describe actual achievements. The first address of the Conference, on "The Community Church," by Rev. Howard F. Legg of Wilbraham, Mass., was one of these. Very much is said in these days about the desirability of church federation or church union. The example of Wilbraham is notable because there the thing has been done. There were two churches in town,—a Congregational and a Methodist. One of them was struck by lightning, and burned. Then for a year both churches worshipped in the same building. Both grew to like the arrangement so well that, when the ministers departed and the Methodists called another, the suggestion was made that he should serve both churches. An arrangement was worked out by which each church preserved its own organization and denominational affiliations, but both met together in common worship and for all local purposes. There came to be one church, the Church of Christ in Wilbraham, and the effects of this combination have been most happy in every way. The one minister receives a living salary. The religious life of the town has a united expression. The ambitious struggles of two competing religious organizations have disappeared, and there is an earnestness and enthusiasm never felt before. All who listened to this address could not help thinking that, if the same experience could be repeated in a hundred other towns in the commonwealth, the cause of religion would be immensely benefited. Mr. J. A. Scheuerle, secretary of the Hampden County Improvement League, in continuation of the same subject, spoke on "The Country Church and Rural Progress," pointing out the influence which the Church might bring to bear on the solution of some of the different phases of the rural question.

The general subject of the Wednesday afternoon session was "The Church and Community Recreation." Mr. C. C. Carstens, secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, spoke clearly and forcefully on "Recreation as a Constructive Force." He emphasized the great need of recreation for the country, and pointed out the important part it played in the improvement of social and economic conditions. Rev. Silas E. Persons of Cazenovia, N.Y., had a very stimulating address on "What the Church can do for Rural Recreation." This was almost entirely the record of the achievements of himself and his own church. He was very much in favor of a well-rounded recreational scheme for the country, both physical and mental, and felt the church was only doing its duty by directing and supervising this movement. One reason why the boys and girls turn from farm life to the city is because of the dulness and monotony of country life. Dr. Persons described the athletic sports, the dancing and card parties of the district which he reaches, and showed how they are all carried on without any of the objectionable features which are sometimes connected with these forms of recreation. For the young people to play games with nerve, skill, courtesy, fair play, and true sportsmanship, means that their whole after-lives will be the better for it.

In the evening, at Kingsley Hall, Prof. F. W. Howe, dean of the Agricultural Department of Syracuse University, New York, was the principal speaker. His special subject was "The Economic Problem of the Country." The importance of good economic conditions for the farmer was emphasized. If he is not making money, it cannot be expected that he will have a really comfortable home or good schools or any of the other things which go to make up a prosperous community. Everything rests on a sound economic foundation. Wise leadership is necessary to secure this foundation, and preferably leadership by the pastor of the church. There should be special training for such leadership, and the theological schools should give particular attention to it. The rural pastor should be practical rather than literary, and make himself the best all-around man in the community. The meagre salaries of country ministers operate to send the best men to the larger centres of population. There are, however, many good men who, if they could be assured of $750 a year, a parsonage, and three acres of land, would be attracted to the country. Prof. Howe thought that the denomination which recognized the desirability of such a minimum wage, and would take care in their old age of the ministers who accepted it, would take a long step forward

and would rapidly gain increasing influence in the country. Rev. Willard E. Waterbury of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society, pointed out that thirty years ago there was 50 per cent. more improved land in the country than at present. He thought that Massachusetts villages needed a community conscience, a community objective, and a community initiative, and that the church could have a great influence in promoting all of these.

On Thursday morning there was a joint session of the Country Church Conference and the Conference of New England Church Federations. The general subject was "The Church and Civil Government." There were three addresses: by Rev. George K. Leighton, State Superintendent of Universalist Churches in New Hampshire, on "The Church and the Town"; by Rev. Rockwell H. Potter of Hartford, on "The Church and the City"; and by Rev. and Hon. Thomas Chalmers of Manchester, N.H., on "The Church and the State." A sentence by Mr. R. Fulton Cutting—"There is a significant lack in nearly every one of the social service programmes of the churches. It is the failure on the part of the church to recognize that government is the most potent factor in social uplift"—indicated the central thought of each of these addresses.

The attendance at the Conference represented all sections of New England, and the visitors could scarcely have failed to receive stimulus and valuable suggestions for the work in their own communities.

Unitarianism in Old England.

It was my good fortune last July to spend a week in Warwick, England. One day, while exploring High Street, which is one of the main thoroughfares of this quaint old town, I discovered the little Unitarian church on the left as one approaches the West Gate. It sets back a little from the street, and, like our modest, unpretentious Unitarian faith, might easily be lost sight of. But it has an interesting history of its own, for it was founded about 1635 within the Castle grounds, and has always had the interest and protection of the Earls of Warwick.

My stopping-place in the town was a delightful place under the shadow of St. Mary's; but when Sunday came, early training asserted itself and, though all the world appeared to be going in the direction of St Mary's, I went to the little Unitarian church up the street. The congregation was small, but the sermon was excellent, and the service, though having a form of ritual closely resembling that of the Church of England, was in many respects marked by more simplicity than we usually find in our American churches.

At the close of the service, I was warmly greeted by the pastor, Rev. Gardner Preston, and invited to attend the evening service, which I did, going later with the pastor and his wife to their home in Leamington for supper.

My object in writing this is to suggest that our Unitarian churches may be greatly strengthened as a working force if we can cement the ties between the churches of the Old and New World by loyalty in visiting them when we are abroad, and by helping in every way possible these little gatherings of people who are striving to maintain the liberal faith

M. B. L.

Hampton Institute, Va.

The Alliance.

The New England vice-president, Mrs. Keyes, presided over the meeting of the executive board on March 13. Greetings were received from Miss Bancroft, who, with Miss Lowell, is visiting the North Carolina circuit. On Sunday morning, March 8, at the Shelter Neck church about fifty people were present, many of them coming many miles in spite of very high water that covered the roads in some places. A well-attended meeting of the Sunday-school was held at three o'clock, and at seven about forty of the young people met at Dix House and spent an hour and a half in singing hymns. On Monday the travellers started with Mr. Key and Mrs. Peterson for Pink Hill, where about forty people were gathered for a meeting that could not begin till 9.15 P.M. because of the lateness of the train.

The needs of the Unitarian Service Pension Society were set forth. While it is expected that ultimately the income of the fund will meet all requirements, the Society at present must rely upon voluntary yearly contributions from ministers, churches, and friends. Alliance workers may be able to give to this good cause, and branches may well keep the matter before the churches.

One copy of the Leaflet Services and Hymns for Alliance Meetings has been sent to each branch. Copies may be obtained by sending to Alliance Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The price is five cents each: in lots of twenty-five or more, at the rate of three dollars and a half per hundred. Check or money-order should be made payable to the treasurer, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes.

The Alliance is entitled to send two delegates to the annual meeting of the International Union of Liberal Religious Women to be held in London in May.

New shelves have been placed in Room 10, Alliance Headquarters, and the work of rearranging the books and preparing a new catalogue of the lending library is in progress.

The Board heard and adopted by a rising vote the following appreciation of Mrs. Hooper:—

Mrs Sarah E. Hooper died on February 18, 1914, in her ninety-third year.

Mrs. Hooper, during the many years of her long and useful life, devoted herself to innumerable good causes; but to none did she devote herself more earnestly and enthusiastically than to the Unitarian work, which she loved so dearly.

In the South Congregational Church, Boston, Dr. Hale's church, she was for many years a regular attendant and an active worker.

She faithfully served the American Unitarian Association as director and vice-president for several terms.

With Miss Abby May, she was one of the founders in 1880 of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, which in 1890 became the National Alliance; and from the beginning she was an officer or director of one or the other of these organizations.

In 1913 this board, recognizing that she was past the time for active service, but wishing to keep her name on the list of directors, made her our one and only honorary director.

The executive board of the Alliance here records its grateful respect for her memory and its appreciation of the value to an organization like the Alliance of such long, faithful, and loving service and loyalty as hers.

The resignations of Mrs. Emma Noble Delano, for many years Western vice-president, and that of Mrs. Henry F. Spencer, recently elected director for California, were accepted with regret.

The Alliance has sent fifty dollars to assist the Genevan women in their efforts to reach and bind together the liberal women of France. This money was contributed by interested branches. It has been a source of regret that France is not represented in the International Union of Liberal Religious Women, and after the sessions in Paris in 1913 the Geneva workers, encouraged by the British League, determined to make a strong appeal for the organization of French women who are in sympathy with the liberal movement. They have initiated a campaign to begin with Southern France, with which they have connections fairly close, and they will send printed matter and occasional speakers.

The Badge Committee reported with satisfaction the continued sale of Alliance pins.

About fifty branches have already sent their contributions to the Fifield Memorial Fund.

Mrs. Mitchell of Pittsburgh was cordially welcomed and spoke briefly of the good work and fine courage of the branches in Western Pennsylvania.

Excellent reports were received from Massachusetts directors. Never was the outlook more full of promise.

Service Books Wanted.

Our service is in need of a later hymn-book, containing services and responsive readings. We would like to confer with any church which is discontinuing the use of "Hymns for Church and Home (Abridged Edition) and Unitarian Service Book," in favor of the hymn-book just issued. Address Rev. John Malick, First Unitarian Church, 138 South Second East Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Library in Florida.

Since the announcement was made of the planting of a circulating library in Marianna, Fla., I have received twenty-one different packages of books, running from a single copy by mail to a box by freight. I have in each case acknowledged the receipt of the same whenever I was able to identify the sender. Several shipments were received that had no external or internal evidence of the name of the shipper, and I take this method of asking all persons who have received no acknowledgments from me of the receipt of books to drop me a line and I will gladly do so. The library room is now being refloored, and will be the first effort of that kind in this city. The city council donated $100 towards it, and various individuals donated smaller sums. The library commission purchased Dr. Eliot's famous five-foot shelf also, and

Digitized by Google

about forty volumes of recent fiction. The railway company erected a new depot, and offered the old one to the city for a library building. There is a move on hand to accept it and place in the city square. Thus we are laying a foundation for a permanent library here. FRANCIS M. MCHALE.

To Honor Prof. C. H. Toy.

The Ministerial Union is to tender a complimentary luncheon to Prof. Crawford H. Toy, Professor Emeritus of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages in the Harvard Divinity School, on Monday, March the 23d, at the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, Boston. This luncheon is planned in honor of Prof. Toy's birthday, and in recognition of the recent publication of his book, "An Introduction to the History of Religions." Dean Fenn, Dr. William H. Lyon, Rev. Roger Forbes, and, it is hoped, Professor Emerton, will speak.

Tickets for the luncheon, at $1 each, may be obtained from the secretary of the Union, Rev. Harold G. Arnold, West Roxbury, Mass.

A Memorial of Mrs. Dix.

It is the intention of the Groton Alliance to place in the First Parish Meeting House of Groton a tablet to the memory of Mrs. Benjamin Ward Dix, who has shown a life-long interest in church and Sunday-school work, and a deep and lasting devotion to the prosperity of the Alliance.

Through her wide interest in the Alliance work there may be some outside the little home branch who would like to express their appreciation of her life and service by contributing to this memorial.

Any contribution sent to Mrs. Wm. A. Lawrence, Groton, Mass., will be gratefully acknowledged.

The Tuckerman School.

"The growth of religion" was the subject of Rev. Edward M. Towle's Tuesday morning address in the devotional services of the 10th. "Twenty-five years ago," said Mr. Towle, "'culture' received the emphasis. Emerson was its apostle—but Emerson went farther with his message and emphasized also a spiritual life. The gradual turning of more thought to religion has been influenced by pulpit and other public utterance as it has always been influenced. Newspapers, magazines, and present day literature in general, are also using the expression, and emphasizing the spirit of religion in a very noticeable way."

The address and accompanying selections, which were read as part of the service, added another to the many helpful half-hours which have been so generously contributed by our ministers to the School programme.

Later, attention was called to the growth of religion as evidenced by the increased number of Unitarian churches. From the record which had been displayed at a Monday meeting, it was seen that the increase in number has been from 129 churches in 1819 to 497 in 1913. While not remarkable, this was accepted as encouraging growth.

The lecture on the 11th, in the course given by parish assistants, was by Miss Mary Lawrance of the First Congregational Church of Providence. Miss Lawrance's work is mainly with the Sunday-school as superintendent, but certain duties connected with the parish are also her care. Various problems of administration were discussed, and suggestions given in regard to similar problems that may arise. An especial feature described was the closing service of the Sunday-school, which emphasized reverence and helped in quiet and orderly dismissal.

The speaker on the 18th is Miss Marguerite Emilio of Somerville and on the 25th, Miss Leontine Pote of East Boston.

American Unitarian Association.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The Board of Directors met March 10, 1914, with Messrs. Brown, Dole, Eliot, Fox, Frothingham, Hawley, Howe, Hutchinson, Little, Long, Pierce, Richardson, Sprague, Wiers, Williams, Wilson, Mrs. Dinsmore and Mrs. Keyes present.

The treasurer presented the following statement for February:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand Feb. 1, 1914	$22,453.99
From Donations	2,350.21
Bequest of Samuel B. Bird, Framingham, Mass., additional	4,400.00
Bequest of Mrs. Sophia H. Wilder of Peterborough, N.H., to create the Sophia H. Wilder Fund. To be held in trust	1,425.00
Bequest of John G. Nichols of Kingston, Mass., and Gainesville, Fla., to create the John G. Nichols Fund	1,000.00
Bequest of Addison Brown of New York, N.Y., added to Reserve Fund	500.00
First Unitarian Congregational Parish of Petersham, Mass., to increase the First Unitarian Congregational Parish of Petersham, Mass., Fund	38.34
Interest	40.82
Income of invested funds	4,748.75
Foreign Relations. Gifts	317.30
Reimbursements for advances on Unitarian Building Account	8.98
Investments. Received for reinvestment.	4,060.00
Investment Church Building Loan Fund. Repaid on loans	1,450.00
Church Building Loan Fund. Interest	102.50
	$43,001.89

PAYMENTS.

For missionary purposes (societies, etc.)	$5,582.38
Salaries and other missionary expenses	1,904.75
Expenses of Unitarian Building	307.11
Payments on account of sundry trust funds	1,656.75
Investments	17,400.00
Church Building Loan Fund. Sundries	1.50
Publication Department	1,833.90
Cash on hand March 1, 1914	14,166.50
	$43,001.89

The president asked for nominations to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Prof. C. M. Woodward of St. Louis. Mr. Hawley of Chicago nominated Hugh McK. Landon, Esq., of Indianapolis, and Mr. Landon was unanimously elected for the term which expires in May, 1915.

At the request of President Southworth, the vote passed at the last meeting relative to the distribution of the income of the Brookes Fund was rescinded, and it was

Voted, To appropriate $500 for beneficiary aid for Meadville students in accordance with the list submitted by President Southworth.

Upon recommendation of the treasurer, the following votes were passed:—

Voted, To accept the gift of $2,000 from Miss Lucy F. Young, of Winchester, to form the Joshua Young, D.D., Fund, upon the terms set forth in an agreement read at this meeting and approved by the donor.

Voted, That the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, be and hereby is authorized to sign the extension of the balance of the mortgage, $1,750, on the property at Memphis, Tenn., to March 1917.

Voted, That all contributions now or hereafter received for the use of the Tuckerman School or the Unity House be appropriated and paid to the treasurer of the School.

Voted, To establish with the gift of an anonymous friend and in accordance with the desire of the donor the Hollis Street Church Fund No. 2 with a principal of $1,000, the income to be used for the general purposes of the Association.

Voted, To transfer from the Reserve Fund to the Martha R. Hunt Fund the sum of $355.28.

Voted, To then appropriate $5,000 from the Martha R. Hunt Fund to establish the Martha R. Hunt Fund No. 2, the income to be used for ministerial aid, thus carrying out the terms of Miss Hunt's will.

A communication was read from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association relative to the aid to be granted by that Association to the mission in Western Canada during the next fiscal year.

A communication was read from the society in Palo Alto in regard to the disposal of certain funds in the hands of the society, and after discussion the president was instructed to write the society conveying the counsel of the Board.

Mr. Hawley laid before the Board a plan for increasing the efficiency of the missionary work in the Western States through the exercise of increased local autonomy. The matter was discussed at length and then deferred for further consideration.

The president read certain resolutions relative to the use of unrestricted bequests, and these were referred to the Finance Committee for consideration and report.

Dr. C. W. Wendte and Rev. J. T. Sunderland appeared before the Board and told of the plans for the proposed world tour in 1914-15. The Board gave its assurance of support to these plans under certain conditions, and the president was requested to communicate to Dr. Wendte the informal judgment of the Board in regard to this enterprise.

A communication from the Special Commission on Membership and Methods was

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 78-78-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientele.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 304 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

BOSTON SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE
TREMONT TEMPLE
Victoria Concert at 7.30. Lecture, 8 P.M., March 23.
DR. ALGERNON CRAPSEY,
"Evolution in the State: The Power of the Sword."

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

received, stating that its report was completed and asking that the Board provide for the printing and distributing of the report in advance of the presentation at the annual meeting in May. It was voted that the report be printed for free distribution.

A letter of thanks from the Harvard Biblical Club for the use of a room for its meetings was presented.

The meeting adjourned at 5.15 P.M.

Lewis G. Wilson,
Secretary.

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

Is the Sunday school a Peril?

In the *Christian Register* for March 12 is a stimulating article by Rev. E. A. Coil of Marietta, Ohio, under the title "The Sunday school a Peril." Despite the startling title and some equally startling criticisms of Sunday schools as they are now conducted, it is in the main a suggestive and helpful treatment of a really serious problem. Those fortunate enough to be personally acquainted with the author of that article do not need the assurance he gives that he is and has been all his life a devoted Sunday-school worker, for his energetic and capable conduct of the affairs of religious education in his own church are widely known. One may gladly admit all this while not agreeing with his main contentions or feeling that the remedy for the acknowledged difficulties has been adequately stated.

Perhaps Mr. Coil's fundamental assumption as to the end and aim of religious education should be reconstructed before one can see clearly the goal, and therefore the means of reaching that goal. It is doubtful if "A man's religion consists of his thought about the source whence he came, his relations and duties, his destiny, and the conduct growing out of that thought." This definition, admirably phrased as it is, leaves out the emotional element, universally regarded as essential, and does not make clear the goal of character as that which is to be sought even more than good works. These distinctions are by no means technical or unimportant.

If the goal of religious education is instruction about "the greatest fact in history," the clarification of thought about that fact, and direct stimulation to good works, then it must be admitted that much Sunday-school teaching is wide of the mark. But if the purpose of the school is to bring matured Christian characters into contact with forming lives and so to influence them as to help them to grow into Christian manhood and womanhood, then it is evidently possible to achieve a notable success even while thought remains somewhat less than perfectly clear and teaching does not in all respects accord with the highest pedagogical standard.

This is not a plea for poor teaching. On the contrary, teaching ought to be better. But the highest good to be gained through good teaching is not found in acquired knowledge, important as that may be, but in the respect for high things which thorough work inspires. The teacher, that is to say, should perform this work adequately, not, primarily, because of the value of information in the pupil's mind, but rather because of the effect of such teaching upon the pupil's character. Many of us gladly recall the teachers of religion who helped us to acquire whatever of developed character we have attained, notwithstanding the fact that they were uninstructed in the arts of the pedagogue.

Here are our young people preparing for life, and here is the Church with its treasure of religion ready to be applied to their needs, and so capable of helping them into that manhood and womanhood which we unite in believing to be essential. What, then, are we to do about this important matter?

Something can be done through the writing and reading of precisely such articles as Mr. Coil's, calculated to set people thinking and so to reveal to them the real situation. There is in every church and in every denomination the ability to meet the problems that confront us. The difficulty is in getting ministers and people so quickened that they will devote themselves to that work. Stimulation of interest is, therefore, the first essential.

Perhaps the second most important thing to do is to fortify the teachers actually in charge of classes with renewed confidence, saying less, critically, of their ineptitude, and more that is encouraging of the possibilities of success. Better by far the technically unequipped but spiritually devout and enthusiastic teacher than the trained instructor lacking heart in the work. The effect of many addresses on the Sunday-school problem is to discourage those who are doing what they can with their poor equipment. Let us have a hearty word of approval and encouragement for those who try to do their best, always, however, keeping before them the ideal.

Sadly as our teachers need preparation for their work, their most pressing need is the moral support of the churches they serve. When our church people come to see that the office of Sunday-school teacher is at once the most honorable, most sacred, and most important to which they can call their lay members, and when they learn to recognize those workers and support them in their tasks, a new day will dawn not only for our schools, but for the cause of religion.

In all education, perhaps chiefly in religious education, the unpreparedness of the teacher must be met by fulness of lesson-helps in the manuals used. The preparation of a new series of text-books is, therefore, ground for renewed hope. This work we are at present undertaking, bringing to bear upon it all the resources that devoted supporters and intelligent explorers in the field of education are able to provide.

In addition to special helps in the teaching of successive lessons, there are certain principles underlying all teaching which should be presented in simplified form for the teachers' use. This department is in constant correspondence with teachers and others who are seeking better ways of teaching. There is in our office a considerable number of excellent books on developing life and on the teaching art. A similar group of books was presented by the Sunday School Society to the Lending Library of the National Alliance. And, through letters, addresses, and newspaper articles, we are constantly suggesting such books to our workers.

Another large enterprise of this department is the holding of summer institutes, where teachers may be specifically trained for the work. Three such institutes are to be held during the coming summer, at Meadville, Pa., at Andover, N.H., and at the Isles of Shoals. So long as the aids to better teaching that are offered through these agencies are regarded with indifference by our ministers and churches, so that comparatively few out of the many teachers find their way to them, we have no right to contend that the Sunday school, as it is at present organized, is necessarily a failure. Some day our churches will realize that they cannot afford to intrust the religious education of their children to persons who have not been given an opportunity to improve their work through the reading of appropriate books or attending teachers' institutes, or who are so indifferent to their great task that they are unwilling to make the necessary effort thus to prepare themselves.

Despite criticisms and allowing for all drawbacks, it yet remains true that the tide of interest in Sunday-school work is rising in our midst. Almost every day we learn of churches that have caught the new vision, and have reorganized their work along more approved lines. Many churches have already installed trained workers, and have felt instantly the stimulating effect of their guidance. The Tuckerman School is constantly training such workers, and so is contributing directly toward the better religious education that is so surely to come.

In view of these considerations, it is impossible to regard the Sunday school as a menace. It is, indeed, the best, if not the only, opportunity we have for the cultivation of the religious life among our young people. Our part is to study its workings, to criticise it freely, and, above all, to provide for it the conditions without which it cannot do its work. The secretary of this department has, in some hundreds of our churches, urged that every church in the denomination should support at least one pupil in the Tuckerman School; should see that every teacher in the local Sunday school is provided not only with the manuals immediately needed, but with books of reference, as well as those that treat of the art of teaching; that every

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 Incorporated 1904

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Addie Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

teacher who can possibly do so should not only be encouraged to attend a summer institute, but should be sent by the church; and that so far as possible every church should employ a trained guide in religious education. Some day, he still believes, our churches are going to see the wisdom of such a course, and appreciate the fact that they can far better afford to carry out such a programme of religious education, even though it means the omission of some other things which now seem to them essential, rather than permit their children to grow up without adequate guidance. What we need is not so much criticism as enthusiasm, and the confidence that we have within ourselves the resources necessary to accomplish these high things. If we consecrate our endeavors to the work, the Sunday school will be seen to be not the menace but the hope of the Church.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Boston Federation Notes.

The three-act comedy, "The Colonel's Maid," was presented in the Parish House of the Meeting-house Hill Church, Dorchester, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 11 and 12, before good-sized and appreciative audiences. The cast was a picked one from among the members of the federation who have won distinction in local amateur work. Home-made candy was for sale between the acts, and dancing following the presentations.

The performance will be repeated in the Quincy Parish House, on Friday evening, March 20, and at the Church of the Disciples, Boston, on Friday evening, March 27, this last occasion being known as "Federation Night," when a large audience is anticipated. Tickets for the Quincy and Boston performances may be obtained of members or at Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. By request, a special performance will be given in Watertown some time in April.

The annual Indoor Picnic, that has become one of the social events of the winter season among the federation members, will take place this year at Brighton.

The annual meeting of the Boston Federation will be held at the First Church, Roxbury, on Sunday, April 26, with business, reports, election of officers, etc., at the afternoon session; while, for the evening, the committee has been fortunate in securing Dr. Charles W. Eliot to give an address and Dr. James De Normandie to conduct the devotional service. The presence of both these leaders will be sufficient to insure a large gathering. It is confidently hoped that the numbers may go well beyond the record. It may be recalled that two hundred eleven delegates were present at the last meeting of the federation in the Richmond Street Church, Dorchester, on January 25 last, within one of the largest attendance ever on record. Remember to save the date, and encourage others to do the same.

PILGRIM FEDERATION.

The next meeting of the Pilgrim Federation is to be held in Rockland on Thursday evening, March 26, when an interesting programme is to be presented.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

Alumni of Harvard Divinity School.—Save March 30 for a Visitation Day in Cambridge. Rev. Henry Wilder Foote is to be made Assistant Professor of Preaching and Parish Administration. Exercises are planned for morning, afternoon, and evening. Full notice will be sent to each alumnus.

Rev. William Sullivan of New York, who was unable on account of sickness to speak in King's Chapel on Sunday, March 8, will speak there next Sunday evening, March 22, at 7.30 o'clock. His subject will be "The Authority of a Free Faith." Mr. Sullivan will also speak at the noon-day service in King's Chapel on Monday, March 23. The other speakers at the week-day services next week are as follows: March 24, Rev. L. H. Bugbee, D.D., Centre Methodist Episcopal Church, Malden; March 25, Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt, State Street Congregational Church, Portland, Me.; March 26, Rev. Frederic Gill, First Parish, Arlington; March 27, Rev. Sheed Anderson, All Souls' Unitarian Church, Roxbury. At the musical service next Saturday, March 21, Mr. John Adams Loud will be organist, and Miss Crystal Waters, contralto, will sing.

Churches.

BRATTLEBORO, VT.—Unitarian Congregational Society, Rev. E. D. S. Osgood: On Friday evening, March 6, twenty-three of the men in the Society, including the pastor, met in the parish house for supper, which was prepared by the women of the parish, and afterwards listened to an interesting and suggestive address by Rev. S. R. Nobbs of Boston, relating to the work and aims of the National League of Unitarian Laymen. The speaker dwelt particularly upon the need of publicity, a true social progress, and the spirit of patriotism, in whatever work should be taken up by a local league. The address was well received, and gave rise to an animated discussion. At the close of the meeting it was voted that the members of the Prudential Committee of the church, together with the pastor, be constituted a committee to arrange, if practicable, for the formation of a local league in harmony with the general plan advanced by Mr. Nobbs, subject, of course, to special conditions existing in the community.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Harvard Street Unitarian Church: The Neighborhood meetings, which have been held in the Parish House, Sunday afternoons at five o'clock, since February 1, have proved very successful. On Sunday, March 15, about seventy-five persons listened to an interesting talk by James O. Fagan, on "Conditions and Prospects on Railroads," and enjoyed a social hour afterward. March 22, Francis P. Malgeri of Boston will speak on "What the Italians teach us, and How to deal with them." March 29, speaker to be announced. April 5, Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers. Music is made a special feature of these meetings.

NORTON, MASS.—First Congregational Parish, Rev. Herbert H. Mott: At a recent meeting of the Women's Alliance the speaker for the afternoon was Miss Everett, the dean of Wheaton College, who gave a talk on Shakespeare which was greatly enjoyed. Her talk was very helpful and inspiring. Recently a group of college students at Wheaton who have affiliated themselves with the Unitarian church gave a play to entertain the young people of the Unitarian Junior Alliance in the church vestry. The play was received with great enthusiasm by the club and its guests, other Wheaton girls and members of the faculty, and during the serving of refreshments a pleasant mingling of town and college girls showed the interest which can be aroused by such social opportunities. It is not without significance that, under the new standing of Wheaton as a college, the entire Junior class of the institution was represented at this entertainment, denoting an increase in the attendance of liberal denominations. Miss Gertrude Mott deserves much credit for coaching the play and also for providing the refreshments.

Personals.

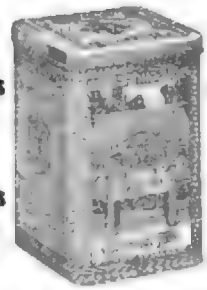
Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., of the Department of Foreign Relations of the American Unitarian Association, spoke on "Unitarianism as a World Religion" at a meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women in the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church on Monday afternoon, March 16. Revs. Wm. Sullivan and St. Croix Merle Wright also made addresses, and a collection for Mr. Conte's work in Italy was taken up. The remainder of the week Dr. Wendte spent in Meadville, Pa., and delivered before the Theological School four lectures on Christian Missions, their history, expansion, present problems, and outlook for the future, with especial reference to the attitude and obligations of Unitarians toward them. On the 22d inst., Mr. Wendte was announced to preach in Rev. C. E. St. John's pulpit in Philadelphia.

The waters of Salt Lake act as a strong preservative, as distinguished from ocean waters, because the Lake water is so much saltier, being practically a saturate solution. Preservation with salt is of no use in ocean piling against the attack of teredos and other marine borers.

"Choisa" Ceylon Tea.

1 LB. CANISTERS 60 CENTS

1-2 LB. CANISTERS 35 CENTS



PURE RICH FRAGRANT

Packed in parchment-lined 1-lb. & ½-lb. canisters

We invite comparison with other Teas of the same or higher price

S. S. PIERCE CO.

BOSTON BROOKLINE

Pleasantries.

Good spirits are like lost spectacles—it is hard to find them without them.—*Dr. George L. Walton.*

"My oldest daughter," said Mrs. Twickembury, "has studied for two years at the best school of electrocution in the city."

"I suppose your baby sister cries some?" asked one of the neighbors. "Cries!" said Mary. "Why, she just seems to look on the dark side of things all the time!"

Hall: "What are you doing now?" Gall: "Oh, I'm making a house-to-house canvass to ascertain why people don't want to buy a new patent clothes-wringer."—*Chicago News.*

Goodheart: "I've got you down for a couple of tickets; we're getting up a raffle for a poor man of our neighborhood." Joakley: "None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him."

The young man, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the ticket-office of a railway station and inquired, "Must I—aw—take a ticket for a puppy?" "No: you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—*Tit-Bits.*

Bobby's Mamma: "Now mind, Bobby, if they pass you the cake a second time at the party, you must say, 'No, thanks, I've had plenty.' And don't you forget it." Hostess (at the party): "Won't Bobby have some more cake?" Bobby (who hasn't forgotten): "Nope, thanks. I've had enough, an' don't you forgit it!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A mother entered the nursery, where her offspring were both screaming at the top of their lungs, and exclaimed, "Why, children, what are you crying for?" "I wanna dink!" demanded small Bobby. "Well, I'll get you a drink," replied the mother. "Elsie, what are *you* crying for?" "You didn't seem to hear Bobby, mamma," said Elsie. "So I was helping him cry."—*Youth's Companion.*

A well-known critic recently wrote a bitter attack on the work of a celebrated novelist. After it was published, the novelist, a good-natured man, wished to meet the critic who had assailed him, and asked a common friend to bring him up to dinner some evening. When invited, the critic replied: "I certainly shall not go! He simply wants to heap coals of fire on my head; and do you suppose I am going to hold the scuttle for him?"—*P. McArthur.*

In a Presidential tour through the South more than twenty years ago, Mr. Evarts accompanied President and Mrs. Hayes, taking upon himself the tiresome duty of speech-making from the car platforms. The young people of the party laid a wager with Mr. Evarts that he could not make a pun on each town where he spoke, pinning their hope of victory on the name Chattanooga. As the crowd at that station clamored for a speech, the Secretary pleaded a husky voice as excuse for only a few Chattanoogatory remarks.

Annoyed by the injury done to one of his trees by the driver of the local 'bus, Mr. Kipling wrote a vigorous letter of complaint to the 'bus-owner, who is also landlord of an inn. The landlord sold the letter for ten shillings in cash. A second and stronger letter followed; and this also found a purchaser, this time at £1, as befitted its increased violence. Boniface again said nothing. To him next day entered Mr. Kipling, briskly wrathful. "Why didn't I answer your letters, sir? Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one. They pay a deal better than 'bus-driving!"—*Boston Times.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors. Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free. C. H. Stevenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 284 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

DIVINITY SCHOOL
Harvard University

For the year 1914-15 two Resident (Williams) Fellowships of $500 each are offered to graduates of Theological Schools who intend to devote themselves to the Christian Ministry. These Fellowships are designed to encourage advanced theological work of a high order. Applications, accompanied by testimonials and specimens of work, must be made *before April 15, 1914*, on special blanks, to be obtained of the dean of the Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

The Christian Register

Established 1821

VOLUME 93 . . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 13 . . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1914

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes . . . 289
The Child-Labor Question . . . 290
Remedy-mad . . . 291

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
About Delegates to the May Meetings . . . 292

CURRENT TOPICS . . . 292

BREVITIES . . . 293

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Findings of the Ear, by Ellen Burns Sherman . . . 294
Two Lenten Lessons . . . 296
Lowell on Mexico . . . 297
The New War against War, by Charles F. Dole, D.D. . 298
Prayer . . . 301
The New Graded Course, by Henry T. Secrist; Methodist Books; Social Progress and Religious Faith; Russell N. Bellows . . . 306
From Shelter Neck, N.C.; Training at Proctor Academy, 307
Meadville Theological School; A Study of Social Conditions . . . 309
The Tuckerman School; The Southern Conference . . 311

SPIRITUAL LIFE . . . 297

THE PULPIT.
The Foundation of Faith, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, 299

LITERATURE.
Books . . . 302
Magazines . . . 303

THE HOME.
The Transient, by Frances Harmer; Grandpa's Birthday Present . . . 304
Alfred Russel Wallace, by Louisa A. Nash; Indian Runners . . . 305

POETRY.
A Lump of Clay, by James Thompson Bixby, Ph.D. . . 296
Winter, by Alice Gordon . . . 298
To a Terrier . . . 302
The Child in the Glass . . . 304
A Roman Doll (in a Museum) . . . 305
Against the Drift, by Elizabeth West Parker . . . 306

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
What the Brewers Claim . . . 308

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Eighteenth Annual Meeting . . . 310

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE . . . 310

HERE AND THERE . . . 311

PLEASANTRIES . . . 312

Editorial.

THE effort to make the season of Lent useful in providing opportunities and suggestions of meditation meets with one difficulty. Those most likely to avail themselves of it are the ones who need it least, and those who need it most are least likely to use it. The world goes on at the same pace, though society reduces speed and the world's workers have no time for quiet hours; while many who have time and disposition are under no pressure at the times which give Lent perspective. The way for busy people to do is to keep a Lent for their vacation, and make its leisure productive of more than physical recuperation. In the quiet of high places, in the horizons of great distances and vast prospects, Nature becomes a priest to the mind, and draws it above its worries and cares. For the people whose days are too full already of retirement from the real stress and burden of the world, the story told by the author of a "Leisurely Tour in England" is in point. He found, on inquiring for the key to a church, that it was already open, it being a "quiet day," that is, a day for special and silent service. Then he recalled the reply of the parson to his bishop, who had offered to conduct a "quiet day" for him. He declared that what his parishioners required was not a "quiet day," but an earthquake.

IT is a question much mooted, whether great men create revolutions and initiate movements of the people, or are thrown up on the surface of affairs by forces that they did not summon. Did Luther cause the Reformation, or did a widespread movement for reform bring Luther into action, and give him his opportunity? One curious form of self-delusion is often seen in the case of men and women who feel the movements of society, and, being interested, advocate coming reforms, and flatter themselves that they are moving causes, when, in fact, they are but straws that show which way the wind blows. Rudyard Kipling has wittily caricatured this foible of good people in his story of "The Butterfly that Stamped." The butterfly's wife had offended him, and he threatened, unless she should mend her ways, to stamp his foot, doing which, he said, all the buildings around them would instantly disappear. The king heard the threat, and was mightily amused thereat. He then ordered his chief magician to cause his palace and all the buildings around it to disappear when the butterfly stamped. So said and so done: the butterfly stamped, and the buildings dis-

Digitized by Google

appeared. Whereupon the butterfly's wife was greatly distressed, and, with many tears, begged the butterfly to stamp again and bring back the buildings that had vanished. The butterfly consented, stamped his foot, and, at the king's command, the great magician brought everything back again as it was before.

Cornelius C. Felton, formerly president of Harvard College, once said that, while he had known many students who had lost their health during their college course, he had never known one to break down because of overwork. Good students often break down, but not because they were too faithful to their studies. The causes of ill health are many, but they fall under a few heads, and may be easily identified. In the colleges where boys are educated, a few, *a very few*, are the victims of vicious indulgences that are gross and wicked; more suffer from distempers caused by too much indulgence in beer, tobacco, and rich food; some, alas! are depleted by semi-starvation and a low diet, made necessary by poverty; late hours and lack of sleep cause many a pallid cheek, which was never "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought"; habits of physical laziness often cause what seems like brain-fag, and make intellectual effort painful; neglect of daily duty as a student, with intense effort to pass examinations not duly prepared for, causes many a student to give out after the strain of the "mid-years" is over. All these remarks, except the first two, apply to girls as well as boys, and if heeded, would soon make illness from intellectual overwork seem to be what it is,—the rarest of distempers.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, besides being a novelist and a knight, is president of the Divorce Law Reform Union in England. He has in a late address approached the subject from a not usual point of view. He declared the existing laws on the subject the shame of the country; the bill passed in 1895, the most ingenious bill for producing immorality that could ever have been devised. Compulsory celibacy could not enforce morality. To those who compared the large percentages of divorces in Germany with the small percentage in England, he replied that in Germany they were treating the evil, in England they did not. "If the divorce and separation statistics of England were added together, the average would come to more than Germany shows." Divorce was only a cure. It was a deplorable cure for a deplorable state of things. He had no doubt that, if the proposed reform were passed, there would be a deluge of divorces. "But it would be only the opening of an ulcer. It was there, and it had got to be opened." English comment on conditions in our country might well take this point of view. What is charged on us as laxity will appear the opening for remedy. The fact that there is no country in the world where happy and pure family life is more general than in America is a fact which verifies what Conan Doyle asserts.

Truth in an abstract proposition and the truth about a matter of fact are of strangely different rank. One has, so to speak, aristocratic dignity, and to belong to it is a proud privilege, while the other is quite plebeian, and those who produce it receive comparatively little credit. But democracy has an influence in estimating truth, and we are feeling its air in the assertiveness of concrete reality and in the challenge to high theory for tangible witness. Telling the truth is coming to be exacted of those who highly exalt the truth without much care for vulgar exactness. President Howard Elliott has been telling the truth about railroads to an extent that furnishes the prophets with much material for edification. For instance, he points out that during the year ending in June, 1911, of the 396 passengers killed in the United States, ninety-six only were killed while riding on trains in accidents for which railroads were probably responsible, while nine hundred millions of passengers were handled. In 1909, 347 companies handled 570,617,563 passengers without the death of a single passenger in a train accident. "These figures cover a mileage of railroads equal to that of the United Kingdom, Germany, and France combined, a record of immunity from fatalities among those who travel unequalled except in the United States in previous years." Due attention to a little truth like this would save a good deal of spiritual power expended in condemning railroads as if they were murderous corporations, and in creating public sentiment hostile to them in the name of public welfare and religion through indiscriminate, inaccurate, and therefore unjust, statements.

We do not mean to take up the question of sex education, but the number of school superintendents who do not favor it in public schools makes another question. While there is such opposition, and such reasons advanced for it, is there just ground for the opinion that one must adopt this direction or be counted hostile to a desirable reform? On the question of methods, and the best ways of achieving the desired ends, there is room for differences in opinion. While opinion is thus unsettled, the first task is to devise operations in which all may unite, and thus gradually come to common advance. The highway of life is strewn with the bones of reforms which perished because they had zeal without wisdom, and led their supporters where support failed.

The Child-Labor Question.

The tenth anniversary of the Child Labor Committee brings to notice the work of the Committee during its decade of existence, and the work that lies before it. The subject is not special in its character, for everybody feels that the welfare of children is the most important and far-reaching of subjects, and relates itself at once to any form of a real religion. The annual meeting of the Committee, held in New Orleans, is of national interest; and announcements of the programme bring to attention topics which cannot fail to rouse fresh sympathy and new allegiance. The first year of a children's bureau has passed, and its results are to be reviewed. Those who are directly concerned will give due regard to the significance of the subject at this time. It is for those who might otherwise miss them that we wish to gather up some of the points on which a wider judgment should be obtained.

The Children's Bureau has made investigations of the social, industrial, and economic conditions affecting infant mortality, for which 1,551 schedules were secured. A review of child-labor legislation in the fifty-two political divisions of the United States has been prepared. Four pamphlets have been issued dealing with birth registration, baby-saving campaigns, prenatal care, and a hand-book of federal statistics of children. For the adequate treatment of these subjects, and of other matters equally important, enumerated in the Act of Congress creating the Bureau, a larger staff will have to be provided.

The accomplishment of the Committee in extending child-labor laws, and in improving those that already exist, need not be summarized. It has been so consider-

able as to lead to the feeling that its work is done. But, as in every such situation, this state of things really points to a larger opportunity and to further conquests. A still stronger public opinion must be created, in order that protection from night work can be brought to fourteen-year-old boys in the glass-factories of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, from the eleven-hour day to the 4,000 children in Georgia mills, from the moral dangers of night messenger service to the boys of thirty-one States, and from cannery, sweatshop, and street-trading to those thousands of children who have not yet been reached. And continual educational efforts are requisite to establish rational and accurate views on the subject wherever there are partial and prejudiced and superficial views, or notions that cannot be called views at all. That the meeting in New Orleans will be of tremendous influence is shown in its being held in this Southern city, and in the wide range of its reports, from New England to California, and from Wisconsin to Texas. The speakers are mainly those who have first-hand knowledge of the problem, its difficulties and its solutions, and such names as Jane Addams, Felix Adler, Secretary Wilson, Senator Owen, not to forget the President's daughter, are to be found among them. The topics are very various, and show that there is to be no threshing of old straw or repetition of out-of-date statistics.

The most important step in the development of the campaign against child labor is the introduction of a child-labor bill into Congress, which aims to establish a nation-wide restraint and prohibition of child labor through the interstate commerce law. This bill has been prepared with previous objections to such a bill in mind, and after extensive correspondence with prominent lawyers, State and federal officials, and others interested in the problem. Those who have heretofore condemned any attempt to prevent child labor by national legislation in connection with interstate commerce will be compelled to give renewed consideration to the matter by the exhaustive and learned brief which has been submitted on the question of constitutionality. The objections to such a bill on this ground are met by quotations from decisions of the Supreme Court in cases which cover these points. Whether they are fully met, we are not ready to say nor is it our place to discuss them here. But that objections have been fairly considered and candidly recognized will appear from the following list of them. The bill violates the rights of the States; it infringes the right of free contract; Congress has no power to regulate the hours of labor; it permits taking of property without due process of law; it affects intrastate commerce as well as interstate commerce; granting that Congress has power to forbid interstate commerce in goods that would injure the consumer (as in the Food and Drugs Act), there is nothing directly injurious in goods made by children; this bill would establish a precedent by which the power of Congress over interstate commerce would be unlimited; the power of Congress to regulate or prohibit interstate commerce depends on the injury such commerce might do; and to the last objection the reply is made: "We do not claim that the consumer is injured materially or physically by the purchase or use of goods produced by child labor. But we do claim that the consumer is injured morally; that he is powerless to protect himself by means of humane laws enacted in his own State so long as interstate commerce offers facilities for shipping into his State goods made under conditions obnoxious to his moral sense. And how can he be protected in this except by the only power competent to regulate interstate commerce?" And the opinion of Justice McKenna is quoted: "It must be kept in mind that we are one people; and the powers reserved to the States and those conferred on the nation are adapted to be exercised, whether independently or concurrently, to promote the general welfare, material or moral."

The Child Labor Bulletin, published by the National Committee, gives full answers to these objections, which will be widely read. This publication, together with many important addresses made at the meeting in New Orleans, marks a distinct epoch in the history of child-labor reform. We call the attention of our churches to this movement, and to its progress and meaning, confident that a fuller acquaintance with it will bring increase to the ranks of those who preach deliverance to captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

Remedy-mad.

The report of the special commission appointed to investigate the "white slave" traffic in Massachusetts contains this telltale sentence: "It is inconceivable, in the mind of the commissioners, that these evils cannot be remedied by legislation."

We are reminded of the adage that an act of Parliament can do anything except make a man a woman!

Beside this excerpt from the report, just as an illustration of the same spirit in another aspect, should be placed the following tableau: a subway car in a large eastern city; evidence in plenty upon the wraps of the passengers that a bad blizzard was in progress above-ground; an elaborate advertisement card over the seat of the car, recommending bromo-quinine for the ills of bad weather—colds, chills, and their brood; directly below the advertisement a young woman, of perhaps eighteen or nineteen years, clad in the showiest of theatre cloaks, the airiest of chiffons, the finest of gauze scarfs, and the frailest of French slippers!

This or equivalent folly is found everywhere. We have strong investigations into the evil of arson for insurance; we increase the efficiency of our fire department,—and amiably permit the construction of the flimsiest of three-deckers and apartment houses! We have laboriously conceived license laws for the liquor traffic, laws against the selling of liquor to minors, and its use in disreputable hotels,—and next door to the very justice court may be a wholesale liquor dealer to whose profit it is to evade and annul those very laws; or a brewery, the output of which must be consumed if dividends are to be paid! The apologetically retired sign, "speed limit ten miles an hour within city limits," is placed in the shadow of an auto factory that takes pride in producing machines that can make ninety miles an hour,—a speed *legally* allowed nowhere in the country (save on race-courses)!

Jean Paul has an anecdote that illuminates this finely: if we had been for hours standing on the bank of a river, pulling out drowning wretches who were swept along in the flood, would it not be well to go upstream and find out who was pushing them in?

Why are we so weakly dependent upon remedies? The reason is, our temper of nervous hurry. We feel so bound to this purpose or that schedule (often purely material) that we have not time to analyze a wretched situation, and determine the causes, and remedy them. It is much easier and quicker to dose with quinine than to lug around arctics! But the wise auto-driver knows that in the long run he will be safer and happier not to try to patch his outer tube at every puncture, but to spend some additional time to adjust a new inner tube! Another reason is, our craving for quick profits. Solidity and durability are expensive and take years to repay

their cost; therefore, it is cheaper to install a water sprinkler system costing ten thousand dollars over a frame factory building worth five, and save the expense of a fifty-thousand-dollar concrete structure. Of course it is a bluff, and might lead to a disaster involving immense cost of life and property. But there are always insurance companies, in that case, and evadable laws! It is all a part of the paraphernalia and the ramifications of business bluff.

One might wish to include among these reasons our modern craze for show and display, that builds hotels held together by the expensive woodwork and wall-paper, uses furniture that is chiefly a transitory veneer, and wears silks that are cotton on the back of the weave. Even in zero weather, kid gloves are handsomer than the good old "woolen mits," and French heels than goloshes!

One of Amos's best qualities was to know a plumb-line when he saw one, so that when he saw it in the Lord's hand he straightway had a suspicion as to what it was for! Too often the word from the pulpit is a sharp lancet when, to gain the benefit (and the oddity) of a mixed metaphor, it should be a plumb-line. We do, indeed, spend a bit too much time over God's love, nowadays, and not enough in emphasizing his eternal honor—"in the love of his truth!" For, if we are not careful, the splendid social sympathy that we so assiduously kindle will exhaust itself in becoming a remedy only; and, to avoid so appalling a disillusion as would follow, the only thing is, to couple the passion of human sympathy with the passion for the plinthic truth of things. As we square our sails to sail before the freshening winds of the Divine Spirit, let us not forget *our rudder*.

American Unitarian Association.

About Delegates to the May Meetings.

All the churches and other organizations so entitled, whose names appear in the Year Book, will soon receive notices asking for delegates to the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. For various reasons, it is highly desirable that delegates should be chosen with great care and discrimination. Each congregation or other organization is, of course, competent to adopt whatever methods it desires, but in many instances, in years gone by, there has been a certain laxity or indifference which ought to be avoided. Delegates should be selected who know something about our enterprises and our methods, and who have a genuine interest in our denominational work. More care ought to be taken to nominate and appoint delegates who shall, without fail, attend the business meetings of the Association, and be able to vote intelligently upon all questions which are brought before them.

As one reviews the habits of the churches during past years, he finds a great variety of methods employed. In some instances, our churches, at their regular business meetings, nominate and appoint delegates, empowering the clerk or chairman to fill out the credentials in proper form. In other cases, the chairman or the clerk, without any formal authority from the congregation, chooses the delegates which are to represent the church at the annual meetings of the Association. Delegates are sometimes chosen because they are well acquainted with Unitarianism as a religious movement and as an organic effort, and other delegates have been chosen just because they know nothing about the Association or any of the enterprises which engage the attention of the body as a whole. Not infrequently delegates have been chosen in order that they *may* become interested in something about which they have known practically nothing, and of which they have had no experience, with the hope that their interest might thus be strengthened. The unwisdom of such a course must be apparent to every person who desires intelligent efficiency. Other instances are known where the delegates that were chosen have taken upon themselves the authority of naming their own substitutes without the knowledge or consent of the congregation. Such a course is obviously a violation of all congregational usage. Ministers, in some cases, have attended to the matter without being instructed by the congregation, and without the co-operation and knowledge of the members of their churches.

Now is it not possible for each church to have something like a well-defined method in regard to such matters? Indeed, is it not of the first importance that at our annual meetings there should be gathered such representatives of the local churches as shall not only be able to form opinions concerning all matters which come before the Association, but who also are sufficiently interested in and acquainted with our work as to return to their churches with full accounts of what has been done? Would not our entire body receive new light and enthusiasm by a more intelligent and well-planned method of procedure?

This is a matter which concerns the congregation as such, and no delegate ought to be considered who does not feel a moral responsibility to attend all the business meetings for which he or she has been elected. In order, also, to fulfil all the conditions of congregationalism, such delegates, or at least one of their number, ought to be expected to report back to the congregation by which he was elected. Such a report should narrate not only the business which was actually transacted, but convey something of the general spirit of the gathering. Past achievements and future aims and purposes should be indicated. The prophetic vision, so far as it is represented by those who are doing service on the firing line of our missionary enterprises, should be given to the congregations that constitute the denomination. Only in some such way can our entire body familiarize itself with our methods and purposes; and only thus can be developed that efficiency and loyalty upon which every enterprise for church extension and the propagation of liberal religious life depends.

Lewis G. Wilson.

Current Topics.

The administration at Washington recorded an important result in its campaign against combinations in restraint of trade by reaching an agreement, on March 21, for the voluntary dissolution of the great New England railway and steamship system grouped under the control of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company. The agreement, reached after protracted negotiations between the department of justice and representatives of the corporation which dominates the railroad, trolley, and coastwise steamship facilities of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Maine, provides for the gradual relinquishment of ownership or direct control of transportation properties by land and sea within a period of years to terminate on Jan. 1, 1917. The consent of the New Haven monopoly to conform to the law without a test of the issues in litigation, is regarded, like the recent surrender of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company under somewhat similar conditions, as an acknowledgment by the managers of great aggregations of capital, of the public sentiment against the continuance of actual or potential monopolies.

The first test of strength in the campaign to give the ballot to women by amendment to the Federal Constitution, took place in the Senate on March 19, when a resolution proposing such an amendment was defeated by a vote of 35 to 34, a two-thirds majority being required for its passage. The action of the Senate was the outcome of an aggressive agitation which was begun by the advocates of woman suffrage with the inauguration of President Wilson. It is pointed out by the suffragists that, although the resolution was rejected, the division of the Senate indicated a greater strength of sentiment for the innovation than its opponents had been willing to concede. It is the intention of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage to press the issue without a diminution of energy, with the hope that a second presentation of their demand before Congress will result in a declaration in favor of the enfranchisement of women. A feature of the alignment in the Senate on the defeated resolution was the strong Southern opposition to the proposed Constitutional amendment.

The situation arising out of the Home Rule controversy in the British Parliament suddenly assumed a disconcerting phase at the end of last week, when, upon the failure of the Unionists to force Prime Minister Asquith into a detailed explanation of his scheme for a compromise in Ulster, the leaders of the Anti-Nationalist movement in Belfast announced their intention to take military measures in anticipation of a possible attempt at coercion by the government at London. The complication that was precipitated by this vigorous declaration of purpose became graver within twenty-four hours, when, confronted with the possibility of military action in Ulster, many officers of the imperial army resigned their commissions. The event brought the Cabinet face to face with the danger of a collapse of the military resources at its disposal in the event of an actual clash in the disturbed territory. Nevertheless, the War Office carried out its plan to safeguard the military depots in Ulster from possible seizure by Sir Edward Carson and his followers.

The Anti-Nationalist leaders in Ulster explained at the beginning of the crisis that they had no intention of undertaking any aggressive measure against the imperial authorities. On the other hand, they plainly conveyed a purpose of determined resistance to any project of coercion that might be adopted by the government. Prime Minister Asquith, for his part, announced in an official statement last Monday morning that the War Office had not at any time contemplated an invasion of Ulster territory in force, and that the orders already issued to various regiments were confined strictly to the safeguarding of military property. Thus, it began to appear that both sides in the extraordinary dispute were disposed to proceed with the utmost caution in the hope of averting the precipitation of a clash which might well develop into a state of civil war. Mr. Asquith's explanation seemed to produce a decidedly quieting effect upon public feeling in Belfast, although it did not produce an ameliorating influence upon the general situation.

A tragedy which has shaken the political structure of France to its foundations was enacted in Paris on March 16, when Madame Caillaux, the wife of Joseph Caillaux, Minister of Finance, shot and killed M. Calmette, the editor of *Figaro*, who had been conducting a vigorous campaign against her husband. The immediate result of the incident was the disclosure of a series of scandals, involving members of the Doumergue Cabinet and of preceding ministries. Before the examining magistrate last Saturday, Madame Caillaux explained that her sole reason for the assassination of the editor was her desire to put an end to the attacks which he had been directing at the Minister of Finance in the columns of *Figaro*. M. Caillaux's prompt resignation from the Cabinet, under the charges of corruption to which his wife's act gave emphasis, was followed without delay by the withdrawal of M. Monis, Minister of Justice, under suspicion that he had juggled with the machinery of the law in order to protect an accused man.

The civil war in Mexico is believed to be approaching a decisive stage as the result of the operations undertaken by Francisco Villa, the Constitutionalist commander in the field, against the city of Torreon, in the state of Coahuila, an important fortress on the way South to the City of Mexico. The preliminary assaults upon the outlying posts northwest of Torreon were followed with interest at the State Department in Washington, as it was realized that the result of the operations would exert a considerable influence upon American policy in Mexico. The rebels began the operations with a degree of swift effectiveness which augured ill for the success of the Federal defenders. It was predicted by observers of events in Washington that a decisive defeat for the Federal forces at Torreon would lead fairly to the conclusion that the Constitutionalists outbalance the military strength of Huerta, and that the fall of the city would so complicate the situation in the Federal capital that the downfall of the Huerta government would become a question of only a short time.

It is evident that the British admiralty, acting through its first lord, Winston Spencer Churchill, is determined not to abandon its plan for a "naval holiday," despite the cold sympathy which the proposal has received in Germany, to which country it was especially directed originally. In introducing the naval estimate of $257,750,000 for 1914–15 Mr. Churchill said in the House of Commons, "Every delay, accidental or deliberate, by the next strongest power to England, will be matched by us." The use of the phrase, "the next strongest power," left no doubt in the minds of Mr. Churchill's hearers as to the identity of the nation referred to in the first lord's reiterated proposal for the limitation of programmes of construction. As in the case of the first suggestion made by the British admiralty, however, the German press in this instance did not reflect a popular or an official desire to give hospitable attention to Great Britain's invitation for a lightening of the burden of armaments under which the great nations, and many of the smaller as well, are groaning, without a prospect of relief.

Brevities.

We are coming to make sharper the distinction between theology and religion. The former is a science, the science of divine realities. The latter, on the contrary, is an art, the art of holy living. The one proceeds from the head, the other from the heart.

A Chicago minister is to be credited with being the first to introduce into the Sunday work of his church professional and expert instruction, of a popular character, in the human as well as the divine laws that surround man's present life. This church is to teach the facts of medicine, hygiene, law, finance, and other allied subjects,

Digitized by Google

every Sunday to all persons who will come to these special educational services. The experiment will be followed with interest as to actual results.

We all desire fundamentally just principles of righteous and harmonious living. Only thus can the conscience be at peace and satisfied with itself. But may we impose our judgments upon others? Concerning this matter Dr. Lyman Abbott says, "Conscience for thyself, not for another."

The leader of the Parents' League of New York City says its purpose is to provide wholesome common-sense standards for the education, amusement, and home life of children, and adds: "We hope to make it fashionable to be sensible, and unfashionable to be foolish." May it have a thousand imitators!

A new kind of social service work by the Y. W. C. A.'s of the United States was begun two years ago, in aiding the foreigners coming to our shores. In the month of September, 166 ships arriving at our ports were met by the representatives of the Association and hundreds of these people personally helped on their arrival.

The basis of church membership has heretofore been almost entirely a theological one, while now, more and more, the basis is becoming largely ethical and distinctively religious. The former method and purpose centred almost wholly around certain beliefs, forming a creed; while the latter means a motive and spirit, the desire to walk and live together in the spirit of Jesus.

Findings of the Ear.

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
The sun obeys them, and the moon.

—*R. W. E.*

The stars are still in their shining; and, in the making of giant trees, billions of acres of grass, and interningled blossoms, there comes never a sound from the muffled machinery of Nature's power-house. Who but the finest-eared may catch the feather-fall of the snowflakes, that build their miniature mountains of winter and weave white draperies for the landscape? Even the deepest sockets and hollows of the hardest rocks were sculptured by no harsh, grating sound, but musically chiselled to a water-chant of the centuries.

The few rare exceptions to Nature's law of silence come much like the studied discords of music to heighten the effect of the harmony. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, cyclones, and thunderstorms would make chaos of an orderly world if they came every day; but, coming rarely and with sublimity, the word "noise" is too mean a word to be applied to them. Rather do they seem like the majestic gavel thumps of the Almighty to call the attention of a world grown deaf and blind to the silent, everyday miracles of creation.

In the early dawn of chaos, when worlds were making, there was undoubtedly a season when there were cosmic crashings not meet for ears of flesh and blood. But that did not matter, so long as there were no human ears near to be deafened by them. Before man was allowed to appear, the divine fiat, Let there be silence, had gone forth. "The whole world is at rest and is quiet," wrote the prophet Isaiah, but the lesser world of man's creation is yet in a semi-chaotic condition, and the law of silence, though it has been passed in the upper house of the elect, is yet a long way from enactment. So there still ascends to heaven an appalling volume of noise, made by the bang, whang, clang, grate, grind, rasp, jingle, whir, whistle, and clatter which accompany the manufacture and use of almost everything used by man, from the generation of the force which runs cable cars to the simplest device for sharpening a scythe or pair of scissors.

One of the chief offenders against the public peace is the automobile with open muffler, whose blaring shriek, in season and out of season, has made any public thoroughfare a *via dolorosa* for the pedestrian, especially if he suffers from any disease of the ear. Movements are on foot to lessen these shocks to the nervous system,—shocks whose evil results have never been adequately measured. Little by little, man is trying to banish, as Nature does, audible or other evidence of effort from his works.

Those who watch this gradual diminution of noise from the operation of men's inventions can no longer doubt that the time is coming when man will have made his machinery and the streets of his cities so noiseless that the transition to fields Elysian will be no abrupt change to totally different conditions, but a natural and easy gradation to a blessed country where even the jarring sounds audible only to the spirit will be absent. Rubber-footed tires, asphalt pavements, and the subdued hum of the modern sewing-machine (compared with the fearful threshing-tread of those of other days), all tell the same story. Man has begun to discover that no machine is perfected until it makes no noise.

In Nature's world, which is God's, the unsurpassed model for noiseless perfection of mechanism is the human body, in which all the parts are fitly joined together so that a hundred complex processes are going on simultaneously in this marvellous laboratory, and yet no sound is heard. Bones, blood, hair, nails, tissues, and countless secretions are being manufactured in absolute silence. Even the semi-voluntary movements of the body involved in breathing, bending the fingers, legs, and toes, are noiselessly performed; but in the still finer forces of mind and heart, which are stronger than all the other powers of man's world, one finds the acme of noiselessness. Who can hear a thought or catch the varying heart-vibrations which make or mar the happiness of the world? Who but a spirit can hear the swift, wingless flight of imagination or the firm, footless tread of the will?

Soundless, also, are nearly all the material translations of what is called genius in man. Whatever speaks from the soul of the painter is transferred silently to his canvas with the soft strokes of a brush. The author's fancies, no less quietly, are clad with the gauze of verbal vestments whose fabric is woven of symbols as fittingly intangible as the thoughts they cover. Even in sculpture, though the first rough outlining requires the noise of chipping, all the fine finishing work must be done with so fine a touch that it is next to noiseless. The other sister art, music, above all, triumphs over noise by means of regulating vibrations so that the noise of irregular vibrations is changed to a concord of sweet sounds.

In society's long-accepted canon that no lady or gentleman is ever loud-voiced or boisterous, one discovers again the instinctive human protest against noise,—a protest that grows stronger the higher one mounts in the scale of civilization. "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind" speaks a great many other vacancies as well; and the same is true of the loud, harsh, strident voice or the voice of the alarm-clock variety, whose tones are delivered in a jerky staccato.

"Don't you think," asks the heroine in "Aylwin," "the poor birds must sometimes feel very much distressed at hearing the voices of men and women, especially when

they all talk together? The rooks mayn't mind, but I'm afraid the blackbirds and thrushes can't like it."

In every department of knowledge and speculation, the loud accent of certainty is giving way to a more mellow tone of modesty. In obedience to this beneficent law of evolution, the modern sane and quiet style of pulpit oratory has taken the place of the old style of ecclesiastical eloquence, in which a prodigious amount of thundersome declamation and desk-thumping was deemed necessary,—a notion whose logic resembles that of the man who imagines that emphatic oaths give force to his remarks.

Some people with emotional requirements, which nothing but loud hosannas can satisfy, find occasion for alarm in the quieter tone and temper of the modern pulpit; but such fearful ones should meditate on the words of Isaiah, who declared that the effect of righteousness is quietness. It is only among people so benighted that righteousness comes as an exciting novelty that religious fervor gives noisy evidence of itself, like the bubbling fermentation of yeast in liquors; but, when the yeast has thoroughly worked, the bubbling and fermentation cease.

The same force which has been making for quiet strength in the field of religion will eventually abolish noise from every department of man's activity; but, at present, man still shakes his baby rattle in the calm presence of his mother Nature. Compare with the deafening turmoil of any great city the noble serenity of a forest, or the dreamy murmur of grasses on the meadows and plains. In the gentle andante of wind-blown grasses, Nature seems to be practising modulations from pure silence into the first key of audible music, though the faint *sh, sh*, of falling snowflakes possibly comes before the grassy measures in her chromatic scale.

Continuing her modulations from the songs of the meadow grasses, Nature passes to the rustling cadences of the cornfield, where she not only fills the ear with never-to-be-forgotten melodies, but casts her spell over the other senses as well. Waving her invisible baton, she sets all the purple-tasselled heads bowing to each other, in stately minuet, while the rustling of the long-dry leaves carries out the illusion of the rhythmic flutter of silken petticoats. These are only a beginning of Nature's improvisations on what might be called her dry scales.

Still deeper and sweeter are the harmonies which she evokes from her liquid measures. In this line of her art, what a virtuoso she shows herself as she passes from the soft pedal of raindrops through the wondrously varied effects of rills, brooks, rivers, cascades, geysers, cataracts, and the fortissimo of ocean breakers. In the pattering rain, which is really only a liquid transposition of her lullaby of the leaves, she sings us a cradle-song; in the rill, a simple *Volkslied;* in the brook, a slightly fuller melody; in the river, a four-part hymn with chorus; in the water-fall, a solemn chant; in the cataract, a glorious magnificat; while in the ocean tides and breakers she gives us her masterpiece, for whose orchestral performance she engages the leadership of the moon.

Nor does Nature stop with what might be called the tuneless passages of her classic music, for who but she composed the exquisite melodies which pour from the throats of the wood and hermit thrushes, the song-sparrow, blue-bird, lark, and bobolink? And, once again, with the throat of myriad birds, one finds our Mother of infinite variety multiplying and adding to the effects wrought by water. Between the pure, spiritual notes of the wood-thrush and the mechanical iteration of the oven-bird and red-eyed vireo, she gives us hundreds of melodies, sweet, rollicking, ecstatic, weird, pensive, melancholy, serene, and tender. In the same class with the instinct-taught music of birds belongs the merry, aimless whistling of men and boys who have the cheerful dispositions of a bobolink.

Here, as we approach the merging line where human voices are half Nature's and half art's, one may fitly consider some of the musical triumphs of man. Yet before any purely audible effects receive attention, acknowledgment should be made to some of those unheard melodies which are sweeter. Notable among these is the still music of poetry, which may reach the inner ear through the eye alone. Only a cursory glance at the metrical treasures of the world proves how easily a master spirit may parallel in whatever medium he chooses to use any effect wrought by a sister art. Though veiled by its utilitarian ends, every great language is a mavellous instrument of a million octaves, made through long centuries and by unnumbered races, in instinct and habits, perchance, as wide asunder as the poles.

Every thought and emotion of man, from the depths of his despair to the summit of his highest ecstasy and aspiration, has added its note and half-note, stop and pedal, to this enchanted instrument. Not only man, with all the ebb and flow of the tides of his life, and all the lower animals, beast, bird, and fish, but every beauty of Nature has echoed itself into its endless gamut, like man, enriching and mellowing it with an untold number of associations.

Though the use of this marvellous instrument is free to the whole world, only those who have harmony in themselves can bring harmony out of it. One man sits down to use this most wonderful of all instruments, and desecrates its latent music by playing with one finger the cheapest kind of rag-time music of language. Another, like a Pan-blessed hermit, around whom all the birds of the forest hover, knows how to call forth all those throbbing, singing, sighing words that wake the haunting echoes of poetry, as they were wakened in Alfred Noyes's poem on "Drake":—

> "Bring on the pride and pomp of old Castile,
> Blazon the skies with royal Aragon,
> The purple pomp of priestly Rome bring on;
> And let her censers dusk the dying sun,
> The thunder of her banners on the breeze
> Following Sidonia's glorious galleon
> Deride the sleeping thunder of the seas,
> While twenty thousand warriors chant her litanies."

To the man who uses only the hardware receptacles of thought and feeling, poetry is only an unpractical habit of stringing words together to make them rhyme; but the poet is justified of his own, who knows that his verbal magnetism means a sensitive and accurate perception of the chromatic tones of thought and feeling produced by all the reactions of life.

The other profile of this fact was given by some one (whose name I forget) who said, "If you see deeply enough, you see musically," a truth more beautifully stated by George Eliot in her most inspired mood:—

> "May I reach
> That purest heaven, be to other souls
> The cup of strength in some great agony,
> Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
> Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense.
> So shall I join the choir invisible
> Whose music is the gladness of the world."

With eyes thus anointed with the dews of poesy, one sees that the unheard melodies of the world receive continual contributions from all those wholesome agencies (man's or Nature's) which might be called the tuning forces of the universe. Chiefest among them is love, which

Digitized by Google

has been known to work marvels, as Paul testified it would, with the most discordant instruments.

Working also in the same interests of silent harmony are all the forms of modern psychotherapy, which attempt to produce harmony in the body by tuning the soul. Among the varied phases of this movement is an interesting revival of the ancient practice of using music to heal disease, mental and physical. Without intending to bring any charge of plagiarism against the recent methods of treatment, one may call attention to the fact that David successfully used the same method with Saul. When the soul of that mercurial king was disquieted within him, David, with his harp, accomplished what an indefinite number of soft answers might have failed to do. The Greeks, also, successfully treated rheumatism with a concord of sweet sounds; and it is recorded that Terpander, with his harp, quelled an insurrection in Sparta.

The advantage of substituting music for the soft answer can easily be shown. In using the latter method, it may be difficult to modulate the pitch and quality of the words used. An unlucky inflection on an apparently insignificant word of an otherwise perfect, soft answer may entirely destroy its power to heal. On the other hand, a pensive melody on a harp or guitar would not be subject to the hazards of accent which thought must undergo in passing through language to the mind of another.

Passing to a survey of the mechanical devices for producing audible music one finds man giving abundant proof that he has inherited from mother Nature her gift of working miracles. Witness the evolution of the modern piano from the simple monochord, not to mention the large number of stringed instruments and the more vociferous devices used by brass bands.

Weighing the effects produced by all these instruments, one discovers that, even in the detail of man's instruments, he has duplicated Nature's methods, for precisely what she does with her stops and pedals he does with his. Between the simple music of the lute and that of an orchestra, one may get approximately the same range of variation which Nature achieves between the music of a rill and her ocean oratorios. In the violin, one may claim that man has bettered his instruction, establishing a rivalry which might well make Nature look to her laurels, were she so foolish as to care for such baubles. As it is, all her performances, instead, look like delicate hints and suggestions to lure her children to work miracles with her.

"Dear children," she seems to say, "hear me play a wind fugue on the pine trees or through the reeds and grasses, or listen to this sylvan chant which I play with falling waters and rustling leaves. My performance is nothing beside what you can do if you will only work out the various suggestions which I give you from time to time. When you have elaborated all these suggestions, even those which I make so softly that the outer ear misses them entirely, you may inherit a kingdom of heaven of your own making."

Man, listening with his outer and his inward ear, year after year, generation after generation, to these luring hints of his fair Mother, has added each year something to the melody and harmony of the world, nor is he more troubled than Nature herself because his miracles, like hers, seldom excite any wonder after the waning of a single moon. What did it matter, to the inspired man who Burbanked a tree and a cat into a violin, that his divine instrument is now a matter of as little wonder to the average man as primroses to the Peter Bells?

Most beautifully, it would seem, Nature, along with the other hints which she gives the man of true creative intelligence, gives always a clear perception of the fact that he is only a transmitter of light not his own. So, in direct proportion to the vital value of his contribution, he must give to the world his instrument or his invention with a selfless compulsion, as the flower gives its fragrance or the bird its song.

Brookline, Mass.

A Lump of Clay.

BY JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY, PH.D.

Deep buried in an odorous bed
Of curling leaves and petals red,
From a blooming rose-bush shed
Upon the floor, forgotten lay
The sculptor's lump of clay.
With careless hand the proud knight brushed aside
The leafy quilt, and there a treasure spied.
Inhaling gratefully its breath he cried:
"What substance rare is this I scent?
From what sweet bower of heaven camest thou?
No earthly source this perfume could have lent.
No part in our coarse dirt was thine, I trow."

But prompt the lump replied: "Nay, nay.
I was like thee, only a piece of clay
That in the ground unvalued lay,
Until the rose's company
Its own blest fragrance gave to me.
'Twas thus my lips new breath, and blushing face
Have gained some claim to finer grace,
And this poor bit of common earth,
Is prized as never it was worth.
So she thou wedst to-day
Will make a man of thee,
If only thou hast wit to see
How love thy sered heart may fill
With sacred sweetness; yea, may turn
Life's clay to gold; the flames that burn
May change the home's pure altar fire,
And, as her loftier aims inspire
To nobler acts, thy knighthood's dream-ideal
Shall be transmuted to a living real."

Then reverently the proud knight bowed
And kissed the lump of clay,
But not one word aloud
Of his deep thoughts would say.

Two Lenten Lessons.

There is a striking picture by Gérôme, entitled, "Golgotha." It presents the final scene in the stern drama of the crucifixion. On the hills in the distance is Jerusalem, overarched with storm-clouds. In the foreground is the bald summit of the hill, adown whose slope the soldiers and spectators are departing. On the ground at our feet, sharply defined by a great light from the side, are three gaunt shadows of burdened crosses. Only the three sinister, sprawling silhouettes give a suggestion of what has taken place. Strange to say, not even Rubens's painting of the crucifixion, in the Antwerp Museum, is so graphic and impressive. There, with ghastly realism, the artist has portrayed the writhing figures of the thieves, flanking the exhausted Christ. The background is lurid with lightning and fiery clouds. Yet, for all Rubens's technique of tragedy, the three dark silhouettes of Gérôme are the more eloquent.

They are simply three together, with no visible mark of distinction for the one in the centre. And this very uniformity suggests the first of the two lessons. Extend Whittier's phrase, "their fellowship of suffering," to include all human souls in all of human history, and you have it in simplest form. All of the fine, noble, beautiful altruism of the ages, which has been constrained to see of the travail of its own soul, and be content! All of the unrecompensed, apparently unreasonable grief and pain

Digitized by Google

and heart-woe of the generations,—one mighty river of tears, whose flood has rolled along with a certain profound, majestic music, and whose wave-crests were yet sunlit under the blue heaven! All of the myriad souls who, from long-forgotten places, since the generations began, have thronged up the steeps of light with nothing but ashes and wormwood as the fruition of their life, and have seen it change into a treasure beyond price in the eternal gratitude! These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and *in blood* have made them white. Henry George came very near the highest truth when he wrote in his journal for April, 1865: "What a fitting time for his death—Good Friday! At this very moment before black-draped altars sounds the solemn wail of the Tenebræ: for on this day one died that there might be life."

Another lesson lies in the three shadow-crosses of the painting. One of these men died sustained by the heroic courage of an exalted vision, a duty that transcended every earthly consideration. Another of the three died with at least the grace of sympathy for the earnest prophet who was in the same condemnation as he, and shall be remembered, as the promise goes, in the kingdom. The third died in sullenness, with mockery on his lips, and a curse within his heart! Yet, after all, is not the cross his symbol, too? Perhaps he had been the victim of a poisoned heredity. Perhaps his life had been irretrievably wrecked for him before he had even attained to moral self-consciousness, if he ever did. The larger sympathy casts aside for the time all pragmatic morality, and hopes that in some way, now vague and hidden, the Christ-spirit will have a place for him also in the kingdom of all souls.

"I lay the critic's glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered pride,
And, lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity." L.

Spiritual Life.

The sight of great truths and devotion to great causes transfigure our friendship and our life. Friendship is only a habit of being together; love is only a fire of straw, flaring and falling away in a moment, unless its soul is some generous aim, some noble inspiration.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

God dwells in the great movements of the world, in the great ideas which act in the human race. Find him there in the interests of man. Find him by sharing in those interests, by helping all who are striving for truth, for education, for progress, for liberty all over the world. *Stopford A. Brooke.*

The only sure test of the genuineness of your loyalty to any one man or woman is that your appreciation of the dignity of life in all men and women is increased thereby. Either your love for your friend is petty or your friend is petty, if out of it grows not a certain increased love for all men.—*Price Collier.*

We do not get our best vision of heaven, we do not feel ourselves surrounded as the apostles did by a great cloud of witnesses, when we simply hear or read some good book, or meet in the church to listen to discourses and to exchange pleasant salutations. It is when we have borne submissively some dreadful sorrow that we see the golden ladder reaching upward, as did Perpetua from the darkness of the dungeon; when we have given ourselves to some great work, and wrought it, by God's help and the inspiration of his spirit, triumphantly to the end, that the vision is granted us.—*R. S. Storrs.*

There is a solemn choice in life. Life and death, light and darkness, truth and lies, are set before us. At every instant the cry comes for us to choose one or the other, and the choice of one involves the putting away of the other. And we must choose. That is one of the certainties of life. *Stopford A. Brooke.*

Experience proves that purity and benevolence of heart, blending with earnest devotion, tend to produce a calm unwavering conviction of the presence and sympathy of God, which equals, if it does not surpass, in certainty our reliance on the proven facts of physical science.—*Charles B. Upton.*

Lowell on Mexico.

In these days of suppressed but still ebullient militarism, incited by the Mexican disorders, and fomented chiefly by the anti-administration newspapers, it is a joy to read again some of Lowell's poems in "The Biglow Papers" of the eighteen forties and fifties. A precious store of keen truth-telling lies hidden in those little-heeded satires. Take, for instance, this stanza from "A Pious Editor's Creed":—

"I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness,
That we the Mexicans kin thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness!"

Lowell, in his time, had heard of pacificist ideas:—

"We were gittin' on nicely, up here to our village,
With good old ideas o' wut's right 'n wut ain't;
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint.
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee!

Perhaps the most amusing of the sketches is that presented in the second letter home from Birdofredum Sawyer, who had enlisted for the Mexican campaign, and regretted it. Why?

"One day abrilin' in the sand, then smoth'rin' in the ma'shes—
Get up all sound, he put to bed a mess o' hacks and smashes!"

After Sawyer gave up all hope of looting gold mines, and coming back "richer than sixty Jacob Astors," he was still wistful for glory—and was again disappointed:—

"No, glory is a kind o' thing I shan't pursue no furder—
Cos thet's the off'cers perquisite—yourn's only jest the murder!"

Finally he was reduced to getting the fun out of the chance of travelling in foreign lands:—

"Ef once we git to Mexico, we fairly may presume we
All day and night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy!"

The cold (or hot) reality was:—

"I can't tell off the bill o' fare the gin'rals had inside.
All I know is, thet out o' doors a pair o' soles was fried.
An' not a hunderd miles away frum ware this child was posted,
A Massachusetts citizen was baked and biled and roasted'"

Birdofredum Sawyer finally emerged, minus an eye, an arm, and a leg, and manfully resigned to his fate:—

"They say the quarrel is settled now; fer my part I've some doubt on't,
'Twill *take* more fishskin than folks think to *take* the rile clean out on't
At any rate I'm so used up I can't do no more fightin'
The only chance thet's left to me is politics—or writin'!"

Winter.

BY ALICE GORDON.

The white day, with a red rose on her breast,
Passed through the Eastern gates in regal quest
The rose was lost amid the whirling storm
Till at the Western gates, all safe from harm,
Again the day upon her sombre breast
Its fading petals clasped and passed to rest.

The New War against War.

BY CHARLES F. DOLE, D.D.

Swiss churches have just issued an appeal to the churches of Europe, in the name of their common faith, against the vast, wasteful, oppressive, and detestable war system which distinguishes the "Christendom" of the twentieth century. This appeal is a remarkable sign of the times. It is a new thing in human history for churches to mass their force against war. Will the Swiss churches be heard? If not, will it not be honest to cease to speak any longer of "Christian" nations, and to begin again the work of reconverting the heathendom of Europe?

Another interesting sign of the times is Mr. Carnegie's new fund to help convert the one hundred thousand and more churches of America into so many Peace Foundations. The real wonder is, that, being churches, and consecrated to the name, or the memory, of the "Prince of Peace," they yet need to be almost wholly converted in attitude and purpose so as to be of any special use in the campaign against war. In other words, the churches, so far from working to stop war, are so apathetic about it that a rich man, not much of a churchman himself, has to give two million dollars to wake them up to see the nature of their religion. Was anything like this ever before done in the world? What does any one suppose would happen if Mr. Carnegie should succeed?

A third notable sign of the times is Mr. Norman Angell's mode of approach. Mr. Angell frankly calls war a great "illusion." The world had supposed that the war-lords, the heads of the vast departments of the army and the navy, the famous generals and admirals, the unseen boards of estimates and committees of parliaments, who doom the nations to the point of two billions and upwards of annual taxes, were wise and sane beyond the reach of the criticism of common citizens. Mr. Angell shows that these magnates are themselves the victims of a ridiculous hallucination. Living in an industrial age, when the tendency of the world is towards a humane civilization, these men, looking through their old-fashioned spectacles, cannot see where the way of progress lies. They are obsessed with fears and suspicions which they and their set create. Not only is their conduct fatuous, while they wait for war, and roll up huge debts for other men to pay, but, even if they were to fight and win, victory would be calamitous to the victors as well as to the whole industrial world. Thus Mr. Angell makes fun of the big-wigs and the "stars and garters," and changes the form of the question from "What do they say at the war offices?" to a new mode of intelligence, namely, "What does our common-sense tell us?" We may even dare to couple with this, "What does our religion command?" Who shall say that there is no harmony between our common-sense and our religion, or, if you please, our humanity?

Mr. Angell has done a service in the annexation of the field of economics to moral reform. What is bad for mankind is bad economics. The whole stupid scheme of armed peace or war goes for the benefit only of the few, and at the burdensome cost of the many. He shows us the peoples of the world, like sheep driven to the slaughter, forced to pay monies—sadly needed for education and better living, which, if free, would turn the wheels of better rewarded industries—into the war-chests of centralized governments to swell the receipts of the Krupps and the steel companies in the building of Dreadnaughts or the manufacturing of weapons of destruction. If we in the United States get our army and navy money by drinking a billion dollars' worth of alcohol every year, so much the more preposterous become the "economics" of such militarism.

President Jordan is telling the world another tremendous fact about the biological effect of war. "War produces heroes," they used to say; and some foolish people still say it. War finds heroes, and kills them, says Dr. Jordan; and he demonstrates the proposition. War did not make the young Col. Shaw, whose noble face we see on the St. Gaudens monument. The good God made him noble through the training and traditions of a noble home. War destroyed him, and thousands of youths as brave and true as he was,—sadly needed, all of them, in the years of political and social stress since the Civil War. Their death, in most cases without a child to bear their names, helped to decimate the old Puritan stock in the face of the incoming rush of "New Americans." The people who now thoughtlessly try to break down our President's gallant watch against intervention in Mexico, little dream what their wild talk would cost in the depletion of the best life-blood of the nation and the proportionate increase of the imbeciles.

Here, now, is a new mode of appeal, coming through many voices, with the minimum of hysteria and the maximum of reason and sound sense, with the utmost moral seriousness and religion blended with an irresistible element of humor, in view of the amazing absurdity of the war system. To determine questions of justice by killing each other! To pretend to prevent war by getting ready for it! To keep the peace by making up faces and doubling up our fists at each other! To strut about armed to the teeth, like game-cocks, and call ourselves Christians!

What are the churches of America going to do with this appeal? It must be agreed that there is a huge load of inertia among the church people about every kind of human betterment. The habitual attitude of the churches has been a mild and innocuous disapproval of war in general, but a strange willingness, and almost alacrity, to back any particular war in which their own country might happen to be engaged. What war did ever the churches prevent? As President Eliot has asked, What religion ever yet has set its face against war? In fact, as political parties and factions are apt to unite to support a war, so rival sects have been as one in blessing the battle-flags.

We have to change all this. We have to cut out a new road where both religion and patriotism can move together. The ordinary type of Christianity has not had the toughness of fibre to do the moral work of the world. We need now a religion with a purpose, with momentum, with a valid faith in God and in man also, not in man in the abstract, but in men called Germans and Poles and Russians and Japanese and negroes. We read that the members of churches in Pliny's time met on stated days and bound themselves by an oath to abstain from theft, perjury, dishonesty, and unclean lives. Suppose to-day that church members bound themselves in a more positive form to help each other and all men to live the life of good-will, and not to do anything against good-will. Suppose, as the early Christians agreed not to go to law against one another, but to settle their grievances

among themselves in the spirit of their religion, so modern Christians agreed not to go to war, or let their nations go to war over any kind of international dispute, but to settle all differences in the spirit of their religion. Suppose the members of even one religious body cared so much for the welfare of mankind as to agree to lift up their voice on every occasion, not only against the barbarous use of war as a means of doing righteousness, but distinctly in favor of righteous and altogether humane modes of doing and obtaining justice. Suppose the church people would tell Congress not to build forts and iron ships any longer against fanciful perils from our brothers over the seas, but to trust the nations as we like to be trusted, and to treat them with appropriate good-will. Suppose the church people, once seeing through the dangerous selfish extension of the Monroe Doctrine, "America for the United States," declined to become an armed police to keep order over nations who do not want us, and, stopping our part in the race to build battleships, were henceforth to use all kinds of peaceful means to show friendliness to the states south of us. In short, suppose the so-called "disciples of Jesus" actually tried to verify the beatitude, "Blessed are the peacemakers!" The churches of America could do all this, if they wished, in less than ten years. We can hardly imagine any action on their part so likely to revivify the Christian name, and even to persuade Jews and Buddhists and sceptics to say, "If this is Christianity, we, too, wish to be counted as Christians." Is it possible that there may be such a revival of religion as this?

The Pulpit.

The Foundation of Faith.

BY REV. W. HANSON PULSFORD.

The strength of faith lies in its verifiability. A man's faith is his confidence that he can attain certain ends by pursuing a certain road. Without faith any intelligent life is impossible. If you are wise, you conform your diet, your physical habits, to certain rules because you believe that by so doing you insure health. In business you follow a certain policy because you believe that that will mean success. In all that a rational man does he is guided by the assurance, more or less well founded, that the course of action which he takes will have certain results. The opposite of this is scepticism which, when you push it through to its ultimate, means the feeling that consequent does not follow antecedent, that experience is a chaos, that conduct is a mere matter of whim and fancy, and that what ensues is due to chance or, which amounts to the same thing, to the will of an irresponsible God.

Obviously, then, the question of the foundation of faith is important. Your converting yourself into a drug-store because of the wide-spread belief that health is to be found in that way means disaster. One rightly pities the man who has lost his savings in some wild-cat financial scheme because his faith in it was ill founded, while the promoter's faith in thus securing easy money stood on a solid foundation. The one was too ready to believe and the other dishonest; but, as regards faith, the dishonest man had the best of it.

To be strong, faith must be based upon wide and well-verified experience. The weakness of what is commonly called the Christian faith to-day is that it has forsaken experience for dogma. A congregation repeating, for instance, the Apostles' Creed are making statements of belief which are absolutely unverifiable because they lie beyond the bounds of experience. Nay, further, when they say, for instance, that they believe in the resurrection of the body, experience is against their belief. It is true of most "articles of faith" that we can neither prove nor disprove them. Clearly, if you allow anything of moment to depend on such, you are in a perilous plight. Happily, this is not usually the case. Those who repeat these theological creeds usually have a different kind of faith to live by; one which they do not always make clear even to themselves, but which they feel they can rely on because of its close contact with the plain facts of life.

The freshness and power of faith in the founders of religion lies in this closeness to verifiable experience. You search in vain the teaching of Jesus, distorted as it is by the medium through which it has come down to us, for any reference to the abstract statements of the creeds. The things which he dwelt on were matters of concrete reality. His reason for advising a certain course of conduct was that you might find out how good it was by trying it. "Come and see," he said. "Happy are the pure in heart; happy are the merciful; it is a happier thing to give than to receive." How may I know? "Try it; as I have tried it." When he talks about the kingdom of God, he is talking about that which you may at once put to the test. He describes its growth because he has felt it grow in himself and seen it grow in others. When he insists on its supreme value, he is talking about something which lies right at his own door. He sees it verified among the Galilean villagers with whom he lived. He drew his religion out of his own heart and out of the experience of his fellows. That is the secret of its strength. So far as I can interpret life, when you find that the theologies break down in your hands, you are apt to come back to the simplest concrete truths which Jesus constantly taught. They do not fail you. You try that venture with safety. They stand the test. The man who makes the experiment of letting the larger, quieter, more kindly, unselfish nature in him grow and have its way with him is not disappointed. He always finds it worth while. Out of his own experience, he reaffirms, with authority, the saying of Jesus that it is of the very first importance that you seek this "kingdom of God," that you, in your own person, believe in it because you have found out that there is a certain divine largeness of wonderful resource within yourself and to let it have its way with you is great gain.

The process from this to matters of abstract belief is interesting. Early Israel evolves certain habits which it finds are for the common good. It enacts these as authoritative laws. Then it infers that they are authorized not by the experience of the community, but by a supernatural deity outside, that they are his commands; finally, they argue that if you obey these laws this supernatural deity will look after you, that you will be well in body and otherwise prosperous. The first Psalm says that the godly is blessed, for "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." They struggled to uphold that faith against experience and found it failed them. It was not speculation that threw it over. It was simply the test of fact. I find out that carefully keeping the Commandments does not insure me against measles or small-pox, which I believe are misfortunes, nor against poverty, which I know is. I have seen scamps of the first water who were models of physical health and whose prosperity left that of the godly far in the shade. Then comes the further inference, that what does not hold here will come true in an eternal hereafter. We have travelled the long road from well-founded faith to belief in the unverifiable.

Digitized by Google

As faith thus gets away from experience, it grows weak. Buttress it as long as you can, as the Jewish teachers did, the only secure foundation is lacking. It does not require the magnificent, dramatic onslaught of the book of Job to demonstrate its weakness.

Now, my quarrel with the accepted Confessions is that they are so largely made up of abstract deductions. Whether I believe or do not believe in the trinity, for example, is so metaphysically remote from any practical confidence which is going to help me in life that I simply do not bother myself about it. If you happen to have the type of mind to which the trinity, as set forth in the creed, is conceivable, well and good. It does not concern me any more than the possibility of a fifth dimension. It is not in the realm of faith at all. It has nothing to do with this need of a confidence which can be justified by actual trial.

The indefiniteness and uncertainty, all about us, in matters of faith runs back to the fact that little by little it has moved out of the realm of verifiability into this realm of abstraction from remote and too often incorrect interpretations of experience. When they were first made, these were probably the best men could find. They concluded that all the natural phenomena about them were the result of unseen supernatural powers. When they filled wood and grove and hill and sky with deities, they were making as fair an inference as was possible to them from the data before them. But, as experience widened, it has been a terrible blunder to foist on succeeding generations, as being of the essence of faith, beliefs like these which experience has outgrown.

That is the fateful thing about our own time. Christianity is talking an unknown language, making the great mistake of trying to put the new wine of life into the old bottles of outgrown theories about an unknown experience. That is why it has so largely ceased to be fresh and direct and vital. What are the beliefs which stand in the forefront of much of our Christian teaching? The infallible truth of the revealed Word of God, for instance. Men can only hold that if they do not take the trouble to investigate. If they did, they would at once find that it broke down before the facts. Take the doctrine of the Atonement, that men are all sinners through the transgression of Adam and therefore all under penalty of death; that God can justly pardon men only when he has visited the penalty of death on Jesus, who is of greater worth than all the human race; that if we accept his propitiatory sacrifice, we shall be saved from the penalty of death and inherit eternal life. But what possible relation has that to experience? How on earth can we verify it? Happily, the burden of proof lies on those who would uphold the doctrine. The question is, What reason is there for my believing it? Then they simply fall back again on the infallible Word of God.

But in all this you are in a realm which has nothing to do with what I call faith. Belief in doctrines like these may oftentimes be simply a matter of credulity and ignorance. It is out of all relation to that for which a man needs religion; namely, that he may be able, with greater equanimity and strength, to further the high quality of personal life by means which his experience continually verifies. That is faith. The weakness of religion is where it has departed therefrom and become a thing of remote, transcendental belief. Shaw says, "Beware of the man whose God is in the skies." To be strong, we must believe in a God that is founded on experience, in a truth which can thus be put to the test. Then we have a faith wherein we may be content and strong, which will lead us as we travel into a yet larger contentment and a mightier strength.

There is the secret of the power of the best in the New Testament. We have seen how true it is of the message of Jesus. Let us turn to Paul. His theological beliefs have become unreal, even fantastic, but his faith stands. He tells us that as he travels this great road of life and sets his heart on things that seem to be worth while, he is finding out their value for himself. Others have found it so. He is pressing on in "the assurance of things hoped for," finding out by actual trial that that assurance is well founded. "Put all things to the test," he says, and "hold fast to that which is good." Make experience for yourself of the larger life which we see in Jesus Christ.

He counsels us to set our hearts on the things which are worthy of veneration, which ring true, which are just, which are lovable. Come to have faith in that kind of life because you are finding out its worth by actual trial. So in the other letters. They, too, record the results of the experience of a new and finer way of living, and because of that, though their abstract theology is outgrown, their faith endures.

That is why I speak with confidence of religion as the birth within a man of a new, more vital, eager temper, lifting him, as he comes to trust it, above the tyranny of circumstance. My faith in that is unshakable because I have seen it so often, not in Palestine nor in the heroes of the New Testament only, but everywhere down the long record of history, under all manner of religious belief, and apparently independent of it. Moreover, in the measure in which I myself have tried it, my endeavor has been justified. I have never found it to fail.

In strong contrast to this, my trust in what change of conditions would do for me has been sorely shaken. Have you not made the experience? If you were unhappy at school, you pressed forward eagerly to get through school because it was going to be all right when you went to university. But it was just as bad there as at school. Then perhaps you said, "Wait until I get to be my own master and out into the world in my chosen calling," and you find that in your chosen calling the very things you complained of in school and in college are with you still. Experience breaks down your faith in the efficacy of changed conditions. The change must be within yourself.

Wider observation bears me out in this. I run over in my mind, among the folk I have known, all those who have won vast satisfaction out of life and I ask for the secret of it. It did not lie in the pleasantness or ease of conditions, in fine raiment or houses or large bank accounts. Some of them had such things, but more did not have them. So when I have matched the fortunate, stiffly starched darlings led out on parade by expensive nursemaids and then recalled the kids in the gutter, my pity has not always been for the gutter children.

Belief that new conditions will bring happiness does not stand the test. On the other hand, the data of experience urge me to have confidence in myself. Years ago, it came to me with sudden surprise, That message of experience is the secret of Jesus.

I, of course, having been brought up as a Christian, thought that the religion of Jesus meant acceptance of Christian doctrines. I thought so for a long time. But after a while it dawned on me, as these beliefs grew unreal, that the message of Jesus was faith in a manner of life which was actually verifiable. Faith in yourself, in the bigness of your nature, in the qualities within you which enable you to rise superior to circumstance, in the large, generous-hearted, simpler, more vital self, which lies sleeping within, is its own witness. Try it.

There you have a faith which rests on the strong foundation. It is of that that Jesus, if he be reported

Digitized by Google

rightly, says to us, "Every one that heareth these words of mine and doeth them shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock." So you win, as you travel, a splendid growing confidence, that this at any rate is sure. Whatever happens to the theological beliefs I inherited as a child, I do have a supreme certainty that in the measure in which I allow myself to expand after the fashion which I read so clearly in all the great exponents of this wonderful life which is mine as well as theirs, I shall not be disappointed. I am convinced that to set my heart on that will make things worth while as I travel. That is the chief article of my faith. I might call it belief in the kingdom of God which is within, though I have tried not to phrase it in that way. When you come right down to it, that is the faith which all the greatest teachers of religion have taught and lived.

How that squares with the wonderful reality which, as the old world of religious speculation fades, dawns on us in the wider interpretation of experience which belongs to our own time! They do not thrust on me belief in a deity who stands outside the universe, who made it, "watches it go," and occasionally interferes with it. That has no longer any place in my thought. I find instead something which is far nearer and far more real. This old patient Earth, as we question her, reveals herself to us as a living whole, all of it eager, tremulous, thrilling with wonderful vibrant energy that blossoms into life. Not a grain of sand but is a vital realm of enchantment if you could only understand it. Not a cell nor a grass blade nor a tree but is just a miraculous voicing of the change and activity and glorious beauty of the ever-shifting processes whereby all that is, is continually transforming by ways which, as we understand them, are obedient to unswerving law. It is everywhere working towards more perfect expression, and I belong to and am part of it all.

There is my religious world. I get up in the morning and the lengthening day gives me a religious message. At night I go out under the sky and the stars sing to me, and the deep blue, also part of my inheritance, breathes out and quickens within the peace which belongs to me. I run back across the centuries and am watching with glee the slow process of this wonderful life of mine toward manhood. I claim it for myself. Go where I may, that reality of all realities is always impinging on me. Nowhere a touch of beauty or a song of joy or a fresh gleam of knowledge or vitality, nowhere does any new glory swim into my ken but it links me closer to this miraculous, enchanting, life-intoxicated whole to which I belong. Sometimes I do not know whether I want to call it God or not, less people should think that I mean in any degree what our ancestors meant long ago, when they had not outgrown the thought of a God who, for the sake of theological consistency, dooms enemies and unbaptized infants and save the credulous. But if you catch within yourself the eager pulse of that mighty unfolding life to which you belong, it does not matter what you call it.

There we have a faith which does not depend on theological propositions nor on any special revelation. It needs no support of a possible heaven in the beyond to justify it. It has forsaken the shifting sand of abstract possibilities and rests instead on the solid rock of what we can find out to be true by actual trial. I have determined to be alive. I am resolved to know as far as I can all the wealth of inner resource which belongs to me as product and expression of this wonderful life of the whole. I will learn to be responsive to its messages. They come to me from a thousand sources, from the recorded experience of all great souls everywhere, from poets and seers, from the living earth and the past and the miracle which we call science and had better call poetry. The fineness of noble human relationships, the largeness and power and steadiness my fellows have achieved, all urge me to be no longer a child but a man in the world, able to take the buffetings of chance as well as the sunshine and the laughter and to realize through whatever comes that sense of unconquerable personal life "to which the whole creation moves."

Whenever that faith grows weak, I fall back on those who have made larger proof of it than I, the comrades of the great life, seen and unseen, about me everywhere. Then I get into line and set myself again to the journey, in renewed confidence that there I am travelling not a random path of mine own, but the unswerving wonderful road of the rolling Earth as she swings out of the inanimate darkness of her birth toward that fuller expression of life, ample, unsurpassed, content, which lies always ahead of us.

That seems to me to be a living and real religion. There is no aspiration of any ancient saint more exalted or more pure, there is no rapture of any ascetic devotee more high or more beautiful, than that which is yours when, in quiet hours, you drop the narrow selfish life of you and listen, and let the great past sing to you of all the miracle of the future. It is a religion born of human experience, growing as our knowledge grows. It belongs, above all, to the realm of reality, and rests solely upon what men, our brothers, have everywhere been finding to be inevitably true in this quest after the quality of life. In so far as I have tried it, I find it to be true of me also. I believe that in these swift years of mine I may climb out of the weakness and ignorance of infancy toward the manhood which grows large, strong, far-visioned, finding deliverance from the fears which threaten and making steadfastly for the unexplored wealth and resource which is mine inner inheritance. On that wonderful adventure man was never disappointed in his search. No one awakens from a faith like that to the bitter consciousness of having rested on a belief which has crumbled in presence of stern reality. Far beneath all the terrible, fantastic, unreal superstructures of religion lies the real foundation of faith. As we rest on it, it seems the clearest, simplest, surest thing in the world. It is but the message of experience telling us that man may find beauty, strength, God, in his own heart because he is the outcome of the fulness of the life of all that is.

Some day, that kind of religion is coming to its own. Already, for many, it is making the noise and the clamor of conflicting theologies seem dim, far off, unreal. It is as though they had escaped from the stained light of colored windows and the air reeking with incense and the monotonous far-off intoning of the priest out into the miracle of the living world, where, lying close to the bosom of the old mother, you can feel the thrill and throb of the living strength of her coming to its own in your heart as you seek it.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Prayer.

Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gayety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death loyal and loving one to another.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

To a Terrier.

Crib, on your grave beneath the chestnut boughs,
To-day no fragrance falls nor summer air,
Only a master's love who laid you there
Perchance may warm the earth 'neath which you drowse
In dreams from which no dinner gong may rouse.
Unwakable, though close the rat may dare,
Deaf, though the rabbit thump in playful scare,
Silent, though twenty tabbies pay their vows

And yet, mayhap, some night when shadows pass,
And from the fir the brown owl hoots on high
Then should one whistle 'neath a favoring star,
Your small white shade shall patter o'er the grass
Questing for him you loved o'days gone by,
Ere Death the Dog-Thief carried you afar'

—*Patrick R. Chalmers.*

Literature.

Glimpses of the Cosmos. By Lester F. Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.—To collect all the printed articles and essays of so voluminous a writer as Prof. Ward, excluding not even the least important, is of itself a tremendous task; and the details of the great work of preparation constitute an unusual and interesting introduction to the essays themselves. The plan has been to present, without separation by subjects, a strictly chronological arrangement of everything "good, bad, and indifferent" that ever found its way from his pen into print, exclusive only of published books, and of monographs that appeared in publications of the United States Geological Survey. The collected writings provide a series of twelve large books, three of which have been already issued, and the first of which includes, as well as the introduction to which we have already referred, an autobiographical sketch of much interest. It will be seen that this arrangement presents a complete view of an important literary career, filling up the intervals between his published books, showing "the picket skirmishes before the battle," and representing the growth of a mind during the quarter of a century in which the progress of thought was more rapid than at any other time in the history of our race. It is quite consistent with this plan that the first article should be a lurid tale, "The Spaniard's Revenge," written when Prof. Ward was sixteen or seventeen, and printed, without compensation, in the St. Charles (Illinois) *Argus*. Next follows an educational article, which is perfectly good sense to-day. The third is a letter, written when he was twenty-one and in camp, experiencing the hardships of war and learning what it means to go sixty hours without food. The fourth, also a letter, was written in bed by the thrice wounded soldier, and gives a vivid picture of an engagement; and the fifth, a bitter, burning plea for the condign punishment of those "ineffable scoundrels" who had fought against the Union, gives, doubtless, a fair representation of the feeling that swayed the rank and file of the army at the time it was written, April 13, 1865. We have spoken of these first articles thus in detail because this indicates the fairness and thoroughness with which the compilation has been made. After the war Ward entered the civil service of the government, where he remained for over forty years, filling many posts, and devoting the last twenty-four of those years to scientific research. When the National Liberal Reform League decided to "do something," the *Iconoclast* was started, and Ward became its editor, contributing most of the matter. To summarize the periods through which the first book takes the reader, one may quote Prof. Ward's own characterization of them. "First period: exuberance, enthusiasm, and egotism of youth, the only attempt at fiction. Second period: moral and patriotic zeal and fervor; letters from the army. Third period: Disillusionment in matters of belief and resentment at false teachings." The second volume shows his remarkable scientific career fairly inaugurated in the successive steps of a revival of the boy's love of nature, botanical activity, the beginning of philosophical work, and the passage from the amateur to the professional stage. The third volume leaves us at July, 1885, when Prof. Ward was forty-four years old, and illustrates, as the earlier volumes could not, the fertility of his mind and the wide compass of his interests. Only the first of these books had the advantage of the author's final revision. He died just as its printing was completed. During his illness he committed the work to Sarah E. Simons, who has fulfilled her trust with intelligence and fidelity.

The Faith of Japan. By Tasuku Harada, president of Doshisha University, Kyoto. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.—The "Hartford-Lamson Lectures on the Religions of the World," designed to instruct students purposing to be missionaries, have produced three excellent volumes (*Comparative Religion*, by Jevons, *Chinese Religion*, by De Groot, and *Islam*, by Macdonald), and the present work is not inferior in quality to its predecessors. Dr. Harada knows his own land, and by his training is capable of making an unprejudiced estimate of its religious ideas. Japanese religious belief of to-day is largely of foreign origin. The indigenous faith, Shinto, a crude worship of powers of nature, has ceased to be vitally influential. At an early date Confucian ethical philosophy took possession of the higher classes. The name "Shinto" is Chinese, meaning "the way of the gods." All classes have held fast to the old cult of ancestors. It was, however, Buddhism that achieved a religious revolution; not the nontheistic system of Gautama Buddha, but a Chinese-Japanese modified form, containing much that appealed both to educated and to uneducated people. Dr. Harada sketches the progress of the various religious movements, the outcome of which has been the practical triumph of the lower Buddhism among the masses. For Western readers the chief interest will lie in the description of the two main divisions of the higher Buddhism, that which looks for salvation to man's own effort (the "Holy Path") and that which holds that it is gained by faith in Amida Buddha (the "Pure Land"). This latter, the result of a development of many centuries (particularly in China and Japan), has certain points of affinity with orthodox Christianity, to which, however, it seems not to owe anything essential. Naturally it is adopted only by the more thoughtful and refined minds. It remains doubtful how far the ethical element enters into the happiness of its paradise (Pure Land), though the Buddhist ethical standard is high. The people revere their ancestors, practise Shinto ceremonies, and frequent Buddhist temples—religion for them is eclectic. Dr. Harada has little to say about the moral side of the popular religious life, and he does not venture to predict the future of Christianity, Trinitarian or Unitarian, in Japan. A considerable proportion of the educated, he says, are atheistic or agnostic or pantheistic, and the masses of the people are unreflectively content with their simple system of outward observances. The religious situation in Japan at present is an involved one, and nobody can say what the issue is likely to be. Dr. Harada's exposition is enlivened by many quotations from Japanese writers which illustrate the intellectual activity of the country, and help to fill out the picture of the religious life that the author paints with no little skill.

The Possessed. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.—Dostoevsky takes his motto from the story, in Luke viii., of the swine driven by demons to destruction. It is a picture that might suit many groups of men in different parts of the world; Dostoevsky means it as a description of a phase of Russian society of his time. The personages of the story are taken from the better class of a provincial town, the centre being a circle of revolutionists in which the usual types appear,—a dreamer, a grotesque theorist, a scoundrelly political schemer, a nihilist, an aristocrat broken down morally; and along with these are inane society people, a childishly incompetent literary man, a masterful woman landholder, and some insane persons. These are all drawn to the life, and the author's intention obviously is to present them as specifically Russian types. There are traces of high ideals that come to nothing; there is professed devotion to Russia, and abundant ridicule of Russian manners and the Russian language. It is a society incapable of self-government, and incapable of being the guide and protector of the poor. But in the story in Luke the man cleansed of demons is clothed and in his right mind, and Dostoevsky looks to the time when his country, healed of madness, shall take its rightful place among the nations of the earth. The plot, though perhaps sometimes obscure to non-Russian readers, is skilfully worked out, and the novel is a powerful plea for rational pursuit of liberty under the guidance of education and legal methods.

Foods and Household Management. By Helen Kinne and Anna M. Cooley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.10.—Science has definitely proved its place in all departments of housekeeping and home-making. For students in the high and normal schools this book will serve as a text-book, with topics arranged in such a way that they can be followed in sequence as the course of study develops through the year. For women at home it will be no less worth while, if they wish to make themselves acquainted with modern methods and the principles of proper management. While the opening chapters consider food materials, fuel, kitchen furnishings, and the preparatory technique, the preparation of a meal need not be deferred until all types of dishes have been cooked singly. The practice in schools has generally come to be that work is begun

at once in the autumn with the preparation and preservation of fruit, which is seasonable and appeals to the practical interest of the pupils. Some of the recipes here given are adapted from standard authorities like Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Farmer, while others are original or taken from private sources. The book is attractively arranged, and an important feature of it is the material at the end of each chapter, offered in somewhat finer print, which tests one's knowledge of the principles previously explained.

Ezekiel Expands. By Lucy Pratt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—Ezekiel is something more than the bright little boy who entertains his friends with his originality and unconscious cleverness. He is an illustration that serves to point the qualities needed in a teacher of his race, the limitations that amount to unjustice, and the difficulty of comprehension that besets the way with unforeseen obstacles. Such a chapter as "Outside," with its tired, storm-beaten little figure waiting patiently, stays persistently in the memory. Ezekiel's confident message, "Yas'm, I'se gwine uplif' my people, and I'se gwine uplif' de w'ite people, too," is significant in this setting. If any one can read chapter ix. without a tightening in the throat and a hot feeling back of the eyes, he can do more than this reader could. It is a book worth having, worth understanding.

Bransford in Arcadia. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.20 net.—Jeff Bransford's impersonation of Tobe Long is an amusing incident in a capital story, and one picks it out to read over again after the story has been finished. Jeff's love-making is somewhat hampered by the caprices and devices of a girl as intelligent and as venturesome as he is himself, and it is interesting to have him meet his match in one way, if not in another. The book ranks well up in the list of spring fiction. The love-story is bright, the characters are natural, the humor is unforced, and the interest to see how Jeff wins through is unflagging.

Magazines.

Charades, the interesting little book by William E. Chamberlin, has won most appreciative commendation, not only by those who are already devoted to this form of entertainment, but by others who have been taken captive by its bright play of humor and fun. It seems to be agreed that the key is the first one ever made that offers no premium to those who wish unlawfully to avail themselves of it. The New York *Globe* says: "Boston seems to be the home of charades. For long we have had Bellamy, several 'centuries' of his rhymed charades, which, if you had not been told they were charades, you might have thought they were poetry, which they are." Then there have been the charades of LeBaron R. Briggs and of several other adepts in the field, to whom now Mr. Chamberlin must be added. Here is a glowing tribute to "the sparkle of his wit, his chuckling puns, his artistic taste, his natural propensity for the good, the tenderness of his gentle soul, the profundity of his thoughts"; and another writer, who has "followed the little turns and twists and tricks with success and pleasure," finds them "light-hearted and light-footed."

The April *Woman's Home Companion* contains the clearest and most interesting report of the militant movement in England that has yet appeared in any American periodical. It is called "John Bull's Militant Daughters" and is written by J. Nilsen Laurvik. The article shows exactly wherein English women are discriminated against by English laws, and, although it does not, of course, justify violence, it at least explains it. Other articles are: "The New Freedom for Little Children," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "The Other World," by Charles E. Jefferson; "A Two Weeks' Trip in Italy," by Albert Lee; "Amateur Dramatics," by Sally Conrad Fauntleroy; "The World's Greatest Paintings," by Laura Spencer Portor; and "The Kitchen Garden," by Franz Biehler. A further report of the Better Babies movement is included, accompanied by a "two-page spread" containing photographs of one hundred and one prize babies. Fiction is contributed by Mary Heaton Vorse, Lloyd Osbourne, Molly Elliot Seawell, Constance DuVeen, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, and Ellis O. Jones. Special art and music features are contributed by Jessie Wilcox Smith, T. K. Hanna, John Rae, Will A. Harding, and Helen B. Davis.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools

FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.

By James E. Odlin.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.

Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.

Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 19 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

EASTER SERMONS

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

Sent free of charge to Post-office Mission Workers and any one interested by the Post-office Mission of the Church of the Disciples.

The Blessings of our Knowledge and of our Ignorance in Regard to a Future State.

The Meaning and Importance of the Resurrection.

"Souls Already Risen with Christ."

The Resurrection of Jesus.

Many Mansions in God's House.

Homes in Heaven and on Earth.

Old and New View of the Hereafter.

What God gives He gives forever.

Communities Above.

How is Jesus the Resurrection and the Life?

Not Unclothed, but Clothed Upon.

The Progress of Mankind Onward and Upward forever.

Please state the number of sermons needed. It will be best to ask for several in the order of preference, as some of the editions may be exhausted.

Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.

Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 Park Street, Boston

Ready March 1

[No. 274]

HE IS RISEN!

The Easter Tale and the Easter Truth

By

REV. ALEXANDER IRVINE INNES

"He is Risen!" This salutation forms the watchword around which Mr. Innes gathers the ideas associated with both the Christian and universal conceptions of the Resurrection. It is a tract especially prepared for the Easter season, setting forth the liberal interpretations of that great festival. It is written in the spirit of Christian sympathy and presents the relations of New Testament evidence to universal hopes in a picturesque and scholarly manner.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION AS TRACT No. 274

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Child in the Glass.

The child who lives in the looking-glass
Is always wanting to see me pass;
She never seems to run and play,
But watches there for me all day;
For every time I go and see,
I find her peeping round at me.
One day when I was cross and cried,
She stretched her mouth so very wide,
I had to laugh'—then she did, too;
She likes to do just what I do

—*Children's Companion.*

The Transient.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

The term was nearing its end. The long holidays were but six weeks off. Every department of the school was putting on steam, and nearly every member of it was frankly confessing to "nerves." The only exempts were the games' mistress and her devotees, for games demand a steady hand and a true eye, well-trained muscles and obedient nerves.

"I do believe," said Miss Prince, the head of the Rosedale School for Girls, "that it's a kind of tradition with the teachers to get worn out and hysterical at the end of term."

"So do I," replied her associate, Miss Ward. "The tradition goes down to the girls. Myrtle Green and Miss Dunbar have just had a terrific falling-out, and are now making it up in each other's arms. Ridiculous!"

"The girls are reported to me every day," sighed Miss Prince.

After evening prayers, Miss Prince detained the girls

"A new pupil," she announced, "is coming to-night. She will be here only until the end of term, as she goes abroad before September. As we cannot expect her to take the examinations, she will have a good deal of spare time Don't encourage her to waste it in idle gossip."

The sound of carriage-wheels on the path outside made every one turn to the windows. The station hack had drawn up, and a solitary girl was descending. Miss Prince hurried out to receive her.

Gladys Gray looked up as the principal emerged from the great hall door. She was a slim little creature, small for her fifteen years, with large, wide-open, eager eyes, and a quantity of soft, dark hair, never too tidy. She wore plain mourning. Her face was sweet, but indicated plenty of character.

"Welcome, my dear," said Miss Prince, kindly. "Have you come alone?"

"It seemed silly for any one to come just to go back," answered Gladys, in a clear, decided voice, "so I came alone." She looked eagerly round. "I hoped," she said wistfully, "I hoped I'd see some of them to-night."

Miss Prince beckoned to two of the girls.

"Emily Dunn and Catherine Wilde," she said. "Come here, and take care of Gladys Gray."

Gladys surveyed her new companions. They were both very near her own age, and she liked their looks. Emily had a kind of wild-rose beauty, and Catherine was like a pretty gypsy, Gladys decided.

A few hours later, while her room-mates slept, Gladys knelt beside the open window, more heartsick and homesick than she could ever have thought possible. Ideals lay in ruins all about her! For years she had longed to go to a boarding-school; and now that the conditions of her mother's legacy had sent her here, and would send her later to Germany, she was sorry that she had ever breathed her desires into those kind ears.

"Nobody seems nice," she said to herself, "and nobody likes anybody!"

A night's sleep refreshed her, however, and she woke with her usual bright interest in life.

Emily and Catherine were dressing when she opened her eyes. As she turned over on her pillow, Emily smiled at her.

"Isn't it a brute of a bell?" she said sympathetically. "But you don't have to get up. New girls needn't, for three mornings."

"That sounds nice," said Gladys, brightly, as she drew on her wrapper and slippers. "Miss Prince must be very thoughtful."

She gathered her towels over her shoulder, picked up her soap and sponges, and set off for the bath-room.

"Thoughtful," repeated Catherine, studying her back hair by the aid of two hand-mirrors. "Yes, she is—for herself. She doesn't want them complaining home in their first letters."

"She has to look out for next term, if her school's to keep on," explained Emily. "Oh, she's thinking of that when she makes things pleasant for a new girl."

"Not in my case, for she knows I'm going to Germany," retorted Gladys, as she disappeared.

At breakfast, to her relief, she was not put with her room-mates. As fortune would have it, she sat with Estelle Trent and Hope Carston, the champion tennis players, Miss Danner, the games' mistress, and one or two others whose interest centred in what they liked to term sports. Here, to her relief, the talk turned on somebody's "serves" and "volleys."

The morning went slowly. Lessons, here, seemed confused until one got into the swing of the really well-planned curriculum. By lunch time, Gladys's head ached, and she wanted a dark corner in which to cry. There were no classes for two hours, and every one was free to go in the garden.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Catherine, who, with Emily, strolled over to to the newcomer's side.

"I don't like some things," said Gladys, slowly

Estelle and Hope came up They, too, had taken a fancy to the new girl.

"What don't you like?" inquired Hope.

Gladys grew crimson. Estelle laughed.

"I believe it's us!" she exclaimed, her eyes dancing with merriment. "If it were the government, she'd say so at once."

Four pairs of eyes turned on Gladys. They seemed to her like search-lights.

A sudden terror seized her, terror of these bright young creatures. She knew how mercilessly they could talk. She almost shivered at the thought of a battle with them.

"Come, you have to answer a civil question," went on Estelle, banteringly. "Don't you like us?"

Gladys's fear passed. She was again what her mother had taught her to be,—a girl who could not dissemble.

"I like you very much," she said promptly, "but not some of your ways!"

"Well, did you ever!" cried Catherine, offended.

"Hold on, Kitty," said Hope. "Let's hear what's amiss with us."

"The way you talk of your teachers," ventured Gladys. Her heart was beating wildly, and her face was crimson.

"You asked me!" she almost pleaded. If they didn't like her, and set the other girls against her, what a terrible six weeks she would have!

"That's true," said Estelle. "Play fair, girls! Just what displeases your highness?" she mocked, to Gladys.

"Yes, we might improve," drawled Emily.

"No, I don't think you will," retorted Gladys, taking her courage with both hands, "because you think you're right. But—but," she faltered a little, "I thought one should speak to a person as one spoke of them! That's all."

There was a moment's silence. Her eyes fell. Tears fell, too, on her crimson cheeks. The girls rose and turned away. She felt an unspeakable loneliness and desolation.

But Hope turned quickly back.

"Wait, girls," she said. "She's right!"

Estelle drew a deep breath. She had been longing to turn back, too, but fear of her companions' sneers had daunted even a tennis player.

"I think she is," she found courage to add.

"Oh, well, it's the end of the term, and we're all worn out," so Catherine excused herself. "But of course, it's not" —

"It's not sportsmanlike," cried Hope. "Anything else, Gladys?"

But the summons for all who were not at the games to go for a walk, under Miss Kent's chaperonage, dispersed the group.

To be continued.

Grandpa's Birthday Present.

Rosalie tried bravely to eat her breakfast and make believe that she was happy, but it was useless. A big tear got the better of her and splashed down on her plate. It was grandpa's birthday, too, and so eager had she been for it to come that she had counted the days for weeks and weeks. But now that it was here she was just as miserable as a little girl could be, when she had expected to be so gay—and all because of Jack's selfishness.

"Perhaps you have been selfish, too," whispered a little voice; but Rosalie would not listen to it.

Uncle James and Aunt Elizabeth had come down from the city with cunning Baby Ruth, who was just beginning to toddle. They would all go to grandpa's farm in the big touring car. All the other uncles and aunts and cousins would be there, too. There would be a wonderful dinner, then some uncle would make a speech congratulating grandpa, then they would all give him their presents.

This time she and Jack had made up their minds to buy something very fine indeed, because he was such a splendid grandpa, always ready to join in their games, and he told such capital stories without being teased. So Rosalie had saved all her nickels for two whole months to help buy a pair of velvet

slippers. Not once had she even bought a sack of pop-corn, for velvet is expensive. Once she had thought that she would have to borrow a lot from her missionary box, but Aunt Ella said: "Oh, I would not do that. Let me see! When I entertain my club, I would like to have a little girl to open the door and to help me serve; I think that would be worth a quarter. And an industrious boy might make several dimes digging the dandelions on my lawn."

How hard they had both worked, until they had two big round dollars apiece! But when they went to buy the slippers, Jack insisted on getting a pair with a pug dog's head on them, just a common dog's head, when there was a pair with a perfectly beautiful bunch of pink roses on them.

Jack said that it was such a splendid dog, just ready to growl, and that grandpa would not want a bunch of roses on his slippers like a sissy. And when she had declared that she would not buy that horrid ugly dog's head, Jack had called her a spoiled baby who always wanted her own way, right before Mr. Brown.

Finally the salesman had suggested that they take one of each and let grandpa decide for himself. This they had done, although neither of them felt very happy over it.

Rosalie had taken her slipper and run home by the back street; she was too angry to wish to meet any of her little friends. When Jack asked her to take his, too, so that he could go to the ball game, she walked right past him with her chin in the air, and she would not even look at him.

"Is my little girl sick this morning?" asked mamma, when she had pushed her plate away without touching her waffles. Rosalie only shook her head; she was too unhappy even to smile back at mamma.

But when she was dressed and all ready to start, she took a package out of her drawer and slipped out the side door.

Papa was just running the car out, and she knew very well that he would have to spend some time getting it ready. It was only three blocks to the shoe store, and if she ran all the way they would not miss her.

Sure enough, when she got back, papa was vigorously pumping a tire. She slipped into her place and was soon having a romp with Baby Ruth. It was a very happy little girl, after all, that started for grandpa's. The clouds of the early morning had all passed away.

When their turn should come to present their gift, they had planned to take grandpa's shoes off and put the slippers on before letting him see them. So when Uncle Jack motioned for them to come forward, Rosalie quickly removed the left shoe and triumphantly drew on a slipper of royal purple velvet on which was embroidered a perfectly splendid pug dog's head in yellow and tan; while Jack, too proud to look at either Rosalie or her gift, awkwardly fitted on the other foot a blue slipper decorated with a lovely wreath of pink roses.

Grandpa placed his feet on the fender, proudly, to exhibit his present.

"Why, children!" exclaimed Aunt Elizabeth, who always does everything correctly. "What an odd combination! Why didn't you get mates?"

Grandpa eyed them curiously over the top of his glasses, then looked from one blushing face to the other, inquiringly.

"You changed yours!" accused Jack.

"You changed yours, too!" declared his sister. "I thought perhaps grandpa might like a dog best after all, as he was once a boy."

Then the whole story came out: their quarrel, the unhappy night, and how finally they had felt so ashamed that each one had slipped back to change the slipper and surprise the other!

After that it wasn't a bit hard to make up. —*Alice Lee Hall, in Sunday School Times.*

A Roman Doll (in a Museum).

How an image of paint and wood
Leaped to her life with a love's control,
Struck the chords of her motherhood,
Passionate little mother-soul!
Fair to her sight were the stolid eyes,
Dear to her toil the robes empearled.
She crooned it the ancient lullabies,
She gathered it close from the outer world.
They watched together, as Nero's pyres
Fed the haze of a hundred fires.

Me in her fresh young arms she bore.
See, I am small,
Only a doll,
But I keep her kiss forevermore.

Long and lonely the joy has lain.
One by one into time's abyss
Years have dropped as the drops of rain.
Yet the cycles have left us this!
O red-lipped mother, O mother sweet,
To-day a sister has heard you call,
Your heart is beating in her heart-beat.
I saw her weep o'er the crumbling doll.
She knew, she knew! You had lived and smiled!
You had loved your dream, little Roman child!

Me in her fresh young arms she bore.
See, I am small,
Only a doll,
But I keep her kiss forevermore.

—*Agnes Lee, in The Poetry Magazine.*

Alfred Russel Wallace.

BY LOUISA A. NASH.

Alfred Russel Wallace was as great as Darwin, who simultaneously with him made the same scientific discoveries on natural selection. Great they both were in another way, for never the slightest ill-feeling or jealousy sprung up between them, although it was sown by the press. Indeed, that, two continents apart, they had lighted on the same truths of Nature created a close bond of friendship.

As neighbors and near friends with the Darwin family in the village of Down, I know personally that there never was a warmer heart than Charles Darwin's in appreciating his friend's work. One difference between them was that Charles Darwin was self-taught. He was considered by his schoolmaster as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. He discovered himself while making that long voyage on the Beagle in search of health, whereas, at the age of five, Alfred Wallace's education began at Hertford, and the topics that he loved best he was allowed to study.

He said later of his twin scientist, "One could not converse with Darwin without being reminded of Socrates," the reasons for which he went on to explain.

He tells an amusing tale of his own childhood, when his mother made him some black elbow-sleeves to protect his jacket at school. Three days running he went to school without them. On the following day his teacher produced the hated things from his desk, and made him wear them. When he was a renowned naturalist, he said, "This, while it lasted, was the severest punishment that I ever endured."

In describing his lecturing tour in this country, Dr. Wallace relates how much he was awed when he found himself sitting next to Lowell at the Naturalists' Club in Boston. "In order to illustrate some remark, the distinguished American quoted a Latin author, to see, I supposed, if I were a scholar. I was so taken aback that I just replied vaguely only." This little incident is typical of Wallace's humility.

His conversion to Spiritualism was not approved by his scientific friends. It was sharply criticised by Tyndall and many others. The last years of his long and useful life were spent with his devoted wife on the South Coast, with a lovely view of moor and woodland and the English Channel in the distance. Here were written several of his books: "The Wonderful Century" and "Man, his Place in the Universe," besides others on social subjects.

NASHVILLE, ORE.

Indian Runners.

Indian runners show a remarkable endurance. An Indian has been known to carry a letter from Guazapares to Chihuahua and back again in five days, the distance being nearly eight hundred miles. In some parts, where the Tarahumaris serve the Mexicans, they are used to run in the wild horses, driving them into the corral. It may take them two or three days to do it, sleeping at night and living on a little pinole. They bring in the horses thoroughly exhausted, while they themselves are still fresh. They will outrun any horse if you give them time enough. They will pursue deer in the snow or with dogs, in the rain, for days and days, until at last the animal is cornered and shot with arrows, or falls an easy prey from sheer exhaustion, its hoofs dropping off.—*Dr. Carl Lumholtz, in Scribner's Magazine.*

"I am sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. "Is she sick abed?" "Not quite," replied the truthful child. "She's just sick a-sofa."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip T. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Against the Drift.

BY ELIZABETH WEST PARKER.

I have forgot the speaker's face,
His name I cannot find;
But oftentimes a little phrase
He used I call to mind.
When days are dark and burdens thick,
I square my shoulders, lift
My head and say, "Thank God for strength
To stand against the drift."

It seems that on some wasting shores,
Beset by wind and sea,
Strong hedges shelter from the blast
Fair gardens on the lee.
Without, the loose sands slip and shift;
Within, frail flowers lift
Their heads in peace,—their safeguard stands
Secure against the drift.

So many a beauteous blossom lives
To cheer man's heart and eye,
Which else might find no foothold there,
No home beneath the sky.
Red roses whisper of romance.
Tall lilies lift their gift
Of loveliness within the hedge
That stands against the drift.

Ah, life is full of shifting sands,
And sweet flowers born too frail
To bloom unless some shelter shields
Their beauty from the gale!
And who shall say which God needs most,
The rose or the rockrift?
The lily or the homely hedge
That stands against the drift?

The New Graded Course.

BY HENRY T. SECRIST.

As one who had much to do with the forming of our present graded course for Sunday-schools, which is in somewhat extensive use, and with the making of the Beacon Series of books for that course, I would like to say something about the projected course and our relation to it.

It seems to me that the thing for all of us to do is to look with favor and expectation to this new course and to be getting ready to adopt it when it is ready. It will, of course, be excellent. Then there is a great advantage in having many at work on the same course and with the same books. There can be thus much gained by being able to talk over the common work in conferences and to write about it in our papers. There is a possible enrichment in that way which the worker would welcome. Then there is a wholesome spirit in backing up what those in power to do give us that is generally, even if not entirely, satisfactory to us. All judgments are fallible and will be found so in the present case. Indeed, it was this consensus of interest and support which was hoped for and more largely and deservedly expected in the first course and in the Beacon Series. But now with more funds and more regular workers we shall expect to have materials more adequate than were before possible.

The preparation for the newer course can well be made by adopting the one now available and by using the Beacon Series. No such new information about child nature has been discovered that would make the work of a few years past obsolete. Indeed, the principles of the courses are much the same, and the announcements of the new are not at all discordant with the announcements of the present one. There are also some books of the Beacon Series which are very valuable, just as there are other earlier publications of the Sunday School Society; and all these may well be kept and used in addition to the books to be published. Every Sunday-school might well have a complete set of the Beacon Series for collateral use even when we come to the new course.

But my word is mainly to be one in favor of making ready for the course and the books now being so carefully prepared. Whatever gets good material into the hands of the individual teacher and worker, and equips the rank and file of us, will prove to be most practically valuable for religious education.

Meadville, Pa.

Methodist Books.

Methodist ministers in New York are said to be not at all alarmed by the declaration made before the New Jersey Conference that books sold at the Methodist building teach heresy, and that the publishing-house of the denomination in other ways has strayed far from the path of Methodism, but at once came to the defence of Rev. Dr. George P. Mains, of the firm of Eaton & Mains, publishers, whose books formed the main centre of attack. The place of Dr. Eaton, who died recently, has been taken by Rev. John H. Race, but his headquarters are in Chicago.

"The New Jersey Conference is coming to be a joke," said Dr. Hartsock, who is a member of the Board of Examiners of the New York Conference. "It is always denouncing all the progressive men. They are having their annual picnic. They are going for everybody and everything. These books they criticise present 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' but it is the gospel with newer light. It is not a new theology, but new methods of teaching the old gospel. Why should not theology, the queen of all the sciences, progress? The other sciences do. No one would think of employing a physician who used the methods of fifty years ago. I should not hesitate to defend Dr. Mains in public assembly. He is one of our ablest men. It is a matter of the truth overlaid by false teaching. What some call new theology is really a return to the Greek Fathers of the second century."

Rev. Charles L. Goodell, pastor of St. Paul's Church, and one of the most prominent Methodist pastors in the country, said:—

"I don't think there is any cause for alarm. The books of Dr. Mains are not unorthodox. Our Methodist Church is open to the light of the latest scholarship. She stands for spiritual power, but she wishes to know the temper of any weapon which may be used on the hot field of literary criticism. The truth will vindicate itself. We need not be anxious to shield the ark of God. I think Dr. Mains at heart is sincerely orthodox."

That the New Jersey Conference "should be in better business," was the opinion of Rev. Dr. William H. Morgan, pastor of Calvary Church.

"This is an age of 'think and let think,'" said Dr. Morgan. "In all the books of Dr. Mains I have read, I have not seen anything the matter with his theology. I think Dr. Mains is distinctly up to date, and that he is as evangelistic as he ought to be. The great body of the Methodist Church is heart and soul with its book concern. Books submitted must go through the hands of the Rev. Dr. David C. Downey, the book editor, and so many others, that no heretical teachings could get publicity."

Social Progress and Religious Faith.

Does religious faith obstruct social progress? This is one of the questions Prof. E. W. Lyman sets out to answer in an article in the April, 1914, issue of the *Harvard Theological Review*.

After considering various aspects of history, past and present, Dr. Lyman sums up:—

Thus the notions that religion is essentially conservative and that it is individual in such a sense that it can thrive apart from social progress, have large masses of fact against them.

They are opposed by prophetic religion in its classic embodiment, and by those phases of faith so closely related to it, modern liberal religion and modern missionary religion. Each of these phases of faith is gaining an increasing hold in our day. A religion inspired by the divine impulse and social passion of the prophets, regulated by the liberal spirit of our scientific age, and resolutely bent upon the universal goal of the modern missionary,—that is the religion for the present and the future, the only adequate expression of the mind of Christ. Such a religion calls upon us to abandon those notions so often shared by the social worker and the defender of faith,—which at the same time set them at odds,—and to think of religion as essentially a progressive and constructive force, and in its innermost meaning as no less social than individual. . . .

There is, then, abundant reason for reversing the opinion that religion is inherently conservative in its influence and mainly individual in its application. For we have seen that, while religion is a relation between the soul and God, the God with whom the soul seeks relation is one who is spending the resources of infinite love to bring to pass upon earth a society of brotherly men. Hence, a full experience of him means a sharing in that very work.

Russell N. Bellows.

Rev. Russell Nevin Bellows, who died on March 13, served the Unitarian churches for nearly a half-century with self-effacing devotion and unmeasured generosity; and the greater distinction of his father, Dr. Henry W. Bellows, should not altogether obscure the courage and fidelity of the son. He was born in 1842, graduated from Harvard in 1864, and immediately entered the service of the Sanitary Commission, of which his father was president, travelling far to establish Soldiers' Aid Societies. He then studied at Union Seminary, and became minister of his ancestral town of Walpole, N.H. Later he was pastor of the churches of Washington, D.C., Newport, R.I., and Harlem, N.Y., and from 1882 to 1885 was secretary of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christain Churches. He directed with the most scrupulous care the details of business in the Conference, and

Digitized by Google

edited many of its most important reports, together with the volume on the Channing Centenary (1881) and the sermons of his father (1884). Thus his professional life was in the main a service of causes which seemed to him greater than himself. He sanctified himself for others' sakes, and was content to live in the shadow if he might set greater men in the light. His gift for music made him during college the leader both of the glee club and the orchestra, and later he became one of the founders of the Mendelssohn Glee Club in New York, and the trusted adviser in the development of church music and the arrangement of hymns for use by Unitarians.

Failing health in later years gradually narrowed the circle of his activities and associations, but he remained the most generous-minded of friends, and a loyal and sanguine apostle of liberal Christianity. Those who knew him best loved him most, and recall with affectionate gratitude the buoyant confidence of his missionary service and the patient courage of his religious faith.

F. G. P.

From Shelter Neck, N.C.

A brief but delightful visit from Miss Bancroft, the newly elected president, and Miss Lowell, one of the directors, of the Women's Alliance, has been recently enjoyed here. These two ladies reached Dix House on the morning of Saturday, March 7, and were present in the afternoon at the monthly meeting of our local Alliance. At night they were afforded an opportunity of meeting our young people at their regular Saturday night gathering for social pleasure and entertainment. Sunday morning we had our regular monthly service in the church; Sunday-school in the afternoon; song-service at Dix House in the evening. By break of day, Monday, these two ladies, accompanied by Mrs. Peterson and Mr. Key, started for Pink Hill, Duplin County, where an evening meeting was held which, owing to an accident to their train as it was leaving Kinston, did not begin until half-past nine o'clock, and was necessarily brief, yet interesting, because of the lateness of the hour. From there they journeyed by land and sea to Swansboro, where they met Rev. J. L. Robinson and his wife, also the lady teachers in the Emmerton School and many of the townspeople. Early next morning the ladies left Swansboro, Miss Bancroft for Florida and Texas, Miss Lowell for Boston, and Mrs. Peterson for Dix House.

What proved to be the most important and successful event in the history of our work and movement in this section was the holding of what is known as a Farmers' Institute, which was held on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 17 and 18. It was part of a campaign for social, domestic, farming, and rural betterment, which for several years has been carried on by the North Carolina State Agricultural Department in conjunction with the Federal Agricultural Department in Washington, D.C., these Institutes being held at different points all over the State, and held at stated periods all through the year. For this particular occasion no less than seven speakers were sent to us, and each speaker was an expert in his or her respective department of the movement. The lecturers included four gentlemen and four ladies, and the topics they discussed covered a very wide field, and included "The Improvement of Soil by Preparation of Land," "Home Mixing of Fertilizers," "Improvement of Soil by Rotation of Crops," "Live Stock," "The Value of Legumes and Cotton-seed Meal," "Bread-making," "Canning Clubs," "Child Training," "Household Conveniences," "Women's Clubs," "Care of Babies," "Food for the Young," "Sanitation and Hygiene," "The Rural Credits Bill now before Congress."

The meetings had to be held concurrently for men and women in the new school auditorium and class-rooms, so large was the attendance, and so eager were all to hear and learn. The addresses were illustrated and simplified by the use of diagrammatic charts, while practical demonstration lessons were given the women and girls by the lady speakers.

On Tuesday evening a stereopticon lecture was given, descriptive and illustrative of farm life in North Carolina. Many beautifully colored slides were also shown of the mountain scenery in the western part of the State, together with a series of pictures of views of the Panama Canal. On both days a sumptuous picnic dinner was served on the church grounds, friends from a distance bringing well-filled baskets. The entire corps of lecturers were entertained at Dix House for the two days, and on taking their leave were unanimous in their praise of the delightful visit they had had, and expressed their readiness to hold a similar Institute in the near future. It was by far the best Institute that had been held for a long time past anywhere throughout Eastern North Carolina, and great good cannot fail to result among all those who had the good fortune to be present.

Training at Proctor Academy.

Proctor Academy provides a college preparatory course of such a quality that its graduates who have obtained sufficient rank in scholarship can enter most of the New England colleges upon certificate. It also furnishes a commercial training to those who plan to enter business, but the courses which are rapidly growing in favor with those whose plans are not definitely committed to either of the above careers, are the new curricula in agriculture and domestic arts. The following notes indicate the results that have been attained in these recent additions to the school life:—

Agriculture and Mechanic Arts for Boys.

1. The school life of the boys is lengthened. Some would certainly have dropped out of the school but for the introduction of wood-working and forging.

2. One boy, who was a complete failure in the clerical work of the commercial course, has shown real ability of an inventive character in forging.

3. The only articles made in these shops are such as can be used by the boys themselves or by the school; *e.g.*, flower-stands, seed-boxes, whiffletrees, chains, step-ladders, clothes-hangers, milking-stools, sleds, wagon jacks, bookcases, laboratory equipment, meat-hooks, etc.

4. Agricultural work begins with a study of the crops and soil, and continues for four years, treating of all the important aspects of rural and farm life, animal husbandry, dairying, horticulture, and farm management.

5. The school farm is under the supervision of an agricultural teacher, and is developed for its products and the practice it affords to pupils taking agricultural work.

6. The school employs a farmer. It is impossible for students to do farming entirely. The course offered demands a certain amount of farm practice, but allows for training and study in the related fields of agricultural science,—physics and chemistry.

7. Mechanics work is not the formal manual training. The aim is to develop "handiness" on the farm or under rural conditions.

Domestic Arts for Girls.

1. The curtains for Cary House dining-room and living-room, sixteen pairs in all, were designed, made, and stencilled by the members of the design and of the sewing courses.

2. Vegetables raised on the school farm were canned for the dining-room. Fruits were also canned for the school.

3. The domestic arts class frequently enters the kitchen and prepares part of a meal for the boarding students and teachers, under the direction of the teacher and matron.

4. Many instances come to the notice of the instructors, of pupils having introduced better ways of preparing food in their homes.

5. Members of the second-year class are shown some of the simpler tests for detecting food adulterations.

6. The "why" of mechanical appliances in the home is adequately taught.

7. Elementary bacteriology and house-

OLD-FASHIONED SETTLED SOAP
Made Under an Old Formula
Manufactured expressly for us and
Kept 3 Months on Racks
S. S. PIERCE CO.
Cor. Tremont and Beacon Sts. } Boston
Copley Square
185 Milk St. (wholesale)
Coolidge Corner, Brookline

hold sanitation are taught during the latter half of the second year's work.

8. Third-year pupils are given work in elementary agriculture,—testing of seeds, planning of the grounds, and, as the spring opens, actual projects for the improvement of the school grounds.

9. There has been a marked increase of interest in this work from people outside of the school who come in contact with girls that are pursuing domestic arts work.

10. Girls who were not reached by the more abstract work of the academic curriculum are doing satisfactory work in the domestic arts course. This means that their school life is being lengthened. Such pupils would have dropped out of the school under previous conditions.

11. The domestic arts course is attracting girls of real intellectual alertness. The work is not designed to meet the needs of mentally inferior girls. The whole curriculum is so arranged that there is an educational value in it equivalent to that of the more abstract academic curriculum.

All work in every curriculum—agriculture, academic, commercial and domestic arts—is for a purpose. We fit boys and girls through live, vital means for their probable life after academic days. No one knows his future. We are reasonably certain that, whatever it may be, intelligence and character will be needed on the part of the growing youth.

Situated as Proctor Academy is, on the Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, about halfway between Concord and White River Junction, in a rural section, where it furnishes the only secondary school education possible for a group of towns, it possesses a unique opportunity for training the coming citizens of this north country. A revived farming and efficient house-keeping should spring up wherever the pupils, who have been trained in the modern science upon these vital matters, develop homes for themselves. The stock out of which Daniel Webster and Horace Greeley came needs only encouragement and training along practical lines in order to insure prosperity and honor to the Granite State.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

What the Brewers Claim.

The Year Book of the United States Brewers' Association (1913) is an interesting but irritating document. It contains so many false assertions and absurd arguments. After a brief report of the annual meeting, there are many articles in praise of drink, in defence of saloons, and in condemnation of temperance reformers. The compiler has searched far and wide for everything published in commendation of beer and in criticism of abstainers.

The chairman of the Publication Committee (having in charge the publicity work in behalf of the liquor interests) makes a very significant (and to the friends of temperance a very encouraging) statement: "We have had a very lean year the last twelve months in the way of distributing literature" (p. 77). No wonder, when we consider their character. The pamphlets are so erroneous and vicious. Again we read, "It is almost shameful, the absolute neglect of members to send for this literature" (p. 78). By this, they show their good judgment!

A case in point is the claim respecting Bavaria. After stating that the annual per capita consumption of beer in that country is *fifty-nine gallons* (nearly a gallon a day for an average family!), it is asserted, "Alcoholism is practically unknown!" What are the facts? Cases of delirium tremens are frequent there, hospitals are full of patients with the "beer-heart," diseases of the liver (especially cirrhosis) are excessively common, many Bavarians are sent to hospitals to be treated for alcoholism, while crimes due to drink are on the increase. It is not surprising that members neglect to send for literature that contains such colossal falsehoods.

We find here an article on the "Gothenburg System," which those among us who are advocating its adoption in this country will do well to read. But in it there is a strange misstatement which casts suspicion upon everything in this volume. To blunder at such a point means general inaccuracy. It is asserted that prohibitionists erroneously suppose that this system "is a means of almost absolute suppression of the traffic" (p. 80). But prohibitionists have no such notion. They earnestly oppose the system, because it does not suppress the use or the evils of drink. One might as well claim that abstainers advocate a universal indulgence in liquors. This is a capital blunder which discredits all these pages.

An article is here reprinted from *Harper's Weekly*, in which it is claimed that abstinence leads to abnormal and vicious popular delusions. For proof, appeal is made to Greenbackism in Maine, Populism in Kansas, and the increase in cruel lawlessness toward negroes in the South (now burning them alive instead of lynching, as formerly), as due to enforced abstinence.

Too bad, indeed, for poor old Maine! For years it has furnished a larger proportion of distinguished men and women to the world than the average for the nation (see "Who's Who in America"). For many years the Congressional delegation from Maine has exerted more influence upon legislation at Washington than those from States many times its size. These and many similar facts disprove the deterioration asserted. Moreover, Greenbackism did not originate in Maine; it was not confined to Maine; it did not survive in Maine as long as in many "wet" States.

Look now at Kansas. The majority of the so-called crazy propositions urged by Populists have been accepted by both political parties, while some of them have been embodied in national statutes. The State, instead of being ruined by "enforced abstinence," is remarkably successful financially, while in many counties, jails and poorhouses have few or no inmates,—53 of the 105 county jails empty at the same time, and 39 county poorhouses empty,—while in 87 counties there were, at the same date, no insane. Surely, Kansas is a "horrible example," to which brewers would better not appeal.

But what about the crimes against the negroes in the Southern States? The fact is, as Booker T. Washington has recently pointed out, lynching of negroes has recently rapidly declined. It is also a well-known fact that, when the horrible outrages occurred a few years ago at Atlanta, both whites and blacks agreed that the lawlessness of the saloons was largely at the bottom of those outrages. Wherever abstinence spreads, the relations of the races become more humane.

There is one other point to be considered in this connection. The liquor men are constantly asserting that prohibition does not prohibit; that much more liquor is actually used in "dry" territory. Now, if this be true, then these very States (if drinking promotes good life and greater prosperity) ought to stand at the head of all the States in the Union! If one should search the world's literature, it would be impossible to find anything approaching in foolishness the argument here reprinted and commended.

In this defence of beer, it is stoutly denied that drinking is productive of crime. Appeal is made to an essay by an apologist of beer in Austria, who contends that to hold alcohol responsible for crime is as illogical as to hold tea responsible for vice. But people do not go out from tea-rooms by the thousand and commit crime as they do from saloons. Women do not go home from tea-parties and beat their children as men do who go home from drink-shops. There is a physiological and psychological reason (as scientists clearly and conclusively show) why the use of alcohol leads to crime, producing conditions which tea never produces. Those conditions are these: the inhibition of the feelings of modesty and propriety, of conscience and judgment, while low instincts and animal passions are abnormally excited. Drink produces an atmosphere hospitable to crime, as it prepares the bed for tuberculosis and other diseases

The common opinion that drink produces poverty is here vigorously denied. Frances Willard is falsely quoted as holding that poverty is the chief cause of drunkenness, a radical misrepresentation of her real position. One writer makes much of the fact that, in Carroll D. Wright's "Report on the Unemployed" (1903), out of six million then said to be out of work in the United States, only 1 in 400 is reported as out of work on account of drunkenness, .26 of 1 per cent. But what lies behind this statement? This percentage really means nothing at all or only this,—these few in their replies admitted that they could not get work because drunkards! But among a hundred men out of employment on account of drinking habits, probably not more than one would admit the fact. In the same line, very few ex-convicts, in explaining their non-employment, would state that they were in this condition because they had once been in prison. The figure given (.26 of 1 per cent.) is, therefore, utterly worthless, because it in no way represents real conditions, but only what a few intemperate men were willing to admit.

Over against this statement may be put the results of an investigation conducted about the same time by the same Labor Bureau, to discover the attitude of employers respecting drinking men. From 75 to 90 per cent. of over six thousand distributed among many trades and occupations, expressed a decided preference for non-drinkers. In reply to the claim that men drink chiefly because poor, appeal may be made to the decisive results of an inquiry undertaken (1904) by the large hospitals of New York City, to discover why men begin

to drink. Obviously, the proportion, among such persons, who would attribute their habit to poverty would be higher than among drinkers in general. But only 5 per cent. replied that they began to drink because out of work.

This investigation confirmed the conclusion of careful students that very few *begin to drink* because poor, although later in life some may resort to the saloon simply because destitute. It is unfortunate that some social scientists still approve the harmful fallacy that poverty is the chief cause of drunkenness

It is unnecessary to describe or discuss any farther the errors and absurdities of this volume. These references illustrate the general character of the liquor defence. Here we find the "Galton Memoir," by Prof. Pearson (which holds that drink has no injurious influences upon offspring), highly commended, whereas it has been completely discredited by all the great authorities. Much is made of Mr. Phelps's criticism of the "Baltimore Pamphlet," by the Scientific Temperance Federation (in the *American Underwriter* for July, 1913); but the criticism is unfair and unfounded, while the discussion in the same article in reference to life insurance is condemned by competent insurance authorities as utterly worthless. The summary given, of a Swedish work on "Alcohol and Society," is wholly misleading. The work does not represent the best authorities in Sweden, much less the general conclusions of scientists. Many things in the discussion unfavorable to drink are omitted, while the abstracts of other parts are made in such a way that the reader is given a radically false impression of the book.

It would be well if this defence of beer were widely read by the American people. They would then understand the real aim and spirit of the vast and powerful organization in restraint of virtue, the enemy of industrial efficiency, of human betterment, of American citizenship.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

ROSLINDALE, BOSTON.

Meadville Theological School.

A valuable course of lectures in Pastoral Theology is now being given at this School, for the most part by non-resident lecturers. The following programme will show the practical and vital nature of the topics discussed:

Rev. F. M. Bennett gave two lectures in February, on the subjects, "Starting a Church" and "The Church in a College Community." Rev. H. T. Secrist, minister of the Unitarian church in Meadville, gave six valuable lectures, also in February, upon the subjects, "The Marriage Service," "The Funeral Service," "The Communion, Baptism, and Christening Service," "Settlement, Ordination, and Installation," "Regular and Special Services," and "Ministerial Ethics, Finances, etc." Dr. C. W. Wendte, whose interest in the missionary aspects of the liberal faith has initiated such important movements, is now presenting the following topics to the students of the School and interested friends: "Historical Review of Christian Missions in Foreign Countries," "Present Missionary Problems: Changes in Motive," "Past and Present Attitude of Unitarians to Foreign Missions," and "Missionary Opportunities and Obligations of the Unitarians." Rev. J. H. Applebee of Syracuse will deal with the practical problems of "The Minister and Social Justice," "The Minister and the Labor Problem," "The Minister and the Social Evil," and "The Minister and Socialism." Rev. J. H. Lathrop of Brooklyn will give three lectures on "The Personal Relations between the Minister and his People." Dr. George C. Cressey of the New York Conference will give two lectures on "The Preparation and Delivery of Unwritten Sermons." Rev. William L. Sullivan of All Souls' Church in New York City will give four lectures on the following searching and important themes: "The Preacher's Consciousness of Vocation," "The Intellectual Temper of the Preacher," "The Spiritual Element in Liberal Preaching," and "The Preacher as an Apologist for Liberal Religion." President Southworth will speak on the "Minister's Denominational Environment," and kindred themes. And Professor Emeritus Rev. H. H. Barber will deliver two lectures, one on the "Sources of Ministerial Power," and the other on "Some Successful Ministries."

The value of this course of lectures will be readily inferred from the topics given, and the experience and ability of the lecturers give special point to any suggestions which they may make to those entering ministerial work.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

A Study of Social Conditions.

On Thursday, March 26, at 3.30, will be held the last of a series of twelve lectures on Social Service Problems in the Parish House of the First Parish, Cambridge. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers will speak upon "Social Responsibility and the Call to Service."

The course, which is now drawing to an end, has been attended by an average of about forty persons, including several professional social workers and also a number of the young people of the church. The Social Service Committee of the First Parish, which arranged for the course, has established a small library of books on social problems,

Deaths.

SEARS.—In Millbury, Mass., Feb. 26, 1914, Nathan Sears, for many years a resident of this town, and a loyal supporter of the Unitarian church.

BELLOWS.—Rev. Russell N. Bellows, son of the late Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., died March 13. Funeral was at Walpole, N.H., March 17.

OSGOOD.—In Ellsworth, Me., Friday, March 6, Irving Osgood, president of the First Unitarian Church of Ellsworth and of the Hancock County Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

FRANKLIN PERRIN.

There was a sermon of Dr. Channing's on "Unitarian Christianity favorable to Piety." The piety which Dr Channing had in mind was of a cheerful kind. It was free from superstition and from dogmatism, but it was real.

Every church is sustained by a group of people who preserve among modern conditions the ancient pieties. For many years the First Parish in Cambridge has had in Deacon Franklin Perrin a man who in a perfect way represented Channing's ideal.

To the minister who came for a Sunday, he offered the hospitality of the church. He loved the sacred traditions of a religious community that had existed here since the beginning of the town. He had the love that "seeketh not its own and is not puffed up." But all this was untouched by any intolerance. The church of which he was a part and to which he was so intimately related, was a part of the greater community, and he knew no divided interests. "The Eternal Goodness" was to him no mere phrase. It was a continuous experience. Ministers in the church may come and go, but the deeper life of the church goes on, so long as there is a succession of such characters. They form the reality of that communion of which the bread and wine are but symbols.

SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.

The conspicuous achievement of public men should not altogether obscure the influence of quiet, unassuming lives on whose integrity and fidelity each community depends. Franklin Perrin, who died on February 23 at the age of eighty-three, was for a half-century such an influence in Cambridge. He served his city and his church with modest devotion and incorruptible honor. He won the absolute confidence of his business colleagues and the lifelong affection of his many friends. His daily life was consistent with his religious faith. He guarded his business trusts as he served the Lord's table. The things which were true, honest, just, pure, and lovely were his daily thought. He was a cheerful, kindly, Christian gentleman, living without reproach, and dying without an enemy.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

CAMBRIDGE.

MRS. SARAH HOVEY COLBURN.

Mrs. Colburn was regarded as a very remarkable woman because she retained with her more than ninety years her bodily vigor and mental strength. Yet to those who knew her it was not this physical perfection that most strongly appealed. It was that with all her years she still kept untouched by time or sorrow her youthfulness of feeling, her tender sympathy with and quick understanding of young hearts. If any girl within the broad radius of her friendship became engaged, she was almost the first to be told. She once said to me, "It makes me so happy in the morning to watch all the young folks tripping to school." For herself all these things were gone forever, yet she lived again in the joys of others, even when those others were strangers to her. Although of late years her days were almost wholly shut in, she rejoiced in the going out of others, and was ever ready with sympathy and with money to help on the activities of the busy world outside. *People* were everything to her. They needed no special merit to appeal to her. They needed only be human. When she was ninety-four, she went, when able, to church on the arms of two friends. She could not hear the service, but she could still clasp the hands of her friends and sing the old hymns, and that was enough. I think the strength of Mrs. Colburn's hold on people was the great love she had in her heart for all. In everybody who came into her presence she found something good or beautiful, and in the many years I knew her I never heard her speak a word of criticism of any living person. Many of us have gone to her feeling it a duty to one who was dependent on our goodness to come; but we have left her with a mysterious something in our hearts, a sense of uplift, which she put there. She has left the home which her gracious presence pervaded for three-quarters of a century, and many people will find it hard to pass that house now so empty; but in a sense she has not gone, for the memory of her loveliness of character will not leave us soon. All unconsciously she followed the poet's counsel:—

"Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

M. B.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientèle.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

BOSTON SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE
TREMONT TEMPLE
Victrola Concert at 7.30. Lecture, 8 P.M., March 30.
DR. ALGERNON CRAPSEY.
The Power of the Purse and the Power of the Spirit.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

which may be consulted by any one between the hours of 9 and 5, daily.

The subjects and speakers at the meetings of the course have been as follows:—

Part One: "The Community and the Citizen."

January 8, "The Approach to the Social Problem," Mrs. Alice Higgins Lothrop; January 15, "The State as an Agent in Social Progress," Miss Mary L. Hale; January 22, "The New View of City Government," Mr. Frederick M. Eliot; January 29, "City Planning," Mr. John Nolen; February 5, "The Enlarging Sphere of Education," Mrs. Edmund A. Whitman; February 12, "Public Control of Recreation," Mr. Ernst Hermann.

Part Two: "The Community and the Handicapped."

February 19, "The Rehabilitation of those in Distress," Mrs. Alice Higgins Lothrop; February 26, "The Co-ordination between Public and Private Aid," Mrs. Ada Eliot Sheffield; March 5, "Organization of Social Effort and its Appeal to the Community," Mrs. Alice Higgins Lothrop; March 12, "The Problem of Health," Miss Ida M. Cannon; March 19, "The Social Value of Philanthropic Activities," Mr. William H. Pear; March 26, "Social Responsibility and the Call to Service," Dr. Samuel M. Crothers.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Eighteenth Annual Meeting.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Young People's Religious Union will be held at the South Congregational Church (Dr. Hale's) on Thursday of Anniversary Week, May 28. The afternoon meeting, at two o'clock, will be devoted to reports, election of officers, and other business. At the close of this session, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., will speak on "What the Young People's Religious Union can do to give our Unitarian Faith to the Orient."

From five to six o'clock, the Boston Federation will tender a reception to the outgoing and incoming officers, and at six o'clock a repast will be served to the delegates.

For the evening meeting an especially attractive programme has been arranged. Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland, Ore., will conduct the devotional service, and there will be three addresses on "The Opportunity for Social Service of Unitarian Young People," to be presented from three points of view, the speakers to be Hon. Grafton D. Cushing, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Dr. Richard C. Cabot of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York City. A chorus of young people from the Boston Federation will furnish the music on this occasion.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

As the treasurer's books for the year close on April 30, there remain but four weeks more for contributions to be made for the year. Unions that have not already contributed are reminded that the time is very short now. Early attention to this detail will be much appreciated. Checks and money-orders should be made payable to the *Young People's Religious Union.*

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Woman's Ministerial Conference will meet on Monday at 2 P.M., March 30, in Ballou Hall, 339 Boylston Street. An address upon "The Fulfilling of the Law" will be given by Rev. Mary L. Leggett.

The undersigned, chairman of the Committee on Nominations of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, will be pleased to receive suggestions from the members in regard to the nomination of officers for the coming year. Arthur L. Weatherly, 1834 South 25th Street, Lincoln, Neb.

Meetings.

The Chicago Associate Alliance.—The Alliance met at the Third Unitarian Church, March 5, 1914, at 11 A.M. Mrs. Long presided. After the report of the secretary and treasurer, the address of the day, "Women in Industry," was given by Miss Wertheim, State Secretary of Illinois Consumers' League. Miss Wertheim spoke on the work and methods of the League and of the Woman's Trade Union, in behalf of public welfare, and as opposed to public negligence. Report of religious and philanthropic news was given by Mrs. Joan Anderson of the Third Church. Luncheon was served at one o'clock by the ladies of the church. On motion it was decided to give either a luncheon or supper and reception to Dr. Edwin C. Starbuck, assistant secretary of the National Education Department of the American Unitarian Association. The number in attendance at the meeting was fifty-four. Eleanor Johnson Lynn, Secretary.

Social Service Council of Unitarian Women.—At the meeting held March 9, 1914, in the vestry of Arlington Street Church, Prof. Selskar M. Gunn of the Institute of Technology, and editor of the *American Journal of Public Health*, gave a most instructive talk on "Community Problems of the Public Health Authorities," with special references to the smaller towns. Prof. Gunn stated that, as the mortality rate is higher in the smaller community, there is more urgent need of trained health officers and the public health nurse, especially in cutting down the infant mortality rate. Of the children born each year, one-fourth die before reaching one year of age, and one-half of this waste of life is preventable. As the average doctor has been proved unfitted for public health work, there are now several places in the United States where special training is given in public sanitation. The Institute of Technology alone has spent $1,000 in educating communities in the fact that public health is purchasable through the employing of trained health officers. And, above all, it is essential to keep out of politics all things and persons connected with public health. Where a town feels unable to pay an adequate wage for a trained worker, it is possible for several contiguous towns to combine financially and share the services of one between them. Prof. Gunn left an interested audience with much food for thought. In this work of community health, he considers that women have a very important share in stimulating public opinion to the urgent need for action. There were sixty present, with representatives from thirty parishes. The next meeting of the Council will be on Thursday, May 7, 1914, in co-operation with the Tuckerman School. Brief reports will be given of the year's work in each of the seventy parishes represented in the Council. All interested will be welcome.

New York League of Unitarian Women.—The League has had two meetings in March. The first was held at All Souls' Church, New York, on Friday, March 6, 1914. The president, Mrs. Donnell, opened the meeting with a quotation, "Abou Ben Adhem," and received a number of new members. The philanthropic news committee presented as the first speaker Rev. Charles H. Sears, who explained the work of the movement for church vacation schools in New York City. The schools bring the boys and girls off the streets in the heat of the summer, and teach them Bible instruction, singing, sewing, basketry, chair-caning, and various other things. Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper was the main speaker of the day, and was heartily welcomed by her friends and co-workers for many years in Unitarian circles. Mrs. Hooper's subject was "Church Union," and, after speaking of the waning power of the Church, she suggested several lines of lay work among the women of the various churches, which would tend to bring all together in a common cause, and thereby cause union of effort if not of Church organization. Women have of late years found the power of united work—such as probation court officers, W. C. T. U., and the rescue of immigrants. The true spirit of Christianity must include different points of view. Women who are not employed in rearing their children and the immediate cares of the household should serve the community in which they live. There should be general meetings for uplift and the appealing power of the pulpit, which has been weakened by the institutional work in churches, should be conserved. The collection of the day was taken for the treasury of the League as is the custom once a year. The annual election resulted as follows: president, Mrs. Walter U. Lawson; vice-

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873 Incorporated 1904

Primary object to help a mother to keep her infant in her personal charge when without such aid (usually temporary) she might be obliged to give it up for adoption or to place it in an institution.

An unmarried mother is not rejected if she loves her child, desires to care for it, and to lead an upright life. Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or for a mother unfit in any way to have charge of her infant.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship the only method employed. Each woman regarded as an individual and assisted according to her needs. We have been especially successful in helping the unmarried.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

For further information address, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

presidents, Mrs. Joseph H. Ambrose, Mrs. Hubert Arrowsmith, Mrs. Charles A. Nelson, Mrs. Charles Lloyd, Mrs. G. Derby White, Mrs. Jeanie R. Wells; recording secretary, Mrs. H. B. Harding; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Horace Moran; treasurer, Mrs. Herbert S. Griffin; director, Mrs. A. Wendell Jackson.

Churches.

EUREKA, CAL.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. A. H. Sargent: After a pastorate of seventeen months, Mr. Sargent and his wife closed their work in Eureka, March 1st, and two days later sailed for North Bend, Ore., to look over the field with a view to starting a new Unitarian church there. The minister's farewell sermon, on "God in the Soul," was delivered February 22. On Thursday of the same week Mr. Sargent's play, entitled, "Choosing a Profession," was presented under his direction by fifteen young people of the church. On his last day of work for the church, the Sunday-school presented the minister with a beautiful redwood-bark tray, as an expression of their own good-will and a lasting reminder of Humboldt County. In the evening a young people's society organized, with an enrollment of seventeen members, and elected as president Mr. Cummins, a trustee of the church, who is about to take up the work laid down by the minister as leader of the young people. In addition to the young people's society, the Sunday-school and Chautauqua Circle and Alliance Branch will continue as usual during the time that may elapse before the pulpit is filled again.

NEWPORT, R.I.—Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones: For the past two or three weeks there has been intense excitement in Newport over the attempt of the Roman Catholics, who number nearly one-half of the population, to secure an appropriation from the Representative Council toward the support of their parochial school. Happily for the preservation of our civil and spiritual liberty, the attempt was frustrated, at the eleventh hour the City Solicitor, himself a Roman Catholic, ruling that such an appropriation would be illegal. The Attorney-General of the State had already given his opinion that it would be clearly unconstitutional. On Sunday, March 8, just before the Council meeting, Mr. Jones preached on "A Yoke of Bondage,"—a sermon on the dangerous policies of the Roman hierarchy in the United States. The discourse was reported in the New York and Boston as well as Newport papers, and called forth attacks from our Roman Catholic brethren. On Monday, March 16, Mr. Jones read the sermon before the Newport Ministers' Union at a luncheon in Channing Parlors. The Union, representing the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, and Baptist churches of the city, voted unanimously to indorse the stand taken by the Unitarian minister. It was also voted to have extra copies of the sermon printed for distribution in the other churches throughout Newport. Through generous interest in Channing Church the sermon is being put into tract-form. In this emergency all the Protestant ministers of Newport are standing shoulder to shoulder and fighting side by side. The aggressiveness of the Roman Catholics has solidified the Protestant forces. We have reason to believe that Newport was carefully chosen as the best place in which to start the effort to secure public funds for sectarian purposes. It missed fire.

Personals.

Rev. George Croswell Cressey, D.D., recently of London, England, who has been supplying the pulpit of the Unitarian church in New Brighton, N.Y., the past two months, has accepted a very cordial invitation to remain as minister.

The Tuckerman School.

"A preparedness to define religion; to meet many people and hold to the faith that is in you; to answer the questions you will be asked because of lack of faith in those who question—these are some of the necessary lines of preparation of an assistant in a church or Sunday-school." Such was the valuable instruction given by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson in an address entitled "If I were You," given in the Friday morning course. Mr. Wilson further pointed out the fine opportunity for study afforded by the tracts published by the Association. In a study of these tracts one can find the best expressions of the usages of the church regarding baptism, the communion, Easter celebrations; of the beliefs about God, about worship, prayer; and an abundance of inspirational reading that is also of great value. "To be confident about your religious position and to have a right attitude toward denominational interests," Mr. Wilson said, "are two great elements in the preparation of those who are aiming to serve in our churches."

The spring vacation begins Saturday noon, March 28, and school begins Tuesday morning, April 7.

The Southern Conference.

The Southern Conference of Unitarian Churches meets in Dallas, Tex., April 2–5. On Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock, a greeting will be extended to the churches represented at the Conference. In the evening the conference sermon will be preached by Dr. George Dodson of St. Louis.

On Friday, April 3, at nine o'clock, a business meeting will be held, followed by an address by Dr. Dodson on "Henri Bergson." At 2.30 P.M. will be held the annual meeting of the Southern Alliance, with an address by Miss Bancroft, the national president. At 8 P.M., Col. George Soule of New Orleans will speak on "The Useful Layman."

On Saturday, April 4, "The Equipment of the Present-day Religious Leader" will be the general subject for discussion, Rev. George Kent of New Orleans will discuss his equipment in science and philosophy; Rev. George T. Ashley, that in sociology; and Rev. John Rowlett of Memphis, Tenn., that in theology. Rev. George H. Badger will answer the question, "What should be the Attitude of the Church toward the Vital Questions of the Day?" In the afternoon an automobile trip will be taken, and followed by a reception to delegates at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Thorne.

On Sunday, April 5, the Sunday-school meets at 10 A.M.; sermon at 11 A.M.; Young People's Religious Union, 7 P.M.; sermon, 8 P.M.

Here and There.

The Farmers' Conference of Tuskegee has lost in picturesqueness as it has gained in intelligence. This year there was no "acre of mules," but, rather, a mile of buggies. The audience was made up chiefly of landowners, well dressed and intelligent; and the improvement in the aims, interests, and personal habits of the visiting farmers was remarked upon even by the student guides in their excellent classroom résumé of the Conference next day.

The Department of Agriculture is trying to eliminate the danger to cattle from poisonous plants on national forest ranges. Of these plants, larkspur, loco-weed, death camass, and water hemlock are the most poisonous. Larkspur does the most harm, because it is so widely distributed and is particularly bad for cattle. Ordinarily, horses will not eat larkspur, and sheep can eat it without apparent injury.

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS
CORSETS

In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk
IVY, LA LOUISE, and BON TON MODELS.

Palmer's Corset Store
52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

PURE WHITE MOUNTAIN COLD
"THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT"
The "STONE WALL" refrigerator has provision chamber walled with massive slabs of natural quarried stone, almost frost-cold. Joined as tight as an air-tight, and cleaned as easily as a china tea-cup. Every interior part removable. Send for our catalogue.
DUPLEX CIRCULATION
MAINE MFG. CO. REFRIGERATORS NASHUA N.H.
GERM PROOF

Pleasantries.

"I am so glad to have this," said Mrs. Twickembury. "I shall always keep it as a momentum of the occasion."

Mistress: "Who rang the bell then, Katy?" Katy: "A boy, mum, lookin' for the wrong number."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

"Miss Frocks has bought a birdless hat," said Mrs. Cumso. "It might be called an audubonnet, might it not?" asked Mrs. Cawker.

Young lady (to very new salesman): "Have you a book called 'An Essay on Irish Bulls'?" Salesman: "No, Miss. We haven't any works on live stock."

Amateur Camerist: "Here's a photograph I took myself. What do you think of it?" Miss Bright (examining it): "The expression is very glum. You shouldn't take yourself so seriously."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Do you have matins in this church?" asked the High Church visitor of the verger of the village church. "No, indeed," replied that dignitary, with scorn. "We has oil-cloth, and right up the chancel, too!"

He wanted to know.—Mrs. McLubberty: "Here's some pills, Murty, thot Mrs. Hogan was afther sindin' over for yez. She says dhey'll aither kill or cure yez." McLubberty (who is ill): "Begorra, did she say which dhey would do foorst?"—*Puck.*

"If," says a Battle Creek despatch to the New York *Times*, "the birth rates of England, Germany, and France continue to decrease as they il-dw. fddurrateshaveisnch mbgk mfw b." We're pessimistic, too, but still we hardly think it's as bad as that.—*Transcript.*

Little Lester B., travelling on the continent with his mother, grew tired of hearing nothing but French and German, etc., spoken. One morning, hearing a rooster's cock-a-doodle-do, he exclaimed, "Thank goodness! There's something that speaks English, anyway."

"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?" "Don't you know what a canard is?" queried Snaggs. "Why, the word itself conveys its own meaning." "Does it? Well, really, what does it mean, dear?" "Why, a canard is something one canardly believe, of course." "Oh, to be sure! Why couldn't I think of that?"

"When a goose lays an egg," said Andrew Lang, "she just waddles off as if she was ashamed of it—because she is a goose. When a hen lays an egg—ah, she calls heaven and earth to witness it! The hen is a natural-born advertiser. Hence the demand for hen's eggs exceeds the demand for goose-eggs, and the hen has all the business she can attend to."

The superintendent of mails in the post-office gets his share of foolish questions. A man said, "I want to get a letter to my brother sailing on the 'Majestic,' which isn't due until Wednesday. I don't know where he will stay in New York or where he will go next." "All right," said the clerk. "Address your letter 'John Smith, passenger on board incoming steamer "Majestic," due in New York March 2,' put domestic postage on it, and it will reach him." The man thanked the clerk, but came back again later. "Say," said he to the clerk, "about that letter! I addressed it and stamped it all right, but now will John Smith find my brother?"

ESTEY PIPE & REED CHURCH ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 364 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know.... I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship.... It makes a decisive step in advance.... There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed.... I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904
AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President.
Earle Morse Wilbur, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)
Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming and country excursions.

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

The Christian Register

Established 1821

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 14 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 313
Tides 314
The Aëroplane in Theology 315
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The New Hymn Book 316
CURRENT TOPICS 317
BREVITIES 318
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Service Pensions 319
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Real Things, by Percy F. Bicknell 319
Simplicity and Elaboration in Worship, by A. C. N. . . 320
The Truth concerning Unitarianism, by Dr. Walter L. Mason 321
An Oriental View of Missions, by Prof. M. Anesaki, Ph.D., University of Tokio 323
Four Secrets of Pulpit Power; Hymns of Social Service 330
Macedonian Refugee Relief Fund; To Honor Prof. Toy; About the New Sunday-school Course . . . 331
From the Mission at Shelbyville, Ill.; Physicians' Certificates 332
The Burial Place of Paul 334
Edward Everett Hale's Birthday; The Study of Socialism; An Illustrated Lecture; King's Chapel Services 335
SPIRITUAL LIFE 321
LITERATURE.
Books; New Poetry 326
Magazines; Miscellaneous 327
THE HOME.
The Transient, II., by Frances Harmer; Odd Use for a Pocket 328
The Spool of Pink Silk; A Bedtime Story; An Easter Egg Hanging Basket, by Kate Hudson 329
POETRY.
The Passing of a Palm 319
Good-morning, by Oliver Penmark 328
Knowledge and Faith 330
YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Boston Federation Hospitality 332
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 332
HERE AND THERE 335
PLEASANTRIES 336

Editorial.

IN an emphatic and indignant protest against the action of the recent Canterbury Convocation in continuing the obligatory recitation of the Athanasian Creed, with an ineffectual modification of the wording, and in reducing the number of times to once a year, an Anglican Divinity professor says that the damnatory clauses traverse and contradict the offer of salvation made in the New Testament, and that the concession is an evasion. "Falsehood is a sin even when practiced by a clergyman only once in 12 months. . . . I protest against the opportunism which does not dare to face the fact that the damnatory clauses contain a direct untruth. We demand from our Bishops permission to speak the truth in the Church as elsewhere." The last sentence is worth considering. If men cannot speak the truth in church, and men outside the church see or suspect the fact, who is to blame for the contempt which churches suffer on account of their suppression of that which they are consecrated to promote? Will an emotional satisfaction long compensate for a throttled self-respect and a complicity with hypocrisy? And while such new centres of creation are continually producing uneasiness and rebellion, is there not new opportunity for Unitarians to announce their hospitalities, and furnish available accomodations?

Two incidents, though separated in time and place, may be compared with profit: one that of a Roman Catholic priest among the ruins of a fallen building, the only clergyman there, ministering at the risk of his life to the injured and dying, who came across a man not a Catholic, to whom, nevertheless, he gave his encouragement and consolation, remaining with him till he was removed; the other a non-Catholic minister, officiating at the funeral of a man to be buried in the unconsecrated part of a Roman Catholic cemetery, who was prevented, under orders from the Archbishop, from saying as much as a prayer at the grave. The first action was that of personal religion and humanity; such Christianity goes farther than anything else to produce unity of spirit. The second action was that of institutional rigor, ecclesiastical consistency; such Christianity goes farther than anything else to alienate the members of the body of the church universal, and to produce division and hostility. Unionizing any church in the name of efficiency and solidarity involves a fallacious proceeding. In the name of union it disunites, and, offering freedom, it makes

Digitized by Google

common enjoyment of it impossible. Perhaps more real Christianity filters into the churches from the human nature outside than goes to human nature from the churches.

The dead hand, as shown in such bitter condemnation in a will as that of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson towards her daughter, smites more than its victim. It publishes what should be kept in the privacy of family skeleton-closets; it leaves a testator in the unenviable position of having delivered a blow without the courage of sustaining its return; and, however just the condemnation, it reacts on the judge with the burden of vindictiveness and revenge. If such blow must fall, and we recognize its necessity in some cases, let it fall with a sad sincerity, with only such explanation as may barely suffice to meet legal necessities, and without one unnecessary word. To immortalize dissension and fatalize hatred is not calculated to give peace at the last; and it may torment the spirit in some future sphere with unending remorse and hopeless repentance. If ever the counsel about heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head has application, it is in the treatment of those who are to live after one's death; and the original motive of such action, which was the opposite of that which Paul used in quoting it, will satisfy any desire to inflict deserved penalty. There could be no keener punishment than the burning rebuke of an inalienable obligation.

Loud complaints are heard on every side concerning the lack of grace and accuracy in the specimens of English composition offered by candidates for degrees in our American colleges. But why criticise the students for faults that are common to the writings of some of our best-educated men and women? Take, for instance, the words "would" and "should," "will" and "shall." There are certain definite rules, well understood by every well-taught schoolboy, which are violated every day by men of high standing. The President of the United States, ex-President William H. Taft, and United States Senator Elihu Root are well educated men, and yet in a recent daily paper, within a space six inches square, the President and the Senator are reported as putting "will" in the place of "shall," and the ex-President as saying "would" when he should have said "should." To give one sample, the President was reported as writing, "I will miss you more than you will miss me." Evidently he should have written "shall" in the place of the first "will." Dr. C. W. Eliot once said that the finest accomplishment for any one was the ability to read and write his native language correctly. No one better than he illustrates the truth of that saying, but every day graduates of our universities seem to show by their use of the English language that they have taken counsel not of Eliot, but of Dogberry, who said, "to read and write comes by nature."

The reference of events to the will of God may arise from a devout sense of Providence, but it may also be a thoughtless sort of devoutness which runs close to blasphemy. What we call the will of God, which someone else knows to be the self-will of man, puts us into an awkward dilemma. Is it the will of God that a life should be lost by reason of a disregard of every indication of the will of God? It is the will of God that men should follow the laws which are shown to lead to good health; if a man disregards these laws and brings upon himself ill health and premature death, can the result be called the will of God? On the contrary, the event shows what the will of God was, but it also shows emphatically that that will was not done, but undone. The will of God it is that brings on us the consequence of our choice, but when we have taken it, we cannot say the consequence was the will of God. Good people, in their pious reference of affliction to a divine will, are unconscious how often that reference produces anything but pious feelings in the breast of the sufferers. And their revolt is just. The consolation involves a false comfort and a twisted course of cause and effect, and it is oblivious of the real sources of evil. In candid truth, when we hear the words "Thy will be done" repeated with reference to what has come about by flouting and disobeying God's will or by shutting the eyes to its plain direction, they stick in the throat. "Would God Thy will were done" would suit the case better; and this is the sense the phrase has in the Lord's Prayer, from which it is torn in a way which reverses its meaning. "Why did God afflict us?" The reply should often be flat, "He didn't."

Wonderful stories grow out of irresponsibility. They put their puzzles of supernatural seemings because their authors know they will not be held to any strict account for them. They do not grow readily in a soil not rich in credulity or willingness to accept things without question. If men face them and cross-examine them, they fade and shrink. They are almost never heard among people used to strict and careful investigation, though belief in marvellous things would seem to be specially needed by such people. We are reminded of the sea-captain and his serpent, of whom Mr. Hissey tells in the charming book lately quoted. After hearing about the sea-serpent, Mr. Hissey asked, "Did you record it in your log?" "Not I. You see," the captain replied, "another captain of our company had seen a sea-serpent, only a much bigger one than mine and he noted the fact in his log. Now when our people saw the log, they said to him, 'Captain, if you see any more sea-serpents, you won't get another ship.' He never saw another."

Tides.

In the physical world there are tides of many kinds; some are regular and periodic, some are cataclysmic and sporadic, and some are great oceanic currents that sweep around the world. There are aerial tides and currents, also; some made visible by clouds and vapors, and some silent and invisible, sweeping about the globe with tireless and beneficent energy.

There are permanent trade-winds, ocean currents that never fail, and tides of undeviating regularity. The wise man seeks to know how he can steer his transient fortunes into the permanent currents of the spiritual world. But there are other currents that are not permanent. They are called tidal waves, and are caused by abnormal upheavals of the bed of the ocean, attributed to earthquakes or sub-oceanic volcanoes. These have their analogues in popular excitements and manias that have no definite relation to permanent increments of progress. In every department of life such things may be noted, especially in politics, religion, and the social democracy. In the religious world we have frequent illustrations of this fact, and are likely in the near future to have more of them.

The religious "revival" of 1857 was a remarkable phenomenon of this kind. It was spontaneous, and was carried at high tension, without the interposition and management of revivalists of any kind. Indeed it was largely a layman's revival, carried on without the leadership and control of the ministers. It followed the

Digitized by Google

"hard times" of '57. It was emotional, sentimental, and undogmatic; it was irrational to the last degree, and there can never be another one like it; and yet it was beneficial, because it was a high tide of optimism. Let us describe a meeting. At eight o'clock of a winter's morning a stranger entered a city church where service was being held. A congregation of nearly a thousand people were singing, with full hearted fervor, "Out on an ocean all boundless we ride." Excepting the mention of "the harbor of heaven," which is the destination, and an ascription of praise to God at the end of the voyage, there is not in the hymn a religious suggestion from beginning to end, and yet the enthusiastic singing of it by that congregation was a great musical event, to be compared only with the "Hallelujah Chorus," and the cause of an emotional uplift such as is felt but once in a life-time. There is not a word in it about sin, sorrow, penitence, atonement, or any doctrinal allusion, but there is in it a joyous expression of confidence and hope. The wind rises, the storm roars, but under "the loud creaking sail" the ship plunges through stormy winds and angry waves towards the peaceful port of heaven. With an outburst of confidence, the congregation, with all its might, brings the hymn to its triumphant conclusion,—

"Glory to God: we will shout evermore;
We're home at last, home at last"

The hymn, toned down somewhat, may be found in the "Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association; but the hymn, as printed there, does not even suggest the tumult of emotion that attended its first appearance as a revival melody sixty years ago. The hymn ended in that early morning meeting, and the congregation settled down to await the movements of the spirit.

In swift succession there came prayers, testimonies, and exhortations. There were no threats, no denunciations of wrath, and there was no leadership and no management such as have been such marked features in the campaigns of Moody and Sankey, Chapman and Alexander, and the orgies presided over by "Billy" Sunday. Soon new voices are heard; young men and maidens are moved to begin the religious life by open confession, and a wave of tender emotion sweeps over the congregation as some one begins softly to sing, "There are angels hovering round"; this is repeated three times, then is added "To carry the tidings home"; this also is repeated three times, then is added "To the new Jerusalem." By this time the doors of the supernal world seem to be opened, with the confident belief that messages are passing to and fro between this house of prayer and the saints in heaven. More testimonies are heard. "The Shining Shore" is sung, and promptly at the close of the hour, the congregation is dismissed, and goes into the outer world of reality.

Three times a day for several weeks these meetings were held, and then society resumed its wonted course, and the great spontaneous revival of 1857 was over. Nothing like it has come since that time, and may never come again; but, in the opinion of the writer, something similar to it in spontaneity and general scope, some sweeping tide of emotional religious excitement, is due to occur within the next two years, or at any time, if there should come a period of widespread depression in business affairs.

Prior to 1857 the country had been swept for ten or fifteen years by reforms, genuine and fantastic; by manias, moral and immoral; by delusions, theoretical and practical. There was no village that had not been moved by some such thing as the Second Advent, women's rights, dress reform, Bloomerism, Spiritualism, abolitionism, phrenology, Thomsonianism, hydropathy, the Grahamite reform, Mesmerism, Fourierism, homœopathy, the war with Mexico, and other more or less exciting topics. Of all these things, the people were weary; distrust of old doctrines was in the air, and there was a great hungering and thirsting for the things not seen that are eternal.

Something like this is in the mind of the people to-day. It is as yet largely subconscious, but it is likely to come to expression at any time when the negative mood which is dominant everywhere is swept aside by some uprushing tide of spiritual affirmation; and the religious revival that will come with it will not need the wonderful, magnetic hands of Dr. Chapman, which were photographed in Australia and sent around the civilized world as an advance announcement of the coming of the Holy Ghost. To some extent, ethical passion will be a pervasive strain in the uplifting impulse; but the main stress will be laid on the reality of spirit and the invocation of help from the God of all comfort. G. B.

The Aeroplane in Theology.

The most wonderful and significant conquest by man since he occupied this planet is the conquest of the air. The realm which was known has, by this conquest, become a really new realm. It was known, but not entered on; and what was known did not have due effect. Now there cannot fail to follow irresistible deductions from the fact that men navigate the heavens, have already established regular traffic and lines of travel through the air, have made a science of what was largely mystery, and announce future triumphs, which are accepted as a matter of course, though only a few years ago, it was authoritatively proved by expert demonstration that a heavier-than-air flying-machine was as impossible as squaring the circle.

Whatever important developments of a practical nature may follow this opening of a new realm, there are certain consequences of a theological nature which already appear. The navigation of the air will drive angels into human companionships and within human apprehension. Although it has long been suspected that angels were not winged creatures, who, in favored times past, conveyed messages to certain individuals, accrediting them with divine authority, informing them of divine favor, and furnishing invincible evidence to hesitant believers that they were better than human, yet the suspicion was only a suspicion. Although their reality has for a great many people been purely a symbolical reality, yet in certain connections they could not quite bring themselves to put the symbolic interpretation in place of the literal accounts. Certain exceptions had to be kept; and, with reference to the most important events in the Gospels, it is still perilous to make the angelic evidence of them too figurative. But the matter of flying through the air is now made clear. Those who can accomplish this wonder are well known, and their number is increasing. And though they are brave and worthy men, and in some cases courageous and admirable women, no one claims that they are angels. They have wings, and, though in construction remarkable, yet it is not pretended that they are of the kind hitherto indispensable for heavenly visitants. People who fly through the air nowadays are just like other people, and attain no higher rank in character for their enterprise; and their wings are made of wood and canvas and metal, and beat the air by virtue of gasolene engines. It is all very simple and matter-of-fact. Here are people doing what only angels could ever be supposed to do, and doing the one thing which proved

their doers to be angels, and yet they are not angels at all, and their wings are manufactured on earth, not grown in heaven, and what they do any one can do who knows how, without being good at all.

This might seem to be a shock to people who have staked their all on getting their confidence in heavenly things through angels who fly down from heaven. But the happy thing about it is that the transfer has been made so naturally and so unconsciously that there has been no shock at all. It was prepared for ahead by the immigration of so many angels into human life, and their domestication, invisibly in human homes. And now that our idea of them has been driven in, so to speak, from the cold spaces of vacuity to the genial companionship of human nature, we are not half so surprised as it might be thought we should be, that they were here all the time, and never could have been anywhere else. So every one will now look for angels on earth among people instead of in the heavens. That a man can fly will prove that he has a monoplane or a biplane, and has learned how to use it, and it will prove nothing else. And to prove that there are angels, one will be forced to look around him and not above him. The necessity of showing angelic authority in this way will put a good many angels out of business, it is true, but it will make the industry a good deal more popular, nevertheless, than it has ever been, and we shall see a good many more angels than men ever saw before, for the possibility of being angels, or at least of having the companionship of angels, will be within general reach. Heavy harps, and cold gold crowns, and wings incapable of lifting those who wear them, no longer being requisite, and a most unattractive journey no longer being compulsory, people will begin learning the angel art who would never have thought of it before. They will find that good thoughts travel through the air and lift them, with whatever weights they carry, as the old-fashioned kind of angel never could do. They will find that a simple change of temper from bitter to sweet will levitate them with truly magic suddenness. They will not only learn thus to fly themselves, but they will set others flying, too; and the secret, not being patented, will spread, so that any one with the least sense in the world can begin the fascinating experiment of being an angel. People will not sing, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand," for they will just be angels, and stay standing just where they were before.

When one starts thinking how much the aëroplane will change men's ideas of theology, there come to mind so many changes that one quickly loses count. But a change, which is the companion to the first we have mentioned, may be suggested. When we get through living here, we shall not have to go through the sky to reach the heaven of the hereafter. We know no human body could rise of itself, alive or dead, up into the air. The aëroplane has shown us that. The men who have nearly frozen to death flying over the Alps, prove that heaven does not lie in that direction. Believing that Christ ascended up into heaven and sits on the right hand of the throne of God, isn't helped by pictures of an ascension of a mortal body. The aëroplane makes that picture too absurd to be poetic. Faith in immortality does not rest on any such grounds. The aëroplane has banished the insecure representation, and turned us to a deeper foundation. As the sky is no longer the realm of angels, but the earth, so it is no longer the abode of the spirits of just men made perfect. They are in a spiritual realm, and we shall join their noble company according as we learn and practise the laws of that realm. As it was said of old, though not yet realized, "The kingdom of God is within you."

American Unitarian Association.

The New Hymn Book.

The appearance of the New Hymn and Tune Book is an event of no small importance in the life of our fellowship of churches. Many societies have been long and impatiently waiting for the new book, but all have agreed that it is better that such a task should be done right than that it should be done quickly.

Many heads and hearts and hands have contributed to the making of the Hymn Book. It is not the product of any one mind. Its contents are fairly representative of the taste and judgment of our whole body. It is a real and vital expression of our collective life. The foundation of the new book is in the "Hymn and Tune Book" published by the Association in 1877. The new book is primarily a new edition of that tested and still acceptable volume.

The first task of the Editorial Committee was to discover just what hymns and tunes in the old book are still used and valued in our churches. A very careful inquiry, answered by a large proportion of our ministers and by many choir masters, revealed what hymns and tunes might be dropped without being seriously missed and what hymns and tunes had best be retained. The answers to this inquiry were tabulated and made the basis of selection. The Editorial Committee did not, that is, exercise its own judgment in the choice of the material in the old book which is included in the new edition. The committee simply recorded the votes of the ministers and interested people of our churches. If, then, any individual misses in the new edition some old favorite, he may be sure that it was dropped because an insufficient number of our people voted for its retention. On the other hand, if any one wonders why this or that hymn or tune was retained, he may assume that it is because a considerable number of his fellow-workers declared in writing that it was "indispensable." As a result of this census, two hundred and forty-two of the hymns of the old book and one hundred and two of the tunes are retained in the new edition.

The committee has endeavored to preserve the familiar associations of hymn and tune wherever such associations can be definitely determined. It has, however, been discovered that these associations differ materially. In all cases where the experience of the members of the committee was unlike, tables were constructed showing the musical settings of the hymns in the four books now most generally used in our churches. These tables often disclosed the fact that there is no established usage in our older hymn books. Often the settings are not alike in any two books. The association of hymns and tunes, that is, varies according to the book which one has heretofore used and there is no general law or precedent.

In the selection of new material the committee made very wide and thorough search through scores of hymn books ancient and modern. The notes made by the individual members of the committee were then collectively studied and compared, and sifting after sifting has produced a winnowed harvest of the best hymns and tunes that have come into existence since the 1877 book was issued. This winnowed harvest has then again been thoroughly gone over with the members of the Advisory Committee, eighteen ladies and gentlemen representing our experienced compilers, authors, ministers, and choir masters, who have been most generous in putting their knowledge at the disposal of our fellowship. In addition, as the book has progressed towards completion many ministers have had opportunity to study the material and to offer comment and suggestion. It is therefore

Digitized by Google

fair to say that whatever may be the merits or faults of the collection, they are thoroughly representative of the use, taste, and habit of our group of churches.

It is not for me to point out what these merits or defects are, though as I have served as chairman of the committee since its organization I am probably as keenly alive to them as any one can be. I want, however, to bear testimony to the industry and fidelity of my colleagues, to their scrupulous desire to be thorough and just, and to their good-tempered tolerance of the whims or prejudices of the chairman. It is probably well known that the man who has had most to do with the making of the book is the Rev. Henry Wilder Foote. It is on the table of his office or in his little den on Bear Island on the Maine coast that the material has been spread out for study and comparison. He it is who has carried the heavy packages from city to city to consult ministers or organists or the members of the Advisory Committee. He has constructed the splendidly complete indexes, and while no member of the committee has shirked the hard work of proofreading, it is Mr. Foote who has put on the final approval. He has made countless visits to the University Press during the long months of typesetting and printing, and no plate has been accepted without his scrutiny.

Beside all this labor it should be understood that Mr. Foote's own judgment has probably had more to do with the actual selection of the hymns and tunes than that of any other individual. The three members of the Editorial Committee have indeed worked together in intimate and cordial co-operation, but it is well understood that they represent somewhat different points of view. It happens that each one of the three has in his own church and family used a different hymn book. Each, that is, has a different tradition about the contents of such a book and about the associations of hymns and tunes. One member of the committee is known to cherish what has been called an "academic" standard, and has been inclined to exclude the hymns that do not possess real literary merit and the tunes that cannot pass the favorable judgment of the best musical authorities. This member of the committee also dislikes altered hymns, and believes in excluding hymns that cannot be used just as the authors wrote them. The severity of his standards has been offset by the more generous and inclusive spirit of the second member of the committee, who has represented the feeling that the words and tunes that have long been used and loved in our churches ought to be kept even if they do not conform to the highest standards, and even if they have to be altered a bit to make them acceptable to our present theological conceptions. Naturally, these two judgments or traditions have sometimes good-naturedly clashed, and then the third member has held the casting vote.

Mr. Foote's inheritances, tastes, and training have all fitted him for these responsibilities. He was brought up in the love of good hymns. His father and mother compiled the "Hymns of the Church Universal," published in 1890. His aunt, Mrs. Tileston, and his uncle, Mr. Arthur Foote, compiled the "Hymns for Church and Home," published by the Association in 1896 and familiar in many of our churches. He himself collaborated in the making of a collection of hymns for school use in Ann Arbor. He has long been an earnest student of hymnology, and he knows how to trace the origin of a hymn with the same instinct that guided Agassiz in the reconstruction of a fossil fish or Robertson Smith in the interpretation of a Semitic text. He has known, too, how to employ expert assistance. Our churches will probably never know how much they are indebted to the assiduous skill of Miss Mary P. Webster, who has read every note of the musical text. In two instances where the committee was at a loss to discover appropriate tunes for hymns which they were anxious to include, Miss Webster has herself provided excellent and original settings.

The new book will not help our common worship if it is handled ignorantly or heedlessly. If our ministers and our people give it the careful study it deserves, they will discover that the new hymns are almost without exception beautiful in form and imagery and modern in spirit and phrase. The tunes are equally rich and noble, though as the musical sensibility of the great majority of people falls in these times behind their literary taste and discernment, the tunes are less likely to be appreciated. The Editorial Committee has realized that what it was putting together was not a work of art or an achievement in literature, but a good working tool, a means to an end much larger than itself. The selections have been made with a view primarily to their efficiency in the public worship of our churches. The standard of the book is high but absolutely practicable. Trivial verse and insipid music have indeed been rigidly excluded. The hymns are not sentimental or didactic, but noble expressions of religious devotion and spiritual fervor. The tunes have virility and distinction and at the same time are quite within the capacity of an ordinary congregation.

With the aid of the New Hymn Book good congregational singing ought to be as possible as it is desirable in every church of our fellowship. Of course it will fail in churches where there is no real religious vitality that craves expression. It cannot succeed in the face of ministerial neglect or choir autocracy, but if the matter is treated with sympathetic common sense our congregational singing can become strong and worthy and we shall be freed from the reproach that in too many of our churches the people are only passive listeners.

The efficient use of the new book requires a minister who will select hymns intelligently and an organist who can play the tunes correctly and with contagious enthusiasm. It needs a reasonable readiness on the part of the people to take up and practise new tunes. Occasional comment by the minister on the beauty or dignity of the hymns and the appropriateness of the musical settings will help in introducing the new book. Family use will then endear it and it will be gradually enriched with sacred associations.

This hymn-book, if widely adopted and wisely used, will prove a unifying force and a spiritual impulse of incalculable value in our communion.

Samuel A. Eliot.

Current Topics.

The passage by the House of the bill repealing that clause of the Panama Canal act which provides for the exemption of American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls, was assured on March 27, when the House, after a short but spirited contest, adopted a rule of closure, in order to hasten final action on the measure and hurry it to the Senate. The President's earnest recommendation for a prompt repeal of a provision of law which he and his advisers regard as a violation of treaty obligations, was accomplished in the face of bitter opposition from practically all the Democratic leaders in Congress, including Representative Underwood, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and Speaker Champ Clark, who denounced the proposed curtailment of debate as "gag rule." With its transmission to the Senate, the bill faces even more determined

Digitized by Google

opposition than that which it encountered in the House. Senator O'Gorman, who has announced his hostility to the President's plan of repeal as a surrender of rights to Great Britain and other foreign powers, at the beginning of the proceedings on the measure in the Senate, indicated his purpose to leave no means untried to retain for American shipping the favored treatment accorded in the existing act.

The announcement of plans of retrenchment by several of the great railroad systems of the country, including the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the New York Central & Hudson River, and the Pennsylvania, is causing wide-spread discussion throughout the country. In certain quarters in Washington, there is an apparent disposition to regard the extensive reduction of working forces on various trunk lines as an attempt to influence the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is considering the application of the railroad systems east of the Mississippi for leave to introduce an increase in rates. On the other hand, current statements by railroad managers, notably Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio, plainly point to a depletion of resources which might well be regarded as a legitimate cause for drastic measures in an endeavor to curtail expenditures, even at the risk of a deterioration of service in both passenger and freight departments.

The political crisis in Great Britain, as a result of Ulster's violent opposition to the application of the proposed measure of Home Rule for Ireland, reached a grave point at the end of last week, when an unprecedented attack upon the king became a feature of the current discussion of the issue in the House of Commons and in the radical and liberal press. The intervention of the sovereign in the controversy between the government and the army officers who sought to resign their commissions rather than take part in any administrative steps that may have been contemplated to prevent the employment of force by the Ulstermen, precipitated an animated protest from the labor benches in the House of Commons. For the first time in a century, the attacks upon the crown were received with a demonstration of approval from the government side, which must have caused a lively sensation at Buckingham Palace. The Unionists, exulting in the obstacle which had suddenly confronted the Cabinet in its resolute attempt to carry out its electoral pledge to the Irish people, made no secret of their conviction that the insubordination of the army had frustrated the Home Rule movement for the time being.

The recalcitrant attitude of some of the highest army chiefs, including Field Marshal Sir John French, precipitated the concrete issue in the House of Commons, "Shall the country be ruled by the army or by Parliament?" Radicals, laborites, and liberals united in the complaint that the army, as at present organized and commanded, had proved its uselessness in a time of need, and a demand was voiced for a new order of things, whereby the army should be taken out of the control of the nobility, who heretofore, because of the low scale of pay in effect, have practically monopolized the commissioned ranks. The tenor of the discussions in the House indicated the proximity of a new general election, with the prospect that one of the issues to be presented in the forthcoming appeal to the people will be a radical reorganization of the army, in order to make it more representative of the nation and more responsive to its desires than it has proved to be in the present extraordinary situation.

The deadlock between the House of Peers and the House of Representatives on the naval appropriations brought about a crisis in the Japanese Parliament, which was terminated on March 23 by the issuance of an imperial edict suspending the session until March 25, when Parliament, in the usual course of events, would have reached an adjournment. Thus the edict had the effect of a prorogation. Before the issuance of the edict, a grave situation had been precipitated by a series of bitter attacks upon the government, culminating in the introduction of a resolution to impeach the Cabinet, and by violent demands for energetic action against officers and civilians who had been accused of corrupt dealings in connection with the awarding of contracts for naval supplies. With Parliament out of the way, the emperor addressed himself to the task of forming a new ministry,—an undertaking which was beset with great difficulties, on account of the inflamed state of public opinion.

The Federal forces at Torreon displayed unexpected powers of resistance, in spite of General Villa's predictions of an easy victory for the Constitutionalists, and it even appeared at the beginning of the week that the decisive attempt of the rebel armies to reduce the Huertista stronghold might prove abortive after heavy losses of life. Side by side with its grim resistance at Torreon, the Huerta administration developed a financial and administrative vitality in Mexico City which augured ill for the early success of the Constitutionalists. It was apparent at the beginning of the week that the dictator, far from being in a helpless condition from the lack of the sinews of war, was rehabilitating his finances as the result of an agreement with the banks of Mexico City; and it even was predicted that he might soon undertake to pay the interest on foreign bonds which he defaulted two months ago. The newest events in Mexico City were being observed with great interest by the administration at Washington.

Brevities.

To be able to appreciate anything excellent reveals that something akin to that excellence also dwells in ourselves.

We live most truly in our emotions. Other things may interest our thoughts and engage our attention, reason may exhort and will control us, but the life of our feelings reaches deepest and remains the longest.

From the words inscribed on the statue of Senator George F. Hoar near the City Hall in Worcester, we regard the following as most typical of the attitude and character of the man: "I believe that to-day is better than yesterday, and that to-morrow will be better than to-day."

Harvard University is going forward in earnest into the study of the history, languages, economics, and business affairs of the republics of South America. Already an endowed professorship of Latin-American history and economics has been established. This is a departure promising great and fruitful results.

Mr. E. H. Wilson, familiarly known as "Chinese" Wilson, has made four journeys within the last fourteen years into the remotest portions of western China, as a shrub and plant hunter. As a result, it is said that he has brought into the gardens of Europe and America more new species of hardy trees and shrubs than were known there before. He has sent to the Arnold Arboretum,

near Boston, more distinct trees and shrubs than are to be found native in the cool temperate parts of eastern North America.

According to McClintock and Strong's "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," it seems there are no less than sixteen books missing from the Old Testament which clearly ought to be there. At least, they are referred to in one place or another in the Bible as if they were genuine and true Old Testament books.

One of the most needed factors and forces in human life is courage,– courage of thought, conviction, and action. Our constant prayer should be that we may live our lives courageously. We like audacity, whether in the good or evil life, far better than the attitude of timidity or the spirit of servility. A man should hold up his head and face the whole world with a brave heart. Says Emerson, "God will not be served by cowards."

According to a prominent Japanese critic, who is "a devout Christian believer," the failure to Christianize Asia is because the typical American religion is too practical and worldly, and does not recognize the value of religious work which cannot be shown by statistics. Americans, this critic says, put not so much stress upon truth itself as upon the influence which truth has upon politics and society, and "do not understand mystical religion."

Mark Twain counted it as one of the milestones of progress when Elias Howe discovered that for five thousand years mankind had been, as he said, "threading the wrong end of the needle." A new epoch, of perhaps equal importance, opened when men discovered that the self-propelling car, the automobile, could run without rails if only the roads were good enough. This is leading to an extensive national movement to construct a trans-continental highway.

Letters to the Editor.

Service Pensions.

To the Editor of the Christain Register:—

The editorial note concerning service pensions for Unitarian ministers, and the appeal of Mr. Applebee, leave something more that needs to be said to clear up some confusion of thought on the subject.

We have three distinct funds to be used for aged and destitute ministers:—

1. The Society for Ministerial Relief, founded by Nathaniel Thayer and others, grants sums up to a limit of $500 to ministers at least fifty-five years of age who need assistance. This is not a service pension.

2. The Ministerial Aid Fund is held by the American Unitarian Association, and the income is distributed by the president and a committee, at their discretion, to worthy and distressed ministers and their families. This is not a service pension fund.

3. The fund for which Mr. Applebee appeals is strictly a service pension fund. The income is distributed to all ministers sixty-five years old who have had an active and honorable career of service of at least twenty years. This is a genuine service pension, given not as a gratuity, but as a deferred salary, honorably earned.

This explanation is offered in the belief that many lay persons do not know all the facts, and that money has been or may be given for one fund when it is the intention of the donor to give to another one.

LIFE MEMBER.

Boston, Mass.

The Passing of a Palm.

Weary of my weakness
In the race of life,
Woefully defeated
In its daily strife.

Lo! I saw one passing
With a spray of palm,
And my soul sang in me
A triumphant psalm.

Victors of the ages
Somehow seemed to be
Through those glowing branches
Reaching help to me.

Saints and martyrs hailed me,
Yea, the Christly One
Sent His bidding through me,—
"On to victory run!"

What a flinching coward
I had lately been!
Oh, transforming power
Of the holy green!

Calm I rose to struggle,
Victory in view.
What a mighty marvel
Just a palm may do!

—*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

Real Things.

BY PERCY F. BICKNELL.

The king in his counting-room, counting out his money, and the queen in the parlor, eating bread and honey, may seem to themselves at the time to be getting very close to some of the real things of existence. "Surely," the king would argue, "hard cash has in it all the reality one could well ask for. All earthly values are translatable into terms of money, while money itself is irreducible; it is value reduced to its ultimate terms. It is, in other words, the greatest common divisor, the least common multiple, and the only thing of universal and unquestionable worth." Or, on her part, the queen might say: "No, money is only a symbol. It stands for good things to eat and pretty things to wear; it is the medium whereby we obtain bread and honey and other desirable commodities. Bread and honey and silk gowns are the real things." "Not so," interposes the court poet. "Food and apparel and all other things necessary to the body are but ministers to physical needs, and the physical frame is given us in order that we may turn it to our uses in making visible and audible and tangible the beautiful creations of the mind and spirit. These fair products of our inspiration are the real things." "Be not too sure of that, my friend," rejoins a cynical courtier. "What do you do with these fair products, as you call them, but make haste to carry them to market and sell them to the highest bidder? You inspired ones are never content until you have converted your poem or your painting, your statue or your tenor warblings, into cash; and then you go ahead and write more poems and paint more pictures, model more statues and warble more notes, for more cash. So, you see, money is the real thing with you, after all."

Opinions as to what is fundamental, what is real and ultimate and not based upon or resolvable into anything else, are, of course, almost as many as there are thinkers on the perplexing subject. By a process of reasoning little short of diabolical in its cunning, every virtue can be made to appear to strike its roots into a corresponding vice, and the whole structure of morals to be reared on a rotten foundation. Mark Twain tells, in one of his

autobiographic chapters, how he and Mr. Howells once beguiled the tedium of a railway journey between New York and Boston by demonstrating, in mock seriousness, and by what might appear to be unanswerable arguments, that every so-called generous and kindly act, even a fond mother's tender care of her infant child, is, in the last analysis, prompted by self-interest, and hence an act of selfishness. In like manner the heroism displayed in the sacrifice of one's life in a good cause is, of course, translatable by the cynic into that subtlest form of cowardice, the mortal dread of public censure of the contrary course. If one but have the sour disposition and the mental and moral squint of an Apemantus or a Thersites, the most hideous aspect can be given any and every virtue; and the tragedy of it all is that the jaundiced observer is as sure that the color clothing the world to his view is the real color as the healthy person is convinced of the reality of those fairer hues in which he sees everything about him. In fact, it is a truism that the mentally diseased are much more immovably set in their opinions than are the sane.

An incident of recent occurrence will illustrate how far astray a perverse disposition can carry one in the quest we are all engaged in for the things that are real and satisfying. A certain person, dwelling in a modest street among kindly but not socially prominent neighbors, conceived the notion that a larger and freer and more abounding life could be lived in a more spacious abode in a wider street more fashionably situated. The near contact of so many unstylish, unassuming folk, genuine and free from snobbery, had become irksome to this aspiring person of pitiably mistaken ideals; and, as it unfortunately happened that means were forthcoming for the desired change of scene, the change was made. But the habit of doing violence to what is truest and best in human relationships, having been once acquired, carried the victim onward to the logical and terrible end. A still bigger house and a more solitary grandeur ere long followed the first attempt to attain a fuller existence. Cravings, still persistent under abuse, for sympathy and affection and congenial companionship led to that foolish lavishing of unappreciated tenderness on pet animals that we have all witnessed on the part of persons hopelessly deaf to human appeals for even a simple fairness of treatment. At last, having carried nearly to the extreme the process of sundering the human ties that would gladly have knit themselves firmly and enduringly if they had been given but half a chance, this woefully misguided seeker for the nobler realities of life began to entertain the belief, perhaps not wholly groundless by this time, thanks to repeated acts fatal to a cordial understanding with others, that the whole world had turned against her (the sex of the sufferer will have been guessed ere this); and so firmly rooted and strongly trunked and vigorously branched did this idea become that it soon gained possession of her whole mind. Melancholia followed; doctors and nurses were summoned, but unavailingly; despondency deepened; and one day the unfortunate person was arrested in the act of attempting to take her own life. After this it was but a short step to pronounced insanity; and so this quest for the real thing that should leave nothing more to be desired ended in an asylum for the mentally deranged, with no prospect of a reinstatement of the abused faculties of mind and heart.

Such instances as that of this unnamed person help to make patent, if it be not patent enough before, the inevitability of disaster and ruin consequent upon all self-seeking, if persistently enough indulged in. So invariably do the fruits selfishly clutched at turn bitter to the taste that many a sadly wise person has finally acquired a reluctance to ask for even his just dues, knowing that contentment is not to be found in them when they are obtained, but rather a sort of shame and self-scorn at not having remained silent. Extremes meet, and all qualities tend, in the Heraclitean flux of things, to run into their opposites. Self-impoverishment has a strange way of turning out to be self-enrichment, and self-seeking ends in the worst kind of destitution. Our own seems often to come to us soonest when we run away from it. It has made itself plain to many that the seeming annihilation of death is the most enlarging and satisfying experience that can befall one. Indeed, one is often tempted, in this world of so much futile endeavor, to believe that the only really satisfying thing in life is the leaving of it. There is a certain finality and indisputability about that performance that, in moments of weariness and disappointment, appeal to a reflective person most powerfully. At any rate, the reflective person is far from being ready to believe that the king and the queen in the nursery rhyme have hit upon the really real things. The maid in the garden, hanging out the clothes, is likely to be a good deal nearer to it than are their royal majesties.

Malden, Mass.

Simplicity and Elaboration in Worship.

BY A. C. N.

A recent article in the *Register*, on "Religious Narcotics," suggests the form of worship frequently found in English chapels of our faith. It seems to be a happy compromise between the customary congregational usage here at home and the ritualism of the Established Church. Simplicity of worship may mean the bald austerity of a Friends' meeting, as elaboration may mean the most ultra high-church ritualism; but the English Unitarian chapels in their manner avoid both extremes, and present a pleasing escape from the crudities of public extemporaneous devotions, at the same time habituating their people to a high dignity of religious expression.

The English people are much more fond of music than we are, as they are also much more fond of flowers; and their singing every Sunday, with such marked fervor and unanimity, not only the hymns, but the chants, joined to their reverent participation in the prescribed prayers, impresses one with the warmth and religiousness of the service. An English gentleman, whose brother is an M.P., said to an American visitor: "We could not have an extemporaneous prayer in our chapel, could we? Why, our minister might have been ill the preceding night, and, in any case, we should not know what he would say."

It is probably true that the persistence of a more or less ritualistic service in our chapels over there is due to the almost irresistible influence and prestige of the Established Church, but it must be confessed that the clear and beautiful diction, united with the rarely spiritual sentiment of Dr. Martineau and other distinguished Unitarians of his type, formulated into prayers, does comfort and uplift as an extemporaneous prayer rarely can. At the beautiful little Unitarian chapel at Bournemouth, where the minister's voice is such a one as Emerson said "the voice of a man who lives with God" should be, "like the murmur of the brook or the rustle of the corn," one is caught up into sympathy with every turn of the service, and inwardly fed and chastened.

Possibly some of our people here at home have feared that any enrichment of our service must mean a tolerance of antiquated ideas. But nothing of that sort necessarily follows, and the English Unitarians are quite as

much "up to date" in theology and philosophy as ourselves, while their use of the most modern hymns, such as Gannett's, Hosmer's, Gill's, Johnson's, and Whittier's, far exceeds our own. One need not abate a jot or tittle of the most robust conviction in order to add the most refined expression to modern worship. Indeed, it is the very lack of this latest inspiration of the Most High in the service of a sacred place, like that of Christ Church Cathedral at Oxford, which makes "the little rift within the lute" of its marvellous choir renderings, and causes one to long for a rational union of music and prayer. Is it not something of this sort which Mrs. Humphry Ward has expressed a desire for in one of her most recent novels?

At the Ethical church, in London, there seemed to be great reverence among the crowded seats, and, while the "canticle," sung by a choir with the utmost purity of tone, was a selection from Walt Whitman, and Dr. Coit's address was what the average man would call secular, and the prayer was "silent," the combination of rationalism and sanctity was beautifully achieved. The English people are more reverent than we are in all their worshipping assemblies. One likes it, and thinks regretfully of our lack.

There are many people in our churches who "miss something" in our worship, who find it "cold," but whose minds will not permit them to seek what they miss elsewhere at the cost of their convictions. The writer is hoping that his friend, who has long been a leading singer in one of England's noblest cathedrals, but not in sympathy with the cathedral teachings, may now, on going to a liberal London church, find there the union of common sense and sensibility which we all desire.

Spiritual Life.

Spiritual rest and peace are found as a result of perseverance through tribulation, not in exemption from tribulation.—*H. C. Trumbull.*

Meditation illuminates, it warms, it invigorates; and by doing this it gives that inward proof of its own reality which has been most highly prized by the most devoted servants of God.—*Dr. Liddon.*

The highest state of religious life is when a man sacrifices every personal and worldly advantage, encounters every annoyance or peril, if need be, rather than be in the least untrue to what his soul believes the commandments of God.—*J. Storrs Smith.*

A soul in which the spirit of a divine purpose is at flood glorifies everything it touches, enhaloes every place and act, lifts the meanest thing to be divine, sends the thrill of its energy through the dullest, puts life into that which seems death. Such a soul transfigures, if it may not transmute, everything it comes in contact with.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

Opportunity, like air, surrounds us with equal pressure on all sides. It is always present. It literally haunts us with its insistent invitation to effort and achievement. We complain that we cannot win success because we lack opportunity. Let us be frank enough with ourselves to admit that what we lack is not opportunity, but the wit to recognize opportunity when we see it, and the perseverance and industry to follow its lead after we have recognized it. We may lack sufficient wisdom or strength to push opportunity to success, but this is not the fault of opportunity. We succeed or fail as we make effective or ineffective use of opportunity, and the cause of our failures can be located in ourselves.—*M. Franklin Ham.*

Would you infuse a new vigor into your lagging desires for good and once more set forth your aspirations after holiness upon an upward flight? Forget yourselves in toil and prayer and hope for mankind.—*Charles Beard.*

To me this is the profoundest of all truths,—that the whole of the life of God is the sacrifice of self. God is love: love is sacrifice, to give rather than receive,—the blessedness of self-giving. . . . All the life of God is a flow of this divine self-giving charity.—*F. W. Robertson.*

The Truth concerning Unitarianism.

BY DR. WALTER L. MASON.

An Answer to Rev. W. A. Sunday.

Dr. Mason's protest against certain statements made in Pittsburgh by the noted revivalist has received much attention, and we have been urgently asked to give it still wider circulation. Dr. Mason, speaking to the people of his own church in Pittsburgh, said:—

I have been your minister for nearly fourteen years. You are my witnesses that in all that time I have never manifested anything but the utmost respect and good-will toward all churches. I have warm friends in all the churches, and personally I would suffer any abuse in silence rather than enter into a theological controversy; because I respect the faith of all sincere people, and because all people are going to come into a better understanding of each other and greater similarity of thought even in religion, not by forcing creeds on other people, but by the influence of a common education lifting us all up into a better understanding of the truth. But since Unitarians and their faith are being denounced day after day in the most violent language before thousands of people in this city, and since I stand as one of the representatives of Unitarianism, I have no right to be silent.

Let me say in the beginning that I have not the slightest ill-will toward Mr. Sunday. I believe he is absolutely sincere and to the utmost of his ability he is living up to his light; but I have been asked so often what in Unitarianism kindles the anger of Mr. Sunday, that I wish to speak of that teaching which the revivalist opposes.

First let me say a word concerning his assertion that Unitarianism is dying out. If that were true, there would be little use to learn what it is. Never in its comparatively short history has the Unitarian Church grown as it has in the past decade. When I began my ministry twenty-five years ago there were 316 Unitarian churches, now there are 515 churches in this country. Of this number 36 have been added in the last three years. To consider the region near at hand: take the triangle including Buffalo, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. Twenty-five years ago this region had but three Unitarian churches; to-day there are 14.

The growth within our denomination is small compared with our growth outside denominational lines. Men like Emerson have gone far afield; Channing's works have been translated into every European tongue; and the seed which the fathers have scattered abroad in faith and love is now producing the harvest. On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the American

Unitarian Association, President Eliot launched a movement for an international congress of liberal churches—churches of the modern spirit and the Unitarian habit of mind, without regard to their names or earlier traditions.

Around the Unitarian standard six sessions have been held in Europe and America. Thirty different nationalities and sixty different church fellowships are represented in this international congress. Among the speakers have been Harnack, Eucken, Paul Sabatier, and scores of the most famous scholars of Germany, France, and England. It has been estimated that one-fourth of the Protestant churches of Germany and one-third of the Protestant churches of Holland were represented in the congress when it met in Berlin, which means that they are in fellowship with Unitarians. There are absolutely no facts to warrant the statement that the Unitarian Church is dying. When we consider who says it is, we are constrained to believe that "the wish is father of the thought."

However, it is not the size of our church which frightens and angers Mr. Sunday. It is rather the influence of Unitarianism on modern literature and in the historic and scientific method of education. Possibly he gives us more credit than we really deserve, but he is quite right that the trend of all modern education is in sympathy with Unitarianism and is away from his methods. Fifty years ago it was the custom for colleges to conduct revivals. For several weeks every winter class work was practically suspended in the attempt to convert the students. To-day, with the possible exception of some little sectarian institutions, there is not a college or a university in the land that would consider such an idea for a moment, not because there is less interest in religion, but because the subject has been given more thought. Eight universities have established departments of religious education, and forty universities and colleges have one or more professors devoting the entire year to religious education; and there is much less dissipation and idleness in college life, much more earnest and serious work now than when all was dependent on a few weeks' emotional appeal.

Mr. Sunday, like all others who wish to prejudice the uninformed against Unitarianism, makes use of the old stock misrepresentation: that the Unitarians do not believe in or accept Jesus. Nothing could be more false. We do emphatically reject a very popular belief about Jesus, and we have never made any secret of that fact; but we believe so fully in him and in what he said that we cannot believe in the metaphysical theory which some of those who came after him built up about him. While our disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity concerns us little, rarely ever thinking of it, our belief in Jesus and in the great truths which he revealed and our reverence for him are among the most sacred possessions of our hearts.

Mr. Sunday is reported as saying, "Jesus said, 'I am the son of God'; if he was not, then he was a liar." Let me ask: When Christians use the Lord's Prayer and say, "Our Father," are they liars? The inspiring message of Jesus to the world was that man is the child of God and is, therefore, divine. So we stand in profound reverence before the man who sounds the height and depth of that nature so fully as to reflect in his face the glory of his Father. Mr. Sunday's manner of addressing Jesus, even in his prayers, is so irreverent as to be shocking to Unitarians.

To the man who knows, this old charge that Unitarians reject Jesus is only a popular subterfuge. There are other very vital points on which it is not so easy to appeal to popular prejudice. Mr. Sunday dislikes Unitarians because they believe that the only real salvation is obtained through the development of character. That is something more than faith or belief, it is something that requires time and the exercise of all the faculties of man's nature; and from the revivalist's point of view the worst part of it is that Unitarians have made good this faith in human nature.

Without the motive of fear, without belief in either hell or the devil, they have reared children into the finest types of manhood and womanhood and furnished a large share of the leaders of the modern world in philanthropy, education, literature, statesmanship, and religion. Small as our denomination is, no other in the last fifty years had produced so many hymns which are favorites in all churches. Even at these revival meetings the papers report the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee"—both written by Unitarians.

Jesus told us how to judge his followers, "Ye shall know them by their fruits." He did not say by their profession. "Not everyone that sayeth Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father." Can there be any more exacting standard than that? Yet that is the Unitarian test of the value of religion.

Because we have produced worthy fruits of our faith in this life, Mr. Sunday seems to take a great deal of satisfaction in the belief that we shall be lost in the next. This is amusing, or pathetic, as one may chance to be in a light or serious mood. If Mr. Sunday could have his way, if he could force back the gains of civilization to that point in history where his theology ruled the church, and the church fixed the bounds of education, it is easy to see what would happen. He denounces believers in evolution. The British nation in reverence enshrined the body of Charles Darwin in Westminster Abbey; Mr. Sunday calls him "old Darwin," and says he is in hell. To-day, belief in evolution is not confined to a few lonely scientists, or even to the colleges and universities. It is taught in every elementary text-book in geology and in thousands of high schools all over the civilized world.

It is because the whole trend of modern education is opposed to the belief of Mr. Sunday, that he thinks so meanly of education that he can declare, according to the papers, that if he had a million dollars he would give only one dollar to education and all the rest to the church. If he had the power, he would make short work of the freedom of teaching. In belief and spirit he belongs to the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages, who sent to the stake the men who dared to differ from them. Denied that privilege, he gratifies himself by verbally sending them to hell. Unitarians are not only in sympathetic accord with modern education, they have been conspicuous among its leaders.

It might sound egotistical if I were to say it, but a Methodist Episcopal bishop, J. P. Berry, addressing a conference of his church in Chicago on that Dec. 18, 1911, as reported in the papers, said by way of warning to his fellow ministers, "The influence of Unitarianism is felt in all modern literature and education," and when we bear in mind that the emphatic emphasis of modern education is on a moral and religious training which shall be constructive and continuous from earliest infancy to mature life, and which deprecates as inadequate and harmful the old revival methods, then it is not difficult to understand why it is that Unitarianism is especially obnoxious to Mr. Sunday.

Another reason is that Unitarians in teaching religion and in building up personal character have made small use of fear as a motive of action. Fear is a low motive and, if used too freely, is dangerous. It will even make a cur out of a dog, as it makes a sneak and a coward out of

a man. Fear may for a time prevent a man from a bad action, but it is helpless to prompt him to a good one. Mr. Sunday himself seemed to be conscious of this fact when he said, "I have sometimes thought, almost, that it might be a God-send to many a community if it could only be swept by typhoid fever or pneumonia or scarlet fever just after a good revival and before people had a chance to slide back."

He seems then to be thinking only of preparing people to die. I frankly confess that Unitarians give little thought to preparing people to die. Our zeal is centred on preparing people to live, to live the life more abundant, to live so fully in the exercise and enjoyment of all the higher functions of mind and heart, that they will avoid every debasing thing as naturally as the clean person avoids filth. My first and chief concern is so to present our faith that it may enable men and women to live nobly and splendidly, to make it a good faith to live by; but it is more than that—it is a good faith to die by. In all the years of my ministry at the bedside of the dying I have never witnessed anything but serene and triumphant faith.

Unitarianism preaches not only an individual, but a social gospel. We believe not only in the power of God to save man by the inbreathing of his divine spirit into the mind and heart, but we believe also in the power of man to save his fellow-men by improving their surroundings and by strengthening all the helpful agencies of civilization. This social gospel is an odious heresy to the revivalist, so that he can, apparently without shame, speak contemptuously of the associated charities.

Every effort for constructive philanthropy and education will be a little more difficult, because of this revival, among us. We wish Mr. Sunday every success in reforming drunkards and lifting up fallen men and women, and I have no doubt that much good will be done, but I fully believe that the harm will more than outweigh the good,—harm to religion, harm to the church itself,—for so far as he is able he is widening the gulf between the church and the forces which are shaping the mind of modern civilization. By insisting on an obsolete and discarded theory of the world, he is putting a stumbling-block in the pathway of every young student. By his teaching the wrath of God, hell, and the devil, he is darkening lives with a barbarous superstition which might otherwise expand in the sweet light of God's love.

Dare we not hope that Mr. Sunday may yet see the light of this new age which is coming in ever larger and larger measures to all thinking minds? He must sometimes feel the thinness and unsatisfactoriness of the life he preaches. If he would stop and think, and feel, the cruelty of such a God as he preaches would strike him dumb. This Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter may yet become an apostle of the larger faith. This has not been an uncommon experience with revivalists in the past. Think of the added range for his power when he sensed the great truth that science and religion have the same author, that science to its utmost bounds may speak to us of God—that truth from any and every source is a part of the word of God.

But what is needed more than a vision of the new earth and heaven to take the vindictiveness and the hatred out of his heart and to touch his lips to purity of speech, is the vision of the real Christ. In place of the Christ of scholastic theology and the creeds, in place of the terrible Christ of the last judgment, pursuing his enemies with his thunderbolts down into the lowest hell, he needs the vision of the real Christ—the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount, and the golden rule and the matchless parables,—the Christ who came to help save men and was faithful even unto death—the Christ who possessed that wonderful power of communicating to others his own spirit, enabling them to feel the beauty of holiness, the nearness of God, and the divineness of humanity.

The breadth of the religious fellowship and sympathy of Unitarianism always exasperates those people who have a hard and fast means of salvation. While we believe that Christianity is the highest and best religion in the world, we believe that the other great religions of the world have much that is true and of God. We believe that he "has not left himself without a witness" among any people, and that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, according to the best light that he has, is accepted with God.

Pittsburg, Pa.

An Oriental View of Missions.

BY PROF. M. ANESAKI, PH.D., UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO.

I wish to state at the outset the fundamental idea underlying all my statements,—that the real success of missionary work does not consist in proselyting, but in inspiring. Missionary spirit means the zeal to give others what is good and excellent in one's own faith, and to make others participate in its vital principle and fruits. When Christianity and its missionaries are confronted with peoples of decidedly lower culture, missionary work can be carried on only by evangelizing or proselyting. But when it faces a highly developed religion and a people of deeply rooted inheritances, the practical problem assumes quite a different aspect. The work can here be done not by destroying, but by fulfilling—not by supplanting, but by elevating—the original tradition. Herein lies, as I think, the cardinal point in the questions concerning missionary activities among the people of the Far East, who are rich in their inheritance of religious faith and moral ideals, and who are rising anew to a high tide of self-consciousness and self-reliance.

I shall not discuss here the questions, how much Christianity is superior to Oriental religions and whether the latter have anything to offer to the West, but I proceed on the tacit assumption that the Oriental religions, in spite of their richness in ideas, are now in a condition far less effective in moulding the social and moral life of the people than Christianity is in the West. Moreover, the work done by Christian missionaries for the introduction of Western science and education into the countries of the Far East, especially before the awakening of those nations, can never be overestimated. The works of charity and movements against various social evils should also fully be recognized. Yet the questions remain to be considered as regards the proper adjustment of the relations between Christian missions and the self-consciousness of the Asiatic nations, together with their religious ideas, social heredity, and other characteristics which are not to be abandoned so easily. We can perhaps formulate these problems in the following manner:—

(1) Have the religions and the moral ideals of Eastern peoples any fundamental basis which is common with Christianity, or at least something not incompatible with Christian ideals?

(2) If there is any such basis or similarity, what kind of relation or connection should be established between the two,—a total suppression of the old and a thoroughgoing proselytism, or a certain kind of concord between Christianity and the religious inheritance of Eastern peoples?

(3) If the latter course is preferable, which points of Christian teaching may work to elevate and purify the

people, and which are to be adjusted to the best traditions of the Oriental life?

Regarding the first point, it seems to me to be almost self-evident that the real success of missionary work depends upon a right understanding of the indigenous religions on the part of the missionaries. To understand and appreciate the best thoughts and highest aspirations of the people among whom the gospel is preached, is not a matter of mere expediency, but it is the demand of justice. This justice is to be done not only for the sake of the Oriental religions, but for that of Christianity. A "Christian" emperor spoke once to his soldiers going to the East, "Everything, however good or beautiful it may be, should be exterminated if it is not Christian." A thought or a deed like this is merely a blunder against Christian principles, a revival of the old-time bigotry. The universality of the Christian gospel does not and should not exclude excellence existing among non-Christian peoples. Furthermore, the real appreciation of the highest thought of a people is the best clue to find the way to the inner conscience, to which, in the end, all appeals must be made.

Viewed in this way, it is evident that one of the primary requisites for a missionary in the Far East is the right understanding of the Buddhist religion and the Confucian ethics, especially in an age when the people are being reawakened to their own precious inheritance. What has been done in this direction? I fully appreciate the efforts of Christian missionaries in their study of the social ideas, religious beliefs, and similar subjects concerning the Oriental peoples. There are many publications on these subjects written by missionaries, and some of them are surely of great merit in the interpretation of Oriental thought. But I dare say there are indeed few of such works which may enlighten the thoughtful Orientals themselves and make them convinced of their own defects and errors. We must here take into account the prejudices and obstinacy on the part of the Orientals; but, at the same time, we must notice how much the prejudice and the lack of real appreciation on the part of missionaries made a sincere understanding difficult. I can cite many instances of those judgments passed upon the religious ideas and the moral life of the Orientals which, through lack of real understanding, amount to nothing but faultfinding. A mere faultfinding, without going into the depth of the matter, ends in vain criticism, and serves only to arouse the animosity of the people criticised. I cannot but think that the proselyting spirit is chiefly responsible for the imperfect understanding of the people's spirit on the part of missionaries. Let me cite just one illustration of the case. The marital relation and the frequency of divorce in Japan have always been severely criticised by Christian missionaries, and surely there are evils in this matter to be criticised. But the missionary critics mostly miss the close connection of marriage with the family system of the East, and accordingly also miss seeing its light side, to the exclusive emphasis of the dark side. One of the critics in this matter has gone so far as to conclude that the wife is regarded there as a kind of property to be bought and sold. Here he has confounded the remains of the marriage customs in the exogamic stage with the real idea, and he was not able to see that no one who regards his wife as a thing of barter would celebrate the wedding ceremony in front of the sanctuary dedicated to his ancestors' spirit.

Even if one recognizes the contributions made by missionaries to the knowledge of the East, there remains much to be desired. Let me point out another thing, that many of those missionaries have not been wise in the choice of materials and also of the associates or assistants in their study. To take one illustration: a Protestant missionary who stayed in Japan over twenty years and knew very well the language and the life of the people, told me quite recently that his reading of Suzuki's "Outlines of the Mahāyāna Buddhism" gave him a new revelation. This is very just, but the statements contained in Suzuki's book are beliefs and ideals of nearly every educated Buddhist, and the book was published in America seven years ago. Is it not rather strange that the said missionary, who is sincere and open-minded, did not realize the existence of those beliefs among the people whom he was teaching until he read that book? I wonder how many other missionaries there are who do not know the existence of those ideals and of that book even to-day.

The bad choice of associates and assistants is another sad aspect in the matter of spiritual understanding. The assistants used by missionaries in their study of Oriental religions and ethics are mostly converted native Christians, and, as a rule, they are sadly destitute of the knowledge of their ancestral religious faith and ethical ideals. They may be sure of the letter, but know the spirit even perhaps less than the missionaries themselves. I could cite many instances of the misinterpretation caused by the meagre knowledge of those assistants. The same may be said of the associates. Many missionaries go to Buddhist priests, and are puzzled by their sophisticating dialectics, which are used by them in confronting the proselyting missionaries. Having been puzzled in this way the missionaries take refuge in books, for study of which, however, they have the assistants as above stated. The result is not difficult to see.

In this connection I might be allowed to speak a little about the Association Concordia, of which I am one of the standing secretaries. It aims, among other objects, to facilitate studies and mutual understanding among the followers of different religious and ethical systems through free discussion in the spirit of candor. Prof. Sydney L. Gulick is a member of the Association, and he wrote recently to Dr. Barton, of the American Board, the following words:—

"I regard as a great privilege the Association made possible for me by membership in this society with leaders of Japanese thought, for it gives me unrivalled opportunities for learning the best that Japan has to give to the world, for looking at Christianity through the eyes of able and educated Japanese, and also for contributing what I may toward a better understanding of the Christian life of the West by this important group of thinkers. My membership in this society may indeed modify my views in important respects in regard to Japan and her historic religions, in so far as these views have been based on insufficient knowledge; it may also cause me to modify my views as to Christianity and the way in which it is to enter into the life of Japan" (p. 92, First Report of the Association Concordia).

I think, if open-minded missionaries can meet in this way in sincere discussion with thoughtful Orientals, mutual understanding among them will bring best fruits for the purification of religion and for the elevation of the moral life in the East. After all, the essential condition for Christian missionary work is a right knowledge and good understanding of the religious faith, the precious heredity, of the peoples among whom missionaries are working. I know well enough, on the other hand, that theory and practice among modern Buddhists or Confucianists are widely separated, and that the attention of the missionaries is attracted rather by corruption in practice than by theoretical excellence. Here is enough room for the justification of the attitude of Christian missionaries towards Oriental ideas. But it is

evident that now, when the life of the Buddhists is undergoing a remarkable change and they are awakening to the rich stores of their own religion, the attitude of the missionaries must undergo a parallel change. I do not mean here that Christian missionaries should abandon their position, but simply wish to emphasize the evident fact that, unless they understand Oriental religions well, their mission cannot bear good fruits, and their criticism will never convince the followers of the old religions. I add here that Japanese Buddhism has its young men who are eagerly studying Christianity, its history and social workings, and that some of the Christian missionaries in the East seem to these Buddhists not to be adequate interpreters of the Christian religion.

I have not entered upon a closer examination of the first question I raised at the outset, but I trust that to you. What I have to say is: First comes study, then understanding follows; any judgment is possible only after a thorough understanding.

Similarly, as to the second question, I can only state the answer in outline. My point here amounts to this: that the nations of the East are facing now the urgent question as to the opposition between religious idealism and materialistic individualism. This seems to us to be of a far greater importance than the questions of Christianity *versus* Buddhism or Confucianism. It may be said that only Christianity is efficient enough to combat the materialistic tendency of modern civilization, and that the old religions of the East are altogether inefficient for such a task. But we Eastern peoples must ask: Is not the materialistic tendency itself a product of Western civilization? In commercial rivalry, in colonial aggression, in the display of racial prejudice, and in the extreme forms of individualism, verging on anarchism, we Easterners are more recipient, while Westerners are the active agents. You say that Christianity is the sole religion which can solve the social and moral problems of modern times; but are all these really solved in the West, and does nothing remain to be solved? We appreciate and admire to full measure the social works of Christian leaders, but we cannot accept in simple faith what the missionaries offer us as the only truth. This is the reason why I say that there is lying before us a graver and broader question than the difference between Christianity and the Oriental religions.

We are often told, by the mouth and pen of missionaries that the acceptance of Christianity is the primary condition of progress, and that all the fruits of civilization will follow as its consequence. But the Orientals are outgrowing the stage of a simple faith in that gospel. No one in Japan, not even Christians, would think in such a simple way of the problems of civilization: in China, perhaps only the ignorant masses would accept it. Moreover, the influx of anti-Christian thought from the West to the East is rapidly streaming in, and there are many young men in Japan and China who would ridicule both Christianity and the religious faith of their ancestors, finding weapons in the publications of the Fabian Society or of the Rationalist Press. Many of them are beginning to advocate St. Simonism instead of Confucianism, or are joining Nietzsche in the utmost contempt of the "*Sklavenmoral*" of Buddha, as well as of Christ. On the other side, however, there are thoughtful men who are seriously thinking over the problems of morals and ideals, seeking the solution in a harmony to be established between their precious heritage and the new social conditions. Is it still a question for Christian missionaries, on which side to stand in this conflict? I am much afraid that, while these evangelists are wasting their time in combat against the so-called heathen religions and ethics, their radical brothers in the West will have succeeded in converting the youth of the Far East to their creeds of materialism, individualism, scepticism, anarchism, and whatever may please these young hearts.

I repeat: the question of "Religion *versus* anti-religion" is more urgent than that of "Christianity *versus* Buddhism or Confucianism." Those who realize this situation in the East will achieve their missionary work better than any one else, and they will find more comrades and friends among the thoughtful Buddhists or Confucianists than among the foes of religion in the Christian countries.

These considerations lead me to advise the Christian workers in the East never to think of *supplanting* the "heathen" religions of the East, but always to try to elevate and purify them through what they deem to be the best of Christian ideals. There are many defects in Oriental religions, especially in their present status and in their relations with modern civilization. Here Christianity has much to offer to them. But workers in the missionary fields must be convinced that their offer can be accepted by the Eastern peoples not as a destructive force imposed from outside, but only as a purifying and vivifying influence poured into the heart. The Orientals, especially those who are anxious for the moral life of their people, are open-minded enough to see and comprehend the excellence of Christianity in many respects,—in the vitality of its universal ideals, in the social constructive power of its followers, in the influence of the religion upon the character and life, etc. Christian missionaries would be welcomed as friends and advisers among these Orientals if these missionaries were only candid enough to recognize the profound foundation and the best fruits of Oriental religions and ethics, and to co-operate with the leaders of the East in facing the tidal waves of destructive thought and materialistic practice.

Another point I should like to add in conclusion is concerned with the national consciousness, both on the part of the Orientals and of the missionaries. There was a time in which the missionaries were respected because of their nationality, American or European. But this has passed away in Japan, and is passing in other Asiatic countries. Not only that, but the national consciousness and its manifestations on the part of the missionaries are now causing animosity, giving shocks to the national consciousness of the Asiatics. About twenty years ago two German missionaries were murdered in China, and Germany demanded of China to cede a port and establish a "Christian" church in Peking; and the missionaries seemed to be gratified. There were many voices in Japan (I do not know how it was in China) saying: "What has the concession of a port to do with the crime against two missionaries? Let all these missionaries go back to their own country and preach to their own un-Christian brothers." Recently some missionaries in Korea tried to interfere with the politics of that country, and they appealed to their brothers in America for help in the relief of the Koreans. And now Chauvinists in Japan cry aloud: "What are those American missionaries doing in Korea? Better that they go back to America, and preach to their brothers in California, and instruct them in the gospel of true humanity." In citing these instances I do not intend to be a judge and to pass a sentence as to which is right. What I wish to present to you is that any meddling of missions with politics means a danger, and that Chauvinism is everywhere and on either side the cause of malicious misinterpretation of the other, and of lamentable conflicts. National consciousness must be respected on the part of any one, so far as it does not transgress its due boundaries, and so far as it does not lead one to misunderstand the excellence of others.

Literature.

Eve. By Katherine Howard. Boston, Mass: Sherman, French & Co.—The woman's movement, especially in its newer form of "feminism," is developing a voluminous literature these days. Much of this literature is commonplace, and nearly all of it is ephemeral, in the sense that it is a contribution to current discussions or a register of contemporary and necessarily passing opinions. Now and then, however, in this movement, as in every world-movement, there appears the poem or drama or novel, which deals not with the surface opinions which float upon the swirling current of the stream, but with the deep fountains of human emotion and experience from which the stream is flowing, and promises, therefore, to endure as a basic expression of reality. Such a book is *Eve*, by Katherine Howard. Brief in compass, but every line falling like a hammer-stroke, this prose-poem tells the tale of Eve, the universal mother, and her age-long struggle for emancipation. In the beginning she is the overburdened slave of Adam, the universal man, bearing the burden of the world, and mourning over the many graves of her slaughtered sons.

"I have had sorrow [she says],
Burden and burden and burden,
Inside and outside, and pressing about me, my shoulders are bent and my head droopeth earthward. . . .
I am the woe part of Man."

Then, by a series of dramatic dialogues with "the Inscrutable One," we are shown Eve's gradual awakening, until she is able to declare her sexual independence of Adam, and take into her hands the destiny of humanity:—

"Adam! I have to say to thee somewhat.
I will not bear thy children; I will bear my children.
When thou hast made thyself fit for fatherhood . . .
Then will I stay with thee in the place of Sanctuary, and I will bear our children.
And as I bear them, so will I make the laws of their welfare.
If I bear sons, I will bear them to the honoring of my daughters . . . even to Life will I bear them.
If I bear burdens, I will bear them to a purpose.

Thus does Eve climb on the Ladder of Light to a cosmic vision of her womanhood, and leads on Adam by her influence to an equal vision of his manhood. *Eve* is the most impressive interpretation of the new feminist movement of our time which has yet appeared. To many its rough-hewn lines may seem ugly and uninviting. But of the power of thought, range of vision, depth of feeling, and grasp of fundamental realities in this little volume, there can be no two opinions.

J. H. H.

The Valley of the Moon. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.—Where will the genius of Jack London manifest itself next? From Alaska to California, from California to Hawaii, from Hawaii to the South Sea Islands—where is he not able to go and to make scenery and people, especially what people do and the motives behind what they do, vivid and fascinating? Primitive life among men and animals, life which lies close to barbarism and has yet the long, hard hill of civilization to climb, and prophetic life, life which is experimenting in a new social order in which the ardent hopes of men anticipate a more adequate fulfilment of ideals and the capacities of human personality,—these extremes of life, and many phases between, he touches with light as if his pen were a torch. In *The Valley of the Moon* people move out of a city life which threatens them with degeneracy into the life of the open, with its opportunity for human development. In finding for themselves a life of many high satisfactions, they contribute to the fundamentals of the civilization of the commonwealth.

Heroic Ballads of Servia. Translated into English verse by George Rapall Noyes and Leonard Bacon. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.25.—It is interesting to note that this reproduction of the Servian ballads in English was done by the translation of them into prose by Mr. Noyes, and then the recasting of the translation into verse by Mr. Bacon. They have done the English-speaking world a distinct service in making available so fine a ballad literature. It is a literature which has been developed through centuries, and is noble and vigorous. The Balkan peninsula has been the home of some of the world's great literature; that of Servia should be appreciated by all who are moved by the best of the world's writings. The history of the Servian people furnishes the stories of much that is romantic, heroic, and tragic. The best of that history enters into the ballads in the present generous volume.

The Morning's War. By C. E. Montague. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—In spite of the belligerent title, this is a romance, as we are promptly informed by the subtitle. A gratifying clue is also given to the meaning of the curious title in the couplet,—

"This battle fares like to the morning's war
When dying clouds contend with growing light,"

a significant Shakespearean quotation with which few are familiar. The story is told in an unusual style,—is indeed an unusual story. Apart from the man in the book who always has the right emotion, whether in the presence of the Alps or any lesser thing, and who always has an apt quotation or remark for every occasion, most of the characters are young and normal. A romantic tangle finds an unexpected solution.

Memories of Ministry. By Alexander Webster. London: Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.; Aberdeen, A. Martin, 81 George St. (for sale by A. U. A. at 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.).—During the past few years, when the relationships of the organizations of liberal religion in Great Britain and America have drawn closer, it has been largely through personal relationships. Transatlantic friendships without number have grown up. There has been an increase of knowledge of, and respect for, leaders in both countries. The movements have come to seem much more like one movement. Among the men in Great Britain for whom there is great regard on the part of Americans is Alexander Webster, who has done his own immediate fellowship and his American friends a precious service in publishing this volume,—a sketch of his life and a carefully garnered sheaf of his spoken words both of sermons and prayers.

Good Men and True. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1 net.—One of the most entertaining stories of the present season is Mr. Rhodes's snappy tale of *Bransford in Arcadia*, and its success has naturally directed attention to his earlier story about Bransford, the title of which is given above. The comedy of Jeff's imprisonment, which came near to tragedy, is played out with the same resourcefulness on his part and the same hold on friends, hardly less quick-witted than himself, that are features in the later book. It has been suggested that Mr. Rhodes is the author of a recent novel published anonymously. About that we know nothing, but surely his name could only help the sales of any book to which it might be attached. Bransford is a character to be remembered, and if he reappears in later books, so much the better.

English Literary Miscellany. By Theodore W. Hunt. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Company. $1.50.—The author is professor of English in Princeton University. The book is made up of papers that have been published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. The character of the book is shown by the titles of the articles. "The Indebtedness of Later English Literature to Earlier," "The Historical Development of English Prose," "The History of English Lyric Verse," "Elizabethan Dramatic Development," "English Dramatic Verse after Shakespeare," and "Romantic Element in Elizabethan Letters" make up Part I. of the book. Part II is made up of special discussions of Spenser, Shakespeare, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Tennyson. The style of the author is limpid in its clearness.

The Jew and the Anti-Semite. By Max Hunterberg. London: Drane.—Great injustice and misunderstanding will end when the Jew is appreciated by other peoples. Every endeavor to end this misunderstanding is laudable. This book makes a plea for the Jew, and makes it in readable form, the dialogue of much of it giving a personal touch to the matter. Some popular misconceptions are removed by the sweet reasonableness of the plea.

Poems. By Wilfrid Earl Chase. Madison, Wis.: W. E. Chase.—Under this noncommittal title comes a plea for the ending of some things which the author believes to be unnecessary cruelties to animals. The book is marred both in material and making. Some repellent details could have been avoided, and the book could easily have been made more attractive in being put together, both of which would have helped the author's purpose.

New Poetry.

One of the finest evidences of the essential wholesomeness of American life to-day is that it is producing poetry continuously, for the new poetry comes not merely from the authors whose pens write it, but it is a real exponent of the life of the country and the times. From the publishing house of Sher-

Digitized by Google

man, French & Co., Boston, have come recently a group of charming little volumes: *Love and Liberation*, by John Hall Wheelock; *The Sign of the Tree*, by Harriet Mason Kilburn; *A Handful of Flowers with Sprays of Evergreen*, by Amasa S. Condon; *The Moon-Maiden*, by Frances Reed Gibson; and *The Faun, and Other Poems*, by Genevieve Farnell-Bond. Mr. Wheelock has already made a mark for himself by *The Beloved Adventure*, and other excellent books. Many of the poems of the present volume have appeared in *Scribner's* and other magazines. "The Faun" is a poem of rare charm, the love of nature and the power of human imagination and creative fancy expressing themselves in it. There is deep religious feeling in many of the poems in *The Sign of the Tree*. Mr. Condon has poems of places and of patriotism, for he is a widely travelled American, who knows his own country and has rendered public service to the republic. Love of Nature and appreciation of children is shown in the volume which receives its name from the first poem, "The Moon-Maiden."

Magazines.

The Nineteenth Century and After, No 444, Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, has a wide variety of interesting and valuable articles as far apart as "England's Duty toward Wild Birds" (two articles) and "Woman Suffrage at work in America" from the pro and the anti points of view.

Some of the recent journals are of permanent value. *The Journal of Race Development*, Vol. 4, No. 3, Clark University, Worcester, Mass., is practically a volume on the Mexican situation. Articles by close observers of the situation, both within Mexico and outside, together with articles on the Monroe Doctrine, make this number of the *Journal* very valuable. Among the authors are Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, Rear-Admiral Chadwick of the United States Navy, S. W. Reynolds, formerly president of the Mexican Central Railroad, and Lic. Luis Cabrera, recently speaker of the House of Representatives of the Mexican Congress. A dozen articles in all, each by a man of distinguished ability, makes a mine of information on this important situation.

Miscellaneous.

With the ferment of interest in the world to-day over the question of woman's place in human life, *Hagar*, the novel in which Mary Johnston laid hold of a large problem and handled it admirably, continues to receive hardly less attention than when it was first published. The presentation of the problem is made more personal and direct by the laying of the scene of this story among people of the American South. The time is the early nineties. Hagar inherits progressive ideas, though living in a conservative atmosphere. Left somewhat to her own resources by the death of her mother and the practical desertion of her father, life becomes intense. She goes to New York, where she encounters life in many forms and phases. The time comes when she faces the question of accepting the conditions and limitations of her people in the past or, as an individual, shaping a new life for herself. Restored to her father and coming into possession of wealth, she still follows the determination which she had made, to be a force in the world for the reshaping of the social order. Her determination finds a road and reaches a worthy goal,—a personality, and a place in the social order for the expression of that personality. Apart from the interest in the personality of Hagar, there is a finish and a charm in the author's work that make it all very fascinating. This is a distinct contribution to the literature of woman's life in this new time. It is published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

The first catalogue of the Harvard University Press shows a commendable list of volumes already published. The list of recent and forthcoming books is long, and no less than thirty new publications are announced as in press or in preparation. The largest number is in the field of law, where the well-known series of case-books prepared originally for the Harvard Law School forms a corner-stone that the most successful commercial publisher might envy. In history and in economics, too, the list is unusually complete, owing to the Harvard Historical and the Harvard Economic Studies, which the *Scottish Review* has recently mentioned as of recognized value all over the world. Other series are no less noteworthy,—the scholarly Oriental Series of Sanskrit and other Indian classics, the Studies in Comparative Literature, the new Semitic Series, and the forthcoming series of popular Harvard Health Talks. Six periodicals are published. Among the volumes announced for immediate publication are: *The Spiritual Message of Dante*, by William Boyd Carpenter, Canon of Westminster Abbey (the William Belden Noble Lectures for 1912–13); *Works of Vitruvius*, translated by the late Prof. M. H. Morgan, and edited by Prof. Howard and Prof. Warren; *The Harvard Expedition to Samaria*, by Dr. George A. Reisner, under whose leadership many interesting discoveries were made, including the first Hebrew palace ever excavated; *Readings in Scientific Management*, edited by C. B. Thompson; and *Preservatives for Food: Their Use and Abuse*, by Dr. Otto Folin, professor of Biological Chemistry at Harvard.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By James B. Odlin.
"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons. CLARA T. GUILD.
Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 19 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price, twenty cents each.

Why Are We Here?
—AN ANSWER—
Logical, Scientific, Philosophical.
A BOOK for PROGRESSIVE THINKERS
Rational, Reverent, Up-to-Date.
Cloth Bound, $1.00, Postpaid.
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
ERVIN B. RICE, 6615 Yale Avenue, CHICAGO.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN
No. 32
The Church and New Americans
BY GEORGE W. TUPPER, PH.D.

The Protestant churches have exercised hitherto a large influence in shaping and molding the character of American life, but thus far they have practically made no effort to reach the recent accessions to our population. It is high time that they roused themselves from this indifference. These new-comers need their help and sympathy, and for their sakes and for the sake of the country as well, there is no task to which the churches can more usefully devote themselves than the promotion of the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of these new Americans. This is Dr. Tupper's thesis, and he speaks with a deep conviction based upon a wide experience

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
Order as "S. S. No. 32," not by title
PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT
American Unitarian Association
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

The Home.

Good-morning.

BY OLIVER PENMARK.

Another morn, another day,
Powerless against your sway.

Mould it then for good or ill
As you will.

But remember! have a care!
God is present—everywhere.

The Transient.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

II.

Gladys began to take hold of things in a few days. She formed her own very clear little opinion of those about her, but it was an opinion based on good-will, with a tendency to overlook flaws.

Hope coached her in tennis, and, as one of the more earnest students was giving up sports to secure a safe majority of mathematical marks, Gladys was allowed to play in her stead. This spared her the walks under either Miss Kent's or Miss Dunbar's nervous leadership!

"Oh, you can't make out they're perfect, any of them," was Hope's reply to her defence of the last-named teachers. "But I suppose we're not saints. Now, try to serve from your wrist, see?"

The weeks wore on, until there was but one and a half before examination day. There were three of these, but the first was so called *par excellence!* Those who did well on the earlier papers usually went triumphantly through the succeeding days, while those who failed lost heart and ceased to try very hard!

As this crucial point in the school year came closer, even Miss Ward and Miss Prince fell victims to the prevailing epidemic of nerves, nor did Hope, Estelle, or even Miss Damer, escape. The music teachers, loud in their laments over broken practice-hours and omitted lessons, indulged in Cassandra-like prophecies of the Commencement-day music! They hung outside the examination rooms, ready to seize their prey, as the prey came out with ink-stained fingers and roughened hair! Gladys, who took no part in the examinations, ran messages, carried glasses of ice-water, received the books which the unhappy students who trusted to a last cram might not carry into the school-room, and was generally useful.

She had been more useful than she knew! Her little dictum, "Don't speak *of* people as you don't speak *to* them," had been quoted, and had made an appeal, but now everything —principals and principles, theories and practices—seemed fused into one wild atmosphere of confusion and breathless hurry.

Gladys's optimistic view of character was rather dimmed these last few days. The girls began again to grumble aloud, those who had ever left off.

"They're a set of old cats!" Estelle fumed, as she found that her practice-hours had been changed, so that she was rather unfairly required to write a French examination at the same time she was playing the "Humoresque" on quite another floor. "They've been at this time-table all night, to see how badly they could mix things up."

"But it's only a mistake," said Gladys, anxiously soothing.

"Miss Prince will set it right!"

"Oh, it's all very well for you to talk," retorted the exasperated Estelle. "You float round doing what you like, and tantalize us by lying under a tree while we're slaving!"

As Gladys had taken up this position in order to be near Estelle's seat in the school-room, and hand in glasses of water, the injustice of the reproach was patent. She rose and walked quietly away. Estelle looked after her with compunction, but she could not follow her. She had to placate Madame about the practice!

Gladys, with tears in her eyes, walked on, not noticing that she was encroaching on the plot of lawn reserved for the faculty. When she suddenly pulled herself up, on hearing voices from Miss Prince's study window, she was too dazed to retreat at once.

"I shall be sorry to lose you, Miss Ward." Miss Prince's crisp tones were icily polite. "But as long as it is my school, I must do what I think best! Miss Kent and Miss Dunbar have been with me a long time, and I cannot ask them for their resignations!"

"I can only repeat that if they stay, I do not." Miss Ward's voice was hard.

Poor Gladys gave a little cry, half hysterical laughter, half real grief. Both ladies turned and saw her

"Gladys," said Miss Prince, severely, "what are you doing?"

"I want to go home," sobbed Gladys. "I want to go where people don't quarrel. Everybody quarrels here."

The two women looked at each other. Then Miss Ward put out her hand.

"You can't send the poor things away; I see that." She spoke as if the idea of sending "the poor things" away were preposterous. "Call that child in," and it was "in" Miss Prince's arms that Gladys wailed out her despairing longings for a place where "people liked each other."

"They're going home for the holidays," said Gladys. "They ought to be happy. Do you suppose it's the examinations does it?"

"Well, they'll be over to-morrow," said Miss Prince. "Now go to bed, my dear. I wish they all loved love as you do!"

Gladys had slept for some hours when she woke with a frightened sense of something wrong. The room was stiflingly full of smoke, and some one was pulling her sharply.

"Come out of the room—the house is on fire!" whispered Miss Damer. "Get your shoes and your heaviest coat. Come!"

Emily and Catherine were already attired, and clutching their pocket-books. Miss Damer led them to the lawn, where most of the girls were huddled, some sobbing, some staring dumbly at the blazing dormitory wing.

Then Gladys felt herself grow cold and stiff with a fear she had never known before. A sickening terror froze the blood in her veins! The girls in the upper dormitory were not all down, and the flames were bursting from the windows beneath.

The gardener, the chauffeur of a neighbor, and the neighbor himself were already fastening ladders together. But those faces at the upper window!

Gladys saw the men test the ladder and shake their heads. A bucket line was passing the well-filled pails steadily and swiftly, but the water they dashed on the flames made seemingly little impression.

"I can go up on that! I weigh only a hundred and ten!"

The voice was Miss Dunbar's! Before any one could stop her, she was half-way up, and steadying the ladder against the wall. Once at the top, she disappeared in the room, and handed the girls out, one by one. They tumbled, some of them, before they reached the ground, but strong and kindly hands were ready to catch them. Miss Kent was invaluable. She had already extinguished the parent blaze from a stove used only occasionally, and now she was putting rugs and comforters on the ground, and gently guiding to them the girls who had forgotten to put on their shoes. Miss Damer's help testified to the value of athletics, but she did hardly more than Miss Kent!

Now it seemed that every one was safe.

"No," sobbed Estelle, clinging to Miss Kent. "Hope was way, way back. She thought we could get out of the other window."

At that moment more men and stronger ladders came. Silence—the silence of terrible dread—fell over those below as the chauffeur ascended, for Miss Dunbar was not at the window—and where was Hope?

The chauffeur disappeared. A thin line of smoke came out of the window.

The next moment, the chauffeur, with Hope's unconscious form on his arm, appeared. Miss Dunbar was smiling, actually smiling, at the window above; and when she came down, every soul rejoiced.

The clatter of the town fire equipment came tearing along, and soon the flames died down in sullen smoke, which in its turn was conquered by jets of water. Rejecting the offers of neighbors to provide for the girls, Miss Prince led the way to the main body of the house, and makeshift cots were hastily prepared.

There was no commencement, of course. The girls left the next day, minus many of their possessions. Gladys clung to Miss Prince when her time to go was at hand.

"Isn't it lovely to hear every one talk?" she cried, "and how they're loving Miss Kent and Miss Dunbar! Why, she saved Hope's life at the risk of her own."

"Yes," said Miss Prince to Miss Ward, as they thankfully sat down to a quiet supper, alone, that night. "But I'll try to manage next year so that we don't have to have a fire to make people love each other."

Odd Use for a Pocket.

Just at this bird-nesting season the man of the house wanted a coat that he had left hanging in a chamber but little used. When he relieved himself of the garment, hanging it beside the window, he was engaged in some warm work among the grain sacks, the window being open for air. That is the way things were left. A fortnight, perhaps, had passed; and, when the owner went to get the coat, as he was about to take it down from the nail, out came a pair of tiny wings and darted through the window. A bird had taken possession of one of the pockets. There was its silky-lined nest, and in the nest were three tiny speckled eggs.

Now this man had other coats: the bird

had no other nest. What would be fair to do in such a case? As the father of some dear little children in the home, he was not long in answering the question. Perhaps he brought the children to take just a peep at the nest and the eggs; but he would not abuse the confidence of the dear, sociable little bird, who, had she been a paying tenant, could not have been more secure from being disturbed. This man managed to do without his coat for the sake of lending her the further use of its pocket. And in that cosey place the mother-bird hatched and fed and reared her loved brood. When the little wings were enough grown, the young followed her into the beautiful world outside the chamber window, where now hung a coat with an empty nest in the pocket.—*Watchman.*

The Spool of Pink Silk.

Ruth was only ten years old, but she was quite a seamstress. With mother's help in cutting and fitting, she had pieced all the blocks for a quilt which covered her own little bed. She had helped sew many a long seam in sheets and pillow-cases. She had hemmed ever so many dish-towels. Besides all this "grown-up sewing," her dolls had good wardrobes, which were almost entirely the result of their little mother's careful needlework.

Now she was to be trusted with some very important sewing. Aunt Ellen was making a beautiful silk quilt for the living-room couch, and she told Ruth that one whole strip should be her work. Even the pieces were to be scraps of Ruth's own hair ribbons, and bits of silk and velvet which had been used to trim her own dresses from the time when she was a wee girl.

There was so much pink color in these pieces that auntie gave her a spool of dainty pink silk to use in her needle. It was a proud little girl who carried her work-basket out on the "upstairs porch," as she called the kitchen roof, and began her sewing.

It was a warm afternoon in June. Ruth worked away very happily for nearly an hour, often carrying the block to auntie, who praised the straight, even seams and small stitches. Then mother called her to stay with Baby Jay, and the work-basket was left on the roof. After tea, when Ruth went to gather up her work, the spool of silk could not be found.

"Never mind, dear," said her aunt. "It can't be lost, because there is no place for it to fall, except into the water pipes, or on the ground below. When you find it you may finish that block you began so nicely."

Now Ruth was a girl who took the words of older people very seriously, just as they were spoken. So she really imagined that the silk block could not be finished until the missing spool was found.

How she did hunt for that spool of silk! She poked her finger through every opening in the pipes. She searched the ground below, and she finally told mother and auntie that the fairies must have carried it away. They smiled at the idea, but they had no better explanation to offer, for they had joined in the search.

A few weeks later Aunt Ellen went away for her vacation. School began in September, and every one seemed to forget about the spool of silk.

The night after Aunt Ellen's return there was a severe wind-storm. Buildings were unroofed and many branches torn from trees and bushes. There had been a light frost a few days before, and after the storm the trees looked quite bare.

Aunt Ellen was the first one of the family to come down stairs in the morning. There lay the finest branches of her great lilac bush torn and shattered by the wind. As she picked them up a small cup-shaped object fell to the ground. She smiled, then laughed aloud as she carried it into the house.

"O Ruth," she called, as the little girl came down-stairs, "did you ever find your spool of pink silk?"

"No, Auntie, the fairies must have carried it away, 'cause I looked everywhere."

"Well, you are right, girlie. The fairies did carry it away. Just come here and see where they put it." And Aunt Ellen held up a queer little nest which had the daintiest kind of a pink silk lining.

"Why! Why! Is that my spool of silk?" gasped Ruth. "How did it get there, and all knit in like that?"

"The fairies," replied Aunt Ellen, still laughing. "These particular fairies were Mr. and Mrs. Summer Yellowbird. They are very fond of pretty silk linings for their houses, and they supposed, of course, that the spool of silk was put on the roof for their use. Just think how they must have worked to weave it so beautifully, and what a nice lining it made for the baby birds' cradle!"

Ruth was too much astonished to say much, but her serious little mind immediately went back to the silk quilt.

"May I finish the block now, Auntie?" she asked. "You said I might when we found the spool of silk."

Aunt Ellen laughed again. "Yes, you dear little niece!" she exclaimed, giving her a "bear hug." "We'll get a new spool of silk this very day, while Mrs. Summer Yellowbird is away, and we'll use it all up before she gets back."—*Olive A. Smith, in Zion's Herald.*

A Bedtime Story.

"I don't want to go to bed!" cried Elizabeth, and her face was all puckered up into a scowl.

"Well, well!" exclaimed grandmother. "I wonder what the little white sheep on the hillside would say to a little girl who did not want to get under the fleecy white blankets that were made from the wool taken from their backs!"

Elizabeth stopped crying to listen.

"I wonder," continued grandmother, "what the geese in the pond would say to a little girl who did not want to lay her curly head on a pillow made from the soft down that grew on their breasts!"

Elizabeth drew nearer grandmother.

"I wonder," went on her grandmother, "what the silkworms on the mulberry tree would say to a little girl who did not care to use the pretty quilt made from the fine silken threads which took them so long to spin!"

Elizabeth climbed up into grandmother's lap. "Please tell me some more," she coaxed. "You may unbutton the buttons," she added. "I'll get ready for bed now."

"I wonder," went on grandmother's gentle voice, "what a certain delicate blue flower would say to a little girl who did not know that from the stalks of its plant threads are obtained, and that the threads make the nice, white linen for Elizabeth's pillow-cover, Elizabeth's crib sheets, and Elizabeth's dainty little nightgown!"

"I don't mind going to bed now," and Elizabeth laughed.

"The little lambs are safe in the fold," said grandmother, as she laid Elizabeth down, "and the little goslings are asleep under their mother's wing, the pretty blue flowers of the flax-plant have closed their petals, and they—have—all—gone—to—sleep." Grandmother's voice was getting softer and softer—and—softer. Elizabeth was getting sleepier and sleepier—and—sleepier. Now grandmother's voice was still. Elizabeth was fast asleep.—*Gertrude W. Fielder, in Youth's Companion.*

An Easter Egg Hanging Basket.

BY KATE HUDSON.

It was not particularly difficult to provide satisfactory Easter surprises for all the rest of the household; but when we came to Grandma—tired, sad, and sick Grandma—it was not so easy, until we had an inspiration, and this is what Dillie and I made for her. We procured a large, green, and waxy goose-egg, cut it in half and cleaned both halves most thoroughly inside and out until we had two dainty cup-like receptacles, which we loosely stuffed full of cotton batting upon which we sprinkled a generous pinch of flax-seed. From lilac silkateen thread we crocheted two "nets" with long loose loops by which to hang up our baskets, and in these we suspended our two half-shells in the sunny window. In less than a week the seed had sprouted and by the end of ten days the fine-stemmed, wee-leaved little flax-plants were gaily growing out over the top of these two most attractive little Easter-egg hanging baskets.

A Smithsonian Institution official who studied crows closely once had a pet crow that was a marvel. It was given food in the round tin cover of a baking-powder can, and its favorite game was to take this cover up to the top of a steeply inclined plank, put both feet in it, and coast down to the bottom. This it would do over and over again, with loud squawks of delight.—*Transcript.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip T. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Knowledge and Faith.

O God, it is not knowledge that I ask
Of what thy wisdom deems it best to hide,
I ask Thee rather for a perfect faith,
Content to walk in darkness by Thy side!

I ask Thee not that I may see Thy face,
And know through mortal vision that thou art;
No, rather would I give myself to Thee
And feel Thy being in my inmost heart!

And if about my pathway clouds shall rise,
And all around be only gloom and night,
I would not ask Thee why Thou sendest clouds,
But let my faith look through them to the light!

So when our dear ones pass beyond our reach,
Though aching hearts would fain the mystery know,
We ask Thee not to draw aside the veil
And to our longing eyes the future show,

But rather would we trust them to Thy care,
Trust that Thy love surrounds them there as here,
And sometimes, through our longing and our hope,
We dare to trust their spirits linger near!

No, Father, 'tis not knowledge that I ask,
But I would have a faith more clear, more bright,
Till in the fulness of Thine own good time,
Knowledge and Faith shall both be lost in sight!

—M. L. D.

Four Secrets of Pulpit Power.

The Christian Work and Evangelist, believing greatly in the present power of religion, has this to say concerning recent meetings in New York:—

New York has been witnessing the somewhat remarkable scene of crowds being turned away from religious services, and the churches packed as the most popular theatres rarely are. On two successive Sunday nights the Mount Morris Baptist Church found itself obliged to shut its doors on great throngs long before the hour of service, so great was the crowd desiring to hear two men talk on religion. Carnegie Hall, vast as it is, could not hold one-third of the numbers that flocked to hear a well-known evangelist. Sunday after Sunday a large hall in Brooklyn has been packed with men, at four o'clock, to hear one of the Brooklyn preachers talk on the religious life. The Lenten services at Trinity Church have filled it noon after noon. It was impossible for all the young men to find seats during the meetings for students held here a few days ago, when a certain man was announced to preach. One who sauntered into a Fifth Avenue church leisurely the other day, about five minutes before church time, found he could not get even standing-room.

All this naturally raises the question, What is it about these particular men that makes the crowds so anxious to hear them? What is the secret of their preaching that it so attracts men? They are so different from one another, too, these particular preachers mentioned above,—is there any one or two things that they have in common which accounts for their success as preachers? We have studied these men with some care, and heard or read their sermons during the past two months, and we think we have discovered two or three secrets of the success of their preaching. Perhaps the many preachers who read this paper will be interested in our analysis.

First of all, these men, differing as they do, have this in common: the prophetic note. That is, they have a gospel. They face the people, not so much with a sermon, in the sense of a discourse, as with a message. Straight from God, or from the Scripture, or from their own religious experience,—and are they not all the same?—they come with a message as real and passionate and commanding as any Isaiah or Paul felt burning on their lips. They believe this message the one needed by the men before them. They believe that message necessary to salvation. They really do believe this, every one of them, and they give one this impression. Preaching with them is no perfunctory duty, not even the calm discussion or study of a passage of Scripture: it is a "Woe is me if I preach not this gospel so that every man leaves this house believing it, and afraid to reject it." Thus in all these preachers the note of authority sways men.

Growing right out of this there is in the preaching of these men a certain nearness, intimacy, directness, that is irresistible. Take the sermon by Winston Churchill, which was one of the sermons the crowd flocked to hear, on "The Religion of the Spirit." Notice how it possesses all these qualities. It is as though the preacher buttonholed you on the street, and said these things to you in intense conversation. Read the sermons Dr. Cadman gave to the young men in the Brooklyn hall. No conversations before the fireplace were ever more intimate than these, more direct, while, at the same time, they were often irresistible in their fervor. This is the secret of preaching. It is the method of Jesus himself. We need to recover it in much of our preaching.

Again, all of the sermons we have in mind here are couched in the language of our time. A friend said to us the other day, "Dr. Moffatt's translation of the New Testament has made it a new book to me because he has put it into the language all men are actually speaking." A great deal of our preaching is in the language of the theological books and commentaries of the last century. Language changes with every generation. The phrases that expressed the religious experience of our grandfathers have a remote sound in our ears. Yet many of us go on using them. These preachers speak in the language of to-day. They think and speak under the terms of democracy, not of monarchical governments that mean nothing to Americans. They speak in terms of modern science, with which all their hearers are familiar. They put religion in as familiar English as Mr. Bryan puts politics, or Mr. James put philosophy, or Mr. Huxley put science. Consequently, their words have force, and awaken immediate response. Successful preaching might be defined as eternal truths in the language of time.

Finally, these men know the human heart, and know their own age, and speak to the real man and the real time. Not long ago an astute lawyer came out of a church saying, "That man is talking to a lot of imaginary beings." He knew men. He knew that most of them, even those in the best clothes, were really sinners. The preacher complacently ignored this or was ignorant of it. The preachers referred to tell the truth about men, and men know it, even if at first it makes them uncomfortable. This is the whole contention of that great sermon—for it is a sermon, although in the form of a novel—"The Inside of the Cup." Mr. Churchill knows that much of modern business is nothing but highway robbery, and says so. He knows that these Eldon Parrs are hypocrites, and says so. Mr. Sunday knows what is in men, if he does not know much theology. Dr. Parkhurst knows how close the beast lies to the lamb in every heart, and preaches accordingly. Dr. Jefferson knows that all this militarism is a lie flung into the face of Jesus Christ by evil men, and says so in words that scorch the perpetrators. Alfred Noyes sees the orgy in the Balkans, and knows that all their religion is but a sham, and in New York he has dared say so, and everybody knows he is right. What we greatly need to-day, as preachers, is to get down to reality, to see life as it is, to see its meanness, its sinfulness, its lust of pleasure, how near it lies to the beast; also to see its divine possibility, the pattern to be realized in Jesus Christ, the grace by which men can be lifted into the life of Christ,—and then have the courage to preach this great gospel to these little men.

Hymns of Social Service.

The songs of a people are a good indication of the temper of the times. It is only the days of French Revolution that could inspire a "Marseillaise," and "The Star Spangled Banner" must be written while a nation is being born. So the songs of the Church indicate the quality of its faith and the theme that is uppermost in its thought. Therefore in past days, when themes doctrinal and theological held the forefront of interest, the hymns of the Church were mainly dogmatic, theological, doctrinal. It is appalling, in the light of to-day, to open a hymn-book of a score of years ago and seek for hymns of service. Take such a collection, for example, as the "Carmina Sanctorum"; in its elaborate index of subjects the word "Service" does not appear, and the nearest it approaches to "Brotherhood" is "Communion of Saints." The same statement is true of "In Excelsis," "The Church Hymnary," "Songs of the Sanctuary," and even the "New Laudes Domini," the word "Service" does not appear among the subjects in any one, and "Brotherly Love," evidently among church members, is the nearest approach to Brotherhood. Not that there were no hymns of service in those older books, but that no compiler thought of selecting that topic as one likely to be sought for by the minister.

Now, however, all this is changed. A religious revolution has taken place. Among the foremost words in the thought of the Church are "thy kingdom come on earth," "the law of love," "service," and "brotherhood," and now in every hymn-book of the day there will be found at least these page headings, "Brotherhood," "Social Service," "The Kingdom." In some cases, it is true, these headings are somewhat misleading as under them are collected the same old hymns, only remotely concerned with these new themes, but in other books will be found new hymns inspired by the new spirit.

In a recent number of *The Survey* Mabel Hay Barrows Mussey brought together a collection of a hundred and ten "Hymns of Brotherhood and Social Aspiration," and we note the names of the hymn-writers, Washington Gladden, Richard Watson Gil-

der, Samuel June Barrows, Vida D. Scudder, Felix Adler, William DeWitt Hyde, Henry van Dyke, John Haynes Holmes, Oscar E. Maurer, Ozora S. Davis, etc. A good number, it appears, are the work of Congregational ministers. In addition to these, of course, there are the familiar poets, Whittier, Faber, Swinburne, Samuel Longfellow, Kingsley, etc. Ten of these hymns date as recently as 1913, and twenty-six more that are dated have been written since 1900. A large proportion of the hymns are already favorites and are found in many recent hymn-books, thirty-seven in the "Pilgrim Hymnal."

When we pause to consider this fragment from the long history of hymnology, we see how significant it is. The hymns are the voicing of the faith of the Church, the expression of its inspiration and hopes. This at least is true: there never has been a time in all the history of Christendom when, as now, the hymns of the Church have expressed the supreme prayer of the Master, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.—*The Congregationalist.*

Macedonian Refugee Relief Fund.

Our friend and representative in Bulgaria, Rev. Anton N. Toplisky, reports to us concerning the beginning of his work in distributing the aid so generously furnished and forwarded to him from the Unitarians of America.

C. W. W.

"Doubnitza, 8th of March.

"Until now we have confined our work to our own town of Doubnitza and surrounding villages where Macedonian refugees have been sheltered. The aid has been given only, thus far, to widows and their families and to orphaned children. We do not give them money except in rare cases. We have bought 3150 kilograms of flour, of wheat, and maize. We have bought 135 kilograms of beans and lentils, and about 600 yards of cotton cloth. This for the first installment. When we give the women these provisions, as much as one can bear away, and some yards of cloth, we ask them to sew a shirt for one or two children, either their own or orphans, and also to care for them, keep them clean, and so on. In this work some of our Unitarian friends have aided. We believe that it will be better to help only the women and orphans among the refugees, without reference to their nationality, for our money would not be sufficient to do more than this. This aid has been welcomed by all very heartily and with great thankfulness. We have as yet expended in this work only about $175, but we shall continue to seek out and help these poor fugitives as the money arrives. We will certainly do all we can to carefully and wisely use the funds you have intrusted us with. We certainly wish to fulfil the wishes of the kind givers, the American Unitarians.

"The refugees are, little by little, going back into the towns and villages on the southern frontier from which they have come, although many of their houses were burned to the ground. The summer is at hand, and they will find some sort of agricultural work, doubtless; and our government is doing a great deal to help them in their trouble. Next week I shall go down to the southern frontier, where there are more of these unfortunates, whose sufferings are much greater than those here in this vicinity. Later, I will write you from these towns, and tell you more in detail what I have done with the money in relieving these unfortunate victims of the late war.

Anton N. Toplisky."

To Honor Prof. Toy.

Some sixty members of the Ministerial Union with their guests gathered for luncheon in the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, on Monday, March 23. The meeting was arranged in honor of Prof. Crawford H. Toy, LL.D., professor emeritus of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages in the Harvard Divinity School. It was Dr. Toy's seventy-eighth birthday, and this, together with the recent publication of his important work entitled "An Introduction to the History of Religions," lent significance and interest to the gathering.

At the exercises following the luncheon, Rev. Frederic Gill presided. He spoke of the warmth of affection and esteem which was universally felt toward Dr. Toy, not only as a scholar, but as a man. "The professor knows a good deal," he said, "but one thing he does not know, and that is the regard and gratitude in which he is held by the ministers." A telegram of congratulation from the Meadville Theological School and several letters of felicitation were read. Rev. Roger Forbes of Dorchester, Prof. Ephraim Emerton of Harvard, Dr. W. H. Lyon of Brookline, and Dean W. W. Fenn of the Divinity School at Cambridge were then introduced in turn as those who were to speak not only to but for the company.

Mr. Forbes, representing the younger ministers, recalled the fear and trembling in which he had first entered the class-room of Prof. Toy, the great scholar of whose reputation he had heard so much, and then the surprise and delight with which he had found a man of singular gentleness and approachability. "Free from all trace of superciliousness or scorn, he had a way of drawing out the best that there was in a student. His teaching had the flavor of a rich, mellow fruit, with no acid of sarcasm. He was a man whose opinion was eagerly sought on all subjects."

Prof. Emerton said that, as there was no one to whom open praise would be more distasteful than to Dr. Toy, he would speak only in a general way of some of the characteristics of a true scholar. These he outlined as "the passion for truth, courage, largeness of view, or humanity and modesty, not the self-conscious kind, but that modesty that does not even know that it is modest." He then left it to his hearers to find the man to whom these traits would apply.

Dr. W. H. Lyon of Brookline, humorously disclaiming all knowledge of Hebrew, spoke, as he said, not a collegiate but a personal word of tribute. He laid special stress on the fact that Dr. Toy had brought the Hebrew language into a new respect, and had emphasized the important value of the Old Testament literature.

Dean Fenn pictured Dr. Toy as "The Rabbi at whose feet the students clustered." "He came to Harvard at the time when the study of Hebrew was beginning to be crowded out by the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of sociology. It was also the time, however, when a new method of Old Testament study was coming into use, and in that method Dr. Toy was one of the foremost pioneers. He taught the Scriptures with a scholar's reverence. He made no parade, but, when a point was at issue, the heavy battalions came rolling up. He had the faculty of giving great significance to all his pupils' questions, and therein lay much of his power and charm as a teacher."

Dr. Toy, in rising to reply, received a long and hearty ovation. He addressed the company as "his fellow-students in the class-room." After expressing gracious thanks for the roses which had been sent him in the morning, he referred to his gratitude for having come to Harvard at a time when he might gain a touch with the great fathers of the Unitarian faith. "Such men," he said, "represented a most important body of religious thought, and formed, as it were, a communion of saints. Their work must be continued, carried on. We of to-day inherit a great tradition and occupy a most responsible position. We may be but a few, but it is always the function of the minority to uphold the ideal interests of life. However, let us always beware," he characteristically counselled in closing, "of all pretensions to infallibility."

As the meeting adjourned, numbers of his friends and former pupils crowded about "The Rabbi," to individualize the word of good-will and gratitude.

H. G. A.

About the New Sunday-school Course.

Using the privilege that falls to the dog that bays at the moon and to the cat that looks at the king, I venture to set down a comment or so on the new course of lessons.

It is pretty hard to criticise a thing that, so far, exists only in talk and prospectus, and, in one way, I find nothing to criticise in the prospectus. One usually thinks his own way the best. The Beacon Series was so near my own course of lessons in material presented and in arrangement of the same, that I felt quite tickled over it, and, if I understand at all the nature of the changes that the new course proposes to make, I may say that they will closen the resemblance between the authorized course and my own, all of which is of more importance to me than to any one else. I mention it here mainly to show my good-will.

I can't help noticing, however, the proud disclaimer on the part of the powers that publish, or that propose to publish, of so base a thing as the aim to *teach* much. Any one whose memory is at all tenacious for slogans in bygone days, will remember that this cry is, to say the least, not new. It seems usually to have been our ambition not to teach much; and I think it is the one ideal that we have lived up to pretty well.

One might imagine that there was not much to teach; that it was in no shape to teach; that it was already being taught; that there was no great need for teaching it; that Unitarian children were being born already taught; and that there were some grievous examples somewhere of their having learned too much in Sunday-school and of their being ever afterwards too wise.

My own experience with the youngsters, however, and with those who have got over being youngsters, and with the various schools here and there, is that none of these conditions is real. I have seen many efforts to teach that failed, and I have heard of the "over-intellectual" Unitarian. But I have never seen him in the flesh. It has seemed to me that, if our children knew more of the things that perhaps can sometime be taught to children, they would not be so foolish, when they grow up, over things that do not stand in the light of, for instance, such a thing as Christian history or the history of religions. With this kind of facts in my mind, I cannot help thinking that it would not be very bad for a Sunday-school, seeing that it still calls itself a school, to announce, without any blushes, that it proposes to teach, at least, a method of thinking about religion, and to announce that as one of its main ideals. It seems to me that the moral and religious impulse is the very thing that cannot be categorically taught; that it comes by contact, by influence, by insensible perception and absorption; and that it may well thus accidentally come when the children are [being *taught* some things However—

George E. MacIlwain.

Toledo, Ohio.

From the Mission at Shelbyville, Ill.

It was a feast of happy memories and uplifting thoughts to the friends in this mission to receive a visit from Rev. Robert Collyer Douthit, pastor at Petersham, Mass. He has been absent from this his boyhood home for over ten years. He is having his vacation now before the warm season, because Petersham is a summer resort, and the minister must be busy at home then. He could be in Shelbyville only part of a week. Meantime he held a service, assisted by his father, in the Congregational (Unitarian) church, Wednesday evening, March 18. It was a remarkable and memorable event, under the circumstances. It was during high tide of the largest and broadest Christian union revival meeting ever held in this, one of the oldest towns of the State. (It is as old as Chicago, if not older.)

Jasper L. Douthit, the father of Robert C., has been serving in this vicinity as Unitarian missionary for over fifty years. He is now a sort of a home missionary, or minister-at-large, in this immediate community. Being in his eightieth year, he does not travel so far over rough country roads as he did when fifty and sixty years of age. It was a great joy for him to hear his son preach a sermon that was highly appreciated by an audience that nearly filled the church.

There are precious few faithful members of the Unitarian church living here now. But these few are fully recognized as fellow-Christians by nearly all of the pastors and members of the twelve other churches. The Unitarian minister-at-large was cordially invited by the pastors and people of the four older and largest churches, namely, Church of Disciples, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist, to co-operate in the above series of union revival meetings. He accepted the invitation. If it seem strange to anybody that Jasper Douthit would assist in such meetings, it should be remembered that it was at the close of a six weeks' protracted meeting in the old Court House, Shelbyville, that the first Unitarian Congregation in Shelbyville was organized, with seventy-five members, nearly forty years ago. Those members were mostly poor people (wage-workers and tenants), excepting a few county officials. The bodies of most of those members are now buried in the city cemetery, and hundreds who, since then, united with Unitarian congregations in this country are scattered over the nation from ocean to ocean. The Unitarian church here has never had more than a half-dozen members at one time who owned their own homes. Much of the membership has been transient.

Therefore there are comparatively few who are known as Unitarians who knew Robert Collyer Douthit as a boy, and who were here to greet him on this visit. Nevertheless, the old home church was surprisingly well filled with people who were interested to hear him. There were many from other churches, and also several of no church, who most gladly welcomed the Shelby County boy and his gospel message.

Physicians' Certificates.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

My attention was called recently to a column in the Fitchburg *Daily News*, which directed attention to a notice published for the first time in the weekly calendar of the First Parish Unitarian Church, Fitchburg, Mass. The notice read as follows:—

"Persons desiring to be united in marriage by the minister will be expected to furnish a physician's certificate. Blanks for the same may be obtained of the minister."

I was interested to write to Rev. Robert F. Leavens, the minister of the church, thanking him for taking an open step which may prove a guide to others. The reply of Mr. Leavens permits me to quote the instance at my discretion. His explanation seems to me helpful to those who are considering this matter, and I give it below, with the hope that it may prove as valuable to others as to me:—

. . . "As a matter of fact, you know that this practice of requesting a physician's certificate is not new, since it has been observed for some time by men of our church and others, so I am not to be regarded as an originator. There are two or three other points to which I will call your attention: I "request" and "expect" the physician's certificate, but have not as yet adopted the hard-and-fast rule of demanding it. Two marriages which I have lost since adopting the custom, were turned down because the applicants did not give sufficiently good reasons for not complying with my request. Again, I do not look upon this measure as one which will insure healthful and happy marriages. It is but an added precaution, to be classed with that of the license of the city clerk. Finally, I do not see why ministers need to wait for the legislature to make this practice a law. If it is right, we have the duty and the liberty to put it into effect ourselves, in order to make as sure as possible that the marriages which we perform are worthy of the divine approval."

This "expectation" on the part of the minister will be fulfilled as a matter of course when children are taught by their parents from earliest years to prepare for this fulfilment. "The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons [and daughters] of God."

Clara B. Beatley.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Boston Federation Hospitality.

The Young People's Religious Union will hold its annual meeting on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, May 28, 1914, at the South Congregational Church, corner of Exeter and Newbury Streets, Boston, Mass. The young people of the Boston Federation extend a cordial invitation to delegates from out of town who come to Boston for this meeting, to the hospitality of their homes on Thursday night. We ask that all delegates who wish entertainment send their names and addresses to the chairman. The services of several of the Boston young people will be at the command of the delegates who register at Room 3, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday morning. A luncheon will be served at the Bulfinch Place Church; and directions as to reaching this church and the South Congregational Church will be given at headquarters. A reception to the officers of the Young People's Religious Union will follow the afternoon meeting, and supper *for the delegates* will be served at six o'clock.

Frederick G. May, Jr.,
Chairman of the Hospitality Committee of the Boston Federation.

As several of the unions close during April, it may be well to take up at once the matter of appointing the three delegates to the annual meeting in May. At the same time the above letter may be considered, and word sent to the chairman, thus avoiding the necessity of a special meeting for the purpose of choosing delegates, or the possibility of the matter not being attended to at all.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

Rev. Roger S. Forbes will give the address at the last vesper service of the winter, in the church of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, next Sunday at 4 P.M.

The Cambridge Association of Ministers will meet at Newton Centre, April 6, Rev. A. H. Robinson, host. Luncheon at the church at 1. Subject of the paper, "Church Music." Train leaves South Station at 12.20. Newton Highlands trolley from Park Street passes church.

The regular meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, April 6, 1914, at 10.30 A.M. Subject, "The North Carolina Circuit Work." Speaker, Miss Lucy Lowell. Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, Alliance Treasurer, will also speak. All are welcome.

The Meadville Conference will meet at Cleveland, Ohio, April 6 and 7. It is made up of the churches round about the Meadville Theological School as a centre, and any

churches or individuals are welcome to join the Conference or attend the meeting. Henry T. Secrist, Secretary.

Rev. John William Tickle of the Methodist ministry, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted March 23, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

At a meeting of the Fellowship Committee of the Middle States and Canada, held on March 23, 1914, at City Club, New York City, Rev. Filolio A. Taglialatela was duly admitted to the Fellowship of the Unitarian denomination, and is hereby commended to its ministers and churches. W. M. Brundage, chairman; L. A. Harvey, W. R. Hunt.

The spring meeting of the New England Associate Alliance will be held in the First Church, Boston, Thursday, April 16, at 10.30. Addresses on "Some Alliance Opportunities," by Mrs. William L. Walsh, and "Our Boys and Girls," by Mr. James O. Pagan, will be given. In the afternoon Miss Lucy Ellis Allen will speak on "The Influence of Luxury on the Modern Child," and Rev. Frank A. Powell, on "The Mission of the Modern Church." Box luncheon, with tea and coffee provided by the hostess branch.

Meetings.

Worcester League of Unitarian Women.—The League met at the Church of the Unity at 11.30 A.M., March 18. Forty women were present. Opening exercises were conducted by the president, Mrs. Frank E. Davis. Announcement was made of the publication of the Book of Services and Hymns for Alliance Meetings. The morning speaker, Mrs. Henry C. Parker, Woburn, took for her topic: "How to make our Lives count." Dr. Grenfell's life was given as an example of service. Edward Everett Hale said that, because he could not do everything, it was no reason why he should do nothing. Some of us are good Samaritans only to those of our faith, neglecting service outside our own home and denomination. Let us recognize that we are in the midst of a complicated civilization, but, by doing each day's duties in our homes among the less fortunate, in Sunday-school, in our Alliances, and in our churches, we can make our lives count in all departments of life. The speaker of the afternoon, Rev. Arthur M. Knapp, with his personal knowledge of Japanese missionary undertakings, gave a comprehensive talk upon "Mission Work." The discussion following was of unusual value, and brought out many facts in the history of the work. Although Mr. Knapp has not been in Japan for three years, he was able to give impressions gained in 300,000 miles of travel, from smoking-rooms and deck talk. He said the universal sneer would be changed to admiration if the public were informed of the real facts. In all the years of missionary endeavor, the racial bar has never been surmounted. Christianity has never gone beyond the Aryan race. Missionaries have been looked upon as an affront. How does a private missionary organization invading a country differ from filibustering? It is a violation of the Golden Rule, as we can see if we try to picture the Oriental nations invading the western hemisphere. The requisites of a missionary to-day are wit and intellect, as well as zeal and sincerity. It is better to send one thirty-thousand-dollar man than thirty one-thousand-dollar men. The speaker emphasized home missionary work. Our gospel of personal character will win us success. The Japanese are open to conviction if benefits and results can be shown, and they call for a religion devoid of all superstition. Lena Hurlbut Bellows, Secretary.

Churches.

Boston, Mass.—Second Church. The Rev. Samuel Raymond Maxwell of Greenfield has accepted the call to this pulpit, and will take up his new duties soon. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and graduated from Meadville Theological School. His first parish was in Walpole, N.H., where he served for nearly four years, going later to Greenfield as minister of All Souls' Church. The new church is rapidly nearing completion in the Back Bay, and it is expected that the society will be able to occupy its new quarters by fall.

Boston, Mass.—Church of the Disciples, Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany: This church has been having a happy year of earnest work in response to the high call of its ministry. Large congregations greet Mr. Rihbany every Sunday morning, and hear a word that quickens to higher ideals of living. The newly formed Committee on Social Service has conducted a Sunday morning study class which has had the privilege of being led by expert workers; it has established a Saturday morning kindergarten at the Robert Gould Shaw House, provided helpers at the North End Union, and entered upon a pleasant work for the neighborhood, throwing open the spacious library of the church once a week for this purpose. The Alliance, in the absence of Mrs. Ames, who is in Italy, has been delightfully directed by a committee of six, of whom Mrs. Edward E. Allen is chairman. The meetings have been large, and have been most interesting, and have proved that the influence of Mrs. Ames is

Business Notices.

Among the attractions in Boston for visitors are the department and crockery stores; and that of Jones, McDuffee & Stratton is one of the largest in the States, with trade reaching to the West Coast and to the Gulf States. In their store can be seen everything in the line of ceramics, from the moderate cost to the most expensive, from single pieces up to the largest outfits.

On Good Friday evening, April 10, at 8, The Cecilia Society will give "The St. Matthew Passion" by Bach, in Symphony Hall. Special attention has been given by the conductor, Dr. Arthur Mees, to the traditional interpretation of this pious master-work. The 150 voices in the organization will be assisted by a choir of boys from the Emmanuel Church. A choir of 150 German singers will be seated in the audience to assist in the singing of the chorales by the audience and combined choirs. The tunes of these chorales will be printed on the programmes. The soloists will be Miss Grace Kerns, soprano; Miss Mildred Potter, contralto; Mr. Nicholas Douty, tenor, and Mr. Earl Cartwright, bass. In addition to the music of the great organ (Mr. John P. Marshall, organist), there will be 60 players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Tickets are on sale at Symphony Hall and at Thompson's Park Street Music Store.

Deaths.

MRS. LYDIA S. PRIEST.

March 7, Saturday, at midnight, at her home on Maple Street, Sterling, occurred the death of Lydia S. (Burpee) Priest, widow of the late H. H. Priest of Boston and Chicago. She was the daughter of John and Betsy (Stephenson) Burpee. Born and brought up in Sterling, she spent the greater part of her life in that town, with the exception of the time passed in Chicago, where Mr. Priest was in business for many years. After the death of her husband, she still kept her Sterling home, and was a loving and devoted mother to her only daughter, who shared the home with her.

She was a stanch Unitarian, an energetic worker in the home church, and an active member of the Ladies' Industrial Society connected with the parish. For many years she was chairman of the executive committee of the Ladies' Industrial Society, and a member of the parish committee. Being in delicate health for the past year, she failed rapidly after the death of her son, George H. Priest of Worcester. Mrs. Priest is survived by a daughter, Mrs. E. W. Sawyer of Sterling, two grand-daughters, Mrs. H. A. Thompson and Miss Lydia E. Priest of Worcester, and a sister, Mrs. Benjamin S. Stevens of Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Mrs. Priest was a woman of simple life and domestic tastes, a lover of the home enjoyments. She had many noble traits of character, including her devotion to her family, her faithfulness to every duty, kindness of heart, and loyalty to what her conscience approved,—all these now rise up to give her a blessed memory. Her liberal faith supported her in all the exigencies of her life. She was a truly religious woman, and it always gave her great pleasure to speak of her annual visits in her later years with her daughter to the Isles of Shoals meetings. Her good and faithful life is her sufficient and cherished memorial.

The funeral services were held at her residence on Maple Street the Thursday afternoon following, and were largely attended by relatives and friends. Rev. H. D. Stevens of Walpole, her former minister, conducted the services. The Imperial Quartet of Worcester rendered several favorite hymns. There was a profusion of beautiful flowers, testifying to the love and esteem in which she was held.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 73-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for invalids and elderly ladies. Good care; excellent table. References. Telephone Malden 1365-W, or address S. H., care of *The Christian Register*.

FOR SALE.—Nice seven-room house, six miles from Richmond, Va. Two minutes from trolley; two lots, garden, fruit trees, choice flowers, good water. Property adjoins Unitarian church; pleasant community. Address A. H. Allen, 1011 Franklin Bank Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientele.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

still alive in her followers. The book under consideration is Dr. Peabody's "The Approach to the Social Question." The Alliance looks forward to a closing meeting with Dr. Peabody as a guest. The Social Club, Miss Lena L. Carpenter, president, has enjoyed an evening with Judge Baker, another with Miss Cora H. Clarke, and has devoted a meeting to the poems of Mr. Edward A. Church, charmingly read by the author. Under the leadership of Mr. William Agge, the Charles Gordon Ames Brotherhood has discussed vital questions of our faith, and has strengthened the bonds of fellowship. The young people of the Disciples Guild have prepared papers upon the lives of great men and women. The Lend-a-Hand Club has given a creditable musical performance for the benefit of its chosen philanthropic interests. The Disciples School choir, trained by the church organist, Mr. Harrington, has been leading the congregational singing, and helping otherwise in the musical part of the services. The Disciples School has gone steadily forward, and in itself has presented an interesting group of activities promoting the work of religious education. A reception to Mr. and Mrs. Rihbany on March 31, crowns the winter's programme. The calendar for April provides for a Neighborhood Tea on Easter Monday, and the annual meeting of the church, preceded by a general supper of the congregation, on the fourth Wednesday evening. On Easter Sunday, the offerings for the Charles Gordon Ames Endowment Fund will give opportunity for a loyal expression of devotion to the ideals for which this gifted minister stood,—to remember gratefully the wisdom which led this church into its present opportunity to stand as "God's witness in a waiting land." Mr. Rihbany's subjects for April are as follows: April 5, "The Soul before Birth"; April 12, "The Soul after Death"; April 19, "The Prophet and the Politician"; April 26, "Jerusalem and Gerizim."

Hamilton, Ont., Canada.—Unity Church: The Alliance and the Young People's Religious Union held a joint meeting on Wednesday evening, March 18, and were much pleased to welcome Mrs. L. Glasgow of Toronto, Ont., the Canadian director of the National Alliance. Mrs. Glasgow gave a very interesting, instructive, and inspiring address on "Florence Nightingale," which was much appreciated by all present. The evening closed with music and refreshments.

Hartford, Conn.—Unity Church: Rev. Albert C. Dieffenbach: Tribute to the memory of Rev. Joseph Waite, who was pastor of Unity Church about thirteen years, and who died in November, 1905, was paid recently by the present pastor, who preached a memorial sermon at the morning service. The pulpit was decorated with palms and flowers, and a portrait of Mr. Waite was on the platform. Mr. Waite's daughter, Miss Mary V. Waite, an instructor at Bryn Mawr College, came to Hartford to attend the service. Mr. Dieffenbach's text was from Philippians iv. 8, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, . . . think."

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Unitarian Church: The society is congratulating itself on Rev. Jabez T. Sunderland's acceptance of the call to become minister, the regular pastorate beginning May 1. He supplies the pulpit until that date. The church has been most fortunate in the gentlemen who have conducted the services thus far, representing as they do, the ablest ministers of the denomination, men noted for vigorous and clear thinking, nobility of statement, and religious fervor. Without instituting a comparism, it is no more than fair to add that no one has surpassed Mr. Sunderland in these respects. The situation occupied is peculiar to New York, always a soil uncongenial to independent thought in matters of faith, and especially stern and harsh in opposition to the "reconciling words" of truth and righteousness. Negative habits of thought are familiar here to a very marked degree, and, seemingly, no one seems ashamed to avow them. To make headway against false views and opinions, and re-create or develop a better spirit of understanding of what life is and what it is for in these and other important respects, especially among those who are not affiliated with any church, is one of the aims of this society. This will not be an easy task, as certainly it will be difficult to secure recognition as a liberal Christian church among congregations whose ministers are positively hostile to liberal Christian preaching. Judging from what is known of Mr. Sunderland by his numerous writings, explanatory and defensive, of our faith, and from the pastorates he has undertaken and efficiently served with benefit to the people and honor to himself, the people think themselves fully justified in believing that he will meet and surmount the hardships referred to in a spirit and with powers peculiar to himself, so as greatly to modify, if not completely change, the mental attitude of those who are careless of all religious services, or who denounce Unitarians as atheists, agnostics, and free thinkers. At present the followers are few, intelligent, most sympathetic, and deeply religious.

Roslindale, Mass.—Unitarian Church, Rev. George William Hill Troop: At a meeting of the Parish Union on Friday evening, March 13, Rev. Samuel Bastin Nobbs addressed a large gathering, taking for his subject, "The Laymen and the Church." Mr. Nobbs outlined the work of the National League of Unitarian Laymen, and created such interest among those present that at the close of his address plans were formulated for the immediate organization of a branch of the League in Roslindale. It is expected that in the near future the League will have a large and active representation in this community.

Personals.

Four of the lectures delivered by Rev. J. T. Sunderland in China have been published as a small booklet, both in Chinese and English, by the Chinese International Institute of Shanghai. The Brahmo Somaj of India is planning to bring out ten or twelve of the lectures and sermons delivered by him in various Indian cities as a volume, probably to be called "Liberal Religion and the Orient." A Chinese scholar, educated in America, but now residing in one of the large cities of China, has requested permission to translate into Chinese Mr. Sunderland's book on "The Origin and Character of the Bible."

Rev. J. H. Crooker, D.D., and his wife, Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, plan to sail for England on the Arabic, April 21. Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, at the head of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, has asked Dr. Crooker to preach in London. He is also to lecture next summer at the Sunday School Institute at Oxford. He will speak on temperance so far as his time will permit. Mrs. Crooker will continue several studies at the British Museum which she began some years ago. They will be in London to attend the Unitarian anniversaries the first of June, at which Dr. Crooker some eleven years ago preached the annual sermon.

The Burial Place of Paul.

An amazing story respecting Paul the apostle comes from Wales. Hitherto no one has supposed that he ever left Rome after being carried there a prisoner some time before the death of Festus in 62 A.D. The prevalent belief has always been that Paul was martyred at Rome about the same time as Peter. According to the Roman presbyter Gaius, toward the end of the second century, the martyr-tombs of the two apostles were then visible at Rome. Other early testimony

SYMPHONY HALL
GOOD FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, at 8
PASSION By BACH According to St. Matthew
The Cecilia Society
Dr. ARTHUR MEES Conductor
MUSIC
150 Voices — 5 Soloists — Boys' Choir (40) from Emmanuel Church. 130 German Choral Singers in audience. 60 Players from Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Great Organ.
Tickets $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Symphony Hall and C. W. Thompson's Music Store, Park Street.

POINT BREEZE.
Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

CLERICAL SERVICE
(Liberal Unitarian)
For good reasons, I am available as Ministerial Supply for Sunday Services. Funerals. Lectures before Clubs and Church Societies. Live, pertinent subjects. Wide experience. Distance no objection. Compensation according to circumstances. Rev. LYMAN B. WEEKS, 14 Fairmount Avenue, West Somerville, Mass. 'Phone, Somerville 3441 M.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants
Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.
Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.
Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.
Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.
President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 352 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

is vague. On the whole, however, the impression conveyed is that Paul probably suffered martyrdom.

Major John Samuels of Edenfield, Llanfairfechan, North Wales, professes to know better. Writing to the London Daily *Telegraph* he says: "Saint Paul was not martyred in Rome, or anywhere else. He came here, and lived and died here (A.D. 99), and is buried at Glastonbury Abbey." He adds that he is about to publish his work on Saint Paul in a new light, and that it has taken him nine years to complete it.

The light is indeed new, and the surprising thing is that in so short a time as nine years he has been able to discover the apostle's grave at Glastonbury,—which, by the way, is not in Wales, but across the Severn in the English county of Somerset. It is the Avalon of Arthurian legend; and here, says earlier tradition, Joseph of Arimathæa came bearing the Holy Grail, and founded the first Christian Church in Britain. Scepticism in regard to Major Samuels's tale is natural, and it is strengthened by his promise to prove that Paul, "just before he left Rome for the West," wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Edward Everett Hale's Birthday.

The 92d anniversary of the birth of Edward Everett Hale will be celebrated on Friday evening, April 3, at 7.45 o'clock, at Channing Church, Dorchester. Old portraits of Dr. Hale will be on exhibition, short extracts from his writings will be read, and several of his favorite hymns will be sung.

Dr. Hale's lifelong friend Dr. James De Normandie of Roxbury will give a paper of reminiscences. Following there will be a social hour. Dr. Hale's interest in Channing Church was such that he wrote its covenant of fellowship with his own hand into the church book, and then characteristically signed himself its first member! Several times did he preach from its pulpit. The Men's Club of the church, who have the evening in charge, cordially invite any one interested to attend.

The Study of Socialism.

All through the country, churches are awakening to the vital importance of studying Socialism, and naturally, for nowhere should the great socialist movement, so perplexing in its seemingly paradoxical union of Christian ethics with certain tendencies apparently far from Christian, be so earnestly and impartially considered as among the followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth. To meet this rising demand and to stimulate thought and discussion in groups of church people, is among the hopes entertained by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. This Society exists, not to proselytize, but to promote the intelligent study of Socialism. It has a wide membership among the college men and women of our land, being chaptered in more than fifty colleges. It is prepared to furnish speakers—generally with no charge save for travelling expenses—to people's forums or to church clubs. These speakers can be obtained by application to Mr. Ordway Tead, 20 Union Park, Boston, or Rev. George Grover Mills, First Unitarian Church, Watertown, Mass.

An Illustrated Lecture.

The members of the branch Alliance of Hingham, Mass., so much enjoyed the illustrated lecture on the Canadian Northwest written by Rev. Mr. MacIlwain, that they ask that this notice may be published in the *Register* in order that other Alliances may send for the lecture.

The plates and lecture are freely offered to all, without any expense except expressage.

Agnes Long.
President, Hingham Alliance.

King's Chapel Services.

Noon-day services in King's Chapel will close after Holy Week. The series were continued last season until the end of May, but were not begun until January. This season they were begun November 1. The Sunday evening services, also begun November 1, will close for the season after Easter. There will, as usual, be extra services in the Chapel during Holy Week. The organ music on the Saturday preceding Easter will be appropriate to the day. The schedule, showing speakers and hours of service, is as follows:—

April 6, 12 M., Rev. Abbot Peterson, First Parish, Brookline. 4.30 P.M., Rev. Edward Hale, First Church, Chestnut Hill.

April 7, 12 M., Rev. E. M. Slocombe, Second Parish, Worcester. 4.30 P.M., Rev. Charles E. Park, First Church, Boston.

April 8, 12 M., Rev. William H. Lyon, D.D., First Parish, Brookline. 4.30 P.M., Rev. Sydney B. Snow, King's Chapel, Boston.

April 9, 12 M., Rev. P. R. Frothingham, Arlington Street Church, Boston. 8.00 P.M., communion service.

April 10, 11.30 A.M., Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., King's Chapel, Boston.

April 11, 12 M., musical service, Mr. Lang.

Here and There.

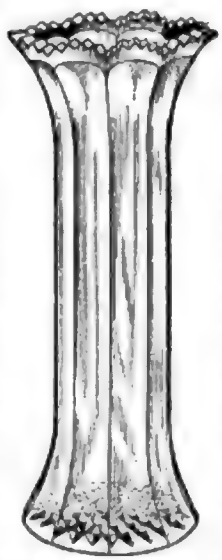
Japan has recently embarked upon a new iron industry that is expected to relieve her of the hitherto insuperable burden of imports in iron and steel piping.

To bring home the relation of tuberculous households to all others, the Mississippi State Board of Health has sent out a dodger showing laundry work being done by an afflicted family. It recalls the beginnings of the agitation against the Washington alleys, when Jacob A. Riis, nosing around the middle of a block, found the Senate's towels drying in one of the worst alleys.—*The Survey.*

The lumbermen of Maine in 1900 originated in this country the use of mountain lookout towers with telephone connection for the prompt location and suppression of forest fires.

PURE White Mountain COLD
"The Chest with the Chill in it"
When selecting your refrigerator have your dealer demonstrate the superiority of the "WHITE MOUNTAIN." Perfect in principle, design, construction — the cleanest, coldest and most economical refrigerator made. Send for our handsome catalogue and booklet.
DUPLEX CIRCULATION MAINE MFG. CO. REFRIGERATORS NASHUA N.H. GERM PROOF

Easter Vases
Cut Glass
Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.



Offer from a stock of Cut Glass which is the largest and most comprehensive of any in the United States, embracing all values, including blown and uncut specimens, from the lowest to the most expensive, but we desire to call attention to the fact that our stock is especially replete in medium values in all grades adapted to Easter or Wedding Gifts.

Plain Colonial Cut Glass Vases, as well as many entirely new shapes and designs, made in various sizes and shapes, which we offer as attractive and useful gifts.
Fruit Sets, Round Tray with 12 fruit plates.
Salad Plates.
Flower Vases with pendant prisms.
Cracker and Cheese Trays.
Lemon Trays with glass forks.
New Design Cucumber Bowls.
Hothouse Strawberry Trays with compartment for powdered sugar.
Oval Fern Dishes.
Manicure Trays.
Lavender Salts Jars.
Dr. Johnson Punch Bowls and Stands.
Iridescent Vases and Baskets.
Table Decorations with Tall Centre Vase and four corner vases with connecting glass chains.
Glassware for Table and Sideboard, includes English, French, Bohemian and American specimens, blown, etched, cut, gilded, enamelled and rock crystal in endless variety.
Single dozens of China Plates, attractive designs. All values from $3 per dozen up to costly decorations. Large exhibit to choose from.
China, also Crockery Dinner Wares, in great variety of all standard makes, from which either parts or complete service may be had.
One price marked in plain figures and we are not undersold on equal wares if we know it.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.
Crockery, China & Glass Merchants
33 FRANKLIN STREET
(Ten Floors)
Near Washington and Summer Streets, Boston

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

Panks: "Don't you believe seeing is believing?" Hanks: "Not when I see you."

Question: "When you are ill and need a remedy, what does the ice-man bring you?" Answer: "Pond's extract."—*Exchange.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "of course he's a very agreeable man to meet, and all that, but I don't quite like that carbolic smile of his."

What his wife said: "Lovely, dear, lovely! But I think those sheep look too much like clouds,—er,—that is,—of course,—darling,—unless they are clouds."

The Disgusted Golfer: "Have you ever seen such rotten play?" The Weary Caddie (who has caddied three days for only his bare wage): "No, sir; but I've read of it in the comic papers."—*Sketch.*

Her Price List. Kind lady (to applicant): "I am sure you would learn to love my children." Nurse: "What wages do you pay?" Kind Lady: "$20 a month." Nurse: "I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be gentle with them at that price."—*Tit-Bits.*

Candid Hostess (on seeing her nephew's fiancée for the first time): "I never should have known you from your photograph. Reggie told me you were so pretty." Reggie's Fiancée: "No, I'm not pretty, so I have to try and be nice, and it's such a bore. Have you ever tried?"—*Punch.*

Norah, fresh from old Ireland, stared at the baby's toy balloon, which wavered at a place two or three feet higher than her head, and was anchored to the back of a chair. "'Tis quare and wonderful entirely!" she said, raising her hands. "To see it up,—and balancin' its own self,—and it shtandin' on a string! '—*Youth's Companion.*

At the Authors' Club in New York, one member used the term, "the irony of fate." "That expression," remarked a listener, "may fit your story, but I have a better one. Once, in San Francisco, when I was nearly down and out, I received a money-order from home in the sum of forty dollars, and the only man who could identify me was one to whom I owed thirty-eight."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Rev. Justus Forward, settled in Belchertown one hundred years ago, once reproved a workman for swearing over the ploughing of a new field. "Swear," said Ben. "I guess you'd swear." Indignantly denying the charge, Mr. Forward took the plough, and hurried after, panting, "I never did see the like, I never did see the like," till he had been the round. "There," he said, "you see, I didn't find it necessary to swear." "No," drawled Ben, "but you've told more'n fifty lies. You said you never did see the like, and you saw it all the time I was ploughin'."

The *Tägliche Rundschau* tells this story about Senator Root, who, when he was Secretary of State, had a small colored messenger. At first the lad was very respectful to everybody. Mr. Root asked him where the waste-basket was, and the boy replied that Mr. Riley had taken it. "Who is Mr. Riley?" asked the secretary, only to find that it was "Pete." A little later he asked who left the window open, and the answer came, "Mr. Lantz has been washing windows." "Look here, my boy," said Mr. Root, "don't call everybody mister; use their first names. I can't tell whom you mean." In the course of an hour, the boy opened the door, and called, "Say, Elihu, there's a fat guy outside who wants to speak to you." The "fat guy" was President Taft. The *Tägliche Rundschau* does not report what the Secretary said next.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
60 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE D. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

APR 11 1914

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Established 1821

VOLUME 93 . . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 15 . . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1914

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 337
The Easter Faith 338
The Great Easter 339

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The New Service Book 340

CURRENT TOPICS 341

BREVITIES 342

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Nomination of Directors 342
A Dissenter 343

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Valley of Weeping, by Isabel Francis Bellows . . 343
The Blizzard, by Augusta Larned 344
Robert Bridges—Poet Laureate, by John Haynes Holmes 345
For Easter 349
Income Altruism, by Minot Simons 354
A Knotty Problem; Reminiscences; Foreign Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 355
The Prohibition of Sectarian Legislation; Visitation Day 356
The Alliance 357
Acknowledgments 358
Charles Gordon Ames Memorial; A Christian Forum . 359

SPIRITUAL LIFE 347

THE PULPIT.
The Hopeful Spirit, by Rev. Charles E. St. John . . . 347

LITERATURE.
Books 350
Magazines; Miscellaneous 351

THE HOME.
Elizabeth's Choice, by Amy V. Beal; Della's Easter Party, by Gwladys Louise Williams; Helping the Easter Bunny, by Laura K. Hudson 352
Grandma's S'prise, by Frances Harmer; The Prince's Button 353

POETRY.
In Early Spring, by Alice Gordon 343
Newness of Life, by Charlotte Fiske Bates 345
The Singing Leaves, by Elizabeth West Parker . . . 350
An Easter Thought, by Oliver Penmark 352
On Borrowing Trouble 354

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Pilgrim Federation 357

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 358

PLEASANTRIES 360

Editorial.

REFERENCES to spiritual things in preaching and writing fail to carry definite impressions because, from the nature of the subject and the inadequacy of language, they have to be vague and ideal. They refer, none the less, to what is the life of everything worth while in life. No one counts vague and unreal the spirit of the men he is dealing with, nor allows himself ever to be indifferent to the quality of that spirit, whether it is concerned mainly with advantage or success by themselves, or whether it is concerned with these things so far as they are compatible with integrity, honor, and the common welfare. That man is spiritually minded who takes his greatest satisfactions from the unseen laws which are the music and gladness of the world, and which keep their way unhindered by its slowness, unhurried by its haste, and unvexed by its noise. These laws are not reserved to those who can contemplate them richly, express them nobly, and carry their inspiration to others. They are much more the property of those who, in the toils and absorptions of life, make them the standard of their action and the comfort and invigoration of their doing. They know that, when spiritual things are spoken of, what is meant is the impalpable but invincible body of principles which make the nervous system of their work. If they are cut, of what use are the muscles? Without their vital force, the hardiest strength is paralyzed.

To Sir Edward Grey belongs the epigram that the difficulty, so far as the diplomatist is concerned, is, not to tell the truth, but to get it believed when one has told it. We see much more difficulty of this sort in theology than in diplomacy. The trouble with us is that for centuries religious truth has been considered a deposit, and those who got the deposit had nothing to do but mine it. We recognize how grand it is to think of revelation as having been given in entire sufficiency and completeness; and how much strain it takes off the mind to think of having nothing to do but prospect and dig in so rich a region! But the fact is that things come to light not included in the revelation, and they have a way of embarrassing an exclusive reliance on the revelation. Telling the truth becomes a matter of telling the whole truth, and then of telling nothing but the truth, even when that involves stopping telling what was once thought truth. Then comes the great difficulty, the difficulty of getting people to believe the truth after we

Digitized by Google

have told it. One thing will help us, and that is to recognize that no one naturally and contentedly accepts as truth what some one has told him merely because he has told him. We have to see things for ourselves; so must others. That is why the process is slow, and why the slowness is not discouraging. As for the difficulty, we can trust truth for that. It is mightier than the mightiest, and those who are content to let it take its time, will have a good deal of time to help it on its way.

The fanciful inventiveness of Jules Verne has long since been distanced by the prose facts of flying-machines, and wonders of aviation have become commonplace, but the description of the biplane which makes daily trips over St. Petersburg, puts a new strain on exclamatory ability. Sixteen persons ride on the wings of this creation of three and one-half tons. A number of cabins extend over a length of twenty-eight feet, and on their roof is a platform. The passengers are comfortably located in a roomy cabin, which is warmed; and mechanics are able to attend to the motors and move about the parts of the machine without disturbing the equilibrium of the aëroplane while in flight. As the great ocean steamships are steadier than smaller vessels, so this giant flyer is steadier than the ordinary biplanes. No doubt the mountaineer who never would trust himself to railway travel is as justified in his fear as we are in thinking of aëroplane travel; no less. A first ocean voyage reminds one of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's saying that heaven was as near by sea as by land, and how helpless a Titanic was we can never forget. Even in the heavens one may face heaven unblenched.

The laws in Leviticus are still in force, it appears, in Scotland. A case being tried in Edinburgh, brought in question the interpretation of a Biblical passage, and one side contended for its understanding in the light of modern criticism. The other side thought it well to reply that, whatever commentators say now, there is no doubt what the Scottish legislators in the reign of James VI. thought was the meaning of the chapter in question. "It would be risky for the court to go upon the views of eminent scholars regarding the state of society when Leviticus was written. Fifty years hence other eminent scholars might take quite contrary views." When the Biblical views of one age get stuck in the law of a land, there is very little chance for scholarship to have any effect on them, and happy is the people whose scholarship is not held in the grip of legal precedent. It would be better to have the changing views of scholars than the fixity that makes their learning of no effect. The insinuation of caprice in scholarship, made by learned counsel, we should take as a testimony of truth. If fifty years hence views change still further, we cannot doubt that the change will be a progress. In the meantime, the laws that stand on the solid basis of judgment separate from ecclesiastical tradition and influence, will be the most authoritative.

Those who speak and think contemptuously of missionaries, should read the weighty judgments of Prof. Ross about them in his "The Changing Chinese." The effect of their religion on native converts to Christianity is enough, alone, to justify the preaching of the gospel. "I have not the language to describe what happiness and encouragement these souls of higher aspiration among the Chinese gain from their fellowship with the kindred spirits from the West." He scores the "brutal falsehoods" the "patent calumnies" of those who impugn their honesty, their fidelity, and their work, from interested and prejudiced motives; and to expectation of the slow conversion of the Chinese he adds the remark that "the aggressive rivalry of Christianity coupled with the coming diffusion of education among the masses, is bound to raise continually the religious plane of the Chinese by forcing the native faiths to assume higher and higher forms in order to survive." It is evident that the isolation of China from our civilization is fairly matched by our lack of knowledge in regard to the Chinese character. The time will come when the absence of Unitarian teaching in China will put us on the defensive, and set us a task of explanation and apology not pleasant to face. At any rate, fields are opening which will make us forget that any one ever thought our work finished.

The Easter Faith.

On the simplest grounds of human nature, such a faith as Easter celebrates may be supported. If there had never been any occasion to establish the faith in its Christian form, there must inevitably, nevertheless, have been such a faith. Men and women live too much from unseen and spiritual sources to be content with a theory of life and death dominated by physical, corporeal conditions. We have to adopt some framework for existence. Just our small measure of it is quite insufficient for any degree of understanding. Existence, so far as we know it directly, will not contain the whole of our experience. Common sense itself has to reach beyond itself for a working theory of life. The most patent fact of common sense is that the potent part of life cannot be accounted for by a history of bodily origin and destiny. No faintest glimmer of a soul, of anything that accounts for such a name, will ever be satisfied with a merely natural history and future. The weakness of the conclusion that death is the end, which it seems to be, is that it does not fulfil all the premises. We cannot put man into that mould and then close it tightly. The thing is too big for the mould. Here or there in the meanest of creatures is a something whose death was never seen or imagined. No fact of death touches it. No theory that is drawn within the circle of death holds it. We must draw our circle of life so as to include all that life is. If the circle is large enough for a birth, it is too large for a death. We cannot deny at one end what came in at the other end. Life unaccounted for there, cannot be disposed of by accounting for it at the latter end by the word "death." If it had been made out of the elements that die, it would be reasonable to think that it follows the fortune of those elements and none other. But it was not made out of them. It never can be made without something more than they. The plan which omits this something is too crude for much use. In some churches in England, there was a door on the north side whose only use appeared to be that it should invariably be left open when a child was christened, in order that the devil might get away promptly. In the framework of the house of life there must be a door left open for a similar, though opposite, reason. It must be left open for the spirit to get in; and, once in, no door can be made fast against it.

This is what follows a true account of what we know we ourselves are. Easter is the only completion that fits our condition. Where experience does not go, faith must go. Yet, in a way, experience is behind the faith, for the faith is the only sufficient container of experience so far as it has gone. In the atmosphere of such a faith we can draw a full breath. In any confined atmosphere we are stifled. On such a map we can find our place. On any narrower scale we are pressed for room. A

Digitized by Google

faith in immortality does far more than open out a life hereafter: it opens out the life that now is. Nothing else gives room for the dignity, the greatness, of human nature,—for its illimitable spirit.

We should hardly dare to assert as much confidence of this as we feel if we thought only of our own lives. Easter is most blessed in interpreting to us other lives, those "whom we have loved long since and lost awhile." Its hold on people, which makes it the festival when the churches are filled as at no other time, is in its universal character as a time of faithful and loving remembrance. It is the day of tender memories. Easter associates those memories with what is living rather than with what is dead. They cannot help being something more than memories to us. Though "memory" is the only word we have, we use it for something that is much more than memory. In summoning up all that beloved lives were and are to us, we strive to place them where they will have true and consistent setting. We tell over their virtues (even their faults may not be ostracized), and try to say what it was that made us love them, what makes us unable to think them wholly dead. No place our knowledge prepares is ample enough. It cramps them or blurs them. The last sigh, the breath that is never drawn again, the burial, the clod or the fire,—how scanty such a story for such large, such gracious, such vital, such wonderful, creations as they were, such emanations as glow undiminished in our thoughts! Easter comes offering a worthy setting. The year, and millions like it, mere time,—these precious lives beggar such measure. In Easter, in Easter alone, they have fitting place. Such a focus is indispensable to our seeing our dear ones as they really were. What would be tragic, becomes promise; what would be a break, becomes growth; what would be inexplicable, becomes clear; and those who would otherwise walk in darkness, now see a great light. Our memories do not belong with the earth: they are not in fit company mingled with thoughts of perishing. They need the light, and we can see them only in the light. Their proportions become true when we lift them on high. The faith in a life not mortal is their proper pedestal, a life of the spirit is their suitable garment, and a heavenly air is requisite for vision.

The Great Easter.

The Jews appear not to have had a symbol of the resurrection of the body. Essentially an inartistic people, in certain aspects, the immortality of the soul found among them neither picture nor statue to give it visible form. It was Christian Art that rose to the conception at first, in humble imagery, such as Jonah delivered from the whale, and later in the triumphant person of Christ leaving the sepulchre or ascending into the heavens.

The people craved a sign that life and immortality had come to light. The people craved a sign that their dear Lord and Master was not dead but risen, a sign to confirm and strengthen the belief in continued life after death, then a comparatively new conception,—an image of life perpetuated in hope and blessedness, not of souls dwelling in an underworld, Hades or Sheol, or even in vague isles of the blest situated far off in unknown, Western seas, but life sharing the existence of God, the Father, vivid and glorious image of reunion with the Crucified One.

But from the first, it is strange to say, the resurrection was a less appealing and suggestive subject to the artist mind and imagination than the crucifixion, the entombment, the descent from the cross. The influence of the cross was paramount from the first. Symbolically it soon came to be seen in every part of ecclesiastical life and usage. Up from the ground plan of cathedrals and churches it entered into every part of the sacred structures and every ceremony of the altar. It became the last object that met the eyes of the dying, and was planted on lonely mountain sides and by the sea where pilgrims and wayfarers knelt to pray.

The cross has entered into a thousand forms, symbol of human suffering and sorrow, but no token or sign of the resurrection, of the same universal application, has come into being.

The awakening and rebirth of nature, the first fragile flowers of spring, we have taken for a sign and promise. But this is as old as Persephone, the Greek goddess, and infinite ages older. Without the firm conviction that Jesus did rise from the tomb in visible form, and was seen on several occasions by one and another of his disciples and those who loved him, we may well believe Christianity would not have crystallized into a large and powerful sect with the seed of growth in its bosom.

Though some of his immediate followers were faithless and cowardly, there was a small contingent who loved him ardently and saw him vividly before them. Even after his departure, Mary Magdalene had mistaken him for the gardener until he spoke, and others meeting him on the road knew him because their hearts burned within them. They were ever after convinced that he had appeared to them in bodily form.

Often in life they had wounded him by their dense materialism and misconception of his most exalted truths; but though simple, untaught people, after his death they seemed to grow into a larger spiritual conception of his mission, and the image of the risen Lord their love and devotion had created grew into a bulwark of the infant church. His profound sayings, after long pondering, must have grown luminous with meaning. His going away was, in a sense, his coming again in larger and more significant form, and once departed he may have seemed more vividly alive than when in mysterious guise of high and remote majesty he walked with them on the shores of Galilee.

In that sublime scene, the supper at Emmaus, he sat at meat with them, and even while they were gazing, vanished from sight. Rembrandt's depiction of this scene, where the Apostles sit transfixed with astonishment and awe, gazing at the vacant chair covered with a burst of vivid light, stands supreme among all the attempts made to depict at least one of the transcendent events of those days.

The risen Christ, as his humble followers saw him through the maze of loving and anticipatory memory, or as an actuality of experience which we can neither affirm nor deny, but confirmed their unfaltering faith that in the immediate future, even before that generation had passed away, he would return with crowds of angels and hosts of the redeemed. For had he not proclaimed the fact, and of what interest or significance could this world and its transitory life be to those who cherished such expectations of the second coming? What mattered it to his followers if they lived a painful time huddled in catacombs, the burial places of the dead, or secreted from cruel persecutions in caves and dens of the earth? The supreme Easter was close at hand, when Satan would be bound in his own grisly place, the earth transfigured, the thousand years of millennium instituted, and the redeemed planet given to the saints of the Lord for their possession. This was to be the great Easter of humanity, the second coming of the Lord and Master in the clouds of heaven, to compensate his own for their love and fidelity.

We are too far away, too cold and passionless, to con-

Digitized by Google

ceive what that hope meant to the early Christians, and how the heart grew faint with waiting and yearning for the appearance of the loved and adored one who was to give them the elect, all that their hearts craved or imaginations conceived. Nor can we conjure up the sick sense of disappointment and hope deferred that must at times have chilled their faith as years rolled round and he came not. Did it ever occur to them that they had mistaken the true tenor of his words when he spoke of mysteries above their understanding, he, who ever strove to impress on them spiritual truths by means of parable and vivid image? They were literalists as we know, and the mistakes they made as to his purpose and meaning were in a line with the level of their intelligence and insight. He loved and trusted them for the simplicity and honesty of their natures, but it is apparent that he was often grieved by their inability to enter into the secrets of his thoughts.

The hope of the great Easter, when Jesus would be known and recognized by the whole world, has not departed altogether from the minds of men. There are those who still yearn to see their Lord returning in the clouds of heaven. They are in the thrall of the early disciples who had not conceived the spiritual Christ, but longed for a spectacular display of his power and majesty. The great Easter of his supremacy in the hearts of men has been deferred for ages. But we may still hope for its coming in the only way it ever could have come,—a rebirth, a new pentecostal baptism of pure and undefiled religion.

Not in the clouds of heaven, but in the new consecration of human souls to humanity, the passionate love of truth and justice, the new conception of service, of devotion to all the higher and nobler interests of life, will Christ manifest himself in the great Easter not as king and ruler, but as brother, helper, friend, the inmate of our homes, the companion of our lives.

American Unitarian Association.

The New Service Book.

In last week's *Register* I was permitted to describe some of the motives and principles that are embodied in the New Hymn and Tune Book. The new services for congregational worship are published simultaneously, either bound with the Hymn Book, or separately in two different sizes. Like the Hymn Book the Service Book is the result of the labors of a committee appointed by the Directors of the Association, and representing different traditions and habits of mind. The members of this committee have worked together for three years. They have thoroughly enjoyed a task which has led them to discover or re-explore the riches of devotional literature.

The committee early decided to forego originality, and to adopt the simple and logical order of service already in use in many of our churches. The work has thus been chiefly one of selection and arrangement. Most of the suggested readings and prayers are happily familiar. The committee has never had the least desire to prescribe a ritual or to suggest any arbitrary forms. The services are not only congregational in order and spirit, but also as free and elastic as is consistent with any arrangements adapted to bring the minds of fellow-worshippers into conscious unity. There has been no thought of depriving the minister of any liberty he now enjoys in the conduct of worship. On the contrary, the committee believes that, by the use of the new book, his freedom and opportunity will be increased and the feeling of common worship deepened and confirmed.

The book provides five regular services and five services for special occasions,—Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, a Service of Righteousness and Peace, and a Service of Commemoration. Then follow a Communion Service, a selection of brief prayers of great variety and beauty, and thirty-one responsive readings from the Psalms. The latter are, in the judgment of the committee, "the best ever compiled for general use."

The sympathetic reader will soon discern that the services, while not limited to any single theme, are built up on the principle of a progressive unity. They follow a logical sequence. They begin just where people are, they carry a definite development, and they arrive at a natural conclusion. The readings and prayers are honest, direct, reverent, confident. There are no merely conventional phrasings, no florid language, no trivial minuteness of petition. The use of these services can hardly fail to help people to feel that they are really a worshipping congregation, and not a mere accidental assembly of individuals. It will make them recognize that their church is more than a lecture-hall or a concert-room; a place where their souls can enter into some real communion with the Infinite Spirit. The preacher will be helped to forget his isolation, and he will come to his sermon with a sense of being upborne on the sympathy of a congregation that is at one in feeling and in expectancy.

In commending to our churches the use of these services I do not forget that the churches of the Puritan descent have always laid stress upon preaching. The sermon has been regarded as the chief thing in the Sunday service. But Phillips Brooks was right when he declared, that "you can never make a sermon what it ought to be if you consider it alone. The service that accompanies it, the prayer and praise, must have their influence upon it." To advocate, then, the adoption of a good service-book does not mean that any one wants to turn a prophet into a priest. Rather it indicates an appreciation of the fact that the sermon can be much more effective when the minds and hearts of the people have been quickened and elevated by participation in common worship. A heterogeneous, discordant kind of service, with readings, hymns, solos, and prayers interspersed without intelligent order or sequence, fails to inspire the right mood or to "create a right spirit," while the bare service which is traditional in many churches of the Congregational lineage and which is participated in only by the minister and the singers, can often rightly enough be called nothing better than "opening exercises."

It is probably superfluous to say that, if these services are to be helpful, the minister must first of all be a worshipper himself. He must set the example of devotion. He must strive to make himself one of the worshipping congregation. He must guard against mannerisms. He must not hurry the reading or use unnatural tones. One of the dangers of any liturgical form is that it sometimes seems to encourage, in an otherwise sensible minister, a pietistic manner or a priestly voice. The right use of these services requires that a minister shall read distinctly, intelligently, and reverently.

It is probable that there are some churches in our fellowship where these services will never be used, for some of our ministers and people have an inherited or an instinctive dislike to anything that even looks like a liturgy. I have that inheritance in my own blood, and am conscious of the fact that twenty years ago my comments about "watered Anglicanism" hurt the feelings of the compilers of the "Book of Praise and Prayer," and frustrated some of their hopes. I am still in my own habit and preference more of a Quaker than a

ritualist, but as a working minister I can but be made aware of the bad effect of desultory and irregular orders of worship, and of the helpfulness of services that have dignity and beauty. As a good Congregationalist, I hold that all the free churches have the right and privilege to adapt and adopt any ways and means that are appropriate to our habits and convictions and that have been found good in the experience of other fellowships. I perceive, too, that the use of prepared orders of worship in our Sunday-schools has made the new generation familiar with and anxious for simple liturgical forms. I have no fear of any growth of a sacerdotal spirit in our communion. Our Puritan forefathers had a natural horror of a liturgy, because it had been forced upon them at the sword's point. We have no such good excuse for prejudice. We are free to recognize that "He who *never* uses a form in public prayer casts away the wisdom of the past. He who uses *only* forms casts away the hope of utterance to be given by the present Spirit."

Samuel A. Eliot.

Current Topics.

The significance of the issue now pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission was emphasized last week by the appearance before the Commission of the presidents of several of the great railroad systems east of the Mississippi, to urge the necessity for leave to increase freight rates 5 per cent. above the present level. One of the railroad executives who were heard by the Commission was Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who pointed out that, unless the proposed adjustment of income to expenditure is sanctioned, the carriers of the country will be compelled to retrench materially, not only in their plans for improvements, but also in ordinary operating expenses. The revelations of existing conditions made by the railroad executives appeared to produce a profound impression throughout the country, and to emphasize the importance of the problem that is to be solved by the Commission in the face of a wide-spread public opposition to any increase in the cost of transportation to the shipper.

While the friends of the canteen in the army and navy are attempting to restore the sale of liquor which was prohibited by Congressional action a few years ago, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, at the beginning of the week carried out the intent of Congress to a logical conclusion by issuing an order abolishing the officers' "wine mess" on all naval ships and in all navy yards and naval stations. In promulgating his order, Mr. Daniels quoted an opinion by Dr. William C. Braisted, the surgeon-general, that the use of liquor in the navy has proved "destructive to discipline and morals." In commenting on the surgeon-general's report Secretary Daniels says: "Officers are now commissioned at the early age of twenty-two years. Has the government a right to permit this temptation which too often destroys the highest usefulness of young officers? If there is one profession more than any other that calls for a clear head and a steady hand, it is the naval profession." The prohibition applies even to the entertainment of foreign officers.

The fall of Torreon into the hands of the rebels after ten days' continuous fighting was acclaimed at Juarez, the Constitutionalist capital, last week, as a decisive event in the long struggle to upset the Huerta *régime*. Whether the rebel victory is of the significance attached to it at Juarez, however, does not seem quite clear. It appears, for instance, that the fall of the city was not accompanied by the destruction of the Federal force that defended it, and it now seems certain that Gen. Refugio Velasco, the commander of the Federal garrison, withdrew from the city with the greater part of his force intact. In Mexico City at the beginning of the week, the Huerta administration issued a statement to the legations, denying in emphatic terms the truth of the report that the Constitutionalists had taken Torreon, and assuring the world that the Federal forces operating in that part of the field were holding their own. Nevertheless, the defeat of the Huertistas at that point was a fact beyond the possibility of doubt.

An incident of the fall of Torreon that aroused lively interest at the State Department was the expulsion of the Spanish colony from the city and the temporary confiscation of their property, by order of Francisco Villa, the bandit leader who now is the dominant military figure on the side of the Constitutionalists. About 600 persons were affected by Villa's peremptory mandate, which marks a repetition of the earlier incident of Chihuahua, where the Spanish residents were subjected to instant expulsion. In the Chihuahua incident the good offices of the United States were invoked by the Spanish government in an attempt to safeguard the interests of its nationals. In response to suggestions from Madrid, the State Department informed Venustiano Carranza, the supreme chief of the Constitutionalist forces, that he and his subordinates would be held responsible for any excesses that might be committed upon Spanish residents. It is expected that in the present instance the Spanish government will reiterate its complaint to the administration at Washington.

Events have developed with rapidity in the past week in the political crisis which was precipitated in the United Kingdom by the menacing attitude of Ulster and by the epidemic of resignations in the British army at the prospect of the possibility of the employment of force to frustrate the attempt of Ulster to prevent by arms the prospective application of Home Rule legislation in Ireland. Prime Minister Asquith announced in the House of Commons on March 30 that he had accepted the resignation of Col. John F. Seely, Secretary of State for War, who was accused of having made unnecessary concessions to army officers; that he himself would take the portfolio of war; and that, in view of his assumption of a new office, he would appeal to his constituents at East Fife, Scotland, for a re-election. In his closing statement to Parliament, Mr. Asquith indicated his purpose to place before his electors and before the country the issue of military domination presented by the refusal of army officers to do their sworn duty in a time of national crisis.

This purpose the Prime Minister carried out in emphatic fashion in his initial appeal to the electors, before whom he placed the facts of one of the most extraordinary situations with which a great state has had to deal in our day. Mr. Asquith plainly gave the country to understand that the liberal government would brook no attempt by military men to influence the trend of political affairs, and neither would it invoke the aid of the army in political matters. It became apparent that the country would respond readily to the clean-cut issue which was being put before it. Perhaps it was the realization of this state of the popular mind that induced the modifi-

Digitized by Google

cation in the attitude of the Unionists and of Ulster, which was indicated at the end of last week by a more conciliatory tenor of talk from the opposition benches than any that had characterized the utterances of the minority since the controversy reached an acute stage. At the beginning of the week it appeared probable that the government and the opposition would be able to reach some mutually acceptable ground of compromise.

At the beginning of his rule in Albania, Prince William of Wied, who recently arrived at Avlona and assumed the newly established throne at the behest of the powers, finds himself facing an actual military campaign. The crisis has been brought about by the persistent attempts of the Greek element, probably with the co-operation of the government at Athens, to prevent the establishment of Albanian authority in Southern Albania. In pursuance of this policy of interference, a Greek force, which is described in the cable despatches as being made up of "insurgents," last week seized the town of Koritza, in Southern Albania, and established therein a Hellenic administration. It is to the suppression of this movement that Prince William will devote his initial military efforts. It was announced at the beginning of the week that the new ruler would take the field at once and repulse what is generally regarded in the European chancelleries as a deliberate attempt by the Greek government to interfere with the peaceful workings of the Albanian state.

Brevities.

We are here to co-operate with the great plan of the world, here willingly to submit our wills to the Divine Will, here to serve and obey the highest ideal we know.

The soul is the battle-ground of contending forces, some good and some evil. Only by looking within ourselves can we realize what conflicts go on in the lives of others.

Prof. Josiah Royce, in his "Problem of Christianity," says that "religion springs from our conscious needs," and that "the religious needs of the modern man are different from any ever before experienced, and still greater changes will come in the future."

Our New Thought friends are assuredly right when they declare that, if we habitually thought in terms of health instead of in the words and ideas of disease, we should be the better for it. Cheery, hopeful, and wholesome thoughts have a wonderfully restorative and remedial power.

We have been reluctant to think of business and religion as intimately related or closely involved, or to believe that the social life of these days was a reflection of our moral code or religious thinking. Mazzini, however, has put the whole truth into this terse statement: "Every social question is a moral question, and every moral question is a religious question."

Prof. Peirce of Harvard College made a mathematical study of the foliage of the famous Washington Elm at Cambridge. The tree was then very old and decayed, but he found that it bore a crop of 7,000,000 leaves, exposing a surface of 200,000 square feet, or about five acres of foliage; and it was calculated that this old tree sprayed into the surrounding air 260 barrels of water every day.

Letters to the Editor.

Nomination of Directors.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

We ask the attention of members of the American Unitarian Association, and especially of the delegates who have the votes on nomination, to the importance of the primary election of officers and directors of the Association now taking place. We understand that the ballots have been sent out by the nominating committee to the contributing churches, to be returned by May 1.

The directors, in addition to the officers, are eighteen in number, of whom six are elected each year for terms of three years. It is desirable that this board should each year have some infusion of new blood, and at the same time should maintain a reasonable continuity of service. Usually the nominating committee has renominated for a second term directors who have given good service in their first term. This courtesy has seldom been denied to those who have given to the cause this voluntary and public-spirited service. Two years ago, however, the nominating committee failed to renominate any of the six outgoing members of the board. Last year the nominating committee pursued a wiser course, and renominated four of the outgoing directors and named two new members.

This year it appears that three of the six outgoing directors, Mrs. Keyes, Mr. Long, and Mr. Frothingham, have served for exceptionally long terms. The nominating committee has, therefore, not renominated these three members, but has presented three new names. Mr. Little for New England, and Mr. Sprague for the Middle States, are renominated, but another candidate for the Middle States, Mr. Hussey of Baltimore, is to contest the position now held by Mr. Sprague. If this contestant should displace Mr. Sprague, only one present member would be retained. So complete a change in the makeup of the board, following so closely after the radical change made two years ago, would be unfortunate. With no reflection upon Mr. Hussey, we ask consideration of three reasons why Mr. Sprague should be renominated.

(1) Mr. Sprague has served for the past three years with willingness and effectiveness. He has not only been a most useful director of the Association, but it should be remembered that the success of the General Conference in Buffalo last October was largely due to his untiring efforts. Why should he be denied the courtesy of re-election which, with the one exception noted above, has been regularly accorded to a director who has served only one term? We cannot have too much of the services of such men as Mr. Sprague.

(2) If Mr. Hussey is chosen, it will mean that all three of the directors from the Middle States will be ministers. In our judgment the needs of our common work require that one at least of the Middle States directors should be a business man. Mr. Sprague brings the experience of a lawyer of wide experience in business and church matters.

(3) Should Mr. Hussey be elected, all five of the representatives on the board from the Middle States will come from the extreme eastern edge of the department, viz., from Montreal, New York, Montclair, Baltimore, and Washington. Surely it is desirable and fair that the member to be elected this year should continue to represent the western part of the district, where such important churches as those in Pittsburg, Meadville, Buffalo, Rochester, and Toronto are situated.

In view of these considerations we believe that Mr.

Sprague should be given such a hearty endorsement in the nominating ballot as to assure his re-election at the May meetings.

Charles H. Strong, New York, N.Y.
George R. Bishop, New York, N.Y.
Isaac H. Carey, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Charles E. St. John, Philadelphia, Pa.
Samuel E. Winslow, M.C., Washington, D.C.
Richard W. Boynton, Buffalo, N.Y.
John Mason Little, Boston, Mass.
Roland W. Boyden, Beverly, Mass.
Charles W. Birtwell, Boston, Mass.
George H. Ellis, Newton, Mass.

A Dissenter.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Yours is the most practical and all-round excellent paper that I have ever had the opportunity of reading (thanks to the generosity of some kind friends on your side who send it to me regularly), but what I have noticed and to which I must, with the permission of your usual leniency, take exception, is the abounding articles written in so unpractical a way by numberless "reverends." These reverends, who are absolutely sincere and mean undoubtedly well, are full to the brim with beatitudes impressing upon their readers the false idea that "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." Now, is it so? The reverends may think so. We laymen, however, undergoing the stress of the work-a-day world as it is, in all its crass materialism and struggle for life and bread and butter, know, by experience, that the reverends are all wrong. In your issue of the 26th February last, I read in an article on "The Third Beatitude as a Principle of Natural Selection," much to my dismay, the following,—

"The day of the soulless corporation, managed by the 'practical' man on the principle of getting as much and serving as little as possible, is swiftly passing and soon will be only a memory."

Now, if this is true of America, a comparatively young country, then I must conclude that the United States is Utopia, and that Americans, collectively and individually, are perfect humans. Again I ask, Is this so?

What do we see in large corporations, in trusts and pools and syndicates and all large commercial associations? We see the survival, not of the fittest, in the strict moral sense of the word, but of the clever scheming "sharper," backed up, "'t is true 't is pity, and pity 't is 't is true," by indomitable will-power, system, and organization. As to the employees of such concerns,—well, the majority are systematically pitted one against the other, in order to obtain the highest amount of work for the smallest pay consistent with the "rules" of the "speeding-up process." This mode of procedure is very similar to what historians would call the "Bismarckian 'Hetzpolitik.'" Does Rev. George R. Dodson know anything about it? Take the younger employees of such concerns. By skilful flattery on the part of the "managers," they are pitted up against the older employees, and *vice versa*, the result being the maximum amount of work gained from both at the expense of the individual good-will of one towards the other.

The remedy for this does not lie in the hands of "reverends," who are outside the realms of commercialism. It lies with the laws of the country, and until these are changed and renovated in such a way as to avoid the exploitation of the multitude, these evils will continue to exist.

Such articles on matters appertaining to labor unions and commercial concerns of all kinds, should be written solely and entirely by laymen, *i.e.*, commercial men who have a practical knowledge of what they write about. The no-child-woman can have no real practical knowledge of motherhood.

Veritas.

Bouchout, Belgium.

In Early Spring.

by alice gordon.

The brown earth shivers
As the night wind blows,—
Cold it blows from the dark'ning North,
O'er prairies bare and sluggish rivers,
Straight from the land of frost and snows.

The sunset has lighted
Its fires in the west;
The bare boughs reach toward the welcome glow;
The buds 'neath their blankets quiver excited,
A vision of June disturbing their rest.

The Valley of Weeping.

by isabel francis bellows.

"In whose heart are the ways of those who, passing through the valley of weeping, make it a well."

The valley of weeping has fallen into disrepute of late. Time was when it was a fashionable resort, and the air was considered, if not bracing, at any rate, salubrious. Now it is looked upon in quite a contrary light. A few elderly persons of faded gentility abide upon its borders, who are always ready with the tear of sensibility; but that tear is no longer shed by persons of fashion, and the young are brought up to avoid it as carefully as possible. Their tears are not, as a rule, prompted by sentiment, but by some untoward fact, too powerful to be ridden over or avoided. It is the reaction against the sentimentality of the early part of the last century, when floods of tears were shed over "love's long since cancelled woes," over long-drawn-out tales of untimely deaths, and from feeling with no basis of reality. It was emotion for emotion's sake, which is always enfeebling, and usually demoralizing. An elegant female without a pocket handkerchief in sight, ready to use on the most trifling occasion, would have been thought deficient in all that belongs to true womanhood.

Now we are seeing a reaction from all this. Our modern heroines are all dry-eyed, and are models of gaiety and efficiency. Their conduct, it is needless to say, is, as a rule, much more interesting than that of their sentimental predecessors, although no one has as yet improved on an Imogen, a Diana Vernon, or an Elizabeth Bennet, all of whom rise above the weak list of a country's fashion, and are heroines for all time.

There is undoubtedly a gain in the abolition of the tear of sentiment. It was a feeble article, powerless to cleanse what it flowed upon, much less to turn into a well able to refresh the soul of man; and the reason was that these persons mistook the valley of weeping for an end in itself, for a place in which to live.

It was never intended to be a home, but a thoroughfare; not an end, but a means of arrival; and what we need now in our lives is the knowledge gained by those who have not dwelt in the valley, but passed through it, and by this means reached heights of sympathy and insight to which it is the only road. In their hearts are the ways of those who, passing through the valley of weeping, make it a well.

For, after all, it is not as if the road of our pilgrimage did not lead us perpetually within sight of this valley.

Somebody we know is always there, and no matter how carefully we pick our footsteps, we are often led thither ourselves, and very helpless we are if we have always kept our heads persistently turned in the other direction. We are too stunned and surprised that this thing could have happened to us; and, having happened, we refuse to believe that there is any way out of the valley, and all we ask is to be allowed to stay there and be wretched in the place into which we have so unexpectedly fallen. This is the kind of sorrow that destroys the soul and causes our lives to signify nothing. It is not the weeping that does harm; "there are worse plagues on earth than tears." Let us weep in the valley, but let us pass through as we weep, and we need not fear the tears of others, for these tears may turn to wells able to cleanse and purify our souls. I knew of a young teacher who always avoided any allusion to death and its grief when he knew that any of his pupils had suffered a bereavement, thus nursing, perhaps, a chance to lighten their sorrow by a sympathetic touch showing its universality. I have known of kind-hearted young men whose one idea of comforting a stricken friend was to divert his mind. They would go with him to his mother's funeral at noon, and later try to make him forget all about it by taking him to an afternoon tea. They would stay in the valley as long as they could do something active in it, but as soon as possible they rushed forth, probably to some place of amusement, impelled by an idea that it was morbid to linger among the shadows, even for a short space.

They made the mistake of refusing to hear the voices that speak to us only in the valley of weeping, and that cannot be discerned except by pausing in the silence long enough to listen. These are the voices that teach us the way upward and outward, and we cannot show this way to others until we ourselves have learned it by walking therein.

To seek simply to divert a person's mind from his sorrow is only a superficial way of helping him bear it. It weakens his will and dims his insight, and when the irreparable comes upon him again, as it is sure to do with added force after the diversion is over, he finds his footing unsteady, and is less able to walk forward than he would have been had he kept the path.

This is only true, of course, of real sorrows. Imaginary ones that are better forgotten, and that do not belong in the valley at all, may be overcome, or thrust aside, by various means known to the psychologist or the doctor, but of these the poet does not speak. They have little genuine significance. The real helpers of mankind are those who have passed through the valley of weeping until they have seen whither it leads.

Brookline, Mass.

The Blizzard.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

In northern fable the ice-giants, enemies of the gods of Asgard, were always striving to capture the beautiful Freyja, goddess of love and fertility, and shut her up in their stronghold amid the Arctic wastes, so that spring might cease to return to the earth, and the land no longer yield its increase.

At one time this year we had reason to fear that the lovely Freyja had fallen a victim to the wicked old giants, and was shut up in their gloomy castle.

The first day of calendar spring a blizzard was sprung upon us of unusual violence, and three weeks later there was still no sign that Freyja would soon show her smiling face above the hillocks of snow that encumbered the earth.

On blizzard day the sun rose with a strange aspect. It was portentously large, and of an old-rose shade, entirely shorn of rays, and surrounded by strange violet mists of a deep color. Never had I seen such a singular and bodeful sunrise. It seemed half denuded of its light even when it had sailed well up above the horizon. Its aspect was old and weary, as if in the first throes of death; and something solemn hung about that morning, until great snow clouds quenched all bright, warm color.

The sullen interval came while the storm was silently, stealthily marshalling its forces. That strangely passive pause in nature is like the momentary quiet of a wild beast before it springs. The elements are making ready to surprise a waiting world. There is something abroad that broods and spies the chosen moment to let loose the tempest. It is that fearful moment at sea when the glass sinks rapidly, the surface of the ocean is like polished steel, and lurid colors steal along the rim of the earth.

The tragic temper of March makes it appropriately the blizzard month. It has many surprises up its sleeve, and on its back a pack, composed of sunshine, sleet, rain, and snow, which it lets loose indiscriminately. It purrs softly at moments like a kitten, and at other moments scratches and claws like a tiger cat. It is the incalculable creature of caprice and impulse.

The great blizzard of 1888 marked a tragic date in weather annals, a top wave that has never since been reached; but its destructiveness was less than the storm of this year. The vast network of telephone and electric-light wires and poles was not then in existence, and these fell, snapped like pipe-stems, encumbering roads and endangering lives.

The unusual February warmth had lured back many birds about St. Valentine's Day. Their joyful twitterings and chirpings were heard in the naked trees as if they were verifying the pretty legend of mating and nest-building on the good saint's anniversary. The winter birds—jays, titmice, chickadees, and sparrows—were seen in abundance, and even a stray robin and bluebird. Crows were unusually vociferous, as they made the woods clang with their strident voices. But when the cold snap came and the mercury fell to four below zero, the poor things were caught as in the spring of a trap. In the city parks they clung by the hundreds near the electric lights, for the benefit of the warmth to be obtained. At the very height of the storm, I heard occasionally some feeble, piteous note of protest against the hard fate dealt out to the early bird, who, this time, did not catch the worm, but was itself a victim.

The storm came soft-footed like the padded tiger. Slowly the flakes spun down in the murky air, without violent gusts or convulsions; only now and then an eerie screech and shriek, a spiteful shrilling, as of elementary spirits who love mischief and are all abroad when the nights are bodeful. Gradually as the storm thickened and intensified came the snow smother, not in flakes or handfuls, but in clogging masses clapped upon the earth as a dead weight, obliterating all landmarks, blinding and staggering the poor creatures caught out in its fearful whirls and buffetings. The world was suffocated, throttled by its damp, clinging embraces.

The wind rose with a savage howl, jumped upon us as if determined to drive in the windows and raise the roof. It was a mad dance at the pace of eighty or one hundred miles an hour. In the broken slumbers of the night one dreamed that the earth had been driven off its course, and was wandering, lost in space. In vision the house itself was leaving its foundations and spinning away on the wings of the great wind. The blast scooped up the drifts and flung them abroad with maniacal glee, as spindrift is whipped from frothing ocean waves in a hurricane. Shuddering gusts shook the house, banged and

Digitized by Google

crashed every loose object. There was fearful majesty in the power of the storm. The gods of the tempest seemed to ride forth in their chariots to the last day of the world, the Götterdämerung.

Far away, the stalled trains on the railroad bleated pathetically, as if in mortal pain, and with a human note. Crowds of people were caught in the stations, condemned to spend the night there even within a few miles of home. Worse still was the state of those crowded in on the lines, the trains buried in drifts, the passengers cold, hungry, and miserable. Old and weak people caught out inadvertently, having lost their way in the blinding tempest, were in a sad plight. Some were found too late to be saved, it takes so short a time to quench the spark of life when the deadly torper of snow-drowsiness comes upon its victim. To know what it means to be walled in by the snow with no hope of escape, one must read Bret Harte's wonderful story, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

When the storm began to abate, the wind to quiet down to a seventy-mile pace, when you could see a few feet distant from door or window, the spectacle was solemn, almost sublime. A dead world stretched away as far as eye could reach. The forest, where the trees were burdened and bowed by great masses of snow, was spectral and ghostly in the strange sepulchral light. A defunct planet seemed rolling through space. Would it look thus when all life had departed from the world; when the earth was only an enlarged moon tracking uselessly around the sun, a frozen globe rolling on and on eternally, intense cold subverting all traces of animate nature, only the shrieking, howling wind left with a cruel semblance of vanished life?

It was curious to note how the fierce wind would take up and fling the loose snow as the terrible khamsin, the wind of the desert, scoops the sand and flings it in blinding clouds, burying whole caravans, and scattering the bones of men and beasts along the trackless waste. With the coming of night all lights went out. The country was like one vast tomb. The electric poles were down over a large area, the wires twisted and tangled inextricably. The whole aspect of existence changed. The great storm seemed for the moment to have paralyzed human energies. When the wan light of morning came, destruction showed its ghastly face. Great trees lay prostrate, and gardens were badly devastated. Houses were half buried in drifts, and the man with the snow-plow could make but little impression as he strove to drive over the snow hills that covered the roads. Man seems a weak creature in such an emergency, and yet how resourceful he is when he girds himself for the task! In a single day many paths were opened, the blocked trains came crawling in, the lights were restored, and life resumed its usual course.

But the great city had problems of many days before it, especially the task of housing and feeding the workless, homeless poor, who live perpetually on the confines of beggary, and whose numbers are greatly augmented by disaster of any kind. Then the fire-engines were buried deep in drifts; hydrants were frozen, while the flames of burning buildings raged unchecked; burst water-pipes brought trouble to households; and the street cleaners found the task of digging out the streets colossal.

And yet this state of things was only six weeks away from pussy-willows and wild violets in the woods; from chewinks and robins bubbling with songs; from dandelions starring the grass, and young grain springing in the fields, and good brown earth turned by the plough in fructuous furrows. The old giants of snow and ice have done their worst, but Freyja is sure to conquer in the end.

Summit, N.J.

Newness of Life.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

Into this torpid soul of mine,
With April power, O Sun Divine,
Let Thine all-quickening glory shine,

Till aspirations bud and bloom,
Till dead resolves break through their tomb,
And into fruitful being come.

Arisen Christ! Thy Church's Head!
Call her, we pray Thee, from the dead,
Then, a new light will overspread

This soul-dark world that needs it so,
And make its cheerless places glow
Like gardens, with spring flowers a-blow.

Oh for new life! Life-giving Lord,
Be Thine into our being poured,
Let Thy Church hear the Easter Word!

Robert Bridges—Poet Laureate.

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

When the news was flashed over the wire last summer that Premier Asquith had appointed a certain Robert Bridges to be poet laureate in succession to the late Alfred Austin, I suppose that there were many people who knew who he was and were familiar with much of his poetry; but I do not believe that I run a very great hazard of contradiction when I venture the assertion that most of us did not even recognize his name, to say nothing of being acquainted with his writings. Nor did those of us who belong to the "most" feel very much ashamed at the woeful ignorance to which we had to make confession, for, in all the prophecies that had been made as to who would receive the laurel crown, and in all the public advice which had been offered the English Premier to help him in his selection, never once, so far as I have been able to discover, had this poet's name been mentioned. Kipling, Noyes, Phillips, Watson, Gosse, Gibson, Masefield, had all been discussed, and each one of them had gained some measure of public support, but all went down to defeat before a man whose name had certainly not yet given any conspicuous promise of eventually echoing "down the corridors of time." The appointment was a great surprise, almost as great a surprise as that of Austin after the death of Tennyson.

Now is it going to result in another farce like that of Austin? Here, I suppose, was the first question which every one of us ignoramuses asked himself; and away we went in a hunt for some information about this man Bridges, and, above all, for a copy of his "book of verses," that we might read and judge for ourselves,—and we began to learn things fast. First, we discovered that Robert Bridges was an Oxford man, well and favorably known among his intimates for his high scholarship and his quiet literary pursuits. Then we found out that he was an authority upon versification, and had produced some altogether remarkable studies and experiments in the science of versification. Then we unearthed his poetic dramas, of which we identified no less than eight. Then, lo and behold! we stumbled upon the fact that this man was the only living poet who had been honored by having his works included in the famous Oxford Poets Series. Lastly, we began to read the poems themselves, and to learn again, as we had just been made to learn in the case of Francis Thompson, how capricious, if not accidental, is poetic fame, and how imperfect a relation it oftentimes bears to merit. Why some poets are everywhere honored and discussed is evident,—as witness

Rudyard Kipling and Alfred Noyes,—but why in America Mackaye should be honored and Robinson remain comparatively unknown, and why in England Watson be a familiar name and Bridges unfamiliar, is something of a mystery.

Certainly, to a person like myself, who had never known the writings of this poet before, it was an experience fairly calculated to take my breath away to read these writings all at once, so to speak. The Oxford volume of his collected poems I purchased on the occasion of my visit to the town of Oxford last summer, and I shall never forget the sheer joy of my first reading of the book. I read steadily all one long afternoon's journey on the train, forgetting utterly the strange country which was flying by me outside, and then steadily again in the evening, until the last page was turned and the last line perused; and the whole experience was one of unalloyed delight, well mingled with the intoxicating excitement of constant surprise. Since this happy start, I have read and re-read more widely and thoroughly, studied and pondered a bit, and now at last I find my opinion of this laureate of England fairly well fixed, and I marvel more now than even at the beginning, that, aside from his official fame, he still remains comparatively unknown.

We are informed that the favorite productions of Bridges himself are his experiments in versification, or "poems in classical prosody," as they are called; and it is a fairly good guess, I take it, that he is proudest—if proud at all—of his elaborate poetical dramas. Certainly, Bridges is not the first poet to love best his poorest pieces, as a father often loves best his feeblest child; nor, if my guess is right, is he the first poet to feel most pride in his most ambitious efforts. Whatever may be the facts here, however, no unbiassed reader can study these particular writings without discovering at once their utterly impossible character as literature. If these are the writings upon which Bridges stakes his hope for immortality, he has about as much chance of being remembered as a man with a millstone about his neck has of swimming. The dramas, to be sure, are dignified, stately, full of fine feeling and scholarship, but they have not one spark of inspiration to save them from the dust which is to-day accumulating upon unnumbered poetic dramas which have been born only to perish miserably, since before the days of Homer. As for the "poems in classical prosody," they have scarcely anything to recommend them save the report of Mr. Bridges's own fondness for them. I cannot say that I have even read them, and I am still looking for the man who has. They are literally "experiments," and, like most experiments, failures.

Let us not be discouraged by these larger and more ambitious undertakings of our poet. Robert Bridges is not truly met and known until we reach his "Shorter Poems," and here he can be met and known only to be loved. Anything more charming, exquisite, and at times inspired, than these little pieces—most of them without titles, and designated only by serial numbers—I, for one, have never read. Irresistibly suggestive at times of the fascinating songs of the Elizabethans; comparable again and again with the perfect workmanship of Keats, the noble dignity of Wordsworth, and the flawless grace of Tennyson; full of the charms of nature, and of the sweet sorrow and bitter joy of human love; full of lofty thought, noble feeling, and dazzling imagery; simple, buoyant, musical; perfect types of lyric, elegy, and ode,—these poems certainly must be ranked among the very first achievements of our time. To turn the pages one after another, is to marvel at the unfailing originality of thought, the fine technique of expression, the constant lilt and rapture of the flowing lines. What could be more delightful, for example, than the "Cliff Top" (Book I., 4); what more sublime than the "Elegy" (Book I., 14); what lovelier than "Indolence" (Book III., 7); what more pathetic than "On a Dead Child" (Book III., 4),—all of which are too long for quotation? Or, to cite one or two of the shorter poems, what could be more perfect than this:—

"Haste on, my joys! your treasure lies
In swift, unceasing flight.
O haste: for while your beauty flies
I seize your full delight.
Lo, I have seen the scented flower,
Whose tender stems I cull,
For her brief date and meted hour
Appear more beautiful.

O youth, O strength, O most divine
For that so short ye prove;
Were but your rare gifts longer mine,
Ye scarce would win my love
Nay, life itself the heart would spurn,
Did once the days restore,
The days, that once enjoyed return,
Return—ah! nevermore."

or this:—

"When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master;
Of more than common friendliness
When first we met we did not guess.
Who could foretell this sore distress,
This irretrievable disaster
When first we met?—We did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master."

or this:—

"The full moon from her cloudless skies
Turneth her face, I think, on me;
And from the hour when she doth rise
Till when she sets, none else will see.

One only other ray she hath,
That makes an angle close with mine,
And glancing down its happy path
Upon another spot doth shine.

But that ray, too, is sent to me,
For where it lights there dwells my heart:
And if I were where I would be,
Both rays would shine, love, where thou art."

So could a score of others as fine as these, or finer, easily be selected. To choose at all is cruel, for where all are so beautiful, distinctions are indeed odious. The poems themselves must be read, every one, and thus be known and loved for what they are,—the immortal songs of a great poet!

But is this the kind of writer, you say, to serve as poet laureate? Is it this spontaneous, lyrical gift that can best answer the demands of such a position? One wonders, indeed, that the singer of such delicate verses as these should be named for the duties of this particular office, until one reaches the "Later Poems," and there finds a variety of pieces written for special occasions of one kind or another. Here is an ode in memory of the Etonians whose lives were lost in the South African war. Here is a "Hymn to Nature," written for music composed by Sir Hubert Parry for the Gloucester Festival in 1898. Here is an "Ode to Music," written for the Bicentenary Commemoration of Henry Purcell. Here is an address to the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, etc., etc. It is difficult to wax enthusiastic over these productions, for they have little of the grace and beauty of the "Shorter Poems." They approximate more to the standard of the dramas, and yet they are undoubtedly superior to the ordinary "made-to-order" verses of this type, and never at their worst anything less than appropriate and respectable. Here, undoubtedly, is the explanation of the gift of the laureateship. Good workmanship and a sense of the fitness of things are obviously the prime qualifications for this artificial office, and Bridges certainly pos-

sesses both. These more or less uninspired odes will certainly not be long remembered, but if they have done nothing else than gain their author his appointment as poet laureate, and thus bring his real achievements into public notice, they have amply justified themselves. Bridges is now known everywhere, to the joy of all who know and love true poetry.

New York City, N.Y.

Spiritual Life.

The hindrances and oppositions with which brave men and women have wrestled in the lonely dark have often, if not always, hid a God-like blessing in their hard and smiting hands.—*John W. Chadwick.*

Half the difficulty of fighting any severe battle or accomplishing any hard task vanishes when a man feels that he has comrades at his side fighting in the same cause, or that the eyes of those he loves are upon him, and their hearts praying for his victory.—*C. J. Perry.*

We are too apt to underrate the moral quality of a man's regular vocation, his daily task, his business, to look somewhere apart from this for his opportunity for achieving character and doing good. But there is nothing else that is so determinative of a man's character, nothing else that so furnishes hands for his beneficence and feet to run his errands of good-will.—*John W. Chadwick.*

Salvation is not the petty conception of personal safety from some far-off doom. It is the saving of the whole man; it is the domination of the higher nature over the lower; it is the education of the spiritual, the development, the evolution of the God in us, that divine spark in all humanity that can never be wholly extinguished.—*William D. Little.*

Although the heart is very sore from loss,
Yet there are healing powers:
It eases much the burden of a cross
To cover it with flowers.
Faith, Hope, and Love,—the blossoms of the Three
Help heal the hurt of our humanity.
—*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

To be true to God and to yourself, you must be alert and responsive to all the grace and virtue that solicits you. You must walk the summer fields with every sense expectant and inquisitive, with chastened thought and holy purpose, humble enough to take the grass of the field for your tutor in celestial knowledge and the art of life, and earnest enough to live according to what you learn.—*Edward G. Spencer.*

When you learn to see in all pain the result of ignorance and the spur toward knowledge; when you recognize all punishment as remedial; when you come to feel the presence of the Eternal Spirit of all Life in your own heart, in the air you breathe, in the glance and handclasp of your friend, then you know yourself to be immortal, and you give over the fear of a vanishing physical youth for the supreme joy of eternal spiritual youth, knowing this mortal life to be but the beginning of eternal opportunity for love and service.—*Marian Dudley Richards.*

Great and gracious Presence, the Life of all that lives: thou sendest forth thy breath and we are created; thou openest thy hand and we are filled with good. To every faith bowed down and every love laid in the grave, thou bringest a new uplifting and a heavenly birth; and to ignorance and weakness and sin thou givest light and strength and the tender healing of forgiveness. Having received such ministry and comforting regard, help us to set our affections on things above, that so we may finally know the riches of that inheritance which thou didst manifest to him whom we remember with joy, and with him be deemed worthy of the crown of immortality. *Amen.*

The Pulpit.

The Hopeful Spirit.*

BY REV. CHARLES H. ST. JOHN.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—Psalm xxiii 6.

The unknown Psalmist, whose words form the high-water mark of the Old Testament religion, and our wonderful leader, Jesus, and the heroic Paul, in the midst of his suffering and endeavor, and our modern Unitarian Quaker, Whittier, whose words I have just read to you, ruled their lives, one and all, by a simple-hearted faith in God. They were content to rest all upon that faith in God. They were content, when they could not understand the incidents of life, when conditions seemed beyond endurance, and limitations threatened to be overwhelming, simply to keep peace in their hearts and to preserve their deep conviction that God, through all, is love; and that, under the command of that love, all things, whether understood by man or not,—all things have a part to play. Behold, God knoweth how to use all things well.

Now such a hopefulness as that comes only out of religion. Many human beings live bravely; many strong men and women who say they have no religion, are able to face their tasks with cheerfulness. I am aware of that. But the hopefulness that comes from religion is a stronger hopefulness, and will stand the strain when ordinary human strength at last proves weak. For the obstructive aspects of life are wearisome and terrible; the threatening conditions that beset the majority of the human race are sad almost beyond description. They are pressed upon our attention now, as never before in the history of the world.

It has become a profession, followed by some of the first spirits of our day, to point out the injustice and sorrows that men are subject to,—a profession to compel us to see how cruel are the conditions of labor in thousands upon thousands of lives, how crushing is the burden of poverty upon millions of our fellow-beings. We are compelled to recognize how frequent is the dark touch of misery upon human life, and to learn something of the blighting influence of accident in families where the financial income is slight. See we must that multitudes are living at the very edge of despair, so that an accident to the wage-earner drops the whole family into suffering. Learn we must what sickness and loss and injustice mean to the very poor. Reckon we must with the ignorance of men and women who have never learned to read, and with the hardheartedness of such as never do kindnesses.

Then, all through life, whether we be happy or unhappy,

* If the reader would share this sermon, preached at the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, Pa., March 29, 1914, with the hearers that have desired its publication, let him first read the twenty third Psalm, also Matthew vi. 25 to 33, and Second Corinthians iv. 8 to v. 6, and finally Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness."

sick or poor, we are compelled to consider, with increased frequency, the touch of death upon our human interests. Death knocks at the door of every home. Why are our beloved taken? Why do the strong die? Why are the useful taken from us? Why this suffering and these cruel conditions? Walking through the city streets, you glance at the faces that appear in the windows of houses as you pass; and how often they are faces of sadness. They are not simply looking vacantly into the street, these sad-eyed men, women, and children. Often they are thinking of their hardships, of their losses, and wondering where that poor little sum of money is to come from that will lift them out of the difficulty and give them a day of peace! More often still those windows have faces looking out of them in self-centred grief. You turn away; you cannot look upon that oppressive memory of death.

Amid all this, how are we to keep the hopeful spirit, for keep it we must? Without it, we are not able to help the growing world; we have no vision of the future. We must preserve the hopeful spirit. We must have an abiding hope. We must have assurance, and be able to impart it to others as fast as we get an influence over them, —an assurance that every one can make a success of his own life. Business is hard. Yes. Toil is oppressive. Yes. Pay is slight. True. Yet every person who is to have a useful part in this life of ours must have in his soul a conviction that he will succeed in spite of, if not by means of, all limitations. Right where the thousands seem to have failed, there must every one take up life's task with the conviction that success is coming, and that it is coming in his lifetime.

We are not to let the body and its mishaps rule us. We are not to feel that present limitations and difficulties are the whole of life. We are to seek what life was meant to give us; and we shall find that higher thing, that more permanent law, that vision of success which shall not fail us, when we come to the point of recognizing the very simple and conclusive fact, that we are not simply bodies of flesh and blood and bone, with a woeful liability to suffering and defeat; but that we are souls, immortal souls! Only as we deal with ourselves as immortals are we going to begin our march towards our personal ultimate success.

The soul is the real self. The soul is the great thing in life; and through the soul, through that alone, we are to win what success life can give to all who are born into it. The soul thrives where the body cannot. The soul prospers under all kinds of conditions. The soul is a seed that can be cast abroad by the idlest husbandman, and will grow wherever it falls. Be it on good soil or rocky soil, on muddy waters or in deserts or waste places, in glorious dark forests or in bright gardens,—cast it where you will, that soul will thrive. It has the power of the life eternal in it, and there are no conditions that can kill it; none that can delay it save by its own consent.

The soul, to a large extent, is a self-made thing. Our God creates it in the beginning. God calls us into being, we know not how; but, once started, this soul that is one's self may be a self-made power. By the things that we do, we are constantly modifying our souls. By our daily actions with reference to our fellow-men, we are making ourselves to be broader, stronger, purer, grander, or the reverse. By whatever we do, we are occupied with this task of the building up the soul unto its glory. By every thought we entertain, we are dealing with ourselves, with our souls. Happy he who needs few changes as he studies his soul and its growth! Happy he who has merely to add beauty unto strength, and wisdom unto kindness, and go straight on forever in the glorious path of the life eternal. But unhappy the footsteps of him who has wandered where he cannot do this,—who, before he can go on a step, must reconstruct his entire soul.

O ruffian, lurking in the dark haunts of evil men, what if you had to be forever and forever this hard and cruel thing that you are now? What if, forever and forever, you should simply hate your fellow-men, simply grasp what you can get for your body, and never give a moment's recognition to the fact that you are a soul? What if you had to be that thing forever and forever? Oh, begin now, and deal with your soul on the higher plane: forget the body and its passions: think deeply of the interests of other people. O swindler, high or low, you that are filling your pockets with the hard-earned savings of other people, unjustly taken by you from them by your tricks, what if you had to sneak through the life eternal in just that way, plotting, plotting, plotting, to live on your wits, to gain without rendering service, to secure comfort by making others unhappy and miserable? What if you had to be that thing forever and forever? Begin now, and work upon your soul, to re-create it and make it something worthy of the eternal life.

It is easy for those that are reasonably good to point out to those who are unreasonably bad how plain the pathway is. Very easy. Nevertheless, this is a notable service. These are things that have to be said; and when said pointedly enough to touch hearts that need them, then those persons' lives begin. Then courage of the true sort begins, and then, through the pain of the physical work, and even through the dark shadow of death, the soul will look beyond, longing to rise into new strength. It is a blessing to any one who has this kind of courage, for we need it every day. We all have a large amount of it, without defining it to ourselves; for think of the quiet courage with which every one of you faces every ordinary day! Think how often you expose yourselves to pain, physical torture, to the possibility of death, even, without stopping to think of it at all! As you go out of the house, some slate from the roof may strike you in the doorway. You take a street-car, and you are at the mercy of the skill and faithfulness of the persons who control the car, or of any one who may drive a vehicle against it. After leaving the car, you go into a tall building, enter the elevator, and go flying upward at no slight physical risk, without a moment's thought. You come down again, and get into a carriage driven by a man you have never seen, and never expect to see again, and pulled by horses of which you know nothing; and you trust your life to the hands of that man on the box. You take a steam train and travel all night, sleeping quietly, although your safety hangs on the faithfulness and watchfulness of several ordinary men, working for ordinary wages. If they are careful and devoted to their duty, you are safe; if not, you are lost. You give it not a moment's thought, however. You take an ocean steamer and go out on the deep, entrusting your life to the human nature of the captain, officers, and crew. So we go through life, with simple-hearted courage, facing always the possibillities of pain, privation, and death.

Such is the glory of the human soul; but for all that, we need all the strength we can get. We need all the help that can come to us, to enable us to be intelligently brave and courageous, and to keep ever alive the hopeful spirit. Now the best help that can come to any one to this end is religious help, and the best of religious help abides in a stalwart belief in the immortality of the soul. It is not necessary to believe in the life eternal in order to get it. The one who goes through life denying the immortality of the soul will have it as much as the one who happily holds that belief. The justice of God is not affected by the ignorance of men; but for all that, the one who can believe in eternal life has a support and a

strength that are satisfying beyond compare. This is not a belief that will check our interest in the present time, or teach us to think only of the future. They who rejoice most in the immortality of the soul may say the least about the future. They may be so sure of the future that they care nothing at all about its details, whither it will take them, or how they shall reach that wonderful abode. What the belief in immortality is going to do lies rather in its effect on our souls, and the further development of our souls. Let us now consider what this belief will do for our souls.

The belief that we cannot die increases our self-respect, does it not? I am worth more to myself, if I think of myself as an immortal, than if I rate myself as a defective physical instrument, ever troubled with the ills that flesh is heir to. There is little ground for self-respect in that, but great ground for it in the recognition that I am a soul, to a degree independent of the defects of my body, and able to build up in myself sources of power that shall "come full in play" at last,—far away, it may be; in some other world, perhaps.

To all that reach this mood of self-respect, how true are Browning's lines:—

"Then life is—to wake and not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid whatever strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love—transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms'."

Again, this conviction of the life eternal strengthens one greatly against temptation. As an immortal, I am going to refrain from doing a selfish and evil thing more easily than I could if I had no vision of the true greatness of life. I am steadier against temptation. I am wiser amid the allurements of things that bring joy for the day, but sorrow for the morrow, if I am convinced that I am an eternal child of God. This conviction banishes bitterness from my thoughts, drives envy from my heart. I am as well placed as my neighbor. He cannot live any longer than I. We both have eternity before us. We shall both sometime get all that we need to have, and it does not matter when or how we get it. What matters is that we get the important things which we cannot lose when we die, the things that make up the immortality of the soul, the things that we shall be proud of when we enter heaven. We are thus going to live long enough, every one, to attain all worthy ends, so there is no room for envy of the man who has more money or more friends or more power than you, or who knows more people than you do. These joys last a few years only, but you are seeking the things that will endure forever, and you are getting them, wherever you live, whoever you are, and however small your pay. You are getting them if you are really after them.

This belief in the immortality of the soul aids in establishing justice, in bringing peace into the haunts of men, and in the cultivation of patience and all other lovely qualities in the individual. We can wait until the next year, the next world, if need be, to get those qualities of the heart that we are determined to have. We shall get them. We can wait.

This conviction of the immortality of the soul glorifies the limitations of the present day. It gives a lucid and noble explanation of the labor and the pain and everything else. It glorifies the passage from this life to the next, making of death but a darkened pathway on into the unbroken realms of light. This conviction that we are all immortals gives great heart to every one that takes it, gives one imperishable riches among whatever limitations or restrictions his life may know. Such a belief creates an atmosphere in which you live and help other people to live. It lifts you out of the darkness up into the light. You are living greatly, by virtue of this conviction of your soul. It brings you into the mood of reason in your judgment on all the conditions of life, and gives you a motive by which to guide your conduct hour by hour.

What is your motive? The winning of heaven, the transforming of earth into heaven, the blotting out of the dark line between the present and the future, the demonstration that life eternal begins here and now, in this world. You will proclaim to men the naturalness of the life eternal, the simple beauty of the world towards which we journey on. All the miseries of the past, all its tortures and trials, all the exacting toil of the present time, all our hardships,—all these have their places in the great network of the plans of God and his creative influences. Human experiences lay foundations for that which can never pass away. The way must apparently begin in hardship, must needs be laid down in the blood of the human race. We cannot understand that yet, but we can believe in the God who has found it necessary to give to human progress so piteous and grim a start. Out of this short day of the body, our vision of the life eternal helps us to look onward into the eternal day of the spirit.

So we never can be cowards any more. We are souls now. We have been souls since our careers started, and souls we shall ever be. We may be oppressed and unhappy, or we may be filled with joy for the moment; but we can be at this moment, and at every future crisis, ready to face our duty. The Great Commander is ever sending forth his troops, is ever using his children on high service, for which they know not the reasons, and he sends us, in great companies or singly, to do his will, it matters not where nor how. The Great Commander has orders for you to-day, and it may be that you can obey them here or in other familiar places, in your store or in your home. It may be, however, that these orders will carry you out into places you know not, into darkness and beyond the grave. What does it matter? If you have the divine courage, what does it matter where your field of duty lies, whether here or there? All that matters is the glory of facing the duty, the grandeur of being ready for that duty, be it slight or great, be it here or there.

Something like this mood is worthy to be called the hopeful spirit. It was the good cheer of the unknown who wrote the twenty-third Psalm. It was ever the steadfastness of Jesus and Paul and all the other founders of our Christianity. It has got to be your courage forever, because you cannot dispense with it. God has given you your life to live. You cannot destroy it. You must live it. Take this fearless mood, then, as the dominant note of your mind. Compel yourself to be hopeful, and go forth with Jesus upon the glorious highway of the life eternal.

Philadelphia, Pa.

For Easter.

O Lord Most High, who art not the God of the dead but of the living: we unite this day in thankful joy in the remembrance of the spirit's triumph over death. We bless thee that out of this dust and out of these mortal conditions thou art striving to raise immortal souls into a diviner fellowship, and to establish them forever in the heavenly dwelling-places. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

The Singing Leaves.

TO J. P. P.

BY ELIZABETH WEST PARKER.

It was a bitter, weary world
Where everything was sad,
And then there came a little book,
And, oh, it made me glad.

I thought the happy past had gone,
'Twas only for a while—
For in a flash it all came back,—
I saw my mother's smile,

Her peaceful eyes, her wavy hair
In its smooth, shining strands,
And how she played at eating me,
And her cool, lovely hands.

The leafless dandelion bouquets,—
"Just beautiful!" she said.
The childish drawings she had saved,—
I found when she was dead.

How could it be a dreary world
With memories like these?
O one who makes them live again,
God bless your singing leaves!

Literature.

Can we still be Christians? By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by Lucy Judge Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.—Prof. Eucken's last book is not any easier to read than his other books have been. But, like them, it well repays careful perusal. In fact, one may call it almost indispensable if one would now arrive at an adequate understanding of the age in which he lives. We may be inclined to complain that its essential thought is not easier of access, but it is to be remembered that this thought is such that its exposition is an affair of no small difficulty. Any one can test this by trying to make a summary of Eucken's doctrine of the spiritual life, after he feels that he has in some degree mastered it. He will probably find that he has not done so much better than his master as he hoped and expected. Eucken's solution of the religious problem of the age is that there must be a new Christianity. He says it is indispensable to the world's higher life. While he does not attempt to describe in detail what this new Christianity is to be, he does indicate its character, and he states plainly what he thinks its ruling idea should be. A great religion, he says, must have such a dominating conception. It cannot succeed as a mere bundle of various beliefs, something for everybody in it, like a peddler's pack. All its variety and diversity must be keyed to one central idea. The older Christianity was thus swayed by the thought of a lost world restored through the atonement made by Christ; a thought which becomes more and more impossible to the modern mind. In place of this Eucken would put the idea of a spiritual humanity emerging from the world's life and fighting its way to supremacy over all lower thoughts and desires. This spiritual humanity is to him as much a new order of existence, a new creation, as was man himself when he first became detached from the animal world as a new and higher kind of being. Nowhere has it yet shown itself with any degree of completeness, unless it may be, in the mind of Christ. It is something that is still in process of being made; and it has cosmic significance, both because it is the next step in evolution, and because through it the deeper values of existence are brought into view. Such an idea is easily connected with the primitive gospel, and can, no doubt, be shown to be a more legitimate development of that gospel than anything which Greek speculation derived from it, acting on the hint of the Logos doctrine. The profound study of primitive Christianity which is now being made, and the disposition of the later Church to turn back to that source for inspiration and guidance, favor the hope that a new Christianity with such a supreme idea as Prof. Eucken has stated, may come out of the present period of agitation and unrest. The reader of this latest book of his will not only find this main thesis set forth with great earnestness and supported by a wealth of argument, but all along the way he will be entertained and instructed by shrewd and illuminating comments on the meaning of contemporary currents of life and thought. Eucken knows well the past history of human thinking, and has an unusual gift for interpreting the present in the light of that historical knowledge. His breadth of view and his sympathetic insight are remarkable. If only the Church could take such a man for its guide, what a world of tumult and turmoil could be evaded! Of course, no such consummation need be looked for. But to all who are wrestling with the problem of shaping Christian thought and Christian institutions to the use of the modern world, this should be a most welcome book. To be sure, there is abroad a quite cheerful faith that, though the Church should perish, we could easily get something better in its place. It does not appear, however, on what reasonable basis that faith is founded. The question, "Can we still be Christians?" is really fraught with momentous interest for modern society; and however one is disposed to answer it, he can but find Prof. Eucken's book most profitable reading. H. N. B.

Recent Developments in China. New York: G. E. Stechert & Company.—This volume, containing the addresses delivered at Clark University in November, 1912, and now edited by Prof. Blakeslee, of the University, furnishes a mass of information from trustworthy sources, that will be useful to all persons interested in China. The effects of the recent revolution and the needs of the young republic are set forth clearly. What is necessary for its unification is explained by President Eliot. Mr. Drew's paper on Sir Robert Hart is a tribute to one of the most remarkable men of our time. The financial and other economic conditions are described by men who have personal knowledge of them. Prof. A. B. Hart has a word on "the new Holy Alliance for China." The good side of the Manchu rule is pointed out by Prof. F. W. Williams. Details are given concerning the excellent educational work that is being carried on by various religious bodies, American and European, Protestant and Roman Catholic. Miss Carl, who painted the portrait of the late Empress Dowager, gives an interesting description of her daily life and an estimate of her character. There are occasional remarks throughout the volume on the qualities and capacities of the Chinese people, but the contributors wisely refrain from predictions concerning the fortunes of the nation; no one, in fact, can say whether or how far it will be able to combine the old with the new, the Eastern with the Western, ideas and methods in education and religion.

Training the Girl. By William A. McKeever. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.—Mr. McKeever is professor of child welfare in the University of Kansas, and more widely known as author of *Training the Boy*, a companion book to the present volume. It is good that he starts from the conviction that there is never a case of child-training so difficult that a happy way out to ultimate success may not be found. It is this profound faith in the value of thoughtful, constructive training that makes his books so well worth study. They are an encouragement to actual endeavor, and not merely the setting forth of an ideal impossible of realization amid the common conditions of ordinary lives. This is different from other books in that it considers both the children of those who call others to their aid and those whose over burdened lives leave them comparatively little leisure. He keeps before him the ends to be gained, and helps greatly by practical advice those who desire, above everything else in the world, to have their children grow into self-reliant, community-helping, clear-thinking men and women. Others are not likely to seek books of this kind.

The Commuter's Garden. Edited by W. B. Hayward. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.—This is just the right time of the year to study seed catalogues and books on gardening. The commuter knows now exactly what he is commuting for, and he ought to be in a state of mind to appreciate the advantages of his situation, of which the possible improvement of his place is one of the most alluring. These chapters appeared first in the New York *Evening Post*. They cover a variety of topics and suggest feasible ways of adding to individual health and happiness, as well as of increasing the beauty of our suburbs and raising the standards of living generally. The suggestions are practical, and much more intelligent than the advice of many gardening experts who do not take into consideration the differences of location, soil, etc. We have found this a tempting bit of literature, and intend to carry to immediate trial some of the hints for definite action.

Nowadays. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1 net.—When contemporaneous problems enter into literature it is almost inevitable that the artist or poet should be found on the side of the larger, the progressive, the deeper, view. Suffragist or anti-suffragist may be caricatured, but that is another matter. This "contemporaneous comedy" touches not uncommon situations, in which both humor and pathos naturally inhere, both readily developed by the dramatist. One may be thoroughly sympathetic with very different aspects of the woman question so far as they are expressed in well-meaning lives brought up with different ideals and standards. The play is quiet, extreme in nothing, fairly representative of modern conditions. It affords good reading, and suggests effective acting.

Simpson. By Elinor Mordaunt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.—This is the story of a club of bachelors who,

Digitized by Google

in fine contempt for the society of women and the restraints imposed by their society, organize themselves for freedom and the true enjoyment of life. How one after another comes gradually to alter his ideals and reconcile himself to inevitable destiny is the theme of this entertaining tale. The comedy is well played, and the outcome entirely satisfactory to all concerned, including the reader.

Magazines.

The Constructive Quarterly, now in its second volume, is a sign of the times of a novel kind. It may be compared with *The Hibbert Journal*, and described as like that popular magazine with an essential difference; for whereas *The Hibbert Journal* is edited by a Unitarian, the editor of *The Constructive Quarterly* is an Episcopalian. It is the intention of both editors to set forth in terms intelligible to all inquiring minds the agreements of Christendom together with the forms of thought and practice that cause the many diverse groups of Christian believers to hold fast to their differences. In *The Constructive Quarterly* there have been many articles—thirteen in the current number—setting forth as many aspects of belief. These fall readily into groups which reveal the mighty outlines of the principal divisions of Christendom. The Orthodox Church of Russia stands four square to all the movements of science, democracy, and critical thought, the most stanch defender of all that lies at the foundations of all hierarchical churches. The Roman and the Anglican churches are widely different in claims and degrees of authority, but their denominational aim is the same, and both show that, whether they yield to or resist modern influences, they are conscious of them and may at any time modify their claims to an exclusive control of the means of grace. Other churches in these pages offer no new problems or definite plans of union, although many of the articles are instructive and interesting.

The April number of the *Yale Review* is distinguished by the variety of its contents, which range through the drama, biography, history, travel, problems of the tropics and rural life, personal reminiscence, Socialism, literary criticism, verse, and the Federal Reserve Act. Robert Herrick has a brilliant criticism of the current American novel. Miss Vida D. Scudder's "Woman and Socialism" discusses the "woman's battle" from a new and interesting point of view. The distinguished economist, Prof. Sprague of Harvard, gives a clear and readable explanation of the banking plan about to be put into force by the government, and indicates the conditions upon which will depend its failure or success. Mr. Chapman, a member of the Rural Commission, which last year travelled through Europe in search of information which might help to solve the problems of our country life, summarizes the results with much interesting comment. Ellsworth Huntington contributes an illuminating explanation of the backwardness of tropical races. Hamlin Garland recounts his curious experiences with Stephen Crane, author of the *Red Badge of Courage*, whose brilliant, brief career he influenced throughout; and with like intimacy, but with different purpose, Prof. W. C. Abbott writes upon the famous diarist Pepys, whom he reveals in a guise unfamiliar to the literary reader, as organizer, patriot, and great public servant. The importance and intrinsic interest of Asiatic Turkey has enormously increased since the Balkan War. Miss Helen McAfee writes of the little-known interior with sympathetic knowledge. Finally, Julius Petersen, professor in the University of Basel, gives what is probably the most complete account of the remarkable development of the German stage yet to appear on this side of the water.

Miscellaneous.

Two of the novels issued by Little, Brown & Co. seem still to be holding their own amid the flood of later novels, *The Eye of Dread*, by Payne Erskine, and *Joan Thursday*, by Louis Joseph Vance. Both authors are already established in the estimation of novel-readers. The latter book is the story of an attractive young shop-girl, who finds her way to the stage, works her way through vaudeville to legitimate success, and, in the meantime, passes through nerve-shattering experiences of a life that is bluntly pictured and realistically undesirable. The other story presents a tragic situation, of which the final scene in the drama is played under tense excitement in the court-room where a good man is tried for murder. Miss Erskine proved her power to interest people when she wrote *The Mountain Girl*. The best sign of her staying power is that her books are not alike nor written in the same key.

What Men Live By

By Dr. Richard C. Cabot

"A genuine contribution to the resources by which the souls and bodies of men are strengthened and sustained."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Such writing, because it sets before the reader in a fresh and entertaining way beliefs and truths hitherto but vaguely held, must be richly inspirational in its effect."—*Boston Transcript.*

$1.50 net. Postage extra.

Houghton Mifflin Co. 4 Park St; Boston

Why Are We Here?

—AN ANSWER—

Logical, Scientific, Philosophical.

A BOOK for PROGRESSIVE THINKERS

Rational, Reverent, Up-to-Date.

Cloth Bound, $1.00, Postpaid.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

ERVIN B. RICE, 6615 Yale Avenue, CHICAGO.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.

Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN

No. 32

The Church and New Americans

BY GEORGE W. TUPPER, PH.D.

The Protestant churches have exercised hitherto a large influence in shaping and molding the character of American life, but thus far they have practically made no effort to reach the recent accessions to our population. It is high time that they roused themselves from this indifference. These new-comers need their help and sympathy, and for their sakes and for the sake of the country as well, there is no task to which the churches can more usefully devote themselves than the promotion of the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of these new Americans. This is Dr. Tupper's thesis, and he speaks with a deep conviction based upon a wide experience.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

Order as "S. S. No. 32," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

American Unitarian Association

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

An Easter Thought.

BY OLIVER PENMARK.

Who tells the little growing things,
Tells them sweet and true,
That this is spring, that robins sing,
That skies are soft and blue?

What Power whispers 'neath the sod?
Is it Nature? Is it God?
How do the waiting rootlets hear
That spring is come, and Easter near?

We may call it resurrection
That stirs below the sod,
But a dearer name
That means the same,
Is just to call it—God.

Elizabeth's Choice.

BY AMY V. BEAL.

This is a true story about a little girl named Elizabeth. She was ten, and she had a sister Lucy, who was eight, and a little sister Frances, who was only four.

They were very nice little girls, and they loved one another dearly. Elizabeth was generous and unselfish, and often sacrificed her own pleasure to make her sisters happy.

Grandma liked to reward Elizabeth for her unselfishness, and so, one day, she said to Aunt Daisy:—

"I have asked the little girls to come over this morning and get the presents we brought them from Europe. I am going to let Elizabeth choose the one she likes best. I think she deserves a reward for sending Frances driving with Aunt Mary yesterday, in her place. She was very good to give up her treat to make her little sister happy."

The little girls soon arrived, and Grandma kissed them and helped them to take off their coats and hats. Then she led them into the living-room. The three gifts were lying in their boxes on the table: a turquoise ring, a little pearl locket, and a bracelet with a tiny clover on it.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Elizabeth. "Weren't you good to bring us such pretty presents, Grandma?"

"Which is for me?" asked Lucy, with shining eyes.

"Me choose, Grandma?" said little Frances, with an engaging smile.

"No, dear," answered Grandma, "Elizabeth is to have first choice this time, because she was so good to let you go with Aunt Mary yesterday. Come, Elizabeth, which do you like best?"

Elizabeth clasped her hands and drew a long breath of excitement and rapture.

"They're all so beautiful," she said. "May I really do just as I like about choosing, Grandma?"

"You certainly may, dear; this is your choice."

Elizabeth looked at the gifts again closely, and touched each with a careful finger, lingering over the locket. Then she glanced at Lucy's wistful face, and at Frances, who was resting her little nose on the edge of the table in her endeavor to see the pretty things.

"Which do you wish you had, Lucy?" Elizabeth asked suddenly.

"Oh, the ring, the ring!" cried Lucy, dancing up and down.

Elizabeth took the ring from its box and handed it to her, and was nearly choked by Lucy's "bear-hug."

"Which do you like best, Frances?" Frances stood on tip-toe and waved a fat hand.

"I fink I'd ravver like the bracelet," she said. Elizabeth clasped it on her chubby arm, and Frances gave her a big, big kiss.

"Then this is mine," said Elizabeth, joyously, taking up the little pearl locket. "It's just what I wanted, Grandma. Thank you a hundred times for it."

As she kissed Grandma, she whispered, "It's lots of fun to have first choice, isn't it?"

Grandma looked at the little sisters dancing for joy, and then at Elizabeth's radiant face, and smiled.

"It is when you are generous," she said softly.

What do you think of Elizabeth's choice?

Della's Easter Party.

BY GWLADYS LOUISE WILLIAMS.

"Oh, mother!" cried Della, running into the kitchen, one Friday afternoon. "Ruth Simons is going to have an Easter party, and she says she does every year, and I never, never have; and mayn't I, just once?" and the little girl paused, quite out of breath.

Mrs. Burlen turned slowly around, and looked rather sadly at her expectant little daughter.

"Well, dearie," she said at last, trying to speak cheerfully, "I'm afraid not. You see, Ruth's father and mother are a great deal richer than we ever were, and, as daddy had an especially hard time last month, I'm afraid it is altogether out of the question for you to have a party."

Della tried hard not to cry, but it did seem as if she ought to have some fun, when all her little playmates had parties and lovely dresses and big hair-ribbons! Mrs. Burlen tried to console her by promising that, when times were better and father was well, she could invite some of her friends to a little party.

So Della dried her eyes, and went into the next room to do her home work for Monday, so as to have a whole day on Saturday, without any lessons; and Mrs. Burlen racked her brains to find some way to make up to the little girl for her disappointment.

The next morning, after Della had made the beds and helped her mother with the dishes, she ran outdoors to join Ruth Simons, who was awaiting her rather impatiently. Ruth was going to have her party on Easter Monday, and could hardly talk of anything else. But Della hardly heard the glowing descriptions of the egg-hunt, and the pretty prize that was to be given to the most successful collector. She was wishing that it would not always have to be the other girls who invited her to their parties, and that she might invite them just once.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Burlen had gone over to have a chat with young Mrs. Churchill, lately become the proud possessor of twins! After having duly admired the babies, Mrs. Burlen began to talk about Della and her disappointment, and asked her hostess if she could think of no way to make it up to her.

"Well," said Mrs. Churchill, slowly, after a minute's thought, "I know just about how she feels, for I had many such disappointments when I was a child. I was wondering if Della wouldn't like to have one of Fifi's little puppies. You see, I've often heard her say that she would give anything for a pet, whether it were bird, beast, or fish; so, if you like, you can take one of the little dogs back with you, and welcome, for I can't find any one who wants them."

Mrs. Burlen felt that a considerable load had been lifted off her mind, as she replied: "Why, that would be lovely, and I shall tell Della that some one is coming to tea with her. The puppies are on the back porch, are they not? All right, I'll just take one. Good-bye, and thank you so much!" And she hurried home, after securing one of the little terriers.

On reaching the house, Mrs. Burlen hid the little dog in the shed, and informed Della that she had invited a little friend to take tea with her. Della brightened up, and eagerly inquired,—

"Who, mother, who is it?"

But all the satisfaction she could get was: "Never mind just now, daughter. Come and help mother spread the table."

That afternoon, after Della had gone out for a walk, Mrs. Burlen set to work and made three little ginger cookies, which she set on a small table in Della's room, set for two; on one side was a saucer of milk, for the "little guest," and at Della's place she filled a cup of steaming cocoa when she saw her little girl coming up the walk.

"Well, girlie," she called to Della. "Go up to your room, and I'll bring your guest to you." She hurried out to the shed, which mystified Della greatly. What could one of her friends be doing in the coal-house?

On opening the door into her room, the little girl was still more surprised to see the saucer of milk, and began to think that the apparently rather eccentric visitor must be bringing her cat. When, a minute later, Mrs. Burlen came into the room, holding the little dog up in her arms, Della gave a cry of delight, and caught him up in her arms.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" she exclaimed. "Is he my own, my very own?"

"Yes," answered her mother. "Mrs. Churchill gave him to you."

Then, while Della had her cocoa and cakes, and the little dog contentedly drank his milk, Mrs. Burlen told how he had come to Della's Easter party.

Helping the Easter Bunny.

BY LAURA K. HUDSON.

Little Martha had been very ill; little Martha was to be kept out of doors for ten hours out of the twenty-four; little Martha was spending three weeks with dear Aunt Kittie on Uncle Dan's big chicken-farm just about the time his silver wyandottes and white leghorns were beginning to do their duty. Every nesting-place in the big chicken-houses was full of glossy white or golden yellow eggs, which all had to be found, counted, and put into buckets and baskets; and just here is where small and nimble Martha came in so handily.

"Whatever we should do without our Martha," Uncle Dan would say about twenty times in a busy day, "I really do not know! For every twenty-five eggs you find,

Mattie-mite, and deposit, sound and clean, in any one of these boxes or baskets, you may put one in this pail for your very own self, to eat, or sell, or give away, just as you see fit."

So Martha worked on manfully, if small girls ever can be said so to do, keeping every twenty-sixth egg for toll, until her pail held what Silas, the hired man, was pleased to call "a ra'al tidy lot, Sissie."

"What you goin' to do wid 'em?" queried Esther, Aunt Kittie's "help," when Martha carried them proudly into the kitchen for Auntie's approval.

"I'm going to make them into Easter eggs," declared Martha, enterprisingly, "into pink and purple ones, and, maybe, some with 'nitials and with spots and stars on them."

"Why, Martha!" cried Esther, very much interested. "How you goin' to do dat?"

Whereupon Martha showed her the "Buster Brown Outfit" she'd been saving up since Christmas, and which she had tucked into her small suit-case, with a toy or two, on leaving home; and she explained her plans to such purpose that Esther grew quite enthusiastic, so much so, indeed, that while Aunt Kittie was at the fortnightly church sewing-bee, she spent the entire Wednesday afternoon and early evening hard-boiling and coloring and polishing and wiping eggs dry with Martha, until the forty-seven Easter eggs were things of real beauty. There were blue eggs and green eggs and purple eggs, and eggs of every possible shade of red; a polka-dotted one for Silas, and one decorated to resemble a handsome white-whiskered old man, (made while she was not looking and without her knowledge), for Esther; one with red cheeks, black curls, a dimple, and melting brown eyes, for Uncle Dan; and a Chinese, laid by old chickabiddy, and therefore darkly yellow, with a cap and a long black sewing-silk cue, for Aunt Kittie herself.

"I tell you," announced Esther, surveying the fruit of her labor (and Martha's) with much satisfaction, "these are sure the finest Easter eggs I ever see anywhere!"

On Easter morning, there was a hand-painted and a solid-tinted egg apiece for every one, and Martha herself was made happy with an enormous glistening and hen- and chicken-ornamented nougat confection from town. Every one was, of course, charmed with Martha's gifts, and every one wanted to know what was to become of the other thirty-eight (for one had been smashed in the dyeing) she had left over.

"Like as not," suggested Uncle Dan, "they'd be glad to buy them from you at the general store in the village, for I don't believe eggs just like these have ever been seen here before."

"I'll give ten cents for three of 'em, right now," volunteered Silas.

"I'll take half a dozen for twenty-five cents," offered Aunt Kittie.

But Martha laughed, and shook her head. "I have a plan," said she; "but maybe you'll think it's funny, and will laugh at me."

When every one had promised not even to smile, Martha explained her scheme. Then she borrowed from Auntie her new flat mending-basket, which she lined with soft, white paper, on which she pleasingly arranged her eggs, and carried them to Sunday-school with her. She took Mr. Blake, the superintendent, into her confidence; and that afternoon, when Sunday-school let out, each boy and girl, some of whom had never seen or even heard of an Easter egg of any sort or kind, carried home one of Martha's. There were more than enough to go round, so that Mr. Blake could take one—the delicate lilac one, "Mrs. Blake's favorite color,"—to his wife, and Miss Lane, Martha's much-beloved, very own, temporary teacher, could have one to "remember my Mattie by," as she laughingly remarked; and everybody felt the better for Martha's loving thought.

Two days after Easter, Martha, grown strong and plump and red-cheeked at Aunt Kittie's, returned to town; and she hadn't been home more than a day before she received a letter, all regularly sealed and stamped, and addressed to her very own self, from the country. In it was a post-card, taken by Mrs. Blake's brother, a young man with a great knack at snap-shots, of herself carefully carrying the big mending-basket full of Easter eggs across the Sunday-school yard. Underneath, it said in big black, clear, print-like letters, which even Martha could read at a glance, "Our Martha, Head Assistant to the Stockbridge Junction Sunday-school Easter Bunny."

Grandma's S'prise.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

Benny and Kitty were brother and sister. All their lives—Benny was nine, and Kitty six—they had lived in a city. Now they had come to the country for the first time, to stay with Grandma.

"Come and wave good-bye," said Grandma, as Daddy and Mother climbed into the automobile.

They waved good-bye, but when the automobile had turned the corner, and they couldn't see Daddy standing up to wave, nor Mother fluttering her handkerchief, they felt queer.

"You're crying," said Benny.

"I think my eyes are getting washed," explained Kitty, hastily, "and so are yours!"

Benny rubbed his eyes very hard. Grandma looked at them, and said,—

"It's about bedtime, dears."

When they were safely in bed, and had said their prayers to Grandma, the queer feeling came back. They remembered that Daddy and Mother were far away. Their eyes had to be washed again! Then Grandma smiled at them.

"Oh, I forgot," she said. "I've the finest surprise for you to-morrow."

Benny lifted his head from the pillow, and looked across at Kitty's cot.

"What is it, Grandma?" he cried eagerly.

"Please tell," added Kitty, sitting up.

"No, you must wait till the morning, and see it," said Grandma. "It has four things where the wheels of an automobile would be, —but it isn't an automobile."

"What can it be?" puzzled Benny.

"I do want to know," murmured Kitty. But she lay back, sleepily.

"It has two things where the lamps of the automobile are," went on Grandma, putting Benny gently down, "and a thing that makes a noise,—but it isn't a bell."

"It—must—be—funny." Kitty's voice trailed off into silence.

"I—hope—morning 'll—soon—come," yawned Benny. Then he, too, went to sleep; and Grandma stole quietly from the room.

The next morning she came in to help Kitty dress. Of course, Benny dressed himself. Then they had breakfast, and Benny said,—

"Now, can we see your s'prise, Grandma?"

"This way," and Grandma led them out into the yard.

They saw a beautiful big cherry-tree, and a little ladder was leaning against it.

"It's lovely. But it hasn't four things, and two, and a noise," said Benny.

"No, it hasn't," agreed Kitty.

Then Grandma called,—

"Trixie! Trixie! O Trixie!"

There came running to them the dearest little fox terrier you ever saw. It had tan spots on its tail, and on one ear; and it jumped, and frisked, and barked, and wanted to make friends right away!

When they had played together a little, Grandma said,—

"But what has Trixie, where the wheels of the automobile are?"

"Legs," cried Kitty.

"And its eyes are instead of lamps," said Benny; "and it makes a noise with its mouth."

"With its tongue," corrected Kitty.

Grandma smiled.

"You've guessed my riddle," she said. "Now, you may gather cherries for a pie for dinner, and Trixie may play with you."

The Prince's Button.

A young lady wrote to an officer engaged in the Crimean campaign, telling him to take Sebastopol as speedily as possible, and Prince Menschikoff with it, and also to send her a button from the prince's coat as a souvenir. Meanwhile, the officer had been captured. However, it was the kindly custom of the Russians to forward letters to their prisoners, after opening and reading them. Prince Menschikoff sent on this particular letter along with a note from himself, in which he said that he was sorry he could not comply with the young lady's first two requests, but that he could gratify her third wish, for which purpose he begged to enclose a button from his coat.

Henry was required to write a sentence containing the plural of bamboo. The smiles of the class attracted the attention of the teacher to the board, upon which he found this sentence: "Two bamboos are in a cage." *Youth's Companion.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.
The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Phillip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER P. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

On Borrowing Trouble.

Don't borrow trouble, dear, to-day;
Wait and think about it!
Maybe, dear, if you delay,
You'll get along without it!

—*Oliver Perrmark*

Income Altruism.

BY MINOT SIMONS.

The term is striking. Prof. Simon N. Patten uses it in a very important book, "The New Basis of Civilization." Income altruism represents generosity by means of income; that is, helping by money when we cannot help in any other way.

Here is the new thought in giving. "New occasions teach new duties." The complex life of the modern city is the new occasion which confronts us with the new duty to express our sympathy as gladly through and by means of our income as we do by personally helping the unfortunate. As Mr. Patten says, "We must see in the check-book an agent as spiritual and poetic as the grime and blood-stain of ministering hands."

Here we have the distinction between the old philanthropy and the new. The old charity met the individual case when it appeared. It often expressed a beautiful spirit of sacrifice. From a personal point of view it was usually noble and good, but from a social point of view it was usually wasteful, hurtful, and inefficient. Prof. Ely said some years ago, "The old-fashioned alms-giving is a curse."

The sympathy of the Good Samaritan cannot alone cope with conditions of modern life. We must keep the spirit, but add brains and power to our sympathy. The new charity would do all that the old has done in meeting the individual case of need, but it would seek to remove causes, to prevent a repetition, to get results constructive and permanent.

To pass from the old to the new, however, requires education. Three things are necessary. First, we must cultivate the social imagination. The term "social conscience" is familiar; it is one of the great attainments of modern times. But the social conscience is weak without the social imagination that can see the needs of the social life, see them not with the physical eye alone, but with the eye of the mind. When people can imagine the social conditions which they have not, perhaps, actually seen, then the social conscience can bring its incentives to bear.

The English poet Noyes confronts us with the duty to see and to understand:—

"Sir, I have great doubts
About this world, doubts if we have the right
To sit down here to this betrothal feast,
And gorge ourselves with plenty when we know
That, for the scraps and crumbs which we let fall
And never mind, children would kiss our hands
And women weep in gratitude. Suppose
A man fell wounded at your gates, you'd not
Pass on and smile and leave him there to die.
And can a few short miles of distance blind you?"

Now we must not let a few short miles nor a few short blocks blind us. We must add to the sight of the physical eye the power of imagination, and see the enormous number of people who, for one reason or another, need help.

The need for charity is great. As Dr. Devine puts it, "The final, unpardonable, and unrecognized failure in the social fabric is the lack of charity." On the whole, the failure is not due to lack of sympathy nor to widespread stupidity, but to lack of imagination. The poor see human need right about them, and their response is magnificent; but the sin of the well-to-do is not to see.

In the charities clearing-house in Cleveland there were, in its first year, thirty thousand names of people who needed some kind of help. Now the people of the city must try to see this fact of human need, which does not, perhaps, directly appeal to them, but which is there. Each person must try to see it, not as something theoretical but actual; not as something that concerns some one else, but as something that directly concerns him.

In the second place, we must see that such needs must be met by co-operation, by social effort, and through experts. Whether personal service or income service, whatever is done must be done under the guidance of experts. Social needs to-day must be met not only with sentiment, but with science.

Each case of need is a study by itself. There is a reason why this or that person comes to need. The cause must be studied, and some way found to remove it. Moreover, the goal of relief must be self-support and independence. Each case must be studied in order that, for the sake of the worthy, the unworthy may be weeded out; and all this means trained service.

Dr. Cabot has defined the task of the social worker as "the diagnosis of character under adversity." The social worker must help to adjust human character to its conditions of life, and that is an extremely complicated problem. I am frequently asked, "How can I help to the best advantage?" How can the rich person help, how can the average person help, to the best advantage? If one has any time for personal service, I always urge that it be given under the direction of some organized philanthropy. If one has no time for personal service, I always urge that he hold up the hands of the people who have time and who are trained to do the work.

That is what is meant by income altruism. Here is a latent social power that has hardly been touched. Only a few thousands of people in our great cities have the thought. There are great areas of generosity which have not been cultivated. The people have not attained unto the social imagination. In Cleveland we look to see the Charities Federation not only increase co-operation among charities, but utilize a vast amount of wasted generosity.

Modern agencies for relief are sharply criticised because so large an expenditure goes into salaries for agents instead of supplies for the needy. Such criticisms are always made by the uninformed. People acquainted with modern methods know how frequently the needy require advice more than food and clothing. It is the service of the trained worker which prevents many people from falling into the need of material relief. In that way immense sums of money are saved. Such service also prevents many people from remaining long in a state of dependency. In that way immense sums of money are saved.

The trained agent saves to the community many times the salary involved, and prevents, besides, a vast amount of human wreckage.

In the third place, we need to be so trained that we shall rejoice thus to help indirectly; that we shall actually see "in the check-book an agent as spiritual and poetic as the grime and blood-stain of ministering hands."

Such a result can come only by practice, but it will come. Gradually we shall feel the personal satisfaction in helping at long range, through an organization, cases of need that we personally shall never see. If we can but have the imagination to see that the people who need are there, not far away, shall we not be glad to help?

It is not difficult to get the situation in mind. It is not difficult to see that the little which we give intelligently with others means far more help than if given alone.

Never has the world seen such sympathy as there is to-day. When the stranger is hurt before our eyes we do everything possible with our own hands; but when we are told that strangers and our own citizens are hurt every day whom we do not see nor know anything about, we say "Why, that is terrible, but what can we do about it?" The answer is, "All that we can afford to do." Through the various relief agencies whatever we can do goes directly to the relief of suffering. Not many of us see suffering outside of our own small circle of relationships, and if we are not careful we shall fail to realize that suffering exists. Our imaginations must, therefore, be sharpened to see that in the check-book there is a ministering angel; a method not impersonal, but personal; a modern instrument of charity and helpfulness.

The well-to-do people on the vessels that went to the rescue of the Volturno passengers were eager and anxious to do everything possible for the unfortunate victims of that terrible disaster. They were glad to serve with their own hands and to give their money for the benefit of the unfortunates whom they could see right before them, but some of the very same people may have been habitually heedless of the continual problems of need presented by the immigrants coming to this country year by year.

We need imagination to see that we can give at least a very little. The fact that we can is always proved by our response to a need that appeals to us either personally and at hand, like the misfortune of a friend, or a great calamity, like the floods of last spring. At that time a very large number of gifts were in small amounts, and, doubtless, were given by many who would have declared it impossible to spare for the organized charities anything or anything more.

Income altruism allows us all to become linked up in some small way with the social works of mercy and helpfulness, and to feel at once the satisfaction in doing our share in carrying the common social burden.

All about us is the fight of men, women, and children in adverse conditions. It is a fight for life, for character, against the terrible temptations to sin, to degenerate. The strong must come to the rescue in this fight. Society is itself so terribly guilty, forcing the fight upon those who are in no way prepared for it nor responsible for it!

Digitized by Google

A certain man had a vision of a great need that cried out from the sons and daughters of God who were suffering. With his own hand he could not minister to them, but to a near-by friendly spirit he said, "Here is money. It is not much, but you know where it will do the most good." And before that day was ended, a suffering soul thanked God for relief.

A Knotty Problem.

In our Sunday-school at Canton we bring in all sorts of outside matter, moral, religious, Biblical, and the like, which will put these subjects vividly before the scholars' minds and hearts. I send you a clipping which I found recently in a magazine. Its solution involves a fairly good knowledge of the facts of Old Testament history.

A teacher of a Sunday-school class was asked how many pupils his class contained. This was his (presumably not *immediate*) reply:—

"If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath, subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, and subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, the answer will be the number of pupils in my Sunday-school class. How many pupils are in the class?"

Bradley Gilman.

Canton, Mass.

Reminiscences.

I should like to put on record an instance of Methodist-Unitarian fellowship older than any that have lately been sent to the *Register*.

In June, 1863 or 1864, I think, just fifty years ago, my mother and myself attended a Unitarian conference or convention at Meadville, Pa., and were the guests of Mrs. Edgar Huidekoper. A fellow-guest was the late A. P. Putnam, then the minister of the First Unitarian Church of Brooklyn.

On the Saturday night of his arrival he was told that all the Congregational churches of Meadville had extended a general invitation to the visiting Unitarian ministers to preach in their pulpits on Sunday, and that he had been assigned to the Methodist church. Of course, the many guests and members of the family wished to attend his service. It was a great event,—the first time such fellowship had been offered since the founding of the Meadville School in 1844.

Before going to the church Mr. Putnam told us that the only sermon he had with him was a rather radical one on "Jesus," and that his first impulse was to modify it a little for his Methodist hearers, but he had soon decided to give it to them "undiluted." The church was crowded, and I well remember the sober faces of the four deacons, sitting in front of the pulpit, facing the congregation. I also remember their cordial greeting of him after the service, as they thanked him, but I do not recall any of the sermon.

As we walked home through the pleasant, sunny street, we met other groups returning from other services, with equally interesting reports. I particularly recall Robert Collyer, in a very jubilant mood, strolling along with his arm around Mr. Chadwick's neck,—a pleasant thing to remember!

Is there any one living who can give an additional account of this gathering? It was rather a remarkable one, held during the Civil War. I think it voted to raise $100,000 for Unitarian work, including Dr. Bellows's Sanitary Commission.

R. W. H.

Ridgewood, N.J.

Foreign Notes.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

La Riforma Italiana, the monthly magazine issued by Rev. Gaetano Conte as the voice of the new liberal Christian movement he is conducting in Italy, contains interesting and valuable articles on religion and life, as well as the chronicle of the doings of the Association of Free Believers, of which he is the earnest apostle. Its name, "Italian Reform," preserves the historical truth that the Unitarian and liberal Christian movement first found organic expression through the testimony and devotion of Italian thinkers and martyrs, the Socini, Ochino, Gentilis, Biandrata, and others, who in the sixteenth century taught and suffered for the principles of a rational and spiritual Christianity, and were the founders of the Unitarian churches of Hungary, Poland, and other countries, and its first theologians and martyrs. The March number contains articles on "The Country and People of the Bible"; "Religion and Democracy," by Prof. Angelo Crespi; "The Precedence of Civil Marriage to its Religious Consecration," by Romolo Murri; "The Social Question"; "Arianism in Italy," etc.

Mr. Conte's work is daily gaining in esteem and influence among his fellow-countrymen. He has lately been making a tour of propagandism in Rome and Southern Italy, rallying the adherents of his Association and gaining new members. In Rome the well-known ex-priest and Parliamentarian, Romolo Murri, is organizing a branch of the Society. The principles and aims of this movement are such as identify it with our own Unitarian endeavors in America.

It is the only religious organization in Italy which is frankly and fully committed to religious free thought and liberal and progressive methods, and hence, in our judgment, has an exceptional claim to our confidence and modest assistance.

It is interesting to note several movements among Italians in this country also in the direction of religious freedom. In Philadelphia and New York, Rev. F. Taglialatala, until recently a leading preacher in the Italian-Methodist connection, has found his way into our Unitarian communion, and has started a society for his fellow-countrymen in each of these cities, to whom he will minister. He is a man of character, ability, and serious purpose, and editor, also, of a monthly magazine. The First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia has been placed at his disposal for Sunday afternoon services. A number of Italian priests have recently asked for admission into the Unitarian fellowship to work among their people. All are men of character and good, even remarkable, abilities, but our Unitarian missionary spirit and resources have not yet permitted us to encourage them in their purpose. Ultimately, it is hoped to unite in some effective manner Signor Conte's work in Italy with these home missionary efforts. The writer recently found a warm response among the women of the New York League to his plea for our Italian work, which is evidently growing in favor in our churches.

The Liberal German Missionary Association has put two new men into the field: Dr. Bohner, a pastor and educator of repute, who is to work in Tsingtau, China; and Pastor Hunzike, who is to help the Mission in Japan. Dr. Schiller, the learned superintendent of their Japanese work, who has been in Germany for a year's absence from his post, a year spent in visiting scores of German cities and towns to discourse on his foreign work, will now also return to Japan for a new term of eight years.

In Berlin, Germany, there were in the year 1913, 12,705 official withdrawals from the State Church. The loss to the latter in church-tithes was 33,951 marks, about $8,200, the total yield from this source being nearly five million marks. 2,875 married couples, 4,978 single males, and 1,977 single females, thus withdrew their allegiance from the Church. The number of Church members is supposed to include the entire Protestant community. This showing is not formidable. But many more are at heart withdrawn from church influences, as may be seen in the fact that a recent census of church attendance showed only three and a half per cent. (some claimed only one and a half) of the population at church in Berlin on a given Sunday.

Dr. Ludwig Wahrmund, the well-known Modernist scholar, and professor at Prague University, has written a thoughtful article on the separation of Church and State. He declares religion to be a private concern, the Church a private association, and that both should be removed from the public interests of the State. The Church should cease to be a privileged public corporation, and should be submitted to the general law concerning the rights of associations. The State should refuse to grant to these religious associations any special or exceptional protection or advantage, or to the ministers of religion, as such, any emoluments, or to the edifices of worship any special immunity. The State should no longer interfere in religious matters, and take no consideration of the religious element in its laws or administrations. Purely secular schools, obligatory civil marriage, and non-denominational cemeteries, the abolition of civil oaths, penalties for offences against religion, military chaplains, and the civil participation in Church festivals, would be the legitimate consequences of this complete separation of Church and State. In the administration of their inner affairs, the churches would enjoy entire freedom within the general framework of the common law. Wahrmund admits that this is a purely theoretical outline, and that nowhere in the world is such a programme thoroughly and consistently carried out.

Digitized by Google

In the United States, he affirms, the approach to it has been the nearest. The Church is recognized as only a corporation under the general law. But there are numerous infractions of this rule, and they are increasing, as note the special legislation in behalf of the Roman Catholic Church in New York, New England, and other States. The religious element is exceptionally recognized and favored through Sunday laws with special reference to church services and aims, by the opening of Congress and State legislatures with prayer, the right of presidents and governors to call religious fast and feast days, the appointment of army chaplains, etc. Civil marriage is not obligatory, as it should be. The system of purely secular schools in America is not carried out thoroughly. Bible reading is permitted in them. In some cases the State makes grants for the support of private and sectarian schools. Civil oaths are still required. The churches are privileged by exemption from public taxes, which is the same thing as a grant of public money in their behalf. Clergymen are exempt from jury duty and military service, etc.

There is food for reflection in the views advanced by Prof. Wahrmund, and his exposition of the inconsistency and inadequacy of the existing system of Church and State in America.

Our allies, the Rhenish-Westphalian Alliance of the Friends of Protestant Freedom, recently held their general convention in Cologne. It counts 41 local societies, an increase from last year, with a total membership of 9,150. Its "Jatho" Fund now amounts to 295,000 marks ($72,000). Pastor Traub was a central figure in the proceedings.

The number of theological students in Germany, which had fallen off considerably in late years, has now risen perceptibly again. In 1903 it was 2,035; at present, 3,949. Berlin has 675; Leipzig, 558; Halle, 443; Tuebingen, 360; Marburg, 246; Erlangen, 238; Goettingen, 223; Heidelberg, 166; Jena, 126; Giessen, 90.

The Prohibition of Sectarian Legislation.

For a number of years past the Committee on Constitutional Amendments of the Massachusetts Legislature has had before it a proposed amendment to the State constitution, intended to remove the doubts which exist in the minds of many citizens as to the adequacy of Article XVIII. of the Amendments to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (which article was adopted in 1855-56) to prevent sectarian appropriations to church schools and institutions by the legislature. A casual reading of the article referred to might lead one to believe that it does prohibit the legislation referred to. In the opinion of some of the best legal minds of the State, however, there is nothing in the existing article which would prevent such sectarian appropriations. The matter was recently referred to the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts for informal consideration and report. All the justices were of the unanimous opinion that the present constitution did not prevent the granting of public money to any sectarian institution of higher learning, or hospital or asylum. All were unanimously of the opinion that no appropriation for private or parochial schools could be made from public moneys specifically raised for public school purposes. Four justices held that no money could be voted to any church. Three disagreed, and held that this could be done under the present constitution. It will be seen by what a narrow margin in a bench likely to change its complexion within a few years this momentous issue might be decided.

Attempts have already been made, under one pretext or another, to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to make grants to denominational institutions, while in the neighboring commonwealth of Rhode Island, under similar conditions, a demand for the division of the public school money between State and denominational schools has recently been made.

In order forever to prevent and prohibit such sectarian raids on the public treasury, and to carry out fully and completely that separation of State and Church which is a fundamental principle of the government of these United States, eminent legal counsel have framed a new amendment to the existing organic law of Massachusetts, as follows:

"No law shall be passed respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, nor shall the state or any county, city, town, village or other civil division use its property or credit or any money raised by taxation or otherwise, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or in any other manner, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, school, society, or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

For years past, at every session of the Massachusetts Legislature this amendment has been presented, referred to the Committee on Constitutional Amendments, and at the public hearing thereafter, prominent ministers and lay representatives of practically all Protestant bodies, high and low, conservative and progressive, as well as Jew and secularist and agnostic, have appeared in its behalf. The Roman Catholic Church alone has absented itself from the discussion, but has always been strongly represented on the committee itself and among the auditors. The arguments in favor of the amendment seem irresistible, but year after year the committee has reported unfavorably upon it, and the petitioners had to withdraw, only to try again the next year with increased earnestness.

This year the merits of the question or the make-up of the committee have permitted a more favorable result, and the committee has recommended to the House the submission of the question to the voters of Massachusetts. This is only the first step to be taken in the attainment of this desirable purpose. The House, by a vote of two-thirds of its members, and a majority vote of the Senators present, must now agree that it is expedient to adopt the article as reported, and must refer it to the next General Legislature; and, if that body in like manner agrees, it may be submitted to the people for their approval and ratification, in order to become a part of the constitution of the commonwealth. To secure, therefore, a favorable vote of our House of Representatives and Senate on this important question—one of the most important now before the people of Massachusetts—is of immediate concern to every lover of fair play, interdenominational amity, and popular education. The present uncertainty and vagueness of statement in our organic law encourage ecclesiastical ambitions and sectarian aims, and keep the community constantly embroiled in conflicts which embitter the religious mind and disturb the social and political order. The adoption of this amendment would put an end to all this, and make our religious and political future secure and friendly. Why should any right-thinking, tolerant, unselfish person object to such a strengthening of the fundamental law of religious equality and interdenominational good-will and peace? Why, indeed, unless they have it in mind to ask undue favors and privileges from the State in behalf of their sectarian institutions and aims?

Every right-minded, patriotic citizen, whether man or woman, should bring instantly to bear whatever influence he can, by letter or personal interview, upon the legislator who represents him or her at the State House. Every Unitarian church or association in Massachusetts ought to take action by a vote of its members or standing committees in support of the matter, publish its opinion in the local newspapers, and send it to its local representatives in the General Court. This united church action is especially desired. Our Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and other fellow-Protestants are already engaged in this duty. It should not be allowed to go by default in our Unitarian churches from indifference, or that easy-going tolerance, falsely so called, which is even worse than indifference. Let our churches act promptly in the matter.

Charles W. Wendte,
For the Committee.

Visitation Day.

Visitation Day in Cambridge on Monday was a pronounced success, and this in spite of a rainy day. Not many men were in season for the early lectures at the Divinity School, but by twelve o'clock a considerable group of men renewed their student days by attending a lecture by Prof. George F. Moore, which gave a strong impression of the high character of the work now being done at the School.

The luncheon tendered by the faculty to the alumni was served in the trophy-room of the Harvard Union at half-past one, when some fifty men sat down together.

The after-luncheon speaking was opened by Dean Fenn, who welcomed the alumni in the name of the faculty, and emphasized the meaning and value of Visitation Day. He urged, as a practical measure, making permanent the committee which had brought about the present meeting, and that its annual report should be a matter of primary interest and importance at each annual meeting in June. In closing, he announced the strengthening of the faculty by the coming next autumn of Prof. Kirsopp Lake.

Mr. Billings, president of the Alumni Association, called all to their feet in recognition of the courtesy extended by the faculty. He asked the Divinity School to follow up its graduates, and spoke with conviction, born of his work with graduate clubs of Harvard

Digitized by Google

of their future help in securing students for the Divinity School.

President-emeritus Charles W. Eliot was the principal guest of the occasion. He gave some very interesting reminiscences accounting for his early interest in the Divinity School, and the sort of task which came to him as president in developing the university idea. He found a Unitarian Divinity school and changed it into a non-sectarian school, calling to various professors' chairs men from different religious communions. In bringing this about, Unitarians gave their most cordial co-operation, and in 1879 raised for the purpose about $140,000. This generous act was surely to the credit of the denomination, and it meant, among other things, that Unitarians had profound faith in liberty and in the sort of unity which springs out of it.

This thought was the main theme of Dr. Eliot's address,—the importance of the diversity which is always the result of liberty, and which leads to a living unity rather than to a deadening uniformity brought about by despotic external authority. He referred to this as a leading conviction in his own life and work, which had grown with his experience. Recently, in his journey round the world, he had seen many impressive illustrations of this principle, showing the dawn of a new day in the co-operative work of different Christian communions in the East. The world, he claimed, is moving in this direction, so that the present time presented in our own country a most hopeful field for the application of the aim of the Harvard Divinity School, namely, essential unity of spirit and co-operation in work, along with wide diversities of individual belief born of entire intellectual freedom.

Rev. Asbury E. Krom, Class of 1901, now pastor of Trinitarian-Congregational Church in Providence, R.I., spoke earnestly of the value of the Divinity School to him when there as a student. Mr. Lawrence Redfern of the graduating class (Hibbard scholar from Manchester College, Oxford) also made an interesting address.

The concluding word was spoken by Prof. Francis G. Peabody. Prof. Peabody gave fitting and happy expression to the very warm and deep feeling of satisfaction on the part of the alumni in the coming of Mr. Foote to the chair of Homiletics. He also spoke at length of the meaning and value of Visitation Day and the necessity that the alumni should co-operate with the faculty for the growingly wise and effective administration of the Harvard Divinity School.

The hour from 4.30 to 5.30 was spent in Appleton Chapel, where the class in Homiletics 2 was in session, under charge of Dean Fenn. Mr. Frederick Eliot was the preacher of the hour, and gave an admirably clear and effective short sermon on the need of moral judgment to supplement moral enthusiasm in our day. The criticism which followed, taken part in by all the men of the course, was a part of the order of the day, and at the end Dean Fenn gave his own summing up, which was a remarkable piece of friendly and helpful, but searching, criticism.

Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., at 5.45 in the Divinity School Chapel, and Dr. De Normandie combined with it a most impressive short sermon.

At 6.30 dinner was served to forty people in the trophy-room of the Harvard Union, and the dinner was made additionally attractive by the presence of a considerable number of the wives and sisters of the alumni.

At eight o'clock came the inaugural exercises of Rev. Henry Wilder Foote as Assistant Professor of Preaching and Parish Administration. This took place in the Divinity School Chapel, which was filled for the occasion. The prayer of installation was offered by Prof. Francis G. Peabody. President A. Lawrence Lowell presided, and made the opening address, in which he spoke of the recent change in his own feelings about the prospects of the Divinity School. He had felt at times somewhat discouraged because of the inadequate attendance and output of the School, but the outlook had brightened in various ways and become an encouraging one. Mr. Foote, as secretary of the faculty of the Divinity School, President Lowell said, would have a really great opportunity to help shape the future and bring about important development in the School.

The address by Mr. Foote was on the Harvard School of Hymnody, and it is to be hoped that the address will be printed. No adequate report can be made of it at this time. It contained a revelation to many in its tracing of the output of hymns during nearly a century by the graduates of the Harvard Divinity School. This historical statement was accompanied by the reading of typical hymns, and by comments giving both an appreciation and a critical estimate.

Reference was made to the three epochs of this hymn-writing: an early movement, beginning with Norton and Pierpont; a much more important development taking place as part of the New England transcendental movement, with Samuel Johnson and Samuel Longfellow as the culminating writers; and, finally, a later movement influenced by evolutionary and social thinking, including Chadwick, Gannett, and Hosmer, and ending with Theodore Williams of the Class of '82.

The Harvard Divinity School, said Mr. Foote, had been criticised as too academic and coldly intellectual; yet here was the interesting fact, that the School had combined with intellectual pioneering and the scientific spirit in theology, a world of deep feeling shown in the school of hymnody. These hymns contained prophetic fire and devout and mystical feeling, along with marked perfection of form; and, by their power to reach the common human heart, had won a place, many of them, in the hymn-books of the Church universal. At the close of the inaugural exercises there followed hearty and affectionate greetings of Prof. Foote.

In conclusion, it may be said that Visitation Day bound the alumni, the faculty, and the students more closely together, strengthened loyalty, and brightened the outlook for the future of the Divinity School.

The Alliance.

The chairman of the Junior Alliance Committee desires to thank the branches that have sent prompt replies to the questions mailed them by this committee, and wishes to urge all who have not replied to do so at once after reading this reminder. Address Mrs Wm. L. Voigt, 222 Riverside Drive, New York City, N.Y.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Pilgrim Federation.

The March meeting of the Pilgrim Federation was held at the Unitarian church, Rockland, Mass., on Thursday evening, March 26, the vice-president, Mr. Harold King, in the chair. Devotional exercises were led by Rev. L. A. Walker, and the president of the Rockland Union, Miss Marion Delano, gave a short address of welcome.

The speaker was Rev. Edward L. Houghton of Norwell, Mass., whose topic was "Jesus, the Young Man." Mr. Houghton referred to inportant men of history whose memorable deeds were performed in their youth. Jesus was not quite thirty years old when he began to preach, and was little older than that when his work was finished. The speaker showed some of Jesus' chief characteristics,—bravery, sympathy, and enthusiasm. He then referred to the public conscience which seems to be growing more and more sensitive, as illustrated in recent presidential campaigns, and seemed to think that we are on the threshold of an era in which the Christian ethics shall prevail more widely than ever before.

In closing, Mr. Houghton said: "Be glad that you are young people of the twentieth century, that you may see the mighty developments along the highest lines along which the world's progress heretofore has been so slow. And if these things at which I have hinted come to pass, it will be because you young people make it so."

The business meeting was then held, and the secretary's report was read and accepted; the treasurer also made his report, and twenty dollars was voted to the general treasury of the Young People's Religious Union.

The roll-call showed: 14 from Brockton,

Deaths.

BURKE.—At Cape Neddick Light Station, York Beach, Me., March 20, 1914, Mrs. Ida B. Burke, wife of Captain James Burke, formerly of White Island Light Station, Isles of Shoals. Interment was at Boothbay Centre.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for invalids and elderly ladies. Good care; excellent table. References. Telephone Malden 1365-W, or address S. H., care of *The Christian Register*.

FOR SALE.—Nice seven-room house, six miles from Richmond, Va. Two minutes from trolley; two lots, garden, fruit trees, choice flowers, good water. Property adjoins Unitarian church; pleasant community. Address A. H. ALLEN, 1011 Franklin Bank Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientèle.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

Digitized by Google

11 from Rockland, 3 from West Bridgewater, and 3 from Bridgewater.

The meeting was adjourned, and a short entertainment followed, consisting of readings and vocal solos, music and dancing, bringing the occasion to a close.

Irene B. Walker,
Secretary.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Ministers Monday Club will meet at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on April 13, at 11 A.M. Rev. E. H. Cotton of Danvers will preside. Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., will speak on "The Attitude of the Liberal Ministry to the Roman Catholic Church." All are invited.

Rev. John Thomas Fitzgerald, formerly of the Baptist Fellowship, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the Southern States, is hereby commended to our ministry and churches. Fellowship granted March 31, 1914. John W. Rowlett, Alexander T. Bowser, and Clifton M. Gray, Committee.

The last week-day service of the season in King's Chapel will be the Saturday noon musical service on April 11. Mr. Malcolm Lang, the organist of the Chapel, will play selections from Bach's "Passion Music" and Wagner's "Parsifal." Mr. A. E. Prescott, baritone, will sing a recitative from Bach's "Passion Music."

Rev. Zelotus Wesley Commerford, formerly of the Presbyterian ministry, having satisfied the Committee of the Pacific States, has been admitted to the Fellowship of the Unitarian Ministry, and is hereby commended to the confidence of our ministers and churches. *Signed*, Thomas L. Eliot, Benjamin A. Goodridge, Earl M. Wilbur, Committee.

Meetings.

The Philadelphia League.—The Philadelphia League held its regular monthly meeting in the Wilmington church on Thursday, April 2, 1914, at about 11 A.M., the president, Mrs. Hayward, in the chair, and about sixty-five members and guests present. Miss Anna Howell gave a very interesting history of women's work for Philadelphia. In the afternoon, accounts of Alliance work in Baltimore and in Washington were given by Mrs. Frederick Wood and Mrs. Whitman Cross.

Churches.

Alton, Ill.—First Unitarian Church, Dr. Curtis W. Reese: Special services were held March 22-25, with the following programme: Sunday, March 22: 10.45 A.M., Prof. T. Howard MacQueary, St. Louis, Mo; 8 P.M., "The Unitarian Evangelistic Motive," Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill; 8.30 P.M., "Sin vs. the New Life," Dr. Curtis W. Reese. Monday, March 23: 8 P.M., "The Message of the Church to Youth," Rev. Ernest C. Smith; 8.30 P.M., "The Church enlisting Youth," Dr. George R. Dodson, St. Louis, Mo. Tuesday, March 24: 8 P.M., "The Church in Modern Life," Prof. Charles E. Witter, St. Louis, Mo.; 8.30 P.M. "Rationality in Religion," Dr. Curtis W. Reese. Wednesday, March 25: 6 P.M., Church Supper for members and friends of the church; 8 P.M., "The Church and Social Movements," Rev. Ernest C. Smith; 8.30 P.M., "Politico-Ethical Message of the Church," Dr. Percival Chubb, St. Louis, Mo.

Newton Centre, Mass.—The Unitarian Society, Rev. Alson H. Robinson: A series of six meetings, constituting the Public Forum of Newton Centre, has been held during the past winter, under the direction of the Unitarian Society. The significance of such a series of meetings to a community like Newton Centre was pointed out little over a year ago by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, who was then lecturing under the direction of the Social Service Department of the American Unitarian Association. The purpose of these meetings, in common with forums of a similar character springing up all over the country, has been purely educational. An attempt has been made to procure the services of men and women who should speak with authority and intelligence upon some of the great social issues of our time. The speakers have been Prof. Vida Scudder of Wellesley College, Dr. Charles Fleischer of Boston, Prof. Lewis J. Johnson of Harvard, President Robert J. Aley of the University of Maine, Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes of New York, Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey of Rochester, N.Y. Those in charge of the meetings believe that they have rendered a very distinct and valuable service to the community. The attendance has averaged three hundred for all the meetings, having brought together persons representing all the churches of the village, as well as those without any church affiliation. The course will be continued next winter along the lines which have proven so successful during this opening season, though an attempt will be made to enlist the co-operation of all the Protestant churches.

Sanford, Me.—Unitarian Church: The church is still holding services in the town-hall. Rev. Herbert F. Moulton, the pastor, who succeeded Rev. E. J. Prescott, has just resigned. He has been here two years, and he has been drawing good-sized audiences in the morning, and often five hundred in the evening at the lecture services. It is to be regretted that he could not remain with us, but he could not stand the strain of the work in the big town-hall. Here is a fine field of about four years' cultivation.

Personals.

Rev. Lyman B. Weeks has just completed a ministry of two and one-half years with the Unitarian church at Westford, Mass., and is now available for any ministerial services, either as substitute or temporary supply.

Rev. George H. Badger of San Antonio is editing a Literature Department in the *Texas Clubwoman*, a bright, well-edited, sensible publication, issued weekly, to help forward the purposes and ideals of women's clubs in that State. Recent numbers have contained articles from his pen on the literary trend of women's clubs and on "The Recent Revival of Poetry."

The street-car men of Indianapolis, Ind., have sent to the governor a list of names, from which they are willing to accept three to arbitrate the difficulties between them and the company. The minister of All Souls', Frank S. C. Wicks, is among those whose names are proposed. The previous week, he was proposed by the master painters as the arbiter in settling their annual contract with their employees. This would show that both employers and employees feel that the attitude of our pulpit during the recent labor troubles had been fair. The Flood Relief Committee of last year, on which Mr. Wicks was the only Christian minister, has made its report, and it shows that the Church gave over fourteen hundred dollars to the fund as well as much personal service.

Acknowledgments of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$14,417.65
March 2.	First Parish, Brookline, Mass., additional	100.00
3.	A Friend	1.00
3.	A Friend	1.00
3.	R. N Adams, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., additional	1.00
3.	A Friend	1.00
3.	A Friend	1.00
4.	Sunday School, Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass.	5.00
5.	Charles C. Drew, Boston, Mass.	25.00
6.	Society in Santa Ana, Cal.	20.00
7.	Society in Littleton, Mass.	100.00
7.	Dr Charles P. Pike, Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
9.	Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, Mass.	10.00
9.	Society in Leominster, Mass., additional	85.00
9.	First Parish in Hingham, Mass.	779.05
10.	Society in Yonkers, N.Y.	42.65
10.	Society in Templeton, Mass.	75.00
10.	King's Chapel, Boston, Mass.	1,300.00
10.	Society in Medford, Mass., additional	115.23
14.	Society in Deerfield, Mass	15.00
16.	New South Church, Boston, Mass.	20.00
16.	Society in Lexington, Mass., additional	157.00
16.	Society in Santa Ana, Cal., additional	1.00
17.	A Friend	2.00
17.	A Friend	1.00
18.	Society in Wellesley Hills, Mass.	136.63
18.	Church of the Messiah, New York, N.Y.	200.00
18.	Society in Waltham, Mass.	219.88
19.	South Congregational Church, Boston, Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
19.	Society in Lexington, Mass., additional	25.00
19.	Society in Natick, Mass.	10.00
19.	Second Parish in Hingham, Mass.	25.00

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

CLERICAL SERVICE
(Liberal Unitarian)

For good reasons, I am available as Ministerial Supply for Sunday Services, Funerals, Lectures before Clubs and Church Societies. Live, pertinent subjects. Wide experience. Distance no objection. Compensation according to circumstances. Rev. LYMAN B. WEEKS, 14 Fairmount Avenue, West Somerville, Mass. 'Phone, Somerville 3441-M.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

20.	Society in Montclair, N.J.	70.10
20.	Miss Ellen V. Smith, Boston, Mass.	100.00
23.	Society in Rochester, N.H.	5.55
23.	Free Christian Church, Minneapolis, Minn.	10.00
23.	Society in Stow, Mass., additional	5.00
23.	Society in Dover, N.H.	28.00
23.	Sunday School, Winchendon, Mass.	5.00
23.	Church of the Disciples, Boston, Mass.	676.65
24.	Second Church, Boston, Mass.	550.00
24.	Society in Waverley, Mass.	15.00
25.	Society in Sterling, Mass.	5.00
25.	Society in New Bedford, Mass.	543.33
25.	Society in Watertown, Mass	28.01
25.	Society in Cleveland, Ohio	700.00
25.	Society in Chestnut Hill, Mass.	375.00
26.	Society in Germantown, Pa.	425.00
26.	Society in Westboro, Mass.	8.00
26.	Miss Agnes King, Denison, Ia.	5.00
27.	Society in Summit, N.J.	15.00
27.	Society in Sharon, Mass	10.00
28.	Society in Westford, Mass.	12.00
28.	Miss R. Elizabeth Arens, Baltimore, Md	5.00
28.	Society in Lancaster, Mass.	100.00
28.	Society in Ashby, Mass	37 70
30.	Society in Concord, Mass.	550.00
30.	Society in Lancaster, Pa.	25 00
30.	North Society, Salem, Mass	100.00
30.	Second Church, Boston, Mass., additional	201.00
30.	Society in Waverley, Mass., additional	5.00
30.	Sunday School, Berlin, Mass	9.00
31.	Society in Newburgh, N.Y.	60.85
31.	Hamburgh, N.Y., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
31.	Society in Westboro, Mass., additional	4.00
31.	Third Religious Society in Dorchester, Mass	13.22
31.	Society in Winthrop, Mass.	10.00
31.	Society in Vineyard Haven, Mass.	5.00
31.	St. Cloud, Minn., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
31.	North Society, Salem, Mass., additional	50.00
31.	Society in Whitman, Mass.	15.00
31.	Associate members	34.00

ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

March 3.	Leominster, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
6.	Sunday School, Keokuk, Ia.	5.00
7.	Ware, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
14.	Concord, N.H., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
23.	Sunday School, First Church, Salem, Mass.	15.00
25.	Sunday School, East Lexington, Mass.	5.00
27.	Montreal, Can., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
31.	Sunday School, Waverley, Mass.	5.00

RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

March 7.	Sunday School, Dundee, Scotland	7.31
7.	Sunday School, Hopedale, Mass.	10.00
9.	Sunday School, Neponset, Mass.	10.00
10.	Sunday School, Newport, R.I.	25.00
17.	Lenox Avenue Sunday School, New York, N.Y.	15.00
24.	Sunday School, Washington, D.C.	[illegible]
24.	Sunday School, Schenectady, N.Y.	10.00
25.	Sunday School, Charlestown, N.H.	3.00
30.	Middleboro, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00

WINNIPEG, MAN., CHURCH BUILDING.

March 25.	Society in Chestnut Hill, Mass.	16.50

THE DAYTON, OHIO, CHURCH BUILDING.

March 10.	Society in Cleveland, Ohio	350.00
12.	Society in Milton, Mass.	202.00
25.	Society in Chestnut Hill, Mass.	16.50
		$23,541.43

Henry M. Williams, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Charles Gordon Ames Memorial.

The Church of the Disciples, wishing to perpetuate the memory of its former minister, proposes to raise the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to be known as the Charles Gordon Ames Endowment Fund. During his long career as writer, editor, and preacher, Dr. Ames exemplified and served the highest ideals of Christian citizenship, and, like his Master, "went about doing good." In order to continue this service to humanity, the church to which Dr. Ames devoted his ripest years and richest endeavor wishes to secure this fund, and proposes to use the income in reinforcing its own organization and in extending and quickening its usefulness as a free church.

This it hopes to do by systematically distributing religious literature, by providing a church home for the many students in the numerous schools and colleges in the neighborhood, and by a more efficient co-operation with other churches in general service to the community and in the promotion of Christian unity.

The Church of the Disciples feels that no nobler or more fitting memorial can be established for this grand and saintly man than such a fund devoted to such purposes; and the privilege of sharing in this enterprise is offered to all who treasure grateful memories of Charles Gordon Ames.

Contributions, large or small, will be thankfully received, and should be sent to the church treasurer, Mr. John B. Carpenter, 254 Park Street, West Roxbury, Mass.; or they may be given in the Easter collection to be taken at the Church of the Disciples on Sunday, April 12.

A Christian Forum.

About a year ago the Protestant churches of Stoneham organized the Federated Council of the Churches, to enable those uniting in the movement better to utilize their energies and thought and means by common action wherever this was possible. It has been a year of more or less silent merging of sympathy and study of the possibilities of the field. The work of this Council is divided into three departments, for the present,—*associated charities*, *social life*, and *public welfare*. The department of *public welfare*, after long consideration, proposed the plan of a general community letter, leading up to "Go-to-Church Sunday," to be followed by a campaign in behalf of the establishment of the Christian forum series of meetings. The Council unanimously adopted the programme, and the churches have separately indorsed the movement. The "general letter" was sent out into the community, and, in addition, each church conducted a more or less vigorous personal campaign, resulting in the increase of an average morning attendance of about five hundred to one of about twelve hundred. The campaign for the forum on the financial side has been eminently successful.

The order of evening service, March 22, included an address on "A Substitute for Socialism," by Prof. John Graham Brooks, and on April 19, Dr. Edward Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, will speak on "The Challenge to the American Spirit."

The Unitarians have been conspicuous by their leadership in the movement and in financial aid. Dr. George W. Bell has been in charge of the movement from its origin, and represents the Unitarian church on the Council. He has been ably supported by the pastor, Rev. Everett S. Treworgy, a strong believer in the forum idea. The normal evening attendance of the churches of two hundred and fifty was raised to five hundred.

For Easter

Apparel, fresh from our own workrooms, on the premises.

Now ready—
Prince Alberts.
Cutaways.
Striped Worsted Trousers.
Also a splendid showing of Silk Hats.
Soft and Stiff Stetsons.
Newest and smartest things in—
Neckwear.
Gloves.
Fancy Waistcoats.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY
400 WASHINGTON STREET

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

IVY

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS
CORSETS

In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk
Ivy, La Louise, and Bon Ton Models.

Palmer's Corset Store
52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

PURE WHITE MOUNTAIN COLD
"The Chest with the Chill in It"
The refrigerating qualities of the "WHITE MOUNTAIN" cannot be surpassed. The famous "MAINE" Dry Air Circulation insures a continuous circulation of Pure Cold Dry Air. The greatest ice saver known. The Greatest Food Preserver made. Send for catalogue.
DUPLEX CIRCULATION
MAINE MFG. CO. REFRIGERATORS NASHUA N.H.
GERM PROOF

Pleasantries.

Why is a game of ball like a buckwheat cake? Because its success depends very largely upon the batter.

Little Dorothy Green (who has been playing with new neighbor's child): "Oh, mamma, that little girl has the same color-name as me."

"The idea of not voting for a man because he goes to another church!" exclaimed Mrs. Twickembury. "I never heard of such bigamy."

More Telephone Troubles.—"What! Ye can't hear what I'm sayin'? Well, thin, repeat what ye didn't hear an' I'll tell it ye again."—*Punch.*

First Grad.: "My wife's gone to the West Indies." Second Grad.: "Jamaica?" First Grad.: "No—she wanted to go."—*The Orange Peel.*

Joe: "What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?" Josephine: "Hold the hammer in both hands."—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

"I understand," said the private secretary to a stockholder in the gas company, "that Sir Edwin Arnold got $25,000 for his 'Light of Asia.'" "You don't tell me!" was the reply. "What was it, gas or electricity?"

Down with Sentimentalism—First Winter Sport (looking at a magnificent view of the Alps): "Not bad, that." Second Winter Sport: "Yes, it's all right; but you needn't rave about it like a bally poet."—*Punch.*

Mrs. Couponz: "Thomas says that we must economize. All his securities are dropping lower every day." Mrs. Van Gelt (a rich young widow): "Mine are all right, I know. I keep them in a safe deposit vault."—*Puck.*

First Stranger (in Boston): "Can you tell me how to reach Washington Street?" Second Stranger: "That's just where I want to go. Let's work together. You go south, and I'll go north, and we'll report progress every time we meet."—*Puck.*

From school-boy howlers: "An anachronism is a thing man puts in writing in the past before it has taken place in the future." "Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't mean to." "The imperfect tense is used in French to express a future action in past time which does not take place at all."

A Yorkshire M. P., noted for love of punctuality and lack of humor, is superintendent of a local Sunday-school. A few Sundays back he had the pleasure of making the following announcement: "Dear fellow-workers and children, out of the entire school only one person is absent to-day, little Maggie. Let us hope *that she is ill.*"—*Christian Life.*

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite a famous scientist at a dinner one evening not long ago. During a lull in the conversation, he adjusted his monocle, and leaned toward the scholar. "Aw, y' know, Mr. Jones," he drawled, "I passed your house this mawning." "Thank you," said Jones, quietly. "Thank you very much."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A man went to a judge, and asked whether he could bring suit for slander against a man who had called him a rhinoceros. "Why, certainly," said the judge. "When did he call you that?" "About three years ago." "Three years ago! And you only start suit to-day!" "But, your honor, yesterday I saw a rhinoceros for the first time."—*Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung.*

PIPE & REED CHURCH
ESTEY ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY ... READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Parker Street, Lynn, Mass.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for a copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents each carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904
AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life, gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President. EARLE MORSE WILBUR, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Library of University U

The Christian Register

APR 13 1914

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 16 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 361
The Lengthened Vision 362
Home 363

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Eight Days in the Old Dominion 364

CURRENT TOPICS 365

BREVITIES 366

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The A. U. A. Nomination; Goldwin Smith vs. Starr King 366

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Nominations Due; Proverb-folk, by L.; In the German Proverbs, by Kate Hudson 367
Japanese Courtesy 368
A Crisis in the Church of England 369
Caroline Matilda Kirkland, by Oscar Fay Adams . . 370
Do Bergsen's Theories and Ramsay's Discoveries help us to understand the "Spiritual Body"? by Hyde Fowlkes 372
I-ro-ha Hymn, by Dr. Clay MacCauley; Conditions in Ireland 374
God or Man, by Rev. Augustus P. Reccord; Japan Seen with Fresh Eyes 378
Foreign Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 379
The David Memorial; The Tuckerman School 380
Hymn-books Wanted 381
Acknowledgments; Alfred Noyes on Peace 383

SPIRITUAL LIFE 370

LITERATURE.
Books 375

THE HOME.
Mother's Birthday Present, by Kate Lawrence; Polly's Birthday 376
When Baby was Lost; My Julia; To Every Man his Work 377

POETRY.
April Days, by Carolyn Stickney Powers 368
The Crocus Told 376

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Annual Meeting of the Boston Federation 381

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 381

PLEASANTRIES 384

Editorial.

IF Christianity had not brought an Easter, human nature would have blossomed out with a faith as triumphant. It is intolerable to think of subjection to physical law by a free spirit which has proved its superiority to the physical realm. Death is but a witness to this. It proves that without a soul man is but dust, and shows that what decays could never have lived of itself. It is a self-evident necessity that we should fling a challenge to our flesh, and keep our place above it.

COMMONLY it has been regarded as a point of good manners to stay away from any repast to which one has not been invited. Therefore, the close communion of Baptists and Episcopalians has excited little comment. Most often, it may be, a twinge of regret has been felt, not by the Christians of other folds moving away when the service is to begin, but by the administrator of the sacrament, who saw his friends and neighbors departing, because if they ventured to participate it would be his stern duty to withhold the bread and wine, and forbid them to partake. Sometimes the regret is on the outside, as, for instance, in the case of Old Ben, the colored clam-digger, who in the revival of '57 became a welcome exhorter at revival meetings. He rebuked the cold-hearted Christians who complained that it was a great cross to testify to their faith. "Talk about going about with the lub of God in your heart and saying notting about it! It's enough to make a dumb man talk." At a Baptist church a union service of communion was planned, and all "members of sister churches in good and regular standing" were invited to partake. Old Ben, although a welcome speaker at prayer-meeting, was not a Baptist. When the hour came and the doors were shut, he was found on the door-steps weeping. When asked what was the matter, he blubbered, "The chillens going to eat supper together, and they won't let me sit down with them."

THE interest of the unphilosophical person in philosophical deliverances, whenever they give him the least chance for a foothold, shows, not that there is likely to be more of him studying philosophy, but that philosophy belongs to every one who thinks at all. The philosophers who seem to realize this, or meet it when they realize it, are few. And that is the reason why such lectures as Mr. Balfour has been giving in Glasgow are followed, as

Digitized by Google

we are told, "by many quite outside the circle of theologians and philosophers." "There has been a core of real truth," he says, "in all those superstitions, in all those beliefs, which, throughout the whole history of mankind, had supported and animated it." "All life, together with all that men most prize and cannot help prizing, demands certain beliefs without which what is most precious is impossible. They are, so to speak, the strut and stays which brace and keep erect the moral structure of society." Nor does evolution give all that is essential. "The higher values cannot be hitched into the evolutionary process." "A theistic setting is a necessity for ethics. . . . Unless the moral coinage is to be debased, these, or some such beliefs, must be maintained. Without them we can only be tricked into altruistic conduct, and, if we are to be honest, must lower ourselves in our own eyes. Certain conduct and certain doctrines seem to be made for each other; and, in the conflict between reasoning, which if acted upon would paralyze, and emotions, which would stimulate, enrich, and enlarge, the better part is, to be guided by the latter."

It is fortunate that no age is shut within itself, and that progress takes us into never so new and different fields but that the nobilities of abandoned fields persist. In literature, and, above all, in music, there is the open channel of motives and ideas no longer produced, but yet freshly available in imperishable renewals of the great creation. What would become of an age if it were penalized by its advances and abandonments, and unable to keep any of the grace of days long outlived? However interesting and zestful and original the music of the modern spirit, how poor we should be if the past kept its products to itself, and we could not longer feel the imperial dignity of Haydn, the tranquilizing melody of Mendelssohn, the lofty beauty of Handel, the incomparable power of Beethoven! The age may boast of forms and conquests they knew not of, and may laud the genius of composers who reflect the highly wrought stress of our time; but it can never become ungrateful that into our overcharged atmosphere float strains from another time, lifting us into the realms which no progress antiquates, and conserving to us our legacy of eternal things from the past. No time is hermetically sealed, and whatever we leave behind in religious belief, we do not deny ourselves the continuity of a spiritual succession, nor cut ourselves off from the springs that feed the world.

A great deal was made at one time, notably by Buckle in his "History of Civilization," of the influences of climate and geographical situation on history. The theory was made to carry much more than it would support, and is now discredited. But one cannot help thinking that there is something in it, if not in the large movements of history, at least in small ways. One wonders why disregard of the announced time of beginning anything is so often and generally habitual. Whatever the meeting,—an important committee, a public concert, or other entertainment, not to speak of church service,—it is sure that those who make a conscience of promptness have a large slice of time, hardly to be spared, wasted by waiting for late-comers, or their enjoyment and attention disturbed by late arrivals. We are loath to think that tardiness and procrastination are predestined by influences beyond our control. Much good work is hampered and neutralized by what a chorus leader would call a bad attack. We do not realize what a difference it makes whether we are on time or not. We are too modest as to the importance of our being where we intend to be at the exact hour when our attendance is needed. A little egotism in this regard is advisable. One person may not count for more than one; but, when he is late, there is apt to be a good many of him. It is, of course, much better to be late than not to come at all, and no one should think, the next time church-coming is delayed, it had better be omitted. A full congregation is a great comfort to the minister who thought it at first a very scant one. But why not have it full at the start? Why should an invocation be so intercessory, and rest on the untenable ground of absent treatment? If the minister's soul is to be upheld by many supporters, why make it sink with dismay for preparation's sake? If we were to add one more society to those whose name is legion in social reform, it would be a Society for the Relief and Prevention of Procrastination!

In his chapter on Renan, Prof. Guérard says: "It may well be doubted whether the evidence of the New Testament writers would at present be accepted by any court not biassed in their favor. A great change has certainly come over Christianity in this respect. Miracles are now a hindrance rather than a help. Instead of serving as arguments in favor of the faith, they weaken it. The spiritual grandeur of Jesus remains the evidence of his divinity, in spite of the miracles. This very grandeur, to which Renan paid full tribute, is in itself a miracle, incomparably more mysterious and more potent for good than the turning of water into wine."

The Lengthened Vision.

It is curious that the word "vision," which refers to one of the five senses, should at the same time come to be used with reference to things no one can see, which, indeed, some people, for that reason, say are not real. The word "visionary" refers to a pretended seeing; and when in some connections vision is spoken of, we think of poetic and artistic faculties, dreamlike creations of the mind, intangible existences outside the range of any one's actual vision.

The fact, of course, is that the word has been transferred from the physical to the intellectual and spiritual life. It has thus come to mean the very opposite of vision, and to signify things that cannot be seen rather than things that can be seen. Once the process begins, there is little to restrain its operation, little to keep vision within bounds of probability and usefulness. The delights of the imagination are great, and the allurements to indulge them are many, so that the word has fallen into ill repute. Its hold on any reality has loosened, and its connection with life has been broken off. For those who have time and inclination to ascend into the higher air, it is all well enough; but for people who have much to do, vision in the sense of sharp eyes for the next step ahead is what is needed, and vision in any transcendental sense goes by the board.

There is no doubt good reason for this division and reproach. There is a good deal of airy unsubstantiality which deserves all the practical man says of it. We hold no brief for the vision which creates all its revelations and sees what no other vision particularly cares to see. What we are anxious to show is that the real vision which goes no further than the next step ahead misses what will guide the steps, and that the vision which sees two steps ahead where one was seen before is the vision which is the most useful of all. In the course of the discussion at the last Conference, the eminent president of the Con-

Digitized by Google

ference took good occasion to confirm, from the point of view of a man of scientific training and habit of mind, the assertion by Dr. Brown of the necessity to the scientist of an imagination. It was clearly shown that the scientist could not see much with his eyes unless he also saw a step ahead of his eyes. It is this practical necessity that we have in mind, and which we wish to commend to the attention of the man whose practical good sense has led him to undervalue any other power of seeing than that of his eyes. And we wish to do so chiefly by showing that this further vision is not the opposite of ocular demonstration, but is simply the continuation of it. We propose to call it not vision in contrast to ordinary seeing, but vision in continuation of ordinary seeing, ordinary seeing carried a little further than is usual in short-lengthened vision.

This is legitimate, for, as a matter of fact, the one power of seeing is dependent on the other. One is simply the extension of the other. It is making what one sees useful for what one does not at first see, but may come to see. Not only this, it is aiding the seeing of the eyes with the seeing which the mind points out to the eyes. Thus it doubles and quadruples the power of vision. It enables one to see round a corner as, with only the outside eyes, no one could possibly do. It puts the keenest eyesight at a disadvantage as compared with eyesight with inside information, as the wariest animal finds when the hunter matches his brain and poor eyes with the animal's superior eyes and poor brain. A man was discharged the other day (it happens every day) because he could not see any further than the end of his day's work He was faithful and reliable; no fault could be found with him. In fact, he was one of the best men. But when some one had to go, to cut down operating expenses, he was the man, because he could best be spared. They said he lacked enterprise. He was always up with his job, but never ahead of it. He is puzzled to know why so many years of fidelity were thus rewarded, and nurses a bitter sense of the world's injustice. He could make a very good case. But a jury of his peers would lose him his case, for they would know that the trouble was not in his stars, nor in injustice, but in himself. He could see, but he could not see far, and in business, the man who sees farthest is the man who gets ahead surest. All imagination would not do at all. A firm of poets and seers would fail unless, like Whittier, they were also good business men,—that is, had the poetic faculty connected with the matter-of-fact things. No imagination at all is as unpractical and unproductive as imagination with nothing else.

The other day the whole country was shocked with the story of a fire in a building occupied by a club in which thirty or forty men lost their lives. The worst shock came with the knowledge that the event was entirely unnecessary. A building not suited for such purpose was converted into a place of resort and habitation. The building laws were evaded or set at naught. A common knowledge of insecurity was ignored. It was generally known that those who entered the building in large numbers did so at the close risk of their lives. Men resigned from the club, or forbade their families to attend its functions, for that reason. It was plain to the most casual visitor that means of exit were ridiculously inadequate. Yet the delusion was hugged that nothing would happen. It took a holocaust to persuade the persons responsible to conclude that something ought to be done before such events, instead of after them. It might easily have happened that a thousand, instead of thirty, paid lives to insure the safety of others, and therefore the sacrifice may bring great gain. But the gain might have been had for nothing, and sorrow, inconsolable sorrow, and incalculable loss have been spared. A lengthened vision, a power of seeing with eyes reinforced with thought, a faculty of believing things without waiting to have them happen,—this would have prevented the horror.

This is a parable as well as an event. It means vast numbers of instances where seeing ahead would supplement the sight of the eyes. When it is too late, men admit this of their indulgences, their distrusts, their short-sighted practicalness. In the Persian religion the demons had the power of seeing things after they happened, the angels of seeing them before they happened. That was what made them devils. To indulge complacency with no other vision than that of demons, shows not only that men are not the angels they might be,—it shows what needless fools they are.

Home.

The wave of reaction and distorted individualism seems about to have reached its height. A crowd of insane ideas have been let loose on the world. Sober minds are bewildered, and hardly know where to look for a stable foothold. It is like a great spring thaw after unwonted accumulations of snow and ice. Many profane words are spoken from the press and by word of mouth, not because they directly assail God and high heaven, but because they strike with virulence at the institutions held most sacred and secure, of the moral and social life.

The rage for tearing up by the roots, overturning, and destroying, has gone on with a kind of wild glee, as children laugh and shout in ruining fine books or precious objects. We have been told to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good, but the age is too impatient to prove the worth of things it would overturn by the use of smart aphorisms, and startling, if not shocking, attacks. What is there sacred about the word "home," that what it stands for should be honored and respected, when, for a certain class of people, it is a place to get away from as speedily as possible? What does it imply for many women but drudgery, hard and constant work, wearing care, and anxiety, and little pleasure; what to people unequally yoked but a life of discontent and miserable restraint?

There are all varieties of homes, and the poorest are deplorable enough; but, poor as they are, they have not destroyed the ideal that has been a guiding star to humanity since civilization began. From several directions the home is being assailed and derided. The homekeeper is called a narrow-minded, slow-witted, undeveloped being, who has abrogated her rights, or has never known them, and has settled into a domestic animal of tame and uninteresting qualities. The children, we hear, would be better nurtured and cared for in well-conducted institutions, free from parental mismanagement. Home cooking, we are told, is very bad. The poorest hotel can furnish viands more palatable than the domestic table. All this chatter and nonsense is a direct libel on thousands of happy homes, where a true union exists between husband and wife, and the children are nurtured and trained in the only place where the best in them can be developed. The critics of the home are probably those who have suffered disillusion and disgust because they have never known how to secure the blessing of a good home for themselves; who are, in fact, failures in the finest of fine arts, and consequently turn to derision what they cannot attain.

According to these wise and inspired prophets, the time is coming when machinery will take the place of all domestic hand-labor, meals will be provided, the house

Digitized by Google

will be cleaned and garnished without the oversight of the mistress, who will be free to spend her life abroad, agitating causes, originating new reforms, or uttering philippics against all things old and venerated. The social picture thus presented is of a nature to make the old and feeble thankful that life mainly lies behind them, instead of on the forward track. A homeless world, with an entire female population gathered in conventicles, and readjusting theoretically all the conditions of life, is enough to strike terror to the soul.

In those days the loved song, "Home, Sweet Home," would be banished from the domestic circle and the concert-room, as of a too sickly sentimentality to be tolerated by vigorous intellects, and would cease to awaken gentle memories in the hearts of any but the hopelessly antiquated. Soon we might be told that the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments are out of date, and ought to give place to the latest ideas in sociology. The upheavals that exist in the brains of some fanatics and wild propagandists may grieve mature people of settled principles, but cannot shake their opinions supported by sound reason and common sense; but the effect may be more or less pernicious on the minds of the young, who see in such notions only restraints swept away, and the advocacy of unlimited license and emancipation gaining ground.

To have home making and keeping derided as drudgery, enslavement, and stultification of the mental powers, is to spread a pernicious falsehood. It has been the best training-school of humanity. It has developed the noblest men and women, and all efforts to break it up and substitute something better have proved abortive. The experiments in communal living, the phalansteries and communities of various name and kind, where the family is merged or submerged, have failed. The cry has been, after trial of such expedients, Back to the home. Even partial domestic co-operation where the separate family has been maintained after a time has generally proved unprofitable. The economic basis for success in such undertakings has not yet been developed, though in time it may become a most profitable adjunct to domestic life. Such changes and reforms as are feasible will strengthen rather than destroy these separate homes.

There are imperfect homes of varying degrees. The illiterate, unintelligent housewife can pervade no place rightly to be called home. The woman whose interests are all outside the family must necessarily be an occasional inmate rather than a ruler and organizer. The house or apartment kept only for a show-place for the benefit of outsiders, has no right to the name. But these, though too common, are still exceptional. The average home, managed on enlightened principles, and based on old-fashioned, conscientious, unselfish devotion, is still the best institution that has been devised for the sheltering, rearing, and nurture, both spiritually and physically, of the family. It is a hard, material individualism that would destroy it.

The claim is, that the home has always been unprogressive, and still remains behind in completeness of organization and method. It is in too many respects a haphazard institution, conducted somewhat differently in each household. The housekeeper has been accused, perhaps with justice, of lack of initiative and creative power in her own sphere. But the home is not a machine, and never can be. It is the only institution that has remained more or less primitive because of its complexity and the varied wants, tastes, appetites, to which it ministers. It is human and self-directing rather than material moved from without. In its finest results it shows how the direct human touch, oversight, and direction is superior in the molding of character to the most perfectly adjusted mechanism. In its more imperfect results it is still better than the hotel, the institution, the refuge, or the charitable shelter.

Aside from the mere physical ordering and direction of the house as a place to eat, and sleep, and mingle with the family, there is the far greater question of parental control and nurture that cannot be carried on in a crowd, and requires the privacy of the separate dwelling. If the home in its very existence were really threatened, those who act for the good of the community and the progress of civilization would be forced to band together for its maintenance. But the denouncers only speak for themselves and their restless, feverish ambitions. They show the trend of the age in a degree, but they do not touch the deep heart of womanhood and manhood pledged to maintain those institutions that lie at the base of all the higher agencies, the church, the school, the republic itself, and make for justice, honesty, private and public honor, purity, and peace.

American Unitarian Association.

Eight Days in the Old Dominion.

It did not take many minutes to discover that, of all the cities in the South, Lynchburg has the greatest number of "ups and downs." It is literally true that from the basement of certain houses one can toss a pebble into the chimney of its nearest neighbor. The city is built on a series of terraces, and some one said you could always tell a man from Lynchburg by the way he lifted his feet—as if walking upstairs. The afternoon and evening were spent in touring the town and calling on people interested in the Unitarian movement. On Sunday, despite rain and a chill that would have done credit to Revere Beach in the month of March, about fifty people gathered in the upper room, where the tango school has the right of way on weekdays. This congregation was originally gathered about a year ago by Rev. J. M. Seaton, and is now being further developed by Rev. J. R. Pennington, who came hither from Norfolk.

Everything that the boomers of the cities of the Northwest say about their prospects the citizens of Lynchburg, Roanoke, Richmond, and Norfolk say with equal assurance about the peculiar interest that the Almighty and Nature and the present generation of human beings have taken, severally, in these municipalities. It just "happened" that the climate during my visit was unprecedented, for Virginia has a well-established reputation of being "ideal" in this respect. Schools and colleges are increasing in number, vast enterprises are centring in each of these cities capital is seeking investment, and real estate has soared to giddy heights. It is, therefore, the candid opinion of those who know, that no part of the country offers greater opportunities for the founding of Unitarian churches; and the brave efforts which have thus far been put forth by the Virginia ministers seem to support this belief. But the work must not be done in a halting manner. At the earliest possible date attractive churches should be built, in order to secure the respect and support of the large numbers who are prepared to give their encouragement to the organization of liberal religion.

On Monday, at Roanoke, the latest of our ventures, now under the scholarly leadership of Mr. Seaton, was carefully investigated, a congregation of twenty-five assembling for an address and conference. It is as yet too early to quote definite results in Roanoke. The movement is barely begun, and it remains to be seen whether a sufficient constituency can be secured. A

Digitized by Google

superficial judgment would seem to indicate that a society of strength and influence can be established.

The Unitarian ministers of Virginia gathered in Richmond on April 2-3, where hospitality had been arranged by the Rev. Alexander T. Bowser at the exquisite manse, built on the same lot as the church during last year. On Thursday evening the conference was held at Highland Springs, which was the first Unitarian church organized in Virginia. Highland Springs is a suburb of Richmond, Rev. S. C. Weatherly being the minister. Here there is greatly needed a new church edifice, the present one being unattractive and inadequate for the needs of the society. The population of Highland Springs is increasing, and new houses are being built in considerable numbers. Already the building fund has reached encouraging proportions, and it is hoped that definite efforts will be made during the present year to erect a church which will do credit to the cause and to the community. On Thursday evening the present church was packed, and each of the visiting ministers delivered a short address. The next day a session of goodly fellowship was held in the church study at Richmond. At this time addresses bearing upon the practical work of the ministry were made by the brethren, and the entire work in the South was carefully reviewed. In the afternoon an auto trip afforded an opportunity for estimating the phenomenal growth of the city of Richmond, and in the evening a reception with a platform meeting closed the day.

From Richmond I visited Norfolk, where Mr. Pennington organized a Unitarian church in 1912. Here is an enthusiastic group eager to secure the services of an efficient minister, confident that in this wonderful seaboard centre of a hundred thousand population a Unitarian church of great stability can be evolved. Throughout this entire region a new spirit with boundless enthusiasm is perceptible. The lethargy of the South in these parts has been overcome by the present generation, and capital has been attracted by the great natural advantages in Norfolk, combining land and sea. It has a wonderful harbor. Its fine water supply and its inexhaustible resources promise everything that a great metropolis can anticipate.

It is astonishing that one can be on a steamboat in Chesapeake Bay at 7 in the morning and at the South Union Station in Boston at 8.30 P.M. of the same day!

Lewis G. Wilson.

Current Topics.

After a diplomatic dispute, which has lasted for ten years, a distinct step toward the readjustment of relations between the United States and Colombia was taken on April 7, when a treaty was signed in Bogota embodying terms for the settlement of the controversy which arose out of the quick recognition of the republic of Panama by the United States, in a successful attempt by President Roosevelt to facilitate the beginning of the work of construction on the Panama Canal. Colombia had charged that the secession of Panama was largely hastened by the activities of American diplomacy, and based a demand for a money indemnity upon that contention. Under the terms of the treaty signed last week, the United States undertakes to pay to Colombia the sum of $25,000,000 as an indemnity, and the preamble to the agreement is said to convey a mild intimation of regret for the attitude of the United States at the time of the declaration of independence by Panama. Comment on the provisions of the treaty in the Senate indicates the probability of strong opposition to its ratification.

The recurrent problem of the responsibility of the United States for the safety of the lives and property of foreigners in Mexico in the present disturbed state of that country, obtruded itself afresh in pressing form last week as a result of the expulsion of about six hundred Spanish subjects from Torreon by Francisco Villa after he had wrested the city from its Federal defenders. The treatment of the Spaniards was denounced by the Spanish government as a violation of the laws of nations, and the State Department was confronted with a reiterated demand for protection to Spanish nationals living in Mexico. Despite the unwillingness of the Constitutionalist administration to recognize the right of the United States to intervene in behalf of any foreigners except American citizens, the State Department, promptly upon the receipt of the representations from Madrid, despatched a communication to Gen. Carranza, the supreme chief of the Constitutionalists, pointing out the peril of such summary action against alien residents as that taken against the Spaniards.

The treatment accorded to Spanish residents by the Constitutionalists, not only at Torreon, but at almost every other point that has fallen into the hands of the rebel forces, throws some light upon the bases of the present struggle in Mexico. Wherever the Constitutionalists have gained the upper hand, they have driven the Spaniards out relentlessly, and in many cases Spanish property has been confiscated, either pending adjudication or permanently. The rebel leaders have not hesitated to admit that this pronounced anti-Spanish attitude is the outcome of the long struggle for mastery between the aboriginal inhabitants of Mexico and the incoming Spanish element. It is charged now by the rebel spokesmen that one reason for the instability of government in Mexico is the result of the determination of the non-Spanish part of the population to restore the rights which had been wrested from them by the Spanish conquerors, and of the persistent efforts of the Spanish minority to retain their dominant position. Thus, it is explained, Mexico is to-day seeking to right the wrongs which Cortez wrought.

The scandal in the French cabinet which was precipitated by the disclosures that were brought about by the murder of Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*, by Mme. Caillaux, the wife of Joseph Caillaux, the then Minister of Finance, continues to agitate France as the Parliamentary inquiry and its aftermath drag on. Under a verdict of "not guilty but reprehensible," M. Monis, the Minister of Justice, has definitely followed M. Caillaux out of the cabinet; but he has been appointed to a minor judicial post. In the meanwhile, the investigation into the events that underlay M. Calmette's bitter attacks upon M. Caillaux in the columns of *Figaro*, and which Mme. Caillaux terminated with the bullets that struck down the editor, is taking its regular course. The former Minister whose wife played the active part in the tragedy which astonished the world, has announced his intention to appeal to his constituents for vindication, and it is predicted by his friends that he will be returned triumphantly to the Chamber of Deputies, and that he will once more play an important part in the public life of the republic.

The Unionists had occasion to point to signs of a gradual disintegration of the liberal majority in the House of Commons, when, on April 6, the house defeated by 80 votes an amendment for the rejection of the Home

Digitized by Google

Rule Bill. Color is given to the Unionists' contention by analysis of the government's strength in the latest test on the measure, when it is recalled that in a previous session of parliament the government mustered a majority of 101 on the same issue, and that in a succeeding alignment its majority was reduced to 98. After the vote on April 6 the bill was given its second reading for the third time, without a division. It is confidently maintained by the advocates of Home Rule, that the new order of things will be in effect in Ireland by midsummer, with or without the consent of Ulster, and that the Home Rule measure will not contain any further concessions to the susceptibilities of the Ulstermen than those already offered by the government and rejected by the Irish minority as insufficient.

The State Department last week began its preparations for the reception of Queen Eleanora of Bulgaria, who, it was definitely announced last Monday, will sail for America on May 21. It is explained by Mr. William Caspar, the personal representative of the Queen, who arrived in New York last week, that Her Majesty's chief purpose in coming to America is to observe the workings of the hospital system in this country as a basis for a thorough reorganization of hospital work in Bulgaria. Queen Eleanora will bring to America four young Bulgarian women, who will enter a training school for nurses in New York, and who on the completion of their training will return to their own country as the nucleus of a training staff for Bulgarian hospitals. It is probable that, incidentally, the Queen will study the organization and methods of social work in several of the great cities in the United States with a view to the inauguration of similar activities in Bulgaria.

The cabinet crisis in Japan approached a successful issue at the end of last week, when Count Okuma, a statesman of advanced liberal tendencies, accepted the task of forming a ministry. The appointment of Count Okuma was accepted by the malcontents as the beginning of a process of political transformation, which, it is predicted, will end with a material modification of the present system of government, denounced by its opponents as oligarchical and unrepresentative. A notable feature of the movement which precipitated the crisis were the revelations of corruption in high places in connection with the purchase of naval supplies abroad, especially in Germany. These disclosures were injected into the public life of Japan several months ago by admissions made in the course of a parliamentary inquiry in Berlin into charges that the German "armament trust," notably the Krupps, had deliberately manufactured rumors of international tension for the purpose of creating markets for its output.

Brevities.

We should keep wide open the windows of the soul. To-day the sunlight of truth is streaming in upon it from every side.

One editor sums up the aids to early death in the following brief list: "Laxatives, digestive tablets, and cough medicines," with the added remark, "Continuous drugging more effective than early piety."

Our greatest religious need as a religious body is that of adequate and spontaneous self-expression. We have so long refrained from the natural impulse of serious confession that we have almost lost the use of this function of the religious life. The soul feels relieved and in harmony when it has said its best word or done its noblest deed.

When a minister meant to say in his church calendar, "Here let no one be a stranger," and wrote, instead, "Let there be no stranger here," he was soon reminded how slight a change of words was necessary entirely to reverse their meaning.

When one recalls the fact that Oliver Wendell Holmes was always to be found on Sunday in his seat in the gallery of King's Chapel, he finds a satisfying explanation of it in these words of personal confession, "I find that there is in the corner of my heart a little plant called Reverence, which wants to be watered about once a week."

Letters to the Editor.

The A. U. A. Nomination.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In view of the letter published in last week's *Register* in reference to the candidacy of Rev. Alfred Rodman Hussey of Baltimore for the office of Director of the American Unitarian Association for the Middle States District, we think it only fair to announce, what was very carefully not announced in this letter, that Mr. Hussey is seeking nomination not at all upon his own initiative or responsibility, but in response to a vote passed at a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Conference of the Middle States and Canada. The problem of this year's candidate for representative of the Middle States in the National Board was thoroughly discussed at the meeting referred to, and the records show *that Mr. Hussey was unanimously recommended for nomination and election.* It should be added that the reasons governing this selection involved no personal considerations whatsoever, but were based exclusively upon general policies of local and national administration.

Leon A. Harvey,
Secretary of the Conference.
John Haynes Holmes,
Chairman of the Meeting.

Goldwin Smith *vs.* Starr King.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In reading the recently published volume of Haultain's "Life and Opinions of Goldwin Smith" (p. 130) I find this paragraph: "And his talk was equally full of these little dainty-winged, sharply-pointed, sometimes poison-tipped, arrow-arguments. Oxford must have seen flights of them in the 'fifties and 'sixties. One Oxford one he himself told me of. It was his definition of the distinction between a Unitarian and [a] Universalist: 'One thinks he is too good for God to damn; the other thinks God is too good to damn him.'"

It was about the year 1858, possibly that very year, if memory serves me right, when Starr King, the subsequent savior of California to the Union, was invited and attended as a guest, within a few days of each other, the festivals in Boston of the Unitarian and Universalist denominations. When asked a little later how he could explain his apparent inconsistency, he answered: "There is no clashing whatever. Unitarians think they are too good to be damned, but Universalists think that God is too good to damn them."

For those of us who loved and admired Starr King, with whom he was nothing if not original, it would be indeed hard to believe that he inadvertently or otherwise "borrowed" the expression just quoted.

In the time of his birth, the Oxford professor had the start of the Hollis Street preacher by just one year (1823–24). Was the former equally fortunate, think you, Mr. Editor, in fathering the *bon mot*?

Joseph Alden Shaw.

Worcester, Mass.

Nominations Due.

The nominating committee of the American Unitarian Association sent out on April first ballots for the nomination of officers and nominating committee of the American Unitarian Association. It is most important that the churches and other societies entitled to vote should use their privilege and fill out the ballots as requested. Last year out of 1,170 ballots sent out, but 383 were voted, and of these 57 were marked incorrectly, so that they could not be counted. Your committee feels that this is not a fair percentage of those entitled to vote, and take this opportunity to remind the electorate of the importance of this ballot. There are two contests for positions as directors which your committee felt should be decided by the votes of the churches rather than by the committee.

It would also seem that, in these days in which we hear so much of the demand for equal suffrage, the women voters in the churches should show their appreciation of this opportunity not only in voting when it is possible, but in influencing others to vote. Don't be indifferent. Do vote early, and see that the rules for voting are strictly followed, and that the ballots are correctly marked and returned before May 1st.

James Kingman,
Secretary.

Proverb-folk.

BY L.

An unthought-of gratification of the future life might well be this: to come in touch with certain of those quaint characters whom, for short, we will call "Proverb-folk," those extraordinary people who actually did what some one straightway evolved a proverb against doing! For instance,—what sort of a queer chap was he who once really did try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and failed, and became the object-lesson of a very wise sow, and an unkind personal jibe as well? Or what excruciating experience may not lie behind that axiom, irritating beyond endurance at times, "A stitch in time saves nine"? Somewhat more serious the plight and more wry the face of him who did *not* shut his barn door until after his horse was stolen. What a mess of it he or she must have made who, in some far-off time, did carry all the eggs in one basket! We may only hope that the same untoward incident that so inspired the bystanders to enact and ratify the above proverb did not also provoke that more tragic warning, "Pride goeth before a fall!" We grow a bit out of patience, however, with the party who first did the unimaginable thing of crossing a bridge before he came to it, yet such a person must surely have existed! The seraphs who arrive by the kerosene-can route will be every bit as interested as are we in the lady who used her best clothes to start the kitchen fire. If modern reform societies exist there as here, we shall catch but a fleeting glimpse of that brutal (or absent-minded) individual who was so reckless with the bath-tub and the baby. Likewise with the man who persecuted the birds in the bush so cruelly! Most of us, however, hope for a long heart-to-heart talk with the paragon who managed to be healthy, wealthy, and wise with so simple a method!

The horrifying reflection occurs: what if *we* should be proverbial persons! What if the epic moment in our brief span should be defamed unto posterity by some impertinent maxim! What if the secrets of our marriage and leisure should be so mercilessly pilloried to the public gaze! Or our altruistic efforts on behalf of public morality be interpreted as a relationship of thief and thief! Such reflections might well paralyze the initiative of the stoutest will, the spontaneity of the warmest heart. Take courage in this, nevertheless: it is possible as well to be renowned for kindness of heart evinced in the immortal soft answer. To become a proverbial person is sometimes a reward of merit, even though usually a jeer and a stigma. At any rate, we shall be nameless; our identity as the original "datum" of a sow will be swallowed up in the follies of a long line of worthy successors, each one of whom will feel quite as responsible and as guilty as we shall feel. The only trouble is, we are haunted by the fear lest ultimately our immolation will be depreciated, if not disregarded altogether. It is bad enough to be proverbial folk, without being treated as mere platitudes.

If, notwithstanding, we realize that we cannot escape the bad eminence of proverbial folk, let us sell our lives dearly. If some salient eccentricity of ours is bound to become food for the non-feeling future's "modern instances," let it be a noble eccentricity,—perhaps our integrity, like unto the prehistoric crow who always flew in a straight line; or our kindness, like the kindness of that vociferous but kindly dog who, in spite of his otherwise reprehensible proclivities, never went the limit of actually biting; or our patience, like the patience of that venerable horse who endured the stupid cart episode with a saintliness well nigh human! And, whatever the issue, let us remember, for inspiration in the dark hours of our peregrinations as an incarnate proverb, those golden lines,—

> "From every fool that ever lived
> I've learned a wealth of wit:
> For over wisdom's darkest door
> Some fool a lamp has lit!"

Cambridge, Mass.

In the German Proverbs.

BY KATE HUDSON.

The learned Germans, whose names go down as household words in art, philosophy, and all the sciences, may have the true metaphysical mind, but even they possess also, in marked degree, the unassuming simplicity, the childlike taking-things-as-they-come point of view, which make the South- and Mid-German just plain folk, law-abiding and thrifty; and although these qualities have their exceedingly inconvenient side, they certainly make the middle-class German—particularly him of the Rhinelands—a very charming fellow. In his attitude towards God and the Church, whether Lutheran or Roman Catholic, this as-from-child-to-parent impression comes out very strongly, and in nothing is this homespun, rather primitive, philosophy of life so freely expressed as in the folk-tales and folk-songs, and in the proverbs with which even the most intellectual Germans decorate their conversation.

Of these latter the greater number have come down from times immemorial; adapting themselves to chang-

ing circumstances and conditions, making their quaintly picturesque appeal, and successfully pointing their moral in a score of words or less. In these proverbs God is mentioned with a familiarity rather startling to the more reverential Anglo-Saxon mind; Church and church-going are treated with easy tolerance; while the devil—Luther's horned, cloven-footed, long-tailed devil—limps as gaily in and out as he does through old-English, Irish, and German folk-lore.

Whenever a German hears of help unexpectedly given, virtue properly rewarded, or signal retribution meted out, he will exclaim in all sincerity, "The Ancient God still liveth!" He believes, if, indeed, he believes anything, that "God's hand reaches far o'er every land"; and that, though "God may let his children sink, He will never let them drown." He recognizes that "God greets many a one who never says 'thank you' for it"; and he tells his children that "If you with God [prayer] begin and with God end the day, you'll ever safely walk along life's way"; and that they must "fear God, do right, and shun no one."

That God sends to us all opportunity and the power to use it, is borne out in "God gave you teeth, and likewise gives you bread," and the more impressive "When God gives you an office, he will give you the sense to fill it." That we must seize the opportunity when it comes along is alluded to in "God gives you the cow but not the rope with which to lead her." The very familiar, semi-classic "God watches that no tree ever grows quite up to the sky" is a warning against pride and vain-glory.

Constantly arising occasions will cause Germans to tell each other that "God himself cannot suit everybody"; that "God cures our maladies, and we say 'thank you kindly' to the doctor"; and that "when God needs a fool he gives an old man a young wife." But they will quite as often say, and mean it, too, "God be praised!" "God forbid" and "God greet you!"

Of church the German proverb tells us that "not all who go to church go there to pray," and that "he who serves a congregation, serves a hard master"; that "in church, woman should hold her tongue," and that "wherever God builds himself a church, the Devil is sure to build a tavern next to it." But it likewise records that "even the shortest prayer will reach high heaven," that the "miracle is faith's beloved child," and that "believing makes one blessed." Doing what is unnecessary is called "carrying absolutions [dispensations] to Rome." The fault-finding husband is reminded that "Adam had to have an Eve to blame for his own misdeeds," and is then excused on the grounds that "all Adam's children are like Adam."

"Death," we are told, "knocks at all doors alike; at the Kaiser's, the burgher's, and the beggar-man's." We are furthermore assured that "death forgets no one," and that "death and sleep are twin brothers."

Of warnings against the devil there are many: "Give the Devil but your little finger, and he'll straightway clutch your whole hand"; "He who doffs his hat to the Devil will soon be the Devil's"; and the warning, "The Devil seeks us though we seek not him." That we may everywhere and at all times recognize him, we are informed that "the Devil cannot hide his cloven foot," and also that "wherever the Devil hides, there is a strong smell of brimstone." Satan's influence and power are indicated by "When the Devil builds, he has lots of apprentices" and "The Devil has many more than twelve disciples," while "When the Devil's but mentioned, he comes a-running" and the still jollier "When the Devil's hard up, he'll dine on flies" rather detract from his dignity, and show him up as but a very poor creature after all.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

April Days.

By Carolyn Stickney Powers.

The clouds hang low;
I do not know
Whether the rain will fall, and so
My gala day have gloomy weather,—
Or if the wind will rise, and swift
The darkness from the heavens will drift
And joy and sun come back together.

Above my life
The clouds are rife
Of dark perplexity and strife,—
And whether they will burst in sorrow,
Or winds from heaven will blow apart
The mists that gather round my heart,—
I do not know:— no care I borrow

Fall'st thou, O rain,—
Thou would'st restrain
My steps from paths that harbor pain,
And in some safe retreat secure me.
Shinest thou, O sun, from opening skies,
Abroad some bright-winged blessing flies,
To which thy glittering glances would allure me

Uncrossed I wait
On thee, my Fate;
Thou canst not be so poor or great
That glad I will not go to meet thee.
Try me with tears, or tempt with smiles,
I read thy purpose through thy wiles
With storm or sun content, I greet thee.

Japanese Courtesy.

At the Governor-General's luncheon Mrs. Eliot and I saw for the first time in a Japanese home the admirable courtesy of the Japanese to each other and to strangers. We had often seen this characteristic courtesy in Cambridge, New York, and Washington, and had recently seen it in China at Peking; but Seoul gave us our first experience of this delightful quality in the Japanese on Japanese soil, or, rather, on soil become Japanese. Japanese courtesy extends all through Japanese life. It sweetens the intercourse of rulers with ruled, of masters with servants and servants with masters, of all employers with their employees, of hosts with guests and guests with hosts. It penetrates into all the relations of life, being always both dignified and gentle. Age commands reverence, childhood tender affection, and youth an interested regard. It is inevitable that Occidental persons should seem to the Japanese more or less brusque, inconsiderate, and rough, if not rude; but Japanese courtesy to Occidentals leaves nothing to be desired. Japanese ladies and gentlemen who have had experience in Occidental society come to understand that the Occidental gentleman is as refined as the Oriental, though not so gracious, and that the Occidental lady is just as modest and delicate as a Japanese lady, though to them she may not seem so.

There is one point of good manners in which the Japanese, especially Japanese ladies, excel,—they are admirable listeners, visibly giving perfect attention with eyes and ears, and in pose or attitude, to the person who is speaking to them. They differ from English and Americans engaged in social intercourse in one not unimportant respect,—they smile less easily while talking, and laugh but little. They sometimes, therefore, seem grave and solemn to an unnecessary degree at moments when good cheer, or even merriment, would be appropriate. They bow to each other profoundly, putting the trunk almost at right angles with the legs; so that the nod, or slight inclination of the body, which the Occidental makes seems to them an inadequate salutation;

but they condone this Occidental verticality, or perhaps accept the will for the deed. In entertaining Europeans or Americans, Japanese hosts and hostesses think it polite to dress in European style, and serve European food and drink; but they still exhibit in their houses the traditional Japanese style of dressing tables and using flowers and plants for interior decoration.

Japanese people of all ranks seem to enjoy public speaking and prolonged conversation. Any Japanese audience may be confidently expected to sit patiently in an attitude of eager attention through hours of speech-making, even when they do not understand the language of some of the speakers, and have to wait for an interpretation. This patient attention is with them a part of good manners; but it also illustrates their real liking for public exhortation and oratory. The Chinese exhibit the same quality.—*Charles W. Eliot, LL.D.*

A Crisis in the Church of England.*

BY FREDERIC PALMER.

The construction and working of ecclesiastical machinery has always been allowed to be the special function of High Churchmen of every description, for there are High Churchmen not only in the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in America, but in every church.

The division of churchmen into High, Low, and Broad is founded on the different attitudes of the human mind—legal, emotional, intellectual. All Christians reverence the Church, the Bible, and the conscience, but in presence of a problem one man will ask what is the teaching of the Church? Another will turn to consider what the Bible has to say about it. A third will endeavor to trace it to its basis in the necessities of thought and life. Religion is, for the High Churchman, devotion to an institution; for the Low Churchman, to a person; for the Broad Churchman, to abstract truth. Such sturdy guardians of the different important ways by which the soul approaches God are fortunately found in every church. So the man who stands pre-eminently for the special tenets of the fathers, whether Calvin, Wesley, Swedenborg, or Channing, is as truly a High Churchman as he whose fathers are Ante- or Post-Nicene; and if the faith is regarded as having been delivered to the saints once and for all, the construction of machinery for its preservation will be not only the duty but the delight of the loyal ecclesiast. The High Churchman therefore has ever been strong in organization, while his Low or Broad Church brother has been intent on other things, and then has been surprised to find that church conventions and ecclesiastical offices have not gone his way.

Movements in the Church of England in the last year or two have indicated that other parties in her are awaking to the importance of organized action. . . . Broad Churchmen have hitherto been content with diffusing an atmosphere throughout the community; they are now discovering that they must fight for their lives, and therefore organize. The fight has been precipitated by an event in Africa. Last June a conference was held at Kikuyu, East Africa, of all the Protestant missionary bodies in the region, for the purpose of establishing among them a working union. The opening service was held in the place of worship of the Kirk of Scotland, and the bishops of Mombasa and Uganda administered the communion to Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, as well as to members of their own church. At once the bishop of Zanzibar petitioned for the impeachment of his brother bishops who had arranged the meeting and admitted to the communion those who were not members of the Church of England. As a consequence, a controversy has been roused which is now going on throughout the entire English Church.

To us at this distance the turmoil may seem strange, almost incomprehensible. Yet we may remember a similar disturbance, though but a murmur in comparison with this uproar, when, at a service in Trinity Church, Boston, on the tenth anniversary of the death of Phillips Brooks, Dr. Edward Everett Hale received the communion at the hands of Bishop Codman of Maine. With all its comprehensiveness, the Episcopal Church has at times been as narrow as the most rigid close-communion Baptist in insisting on admitting to its communion none but its own members. Yet this unfraternal custom is now held by most liturgical scholars to be owing to a historical blunder.

It may be doubted whether this African incident will result, as the High Church prophets gloomily foretell, in the disruption of the Church of England. There are intelligent critics of ecclesiastical affairs who maintain that it would be vastly better if the different parties in the Episcopal Church, and in other churches as well, should frankly recognize their wide differences and separate. If differences are fundamental, doubtless this is not only necessary but wise. Yet this precludes the beneficial influence of one party upon another, and condemns them to undisturbed isolation and self-content. As long as there is even a nominal bond binding them together, the friction is likely to prove remedial of idiosyncrasies and wholesome; while if the High Churchmen constituted a separate body from the Low Churchmen, neither would affect the other, more than the Methodist now affects the Unitarian. The warring between different divisions in the Roman Catholic Church is quite as great as in Protestantism, though the Roman authorities endeavor to conceal it; but because each is compelled to recognize the others as belonging to its own body, the result has been less divisive than in Protestantism.

Even if disruption should not result in England, this incident may bring disestablishment nearer; in which case—so it would seem from a transatlantic point of view—it would prove a great blessing. For the Church of England is so entangled with a special class in society that it has not the chance to have its excellences known to others nor its faults to itself. In order to come to its true self it needs to stand on its own feet. We in America are so accustomed to the separation of Church and State that we can hardly comprehend the gloomy forebodings of English Churchmen at the prospect of disestablishment. We can but think that, after the Church's recovery from the shock of that operation, she would experience a new vitality. However that may be, the probability is that this incident will increase for a time the animosities of the different parties, and that the Broad Churchmen and Evangelicals (who object to being called Low Churchmen) will unite against the High Churchmen. As these two African dioceses are independent, it is not probable that any attempt will be made to coerce them by an official judgment. The custom which the bishops of Mombasa and Uganda have inaugurated will probably be continued in these dioceses and will spread here and there in other missionary jurisdictions. Gradually it may affect the more conservative Church at home, as missionary children have often done. Then it is possible that the English Church may take a leaf from the practice of the Church of Rome; which has always at first opposed innovations but, when she has found she could not fight them, has adopted them, moulded them, and then professed that she had included them all along.

* Extracts from an article in the *Harvard Theological Review*.

There is rising throughout the world among all Christian bodies a wave of demand for union. By this the High Churchmen of every church understand uniformity. Taking Jerome's mistranslation, which Rome enforced, they insist that there must be one fold as well as one shepherd. Union to them therefore means, "Forsake your ways, all you others, and come and join us." Rome has extended this invitation for several centuries, and it has had little success except when supplemented by a conviction of the intrinsic worth of her position. But there are many who reject uniformity who are working for what is called organic unity: by which is meant some institutional connection, more or less close, among the different Christian bodies, in government, creed, or worship. The nature of this connection is not yet clearly seen by those who are reaching towards it. Whether it is feasible, and if so, under what conditions, is still a problem; but it is becoming every day plainer that, whatever may be the case with uniformity and unity, we have already more union on hand than we have ecclesiastical room for. Young Men's Christian Associations and students' volunteer movements, summer union churches, undenominational divinity schools, and organized charities have brought together Christians of all names, not only in common work but in common worship, and made it difficult for them to shore up their denominational walls. This drawing together means that all are feeling the presence of one and the same spirit. Since spirit shapes body to its own ends, we may perhaps look to the establishment ultimately of some form of organic unity. It will come not by ecclesiastical conventions imposing ways upon the indwelling spirit, but by the spirit dictating ways to the conventions. It will be with the various ecclesiastical machineries as it was in Ezekiel's vision. "Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went. When those went, these went; and when those stood, these stood; and when those were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up over against them; for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels." The incident in Africa was a result of the greater apprehension of the spirit of Christ, and it will do much to extend the understanding and apprehension of that spirit.*

Spiritual Life.

Get the pattern of your life from God; and then go about your work, and be yourself.—*Phillips Brooks.*

If we keep our souls in patience, if we hold fast to our faith and hope and love, the soft streams of healing power will flow into us and through us. We shall receive and give out the infinite good.—*Charles G. Ames.*

To be misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand. . . . It is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of man.—*Amiel.*

To turn away from useless and barren speculations; to withdraw persistently our thoughts from the unknowable, the inevitable, and the irreparable; to concentrate them on the immediate present and on the nearest duty; to waste no moral energy on excessive introspection or self-abasement or self-reproach, but to make the cultivation and the wise use of all our powers the supreme ideal and end of our lives; to oppose labor and study to affliction and regret; to keep at a distance gloomy thoughts and exaggerated anxieties; "to see the individual in connection and co-operation with the whole"; and to look upon effort and action as the main elements both of duty and happiness!—*William Edward Hartpole Lecky.*

He who for love has undergone
  The worse that can befall
Is happier thousand-fold than one
  Who never loved at all.
A grace within his soul has reigned
  Which nothing else can bring.
Thank God for all that I have gained
  By that high suffering!

—*Lord Houghton.*

*Since this article was written the archbishop of Canterbury has called a Council to meet in July to give advice in the Kikuyu case.

Caroline Matilda Kirkland.

1801–1864.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

At the close of the third decade of the nineteenth century the tide of American travel westward was setting strongly toward southern Michigan, a state of things which continued for another ten years, or even more, till the tide was diverted in other directions. Few persons, comparatively, in the older-settled portions of the United States had any personal acquaintance with the Michigan peninsula at that period, and the actual character of social and other conditions in that far-distant region, as it then seemed, was grossly misapprehended by prospective emigrants thither. Michigan was not precisely the earthly paradise that some hopeful spirits trusted to find it, nor was it quite the land of broken promise which some discouraged settlers returning eastward reported it to be.

Opinions concerning it continued to clash, and in 1839 a small book was issued by a New York publisher, entitled "A New Home—who'll Follow?" which became immediately and widely popular and, with its several successors on similar lines, helped very largely to a proper understanding of the actual Michigan. "A New Home" purported to be the work of "Miss Mary Clavers; an Actual Settler," as did the author's "Forest Life," in 1842, and "Western Clearings" in 1846; but not until the writer's "Essay on the Life and Writings of Spenser" appeared over her own name in 1846 did Mrs. Clavers become known to the general public as Mrs. Caroline Kirkland, the principal of a boarding school for girls in New York City.

Samuel Stansbury, the father of the authoress, was a publisher in New York, and there his daughter Caroline Matilda was born on Jan. 12, 1801. Mr. Stansbury died in 1827, and the family then removed to Clinton, N.Y., where Miss Stansbury presently married Prof. Kirkland, then a member of the faculty of Hamilton College. In 1828, the Kirklands removed to Geneva, N.Y., which continued their home until 1835, and thence to Michigan, where they remained eight years.

The Geneva sojourn of the Kirklands was distinguished by Prof. Kirkland's establishment of a school for girls in that small town, and the period of their Michigan residence included six months of 1835 spent in the forest some sixty miles west of Detroit, as well as several years in Detroit itself. In 1843, the family were once more living in New York City, its versatile head soon busying

Digitized by Google

himself in founding, with Dr. Bellows, a Unitarian weekly known as the *Christian Inquirer*. He edited the New York *Evening Mirror* in 1846, his death occurring in Fishkill-on-the-Hudson in October of the same year.

The death of Prof. Kirkland threw the burden of the family support upon his widow, and the success which her volumes on Western prairie and forest life had already met with seemed to point the way to a definite adoption of literature as a profession. Accordingly July, 1847, saw Mrs. Kirkland in the editorial chair of the newly started *Union Magazine*, a metropolitan publication, in which position she continued for eighteen months. The periodical was then transferred to Philadelphia, renamed *Sartain's Magazine*, and Mrs. Kirkland continued in office some two years and a half longer as "monthly contributor."

The interval between the return to New York and the death of Prof. Kirkland was occupied, so far as Mrs. Kirkland was considered, in the management of a select school composed of young ladies who resided in her family. The instruction which her pupils received at her hands was excellent in character, for she, as well as her husband, was greatly gifted as a teacher; but authorship, as we have seen, presented greater attractions than did teaching to the writer of "A New Home," which passed into its second edition in 1842.

Save for two foreign tours Mrs. Kirkland continued to make her home in New York City, where she soon achieved both literary and social distinction. During the Civil War period she was active in promoting measures for the comfort of the Union soldiers in the field, and her death on the 6th of April, 1864, was directly due to over-exertion as one of the managers of the great Sanitary Fair then being held in the metropolis. Mrs. Kirkland was intensely interested in this patriotic work, and she as certainly gave her life for the cause she so dearly loved as though she had fallen on the field of battle itself.

The list of her published volumes is a fairly long one when her many fields of activity are kept in mind, but her earliest books are undoubtedly her best and, indeed, are now the only ones remembered. They furnished entertainment for the moment, which was all that their author hoped for concerning them; but lacking a cord of definite purpose running through them, their sketchy character precluded any permanent popularity.

"Holidays Abroad" (1849) was the earliest of this later group of writings, and this was followed by "The Evening Book: a Book for the Home Circle" (1853), "The Helping Hand" (1856), "Autumn Hours and Fireside Readings" (1854), "Garden Walks with the Poets" (1853), "Memoirs of Washington" (1857), "The School Girl's Garland" (1864), and "The Destiny of Our Country" (1864).

The literary talents of the parents were inherited by two, at least, of their children, the eldest of these, Miss Elizabeth Kirkland (1828–1894), being the author of many volumes of an educational nature, and long the accomplished head of a prosperous girls' school in Chicago. Joseph Kirkland (1830–1894), the second of Mrs. Kirkland's children, was a lawyer in Chicago, who, besides being the author of several lesser works, wrote also two strong tales of pioneer life, "Zury" and "The MacVeys," in their way quite as faithful transcripts of actual pioneer conditions as his mother's once popular sketches of life in the southern peninsula of Michigan. Both mother and son were the keenest of observers, and whether the former was writing of primitive conditions in Michigan, or the latter, more than a generation later, was dealing with similar details in Illinois, the sober background of entire truth was never absent.

The "New Home" is undoubtedly its author's best work and as a factor in the march of civilization westward cannot be safely neglected. At the time of its publication curiosity concerning the region we now sometimes style "the Middle West" was intense, and the "New Home," with its good-humored outlining of things as they then were, gave intending settlers in the region described just the information needed. If not actual history in every line, it was sufficiently so to all intents and purposes.

"I claim," says the writer in her preface,—"I claim for these straggling and cloudy crayon-sketches of life and manners in the remoter parts of Michigan, the merit of general truth of outline." She assures us that she had originally thought of making her volume a transcript of reality, but conscience prevailed, "and," continues the author, "I must honestly confess, that there be glosses and colorings, and lights if not shadows, for which the author is alone accountable. Journals published entire and unaltered, should be Parthian darts, sent abroad only when one's back is turned. To throw them in the teeth of one's everyday associates might diminish one's popularity rather inconveniently. I would desire the courteous reader to bear in mind, however, that whatever is quite natural, or absolutely incredible, in the following pages is to be received as literally true."

In the preparation of this volume Mrs. Kirkland had in mind the then widely popular collection of sketches by Miss Mitford entitled "Our Village," and when describing such Michigan villages "as Tinkerville, Montacute and the Turnip," she wonders what Miss Mitford would have made of material to her hand had she lived in the New World.

Mrs. Kirkland's sketches of life in the forest or on the prairie were not perused by the author's countrymen alone, for they found many attentive readers in England as well, and not a few Englishmen after reading a "New Home" turned their steps westward to Michigan and beyond. What greeted the immigrants in the Michigan peninsula in the matter of home conditions will be perceived readily enough in the passage which follows:—

"A home on the outskirts of civilization—habits of society which allow the maid and her mistress to do the honors in complete equality, and to make the social tea visit in loving conjunction—such a distribution of the duties of life as compels all, without distinction, to rise with the sun or before him—to breakfast with the chickens—then,

"'Count the slow clock and dine exact at noon'—to be ready for tea at four, and for bed at eight—may certainly be expected to furnish some curious particulars for the consideration of those whose daily course almost reverses this primitive arrangement and who are apt occasionally to forget, when speaking of a particular class, that 'those creatures' are partakers with themselves of a common nature."

Writing of English settlers in Michigan, Mrs. Kirkland is at pains to show the reason for the dissatisfaction with their surroundings which not a few of them experienced.

"Whoever exhibits any desire for privacy," says the author of the "New Home," "is set down as 'proud' or something worse, no matter how inoffensive he may be. And of all places in the world in which to live on the shady side of public opinion, an American backwoods settlement is the very worst, as many of these unfortunately mistaken emigrants have been made to feel. The better classes of English settlers seem to have left their own country with high wrought notions of the unbounded freedom to be enjoyed in this; and it is with feelings of angry surprise that they learn after a short residence here, that this very universal freedom abridges

their own liberty to do as they please in their individual capacity; that the absolute democracy which prevails in country places, imposes as heavy restraints upon one's free will in some particulars, as do the overbearing pride and haughty distinctions of the Old World in others; and after one has changed one's whole plan of life, and crossed the wide ocean to find a Utopia, the waking to reality is attended with feelings of no small bitterness."

Well would it be for all who exchange the comforts and refinements of the elder settled regions for the discomforts and trials of a life in the forest or on some remote prairie, if they could take with them the disposition to make the best of unfamiliar conditions, and strive to perceive the humorous aspect of the situation. Mrs. Kirkland was so fortunately gifted in these particulars that she seems to have been able to make the best of even the most unpromising experiences, and her sense of humor never deserted her for long. In her "Forest Life" she takes occasion to observe that to people situated as settlers frequently are,—that is, without many of the surroundings to which they had been accustomed,—"some modification of the ordinary relations of society must be absolutely necessary. Colonists must not expect to carry with them the whole social fabric undisturbed."

"An important result of the lack of the advantages which belong to a settled state of things is a certain feeling of mutual dependence, a sense of natural equality," we find her remarking on another page. "If harmony is desirable—as where is it not?—there must be sympathy; and where there is sympathy, there will be contact; and where there is contact, we cannot but learn to appreciate people according to their real merit, and not according to their outward advantages, since their personal character is alone of any consequence to us. This closeness of acquaintance leads to great plainness and sincerity—not always pleasant perhaps, but still, nearer right than its hollow-hearted opposite."

Summing up the advantages of life in a new country, Mrs. Kirkland declares in one of the chapters of her "Forest Life," "I am disposed, after some experience, to count it among the compensations of a country life, that in the close contact into which the joint tenants of the wilds must come,—be their discrepancies what they may,—we are brought sooner and more certainly to a sense of the *dignity of human nature* independent of all the accessories on which so much stress is laid in society, —than we could ever be amid the forms and barriers of more polished life."

And this is just as true of life in the forests of British Columbia, or the prairies of Alberta, now, as it was in Michigan or Wisconsin, three-quarters of a century ago.

It must not be supposed that when Mrs. Kirkland wrote, Detroit was so vastly superior to the country beyond it as some unthinking souls might have conjectured; on the contrary, when the Kirklands arrived there the Western fever was at its height and their hotel was "crowded to suffocation. Each day brought its thousands to Detroit," and every small tavern was filled. "Happy he who could find a bed anywhere. Fifty cents was the price of six feet by two of the bar-room floor, and these choice lodgings were sometimes disposed of by the first served at 'thirty per cent. advance.' The country inns were thronged in proportion; and your horse's hay cost you nowhere less than a dollar *per diem*, while throughout the whole country west of Detroit, the only masticable articles set before the thousands of hungry travellers were salt ham and bread, for which you had the satisfaction of paying like a prince."

It was while the Kirklands were living in Detroit that Michigan was admitted into the Union, and she reprints in "Forest Life" a popular political Western song of that period, of which the following is the first stanza.

> "O dashing young Mick is the pride of the West!
> Of all its bold hunters the boldest and best,
> He has town house and villa, and water craft fair,
> And parks full of red-deer, enough and to spare;
> He has meadow and woodland, lake, river and lick,
> And prairie land plenty, has dashing young Mick."

Whether the matter in hand for effective description were local politics imbedded in song, eccentricities of speech or custom, the humorous aspect of an otherwise depressing situation, and many more details that might be named, Mrs. Kirkland was invariably equal to the occasion, and it should always be kept in mind that she was an influential though quite unpretentious factor in the westward movement which resulted in the settlement of more than one of the States of the Middle West. She was the pioneer literary woman of her time and she rendered good service to literature and the advance of civilization as well.

Do Bergsen's Theories and Ramsay's Discoveries help us to understand the "Spiritual Body"?

BY HYDE FOWLKES.

In a recent poem, referring to the interment of a noted missionary, occur these lines:—

> "The body spiritual! Who, on grave gazing or sealed urn has gazed
> Nor challenged sacred paradox? But who has found what matter is or spirit?
> Whether by nature or degree refined, their laws diverse? Say we:
> Vain, man's philosophy that would explain an alchemy divine!
> He who could this life and soul with matter blend can purge it of corruption."—1 Cor. xv.

The poet, after characterizing Paul's expression in 1 Cor. xv. as paradoxical, holding, it seems, its terms to be mutually exclusive or contradictory, prudently suspends decision on reflecting that human perception may be too clumsy a tool for dealing with the question of the nature and laws of the ultimate reality, inclusive of both mind and matter. Human intellect is, necessarily, intolerant of contradictions; also, it is impatient of the intervention of "divine alchemy." It may be arrogant, yet it is very human, to argue that anything is preferable to the acceptance of a doctrine not only miraculous in nature, but contradictory in terms. The syllogism runs: the natural body is matter; spirit is essentially not matter; therefore, the same body (resurrected) cannot be spiritual. That the waiting spirit-claimant should, at its resurrection, come expecting to find that corrupted long-abandoned lump of matter transmuted into a housing whose essence is spiritual like his own, was a doctrine so trying that the apostle seemed to think it necessary to relieve the strain on credulity by citing a familiar analogy,—that of the seed seemingly dying in the earth and, after long apparent disorganization, fructifying into renewed and enlarged life and body. But it is argued, with reason, that the germ of life never did die, and that its ensuing fructification was still material, the nature of its substance unchanged; and in all this there is naught inconsistent with nature's everyday habit of creative evolution. To this buried seed comes wonderful stimulation of its dormant life-principle and increment of its matter. But where is a transmutation of substance-nature? In this new body offered the spirit, a tenement of nature spiritual as himself, there must be something on which to base its identity with that inert, corrupted matter long laid aside. In the case of the seed, its life-principle remained unchanged, and its fructified body actually had fed on its own disorganized pulp. Therefore, finding that the seed has neither lost its

original life nor changed its substance into aught of other kind than its usual materiality, we feel that the simile is lost, and the analogy fails, in that no change of the nature of the buried body of the seed is found.

In the critic's challenging thought there doubtless arise, also, the complications attendant on the physical doctrine as to the many bodies occupied during life's span of seventy years. How is it that the orthodox, who readily accept so many out-and-out miracles, still stagger and begin to ply philosophy for light on this change of body-substance? Whatever the basic stumbling-block to the Sadducees, it appears that the Pharisees of our day, while docilely acknowledging the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, still perplexedly tinker on this analogy, the result being a muddling rather than an elucidation.

The scientists are said to be still tugging for the production of original life. However, not yet, on this planet, have they been able to induce the original Architect to erect branch industries; the inexhaustible infinite Source continues its work in its own way. With the new-born animal comes the continuation of the parental vital spark: in the propagation of the vegetating seed is the same life-principle in immobile form, a principle different from that which animates the complex vertebræ or the feeblest protoplasmic form of life.

Compelled to admit that "in the beginning" life must have insinuated itself into matter, why so loth to invert the proposition, and hold that possibly matter may be insinuated or converted into life and into spirit? Does the latter seem too paradoxical for clumsy human conception? But certain alleged recent scientific discoveries startle us as demonstrating that things hitherto conceived to be essentially non-identical are reducible to identity, and are really re-enforcive of the philosophy that claims, the identity of all ultimate reality.

It is held by Bergson that, while matter and space are realities, they have for us existence only as change or movement, and not as immobilities. And physical science, according to late research, seems driven to that conclusion, namely, that there are not merely things that move and change and become, but everything is movement or a becoming. The conception of an elemental solid base for the atom has come to nothing, and is held as false. The atom is now asserted to be composed of magnetic forces, ions, or corpuscles in incessant movement, that is, a balance of actions and reactions *not* indestructible. It is claimed to be shown that the cathode particles in an X-ray tube (which have already been demonstrated to be atoms of electricity sent whirling and pulsating with tremendous energy) do, by interruptions, after a time, bring about the appearance of helium or neon. The old philosophy has ever denied the destructibility of matter or even of what appears quite immaterial force, power, etc. Nor are we expecting matter ever to be destroyed, yet, in this last alleged discovery of Ramsay's, we seem to be catching a glimpse of what is almost a creation. Are we on the road to the discovery of the creation of something out of nothing? For this fluid, subtle, invisible, imponderable, and inexclusive of space, though a power, fierce and terrible, is devoid of matter's inseparable characteristics, weight, and extension in space. The transmutation of one kind of matter into another (as copper into sodium or lithium) is now said to take place; and, though one feels borne back to the wonder-loving age of the dreaming alchemist, he still is dealing with terms identical in nature and belonging to the familiar materialistic region.

But this metamorphosing of the invisible fluid into helium or neon! Yes, we are still in the realm of nature, but there comes an uncanniness, as though we had one foot on terra firma, the other in the unknowable aerial. But is it difficult to conceive of a reversal of the balance of actions and reactions represented in these magnetic forces, ions, or corpuscles?

Such reversal would return the helium or neon to the state of a mere principle or force. In what has been predicated of the atom and of movement, if the movement ceases, the atom no longer exists as atom. Is motion resolvable into something very like matter? Is matter re-resolvable into movement or life? Was our material body, in which we once dwelt, a mere collection of atoms composed of magnetic forces in certain balance? We all admit that things absolutely identical must be interchangeable; and, if we go back of all similes and analogies, we find the problem of mutation of matter into spirit to be no problem at all. It vanishes in the teachings of Bergson's philosophy—better still, rests just where the old faith placed it, the "great first Cause," being "all in all," manifesting itself as mind and matter, the two insinuating themselves the one into the other, as life and spirit, and being, therefore, interchangeable under circumstances. The laws of pure mentality cannot be contradictory, but how about a proposition where the terms are not mental laws, but mere conceptions, as the human intellect sees them? Kant was long in impressing it that our "laws of nature" were but the forms that our own minds impose on our knowledge, a conclusion well borne out in the overthrow of the old Ptolemaic system. Cousin maintained that no philosophic error ever prevailed that was not, at least, partial truth. The flawless philosophy may not yet have arrived, but each new system seems to bring its contribution to honest thought, and, if it merely clear well the old path of a haunting stumbling-block, we need not fear to examine even what, at first blush, seems fanciful. It is greatly worth while to read what Bergson says of the intuitive consciousness, a fuller development of intuition, a more perfect humanity. Who has so risen as he into the world of pure thought where ultimate principles are evolved? Those who read him closely suspect the secret of his broad and easy deductions to have been a deep and wonderful intuitive grasp on what lies beyond the manipulations of the common intellect.

Bergson claims that it is this intuition by which is revealed to us the unity of the spiritual life, life wider than the intellect and the materiality to which mere intellect binds us. He would show us the life of the body on the road to the life of the spirit, life as a whole, issuing from that initial impulsion or movement (God) that thrusts it into the world. He uses a figure to illustrate the opposing movement, matter allowing only at one point the free passage of the vital impulse, and dragging with it, still, the obstacle which shall weigh on its progress but not stop it. This one point of free passage he recognizes as humanity, which sometime may be able to beat down every resistance, overcoming, finally, even death and attaining spiritual life. In the intuition of our own personal life we are shown that true duration in which memory and will form one free-acting present, the past entering the future, and which, if abstracted from memory and will, for us does not exist. We realize by sympathetic insight that our duration is one with the whole reality of the universe. This principle of life is the true reality and is everywhere the same, a consciousness manifesting itself as essentially creative. Both faith and philosophy have the same name by which we term this ultimate reality or universal principle which underlies worlds and systems of worlds, God. Faith, sometimes, is prone to languishing. No harm to reach, in its weakness, for the reinforcing theories of philosophy.

BURKEVILLE, VA.

I-ro-ha Hymn.

BY DR. CLAY MACCAULEY.

I have long been interested in the fact—or is it tradition merely?—that Kukai, that wonder of Buddhist sainthood and scholarship of twelve hundred years ago, not only invented the popular script of Japan, the *Hiragana* syllabary, but also so arranged the syllables that they may be read as a profoundly interpretative Buddhist poem. Every Japanese child in learning his alphabet may, therefore, be made to repeat it as a poem in which the conviction fundamental in Buddhism is graphically concentrated.

Kukai, who, two hundred years after his death received from the Emperor Daigo recognition for his marvellous work by being given the title *Kobo Daishi*, or "Great Teacher who spread the Law abroad," placed the forty-seven syllables of the Japanese language in a melodic order, beginning,—*I, ro, ha, ni, ho, he, to, chi, ri, nu, ru, wo,*—and so on, in succession to the end,—*se su*. Like *A, B, C*, for the English, these syllables soon became fixed for the Japanese people as their alphabet. But, by very slight and legitimate linguistic changes in their reading, Kobo transformed this syllabary into a poem of eight lines, composed of standard seven and five syllabled verses in alternation,—as follows:—

Iro wa nioedo
Chirinuru wo—
Waga yo tare zo
Tsune naramu,
Ui no oku-yama
Kyo kocte,
Asaki yume mijı
Ei mo sezu.

Read in this form, the pessimism that may lead one to seek the enlightenment which came through Buddha is offered to all who read, and thereby becomes a perpetual lesson to every child in Japan. I cannot render into English verse an exact translation of the original Japanese, but I have amused myself with putting into the original metre, in English, what is almost a literal reproduction of Kobo's thought:—

E'en though clothed in colors gay—
Blossoms fall, alas!
Who then in this world of ours
Will not likewise pass?
Crossing now the utmost verge
Of a world that seems,
My intoxication fails—
Fade my fleeting dreams.

But this skilfully wrought alphabetic versification, preparing, as it does, a whole people for an offered "gospel," is repeated here only to introduce a yet more interesting piece of kindred verse-making.

Several years ago my interest in this syllabary poem was much heightened by my coming across some verses, or rather a hymn, said to have been written about three hundred years earlier by a noted priest named Kwai Han. The hymn stood under the title *Nori no Hatsu-Ne*, which may be translated, —"The Dominant Note of the Law." I found it to be not only a profound and impressive series of religious meditations by a learned Buddhist, but also an entertaining literary curiosity. It is an acrostic of forty-seven verses having this peculiarity, that each verse begins with one of the Japanese syllables in the regular succession of Kobo Daishi's alphabet. Kwai Han, it is said, wrote, substantially, the following note in connection with his acrostic hymn: As Kobo Daishi composed the *I-ro-ha* that he might clearly teach the essential law of Buddha to the Japanese people, so will I, in honor of my spiritual ancestor, take these same *I-ro-ha* characters and make them the initials of the separate lines of a hymn which will carry forward the same pious object.

It is impossible, of course, to render this hymn in its acrostic form into equivalent English, but I have attempted to give it, metrically, an equivalent English reproduction, with close adherence to its Japanese phrasing.

Little annotation is needed for an understanding of the poem by English readers. It will help, however, for the reader to remember that in Buddhist mythology there are six possible transmigrations which the human being can make before he passes into the realm of those who are "saved." "The River of Three Paths" is a Buddhist analogue of the Styx of Roman mythology. "*Namu Amida Buddha*" is an invocation peculiar to the Buddhist sects whose followers rely upon the merits of the all-merciful deity, *Buddha-Amida*, for their release from the evils of existence. In the hymn it is called "The Prayer." The essential factors in Buddhism through which "The Way of Salvation" is secured are included in the terms, "Rite, Priesthood and Buddha." And "The Land of the Holy," *Jodo*—"The Pure Land,"—is the name which Kwai Han's sect has given to the abode of those who enter the Buddhist Heaven. It is believed also by many that when the Buddha was born into this world he slipped from his mother's lap on to a lotus-leaf, where, "up-pointing towards heaven, down-pointing 'neath heaven," he exclaimed that to him was given power over all the heavens and the earth.

The metric form of the Japanese verse in this poem is a series of couplets of the seven and five syllabled standard verses arranged in a kind of four footed anapestic rhythm, as is shown in these first three lines:—

Itazura goto ni hi wo kasane;
Roku-shiyu sulen no tane wo maki;
Haka-naku kono yo wo s'kusu nari.

This is the movement of all the other verses Of this strange *I-ro-ha* hymn.

THE DOMINANT NOTE OF THE LAW.

In spending my days chasing things that are trifles;
In sowing the seed of the six transmigrations;
I pass through the world with my life-purpose baffled.
Since gaining my birth among those that are human,
Just now I have learned that I may become godlike;
So now I seek Buddha's help, trusting the promise.
This world, after all, it is only a dream-world;
And we, after all, are vain selves with dust mingled.
Our jealousies, angers and scoffing reproaches,
All evils we do, though disguised by our cunning,
At last become massed like the bulk of a mountain,
And we are crushed down to "The River of Three Paths",—
A fitting reward for our self-prompted actions,
Whose ills each must bear, never blaming another.
Live I a long life,—'tis like flashing of lightning.
Live I but one life,—lo! 'tis lived in a dream-world.
Grow I into one life with wife and with children,—
The love of such one life abides but a moment.
Think how to the depths has my heart been affected!
Engrossed by my bonds to a world that is fleeting.
Naught led me to pray,—"*Namu Amida Buddha.*"
As wind to the ear of a horse seemed the future;
Reminded of death's blast, I answered, "When comes it?"
The preacher I trusted not; thought he spoke falsely;
And thus has my time sped to this very moment.
I thought that desire brings good with fulfilment:—
Oh! how I lament as I think of what has been.
But yet in this troubled life comes consolation:—
Adorable Buddha enlightens the dark way;
Has pity on all those who live in these last days;
To all gives compassion and blessed redemption,
Whose depth or whose height passes ocean or mountain.
Thanksgiving forever to Buddha's salvation,
All bountiful, boundless, to me it is given.
Up-pointing towards heaven, down-pointing 'neath heaven,
The Buddha sheds light upon all who are living.
Now, knowing the Law as the Law has been given,
The blest triple treasure,—Rite, Priesthood and Buddha,—
I lift up my song, though I sing in a dream-world;
If sorrow and knowing are both the mind's flowering;
If demon or Buddha with each is attendant;
Then let all my faith upon knowing be centred.
Up-striving, away from "The River of Three Paths,"
A glance at the Fulness Divine of all Goodness
Will gladden my eyes,—the reward of my striving.
Recite then the Prayer;—for by its mere virtue
Your pathway will enter the "Land of the Holy."

—*The Japan Magazine.*

Conditions in Ireland.

May we ask—though we fear that it will be in vain—that when men speak in public or write to the newspapers about Ireland, they will do so with sympathy and restraint and with real knowledge? Many people who know Ireland north and south, east and west, and feel her history moving in their blood, do not recognize much of the language of present controversy as anything near the truth.

The Catholic population and the Protestants of Ulster are not the inveterate foes of popular imagination, though there may be little love lost between some Catholics and some Protestants, owing to faults on both sides. Catholics in Ireland have never persecuted Protestants, and there is no sign that they wish to begin to do so now. The peasantry of the south and west are as much part of the wealth of the land as the artisans

Digitized by Google

of the north. The backwardness of parts of the country is not due to priestcraft and laziness, but to causes economic and social, with which the historian is familiar.

We know that, when all this has been said, the difficulties due to differences of temperament and tradition are grave and far-reaching. But we shall be in a far better position to face these difficulties in a spirit of hopefulness and equity, when we have the patience to undertake some study of Irish social conditions in the light of history—it is a story which will purge our hearts of all bitterness by its noble patriotism and its terrible pain—and so come closer to the realities of the situation as a whole.—*The London Inquirer.*

Literature.

George Hamilton Perkins. By Carroll Storrs Alden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.—Commodore Perkins had a picturesque and adventurous career. He served with Farragut in some of the most notable engagements of the Civil War; he was one of the two officers sent ashore to demand the surrender of New Orleans; he was in command of the Chickasaw, the monitor which had the most conspicuous part in the battle of Mobile Bay; and his name is on the roll of distinguished naval heroes for whom torpedo boats have been named. Besides all that, he had killed, as a boy, his tiger in Paraguay, and chased American slavers on the west coast of Africa. The story is told mainly in letters, which give a good idea of the manly character, the unfailing good humor, and the general activity of the writer. In his later years he turned his attention to farming, trying the hardest kind. "His life became much like that of an English country gentleman; he took a paternal interest in the welfare of his laborers and poor neighbors; he studied the details of the work done on his land; he bred cattle, horses, and sheep, and found keen delight in his racing stable." It was in this capacity that he is best remembered by a younger generation, which makes such a reminder of his earlier life as this book presents especially interesting and important.

Our Friend John Burroughs. By Clara Barrus. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.—Let us make much of "everybody's dear John Burroughs" while he is alive to know how much he means to readers who love nature or literature or the new thought of life and religion. One comes nearest to him in his own writings, and it is good that three autobiographical sketches are included in this charming book of study and appreciation, written by one who has shared rare experiences with him, and knows now how to share them with others. Yet the sidelights, the fund of anecdote, the warm, hearty admiration, help, too, in setting the serene, sensitive, friendly figure plainly before us. A chapter on "Camping with Burroughs and Muir" is especially worth while, illustrating the likenesses and the differences between these two friends. There is hardly any one else to-day about whom a book like this could be written that would appeal to so many people as the strengthening of a personal relation already established.

Overland Red. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.—Lovers of a lively Western story, in which mine prospecting and ranching are carried on in the face of dangers unknown to the quieter parts of this big country, will turn gladly from problem novels to this romance of the Moonstone Canyon trail. In this country girls as well as men need to keep their eyes open and their minds alert, and existing situations add a new suspense to the love interest. Overland Red is a typical character, the product of this wild, free life, with an extra dash of tender-heartedness and a good sense of humor. As a red-headed Irishman he dominates the situation, and successfully claims the reader's interest and sympathy, despite his variations from conventionality.

Making Over Martha. By Julie M. Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.20 net.—Nobody who has read *Martha-by-the-Day* would wish to have the friendly, good-natured, clear-headed Irish woman made over in any way that would make her unrecognizable, but there is little danger of that. She manages people and situations, sees a love affair through, acts as law to the wicked and mercy to the friendless and wisdom to the perplexed, and through it all is the same Martha. The various threads of the story are skilfully combined, and their untangling affords some characteristic scenes, described with humor and good effect.

The Evolution of a Theologian. By Stephen K. Szymanowski. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $2.—A discussion in story form, of the great problem of modern thought in contrast with mediæval ecclesiasticism. Rev. Dr. William Stuart is decidedly anti-modernist. There comes an awakening, then a great upheaval. Events move rapidly. The new light pours into his mind from various sources. He breaks with the past, and the story leaves him face to face with a great spiritual adventure, but it leaves him with the assurance of success. This is a good form for such a discussion, as the whole matter is not abstract, but is intensely human. Modernism is not a theory as much as it is a personal adventure, sometimes a tragedy.

Queen Elizabeth. By Gladys E. Locke. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.35.—The personality of Queen Bess is one of the most interesting in English history. As a queen, she has an assured place in the development of English life; and as a woman, she will never cease to be something of an enigma. This book deals rather with her personality than with her political position. It is distinctly friendly to the much-criticised woman. The author shows a knowledge of original sources, and makes the whole matter interesting and readable.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was — a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 Park Street, Boston

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN
No. 32
The Church & New Americans
By George W. Tupper, Ph.D.

The Protestant churches have exercised hitherto a large influence in shaping and molding the character of American life, but thus far they have practically made no effort to reach the recent accessions to our population. It is high time that they roused themselves from this indifference. These new-comers need their help and sympathy, and for their sakes and for the sake of the country as well, there is no task to which the churches can more usefully devote themselves than the promotion of the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of these new Americans. This is Dr. Tupper's thesis, and he speaks with a deep conviction based upon a wide experience.

Published for Free Distribution
Order as "S. S. No. 32," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT
American Unitarian Association
25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Crocus Told.

The North Wind breathed to the ear of Spring,
"Let us tease the children who watch for you."
Then he scattered snow on the waking grass
And kissed to frost all the morning dew.

The pussies shivered along the bough,
The lilacs murmured, "'Tis growing cold,"
And the children feared that the Spring had flown,
But the Crocus told.

Oh, gold and purple and spotless white,
Each wee brave head through the earth came up.
The sky smiled greeting, the frost, ashamed,
Was melted to dew in each fairy cup.

The Bluebird, caught in his Southward flight,
Stole back, ashamed he had feared the cold,
And the North Wind growled, "I had cheated them,
But the Crocus told."

—*Phila Butler Bowman, in the Kindergarten Review.*

Mother's Birthday Present.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

It was Mother's birthday. On her plate at the breakfast table lay four parcels neatly wrapped in white paper and tied with ribbons. The children were in their places, but no mother appeared.

Mary, the housemaid, gave them their cereal, and just as they had finished it Father came downstairs.

"Mother isn't coming to breakfast," said he. "Let's play Twenty Questions. Mother had a birthday present this morning. You may ask me twenty questions about it, and guess what it is."

It was nothing unusual for Mother not to come to breakfast, for she had not been feeling well lately, but for Father to propose a game at the breakfast table instead of rushing to catch his train,—that was very unusual indeed.

"Is it an animal, vegetable, or mineral?" asked Louise.

"An animal," said Father, promptly.

"An animal itself, or part of an animal?"

"An animal, itself."

"Has it wool, hair, or feathers?" asked Ruth.

"It has a very little soft hair."

"A coon kitty," guessed little George. "Mother said she'd like to have one."

"No; ask more questions."

"What kind of a noise does it make?" asked Harry.

"The only noise I have heard from it was a very tiny squeak."

"A crying doll?" asked Ruth.

"No; that is the best guess yet, but not quite right."

"Is it alive?"

"Yes, very much so."

"I guess it's an effulunt," said Georgie.

This guess produced shouts of laughter. "O Georgie, the idea of anybody giving mother an elephant, and her having it in her room! How many questions have we asked, Father?"

"About three hundred, it seems to me," said Father, gravely, "but go on."

"Who gave it to Mother?" asked Ruth.

"God did," said Father, reverently. "We must thank him by loving it dearly and being kind to it."

"O Father," said Louise, "is it—is it"—She whispered her guess in Father's ear, and he said aloud,—

"Yes, it is a little baby sister."

The children were jumping up and down, clapping their hands, but Father motioned for silence. "Remember that a little baby is a very delicate creature. Nurse will take you into Mother's room, one by one; but you must be very quiet, and come out as soon as you are told."

"I am going to take Mother's handkerchiefs up to her," said Louise, picking up the parcel tied with a flowered ribbon.

"I will take her apron," said Ruth, picking up the one with the blue ribbon.

"Mother and baby can both smell my roses," said Harry, taking under his arm the box tied up with pink.

"Baby shall have some of my chocolate drops," said George, picking up the smallest box, which was tied with red.

Mother said that they were the dearest children in the world, but neither she nor baby ate any of the chocolate drops that morning.

Polly's Birthday.

Polly was a dear little girl who lived on a nice large farm with plenty of chickens, cows, and horses; but Polly never thought much about how nice all these were, for her father and mother were always hard at work, and Polly and the rest of the children had to help. Polly's two brothers worked with their father, her sister helped her mother in the house, and Polly washed the dishes, scoured the knives, fed the chickens, and ran errands for the family, and for all the summer boarders besides.

One of the boarders, Miss Cary, was watching Polly shell peas one morning, and thinking that she did a great deal of work for such a little girl. Finally she said,—

"How old are you, Polly?"

"Seven," Polly answered.

"You're almost eight," said her mother.

"When is her birthday?" Miss Cary asked.

"Why, let me see, it's this month some time,—the seventeenth, yes, the seventeenth of July. I declare, I'd have forgotten all about it if you hadn't a-spoke." And Mrs. Jones went on with her work again.

"What's a birthday?" Polly asked shyly.

"Why, Polly," exclaimed Miss Cary, "don't you know? It's the anniversary of the day you were born. Didn't you ever have a birthday present, Polly?"

"No," said Polly, looking puzzled.

"We never have much time for those things," Polly's mother said. "It's 'bout all I can do to remember Christmas."

"Yes, I know," Miss Cary said; but she resolved that Polly should "have a birthday."

When she went down to breakfast the next morning, Miss Cary met Polly in the hall, and, putting a little silk purse into her hand, said kindly, "Here, Polly, is something for you to buy birthday presents with."

Polly opened the little bag, and found in it eight bright silver quarters; and she ran as fast as she could to tell her mother.

"Land sakes, child!" her mother said: "that's too much money for you to spend. Better save it. It will buy you a pair of shoes and a warm hood this winter."

Almost any little girl would have cried at this, and Polly's eyes did fill with tears; but as her mother wanted her to help "put the breakfast on," Polly took the plate of muffins into the dining-room. Miss Cary noticed the wet lashes, and said, "Mrs. Jones, please let Polly go down to the store to-day and spend her birthday money."

Mrs. Jones could not refuse this request. So, after she had put the baby to sleep, Polly was allowed to go to the store, which was a good two miles away; but the happy little girl would have willingly walked five miles to spend her precious two dollars.

It was late in the afternoon when she came back; and the boarders were lounging about, waiting for the supper-bell to ring. They all smiled at the little figure toiling up the road, with her arms full of bundles. Polly smiled radiantly through the dust that covered her round little face as she called to Miss Cary: "Oh! I've got such lots of things. Please come into the kitchen and see."

"No, it's too warm there," Miss Cary said. "Come into the parlor, where it's cool; and we can all see."

So they went into the house, and Polly commenced to unwrap her packages and exhibit her purchases.

"There," she said, as she tore the paper from a queer-shaped bundle, "this is for ma," holding up an egg-beater, "'cause it takes so long to beat eggs with a fork."

The boarders looked at each other in surprise, but Polly was too busy to notice. She fairly beamed as she held up a green glass necktie-pin for inspection. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "It's for pa, so he'll wear a collar, like ma wants him to. Of course, he'll want to wear such an elegant pin; and then he'll have to wear a tie, and then he'll have to wear a collar.

"This isn't much," she continued, opening a small bundle, "only a rattle for baby. It only cost five cents."

The boarders looked on in silence as the busy little fingers untied strings. No one knew whether to laugh or feel sorry.

It was wonderful what two dollars would buy, and not strange that the little girl had spent a whole half-day shopping. There was a blue tie for Brother Dan and a pink one for Tim, a yellow hair-ribbon for Sister Linda, some brass hairpins for grandma, a small bottle of cologne for Jake, the "hired man," and then there was but one package left. Polly patted this lovingly before she opened it. "This is the nicest of all, and it's for you," she said, as she handed Miss Cary a box of bright pink writing-paper. "It seemed too bad that you only had plain white paper to write your letters on, when you write so lovely. So I got you this. Ain't it grand?"

"Why, it's beautiful, Polly dear," Miss Cary said; "but what have you bought for your birthday present?"

"Why, these," said Polly,—"these are all my presents. Presents are something we give away, aren't they?" And Polly looked around, wondering why all were so still.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said one of the ladies softly. The gentlemen looked out of the windows, and Miss Cary put her arms around Polly and kissed the hot, dusty little face many times.

"It's been a lovely day," Polly said as she distributed her last gift. "I never had any presents to give away before, and I think birthdays are just lovely."

The next month, after Miss Cary had returned to the city, she had a birthday; and there came to Polly a most wonderful doll,

with lots of beautiful clothes, and a card saying, "For Polly, on my birthday, from Lena Cary," which, by the way, immediately became the doll's name.

Miss Cary was not the only one who caught Polly's idea of a birthday, for the rest of the boarders remembered Polly's presents; and through the year, as each one's birthday came, Polly received a gift to delight her generous little heart.

When the 17th of July came around again, though Miss Cary was not at the farm, she sent Polly a little silk bag with nine silver quarters in it, and Polly still thinks "birthdays are lovely."—*Mrs. S. J. Maxwell, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

When Baby was Lost.

No one knew that Baby was lost until she found it out herself and cried.

It happened this way: Baby and her Mother were visiting Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle Jim on the farm. Every morning at ten o'clock Mother gave Baby a glass of milk. Then she took off the darling's shoes and stockings and put her to bed in the spare bedroom. The spare bedroom opened off the parlor and the parlor had an outside door.

Baby was always so sleepy at ten o'clock that her eyes closed almost the minute her curly head touched the pillow.

One morning, instead of sleeping two hours, Baby awoke in fifteen minutes. For a little while, she gazed around the darkened room—at the roses on the wall and cologne bottles on the oldfashioned bureau. Then she turned over, with her face down, and squirmed her plump little body to the edge of the bed. Down she slid, until, with a soft little bump, she reached the braided rug on the floor. Baby wasn't hurt a bit, because her head didn't bump.

The outside parlor door, leading to the porch, was wide open, and the screen wasn't hooked. Mother and Grandma were working in the kitchen, doing the churning and the baking and washing dishes, so they didn't know when Baby pushed the screen door open and escaped into the summer sunshine.

Baby was afraid of the big, shaggy dog, whose name was Shep; but Shep was nowhere in sight. A humming-bird came to sip honey from the honeysuckle by the porch. Baby tried to catch him. A bright-winged butterfly flew low over the pansy-bed beside the steps. Forgetting the humming-bird, Baby tried to catch the butterfly. She followed him through the gate and a little way down the long, long lane, before he was lost in the sunshine.

Next the barefooted baby went paddling through the dust, with hands outstretched behind a toad; but, after hopping along ahead of her a few steps, that wise little toad hid behind a stone while Baby travelled by.

She was singing "Da-da-da-da" as loud as ever you please, when a robin on the fence turned his head on one side and called, "Cheer up! Cheer up!" Baby tried to catch the robin, but he flew a wee bit ahead of her, until they passed the barn, where doves were cooing "Cook-cook-cook-co-coo-o-o-o!" "Cook-cook-coo-o-oo!"

Back of the barn was the orchard, and in the orchard were squirrels and birds and bees and butterflies and grasshoppers and crickets and at least one little squirmy-wormy!

Baby had a beautiful time in the orchard, until she thought of her Mother and her Grandma in the farmhouse kitchen. At first, Baby felt lonely; then she was scared and then she began to cry. You see, the dear Baby was lost. She didn't know the way home. She couldn't see the barn; she couldn't see anything but apple trees.

Baby was standing still in the middle of the orchard, crying and crying and crying, when Shep found her—that big, shaggy, good old dog, Shep! He came bounding across the orchard when he saw Baby, and stuck his friendly nose in her face.

"Don't cry, Baby, don't cry!" he said in dog talk. But the Baby didn't understand, and cried louder than ever.

"Come with me, I'll take you home! Come with me, I'll take you home!" urged the dog in big dog talk; but the Baby only cried and cried, because all she heard was "Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!" She never did like to have Shep prance around on his four big feet and say "Bow-wow!" like that!

Soon Shep ran away fast as he could go. He couldn't make the Baby understand that he knew how to lead her home, so he ran for Uncle Jim—good old dog, Shep!

Uncle Jim was in the barn at work when Shep came running in, calling loud, "Come! Come! Come! Come!" Uncle Jim understood what Shep said, because he was so well acquainted with the old fellow.

When Shep began pulling Uncle Jim by the trousers, only stopping to say, "Come! Come! Come!" Uncle Jim stopped his work and went with the dog.

Straight to the orchard ran good old Shep, with Uncle Jim close behind.

The Baby was glad to see Uncle Jim. She ran to meet him and put her arms tight around his neck; and those two, with old Shep, went skipping through the orchard to the house.

When they reached the farmhouse, Baby was laughing and old dog Shep was jumping around, and barking as if he never was so happy in his life before.

When Mother and Grandma heard the story, they patted Shep on the head, and said: "Good old Shep! Good old dog!"

At noon that day, Uncle Jim gave Shep a piece of beefsteak for his dinner, and Baby said, "Good dog!"

That old dog was so pleased he wagged and wagged his tail. Ever after when Baby went to walk, old dog Shep went, too.—*Frances Margaret Fox, in the Churchman.*

My Julia.

My Julia was a sweet dolly. I had spent many happy hours sewing her dresses and playing with her. Mostly she wore white, and had a happy expression on her face.

I was absent from the house, jumping rope on the pavement one day, when a lady and her little daughter came to call on my mother. During the call some one gave the child my Julia to play with. That was all right, of course; but, when they were going away, the little girl cried to take my dolly along! My sister came out and found me, and asked if I would give the little visitor my Julia.

Of course I said, "No, indeed!"

But my sister coaxed me a great deal, and told me that the little visitor was crying very hard, and could not be comforted, and would not give the dolly up. She told me, besides, that I was almost too big to play with dolls any longer.

So at last I consented to give my dear Julia to the spoiled child, who cried for what was not hers! When I went in, by and by, she was gone. None of the big people ever knew how lonely and unhappy I was without my precious doll.

It was a whole year before I saw the visitor again, for she did not live in the same city. When I saw her,—it was in a shop,—I walked up to her, and said: "How is Julia? Where is Julia?"

Will you believe it? She did not remember my Julia that she had cried to take away from me!

I went home very sad and indignant. I thought a girl who could take my Julia, and then lose her and forget all about her, must have a heart of stone.—*Faith Webster, in Little Folks.*

To Every Man his Work.

The Agricultural Department sent one of its expert gardeners to the White House to care for the rose-bushes. While he was busy trimming them, says an exchange, a man in a slouch hat, with a short coat buttoned close up to his neck, approached the gardener and offered some suggestions.

"You are cutting those bushes too closely. There'll not be any flowers on them this year," said the stranger.

"That so?" asked the workman, as he continued snipping off the twigs. "Well, I have been trimming rose-bushes for thirty years; and, if you knew as much about this job as I do, you might be doing it yourself."

The other man turned on his heel and walked into the White House, where he entered the President's private room, sat down at the President's desk, and went to work at his own job.—*Exchange.*

Willie's composition on soap: "Soap is a kind of stuff made into nice-looking cakes that smells good and tastes awful. Soap pieces always taste the worst when you get it into your eye. My father says the Eskimos don't never use soap. I wish I was an Eskimo."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

President, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
Vice-President, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
Clerk, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
Treasurer, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

Directors, William Bacon, Mrs Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, General Secretary,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

God or Man.

BY REV. AUGUSTUS P. RECCORD.

This is the one remaining question which differentiates orthodox from so-called liberal Christianity. Other differences have been satisfactorily resolved, but the question whether Jesus was God or man still remains. Less than a year ago the Presbyterian Church, in convention assembled, declared that candidates for the Christian ministry who doubted the deity of Jesus should be rejected, because such doubt is evidence that they have not been regenerated. This is the utterance of one of the oldest and strongest churches in America. The Unitarian Church had its origin in the inability of certain New England Congregationalists to accept the deity of Christ. The one feature of its teaching which is best known and most anathematized is its assertion that Jesus Christ was man and not God. This is the utterance of one of the youngest and smallest churches in America. It is becoming more and more apparent that between these two positions the Church of to-morrow must choose. It cannot take refuge in the anomalous figure of one who was but a mystical amalgamation of the human and the divine. There is a growing conviction that, unless Jesus was like us in everything but our imperfections, he can have no religious significance for us or for mankind.

Thus the question is, "Was Jesus God or man?" If we say that he was God, what becomes of our affirmation concerning his moral and spiritual leadership? How can he be an example for us? Is it not presumption for us to assume that we can do what he did, and live the life that he lived? On the other hand, if we say that he was man, what becomes of that vast and intricate scheme of redemption which has been made synonymous with Christianity itself, and which depends for its validity upon the sacrifice of an infinite being in order to pay the penalty for infinite guilt? The system of theology, the methods of discipline, the whole conception of the purpose and work of a Christian Church which has been termed evangelical, are based upon the theory that Jesus was none other than the infinite and eternal God taking upon himself the form of a man in order that he might achieve our salvation.

Unless all signs fail, the twentieth century will be remembered for its rediscovery of the historic Jesus; not the Messiah of the synoptics, not the incarnate word of the fourth Gospel, not the mystical Christ of mediæval theology, but Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved by God, and revered among men because of what he accomplished within the limits of a strict and normal humanity. This has been made possible by our growing appreciation of the essential divineness of human nature. We no longer think of the divine and the human as mutually exclusive, or of the appearance of the Saviour of the world in human form as involving degradation. Whittier expressed what is coming to be the common conviction, when he spoke of Jesus as "Most human and yet most divine, the flower of man and God." To-day our choice is not restricted to Jesus as perfect God or as mere man. In the conception of one who is both human and divine, the age-long antagonism is resolved.

Is such a conception possible? It is not only possible, but actual. The religious life has always had in it a large element of mysticism. We think of religion as man's search for God. In reality it is man's response to God's search for him. God was seeking us long before we were aware of his existence. He was trying to reveal himself to us long before we knew that there was anything to be revealed. Everything in the universe, from star-dust to man, is a mode of his self-manifestation and the fulness of the revelation is determined by the capacity of the medium through which it comes. The best medium for such a revelation is a human personality, and in Jesus we have the highest human personality, and consequently the best interpreter of God to men. Once accustom ourselves to these apparently self-evident truths, and the person and work of Jesus involve no mystery. Through him God spoke to the men of long ago, and through him he is still speaking to the men of to-day. Wherever his name is revered, wherever his spirit is emulated, wherever his teachings are followed,—there he is recognized as the highest manifestation of God. The fact that men have often confused the medium of revelation with what it sought to reveal, that they have mistaken the manifestation of God with God himself, ought not to blind us to the greater fact that we must still look to him for the highest revelation of the divine nature and character. We look up to him, and say, "God cannot be less wise and loving and good than this best of men." In the language of President Burton, "He was all God could be in human terms." The progress of Christian civilization has been simply the progressive entrance of the divine realities into human life through this chosen medium.

Why, then, it may be asked, can there not be another and a greater Jesus? Concerning this we can only conjecture. How God will reveal himself to the men of to-morrow we cannot say. All that we can say is that for the men of to-day Jesus remains the highest manifestation of God. All who would know God and come into right relations with him, find in Jesus the surest method of approach. As Emerson said, "He is the friend and helper of all who would live in the spirit." His mission was not to impart knowledge, but to communicate life. It was not to add to the world's fund of information, but to deepen its experience of life and its appreciation of life's fundamental realities. No higher conception of the nature of God has ever been framed than that which he expressed in the one word, Father. No loftier ideal of the relation of man to man has ever been conceived than that which he suggested by the one word, brother. No grander conception of the goal toward which the whole creation moves has ever been formulated than that which is comprehended in his use of the phrase, kingdom of God. In the thought of God as the father of all, of men as brothers all, and of the kingdom of God as the ultimate goal of all human endeavor, we have all that is essential to the religion of Jesus, to historic Christianity, and to the progress of a Christian civilization.

This is the conception of the person and work of Jesus which seems destined to bring the Christian world together. Men speak of the deity of Christ as the supreme test of Christianity, meaning thereby not deity, but divinity, divineness. They criticise others for denying the divinity of Christ, meaning thereby the denial of his deity, a denial which involves the affirmation of his divinity. Why not put an end to what has become a mere verbal controversy? Why not accustom ourselves to the same vocabulary? Why not unite in such loyal devotion to our common Master that all speculation as to his deity or his humanity will be swallowed up in the consciousness of his incomparable divinity?

The most serious obstacle to such a consummation is the failure to discriminate between the reality of Christian experience and the validity of our interpretation of that experience. The experience may be real: the interpretation of it may be wholly false. Men who accepted the traditional conception of Jesus have been conscious of a genuine religious life, and they have assumed that one is the direct outcome of the other. Their problem is, how to relinquish the dogma of the deity of Christ without losing the moral and spiritual dynamic which they have come to associate with it. They fear that the acceptance of a simple humanitarian conception of Jesus will result in a decline in religious enthusiasm and a weakening of moral fibre. It is the business of those who have experienced the change to prove that such fears are groundless. Our task is not to prove that the old faith is less reasonable than the new, but that the new is not less effective than the old. It is for us to demonstrate to the world that it does not make less of Jesus but more, and that it is capable of arousing a genuine piety, a moral earnestness, and a religious enthusiasm, which are in every way equal to all that has gone before.

Japan Seen with Fresh Eyes.

[Rev. J. T. Sunderland, who has been travelling in the Orient as Billings Lecturer for the American Unitarian Association, has now returned to America. We copy the following extracts from his impressions of his visit to Japan, as reported in the Springfield *Republican*.]

An American who had been in Japan twenty years said to me the other day, "How much I would give if I could again see this country with the fresh eyes of one like you, who is looking at it for the first time!" Yes, there is at least one advantage in seeing a land for the first time; you bring to your seeing "fresh eyes." A thousand things which an old resident does not notice, because he has become accustomed to them, the newcomer finds strange and wonderfully interesting.

Japan is a small country compared with the United States or Canada, or Russia or China. But fortunately it is not size that makes countries worth seeing,—else were Greenland more interesting than Greece, or Tartary than Palestine.

The larger part of my forty days has been spent in Tokio, as well it might be, for Tokio is Japan almost as much as London is England or Paris, France. Of course it is not alone the size and great commercial importance of the city that give it interest, but the fact that it is the seat of the imperial government, and that here live a large proportion of the men who shape the nation's policy, who are the leaders of the nation's advances in all lines, and whose names are best known in the Western world.

Digitized by Google

I have found myself surprised in Tokio in several ways, for the most part agreeably. I knew it had a population of nearly two millions, and that it stretched over a vast area, but I was not prepared to find it so little monotonous, possessing such a variety of scene, containing so many broad streets, fine stretches of water, handsome buildings, both old and new, parks, gardens, canals and bridges, striking temples, imposing old castle-like structures on hills,—the most conspicuous of these being the imperial palace, with its elevated grounds crowned with great trees and surrounded with massive old walls, outside of which are long, winding, picturesque pleasure-lakes (once moats).

Tokio is by far the greatest educational center in the nation. Its "students quarter," I am told, contains sixty thousand students, who are in attendance at the various institutions of higher learning. In no single direction does Japan seem to be pushing ahead faster than in that of education,—education in its whole range, from highest to lowest. The men of a generation ago who led in creating the "new Japan" were wise enough to understand that no really progressive or strong nation can be built on any other foundation than that of an intelligent people. Hence they established compulsory education and planted a school in every village and neighborhood of the land. The result is: illiteracy is almost abolished; books are found everywhere; newspapers circulate in great numbers, even in the most remote country districts.

Education of young women is far less general than that of young men. However, there seems to be much promise for women's higher education in the fact that a number of the universities for men are beginning to open their doors to women. The position of women in Japan in the past has been so much inferior to that of men that we cannot expect privileges equal to those of the West to be extended to her at once. But a change is taking place, perhaps as rapidly as would be safe. Educated men are more and more learning that they need educated wives, and educated mothers for their children. The signs seem to be clear that woman's day is coming in Japan, as everywhere else.

Nothing is more noticeable than the never-failing courtesy and kindness which the traveller meets with in Japan,—in hotels, street cars, stores and shops, on the street, in the midst of crowds. Men, women, and children will go almost any distance to show you your way, and put themselves to almost any amount of trouble to get for you the information you want.

Japan has been called "the paradise of children." There are no signs of "race suicide" here; one sees children, children, children everywhere, and one is struck with their happy looks. There is considerable work done by children, but it is generally done in company with their parents, and with their parents for teachers—the best kind of work. Nowhere do children play with happier voices or greater zest. A curious sight which one sees on every hand is that of babies carried about fastened on the backs of their mothers or other women or girls. One wonders whether the little things are comfortable, but at least they almost never cry, and they look wonderfully contented.

Temples and shrines are everywhere in evidence in Japan, in city and country. A Christian bishop, who has been in Japan two-thirds of a lifetime, said to me. "I think the Japanese are the most religious people in the whole world; I mean, I think the religious instinct in them is the deepest." As an evidence he called attention to the fact that in every Japanese home is a shrine, at which worship is conducted, if not by the whole family, at least by some member, twice daily. And then he added, "I wish I could believe that there is any Christian land where worship is conducted twice every day in every home."

I am particularly impressed by the location of temples. The sites of great numbers are among the most beautiful and striking that one can conceive,—often picturesque spots on mountain sides, or hills covered with great ancient trees and having long stately avenues of majestic trees leading up to them. Europeans and Americans almost never choose impressive natural surroundings for their places of worship: Japanese always do when circumstances permit. Does not this mean that the Japanese have a deeper appreciation of the religious aspects of Nature than do we of the West?

Japan reminds one of Switzerland, because of its endless number of picturesque mountains, most of them green with foliage and alive with swift mountain streams and charming waterfalls. Japan also reminds me of Greece, because of the sea everywhere extending itself by bays and inlets into the land, so that from almost any high elevation some blue expanse of water is to be observed.

Everywhere one is struck with the superior agriculture of Japan. The country is so mountainous that only about one-fifth of its soil is arable, yet it supports a population of sixty millions. One learns the secrets of this when he sees with what care the valleys and terraced hills are kept up to the very highest degree of fertility, so that they bear the most astonishing crops, with not a square rod of available surface allowed to go to waste.

Japan is fast becoming a producer of fine fruits. Most European and American fruits are found to thrive he e, and within the last twenty-five or thirty years they have been introduced on a large scale. One is surprised to see so few cattle and sheep in Japan, though the number of cattle is fast increasing. The people eat little meat, butter or milk. Fish here are most abundant and of a large number of varieties. I never ate fish more delicious. Lobsters, oysters, and other forms of shell-fish, abound. The boundless sea rather than the limited land furnishes the people with their principal animal food.

Japan is pretty well supplied with railroads. Unfortunately they are narrow-gauge, which prevents so great rapidity of trains as would otherwise be practicable. The government has seriously considered a change of gauge, but the expense would be so great that the matter has been indefinitely postponed. The locomotives and coaches are rather after the English than the American pattern. On the longer routes there are fairly good sleeping-cars and a very good dining-car service. All the larger cities of the empire have electric car lines, and interurban lines are beginning.

Much is said in the West about Japan's army and navy, and about her military spirit and ambitions. I know of no Western nation, unless it be the United States, where things military are so little in evidence. I think I should be quite within bounds if I said that in the larger cities of Canada and in Great Britain one sees at least three soldiers to one in Japan, and in most of the countries on the continent of Europe at least six soldiers to one here.

We wonder at the great progress that Japan has made in fifty years; but we should remember that her people have been highly civilized for centuries. They only needed to change the form of their civilization and adapt it to modern conditions, to take a place in the front rank of modern nations.

Foreign Notes.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

In the 1st of March number of the *Christliche Freiheit*, published at Cologne, Pastor Goetz, one of the ministers of St. Reinoldi's Protestant church of Dortmund, and the personal friend and defender of Pastor Traub, so unjustly removed by the Prussian Synod from the pulpit of this church because of his liberal opinions, prints a lengthy and appreciative review of the work of the American Unitarian Association. He enumerates its many activities and expanding influences, and holds it up to his German fellow-liberals as worthy of their attention and imitation.

In turn, we would give an account in brief of the social and religious work done at St. Reinoldi's Church. A recent article by P. Prigge on that parish yields us detailed information on the subject, and enables us to portray the church life of one of the great parishes of Germany.

Dortmund has about 250,000 inhabitants, equally divided among the Protestant and Roman Catholic confessions. There are three Protestant parishes, of which that of St. Reinoldi is by far the largest, numbering some 70,000 souls. This congregation has three church edifices and eleven pastors. The presbytery counts 98 members. Five of the pastors are attached to the ancient and beautiful church of St. Reinoldi, dating back to before the Reformation, and retaining much of the decoration and other features of the Catholic era. St. John's Church has four, and the Luther church two, pastorates. Traub was senior clergyman at St. Reinoldi. Goetz, still a young man, is senior at the Luther church. The pastors, however, in accordance with Rhenish custom, are all of equal right and standing. The chairmanship in the presbytery changes every three years. Divine service is held twice every Sunday, in Passion Week daily. The centres of the parish life are the congregational houses attached to St. Reinoldi and St. John, large and imposing edifices, several stories high, and filled from basement to roof with the social and religious activities of these churches. A visit to that of St. Reinoldi, which I made a few years since under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Traub, greatly impressed me. A number of parochial and other associations and philanthropies unite the members of the church, and enable them to exercise their influence upon the city. Here are to be found the archives of the parish, dating back for centuries and preserved in fire-proof vaults. Clerks were busy with the great parish books which chronicle the births, baptisms, confirmations, marriages, deaths,

Digitized by Google

and funerals of the great parish, and in Germany are kept with such care and precision. Several rooms are reserved for the religious instruction of the youth, previous to their confirmation, and for interviews between the pastors and their flock. Two instructors and friendly advisers of youth conduct the various juvenile societies and clubs, which are an important feature of the parish. The older youth and adults have a series of handsome halls, with stage, dining and refreshment rooms, gymnasium, bowling alleys and billiard rooms, and a few chambers for emergencies. There are committee-rooms, school-rooms, music-rooms, a dispensary. At the top of the building is a temporary shelter for homeless girls. A watch is kept at the railroad station for such, and others are brought in by Good Samaritans from the city and street.

All this costs a pretty penny. The three churches, the eight parsonages, three parish houses, three schools, etc.,—in all, twenty buildings,—have all been erected by the paternal state, aided by large private gifts. The pastors are paid by the state, at first with a very humble stipend, which increases every five years automatically, so that at sixty-five years of age the pastor receives his largest salary and enjoys his highest consideration. He can then retire on a pension of one-half his largest stipend, or, if the congregation is agreed, keep on longer. But in any case his pension is assured. If he dies, his widow receives a pension, and his children, until their education is finished. Such a proceeding as a young minister receiving a salary greater than his seniors in the calling, would be impossible in Germany.

The parish of St. Reinoldi has some $200,000 in invested funds and bequests. It has a parish debt of $450,000. Interest and sinking fund call for some $25,000 annually. The church taxes levied bring in $70,000 a year. The annual expenses amount to 329,000 marks, about $82,000, aside from the appropriations for charity. Church politics, owing to the interference of the Prussian government and State Church, are quite lively in the parish, the majority being overwhelmingly liberal in sentiment. The church's internal government is more or less democratic. The German pastors have much more authority than those of America; the presbytery, through its committees, aids and sustains them. There is a larger body of church members which considers all important questions, especially the call of a minister. Unfortunately, the government, through its synods and upper officials, has a veto power, and can negative the choice of the congregation and remove pastors on doctrinal or personal grounds. This has led to great injustice and infringement on pastoral and parochial rights. But in economy of resources, well-ordered functions and relations, largely conceived and splendidly conducted social and educational activities, and justice and generosity towards their clergy, the German churches can teach us needed lessons, and furnish us with an inspiring example. Let our American ministers visit Dortmund and, under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Goetz, learn to know this better side of German church life.

In Medina, where the prophet Mahomet died, a university of Islam is to be founded. It has been meditated for a long time. It is surmised that the English influences which are making themselves felt at the greatest and oldest of Islamic universities, Al Hazar, in Cairo, have led the Turkish government to offset it with a new and orthodox institution at Medina. In India, also, a great university is planned by the Mahometans of that country. The corner-stone of the college at Medina was laid with great ceremony last November. Its object is defined in its charter,—"to teach the superior truths of the religion of Islam." The central committee is located at Constantinople; the executive power will be lodged in Medina. Sheikh Schanish, who was exiled recently from Cairo for his Nationalist sympathies, is to be the head of the new institution. The instruction will be imparted in Arabic. There are to be upper and lower schools, and agricultural and industrial departments. About $200,000 annually has been pledged by the government for the support of the university, with $150,000 more for the erection of the first edifice. Money is being collected in all Mohometan countries at present for the new institution,—another evidence that the Mahometan world, far from dying, is very much alive.

Jerusalem is greatly stirred by proposals for better sanitation, sewers, electric lighting, electric tramways to Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, and the removal of many of the city walls. The arrival of an aëroplane caused a great outpouring and wonder among its motley population. Evidently, a new era is dawning for this ancient capital of religion.

For the first time, a version of the Koran in the vernacular has been made and printed. Ibrahim Hilmi Bey has published in Constantinople a translation of the holy book of Islam, a performance which hitherto had been accounted an act of sacrilege. We even found it difficult, as a Christian, to purchase in Damascus a copy of the Koran in Arabic.

At seven years of age a Mohammedan boy commences to learn by heart the Koran, and the process is continued with his years. Dr. Cooper, in the *Sunday-school Times*, says, "In 1910 the educational report concerning Moslem students shows that 5,565 pupils in the 'Kuttabs' [village schools] were able to recite from memory the *whole of the Koran*, 4,076 at least three-fourths of it, 5,355 students were capable of repeating one-half of it, and 9,145 at least one-fourth of it, while 110,844 youths had committed to memory a large portion of this book which embraces the rules for all phases of life for a population of 223,985,780 persons—the entire Moslem world, including varying nationalities." Contrast with this picture the ignorance of the Bible displayed by our Christian youth! No wonder Islam makes more converts today than Christianity in Africa and India. Every Musselman is a missionary.

The March number of the *Rikugo Jasshi* (Cosmos), the Unitarian theological monthly of Japan, has for its opening article a translation into Japanese by Rev Prof S. Uchigasaki of Dr. Charles W. Eliot's Buffalo address, "Christianity in the Twentieth Century."

Rev. Prof. John Viénot of Paris writes us concerning liberal Protestantism in France: "At Paris there are two organized groups, the congregation of Pastor Charles Wagner (7 rue Daval, near the Column of July), and that of the Church of the Oratoire (opposite the Louvre), of which Revs. J. Emile Roberty, Wilfred Monod, and John Viénot are pastors. Their relations are most fraternal. The year 1913 was a prosperous one for the Oratoire. New members were enrolled, and the church was well filled on Sundays. The resources of this church are considerable. It is able to devote some 20,000 francs annually to less prosperous liberal churches in France. (These liberal societies constitute over one-third of the total number of Protestant churches in the country, and are especially strong in Southeastern France.) For 1914 it is hoped to raise 30,000 francs towards this object. The total annual budget of the Oratoire is over 100,000 francs."

The David Memorial.

Report of receipts up to April 10:—

Previously acknowledged	$186 10
Mrs Minot C Gage	2.00
Mrs. Katherine Blossom Webster	5.00
Women's Alliance, Barnstable, Mass.	1.00
A. L. W. and A. B. W.	10.00
A. L. W.	10.00
S. H. Tingley	10.00
Rev. R. S. Morrison	25.00
Rev. M. J. Savage, D.D.	15.00
Mrs. M J. Savage	15.00
Miss Elizabeth B. Porter	1.00
	$280.10

To all these contributors I extend hearty thanks, and I hope that still others will appear. On the whole my appeal seems not likely to accomplish the end desired. A new plan has, therefore, been formed by Rev W. C. Gannett, Rev. C. W. Wendte, and myself, which we hope will prove more effective. Certainly that memorial to the greatest and bravest of Unitarian martyrs must be planted on Deva hill! The easiest way for the reader to have a share in it is to send some money to Rev. Charles E. St. John, 32 S. 21st Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Tuckerman School.

During the closing weeks of the school year—and there are only six more of them—the courses which have been carried on from the beginning of the year will continue. Several shorter courses have discontinued, and two new courses begin. Miss Alfreda Coil of Marietta, Ohio, who was connected with the school early in the year, is to give a series of lessons on recreation. These will consist of hour exercises on Wednesdays at 10.30. Part of the time will be given to the theory and part to practical demonstration. Games suitable for indoor and outdoor groups will be taught, and age of possible groups of children and other conditions will be considered in choosing the recreation described and demonstrated. Miss Coil is a graduate of the New Haven School of Gymnastics, and is at present connected with the Children's House at North End Union.

Dr. H. G. Mitchell, professor at Tufts College, will give a series of illustrated lectures on Friday mornings at eleven o'clock at the vestry of Arlington Street Church. These are open to the public, and much profit and enjoyment is expected from the course to all who may attend.

Miss Amy F. Acton in her lecture of April 9, on the work of the State Board of Charity, gave a clear outline of the general work of

Digitized by Google

the board and a fuller description of her own work in the supervision of private charities. "Who is the well-trained worker?" was asked, meaning especially the social worker. The reply seems as good for the description of the person engaged in the important work of Sunday-school teacher, superintendent, or parish assistant. "The well-trained worker is one who knows what she is about, who makes plans for her work only after sufficient study of the situation to have a basis for plans; who gets others to co-operate; and who follows up the lines of work carefully and intelligently, and records her efforts for her own future reference and help."

Hymn-books Wanted.

Any church having usable hymn-books that may be displaced by the introduction of the "New Hymn and Tune Book" could render a great service in the interests of our missionary efforts if they would donate them to societies newly organized in different parts of the country. I shall be glad to receive the titles and the quantity of such hymn-books that any society may be willing to devote to this purpose, and will see that they are promptly placed where they will continue to contribute effectively to our cause.

Lewis G. Wilson, *Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.*

The Young People's Religious Union.

Annual Meeting of the Boston Federation.

The annual meeting of the Boston Federation of Young People's Religious Unions will be held in the First Parish Church, Eliot Square, Roxbury, Mass., on Sunday, April 26. At four o'clock the business meeting will take place, when reports of the officers, directors, and the several committees will be heard, and the annual election will be in order at this time. Much of vital interest is brought forth at these business sessions, and it is important that delegates arrive promptly.

The seven o'clock meeting is open to the public, and all are most cordially invited to attend. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, will speak on "Universal Religion." This subject should be of vital interest to all liberal Christians. Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., of Roxbury, has been invited to conduct the devotional part of the service. The presence of both these Unitarian leaders is assurance of a large gathering of young and old, and it is hoped that the numbers in attendance may go well beyond the record.

It may be recalled that two hundred and eleven delegates were present at the last meeting of the Federation in the Richmond Street Church, Dorchester, on January 25 last, within one of the largest attendance ever on record. Great interest is already being shown in the evening meeting especially, which promises to be the best one in the annals of the Federation. The officers and directors are receiving words of commendation on all sides for having arranged such an attractive programme, and, in consequence, giving them every surety for anticipating a much larger attendance on this auspicious occasion.

Come and invite all your friends.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

As the essayist for the April meeting of the Ministerial Union finds it impossible to be in Boston on April 27, and as the Ministers' Day in Lynn has been set for April 28, it is deemed advisable to cancel the meeting of the Union that would, in the ordinary course, have been held on the 27th. It will therefore be omitted.

The Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston will meet at the Church of the Disciples, Jersey and Peterborough Streets, Tuesday, April 21, 1914. Subject, "Teaching the Lesson: Some Practical Suggestions," by Mr. Albert Levitt, Department of Philosophy, Columbia University. Supper at 6, addresses at 7, meeting adjourned at 8.30.

Meetings.

The Meadville Conference.—"A live Conference and a good spirit among the people" was the just verdict concerning the meeting of the Meadville Unitarian Conference at Cleveland, Ohio, on April 6 and 7. The churches were well represented, and the Cleveland church was generous in its entertainment of all who attended. The Associate Alliance had an interesting meeting on the afternoon of Monday. The characteristic of such a meeting is that all the churches are heard from and the reports contain valuable suggestions which the delegates carry back home. At the first evening session there was an address by Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer of Meadville, on the subject, "The Organization of Church Activities." It was a practical dealing with the matter, and was a call to have our democratic churches attend more wisely to such things as preaching and pastoral work, candidating, to division of labor, and to the details which will enable our churches to make a better use to-day of their great opportunities. Mrs. Spencer said that no social organization is doing to-day what the church is doing and may do better. A reception followed. At the Tuesday morning business session there were reports and a general discussion of the work in the district, with special reports about Wheeling and its new church, and Dayton. It was voted that the Conference for the next year give its special attention to Edinboro and the State Normal School there and to such other educational centres within reach. Rev. F. M. Bennett, field secretary of the Middle States Conference, spoke about the general missionary work and of what was now being done in the field. At twelve o'clock a devotional service was held, conducted by Rev. E. A. Coil of Marietta, a service which will be remembered by all who had part in it. The Cleveland church served luncheon at the church, and even that time was used for announcements about the summer school to be held in Meadville for two weeks beginning June 22. A business session at two o'clock dealt with some amendments to the constitution and with the election of the Executive Committee for the year, as follows: R. W. Boynton, H. A. Pease, L. W. Mason, T. P. Byrnes, W. A. Taylor, and Henry T. Secrist, secretary-treasurer. Dr. J. F. Stephan of Cleveland read a paper on the Sunday-school, and a valuable discussion followed. Prof. R. J. Hutcheon of Meadville gave an address on "The Religious Aspects of Social Questions." A meeting of the Federation of Young People was held at the close of the afternoon, and representatives of the various societies reported what was being done or not being done, and the meeting closed with a determination to do more the coming year for and with the young people. In the evening addresses were given by Rev. H. A. Pease of Wheeling on "What a Unitarian Church means to a City," and by President F. C. Southworth on "The Next Step Forward." Those at the meeting almost thought there was some mysterious influence about. Mrs. Mary B. Davis came rather unexpectedly to the Conference. During the morning Dr. S. M. Crothers walked in, and a little later Rev. W. I. Lawrance appeared. With such appearing so unexpectedly, we hardly knew what might not happen next. These three were heard with pleasure during the meeting.

H. T. S.

The Southern Associate Alliance.—The nineteenth annual meeting was held at Dallas, Tex., April 3, 1914. The business meeting was preceded by a delightful luncheon at the Élite Café, at which Miss Anna M. Bancroft was the guest of honor. Eighty enthusiastic men and women at-

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for invalids and elderly ladies. Good care; excellent table. References. Telephone Malden 1365-W, or address S. H., care of *The Christian Register*.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientèle.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

tended the luncheon. Mrs. E. P. Turner, president of the Dallas Woman's Forum, presided as toastmistress, and introduced, in her usual happy way, Mrs. J. H. Carlson, who responded for the local Women's Alliance, Mrs. D. Segur of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. George J. Bird, San Angelo, Tex.; Mrs. H. W. Churchill of New Orleans, vice-president of the Southern States, West; Miss Harriet Spalding, president of the Southern Associate Alliance; Rev. George Gilmour, minister of the Dallas Unitarian church; and Miss Bancroft. At the business meeting, held at two-thirty o'clock, Miss Spalding presided. Rev. William Channing Brown made the prayer at the devotional service which opened the meeting. Miss Spalding gave the address of greeting from the Southern Associate Alliance to the visitors, and Mrs. George Gilmour, president of the Dallas Women's Alliance, welcomed them to the local church. Greetings were read from Mrs. M. B. Davis, national corresponding secretary, and from Miss Low. Reports were given by the visiting delegates, and these were most encouraging and full of helpful suggestions. Mrs. E. A. Goddard of Louisville, Ky., was elected secretary, to succeed Mrs. E. N. Willis of Dallas, Tex. With the formation of a branch Alliance at Houston, Tex., the State of Texas now has enough members to entitle it to a State director, and Mrs. Churchill suggested the name of Mrs L. S. Thorne of Dallas, who has been identified with the Unitarian church of that city since its organization. It was resolved that a copy of the proceedings of the Southern Associate Alliance meeting be sent to each branch; that greetings and thanks should be sent to the executive board of the Alliance for the presence at the conference of the national president, Miss Anna M. Bancroft, whose address disseminated such a wealth of cheer and encouragement; that hearty greetings should be sent to the Houston branch, and a cordial welcome into the fellowship; that pleasure at the decision of the Louisville branch to remain in the Southern Conference should be expressed, as also gratitude for the gracious hospitality of the Dallas branch. The crowning event of the meeting was the stirring address given by Miss Bancroft, which was received with enthusiasm, and must result in the redoubling of the efforts of the Southern Alliances. The meeting adjourned to meet next year at Louisville, Ky. On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Thorne entertained enjoyably at their home, for the members of the church and their guests. A musical programme was given at which Mr. Johnston sang several Scotch songs, accompanied by Mr. Aimer. Miss Marion Fielding gave two violin solos, with Mrs. Harriet Bacon McDonald at the piano. Little Miss Mary Thorne delighted the guests with her violin playing. The Dallas church feels fortunate in being able to present a musical programme like this without going outside the church for its talent. Saturday afternoon an automobile ride was arranged by the local Alliance for the visitors, and two hours were devoted to showing the beauties of the city to those unfamiliar with Dallas. During the ride an opportunity was given to visit the Art Gallery at Fair Park, where the regular collection of pictures by such men as Childe Hassam, Colin Campbell, and others, was augmented by pictures done by Boyer Gonzales of Galveston, Jonas Lie of New York, and E. G. Eisonlohr of Dallas. Mr. Eisonlohr has exhibited in New York, Chicago, etc., and at present is represented in the "Rotary Exhibit" of the American Water Color Society of New York for the years 1913 and 1914. This concluded the entertainments and business meetings which were connected exclusively with the Alliance. Mrs. E. N. Willis, Secretary and Treasurer.

Churches.

Ashby, Mass.—First Parish, Rev. Cyrus A. Roys: The annual meeting was held Monday, March 30. Dinner was served at 12.30, about forty being present. This was followed by the business meeting. A new code of by-laws for the orderly conduct of parish business was adopted with entire unanimity, a committee having been appointed at the last meeting to prepare them. These by-laws contained the bond of union for membership, voting members to be twenty years of age, and contribute a small sum annually for the support of the work of the parish. The treasurer's report showed bills all paid, and $150 in the treasury. The trustees and pastor were authorized to make suitable acknowledgment of a legacy for the work of the parish by the late Samuel P. Gates of Bridgewater, and to place the acknowledgment on the records of the parish. This permanent fund is worthy of mention because it comes from a beloved and honored son of the parish who left the town to work elsewhere when but a youth, and who for many years was a devout and loyal member of the Swedenborgian church. During his frequent visits to the old home he has manifested great affection for the church, and two years since fitted the parsonage with a heating plant. Most significant of all, he was always in the old family pew by the side of his sister, the wife of the former pastor, Rev. George S. Shaw. This breadth of religious sympathy is worthy of notice by Unitarians who are supposed to give aid to other churches oftener than the members of other churches to them. There were several accessions to the membership at the meeting. On the following Wednesday evening the members of the Unity Club, which is composed of members from ten to seventeen years, gave a creditable presentation of "Little Women."

Colorado Springs, Col.—All Souls' Church, Rev. Thomas S. Robjent: Sunday morning congregations are steadily increasing. Since September the congregations have more than doubled in size those of last year. New families are joining our ranks at each service. The minister's withdrawal from the local Ministerial Association on account of the coming campaign of Mr. Sunday, the evangelist, and the stand which he has taken in the matter has attracted considerable attention and commendation on the part of some of the very best citizens, who are now supporting this movement in consequence. The Sunday evening meetings closed for the season on the last Sunday in March, with a very fine address by Senator Helen Ring Robinson. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago was present and also delivered an address The attendance at these meetings have been very encouraging. The meetings will be continued early next fall. Mr. Robjent has made arrangements to keep the church open through the summer, and will occupy the pulpit each Sunday morning, and during July and August will hold afternoon services in Manitou. It is hoped that the coming of Mr. Sunday this summer will mean a large accession of members.

Dorchester, Mass.—Christ Church, Rev. George F. Pratt: On the evening of April 6 the vestry was crowded by the people of the parish, assembled to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the pastorate of the minister, and also to celebrate his birthday. Dr. C. J. Douglas, chairman of the Prudential Committee, presided, and congratulatory addresses were made by officers representing nine organizations connected with the church. Mrs. C. J. Douglas, president of the Woman's Alliance, presented a large birthday cake to Mr. Pratt and a basket of flowers to his wife As she entered with these gifts, ten little girls in white accompanied her bearing lighted candles. The closing address was by Mr. Q. A. Lothrop, who presented Mr. Pratt a purse of $100, the gift of the parish. There was music by the Huebener orchestra as refreshments were served.

Greenfield, Mass.—All Soul's Church: At the closing meeting for the season of the Alliance branch, April 9, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

"It is the wish of the Alliance members to place on record their great appreciation of the interest taken, and inspiration given by, Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell in all matters pertaining not alone to the work of the Alliance and the church, but of the keen interest he has had in the welfare of Greenfield. It is with a deep sense of our own personal loss that we think with regret of the departure of our pastor and highly valued citizen,

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, Medomak, Me. Located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, 100 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

CLERICAL SERVICE

(Liberal Unitarian)

For good reasons, I am available as Ministerial Supply for Sunday Services, Funerals, Lectures before Clubs and Church Societies. Live, pertinent subjects. Wide experience. Distance no objection. Compensation according to circumstances. Rev. LYMAN B. WEEKS, 14 Fairmount Avenue, West Somerville, Mass. 'Phone, Somerville 2441-M.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

but we wish for him all the good which must result from the life and experience of one whose breadth of mind and heart will be exercised in a wider field of responsibility."

Green Harbor, Mass.—Grace Chapel, Rev. George Lincoln Mason: The present pastorate began February 1, 1909. The Sunday-school is maintained except during July and August. The Society holds services, however, the year through, with two weeks vacation in the autumn. The Alliance Branch has voted to hold the next annual fair August 5 and 6. Contributions received will be acknowledged by Mrs. L. M. Peterson, secretary.

Hopedale, Mass.—Hopedale Unitarian Parish: At a meeting held Friday evening, April 10, it was voted to accept the resignation of Rev. Fred R. Lewis as minister of this parish, and resolutions were passed, that, in accepting Mr. Lewis's resignation, the parish places on record its appreciation of his valuable work in Hopedale, its regret that the pleasant relations of the past five years are to be severed, and its best wishes that health and success may follow him to his new field of usefulness.

Reading, Mass.—The Christian Union (Unitarian) Church, Rev. Marion F. Ham: The church held its annual meeting Monday evening, April 6, preceded by a fine supper served by the Unity Club, at which about 150 were served. The reports of the officers and committees showed that the past year had been one of growth and strength. The treasurer reported all bills paid, and over $126 balance on hand. Every society and club also reported a balance on hand at the close of the year. Seven new members were admitted, and officers and committees elected: clerk, Wilfred A. Bancroft; treasurer, Edgar N. Hunt; trustees, Harry L. Dane, Edwin L. Hutchinson, Dr. Arthur A. Libbey, William H. Willson, and Percy N. Sweetser. C. Winthrop Smith was elected life member of the American Unitarian Association, and Mrs. George W. S. Ide and Miss Mary A. Bancroft, delegates to the May meetings. Short addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. M. F. Ham, and others, and the meeting closed with many expressions of pleasure at the results shown the past year and the prospects for the future.

Washington, D.C.—All Souls' Church, Rev. U. G. B. Pierce: The Unitarian Club will hold an open meeting at the church April 17, when Dr. Charles W. Eliot and Hon. E. T. Williams, chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs, will discuss "The Renaissance of Asia."

Personals.

Rev. Walter S. Swisher of Passaic has resigned, to accept a call to New London.

Dr. George Croswell Cressey has accepted the call to Staten Island, and has already begun his work there.

Mistletoe thrives on the Western coasts to an extent not approached in the East. In many places this parasitic growth is responsible, directly or indirectly, for a considerable loss of timber.

Acknowledgments of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$13,541.43
April 1.	Mrs. Edmund Harrison, White Pigeon, Mich.	5.00
1.	Society in Bangor, Me.	111.00
1.	Society in Bath, N.H.	5.00
2.	Society in Peabody, Mass.	44.00
2.	Society in Eastport, Me.	25.00
2.	Society in Keene, N.H.	171.50
2.	Ladies' Sewing Society, Keene, N.H.	10.00
3.	Society in Pomona, Cal.	8.50
3.	Society in Duxbury, Mass.	12.00
3.	Society in Milwaukee, Wis.	53.00
3.	Society in Portsmouth, N.H.	134.38
3.	Society in Barnstable, Mass., additional	5.00
3.	Mrs. Jennie N. Gowing, Dublin, N.H.	100.00
3.	R. Stuart Chase, Haverhill, Mass.	10.00
3.	Sunday School, Houlton, Me.	6.50
4.	Society in Derby, Conn., additional	5.00
4.	Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Jordan, Portland, Me.	10.00
4.	Society in West Roxbury, Mass.	57 10
6.	Society in Hubbardston, Mass.	5 00
6.	Society in Waltham, Mass., additional	1.00
7.	Society in Deerfield, Mass., additional	22.63
7.	Society in Brooklyn, Conn., additional	5.00
7.	Society in Wheeling, W. Va.	25.00
8.	First Church, Boston, Mass.	1,200.00
8.	Second Society, Athol, Mass.	50.00
8.	Sunday School, Dunkirk, N.Y.	5.00
8.	John W. Frothingham, New York, N.Y.	100.00
8.	Society in Malden, Mass., additional	5.00
8.	First Society, San Francisco, Cal.	425 00
9.	Society in Norton, Mass.	25.00
9.	Mrs. Albert R. Morawetz, Baltimore, Md.	5.00
9.	Society in Hamilton, Can.	10.00
9.	Mrs. A. W. Jones, Fall Creek, Ore.	5.00
10.	Society in Francestown, N.H.	6.00
10.	Sunday School, Duluth, Minn.	8.00
10.	Friends, through the president, for the the Tuckerman School	1,150.00
11.	Western Unitarian Conference	5.00
11.	Society in Ayer, Mass.	2.00
11.	Society in Beverly, Mass., additional	100.00
11.	King's Chapel, Boston, Mass, additional	20.00
11.	The Alliance of Unitarian Women	10.00
11.	Society in Walpole, N.H.	25.00

Especially contributed for the department of religious education.

April 1.	Sunday School, Florence, Mass.	5.00
2.	Bulfinch Place Church, Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
2.	Hingham, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance.	10.00
2.	Needham, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance.	5.00
2.	Received through the president	700 00
3.	Belfast, Me., Branch Women's Alliance.	5.00
3.	Cohasset, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
3.	Mrs. Philip L. Spalding, Boston, Mass	100.00
4.	Sunday School, West Roxbury, Mass.	17.00
6.	Unitarian School for Religious Education, Detroit, Mich.	25.00
7.	First Parish, Brookline, Mass.	75.00
7.	Sunday School, Hudson, Mass.	10.00
9.	Sunday School, Rockland, Mass.	5.00
11.	Littleton, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance.	5.00

Received through the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

April 3.	North Church Sunday School, Salem, Mass.	12.00
3.	Channing Branch Women's Alliance, Newton, Mass.	10.00
6.	First Church Sunday School, Roxbury, Mass.	3.70
6.	Sunday School, Gloucester, Mass.	10.00
6.	Chicopee, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
7.	Barnard Memorial, Boston, Mass.	10.00
7.	Eastport, Me., Branch Women's Alliance.	5.00
7.	Francis E. Howard Fund, West Bridgewater, Mass.	5.00
7.	Sunday School, West Bridgewater, Mass.	5.00
April 8.	First Congregational Alliance, Providence, R.I.	$15.00
8.	Sunday School, Milwaukee, Wis.	10.00
11.	Grafton, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance.	10.00
		$28,668.64

Henry M. Williams, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Alfred Noyes on Peace.

The young English poet, Alfred Noyes, has spoken several times recently on the subject of peace. With his poet's gift of expression and power of wielding words, and with his own virility and straight-forwardness of thought and speech, he has been able to give us a picture of the sickening horrors of war that one cannot forget. The large aspects of the question which all men feel free to discuss—the expense, the ceaseless competition in armament production, the burden of taxation—he dismisses with brevity and clearness. The cost of militarism in England constitutes nearly one-half of the expenditure of the country, and there seems to be only a prospect of yearly increases. Each country says it must have more battle-ships in order to keep the peace. The nations are working in an endless treadmill; the wheels are revolving faster and faster, and men say the only hope lies in greasing the axles. Or, to change the figure, it is as if the world were one great gaming table, and the nations were throwing down their stakes, each raising the last bid, each pledging more than his neighbor—why? In order that the game may *not* be played!

But it is in putting before us the hideous details of modern warfare that Alfred Noyes is most compelling, and the reason for his strength is just that he is not afraid to tell the truth. He has a strong man's disgust at the subterfuges of "good taste" and a righteous anger at the suppression of details and facts that are considered too revolting and hideous for men to hear. His object is to shock people into a realization of what war really means—how men fight without knowing why, are mowed down from a distance without ever seeing their enemy, how the glut of revenge seizes them until they become beasts in their passion, how women and children are mistreated and murdered,—what massacres look like. Noyes's poem "The Wine-Press" is one of the truest pictures that has ever been given of a war—and one of the most horrible because he will not consent to leave unsaid the things men ought to know.

Forest officers in Washington and Oregon plan to discontinue the use of barbed wire on their forests. This will affect their own pastures and public drift fences. They say barbed wire has no advantage over smooth wire, that it injures stock, and that it is more likely to be borne down by soft snow.

PURE White Mountain COLD
"The Chest with the Chill in it"
LASTS A LIFETIME
BUILT ON HONOR
COLD RETAINING, HEAT REPELLING
SOLD ON MERIT
DUPLEX CIRCULATION
MAINE MFG. CO.
REFRIGERATORS
MASONIA N.H.
GERM PROOF

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

Elsie: "Mamma, I don't feel well." Mother: "That's too bad, dear. Where do you feel worst?" Elsie: "In school, mamma."

Mistress: "What? Broken one of my china figures? The Goethe, I suppose." Gretchen: "No, ma'am, only the Schiller."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"No," said Mrs. Twickembury, "I'm sure he hasn't any organized trouble with his heart, for he has been thoroughly examined with the stereoscope."

"And phwat was the quarest thing ye saw in Paris, at all at all, Maggie?" "The Frinch polacemen." "And phwat is there that's quare about thim?" "They're Frinch."

Miss Vigneau was engaged to Mr. Wood, and was remarking that after her marriage no one would mispronounce her name. Her small nephew suggested, however, that people might Mrspronounce it.

"Pat, when was you first married?" Mike asked. "At nineteen years it was," Pat replied, "and, begorra, I'd never marry again so young if I should live to be the age of Methuselah."—*Boston Transcript.*

Grannie: "And wit's the matter wi' me richt leg, doctor?" Doctor: "Oh, just old age, Mrs. MacDougall." Grannie: "Hoots, man; ye're haverin'. The left leg's hale and soond, and they're baith the same age."—*Punch.*

Waterloo.—The Host (showing family portraits, proudly): "Portrait of my great uncle—lost an arm at Waterloo." The Youth (hopelessly bored): "Horrid place, Waterloo; lost my golf clubs there last week."—*Sketch.*

William (who has been persuaded to contribute to the annual concert): "Can 'ee tinkle 'Varmer's Boy,' miss?" Squire's daughter: "Have you brought your music?" William: "Music! I don't sing by music; I sings by hearsay."—*London Opinion.*

Opening a bazaar in Devonshire, Mrs. Dale-Doolette (a daughter of the late Dr. R. W. Dale, the Congregationalist theologian) told a significant anecdote. "Last year I asked a man whom I met what he felt chiefly interested in. He answered, 'I am throwing my whole soul into pigs.'"

There was a momentary pause in the conversation at the five o'clock tea. The voice of a huckster in the street outside broke in upon the silence. "Ap-puls! Ap-puls!" he yelled. "Aw-r'nges! And lemons! Gra-a-apes! Fresh fruit! Fresh!" "He seems to be putting on the loud peddle!" remarked one of the guests.

Mr. Kelly: "An' how are ye this mornin', Mistress Flyn? Is yer rhumatiz any better?" Mrs. Flyn: "Well, yis, I think it is, I thank ye koindly. The new doctor's treatment is doin' me a worl' av good, I belave. He advoises me to take queen ann eternally, and to rub anarchy on me j'ints. So I'm doin' it, an' I think it's helpin' me wonderfully."—*Christian Work.*

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate. "Michael O'Halloran," answered the prisoner. "What is your occupation? What work do you do?" "Oi'm a sailor." The magistrate looked incredulous. "I don't believe you ever saw a ship," he said. "Didn't Oi, then?" said the prisoner. "An' phwat do yez t'ink Oi come over in,—a hack?" The Philadelphia *Record* says that it went hard with Michael O'Halloran after that.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Furrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University U
GENERAL LIBRARY
APR 23 1914

VOLUME 93 . . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 17 . . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 385
"The Familiar Spirit" To-day 386
"Act of God" 387
CURRENT TOPICS 388
BREVITIES 389
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
A. U. A. Nominations 389
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Old Religion and the New Religion in War, by Charles F. Dole, D.D. 390
The Psychology of Prayer, by Dr. Warren A. Rodman . 391
The Development of Business Ethics, by Dr. George R. Dodson 392
Efficiency in Church Organization and Operation, by Rev. Edwin M. Slocombe 394
Easter—and After, by Rev. C. A. Henderson 396
Moral Renewals 397
Robert Collyer's Lectures, by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, 398
Eben Sumner Draper; Foreign Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 402
Liquor Advertisements; Sectarian Legislation; Rev. John Worsley Austin 403
The Alliance 404
Acknowledgments 406
Quiet Day 407
SPIRITUAL LIFE 392
LITERATURE.
Books 398
Miscellaneous 399
THE HOME.
The Gift of Speech, by Frances Harmer 400
When Sara made Sugar; Lost His Temper 401
POETRY.
The Song of Life, by Blanche Ingersoll Chapin 390
To Little Children 400
The Snowdrop, by John Russell Hayes 401
God's Bird 402
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Confirmation Classes 404
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 405
HERE AND THERE 407
PLEASANTRIES 408

Editorial.

THE President, plainly, has had reason for the fear that this country may be forced through popular clamor into a war with Mexico. Of his own disposition not to intervene in the affairs of that distracted people, and not to assume any responsibility for their further misgovernment, there can be no doubt. Whether or not his action in the past has been wisely determined toward this end may be a question for debate, but it has nothing to do with the present emergency. "A decent respect for the opinion of mankind" compels him to take measures to uphold our national dignity, but every sober person ought to use his influence to check the growth of a war spirit, and to restrain active hostilities on our part.

"THERE are two sides to every question." In that innocent-looking statement there are as many sophistries and fallacies as there are rabbits in a juggler's hat. It seems to have been framed in the interest of candor and the open mind: it is really a cover for loose thinking and slovenly and inaccurate assertion. When all the facts in the case are known, there are no longer two sides to a question. When truth speaks, the question is closed. Does the earth move around the sun or the sun around the earth? Is the earth round or flat? Is Mars inhabited? Is Mrs. Piper a trustworthy medium of communication between the quick and the dead? Such and similar questions show that when they are asked all the facts are not known, and controversy should give place to investigation. The saying about the two sides of a question is equivalent to asserting that about any known fact two contradictory statements are possible, which is a manifest absurdity. So long as we are ignorant of the real nature of that fact, two hypothetical explanations may be given, and both of them may be false.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL of Boston now and again makes an enlightening utterance, though the illumination is apt to be cast on his own mental state quite as much as on the subject of which he treats. His latest deliverance is a criticism of Prof. Norton for some not very serious remarks about the papacy in one of his earlier letters, and of Philip L. Hale for a statement about the worship of the Virgin. Mr. Hale has said, it appears, that, while it is difficult to determine the period when the cult of

Digitized by Google

the Madonna began, Saint Epiphanius mentions the worship of the Virgin as early as the year 403. But the Cardinal says there is a portrait of the Madonna in the catacombs, done in the Murillo style, in which she is represented as being worshipped, and that this dates back to 79 or 85. Plainly the traditional Roman mind has not much use for the science of history. A guide in Rome solemnly tells to visitors the story of one of Nero's feasts, where the guests were slowly covered and smothered by a shower of rose-leaves. There is a kind of mind which seems to have no sense whatever of historic probability. The worship of Mary as early as A. D. 79 is simply unthinkable. "We think," the Cardinal says, "that the picture in the Catacombs is authentic." But thinking so does not make it so, and this world is now happily possessed of a scholarship which does not guess about such things. It may suit the Cardinal to scoff at what that scholarship has to say, but in the end its opinion and not his is likely to prevail.

Now that the fever and excitement attending the strike in the Calumet and Hecla copper mines are somewhat allayed, it may be well to call attention to a fact for the most part overlooked in the controversies that have raged about the mines. A report made to the government contains the truthful statement that with an initial investment of $2,500,000, $250,000,000 have been received by the stockholders. It should have been said, also, that the receipts covered nearly fifty years. A more important fact was ignored. The story current in Harvard University about fifty years ago was to this effect: Alexander Agassiz, son of Louis Agassiz who had "no time to make money," married into a family that had made a large but unprofitable investment in copper mines. That fact tempted him to make practical use of the great store of knowledge he had gained as a student. He therefore, as the story goes, put on his overalls, went down into the mines, and worked there two years. After that the enterprise was profitable, and Mr. Agassiz had leisure and the means to complete his father's great work in building a museum at Cambridge, and also to do original work that put him in the same rank with his father. Surely, the original investment was $2,500,000 plus the skill and sagacity of Alexander Agassiz.

In one of her lately-published letters Mrs. Piozzi said: "There is no real inference to be drawn from people's behavior in their last moments to the character they would sustain in life, was their recovery permitted. No inference at all." Referring to the account of the death of a Mr. Bellamy and his resignation, which would have done honor to a saint, a scholar, or a hero, she continued: "Had he recovered, he would undoubtedly have returned to the same undistinguished mediocrity in which he had already lived thirty years. We will not rate the dignity even of bodies, much less souls, by the figure they make at their departure: nothing goes out, as we call it, more brightly than a fire of deal shavings." The value of death-bed conversions has generally been reckoned for another life. If recovery followed, perhaps Mrs. Piozzi might be proved right. What was true of the devil in the rhyme has a good deal of human nature to make it probable of most people. An intense impulse, however sincere and strong, is mainly valuable for turning round: it does not furnish the staying power for a long journey the other way. To be valid, a conversion must be countersigned by life, and none will be passport for an indeterminate period or in all conditions. It was a wise priest who said, "A sick-bed confession is a sick confession, and a death-bed conversion is a dead conversion." It is for this reason that Unitarian ministers are summoned less often than others to the death-bed of their parishioners. The influence of their teachings is to make their hearers independent of them at such great hour, unseeking of any mediation, reliant and trustful and contented in God alone.

The driver of a coal team finds some occasion to take off his cap at just the moment he passes the church of his faith. A motorman furtively touches his cap, as if to readjust it, every time he passes a church of his faith. He does it in the least conspicuous way possible, not that it is secret, but because it is sacred. In some countries people in the street uncover as a funeral passes by. Almost everywhere men remove their hats in a hotel elevator when a lady enters. The first sort of reverence is called by some people a sign of superstition: the second would be admitted by everyone an act of courtesy. But the root is the same in all such cases. It is a sign of recognition, an act of deference, a symbol of reverence, a form of chivalry. "We have very different beliefs," said a man to his street-car companion, "but we all lift our hats to the Lord Jesus Christ," suiting his action to his word; and his companion, a Unitarian, wished he had lifted his at the same time. Some people think it necessary to be consistent by disdaining the customs in which they have not been bred. For precision's sake they become for the moment boorish. They do something else that is like the persistent refusal of Emerson's visitor to remove his hat. After the third declination, Emerson said, "Then let us continue our conversation in the garden." Among all the lines on which a measure of church unity is possible, that of courtesy and reverence is the most attractive and promising.

"The Familiar Spirit" To-day.

In the old time it was a necromancer or, as the Septuagint frankly put it, a ventriloquist. The Law forbade such creatures to ply their trade, but for long periods this law was a dead letter, and even Saul, who enforced it and drove the clairvoyants and fortune-tellers out of the country, himself sought one out, and showed that he relied more on what came from supernatural quackery than on what was legitimately "from the Lord." Prof. Muensterberg has put the modern conditions very clearly, and shows that we have not got very far ahead of the ancient days when the witch plied her illegitimate trade at Endor. He speaks of the people who, "instead of trying to learn, are always longing for some illegitimate intellectual profit," and counts it "not surprising that the cheapest spiritualistic fraud creeps into religious circles, that the wildest medical humbug is successfully rivalling the work of the scientific physician, and that the intellectual graft of psychical research is beginning to corrupt the camps of the educated. The battle against vice and crime in the world of the body ought to be paralleled by a battle against superstition and humbug in the world of the mind."

The challenge of the subject is in the fact that the camps of the educated are beginning to be corrupted. We are accustomed to take for granted that only the ignorant are credulous, and that education and culture are the cure-all for superstition. We mention it as a matter for surprise, if any person of intelligence takes up with a fad or delusion, when the fact is, that the most fertile field for the harvester of queer cults is the field of educated, and even learned, classes. If it were known who puts a nickel-plated piece of metal into a tub of water of a certain temperature, and ties the green string

Digitized by Google

connected therewith to the ankle and waits for oxygen (*sic!*) to run through the string, with miraculous effect on any trouble of body or spirit, the missionaries who go to Africa to help free savages from idols and demons would have some aristocratic fields assigned to them not far from where they were brought up. If we could tell what wise men have recommended sufferers from a hopeless disease to resort to notorious and ignorant quacks, some well-earned academic degrees would suddenly look weird. All the skill and learning and knowledge of the world are turned on this one disease in the hope that explanation and alleviation may be found, yet, because foolish people are persuaded that the less a man knows the more likely he is to have hidden resources of cure, and that glib pretence is more trustworthy than sober candor, and false hopes are more cheering than inexorable facts, there will never be wanting men of great intellectuality who will follow the gleam of occult charlatanry, and pervert their faith in power beyond our ken by alliance with powers whose miserable fraudulency is well within every ken.

The reason why delusions flourish in the courts of the intelligent is not far to seek. It is at bottom a respectable reason, connected, not with vestiges of credulity which remain unconquered by enlightenment, but with the highest reach of the mind. It is connected with the knowledge, which all knowledge increases, that mystery weaves itself into life and that forces operate as yet untraced, and that in the natural order there is spiritual order. Superstition itself is a form of religion, and rose by the faith that material and mechanical facts do not tell the whole story of existence. The religion of a savage is better than a civilized man's lack of any, and, if we had to choose, we should choose his superstitions with their conviction of a divine life rather than freedom from them with nothing divine in it. And while there is a stage in progress away from superstition when the rigidity of conceptions of law shuts out any thought of free divine activity, a full appreciation leads to a sight higher up of spiritual laws and potencies beyond the stretch of the highest intelligence; and the keener the intelligence, the more this higher range is discerned.

So creeps in the delicate and insidious fallacy, that because there are facts beyond intelligence, the absence of intelligence is the place to seek them; that because the wisest men bow before the mystery of life, we may expect to find ignorance and folly the media of revelation. Because the foolishness of the world sometimes confounds the wisdom of the mighty, there is a misleading suggestion which imparts a zest to illicit consultation with fools. Because there is a law in which the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err, the sophistry which sounds more like reason than any other, and is commonest, takes people before their very wits into the conclusion that that law is to be found by turning away from all reliance on things ascertained and bowing down before the crudest disregard of them. The error springs from high confidence in a spiritual life in the world, and from a reaction against the arrogant presumptions of knowledge, through a forgetfulness that such a life does not rest on any undoing of knowledge, and cannot profit by skepticism of it, but is purified by knowledge and set free for its finer mission.

It is all a part of the age-long feeling that the wonders of God are gained by upsetting his ways rather than in finding them, in the miracle of interruption rather than in the miracle of order, in ignorance of causes rather than in seeking them, and in fabled times when men found his ways in wonder, rather than in our times when wonders are in his ways. Reverence for truth has yet to be realized, and idolatries lurk still in the recesses of the mind. What is known of him in his own country makes a prophet seem less worthy; what is ascertained to be true seems less worshipful than what is conjectured or pretended. We have to learn that truth is what is so as well as what is merely thought, is in what is settled as sacredly as in what is unknown; and a divine order made available and useful to us is not to be deserted, least of all in the name of religion, for a disorder called divine. Isaiah put it well for us, as for his own time, when he cried out, "To the law and to the testimony! If they speak not according to this word, surely there is no morning for them."

"Act of God."

In bills of lading and similar acknowledgments of responsibility, exception is specifically made of cases where damage is due to an "act of God." Where disaster plainly comes from causes beyond any human control, no one can be held responsible. There are, of course, such events of nature which cannot be foreseen or prepared for and they are acts of God. All that it is fair to hold human agency to account for is what lies in human power to prevent.

This is one illustration of the habit of considering God's acts those which are separate from human action. By implication, the acts we can control are not to be connected with any divine power, and divine working is separate from human will. Unfortunately, things do not transpire in accordance with this simple order of exercise. A good many events called "acts of God" are far from being entirely outside our control. We do not have to go to India to see the mistaken fatalism which accounts for disease and suffering by saying that they are part of the natural order and cannot be affected by man's efforts. There are other people whose religion leads them to think that they die when "their time has come"; that they suffer by appointment of God's disciplinary providence; that death is always God's will; and that the way to say the Lord's Prayer is to cut off the words "Thy will be done" from what follows, and to think of everything that happens as an act of his will not to be questioned or resisted. There are people who show vestiges of the feeling which in India opposed hospitals and sanitary regulation as an interference with divine intention. They make light of precautions, and rebel against health regulation, thinking them a futile attempt to frustrate God's will, or at least an indication of lack of trust in him. They say the fear of plagues which devises precautions is far more dangerous than the plagues, and is productive of disease, rather than preventive. To ignore things in their minds, destroys them, by sympathetic magic, outside the mind. So the banishing of small-pox in an empire is also ignored; the cleansing of tropical places from cholera is ignored; the erasing of malaria from Panama, thus making a canal possible which would have been impossible otherwise, is ignored; the simple methods are ignored which, if followed, would erase tuberculosis from the health map; and a score of preventive counsels are ignored and even flouted in the same spirit. This is not, as is commonly presumed, due to ignorance, or even prejudice, chiefly. The people are not fools who obstruct the course of common-sense. Even those who would agree with an unusually intelligent person in saying that flies, though said to be carriers of poison and disease, have as good a right to live as the children who are offered ten cents a hundred for dead ones, and that they might infect all the food they liked without harm if people would get the right religion, are not fools. They may be very bright people. They have simply put their religion in the wrong place. They have put the acts of God in connection with things that

Digitized by Google

are not acts of God at all, and then have declined to accept any responsibility in the premises, or do anything about the matter themselves. They forget that what are called acts of God may often be mixed with acts of man, and to let them go without effort toward remedy, out of the trust that God is able to deal with them, is to forget that, whatever he is able to do, it is sure that he never does some things till the people concerned turn in and do what he assigns to them. Prof. Ross shows how famine and floods in China, in cases which seem as pure instances of acts of God as could be found, have been due to the destruction of trees, the removal of nature's protective covering, so that rains wash away that which they are sent to fertilize, and no depth of earth remains, and whole populations starve. A being who could act in that way would never be called a god, and to speak of God on that side of action would make atheists of us all. The destruction of forests in any country would have the same result, and the apostles of conservation in our country force lumbermen to act according to God's real will that man shall live on the earth, instead of according to what some people would call his will when floods wash them off the earth.

The encouraging aspect of the matter is in the tendency to think of human nature as having some complicity in evils it has habitually referred to God, and as having some power where all power has heretofore been thought out of reach. We think of acts of God not in the bill-of-lading sense. We think God acts in good things, not in merely material things, in what is human as well as in what is merely natural; and what happens with us may as truly be his act, if we make it so, as well as what happens in spite of us. The girls at Wellesley showed this the other day. A fire may be an act of God; but it is quite sure that a fire-drill is an act of God. What happens may be outside human control; but what we do when it happens is not outside, and what is done changes the happening. Bravery and courage, clear minds and their presence, the simplicities of behavior, the doing God's will, not simply suffering it,—these we reckon in with the acts of God; and when we compare them with what were formerly called acts of God they prove to be nearer his will. Therefore, people will less and less think mere submission a fulfilment of the great prayer, and will more and more consider the doing of his will the better part and manifestation of religion.

Current Topics.

The chronic strained relations between the United States and Mexico reached an acute stage on April 14, when President Wilson, after having waited unavailingly for what the administration considered adequate reparation for the recent arrest of a party of American bluejackets at Tampico, ordered an immediate concentration of the Atlantic fleet at Tampico in an attempt to induce Victoriano Huerta, the provisional President of Mexico, to salute the flag. The orders to the Atlantic fleet were practically duplicated on the next day to the available warships on the Pacific Coast. On the 16th it was announced by the State Department that Huerta had acceded to the demands of the United States, and it appeared for the time being that an open rupture had been averted. The unexpected happened two days later, when the country was informed that the Mexican executive had insisted upon a return of the salute, gun for gun, by an American warship in the harbor of Tampico. This development put an entirely different complexion on the situation, and a stiffening of the attitude of President Wilson was immediately foreshadowed.

Last Saturday the daily press conveyed to the country the stirring information that the President had forwarded to Mexico City an ultimatum giving Huerta until six o'clock on Sunday evening to comply unconditionally with the demand for a salute to the flag. When the time designated arrived without bringing a satisfactory response from the Mexican dictator, the situation became admittedly fraught with grave menace to the peaceful relations between Mexico and the United States. In his message to Congress on Monday, the President explained that it was not his intention to wage war upon the Mexican people, but to aid in the process of obtaining justice for them. Although Mr. Wilson did not ask the national Legislature for an appropriation for the purposes of a hostile demonstration against Huerta, he bespoke its approval of his measures to vindicate the honor of the American nation, which, he said, had been gravely assailed by petty acts of persecution on the part of Huerta's government. In the mean while, a formidable sea power continued on its way with all speed to Mexican ports on both sides of the continent.

In all its public declarations on the subject of the Mexican controversy, the administration in Washington took pains to point out to universal attention its pacific purpose toward the Mexican people, and its unwillingness to undertake any coercive measure which was not demanded by its determined endeavor to maintain American honor against the assaults of Mexican Federal officials. The first objective of the American naval forces, as officially admitted at Washington, was to seize the ports of Tampico and Vera Cruz and the railroad trestle on the line between Vera Cruz and Mexico City. By this means, it was thought, Huerta might be brought to a realization of the intensity of President Wilson's desire for proper reparation. If these military steps should prove insufficient, other measures, including the seizure of Pacific ports and the complete isolation of Mexico from communication by sea, were foreshadowed by the discussion of the extraordinary controversy which had been precipitated by the unwarranted arrest of American bluejackets by Mexican troops.

Foreign comment on the developments of the week reflected a general conviction abroad that the irregular situation south of the Rio Grande had been tolerated long enough, and that the United States had plainly neglected its manifest duty to bring order out of chaos in the distracted republic. As to the immediate importance of the incident that brought about the prospect of intervention, however, the European newspapers, and especially those of London, were by no means unanimous. It was pointed out in many organs of public opinion that the United States had endured patiently far more serious affronts to its dignity than that represented by the arrest of bluejackets at Tampico. As to Huerta's unexpected tactics in the face of a menace by an overwhelmingly superior power, the generally accepted view appeared to be that the Mexican dictator, having realized the proximity of his collapse, had deliberately brought about a constructive conflict with the United States for the double purpose of promoting a counter-irritant in his own country and of saving his face in the assured event of his downfall.

The result of the elections in Sweden, which were reduced to something like definite figures at the end of last week, indicated the overwhelming defeat of the Liberals, who had made an issue of the king's demands

Digitized by Google

for an augmented armament to meet the menace of aggression from a foreign power. Although Russia was never mentioned in any official utterance in the struggle that preceded the balloting, it was definitely understood in Sweden and beyond its borders that the foreign power in the minds of the king and his supporters is Russia, which even now is continuing its policy of disposing large bodies of troops in such a way as to bring a formidable military force in close proximity to the frontier between Sweden and Finland. Under the new mandate of the people, with the hearty coincidence of the land-owning class, Sweden will proceed to augment her naval and military resources in a material degree, under the solemn conviction that the great northern neighbor is only awaiting the favorable moment in international relations to make the long-deferred aggressive move against the countrymen of Gustavus Adolphus.

A curious sidelight on Russian official character is conveyed by the cable in the form of an announcement that the Russian government has conferred the decoration of the order of St. Stanislaus, second class, upon Father Pranaites, the priest who mystified the world in the course of the recent trial of Mendel Beiliss, and testifying to the credibility of the charge that Beiliss had taken part in the murder of a Christian boy for purposes of the Jewish ritual. The honor accorded to Father Pranaites is made all the more difficult of explanation to the Western mind by the circumstance that the jury which heard the accusation of Beiliss returned a verdict acquitting him of the offence specified, although the jurymen failed to express a view on the tenability or untenability of the general charge of ritual murder by Jews, which continues to crop up periodically in Russia, despite the easily ascertainable fact that the Jewish ritual contains no demands of such sacrifices as those implied by the indictment against Beiliss.

While the bill conferring Home Rule upon Ireland is awaiting final action in the House of Commons which shall enact it into law over the veto of the House of Lords, the spirit of irreconcilability in Ulster is being kept up by a relentless agitation by Sir Edward Carson and his associated Covenanters. The latest campaign document injected into the struggle by the Ulster leaders is a definite charge, widely published, that the government, before the crisis which resulted in the resignation of a score of high army officers and a fresh appeal to his constituents by Prime Minister Asquith, had engaged in a conspiracy to nullify by force the potency of the anti-Home Rule movement in Ulster. Prime Minister Asquith, fresh from his success at the polls, informed the British electorate upon his return to the House of Commons that he intended to press the issue of the amenability of army officers to their oaths and to discipline.

Brevities.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon says: "The Protestant minister should be in the closest possible relations to all the people in his parish as a spiritual and practical adviser and friend."

If we were wise enough, we should not wish to escape the natural and just punishments for our wrong-doing, for these are inevitable, disciplinary, and remedial. Punishment serves as the danger signal to avoid a wrong course of life.

When steamers from Europe begin to go through the Panama Canal to the ports of the Pacific seacoast, a new country will be opened to European immigrants. This will create new problems, and perhaps, in part, relieve the congested and menacing situation on the Eastern seaboard.

When we read of a certain Congregational Church in Brooklyn that its committee on securing a new minister has been at work for a year, has travelled more than 16,000 miles, and held forty meetings to determine who should be chosen, one wonders if all this elaborate and costly hunt was worth while or to be commended.

An American woman writes to the New York *Missionary Review* that scientific curiosity is an unknown attitude of the Moslem mind, and that it is considered irreverent even to seek to know the facts of the universe. To all questions as to unknown facts or reasons, the invariable answer is, "Allah knows. Why should I seek to understand?"

Now the religious observers are trying to find out "why women do not go to church." About as many reasons are given for this failure as are given for the absence of men from the church. But it seems a more critical inquiry, since women have heretofore been far more faithful in their church attendance than the men. The masculine example evidently has a bad influence upon the feminine portion of the household.

It will surprise some to learn that electric power is much more widely used in Sweden and in Norway than in this country, and at a much cheaper cost. It is used there for domestic lighting and cooking as well as for manufacturing. Its use now only costs one cent per kilowatt hour, and even as low as one-half cent at certain times in the day. The secret of this low rate is in the use made everywhere of the power of the numerous waterfalls of those countries.

Letters to the Editor.

A. U. A. Nominations.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

As one who signed a letter published in your issue of the 9th inst. recommending Mr. Sprague for election to the Board of the A. U. A., I was interested yesterday to hear that a letter had been sent to you indicating that the Board of the Conference of the Middle States and Canada had unanimously endorsed and approved Mr. Hussey's nomination. If it be true that such a letter has gone on, I conceive the effect of it must be to give the impression that *all* the members of the State Conference Board joined in the action of approval. As a member of the Conference Board, I approved of no such action; indeed, had never heard that that Board took such action, or that the subject came before them. No one present at such meeting intimated to me that such action had been taken. I have no repugnance to Mr. Hussey: I think highly of him; but I am convinced that there is too great a tendency to load up our Boards with an overplus of ministers to the possible detriment of the administrative efficiency of those bodies. Mr. Sprague is a well-known business man, a lawyer of distinction, president, I believe, of the board of trustees of the Buffalo church, son of Carlton Sprague, who was president of the Harvard Alumni of Western New York for many years, and he has already had experience as a member of

Digitized by Google

the A. U. A. Board. If the conclusion has been urged that the State Conference Board has unanimously approved of Mr. Hussey as against Mr. Sprague, I beg leave to express my dissent, individually and as a member of that Board.

George R. Bishop,
A Trustee of All Souls' Church.

New York, N.Y.

The Song of Life.

BY BLANCHE INGERSOLL CHAPIN.

Fair o'er the mountains the cloud mists are lifting,
Dispelling the gloom of the shadows of night;
Radiant gleameth the morning, now shifting
To purple, and gold, and amethyst bright.
From summit to summit it flashes and glances;
It creeps down the valleys that silently lie
Asleep, until Nature in beauty advances
To greet the fair dayspring that thrills from on high!

Bright o'er the meadows the fair flowers are growing
Under the mold that darkens the earth;
Loosed are the streams,—their banks now are glowing
With verdure prophetic of Spring's fair re-birth.
Ye mountains and valleys, ring out your sweet gladness!
New tides of life with loveliness blend:
Bright is the morrow that follows all sadness!
Immortal the hope of all life without end!

Deep in the heart are sweet memories tender;
Loved forms arise in visions most fair;
They have yielded earth's fetters,—to us they surrender
Their sweet benedictions of blessing and prayer.
Earth joins in their chorus of joy that goes winging
Upward and onward through antheming sky;
Life's resurrection and love they are singing,—
Eternity's praise to our Father on High!

The Old Religion and the New Religion in War.

BY CHARLES F. DOLE, D.D.

The rapid march of events in Mexico challenges those who love peace and righteousness to search the teachings of their religion anew.

The prevailing religions of the world, including the traditional Christianity, have allowed, and even encouraged, war as one of the institutions or "vested rights" of mankind. How could the barbarous peoples who took up Christianity have been expected to understand and, much less, practise the sublime visions of the great prophets of Jesus and of Paul? In fact, not one of the prophets faced the world-problems of our modern civilization. Both the Old and the New Testaments are full of the ideas of antagonism and enmity. The Psalmists thought of their enemies more than they thought of their friends. All the ancient theologies contemplated either the destruction or the torment of the larger number of each generation.

The old thought was of sin as *lèse-majesté*, of God as demanding expiation, of punishment as vengeance, of the continual use of threats and compulsion to reduce a rebel world to obedience.

Men, professed Christians, wanted for themselves what they conceived that God wanted, or, rather, they conceived that God must want what they wanted, namely, satisfaction for their injuries and the punishment of their enemies. Men were bound to find plenty of reasons for fighting as long as they believed in a God who would sentence you to eternal hell if you did not adore him. How could men of such ideas help worshipping their own dignity and "honor"?

The new religion grows right out of the heart of the old gospel of the Golden Rule and the Beatitudes, freed of the baffling survivals of barbarism, which have mostly covered it up. Say, rather, that it grows out of the heart of our common humanity. We are actually engaged to-day in establishing a democratic religion. We conceive that goodness, and not egotism, is at the base of the universe. We hold that the most powerful of all forces is good-will. It does not need threats or compulsion of brute force. As has been well said of it, it is the universal and most persuasive language. It speaks from God to man and from each man to his brother, and it makes flowers and animals listen. The life and the proper delight of a man consist in his making himself "a live wire" for the carrying of the good-will of the universe. The whole business of the man, as a practical man, is to add his life-work to the forces that move to the building of a civilized world, harmonious, effective, friendly, full of people who practise his beautiful law of life.

As soon as any one sees the nature of this new religion, his attitude toward every kind of human problem changes. Many things that he did not see before come out into the new light. Many things seen only through the veil of prejudice or egotism lose their importance. Thus, the old stress on a man's dignity, the childish sensitiveness to slights and insults, and the idea of a man's "honor" as something that he ought to fight to maintain,—such things in the light of his new religion appear rather laughable. A man has, of course, no dignity except such as his character establishes; neither can any "naughty" child or boorish fellow hurt his "honor." He has no wish to see another punished to satisfy his wounded feelings. He desires a more permanent satisfaction. Nothing will satisfy him except so far as the enemy becomes a friendly man, the boor is civilized, the insolent or unjust man becomes a doer of good. He has no enmity against any one, only pity and the will to help ignorant and childish people to become men. The world's sin seems to him, like its disease, something to be cured.

Already men and women, sometimes teachers, often parents, now and then policemen, sheriffs, and jailers, and employers or managers of great forces of workmen, have caught the ideas of the new religion of democracy, and are making them work with astonishing results. No one yet ever tried this religion with due determination and common-sense and found it to fail. Indeed, it is the very kernel of common-sense. If God is, if the highest name of God is Good-will, is it not good sense to stop acting like animals, and to act like children of God?

Let us now briefly apply this beautiful religion of ours to the subject of war. We grant that international relations are complex, but the principles that rule them are exactly the same to which we appeal between man and man. Thus, in the eyes of our religion, the idea that a great nation must go to the point of a war over the question of how much of an apology a Mexican dictator ought to give for one or a few trifling pieces of human friction, committed by zealous or boorish underlings, under the provocation of the menace of our battleships, seems preposterous! Mexicans cannot hurt our honor. We can hurt it. If senators showed "joy" over the news of the despatch of a great fleet to Mexico, did they not hurt it?

The fact is, we are the neighbors of Mexico. We may have one great righteous desire with respect to her millions of people. As friendly men, what do we wish, except that her people shall become free, prosperous, and enlightened? We do not wish the punishment of even Villa or Huerta. What good would killing them do, especially if a multitude of others must be killed first? Will a compulsory, and therefore untrue, salute to our flag help to persuade the Mexicans to love us? Ought we not rather to be willing to bestow patience and to

Digitized by Google

give time for change of mind? Is it veritable good-will, or is it not pride, that would urge the American nation, without consultation with other Powers, to act at one and the same time as judge and jury and sheriff and executioner over this sorrowful situation, and even to risk the lives of hundreds of thousands of innocent persons in a bloody and wearisome war?

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

The Psychology of Prayer.

BY DR. WARREN A. RODMAN.

The mere use of the word "psychology" in connection with so lofty and sacred theme as prayer, may suggest a cold, formal, and keenly scientific analysis. It sounds almost like a threat to puncture and explode some visionary or superstitious creation. But, while it is the aim of this paper to be modestly scientific, it is far from its purpose to depreciate the value or the efficacy of prayer. If psychology does not yet recognize and analyze the great superconscious realm, the intuitive faculty, the very soul of man (call it by what name you will), it still falls far short of that comprehensiveness toward which it is surely tending.

For there is unquestionably a phase or aspect or part of the unconscious or subliminal or subconscious self (again the name is of no great consequence), through which we inspire the sublime thoughts and emotions that lift our lives at times far above the commonplaces of the ordinary level; that permeate our whole being with that "quietness and confidence which shall be our strength." This loftier activity of mind which relates us, in all that is best, to the great souls of all times and to the Creator of the universe, is just as definitely law-governed as is everything else in the wide world. It develops by use; it atrophies by disuse. It may be caricatured or perverted by the bigot, or it may degenerate into rank superstition in the mind of the ignorant. It may appear to sweep many to excesses that result in rampant insanity, but it is only a phantasm of the real religious nature that does so. It is false thoughts about religion, and not religion itself, that leads to mental and spiritual disaster.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed," has been accepted as a fairly accurate definition, and it probably is such; but all definitions depend for their real meaning on other definitions of the words of which they are made up. What, for instance, is soul? By the word do we mean simply the *anima*, the life force, or do we mean that nobler part of man's nature which we are accustomed to call spirit? If the latter, then the definition of prayer so poetically expressed is quite as accurate as are most current definitions. Particular emphasis is placed on this factor in the discussion because, as the late Prof. James so wisely said, "The differences that exist among men are largely matters of definition."

The key-note of the above definition, "sincere desire," is one of the most potent forces which man uses in the building and maintaining of character, whether the things desired be spiritual, moral, mental, or merely physical (if such a thing be possible). It is the *dominant thought*, the sincere desire, of a man that determines what he is and what he will become. And this dominant thought (sincere desire) absolutely controls the subconscious mind until it is supplanted by some other dominant thought. This dominant thought may be generated in either of two ways. It may come as the result of some great mental or emotional upheaval, or as the result of the persistent recurrence, even in an unemphatic way, of a single train of ideas. This is the law, formally stated. *Every thought and emotion produces an effect on the character* (and incidentally on the body as well) *in accordance with its nature* (whether good or bad), *and in proportion to its intensity or the frequency of its recurrence.*

The human mind is so marvellously constructed that it indelibly registers every activity, even the most minute and apparently fleeting. Under certain psychic stimuli, these records may be brought to light, even though they are ordinarily repressed, inhibited, practically forgotten. There are great natural laws that control the influence of thoughts and emotions on the individual character and the individual health, laws of psychic cause and effect. The quality of a man's thinking is the key to his real nature. To this his acts need not necessarily conform. His dominant thought marks the level of his development, and the subconscious mind plays a vastly more important rôle in his progress toward perfection than has been realized until recently and by a limited number of people. It is a force which must be much more clearly understood, more fully developed, and more highly regarded, if we are aiming to attain the highest excellence of which we are capable.

Henry Wood presents, in his elegant diction, another important law, or extends the application of the one already stated. "The messages that we receive over the multiform invisible wires of relationship are the exact reflection and correspondence of those we send out." In other words, the thoughts and emotions we entertain have a deep and lasting effect on ourselves in addition to any influence they may possibly have on others. They flow into the subconscious reservoir and become an integral and modifying part of its content. If, as Dr. Alfred T. Schofield so positively claims and so convincingly demonstrates, the subconscious mind is the seat of memory, of conscience, of character, and of the spiritual life, then whatever enters that reservoir must modify its contents according to its quality and its potency. Good thoughts and emotions make it better; bad thoughts and emotions make it worse; and the laws which govern this relationship are irrevocable and irresistible.

Good thoughts and emotions tend toward health. They bring peace and quietness in their train: they are calming: they relax the body and the mind: they equalize the circulation: they are stimulating and invigorating. Love, brotherhood, generosity, and kindred feelings express themselves in the upliftment of the individual in all the domains of life. They are tonic. They free the mind, buoy up the body, and clarify the moral nature. They are the foundations of religion.

Conversely, malevolent thoughts and emotions tend toward disease. Every person who observes has been conscious of this fact through disagreeable experience. Hate, fear, anger, revenge, and the rest of that pestiferous brood,—what a world of suffering humanity has brought upon itself through harboring these debasing states of mind. Bad emotions actually generate active poisons for body, mind, and soul. They are the sinister forces which subtly degrade and devitalize.

Applying these tests to the act of prayer, if we use the term only in its highest and essential meaning as the finest and most elevating form of thinking and feeling of which man is capable, we find it to be the most inspiring and ennobling activity that moulds man's life. Formal and perfunctory utterances, whether "offered to a congregation" or repeated as a matter of duty or of habit, must be of little or no avail unless the dominant thought is being sincerely expressed.

That line of thinking to which the mind reverts naturally and easily in its undirected moments, is generally the dominant thought; and this, as has been reiterated, is what determines a man's real character by changing

Digitized by Google

the quality of the content of the subconscious mind. With the ardent business man, it is business that is persistently pushed above the threshold of consciousness at every possible opportunity; to the person in love, it is the thought of the loved one; to the mother anxious about her absent son, it is often that pessimistic and enervating question, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Whatever influence or effect this last mental state has on mother or on child must be directly the reverse of those which would come as the result of true prayer.

What we think, and emphatically what we pray for, that we already are. "We become like that which we earnestly contemplate." Or, in the words of Johannes Scheffer's beautiful couplet:—

"Whate'er thou lovest, Man, that too become thou must:
God if thou lovest God; dust if thou lovest dust."

Prayer is efficacious in direct proportion to its earnestness, its sincerity, and its reasonableness. Its chief benefit comes to him who prays. It can never be made to contravene any divine law or any natural law, but it may work in harmony with these laws to set in operation, or to redirect, powerful forces toward the desired end. The prayer of thanksgiving is the most surely fruitful in beneficent results, because it inevitably brings peace of mind and serenity. Prayers of petition are almost invariably tinctured with selfishness unless they aim at the larger development of the good, the true, and the beautiful in the heart of the petitioner. And in connection with this prayer of petition, one might reasonably wonder why it is that only an affirmative response is accepted as an answer to prayer? A negative is often the wisest and most helpful answer.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Spiritual Life.

Many build as cathedrals were built,—the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.—*Beecher.*

It is God that speaks in secret promptings. The Spirit will leave you if you refuse obedience: every warning disregarded is a door closed against future progress. If you do not now the good which you can, the time will come when you cannot do the good which you would.—*Frederic H. Hedge.*

It is true that a man's ideal will always transcend his actual. Yet, in order to be truly free, a man must ever be *on the side of his ideal.* Let him never defend his shortcomings, as if he had no thought above them. Let him confess that they are failures and transgressions of his own inward law.—*Selected.*

Good would it be for men if, remembering that life is something more than toil and struggle, they would snatch an hour from their labors, and seek in the stillness of their souls that voice which only the humble can hear, that strength which only the meek can obtain.—*James Drummond.*

From a real feeling of being face to face with that Presence, what prayers could flow but prayers for the hallowing of his name,—the name being Father in Heaven, and the hallowing of it being absolute truthfulness in taking it on our lips and holy appropriation of all that it involves,—for the coming of the reign of his spirit in his children's hearts, for the doing of his will by servants whose will is his, for a sense of the divine forgiveness?—*J. H. Thom.*

God is all to thee: if thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if in darkness, he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.—*Saint Augustine.*

The Development of Business Ethics.

BY DR. GEORGE R. DODSON.

[Dr. Dodson contributed to the *Christian Register* of February 26 an interesting and significant article on "The Third Beatitude as a Principle of Natural Selection." Observers all over the world, he maintained, are finding out that the ideal teachings of religion are coming to be the essential conditions not only of moral health, but of practical success in the industrial and commercial world. The only way to win the good-will and trust, without which success is coming to be impossible, is to deserve them. A writer from Belgium dissented vigorously from Dr. Dodson's conclusions, and to his letter, published April 9, Dr. Dodson replies by request.—Editor.]

If "Veritas" had not omitted the courtesy which is considered necessary in discussions among gentlemen, I would have replied to his communication with pleasure instead of reluctance and regret. He really does not deserve an answer. Yet, since the question is one of fact, and not of his lack of politeness, I shall use the opportunity to strengthen the original article by confirmatory evidence. The incident has served a good purpose in that it has called forth the following letters, which are independently of great interest. These men know, if anybody knows, what the facts are.

Mr. Frank P. Crunden, president of the Crunden-Martin Wooden Ware Company, says,—

"In my opinion, your article entitled 'Light Ahead' well expresses the present situation and the actual tendencies transforming business and industrial life."

The writer of the following letter, Mr. W. A. Layman, is president and general manager of the Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company:—

"I have read with much interest, and also with cordial approval, your article on the labor situation, entitled 'Light Ahead.' There can be no question as to the correctness of your premises that business is advancing steadily to higher ethical levels, and that a larger spirit of justice constantly prevails in the relations of employer and employee. Industrial life has by no means reached the goal you would have it attain, but progress is being made all the time. Some of this results from voluntary ethical action; some is forced by public opinion; some is the result of advanced legislation; and some proceeds from a keener appreciation of the fact that it is good business. The real extent of this progress is somewhat obscured from public recognition by two things—the wide publicity given to the ill-advised injustice to employees practised by a small minority of employers, and the public expressions of labor leaders aiming more at labor monopoly than real social justice to workers; but unquestionably the real facts justify your optimistic expressions. May I also say that one of the happy signs of the times is the active spirit of inquiry into the real facts now being shown by the two classes upon whom the public most depends for guidance—namely, the ministers and the educators. As you gentlemen get at the truth by going out to find it, and then give it to the public in the way you personally are doing, may men hope for the rational solution of our labor difficulties."

The president of the Citizens' Industrial Association of St. Louis, Mr. Oliver B. Root, to whom I mentioned the fact that the article printed in its *Bulletin* and in the *Christian Register* had been objected to by a critic as not based on a knowledge of the situation, sends the following letter to the *Christian Register*, endorsed by Mr. H. W. Peters, vice-president, I believe, of the largest shoe company in the world:—

"It is with pleasure that I bear testimony to the kindly feeling that exists among employers of labor that prompted Rev. George R. Dodson, Ph.D., to write the article 'Light Ahead.' Dr. Dodson has been a member of our Executive Committee during the life of our Association, founded in 1903, composed of several thousand employers, and employees, as well as professional men, and representing a class that is anxious to do its duty fully in promoting individual freedom. The article 'Light Ahead' was first published in our February *Bulletin*, the official publication of our Association. Some of our largest employers have testified to their approval of it by asking for a large number of copies to circulate among their friends."

After my article had been published, there was sent to me an address on "Business and Idealism," delivered before the Boston Commercial Club by Mr. George D. Markham, of the St. Louis Commercial Club. As Mr. Markham is one of the leading business men and most respected citizens of the fourth city in the United States, his independent witness to the correctness of my general view is of value. An extract from this address has already appeared in the *Christian Register*. The following pertinent remarks may be added:—

"Business is rising in public estimation. The railroads, the telegraph, and the telephone now open such a field for merchants and manufacturers that great institutions have grown from the local firms of fifty years ago. Meantime, practices that were formerly considered not dangerous to public service or welfare have disclosed their evils when done on a large scale. Thereupon public opinion in the press and through statutory law interfered with the old-time liberty of the business man, and in many ways enforced higher standards of behavior towards employees, public, and competitors. But the principal factor in raising business ethics has operated within the ranks of business men. Does modern magnitude of tradings or complexity of operations explain this higher estimate of business? I believe there is another reason just beginning to appear but destined to have great influence in the future, for the reproach to business—the accusation of unfeeling cruelty, a contempt for one who takes just because he has the power—will lose its justification if there comes a new spirit of kindly regard for employees and the substitution of the ideal of service in place of mere exploitation of the public. Model towns and insurance funds and profit sharing were the first fruits of the new spirit. The full manifestation is coming. Fire insurance, for instance, offers a striking illustration of the evolution from private trading to public service. I have myself seen, for it is my business, a complete change in the attitude of underwriters. The coming fire insurance leader will not only be a professional man, but he will respond to ideal considerations as completely as the men of any other profession.

"Manufacturing seems to demonstrate the growing tendency to closer and more humane relations with employees. Many years ago leaders of manufacturing began to ameliorate the working and housing conditions of their employees. Yet this tendency, praiseworthy though it is, is not the new idealism which is coming in manufacturing, and which will transform the relations between master and workman. A model town has often housed a body of hostile employees. The new idealism should create a partnership feeling between employer and employee. Mr. George W. Niedringhaus, vice-president of the National Enameling and Stamping Company describes a change from the policy of authority and compulsion to that of partnership. Coming leaders in manufacturing will be idealists, and can well be ranked with professional men of the highest standards.

"The change in the management of railroads has been conspicuous. I need only to refer to Howard Elliott and his policy in New England. Think of the difference in personality between a man suited to administer a railroad in the old days of harshness and indifference to employees, contempt for the law, and exploitation of the public, and a railroad leader such as Howard Elliott, who reaches out for the confidence and cordial co-operation of his staff and employees, who yields unhesitating obedience to the law, and who teaches and practises the doctrine that the railroads belong to the public and are the public's transportation machinery. Of course this new spirit of railroad administration has not been developed all at once. Mr. Elliott himself is the product of influences long in the making and a pupil of great railroad leaders of a former generation. The point I wish to make is that railroad administration will hereafter respond to high ideals as well as to the unfeeling laws of economics, and that the man who is to be a leader in railroad administration must yield himself to ideal standards quite as much as the members of any other profession."

Further evidence could be presented, but this is perhaps all your paper has space for. As a sign of the spirit that is coming to dominate industrial life, however, I quote the following sentences from a letter, dated Feb. 10, 1914, to the members of the National Association of Manufacturers, and signed by its president, Mr. George Pope:—

"The period of isolation must be supplanted by the spirit of brotherhood, and the sense of hostility, however generated, must give way to the introduction of co-operation. Selfishness pays no dividends, makes countless enemies, and leaves its sponsors defenceless when attacked, but the record of conspicuous service to our fellow-men is profitable and defensible to them and to us alike."

The situation is changing so fast that a great many people are thinking in terms of ten or twenty years ago instead of the actual present. It is not only industrial life that is misunderstood, but professional life as well. Few realize, for instance, the spirit and attitude of the legal profession, and think of lawyers as trying to stir up litigation instead of ending or preventing it. Yet, astonishing though it be to those who are not thoroughly wide-awake and observant, it is a fact of history that, on the sixth day of this month, the following resolution, offered by Mr. Percy Werner, was adopted by the St. Louis Bar Association:—

Resolved, That while in full sympathy with the various movements on foot throughout the country looking to a simplification of our methods of court procedure and other reforms in the administration of justice in the regularly constituted courts of this country, we believe that an effort should be made by members of the bar to encourage the settlement of private differences which give rise to civil actions, before tribunals voluntarily selected by the parties; that the practice by members of the bar of selecting fellow-members in good standing to act as arbitrators in such causes presents a safe, speedy, inexpensive method for the adjustment of such differences, the principles of which have long been recognized and encouraged by our jurisprudence, and ample provision for which exists in our statutes on arbitration; and

Resolved, That the president be and he is hereby requested to appoint a committee of five to report on a plan for popularizing this method of the trial of civil causes, among the members of the bar and among our citizens generally, to the end that the expense, inconvenience, delays, and technicalities of procedure in the State courts be avoided, that the courts of our State be relieved of the mass of litigation now almost overwhelming them, and that a more

Digitized by Google

the quality of the content of the subconscious mind. With the ardent business man, it is business that is persistently pushed above the threshold of consciousness at every possible opportunity; to the person in love, it is the thought of the loved one; to the mother anxious about her absent son, it is often that pessimistic and enervating question, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Whatever influence or effect this last mental state has on mother or on child must be directly the reverse of those which would come as the result of true prayer.

What we think, and emphatically what we pray for, that we already are. "We become like that which we earnestly contemplate." Or, in the words of Johannes Scheffer's beautiful couplet:—

"Whate'er thou lovest, Man, that too become thou must:
God if thou lovest God; dust if thou lovest dust."

Prayer is efficacious in direct proportion to its earnestness, its sincerity, and its reasonableness. Its chief benefit comes to him who prays. It can never be made to contravene any divine law or any natural law, but it may work in harmony with these laws to set in operation, or to redirect, powerful forces toward the desired end. The prayer of thanksgiving is the most surely fruitful in beneficent results, because it inevitably brings peace of mind and serenity. Prayers of petition are almost invariably tinctured with selfishness unless they aim at the larger development of the good, the true, and the beautiful in the heart of the petitioner. And in connection with this prayer of petition, one might reasonably wonder why it is that only an affirmative response is accepted as an answer to prayer? A negative is often the wisest and most helpful answer.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Spiritual Life.

Many build as cathedrals were built,—the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.—*Beecher.*

It is God that speaks in secret promptings. The Spirit will leave you if you refuse obedience: every warning disregarded is a door closed against future progress. If you do not now the good which you can, the time will come when you cannot do the good which you would.—*Frederic H. Hedge.*

It is true that a man's ideal will always transcend his actual. Yet, in order to be truly free, a man must ever be *on the side of his ideal.* Let him never defend his shortcomings, as if he had no thought above them. Let him confess that they are failures and transgressions of his own inward law.—*Selected.*

Good would it be for men if, remembering that life is something more than toil and struggle, they would snatch an hour from their labors, and seek in the stillness of their souls that voice which only the humble can hear, that strength which only the meek can obtain.—*James Drummond.*

From a real feeling of being face to face with that Presence, what prayers could flow but prayers for the hallowing of his name,—the name being Father in Heaven, and the hallowing of it being absolute truthfulness in taking it on our lips and holy appropriation of all that it involves,—for the coming of the reign of his spirit in his children's hearts, for the doing of his will by servants whose will is his, for a sense of the divine forgiveness?—*J. H. Thom.*

God is all to thee: if thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if in darkness, he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.—*Saint Augustine.*

The Development of Business Ethics.

BY DR. GEORGE R. DODSON.

[Dr. Dodson contributed to the *Christian Register* of February 26 an interesting and significant article on "The Third Beatitude as a Principle of Natural Selection." Observers all over the world, he maintained, are finding out that the ideal teachings of religion are coming to be the essential conditions not only of moral health, but of practical success in the industrial and commercial world. The only way to win the good-will and trust, without which success is coming to be impossible, is to deserve them. A writer from Belgium dissented vigorously from Dr. Dodson's conclusions, and to his letter, published April 9, Dr. Dodson replies by request.—Editor.]

If "Veritas" had not omitted the courtesy which is considered necessary in discussions among gentlemen, I would have replied to his communication with pleasure instead of reluctance and regret. He really does not deserve an answer. Yet, since the question is one of fact, and not of his lack of politeness, I shall use the opportunity to strengthen the original article by confirmatory evidence. The incident has served a good purpose in that it has called forth the following letters, which are independently of great interest. These men know, if anybody knows, what the facts are.

Mr. Frank P. Crunden, president of the Crunden-Martin Wooden Ware Company, says,—

"In my opinion, your article entitled 'Light Ahead' well expresses the present situation and the actual tendencies transforming business and industrial life."

The writer of the following letter, Mr. W. A. Layman, is president and general manager of the Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company:—

"I have read with much interest, and also with cordial approval, your article on the labor situation, entitled 'Light Ahead.' There can be no question as to the correctness of your premises that business is advancing steadily to higher ethical levels, and that a larger spirit of justice constantly prevails in the relations of employer and employee. Industrial life has by no means reached the goal you would have it attain, but progress is being made all the time. Some of this results from voluntary ethical action; some is forced by public opinion; some is the result of advanced legislation; and some proceeds from a keener appreciation of the fact that it is good business. The real extent of this progress is somewhat obscured from public recognition by two things—the wide publicity given to the ill-advised injustice to employees practised by a small minority of employers, and the public expressions of labor leaders aiming more at labor monopoly than real social justice to workers; but unquestionably the real facts justify your optimistic expressions. May I also say that one of the happy signs of the times is the active spirit of inquiry into the real facts now being shown by the two classes upon whom the public most depends for guidance—namely, the ministers and the educators. As you gentlemen get at the truth by going out to find it, and then give it to the public in the way you personally are doing, may men hope for the rational solution of our labor difficulties."

Digitized by Google

The president of the Citizens' Industrial Association of St. Louis, Mr. Oliver B. Root, to whom I mentioned the fact that the article printed in its *Bulletin* and in the *Christian Register* had been objected to by a critic as not based on a knowledge of the situation, sends the following letter to the *Christian Register*, endorsed by Mr. H. W. Peters, vice-president, I believe, of the largest shoe company in the world:—

"It is with pleasure that I bear testimony to the kindly feeling that exists among employers of labor that prompted Rev. George R. Dodson, Ph.D., to write the article 'Light Ahead.' Dr. Dodson has been a member of our Executive Committee during the life of our Association, founded in 1903, composed of several thousand employers, and employees, as well as professional men, and representing a class that is anxious to do its duty fully in promoting individual freedom. The article 'Light Ahead' was first published in our February *Bulletin*, the official publication of our Association. Some of our largest employers have testified to their approval of it by asking for a large number of copies to circulate among their friends."

After my article had been published, there was sent to me an address on "Business and Idealism," delivered before the Boston Commercial Club by Mr. George D. Markham, of the St. Louis Commercial Club. As Mr. Markham is one of the leading business men and most respected citizens of the fourth city in the United States, his independent witness to the correctness of my general view is of value. An extract from this address has already appeared in the *Christian Register*. The following pertinent remarks may be added:—

"Business is rising in public estimation. The railroads, the telegraph, and the telephone now open such a field for merchants and manufacturers that great institutions have grown from the local firms of fifty years ago. Meantime, practices that were formerly considered not dangerous to public service or welfare have disclosed their evils when done on a large scale. Thereupon public opinion in the press and through statutory law interfered with the old-time liberty of the business man, and in many ways enforced higher standards of behavior towards employees, public, and competitors. But the principal factor in raising business ethics has operated within the ranks of business men. Does modern magnitude of tradings or complexity of operations explain this higher estimate of business? I believe there is another reason just beginning to appear but destined to have great influence in the future, for the reproach to business—the accusation of unfeeling cruelty, a contempt for one who takes just because he has the power—will lose its justification if there comes a new spirit of kindly regard for employees and the substitution of the ideal of service in place of mere exploitation of the public. Model towns and insurance funds and profit sharing were the first fruits of the new spirit. The full manifestation is coming. Fire insurance, for instance, offers a striking illustration of the evolution from private trading to public service. I have myself seen, for it is my business, a complete change in the attitude of underwriters. The coming fire insurance leader will not only be a professional man, but he will respond to ideal considerations as completely as the men of any other profession.

"Manufacturing seems to demonstrate the growing tendency to closer and more humane relations with employees. Many years ago leaders of manufacturing began to ameliorate the working and housing conditions of their employees. Yet this tendency, praiseworthy though it is, is not the new idealism which is coming in manufacturing, and which will transform the relations between master and workman. A model town has often housed a body of hostile employees. The new idealism should create a partnership feeling between employer and employee. Mr. George W. Niedringhaus, vice-president of the National Enameling and Stamping Company describes a change from the policy of authority and compulsion to that of partnership. Coming leaders in manufacturing will be idealists, and can well be ranked with professional men of the highest standards.

"The change in the management of railroads has been conspicuous. I need only to refer to Howard Elliott and his policy in New England. Think of the difference in personality between a man suited to administer a railroad in the old days of harshness and indifference to employees, contempt for the law, and exploitation of the public, and a railroad leader such as Howard Elliott, who reaches out for the confidence and cordial co-operation of his staff and employees, who yields unhesitating obedience to the law, and who teaches and practises the doctrine that the railroads belong to the public and are the public's transportation machinery. Of course this new spirit of railroad administration has not been developed all at once. Mr. Elliott himself is the product of influences long in the making and a pupil of great railroad leaders of a former generation. The point I wish to make is that railroad administration will hereafter respond to high ideals as well as to the unfeeling laws of economics, and that the man who is to be a leader in railroad administration must yield himself to ideal standards quite as much as the members of any other profession."

Further evidence could be presented, but this is perhaps all your paper has space for. As a sign of the spirit that is coming to dominate industrial life, however, I quote the following sentences from a letter, dated Feb. 10, 1914, to the members of the National Association of Manufacturers, and signed by its president, Mr. George Pope:—

"The period of isolation must be supplanted by the spirit of brotherhood, and the sense of hostility, however generated, must give way to the introduction of co-operation. Selfishness pays no dividends, makes countless enemies, and leaves its sponsors defenceless when attacked, but the record of conspicuous service to our fellow-men is profitable and defensible to them and to us alike."

The situation is changing so fast that a great many people are thinking in terms of ten or twenty years ago instead of the actual present. It is not only industrial life that is misunderstood, but professional life as well. Few realize, for instance, the spirit and attitude of the legal profession, and think of lawyers as trying to stir up litigation instead of ending or preventing it. Yet, astonishing though it be to those who are not thoroughly wide-awake and observant, it is a fact of history that, on the sixth day of this month, the following resolution, offered by Mr. Percy Werner, was adopted by the St. Louis Bar Association:—

Resolved, That while in full sympathy with the various movements on foot throughout the country looking to a simplification of our methods of court procedure and other reforms in the administration of justice in the regularly constituted courts of this country, we believe that an effort should be made by members of the bar to encourage the settlement of private differences which give rise to civil actions, before tribunals voluntarily selected by the parties; that the practice by members of the bar of selecting fellow-members in good standing to act as arbitrators in such causes presents a safe, speedy, inexpensive method for the adjustment of such differences, the principles of which have long been recognized and encouraged by our jurisprudence, and ample provision for which exists in our statutes on arbitration; and

Resolved, That the president be and he is hereby requested to appoint a committee of five to report on a plan for popularizing this method of the trial of civil causes, among the members of the bar and among our citizens generally, to the end that the expense, inconvenience, delays, and technicalities of procedure in the State courts be avoided, that the courts of our State be relieved of the mass of litigation now almost overwhelming them, and that a more

friendly and fundamentally democratic method for the adjustment of differences between citizens be promoted.

A word in closing about the relation of a modern city minister to the great concrete questions of the day! Instead of being outside of the great movements, he is, or may be, at the very heart of them. He sits on boards and executive committees with men who are daily dealing with the concrete problems of modern industrial and commercial life, he counsels with them, discusses ideals and practical measures with them, and, by reason of his special studies and his relation to the public, is sometimes able to render considerable service in the way of removing misunderstandings, shaping public opinion, and fostering good-will.

Then it is his privilege to serve on the committees which consider the problems of poverty, of the delinquent and defective classes, of homeless men, of deserted women and neglected children. Here he deals at first hand, not only with measures of alleviation, but with far-seeing scientific efforts at prevention. With the physicians, he studies the measures for promoting public health, for combating tuberculosis and venereal disease.

One side of his work brings him into association with the educators and their problems. In fact, he occupies a point of vantage. He is at a focus where life is in the making and where pertinent suggestions from any source are welcomed. If he is equipped by nature and by his studies, he finds before him opportunities for the widest and most influential life. If he were ten men, he could not use all the splendid chances that open before him. I am saying this really because I hope it will fall under the eye of some finely endowed young man who is considering in what profession he can make his life count for most. The conception which "Veritas" has of the ministry illustrates the danger of leaving one's ideas unrevised. To be ten years behind is to be out of date, to be twenty years behind is to be one of the ancients.

St. Louis, Mo.

Efficiency in Church Organization and Operation.

BY REV. EDWIN M. SLOCOMBE.

Every sort of work is being studied to-day to find out where there is lost motion or material or time, through the using of too much or too little of each in proportion to the results obtained. The now familiar modern name which covers this whole process of adjustment of means to ends, is "efficiency." An old proverb says, "There is a right way and a wrong way of doing everything." The modern proverb says, There is an efficient and an inefficient way of doing everything, whether it is the loading of pig-iron on a car, the arranging of cooking utensils in a kitchen, or the managing of the business of a mill, a municipality, or a church. The modern judgment is that the old methods of doing all these things were inefficient.

To find out whether a church is being operated efficiently, we must find out, first of all, what it is that is—or ought to be—in operation. In other words, the first matter to be looked into is the *status quo* of the organization. Every church should know what its legal status is; under what State law it holds property and transacts business; what its own by-laws are (if it has any); whether it performs only the functions of a church, or whether it also performs the functions of a parish. If the double organization exists, every member of either organization should know what constitutes membership in both, and precisely what the rights and privileges of membership are in both. The first business of every church is to know precisely what the basis of its organization is. The probability is that a church is not running well if it isn't even standing well.

A second matter of importance in the management of a church is its financial management. There should be a strict system of approving all bills incurred by the church or by any of its subsidiary organizations. All bills should be paid promptly, including the salaries of all paid officers and workers. The proper officer or committee should have authority to borrow money, up to a certain amount, when necessary, to meet the running expenses of the church. A church, quite as much as an individual, should pay interest on its own debts, and not compel tradesmen or its minister to pay such interest for it. Where there is a parsonage, some officer of the church should act as landlord. The minister should have a definite understanding of just what his obligations are as a tenant, and what obligations are not his.

Under financial management comes the matter of invested funds. A church having such funds should have a specially appointed board of trustees, responsible for the investment of funds. These trustees should render an annual report to the church. It ought to be understood that the governing board of the church should be strict in carrying out the expressed wishes of any donor of trust funds. As a general rule it may be emphatically insisted that the principal of such a fund should never be drawn upon. It is better business to borrow money elsewhere and to pay the necessary interest. A single fund, jealously guarded, is a nest-egg for further funds. The church which draws upon the principal of a single fund, discourages the donation of other funds.

Every church should have an endowment fund. If a church has none, or if its endowment is insufficient, it should take up an annual collection for its endowment. A "sufficient" fund is one which removes anxiety concerning a possible rainy day, without removing the necessity of working diligently as long as the rain holds off.

Important business principles enter into the engaging of a minister. In such an event there should be a committee in charge to decide what ministers to invite, and to invite them. Letters to such ministers should state definitely the date of the engagement; the amount paid for preaching, and whether this includes expenses of travel; the place of entertainment, and, if a hotel, the location and rates; the location of the church, and the hour of service. An order of service should be enclosed. If the minister is to select the hymns, the title and edition of the hymn-book should be given. If the minister is expected to take part in the Sunday-school, that should be stated, and the hour of the school service. If the church town is on a branch railroad, a local time-table should be enclosed.*

When one candidate is favorably considered and likely to be called by the church, the committee-in-charge has a problem of business ethics to consider, which I shall merely mention and leave to such committees to solve. In the better business concerns, an employer does not think of "hiring away" another man's employee without giving the other man due notice of his intention, and thus giving him the opportunity of offering his employee inducements to remain with him. The whole transaction is thus kept above-board, and it is in contrast with the method employed by a church in securing the services of the minister of some other church.

There is another problem in the relation of the church committee to candidates. It is becoming customary for such committees to ask a candidate whether he will

*I had a letter some years ago from Mr. J. W. Bissell, chairman of the committee of the Unitarian Church in Hartford, Conn., in which every detail of information here suggested was furnished.

accept the call of the church provided he receives it. This means that the minister thus approached must give a definite answer. Therefore, as a matter of courtesy, he must consult with the officials of the church over which he is settled. If the call is not forthcoming the minister is left in an embarrassing situation, disturbing to his future relations with that church. Therefore, the church committee should not ask this question of more than one candidate at a time, even though the lack of the definite promise of more than one candidate may require the calling together of a hundred or more people on several occasions. No church lives to itself alone.

When this question is asked of a candidate, the same letter should state (approximately, at least) what the salary will be; whether there is a parsonage; what vacation is given, or whether the minister is expected to furnish supplies for his pulpit in order to have a vacation. The average salary obliges most ministers to give these items consideration.

A church, moreover, should not extend its call to any candidate until all the candidates who have been promised a hearing have been heard. Or, if it does extend its call prematurely,—for reasons of expediency,—every candidate who has not been given a hearing should be notified promptly of the action taken, and allowed to come as a "supply" if he so desires, or to cancel the engagement. Also, as a matter of courtesy, all candidates who have been heard should be notified of the action taken by the church in calling one of these candidates to be its minister.*

Concerning the installation of a minister, it is only necessary to remember that the church, and not the minister, is the host of the occasion. The order of service is arranged, and the participants selected, in consultation with the minister; but the invitations are extended by the church. Representatives of the church should arrange for the entertainment of out-of-town ministers having a part in the service, and should meet them at the train. The travelling expenses of such ministers should be paid by the church.

So, having secured and installed a minister, comes the regular business of running the church. There are two common, inefficient methods of running a church: (1) the happy-go-lucky method; (2) the close-corporation method. The first of these methods is too inefficient and too familiar to call for comment. The surprising fact is, that many churches which have within their membership, and even among their officers, business men of exceptional managerial ability, are conducted in a slipshod way. Such churches are run by the power of perpetual motion. This elusive power, long sought by inventors, was discovered long ago by church members. It is the power which operates a church organization which is set a-going and expected to keep a-going of its own inherent energy, without the putting into it of fresh energy.

Under the second of these methods, the administration of the affairs of the church is carried on most expeditiously by a small committee, or board of managers. In the highest development of this system, the board of managers take over to themselves, or have put upon them, the entire management of the church. Practically all committees of the church are contained within the membership of this board. The annual meeting of the church tends to become a meeting of the board of managers, or even of a quorum of the board. Under this system we have business efficiency carried to its highest terms. It is a system which has made possible the success of many a business enterprise, but it is not an efficient way to manage a church. The main object of church management is not to have its business put through as expeditiously as possible, but to have it represent and call out the interest of as many people as possible, or, more precisely, to have it represent and call out as much of such interest as is compatible with a sufficiently efficient management. Efficiency is not synonymous with expedition.

In looking into the efficiency of church management, we need to remember that many methods which are efficient in the conduct of a business enterprise, are inefficient when applied to the conduct of a church. What we have to study are the principles of efficiency underlying the particular methods of efficient business management. These principles will often lead to one method in the management of a mill, and to a quite different method in the management of a church.

The business involved in the management of a mill must be put through as expeditiously as possible, taking as little of the time of the board of directors as is consistent with efficient management. Many such boards of directors agree that it is in the interest of efficiency to call as seldom as possible upon the multitude of stockholders to decide any matters of administrative business, and by no means to refer any such matters to the operatives within the mill. Decision upon such matters is left entirely to, or taken over entirely by, the small board of directors. This board, in its turn, searches out a mill-agent, who, by reason of his managerial ability, will relieve the members of the board as much as may be of the necessity of making such decisions. A cotton-mill is concerned with the making of cotton goods, not with the training of its stockholders in the principles of mill management. It is possible that these boards of managers are mistaken, and that, in the very interest of efficiency, it would be well to give the stockholders a larger share, and to give all employees some share, in the actual management of the mill. However that may be, all that I wish to make clear by this illustration is, that the particular methods which are deemed efficient in the management of a mill cannot be taken over bodily as efficient methods in the management of a church. They who would manage our churches more efficiently must not borrow the particular methods of the business world, but must search out the efficiency principle of which such particular methods are merely the application under particular conditions. The same general principle may call for one method of application in the management of a mill, and for the quite opposite method in the management of a church.

The close-corporation method, which is a fairly efficient method of managing a mill, is a most inefficient method of managing a church. For a method better adapted to church management we turn from industrial administration to political administration,—from an institution managed by a small board of managers, who purposely exclude stockholders and employees from the actual management of the enterprise, to an institution which invites and encourages the participation of the people as a whole in its management. This is the method of democracy in the State, and of congregationalism in the Church. The inefficiency of this method in State or Church is due to its abuse or to its neglect, and not to its use. Such inefficiency must be charged to the people and not to the method. The self-governing people must participate in the administration of their government.

The annual meeting and other business meetings of our congregational churches should be open to the general discussion of all business, and such general discussion should be encouraged. Motions calling for an expression of opinion should be presented, in order that the most reticent members may have, and may feel that they

*This also was done by Mr. Bissell of the Hartford church.

Digitized by Google

have, a share in the administration of parish affairs. In the conduct of such business meetings it must be remembered that efficiency is not identical with expedition. Nor will the general discussion of parish affairs prolong these business meetings unduly. In a large parish which is well organized, much of the business will be threshed out in the regular meetings of departmental organizations. There is an incidental value in the general discussion and democratic management of parish affairs, which is of great value to the vitality of the parish.

Before we can test the efficiency of the management of a church, we must have a clear understanding of its definite aims and endeavors—the results for the securing of which the church is operated. The test of efficiency will then be a test of the relation of the energy and material and time expended to the results obtained. It will not be an exact test such as the efficiency expert delights in. The most important results of the work of a church cannot be computed. It will be, rather, a test of more or less—of more or less efficiency in producing more or less results.

A first principle of efficiency in the operation of a church is the necessity of working through committees. For each of the definite objects of a church's work there should be a special committee, or a special organization, whose business it is to promote, and to be responsible for, the particular kind of work assigned to it. Such committees should not be made up entirely of experienced workers, but should be used as the means of training new and inexperienced workers. A committee should not be made up entirely of members of one social group, but should be used as the means of bringing people of different social groups into closer acquaintance with each other. These two incidental objects—the training of new workers, and the bringing together in church work of people of different social groups—should never be overlooked in the appointment of committees. The incidental results of a committee's work will often be found of more importance to the church than the accomplishment of its main object.

The principle of rotation should always be applied in the election of officers and in the appointment of committees. Though there is one man of pre-eminent ability in a small parish, he ought not to be the perpetual chairman of the church committee, nor even a perpetual member of the committee. With the limitations of any general statement, it may be said that the contrary practice is always harmful to a church. The intensive cultivation of the administrative ability of the various members of the church is a sound efficiency principle. The motion, "I move that the same officers [or the same members of a committee] be re-elected for the ensuing year," is the motion of inefficiency.

The efficient manager of a business enterprise investigates each department of the business to find out whether each department is contributing its proportionate share to the profit of the business as a whole. It is sometimes possible to eliminate an unprofitable department of a profitable business enterprise. A cotton-mill agent, for example, may find upon investigation that he is losing money by his machine-shop, in which broken parts of machines are repaired or re-made. He finds it profitable to the business as a whole to eliminate this department and call in local machinists for the repair work.

This departmental investigation should be followed in testing the efficiency of a church, even though the minister may not be able to eliminate an unproductive department. (Effective supplanting, however, may result in effectual elimination.) The various organizations of a church should be investigated separately, with the purpose of finding out what proportion of the people who presumably ought to be reached by each organization are actually being reached, and how much time and energy and money are being put into each organization, with what effect upon the main objects for which the church exists.

The several organizations should be investigated as a whole, to find out whether, as a whole, they reach, or have the possibility of reaching, all the people of the church who would like to belong to some organization within the church. For example: Is there in the church any women's organization holding its meetings in the evening in order that women employed in business during the day may attend its meetings? That there are only a few such women is not a sufficient reason for not having an evening-meeting organization. One way to get more such women into the church is to have some organization specially interested in them, and giving them an opportunity to do something for the church.

Disregarding the particular methods employed in the industrial world, we adopt the efficiency principle underlying these methods, namely, that each department, and the enterprise as a whole, must be developed to its highest capacity for service. In applying this principle to the management of a church, each church must work out the particular methods best adapted to its own circumstances. The test of adaptability, however, will be one not of traditional opinion, but of efficiency in producing results. That a certain work "has always been done this way," is often a sufficient reason for trying some other way. Whatever the methods adopted, the principle of efficiency requires of a church business-like compliance with its articles of organization, business-like oversight of its finances, business-like diligence and enterprise in all its undertakings, and the democratic administration of all its affairs.

Worcester, Mass.

Easter—and After.

BY REV. C. A. HENDERSON.

The keeping of Lent and Easter, so observed as to work up to a climax, is playing an important part in the religious life of many people. On the whole it is having an influence truly beneficent. There is, however, something to be said about the state of mind that too frequently follows. With many, we can feel practically certain, Easter is indeed a climax, that is followed by an immediate cessation of all the thoughts to which it has provoked attention.

What is the reason for this? The idea that Easter is a climax is doubtless partly responsible. Properly, of course, it is only a beginning. What, as a matter of fact, is the one thought appropriate for the close of an Easter day? If it has been a day that has at all fulfilled its purpose, we have realized as we never realized before that we are immortal. It is something that has seemed to us better substantiated than ever it has seemed. The years have nurtured our thoughts, and the day has brought them to maturity. There remains, in consequence, but one step. We are now to set ourselves to practise immortality. It is true; it is a truth which we must at last endeavor to take more deeply into our lives.

How are we to do this? That is the question. There are, it appears to me, two ways. In the first place, this faith of ours must somehow be brought down out of the region of the head into the region of the heart. We must believe it with our hearts. At present it is so largely only an intellectual conviction with us, that, when all is said and done, it leaves us practically cold. Somehow this must cease. Somehow we must succeed in believing in immortality to the point of feeling some deep, emotional stir in us with regard to it.

Digitized by Google

How is this to be accomplished? It is thus, I think, that it has been accomplished by all those who have succeeded. They have brought their imagination to play upon the matter. They have sought to apprehend what it really means that we are to go on forever and forever,—the majesty of it, the glorious awfulness of it. They have tried to take in the wonderful fact, without suffering it to be beclouded by being too curious about it. They have not put to themselves too many questions. In purity of heart and in humility of purpose they have accepted it all in utter simplicity. They have frankly said: "As to details we know nothing. In the presence of what we already enjoy in this infinite world of sense, utterly beyond any foresight, in the presence of this marvellous outer creation, we have not the slightest idea what God has prepared beyond the veil. It will, we only know, be after the style and manner of his works, and so something which the heart of man cannot conceive. With Whittier,—

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

This, however, with a kind of daily feeling, they have felt that they knew; and it has extended over them a beneficent, almost a transfiguring, influence.

The practice of immortality begins in this way, in believing it with the heart, somewhat after this manner. It goes on to something yet more important, to something that, after all, gives our faith content. It passes into living, here and now, the immortal life.

It was this second stage with which Paul was especially concerned. He, like all who have ever lived, was weighed down by the thought that we pass; that, so far as we may be seen and handled, we are temporal. He craved to identify himself with those things that are eternal. What are these? They are, he said, the unseen things: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

What precisely was his meaning? Was it not this? As to our body we die. It is a vesture of clay, and in due time it returns to the dust. As to all the lower life of our soul we die. Doubt, distrust, anger, hate,—we may indulge in these things, they may be the moods which to us are life, all the experiences we have may be colored by them, but, as certainly as the will of God prevails, these things will be cast off. An iron law of growth is against them. They are buried soon or late in the rubbish of a life that has moved out of them. The spirit that is of God, the spirit that is faith, hope, love,—here and not elsewhere we have an eternal thing. Suppose we enter into this; suppose we attune our heart to large expectations, believing all things, hoping all things; suppose we grow benign and gracious and loving in our character,—we have become what may increase in depth, but what cannot change essentially, for it is stamped with the seal of eternity. Toward this the whole creation moves; it is the one far-off divine event,—to bring the hearts of men where they enter into the peace of God, having faith, being hopeful, and knowing naught but love.

The practice of immortality in the last resort is this. It is taking on that mood, as the mood with which we go through our days, that for its quality is immortal. Than it there is nothing better, and than it God will have nothing less. It is seeking to awake each day and go forth feeling the promise of good. It is seeking to come each day to our tasks feeling the future in them, endeavoring therefore to do them well, for the service they may render, for the generous purpose they may be the means of revealing, and for the larger life they may help to evoke. It is seeking to feel each day that here we have the holy existence to which we are called; that here in fact we are one with God, and joint heirs, through his wondrous grace, with Jesus.

So we see, to state it briefly, what the practice of immortality means. It means these two things: first, believing in it with the heart, bringing it down out of heaven, so to speak, through the very fervor with which we take hold of the great thought; second, living the immortal life here and now, lifting it up from the earth, so to speak, through the very quality we give to our lives, a quality the elements of which are confidence, hopefulness, the spirit that will have all come right, for it is the spirit of love.

In him of whom it may truly be said he practises immortality, these two things unite. They meet and blend in one common note, and the vivid expectation and the whole character support one another.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Moral Renewals.

The gospel of hope declares the perfect goodness of God and the immortal love that conquers mortal sin by goodness. The love of God is unpurchased and unpurchasable. It is illimitable, as high as heaven, as deep as hell. This is the heart of Jesus' message: this message had found expression long ages before Jesus came. Isaiah had uttered it in words that are still dear and strong. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto Jehovah, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Jesus embodied these words in a character and a life. He was the divine word incarnate, the divine purpose become articulate and concrete in a living human personality.

That message of God's good-will we need to-day. We are rich with the achievements of science and invention and art. We have conquered forces of which the old world was ignorant and harnessed them to serve our material wants and pleasures. We have done a thousand things, but the deepest need of the human heart is the same as ever: it is the need of a divine communication, a sense of the divine mercy and help, and of deliverance from our weakness and unwisdom and sin. Many changes have come in our thought of God and the world and the nature of man. We interpret the cosmos more clearly than our fathers did. We have shaken off or outgrown ideas that were superstitions and mistaken. We have revolutionized philosophy and theology and got rid of the old and false distinction between the natural and the supernatural. We have consigned the mediæval hell to the limbo of monstrous and obsolete fable. But we have not outgrown our need of spiritual ministry. We need God and his help to fit us for satisfying life. We need the message of mercy and hope. We need the absolution which shall cleanse us from the bad and bitter consciousness of sin. We need a peace which none of the vicissitudes of life nor the sundering experience of death awaiting us all can disturb.

There can come into the mind no more inspiring and uplifting thought than this: there is a possibility of moral renewal; there is a way in which we can break with a life that is unworthy of a moral being; there is an escape from a blundering and foolish and sinful past; there is possible an experience of divine forgiveness which shall banish shame and soften regret and cleanse our souls as by a celestial bath; there is possible for us a faith which shall light our way through all darkness, which shall steady us in time of trouble and temptation, which shall fortify us in every trial, and which shall give this earthly life the far outlook into a heavenly fulfilment.—*Philip S. Moxom, in the Springfield Homestead.*

Robert Collyer's Lectures.*

BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

It needs but a casual reading of these lectures to gain an understanding of Dr. Collyer's popular power both in the pulpit and on the platform. There may well be some dispute as to the amount of truth contained in Dr. Collyer's confession of his "poverty in elocution and the like," but there can be no difference of opinion, I take it, as to certain other elements of his work, which were altogether remarkable.

Thus, in the first place, there is that matchless English style which needs no tribute of mine at this belated hour. Every competent judge has borne enthusiastic testimony to its rare qualities of simplicity and purity; but all too few have paused to see that, while it had these qualities to perfection, it had other qualities as well, which gave it an almost unique distinction. The spoken and written style of many a man has been pure, but has also been weak, tame, and characterless. Simplicity has been frequently achieved, but only in combination with coldness, austerity, and reserve. The miracle of Dr. Collyer's style was its union of purity and simplicity with warmth, color, variety, fancy, and indubitable strength. His style was essentially that of the poet, and it was wafted from his lips like the songs of the birds, the fragrance of spring flowers, or a fresh breeze from a Yorkshire moor. The people listened to his words as eagerly as yeomen of old time to a minstrel-song, or as children to a nursery-tale. They came to hear him, first of all, because they knew that they would be entertained and charmed by what the speaker said and the way he said it; and they went away, almost without knowing it, instructed, purified, and inspired.

In the second place, we feel all through these lectures the romantic atmosphere which surrounded the life and personality of the man who wrote and delivered them. This fact is much more apparent in certain other lectures of a largely autobiographical character which have been reserved for publication in a later volume, but in these much less personal writings it is still very emphatically present. Dr. Collyer's greatest asset as a minister, perhaps, was his career before entering the pulpit. His life-story exerted a magical fascination over his own generation, and in our time has taken on the form of a classic tradition or even "folk-legend." What this meant to his audiences is still apparent in the printed words of these lectures. All through them we see the Yorkshire peasant who tramped the moors, the Yorkshire blacksmith who smote the anvil, and the Yorkshire Methodist who preached the word. Detached as they are in theme from all necessary elements of personality, these lectures are still as much the fruit of this particular experience as the apple is the fruit of the apple-tree. Not one line of them could have been written by any other man, nor even by this man in any other environment. They are "Collyer" through and through. In this fact, not less than in the style, is the secret of their power when delivered on the platform yesterday, and their permanent interest when read in the library to-day.

But there is more than merely "Collyer" in these lectures; there is humanity as well. Here is not merely an extraordinary man speaking out of a unique experience, but man himself speaking out of the universal experiences of the human heart. These lectures show, as Dr. Collyer's sermons have shown long since in equal measure, all of that wonderful human quality which permeated everything that he ever did. In life, in thought, in word, in deed,—in his character as a man, a minister, and a lecturer,—Dr. Collyer was pre-eminently human, and great just because so human. As John Chadwick put it so delightfully, in his anniversary poem:—

"You are so human; here's the central fact
Of which your life and speech are all compact:
All things that touch the simple common heart—
These have you chosen—these, the better part—
You are so human; feeling, thought, and act."

If any demonstration were needed at this late day of the truth of this remarkable fact, we have it in abundance in the contents of this volume.

*From the introduction to "Clear Grit" by Robert Collyer. Edited by John Haynes Holmes. American Unitarian Association, $1.50 net.

Literature.

The Highway. A Matter of Fact Examination of the Greatest Event in History. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, 75 cents net.—The anonymous author of this little book would seem to be an Episcopalian of liberal sympathies. He is certainly a devout and literal Biblicist, who reads his Scriptures with some intelligent insight. His main thesis is that Jesus came into the world not to die, but to restore men to their original unity with God. There are in the Old Testament predictions of the Passion, but there are also predictions of acceptance and triumph. Each set of prophecies is conditional; according to the disposition and behavior of the Jewish people, to whom these utterances were addressed, one or the other would find fulfilment. Jesus' mission was primarily to his own countrymen. They rejected and slew him, having the free will to choose, and so the supreme tragedy is not the shame and the agony of Calvary, "but the ignominious ending of the most glorious mission ever undertaken, in preparation for which two thousand years had been spent in vain." The argument as a whole is somewhat artificial, and belongs to a world of thought alien to most *Register* readers, yet there are accurate and valuable observations. One is the insistence "that the mission of the Lord Jesus was primarily to the Jewish nation, and that his teaching was altogether addressed to Jewish hearers, and that the work of converting the Gentiles to a knowledge of the true God was delegated to other hands than his own. . . . The Sermon on the Mount, like all the other discourses of our Lord, was addressed to Jews and was for *their* instruction. . . . This exposition was not intended primarily for the instruction of the members of a new organization, but was for those belonging to an already existing one which our Lord's teaching was to reform and purify." Another sympathetic note is the refutation of the idea of "Adam's fall" and the consequent depravity of human nature. "If the earlier event in any way made the later one necessary, or corrupted the race of mankind as reported, there is not the slightest recognition of the fact in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who never in any speech recorded of him mentioned Adam or Eve, or said one word direct or by implication even mildly derogatory of that nature which he came down from heaven expressly to take upon himself. . . . The book of Nature agrees with the Gospel of the Lord Jesus in saying nothing of any Fall of Man. . . . That doctrine . . . strikes at the moral constitution and dignity of the human race, . . . and it is gratifying to reflect that there is no warrant *whatever* in the holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to justify it." May these quotations, which to Unitarian ears sound as belated echoes of Channing, commend the book to readers who need to be reassured that all "orthodoxy" is not the anti-Christian barbarism now being popularized by Billy Sunday and his mushroom imitators.

Clear Grit. By Robert Collyer. Edited by John Haynes Holmes. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.50 net.—Could anything, even his picture, call back Robert Collyer as he was, like reading over these addresses and talks, when one seems to hear the very tones of his voice and catch the smile that irradiated a good story or a telling allusion! Fortunate in many things, Dr. Collyer has still been fortunate in his editor, whose choice of the material to be used, with the careful revision and the admirable prefatory sketch, deserves grateful recognition. The lecture which names the volume, and two others, "The Human George Washington" and "Robert Burns," recall the early time when the Lyceum platform was in the height of its power and Dr. Collyer travelled far and wide over the country to deliver these lectures to crowds of people and earn money to make up some of the losses caused by the Chicago fire. The majority of the lectures touch subjects discussed at his evening services in New York and repeated elsewhere as occasion offered. "Some Old Unitarian Worthies" was first delivered before the Unitarian Club of New York, and the sermon on "James Martineau" was preached soon after the death of the great English leader of men. Mr. Holmes's tribute to the power of Dr. Collyer is so clear and fine that we print extracts from it in another column, believing that it deserves to stand by itself rather than to be set forth in the words of another.

The Book of Job. By Homer B. Sprague, Ph.D. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.—"To popularize a portion of the world's greatest literature" is always a commendable undertaking, and that there is still room for such an endeavor in the case of Job needs no defence. The author does not claim to enter into the deeper questions of criticism nor to do strictly first-hand work on the subject as a Semitic scholar, but rather to present in poetic and attractive English dress the results of modern translators. The effort to give as literal a rendering as possible is praiseworthy, and if a real poet cannot be induced to undertake this task, then the public should be thankful that a prose writer

has essayed to do it. An introductory essay reviews several proposed solutions of the problem of the poem. The writer's own suggestion that the obscurities of the text are due to lapses of reason on the hero's part on account of his physical and mental agony, is certainly open to the charge of "crazy" exegesis; but, as the book is not a commentary, this charge is only nominal. The notes at the end are brief and concise, and should be decidedly helpful, especially to English readers who find the literal rendering of the text at times too abrupt or obscure.

The First Step. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.—Miss White represents the best type of New England author, and she makes the delicacy, the intellectual independence, and the instinctive reserve of New England character, particularly of New England women, appear the most natural traits in the world, free from any traces of abnormal exaggeration. It was the first step—"It is very shaky and you may have a serious accident any time"—that cost, in Miss Isabel's experience, as in the experience of others who have tried the experiment of making an old house better than new; but that first step led to so much else that the story of it includes much more than carpenter-work and details of plumbing. Miss White is to us, a most satisfactory writer, reminding one occasionally of Sarah Orne Jewett, but keeping close to her own ways of developing a story, and trusting her own insight into character. The spirit of her books and their naturalness make her one of the few whom we might call lovable writers.

When Max came. By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.20 net.—When Max came for a summer in America after a boyhood in Europe, he brought a series of good times with him, and the story of these weeks, together with the development of his relations to his cousins, make this one of the best books of this popular writer. Max called himself "father's angel child" on one notable occasion, and it is interesting to see how closely he approximates to the idea thus presented. His cousin Hope, prejudiced against him at the outset, had to be won over by various experiences, and even adventures; but the reader needs little time to become convinced that he is one of the brightest, most lovable boys that have appeared in recent books of this kind. He reminds one occasionally of Laurie in *Little Women*, partly because of his indication of other tastes than those always developed in boys of his age, and partly because the author has known how to depict him in natural, friendly relations with girls.

Jesus is Here. By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. New York: George H. Doran Company.—The story *In His Steps* was written eighteen years ago. Its continuation, a story complete in itself, although it brings in the same characters, has been recently published as a serial in the *Christian Herald*. It is an attempt to present Jesus as a real person, walking the earth to-day, leading men to make wrong things right, and showing perfect sympathy with all sorts and conditions of people. To some, to draw such a figure in fiction seems irreverent, but it is Mr. Sheldon's testimony that hundreds of letters have expressed thankfulness for the help the story has given in endeavors to live the Christian life. The book is thus not to be judged according to the ordinary rules of criticism. Mr. Sheldon is minister-at-large of Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan., where he originated the idea of reading his books to his congregation, chapter by chapter, at the Sunday evening services.

John and Betty's Irish Visit. By Margaret Wilkinson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.25 net.—How John and Betty, lively and patriotic young Americans, visited England and Scotland has been told in preceding volumes of this series, which aims to combine trustworthy information, interesting experiences of travel, legends of place and time, and a personal interest in the young travellers. The heroic and romantic past of Ireland, the richness of folk and fairy lore, and the opportunities for wit and humor make Ireland a mine of good material, and Miss Wilkinson has improved her chances. Others besides young people may enjoy these chapters and illustrations.

Miscellaneous.

Frances L. Lester, 1151 East 55th Street, Chicago, Ill., publishes the Laurel Series of lovely cards and leaflets, suitable for holiday and festival greetings. We regret that we did not see the Easter cards in time to announce them to our readers, who would surely have chosen to profit by the suggestion, but births and birthdays, engagements and weddings, we have always with us; and the good taste shown in the selection of poems and illustrations, delicately colored by hand, is not confined to offerings for a single time of the year. It is not easy to find elsewhere such satisfactory cards, at a reasonable price, as are included in the list offered by Miss Lester.

A booklet of poems written by one of our lifelong Unitarian women has appeared in print. Its title is *A Gift at the Altar*. The poems are fourteen in number. They breathe a deep religious spirit, and win with a tone of utter sincerity. Their character may be judged by the concluding stanza of the title poem:—

"Come thyself unto the altar,
Give thyself, an offering free;
And an answering gift God giveth,—
His own peace shall come to thee!"

One of the poems is recognized as having appeared in print before, "A Year in Heaven," and must have proved comforting to many. The booklet is printed, but not "published." Still, copies are to be obtained of the booksellers, W. B. Clarke Co., Tremont Street. The initials on the title page are M. L. D. This slight sheaf of a heart's deliverances would make a good Easter offering.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 Park Street, Boston

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN

No. 32

The Church and New Americans

By George W. Tupper, Ph.D.

The Protestant churches have exercised hitherto a large influence in shaping and molding the character of American life, but thus far they have practically made no effort to reach the recent accessions to our population. It is high time that they roused themselves from this indifference. These new-comers need their help and sympathy, and for their sakes and for the sake of the country as well, there is no task to which the churches can more usefully devote themselves than the promotion of the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of these new Americans. This is Dr. Tupper's thesis, and he speaks with a deep conviction based upon a wide experience.

Published for Free Distribution

Order as "S. S. No. 32," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT
American Unitarian Association
25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

To Little Children.

Little Kings and Queens of the May,
Listen to me!
If you want to be
Every one of you very good
In that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood, . . .
Whatever you pluck
Leave some for good luck;
Picked from the stalk or pulled up by the root
From overhead or from underfoot,
Water wonders of pond or brook;
Wherever you look and whatever you find,
Leave something behind.
Some for the Naiads, some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies and the Pixies. . . .
O little sisters and little brothers,
Think for others and care for others!
And of all that your little fingers find
Leave something behind!

From "Grandmother's Spring,"
by Juliana Horatia Ewing.

The Gift of Speech.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

On one of the planets circling round our own sun there once dwelt a race in many ways unlike our own. The most striking difference, however, lay in the manner in which those other beings received the gift of speech. They did not, as we do, acquire this power of speaking gradually, but received it, fully and entirely, at one moment. This is on a certain day, when a large and beautiful moon, seen but once a year, rises on the far horizon. At the first approach of this new luminary, the boys and girls who in the last six months have attained the age of fifteen, or who in the ensuing six months will attain it, at once begin their preparation for a journey to the temple, before whose altar they will first learn to speak the thoughts which they hitherto possessed in silence. The sacred moon shines in the heavens just long enough to light their pilgrimage to the temple and their return, gifted with speech, to their homes, and then disappears for a whole year. These journeys are always undertaken by night. In the daytime, they sleep in tents, guarded by their fathers and mothers, who invariably accompany them.

What makes the moment of learning to speak particularly awful is this: the nature of the gift is determined by the character of the boy or girl receiving it! Those whose thoughts—those thoughts unknown to any soul till now—have been idle, shallow, vain, bent only upon trivial and fleeting things, can find words that clothe such thoughts, and no more. But, those, on the other hand, whose previous inner life has been lofty and pure, a constant aspiration towards higher and nobler things, are allowed to enter the innermost hall of the temple—the Hall of Silver Speech.

On one occasion the moon of speech shone with remarkable brilliance in the heavens. The little band, in due course, reached the temple. Here the parents parted from their children, being accommodated with tents outside the temple grounds, while the children, received by the priests and priestesses of the sacred building, were conducted to chambers specially prepared for them. As the journey always ended at sunrise, the travellers slept until nearly sunset, when they were wakened by the sweetest chimes, taken to baths of perfumed waters, and arrayed in robes of soft and shining silk, and then led, always in the silence they were powerless yet to break, towards the temple itself.

This was built of white marble, and, like the Greek temples, had a central space unroofed. To this inner space the youths and maidens were taken, and here they knelt before the great square altar. Boys, dedicated to the temple service from their childhood, swung censers of incense until the kneeling votaries were almost hidden by its perfumed breath.

The foremost of the band was Helioné, the king's daughter. She was taller than her companions by the head, and fairer far than any of the maidens who bore her company.

The wondrous moon rose higher, until its rays poured down through the opening above; the clouds of incense gradually melted into thin air; strange songs arose from hidden singers; harp and lute, viol and dulcimer, added their liquid strains. Then these died away, and the youths and maidens rose. The gift of speech was theirs! That gift, so dangerous, even so fatal at times, more frequently so useless, but sometimes so powerful and so blessed, was theirs at last! With ears opened and tongues unloosed they sought the fathers and mothers who were waiting beyond the temple grounds.

But the king and queen had to wait long for Helioné, for she was led at once to the Hall of Silver Speech.

"Leave your companions, Princess Helioné," said an old priest, taking her hand. "I have that to show you no other eyes may see."

He guided her to a parapet overlooking the blue waters of the sea, and bade her gaze steadily across them. She obeyed. After a time she saw that the brilliant rays of the new luminary were crossed by other rays, of a pale, amethystine tint, which came, seemingly, from the far horizon to where she stood. Turning, to trace their further course, she observed that they were caught and reflected by discs of brilliantly polished metal fastened to the temple walls.

"Here you see, or rather you hear, the result of a lifetime's labor," said the sage. "These discs hold the slightest vibrations of sound brought by these rays from a far-off star. Put your ears, Princess, to disc after disc, and you shall hear the speech of that star named by its dwellers 'the earth,' as plainly as if you stood upon it."

Helioné shook back her long dark hair, and laid her ear to the disc nearest her. Her face grew pale as she listened.

"I hear terrible words," she cried. "They tell of pain and death, bloodshed, and bitter hate! I knew not such things could be!"

"That disc's rays come from a battlefield," replied her mentor. "Try another."

Helioné moved towards the next, but shook her head as she heard.

"It is but little better," she told him. "I hear no more the cries of pain, but wrath there is, and strife!"

"That ray," explained the priest, "comes from a meeting of their councillors, called Congress. Their debates are not always peaceful, I fear. Try another, Princess."

"Choose one for me," pleaded Helioné. "I would hear no pain or suffering or anger. Let me hear the sages speak."

Now this choice of Helioné's shows that her star is ages behind our own, for she had grown up in the belief, so old that we have long discarded it, that years bring wisdom, and that the words of the aged are good to hear!

The priest still held the same error.

"The words of sages would be too deep for thee," he answered. "Hear first the children speak."

Placing her ear to the disc he indicated, Helioné now smiled with delight.

"Beautiful!" she cried. "I hear soft voices, and glad laughter like music, words that are sweet and gay. Would that I might see as well as hear."

"What now would'st thou hear?" was the sage's reply.

"Let me next listen to the maidens of my own age," was her entreaty. "Since they have long had the gift of speech, I shall learn much from them."

But, as she bent her ear, her face clouded.

"The last was as music—but this I understand not," she said. "The words are strange, meaningless, and very ugly. The voices are harsh, and the laughter shrill. All speak, and none listen."

"That ray," the priest explained, "comes from a gathering of young persons, called a 'débutante tea'! Thou hear'st no pause, because each loves her own voice best; the meaningless words belong to a language called slang, being chosen because they have little meaning and less beauty."

Helioné turned to another disc.

"Strange," she cried. "I hear one voice speaking of wise and beautiful thoughts! But, ever and anon, other voices, speaking the words you call slang, drown in their shrill speech his words of wisdom!"

"Without doubt," was the old man's answer, "the rays to which thou now listen'st come from a gathering peculiar to that strange orb, called a 'fashionable lecture'."

She passed on to another disc, and listened attentively.

"What hearest thou?" asked the wise man.

"Maidens' voices," replied Helioné, "but they say three words so constantly that I seem to hear no others."

"And those words?" questioned her guide.

"They are 'I'—that is spoken more often than any other," replied the princess, "and 'he' and 'him'."

She turned round to look at the priest, and saw that he was gazing at the door from which they had come. Next, he prostrated himself, and then there emerged from the door a mighty angel, tall and strong, whose wings gleamed white in the moon-rays, and whose face, though beautiful, was sad. Helioné knew him for one of the angel visitants not uncommon on her planet, and she, too, knelt, and covered her eyes. When she looked up the sage had gone. The moon shone with even greater brilliance over the sparkling waters, and she and the angel were alone.

"Thou art sad," said the angel, "because thou hast heard sounds from a world in which the gift of speech is held more lightly than thou hast been trained, in thy silent probation, to hold it, and thy sorrow is not

Digitized by Google

without cause. But now come hither, and gaze upon yonder star. That is the earth whence these sad sounds have come. Now, thou shalt see as well as hear. Behold!"

He laid his hand across her eyes, and then upon her heart; and she saw and understood!

"Tell me," the angel spoke, "doth sight make more clear to thee the ways of those dwellers on that far-off star?"

"Strange—most strange," said Helioné, speaking from the wisdom of her anointed heart. "They speak much folly, but their souls are whiter than their words. Through their eyes I read their hearts, and there I see thoughts of better things than their speech hath betrayed! I see kindly acts, noble imaginings. But tell me why, O mighty Angel, when their hearts are clean and pure, and their deeds are love and kindness, they should not have speech as fair?"

"Because they gain the gift of speech too lightly," replied the angel. "For thine own sake, O Helioné, have I shown thee this. It is two-fold. One part, remember well, is to judge not on imperfect knowledge! Hadst thou heard only, and not seen, how erroneous thy thoughts concerning the maidens on that far star! I grant it is sad that they who can think and act as beseems immortal souls should, by light speech and vain, be deemed other than they are. Not only do others misjudge them—that matters little, since all judgments, save only the judgment of One Whom we name not,"—here the angel bowed his head—"are liable to err, but because vain and trifling words may lead other souls astray. There is many a maiden, Helioné, born, as thou art born, to lead. The name 'princess' is not given her, but the power to make others follow in her steps is there. Bitter, indeed, will be her pain should she look back upon her days on earth and see some soul held fast in the mire of sin and folly to which her words first showed the way! Small joy will it be to her to know that she has herself escaped and won her way to heaven! She will grieve for those whom she had power to lead downwards, but never the power to lead up!"

Helioné shuddered.

The angel went on:—

"One of their own evil philosophers has said that speech was given man that he might conceal his thought! Nay; speech hath a power more terrible! Speech can mould thought! Therefore, let those whose words are foolish take heed, lest in time their thoughts be no better than their speech. Thou, Helioné, guard well thy gift, my child! Thine, the blessing that the Hall of Silver Speech alone can give! Where thou callest, others will follow. Let thy words be simple and sincere, nor give utterance to any thought that may not aid thy listener. See, thy companions wait thee. Thou wilt soon be upon thy homeward way. I take from eyes their new sight, but I take not from thy heart its knowledge. Remember and obey. Guard well thy gift of speech."

He touched her eyes, and she saw no more the distant star. Only, before he plumed his flight, she knelt and cried,—

"Plunge me back, O mighty Angel, into the silence that has no power to harm, before vain or foolish word of mine shall lead another soul into the paths of folly or of sin!"

He smiled upon her.

"Make that thy daily prayer, and thou need'st have no fear."

His great wings spread, and over the silver sea he swept, soon lost to sight. Turning, Helioné saw the sage, come to seek her.

. . . . . .

Homeward they went, by the light of the moon of speech, but not in silence, as they came. Voices and laughter rang throughout the nights. Only Helioné at times was silent, remembering the maidens of the distant star!

The Snowdrop.

BY JOHN RUSSELL HAYES.

The snowdrop, pearly white of hue,
Each morning sheds a fragrant dew,
Which little goblins come and get
And use to bait their beetle-net.

From The Old-Fashioned Garden.

When Sara made Sugar.

Splash, splash! Grandfather had turned a pail of clear maple sap into the shallow boiling-pan. Sara watched him with delight.

"Soon it will be time to light the fire," said Grandfather.

"May I?" begged Sara.

Grandfather pulled his match-box from his pocket and handed it to Sara. She had to stoop to light the fire, for the pan stood on an outdoor stove.

When Sara struck her match the fire blazed quickly. It was not long before tiny bubbles began to form in the pan, and a little later the sap was boiling merrily.

Other things were merry, too. The big, jolly sun sent his beams down into the maple grove to chase away the last patches of snow. A little brook was chuckling to itself as it talked to the pebbles in its bed. On the maple-trees the sap-pails hung, glittering in the bright sunlight. Sara and her grandfather had brought a basket of lunch, for the sap could not be left while it was boiling. The fire must not go out, and the syrup must not get too thick and burn.

"What's that?" asked Sara, suddenly, as she danced about the fire.

Grandfather listened. From the direction of the farmhouse there came a faint "toot-toot."

Grandfather set down the pail he was carrying. "Grandmother is calling me," he told Sara, "she is blowing the horn that says she wants me to come to the house. You stay here, and I shall soon be back."

Sara watched him as he strode off across the fields.

Then a thought came to Sara—she was all alone with the fire and the pan of boiling sap. Grandfather had said that the fire must not go out and the sap must not burn! The fire was getting low. Sara dragged sticks and fed it. She sat down to rest, and then she noticed that the syrup was much lower in the pan. It would never do for it to burn.

Sara ran to the nearest tree and pulled at the sap-pail. It was only half full, so she was able to carry it. Then there were other pails to be emptied. Sara grew more and more tired, but she had made up her mind to take care of the fire and the syrup.

It seemed a long, long time afterward that Sara heard Grandfather call, "Bravo, bravo, for the girl that saved the syrup!"

Then Grandfather told Sara that a chimney at the house had taken fire and he had had to stay and put it out.

When the syrup was done Sara helped to carry it home. In the evening Grandmother filled all Sara's patty-pans with warm maple sugar as her reward.

How proud they were of Sara!—*Frances Kirkland, in the Churchman.*

Lost His Temper.

An English sparrow, in a search for a new home, lighted, in the course of his travels, upon the statue of Benjamin Franklin which graces the big triangle at Park Row's junction with Nassau Street.

The metal Franklin, as everybody knows, sports a tie wig, which swells out over the ears; and in the consequent crevice the homeless sparrow fancied he had discovered an ideal place for a nest.

He proceeded to experiment. Darting down to the street, he captured a tiny bit of rag, and shoved it into the opening between Mr. Franklin's wig and left auricular.

The rag failed to catch on the smooth metal, and slipped out. It was seized by the little home-builder, and shoved back again. Several other English sparrows gathered around the statue's shoulders, and began to guy the first.

He paid no attention to them, and by actual count dragged the obstinate rag back into the crevice fifteen times.

The second that it left his beak it slid out again. Suddenly the temper of the much-suffering sparrow exploded. He sailed into his tormentors with the energy of a cyclone, and in three minutes the entire crew was whipped most beautifully.

Then, smoothing its ruffled feathers, the visitor seated himself upon Mr. Franklin's august head, and calmly surveyed the scene of battle.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Little Mattie flew into the house one evening very late for tea, and hurried to her mother's chair. "Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold me, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down in the street and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor, so, of course, I had to stay. And after I waited and waited he came, and oh, mother, what do you think? It was only a man!"—*The Continent.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 935 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Marc S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip P. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

God's Bird.

Nay, not thine eagle, Lord,
No golden eagle I,
That creep half fainting on the sward,
And have no wings to fly.

But take me in thy hand
To be thy sparrow then:
Were sparrows two in Holy Land
One farthing bought the twain.

—*Katharine Tynan Hickson.*

Eben Sumner Draper.

There is a certain key to every human soul, and with that key one can unlock the secret chambers of the individual motive. In the light of that motive a human life can be explained. No human soul can properly be interpreted apart from its dominating impulse.

Eben Sumner Draper was indeed the friend and counsellor of those who direct the affairs of government. One is amazed, also, at the number and importance of the industrial and philanthropic enterprises in which he took a leading part; but those who knew him well, realized that for him Hopedale was the centre of the world, and that his church and his home formed the twofold centre of Hopedale. One can imagine his abandoning public responsibilities and the numerous objects of his political and business interests and retiring happily to private home life, but one cannot imagine his withdrawal from the latter to devote himself absolutely to the former.

If it were not for the fact that faith is so commonly identified with profession and religion so rarely distinguished from theology, one could truthfully say that Mr. Draper was an intensely religious man. He would have been the last to profess *piety* as that word is usually understood, and he never would have undertaken to expound religion in terms of dogmatic belief. But if religion is the force that rules in personal conduct, if it makes of conscience a compelling power in one's life, if it strengthens one's will until he would rather lose his life than do that which betrays the divine sanction within him, then, judged by his controlling motive, religion found a very noble and intensified expression in our late governor. In the ever-present power of an ennobled conscience, we find in Mr. Draper the key by which his career is to be explained

Is it not the religious impulse that admonishes and warns a man to abide by what he believes to be the truth? Not only with regard to religious matters, but in business, and in his theory of government, and in those great manufacturing interests with which he was identified, be the truth agreeable or disagreeable, few men have sought it with greater diligence, or accepted it with more implicit confidence. His attitude towards the truth was eminently religious, and nothing could induce him to betray it.

His attitude towards any duty or task was a religious attitude. He did nothing by halves. Examine the numberless achievements that owe their initiation or fulfilment to his efforts. One will find, without exception, that he considered his work never done until it was *wholly* done—to the last detail and in the most effective manner. What he did, he did religiously as if "under his great Taskmaster's eye."

In public life, whatever his opponents may have said, he could not be controlled by considerations of expediency unless they appealed to him as right considerations. Again and again he would stand for measures that were unpopular because he believed them to be right and for the greatest good of the people at large. As Chief Executive, his name became the synonym of independent and incorruptible loyalty to principle. He was controlled in his public life by the religious impulse.

In his sympathies he was dominated by this same conscientious fidelity. The long list of philanthropies in which his hand could be seen as a directing force testifies to the breadth of his interest in the welfare of the people. In flood and famine, in war and pestilence and earthquake, he became a commanding figure, organizing and making ample every instrumentality of relief. His constant preparedness for such emergencies, his ability to engage in large enterprises for human betterment, and his willingness to accept responsibilities in times of public disaster are well known to every one who was acquainted with him.

But it was in his own home town that Mr. Draper was best known and best appreciated The attacks that were made upon him and which in any way reflected upon the cordial personal relations which existed between him and the people of Hopedale were unjust to the last degree, and gave him more poignant pain than any of the political attacks which were made upon him in public life. The people of Hopedale (barring, possibly, a small number of transient and industrially antagonistic enthusiasts) were proud of Mr. Draper as a manufacturer, as a public-spirited citizen, as a governor, and as a man. They were always thankful to have him at his home in Hopedale, and his absence from town was invariably a source of regret. As a child he was a school-boy among the children of the town. As a youth he worked shoulder to shoulder with others of his age in the shops. As a young man just entering upon his active career he assumed his share of the responsibility as a citizen. As a member and pew-holder in the little church, and as a contributor to every local enterprise that could benefit the people at large, he was always to be depended upon When, as a young man, he was asked to become superintendent of the Sunday-school, he declined, and offered as the excuse that he was not "good enough"; but after further consideration, enforced by considerable urging, he consented, and for several years was conspicuously efficient and popular among the teachers and pupils, and he never ceased to stand loyally for his Unitarian faith. He was interested in our denominational life, as his bequest to the Association indicates, and was frequently present at the annual meetings of the American Unitarian Association. The beautiful church in Hopedale, which was the joint gift of himself and his brother George A. Draper, is a fine symbol of the strength and beauty of his religious principles.

In later years he confronted many a perplexing situation, but he grew constantly in breadth of vision and moral courage. In practical matters he depended absolutely upon facts and conditions, but in the presence of the great mysteries of human experience his faith and confidence were marked by a profound humility. Those who knew him realized that the currents of his personal life ran deep, and, while the interests of the present world were of consuming importance to him, and while life here was, as it should have been, commanding and precious because of innumerable friendships and home ties and the challenge of great things to achieve, the tragedy of its interruption to enter upon other spheres of existence contained no fear for his triumphant spirit. L. C. W.

Foreign Notes.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The *Revue Chrétienne* is the sole French liberal review. It maintains progressive principles, while *Foi et Vie* is the orthodox organ. For a few years to come the *Revue* will need aid. Any American liberal who desires to know the current religious life of France, as seen from a free religious standpoint, will do well to subscribe to this excellent journal, which represents the principles and aims of the International Council of Religious Progress, and has recently published many of the papers read at the late Paris Congress. The address is *La Revue Chrétienne*, 83 Boulevard Arago, Paris (XIV^e), France. The price is 12.50 francs a year, postpaid.

The official report of the late Paris Congress, much delayed in the printing, is promised for next month by the Paris committee.

In Belgium liberal Protestantism begins to make itself felt. Its head is Pastor Rey of Liége, aided by the successor of Rev. James Hocart, Rev. Mr. Teissoniere of Brussels. It labors among the intellectuals, and has formed quite large congregations at Brussels, Liége, and Ghent. Prof. Viénot has recently visited these cities to give lectures. The liberal political journals, notably *La Flandre liberale* of Ghent, give weighty recognition to the liberal Protestant movement, and print full and sympathetic reports of Prof. Viénot's addresses. For the rest, Belgium is submerged in clericalism, and the situation is disquieting to free believers.

L'Union des Anciens Prêtres Catholiques was organized in Paris last year, with a membership of 26 priests who had left the Roman Church. To-day it counts 120 members, of whom 46 have married. Some have become Protestant ministers, others are journalists and authors, 12 are public-school teachers and officials. Many have gone into business. There are doctors and lawyers among them, police commissioners, lyric artists, chauffeurs, etc. The old adage, "once a priest, always a priest," seems not to be applicable in these new days.

The life of Père Hyacinthe by M. Albert Houtin is nearing completion. In part it has appeared in the columns of *La Grande Revue* of Paris. In Geneva a monument to Father Hyacinthe is to be erected in a public square. An American committee is being formed to assist in the work.

When President Poincare visited the King of Spain recently, a great bull-fight was organized in his honor, but, as a lover of animals, he declined to attend.

The Rev. Van Loenen Martinot, who since 1885 has edited the Dutch liberal religious journal of Amsterdam, *De Hervorming*, with ability and tact, has resigned, and his place has been filled by the choice of Rev. H. de

Lang, another devoted friend of social and religious liberty and progress. The spirit and scope of the journal will remain the same, but the old editor will be missed by its readers at home and abroad, to whom he had endeared himself by his intellectual ability, fairness, and courtesy.

Mr. F. Hesselink of Velp, Holland, writes the *Hervorming* a letter, in which he outlines a plan to make Dr. W. E. Channing's views better known to his fellow-countrymen by means of a block calendar. Dr. J. J. Swier, preacher at Havelte, translated and circulated many of Channing's writings, but they are now no longer obtainable from the publishers, the book-publishing firm of Wolters in Groningen, while the Dutch idiom in which they appeared is now somewhat antiquated. "The Perfect Life" was not included among them, and Mr. Hesselink proposes to print this excellent work in 322 leaves, of about 250 words each, in the form of a block calendar, to be adorned with Channing's portrait.

The late address of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, "Religion in the Twentieth Century," was translated by editor Van Loenen Martinet into Dutch, and printed in the columns of *De Hervorming* (The Reformation).

Rev. George Bartoli, the eminent Jesuit priest who withdrew from the Roman Church and united with the Waldensians, and two years since visited Boston in the interests of that church, has now withdrawn from this body also. The church papers gleefully announce his return to Rome, but M. Bartoli declares publicly that he has no such intention, but is engaged in Biblical studies and a new work soon to appear. He says he belongs to no church, and asks to be allowed a student's seclusion.

A great struggle has been going on among the Jews of Palestine over the use of the Hebrew tongue in instruction. The German Jewish Aid Society, which has its seat in Berlin, has for ten years been active in that country, and founded numerous schools in Jerusalem, Hebron, Jaffa, Haifa, Safed, etc., with some 120 teachers and 3,000 pupils. The Hebrew as well as the German tongue is employed in this work. In the elementary schools the Hebrew is the unifying bond which co-ordinates the pupils, who are of half a dozen different nationalities and languages. In the upper classes German is predominant.

The association decided recently to establish a technical school at Haifa. But when it decided to employ the German tongue side by side with the Hebrew, in the courses of instruction, the radical Zionists of the committee sounded an alarm, and the storm broke loose. The pupils demanded to be taught in Hebrew; the German faculty insisted on the retention of German, also. A strike was organized, and a strike treasury created. The teachers largely sympathized with the nationalists, but the director, Dr. Nathan, insisted on obedience to the new rules. Eighteen teachers withdrew; the loyal pupils numbered only forty; the strikers attacked and injured the handsome new edifice of the school, which had to remove to another part of the city; the seceding teachers and scholars picketed its sessions. One sees that ancient Palestine is up to date in all the new methods. The police were called out, and the tumult ended. Meanwhile, a mass meeting of parents protested against these lawless proceedings, and one hundred new members joined the association. All the schools of the latter, however, disclose a diminished attendance. The Hebraic party has opened rival schools, but these suffer from want of material resources. The end is not yet in sight, but it is surmised that a way out will be found.

Baron E. von Rothschild of Paris, so eminent as a benefactor of his co-religionists in Palestine, has lately been visiting that country. He has added to the millions already contributed by him to elevate the Jews of the Holy Land a new gift,—a loan of 12,000,000 francs, to enable agriculturalists to purchase and develop farms, to be repaid in twenty-four annual instalments. The maximum loan is to be 8,000 francs.

It is pleasant to read in the *Protestantenblatt*, the liberal organ in Germany, an article paving the way to a closer approach between Judaism and liberal Christianity in that country, where the anti-Semitic feeling is so intense and unjustifiable.

Entire freedom of worship reigns in Bulgaria, in which there were, before the recent war, 35 places of Protestant worship, with between five and six thousand members and an equal number of adherents. Sofia has three such churches and schools, one a handsome edifice of stone. The German Protestant school is especially noted for its excellence, and has 180 pupils, many belonging to the so-called *élite*.

A lady member of Rev. Dr. Charles Strong's Independent Church of Australia recently bequeathed $25,000 to that organization. Dr. Strong is writing in *The Age*, a prominent newspaper of Melbourne, a weekly review of serious books.

The historic conference at Kikuyu, on the railroad between Mombasa and Uganda in East Africa, was excellent for its attempts at Christian unity, but of what real value is a federation of Protestants which accepts as its basis the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, the "absolute authority of Holy Scripture as the word of God" and "'the atoning death of our Lord as the ground of our forgiveness"? Is any revival of foreign missionary work in Africa to be hoped for from such an exhibition of mediævalism? And, meanwhile, Islam, with its simple doctrine of one God, the Father, and all men brothers, is sweeping the Dark Continent.

Liquor Advertisements.

The directors of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society have petitioned the Executive Board of the Boston Elevated Railway to withhold permission for the use of space in cars and at stations for the advertisements of alcoholic drinks. Three considerations were offered in the hope they would be approved by the good judgment and public spirit of the Company.

First, as every thoughtful person admits, the output of alcoholic drinks is already so enormous and wasteful that it has come to be distinctly against the public interest to help increase this business by means of advertising. The situation is like that of a community where the use of fire arms had become perilous and excessive, where, therefore, public policy would demand that the sale of firearms should be discouraged.

Secondly, it is a daily offence to a multitude of patrons to have the glaring advertisements of intoxicants forced upon their eyes. Directors representing a public service corporation cannot wish to be a party to this kind of offence.

Thirdly, more than a million people are dependent upon the skill, intelligence, and good temper of the great force of employees. Every one is concerned that they shall be free of the drink habit. The publication in cars and about stations of flaming advertisements to drink is repugnant to the Company's own requirements of the men, and to the ruling conditions of safety for the people who ride upon cars.

In view of these considerations, the petitioners believe not only that the public will uphold the Company, but stockholders, also, in establishing the policy of excluding such liquor advertisements.

The petition was signed by Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D., in behalf of the Directors of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society.

Sectarian Legislation.

The Ministers' Monday Club at its last meeting, after full discussion, unanimously adopted resolutions, desiring to put on record its indorsement of the proposed Constitutional amendment forbidding appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes, now before the Massachusetts Legislature, and expressing the hope that the present session of the General Court may act speedily and favorably upon it. The club also urged upon the editors of the Boston daily newspapers that, whenever attacks appear in them on the Protestant or any other faith and fellowship, they give equal opportunity in their columns for a full and frank reply.

Rev. John Worsley Austin.

The English papers are recording the death of Rev. John Worsley Austin with many words of appreciation and affection.

During the early part of the winter Mr. Austin was very much overworked, and shortly after the opening of the new year his health began to fail. He gradually grew worse, and a few weeks ago was obliged to take to his bed. The cause of his death was inflammation of the lungs and general blood-poisoning.

A son of Rev. Henry Austin of Cirencester, Mr. Austin was born at that town in November, 1872. He graduated as a Bachelor of Arts of London University in 1891. Shortly after he had taken his degree his health broke down, and, being ordered a complete rest, he went to Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania. On his return home he entered Manchester College, Oxford, and remained there three years. During that period he studied for the ministry and spent his vacations in ministerial and missionary work, acquiring a considerable amount of useful experience from his activities among the poor. His career at Oxford was very successful, and in 1895 he was awarded the Hibbert Travelling Scholarship, the highest distinction possible to be obtained. It was given to him, moreover, for three years, instead of one year, as was usually the case, and it carried with it not only a proof of distinction in scholarship, but of personal qualities deserving of special recognition.

From Oxford he went to Leipzig, where he undertook a course of special work in philosophy, and in 1896 he proceeded to Berlin University. In the following year he returned to England, and after taking his M.A. degree at London University he visited the United States and studied at Harvard University. While at Harvard he accepted the pastorate of the First Church at Dedham, Mass., and thus began his career as a Unitarian minister. He remained at Dedham four years, and returned to England in 1902. The next year he received an invitation to succeed Rev. L. P. Jacks as minister of the Church of the Messiah; and he had not been long in Birmingham before he thoroughly justified the confidence which had been reposed in him by the committee of the church. He performed his duties in a painstaking manner, and being an earnest and thoughtful preacher as well as a capable organizer, he soon gained the support and affection of his congregation. Under his ministry the vitality of the church improved, its many activities were strengthened, and its various organizations became increasingly useful.

A writer in the London *Inquirer* says in part: "What drew his friends so closely to him was the charm of his personal qualities. He had quiet and deep affections, and a strong honesty of soul, which kept him from the snares of religious rhetoric and made him modest about his intellectual gifts. He never allowed himself to sink into conventional grooves of thought. He was growing all the time. We know not what finer thing can be said of a spiritual leader of men than this, that he was more teachable at forty than at thirty, less concerned with theories and doctrines about religion because religion itself, the transfiguring light of Christian faith, had claimed him for its own."

The Alliance.

Miss Bancroft presided at the meeting of the Executive Board, April 10, having recently returned from her trip to the Southern circuits and the Southern Conference at Dallas, Tex.

She gave a brief report of her travels, which included visits to six or more branches in addition to the circuits and the Southern Conference, and spoke of Mr. McHale's desire for more books for libraries. She said that, though it was a far cry from the flowers and beauty of the Southland to the snow which greeted her return to New England, there is no far cry in the hearts of Alliance women. Texas Alliance women are rejoicing that they now have the necessary number of members to give them a director.

Miss Lucy Lowell, who accompanied Miss Bancroft to South Carolina, told the story of their visits to Shelter Neck, Pink Hill, and Swansboro, giving the Board a clear idea of the difficulties of travelling in that country, especially at the time of high water. She also told of the good work done in the circuits and schools, and called attention to the fact that the most pressing need at the present time is a housekeeper at Shelter Neck to relieve Mrs. Peterson and leave her free for the work of supervision.

The corresponding secretary, Mrs. Davis, being at the Meadville Conference and Associate Alliance meetings, sent her report, including the plans for her visits to the Pennsylvania and New York branches. The treasurer reported one life-member added to the list and four added to the Memorial list. $900 has been received from one hundred and twenty branches and four individuals for the Fifield Memorial. Substantial sums were reported as received during the past month on account of appeals, but $400 is still needed to complete them before the annual meeting. An interesting letter was read about Signor Conti's work in Italy. Much time was given to a full discussion of the report of the committee appointed to consider a re-arrangement of committees, and the report, with a few changes, was adopted.

The Post-office Mission Committee reported co-operation with the Unitarian Temperance Society, while the Cheerful Letter Committee reported the work growing and especially active as to sending out libraries.

Announcement was made by the Library Committee that the work of cataloguing and rearranging the library is progressing, and it is hoped the work will be done and the Alliance room in order before the May meetings. Over two thousand Alliance pins have been sold. Miss Lowell spoke of the desirability of having Mrs. S. E. Hooper's name placed on the Memorial list, and she and Mrs. Keyes were appointed to take charge of it. The Board listened to many reports from the Western States showing good work done.

From Indianapolis came the following: "The spirit of co-operation is at work. Whether one can gracefully turn a phrase, neatly turn a hem, deftly turn a pancake, or tactfully turn the subject, her usefulness is equally prized." Even to turn a penny is not despised.

The Board meeting lasted from 10 A.M. to 3.30 P.M., with an intermission of an hour and a half for luncheon. The next meeting will be May 22.

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

Confirmation Classes.

The saying that it is possible to stand so straight as to lean backwards is as suggestive in matters religious as elsewhere. Thus it is quite possible for us as liberals so to recoil from the methods of the evangelists and from such phrases as "coming to Jesus" and even from the demand that we "profess ourselves Christians," as to miss something that is real and vital. We, no less than others, believe in the dedicated life. We yield place to none in our admiration of and love for Jesus of Nazareth. It might even be worth while to undertake, as a definite task, to rationalize and spiritualize the methods to which we object; to reclaim the catch-phrases, so often used flippantly and malignantly, transfusing them with worthy meaning; and to teach those who exalt Jesus, using titles and attributes with which he was unacquainted or from which he shrank, a true appreciation of the Nazarene.

However that may be, back of these customs and phrases lie meanings we cannot ignore and realities we cannot spare without serious loss. There is a higher life as there is a lower. To live the higher means the saving, as living the lower means the destruction, of all that is worth while. And the question which of these we live, and so whether we lose all or save all, depends in large part on an act—or perhaps many acts—of definite choice. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" is a challenge that comes to-day, as it came in Joshua's time, to every soul.

Most of our efforts in guiding young people in religious matters go, perhaps properly, toward furnishing their minds with right understandings of the issues of life, and toward quickening their consciences so that they will recoil from evil and be drawn toward what is good. We must not overlook the fact, however, that their wills as well as their judgments need training through exercise.

Whatever may be wisest about stimulating single and incidental choices, there is one great choice that young people and even the little children may be called upon to make, and that is, to be on the side of right as against wrong, purity as against whatever stains the soul,—the choice to live the Christian life. If we recoil from this suggestion it may be because such a choice has been too often treated as a single and unrepeatable act, an event unique and all-decisive, in which the human will joins the divine grace in a union that places all that follows in a different category from all that went before. Such an event may, indeed, occur; and evidence is not wanting that many persons have had such an experience. But for the majority it is more rational to expect that from time to time such choices must be made, even daily dedication of the life becoming a noble habit.

The crux of the whole matter lies in the fact that the will acts not in generalities, but in concrete instances. A general purpose to live the right life needs occasional exercise to keep it vital. That is why the methods of the evangelical churches, such as "Decision Day," and even revivals with their emotional spasms called "conversions," are so effective. They may be illogical and may be based on a crass theology, but they are pretty close to a sound psychology. "I think," writes a leader among us, "the historic experience of these churches shows that there is inducement to accept as real not only the fact of insensible and gradual growth into moral and religious responsiveness, but also the fact of some special, serious, solemn act of self-dedication, especially in youth, and a value thus in seasons of renewed dedication to the life of sonship and service of the kingdom of God."

In many of our churches, and usually at about this time in the year, the older pupils in the Sunday school are gathered into what are sometimes called "confirmation classes." Such groups, usually under the guidance of the pastor, may be led rationally and safely to see how the teaching of previous years culminates in an act of dedication, in which they give themselves by a definite volition to the Church and the service of God. Where this course is followed, churches grow as they should grow, with young life developed within the fold. Whatever name such groups may bear, and whatever method is

Digitized by Google

followed in their conduct, it is the part of wisdom thus to harvest the efforts of preceding years and make our teaching focus in devoted lives, consecrated to high service.

Most of all should we understand that only by some such act of consecration can young people express the normally dominant impulse of their lives. Countless generations have stamped upon adolescence the privilege and the duty of coming forth from self-centred childhood into society-centred and God-dominated manhood and womanhood. To smother that rational impulse is to imperil the highest interests of developing life. To provide the occasion for "generous youth" to dedicate itself to the holiest things is to fall in with the trend of the ages, whose motive-principle we believe to be the presence and power of God.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

Rev. E. A. Chase, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted April 13, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

Rev. Howard Charles Gale of the Universalist ministry, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted April 13, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

The Post-office Mission Workers of the Middle States and Canada will meet at 104 East 20th Street, New York, at 2 P.M., on Monday, April 27. This meeting precedes the League reception, and it is hoped that the change of hour will make it possible for many who are interested in this important work to attend. Mrs. C. E. St. John will preside.

The annual meeting of the Boston Federation of Young People's Religious Unions will be held in the First Church, Eliot Square, Roxbury, on Sunday, April 26. The seven o'clock meeting is open to the public, and all are most cordially invited to attend. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, will speak on "Universal Religion." This subject should be of vital interest to all liberal Christians.

The Joseph Priestley Conference will meet at the Church of Our Father, Lancaster, Pa., April 28–29. On Tuesday evening Rev. Alfred R. Hussey will preach. On Wednesday morning Rev. F. M. Bennett will speak on "Our Missionary Opportunity," with discussion opened by Rev. F. A. Taglialatela and Rev. W. L. McKinney. In the afternoon Rev. C. E. St. John and others will speak on "Reasons for Unitarian Optimism."

The South Middlesex Conference will meet with the Second Unitarian Church of West Somerville, Rev. Walter C. Pierce, minister, on Wednesday, May 6. Prof. Lewis J. Johnson will give an address on "The Single Tax" in the morning, with discussion by Rev. Elmer S. Forbes and Rev. Arthur W. Littlefield. After luncheon and a social hour, Dr. Lee S. McCollester of Tufts, Prof. Daniel Evans of Andover, and Rev. A. P. Record will speak on "Constructive Theology."

Churches.

BELMONT, MASS.—Congregational Society: Rev. George Hale Reed announced to his people on Easter Sunday his acceptance of the call to Fairhaven. It was received with universal regret and sorrow, and there was evidence of deep feeling, both on the part of the minister and the large congregation, that his service in Belmont was to be brought to a close. A week before, a crowded parish meeting had put into definite form the united voice of the Society, expressing its loyalty and affection for him and the hope that he would not break the close relations which he has held with them for the past twelve years. We print this letter, which was signed by the chairman and clerk of the Parish Committee. It will interest Mr. Reed's friends as an expression of the warm appreciation of his people of the work he has done in Belmont, and their affection for him:—

"*Dear Mr. Reed,*—A multitude of your friends and parishioners have already expressed to you their hope that you will decline the invitation to the Fairhaven church. Each one of these friends has made a strong personal appeal to you, expressing loyalty and affection and the need of your continued ministry. Now we have been called together as a church to emphasize this, and urge you to remain with us and to continue the warm relation which has bound us together for so many years. The first thing we all recognize is your quiet influence and untiring fidelity in all those relations which have become sacred relations between pastor and people. Your ministry has stood for definite principles, which have never been compromised by word or act of yours, and the church is now a centre of beneficent life and activity in the community. The work of the parish during all these years has been inspired or quickened, consciously or unconsciously, by your high ideals presented to us Sunday after Sunday from the pulpit, and in your daily life. These influences are of the spirit, and have been felt in the lives of your people. No man can say where or when they begin, nor trace their pathway. They cannot be weighed or measured, but they are none the less potent for that, and they are the basis of all our relations with you, and when all is said at last, we know that, because of them, we are the better men and women for your ministry. Your influence upon the boys, your happy companionship with the children in and out of the Sunday-school, some of whom forget that you are their minister, but know you as a dear friend, have strengthened the ties which have bound you to your people, who hope that these relations may not be broken. We do not need to dwell upon the conditions that would follow your retirement from Belmont, for we know they weigh heavily upon you as they do upon us. But we do know that under your guidance we have a congregation and a Sunday-school that have outgrown their present limits. We are a church full of happy life and activity, looking forward to some measure of growth in the future. We know you are weighing with deep concern these and other considerations personal to yourself. We do not need to dwell upon them, but we come to you with the united voice of the Society to express our appreciation of the work you have done in Belmont, and the hope that you will still lead us on in the new opportunities which may open before us."

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Independent Protestant Church: On Sunday, March 22, Rev. J. F. Meyer, formerly of South Natick, Mass., was installed as minister, with impressive services in the morning and evening. In the morning Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr of Cincinnati preached the sermon in the German language to a congregation which taxed the large auditorium to its utmost capacity. In the evening Dr. Carl L. Patten of the First Congregational Church, Dr. Washington Gladden's colleague, preached a masterful sermon on "What is Liberal Christianity?" and Dr. Eben L. Rexford of All Souls' Church offered the prayer of installation. The new minister has made a good start in the promising field to which he has been called. The people have shown great interest, and he has been greeted by large congregations at every service since his installation. The past week was an exceedingly busy week, as there were three services on Palm Sunday, two on Good Friday, and three on Easter Sunday. The climax was reached on Easter Sunday evening when the congregation numbered between seven and eight hundred people. At the services on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, 457 persons received the communion. Liberal Christianity, or Free Protestantism, is not dying out in the Independent Protestant Church of Columbus. The fact that this church, representing nearly two thousand adherents, located in a Western city, was willing to call a Unitarian minister, who still retains his fellowship in the Unitarian body, is a striking illustration of the growth of liberal thought and sentiment in religion outside the denominational bounds of Unitarianism. There

CAMP FRIAR TUCK, Lake Tahanto, Harvard Mass. Established 1894. Rev. and Mrs. Lyman Greenman can accommodate in their camp this summer a few more boys between the ages of eight and fifteen. Water and country sports. Trips to Concord and other historic places. Season, June 20 to September 5. Address, 2237 Maine Street, Quincy, Ill.

WANTED, for Philadelphia, a mother's helper and assistant to a lady, in family of six children and four adults. Write C. M. W., Secretary, 1004 West End Trust Building, Philadelphia.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for invalids and elderly ladies. Good care; excellent table. References. Telephone Malden 1365-W, or address S. H., care of *The Christian Register*.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientèle.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

Digitized by Google

are some thirty independent German-American churches of this type in the West. Of this field, at least, it is strikingly true that the field is ripe for the harvest but the reapers are few.

Detroit, Mich.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Eugene Rodman Shippen: The largest congregation in the history of the church assembled Easter Sunday morning. Mr. Shippen received 35 new members. Rev. J. T. Sunderland of New York was recently the guest of honor at a banquet. Following the supper, Dr. Sunderland gave an account of his trip to the Orient in connection with the work of preparing for a congress of the liberal churches to be held there.

Flatbush, N.Y.—Fourth Unitarian Congregational Church, Rev. Leon A. Harvey: Rev. William Sullivan, of All Souls' Church, Manhattan, conducted a mission week, April 5–9, giving a series of five sermons on "Our Free Faith." The attendance on Sunday night was very large, and on the week-day nights the auditorium was two-thirds filled. The effect of the sermons was cumulative, the interest deepening from night to night until the climax was reached in an interpretation of religious freedom and the wonderful possibilities that lie before our liberal faith. The speaker not only presented the vision of our faith, but also made his hearers feel the obligation of proclaiming it. The meetings were a great stimulus to the church.

Randolph, Mass.—Church of the Unity, Rev. A. J. Coleman: The annual supper and parish meeting was held on Thursday evening, April 9, with nearly fifty present. A successful year was reported, this being the second time in ten years that no help has been received from the Association. The Ladies' Benevolent Society has raised more money than for many years. The Alliance is a growing society, with very interesting meetings. Mrs. H. C. Needham of Brookline is doing a fine work for the Sunday-school, which, though small in numbers, is noted for its well-attended sessions and ability to meet its expenses.

Revere, Mass.—Rev. Mary L. Leggett: Nineteen new members were added to the membership list of this historic church at Easter week. As most of these accessions are young married couples, their co-operation adds vigor and renewed courage to the society. The Men's Cheever Club is reorganizing for definite work. The Sunday-school is progressing under an excellent staff of officers and teachers. The Women's Alliance branch continue their devoted labors, giving a supper and entertainment every month, and holding weekly sewing meetings in preparation for a spring sale. The Bible Forum meets each week at the homes of the members, conducted by the minister.

Wollaston, Mass.—Wollaston Unitarian Church, Rev. Carl G. Horst: The fine weather; the beautiful decorations; the anthems and carols by the girls' choir, assisted by a mixed quartette; the rich Easter service, with its well-chosen Scriptural passages, chants, responsive readings, and prayers; the very impressive service admitting five new members to the joys, privileges, and responsibilities of church-membership; the communion service, in which the entire congregation participated—all helped to make this year's Easter service most helpful and most memorable in the annals of the church. The Everybody-go-to Church Sunday movement, January 11, was followed, Sunday, March 22, by an interdenominational exchange "as an expression of friendly feeling and good-will," in which the pastors of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Union, Universalist, and Unitarian churches, sixteen in all, participated.

Personals.

Rev. S. B. Nobbs, field agent of the Unitarian Laymen's League, spoke to the Covenant Club of Woburn, April 5, on the Unitarian opportunity. His strong and manly address, setting forth the need of greater publicity, of more efficient social service, and of more earnest patriotic or missionary effort, was enthusiastically received, and the club voted unanimously to join the Laymen's League.

Acknowledgments of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$28,668.64
April 13.	John L. McMillan, New Liskeard, Ontario, Can.	5.50
13.	Society in Salem, Ore.	15.00
13.	Spring Garden Church, Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
13.	First Society, Somerville, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
13.	Church of the Messiah, Boston, Mass.	1.00
13.	Society in Peabody, Mass., additional	2.00
13.	Society in Bridgewater, Mass.	37.63
14.	Society in Elizabeth, N.J.	10.00
14.	Fourth Society, Brooklyn, N.Y.	25.00
14.	Society in Ottawa, Can.	15.00
14.	Society in Ashby, Mass., additional	11.30
14.	Second Church, Athol, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
14.	Mrs. E. P. Call, Cambridge, Mass.	1.00
14.	Society in Woburn, Mass.	192.00
14.	Salem, Ore., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
14.	Society in Charleston, S.C.	27.50
14.	Society in Bernardston, Mass.	5.00
15.	Society in Belfast, Me.	63.15
15.	Society in Long Beach, Cal.	15.00
15.	Society in Marietta, Ohio	35.00
15.	Northside Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.	25.00
15.	First Society, San Francisco, Cal., additional	25.00
16.	Sunday School, Sanford, Me.	5.00
16.	Society in Ridgewood, N.J.	11.00
16.	Society in Wilton Centre, N.H.	29.05
16.	Society in Charlestown, N.H.	16.00
16.	Society in Hanska, Minn.	25.00
16.	Society in Highland Springs, Va.	15.00
17.	Society in Middleboro, Mass.	50.00
17.	Society in Belmont, Mass.	10.00
17.	Society in Flushing, N.Y.	15.00
17.	First Society, Providence, R.I.	1,315.12
17.	Society in Eastondale, Mass.	11.50
17.	Society in Geneseo, Ill.	50.00
17.	First Society, Minneapolis, Minn.	107.00
17.	Society in Colorado Springs, Col.	45.00
17.	Society in Chattanooga, Tenn.	35.00
17.	Beat C. Preston, Armada, Mich.	5.00
18.	Society in Hood River, Ore.	11.35
18.	Sunday School, Waltham, Mass.	15.00
18.	Society in Wilmington, Del.	100.00
18.	Society in Charlestown, N.H., additional	5.00
18.	All Souls' Church, Roxbury, Mass.	280.00

Especially contributed for the Department of Religious Education.

April 14.	Washington, D.C., Branch, Women's Alliance	10.00
14.	Sunday School, Northampton, Mass.	5.00
14.	Hopedale, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
17.	Sunday School, Second Society, Brookline, Mass.	10.00

Received through the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

April 14.	Society in Ashby, Mass.	2.40
14.	Sunday School, Hackensack, N.J.	4.30
14.	Sunday School, Saco, Me.	10.00
14.	Sunday School, Woburn, Mass.	30.00
14.	Belmont, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
14.	Bridgewater, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	2.00
15.	Fall River, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
15.	Framingham, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
April 16.	Braintree, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	$5.00
16.	Second Church, Boston, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
18.	Society in Jamaica Plain, Mass.	25.00
18.	Third Society, Cambridge, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
18.	Louisville, Ky., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00

Winnipeg, Man., Church Building.

April 15.	First Society, Buffalo, N.Y., additional	15.00
		$31,590.54

Henry M. Williams, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS

CORSETS

In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk

Ivy, La Louise, and Bon Ton Models.

Palmer's Corset Store
52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, Medomak, Me.

CLERICAL SERVICE
(Liberal Unitarian)

For good reasons, I am available as Ministerial Supply for Sunday Services, Funerals, Lectures before Clubs and Church Societies. Live, pertinent subjects. Wide experience. Distance no objection. Compensation according to circumstances. Rev. LYMAN B. WEEKS, 14 Fairmount Avenue, West Somerville, Mass. 'Phone, Somerville 3441-M.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Quiet Day.

The fourth Ministers' Quiet Day will be held in the Unitarian church in Lynn on Tuesday, April 28. The committee extends a cordial invitation to all ministers of our Fellowship.

There will be a communion service at quarter past ten o'clock, conducted by Rev. Edward Hale. At eleven o'clock there will be a devotional meeting. Rev. William Sullivan of New York will preach. At half-past two o'clock the organist of the church will play for a half-hour.

Ministers planning to attend the communion service can leave North Station at 9 and 9.35, arriving at Lynn 9.22 and 9.56. There are trains also at 10, 10.24, 10.45, 11, 11.25, 11.54 to Lynn in about twenty minutes.

The church is about seven minutes' walk from the station, east, by Broad, Nahant, and Baltimore Streets. Swampscott cars to Atlantic Street pass very near the church. Electric cars leave Scollay Square, Boston, on the hour and half-hour for Lynn; running time, one hour. Lynn is also reached by Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn Railroad (Narrow Gauge). Trains every fifteen minutes from Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

Here and There.

Norway has 144 tree-planting societies. The first was founded in 1900, and since then 26,000,000 trees have been planted, more than 2,000,000 having been set out last year.

There are 600 motor-cars in Tokyo, and they are still steadily increasing. The automobile import trade is booming this year as never before, and 150 or 200 cars will be the year's increase over the figures of the previous year.

The heavy storms in Southern California during the past rainy season wiped out many miles of trails in the national forests of that part of the State. They are now being rebuilt for the coming summer, for use in fire protection. They are also of great use to tourists, campers, and prospectors.

A striking, and hitherto unpublished, testimony to temperance is recorded by Thackeray in a quarto MS. volume which Messrs. Sotheby are to sell on April 8. It is lettered by the author "Notes for the Four Georges." The notes omitted from the printed lectures contain illustrations of the manners and customs of the period like this: "I knew a Scotch judge, a famous *bon-vivant*, who was forced to drink water for two months, and, being asked what was the effect of the regimen, owned that he saw the world really as it was, for the first time for twenty years."

PURE White Mountain COLD
"The Chest with the Chill in it"
A lifetime investment, insuring health, convenience and economy. Every interior part removable, every nook and corner accessible and cleanable. Duplex circulation of cold dry air by famous "MAINE" Duplex Ice Grate. Beautiful catalogue on application.
DUPLEX CIRCULATION MAINE MFG. CO. REFRIGERATORS NASHUA N.H. GERM PROOF

New Season's Olive Oil
Now Arriving
Veuve Chaffard PURE OLIVE OIL
Bottled in France in Honest Bottles
Full Quarts—Full Pints—Full Half Pints

Received Directly from the Grower
Veuve Chaffard
Jardin de la France

This Oil is pressed from hand-picked selected Olives, and comes into our hands without the payment of a single commission or brokerage.

	bot.	doz.	case.
Full Quart Bottles	$1.00	$11.00	$11.00
Full Pint Bottles	.60	6.50	6.50
Full ½ Pint Bottles	.35	4.00	7.50

	each.	case.
Red Label, gallon tins	$3.00	$34.00
Blue Label, gallon tins	2.40	27.00

S. S. P. Italian Olive Oil

	bot.	doz.	case.
S. S. P., bottles	$0.65	$7.50	$7.50
S. S. P., ½ bottles	.38	4.25	8.00
S. S. P., ¼ bottles	.25	2.75	5.25
S. S. P., Pyramids	.35	4.00	9.00

S. S. P.
Creme de la Creme

	each.
¼ gallon cans	$0.85
½ gallon cans	1.50
1 gallon cans	2.80
6 gallon cans	15.00

S. S. PIERCE CO. IMPORTERS AND GROCERS
Cor. Tremont and Beacon Sts. / Copley Square / 185 Milk Street (Wholesale) / Coolidge Corner
BOSTON
BROOKLINE

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

A debating society recently had for a subject, "Is it proper to sound the 'r' in dorg?"—*Texas Siftings.*

He: "I don't think I would like to marry any girl unless I knew she was self-sacrificing." She: "But wouldn't that prove it?"

Dull.—The Tourist: "Rather quiet here, isn't it?" Leading Citizen (of Restville): "Quiet? Why, say, even the unexpected don't happen here."—*Puck.*

"Pa, what's a *feebly?*" "There isn't any such thing, Harold." "Yes, there is. It says in this book that the young man had a *feebly* growing down on his cheek."

"It is a good deal of a drawback for a woman to be heartless," said the Corn-fed Philosopher; "but to a watermelon it is utter ruin."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Her house is beautifully decorated throughout," said Mrs. Twickembury, "but the best thing of all is the magnificent fiasco on the ceiling of the drawing-room."

Mr. De Boer: "Miss Emma, perhaps I ought not to call during Lent, for I understand you deny yourself all amusement." Miss E.: "Yes, I do, Mr. De Boer. Come as often as you like."—*Racket.*

It is told of a learned professor, who was better at Greek than golf, that after a round on the links, in which he had foozled most of his shots, he turned to his caddie for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddie was: "Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek; but it needs a head for gowff."—*Tit-bits.*

Jones was telling what an excellent cook his wife was. Smith boasted that his wife was a splendid dressmaker, and Robinson proudly stated that his wife was a clever artist. Brown, not to be outdone, remarked: "My wife is a great linguist." No one seemed impressed. There was a moment's silence, then Robinson spoke up: "Humph! they all are!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Committee on the Revision of the Articles of Faith had recommended the adoption of a declaration to the effect that all infants are saved. The recommendation was adopted unanimously. "Now, Mr. Moderator," said a delegate from Pittsburg, Pa., with preternatural solemnity, "I move that this be declared retroactive." But the moderator did not seem to hear him.—*Exchange.*

A teacher in a Liverpool school was trying to find from a tiny child the name of his father. He seemed quite unable to think of it, so to help him she asked, "What do you call him?" "I call him father," was the reply. "Well, what does your mother call him?" The response was eloquent of the manners of the neighborhood: "She doesn't call him anything—she likes him." *Liverpool Post.*

The race for the office of State senator in Portland, Ore., had been very close, and on the day after election one Irish citizen was questioning a friend about the result. "How is it, Mike," he said, "that in so manny votes it should be neck and neck betune th' two min?" "Well, I'll tell ye, Pat," said Mike. "They're both very onpopiller min, and, if ye knowed wan, ye'd be sure to vote fur th' other; and both av thim are well known, do ye mind?" "I do," replied Pat, solemnly.—*New York Tribune.*

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 10 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents By mail, 50 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co. 272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 18 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 409
An Undisputed Field for Pragmatism 410
Vicarious Happiness 411
CURRENT TOPICS 412
BREVITIES 413
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Society for Ministerial Relief 413
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Poetic Revival, by Augusta Larned 414
John Lothrop Motley, by Eugene Parsons 415
The Modernizing of Asia, by Charles W. Eliot 417
Christianity and Safety First, by Marc N. Goodnow . . 418
Is the Universe too Big for God? by Rev. Frederick M. Bennett 421
Where to go to Church in London; Are there any Unitarians in Montevideo, South America? Peace Resolutions; Rev. Benjamin F. McDaniel; A Ministry of Twenty-five Years 426
Mr. Ronald P. Jones; A Notable Meeting; American Unitarian Association 427
The Tuckerman School 430
Acknowledgments; The Summer Meetings at the Shoals; Robert Collyer Memorial 431
THE PULPIT.
The Inner Word, by Rev. Rowland Hill 419
LITERATURE.
Books 422
Miscellaneous; Magazines 423
THE HOME.
The Little Red Crutch; Some Little Brown Bees . . . 424
Tom and Bush; The Boston Grasshopper 425
POETRY.
A Dedication to Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Alice Foster Tilden 415
Nature's Foundlings, by James Harcourt West 419
The Disciples, by Charlotte C. Eliot 421
Forsythia 422
Cat's-Cradle 424
Borrowing Trouble 425
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Conferences and Churches 428
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 428
PLEASANTRIES 432

Editorial.

AT this writing, thanks to the offer of three responsible South American governments, there looks to be good hope that we may find a peaceful way out of a dangerous and uncomfortable situation. How we drifted into the situation is not, for the moment, of so much consequence. That question may well be postponed till we find ourselves on safer ground. No one doubts the pacific intention of our President, and every move of his that looks toward peace we ought to applaud and uphold. By all means let the friends of peace preserve, as far as possible, a peaceful mind. The war fever, wherever it has spread, has mounted to its customary heights of delirium. It behooves the peace party to keep sober and not to allow for a moment that there is going to be war. Some people say that we are already at war, but this is not true.

ɟ

OUR yellow journals do not want war; perish the thought! They only want us to take possession of Mexico and administer it for the general good of mankind. If that laudable endeavor should result in war, the sin of it would lie at the door of the people who stupidly object to being thus put under guardianship. Even some newspapers which profess to be of a quite different color have been publishing fugitive rumors in big headlines, with no very nice discrimination as to whether they were thus promoting the rule of reason or the reign of hysteria. It is to be feared that we have become rather an inflammable people, and have no longer much right to thank Heaven that we are not as the French in this respect. Probably a long and steady diet of sensationalism is not calculated to promote coolness of judgment in times of serious crisis. Various selfish motives are said to lie behind whatever clamor for war has arisen, but for the most part, no doubt, it is just an unthinking craze.

ɟ

THE celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth cannot bring to Shakespeare's work any new honor, but it will do something toward bringing to the present generation a new sense of opportunity. It is unfortunate if making the study of Shakespeare a part of school and college curricula associates acquaintance with mere study, so that only required parts are ever read, and toil gives its flavor to what ought to be pure enjoyment. Study, indeed, is the pathway of the deepest enjoyment, but it often

Digitized by Google

crowds out enjoyment. Whenever study begins and however far pursued, there should be no limit to acquaintance. Children whose earliest memories are connected with their acting of parts of "Midsummer Night's Dream" grow into an age ever more grateful to the wise guidance which gave them the taste for such pure springs. The highest good of growing intimacy with Shakespeare is not culture, merely as such, but resources. Our common speech still preserves much absorbed from Shakespeare, but it is coming into a cheapness which a revival of youthful interest in Shakespeare would correct. Human nature, what is manliest in men and most womanly in women, finds there perennial inspiration. Beauty and truth have no richer mine. The glory of having English for one's mother-tongue is greater than any glory of conquest. To use the speech of Shakespeare is a privilege which carries with it a great obligation.

Some protests against, or charges of, mercenariness are themselves unconsciously mercenary, even more so than that which they criticise. They are in the mercenary mood, and read money where money is not thought of. Many a man who exacts his price goes to work with a spirit that shows he no longer thinks of price. He feels the zest of doing, the pride of worthy service, the joy of good work, the satisfaction of putting better things into the world than were there before. He even makes a religion of his work. To impute a money taint to such work because it generally brings money, is a kind of blasphemy. It is finer to unite religion and business than to assume their incompatibility.

The sense of life as a mystery is in itself a part solution. No one but man feels mystery. No men but those of finer mould are much impressed with mystery. The dull and unimpressionable natures are not concerned with any such fact. What people of such minds call mystery is merely a negative thing, just emptiness. But in thought, mystery is far from negative or empty. The word "unknowable" is not in such fashion as a generation ago, because so many unknowable things are coming to light, and the unknowable is looked on as a field of opportunity, not a wall against progress. The unknowable is a great fact, not a great vacuum. It is attractive, not depressing. We fare toward it with interest and with expectancy that goes far to neutralize dread. If the point when life first began to be felt as mystery could be marked, it would deserve a monument. At that point human nature woke up to something more than nature, and something other than human. When we feel that mystery to the deepest depth in us, we do not find ourselves hopeless in it, we do not feel depressed by it. Safety and a great pride possess us.

Men and women talk glibly about the fall of Rome as if they saw, or might see, some likeness between the fortunes of Rome and those of the United States. The parallel is sometimes shifted to bring into view the condition of France before the Reign of Terror as a warning to us in America. Such references and parallels suggest an air of profundity in the speakers and writers, and a conviction on their part that they are a little wiser and more far-seeing than their less well-instructed contemporaries. Rome fell not because it was wicked, but because it was overrun by hordes of vigorous barbarians; and the Reign of Terror came because of conditions inconceivably different from anything now known in any civilized state. Jerusalem fell not because it was more wicked than Rome, but because it could not resist Titus and the Roman legions. We have our problems, and they are serious enough, but it will not help us much to study the Roman empire, with its power concentrated in one great city, or France, with its absolute monarchy and a peasantry degraded below the brutish level. We have problems to solve which never presented themselves to the ancient mind, and questions to answer which spring out of conditions unknown before the whole world was thrown open to all nations. Our work is to be done with the new conditions that were unknown before the dawn of the twentieth century.

In one of our churches the teacher of the senior class in the Sunday-school invited the chairman of the parish committee to speak to her class on the importance of their graduating into the church when their Sunday-school days were over, and on the dependence of the church on their doing so. From time to time the class had been addressed by other persons of prominence who could speak with authority on the topic of the day. The members of the class, young men and young ladies of the college age, were thus led to realize that being in the Sunday-school was not a function of childhood, or of that vaguely understood stage between childhood and manhood called youth, but an opportunity of manly and womanly realizations and responsibilities. The chief point that strikes us in this is the fact that, when joining the church was in view, it was the leading member of the congregation who spoke rather than the minister. We think the hint a good one. In our churches, when religion is to be talked about it is the minister who is relied on, and, in general, other men are reserved for other topics. By no fault or liking of the minister, our congregational churches become curiously priest-ridden. No one can, indeed, quite take his place, but the minister cannot be forever taking the place of other people; and there is no place where a member of the congregation can do more good than in the earnest presentation of religion from his own personal knowledge and experience of it, no place more properly his own than that which faces those who are soon to make up the congregation themselves. The minister has plenty of chances. Are not our churches deficient in chances for others, and in others willing to use them?

An Undisputed Field for Pragmatism.

Whatever may be said of pragmatism in theology and philosophy, there is one fact of life that shows, beyond question, a pragmatism of another kind. Faults and virtues often exist only when certain combinations make them. We say that one person brings out the faults of another, that one person's influence brings out the best that is in another. But instead of saying "brings out," it would be more accurate to say "creates." The quality in a chemical which makes it explode can hardly be said to be wholly in that chemical while there is only one other chemical in the world that will change it into an explosive. We could not say that the fault was in either element of the combination. What makes the explosion is the combination. If salt is a requisite of life the virtue can hardly be claimed by either the chlorine or sodium which together constitute common salt. The virtue is in the salt, and did not exist in either of its constitutents by itself.

If there is a mystery in chemical results of the combination of elements, there is a still more profound mystery in the results of human combinations. They are undoubtedly creative. It is clumsy dealing with them

Digitized by Google

to call them latent, and thus imply blame of the person in whom their latency seems to be proved by his development of them under certain conditions. It is like so many words, a re-statement of the difficulty masquerading as a solution of it. Heredity cannot account for virtues which have special creation in a man whose friendship with another, or affection, makes him a new man. The expression is no figure of speech. He is a new man. Something has happened. The union of natures in marriages of character is productive of new characters. Qualities and capabilities unsuspected appear in such a union. Of course they were unsuspected; they simply did not exist. They seem to have been brought to light by contact between the natures. In reality the contact made them. A man sees things he never saw before, feels things to which he was insensible, apprehends what no instruction could have conveyed to him, through his relation to a finer or wiser or purer nature. Associations are the most critical force in human life, not merely by imitation or influence or sympathy and absorption. They are vitally important because they transform personality. They make new creatures.

Unfortunately, this fact appears most noticeably in the faults that develop among people. When they are such as no previous acquaintance prepared any one for, we think a strange secrecy has gone on or a skilful hypocrisy has been carried out, that they should have existed so long with no sign of life. There is no explanation that is adequate. There they are, and there they must have been all the time. Not at all! It is highly probable that they never existed before, and that they have been created before our eyes. The very sufferers by them, innocent sufferers who have to endure thorns in the flesh in the shape of associates they cannot get on with, men who cannot bear certain other men and will have nothing to do with them, women out of whose gentleness start incredible shapes of bitterness, these very victims of irritability and friction may all the while be, unconsciously, the authors and begetters of their own misery. If they were to complain, to some mutual acquaintance, of what they suffer from, the acquaintance would not know what they were talking about, and could never believe their report. The reason for the inscrutable mystery of certain aversions and alienations, for which no root can be found in either side of them, lies in this generally unnoticed fact that the alienation has been created by the persons concerned, and cannot be at all accounted for by anything in either one of them by himself. No one can understand them, because no one but the persons concerned ever sees them; and they themselves do not often understand them, because they do not realize that the fault lies not in one or the other, nor in any fate outside, but in, if we may make the ugly coinage, the bothness of them.

This is no mere curiosity of psychology, but a fact which could be made extremely useful. If it were more often noticed, people would stop hoping to get at the bottom of difficulty by threshing it out, or by assessing responsibility. This very natural method almost invariably tangles division still further, and makes the situation so complex as to be hopeless. The more people keep at it, the less likely they are to make peace. If they do make peace it is but a smouldering one that may at any time break out into the old flame. If exact apportionment were possible, the root of the matter would be still out of sight.

No; the root of friction being so often in the fact of the relation and not in any act of those related, the remedy should be of another sort. The recognition of aversions is one necessity. What a significant touch that was in Mr. Palmer's wonderful portrait of his wife, his saying that no one could rightly estimate her character without taking account of her aversions. There are aversions in every one as devoid of blame as necessary to reckon; and the only way to manage situations brought about by aversions is not to let the situations occur. People learn, even toward those for whom they feel entire good-will, to respect places that can never be got over happily. If they criticised any one for them there would be trouble,—resentment in others, humiliation, useless humiliation, in self-criticism. The only way is to go round them, and politely assume their non-existence. Held thus in the air, they will struggle less and less, and finally become practically non-existent.

But the great remedy, as always, is the positive remedy. There is seldom any relation in life so bristling with creative resistances as not to offer, at the same time, opportunities of creative unities. The law which these mysterious frictions show is a law which itself provides deliverance from them. Make the combinations that produce favorable circumstances. Seek the points of contact which create agreements, or, better still, interesting and stimulating differences. Hunt for what is good in others. Admit no fatalities. Put enterprise to its task. Make the best of the situation in literal truth. Establish contacts which give warmth, devise combinations which put a savor into intercourse, be a chemist of pragmatic virtues, a dramatist of congenial unions! This surely is no counsel of perfection save as it will get far on the way to perfection, for it is drawn from common experience. If inventive genius were to enter the field of creative righteousness, there is no knowing what angels would be made and the competition in the making.

Vicarious Happiness.

If the word "sympathy" had not become completely transformed and lost all taste of its root, we should need a new word expressing fellow-feeling in joy to match fellow-feeling in suffering. In other words, such as "pathetic" and "pathology," the original sense continues, and we know that suffering and pain are referred to; but in "sympathy" the little prefix, which means "together," seems to have converted the whole word, as if it only needed to bring people closer to have that satisfaction dominate everything. The dictionary, even, retains none of the sadness of the word and records only its significance of congeniality and union. So sympathy belongs as rightfully to the joys of life as to its sorrows.

One of the points that used to catch Mr. Ingersoll's audiences was that, if the Creator had made goodness as catching as evil, health as contagious as disease, it would be easier to believe in him. If some one had met the taunt with a square assertion of the contrary, and had flung at the witty lecturer the challenge to show anything more contagious than the infection of his own cleverness and good nature, anything more likely to be taken by people than his own generous spirit, even his quickness of retort would have fallen flat. It is strange that, having so often relied on the laughter he kindled to spread like fire among his hearers, it should not have occurred to him that what makes bad things spread is not that they are bad, but that there is provision in nature for the illimitable distribution of seeds, whether of wheat or weeds, and in human nature for the transmission of the spirit in man throughout the realm of man. What hope would a public speaker have if there were not this communicableness in people, and who would think of indicting the arrangement which is open to evil use because of that use, without inquiring whether the

Digitized by Google

line was not just as available for good use and with all the advantage which good has over evil.

In the matter of happiness there is one preventive influence which lends some color to the objection that suffering travels faster than joy. It is the idea that happiness is getting all of it ourselves,—is selfishness. With people trying to find happiness by getting it, and made unhappy by the sight of other people's happiness, it would, of course, be impossible to make the contagion of enjoyment equal to that of misery. Misery no one wants to keep, and it easily travels. But when so many people try to keep from others what they gain, and so many others look on the good things denied them with only the thought of having them instead of others having them, of course the high walls of possession hamper enjoyment. This is, however, no fault of the constitution of things, but a fault of understanding. It is one side of human nature standing in the way of the natural process, not the natural process, which obscures the fact that goodness is infectious, and happiness contagious.

The writer of the Ten Commandments made no anti-climax in putting the command against covetousness at the apex of the list. Covetousness is the arch-distrust. It shows that the great happiness of life is not seen or believed in. It is the moral heresy for which there can be no tolerance, the heresy as to its being the essence of all good things to communicate themselves and get shared. Let a man really doubt that, and a blight has struck him at the heart. All his virtues, all his obediences to all the commandments up to that, are vitiated with that infidelity. All things desirable are dishonored with such breath. Not to find a joy in things without being the owner of them, and to embitter one's own with envy of another's fortunes, is simply ignorance that happiness is a vicarious process. Limited to self it is short-lived, and either ceases or is poisoned. Through the finer possession of sympathy it increases with every sight of joy, and extends its domain as far as the mind can reach. There is no finer, more exalted pleasure than the entering into happiness wherever one sees it, and in contributing to it wherever there is opportunity. It is a joy without shadow. Those whose joys retreat into memories have a surprise in finding greater pleasure in seeing goodness and light grow in the world than they could ever have had if all had been vouchsafed to themselves.

The same satisfaction may be gained without waiting for time to bring it. Happy the age which looks out upon a world retreating, and sees love widening with the generations and renewing the heart from within, in growing good among men. He who does not, toward his end, see the world bettering should consult a spiritual oculist. The fault is in his seeing. For all sorrows past there come their lessons, and the power of foresight. Not only the wider commonalty of good gives vicariously its grace, but the good yet to be visits the mind and elevates it. So surely is this the fruit of a good age that we think they must be old who gain it. But perhaps old Walton was not old when he sat under a willow tree, looking over the fields, thinking of the owner of that pleasant meadow, "that he had a plentiful estate and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending, and that they both damped his mirth and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content" that Walton, who "pretended no title to them, took in his fields, and thus sat joying in his own happy condition and pitying the poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows." He need not have been old. Others need only think as he did about life, and look about them with a true eye, to find equal, fine contentment. For he who strives to gain happiness will find an end to it at every trial. Only by entering into the happiness around, and increasing it, and enjoying vicarious joy is the secret revealed. In the old story from Buddhist lore, the sinful woman, turned from the gate of heaven, but thanking God there was a heaven though she might not enter there, found herself borne through the air into the highest heaven. It is so true a story that even lesser sinners may find its truth; and there are a great many ways of trying the experiment.

Current Topics.

A hopeful attempt to bring about a peaceful adjustment of the controversy between the United States and Mexico was undertaken last Saturday, when the envoys of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile offered to President Wilson the good offices of their respective governments to act as intermediaries in the tense situation. President Wilson accepted the proposed diplomatic diversion in an appreciative spirit, but pointed out the possibility that, some overt act on the part of the Federal government in Mexico might render the proffered friendly endeavors futile, and gave it to be distinctly understood that pending the negotiations between the envoys and Gen. Huerta, the United States would continue its naval and military preparations to deal with any eventualities that might arise. The Spanish ambassador to the United States, Señor Riano, volunteered his services in the preliminary steps toward bringing the ambassador of Brazil and the ministers from Chile and Argentina into sympathetic touch with the diplomatic machinery of the City of Mexico.

In the mean while, a large section of the American press, while welcoming the possibility of a pacific adjustment of the trouble is expressing a demand for immediate preparations on an extensive scale for the employment of overwhelming force against Mexico in the event of the failure of diplomacy to clear up the difficult situation. A distinct peril was suggested by certain accounts, many of them, in all probability, too highly colored, of persecution and abuse to which American refugees, withdrawing from Mexico City and other places under Federal control, were subjected at the hands of Federal authorities.

The occupation of Vera Cruz by American naval forces continued at the beginning of the week, after the loss of seventeen killed and more than sixty wounded among the marines and bluejackets of Rear Admiral Fletcher's squadron. It became apparent at the beginning of this week that Gen. Huerta was making comprehensive preparations to prevent the further progress of the invaders. The chief problem that confronted the American commander at Vera Cruz in the first days of the occupation was to facilitate the departure of American citizens and other foreigners from the interior and to get them out of the zone of possible military operations in and around Vera Cruz. A growing scarcity of food and other supplies at Vera Cruz was only one of the difficulties that beset the endeavors of the American authorities to aid their countrymen and countrywomen.

The dictator of Mexico, in a letter delivered through the Mexican foreign office to Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the American *chargé d'affaires* on the eve of his departure from the Federal capital, characterizes the act of the American government in seizing Vera Cruz as a violation

Digitized by Google

of the law of nations. "This act," says the official declaration by the Mexican foreign office, "was contrary to international usages. If these usages do not demand, as held by many states, a previous declaration of war, they impose at least the duty of not violating humane consideration or good faith by people whom the country which they are in has received as friends, and who therefore should not take advantage of that circumstance to commit acts of hostility. . . . The President of the Mexican Republic has seen fit to terminate the diplomatic mission which Your Honor has until now discharged. You will have the goodness to retire from Mexican territory." The *chargé's* departure for Vera Cruz under a guard of honor followed almost immediately the receipt of this letter.

Despite the reports of anti-American demonstrations in the City of Mexico by Japanese residents, there is no evidence to support the affirmations by some American newspapers, that the Japanese people are keeping a close watch on developments in the Mexican-American controversy with a view to a possible hostile intervention at an opportune moment. Count Okuma, the newly appointed Japanese premier, in a statement to the press on April 25, denied by strong inference the existence of any pro-Mexican purposes in Tokio. "Japan," he is quoted as saying, "is paying no special attention to the American-Mexican question. The present situation is of no direct interest to Japan, but if a declaration of war is issued Japan will, of course, observe strict neutrality. But Japan has made no official decision as yet, owing to the fact that there has been no declaration of war." The official Japanese press reinforces the sentiments expressed by the head of the imperial ministry.

The spectacular features of the Mexican controversy during the past week have overshadowed almost completely a grave industrial struggle which has been going on in Colorado, where a strike is in progress in the mining properties of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. In a series of conflicts between the Colorado militia and the strikers, many of whom are foreigners, two score lives have been lost up to the beginning of the week, and the destruction of property had reached such proportions that Governor Ammons last Sunday made an appeal to President Wilson for federal troops to restore order in the disturbed district. The strikers complain bitterly of oppressive attempts to break down their resistance. The mine operators, on the other hand, point out that their former employees have precipitated a reign of terror in the Fremont County zone, and plead that only by the employment of force can they hope to save whatever part of their works remain undestroyed. It was apparent at the end of last week that the situation had already gone beyond the capacity of the local authorities and the State militia.

An interesting story, indicating possibly a brilliant success for Russian diplomacy, comes from Belgrade by way of Vienna. It is asserted that the Servian and Montenegrin governments, with the advice and consent of Russian agents, have effected what is to all intents and purposes a union of the two countries. The terms of the treaty include provisions for a close military alliance, a common customs service, an identical postal system, and other combinations of resources which enable Servia and Montenegro to act as a unit upon all questions affecting large domestic and foreign policies. It is pointed out in Vienna that this close federation is aimed at Austria, and that it is the outcome of a plan deliberately fostered by the Russian government in its campaign against Austrian influence in the Balkans. The authorities at Vienna and Budapest are exerting themselves to prevent action sympathetic to the new alliance by the Serbs on the Austrian side of the frontier, among whom Servian and Russian agitators have long been at work.

Brevities.

What is meditation at its height but a species of prayer, a retired moment in which we gather up the frayed-out ends of our personal lives, and calmly face the real needs of our inner lives?

The Mexican revolutionists include in their ranks some poetic spirits, as when Branlio Hernandes recently wrote these words: "Truth is elusive; it is a white dove that permits only those who love her to approach her nest; the paths that lead to it are humanity and sincerity."

There is such a thing as thoughtful idleness, and it is entitled to a fair justification. We grow at other times than when engaged in active work. We need to mature our thinking, ripen our convictions, and harmonize our motives and ideals. All these things require plenty of time.

Primitive man once used lanterns holding swarms of fireflies to guide him when he went forth at night. To-day Valdemar Kampffert points out, in an article on "The Light of our Descendants," that illuminating specialists of two continents are studying the firefly for a solution of artificial light.

As there are degrees of personality among men, the personality of the Kaffir differing so widely from the personality of an Emerson, so may we not see that the personality of God must differ in degree and character from the personality of man and yet both be justly included in the same term?

The Dutch government has shown itself progressive and responsive to present needs by its proposal to hold an International Conference on Education, the first of its kind, at The Hague during the present year. France and the United States have already entered into this broadly conceived project of international interest.

When a merchant advertises "Better shoes and not so high in price," he offers two distinct advantages for trading with him, but does he really mean it, and what would his competitors say? If it is not a true statement, is he not advertising himself as a man who cannot make good his assertion?

Letters to the Editor.

The Society for Ministerial Relief.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The undersigned desire to make an appeal through your columns for an addition to the resources of the Society for Ministerial Relief. This Society, which was incorporated in 1850, holds one of the three distinct funds controlled by our body for the benefit of Unitarian ministers no longer in active service. The second fund in order of time is the Ministerial Aid Fund, held in trust and administered by the American Unitarian

Association, and used for emergency cases of need among our ministers. The most recently established fund is that of the Unitarian Service Pension Society, which seeks to provide a regular pension for every Unitarian minister in good standing who has been at least twenty years in active service and has reached the age of sixty-five years.

The Society for Ministerial Relief is not only the oldest, but was for a long time our sole organization to care for ministers incapacitated by age or illness. Its income is expended in semi-annual grants. It holds also a small and inadequate Auxiliary Fund for the widows or dependent daughters of Unitarian ministers. At the present time the Society has a total of twenty-eight beneficiaries on its list. For these ministers and ministers' widows the grants made by the Society are an inestimable boon, being in many cases their only protection against want. A considerable proportion of these beneficiaries are ineligible to the Unitarian Service Pension Society, and almost all of them need larger grants than the Pension Society can yet afford, its distribution for last year having amounted to a little over $100 for each beneficiary. The Pension Society, of which both the undersigned are members, is heartily to be commended, and thoroughly deserves the support of our churches; but the Society for Ministerial Relief meets a distinct and special need beyond the range of the Pension Society, and also deserves the continued and generous support of our people.

At the present moment, when there is only a very small surplus in the income of the Society for Ministerial Relief, the Executive Committee is confronted with five urgent applications for grants, every one of which the Committee earnestly desires to recommend to the Society, and the Committee has good reason to believe that other equally pressing applications will soon be presented to it. Adequately to care for these new applications will require an addition of between $2,000 and $3,000 to the Society's income. The undersigned therefore make appeal for contributions to the Society's funds, either in the form of permanent additions to the Society's endowment or of money to be expended for immediate needs. We suggest that the Society offers an admirable opportunity for the children and friends of beloved ministers to endow memorials of such ministers in a form which will bring comfort and happiness to successive generations of men and women who have worked with self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of religion. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Stephen W. Phillips, 10 Post Office Square, Boston.

James De Normandie,
President.
Henry Wilder Foote,
Secretary.

The Poetic Revival.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

When Mr. Brice, then British minister at Washington, inquired on a public occasion, "Where are your poets?" he certainly put his finger on a felt want. At that moment there appeared to be a singular dearth of poets in this country who commanded popular attention. However much the poets themselves may despise the judgments and the approbation of the public, it is certain that no poet wins his spurs until his verses are in the way of becoming loved and relished by the people.

The approval of other poets, of the literati in general, is certainly very flattering to young and aspiring bards, but without wider acceptance their work is caviare to the general. Their lines have not sung themselves in the people's hearts; they have not found loving expression on their lips.

After one great group of mid-nineteenth-century singers had passed off the scene, a strange sterility and desert dryness attacked the poetic art. The Pierian spring appeared to have dwindled to sand and pebbles, with an occasional muddy pool. The same malady appeared in several nations. Poetry was not simply a drug; it was not produced in sufficient quantity of a high order of merit to attract the attention of the world.

At that moment, while the poetic star seemed sinking below the horizon, the novel was in the ascendant. Being almost the only imaginative work that found wide acceptance, the greedy appetite for works of fiction was insatiable. But now we seem to have arrived at the moment when the overwhelming influence of the novel is on the decline, or is being relegated to the position it should naturally occupy. The production of the highest type of that form of creative work is always limited in amount, and can never fail of recognition and welcome; but the surfeit of sensational novels spiced with pruriency is meeting with the inevitable reaction doomed to come.

Deep in the human heart lies the poetic need. It cannot die, though it may for a time be held in abeyance by lack of proper nutriment on which it naturally feeds. The country that, in the past or present, has no great poet to make its name illustrious seems sadly poverty-stricken on the highest side of its national life. As the poetic form, its cadence, rhythm, and heart expansion are a primal necessity, the first mode that great human speech essayed, the poetic hunger is sure to revive after a longer or shorter period of fasting.

It is the singing quality pervaded by all the nobler, more spontaneous impulses of human nature. If the birds had spoken in prose from the beginning, they would have made but slight appeal to their human kindred. The thoughts that sing themselves, the truths that become vocal through measure and music, the prophecies that tersely express themselves in poetic form, the convictions that probe the human heart and speak the language of passion, emotion, personal and individual experience that in its essence is universal, naturally flow into the poetic form. The need of true poetry is, therefore, like the need of sweet water in the desert. The people perish without vision, and the highest poetry is vision. It has suffered, been lived, and purified in some great imaginative experience.

But nothing can gain acceptance but the genuine article. The pseudo has no authority. We appear to have come to the moment when this long-suppressed and starved appetite for the ministrations of the Muse—a draught of poetic mead—has manifested itself. It is, therefore, not surprising that poetry books have taken rank among the best sellers of the season. The people have desired a new outpouring of poetic inspiration,—a fresh bubbling up of the eternally old, new feeling in fresh, modern form; and with the demand has come the supply, at least in some measure. We may be standing on the verge of a great poetic period. It is but little more than a hundred years since the choir of young bards broke into song in England, and, although there is nothing yet to show that a Wordsworth, a Coleridge, a Keats, a Shelley, or a Byron is about to appear, still the freshness, vitality, and charm of much of what may be called the new twentieth-century poetry is inspiring. The pessimistic, dark, gloomy, and peculiar school has given way to new poetic prophets of the dawn.

The day of the dyspeptic, anæmic poets seems to have passed. Despair and nightmare are no longer the

principal contents of the singer's wallet. They have either died out or have gone into some bread-winning occupation to expel their bile. The period of depressing poetry was worse than none at all. Its damp, mouldy, churchyard influence put a blight on the poetic art. It disseminated the feeling that the world had entered on a strictly prose era, poetry being discredited for the average person of sound and discriminating judgment. But we now have reason to know that poetry is of immortal birth; the longing for it constant, the appetite eager, when the kind that the public relishes is presented.

It is a goodly number of years since William Watson, Stephen Phillips, and Rudyard Kipling made more than a splash in the poetic pool, and were warmly welcomed. Since that time many other aspirants have come forward. The trees and bushes are full of song-birds. The poets—those worthy of the name—no longer starve in Grub Street, but live respectably on their earnings. Bohemia has dwindled to a small province. It is left to the hoboes, and the rhymesters who make songs for our foreign population.

Unexpectedly, Ireland has come forward to continue the line of old bards. A great vein of poetic material has been opened there, and a whole new school of poets has suddenly appeared to the world in the place where such a phenomenon might be least looked for. The works of Yeats, of Synge, of Lady Gregory, and others, have revealed the riches of the mine in legend, story, tradition, and untainted imaginative power inherent in the Irish people. This, perhaps, is the most significant fact of the revival, as it draws its life from the soil, is the revelation of a race where its power, both in thought and expression, has been preserved and enriched by its poverty and primitive mode of life. It has been fed by the crystal purity of the skies, the wild barrenness of the land, the lonely loveliness and solemn grandeur of its stormy coasts and the islands of the sea. It has been nurtured in the huts and cottages of the peasants, and fed by hardship and danger on the treacherous sea.

The young English poets are doubtless some of those who have written longer than appears, still with the fresh bloom and youthful feeling and inspiration that reminds of spring mornings before leaf has come upon the trees, only some spears of grass, an early weed, catkins on low willow bushes. It is the freshness that delights us, as in Alfred Noyes, the life he has imparted in old English themes, in his "Sherwood" and "Drake," in his fairy poems, in the stories from the Mermaid Tavern, the spontaneous outgushing of young feeling that sings itself and imparts a singing impulse to the reader, so that the critical faculty is put to sleep in the present lively enjoyment.

It is this sense of youth and freshness we have so long missed, so long desired. Our young poets too often have been old and gray in thought and feeling, scornful of the joy of life, hoary in the effect produced by their verses. Let us rejoice that youth has come to its own again, that its rights and claims to be the gladness of the world have again been recognized. Our young American poets have doubtless caught the impulse. Several we might name if space permitted. I think it was Walter Scott who said the corners of newspapers in his day often held verses that would have immortalized those of a younger generation. How much more true is it in our day when beautiful things are hastily scanned and forgotten!

It is a great day for the young poets of all nations. The poetic bugles have blown over the world to proclaim the year of jubilee, and the rejoicing of the people of goodwill and steadfast faith and hope.

SUMMIT, N.J.

A Dedication to Nathaniel Hawthorne.

BY ALICE FOSTER TILDEN.

Oft, treading paths of sorrow, do we hear,
"Whom the gods love die young." If that be truth,
I know not; but, far wandering, or near,
Who love the gods still keep eternal youth.
Hawthorne! who first didst guide my childish feet
Amid old paths of Hellas' mighty age,
Who tendered sweets that left the soul replete
With beauty, and the joy of pilgrimage,
To thee my wand'ring verse be dedicate;
The echoing octave of the young world's prime,
The faint reflection of her golden day,
Accept the tribute, poet-heart elate!
And pardon, if in this too-faltering rhyme
Her childhood's debt the woman now would pay.

John Lothrop Motley.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

The centenary of John Lothrop Motley's birthday, April 15, 1814, revives interest in a lovable man, a brilliant historian, and a diplomat who rendered his country valuable service abroad. He is best known as the author of two great books, the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and the "History of the United Netherlands," specimens of historical writing at once learned and entertaining as fiction. Another work, scarcely less important, is the "Life and Death of John of Barneveld," a solid contribution to the studies that have been made of a notable period of Holland's fascinating annals.

John Lothrop Motley sprang from an old and respected family of New England. He was born in Dorchester, now Boston. Many stories are told of his precocity, he could learn his lessons so easily. When not yet eleven years old he began writing a novel. About that time he was for a while under the instruction of George Bancroft, from whom he learned the German language and gained some acquaintance with German literature. He was an insatiable reader. It is related of him that he always had a book in his hand when waiting for dinner, usually a volume of Scott or Cooper, or one of the poets. Among his playmates were two lads who afterward became famous—Thomas G. Appleton and Wendell Phillips. He grew up to be a lithe, rather tall, man, decidedly Byronic in his appearance. Indeed, he is described as handsomer than Byron. When only seventeen he was graduated from Harvard. Then he put in two busy years in the universities of Germany, where he was a fellow-student with Bismarck. Motley's interest in the records of the past developed in his college days; he had an especial fondness then for historical novels. Bismarck gives some interesting reminiscences of his intellectual life when he was residing in Berlin. At odd spells Motley occupied himself translating portions of Goethe's "Faust." He studied hard and read widely, Shelley and Shakespeare being among his favorite authors.

Returning to Boston, Motley took up the study of law. He had sufficient means to live comfortably without practising his profession, and for some years he devoted his leisure to literary work, writing essays and novels. His turn of mind led him to the study of history and its sources. His ambition was boundless—he was determined to do great things, but not till he was past thirty did he find his real lifework. He showed what was in him, however, by a long historical article on Peter the Great of Russia, which appeared in the *North American Review*, 1845. Even then he was a picturesque phrasemaker; in the style of this essay are suggestions of

Digitized by Google

Association, and used for emergency cases of need among our ministers. The most recently established fund is that of the Unitarian Service Pension Society, which seeks to provide a regular pension for every Unitarian minister in good standing who has been at least twenty years in active service and has reached the age of sixty-five years.

The Society for Ministerial Relief is not only the oldest, but was for a long time our sole organization to care for ministers incapacitated by age or illness. Its income is expended in semi-annual grants. It holds also a small and inadequate Auxiliary Fund for the widows or dependent daughters of Unitarian ministers. At the present time the Society has a total of twenty-eight beneficiaries on its list. For these ministers and ministers' widows the grants made by the Society are an inestimable boon, being in many cases their only protection against want. A considerable proportion of these beneficiaries are ineligible to the Unitarian Service Pension Society, and almost all of them need larger grants than the Pension Society can yet afford, its distribution for last year having amounted to a little over $100 for each beneficiary. The Pension Society, of which both the undersigned are members, is heartily to be commended, and thoroughly deserves the support of our churches; but the Society for Ministerial Relief meets a distinct and special need beyond the range of the Pension Society, and also deserves the continued and generous support of our people.

At the present moment, when there is only a very small surplus in the income of the Society for Ministerial Relief, the Executive Committee is confronted with five urgent applications for grants, every one of which the Committee earnestly desires to recommend to the Society, and the Committee has good reason to believe that other equally pressing applications will soon be presented to it. Adequately to care for these new applications will require an addition of between $2,000 and $3,000 to the Society's income. The undersigned therefore make appeal for contributions to the Society's funds, either in the form of permanent additions to the Society's endowment or of money to be expended for immediate needs. We suggest that the Society offers an admirable opportunity for the children and friends of beloved ministers to endow memorials of such ministers in a form which will bring comfort and happiness to successive generations of men and women who have worked with self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of religion. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Stephen W. Phillips, 10 Post Office Square, Boston.

James De Normandie,
President.
Henry Wilder Foote,
Secretary.

The Poetic Revival.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

When Mr. Brice, then British minister at Washington, inquired on a public occasion, "Where are your poets?" he certainly put his finger on a felt want. At that moment there appeared to be a singular dearth of poets in this country who commanded popular attention. However much the poets themselves may despise the judgments and the approbation of the public, it is certain that no poet wins his spurs until his verses are in the way of becoming loved and relished by the people.

The approval of other poets, of the literati in general, is certainly very flattering to young and aspiring bards, but without wider acceptance their work is caviare to the general. Their lines have not sung themselves in the people's hearts; they have not found loving expression on their lips.

After one great group of mid-nineteenth-century singers had passed off the scene, a strange sterility and desert dryness attacked the poetic art. The Pierian spring appeared to have dwindled to sand and pebbles, with an occasional muddy pool. The same malady appeared in several nations. Poetry was not simply a drug; it was not produced in sufficient quantity of a high order of merit to attract the attention of the world.

At that moment, while the poetic star seemed sinking below the horizon, the novel was in the ascendant. Being almost the only imaginative work that found wide acceptance, the greedy appetite for works of fiction was insatiable. But now we seem to have arrived at the moment when the overwhelming influence of the novel is on the decline, or is being relegated to the position it should naturally occupy. The production of the highest type of that form of creative work is always limited in amount, and can never fail of recognition and welcome; but the surfeit of sensational novels spiced with pruriency is meeting with the inevitable reaction doomed to come.

Deep in the human heart lies the poetic need. It cannot die, though it may for a time be held in abeyance by lack of proper nutriment on which it naturally feeds. The country that, in the past or present, has no great poet to make its name illustrious seems sadly poverty-stricken on the highest side of its national life. As the poetic form, its cadence, rhythm, and heart expansion are a primal necessity, the first mode that great human speech essayed, the poetic hunger is sure to revive after a longer or shorter period of fasting.

It is the singing quality pervaded by all the nobler, more spontaneous impulses of human nature. If the birds had spoken in prose from the beginning, they would have made but slight appeal to their human kindred. The thoughts that sing themselves, the truths that become vocal through measure and music, the prophecies that tersely express themselves in poetic form, the convictions that probe the human heart and speak the language of passion, emotion, personal and individual experience that in its essence is universal, naturally flow into the poetic form. The need of true poetry is, therefore, like the need of sweet water in the desert. The people perish without vision, and the highest poetry is vision. It has suffered, been lived, and purified in some great imaginative experience.

But nothing can gain acceptance but the genuine article. The pseudo has no authority. We appear to have come to the moment when this long-suppressed and starved appetite for the ministrations of the Muse—a draught of poetic mead—has manifested itself. It is, therefore, not surprising that poetry books have taken rank among the best sellers of the season. The people have desired a new outpouring of poetic inspiration,—a fresh bubbling up of the eternally old, new feeling in fresh, modern form; and with the demand has come the supply, at least in some measure. We may be standing on the verge of a great poetic period. It is but little more than a hundred years since the choir of young bards broke into song in England, and, although there is nothing yet to show that a Wordsworth, a Coleridge, a Keats, a Shelley, or a Byron is about to appear, still the freshness, vitality, and charm of much of what may be called the new twentieth-century poetry is inspiring. The pessimistic, dark, gloomy, and peculiar school has given way to new poetic prophets of the dawn.

The day of the dyspeptic, anæmic poets seems to have passed. Despair and nightmare are no longer the

Digitized by Google

principal contents of the singer's wallet. They have either died out or have gone into some bread-winning occupation to expel their bile. The period of depressing poetry was worse than none at all. Its damp, mouldy, churchyard influence put a blight on the poetic art. It disseminated the feeling that the world had entered on a strictly prose era, poetry being discredited for the average person of sound and discriminating judgment. But we now have reason to know that poetry is of immortal birth; the longing for it constant, the appetite eager, when the kind that the public relishes is presented.

It is a goodly number of years since William Watson, Stephen Phillips, and Rudyard Kipling made more than a splash in the poetic pool, and were warmly welcomed. Since that time many other aspirants have come forward. The trees and bushes are full of song-birds. The poets—those worthy of the name—no longer starve in Grub Street, but live respectably on their earnings. Bohemia has dwindled to a small province. It is left to the hoboes, and the rhymesters who make songs for our foreign population.

Unexpectedly, Ireland has come forward to continue the line of old bards. A great vein of poetic material has been opened there, and a whole new school of poets has suddenly appeared to the world in the place where such a phenomenon might be least looked for. The works of Yeats, of Synge, of Lady Gregory, and others, have revealed the riches of the mine in legend, story, tradition, and untainted imaginative power inherent in the Irish people. This, perhaps, is the most significant fact of the revival, as it draws its life from the soil, is the revelation of a race where its power, both in thought and expression, has been preserved and enriched by its poverty and primitive mode of life. It has been fed by the crystal purity of the skies, the wild barrenness of the land, the lonely loveliness and solemn grandeur of its stormy coasts and the islands of the sea. It has been nurtured in the huts and cottages of the peasants, and fed by hardship and danger on the treacherous sea.

The young English poets are doubtless some of those who have written longer than appears, still with the fresh bloom and youthful feeling and inspiration that reminds of spring mornings before leaf has come upon the trees, only some spears of grass, an early weed, catkins on low willow bushes. It is the freshness that delights us, as in Alfred Noyes, the life he has imparted in old English themes, in his "Sherwood" and "Drake," in his fairy poems, in the stories from the Mermaid Tavern, the spontaneous outgushing of young feeling that sings itself and imparts a singing impulse to the reader, so that the critical faculty is put to sleep in the present lively enjoyment.

It is this sense of youth and freshness we have so long missed, so long desired. Our young poets too often have been old and gray in thought and feeling, scornful of the joy of life, hoary in the effect produced by their verses. Let us rejoice that youth has come to its own again, that its rights and claims to be the gladness of the world have again been recognized. Our young American poets have doubtless caught the impulse. Several we might name if space permitted. I think it was Walter Scott who said the corners of newspapers in his day often held verses that would have immortalized those of a younger generation. How much more true is it in our day when beautiful things are hastily scanned and forgotten!

It is a great day for the young poets of all nations. The poetic bugles have blown over the world to proclaim the year of jubilee, and the rejoicing of the people of goodwill and steadfast faith and hope.

SUMMIT, N.J.

A Dedication to Nathaniel Hawthorne.

BY ALICE FOSTER TILDEN.

Oft, treading paths of sorrow, do we hear,
"Whom the gods love die young." If that be truth,
I know not; but, far wandering, or near,
Who love the gods still keep eternal youth.
Hawthorne! who first didst guide my childish feet
Amid old paths of Hellas' mighty age,
Who tendered sweets that left the soul replete
With beauty, and the joy of pilgrimage,
To thee my wand'ring verse be dedicate;
The echoing octave of the young world's prime,
The faint reflection of her golden day,
Accept the tribute, poet-heart elate!
And pardon, if in this too-faltering rhyme
Her childhood's debt the woman now would pay.

John Lothrop Motley.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

The centenary of John Lothrop Motley's birthday, April 15, 1814, revives interest in a lovable man, a brilliant historian, and a diplomat who rendered his country valuable service abroad. He is best known as the author of two great books, the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and the "History of the United Netherlands," specimens of historical writing at once learned and entertaining as fiction. Another work, scarcely less important, is the "Life and Death of John of Barneveld," a solid contribution to the studies that have been made of a notable period of Holland's fascinating annals.

John Lothrop Motley sprang from an old and respected family of New England. He was born in Dorchester, now Boston. Many stories are told of his precocity, he could learn his lessons so easily. When not yet eleven years old he began writing a novel. About that time he was for a while under the instruction of George Bancroft, from whom he learned the German language and gained some acquaintance with German literature. He was an insatiable reader. It is related of him that he always had a book in his hand when waiting for dinner, usually a volume of Scott or Cooper, or one of the poets. Among his playmates were two lads who afterward became famous—Thomas G. Appleton and Wendell Phillips. He grew up to be a lithe, rather tall, man, decidedly Byronic in his appearance. Indeed, he is described as handsomer than Byron. When only seventeen he was graduated from Harvard. Then he put in two busy years in the universities of Germany, where he was a fellow-student with Bismarck. Motley's interest in the records of the past developed in his college days; he had an especial fondness then for historical novels. Bismarck gives some interesting reminiscences of his intellectual life when he was residing in Berlin. At odd spells Motley occupied himself translating portions of Goethe's "Faust." He studied hard and read widely, Shelley and Shakespeare being among his favorite authors.

Returning to Boston, Motley took up the study of law. He had sufficient means to live comfortably without practising his profession, and for some years he devoted his leisure to literary work, writing essays and novels. His turn of mind led him to the study of history and its sources. His ambition was boundless—he was determined to do great things, but not till he was past thirty did he find his real lifework. He showed what was in him, however, by a long historical article on Peter the Great of Russia, which appeared in the *North American Review*, 1845. Even then he was a picturesque phrasemaker; in the style of this essay are suggestions of

Digitized by Google

the glowing narrative of his histories, which rival the works of Irving in charm and richness. He wrote other brilliant essays, one of them on the "Polity of the Puritans."

The "Rise of the Dutch Republic" occupied Motley, off and on, for a period of ten years. "He felt," as he himself confessed, "an inevitable impulse to write one particular history." He would be the historian of human liberty in the era of the revolt against the tyranny of Philip II. of Spain, in the latter half of the sixteenth century. He devoured everything he could get hold of relating to the history of the Netherlands. He wrote a considerable portion of the work as it was then planned, but he was dissatisfied with the result. He realized that he could not do justice to his subject here, and went to Europe to complete his self-imposed task. He spent years in research at The Hague, Brussels, and other cities where he could find original material. With a tireless industry he pored over old letters (never yet printed), documents, and state papers, for he had to be a discoverer as well as a compiler. He must investigate sources and sift evidence. The dust of three centuries had remained undisturbed on hundreds of important manuscripts in European collections until it was rudely scattered by this enthusiastic and indefatigable American student.

He found much new material, and accumulated so many facts conflicting with his earlier reading on the subject that he decided to throw aside his unfinished manuscript and rewrite the book from the beginning, or, rather, to write a new book. Once completed, he could not find a publisher for the history on which he had lavished so much toil and painstaking devotion. It was published at the author's expense, his father helping him with money and encouragement. Its unexpected success was very gratifying. Translations soon appeared in French, Dutch, German, and Russian. The reception of the work in Great Britain and on the Continent was a triumph. It had a large sale in this country, and was appreciated by scholars. A just tribute is that of Prescott, himself a popular historian: "Far from making his book a mere register of events, he has penetrated deep below the surface and explored the cause of these events. . . . Every page is instinct with the love of freedom and with that personal knowledge of the working of free institutions which could alone enable him to do justice to his subject."

Motley did not belong to the dry-as-dust chroniclers, who give bare facts only. There is color and vivacity in his narrative. He was a word-painter; he called up the image of a great personage or "a splendid pageant of the past with the same affluence, the same rich vitality, that floods and warms the vast areas of canvas over which the full-fed genius of Rubens disported itself in the luxury of imaginative creation." So says Dr. Holmes, his sympathetic biographer.

The "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is a work of art. In power of dramatic description Motley is equalled by few other writers, either in fiction or history. One passage may be quoted as a specimen of his style. It is taken from the chapter on the siege of Leyden (in 1574):—

"On the 26th of May, Valdez reappeared before the place, at the head of eight thousand Walloons and Germans, and Leyden was now destined to pass through a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly toward its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime-trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation, in the centre of the city, rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England. Surrounded by fruit-trees, and overgrown in the centre with oaks, it afforded, from its mouldering battlements, a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land."

Motley's next work, the "History of the United Netherlands," was more elaborate, and cost him an immense amount of research. He ransacked Dutch and English archives, and he read many unpublished letters of notabilities of the epoch under consideration, 1584–1609. He was able to give a fresh treatment of the subject, with sidelights obtained from the correspondence of the envoys of Venice and France. The state secrets of the buried centuries were disclosed and given to the world. Difficulties were encountered, only to be overcome by this resolute and laborious student. He became familiar with all the details of the private and public life of William the Silent, whose career is admirably sketched and the character of the man vividly portrayed. Erudition and imagination were combined in the two volumes published in 1860, which added to the writer's reputation.

Then circumstances interrupted Motley's historical studies. In 1861 he was appointed American Minister to Austria, a post for which he was peculiarly fitted. To say nothing about his familiarity with German and other languages, he was possessed of an extraordinary equipment for his diplomatic duties. He was intensely interested in the situation at home. In a letter from Vienna (written February 26, 1862) he said: "The great Republic and Slavery cannot both survive." Stung by the vulgar letter of an American in Europe who criticised him, Motley resigned, and presently the two concluding volumes of the "History of the United Netherlands" were published (in 1868). This monumental work continues the story begun in the "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Its literary art is consummate.

Motley now had leisure to go on with the history of Holland that he had long before projected. It was to be completed in about a dozen volumes and have the general title, "The Eighty Years' War for Liberty." It was to comprehend the remarkable epoch from the abdication of Charles V. to the Peace of Westphalia. His task was not much more than half done, for he had about forty years yet to cover. He was getting old, but he did not shrink from the enormous drudgery involved. With the enthusiasm of a specialist he could say, "The labor is in itself its own reward, and all I want." He finished the "Life and Death of John of Barneveld," which continues his Dutch annals down to the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. There he stopped, broken down by illness, by grief for the death of his beloved wife, and by diplomatic disappointments. A very sensitive man, he deeply felt his recall as our Minister to England.

Motley left his great history a fragment. This is a pity,

Digitized by Google

for the materials had been for the most part gathered; the scenes and events of that memorable period, 1619–49, filled his mind to overflowing. Composition was a positive pleasure, but, unfortunately, he lacked the physical strength to complete the gigantic undertaking that had absorbed and enlivened his waking hours for many years. The proposed "History of the Thirty Years' War," for which he had collected a mass of memoranda, would have been the crowning event of Motley's career. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Writing as he did was no perfunctory matter. He was never satisfied with what he had done. Had he been spared two or three years longer, with health, he would doubtless have produced a historical masterpiece worthy of his genius. He died May 29, 1877, at the age of sixty-three.

Denver, Col.

The Modernizing of Asia.*

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT.

The subject of modernizing Asia is to be discussed tonight before a Unitarian Club. No place could be more appropriate for such a discussion; for Unitarianism is one of the most characteristic products of modern Occidental thought. The Unitarian movement in England and the United States is not yet two hundred years old, and its aggressive and productive period extends over hardly more than a century. The name of the movement early proved unfortunate; because it seemed to indicate that it was merely a protest against the doctrine of the Trinity; whereas, it almost immediately became a movement in favor of several broad, comprehensive doctrines in social philosophy and religion. It taught, claimed, and gradually secured religious toleration in the amplest sense. In England it suffered active persecution in the eighteenth century; against it social ostracism was long used in England, and many traces of that mode of suppressing obnoxious religious beliefs may still be seen in England and in some parts of the United States. The Unitarian movement brought about an increase of religious liberty, not only for its own adherents, but for all men. In accomplishing this result it became one of the durable social and educational influences in the modern world, and an active ferment in many schools of religious thought. Since the Protestant Reformation the policies and institutions which last are those associated with some new freedom for mankind; all others decline, or recede, be they educational, governmental, social, or religious.

The Unitarian denomination—although always comparatively small in numbers—has proved to all thinking people that men and women who do not accept the ancient creeds and dogmas of the Christian church, and who attach little importance to observances, rites, or rituals, may be quite as capable of governing themselves, determining rightly their conduct towards both neighbors and strangers, and meeting the evils and dangers of life with courage and calmness, as those are who accept the Christian faith in its ancient forms. It has been demonstrated that Unitarians resist temptation, and face sickness, bereavements, and death with as much dignity and tenderness as any other Christian believers. This evidence has been supplied in the characters and lives of statesmen, preachers, teachers, professional men, and business men, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters in six generations. Poets and historians, and writers of many sorts have added their various testimony. The Unitarian faith is a blessed one to live by and die in.

The Unitarian movement has contributed strongly to modifying the older conceptions concerning God's attributes; so as to bring the conception of Him into conformity with the accepted ethics of modern society, and also with the doctrines of evolution and democracy, and the new spirit of scientific research. The ancient creeds and dogmas are full of ideas about God which civilized man, at his best, absolutely rejects as unworthy. In this respect the old creeds and dogmas can, of course, be re-interpreted from generation to generation; and in the Evangelical denominations a remarkable amount of re-interpretation is now being done, the new interpretations reaching symbols and rites as well as creeds and dogmas. In these processes of re-interpretation, however, the original conceptions are apt to disappear; and there is sometimes reasonable doubt concerning the effects of such re-interpretations on the mental habits of the interpreters.

The Unitarian movement, far from presenting a dry, cold, meagre philosophy of life, has, through its poets, preachers, and seers, kept before the new generations a very spiritual and lovely conception of the environment of man in God's universe. Whoever makes acquaintance with the religious poems and essays by Unitarian writers in the nineteenth century will recognize the truth of this statement. The doctrine of Divine Providence has never been more exquisitely bodied forth than by the Unitarian Bryant in "The Water Fowl":—

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

No one has ever portrayed the growth of human soul through the experience of life better than Holmes does in the last verse of "The Chambered Nautilus":—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Has any one told how to meet "stony griefs" better than the English Unitarian woman who wrote "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the best-known and most-used hymn in the English language? No human being ever illustrated wise and loving service to suffering humanity better than Florence Nightingale, whose religious views were Unitarian. Far from being merely critical, negative, stoical philosophy the Unitarian faith takes over from the Old Testament and the New everything those Scriptures contain of love and hope, of inspiration and aspiration, rejecting only those unessential parts which the mind and heart of advancing mankind have outgrown.

The Unitarian is always highly individualistic in his thinking; but he also appreciates the value of collective action by like-minded persons for the promotion of common ends. Hence he supports the Unitarian Church and the Unitarian Association, and is prompt to act with a great variety of educational and charitable organizations. He asks of his associates in worshipping God and serving man acceptance of no creed whatever—only intention to obey the two great commandments of the Gospel—thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself. The Unitarian has taken to heart as just exhortation the description of the

* This address was first delivered at an open meeting of the Unitarian Club of Washington in All Souls' Church of that city.

genuine neighborly spirit contained in the parable of the good Samaritan, and does not forget that the good neighbor in that best of parables belonged to a people who were so distasteful to the Jews that the Jews had no dealings with them.

Until recent years the Unitarian churches and their members found plenty of neighbors to help right at their doors, and were often engaged in vindicating their own title to be called Christians, or in remonstrating against the beliefs, accepted by most Christians, which the Evangelical denominations were trying to spread through heathen lands. Hence the Unitarian churches took little interest in foreign missions. But now the Unitarian Church as a whole, having found its theological positions firmly established, and the efficacy of its faith recognized, and realizing the preciousness of the contribution it makes to human happiness, hears that the reflective minds of Asia are open to its simple and beautiful teachings. Shall it not respond to this new call on its sympathy and its sense of human brotherhood? Asia needs toleration and liberty in religion, needs the loftiest ethical conceptions of God as loving Father, and of man as brother, needs the Unitarian doctrines of the dignity of man and of the wonderful potentialities of human aspiration, hope, and love. The Unitarian movement has been part of a great transition in European thought during nearly two centuries. It is now invited in the providence of God to take part in a momentous transition in Oriental thought.

Cambridge, Mass.

Christianity and Safety First.

BY MARC N. GOODNOW.

This is not the title of a sermon. It is merely a watchword now being put into practical effect by the Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has taken a new attitude toward the national Safety First movement, and is rendering a service among its great body of members quite as important as that of regularly organized safety committees. It is demonstrating the large truth that Christianity is nothing more nor less than applied humanity. No better plan for this demonstration could have been found than the Safety First movement.

Next to the gospel of Christianity, which teaches a man to save his soul, is the gospel of humanity, which teaches a man to save not only his own life, but the lives of his fellow-men. This is the very fundamental basis of the nation-wide campaign to safeguard and conserve the life and limbs of industrial workers of whatever nature. It is to that quality of nobility which recognizes the fact that every man is in some degree his brother's keeper that this new attitude appeals.

This department of the Association delivers illustrated lectures before railroad men and their families, for it is becoming the rule now that employees who have the least interest in the Safety First movement are anxious to have their families hear these talks. Four of these lectures are already in pretty constant use, and three others are in course of preparation. The four are: (1) Road Service Risks; (2) Machine Shop Risks; (3) Yard Service; (4) Trespassing.

All these lectures are given in co-operation with the railroad Safety First committees. In fact, after being prepared by the Association they are submitted before a conference of safety experts from the different railroads whose men are to be reached, and edited until they are acceptable to all the roads co-operating. The Association furnishes the lecture, the stereopticon slides, the lecturer, and the assembly-room, if necessary. The meetings, however, are held under the auspices of the railroad's Safety First committee.

They are popular, too. Thousands of men, women, boys, and girls attend them in every part of the United States where the Safety First movement has begun to do things. As a result, a great body of workers and their families are absorbing habits of caution and beginning to think in terms of safety to human life and limb.

The Railroad Association is primarily a Safety First movement in itself. Through its ministrations to railroad men it makes for safety of life and property. Men well fed and well rested, temperate, clean, clear-headed, leaving the warm, human atmosphere of Christian sociability in Association buildings, are much more safe in thought and action than men who have no such influences thrown about them. They are safer in every direction of human activity.

A unique explanation of the human side of the Safety First movement has been formulated for Association use by C. W. Egan, general claim agent and member of the general safety committee of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. By use of a Bible text he classifies the three types of men to whom most of the preventable accidents occur in our modern industrial system, as follows:—

A. The man who does not believe in the Safety First movement, who is careless in his work, and does not care for his own life and much less for the lives of other men;

B. The man who does not take his rest, who works all day and carouses all night, returning to work next morning wholly unfit, mentally and physically, to do the hazardous work assigned him;

C. The man who is not quiet, who is constantly finding fault with the conductor, engineer, trainmaster, superintendent, and even with his wife.

These three conclusions Mr. Egan bases on the third chapter of the Book of Job: "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came."

From the Association point of view, Mr. Egan has outlined the ten Safety First commandments, each of which can be summed up in a paragraph:

I. "Thou shalt not take any chances in thy work where life or limb are at stake." The chance-taker is the widow-maker. The brakeman who stands in the middle of the track and attempts to get upon the icy running-board of a fast-moving engine as it comes toward him, tickles death under the chin. The brakeman who pushes the coupler over with his foot just as the cars come together, eventually not only cripples himself, but keeps the crutch factory going. The brakeman who grabs the rung of the end ladder on a box-car and then attempts to get on a greasy journal-box as the car comes toward him, also supports the crutch factory and frequently the casket-maker.

II. "Thou shalt obey absolutely the rules of the company." The contention that if he lived up to the book of rules no railroad man could get his train over the road, is a fallacy. No man has yet given a concrete case where the strict observance of the rules of the company failed to get his train over the road. If a rule is obnoxious, the best way to get rid of it is to observe it. It is better not to do the work at all than to have an accident. It is better to come in late than not to come in at all.

III. "Thou shalt assume personal responsibility for thine own life and limb, as well as for the lives and limbs of thy fellow-men." If men will keep this one Safety commandment always before them, there will be little necessity for railroad hospitals.

IV. "Thou shalt, seeing a man do his work in a careless manner, teach him to be more careful." It is a plain duty you owe to yourself, your family, and to the company that employs you, to show him the safe and proper way. If

Digitized by Google

you cannot teach him, then put it squarely up to your employing officer that the man is not safe to work with, and ask for his transfer to some other department.

V. "Thou shalt, in thy daily work, teach the green man the safe and proper way." It is a crime for men who have seen years of railroad service, and who are prone to continue dangerous practices, to teach the new or green man the unsafe way to work. You should watch the acts of the green man as carefully as you would watch the acts of your father or brother if they were placed in similar positions.

VI. "Thou shalt not use intoxicating liquors at any time, whether on or off duty." No man living can railroad and drink intoxicating liquors at the same time. Too many men have tried it, and nearly all have gone to an untimely grave. Railroading in itself is hazardous enough, without having the mind clouded and the body wrecked by booze. The man who drinks while off duty is just as bad as the man who sneaks a drink while working. He is a menace to his fellow-employees.

VII. "Thou shalt not let domestic troubles interfere with thy work." Many accidents where human life has been sacrificed can be traced directly to the home clouded by domestic troubles. It may be infidelity of the wife or of the husband, or both. It may be the result of peevishness or passion or incompatibility of temperament. Many death notices from enginemen have read: "The man was walking with head down, as if in deep thought. I rang the bell, I blew the whistle to attract his attention, I tried to stop, but could not do so before killing the man." If you choose to investigate the home life of the man, in nine cases out of ten you will find domestic troubles at work there.

VIII. "Thou shalt be loyal to thy God, thy wife, and the company that employs thee." When a man seeks to do his work in a safe manner, having constantly before him the thought of his brother's keep, the supreme love of those who are near and dear to him, you will find the man not only loyal to the core in all that he may do, but that he has the respect and the confidence of all officials with whom he may come into contact.

IX. "Thou shalt in thy work and in everything thou mayest do, do unto others as thou wouldst have them do unto thee." Think well before you act, and ask yourself if you would be satisfied if the other fellow were going to do by you as you are about to do by him. If you feel satisfied you are right, then go ahead.

X. "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might, to the end that thy fellow-men may see thy good works and glorify thy Father which is in heaven." Christianity goes hand in hand with humanity. Show to the men who work with you, who look up to you, that a man can be a Christian and railroad at the same time, not the long-faced, preaching kind, but the kind that does little, helpful, kindly acts, such as looking after the sick, comforting the sorrowing, helping the poor and unfortunate. There is no man living who does not at times need the glad hand, the kind word, the tap on the shoulder, of brotherly love; and when you do all these things you are not only helping the true spirit of brotherhood in the eyes of doubtful men, but you are driving home to the hearts of men what the Safety First movement means to mankind.

There is no refuting the fact that the man who has even the slightest Christian feeling in his heart believes in the Safety First movement. The Railroad Association and such men as Egan are doing much to prove to the world the truth that Safety First principles are inculcating among industrial workers the spirit of humanity, which is only the handmaiden of Christianity.

Chicago Ill.

Nature's Foundlings.

BY JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

When lush Marsh-Marigolds their bloom unfold
In moisty vales where April brooklets run,
They lift their yellow radiance to the sun
In joyance never dreamed by market gold.
Near them frail Blood-root—meek though sanguine-stoled—
Her white plumes blossoming from juices dun—
Playfully trembles at the mocking fun
Of Cranesbill shuddering as if ghostly-old.
I laughed with them to-day on sunny banks
O'erhung by hemlocks widely topping all,
And raised my own glad song in quiet thanks
That on this busy, phantom-chasing ball
One soul at least was free to join the ranks
Of nature's foundlings beyond city wall.

The Pulpit.

The Inner Word.*

BY ROWLAND HILL.

Thy law is within my heart.—Psalm xl. 8.

Children of the earth, as mankind evidently are according to their physical organization, it is equally evident, from testimony that goes back to the farthest time to which the telescope of human history has yet pierced, that the leaders of our race have never felt satisfied with the things that are seen,—things that are physical, actual, and tangible. What is true of the race as a whole seems not less true of the separate individuals of whom the race is composed. Surely there comes a time in every earnest life when it is felt that what can be handled, weighed, touched, or seen, is not enough for the craving soul. That is the time when we come to believe in the reality of human affection, in the existence of true friendship; when we begin to be stirred by great principles, and grow stronger when we become possessed of sublime ideas. Such times come to every human being, not always in equal degree but very truly, except to those who have not yet emerged from the animalism of the savage, from whom, physically, man has been evolved.

It is exaltation of soul that has most differentiated us from the cattle in the pen and the beasts in the forests. That we do differ from them is manifest, but why? Because we look before and after and pine for what is not, as Shelley told us; we pine for what is not visible to the outward eye. We long for something greater and vaster and truer than the husks the swine do eat, even though their sties be made of marble and set round with precious stones. We cannot be satisfied to grub through life without thought, or hope, or longing; and many of us hold that Great Nature, which gave us these immeasurable longings, gave us them not to mock us and to thwart us, but to lead us upward to those heights where the air is purer and the life sweeter and richer and fuller than it can be in the shadowy valley of the seen and the material. That our bodies are fearfully and wonderfully made is as true now as it was when the fact was first discovered, but far more wonderful than the powers of our physical frame are the powers of the human mind. Think for a moment how invisible thought has enriched the world by imaginative genius, by creative genius, by prophetic genius. Think of Shakespeare and Browning, of Scott and Thackeray and Dickens, of Dante and Victor Hugo, of Emerson and Theodore Parker. The wonders of the physical universe are startling in their sublimity: the perfect order of the million distant suns; the indescribable beauty of Saturn, with its delicate

* Preached at the Theistic Church, London, Feb. 22, 1914.

bridal veil and its attendant satellites; the majesty of the constellations,—all these are indeed marvellous beyond the power of words to describe; but there is something more wonderful. That is, that little man, the dweller on this small planet, cannot only see these wonders of the universe, but that he has powers that reach out right to those distant suns and stars and moons; that he can measure them, weigh them; and, more than that, that he has discovered in himself spiritual forces which enable him to rejoice at the wondrous beauty of the heavens, at their majestic silence, at their divine order. It is these spiritual and mental powers—powers which cannot be seen or touched—which enrich human life, whether on the side of the infinite universe in which this planet and we upon it bear our little part, or in the more limited moral and social duties which await us in our immediate earthly environment. In short, it is the possession of these powers, that cannot be weighed on scales nor stored in a chemist's jars, that differentiate man from the beast in the slaughter-yard or the bear in his forest lair. The most lasting of the truest pleasures of life are not less true because, as I have already said, they are wholly intangible and immaterial,—the bonds of friendship, the love and care of parents for their helpless children, the joys of literature, or the delight that thrills the mind at the perception of some great principle or newly discovered fact either in the physical universe or in the moral and spiritual growth of one's own soul. What it is necessary to repeat is the statement that these impalpable ideas and perceptions are not less real because one cannot handle them. When we rise to the high plane of spiritual realization, we perceive that we are not orphaned atoms scattered at random in a desolate wilderness; we see not only that there is a glorious universe outside of us, but are driven to acknowledge that we are actually parts of that universe, and that nothing can break the relationship that makes us parts of this majestic whole. When man has come to this state of mind, he has taken the first step forward in his march onward and upward. Thus must mankind in all ages have found its way upward from savagedom to a higher and worthier humanity.

This striving towards higher things, this reaching forth after some stronger hand, this cry in the darkness, have all found, as far back as the records of any people can be traced, some kind of response that seemed wafted into the waiting soul. However vague the striving, however weak the human hands stretched upward, however feeble the cry, none of them were wholly in vain, and, in countless ways, that frail cry in the darkness has been answered by a voice from the silence, that has comforted the weeping child of man, soothed his sorrows, and often inspired him to new endeavor. The voice has been heard by every branch of our race, and, though its message has been wordless, men have never been content until they tried to translate the inspiring thought into human language. None has ever quite succeeded in putting the sublimest inspirations into the world's every-day language,—somewhat of the divine has evaporated in the process; but, though none has perfectly succeeded, none also, thank God, has wholly failed; and it was man's conviction, in every age, of the sublimity of these responses that has produced the many Bibles that are scattered over the whole world. Where did they exist before any word of them was ever scrolled on parchment, or sung by prophet, bard, or seer? In the minds of men who felt certain that they were not alone in the wide universe, certain that not in vain was the longing which had led them to such mountains of vision and such peaks of heavenly delight. In other words, the soul of man began to realize the Infinite before a single word of any Bible was ever written. It must be so in every great romance or poem. Before a word of "Oliver Twist" was put on paper, Dickens felt his soul on fire in revolt at the cruelties to children practised in the workhouses of that day. Before John Bunyan wrote a word of his "Pilgrim's Progress," in his heart he had felt the overpowering thought that this life was but a pilgrimage with a Celestial City for its goal.

Precisely in the same way, before any page was written of any of the world's great sacred books, high thoughts and sublime ideas, fresh from the heart of Nature into the mind of waiting man, took possession of aspiring souls in all lands and among all peoples, by the Ganges not less than the Jordan, in Egypt and Norway, in Persia and in Greece; and, from our own experience, we can be sure that these inbreathings came not in words, but in glorious ideas. Then, when these ideas came, frail man attempted to put them into human words; but language, often imperfect, is never so imperfect as when we seek to use it for the most inspiring thoughts. The moment we attempt to transfer these glowing ideas into the spoken or written word, they lose some of their brightness. When we try to stereotype them into cold type, how much of their glory always seems to evaporate in the process! You can have little doubt that some of that fiery indignation rising at the wrongs inflicted on children in the schools of his day, lost its heat when, with pen and ink, Dickens recalled it in the pages of "Nicholas Nickleby." A great deal of it is, happily, still there; but the impelling idea could not help losing some of its power when undergoing the slow process of being transmuted into lagging human language. It is wonderful, but the thought that impelled it was more wonderful.

These impelling thoughts coming to us in this remarkable way often give us cause to think. They come, and we know we mar them when we tell them to our friend, but yet we feel bound to tell them out, however much our tongues may stammer at the task. Whence do they come? Not from the dust of the earth, the corn become bread, or the rocks beneath our feet, but from the Spirit of Life that seems at the centre of all things. Again, and still with the shortcomings of human language, we say they come from the Creator of thought, the Father of all, the Unseen Source of all power—whom we call God when we think of him as force, and whom we call Father when we think of him as love. His gentleness is proved by the tender way in which he sends these thoughts into our minds, just as his majestic power is shown by the waves and the mountains, or the sublime planets and suns that are revealed to us at night. These thoughts, then, are his message, his wireless message, may we not say, to his needy children,—his word to help us, sustain us, comfort us. In sublimest matters we call these inspired thoughts the word of God; but we need not limit this, because every exalted and uplifting thought is his word, whether it come in poem or romance, in vision or prophecy, in parable or dream, in wordless symphony or mighty chorus. It reaches us (when it reaches us) in our inmost hearts, the holy ground where God makes himself known to us, and inbreathes his heavenly influence. Never let us limit the region or scope of that blessed influence; for every good and inspiring thought comes from him, the Soul of souls, the Author of everything,—the centre whence all life proceeds.

The world is old enough now to know why these divine thoughts stir within us; they are sent to enrich our lives, to make us more faithful, to make us less unworthy to do the work with which he has intrusted us during the few short years of our earthly pilgrimage. This unknown Psalmist had a true glimpse in his day, when he said, "Thy law is within my heart." "Within my heart!"

Digitized by Google

First hear that voice within, and then you will find it everywhere; in books,—not limited to one volume any longer,—in poem and tale and rhapsody, in lonely walk, in crowded street, in sunset glow and sunrise purity, in human life, in joy and, sometimes, in sorrow, too. Within our hearts! But we must not drown it with the tumult of earth. Let us more often get into the silence, away from the crowd and the rush, that we may find better opportunities to realize these divine vibrations from the heart of the universe.

There are, evidently, eternal laws; we have to obtain glimpses of them, and do well to meditate upon them. When we see them we shall surely strive to be in harmony with them. The voice of wisdom whispers to us, "Don't struggle so much for your poor will to be done; but get into harmony with the Infinite, and seek to do the will that is perfect and divine!" In plain language, that voice bids us be loyal to every high thought. From whatever source it may seem to reach us it really comes from God. Therefore, we are to believe in the best possible, the best we can imagine, knowing full well that the actual best is better still than we can imgine. When we have faith in such "best possible," we are to seek to realize it, to live up to it, to live by it and for it, and, if such need should arise, to be ready to die for it.

We are therefore called upon to have confidence in great principles, and not merely to go with thoughtless crowds wherever the giddy stream of custom and fashion may lead them. We know that truth can take care of itself, but we are never to be careless as to whether we are on the side of truth or not. Having the eternal law, so far as we can bear to behold it, within our own hearts, let us rejoice in it, knowing that goodness is supreme and seated sure on the throne of the universe. That is the art of life, a realization of which will enrich the poorest of us; and God "addeth no sorrow therewith." It promotes purity within, and brings enduring happiness in its train. Seeking eternal right, we find, without vain and selfish search for it, eternal joy. For, as Italy's greatest poet tells us, "His will is our peace."

London, England.

Is the Universe too Big for God?

BY REV. FREDERICK M. BENNETT.

The immensity, intricacy, and orderliness of the universe often appals the soul of man so that he feels of no account in its presence. He oftens thinks that he may be ignored, and that it is not worth while for him to humble himself or exalt himself in the presence of the great all of things.

Perhaps the universe is not so large as it seems. If we could look on it from the outside, from some imaginary fourth dimension of space, it might not seem so large or bewildering. If all we know of this universe, including ourselves, and our standards of measurement, were compressed to the size which an apple appears to be, should we know the difference between that and the universe as we perceive it? Provided our spiritual capacities remained the same, it is doubtful if it would make any difference to us. If the spirit is a reality, it need not be oppressed by the vastness of the known universe.

We should remember that we are worthy to enter into some of the truth of the universe. We may explore its vast mysteries and understand it in part. It responds to our search. We may trust that an intelligible universe is at least intelligent or is the medium of a supreme intelligence and sympathy. In so many ways do the wisdom and love of God, even through the vast universe, respond to our efforts that we are warranted in believing that the human soul is of worth to deity.

Kant declared that through our relations to the universe a sense of spiritual immensity is revealed compared to which the material immensities are as nothing. These spiritual realities may be constant and ever growing, ever more worthy and precious to us as we through thought and experience enter the realms of truth. Whatever our cosmogonies, these relations persist and continually gain in importance.

As the universe is enlarged for us, our reverence should be deepened and exalted. God is not lost in it. The same spiritual presence who has given himself to man in all ages still gives himself to the willing mind and heart in ever fuller measure.

The Disciples.

BY CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

PETER.

I.

He brought him to Jesus; and when Jesus beheld him, he said, "Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas," which is, by interpretation, a stone.—John i. 42.

He called me Cephas. Should I not have been
The rock of his defence when harm was near?
Ah, coward heart! a slave to shame and fear,
I, vain, was all unmindful of the sin
The Master's searching eye had seen within.
Yet he whose vision was so strong and clear
Knew all—that my repentance was sincere.
He sent me forth again, his trust to win,—

He bade me feed his sheep, and I will go
Alike to Jew and Gentile to declare
Christ's message unto all, that all may know
Before his second coming, and prepare.
For lo! the spirit in perpetual flow
The hearts of men would enter everywhere.

JAMES, THE SON OF ZEBEDEE.

II.

Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church; and he killed James the brother of John with the sword.—Acts xii. 1, 2.

The king in wrath has spoken—I must die.
I, who had thought, obeying Christ's commands,
To bear his gospel into many lands,
Shall preach no more, no more shall testify
Filled with the Holy Spirit from on high.
Yet though King Herod stretcheth forth his hands
To vex the church, the truth his power withstands.
In life or death the Lord I'll not deny.

Christ's face transfigured I behold once more,
I feel his anguish at Gethsemane,
I seem to hear his summons as before
It came across the Sea of Galilee.
As then I instant sprang to reach the shore,
Now at thy call, O Lord, I follow thee.

ANDREW.

III.

The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.—John i. 37.
As he sat upon the Mount of Olives, over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately, "Tell us, when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled?"—Mark xiii. 3, 4.

I heard the voice of one who cried, "Repent.
God's kingdom is at hand." I could not stay,
But followed John, his counsel to obey.
Yet was I not at peace, nor yet content,
But waited for another—he was sent,
And lo, the Christ! We saw him on his way.
He bade us follow.—To his home we went.
My heart yet glows remembering that day.

Again he came. The net I cast aside
To follow him—a greater work was mine,
The gospel of God's kingdom far and wide
To spread abroad, and lesser cares resign.
The day of judgment, as Christ prophesied,
Ere long shall come; watch ye and heed the sign.

Forsythia.

Oh, the sunbeams wooed the willows
All through the winter days,
And they blossomed pussy-pillows,
All sober browns and grays.

But the awkward bare forsythias
At the first warm smile of spring
Laughed back; and sudden found themselves
A golden glorying!

—*Elizabeth Wasl Parker.*

Literature.

Memories of my Youth. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Mr. Putnam's youth was passed during a formative period of our history, when events were happening in which he took a share, with opportunities for observation. His record of the earlier years is based in part upon home letters which escaped destruction, and in part upon the memory of conversations with his father. The writer was born in 1844, where the family home was in London, and Primrose Hill, dedicated to children, was his familiar playground. His father was the first of the American publishers to invade England. Memories of New York, however, began in early childhood, and they include mention of famous men, like Commodore Perry, Washington Irving, Cyrus W. Field, and, more interesting, Abraham Lincoln at the time of his New York address in 1860. Trouble with his eyes sent young Putnam abroad in that same year, and his experiences in France and Germany, especially at the University of Goettingen, follow. It was in August, 1862, that he received permission to return to America, and at this point the story of our Civil War times begins, and adds another to the books of personal experience by which readers may now obtain their most vivid impressions of those terrible days. One wonders again, as often before, at the youth of the men who took part in that war. Boys from college, with everything before them, threw themselves into the conflict, and became heroes over night. "The Invasion of Louisiana," "I re-enlist for the War," "The Red River Campaign," "The Shenandoah Valley," "The Battle of Cedar Creek," "A Prisoner in Virginia," "The End of the War,"—these are the titles of chapters which tell the story, for young Putnam saw it through to the end, receiving the acceptance of his resignation not until July, 1865. This war-duty covered the years from eighteen to twenty-one. They cost him his opportunity for college training, but never his interest in literary and scholarly matters; and this interest is what really counts in such development. Far more serious was the impairment in health left by them. Mr. Putnam thinks that the ordinary experience of campaigning was more likely to help a boy than to hurt him, but his own included exposure to the heat and damps of the Louisiana swamps, in which nearly one-third of the Nineteenth Army Corps lay buried; and he had barely recovered from the series of swamp fevers when five months of the severest period in Virginia prisons had their chance at him. It was not until after all this that he was entitled to cast his first vote. Here the book ends, but it is likely to be followed by *The Memories of a Publisher*, which will give a record of the succeeding half-century. The book is written in the same dignified, wholly appropriate style of the other books written by Mr. Putnam. One may supplement it by the volume on *A Prisoner of War in Virginia*.

The Story of Joseph. By A. C. Welch, D.D., of Edinburgh. Scribner's. 60 cents net.—This is the tenth of the Short Course Series edited by Rev. John Adams, B.D. In 120 pages the writer tells the charming story of the younger brother who was carried away as a slave to a far country, but who not only redeemed himself, but provided a refuge for the ungrateful elder brothers and their aged father in the day of famine. The author in telling the story applies the principle of homiletics to the limit, but it is such excellent homily that it can be commended, not only to preachers, but to Sunday-school teachers, and laymen generally who are interested in a scholarly as well as practical exposition of Bible history. Two other volumes of the same series have also recently appeared. The title of *The Divine Drama of Job*, by Charles F. Aked, D.D., strictly speaking, is misleading, for it is not the drama itself that is presented, but a series of sketches of the various characters in the drama and their particular functions. The weakest part of the book is the treatment of the "Speeches of Jehovah." On the whole, however, the exposition is courageously modern, and the collective survey of the characters in close alignment should be stimulating and helpful to the modern reader of the poem. *A Mirror of the Soul*, by Rev. John Vaughn, M.A., is a treatment of the Psalms, neither historical nor consecutively, but, as the title suggests, from the standpoint of devotional feeling. In its topical word-painting, it reminds one of the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages. It is not always the most vital topic that receives attention, but the treatment given is done artistically and with devotion. The viewpoint is modern, and the imprecatory Psalms are handled frankly. This little volume should add to the attractiveness of the Psalter. L. W.

In the Upper Room. By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D. New York: Scribner's. Price, 60 cents.—This is one of the Short Course Series of expository studies on Biblical passages or themes. It offers a purely homiletic exposition of John xiii. to xvii., with related passages in Mark and Matthew. The method and the point of view are those of popular evangelicalism, where critical questions as to the origin and meaning of the material expounded are not suffered to influence the exposition. The author's theology conditions his exegesis unduly at certain points, notably in chapter four on the Triune God. The attitude is an interesting one. "The mystery of the ineffable Trinity," says Dr. Burrell, "baffles but does not contradict our reason. . . . Christ does not here or elsewhere undertake to explain it. Why should he? If there are State secrets in connection with the administration of every secular government, shall there be none in the government of God? . . . The bulk of our unrest, of our doubt and despondency, is due to prying into secrets that do not concern us." Unitarians may be grateful that they are spared this bulk of unrest, doubt, and despondency which afflicts other believers, because they have no interest in prying into this baffling State secret which does not concern them. Truly the confession, "To us there is one God, the Father," is a stronghold against doubt and unrest. Unitarians may also dissent from another statement of Dr. Burrell's that the Lord's Prayer "was a prayer in which He Himself could scarcely join; because His relation with the Father was quite different from ours." But where theology does not control the exposition, there is much that is homiletically and spiritually suggestive to readers of widely variant mind.

The Working-man's Christ. By Craig S. Thoms, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A highly complicated question is here treated candidly and unpretendingly. Why do working-men show so little interest in spiritual religion, and why do the churches seem to make so little headway in the attempt to reach them? The author replies that men in general are lacking in seriousness; they prefer amusement to reflection on important subjects, and go in crowds only to churches that guarantee salvation in return for acts performed. What is needed, he says, is a body of people filled with the spirit of Christ, the spirit of loving brotherliness and self-sacrifice,—a Christlike church. This secured, we may hope to see capital and labor not enemies but friends, laboring together for the uplifting of society. Legislation will not effect this happy result, only a regenerated kernel. Without taking sides in current controversies, Dr. Thoms makes many just observations, and his tone and spirit are excellent. If some of his theological positions are debatable, this fact need not impair the force of his general argument, which may be summed up in the words: O men, love one another!

From an Island Outpost. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.—The success of this writer's story *The Woodcarver of 'Lympus* has not yet been forgotten, and the memory of it may be a guide that will lead many to an acquaintance with this later book, which, in different form, manages to convey something of the same philosophy of life, the same human sympathy, and the same keen enjoyment of the little things that we are too apt to overlook in our quest for happiness. Lovers of the Nantucket moors and Sankaty Light, as seen across them, will read these chapters with especial interest. There is not much more of the island, however, than of the wider world outside, for into these reflections and reminiscences the author has woven threads that lead one afar to other lands, to many books, to other people. In another way, it can be no less successful than the early book by which the writer is best known.

When I was a Boy in Palestine. By Mousa J. Kaleel. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. 60 cents.—Each of the books in the Children of Other Lands Series is the true story of some one born in the country of which he writes, and thoroughly familiar with its life and the people. Mousa J. Kaleel was born in Ram Allah, Palestine, in 1892. He has been, or is, one of the leading athletes in Haverford College, and

he shows himself an earnest, appreciative student of ways to which his boyhood was strange. The book is interesting, for its writer is not so far from his youngest years that he has forgotten the vivid impressions made in the home country, and he describes them with picturesque directness. Incidentally, the narrative throws interesting sidelights on the Bible, and would be worth reading in that connection.

The Red House Children's Vacation. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1 net.—Miss Douglas continues to put her best work in the Red House Series, and every reader of stories for young people knows that her best is very good indeed. The book makes one think of that perennially interesting family, the five little Peppers, for the eight in the Red House are brought up after much the same fashion, and they enjoy good times, and vary them with hard work in the same true-to-life way. The story of these ten summer weeks makes lively reading, and may influence others to accept the ups and downs of life in the same cheery, helpful, forward-looking spirit.

The Nomad of the Nine Lives. By H. Frances Friebe. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.—This autobiography of a cat is the dramatic story of one who knew cataclysms and catastrophes, dramatic events and narrow escapes. It is not only a story, but a reminder of the kindness due to animals from those in whose charge they are placed. It is dedicated to Dr. Rowley, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and may be counted among the many interesting and helpful books, beginning with *Black Beauty*, that have assisted in carrying the message of that society far and wide.

Chronicles of Old Riverby. By Jane Felton Sampson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.25.—New England life has produced a great literature; and there is a literature about New England life which is becoming ever more voluminous. The New England life of the past—surviving in the present, here and there—has an unfailing charm. This is a book of brief stories and sketches strung together on the thread of a common interest. Some of the stories are from the tragic side of life, but the thread on which they are strung becomes a pretty romance.

Greeks in America. By Thomas Burgess. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.35.—Greece, in modern times, is a land little understood; indeed, modern Greeks suffer a diminution of reputation by being contrasted with their great and idealized ancestors. But the modern kingdom and the ten million people of the modern race are worthy of study. In America they live in sufficient numbers to be a recognizable element in the population. This is an interesting and valuable book, and, both by well-written text and pictures, portrays a picturesque life.

The Renewal of the Body. By Annie Rix Militz. Holyoke, Mass.: The Elizabeth Towne Company. $1.—This is still another book on the power of the mind over the body. The large truth involved in the rather voluminous literature that has grown up on this subject in the past few years is, for many people, vague. The variety of points of view of the many authors will help the patient reader to apprehend at least some of it. The present author puts the emphasis on the psychical rather than on the physical.

Miscellaneous.

Peter Rugg, the Missing Man, is not by any means a new story, although each new edition of it finds those who have not before been acquainted with it. William Austin, its author, is called, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson who wrote an interesting introduction to the edition issued in 1910, a predecessor of Hawthorne "in his most delicate and impalpable literary trait," the power to cast a penumbra about his delineations so that one can hardly tell where reality ceases and unreality begins. Peter Rugg is truly a Hawthorne creation. Peter Rugg, overtaken by a storm at Arlington, swears that he will get home to Boston that night or never see his home again. Thereafter he is forever driving to Boston, forever losing his way, forever hindered, becoming a persistent legend, appearing in widely separated places. When he reaches Boston it is only to find that he has no longer a home there, and to see his estate, escheated to the commonwealth as the property of an extinct family, sold to a later generation. The publishers are John W. Luce & Co.

Magazines.

The April number of the *Harvard Theological Review* contains the following articles: "Social Progress and Religious Faith," by Eugene W. Lyman; "Mark Rutherford," by Willard L. Sperry; "A Protestant and Social View of the Church," by Thomas C. Hall; "Martin Luther in the Light of Recent Criticism," by Ephraim Emerton; "A Crisis in the Church of England," by Frederic Palmer; "Recent Translations of Buddhist Writings," by Albert J. Edmunds; Reviews and Notices. The *Harvard Law Review* contains the following articles: "Consideration in Bilateral Contracts," by Samuel Williston; "Theories of Water Law," by Samuel C. Wiel; and "Jurisdictional Limitations upon Commission Action," by Bruce Wyman; Editorial Notes; Recent Cases; and Book Reviews. The contents of the *Harvard Architectural Quarterly* are as follows: "The Relation of a State-wide Building Code to Housing and Town Planning," by Charles W. Killam; "The Schoolhouse Problem," the substance of three lectures delivered before the School of Architecture of Harvard University, by R. Clipston Sturgis.

The Nineteenth Century and After No. 445 contains an admirable table of contents, with topics, some local and British, and others of world-wide importance. The articles on India and Africa are conceived in a generous spirit, and show how a quarter of the human race may be helped or hindered by the exploitation or co-operation of white men. The young man who should master the contents of this one number would be well informed, and capable of thinking for himself on subjects that now engage the attention of all the ruling classes in the world. *The Hibbert Journal* for April, faithful to its prospectus, deals with religion, theology, and philosophy, with the main emphasis this time on religion. Kikuyu comes to the front, followed by an article on "Sacraments and Unity." From our point of view these articles are concerned with neither religion nor theology, but with certain accidents of formalism, which at their best are temporary and unessential, and yet over them the Church of England may be disrupted. There are four articles by Americans (Chapman, Smith, Warfield, and Dole), all excellent. *The Biblical World*, "a Journal of the Awakening Church," is faithful to the description of it printed on the cover. It is the medium of communication between such orthodoxy as resides behind the University of Chicago and earnest men who are trying to hold fast to "Evangelical" religion while admitting all the valid results of modern criticism and research. The April number contains articles written from this point of view, and also some excellent talk concerning "the problems of boyhood," including in this No. IV. information relating to sex, temperance, etc.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 Park Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Cat's-Cradle.

Over, under, in and out,
Thus to make the cradle stout,
Bess and Billy pass the string;
While the kittens at their play
Slyly seem to laugh and say,
"Isn't that the oddest kind of thing!"

Tabby, sitting calmly by,
Watches with the scornful eye
Of a very wise old cat.
"That may do," she says, "for play,
But I'd never dare to lay
Kittens in a cradle built like that!"

—*Almira Blossom, in Youth's Companion.*

The Little Red Crutch.

"The worst of it is," said Nanette, "that there isn't any garret to this house."

Nanette was leaning on the parlor window, pulling the lace curtains very much awry, and looking disconsolately out into the wet street.

"I don't mind rainy days in story-books," continued the small philosopher, "because there are always garrets in story-books,—always; and little girls find the loveliest things in them when it rains,—old laces, and skeletons, and things."

"Skeletons!" ejaculated the listener at the other window. "My, Nan! Should you like to find a skeleton? I'm rather glad we haven't any garret, if skeletons live in garrets. But I tell you what," lowering her voice mysteriously, and coming over to stand on the same long-suffering curtain that Nan was abusing, "there is a little shut-up place in this house that must have something awful in it."

The "little shut-up place" was a closet in the third-story back room. A gabled roof made irregularities in the room, and one of them developed into a dark closet.

"But it's locked," objected Nanette.

"No, it isn't. I pulled it open one day, just a very little way."

"And what was inside?"

"Nothing," confessed the discoverer, "except dust and darkness. But I didn't go in, you know. I wouldn't for anything."

The next minute two slim little figures might have been seen—they could not be heard—stealing up the great Queen Anne stairway. Tiptoeing, and covering up laughing lips, and pinching each other, they reached the third-story back room, and stood before the closed door. But it was not an obstinate door; and the small, cunning fingers soon had it open. Darkness and dust, indeed!—plenty of both, and nothing else to be seen.

"Would you be afraid to go in, Nan?"

"No, indeed! 'Fraid of what?"

"Would you go way back to the very darkest end?"

Nan insisted that she would.

"Well, then, do it!" dared the other; and sturdy Nan plunged into total eclipse. She came back to the cheerful light of day with great alacrity, covered with dust, of course,—eyes full, nose and mouth ditto, apron looking like Cinderella's, and something in her hand. Winking her dusty lashes, she held up her discovery. It was a little red crutch.

Downstairs they clattered, with noise enough to make up for their silent ascent, the little crutch bobbing along each step as they flew down to Grandmother's room.

The look that came into Grandma's eyes when the crutch was held up was very much the look Anita would have shown if the skeleton had been found indeed, or a ghost.

There was clearly something to tell; and, as a story on this wet day would be even more delightful than finding a skeleton, the dear old lady was at once put in a state of siege, the crutch and two little girls sitting down obstinately before her.

"One breezy fall day," said Grandma, surrendering at discretion, "a little girl went out to the barn to swing."

"What barn, Grandma?"

"This barn," she answered, "was the most delightful place in the whole world. It was none of your fine Northern barns, with stained-glass windows, but a great high-roofed, dark-raftered place, where cobwebs had leave to sleep, where the breeze wandered in and out all day, and the sunshine played about, as the children did hunting eggs. It was full of sweet odors from the hayfield on one side and the apple orchard on the other; and the little Virginia girl, whose swing dangled from one of the lower beams, had no idea that anybody in the world had a higher claim on it than she had."

"What was her name, Grandma?"

"Her name," said the old lady, looking startled,—"her name was Nancy, of course."

"And she went out to swing one day," prompted the listener.

"She went out to swing one day, determined to 'work up' till she touched the beam. She was very strong and very skilful. She put her little bare feet on the board seat, seized the rope high up, gave a tilt this side and that, and was off. Do you know how to 'work up,'—how to bend the knees, and straighten them again with a jerk that sends the obedient swing flying through the air? Nancy came so near the beam that its cobwebby dust sifted down in her eyes (not the beam she was hanging to, you know, but another). So close, and yet not to touch! Ambitious little goose! she suddenly threw out her hand, and struck the great log with her fist. But the loosened rope swung away from her, the board tilted, she hung only by one little hand in the air; and soon the impetus of the swing jerked that hold loose, and she fell."

"Ah!" cried the little girls, with a sob of pain,—"ah, Grandma! was she killed?"

"No, not killed; but sometimes in the long winter months that followed, when she was weary and racked with pain, Nancy wished that she had been killed. Then this little crutch was made for her at the carpenter's shop on the plantation, and padded on top, and"—

"Painted red?" interrupted Anita.

"No, not then. Nobody had ever heard of painting a crutch red; but one rainy day like this, when poor little Nancy felt so tired and sad, and had no hope to cheer her, but lay on the couch and counted how many long months must pass before she could run and walk again, her mother came and knelt down by her,—dear, sweet, angelic mother! [what made grandma's voice sound so queer, they wondered],—and said, 'Mother would do anything in the world to please her little daughter.' 'Would you, Mother?' cried Nancy, starting up from her pillow, 'would you let me read in your diary?'

"The mother turned red for a minute, while the little cripple watched her eagerly. Then she got up and went to the old-fashioned secretary with sliding doors, and brought back a large red morocco book with a brass clasp, and put it in Nancy's hands. It had been the dream of the child's life to read what Mother wrote every night in this book. I do not think she counted her fall too high a price to pay for it.

"You may read that red book yourselves some day, my darlings, and find out how your blessed great-grandmother lived and loved. But one page in it made a difference in that little reader's whole life. It said: 'Our Nancy is bearing her pain like a hero. When I see her smooth the little twitching face and smile up at me, I thank God for her brave spirit, and take her for my teacher. I shall be a better woman all my life for watching her.'

"After that rainy day, and after reading that brass-bound morocco book, Nancy was never sad or dreary again. She actually had the little crutch painted red, in token of her gay spirits; and, wherever its tap-tap was heard (and it sounded on those floors for almost two years), a merry sound of laughter and chatter was pretty sure to follow,—so sweet was it to the child to win such dear praise, and to know that Mother counted her a blessing for which to thank God."

The story was ended; and in a twinkling the little red crutch fell, resounding, to the floor, while two pairs of soft arms held Grandmother in a tight embrace.

"O Granny dear! we've caught you now! You were little Nancy, and the crutch was yours."—*Sunday School Times.*

Some Little Brown Bees.

One bright, sunny morning early in spring, when the dandelions were the only flowers out in the grass except a few little white clovers, the Brown twins had a birthday. They were five years old. Now, like all twins, they had their birthdays on the same day every year, so this May morning was a happy one for them both.

What did they get for their birthday? Well, when Father Brown came home at noon he brought two funny little square houses not much bigger than a bird-house, and of course they knew that one was for Billy and one was for Betsy, and they jumped up and down and clapped their hands.

"Oh, what a fine house for my dolls!" cried Betsy.

"And my rabbits shall live right next door in the other house," added Billy.

"But look at the tiny little door," said Father Brown. "Surely it's not big enough for a doll or a rabbit." Sure enough it wasn't; they could see that as they looked closer.

"The little families have already moved in, children," said Father Brown; "these houses are not for rent." Then, of course, Billy Brown wanted to open the door at once.

"Look out, Billy," cried Father, but not quite in time, for out flew—guess what—why, a little brown bee. Billy tried to catch it and put it back, but he let go very quickly and put his finger in his mouth. Away he ran to Mother Brown, and when she looked at it she said, "Mother's boy is so

sweet the bees are trying to get honey out of his little finger." Then both the twins laughed, but they stayed away from the bee-hives and played on the front porch till Father came home from work once more.

That evening after tea Father Brown took the two little houses away up in the back yard by the fence and put each one up on a short pole, Billy's on one side of the garden path and Betsy's on the other. Then when it grew too dark to see any more, Father Brown took a twin on each knee and told them all about the little brown bees which had come to keep house in the back yard.

He told them that if they gave the little bees plenty of room they would never bother them again, but work busily all day long, gathering honey from the flowers for them all.

The next morning the little doors were hardly opened before the bees were busy flying out and in from dandelion to clover and back again to the hive, loaded down with honey.

Billy and Betsy loved to sit off a little way and watch them at their work. As the flowers began to bloom in the garden the bees were happy as they could be, and came back every time with all the honey they could carry. Every little bee was busy, for there are very few lazy bees.

One morning while Betsy and her doll were watching the bees and making dandelion chains, they saw two of the bees fly out of the hive and over the fence into Mrs. Johnson's yard. They were very sorry to see this, for Betsy had been told not to go over into Mrs. Johnson's yard and pick flowers, and she knew it must be just as bad to go and get honey there unless Mrs. Johnson said they might.

At last she thought what she would do. She went over to Mrs. Johnson's front door and knocked, then she waited. Mrs. Johnson was out in the kitchen baking cookies, so she had to knock again. When Mrs. Johnson came to the door, she said, "Hello, little neighbor, come right in." In walked Betsy, and she kept on going way through to the kitchen. I guess she smelled the cookies, don't you?

"Please, Mrs. Johnson," she said, "may our bees come over in your yard for honey? I thought perhaps you wouldn't care, for you have no little bees of your own. Our bees never step heavy on anything, and they never pick any flowers; all they want is just the honey."

Mrs. Johnson had no little girls of her own, and she was very glad to see Betsy, and she gave her cookies for herself, one for Billy, and one for the doll, then she said, "Little Betsy, of course your bees may come over in my garden and get honey, and you may tell them that way over by the fence the sweet peas will soon be in bloom, and they will be full of honey."

Betsy sat on the doorstep until she had eaten her own cookie and the doll's, too, and then she ran home with Billy's for fear she might forget and eat that.

After the bees had been working for a great many days Father Brown opened the hives, and he found so much honey that they couldn't use it all. So they took three of the little square boxes of it over to Mrs. Johnson's. Once more Betsy knocked at Mrs. Johnson's door, and this time Mrs. Johnson opened right away. "Just look what our bees made for you, Mrs. Johnson," cried both the twins at once. "They made it out of your own flowers." Mrs. Johnson said she never could have gathered her honey for herself, and she sent a "thank you" back to the little brown bees.—*Gertrude Davenport, in the Kindergarten Review.*

Borrowing Trouble.

Never borrow trouble,
Nor lend it to another:
Lend a hand, instead,
And be a brother!

—*Oliver Pennock.*

Tom and Bush.

Tom was a large gray cat, and Bush was a little gray squirrel. Perhaps their color had something to do with their friendliness; for, when Bush and Tom were curled up beside each other in a cage, they looked very much alike.

Of course, the cage belonged to Bush; but one day Helen's father took the squirrel down to the store with him. The cage stood upon the piazza, and the door was open. Tom walked back and forth in front of the cage several times, and at last decided to step in. He was too big and clumsy and, I must confess, too lazy to spin around upon the wheel which afforded Bush so much amusement. So he only touched it with his nose once or twice, and then curled up in the bottom of the cage and took a nap.

In the meantime, Bush was enjoying himself in Helen's father's coat-pocket. This was the way he always travelled when he went down-town: it was a very safe way for a gray squirrel to travel. He usually found a nut or two in the pocket, which kept him busy for a time; and then he generally curled up and went to sleep

Now Bush never mistrusted that he had a visitor at home; and Tom, being fast asleep, hadn't any idea of what was going to happen. He was greatly astonished, therefore, to awaken from his nap and find Bush snuggled up beside him in the most friendly manner.

Tom stretched out his sleepy eyes and sniffed Bush all over, from his little warm nose to the tip of his large bushy tail. And then a very sensible idea must have entered his wise head, for he put his great paw around Bush and began to kiss him and fondle him, just as if he had been a kitten. After a while Bush sprang into his wheel and proceeded to entertain Tom by his gymnastics. This was a little more than the cat could stand, and he walked leisurely out of the cage.

After this, whenever Tom found the cage door open, he always walked in. And sometimes, when it was not open, he would put his paw between the wires and play with the squirrel. Sometimes he would mew softly, as if saying, "May I come in?"

Bush would answer by a queer little squirrel chirp, which meant, of course, "I should be delighted to have you!"

Then Helen, if she were near, would open the door; and Tom and Bush would have a frolic, which generally ended in a nap together.

It was very amusing to see the squirrel try to induce the cat to dine with him. Nuts were beyond Tom's appreciation, except as playthings; but he would sit and blink admiringly when Bush, after vainly trying to persuade him to partake of his food, took the nut between his paws and cracked it with his little sharp teeth, all the while chattering to Tom about its sweetness.

One day Tom thought it was about time for him to offer Bush a taste of the food he liked. So when the squirrel returned from one of his down-town trips, he found Tom in his cage with a little mouse held tightly between his paws. After many persuasive mews, Tom found that Bush liked nuts better than mice, and never after was he known to take a mouse into the cage.—*Helen M. Richardson, in Household.*

The Boston Grasshopper.

Boston people are supposed to know what the vane of Faneuil Hall represents. Samuel Cooper, when American consul at Glasgow, tested some men who applied to him for aid. Claiming to be sailors from Boston and in need of assistance, they applied to the consul, who, being somewhat suspicious of them, asked if they could tell what the weather-vane on Faneuil Hall was. The first said it was a fish, the second declared it to be a horse, but the third said it was a grasshopper. Upon this, Mr. Cooper decided that the last was the only Boston man in the trio, and said: "I will give you all the assistance you need, but the other men will have to walk to Boston for all me. Any man who claims to be a Bostonian and can't tell what the Faneuil Hall weather-vane is, must be an impostor."—*From "Faneuil Hall and Faneuil Hall Market," by A. E. Brown.*

Mother was packing a box of goodies, to be sent to one of the boys who was at boarding-school. "I think that's all, Jane," she said, "so please screw it up." "But, mother, aren't you going to put in a screw-driver?" asked little Betty. "How will Jack get it open without one?"—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

It was Helen's first day in school, and she talked right out loud just as she did when she was at home. Helen's teacher said, "Now, little folks, don't talk; but, whenever you want anything, just hold up your hand." Pretty soon up went Helen's little hand. "Well, Helen, what do you want?" and Miss Pomeroy was surprised when Helen said, "Some candy, please."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Where to go to Church in London.*

"One would almost imagine you *don't want* us to worship with you, you London Unitarians make it so difficult for us to find your churches!" said an overheated and not unnaturally exasperated American co-religionist, after an arduous hunt for the church of one suburb, which brought her to its door just in time for the benediction. Well, one must own that it is not easy to find us. We are few and far between, and we are apt to hide our light in quiet by-streets and under any name but the one by which the American visitor is most likely to ask for us.

The annual American invasion of the old country will soon be beginning. Among the army of our welcome guests there may chance to be a few Unitarians who, we hope, will join in our worship on the Sundays they spend in London. For their benefit we offer a little information about four or five of our London Unitarian churches, and some details as to their designations and whereabouts, etc.

Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, W.—From Charing Cross, District Railway Inner Circle to Notting Hill Gate, then two minutes' walk—or by No. 73 motor-bus, or by London Central Tube from Oxford Street. This church is the lineal descendant of the first Unitarian church organized in London. Gathered in 1774 by Theophilus Lindsey when he left his Yorkshire vicarage, the congregation first met in Essex Street (Essex Hall stands on the site). The minister is Rev. F. K Freeston. The interior is in carved oak, and there is some good glass. Across the road is Lindsey Hall, a fine building erected for institutional work. The services are liturgical, and are held at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Allow thirty minutes from the Strand.

Kentish Town Free Christian Church, Clarance Road.—A pleasant church in a poor neighborhood. Rev. F. Hawkinson has built up a congregation as a result of his admirable Sunday-school and parish work. From Charing Cross, Hampstead Tube for South Kentish Town. Services 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Allow twenty-five minutes' time from the Strand.

Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead.—From Charing Cross take the Tube to Hampstead, walk five minutes down the High Street, and find the chapel on your left. This was the church to which Dr. Brooke Herford came from Boston. It has one of the strongest and best congregations. The minister is Rev. Henry Gow. The chapel is very pretty and is set in its own grounds behind the houses of the High Street. The music at the evening service is particularly good. Services 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M. Allow thirty minutes from the Strand.

Unity Church, Upper Street, Islington. On the tram line from Holborn to Highbury. The minister is Dr. Tudor Jones, who gathers his congregation from far and wide to hear his addresses on the newest thought of the day. Services at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Allow twenty-five minutes from the Strand.

Stoke Newington Green Chapel.—Take the tram 39 from Holborn, Southampton Row, and find one of the most interesting old places of non-conformist worship. It dates from 1709. One of its most famous ministers was that Dr. Price, friend of Dr. Joseph Priestley, who hailed the French Revolution with gladness but, happily, died before he heard of the excesses perpetrated in the name of liberty.

Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church. East Hill, Wandsworth, S.W.—Rev. W. G. Tarrant is the minister, and one of the best preachers in the denomination. The church is reached from Charing Cross by motor-bus No. 77, or by tram-car No. 26 from the Embankment. Services are at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Allow forty minutes by either route.

N.B.—It will be noted that in each case Charing Cross is given as the starting-point, but each of these churches may be reached within thirty minutes from any London hotel. Tubes and motor-buses run in every possible direction.

*These directions are sent to the *Christian Register* by The Women's League, London, England. Intending visitors to London should read the information given below, and cut the list out of their copy of the *Register* and take it across with them.

Are there any Unitarians in Montevideo, South America?

If any reader of the *Christian Register* knows of Unitarians in Montevideo, and will send the names to the writer, he will make it possible to cheer the hearts of a young couple just moving to that distant city from one of our Unitarian churches in England. Miss Helen Herford sends the address in connection with the work of the Alliance International Committee. Address, Mrs. Martha Everett St. John, Secretary, 32 South 21st Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Peace Resolutions.

There are times when resolutions count for much, and we are glad to note that the delegates and members of the Southern Unitarian Conference assembled in Dallas, Texas, for their annual meeting placed on record their hearty endorsement of the policy of the President of the United States in the maintenance of the principles of peace and the insistence of a high ideal of national honor. They pledged to him "unfaltering loyalty in his steadfast endeavors to avert the evils of unnecessary warfare and extend the spirit of genuine good-will and resolute integrity amongst the nations of the world."

Rev. Benjamin F. McDaniel.

Rev. Benjamin Franklin McDaniel, for thirteen years the pastor of the Norfolk Street Unitarian Church, Dorchester, and Barnard Memorial, Warrenton street, died April 26 at his home in Dorchester, after an illness of ten days with pneumonia.

Rev. Mr. McDaniel was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 8, 1845. At the age of fifteen he enlisted as a drummer boy, and served in the opening engagements of the Civil War with a regiment of Philadelphia infantry. After three months' duty at the front he was taken ill with typhoid fever, and was sent home. A year later he enlisted with the First Delaware Battery and served out the war, taking part in the famous Red River expedition

At the close of the war he entered the Harvard Theological School, and was graduated in 1869. His first parish was in Hubbardston. He spent eleven years in Exeter, N.H., and then went to Salem, where he remained five years. From Salem he went to California, and for seven years preached in San Diego. He was a member of the San Diego Board of Education, and introduced postage-saving stamps into the public schools. He was a pioneer in the movement for the establishment of manual training in the public schools, and through his activities a manual training school was established in Salem in 1882.

Love for New England brought him back East, and he accepted a call to the Newton Centre Unitarian Church, where he was pastor for seven years, and in 1901 became pastor of the Norfolk Street Unitarian Church. He is survived by a widow and two sons. Dr. Charles W. Wendte, who was a classmate of Rev. Mr. McDaniel, officiated at the funeral services, Wednesday.

A Ministry of Twenty-five Years

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, the leading morning paper of Rochester, N.Y., had this to say in its editorial columns on Saturday morning, April 18;—

"For the large number of persons who are genuinely liberal in their religious thinking it is of profound interest that this month twenty-five years ago Rev. William C. Gannett came to the Rochester Unitarian church, of which he is now pastor emeritus. While his work and influence have extended far beyond the special field of his labors, he has in an intimate way been an asset and an inspiration to those in his home city who have striven for high and practical ideals.

"There is a sort of ideal for which many persons do not greatly strive, and is seldom, if ever, more than approximated by those who do. It is that just poise which is character refined. In it the intellect and the affections are in accord; culture exalts the mind and broadens the sympathies; humility is the comely handmaid of attainment; the triumph of right is sought, not the aggrandizement of self; the view is universal, yet it humanly marks the little child and blesses it; individuality has its highest expression, for it is keenly alive to the social good; there is no confusion of liberty with license; the outlook upon life is too open to admit of partisanship; the search for truth is uncompromising, yet has charity for the erring; the foundations of false opinion are removed in sympathy, and the beauty of holiness is not marred; reverence for the past is not blindness in the present, nor do the revelations of the present obscure the sanctities of the past; manhood does not grow watery in making allowance, in the office of guide, for the infirmities of the many.

"So we are led partially to define the man of character in marking a milestone in the life of one who has in a large way ministered to the city for a quarter of a century. How nearly he has realized the high ideal let those who know him well say. Recognition of the work for personal and social righteousness that Mr. and Mrs. Gannett together have done since a gracious Fate sent them here will not be stinted. To add to the tribute that, felt or expressed, will be theirs

is a privilege. Many more years of helpful activity may well be wished for them, for their service is the city's gain."

On the night before this tribute appeared the Unitarians of Rochester celebrated in Gannett House their joy in and love for the poet-preacher and his wife. It was not a banquet, but, as the chairman said, "an old-fashioned New England family Thanksgiving re-union." More than two hundred parishioners and personal friends were present. The Women's Alliance had charge of the happy function, and a delightful supper preceded the addresses from visitors and friends and officers of the church, including a fine testimony of appreciation from the present minister, Rev. Edwin A. Rumball, himself a rare and persuasive preacher, and a growing power in the city in every good word and work.

The spirit of the time was beautifully symbolized by the unique incident which marked the opening of the happy proceedings. Twenty-five little boys and girls dressed in white and bearing in their arms American Beauty roses with long stems, marched in procession up the centre aisle of the banquet hall to where the poet-preacher and his wife stood, and presented the flowers to the man and woman who have done so much to make the good better, and the better best. When preacher and wife were permitted to say a word in reply to all that was said to them and about them, the preacher said it was not so much what was said, but what moved the people to say it, that filled the hearts of the preacher and his wife with joy and gratitude.

It was all hinted in Frederick L. Hosmer's tender lines printed on the programme,—

"What visions rise above the years,
What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song."

Frank L. Phalen.

Mr. Ronald P. Jones.

A visitor from the British Isles who will be heartily welcomed among us is Mr. Roland P. Jones of London, president of the London (Unitarian) Laymen's Club, who is making a brief visit to this country and was entertained on Wednesday evening, April 29, by the Boston Unitarian Club at its regular meeting at the Somerset. After an introductory word by the president of the club, Mr. William S. Kyle, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot was called on to extend a greeting to Mr. Jones, who was warmly received and made a most happy and telling response. The designated speaker of the evening, Prof. Bliss Perry, gave a brilliant address on the Puritan element in Emerson, as disclosed by his recently published journals. By the courteous invitation of the club the American delegates to the late Paris Congress of Religious Progress, who had been most hospitably entertained by Mr. Jones and the London Laymen's Club during their stay in that city, were present in goodly numbers at the literary exercises of the evening, and at the close participated in an informal reception to the guest of the evening, held in the parlors of the hotel. Mr. Jones, whose honored father was a president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, is most active in the councils and undertakings of our fellow-Unitarians in England. An architect by profession, his services have been generously bestowed on his co-religionists to the manifest improvement of ecclesiastical art among them. A recent work by him on non-conformist architecture in Great Britain has just been published.

A Notable Meeting.

The Middlesex Association of Congregational Ministers (Trinitarian) has invited the Unitarian ministers of Middlesex County to a joint meeting to be held in Holliston, May 5. The subject to be considered is the possible establishment of a closer relationship between the two wings of the Congregational body. Dr. Ambrose Vernon, Rev. Charles E. Park, Rev. J. Edgar Parks, and Rev. H. N. Brown are to speak. There will also be a communion service and a free discussion of the topic of the day. This promises to be rather an unusual occasion, and is certainly an interesting sign of the times. Doubtless, Unitarian ministers outside of Middlesex County would be welcome.

American Unitarian Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association held its regular meeting at 25 Beacon Street on Tuesday, April 14, 1914, at 2 P.M. Present: Messrs. Brown, Carr, Dole, Eliot, Fox, Frothingham, Howe, Hutchinson, Little, Pierce, Richardson, Wiers, Williams, Wilson, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Dinsmore, and Mrs. Keyes.

The records of the last meeting were read, and the treasurer presented the following statement for the month of March, 1914:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand March 1, 1914	$14,206.50
From donations	9,123.78
Bequest of John Sweetser of Boston, to create the John Sweetser Fund	23,185.69
Gift of Miss Lucy F. Young of Winchester, Mass., to create the Joshua Young, D.D., Fund	2,000.00
Bequest of Samuel B. Bird, Framingham, Mass., additional	1,000.00
Gift of an anonymous friend to create the Hollis Street Church Fund No. 2	1,000.00
Interest	19.95
Income of invested funds	5,761.30
Foreign Relations, gifts	200.65
Reimbursements for advances on Unitarian Building Account	5.40
Investments (received for reinvestment)	10,500.87
Investment Church Building Loan Fund repaid on loans	640.00
	$67,604.34

PAYMENTS.

For missionary purposes (societies, etc.)	$4,978.38
Salaries and other missionary expenses	2,332.18
Expenses of Unitarian Building	383.16
Payments on account of sundry trust funds	1,480.72
Investments	16,283.60
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, loan	5,000.00
Cash on hand April 1, 1914	37,146.37
	$67,604.34

Before proceeding to the business of the meeting, the Board adopted the following preamble and resolution:—

Whereas, this Board learns with deep regret of the decease of Eben Sumner Draper, formerly Vice-president of the American Unitarian Association, a devoted friend of our cause and a generous contributor both to our general work and to many special religious and philanthropic enterprises promoted by this body, therefore be it

Resolved, That we place on our records and transmit to the family of the deceased our heartfelt appreciation of his great services as a citizen, as the Chief Executive of our Commonwealth, and as a co-worker for the extension of liberal Christianity. His high personal ideals, his conscientious fidelity in positions of great responsibility and his undeviating loyalty to those principles in public and private life which he regarded as fundamental to the welfare of the home, the church, and the state, commend themselves to our sincere gratitude. We believe the influence of his character will remain with us and our cause, a help and inspiration for many years to come.

The Committee on Church Building Loan Fund reported the following loan made since the last meeting of the Board to the Church of the Messiah,—

Montpelier, Vt. $5,000

The president read a letter from Rev. C. E. St. John, outlining the proposed arrangement for the support of the work among the Italians in New York and Philadelphia, and received the assurance of the Board that the arrangement was satisfactory and would be commended to the favorable consideration of the succeeding Board of Directors.

The Finance Committee reported the following votes, which were adopted:—

Voted, That this Association reconvey to the First Unitarian Church, Oakland, California, the real estate in said Oakland formerly owned by said First Unitarian Church and conveyed to the American Unitarian Association by deed dated March 3, 1904, duly recorded in the County of Alameda April 8, 1904, Book 956, Page 69, and that the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, be and hereby is authorized to execute the deed and all other papers necessary to make this vote effective.

Voted, That the treasurer be authorized to pay the inheritance taxes levied against the bequest of Fanny C. Wright, deceased, to Lucetta S. Carter, assigned to the American Unitarian Association.

Voted, That the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, be and hereby is authorized to execute a deed ceding to the City of New York all interest of the American Unitarian Association in and to the portion of Ziegler Avenue, Flatbush, Queens County, described in the deed of said Association dated April 14, 1914.

Voted, That the act of the treasurer in approving and giving assent in behalf of the American Unitarian Association (by his letter of December 31, 1913) to the agreement dated December 22, 1913, of the Legatees under the will of William A. Rust for the settlement of the estate of said William A. Rust, be and hereby is ratified and confirmed.

Voted, To accept each year as the rent due from Unity Church, Natick, under the lease; to wit, the apportionment of income of general investments on three thousand dollars ($3,000), the amount of the Bigelow Fund, instead of the one hundred and fifty dollars ($150) rent required by the lease.

Voted, To authorize the payment of the second half of the appropriation in aid of the Unitarian Society in Palo Alto, Cal.

Voted, To adopt the following preamble and resolutions.

In 1896, owing to the serious reduction and impending extinction of the "General Fund" of the Association, the Board of Directors adopted a resolution which pledged the Association to hold all legacies as permanent and memorial endowments, their income only to be spent; and this pledge was reaffirmed in even more explicit terms in 1899. In the course of the last fifteen years, under the operation of these timely votes, the funds whose income is available for the general purposes of the Association have been restored and upbuilt, so that their income will probably suffice to meet the fixed charges of the Association even if the average rate of interest on good securities should fall in future years. In the judgment of the Board, therefore, the object sought by the votes of 1896 and 1899 has now been accomplished. The Board will continue to invest safely and hold without impairment the principal of all restricted bequests, but when bequests are made without restriction, the Board will hereafter feel

Digitized by Google

at liberty to use the principal as well as the income thereof for the immediate advancement of the cause which the Association exists to promote. The names of the testators will be preserved on the treasurer's books and in the Board's annual reports.

In order to carry this policy into effect,—

Voted, That the principal of unrestricted bequests hereafter received under wills dated later than Jan. 1, 1915, may be spent for the general work of the Association, provided that permanent record of each legacy and the use to which it has been put be entered and carried on the treasurer's books.

Voted, That there be compiled a list of all the bequests received by the Association which are not now carried upon the Treasurer's books, in order that an accurate and permanent record may be made of them.

Upon recommendation of the Publication Committee the following resolution was adopted:—

Whereas, the best books of progressive religious thought are unlikely to be seen in the general bookstores,

Resolved, That the Publication Committee be directed to take measures for the display and sale at 25 Beacon Street of such books as may help to further the cause of liberal religion. Also, that an appropriate outdoor sign shall be so placed as to invite the public to come in and see the books.

The following resolution, also offered by the Publication Committee, was referred back to the Committee for further consideration and report, with the suggestion that the Department of Religious Education be also consulted in the matter:—

Resolved, That this Committee recommends to the serious consideration of the Board of Directors the policy of publishing books in the future under a secular imprint, except in special cases subject to the discretion of the Publication Committee.

Under Miscellaneous Business, the following votes were passed:—

Voted, To acknowledge and gladly to accept the invitation of the Church of the Messiah in Montreal to hold in Montreal in February, 1915, under the auspices of the Association, a celebration of the One Hundred Years of Peace.

Voted, To request the president to appoint a special committee to serve in co-operation with a similar committee from the Church of the Messiah, to arrange the programme for the proposed meeting.

Voted, To appoint as representatives of the Unitarian Fellowship on the Council of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches, Delano Wight, Esq., of Boston, Rev. Dudley R. Child of Pepperell, and Hon. William S. Kyle of Plymouth.

The plans of the Department of Foreign Relations for a series of conferences in the Orient during the coming winter were thoroughly considered and discussed, and resolutions were adopted for carrying these plans into effect under certain conditions prescribed by the Board.

A letter from Rev. John Haynes Holmes in regard to a proposed mission among the Armenians in New York was read and referred to the consideration of the succeeding Board.

An application from Grand Rapids, Mich., was referred to the Committee on Church Building Loan Fund.

Voted, To appropriate from the Budget for the New England States a sum not to exceed $200 in aid of the Society in Ellsworth, Maine.

Mr. Carr read a list of names of persons whom the Board voted to approve as eligible to serve as trustees of Proctor Academy.

The meeting adjourned at 4.10 P.M.

Lewis G. Wilson,
Secretary.

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

Conferences and Churches.

The Meadville Conference, which met at Cleveland, Ohio, April 5 and 6, was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. Ministers and lay delegates were present from Buffalo, Meadville, Erie, Jamestown, Dunkirk, Dayton, and Wheeling. Three professors came from the Meadville Theological School, Dr. Crothers from Cambridge, Secretary Bennett from New York, and the secretary of this Department from Boston. Where people gather from long distances, the interest thus shown and thus generated is far greater than it can well be where all can reach the meeting-place with no more exertion than a short trolley-ride. The secretary of this Department had the privilege of speaking three times at this gathering and of meeting many friends and co-workers in Sunday-school institutes.

From Cleveland the itinerary led to Meadville, where conferences were held regarding the new series of manuals and the institute to be held at Meadville next summer. Meadville is the centre of much denominational life, while a former pastoral experience made it a city of friends. Pittsburgh came next. Our two churches here have been greatly benefited as a result of reaction from the onslaughts of the famous revivalist who attacked our movement with so much venom last winter. Both Dr. Mason and Mr. Snyder have received many members into their churches, while both Sunday schools and congregations have greatly increased in numbers and interest.

It is not often that a minister not in a pastorate has the privilege of preaching an Easter sermon. Dr. Mason's severe cold deprived him of the joy of addressing his own people that day and gave the visitor a highly prized opportunity. The same privilege was given at the Easter celebration of the school and at the evening service. With about 200 in the school, nearly 500 in the morning congregation, and 125 at night (half of these being men), the day was one long to be remembered. A visit to Buffalo followed, where, as at Pittsburgh and at Cleveland, all is most encouraging in church and Sunday-school work.

The following Sunday the secretary preached at Lebanon, N.H., and addressed the Sunday school. Here, again, there was the evidence of wholesome growth and the strength that is permanent. The minister, Rev. John W. Barker, is a well-equipped and devoted pastor, and is building up a vigorous church. Friendships were formed that day that have enriched the visitor's life.

On the next day, April 20, this Department, in connection with the New Hampshire Unitarian Association, held an all-day meeting at Concord in the interest of religious education. Dr. Starbuck, Mrs. Beatley, Rev. Frank A. Powell of Manchester, Rev. Manley B. Townsend of Nashua, and the secretary of this Department were the speakers, Rev. Henry C. McDougall of Franklin presiding over the session. If any gathering is more certain of being full of the right spirit than a session of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association, it is a session of the New Hampshire ministers and Sunday-school workers taking counsel regarding Sunday-school work. The dominant note in this session was the call for a high consecration, both as the animating spirit of the teacher and as a goal to be sought in the experience of the pupil.

This gathering was held partly in the interest of the new Institute of Religious Education to be held at Proctor Academy, Andover, N.H., July 5 to 12 next. That Institute is making a strong appeal to the loyalty of the New Hampshire churches. Our churches throughout the State are in excellent condition, and are heartily united in a warm fellowship and an earnest desire for advance in all things.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The regular meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, May 4, 1914, at 10.30 A.M. Subject, "The Conference at Dallas, Tex." Speaker, Miss Anna M. Bancroft. Presiding officer, Mrs. George T. Rice, who will speak upon Alliance work.

The Cambridge Association of Ministers will meet at 8 Locust Avenue, East Lexington, Monday, May 4, H. L. Pickett, host. Luncheon at 1. Subject of paper, "Philo." Take train from North Station at 12.21 to Peirce's Bridge. Trolley from Sullivan Square or Harvard Square to Locust Avenue.

The Social Service Council of Unitarian Women will meet Thursday, May 7, 1914, at 10.30 A.M., in the vestry of Arlington Street Church. The students of the Tuckerman School are to be present, and reports will be given of the Social Service work for the past year in each parish represented in the Council. All interested are welcome.

Meetings.

The Western Unitarian Conference.—At a recent meeting of the board of directors the following proposals were considered: "*First*, that the Western Unitarian Conference shall become responsible for all administrative and missionary work within its borders, including subsidies to aided churches, but not including the support of work in the towns where State universities are located, this educational budget being clearly a matter for national concern. *Second*, that the churches composing the Western Conference shall send all their missionary contributions to the treasury of the Western Conference, the treasurer of that body to send a sufficient amount to the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association to secure membership in that organization for all the churches which compose the Western Conference. *Third*, that we request the printing of the report of the treasurer of the Western Unitarian Conference in connection with the annual report of the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, so that the missionary contributions of the Western churches shall appear in the general summing up of denominational missionary activities." The purpose of these proposals was stated to be the hope that such action would strengthen

the churches at their two points of greatest weakness; first, their extreme isolation and absorption in local parochial affairs; and, second, the readiness of so many churches to be dependent upon others both for financial aid and for initiative. The proposed action should both quicken the sense of fellowship and make responsibility more clear and definite. It was voted to commend this plan to the churches, and to ask them to consider it carefully and send representatives to the annual meeting of the Conference prepared to discuss the plan and to take action upon it.

The Worcester League.—The annual meeting was held April 15, at the South Unitarian Church, with forty-five members present. After the usual devotional exercises and reports, the retiring president, Mrs. Frank E. Davis, spoke of her pleasant associations with the League the past two years, expressing hope for the future. Officers for the next year are: president, Mrs. Joseph M. Davis; vice-presidents, Mrs. Samuel C. Beane, Jr., Miss Anna Ballard; recording secretary, Mrs. Walter E. Bellows; corresponding secretary, Miss Mabel S. Wicks; treasurer, Mrs. M. H. Cowden; auditor, Mrs. Frank H. Willard; executive committee: Mrs. Frank E. Davis, Mrs. E. M. Slocombe, Mrs. H. L. Chandler, Mrs. Frank C. Smith, Jr., Mrs. L. A. Wheeler, Miss Adah Johnson, Mrs. A. S. Merriam, Mrs. Alexander Bigelow, Dr. Bertha C. Downing, Mrs. Wm. E. Norcross, Mrs. W. M. Freeman, and Mrs. C. T. Luce. It was voted to extend the sympathy of the League to Mrs. Alexander F. Chamberlain in her recent bereavement. After the roll-call the collection was taken—amount, $3.75. As the League to-day was making a gift to the National Alliance to perpetuate the name and work of Mrs. Theo Brown, Rev. Austin S. Garver was invited to speak upon "Memories of Mrs. Theo Brown." Mr. Garver was so closely associated with Mrs. Brown that he was able to recall her valuable efforts for our faith. All who knew her recall her profound interest in the League from the beginning. It was fitting to meet in this church as Mrs. Brown was the first venturesome mover in establishing the South Unitarian Church as soon as she knew of enthusiasm in that part of Worcester, and, by enlisting aid and co-operation, was the heart of the movement. This great venture showed her determination and courage of purpose. Mrs. Brown took charge of the Post-office Mission work for twenty years, and many had reason to bless her name for her letters of hope. In the afternoon Mrs. Clara B. Beatley gave an interesting sketch of Rev. Charles Gordon Ames, in "Personal Recollections." Mrs. Beatley, with her intimate knowledge of Mr. Ames, for twenty years pastor of the Church of the Disciples, showed the different elements of his character that made him beloved by all and a spiritual uplift in the community in which he lived. Lena Hurlbut Bellows, *Secretary*.

New England Associate Alliance. The annual meeting was held in the First Church, Boston, Thursday, April 16, Mrs. Prescott Keyes presiding. Rev. Charles E Park, minister of the church, welcomed the delegates and offered prayer. Miss L. E. Evans and Miss Katherine D. Whitman brought reports from branches in New Hampshire and Rhode Island. There are only four branches in Connecticut, but Mrs. Robert E. Wyant of New Haven saw much encouragement that the liberal church is coming to the front some day in that State. Mrs. W. L. Walsh of Brookfield spoke on "Some Alliance Opportunities." Every member should have some definite faith, and never forget that the primary object is to "quicken the religious life of the church." Mrs. Walsh spoke particularly of church attendance. In closing she said, "Let us rejoice that our work is too great ever to be entirely finished." Mr. James O. Fagan took as his topic "Our Boys and Girls," and spoke particularly of the educational and sociological experiments which are being tried on the youth of to-day. They do not see any beauty in work because they do not know how to work. We may provide our young people with all manner of educational and religious opportunities, but we should see that good use is made of them. The election of officers followed: president, Mrs. Prescott Keyes; vice-presidents, Mrs. James T. Tolman, Mrs. Donald M. Blair; secretary-treasurer, Miss Jessie M. Fisher; and ten directors from the different States in New England. The roll-call showed an attendance of 305 from 80 branches. The first address of the afternoon was given by Miss Lucy Ellis Allen on "The Influence of Luxury on the Modern Child." A child in its normal state should have simplicity of heart and life. Congenial labor is the secret of happiness, and it is the worst possible education for a child to be brought up with every luxury. Every boy and girl should be taught that each has a task to do, and that to be useful is the highest form of happiness. Rev. Frank A. Powell closed the meeting with an address on "The Mission of the Modern Church," which is to create and maintain an atmosphere in which souls may grow and bring out the higher spiritual life of man. We gain much by being at our best for even one short hour each week, and the good is not confined to ourselves. The autumn meeting will be held in Hartford in October. Jessie M. Fisher, Secretary-treasurer.

The Southern Conference.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting was held in the First Unitarian Church of Dallas, Tex., April 2-5, 1914. Mr. Charles H. Patterson of New Orleans presided, and Rev. John W. Rowlett of Memphis, Tenn., was the secretary. Twenty-one delegates were present, representing the churches of Memphis, Louisville, New Orleans, San Antonio, Dallas, and the North Carolina Circuit. Besides, the Conference was honored by the presence of Rev. William Channing Brown, field agent of the American Unitarian Association; Rev. George R. Dodson of St. Louis; and Miss Anna Bancroft of Boston, president of the National Alliance. The members were delightfully entertained by the Dallas church. The two receptions, one in Emerson Hall and one at the residence of Mr and Mrs L. S. Thorne, the luncheon at the Élite Cafe, and the automobile ride were in accord with the pleasant greeting expressed in the address of welcome by Mr. C. R. Buddy at the opening of the session. Dr. Dodson delivered two sermons, one on "A Revised Conception of the Good Life," and one on "The Soul of Christianity," and also three addresses on Henri Bergson, which were most interesting, instructive, and religiously helpful. Other addresses were delivered by Miss Rita Stern on "The Work of the Young People," Rev. George Kent on "Science and Philosophy as a Part of the Equipment of the Present-day Religious Leader," Rev. George T. Ashley on "Sociology," Rev. George H. Badger on

Deaths.

SUSAN E. CARY.

1833–1913.

Entered into rest a year ago, May 3, one of the sweetest and truest-hearted of women. Through a happy, serene, and well-rounded life of fourscore years she had ever grown in all things "lovely and of good report" that win our honor and love. She had been heir to a high-minded ancestry; she had known noble men and women; she had tasted the joy of music and flowers and sunshine; she had done good with a glad heart and most generous hands all her years; she had borne her share of griefs and sorrows, and had learned the secret of turning the evil into good; she had borne a steadfast and cheerful face towards the way of the light; and at last left all who loved her looking upwards with more faith and hope because she had lived and been their friend. C. F. D.

Jamaica Plain.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 79-78-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address. "Undertaker, Boston."

CAMP FRIAR TUCK, Lake Tahanto, Harvard, Mass. Established 1894. Rev. and Mrs. Lyman Greenman can accommodate in their camp this summer a few more boys between the ages of eight and fifteen. Water and country sports. Trips to Concord and other historic places. Season, June 20 to September 5. Address, 2237 Maine Street, Quincy, Ill.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientele.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN
TEMPLETON, MASS.
Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.
Address Manager.

"What should be the Attitude of the Church towards Problems of the Day," Col. George Soule on "The Useful Layman," Rev. George H. Badger on "The Unitarian Proclamation," and Rev. John W. Rowlett on "The Best Type of Christianity." The reports from the churches showed them to be in a prosperous and growing condition. A new society had been organized at Houston, Tex., and the Oklahoma City society had taken on new life. The following officers were elected: president, Charles H. Patterson, New Orleans, La.; vice-presidents, Sheron Bonner, Dallas, Tex., and Capt. Alfred Pirtle, Louisville, Ky.; secretary and treasurer, Rev. John W. Rowlett, Memphis, Tenn.; directors, C. R. Buddy, Dallas, Tex.; Col. George Soule, New Orleans, La.; John L. Moore, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Charles F. Smith, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. E. P. Turner; Dallas, Tex.; A. T. Ham, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Edward Durant, Charleston, S.C.; Garnett Munn, Louisville, Ky.; and Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.

Churches.

Haverhill, Mass.—The First Parish, Rev Francis W. Holden: Since the installation of Mr. Holden the people of the church have been full of life and enthusiasm. Work and worship have been so planned and carried as to awaken new interest. The whole strength of the church has been given to the morning service, with the result that there has been a steady increase in interest and attendance. The annual roll-call was an event to be long remembered, for the attendance was large, the supper and spirit of the people excellent, the reports of the various organizations showed small balances in the treasury, and the report of the parish treasurer showed all bills paid and a small balance to the credit of the church. The two hundred and sixty-ninth annual parish meeting finds the old first church of the city free from all debts, determined to go forward through the twentieth century doing the work of worship and service that every Unitarian church ought to do. On Easter Sunday the church was filled with people, many of whom had not for several years been attendant upon the services of the church which by inheritance and belief ought to be their church home. Seven names were added to the membership roll, which means that the support and interest of four families had been given to the First Parish. The Alliance is doing good work for the church. The Sunday-school is trying to get into good working condition, and has purchased new service books, and the Unitarian Girls' Club, recently organized by Mrs. Holden, is bringing new life and enthusiasm to the younger members of the church.

Medford, Mass.—First Parish, Rev. H. C. De Long: On April 7, 1914, the resignation of Rev. Henry C. De Long was accepted at the close of a ministry of forty-five years, and he was made pastor emeritus. Resolutions were sent to him, recording that, in accepting the resignation of him who had been minister for forty-five years, since 1869, the members of the First Parish wished to place on record their high appreciation of his worth as minister and man, and grateful recognition of all they owe to him. "He has interested our minds. He has pacified our hearts. He has gladdened our lives. In the hours when sorrow pressed hardest upon us and when death was present, he has comforted, strengthened, and lifted us up. At all times we have known that through him we had communion with what was best in life, in thought, in religion. We thank him for what he has done and has tried to do for us, and we pray that the heavenly Father he has sought to make real to us may be with him, and grant him on earth the joys which spring from a life well spent in the spirit of a son of God." Mr. De Long is the eighth minister since the organization of the church in 1713, and the sixth minister since the organization of the First Parish in 1823. His has been the longest Unitarian pastorate.

Seattle, Wash.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. J. D. O. Powers: Sixty-six persons attached themselves to the church at Easter, making a total of 155 since last Easter. The church was crowded to the doors. Among those who became members were Col. H. C. Beecher, a son of Henry Ward Beecher, the noted pulpit orator, and his wife, who recently have become residents of Seattle.

Sherborn, Mass.—First Congregational Church, Rev. I. F. Porter: At the parish meeting recently held, a letter was read from the minister, Rev. Isaac F. Porter, tendering his resignation. Though to his neighbors he seems more vigorous than many whose years are fewer, Mr. Porter reaches the age of seventy-five in a few months, and now wishes to lay aside the duties of an active minister. Understanding this to be his wish, the parish accepted his resignation, though with regret. Resolutions were adopted, expressing the thanks of the parish to him and to Mrs. Porter for their wise and kindly service, and asking him to remain as pastor emeritus of the church. The local newspaper thus speaks of his connection with the town: The resignation of Rev. Isaac F. Porter as pastor of the Unitarian church was a surprise to the townspeople. He has endeared himself to all who know him, and is ever foremost in good works. Active in the Grange and Historical Society and always ready to do his part, and one of our few G. A. R. veterans, he holds a large place in the regard of all, irrespective of church affiliations. That he will continue active in all these organizations is the hope and expectation of our people. He is in touch with the people because he is one of them, a farmer among farmers, a veteran among veterans, and as sprightly and full of wit and cheery good nature as the youngest among his parishioners. Fortunate, too, has he been in the splendid co-operation of Mrs. Porter as a helpmate and wise counsellor. Long may he remain with us as pastor emeritus." On the evening of April 9 the annual parish supper was held at Unity Hall. Fully one hundred persons enjoyed the excellent repast, the young people of the church serving as waiters. When the tables had been removed Mr. Porter spoke briefly, and introduced Rev. Edward F. Hayward, who, in an address as wise as it was witty, described some of the people who make excuses for not attending church, and very forcibly set forth the consequences in the community and in the nation, if men and women do not heed their duty as citizens of a spiritual democracy. Music and dancing closed the evening.

Waltham, Mass.—The First Parish, Joseph D. MacCarthy, Ph.D.: This church is doing excellent work along all lines of Christian activity. At the suggestion of its minister the twelve Protestant churches united in a "Go-to-Church Month Campaign" during January. The good feeling among the city churches is also indicated by the fact that the Unitarian minister has been invited to preach in three of the orthodox churches during the year. Sixteen people have united with the church since January 1, making a total of eighty-one accessions during the last three years. Mrs. T. P. Smith, head of the Parish Social Service Committee, has recently given three lectures (in Italian) to good audiences of our new Americans. Another member, Mr. George Stearns, has just compiled a very accurate history of the Parish from its beginning in 1696. One of the unique entertainments of the year was a "Village School," under the direction of Miss Ida E. Hall. It drew an audience of two hundred. The proceeds, $50, went to Alliance Fair fund. The annual offering for the Waltham Hospital was $375, which, however, includes Mr. Arthur T. Lyman's annual gift for a free bed. The annual fair, conducted by the Women's Alliance on March 25, was as sucessful as usual, the financial results being $750. The Easter program, with "The Redemption" as the chief musical feature, brought out an audience of three hundred and forty. An Easter offering of $115 was taken. The Parish has recently lost by death one of its most highly respected members, Miss Eliza Endicott Hobbs. The annual meeting and fellowship supper was April 28.

The Tuckerman School.

A bibliography given by Miss Johnson, with discriminating comment on each book, is a helpful resource for the members of the class who are studying the life of Jesus. German and English critics were cited, and books recommended, also, that have been issued in our own country. With Dr. George L. Cary's and Dr. Bacon's books there was noticed Dr. Crooker's "The Supremacy of Jesus," which has a fitting place in the list.

Miss Coil's Wednesday morning class

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, Medomak, Me.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 389 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

at half-past ten is studying from the historic and from the psychological viewpoint the value of play and of special games. Ring games that have developed through generations of children, with modifications and adaptations, were demonstrated in the first lesson. In succeeding lessons different types of games will be demonstrated, and new variations of old games suggested by the class. These lessons are very helpful for club leaders. Who will enjoy them with us?

The remaining Saturday mornings in the term are to follow the regular program of the year. At half-past nine problems of Sunday-school administration are discussed, and the following period is given to story-telling, with special reference to stories that shall be usable in Sunday-school teaching. We welcome any who are interested.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$31,550.54
April	21. Society in Santa Cruz, Cal	10.00
	21. Society in Bellingham, Wash	15.00
	21. Society in Poughkeepsie, N.Y	10.00
	21. Society in Sandwich, Mass	19.06
	21. Society in Clinton, Mass	42.11
	21. Society in Wayland, Mass	55.44
	21. Society in Florence, Mass	25.00
	21. Society in Pittsfield, Mass	16.26
	21. Society in Jamestown, N.Y	13.15
	21. Society in Palo Alto, Cal	75.00
	21. Society in Passaic, N.J	10.00
	21. Society in Hackensack, N.J	27.35
	21. Society in Farmington, Me	10.00
	21. Society in Billerica, Mass	33.32
	21. Society in Sturbridge, Mass	12.00
	21. Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Mo	30.00
	21. Society in Watertown, Mass., additional	15.00
	21. Society in Richmond, Va	50.00
	21. King's Chapel, Boston, Mass., additional	40.00
	21. Society in Northfield, Mass	30.00
	21. Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass	3,467.43
	21. Society in Lincolnville, Me	2.00
	21. Society in Dover, Mass	10.00
	21. Unitarian Church of All Souls (correspondence)	100.00
	21. Society in Los Angeles, Cal	100.00
	21. Society in Santa Barbara, Cal	181.00
	22. Miss Kate A. Ranstead, Baltimore, Md	50.00
	22. Society in Haverhill, Mass	20.00
	22. Society in Nashua, N.H	100.00
	22. Sunday School, Kennebunk, Me	30.60
	22. Society in Yarmouth, Me	13.00
	22. Society in Syracuse, N.Y	200.00
	22. Society in Erie, Pa	15.00
	22. First Society, Lowell, Mass	234.00
	22. Society in Ithaca, N.Y	30.00
	22. Society in Augusta, Me	206.15
	22. Society in Grafton, Mass	50.00
	22. Society in Vineland, N.J	17.75
	22. Society in Walpole, Mass	25.00
	22. Sunday School, Walpole, Mass	7.00
	22. Society in Cincinnati, Ohio	200.00
	22. C. G. A	1.00
	22. Society in Littleton, N.H	10.00
	22. Society in Bedford, Mass	15.00
	23. All Souls' Church, Winnipeg, Man	13.35
	23. Society in Lebanon, N.H	40.00
	23. Society in Newburgh, N.Y., additional	5.50
	23. Society in Redlands, Cal	35.00
	23. First Church, Philadelphia, Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
	23. South Boston, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	23. Society in Concord, N.H	258.11
	23. Society in Pepperell, Mass	11.00
	23. Channing Church, Dorchester, Mass.	5.00
	23. Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass., additional	50.00
	23. Society in Oklahoma City, Okla	25.00
	23. Sunday School, Marlboro, Mass	10.00
	24. First Society, Brooklyn, N.Y	1,050.00
	24. Society in Louisville, Ky	100.00
	24. Society in Uxbridge, Mass	100.00
	24. Society in San Antonio, Tex	14.00
	24. Society in Winchendon, Mass	75.00
	24. Society in Medfield, Mass	57.00
	24. Hawes Society, South Boston, Mass.	88.00
	24. Society in Albany, N.Y	35.00
	24. Society in Greenfield, Mass., additional	1.00
	24. Society in Bedford, Mass	5.00
	24. Society in Marblehead, Mass	10.00
	24. Society in Kansas City, Mo	10.00
	24. Unity Church, Brooklyn, N.Y	140.00
	24. First Parish in Dorchester, Mass	1,200.00
	24. Society in Danvers, Mass	50.00
	25. Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, Mo.	156.65
	25. Sunday School, Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, Mo	10.00
April	25. Society in Stowe, Vt	$5.00
	25. Society in Sterling, Mass., additional,	6.10
	25. Society in Evanston, Ill	15.00
	25. Society in Spokane, Wash	50.00
	25. Society in Leominster, Mass	115.00
	25. Society in Hudson, Mass., additional,	15.00
	25. First Parish in Portland, Me	180.00
	25. First Parish in Cambridge, Mass	1,300.00
	25. Society in Hood River, Ore., additional	1.00
	25. Society in Shelbyville, Ill	3.30
	25. Society in Jacksonville, Fla	55.00
	25. Girls' Guild, Menomonie, Wis	5.00
	25. Society in Nantucket, Mass	20.00
	25. Society in Kalamazoo, Mich	20.00

ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

April	21. Sunday School, Third Religious Society, Dorchester, Mass	10.00
	21. Received through the President	60.00
	21. Ladies Association, Society in Uxbridge, Mass	15.00
	21. Sunday School, Vineland, N.J	1.00
	21. Sunday School, Stoneham, Mass	2.00
	22. Sunday School, Nashua, N.H	10.00
	22. First Society, Lowell, Mass	25.00
	22. Sunday School, Cincinnati, Ohio	10.00
	23. Weston, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	25.00
	23. Taunton, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
	23. Peabody, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	23. First Society, Roxbury, Mass., Women's Alliance	10.00
	23. Greenfield, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	23. Westwood, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	23. Newport, R.I., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	23. Fairhaven, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	23. Sunday School, Oklahoma City, Okla.	5.00
	24. South Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
	24. Fitchburg, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	25. First Parish in Cambridge, Mass	100.00

RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

April	21. New Bedford, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	15.00
	21. Sunday School, Nantucket, Mass	5.00
	21. Sunday School, Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Mo	15.00
	21. New Orleans, La., Branch Women's Alliance	5.10
	21. Sunday School, First Society, Buffalo, N.Y	10.00
	21. Second Church, Boston, Mass	50.00
	21. Sunday School, Erie, Pa	15.00
	22. Sunday School, Norton, Mass	2.00
	22. Sunday School, Franklin, N.H	15.00
	22. First Society, San Francisco, Cal	10.00
	23. Second Church, Salem, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	15.00
	25. Newburyport, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	2.00
	25. Sunday School, Lancaster, Pa	5.00
	25. Sunday School, First Society, Chicago, Ill	10.00
	25. North Church, Salem, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
		$43,127.17

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Summer Meetings at the Shoals.

The annual series of meetings at the Isles of Shoals will be held July 12 to the 26th, inclusive, the first week being devoted, as usual, to the regular summer meetings, and the second week to the Sunday School Institute. An attractive program is being arranged for both weeks, and a very successful time is anticipated. The headquarters of the meetings will be at the "Oceanic," and the Association is very glad to feel that Mr. Harrington is again the manager, for it is thereby assured that everything will be in first-class condition.

A preliminary program giving the exact names of the speakers, the time of speaking, the music to be given, and rates at the hotels and on the railroad will be ready, it is hoped, by the first or second week in May. Any one, however, who desires information of a general nature concerning the meetings is requested to write to Mr. Carl B. Wetherell, 1 Fuller Place, Cambridge, Mass.

In the next number of the *Register* it is hoped that the exact scale of rates at the "Oceanic" and at the "Appledore" may be given.

Robert Collyer Memorial.

In response to requests which have come from Dr. Collyer's friends and admirers in this country and in England, on behalf of the members of his own congregation, and with the consent of his family, the trustees of the Church of the Messiah, New York City, made announcement last May that they had undertaken to provide a fitting monument, which should stand as a permanent memorial to the noble life and beneficent teachings of this great and good man, and were ready to receive subscriptions.

Since this announcement the trustees have made a definite contract with the eminent sculptor, Mr. Henry Hering of New York, for a memorial which shall take the form of a portrait relief in bronze, of heroic size, and showing about two-thirds of the figure, with suitable architectural setting and inscription. This monument will be placed at the front end of the church auditorium, on the west wall. The total expense will be six thousand dollars ($6,000).

In order that the necessary funds may be in hand as soon as possible, this announcement and appeal is herewith sent to all persons who, it is believed, will be interested and desirous of co-operating in the undertaking. Subscriptions small or large, in as generous amount as possible, will be gladly received, and should be sent to the treasurer of the Robert Collyer Memorial Fund, Mr. William Shillaber, 60 Wall Street, New York City. On account of the earlier uncertainty as to what form the memorial would take, and what expense would be involved, many subscriptions were withheld until definite information upon this point was forthcoming. As a result, the amount of money in hand at this moment is wholly inadequate for the carrying out of the plan as now definitely determined and herein described. It is hoped that, with the announcement of these complete details, generous responses to this second appeal will be sent in at once.

THE LARGEST REFRIGERATOR FACTORY IN THE WORLD
White Mountain
THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT
"THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT."
A lifetime investment, insuring health, convenience and economy. Every interior part removable, every nook and corner accessible and cleanable. Duplex circulation or cold dry air by famous "MAINE" Duplex Ice Grate.
Beautiful catalogue on application
IN OVER A MILLION HOMES
REFRIGERATORS
MAINE MFG. CO. NASHUA, N.H.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

When a man's conversation has no point, how can it bore so quickly?

"That act of his," declared Mrs. Twickembury, "will leave an astigmatism on him as long as he lives."

Passenger: "That last station was my destination, sah. Why, sah, didn't you stop thar?" Conductor: "We don't stop there any more. The engineer's mad at the station agent."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Her father: "You have been paying attentions to my daughter. You haven't proposed yet?" His lordship: "Not yet, sir." Her father: "Now let us come right down to business. What will you take not to propose?"—*Brooklyn Life.*

An editor who started about twenty years ago with only fifty-five cents is now worth $100,000. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business, and the fact that an uncle died and left him $99,999.—*Editor and Publisher.*

"Bless me!" said Tommy's great-uncle. "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" "Never!" replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school." "What's that?" "Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at; and that's all."—*Motherhood.*

When Professor Wendell of Harvard entered upon his sabbatical year he remained in Cambridge some weeks after his leave of absence began, and persisted in taking part in the departmental meeting. The head of the department protested. "Sir," he said, "you are officially absent. You are *non est.*" "Oh, very well," replied Professor Wendell, "a non est man is the noblest work of God." *Success Magazine.*

When Cardinal Manning was rector of Lovington, he went to visit a parishioner whose ten children had married and left her. *Everybody's Magazine* once told of the cardinal's effort to sympathize with her. "You must feel it lonely now, after having had so large a family." "Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lonesome. I've brought up a long family, and here I am, living alone. An' I misses 'em, and I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."

A lion, by Albert Wolff, the sculptor, is in the Berlin Thiergarten. A young gentleman from Boston does not think the Berliners very intelligent. "The other day," he writes, "I took a walk in a pretty park called the Thiergarten, and saw a handsome work of art. Anybody would know it was a lion, but they don't seem to know much natural history here, as they have marked this particular work 'A Wolff.' Think of it! Such a thing could not happen in Boston. And look at the spelling!"—*The Beacon.*

The *Youth's Companion* tells of an Irishman who was dismissed from the Baldwin Locomotive Works by a foreman, who, to avoid discussion, put the dismissal in writing. Less than a week later the foreman saw him again at his lathe, and demanded, "Didn't you get my letter?" "Yis, sorr, I did," replied Pat. "Did you read it?" "Sure, sorr, I read it inside and I read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside, yez said I was fired, and on the outside yez said, 'Return to the Baldwin Locomotive Works in five days.'" Probably Pat had another trial.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors. Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free. C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farms Street, Lynn, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendent are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

FOUNDED 1904

Aims at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President.

Earle Morse Wilbur, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON

85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.

LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL

West Newton, Mass.

Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.

MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
28 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School

FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.

Educates especially for HARVARD College

New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department

GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.

PROCTOR ACADEMY

ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School

MEADVILLE, PA.

(Founded 1844)

Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.

F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.

Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.

Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science

Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 19 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1914.

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 433
- The Compulsion of Experience in Theology 434
- The Garment of God 435

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
- Report of the Nominating Committee 436

CURRENT TOPICS 437

BREVITIES 438

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The New Hymn and Tune Book, by Clayton R. Bowen, 438
- Concerning Unitarian Missionary Work Abroad, by Dr. Charles W. Eliot 439
- A Morning Ride in Ceylon, by J. T. Sunderland . . . 440
- The Denial that Jesus Lived, by Robert S. Loring . . 442
- The Master Key, by Rev. Silas Farrington 444
- International Congress, by Rev. W. Copeland Bowie; A Permanent Missionary Council for New England, by William S. Nichols 450
- The Unitarian Club of Boston 451
- Dr. Charles P. Putnam; Service Books Wanted; The Library at Marianna, Fla.; Acknowledgments . . 454
- The Isles of Shoals Meetings; An Invitation to a Clarke and Hale Memorial at Forest Hills; The Tuckerman School 455

SPIRITUAL LIFE 445

LITERATURE.
- Books 446
- Magazines 447

THE HOME.
- The Dogs of Highland Park, by Juliette Golay; The Statue of Peace, by Louisa A. Nash; Deserted Chicks 448
- The Horse that liked Red; Mr. Redsquirrel, by Fullerton L. Waldo 449

POETRY.
- The Testing 438
- "Parva Domum Magna Quies," by Edwin Henry Keen 440
- Mother 442
- The Apostles, by Charlotte C. Eliot 445
- The Busy Bees 448
- Charade 449
- Thy Gift at the Altar 450

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- The Meadville Summer Institute 452

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- The Student Assistant Work 452

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 453

HERE AND THERE 455

PLEASANTRIES 456

Editorial.

IT is so often said that the ministry is losing its influence that it is not considered worth while to question the conclusion. Some kinds of comparisons seem to leave no room for question. But one fact makes the conclusion impossible. The advocacy of no class in a community is more sought for any cause than that of the ministry. The minister is appealed to for assistance first in many matters, and when an important public measure not of special limitation is under consideration, no alliance is more welcome than his. He is looked to until it is proved that his aid is not sufficient. It is assumed that he is disinterested, that he is desirous to help in any good work, and it is known that he can command the co-operation of just those persons in a community who will be of the most service. What other class is more influential? The physician can less rely on his time; the lawyer has loyalties which embarrass him in the fields of reform; and the professor is singularly lacking in authority outside the province of his specialty, and is bound up in the scholar's seclusion. Compare the audience which comes under the preacher's influence, even in its scantiest example, with the audience the professor deals with, and even the university can have no boast in comparison with the ministry as to influence in a community. So far from having little influence, a man has more influence according to his deserts in the ministry than he would have in any other profession, if he has the mind to use it. Any man thinking of the ministry as his calling may safely count nonsense the talk of its waning power. The man of power can find no more available position than the ministry of to-day.

THE familiar facts of illusion, frequently illustrated in the books of psychology, have one peculiar characteristic of singular, perhaps significant, interest. The illusion is just as great with those of great intellectual power as with those of less mental ability, and many repeated observations do not modify the illusion in the slightest degree. Even after the illusion is explained, it persists in not much less degree. A silk hat continues to appear taller than its breadth, even after measurement has shown that its lesser diameter is an inch greater than its greatest height. An inflated paper bag held in one hand proves ten to twenty times heavier than the coins that seem to balance it in the other, and knowing the fact has very little effect on the feeling. For a similar

Digitized by Google

reason, it is useless to argue with people about their notions of our religion as compared with theirs. All the evidence in the world as to our attitude towards Christ has no effect in reducing the feeling on the part of some people that we are deficient in appreciation. Very intellectual people may prove by their hostility to us that it is a mistake to say that Unitarians are pre-eminently intellectual, and make any boasting on our behalf absurd, but it remains true that very well-informed people may be wholly mistaken about us and stick in their mistake after they are shown it is a mistake. We have illusions of our own about others. They may not be much changed, but knowing what they are may make people take less account of them, or stake less on them. Facts and not impressions will be sought. The impressions will have only curious interest; the facts will be required when anything important is to be built.

ALL sensible people who have read the veiled advertisements of medical novelties, of which one ingredient was always something with a new name, which might be "bought of any druggist," knew instinctively that there was "a cat in the meal," but did not know what the color was. The Indiana State Board of Health has taken away the meal and has shown a very scrawny cat underneath. It has now published a list of thirty of these compounds, with their ingredients and cost. Selling at prices ranging from fifty cents to $2.50, the actual value of the ingredients ranged from one to twenty-five cents. Ingenious ways of avoiding the Pure Food laws have been discovered, and the infamous swindlers have been taking large sums of money from a credulous public. Now concerning the delinquency of the inventors of these frauds there can be no question. How about the druggists who sell the fraudulent articles, and the respectable newspapers that advertise them? It will not avail them to plead ignorance, because in such a case ignorance is worse than a crime; it is a blunder of the first magnitude, and shows these accomplices to be unworthy of the trust that the public reposes in them. The only excuse any one can have for buying these articles is that the "chemists" who compound them are ingenious enough to select ingredients that will give a transient relief; *e.g.*, alum in solution for wrinkles, costing one cent. Barnum said, "The American people like to be humbugged."

IN reply to the question whether he thought Jesus was sinless, James Freeman Clarke once said he believed that a great many others have also been sinless. This way of looking at the matter may shock some persons, but it is the only way open to one who credits the testimony of the Gospels. There is no trace there of a theological sinlessness. The fact that Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are yet was without sin, was not mentioned by the apostle as though such victory was beyond human nature as such. The people who had known Jesus all his life, and knew him to the end, did not hold him to a sinlessness impossible to human nature. There was much difference of opinion among good people as to whether many things he did were right or not, and no harder names were ever applied to any one than his neighbors and relatives applied to him. The point is not what was said of him, but that it was said; that he was naturally and unconsciously held to the same standards of behavior as other people. Sinlessness may co-exist with the limitations incident to human nature. That Jesus showed this kind his own words prove. The Lord's Prayer commits him to a consciousness of imperfection. There are ever natures free, in this regard or in that, from any trace of faults such as other people often show. An old church Father applied the words *animæ naturaliter Christianæ* to some people. If the sinlessness of Jesus is supposed to be of a kind impossible to us, of what use is it to us? If the people we know show us some entire sinlessnesses, how much more encouraging it is to think of Jesus' in the same light!

A STORY-TELLER a few weeks ago described his hero as staggering out of Death Valley under the weight of a million dollars' worth of gold nuggets. As a thousand dollars in gold weighs about four pounds the miner's burden must have been about four thousand pounds, a good load for a span of horses. It would seem to be impossible for an intelligent man to make such a blunder, were it not for the fact that similar estimates of the value of a back-load of gold are to be found almost any day in current literature. We should not mention this phenomenon were it not one instance out of many to be noted in what is called "the popular mind." Take, for example, "the General Judgment." Because some parables and pictures have furnished vivid sketches of that great day, millions of intelligent Christians think of it as a time when the thoughts and deeds of all men will be passed in review, and judgment pronounced upon every one according to his works. If there are a billion people now living, about three hundred million will die every year, and, giving one second to each one, it would take a year to judge them all. But if all are to be reserved for a final day of judgment, then it is evident that not merely one must be judged every second, but hundreds, thousands, and even many millions must in that moment of time stand at "the bar of God" and pass thence to weal or woe. The story of the million dollars in gold nuggets is insignificant compared to this stupendous absurdity which, without a question, is accepted by the majority of the Christian world.

The Compulsion of Experience in Theology.

It is no new thing that strong theological fortifications should have to yield to quite unlooked-for influences. While inaccessible to argument, and able to hold its dogmatic strength, a dogma may find itself undermined and rendered ineffective by influences at a distance. While still impregnable to direct attack, it may find conditions taking place which bring about its downfall even at the moment of its greatest pride. Dean Henson, in the *Hibbert Journal*, has called attention to this curious process in the Kikuyu controversy. Not only in British Africa, but at every other missionary point the exigencies of the situation have modified the strictness of practice and opinion, bringing about a condition of things incompatible with the maintenance of rigid definition and exclusiveness. Christianity, setting out to convert the heathen, learns something never taught at home, and finds itself on the way to being itself converted. Having gone to save, it has returned to improve. Having set out to teach, it has found itself taught. The fixed and static faiths elaborated in reflection, find themselves faced by faiths become dynamic and operative, and meet the challenge of stresses and crises. They have been where things have to be done on the instant, not prepared for in the study, and have learned in hand-to-hand struggle what never was taught in the creeds. The lessons of liberalism refused by the mind become assimilated unconsciously by a sort of spiritual manual training, and, before they know it, the severest sticklers for consistency find themselves hospitable without the formality of

proper introduction, and acting thoughts they were never able to think.

It is not so many years since a similar effect was noticed in this country. It was noised about that certain missionaries had admitted a saving grace after death to the unbeliever, not warranted in the home creeds. The opening wedge of charity had been allowed in dealing with the heathen abroad, that was not for a moment held out to the heathen at home. Heresy trial was forced on reluctant authorities by those who saw a crack beginning on the edge, which would surely extend straight through the vessel of faith. But nothing could stop the crack. It did extend, and the faith has been transplanted where it may have depth of earth and room to grow. To be sure, the conversion did not become complete. It did not go as far as it might with any one, and it did not go at all with a good many. Very broad men held to it that there was a blight in the fruit at its core, implying that, without some complete re-birth, it was bound to decay; and very narrow men still hold high place with their petty measure of God's love and common-sense. But still the change is deep and far-reaching. Only this last Easter, a minister in a Congregational pulpit felt a boldness come upon him, and yielded to it so far as to admit that there might be chances for redemption in another life for those who had not taken their chance here. He was, indeed, cautious; amusingly so. But he did broach the subject, and stopped with saying that he hoped for the best, though he could not say for certain. It was a good deal to stop with confessing vagueness and uncertainty. In other days such a man would either have professed entire certainty that death shuts the gates of God's mercy on mankind or he would have sought secular employment shortly afterward. And if it be asked whether he was specially representative, his light not being of the first order (a rush-light, not a headlight), the reply is that it is more significant for lesser men to yield to the compulsion of facts than for the leaders to do so. Strong men in high position can sometimes hold a breadth not representative, though they are prominent. They stand alone in the greatness of their strength. But when it gets easy and frequent for men of lesser power of independence to do the same thing, we can be sure that the growth of a better Christianity is too far along to be harmed by early frosts.

The encouraging thing about it all, we repeat, is that theology is getting the benefit of human experience. When we lament that the race is not enough with the swift nor the battle to the strong, in that invincible reasons have such little weight and the leaders of thought have small following, we must look farther afield and see re-enforcements coming from unlooked-for sources. We have deplored the tendencies to decry theology, the superficial estimate of its force and effects, and have wished that a revival of old-fashioned reliance on theology could come. But what has seemed neglect and indifference proves to be transition and change of base. Men think less on great themes now than in old times only because they do their thinking differently. They think less, abstractly, but more, concretely. They think less with speculative interest, but more with matter-of-fact interest. They are less concerned with consistency, with schemes of salvation hereafter, than with working plans of salvation here. Not so many men can be interested in discussion merely theological, but many more men are interested in discussion of matters truly theological, but aimed toward welfare and effective methods. The necessity that a faith shall work well as well as think well, is what people feel; that it shall do things clearly worth while, as well as think things worth while clearly. In the broadest sense of the word, missionary usefulness is the ultimate test of a theology, and the compulsion of experience in actual living will carry the great convictions where truth in closest words shall fail. A democracy is making itself felt. Theology is on its way to a form of expression that brings wider support and influence. The kind which only a few can wield, is giving place to the kind which is apprehensible by all thinking people everywhere. Here are the things to be done and the people who are to do them. Theology can no longer dictate. It must advance to a new day of consent by the governed, toward the time

"When the runner and the road are one
With the errand to be done."

The Garment of God.

"He stretcheth out the North over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds, and the cloud is not rent under them. The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof."

It is an old thought, far older, doubtless, than the Book of Job, that God both hides and manifests himself in the visible universe as he works spiritually through the soul of man. If we are devoutly, religiously inclined, undoubtedly at moments we shall discern divinity in nature, in the very essence and perfected flower of the world's uses, and especially in the mystery of beauty that seems to convey to us a sacred message.

The reverent love of nature almost inevitably works itself out to a kind of intimate pantheism, a sensitive perception of the immanence that remains a secret between us and the visible universe. It has a vagueness, and yet at moments a startling reality. It consoles and helps oftentimes where dogmas and theories and even philosophies are ineffective. It brings strange uplifting, tranquillizing emotions when a divine face almost shines through the sunset clouds, when the winds bring strange messages of large import and meaning, though we have no exact key to their mystic code, when the hush of the forest under the stars brings the sense of our littleness, subdues us before a sublime presence, and we seem to touch the flowing garment of God.

In the early spring, when the ground is bare but full of power and promise, God seems right there. The ploughed field is gloriously beautiful, it holds in its breast so much of life, otherwise, of divinity. The swelling of the bud on the bush will soon make it to burn with a loveliness equal to that which Moses beheld. Yes, God is working everywhere in earth, air, and sky. He is working in the atoms and the molecules; he is working in the infinitesimal things and wherever his finger touches, beauty becomes manifest,—beauty, the visible garment of the divine. His diffused spirit is so present when over the bare earth the sky gathers a deep blue with sailing clouds of white. You can almost hear the air trembling with a great psalm of joy and blessing. The pale blades of winter wheat fur the ground with greenness. It is his care written on the soil in the fringes of his garment. He is not so closely hidden that we cannot feel him, cannot even hear him in the gentle rustle of those tiny blades, in the plashing drops of warm rain.

Our pantheism that knows no system or dogma, but is a thing of conviction of the heart, sets us to watch for his developing work as it grows and expands and intensifies in beauty and charm. We feel in some vital way akin to those old prophets and bards who, in their primitive simplicity, felt him to be so vitally near in storm and sunshine, amid the rocks and precipices of the mountains, in the forest, and by the sea. The

Digitized by Google

sentiment of his nearness made the whole earth hallowed and sacred. This garment of God seems the manifestation of goodness and love that, in spite of the actual or inferred presence of evil, fills the world. Without this overplus of good, neither faith nor hope could exist. Man would perish from despair. The deep-rooted conviction that God knows and that he cares, is the stay of life. In spite of the struggles in which we are all more or less involved, in spite of the open sores of the world, his glory burns through the visible world, irradiates the moral world, reveals itself in humanity, and permeates the soul.

We touch the hem of his garment; we feel the inexhaustible beauty of his creations; we even come to the point where beauty translates itself in love. We are walking with God in the woods and fields while the blossoms on the wild cherry tree are scenting the air. He is showing us the wonders of his great garden,—how the smallest flower and blade of grass is a miracle, and the things we have always seen, and never yet have seen, under the influence of a new perceptive power grow luminous in a divine radiance. We see God nowhere in those forms the anthropomorphic imagination of man has made, but everywhere in the transfigured, visible forms of the universe.

God clothes himself in beauty. Why should beauty appear in the universe, inhering in every atom, if it is not a special revelation of the divine? Not by accident has it come into the world, not as a simple side-issue of no deep significance, but rather as an essential of the thought of God. We must conclude that he thinks beauty and harmony. They are the coadjutors of love, the essential Trinity. Love makes God morally and spiritually discernible to man. Beauty we too often distrust as something dangerous, if not fatal. The true mission of beauty has not yet been revealed. Our souls have worn too gross and muddy a vesture to learn its great office in the world. If we could thoroughly believe that the visible universe is really one of the great forms of manifested good, what a sacred light would be thrown over our lives! We should move as in a temple adorned with unnameable splendor, full of light and glory, cheerful, bright, and happy, seeing our fellow-beings under changed aspects, with undisputed rights to all the enjoyments we enjoy, sharers in the great treasures revealed to the world in the gifts of God to his children, not to a class, not to a privileged number, but to every member of his great family. It requires only the anointing of the eyes, a new perception of reality, to recognize the divinity that is nearer than breath, nearer than hands and feet, the indwelling God, who is love and hope and faith and joy and gladness within us, and beauty, power, and majesty in the great frame of things.

We do not know that we are to-day living in the infinite as much, perhaps, as we ever shall. Our home here has no boundaries. It is encircled by the sky that is endless. Can death give us a larger gift of infinitude? And is not God out there in space where the innumerable worlds have their habitat? And time goes ever by its side. Its face is muffled, but its accompanying footsteps are ever in our ears. The thought that the garment of God is embraced in the boundlessness, the immeasureableness, of time and space, is too great to be comprehended. The conception enthralled the imagination of the devout ancients. They watched with awe-struck eyes while he drew the curtains of night and brought the veiling darkness, and when he sprinkled the heavens with stars, casting forth worlds like grains of dust; and yet the sublime diffusive spirit of his power is in the humble weed, the little cunningly devised crystal, the smallest grain of sand and drop of water. What care, what exquisite finish, what lovely coloring, in the blind creatures that live at the bottom of the sea, where beauty lives and dies unseen! And how dense we are to the glorious manifestations of divinity that permeate life and nature and destiny, and would lead us to perception and reverence of the divine spirit from which we cannot be separated, in which we live and move and have our being!

American Unitarian Association.

Report of the Nominating Committee.

Pursuant to Section 4 of the Resolve of the American Unitarian Association governing the nomination of officers and directors, the Nominating Committee send for publication the names of the candidates nominated for the current year:—

President (for one year).

Samuel A. Eliot, Cambridge, Mass.

Vice-Presidents (for one year).

From Northern New England:—
Clarence E. Carr, Andover, N.H.

From Southern New England:—
George Hutchinson, Newton, Mass.

From Middle States:—
Frank H. Hiscock, Syracuse, N.Y.

From Southern States:—
George Soulé, New Orleans, La.

From Central West:—
Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.

From Rocky Mountain States:—
Paris Gibson, Great Falls, Mont.

From Pacific Coast:—
Horace Davis, San Francisco, Cal.

From Dominion of Canada:—
Mrs. John W. Loud, Montreal, Can.

Secretary (for one year).

Lewis G. Wilson, Boston, Mass.

Assistant Secretary (for one year).

F. Stanley Howe, Cambridge, Mass.

Treasurer (for one year).

Henry M. Williams, Boston, Mass.

Directors (for three years).

From New England:—
Percy A. Atherton, Boston, Mass.
Miss Anna Bancroft, Hopedale, Mass.
William S. Kyle, Plymouth, Mass.
Henry B. Little, Newburyport, Mass.

From Middle and Southern States:—
Henry W. Sprague, Buffalo, N.Y.

From Western States and Pacific Coast:—
Fred V. Hawley, Chicago, Ill.

Nominating Committee (for two years).

From New England:—
Mrs. Prescott Keyes, Concord, Mass.
Charles A. Wing, Concord, N.H.

From Middle States:—
John H. Lathrop, Brooklyn, N.Y.

From Southern States:—
George Kent, New Orleans, La.

James Kingman,
Secretary Nominating Committee.

Digitized by Google

Current Topics.

CONCERTED efforts for the preservation of the peace between the United States and Mexico, at the beginning of the week promised satisfactory results despite difficulties that appeared to hamper the activities of the envoys of the "A. B. C." powers—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. By the end of last week the three South American diplomats, assisted by Señor Riano, the Spanish ambassador to the United States, had succeeded in securing the assent of Victoriano Huerta, first to the principle of mediation and then to an armistice pending the outcome of such mediation. On the other hand, Venustiano Carranza, the supreme chief of the Constitutionalist forces, while accepting the offer of mediation in so far as it involved the relations between the United States and Mexico, declined to consider the proposed plan for a general armistice to apply to all the disputants in Mexico, as a preliminary to an attempt at adjudication of all the conflicting claims that underlie the internal and external complications in which the Republic of Mexico finds itself entangled.

IN the mean while, the activities of the governments of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, as represented by their envoys in Washington, attracted wide-spread attention throughout the two Americas and Europe as an indication of a new principle in Pan-American affairs. Although the attitude of the three envoys was expressly and obviously friendly to the United States, the comments of a considerable portion of the Latin-American press on the situation gave plain expression to a conviction that the non-English-speaking powers of the two American continents were developing a united power which eventually might challenge the effectiveness of the Monroe doctrine as the guardian of liberty on this side of the Atlantic. The consensus of opinion in Latin America on the latest phase of diplomacy appeared to be that the action of the "A. B. C." envoys was the initial test of the united capacity of Latin America to conduct its own affairs without the intervention of the powerful republic of the North.

AN interesting phase of the controversy between the United States and Mexico is suggested by the efficient work which has been accomplished, first by the navy, and then by the army, in the administration of Vera Cruz. Now that the early attempt to oppose the American occupation by housetop "sniping" is over, there is every reason to believe that the people of Vera Cruz are agreeably disappointed to discover that American rule does not mean a reign of military violence and private excess, but an orderly government of justice, moderation, and solicitude for the welfare of the governed. This favorable impression of American administrative methods, it is hoped by many enlightened Mexicans, will have a permanent effect upon the political consciousness of the Mexican people, such as the thorough efficiency of American sanitary innovations, in the Panama Canal Zone, has exerted upon the minds of the people of the states in proximity to the great waterway.

THE situation in the mining districts of Colorado reached an acute phase of national significance last week, when President Wilson, at the request of Gov. Ammons, despatched federal troops to the disturbed section. This action was taken after the failure of an appeal by Martin D. Foster, chairman of the House Committee on Mines and Mining, to John D. Rockefeller and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as part owners of the Colorado coal fields, to submit the issues to arbitration. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as authorized spokesman for the senior Mr. Rockefeller, is reported by Mr. Foster to have announced that the Rockefeller interests positively declined to consider any proposal to arbitrate the underlying principle of the struggle,—the recognition of unionism as a guiding principle in the conduct of the mines. The military occupation of the disturbed area in Colorado began at the end of last week with the issuance of a manifesto by Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, commanding all the civilian factions in the dispute to give up their arms forthwith and to obey the laws of public order. The disarmament began immediately upon the arrival of the federal troops.

THE preliminary investigation into the causes of the strike in Colorado and into the methods of the strike indicates that the unions have set out to enforce union control over the properties of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and other interests, and that the Greek section of the strikers, as well as the mine guards, have committed excesses which have profoundly shocked the orderly citizenship of the State. A wide-spread movement of sympathy for the miners has made itself felt throughout the labor and socialistic organizations of the country. A noteworthy outcome of the struggle is a persistent personal agitation against John D. Rockefeller and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., which has found expression in systematic attempts by agents of the Industrial Workers of the World and other socialistic organizations to embarrass the Rockefellers by demonstrations of hostility before their homes and offices in New York and Tarrytown and in the churches in which the Rockefeller families are wont to worship.

WHILE Russia is arming at a rate that is causing international apprehension, especially in Germany, incidents continue to develop between Russia and Germany which augur ill for the maintenance of international harmony. The latest of these incidents is the arrest of two German balloonists who had been blown across the Russian frontier and had been compelled by atmospheric conditions to descend upon Russian soil. The two Germans were charged with spying by the Russian authorities, and their rapid trial ended last week in a conviction and a sentence to terms of six months at hard labor. The sentences of the prisoners were promptly put in effect, despite their anxiety and their apparent ability to produce indisputable proof of their aloofness from all political interest in Russian affairs. The attitude of the Russian authorities produced profound resentment in Germany, where the rigorous operations of Russian justice were ascribed to a deliberate attempt to humiliate German pride. In this connection, the German press recalled the prompt release by France of German aviators who had alighted by accident on French soil.

THE new state of Albania is evidently confronted by a grave problem of administration. The Greeks of Epirus, armed with field-guns and quick-firers, are conducting a campaign which evidently has for its purpose the seizure of Avlona, the capital of Albania. On their way, the invaders are said to be committing outrages which are producing irritation at the capitals of the powers under whose auspices the young state was established. Prince William of Wied, the recently elected sovereign of Albania, has put himself at the head of the Albanian army, now in process of organization, and is preparing

Digitized by Google

to inaugurate a vigorous compaign for the expulsion of the disturbers. In the mean while, Albania has made formal complaint to the powers that the raid of the Epirotes into Albanian territory is financed at and directed from Athens, where every attempt was made during the first Balkan conflict to induce Europe to grant Southern Albania to the Greeks as part of their share of the spoils of war.

Brevities.

Emerson found the reverent silence before the service the best part of the hour.

Graft as a corrupt tendency and practice is not confined to any one country. Japan is the latest example of this kind of moral dry rot in the public service.

Whatever mental and moral convictions we have must be severely tested before they truly become our own. Even our religious faith is not true for us until it has been tested by life's searching experiences.

A near personal moral influence counts most effectively in the education of the young. Writes a wise mother these words of caution and warning: "Many a room-mate has had more to do in shaping a girl's life than her own mother had."

Prof. Hino of Doshisha University, Tokio, says: "It is not difficult to find good things in any religion that has been devoutly believed in by a large number of people. Human nature is too good not to produce some good when a number of people devoutly bind themelves together for some common purpose, as in religion."

The recent death of Thomas W. Hanshew, an American who for the greater part of his life lived in England, revealed the fact that, though only fifty-seven years old he had written more than two hundred books, and most of these under the pseudonym of "Bertha M. Clay." In these popular stories virtue always triumphed, and poverty went hand in hand with nobility.

The moving-picture industry has come to stay. It is for the best citizens of each community to desire and secure its educational value and possible moral uplift. This graphic form of presentation has great possibilities for good, but wise care should precede the scenes and incidents given in public exhibitions. Here is a field for the exercise of the influence of ministers, teachers, fathers, and mothers, of grave moral responsibility.

Frederic Mistral, the Provence poet, who has passed away at the age of eighty-four, performed a great service for a dead language. He created a language out of a dialect, as Petrarch created Italian. "He collected the vanishing proverbs, the legends, the folk-lore, the word-of-mouth poetry and prose of his people, and preserved them forever." It is doubtful, however, whether Mistral's great labor to revive a dead language will prove successful.

The belief in certain signs, omens, and mystical figures is a deep-seated and curious occult phenomenon of the past life of the race. These beliefs are untenable and irrational, and yet intelligent people continue to keep them alive by their quasi consent and passive practice. They have sometimes a certain picturesque suggestion that seems to ally one to earlier times and simpler fashions. One may notice that the new moon shines over his right shoulder without feeling disturbed if it happens, instead, to shine from the left. We do not like to give up all traditional folk-lore, even in our tested wisdom.

The Testing.

When in the dim beginning of the years,
God mixed in man the rapture and the tears
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,
He said, "Behold! Yet this is not enough,
For I must test his spirit to make sure
That he can dare the vision and endure.

"I will withdraw my face,
Veil me in shadow for a certain space,
And leave behind only a broken clue,
A crevice where the glory glimmers through,
Some whisper from the sky,
Some footprint in the road to track me by.

"I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
Will leave him torn between the no and yes,
Leave him unresting till he rests in me,
Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free—
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose,
With all in life to win or all to lose."

—*Edwin Markham.*

The New Hymn and Tune Book.

BY CLAYTON R. BOWEN.

Forty-six years ago the American Unitarian Association issued a volume with the infelicitous title, "Hymn and Tune Book." A revision seemed very soon a necessity, and was carried out by Rev. Rush R. Shippen, appearing from the press just nine years after the original publication. Thirty-seven years have again elapsed, and the work appears in a second revision, with the accurate but unlovely name, "The New Hymn and Tune Book." That a hymnal should retain its vitality and usefulness during forty-six years, with but two revisions, is a tribute to its excellence. The book of 1877 was widely used and much loved, but the time had come when much of its material had lost all virtue but that lent by endearing association. No element is more important in the use of hymns than just this endearing association, and it was the part of wisdom to proceed with a revision, though a drastic one, rather than with the compilation of a new book. The Committee on Revision, which included Dr. Shippen until his death, had as its secretary Rev. (now Prof.) Henry Wilder Foote, and to his wide knowledge, painstaking care, and unceasing diligence the book is chiefly due. His associates were the president and the secretary of the Association, assistance being also given by an advisory committee of eighteen persons.

The result is unquestionably the best book now available for our congregations. Of the old, it keeps the dearest and the worthiest; of the new, it adds material without which any hymn book is crippled. The more formal, stilted, conventional hymns have fallen away. Those with fresh and vital religious feeling remain, as good as when they were written and with the added power of hallowed usage. The more theological hymns yield to the more religious, the more external to the more inward. The number is fortunately lessened. The earlier editions had 885 numbers: this has 574 (in both cases including chants). The number is probably still too large, and the editors might have done a real service by a more rigorous omission. The inclusion of hymns to the Trinity, like Bishop Heber's versification of the Tersanctus from the Epistle for Trinity Sunday, or "Come, thou Almighty King," whose original title is "An Hymn to the Trinity," and the phraseology of which, even by ingenious Unitarian doctoring, cannot be made successfully applicable to the Father, is in this book, as in all others, to be deprecated. A few hymns in the collection doubtless fall below the general high level of excellence, and will vanish at the next revision. But the notable thing is the small num-

Digitized by Google

ber of such hymns. No other hymnal has so few: in no other is the general level so high.

Our regret at the inclusion of a few less useful hymns is as nothing compared to our joy in the inclusion of much for which we have longed. For one who has used the old Hymn and Tune Book, the Amore Dei, and the Hymns for Church and Home almost exclusively, it is a joy to find George Matheson's perfect hymn, "O Love that will not let me go," with its exquisite tune, and his almost equally fine "Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all," with its rarely equalled note of universality. There is the stirring "Faith of our fathers, living still," of Father Faber, which celebrates not the Roman faith, but the Catholic faith, common to us all, calling for our loyalty. Here, too, the tune is splendidly wedded to the words. There is Miss Loring's fine morning hymn, "O Thou who turnest into morning," with its lovely tune, and the admirable "I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm," of Robert Davis, also with a new tune, which fits it most successfully. Indeed, one striking merit of the book is the felicity with which words and music are fitted one to the other. Old unhappy unions are dissolved; new and inevitable combinations are made. For "St. Gertrude" we have Mr. Hosmer's "Forward through the ages," as pertinent as "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is the opposite.

Especially notable is the group of hymns expressive of the social conscience and the social impulse. Many of these are new in our books, though the older favorites, like Ebenezer Elliott's "When wilt thou save the people?" and Johns's "Come, Kingdom of our God" are also there. We miss Johns's "Hush the loud cannon's roar" as we miss Martineau's "A voice upon the midnight air." We like to see Kipling's "Recessional" and Chesterton's "O God of earth and altar" side by side. We rejoice in William Watson's "Hymn for America," and Theodore Williams's new "My country, to thy shore" in the measure of "My country, 'tis of thee," and Katherine Lee Bates's "O beautiful for spacious skies"; and, finest of all the hymns of our nation, Mr. Hosmer's "O Beautiful, my country." The patriotic hymns are a golden group. Canada is not forgotten. Her "O Canada," by our own Judge Weir, is there, and "God save our gracious king." It is good to have George Huntington's "International Hymn" and John Haynes Holmes's hymn of peace, "God of the nations, near and far."

For special occasions the book provides richly in quantity and quality,—for church dedications, the laying of corner-stones, removing from an old church, ordinations, and the like. There is one hymn for a marriage, Dorothy Blomfield's "O perfect Love, all human thought transcending." This will probably be little used, if at all. We seldom sing hymns at our marriages, and these intimate personal sentiments are not fitted for congregational use. The hymn is marked by no caption signifying its purpose, and we can foresee many an awkward situation when careless ministers give it out without having read beyond its first line. Was it worth while to put it in? The group of children's hymns might also well have had a caption at the top of the page, separating them from those for adult use. Many will question the value of so many children's hymns in a church book; at least, the selection is admirable.

Almost half the hymns (259 out of 546) are by Unitarian writers, the proportion being larger than in either of the other books mentioned above. "Hymns for Church and Home," for example, has only 208 Unitarian hymns out of 801, not much over one-quarter. Of the names not occurring in the latter book, the new book has the following from our roll of ministers: Ames, Badger, Barber, Beach, Clute, Goldsmith, Ham, Holmes, Horton, Pierpont, Wendte, Wilson. Of our more notable hymnists, Chadwick is increased (the comparison is still with Hymns for Church and Home) from 5 to 10, Gannett from 4 to 6, Hosmer from 19 to 34; Johnson has 7 in each; Samuel Longfellow increases from 25 to 26, Theodore Williams from 2 to 11; Miss Scudder has 5 in each. On the other hand, certain of the older writers decline somewhat in number of hymns: Charles T. Brooks from 4 to 2, Bryant from 3 to 2, Clarke from 6 to 2, N. L. Frothingham from 6 to 2, Furness from 8 to 3, O. W. Holmes from 5 to 4, Sears and Jones Very from 3 to 2. In these cases the best of each writer is retained.

The list of Unitarian names might perhaps be enlarged without straining the use of language. Thomas Scott and Henry Moore are set down in the index as Presbyterians, but they were of those eighteenth century Arian Presbyterians who belong to the ancestry of English Unitarianism, and are listed in Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology under "Unitarian Hymnody." Ought not Edward Rowland Sill also to be set down as a Unitarian?

All in all, the skilful editors have drawn from our treasure-house an admirable store of things new and old. From the book of 1877 are retained 242 hymns and 102 tunes, a generous percentage. The winnowing was done with insight. The additions represent in the main the best of recent production. The result is not only superior to any hymnal now in use in our churches, but offers the best book for use in Christian worship in any church. May our congregations show their appreciation and their wisdom by a wide adoption of The New Hymn and Tune Book!

MEADVILLE, PA.

Concerning Unitarian Missionary Work Abroad.

BY DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT.

I should like to say just a word about the very important question of the prepared soil for our seed in Oriental countries. I have been travelling through Ceylon, China, and Japan recently, and I think the most important thing I saw with reference to missionary movements was that the soil is thoroughly prepared in the thinking classes of those countries for just the seed we have got to sow. Everywhere I went I talked as much as possible with the educated and thinking natives of the lands I visited, and everywhere I inquired with regard to the attitude of the thinking mind of each country toward Christianity, because I was directed on this journey to make inquiries concerning the best mode of advancing in those countries the cause of peace.

It is perfectly clear, first, that there exists in all the Eastern countries small classes of thoughtful people who are thinking about true religion, who are thinking about the motives which they can set before their children which will direct them towards the righteous, pure conduct of life. I was over and over again asked the question, "Can Christianity supply a strong, driving motive for my children to direct them to the pure and noble and useful life?" I learned also on the same journey that the missionary teaching of the last hundred years throughout the East takes no hold, has taken no hold, on the Oriental mind,—and for just the same reason that the old-fashioned dogmas, tenets of the Christian sects, took no real hold on the minds of our fathers and our grandfathers. We have been set free from the ordinary doctrines taught by Christian missionaries throughout the East. And the Oriental, the thinking Oriental, taking no interest in the ordinary missionary teachings of the past, asks to-day, "Can Christianity supply a motive

Digitized by Google

to right conduct? Can Christianity supply greater love than Buddhism or Confucianism?"

That is the soil prepared for our seed. This class of persons throughout the East represent among those nations the same class that the Unitarians are in the Occidental countries. It is the same sort of persons, the same kind of mind, the same kind of interest in good works. All these Chinese and Japanese that I talked with were thinking about the problems of religion, were also thinking about the need of lifting up their own people. It seems to me that the soil is prepared, and that our cause is the seed for that soil. And I most cordially agree that the only way in which we can keep up our own vitality, the only way in which we can be worthy of what we have received from our forefathers, is to sow that seed.

"Parva Domum, Magna Quies."

BY EDWIN HENRY KEEN.

The house is poor, only the turf for thatch;
Shut is the door, that has nor bolt nor latch;
No word is spoken in this house of sleep,
The rest unbroken and the quiet deep.

A Morning Ride in Ceylon.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

If you want to see a land beautiful with all the loveliness of the tropics, go to Ceylon, that charming island in the Indian Ocean which hangs like a great emerald pendant, oval in shape, on the southernmost point of the peninsula of Hindustan. Ceylon possesses a single large city, Colombo, one of the important seaports of the Orient because located at the junction of two or three great ocean trade routes. Inland there are several towns or small cities, the most interesting of which is Kandy, famous for its lovely situation among the mountains.

My morning ride is from Colombo to Kandy, a distance of perhaps a hundred miles. Shall I ever forget it? Come with me and see what it is like. The season is winter, but January here is like Europe's or America's early June. The air is as balmy as if wafted from "Araby the blessed,"—which land, by the way, whether blessed or unblessed, is just over yonder across that blue sea whose waters shine in the northwest.

Around us everywhere as we proceed on our journey is an ocean of luxuriant tropical vegetation the breaking crests of whose myriads of waves are trees,—trees of a score of varieties, most of them new to men and women of northern lands, and many of them striking in appearance,—palms, banyan-trees, cinnamon-trees, bread-fruit and jack-fruit trees, bananas (if we may class these among trees), tamarind-trees, acacia-trees, and, crowning all in beauty, the splendid flowering hibiscus.

Everywhere there are flowers,—on trees, shrubs, vines, and on the ground. The finest floral displays of our May or October are not more varied, brilliant, or beautiful,—with one exception! Do the tropics have anything, anywhere, quite so overwhelming in its beauty and loveliness as our American cherry, plum, peach, and especially apple orchards in blossom time? If so, I have never found it. Perhaps cherry-blossom time in Japan may be as lovely: that I have not yet seen.

The sky is without a cloud, and seems an infinite ocean of soft light. Every tree and shrub and blade of grass is moist and shining in the rising sun. We pass numerous small streams and little lakes, each clearly mirroring the objects on its banks. We also pass numberless rice-fields. In some the grain is two-thirds grown and of richest green; in some, ripe and ready for the harvest. Some fields are thronged with bands of harvesters, men and women; some are flooded with water and ready for the new planting.

There are birds many; we see them on right and left in the trees, on the ground, and flying about,—some of strange shapes, many with bright plumage. I wonder if tropical birds sing as sweetly as those of temperate climes; if these have song, the noise of the train prevents my hearing them. No, in one place where we stop I hear from an unseen bird a song much like that of our charming American song-sparrow, quite as sweet and poured out rapidly, again and again, as if the little singer were in a very delirium of joy. Is he trying to remind me of home? Great flocks of ducks fly about over the marshes and small lakes, or swim on the water. Some of them are very beautiful. Their numbers suggest the inquiry whether there are so many hunters here who find pleasure in taking life as with us in the West.

The world around us is, for the most part, very rich green, all shades of green, suggesting fertile soil and abundance of rain; but scattered here and there among the general green is not a little rich and gorgeous coloring, not only of flowers, but of foliage on trees, shrubs, and vines,—bronze, copper, yellow like gold, silver, brilliant crimson, orange, purple.

At two or three places we pass through towns of some importance, where there are good railway stations and signs of considerable commercial traffic and several kinds of manufacturing industries. We come in sight of many villages, some near, some far away; some squatting in valleys by the side of streams, some clambering picturesquely up hill or mountain sides. Most are half hidden among palms, plantains, and jack-fruit trees. The houses are generally small and low, with a single door and mat-covered openings for windows. Usually they are built of bamboo, rough stone with mud for mortar, or sun-dried brick, and contain no fireplaces, since artificial heat is not needed, and what little cooking is done takes place out of doors.

In the fields are fawn-like cattle, so delicate and gentle that we almost fall in love with them; great, stupid, almost black water-buffaloes (in the Philippine Islands they call them carabaos); and flocks of bumptious, uncontrollable goats, pushing their way everywhere and eating everything. The cattle and even the stolid buffaloes seem quiet, peaceful, kindly, and companionable, like friends that keep us happy silent company and do not annoy us by talking.

On the roads, some of which are exceedingly good, there are many very big and very quaint Singalese covered carts, looking a little like the "prairie schooners" of our American pioneer West, only with two big wheels instead of four smaller ones, and with covers projecting far in front and rear, giving them much the appearance of enormous old-fashioned sunbonnets. These are drawn, slowly enough to suit the most unhustleable Oriental, by medium-sized bullocks or by bigger and more lumbering buffaloes; but, besides these big, plain, rustic, slow-going vehicles, there are other curious little light travelling carts, painted and cushioned, and often very pretty. These are drawn by neat, lithe, little slender-limbed bullocks, sometimes single and sometimes in pairs, of a kind that trot like ponies. They are so odd and so attractive that at once one wants to ride in them.

After an hour or so in the plains we begin to ascend to higher ground, and hills and low mountains come in sight. On many of the hillsides are tea-plantations, and

Digitized by Google

we are suddenly reminded that this is the land where Ceylon tea grows. One particularly large plantation is Lipton's, as the owner takes pains to let everybody know. The contrast between the deep green of the tea-plants (tea-*shrubs* I should call them) and the rich dark red of the soil is striking. On some of the plantations are handsome white bungalows, half hidden among the foliage, —generally the residences of English planters, I suppose. Will my Ceylon tea be given a little finer flavor in the future by recollections of these picturesque hills where it grows?

In many places along our way we see men and boys bathing in streams and pools, with all that delight which bathers in warm regions know. As they stand on the banks they look like statues of fine bronze touched by some magician's wand and wakened to life. How much richer is the color of these bronze forms than our pale negative European "white!" Is it strange that when colored races first see white men the suggestion comes to their minds of corpses? Everybody agrees that bronze is beautiful for statues and busts; is it less beautiful for human bodies?

I have spoken of pretty little jaunting-carts drawn by little trotting bullocks. See, here are two richly dressed Singalese ladies riding in one of these carts. Its propelling power is a single bullock scarcely larger than a calf. Oh, ladies of our Western world, how would such an equipage suit your æsthetic taste, —not to add, your ideals of speed? Look again; an automobile is approaching. In a moment it has sped past the pretty cart and the fashionable ladies.

Once more look, a different sight! Away down yonder in the valley below us is an elephant with two men riding on his back. With what quiet and serious dignity he moves along, now under the palm trees, now across a stream, now around a ledge of great rocks! How far from home he makes us feel! How near and real he makes the Orient seem! Is not this great solemn beast, with his unhasting tread, his kindness, his infinite patience, and his unruffled serenity, the very embodiment of the spirit of the East? If we of the West had more of this spirit, would we, or would we not, be happier and wiser?

I have spoken of trees. The banana (or plantain) grows everywhere in Ceylon, and is a pleasing sight, reminding one of the prodigality of tropical nature in providing food for human beings. The wonder-tree is the banyan. If trained by man it may be made to grow like well-behaved, civilized trees, with a single trunk. But if left to itself it runs riot, and all its branches drop down pendants, which eagerly seek the ground, take root, and become new trunks. Thus each tree becomes in time a mass, a thicket, a grove. Sometimes a single banyan tree comes to cover so great an area that five thousand or even ten thousand persons may gather under its shade.

Some varieties of trees are most beautiful when seen standing alone, and others in clusters or groups. By far the most graceful and lovely of tropical tree-groups is the bamboo. When the traveller from the West first sees a bamboo group or cluster at its best, he can hardly believe that it is not a bundle of a hundred long, slender, beautiful ostrich feathers, plucked from some giant bird, planted in the ground, mysteriously changed to the softest green, bound together by airy, unseen bands, and suddenly enlarged to the size of a tree. I think nothing in America reminds one so much of the bamboo cluster as do the delicate graceful plume-like tops of certain elms.

The most striking, stately, and elegant of all the single trees of this region is the cocoanut-palm. Its trunk is a tall and slender column, which looks like gray stone shading almost to the whiteness of marble, carved in delicate rings, and supporting at its top a whorl of green fronds which lifts itself above the other trees and silhouettes itself with wonderful picturesqueness and beauty against the sky. Someone has called the white birch of our northern land the "lady of the woods." Surely the lady, the proud and beautiful lady, of the tropical forest is the cocoanut-palm. Ceylon is pre-eminently the land of the cocoanut. As we travel we see endless numbers on the trees. We learn that these nuts form one of the island's most important article of export and sources of wealth. So profitable is the industry that great numbers of new cocoanut orchards are being planted.

Most good things in this world may be turned to bad uses. So from the beautiful palm-trees of Ceylon men get not only cocoanuts, but intoxicating drinks. They tap the trees high up among the blossoms and tender green fronds. From the unfermented juice thus obtained they make a kind of sugar, but the juice fermented becomes "toddy" or the still stronger "arrack." These intoxicants are a great curse to the people. Formerly there was little drinking in Ceylon, for most of the population are Buddhists, and Buddhism prohibits the use of intoxicants. But the country is ruled by a foreign power. The British government in the island, in order to secure revenue, insists, against the earnest and repeated protests of the people, in licensing shops for the sale of toddy and arrack all over the land. The result is a steady and serious increase in intemperance. Buddhist temperance societies, assisted by some of the Christian missionaries, are working hard to curb the evil, but with little success, because the all-powerful influence of the government, the so-called Christian government, is against them. Will Christian governments ever become really Christian?

By and by we leave the lower hills and reach the splendid mountains. These grow higher, —some rounded and symmetrical, some sharp, angular, rugged, assuming every kind of unexpected form, as if defying us to guess what will be their contour next. Most are dark green, except for brown scars made here and there by land-slides or by patches of bare rock. Many of the hills and lower mountains are terraced to afford opportunity to raise grain, vegetables, fruit, and other food for men. Higher up, the terraces disappear, and the huge rocky peaks assume, if our imaginations are active enough to discern them, the forms of gigantic animals,—lions, elephants, bulls,—or of great fortifications, castles, and cathedrals. One high peak of bare rock has almost the exact shape of a gigantic pulpit with a Bible on its top. They call it "Bible Rock." Are not all of these wonderful peaks Bibles? How dull are our eyes if we fail to see revelations of the Eternal God in these mountain heights!

As we ride we instinctively begin to sing in low tones the hymn learned in childhood (how childhood memories cling to us all!):—

> "What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
> Though every prospect pleases,
> And"—

Here we stop. The line

> "And only man is vile"

silences us, shocks us; for where have we ever found kindlier, sincerer, more lovable people than in this beautiful island of Ceylon? —not only among Christians,—for there are many Christians here now,—but among the far more numerous Buddhists and Hindus, whose home it has been for many centuries?

On the very top of one isolated mountain summit I

Digitized by Google

to right conduct? Can Christianity supply greater love than Buddhism or Confucianism?"

That is the soil prepared for our seed. This class of persons throughout the East represent among those nations the same class that the Unitarians are in the Occidental countries. It is the same sort of persons, the same kind of mind, the same kind of interest in good works. All these Chinese and Japanese that I talked with were thinking about the problems of religion, were also thinking about the need of lifting up their own people. It seems to me that the soil is prepared, and that our cause is the seed for that soil. And I most cordially agree that the only way in which we can keep up our own vitality, the only way in which we can be worthy of what we have received from our forefathers, is to sow that seed.

"Parva Domum, Magna Quies."

BY EDWIN HENRY KEEN.

The house is poor, only the turf for thatch;
Shut is the door, that has nor bolt nor latch;
No word is spoken in this house of sleep,
The rest unbroken and the quiet deep.

A Morning Ride in Ceylon.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

If you want to see a land beautiful with all the loveliness of the tropics, go to Ceylon, that charming island in the Indian Ocean which hangs like a great emerald pendant, oval in shape, on the southernmost point of the peninsula of Hindustan. Ceylon possesses a single large city, Colombo, one of the important seaports of the Orient because located at the junction of two or three great ocean trade routes. Inland there are several towns or small cities, the most interesting of which is Kandy, famous for its lovely situation among the mountains.

My morning ride is from Colombo to Kandy, a distance of perhaps a hundred miles. Shall I ever forget it? Come with me and see what it is like. The season is winter, but January here is like Europe's or America's early June. The air is as balmy as if wafted from "Araby the blessed,"—which land, by the way, whether blessed or unblessed, is just over yonder across that blue sea whose waters shine in the northwest.

Around us everywhere as we proceed on our journey is an ocean of luxuriant tropical vegetation the breaking crests of whose myriads of waves are trees,—trees of a score of varieties, most of them new to men and women of northern lands, and many of them striking in appearance,—palms, banyan-trees, cinnamon-trees, bread-fruit and jack-fruit trees, bananas (if we may class these among trees), tamarind-trees, acacia-trees, and, crowning all in beauty, the splendid flowering hibiscus.

Everywhere there are flowers,—on trees, shrubs, vines, and on the ground. The finest floral displays of our May or October are not more varied, brilliant, or beautiful,—with one exception! Do the tropics have anything, anywhere, quite so overwhelming in its beauty and loveliness as our American cherry, plum, peach, and especially apple orchards in blossom time? If so, I have never found it. Perhaps cherry-blossom time in Japan may be as lovely: that I have not yet seen.

The sky is without a cloud, and seems an infinite ocean of soft light. Every tree and shrub and blade of grass is moist and shining in the rising sun. We pass numerous small streams and little lakes, each clearly mirroring the objects on its banks. We also pass numberless rice-fields. In some the grain is two-thirds grown and of richest green; in some, ripe and ready for the harvest. Some fields are thronged with bands of harvesters, men and women; some are flooded with water and ready for the new planting.

There are birds many; we see them on right and left in the trees, on the ground, and flying about,—some of strange shapes, many with bright plumage. I wonder if tropical birds sing as sweetly as those of temperate climes; if these have song, the noise of the train prevents my hearing them. No, in one place where we stop I hear from an unseen bird a song much like that of our charming American song-sparrow, quite as sweet and poured out rapidly, again and again, as if the little singer were in a very delirium of joy. Is he trying to remind me of home? Great flocks of ducks fly about over the marshes and small lakes, or swim on the water. Some of them are very beautiful. Their numbers suggest the inquiry whether there are so many hunters here who find pleasure in taking life as with us in the West.

The world around us is, for the most part, very rich green, all shades of green, suggesting fertile soil and abundance of rain; but scattered here and there among the general green is not a little rich and gorgeous coloring, not only of flowers, but of foliage on trees, shrubs, and vines,—bronze, copper, yellow like gold, silver, brilliant crimson, orange, purple.

At two or three places we pass through towns of some importance, where there are good railway stations and signs of considerable commercial traffic and several kinds of manufacturing industries. We come in sight of many villages, some near, some far away; some squatting in valleys by the side of streams, some clambering picturesquely up hill or mountain sides. Most are half hidden among palms, plantains, and jack-fruit trees. The houses are generally small and low, with a single door and mat-covered openings for windows. Usually they are built of bamboo, rough stone with mud for mortar, or sun-dried brick, and contain no fireplaces, since artificial heat is not needed, and what little cooking is done takes place out of doors.

In the fields are fawn-like cattle, so delicate and gentle that we almost fall in love with them; great, stupid, almost black water-buffaloes (in the Philippine Islands they call them carabaos); and flocks of bumptious, uncontrollable goats, pushing their way everywhere and eating everything. The cattle and even the stolid buffaloes seem quiet, peaceful, kindly, and companionable, like friends that keep us happy silent company and do not annoy us by talking.

On the roads, some of which are exceedingly good, there are many very big and very quaint Singalese covered carts, looking a little like the "prairie schooners" of our American pioneer West, only with two big wheels instead of four smaller ones, and with covers projecting far in front and rear, giving them much the appearance of enormous old-fashioned sunbonnets. These are drawn, slowly enough to suit the most unhustleable Oriental, by medium-sized bullocks or by bigger and more lumbering buffaloes; but, besides these big, plain, rustic, slow-going vehicles, there are other curious little light travelling carts, painted and cushioned, and often very pretty. These are drawn by neat, lithe, little slender-limbed bullocks, sometimes single and sometimes in pairs, of a kind that trot like ponies. They are so odd and so attractive that at once one wants to ride in them.

After an hour or so in the plains we begin to ascend to higher ground, and hills and low mountains come in sight. On many of the hillsides are tea-plantations, and

Digitized by Google

we are suddenly reminded that this is the land where Ceylon tea grows. One particularly large plantation is Lipton's, as the owner takes pains to let everybody know. The contrast between the deep green of the tea-plants (tea-*shrubs* I should call them) and the rich dark red of the soil is striking. On some of the plantations are handsome white bungalows, half hidden among the foliage, —generally the residences of English planters, I suppose. Will my Ceylon tea be given a little finer flavor in the future by recollections of these picturesque hills where it grows?

In many places along our way we see men and boys bathing in streams and pools, with all that delight which bathers in warm regions know. As they stand on the banks they look like statues of fine bronze touched by some magician's wand and wakened to life. How much richer is the color of these bronze forms than our pale negative European "white!" Is it strange that when colored races first see white men the suggestion comes to their minds of corpses? Everybody agrees that bronze is beautiful for statues and busts; is it less beautiful for human bodies?

I have spoken of pretty little jaunting-carts drawn by little trotting bullocks. See, here are two richly dressed Singalese ladies riding in one of these carts. Its propelling power is a single bullock scarcely larger than a calf. Oh, ladies of our Western world, how would such an equipage suit your æsthetic taste,—not to add, your ideals of speed? Look again; an automobile is approaching. In a moment it has sped past the pretty cart and the fashionable ladies.

Once more look, a different sight! Away down yonder in the valley below us is an elephant with two men riding on his back. With what quiet and serious dignity he moves along, now under the palm-trees, now across a stream, now around a ledge of great rocks! How far from home he makes us feel! How near and real he makes the Orient seem! Is not this great solemn beast, with his unhasting tread, his kindness, his infinite patience, and his unruffled serenity, the very embodiment of the spirit of the East? If we of the West had more of this spirit, would we, or would we not, be happier and wiser?

I have spoken of trees. The banana (or plantain) grows everywhere in Ceylon, and is a pleasing sight, reminding one of the prodigality of tropical nature in providing food for human beings. The wonder-tree is the banyan. If trained by man it may be made to grow like well-behaved, civilized trees, with a single trunk. But if left to itself it runs riot, and all its branches drop down pendants, which eagerly seek the ground, take root, and become new trunks. Thus each tree becomes in time a mass, a thicket, a grove. Sometimes a single banyan tree comes to cover so great an area that five thousand or even ten thousand persons may gather under its shade.

Some varieties of trees are most beautiful when seen standing alone, and others in clusters or groups. By far the most graceful and lovely of tropical tree-groups is the bamboo. When the traveller from the West first sees a bamboo group or cluster at its best, he can hardly believe that it is not a bundle of a hundred long, slender, beautiful ostrich feathers, plucked from some giant bird, planted in the ground, mysteriously changed to the softest green, bound together by airy, unseen bands, and suddenly enlarged to the size of a tree. I think nothing in America reminds one so much of the bamboo cluster as do the delicate graceful plume-like tops of certain elms.

The most striking, stately, and elegant of all the single trees of this region is the cocoanut-palm. Its trunk is a tall and slender column, which looks like gray stone shading almost to the whiteness of marble, carved in delicate rings, and supporting at its top a whorl of green fronds which lifts itself above the other trees and silhouettes itself with wonderful picturesqueness and beauty against the sky. Someone has called the white birch of our northern land the "lady of the woods." Surely the lady, the proud and beautiful lady, of the tropical forest is the cocoanut-palm. Ceylon is pre-eminently the land of the cocoanut. As we travel we see endless numbers on the trees. We learn that these nuts form one of the island's most important article of export and sources of wealth. So profitable is the industry that great numbers of new cocoanut orchards are being planted.

Most good things in this world may be turned to bad uses. So from the beautiful palm-trees of Ceylon men get not only cocoanuts, but intoxicating drinks. They tap the trees high up among the blossoms and tender green fronds. From the unfermented juice thus obtained they make a kind of sugar, but the juice fermented becomes "toddy" or the still stronger "arrack." These intoxicants are a great curse to the people. Formerly there was little drinking in Ceylon, for most of the population are Buddhists, and Buddhism prohibits the use of intoxicants. But the country is ruled by a foreign power. The British government in the island, in order to secure revenue, insists, against the earnest and repeated protests of the people, in licensing shops for the sale of toddy and arrack all over the land. The result is a steady and serious increase in intemperance. Buddhist temperance societies, assisted by some of the Christian missionaries, are working hard to curb the evil, but with little success, because the all-powerful influence of the government, the so-called Christian government, is against them. Will Christian governments ever become really Christian?

By and by we leave the lower hills and reach the splendid mountains. These grow higher,—some rounded and symmetrical, some sharp, angular, rugged, assuming every kind of unexpected form, as if defying us to guess what will be their contour next. Most are dark green, except for brown scars made here and there by land-slides or by patches of bare rock. Many of the hills and lower mountains are terraced to afford opportunity to raise grain, vegetables, fruit, and other food for men. Higher up, the terraces disappear, and the huge rocky peaks assume, if our imaginations are active enough to discern them, the forms of gigantic animals, -lions, elephants, bulls,—or of great fortifications, castles, and cathedrals. One high peak of bare rock has almost the exact shape of a gigantic pulpit with a Bible on its top. They call it "Bible Rock." Are not all of these wonderful peaks Bibles? How dull are our eyes if we fail to see revelations of the Eternal God in these mountain heights!

As we ride we instinctively begin to sing in low tones the hymn learned in childhood (how childhood memories cling to us all!):—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And" —

Here we stop. The line

"And only man is vile"

silences us, shocks us; for where have we ever found kindlier, sincerer, more lovable people than in this beautiful island of Ceylon?—not only among Christians,—for there are many Christians here now,—but among the far more numerous Buddhists and Hindus, whose home it has been for many centuries?

On the very top of one isolated mountain summit I

Digitized by Google

see a striking structure, evidently built by man's hand. I think it must be a place of worship,—a Hindu or Buddhist temple. What a place for worship! What human soul could be so dead that it would not be compelled to bow in silent reverence and prayer, standing up there in that sublime spot between heaven and earth! Buddhists and Hindus are wiser than we,—choosing, as they so often do, places of great natural beauty or grandeur for their temples. Would that we had Christian churches and cathedrals in thousands of such localities! Why do we seek God so exclusively in rooms, often dim and dark? Why not out of doors, in the light, and especially on the heights, where his footsteps are most clear and his handiwork most wonderful?

At one point we pass near a high and rocky peak, on one side almost perpendicular. We are told that one of the kings of the land, in the "good old times" some centuries ago, when he had political enemies to punish, used to suspend them by the neck over this awful precipice where everybody could see them and thus be duly impressed with his greatness and his power! Does the story remind us of the good old times in our own Europe when kings, not less savage, were accustomed to awe their refractory subjects into quiet by impaling the heads of foes on poles and exposing them to the public gaze above city gates?

In our morning ride we pass through or near many jungles. Here we are able to learn what jungles are. Jungles are of several kinds. Some are low and flat, as in river bottoms or among marshes; others are hilly or mountainous. Some are more or less open,—a sort of mixture of prairie and brush land, with rocks and scattered clumps of trees; while still others are dense forests and thickets so matted together by climbing and trailing vines and by various kinds of undergrowths as to be impenetrable except by paths made through them by wild beasts, domestic animals, or men. On our journey we see all these varieties of jungle, notwithstanding the fact that other parts of our way are through cultivated areas.

Now about the population of these jungles! Of course, all jungles of the Orient are supposed to be the homes of fierce wild beasts, man-eating tigers, wild elephants, and the like, and therefore associated with blood-curdling dangers. Indeed, what else are jungles good for? But alas, alas! how cruelly disappointing these are! Not a single wild beast of any kind gets on our railway track, compelling the stopping of the train. With the utmost straining of our gaze we are unable to discover the fiery eyes of a single tiger shining in any dark thicket. Worst of all, a fellow-passenger who knows the country is so cruel as to tell us that there is not a tiger in all Ceylon, except two or three in zoölogical gardens; and that, although in certain distant regions of the island there are a few cougars (the nearest approach to tigers) and a few wild elephants, in these parts through which we are travelling all the elephants are as tame as St. Bernard dogs, and quite as useful, and if there are wild beasts of any kind they are prudently kept in cages! To say that we are all disappointed, disgusted, indignant, is describing our feeling mildly.

Can it be possible that we are at our destination? Yes, sure enough, the train is stopping and the guard is calling out "Kandy!" How swiftly the five hours of our journey have sped!

Notwithstanding our disappointment over jungles and wild beasts and absence of perils, my advice to all men and women everywhere is, if you want a ride which will enchant you, and which when it is over will remain in your memory "a joy forever," take the early morning train from Colombo to Kandy.

Mother.

I have praised many loved ones in my song—
And yet I stand
Before her shrine, to whom all things belong,
With empty hand.

Perhaps the ripening future holds a time
For things unsaid.
Not now; men do not celebrate in rhyme
Their daily bread!

—*Theresa Helburn.*

The Denial that Jesus Lived.

BY REV. ROBERT S. LORING.

For many years liberal religion has been aggressively represented in America by the Universalist and the Unitarian denominations. Because of the prominence of the men belonging to it, and because of its diligent circulation of scholarly tracts, the Unitarian denomination has been exceptionally useful in bringing new religious ideas before the public. The result of such steady missionary work, distributed over many years, has been a gradual broadening of religious thought. Religious excitement, affecting the whole country at once, has also been in part prevented by the fortunate fact that in America we have many different denominations. The pain of extracting an old dogma or of cutting a new wisdom tooth is not spread all over the land through the nervous system of a State Church, but is limited to a single suffering denomination.

In Germany conditions have been different. Germany has had great poets who held liberal views about religion, and eminent Bible scholars who have led in critical work, but until recently there has been no organized effort to spread among all the people the latest facts in regard to Bible criticism, comparative religion, scientific theology. The custom has been to reserve the strong meat of modern knowledge for the select few who were in touch with the universities, and to give the people in the pews that simpler milk diet suited to intellectual babes. The thirty or forty theological students whom I knew intimately in Berlin seemed to think and speak about religion as freely and as radically as we do in our liberal American churches, but when I called the attention of an eminent liberal professor to this, he simply said that they would have to stop talking that way when they got churches or they would lose their positions. It was not until 1904 that the liberal theologians planned to bring the results of their work before the people, by publishing their radical ideas in popular little pamphlets selling at a few cents apiece. Such pamphlets have had an enormous sale. The mass of the people have awakened from their sleep, until now a fever of religious excitement is sweeping through the land. The dissatisfaction with the doctrines and work of the State Church has become so great that in 1912 over nine thousand persons in Berlin formally withdrew from the Church, although this is a matter of much red tape, and requires the payment of a fee of three marks. The socialists here join hands with eminent men of science. The socialists urge their members to leave the State Church because it is a class affair, a supporter of capital and of reactionary government. Haeckel and Ostwald and other members of the Monist Society advise their followers to desert the Church as a protest against the irrational, unscientific character of its theology. In the mean time government officials are keen to put down heresy. They have arrogantly refused to allow liberal ministers to be installed, even when regularly called by congregations, and have brutally turned

out or reprimanded well-known liberal pastors who had done faithful work for many years, and were much loved by their congregations.

This sketch of present unsettled religious conditions in Germany helps to explain the sensational effect produced by recent books which deny that Jesus ever lived. When a man is greatly excited, almost any kind of a loud noise will make him jump. So the bomb-like assertion that Christianity is the creation of the social mass and was never founded by an individual, that the story of Jesus is only the working over of an old Babylonian epic, that the liberals imagine a Jesus of their own and the orthodox worship a myth,—all this seemed to get very much on the German nerves. In the university town of Marburg some of the orthodoxy taunted the liberal theological professors for not coming quickly to the defence of the historical Jesus, and declared they were afraid to enter the field against the new heretics. Others loudly called upon the police to put an end to the public addresses of these heretics. In Berlin thousands of persons marched in procession to the Protestant cathedral to prove in this way that their conservative, mass interpretation of history was correct, and that Jesus really lived. They remind one of how the Ephesians tried to disprove the new doctrines preached by the Christians by shouting for two hours "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and show that modern Christians can act quite as foolishly as the heathen, a fact which any person who has studied the old-fashioned type of American revival well knows.

The chief attacks on the historical character of Jesus are made by four men, three professors and one clergyman; and it is a satisfaction to note that the arguments of the clergyman, Pastor Kalthoff, are the least foolish of all. Prof. Johannes Weiss of Heidelberg admits that, in spite of his many errors, he is a "highly serviceable thorn in the flesh," this being the highest praise given any of the four heretics. Kalthoff declares that religion is a social product. It is not the work of a single great leader. The picture of Jesus was created by imaginative Christians to satisfy their religious ideal. That is, just as some modern reformers declare that the mass of the workers, not a few leaders, create all wealth, so he holds that the mass of the early Christians, not any single leader, originated and gave literary form to the new religion. But while such a theory of industry may make "captains of industry" impossible in the future, it certainly cannot be used to blot out of existence "captains of industry" in the past. They were there whether we like it or not. So such a theory cannot be used to blot out the religious leaders of the past, even though in the future the social mass may build up its own religion bit by bit as coral islands are built up in the ocean. Yet the motive behind Kalthoff's books seems good. He attacks liberals, asks them to stop inviting men to go back to a Jesus whom they cannot prove, in order to force them to move forward and adopt and support modern, democratic, socialized ethical and religious ideals.

America contributes one of the heretics in the person of a certain Mr. Smith, who is a professor of mathematics at Tulane University. His book on the Pre-Christian Jesus attracted little attention until Prof. Drews repeated its arguments in a more popular form. Smith thinks that Jesus is the invention of a Jewish sect which was founded perhaps a hundred years before the Christian era. Out of mythical material they created for themselves a special god. That a tribe or a sect might make a deity of their own seems plain; but that such a sect existed, and had a special god called Jesus, remains a quite unproved and fantastic hypothesis. Of all the arguments Smith's seems to have least worth, and what the angry German liberal theologians would say about such an American if they dared allow themselves full freedom would be interesting to know. Unfortunately, they have to limit the expression of their feelings, for a German professor, P. W. Schmiedel, wrote an introduction to the book. All they can do is to say that they think Schmiedel might have found something better to do, and, as for Smith, they take leave of his "soap-bubble-picture" with the hope that his mathematics may be better than his theology.

A third person who would read Jesus out of history is the Oriental scholar, Prof. Jensen of Marburg. He has spent many years translating an old Assyrian-Babylonian religious hero poem. Being very human, he naturally regards this poem, the broken parts of which he has with so much difficulty patched together, as the most important literary work in the world. He uses it to explain most of the Bible stories. Because the heroes in his favorite poem enter ships, live through storms, climb mountains, tell their friends they must die, and because Jesus, like most men, also does such things, he reaches the astonishing conclusion that the life of Jesus is nothing more than a literary reincarnation of this old Babylonian material. But other Oriental scholars, such as Prof. Zimmern of Leipzig, can find no such numerous and convincing parallels between the two stories, though admitting that to some extent one may have influenced the other. Different men, reflecting on common questions of creation, birth, life-struggles, death, produce stories which in many places sound alike, without in any way proving that they copied from one another. Moreover, a larger part of the Babylonian poem is missing, and a large part of its meaning is quite uncertain. Allowing for all difficulties, the story of Jesus is much more complete and more easy to interpret. To explain the relatively clear by the relatively unclear is here a case of riding one's familiar hobby to death.

We come now to the greatest offender against the peace of the German liberal theologians. If Kalthoff is a "thorn in the flesh," the professor of philosophy at Karlsruhe, Arthur Drews, is certainly a whole bramble-bush. He has committed the unpardonable sin of compelling professors to leave the quiet seclusion of their lecture-rooms and discuss the whole difficult question before the none too sympathetic eyes and ears of the general public. He has gathered up all the arguments of the other men, added a few of his own, and put all into a breezy, popular book, of which four editions and over ten thousand copies were sold in six months. He has bitterly offended the theologians by drawing extreme but logical conclusions from their statements, a proceeding which has never been popular among theologians. They retaliate by accusing him of being superficial, of not being guided by their superior scientific-historical method in presenting facts, and of not understanding such facts as he presents. Prof. Weinel of Jena says of Drews' book that he has the same feeling Prof. Paulsen had at the appearance of Haeckel's book, "The Riddle of the Universe," a "feeling of shame that a German professor could have written such a book." Undoubtedly Drews is out of his field when he discusses complicated questions of comparative religion, mythology, Bible criticism, and theology. His main thesis, Jesus never lived, reminds us a little of that other brilliant discovery of modern literary research, that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Yet Drews is a professor of philosophy, with a long list of dignified philosophical writings to his credit. We may well ask, why this jolly row about the matter, why this flood of pamphlets attacking Drews and his party, if his arguments have no sense, and his criticisms have not found their way over high university walls and torn great holes in the self-satisfied pride of many a theologian?

Digitized by Google

We cannot here present in detail the arguments advanced by Drews. We are more interested to consider the reason why Drews makes his attack on the historical reality of Jesus, and why he intentionally enters into such bitter conflict with those liberal theologians who, up to this time, have been able intellectually to dominate the field of German theology. Drews' prime interest is a religious one. He wishes not to destroy but to rebuild religion. With the other members of the Monist Society he wishes to force religion to take up a modern, scientific position. He believes religion can best be strengthened, not by turning back to New Testament times, but by relying upon that divinity within, which is as much with men to-day as it ever was in the past. Whether you call this the Christ within, or by some other name, he does not care, as long as you refuse to limit it by past dogmas, and seek to believe in it, and live for it as something that belongs to to-day. He apparently has no hope that the orthodox party will help in this reform work. They are wedded to old dualistic theories of the universe, and refuse to come over to the monistic position. He looks rather for aid to those liberal Christians who have dared to break with orthodoxy, at least to the extent of fearlessly criticising those sacred books and traditional dogmas on which orthodoxy is based. He finds, instead of being eager to advance to a new social-scientific type of religion, that, like the illogical liberal orthodox party in this country, their cry too often is "back to Jesus," back to the simplicity and certainty of the original teaching. He asks, where is this original simplicity, this "liberal" and historical picture of Jesus, this ancient gospel that can guide us through modern social and scientific problems? Then they proudly show him their reconstructed Jesus. There is the gospel of Harnack and the gospel of Weiss, the gospel of Schmiedel and that of Weinel, the gospel of Bousset and that of the novelist Frenssen. Then it is that Drews does a most unprofessional and brutal thing. Instead of dictating his criticisms in some sleepy class-room, or hiding them in some dull learned book, he goes out into the streets, calls the unsympathetic and rude public together, gathers up all the negative teaching of these liberal professors, all their doubts about the reliability of Paul's epistles, all their criticism of carelessly written Gospel stories, all ideas and rites from the Greek mysteries which they have said should be excluded from pure Christianity, all accounts of virgin birth and physical resurrection and miraculous raising of the dead which they have rejected as untrustworthy, and comes very near proving, that, even if Jesus did live, they at least are totally unable to agree as to what kind of a Jesus he was. Each one of them constructs a Jesus all his own; and, whatever else this may be, it certainly is not a scientific writing of history.

The extreme orthodox ministers naturally sympathize with that part of Drews' book which attacks the liberal theologians. It gives them a chance to say, We told you so; we knew all the time you were undermining the Christian religion. That the attack will for a time seriously injure, and probably intimidate, the liberal professors, is the opinion of the Orientalist, Prof. Zimmern, who looks at the conflict from the outside. In my opinion the affair has much more than a temporary significance. It marks an important turning-point in religion, the turning away from the undue value placed on merely critical work, to a new valuation of the positive, constructive, idealistic spirit in religion. I believe the higher critics never again will be able to address the public with their old authority. Their leadership in the work of collecting source material for an interpretation of religious history may be still granted; but their ability to interpret the facts with authority, with spiritual insight, in a way to help mankind on, will be bluntly denied. This will be due not only to the fact that the public has found them out, but to the fact that they have also found themselves out. For they not only criticise Drews for his attack, but they have started to criticise one another in a way, which, coming from such important and ponderous men, has a humorous side. Alas, writes Prof. Weiss, if there had only been more agreement among ourselves as to which letters of Paul are genuine, if Wrede and Pfleiderer had not minimized the historical element in Paul, these radical critics could not have said that Paul knew nothing at all about a historical Jesus. If we had only taken more pains to show what part of Christianity was a social production and what part came from Jesus, then Kalthoff would never have said it was all a social movement and none of it due to a historical Jesus. Alas, writes Prof. Weinel, we critics ought to have shown more prudence, and not used phrases just because they were piquant. Gunkel ought not to have called Christianity a syncretic religion, a fusing of elements from different pagan religions. Probably, he sadly goes on to say, the whole attempt to declare Jesus a myth would never have seen the light if such attacks as that of Wrede and Wellhausen on the historical trustworthiness of Mark's Gospel had never appeared. "We must learn," he writes, "to be more clear and temperate in our statement of what is characteristic in the teaching of Jesus."

Whether such mutual recriminations will lead to a peaceful agreement among leaders of the historical-scientific school seems doubtful. But it indicates that some of them are learning a much-needed lesson, and a lesson which all radicals can well take to heart. Whether, in addition to learning to be more cautious in their critical work, they will also learn to be more modern and daring in their constructive religious thinking, is an interesting question. Unless they do, they, together with all those who blindly follow the critical school, will only be like John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord. They will have no part in the more important work of remoulding and rebuilding religion, which work is to make the twentieth century the century of religion, as the nineteenth was the century of science.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Master Key.

BY REV. SILAS FARRINGTON.

The master key of the kingdom of heaven is now—just as it always has been—Love. Without love no man ever yet found the door to it, nor ever will. I look about me; and I see continually that all the virtues men have or practise spring out of their love, are limited by its limits. The same man who in one relation to his fellows is sympathetic, kind, conscientious, just, in another relation seems unscrupulous, unkind, inaccessible to reason or to shame. If we look at him in one aspect, we admire and praise him. We look at him in the other aspect, and we are repelled: no condemnation seems too strong,—he seems less than human. Trace these two different aspects of him back to their causes. You will find that it is where his affections are interested, as in the relations of family or of friendship, in the narrow circle of those he comes into real association with, where that general form of Love we call sympathy enters into his life, that he is good, reasonable, just-minded, feels the obligation and the will to think of others and serve others. Outside this range of affection and sympathy, he seems to be another man, of lower and harder type. His sentiments toward people outside this circle, toward the abstract beings at a distance with whom he may have to deal, are childish or

Digitized by Google

barbarian. These outsiders are not even human to him. The harm he may do them is invisible to him, or it does not count as crime. Their sufferings are nothing to him if he can draw a fancied advantage for himself, or his family, or his country, out of them.

Often we can't piece these two sides of a man together and see them form a whole, so inconsistent are they. Looked at on one side, how kindly, how ready to give way to another's wishes, how generous, how prompt to act to remedy some evil he sees plainly, how disposed to good! Looked at from the other side, how callous, how selfish, how irrational, how cruel! Yet there is no mystery in it. So far as this man (perhaps he is ourself) has loved at all, he has been moralized by it. Toward those he has loved he has grown just, thoughtful, tender, wise. He has curbed his self-will. He has sought their good. Thus all things have become plain to him,—his own obligations, the law of right, the law of goodness,—and he has, to some degree at least, fulfilled them. Where he has not loved at all, where he has felt suspicion or resentment or ill-will, or even has been blindly ignorant, there he is, and remains, blind, insensible, self-absorbed, with no sense of law or obligation to God or man. Look wherever you will, you will see it to be so. Love is the key which opens for us the kingdom of heaven,—so far as it is open to us.

Therefore, friends, above all things let us cherish, let us try to enlarge, this power of loving,—this power of realizing others and sympathizing with them. Without this power what is all this cant about believing in the Fatherhood of God or in the brotherhood of man? I know that we differ in our capacity for love, as well as in other things; and yet in each of us it is capable of expansion,—great expansion,—ennobling, humanizing expansion! Oh, how frightful it is to see the neglect and waste of this capacity for loving,—this capacity which does truly open to us heaven and the bliss of heaven!

We deaden this capacity by ignoring other men, by holding ourselves aloof from them, by looking down on them, by filling our minds with ill-reports of all that may inflame and exasperate us, and justify our dislike and the harm we do them; but we do ourselves the worst harm, for all this shuts us out of heaven.

In one sense, heaven is, indeed, an open place; but in another sense it is a locked place,—locked forever against all selfish desire, all unjust aims, all that is hard and harsh and malignant, or even indifferent or unregarding. We can't break into it by force. We must have the key our Master had,—the key he has given in his words and in his deeds to every man who will take it,—the love which sees in every other man our brother and the child of God; the love which makes us tender, thoughtful, wise toward him, in which his follies and his dulness and his wrong are dissolved, and we see the good in him, and can call it out.

Spiritual Life.

It is only that higher thought of life which Christ has taught us that can really satisfy, and give a joy that will keep strengthening to the end,—the life of earnest duty, of kind helpfulness to man, of humble piety toward God. Let us strive toward that.—*Brooke Herford.*

I can say for myself that, in the highest of all learning, that which appertains to spiritual culture and to the immortal being, my best teachers have been those in the most obscure condition, to whom I have gone as their official teacher and guide in spiritual things, but have found our offices reversed, and have come away laden by them with the very gifts which it seemed my province to bestow.—*A. P. Peabody.*

Religion is this transfiguration of all the facts of life: it is the view of all things *sub specie æternitatis*, the realization of life as the incarnation of sublime ideals. Such religion is often spoken of as dreamy and impractical; but, until we get more of this ideal element into common life, the work of the world will never be properly done.—*Frank Walters.*

The Apostles.

BY CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

JOHN.

IV.

Then said they unto him; Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory.—MARK x. 37.

Though I am old, I, John, who loved him so,
Remember all Christ said, his look and tone,
With lapse of years the past more vivid grown,
As he foretold who said that he must go
That truth we might receive—might see and know.
I who once asked to sit beside his throne,
Have sought to share the sorrows he had known,
More worthy of my Master thus to grow.

I read the past wherein the years make clear
Much that was dark. Now I am old, I see
That which shall come. The words of Christ I hear
In every land through ages yet to be.
His kingdom comes! Yea, it is very near.
His kingdom lasts throughout eternity.

PHILIP.

V.

The day following, Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him: Follow me.—JOHN i. 43.
Philip saith unto him: Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.—JOHN xiv. 8.

He bade me follow him—I instant came.
Was this the King of Israel whom of old,
First Moses, then the prophets had foretold?
"The Lamb of God," thus John declared his name.
I knew 'twas Joseph's son, the very same,
Yet he had come a kingdom to uphold.
Should not our eyes a glorious reign behold,
And Israel be again restored to fame?

These dreams of worldly splendor soon had flown;
His words dispelled them. Once I thought to see
In heaven above Jehovah on His Throne,
Whom Christ in spirit had revealed to me,
And now at last the truth to me is known—
God's kingdom is within. So must it be.

BARTHOLOMEW (NATHANAEL).*

VI.

Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him: We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.—JOHN i. 45.
Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him: Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!—JOHN i. 47.

I saw him, yet I knew not it was he,
That this was the Messias. Philip came
And bade me follow—told me then his name,
Whereat I marvelled, that to Galilee
The Son of God had come. And could it be,
From Nazareth, a man unknown to fame?
I looked upon his face and knew his claim
To my allegiance—then he spoke to me.

He spoke to me! He knew my very thought
And read my heart forevermore his own.
This was the King of Israel whom we sought,
Thus come to us unheralded, unknown.
He chooseth me, unworthy and untaught!
O Son of God, I follow thee alone.

* See John xxi. 2. In the Synoptic Gospels, Bartholomew; in St. John, Nathanael.

Digitized by Google

Literature.

Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With Annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Vol. IX. 1856–63. Vol. X. 1864–76. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Each, $1.75 net.—After living for many months in the good company of the collected works in twelve volumes and these successive issues of the notes in ten volumes, the reviewer feels as if once more he was saying good-bye to the philosopher who was for so many years the literary companion of his youth and early manhood. In the years covered by these notes the writer listened with delight to the gracious utterances of this serene philosopher, even up to the time when his hand and thought could no longer be trusted to guide his manuscript. Then in parlors in Boston his daughter sat by his side and removed the sheets as he read, lest he should turn and read again what had already been heard and admired by his eager audience. The matter had been well selected for him, and his manner was still full of its native charm. Now and then a remark would be interpolated, fresh and bright, and, with the old seraphic smile, the speaker renewed the charming impression made in earlier days. These journals have been edited by the son and grandson of Mr. Emerson, a labor of love, carried on these many years with rare wisdom and discretion. They are monuments to the memory of Emerson not less significant than the collected works, because they show the working of his fertile mind when the eye of the public was not upon him. The period before, during, and after the Civil War is covered in these notes, and there are many shrewd estimates of character, such as he would not have cared to put into his lectures and essays; *e.g.*, he listens with admiration to Wendell Phillips, but when the electric storm is over he can find no residuum of power in the man, while in Daniel Webster, whom he distrusts and frequently condemns, he sees a profundity of intellect mysterious and unsounded. He passes in review the many wise men and women whom he met in England and America, but he is faithful to his old friends and neighbors, and will not admit that in Alcott, Thoreau, Ellery Channing, Newcomb, his Aunt Mary, Hoar, and other neighbors in Concord, there are not gifts of genius and wisdom equal to any. He was in this like Thoreau, who said that all arctic phenomena might be observed in Concord, and who, being asked where Indian arrow-heads were to be found, answered "here," and, stooping, picked one up. A curious strain of expectation of great things to come runs through all the volumes. He foresaw the doctrine of evolution before Darwin wrote, and would not have been surprised if any day an airship had swum into sight over Walden Pond. He took more interest in the poets of science than in the investigators. He says frankly, "The physicists in general repel me. I have no wish to read them, and thus do not know their names. But the anecdotes of these men of ideas awake curiosity and delight." By these men of ideas he meant to describe Goethe, Oken, Hunter, Oersted, Vitruvius, and half a dozen others whom he names. The magnificent possibilities suggested and foreshadowed by these poetic thinkers kindled his imagination, and kept him all the time on the lookout for great discoveries and epoch-making events. One might fill pages with pertinent and pleasing extracts from these fruitful journals. Here, for instance, in three lines, we get the gist of a philosophical system. Of gravitation, John Mill said to Carlyle, "A force can act but where it is." "With all my heart," replied Carlyle, "but where is it." For a complete and pleasing picture of Emerson, the biographer of the future will go to these journals rather than to the collected works, and the student who is not tempted by the "works" may, by dipping into the journals, be tempted to go farther and master the thought of one of the greatest men yet produced in America.

Adventurings in the Psychical. By H. Addington Bruce. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.—Mr. Bruce has done a genuine service to the reader who knows little about theories concerning the subconscious mind, the dissociation of personality, or the apparent marvels which Mr. Bruce ascribes to telepathy, in bringing together in plain and readable English the sum and substance of investigations in this field of mental science. His book has a distinct message to the reader, a message of encouragement, for he finds that while unity and continuity cannot be considered distinctive characteristics of the ordinary self of waking life, yet all the instability and divisibility indicate, after deeper study, the existence of a larger, inclusive personality, which persists unchanged beneath all the mutations of spontaneous and experimental occurrence. "The situation has again changed completely, and we are back to the traditional, the intuitive, the common-sense conception of personality, with the single difference that the term 'self' means something broader and nobler than when we limit it to the now demonstrated, unstable, and ever-changeable self of ordinary consciousness." He believes that all the phenomena of subconscious mental action point unmistakably to the superior self, to which the ordinary self stands in something of the same relation that the secondary self of a hysterical patient stands to his normal, healthy self,—a belief which has further important implications. The book is interesting, however, not simply on account of its message, but as a series of chapters containing good ghost-stories, incidents of clairvoyance and crystal gazing, automatic action, incidents of dissociation, and the like. Mr. Bruce is an entertaining writer, and, in view of the general character of the book, one may understand his primary contention that the world has been the gainer by the labors of much-criticised scientists who have persisted in exploring psychical problems, and that it is worth while to survey the field they have explored.

Freedom and the Churches. The Contributions of American Churches to Religious and Civil Liberty. Edited by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.—The addresses delivered at the liberal religious congress in Rochester in 1913 on the theme indicated by the title of this book, deserved this permanent form. The history of religious toleration and religious liberty has not yet been written in adequate form, and some of these papers by competent men, while merely brief and suggestive, will aid in the elaboration of the theme. Such addresses, moreover, must serve to promote fraternity and peace between denominations and a loyalty of all to those principles by which common fraternal action will become possible. One is tempted to smile, now and then, at the zeal of these representatives of various churches in claiming for their spiritual ancestry such large and direct contributions to civil and religious liberty. They make the ancient restrictions on liberty somewhat difficult to explain. Dr. Williston Walker, writing of the Congregational contribution, is exceptionally sagacious, restricting himself to the inner spirit and ideals which eventuated in conditions of liberty, and justly emphasizing the temper of open-minded inquiry fostered in Congregationalism in spite of inherited theological limitations. The most important contribution would seem to be the paper of Edwin D. Mead, on the contribution of religious radicals. What is here said of Jefferson, Franklin, and Thomas Paine ought to compel a revision of some popular traditions, and give these men a respected place in the history of religion. This paper has appeared in the *Christian Register*.

Several Ideals of a Free Church. Edited by Elmer Severance Forbes. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.—This is a book which ought to be read by every minister and every active layman. It contains the ideals, the enthusiasm, the wisdom, the practical experience, of those who are pioneers in the new social activity of our churches, and it will both inspire and direct all others. Prof. Peabody, Dr. Crothers, Dr. Dole, utter the principles of this social idealism. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, with penetrating sagacity and kindling ardor, defines the functions and the possibilities of the churches in social service, Mr. Almy, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Wiers, Mr. Fagan, Mrs. Chesley, Mr. Frothingham, and Mr. Rumball offer practical advice, and describe what churches are really doing in large and effective ways. One who reads of this work for the kingdom of God cannot fail to have high hopes for our churches. The reviewer, who is a layman, believes that facts are illuminating and inspiring, and wishes that pastors would tell their congregations the story told here by Mrs. Chesley, Mr. Rumball, Mr. Wiers, Mr. Frothingham. Such information would have the value of the story of the Good Samaritan, which has made many sermons. That would give volume and impetus to this great enterprise of practical Christianity.

When Ghost Meets Ghost. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.—Two girls, twins, grow up together to youngwomanhood, marry, are separated, each is made to believe that the other is dead, and the two meet only as they on the point of passing away. The portraiture of one of the sisters is the central fact of the story, and is excellent. Humor is furnished by the denizens of the obscure London court in which she lives; the humor consists largely in the exact reproduction of the pronunciation of several children and tradesfolk, but appears more or less throughout the volume, with an approach to Dickensian exaggeration and oddity. The description of "high life" people is not so good as

Digitized by Google

that of the humbler class; the love episodes are only moderately interesting. However, the book gives a picture, skilfully drawn, of certain phases of English society of fifty years ago. Its fault is its great length—incidents and conversations are recorded in detail without mercy for the reader, and there are repetitions and unnecessary episodes that mar the artistic unity of the story. It might profitably be compressed into one-half of its present size.

POEMS. By Walter Conrad Arensberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.—These are reveries and lyrics, written with individuality of style and freshness of viewpoint. We have little sympathy with the passages in the manner of the decadent school, exploiting passion; but in such a poem as "Nocturne" Mr. Arensberg is giving us his better side,—and there is much of the same quality in these pages:—

"Stars in the silent boughs
Wake while the robins drowse.

After so long a winging
What starts them now to singing?

Of course it is a love
Which they are dreaming of.

But songs and stars and dreams
Are lovelier than love seems.

Dreams and stars and song!
Oh, why does the world go wrong?"

THE LARGER VISION. By A. R. Lambert. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, $1 net.—Rev. A. R. Lambert here publishes nine sermons, the first one lending its name to the volume. They do not form a unity, save such as is given them by the preacher's optimism and positive outlook on life. There are frequent personal references, and an abundance of quotation. The latter is not always strictly accurate, and there are evidences of incomplete proof-reading. Probably the sermons were more effective orally than in printed form.

THE WITCH OF GOLGOTHA. By B. Pesh-Mal-Yan. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.35.—The times of Jesus are an unfailing source of romance. The material has by no means been exhausted by earlier romantic writers in this field. Various peoples have traditions, upon some of which the present author has drawn skilfully. The author's knowledge of the country and the peoples gives an atmosphere which other writers have not been able to impart. The interest in the story does not flag from its startling beginning to its amazing end.

Magazines.

In the current number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, under the head of "The Minister in Politics," Karl F. Geiser, professor of political science in Oberlin College, protests against a growing tendency on the part of Christian ministers to become unwisely zealous in political affairs and to usurp the leadership which properly belongs to experts in the science of government. The clergy of all denominations are warned that government is a science, and that its methods of compulsion are distinct from those of persuasion by which ministers have converted the world. "The Jews and Race Survival," by Edward M. Merrins, M.D., of the Episcopal Medical Mission of Wuchang, China, sheds light on present sociological problems. "The Pentateuchal Text, the Divine Appellations, and the Documentary Theory," by Mr. Harold M. Wiener, is a defence in favor of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. In "Sociological Morals," Rev. Henry N. Beach shows that the free will of man cannot be reduced to the level of mechanical forces. "The New Testament Quotation of a Twice Repeated Prophecy," is a contribution to textual criticism by Dr. Henry A. Sanders, who edited the Freer Manuscripts. Edwin S. Carr, D.D., deals with "Royce's Philosophy of Religion." "The Doctrine of the Catholic Church Touching Indulgences," by Hugh Pope, O.P., formerly professor in Collegio Angelico, Rome, presents a clear statement of that doctrine, and an able defence of it. This is in part a reply to what the author considers misstatement of facts in an article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, April, 1913. "Is the Documentary Theory Tenable?" by Rev. Johannes Dahse, is translated from the German manuscript of this textual critic by Florence Chaney Geiser, Oberlin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language"—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man"—*Chicago Record Herald*.

With frontispiece, $1.25 net
Postage, 11 cents

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register*:—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self respect and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools, 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON MASS.

Ready May 1

[No. 275]

Good Men in Hell

By

REV. FRANK S. C. WICKS

A VIGOROUS, AROUSING MESSAGE! It sets the mind thinking. Common sense and the teachings of Jesus, with sidelights from great minds, are enlisted to prove the irrational, unchristian character of the dogma of a literal hell. The unreality of the traditional heaven and hell are exposed in the clear light of modern thought. A kind of Father Taylor utterance! Compactly forceful, brief but telling, this tract will compel attention by its moral intensity and righteous indignation.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION AS TRACT No. 275

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Busy Bees.

Sometimes when busy bees come round,
Improving shining hours,
When I am in my garden bed,
And working with my flowers,
Although I like their honey on
My bread instead of jam,
I sometimes wish they wouldn't be
So busy where *I* am.

—*Gertrude Crownfield, in the Churchman.*

The Dogs of Highland Park.

BY JULIETTE GOLAY.

When we rented for the winter a house in Highland Park, we felt we had moved to a colony of dogs. Every house had one dog, some had two, others even three; and so important were the pets that they seemed the masters, the people but their attendants and satellites.

First we met Bobby, the French poodle, who lived across the street. We met,—I cannot say we became acquainted with him, for Bobby had an air of hauteur that discouraged advances. Twice a day he was taken out by the housekeeper for a walk, or, rather,—as Bobby was fat, old, and broad across the back,—we might better say for a waddle. Though he waddled, he waddled with dignity, always a little in advance of his attendant, making no sallies into driveways, and eying whomever he met, human or canine, with an air of supercilious reserve. His coat was always so well-combed and spotlessly white that he looked as if he had just been taken from a shelf in a toy-shop. He was never allowed out-doors alone. When, after one of his airings, he was lifted across the threshold of his home with solicitous care by the housekeeper, we saw his august presence no more until again he walked in state.

With Peter, the Airedale, our relations were more intimate. He belonged to a young boy who became a friend of our children. Peter quickly learned to know where his master might be found, and made himself as at home in our house as his own. When occasionally his master was out of the village, Peter haunted our home, hunting him. He went from room to room with a puzzled air, whining and looking at us as if to say, "He isn't at my house; he isn't here; where *is* he?"

Peter knew a few tricks; but he did them under protest. He hadn't Bobby's hauteur; but he was a staid, self-respecting dog, who clearly thought it beneath him to amuse. He was friendly with his master's friends, but not a dog dare to thrust a nose into any inviting hand. Yet there was no surliness in Peter; he never ran from the porch to snap and growl at callers. No; he was intent on his own affairs, his own weighty thoughts.

'Awkins, who lived a block away, might have taken example from Peter. To growl, to bark, and to snap at the heels of passers-by,—that he made his business. Children hesitated to pass the house, and even older people breathed more easily when they drew near 'Awkins's home and saw him nowhere in sight.

'Awkins was a Boston terrier, and his expression matched his disposition. Yet he he had a brother, Mulvaney,—one infers that their mistress was fond of Kipling,—who was a lamb for gentleness. Mulvaney would walk among his mistress's guests at tea, lay his head on their knees, graciously accept pieces of cake, and be sweeter than a sugar dog. At such times 'Awkins's angry bark could be heard from the stable. At first I was not sure whether his mistress petted Mulvaney because he was amiable, or whether 'Awkins's temper might not have been spoiled by his mistress's evident partiality to his brother. I tried to make friends with the neglected one; but 'Awkins was neither grateful nor responsive, and I now incline to the belief that he was born cross. He was not treacherous, however. He openly avowed that mankind was his enemy. A block away he protested, "Don't come up my street; get out! I hate the sight of you, wow!" And we all meekly turned from Park Avenue to circle about Old Military Road.

Ivan, the Russian wolf-hound, was a picturesque feature of the landscape that winter, posing like a statue white on white snow. In the early morning and by moonlight his tall, thin form seemed but the shadow, the spirit, of a dog. But he was not as spiritual as he appeared. He had a deadly hatred of cats and the appetite of an ostrich. One evening he devoured a dinner-gown left for a few minutes on the bed; and, not satisfied with that, was found smacking his lips over the scarf that went with it!

King was a collie, affectionate as collies are, and the devoted playmate of two small girls. The hours that the children spent in school were the only hours that they were apart. He went with them to the schoolhouse door, and every day as the village clock struck twelve he started to meet them. They taught him to draw their sled, which he did very patiently, but to take his turn in riding he utterly refused. There was some secret ignominy attached to it in his dog's mind. How often have I seen them coaxing him to ride, one trying to hold him on while the other drew the sled! How pleading were his eyes at such times, how drooping his tail! If they did not respond to this mute appeal, he shook himself free from their detaining hands and kept his distance for an hour.

Occasionally the dog-team of Caribou Bill came into Highland Park. Some happy child was to take a ride, and all the neighborhood collected to see. The eight dogs with rough coats and curling tails, the odd sled, the Indian with the whip and the cry "Mush-on!" made an Alaska out of our Adirondack village.

The Statue of Peace.

BY LOUISA A. NASH.

Long years ago border warfare was perpetually breaking out between the countries of Argentina and Chile. At length a peace was patched up, and the borders rejoiced. A sculptor of one of the countries had been busy working on a statue of Christ, in which his neighbors on both sides took the greatest interest. When mid-winter came, and snow was on the mountains of the border lands, all the people agreed that the proper place for that statue of Christ—the Prince of Peace, born at mid-winter, Christmas time—was on the Mountain of Division.

So there the statue was erected, placed so that the gentle face of Jesus should overlook the folk of both countries. From that time there was no more a Mountain of Division, but only the line that united the two borders.

Another statue is to be erected to the Prince of Peace. This will be on a border-line too. On the frontier, between Canada and our United States, this monument is to mark our hundred years of peace.

The 15th of February, 1815, will be the hundreth anniversary of the Treaty of Ghent. It will be a commemoration of the fact that, with an unprotected boundary of about three thousand miles, unbroken peace has been maintained for a hundred years, a noble lesson to Europe and the world.

A suggestion has been made that, during five minutes, the whole of the English-speaking race throughout the world (numbering over a hundred and fifty million souls) should simultaneously suspend all manner of work, and unite to pray that the hundred years' peace may continue forever. Then of the Angel of Peace may be sung:—

"Now's loosed the Angel's pinion,
Of white and gentle wing;
Hers is the sole dominion,—
The empire of our King!"

Nashville, Ore.

Deserted Chicks.

There were six coops out in the chicken-yard, each with a clucking mother-hen inside, caring for her brood of chicks in mother-hen fashion.

Frank's father had given him the little Brown Leghorn family to care for. He was to give them their corn-meal at certain times every day, and keep water in the pan, and once in a while let them out for a stroll over the little grass plot, where they could pick the green food that all chickens enjoy for a "relish."

One morning Frank's father came in with a very sober look on his face.

"Frank," said he, "how would you like to have father and mother go off to Los Angeles or somewhere to live, and leave you here to take care of yourself?"

"Who'd get dinner, and—and—who'd drive the big grays?" asked Frank.

"Oh, I don't know," replied his father. "You would have to get your own dinner, I suppose, and just take care of yourself somehow."

"You—you're not going to do it, are you?" A lump had come into Frank's throat, and it was not easy for him to talk.

"Don't you think it might help you to remember to do all your little chores?" asked Frank's father. "Who forgot last night to see that the brown hen and her chicks were in their coop, and to shut them up safe and snug?"

Frank hung his head and looked hard at the floor.

"I was playing with Eddie Ferris and—I guess I forgot," he said; and the lump almost choked him.

"And because Frank 'forgot,' the brown mother-hen took the opportunity to go somewhere else to spend the night, and left her

Digitized by Google

chicks to take care of themselves; and the chicks are such tender little things that—well, they *might* have caught cold, and some of them *might* have died"—

"Did any of them die?" asked Frank.

"No," said his father, and there was a faint little twinkle in his eyes. "I happened to go through the chicken-yard last night after dark, and I discovered that the brown hen had deserted her brood, and what do you think I did for them?"

"I guess you hunted up their mother and told her she ought to stay at home with her children," answered Frank.

"No, it was too late then to be hunting up a runaway hen," smiled Frank's father; "so I got an old feather-duster that is in pretty good condition yet but has been used in the buggy-shed and is not very clean, and I unscrewed the handle and gave those poor little deserted chicks that duster as a substitute for their mother. And they got through the night very comfortably, cuddled under the feathers of that duster. But they might have had their mother, who is their natural protector, if Frank had not forgotten to see if they were all right, at least by sundown."

"I don't want you and mother to go off to Los Angeles and leave me here," whispered Frank; and the lump came into his throat again. "There wouldn't be any one around to feather-duster *me*."

"All right, my boy," said his father, heartily. "You'll not forget your chicks again, will you?"

"I'll try hard not to," promised Frank. —*William Norris Burr, in the Sunday School Times.*

Charade.

A pedler passed along the street,
My second twenty-four.
A woman he had wished to meet
Stood by her open door.
"Take this," he said, "it can't be beat;
It's soap to clean the floor."

The woman's indignation burst.
"Don't talk to me to-day;
Of all the soaps that is the worst;
I've nothing more to say."
He threw my whole into my first
And quickly went away.

The Horse that liked Red.

(A True Story.)

Our horses are continually doing intelligent things that seem very remarkable, but King is the only one we ever knew to have a favorite color. This is a true story of how our horse King showed that he could distinguish colors, and that his favorite color was red.

King was a beautiful big bay colt, just being broken, and Bettie was his young mistress. Bettie loved the horses so much that, when she went through the meadows where they grazed, she always filled her pockets with goodies for them,—apples or corn, and sometimes sugar or salt. The horses knew her so well, and were so sure of the treat, that, as soon as they caught sight of her, they started towards her, coming in all directions from the far-off hillsides.

After she had divided her goodies among them, she had a long string of horses and colts trailing behind her as long as there was hope of anything more to eat. When they found that nothing more was forthcoming, they gradually dropped off and went back to their hillsides—all except King, for King seemed to love Bettie for herself, apart from the good things she had to give. Even on those rare occasions when she came empty-handed into the fields, King trotted by her side, and escorted her as far as bars and fences would permit. Other members of the family, and her companions, often walked with her in the meadows, but King always faithfully trotted by Bettie's side, and could never be coaxed to leave her for any length of time. This devotion pleased Bettie, and when Cousin Grace came to visit her, one of the first things she did was to take Grace into the meadow to see King.

It was a lovely day in early spring, and, though the meadow was blue with violets and the air all golden with sunshine, there was a touch of winter in the wind, that decided the girls to wear their sweaters. Bettie's was light blue, and Grace's was bright red. They both had their pockets full of corn, and the horses crowded around them until the corn was all gone; then they wandered away, and only King remained.

But, instead of trotting by Bettie's side, as he had always done before, he walked behind Grace—at first about a yard distant, but gradually drawing nearer, until at length he walked so close that every few steps his nose touched her shoulder.

Grace was a little timid about having the big horse so close. If she stopped for a moment, he bobbed right into her. They tried to send him away, but King knew Bettie too well to be frightened off. At length he came so close to Grace that his nose rested on her shoulder, and in that order they were compelled to continue their walk, for they could not prevail upon King to take his head away from Grace's shoulder.

Betty thought this the strangest thing. The girls did not imagine that it was the red sweater King liked. They thought he had taken a fancy to Grace. After that, whenever they went into the meadow—Grace, of course, wearing her red sweater—the same thing happened. King always walked by Grace, with his nose against her shoulder.

At length there came a day when the weather was too warm for sweaters, and the girls went out without wraps. Then it was that they began to call King fickle, for he paid not the slightest attention to Grace, but trotted along by Bettie, as he had done before Grace came. This went on for some time, King always singling out Bettie, and never noticing Grace.

But one day the girls brought forth their broad-brimmed summer hats, for the sun was very hot. Bettie's hat was trimmed with blue, and Grace wore a broad band of bright scarlet ribbon around hers. No sooner did they enter the meadow than King started towards them with long, quick strides, and, ignoring Bettie, laid his long nose against the red ribbon on Grace's hat. The girls exclaimed in astonishment at this. Grace tried to pat his face, but King tossed his head away from her hands, and laid his nose against the red ribbon.

"He used to keep his nose on your shoulder, and now he wants to keep it on your head," remarked Bettie.

"Yes; I remember how he used to snuggle up against my red sweater," replied Grace.

"And now he snuggles up against your red ribbon," said Bettie.

Then she suddenly understood.

"Why, Grace!" she exclaimed, "I believe it is the red he likes."

And so it turned out to be. King knew red, and loved it. Blues and yellows and pinks and greens he did not seem to notice, but the first glimpse of scarlet brought him swinging across the meadow with long, quick strides, to place his nose against his favorite color.—*The Presbyterian.*

Mr. Redsquirrel.*

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO.

Mr. Redsquirrel came home late that evening, and Mrs. Redsquirrel naturally wanted to know why.

"My dear," he spluttered, "I'd have been home a long time ago, but just as I came to the foot of our tree, there was old Mrs. Hen squatting among the roots, with her little ones playing in the grass about her. I tried to explain courteously, but she is not like you, my dear; she wouldn't listen to reason. She thought I had come to kidnap one of her darlings. 'Cut, cut, cut, cut, and run!' she cried; and she looked so angry, and there were little red rings round her eyes, and her feathers were all fluffed up.

"I didn't know what to do. The Greyfurs' dooryard, as you know, my dear, is nearest to our own; but I hardly like to climb up their tree, as our families have not been on speaking terms since the fight last February. But while I was peeking from behind a big plantain-leaf and trying to muster up courage to make one dash for home, risking the terrible talons and beak, to my great relief I heard Mrs. Hen calling her little ones to come to bed. And they came up out of the grass,—not nearly so steady on their legs, my dear, as our babies,—and nestled beneath her; . . . and when I thought it was quite safe, I tiptoed out from my hiding-place.

"Yes. Mrs. Hen's eyes were closed, quite closed; and she was quietly sleeping. So I just gathered my limbs together, and sprang clean over her, landing on the bark of the tree with claws outstretched, and she jumped up in a rage as I whizzed by, but it was too late. And, if you listen, my dear, you can still hear Mrs. Hen scolding me down below there for showering her with little pieces of bark as I scampered up the trunk."

*Founded on fact.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Thy Gift at the Altar.

Bring thy gifts unto the altar!
Bring thy trouble and thy care,
Bring thy service, bring thy treasures,
Give thyself, an offering there!

Lay thy wants before the altar,
God will heed them one and all;
For a loving Father's healing
Not one trouble is too small.

Bring thy treasures to the altar,
Bring thy talents, bring thy love,
Give thy riches, and give freely
As God giveth from above!

Come thyself unto the altar,
Give thyself, an offering free;
And an answering gift God giveth,—
His own peace shall come to thee!

M. L. B.

The International Congress.

BY REV. W. COPELAND BOWIE.*

I think no one whose mind goes back to the anniversary meetings of the American Unitarian Association in the year 1900, and could have seen the little group of about half a dozen men whom Rev. S. A. Eliot summoned to meet him early one morning in Boston to consider whether anything could be done to link the men and women of liberal mind and purpose from the different parts of the world a little more closely,—I don't know what visions Dr. Eliot had, but I think that not many who were there had any notion, any conception, of the splendid bit of work that was organized in the year 1900 by those half-dozen men, of whom I had the pleasure to be one. The first Congress was held in London. Then came the second, in the beautiful and interesting country of Holland, with its fine record of liberalism back of it; and then the third at Geneva. Then afterwards we came over, a multitude of us, and had the great time of our lives in Boston. Then the period was lengthened a little, from two years to three years, and the Congress found its way to Berlin, and then last year to Paris, and in 1916, I understand, we are to have the pleasure of welcoming the Congress in London.

The meetings at all these various centres have had a distinctive character of their own, and yet they have all had immense influence, it seems to me; first, on our English Unitarians. Unitarians, I think, are often very self-conscious, and apt, perhaps, to speak about their smallness and their difficulties, and the overwhelming forces that are arrayed against them, especially in a country where there is still an Established Church. The International Congress in London and the subsequent meetings elsewhere, to those who participated in them or read about them, helped to lift the Unitarians of Great Britain out of their provincialism, and make them feel as they never felt before,—that they were not a little sect hidden away in back corners here and there over the British Isles, but that they belonged to a world-movement of religious thought and life, and had kinship with similar souls in all parts of the civilized world.

That was an immense gain for the Unitarian movement and to Unitarians individually, a gain that, I think, to them alone was worth the labor and the thought and the expense bestowed on this great Congress. But, in addition to the help that it was to Unitarians themselves, I think no one can have listened to the stories of solitary workers and groups of workers in different lands, who were brought into sympathy and into touch by these meetings, without feeling grateful for the sympathy and strength and encouragement which the International Congress has given to these lonely workers scattered over the face of the globe. It revealed them to themselves, also. Many of these men and women confessed that they thought that there were no others anywhere besides themselves looking out with open eyes upon the facts of the universe, and down into the depths of human life and experience, in the same free, large way that they had experienced; and they were delighted to find that there were individuals, sometimes only a few individuals, in other places little groups, sometimes larger assemblies, scattered over the face of the earth, from Iceland in the North to New Zealand in the South, on the other side of the world, and in all the countries between. Dr. Wendte tells you how beautifully they have expressed their gratitude for all this. They have expressed their conviction that these Congresses have enabled them to realize that the things they had looked for and longed for were really making some way in the world, and have imparted the strength that comes from companionship and united sympathy. That was an immense gain. Those two things alone would have justified the creation of the Congress.

More than that, we have at our various Congresses attracted men of eminence, men of great power of thought; and this very interesting fact is to be recorded, that, so far as I know, each Congress has gathered in some fresh men and women as fellow-workers, and has not lost a single prominent supporter or sympathizer from the beginning. It was perfectly delightful in the meetings at Paris to find there practically all the survivors of the leaders who had taken part in the earliest meetings. We have lost, of course, by death eminent men like Pfleiderer, Réville, Hugenholtz, Schrader, Dr. Hale, and many another in your land and in ours; but we have retained in a striking and interesting and marvellous way the interest and support of people who were active in this movement at the start and have continued their support and interest throughout. I do not know that there are many movements which can claim that. Very often a movement starts with a great deal of promise, and sometimes a good deal of noise (ours did not start with much noise, at any rate), and then, after a time, the movement dwindles away. But we have come through these Congresses to realize more and more that all over the world there are here a few, there a few more, who are interested in the same great task that we feel so deeply concerned about,—the wider thought, the deeper life, and larger service in the world. And it is in carrying that thought, to deepen that life, and to promote this world-service that these Congresses have been so successful and so helpful.

Of course it is easy to criticise details, it is easy sometimes to suggest amendments, and we go on learning on the way. One of the fortunate things about the Congress was that we did not have Thirty-nine Articles, nor any fixed number. The phraseology on which the whole Congress was framed was very elastic, even for Unitarians, and that is a big gain. It would never have done, and it will not do now, to try to stereotype the Congress according to what one or two or three or four of us in this country, or France, or Germany, might think wisest and best. We have gone on the principle of letting each country work its own program out in its own best and wisest way.

I cannot end without conveying my own personal tribute to the prophetic vision, the apostolic zeal, the whole-hearted diligence which Dr. Wendte has thrown into this movement from first to last. All these movements depend largely, especially for their organization and the impetus that is given to them, not on the crowd, but on a very small number of people; and it has been a great gain to this movement that Dr. Wendte has thrown himself into it with a consecration of mind and heart and soul that call forth the admiration and the respect of every one who cares for this Congress, who loves it, and who believes in its purpose and its work. It is only just, it is only right, that this tribute should be paid by one who has worked alongside of Dr. Wendte during the years that are gone.

I look forward to the future with confidence and with hope. I am satisfied more and more that this Congress and the movement which it represents has a great work before it,—to bring home again to the world in a clearer and more helpful way the best that is in religion, and to do our part in this in the very wisest and best way we can. We cannot organize our forces like the great ecclesiastical or dogmatic bodies, but we can organize ourselves in bonds of sympathy, in bonds of confidence, in bonds of hope, for the world and for humanity. It has helped, I believe, quite a number of us to feel that our work is a bigger thing than we had ever conceived before; that it is a deeper, truer, nobler thing, and that it would be a shame upon us if we do not do more to live up to the standards of thought and life and inspiration that have come to us through this movement for the service of our brethren.

London, England.

*Mr. Bowie is Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

A Permanent Missionary Council for New England.

BY REV. WILLIAM S. NICHOLS.

For some years it has been the custom for the president of the American Unitarian Association to call together in council once a year the presidents and the secretaries of the local New England conferences. This New England Council, as it is designated, does not exist as a permanent organization, and has no definite executive function. The purpose of the Council is to give advice to the directors of the Association, through the president, in regard to the missionary problems and opportunities in the New England district. There is now on foot a movement, which originated in the Essex Conference, to have this New England Council organized permanently into an executive body for the purpose of a more active missionary endeavor in New England, directly

Digitized by Google

answerable to the local conferences. It is believed that this movement will both vitalise the local conferences and make possible a real increase in the number and strength of the Unitarian churches in New England.

Our local New England conferences are frequently at a loss to know what to do to justify their existence. These conferences often have funds in the treasury which could be used for missionary work and which are unused year after year. To meet together in conference two or more times a year, and enjoy the fellowship and the luncheon, and to listen to admirable addresses and discussions, and to pass a few resolutions, may be delightful and inspiring to some, but to many others there is the feeling of neglected opportunity and a questionable display of "faith without works." If our conferences could take part in some definite and vital missionary work, and could feel directly responsible for some expanding enterprise, and have frequent reports of opportunities and achievements, there would be introduced into the conference meetings a new life and a sense of importance which would greatly increase conference interest and support.

The New England district as a field for Unitarian missionary propaganda is extensive and alluring. We have here a rapidly increasing and changing population, providing many new centres and conditions for starting new churches and attempting new experiments. We have here many old First Parish churches of honorable history to be preserved and encouraged against the disrupting forces and uncertain chances of an engulfing industrial and racial fluctuation of unprecedented magnitude. New England is the great American summer resort, affording opportunity for summer work of far-reaching influence. New England, more than any other district, is the home of Unitarianism; and here, as nowhere else, the Unitarian mission has a prestige and a following of incalculable help in fostering new enterprises. The American Unitarian Association has drawn upon the New England churches for nearly a hundred years for the funds to extend the liberal cause all over the American continent. The Unitarian Association is justified in making good its name, American, and could not have done otherwise, but the going so far afield was no evidence that there was no alluring work to be done nearer home. This work awaits the New England conferences; and the conferences, better and more fittingly than the A. U. A., can engage in the work with hope of signal success.

At the next meeting of the various local conferences the delegates will be asked to authorize the organization of the Permanent New England Council. This Council will become an executive body. Each conference will be represented at the deliberations of the Council by its president and secretary. Thus the personnel of the Council will be permanently provided for, and, with care and deliberation, governing rules can be adopted so that the rights and wishes of individual churches and conferences can be safeguarded. It is likely that the Council would early provide for a treasury, and would call for funds, and employ a salaried secretary who would become the field agent. The financial questions involved should be openly discussed. Our churches give annually a large amount to the American Unitarian Association and a smaller amount to the conference. Some conferences are supported by an apportioned assessment, and others by voluntary contributions. Most conferences take up regular or especial contributions for missionary purposes. It is likely that this contributing could be done in some systematic and equitable way, and with but slight increase in the amount there would be sufficient to support a field agent and not decrease the annual amount given to the A. U. A.

To look beyond the immediate present, however, there need be no fear for the welfare of the Association. If for a few years the annual support of the Association from New England should suffer because of the demand of the New England Council, provided that the missionary work of the Council was successful, the ultimate returns to the Association would be greatly increased over the present. Turning this argument about, it is certainly apparent to many that, if some new effort is not made to strengthen and increase the Unitarian churches in New England, the support of the Association in the near future will be decreased anyway. If the plan for the permanent missionary council is a good one and the possibility of progressive work is not greatly over-estimated, the financial problem need not cause any long misgiving.

It is to be hoped that all the twelve local State and county conferences will enter heartily into the plan. As soon as the conferences give their endorsement the New England Council will again be called together and a permanent organization will be created. The importance and far-reaching possibility of this step calls for a clear understanding and enthusiastic support.

The Unitarian Club of Boston.

In extending a welcome to Mr. Ronald P. Jones, president of the Laymen's Club of London, at the meeting of the Boston Unitarian Club, April 29, as mentioned in last week's *Register*, Hon. William S. Kyle, the president of the club, expressed happily the feelings of his fellow-travellers who enjoyed Mr. Jones's hospitality in London. "Many of those present," Mr. Kyle said, "will recall a memorable night in London last summer when a band of pilgrims from these shores, on their way to the triennial gathering of religious liberals at Paris, were entertained with a royal hospitality. That occasion will ever be a delightful memory for it made us feel that we were not strangers in an alien land, but very much at home; indeed, the fine good fellowship of that hour, and the rare charm and brilliancy of it, were alone worth our long journey to enjoy. It would be difficult for us to equal that evening's perfection; we can approach it in one particular only, and that is in the spontaneous heartiness of our welcome to the gracious host of that occasion, now the guest of this gathering!

"There is a peculiar pleasure in having English friends visit us this year, for it marks the end of a century of unbroken peace between their great nation and ours, a peace born of mutual confidence and a deep-rooted friendliness, the outcome of that 'mutual courtesy which ancient foes, turned lovers, may befit,' and this nation of ours is to celebrate that mightily significant event in some fine and fitting way. We may differ in some details of national housekeeping, but it is now unthinkable that lands linked by such enduring ties as a century of peace betokens, can ever again have differences that will not honorably give way to mutual goodwill and mutual forbearance."

Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, in his welcome to Mr. Jones on behalf of the American Unitarian Association, declared that the Unitarian churches in England and America "are more and more partners in beneficence. They acknowledge the same origin, the same traditions, the same language; the language which has with greater vitality and adequacy than any other expressed the ideals of civil and of religious liberty; the language of Milton and Hampden, of the Pilgrim Fathers, and of the King James version; the language of Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's Second Inaugural and Lowell's Commemoration Ode."

Mr. Jones, in his felicitous and graceful response, after acknowledging many hospitalities, and extending the greetings, spoke of the condition of the English Unitarian churches, saying in part:—

"In a way our churches are following the scriptural injunction of showing their faith by their works. The most significant is what we call institutional work, particularly through the agency of definite missions, or by mission work. We call these—I think you use the same expression—'institutional churches.' We are often told that Unitarianism is an intellectual religion which appeals only to a highly trained class of mind, and that it has no message for the workingmen. That is not so with us. Our most definite and successful sphere of work is in the institutional church; and, what is more, we have found that all these other forms of social service are incomplete in themselves unless associated with a church. The university settlement, the undenominational mission, the secular Social Service Bureau—every organization of that sort has its devotees, and they are innumerable; but the church mission with the church service as a part of its work and the centre of inspiration still holds its own.

"As to the general position of the Unitarian public, we are, of course, faced with a great relaxation in the orthodox churches as to what we call liberal theology. On nearly every platform at a Unitarian meeting somebody will get up, generally a minister, and say: 'There never has been such an opportunity in the world for Unitarianism. Everybody is becoming Unitarian. In a few years our churches will be dominant and we shall have nothing to do but to open the doors and ask them to walk in.'

"I believe that the effect of this laxity in the orthodox church is exactly opposite to that. You hear in the press, no doubt, of the extraordinary theological positions taken up by members of the orthodox church—generally, be it said, by persons who occupy positions of great independence, such as deans of cathedrals, who are in a very independent position, and professors in the universities. Fifty or sixty years ago persons who gave expression to the opinions which these gentlemen frequently express could not have remained where they were, and would have been hounded out, and we, possibly, or some

Digitized by Google

other non-conformist church would have had their support. What our zealous advocates fail to notice is that these theoretical Unitarians do not have to come out now. They simply stay where they are, and they reconcile it with their consciences and remain members of the Established Church. Only recently one of our most brilliant preachers, himself a convert from the English Church, has returned to it. He has been living and preaching at Cambridge, and he has been convinced by frequenting the society of the very eminent theological people and professors at Cambridge that his point of view is perfectly compatible with remaining in the Established Church. He is lost to us, when fifty years ago he would have still remained one of our leading lights.

"You know and you have seen the position taken up as to certain dogmatic points of theology, particularly the creeds, by these eminent leaders in liberal thought in the English Church. A vicar—this was exceedingly bold, because a vicar is in a position of some dependence on the authorities—lately wrote in the *Hibbert Journal* that the creeds are not statements of facts, but standards of suggestion, an exceedingly diplomatic and beautiful expression. A leading English clergyman said the other day that he recited the Athanasian Creed not as a statement which he himself believed, but as an interesting historical document which he could read with as much interest as he would read any other historical document. These people must obviously be sincere in remaining where they are, and the spread of these particular religious beliefs is not in itself numerically helping the avowed Unitarian Church; rather the other way about. In regard to the creeds, it has been said by the orthodox opponents of these particular people that instead of reciting the creed and saying, 'I believe,' they say, 'Surely we all feel.'

"Perhaps we imagine that that tendency is much more wide-spread in the orthodox churches than it is. These particular people are brilliant leaders without any followers. There are, after all, very few of them, and we Unitarians in England seldom come in contact with the enormous mass of absolutely unmoved, old-fashioned orthodoxy which still exists. Some of the church papers will astound you by the obscurantist point of view which they still continue to adopt, apparently with acceptance to their leaders. Two years ago I heard at the parish church at the Lizard in Cornwall—certainly a very remote part of England—the vicar preach about the Book of Revelation, which he said was certainly by far the most valuable book in the Bible, not even excepting the Gospels, because it provided us in the account of the adoration of the Lamb with an exact account of the function of divine service as performed in heaven, and in accordance as we could approximate the English service to that particular ceremonial (I don't know how he proposed to approximate it), so we should more nearly approach the perfection of the act of worship. That caused no surprise to his congregation; on the other hand, I heard afterward in the church expressions of the greatest admiration for his sermon and for the thoughts which were contained in it

"That is the kind of thing we hardly ever come in contact with except by accident. At the same time, the existence of it shows that the Unitarian churches and what they stand for are not the least bit less necessary to-day than they ever were. We have still, in different ways, perhaps, from those we used to have, a very important work to do."

Prof. Bliss Perry, in his address on "The Puritan Ideal as revealed in Emerson's Journals," gave a most delightful and impressive review of the recently published journals, which reveal vividly the workings of the mind of the great philosopher and the development of his ideas. His own name for his journals, Dr. Perry said, was a thrifty New England name. He called them his "bank" —that is, the storehouse of his impressions. Returning from a walk he would note in his journal the golden thoughts suggested by his impressions of the day. There is a careful alphabetical index to each volume, and when preparing a lecture or an essay he would turn to this record of the happiest moments of that happiest of minds and make selections, which he would arrange according to the laws of rhetoric, of which he was such a master. In the journals we see him as a boy in the Latin School, then as a college student, then during his pulpit career; we see the history of his break with the church, and the development of thought which led up to his Divinity School Address.

Dr. Perry read many interesting extracts from the journals, one of which, at the time of the war with Mexico, has peculiar appropriateness to-day: "We could conquer Mexico," he said, "but it would be like a man swallowing arsenic." The gospel preached by Emerson, Dr. Perry said in closing, "is the old Puritan theory of the strong individual who takes his own burden and in so doing carries the burden of the community."

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

The Meadville Summer Institute.

The sixth Summer Institute for Religious Education will be held at Meadville, Pa., beginning June 22 and closing July 3. The program is now complete and ready for circulation. It promises a course of instruction of the highest value. There will be five courses of lectures and conferences, as follows:—

1. Prof. Clayton R. Bowen, A.B., B.D., will give a course of ten lectures on "The New Testament and Our Religious Life." His topics are: "Are the Gospels History or Myth?" "The Eschatology of the Gospels"; "The Miraculous Elements in the Gospels"; "The First Three Gospels and the Fourth"; "The Religion and Theology of the Gospels"; "The Last Supper and the Lord's Supper"; "The Death of Jesus, Its Cause and Results"; "The Resurrection and Eternal Life"; "The Church in the New Testament"; "The New Testament in the Church."

2. Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck, Ph.D., will give a series of ten lectures on "The Psychological Basis of Religious Teaching." The lecture-topics are: "The Submerged Nine-tenths of Life"; "Processes of Mental Ripening"; "The Letter and the Spirit of Teaching"; "How can Wisdom be Taught?" "Correlation and Character"; "Habits of Feeling and Personality"; "Education of the Will"; "Religion and Citizenship"; "Socrates the Teacher"; "Jesus the Teacher."

3. Rev. William H. Boocock, M.A., will lecture daily during the first week on "Religious Education in the Church School." His topics are the following: "The Modern Conception of Religious Education"; "The Correlation of Educational Agencies in the Local Church"; "The Application of Graded Lessons and Their Problems"; "The Church School in Relation to the Home"; "The Relation of the Pastor to the Church School."

4. Rev. Florence Buck, associate secretary of this Department, will conduct eight lecture-teaching sessions, under the general title "Methods of Teaching." Specimen lessons from the Beacon Series will be used. The topics will be: "The Teacher's Preparation for Teaching"; "Illustrations of Lesson Preparation"; "Ways of Using the Teaching Period"; "Illustrations of Teaching Method" (two lectures); "The Pupil's Part in the Teaching Process"; "Hand Work, its Use and Abuse"; "The Special Function of the Sunday-school Teacher."

5. Rev. William I. Lawrance, Dean of the Institute, will deliver the opening lecture on Monday evening, June 22, on "The Spirit of the Place." He will give two Old Testament Bible lecture-readings on "The First Isaiah" and "The Second Isaiah," will conduct two conferences, one on "How to use Text-books" and one on "The School, the Church, and the Home," will give the closing address to the school, and will preach in the church on Sunday, June 28.

There will be a regular morning chapel service, and a good-night candle-light service under the trees. Full as the days are, it is planned that there shall be excursions and recreations daily.

The prospects for a large attendance are good. Not only are our Unitarian churches in the Meadville conference already showing much interest, but several liberal German churches in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland are making plans to send delegations. Those who have known this Summer Institute in past years know that its dominant spirit is that of consecration to a high calling. There seems to be no doubt that the approaching session will abound with that spirit.

The Young People's Religious Union.

The Student Assistant Work.

This report from one of our college town centres, namely, Lincoln, Neb., relative to the work of the student assistants there, may not be amiss at this time.

We seem to have succeeded in reaching an unusually large number of students. The number of students at the regular church service sometimes exceeds fifty, and I think we have more than seventy-five who attend more or less frequently. Since very little is known in this Western country about Unitarian or even any other liberal churches, there is considerable difficulty in getting students out to our church at all, and when they come they usually feel hesitant about affiliating themselves very much with us.

Digitized by Google

To attract the attention of open-minded young people who do not realize that we offer what they have ceased to look for in a religious organization, we advertise—by displays in the college paper and by circularizing the entire student body of the university with postal cards. The money for the latter work—printing, postage, and advertising—was furnished us by the American Unitarian Association in a special appropriation.

We have a students' class, which meets every Sunday after the sermon, which we call the Students' Liberal Religious Union. I presume this is not quite like the Young People's Religious Union in that our students do not become thoroughly acquainted with each other. A nucleus of people who are interested in the work and are acquainted, however, helps to arrange a series of addresses by speakers, usually faculty members of the university, on topics related to a serious view of life. These meetings are generally well attended, from twenty to forty being present.

The first Friday of each month we have a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Weatherly for all the students and young people of the church, and endeavor by this means to further their acquaintance with each other. The parties are very well enjoyed by all who attend; but, unfortunately, there is considerable difficulty in getting those who need them most to attend them. We send out written invitations five or six days in advance to all whom we think would be sufficiently interested to come, but still cannot get them out as we would like to. Of course there are so many attractions by the university organizations and the entertainments of the city, that most of us are hard pressed for time.

Miss Elizabeth Hyde, the other assistant, and I try to look up and call upon new students whom we hear about through family or friends. It is a good thing to do, if attended to by one who is a good mixer.

The monthly paper and calendar published by the church is sent to all students whose names we secure when they come to the morning service. We have been getting an interesting number of student members of the church during the past four years, starting with two or three and now having eighteen. Each year we lose our best members, of course, by graduation, so that organization in the fall is always a good deal of a problem. Some of our seniors come back for graduate work, however, and these people have done us a great deal of service.

The appropriations from your society have been especially helpful to the cause of liberal religion in our student community because of the fact that the local church is supported chiefly by members of the university faculty and other professional people of moderate means whose resources are taxed to the utmost to pay the ordinary expenses of the church. If it were not for the money to employ student assistants, Mr. Weatherly would be seriously handicapped in his efforts to reach the young people in the university who are in so many cases breaking loose from traditional orthodoxy and need religious thought adequate to their new intelligence.

Very respectfully,

CLARK DICKINSON,
Student Assistant.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The last meeting of the Ministers' Monday Club for the season will be held on May 11, at eleven o'clock A.M., 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Rev. John L. Marsh of Bolton will preside. Rev. George W. Cutter, M.D., of Watertown will speak on "Race Improvement." Discussion open to all.

The sixty-second annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference will be held with the First Unitarian Society, Chicago, at Memorial Chapel, 57th Street and Woodlawn Avenue, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, May 18, 19, and 20. The Conference supper will be at the City Club, Monday evening, with Mr. E. L. Richardson of Milwaukee as toastmaster, and Rev. Minot Simons, Mrs. Leonard Peterson, Mr. M. H. Cazier, and Rev. E. R. Shippen as speakers. Business session Tuesday morning; Alliance meeting with addresses by Mrs. E. R. Shippen and Mrs. Claude U. Gilson in the afternoon; platform meeting in the evening, when Rev. F. S. C. Wicks and Rev. A. L. Weatherly will speak on "A Modern Interpretation of Religion." This "Interpretation" will be continued Wednesday morning by Rev. R. S. Loring and Rev. E. D. Martin. The afternoon has been reserved for open conference, and a service of worship in the evening will close the Conference with a sermon by Rev. F. A. Gilmore.

Meetings.

THE JOSEPH PRIESTLEY CONFERENCE.—At the annual meeting, held with the Church of Our Father, Lancaster, Pa., April 29, the following officers were elected for 1914–15: president, Mr. A. D. Warner, Wilmington, Del.; vice-presidents, Mr. M. T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa., and Mrs. W. M. Gilbert, Vineland, N.J.; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. J. T. Rorer, Philadelphia.

Churches.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Christ Church, Rev. George F. Pratt: The annual business meeting was held April 27, with a large attendance despite the rain. The treasurer announced all bills paid; and reports from all departments showed the most prosperous year for a decade, and evoked much enthusiasm. The Sunday-school numbers two hundred and twenty officers and pupils, and makes gains each week.

UXBRIDGE, MASS.—The First Parish, Rev. A. N. Foster: The Sunday-school continues to show a healthy growth, which is very gratifying. The kindergarten has been suc-

Marriages.

At Wollaston, Mass., April 29, in Wollaston Unitarian church, by Rev. Carl G. Horst, John Leland Brigham of Westboro, Mass., and Miss Mary Belle Sawyer of Boston.

Deaths.

COMSTOCK.—In Hubbardston, April 30, William G. Comstock, 87 years, 3 months, 26 days.

BRIGGS.—In Wollaston, Mass., April 29, Mary Louisa Briggs, aged 72 years and 1 day, wife of A. H. Briggs. A member of the Wollaston Unitarian church, and for many years a member of the Church of the Disciples, which she joined when that church held services in Indiana Place.

CHARLOTTE McHALE.

My eldest daughter, Charlotte, died at our home, Marianna, Fla., April 28, after a long illness covering several months. She was always a consistent Unitarian, and passed away full of hope and trust. During her long illness I have received many letters from all over the North and East full of sympathy and love, for all of which I am sincerely grateful. FRANCIS M. MCHALE.

CHARLES G. HATHAWAY.

1845–1914.

On the eleventh day of April, in Plymouth, his well-loved native town, the spirit of Charles G. Hathaway slipped the slight bond of this life, and entered upon "the higher labors of his grander years."

Mr. Hathaway was educated in the Plymouth schools. He began his life-work here, in the Plymouth National Bank. Later, he removed to Randolph. While cashier of the National Bank in Randolph, with his noble wife, Mary Stoddard Hathaway, he was largely instrumental in establishing our Church of the Unity in that community.

With the intensity which characterized his every interest, Mr. Hathaway, returning to Plymouth as president of the strong Old Colony National Bank, enlisted in the support of local good causes, notably in the maintenance of the honorable and high traditions of the First Parish. Any appeal for aid, in community or church, received from him instant and generous response. Many whom he helped never knew whence help came; he wished it so, always. His heavy professional responsibilities were borne with scrupulous care and faithfulness.

In 1902, Mrs. Hathaway passed away, after a life of service and of love. The mainstay of her husband's days was gone, yet he ceased not to spend, and be spent. In 1912, while in Italy with his father, the only son, Le Baron Hathaway, went from this life very suddenly. After this tragedy, the brave devotion of the son's wife sustained the father during the brief remainder of his earthly pilgrimage. But his eyes were lifted up to the heavens, his dearest country; and on Saturday, the 11th of April, after a severe illness, God quieted his spirit.

A life of singular purity, constancy, and unselfishness should not pass unmarked. Mr. Hathaway was honest and just and true. His friendship, not widely given, was sincere and whole-hearted. His integrity was without spot, and the current of his life was clear and sweet. His passing was like the fading of a bell-tone upon the air, leaving in all hearts a sense of yearning and great thankfulness.

"The memorial of virtue is immortal . . . throughout all time it marcheth, crowned in triumph, victorious in the prizes that are undefiled."

CAMP FRIAR TUCK, Lake Tahmoto, Harvard, Mass. Established 1894. Rev. and Mrs. Lyman Greenman can accommodate in their camp this summer a few more boys between the ages of eight and fifteen. Water and country sports. Trips to Concord and other historic places. Season, June 20 to September 5. Address, 2237 Maine Street, Quincy, Ill.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientèle.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN
TEMPLETON, MASS.
Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.
Address MANAGER.

Digitized by Google

cessful in securing a new piano for the little room, and also other equipment for distinctive work with the little children. Many words of congratulation were spoken April 26, when the new piano was used for the first time. The closing vesper service of the season was held on Sunday afternoon, May 3. Miss Lotta M. Smith, contralto, of Worcester, was the soloist, and the pastor spoke on "Matthew Arnold, Critic and Poet."

Personals.

Hon. William H. Taft has been elected president of the Hampton Institute board of trustees, to succeed the late Robert C. Ogden, who had served for many years the cause of education in the South. Mr. Taft, at the forty-sixth anniversary exercises of Hampton Institute, presented to the trustees the candidates for certificates and academic diplomas.

Dr. Charles P. Putnam.

In Dr. Charles P. Putnam the Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants has lost one of the group that founded the work forty years ago. During all these years his name has been associated with it; and ten years ago, when we were incorporated, he became our first (and only) president.

It would be difficult to say in words what we owe to his generous kindness, unfailing interest, and constant sympathy. He has always been ready to help us in every possible way. Often in the earlier period he gave much valuable time to visiting our infants when we needed medical advice for them. His attitude toward our patients was never that of the official charity worker, but always one of kindly personal interest.

In him we have lost a friend whose place can never be filled.

Lilian Freeman Clarke,
Secretary.

Service Books Wanted.

Rev. Arthur Hayes Sargent has started a new Unitarian movement at North Bend, Ore., and is anxious to get song and service books for the use of his newly organized Sunday-school. Any Sunday-school having on hand used but still usable copies of the *Book of Song and Service*, *Heart and Voice*, *The Carol*, or *Unity Services and Songs* will be doing a good work by forwarding them to Mr. Sargent. To avoid duplication, it will be well to notify me before forwarding the books. William I. Lawrance.

The Library at Marianna, Fla.

The new library at Marianna, Fla., is opened and in full running order. Some one shipped me two boxes without writing to me or sending a bill of lading. The waybill has arrived, but the shipment has been lost or miscarried somewhere in transit. I cannot tell where the shipment started, and if the person who sent it will communicate with me, so I can find out the place of consignment, I can have the lost boxes traced. Another box came on which I had charges to pay, and there is no way of finding out whence it came. Possibly the charges were prepaid and the railroads received double charges. I would ask all persons who have received no acknowledgment from me of the receipt of their contributions of books to send me the original bills of lading.

Francis M. McHale.

Acknowledgments of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$43,127.17
April 27.	Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Mo. Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
27.	Society in Wichita, Kan.	10.00
27.	Society in Calgary, Alberta	10.00
27.	Society in Laconia, N.H.	15.00
27.	Sunday School, Laconia, N.H.	5.00
27.	Society in Amherst, Mass.	9.14
27.	All Souls' Church, New York, N.Y.	900.00
27.	Society in Indianapolis, Ind.	62.50
27.	Society in Plymouth, Mass.	140.00
27.	Sunday School, Plymouth, Mass.	10.00
27.	Disciples School, Church of the Disciples, Boston, Mass.	30.91
27.	Society in Gloucester, Mass.	40.00
27.	Society in Marshfield Hills, Mass.	10.50
27.	Society in Rockland, Mass.	21.50
27.	Society in Waterbury, Conn.	5.00
27.	Society in Alameda, Cal.	26.05
27.	Society in Potter Place, N.H.	3.00
27.	Society in Andover N.H.	60.00
27.	Society in Shirley, Mass.	22.00
28.	Society in Medfield, Mass., additional	1.00
28.	Society in Brattleboro, Vt.	66.65
28.	Society in North Andover, Mass.	87.38
28.	Society in Troy, N.Y.	10.00
28.	First Church, Philadelphia, Pa.	1,000.00
28.	Society in Berlin, Mass.	30.00
28.	Society in Stoneham, Mass.	10.00
28.	Society in New Orleans, La.	75.00
28.	Society in Montpelier, Vt.	200.75
28.	Society in Kennebunk, Me.	1.00
28.	Sunday School, Yarmouth, Me.	3.50
28.	First Society, Somerville, Mass.	151.50
28.	Liberal Christian Church, Wilton, N.H.	100.10
28.	Society in Burlington Vt.	245.37
28.	Society in East Bridgewater, Mass.	78.52
28.	Third Church, Chicago, Ill.	5.00
28.	First Parish, Dedham, Mass	182.00
28.	Society in Baltimore, Md.	50.00
28.	Society in Sherborn, Mass.	7.00
28.	Society in Groton, Mass.	62.00
28.	Society in Roslindale, Mass.	30.45
28.	Unity Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., additional	7.00
28.	First Society, Montague, Mass.	8.00
28.	Montague, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	2.00
28.	Society in Revere, Mass.	10.00
28.	Society in Salt Lake City, Utah.	20.00
28.	Society in Chelmsford, Mass.	19.05
28.	First Society, Pittsburgh, Pa.	150.00
28.	A Friend	50.00
28.	Society in Pembroke, Mass.	5.00
28.	Society in San Diego, Cal.	75.00
28.	Second Society, Brookline, Mass.	40.00
28.	Society in Fall River, Mass.	190.75
28.	Society in North Easton, Mass.	675.34
28.	Society in Scituate, Mass.	12.00
28.	Society in West Upton, Mass.	70.00
28.	Society in Belfast, Me., additional	1.00
28.	Society in Brookfield, Mass.	35.00
28.	Society in Brockton, Mass.	92.30
28.	First Society, Lowell, Mass., additional	14.00
29.	Society in New London, Conn.	20.00
29.	Society in Ayer, Mass., additional	10.00
29.	South Memorial Church, Worcester, Mass	112.42
29.	First Church, Buffalo, N.Y.	200.00
29.	Society in Gardner, Mass.	25.00
29.	Society in Franklin, N.H.	161.00
29.	Mrs. Olive Swan Williams, Cambridge, Mass	30.00
29.	Society in Hyde Park, Mass.	17.80
29.	Society in Dunkirk, N.Y.	30.00
29.	First Society, Providence, R.I., additional	200.00
29.	Lenox Ave Church, New York, N.Y.	100.00
29.	Society in Montreal, Can.	320.00
29.	Society in Brewster, Mass.	27.00
29.	Society in Bloomington, Ill.	20.00
29.	Society in Dighton, Mass.	12.00
29.	Society in Quincy, Ill	17.12
29.	Second Parish, Worcester, Mass.	445.50
29.	First Parish, Brookline, Mass., additional	26.00
29.	Society in Houlton, Me.	50.00
29.	Society in Manchester, N.H.	200.00
29.	Christ Church, Dorchester, Mass.	15.00
29.	Society in Needham, Mass.	25.05
29.	Society in Lawrence, Kan.	40.00
29.	All Souls' Church, Washington, D.C.	525.00
29.	Society in Lancaster, Mass., additional	200.00
29.	John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.	50.00
29.	Society in Harvard, Mass.	21.23
29.	Channing Religious Society, Newton, Mass.	215.31
29.	Society in Leicester, Mass.	23.00
29.	Miss Annette Fiske Cambridge, Mass.	5.00
29.	Society in Denver, Col.	67.74
29.	Society in Newton Centre, Mass.	50.00
29.	Society in Weston, Mass.	500.00
29.	Society in Fitchburg, Mass.	293.96
29.	Society in Clinton, Mass., additional.	8.00
29.	Society in Quincy, Mass.	200.00
April 29.	Society in Oakland, Cal.	$30.00
29.	Third Society, Hingham, Mass.	3.30
29.	Society in Hartford, Conn. (including $—, in loving memory of Rev. Joseph Ware)	164.11
30.	First Society, Cambridge, Mass., additional	20.00
30.	Unity Church, Worcester, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	50.00
30.	Society in Youngstown, Ohio	30.00
30.	Society in Mt. Pleasant, Mich.	5.00
30.	Society in West Bridgewater, Mass.	25.00
30.	First Society, Lowell, Mass., additional	25.00
30.	Society in Carlisle, Mass.	8.00
30.	Society in Orange, N.J.	50.00
30.	Society in Burlington, Vt.	35.00
30.	First Religious Society in Roxbury, Mass.	408.41
30.	Society in Toronto, Can.	50.00
30.	Society in Saco, Me.	61.75
30.	Sunday School, Exeter, N.H.	5.00
30.	Society in Rockland, Mass., additional	1.00
30.	Society in Brighton Mass.	100.00
30.	Society in East Boston, Mass.	50.00
30.	Society in Belmont, Mass., additional	130.50
30.	Society in Kingston Mass.	55.00
30.	Society in Norwell, Mass.	25.00
30.	Society in Woolaston Mass.	50.00
30.	Society in Cohasset Mass.	100.00
30.	Society in Bolton Mass	30.00
30.	Society in Harvard Mass.	32.75
30.	Society in Milford, N.H.	7.30
30.	Society in Urbana, Ill.	15.00
30.	Society in Northboro Mass.	20.25
30.	Church of the Unity, Worcester, Mass.,	112.00
30.	Society in Reading, Mass.	75.00
30.	Society in Ann Arbor, Mich	25.00
30.	Associate Members	38.50

THE UNITARIAN FESTIVAL

WILL BE HELD IN

TREMONT TEMPLE

Wednesday, May 27, 1914, at 6 p.m.

HON. CURTIS GUILD

WILL PRESIDE.

HON. SAMUEL W. McCALL, REV. A. M. RIBBANY, and J. RANDOLPH COOLIDGE, Jr., Esq., will speak.

Tickets for the dinner at $1.50 each will be for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. W. B. Clarke Co., 26 Tremont Street, on and after Wednesday, May 20, between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock.

Applications for tickets may be made to the Secretary, accompanied by check, and will be filled in the order received.

First Balcony and front row of Second Balcony tickets, $1; remainder Second Balcony, 50 cents, for those who feel interested only in the speaking.

Music as usual during the afternoon and evening.
Speaking will begin at 7.15 o'clock.
Notice the change in the day that the tickets go on sale.

F. W. Porter, *Secretary*,
31 Exchange Street, Lynn.
Telephone, Lynn 3231 or 4678-W.

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, Medomak, Me.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

April 30.	Society in Beverly, Mass., additional	$64.00
30.	Second Society, Lynn, Mass.	323.39
30.	Society in Toledo, Ohio	150.00
30.	Sunday School, Toledo, Ohio	20.00
30.	Society in Peterboro, N.H.	97.37
30.	Society in Attleboro, Mass.	25.00
30.	Society in Tyngsboro, Mass.	10.00
30.	Society in Dallas, Tex.	25.00
30.	Cincinnati, Ohio, Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
30.	North Society, Salem, Mass., additional	118.00
30.	Society in Holyoke, Mass.	14.30
30.	Society in Chicopee, Mass.	5.00
30.	Society in Winnisquam, N.H.	1.35
30.	Society in Randolph, Mass.	10.00
30.	Society in Groton, Mass., additional	5.00
30.	Second Society, West Somerville, Mass.	7.00
30.	Society in Nepousset, Mass.	20.00
30.	Society in Davenport, Ia.	10.00
30.	Society in Detroit, Mich.	200.00
30.	Third Society, Cambridge, Mass.	10.00
30.	Society in Eugene, Ore.	25.00
30.	Society in Framingham, Mass.	81.53
30.	First Unitarian Society in Newton (West Newton), Mass.	1,600.00
30.	Westminster Society, Providence, R.I.	115.89
30.	Society in Taunton, Mass.	235.50
30.	Society in Seattle, Wash.	50.00
30.	Society in Weston, Mass., additional	100.00
30.	Society in Northampton, Mass.	56.36
30.	Sunday School, Hamilton, Ont.	5.00
	ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.	
April 27.	Sunday School, Fitchburg, Mass.	10.00
27.	Sunday School, Green Harbor, Mass.	2.00
27.	Society in Shirley, Mass.	5.00
28.	Sunday School, North Andover, Mass.	10.00
28.	Montpelier, Vt., Branch Women's Alliance	15.00
28.	Montpelier, Vt., Junior Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
28.	Sunday School, Montpelier, Vt.	15.00
28.	Sunday School, Sherborn, Mass.	2.00
28.	Sunday School, Brattleboro, Vt.	3.50
28.	Sunday School, Ridgewood, N.J.	3.00
29.	Wayland, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	2.00
30.	Sunday School, Jamestown, N.Y.	2.00
30.	Toronto, Can., Branch Women's Alliance	25.00
30.	Sunday School, Wellesley Hills, Mass.	10.00
30.	Sunday School, Santa Barbara, Cal.	12.00
30.	First Parish, Cambridge, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	25.00
30.	Friends, through the President	75.00
30.	Sunday School, Watertown, Mass.	5.00
	RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.	
April 27.	All Souls' Church, New York, N.Y.	100.00
27.	Second Church, Brookline, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
27.	Society in Andover, N.H.	5.00
28.	Sunday School, Northfield, Mass.	5.00
28.	North Easton, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
29.	Sunday School, Needham, Mass.	10.00
29.	Sunday School, Beverly, Mass.	35.00
29.	Sunday School, First Society, Minneapolis, Minn.	1.00
30.	First Church, Salem, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
30.	Society in Newton Centre, Mass.	10.00
30.	Sunday School, Louisville, Ky.	15.00
30.	Sunday School, Urbana, Ill.	5.00
30.	Hawes Sunday School, South Boston, Mass.	10.00
30.	Wollaston, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
30.	Sunday School, Peterboro, N.H.	5.00
30.	Income of invested funds	800.00
30.	Westminster Society, Providence, R.I.	10.00
30.	Sunday School, Northampton, Mass.	3.85
	WINNIPEG, MAN., CHURCH BUILDING.	
April 29.	Cambridge, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	100.00
		$59,374.33

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Isles of Shoals Meetings.

These meetings promise to be of great interest and help this year. The dates are July 12 to 19, inclusive, for the summer meetings, and July 20 to 27 for the Sunday-school Institute.

The rates at both the Oceanic and the Appledore will be $12 per week per person, with the exception of a few of the more acceptable rooms, which will be $14 per week.

Those wishing reservation of rooms and membership certificate should communicate with the undersigned as early as possible. Each person must take a membership certificate to receive the reduced rates,—$1 per person for each week. Please state name in full, accommodations desired, and exact dates for which reservations are to be made.

CARL B. WETHERELL,
1 Fuller Place,
Cambridge, Mass.

An Invitation to a Clarke and Hale Memorial at Forest Hills.

The churches of Greater Boston and others within convenient distance are invited by the Disciples Guild to attend a service at Forest Hills, on Sunday, May 10, the day proving pleasant, at 4 P.M. Rev. Henry Wilder Foote will speak of James Freeman Clarke, and Rev. Edward Cummings will speak of Edward Everett Hale. Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany will offer a prayer of consecration, and Mrs. Clara B. Beatley will give poetical selections. It is hoped that many friends will be present, and that especially our young people will come to these sacred shrines and feel the touch of their spirit.

The Forest Hills Elevated station is within ten minutes' walk of the entrance. All who meet at the entrance gate before four o'clock will be guided to the place of service.

The Tuckerman School.

The prayer of Solomon for an understanding heart does not represent the need of the ancient king only, but rather a universal need in all time. Allusion has been made before to the correlation of thought in lectures of different courses where no arrangement has been made for such agreement. In her address to the Wednesday morning class, Miss Edith Jones, from her seventeen years' experience as parish assistant at Bulfinch Place Church, gave as the first necessity for a parish worker just what the specialist would recommend for the social worker—the possession for which the ancient king prayed. In one phrase or another this advice has been given repeatedly: "Understand your people, understand the situation, before making plans."

Further advice was given in the summing up, that the plans made should contribute to the usefulness and progress of a person or organization, and, finally, a strong plea was made for unity in the various efforts of the church, which is another way of saying that we need, more and more, to relate our endeavors one to another and to co-operate in our undertakings. Thus the main springs for action in all human endeavors are realized in their full importance, whether in the Sunday-school or church or in the particular efforts of the church or other agency for social welfare. Understanding, usefulness, unity, are significant words for graduates and undergraduates of the school and for those who have not had a part in its instruction.

Here and There.

A California firm is selling eucalyptus charcoal at $24 a ton, as against $20 a ton for oak charcoal. Since most of the California-grown eucalypts do not make good lumber, uses for other products of the tree are being sought.

"As a matter of terminology," asks a correspondent in *The Times*, "is it too late to protest against the use of the word 'Modernism' to describe the position of English liberal Churchmen? In theology, as in other departments of knowledge, science is the same for us all; but Modernism is historically a Latin movement, represented by men of Latin race, in the Latin or Roman Church. It suggests M. Loisy and the Vatican as unmistakably as the New Theology suggests Mr. R. J. Campbell and the City Temple. *Suum cuique.* Suggestion counts for much in such matters; from a confusion of names it is easy to pass to a confusion of thought and of things."

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS
CORSETS
In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk
IVY, LA LOUISE, and BON TON MODELS.
Palmer's Corset Store
52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

PURE WHITE MOUNTAIN COLD
"The Chest with the Chill in It"
The famous "STONEWHITE" insulation chamber is lined with SOLID STONE. Whether "Stone," Slate or Porcelain, it is not visible. Ice cold, easily kept pleasantly and glistening. Solid stone is the greatest cold retainer known to science. Send for catalogue.
DUPLEX CIRCULATION
MAINE MFG.CO. REFRIGERATORS NASHUA N.H.
GERM PROOF

Pleasantries.

It was not Mrs. Twickembury, but a Boston newspaper, that this week told of horses "comparisoned in gilded trappings."

Pat: "Yis, sorr, wur-rk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me foive dollars." Mr. Goodman: "What! you broke the Sabbath?" Pat (apologetically): "Well, sorr, 'twas wan av us had t' be broke."—*Boston Transcript.*

Quickness in repartee has been credited to Paderewski. A gentleman once introduced the pianist to the champion polo-player of England, and added, "You are both leaders of your separate professions, though they are, of course, very different." "Not so very different," quickly responded the great pianist. "My new friend is a dear soul who plays polo, whereas I am a dear Pole who plays solo."

An American woman made the ascent of Vesuvius recently with a small party which included Mrs. Cook, widow of the famous tourist manager. The display within the crater was unusually fine, which the American at dinner smilingly attributed to the presence of Mrs. Cook. After several moments of silence two Englishmen exclaimed in one breath, "But how could they manage that?"—*Youth's Companion.*

"No man is as well known as he thinks he is," says Caruso. "I was motoring on Long Island recently. My car broke down, and I entered a farmhouse to get warm. The farmer and I chatted, and when he asked my name I told him modestly that it was Caruso. At that name he threw up his hands. 'Caruso!' he exclaimed. 'Robinson Caruso, the great traveller! Little did I expect ever to see a man like yer in this here humble kitchen, sir!'"—*Tit Bits.*

Mrs. Crockett and her daughter stood before a painting which represented a soldier with hollow cheeks and staring eyes. On the gilded plate in the frame were the words, "After the Attack of Lutzen." "What is 'Lutzen,' Mary Anne?" asked Mrs. Crockett in a hoarse whisper. Mary Anne admitted that she did not know. "Well, anyway," said Mrs. Crockett, with conviction, "it's a terrible disease. I can see that easy enough without anybody telling me."

The vicar appointed to a living in an old English midland village went in for restoring his church. On either side of the porch just under the roof was a grotesque, not to say hideous, face that had become almost hidden. The vicar had these ancient visages worked up until their features were more distinct. Then he took a very old lady of the parish to see them, and jokingly asked if she could tell him who they were. "Why bless your heart, sir," said she, peering at the old ornaments, "it's you and your missus"—*Christian Life.*

In Syracuse, N. Y., Superintendent Blodgett, C. W. Bardeen, and A. E. Winship were once visiting schools. The teacher was an enthusiastic little woman, teaching in the third grade. She clapped her hands in exuberant fashion, saying, "Are you glad to see these men gentlemen?" and she raised her hands ecstatically as they shouted, "Yes." "They'd be just as ready to say they'd like to see us hanged," said Superintendent Blodgett. Like a flash she turned, and in the same ecstatic way clapped her hands and said, "Would you like to see these nice gentlemen hanged?" and she waved her hands upward, and the children again shouted, "Yes."

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors. Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free. C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents By mail, 50 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co. 272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston

BY

JAMES H. STARK

"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."

LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.

PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID

For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.

PROCTOR ACADEMY

ANDOVER, N.H.

SOCIAL WORK OF CHURCHES

The Institute for Parish Workers

TO BEGIN ON MONDAY, MAY 18, AND CLOSE ON FRIDAY, JUNE 12

PLANNED AND CONDUCTED BY THE

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF PHILANTHROPY

DIRECTED BY

GAYLORD S. WHITE

Director of Student Christian Work, The Union Theological Seminary; Secretary and Headworker, Union Settlement

THE INSTITUTE will offer opportunity for [illegible] and serving the benefit of the experience of other workers in similar fields and should be useful to pastors, parish assistants, directors of parish houses and of the club work of churches and others, whether paid or volunteer workers. Also it is planned to relate the work which is [illegible] especially social work. The study of the question which [illegible] the administration of the social and religious work will [illegible] Admission is by invitation. The registration fee is $10 [illegible] For further information address MR. GAYLORD S. WHITE, 105 East 22d Street, New York City.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON

85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.

LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.

PRINTERS

272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL

West Newton, Mass.

Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.

MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School

FOR BOYS Cambridge, Mass.

Educates especially for HARVARD College

New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department

GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

The Meadville Theological School

MEADVILLE, PA.

(Founded 1844)

Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.

F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

FOUNDED 1904

AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life, gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other University schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President.

EARLE MORSE WILBUR, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University U

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 20 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1914.

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 457
The Western Conference Proposal 458
The Best Test of a Good Religion 459

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Anniversary Week 460

CURRENT TOPICS 461

BREVITIES 462

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Sectarianism a Necessity, by H. Bodell Smith 462
How to make Gardens, by E. P. Powell 464
Twelfth Century Reformers in France, by Samuel A. Eliot, D.D. 465
The Best Things, by Rev. W. F. Skerrye 467
A Musical Instrument; On Growing Old Gracefully; That Knotty Problem 470
Anniversary Week Programme 474
Acknowledgments; American Unitarian Association . 479

SPIRITUAL LIFE 464

LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines 471

THE HOME.
"Under the Greenwood Tree," by Kate Louise Brown, 472
Cresty Kingfisher's First Fish; A Mystery Solved . . 473

POETRY.
The Old Cathedral at Panama, by John Elliot Bowman 462
The Ministers, by Frances Whitmarsh Wile 465
Exemplar, by James Harcourt West 467
Trust 470
Sunrise, by Mary E. Merrill 472

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION 475

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Dramatizing Bible Stories 475

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 476

HERE AND THERE 479

PLEASANTRIES 480

Editorial.

THE willingness of persons otherwise honest to pretend to injuries they did not receive in order to collect damages from a corporation, or to gain as much as they can in a lawsuit regardless of the merits of the case, indicates that there is a blind spot in the moral eye where vision is impossible. In order to get as much as one can, in the spirit of a game or in absorption in self-interest, one loses sight of the usual inhibitions of integrity. The scrupulously honest man says: "This is what seems to me my due. If it is not honestly mine, I do not want it. I submit my claim not mainly to get it, but to test its propriety and to get what is right." In religion the same tendency is observable. Some people pray as though the praying were to gain something for the praying's sake, whatever the right of the matter. They even boast of what prayer has brought to them, without a thought whether their good fortune was righteously theirs and came to them honestly; and when they pray in vain they think prayer thereby proved ineffectual. The honest man puts his honesty into his religion. He need not hesitate to express in his praying any wish that naturally enters there, but he does so in the tacit consent to denial. He says, "This is what I want; but if it is not right for me to have it, I do not want it." The most perfect prayer in the world, "Father, not my will but thine be done," is not, therefore, far out of common reach. The intelligent and upright mind will always put religion on that basis.

OTHER things being equal, the physician who has had the trouble his patient suffers from is a very desirable physician to consult. He will not only have a quicker understanding, a palpable sympathy, but he will know better what he has to do and be more resourceful in doing it. In the case of ministers who ever dare to forget what they have to do in homes of sorrow, or ever stoop to the depth of doubting that what they should do is the highest service ever given in this world of crowding loneliness, a sorrow of their own has one compensation if it stabs them wide awake to the good a minister may do, the torture he may bring by doing it badly, the pathetic grace there is in direct and manly and honest sympathy and prayer that make his humble efforts blessed. In these days when busybodyness often flaunts its restlessness as a substitute for ministry, when so many men are touched with the superstition of service merely social, a

Digitized by Google

few griefs in pulpits, with the many in front of them, would go further than disputation to show ministers their need, and plough up the ground that has become dry and hard in their souls. The first words Jesus read in the Nazareth church should be the last words for ministers to forget. The Lord has sent modern prophets to no higher ministry than the preaching of good tidings to people poor with poverty passing want, the poverty of spirit in sadness and woe.

Our earnest pushing towards betterment can easily be an interference with the betterment already going on. When we walk it will not do to think too closely about "which leg comes after which," or we shall be in the position of the centipede of the lines Prof. Palmer has helped make familiar. What Shakespeare says of study might as truly be said of scheming for present-day salvation: "While it doth study to have what it would, It doth forget to do the thing it should." However sound the doctrine, it is more to the point to do the deed than learn the doctrine, even when the doctrine is not theological. The fascination of schemes is not confined to theologians. The man who has a method of abolishing poverty may show the same spurious reliance. In the meantime, those who are doing most to abolish poverty are the people who earn and save, and promote conditions that make earning and saving possible. "All things come by indirection," said Emerson, and progress certainly confirms the saying. The real advance of mankind has been curiously independent of the direct efforts of men to advance. An essay remains to be written on a Certain Meddlesomeness in Reformers.

There is a curious notion, commonly received as of scientific authority, which relates to a form of speech called "baby talk." Babies, because of their inability to compass all the forms of speech used by adults, are supposed to have invented a sort of pigeon-English, if their parents speak English, through which they express themselves. The fact is, that there is no such thing as "baby talk," but only a degraded form of speech which adds greatly to the difficulty of a child learning his native tongue, and is invented by fond and foolish parents and friends. A child who hears nothing but good English, distinctly pronounced, will in an amazingly short time learn to express himself correctly. Our object in calling attention to this interesting fact goes much beyond any reform in the speaking habits of the nursery. The use of "baby talk" runs through all the intercourse of teachers and the taught, nowhere more conspicuously than in matters pertaining to religion and theology, unless it be something about the mysteries of sex, marriage, and social virtue. Plain, simple, truthful speech dispels ignorance, scatters superstition, and opens the mind for the reception of needed truth when the mind is ready to receive it. Every severe student of science and religion knows from sad experience that his first efforts at emancipation were directed against the "baby talk" which had infected his thought and speech, and made intercourse with the masters of thought impossible.

"Gladstone," said Disraeli, "addresses the Queen as if she were a department I talk to her as a woman." Every one who is more accustomed to address audiences than individuals is likely to fall into something like the same fault. While preaching should be conversation on a larger scale, conversation should be nothing like preaching on any scale. To sit beside people at table or in drawing-rooms, and conduct intercourse with the formality of sentence, the key of vocalization, the resonance of voice, and the force of enunciation which would fit a hall and an assemblage, quenches enjoyment and interest. Sometimes it inflicts physical pain, as the strident voice cuts the drum of the ear like a knife, and the suffering listener has to take at short range what would reach the upper gallery of a large auditorium. What can the victim of such companionship do, pinned to his place, suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous speech? If there is nothing to do at the time, something surely will be done the next time. Hence the puzzled humiliation of good men who see themselves disliked or avoided without cause, and who, like Gladstone by the Queen, are coldly endured even when they, and in the measure as they, go to every pains to make themselves acceptable. In fact it is a good rule for speaking to people, whether singly or in masses, never to address them as a department, but always as human beings, and never as human beings in general, but as very particular human beings.

In these days, for the success of our national experiment in democracy, we need to put strong, fresh emphasis on the superior value of the expert, the man who knows. Long ago John Stuart Mill said, "The people should be masters, employing servants more skilful than themselves"; and the wisdom to choose the best servants of the State is a necessary prerequisite of a successful government.

All sentiment is not absent from the toil and ambition of this work-a-day world of our American life. On the side of a steep rocky slope in the outskirts of Central Park, called the "Ramble," in New York, lies a bright spot of color in a dull landscape. What do you think they call it? It is called "The Garden of the Heart,"—the dream and the consummation of Dr. Southwick, the botanist and entomologist of the park, who believes that a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

The Western Conference Proposal.

The directors of the Western Conference have laid before the churches of the Conference a plan of future action which they desire considered by the churches and acted on at the meeting of the Conference to be held in Chicago, May 18. The plan is: that the Western Conference shall become responsible for all administrative and missionary work within its borders, including subsidies to aided churches, but excluding support of work in college towns; and that the churches of the Conference shall send all their missionary contributions to the treasury of the Western Conference, giving to the American Unitarian Association only the nominal sum sufficient to retain membership in the Association. The American Unitarian Association is to be asked to print in its annual report the report of the treasurer of the Western Conference, in order that the contributions of the Western churches shall appear with those of the other churches of the country.

This is a far-reaching plan, and concerns not only the field of the Middle West, but our entire missionary activity. Its adoption would inevitably change the whole character of the work of our national missionary body, and one does not have to look long to see results which would in large measure take away the national and missionary character of the Association and of the contributions and gifts committed to its use. We therefore call the

Digitized by Google

attention of the denomination to the significance of this plan for the Middle West and for our cause on this continent.

In the statement already published in our columns and elsewhere, the plan is commended as a step toward self-support on the part of churches now unduly dependent, as a corrective of isolation and absorption in narrow interest among the churches of the West, and as a stimulus toward fellowship and sense of responsibility. The churches of one section of the country would pay for their own missionary work from the income of the funds of the Western Conference and from their contributions. Needy churches could not lean upon a rich and indulgent benefactor, in the form of the American Unitarian Association and the generous churches which enable the Association to do its work. The churches of the West would be forced to increase their contributions, and would gain the pride and independence of administering them. As these contributions would be administered by the officers of the Western Conference, it is likely that there would be the advantage of closer familiarity with the conditions and a correspondingly effective dealing with them.

These are important considerations, and, if there were no other prospects to consider, they would be conclusive. We assume, for the sake of getting on, that all these claims would be realized; that churches which have unwisely been aided in the past by the national Association will not be unwisely aided by the Western Conference; that bearing a heavier load of responsibility will strengthen the churches assuming it; and that they will be able to give at once the larger sum required and will grow in ability to do so as the requirements grow. What is needed for determination of the question is a prophetic vision of consequences not heretofore taken into consideration. No one can lay claim to powers of foresight or to accurate prevision; but every one concerned ought to make the attempt to see ahead far enough to anticipate undesirable consequences, and to think several times before such consequences are fatalized.

One result of this new method would be the segregation of the churches of the Western Conference. Becoming independent of the national body, they would become separate from that body and from the churches mainly supporting it. The fellowship among these churches would be quickened, but the fellowship with the larger circle of churches would be deadened. The growing sense of union between the churches of the West and those of the East, which has had most happy results in the diminishing of sectional feeling in the West as regards the East, would lack a most influential provocation. We have been gaining the feeling that in our work there is no West and no East. Under this plan we could not fail to suffer a sharp differentiation; the West would be still more emphatically West, and the East still more distinctly East.

Another result would be that the Western churches now contributing to the American Unitarian Association would lack the bond which ties them to an organization doing a national work, and gives them the dignity of that connection; and the Association would lose its present close relation to the churches of the West, and become less and less national in its scope and feeling. The connection now maintained, that of aiding work in college towns, and the nominal membership in the Association, would go but a little way toward unity. The income of the Association received from those who, whether in their legacies or through their churches, intended to aid the work as it has always been carried on and is now being carried on, would be used in other directions; and the business of planting and maintaining churches would be in large part abandoned by the Association, to whom has been intrusted funds for this purpose as clearly as for other purposes.

If this policy were carried out in one section of the country, it would either inevitably or designedly affect the policy in other parts of the country. In deciding whether it is a desirable policy for one section, one has to consider also, and as clearly, whether it would be desirable elsewhere, and whether this step would not mean further steps the effect of which would be well-nigh revolutionary.

Finally, we are not informed just how the present situation calls for such action. The relations between the Western Conference and the Association are happy and co-operative. If some churches get more than is good for them, the remedy lies in recognizing this fact and guarding against the fault. This is as likely to be done in co-operation with the national Association as in separation from it.

We submit these considerations with an open mind and for the sake of bringing the aid of the widest constituency in deliberating about a subject which is of widest concern. The proposals in question are incompatible with the policy hitherto pursued by the Association in its relation with the Western Conference. We hope that the Western Conference will not act hastily, and will give its churches sufficient time for ample understanding of the issues involved. We venture the opinion that the longer the matter is considered, the less likely will be its consummation.

The Best Test of a Good Religion.

The publication of the report of the last meeting of the General Conference gives an opportunity to review the utterances which, though published in large part at the time, will be re-read with regard to their special value. One which will specially repay a careful and thoughtful perusal is the brief address made by the eminent president of the Conference at the last evening meeting. It had a special character. It was a personal testimony; it was of a highly confidential nature; it was such an avowal by a man of notable reserve; and, though given in the presence of a thousand people, it was more confidential than men often allow such communications to be, even to their intimate friends. Add to these considerations the facts that whatever Dr. Charles W. Eliot says on such themes as he chooses has the ear of the largest number of thoughtful persons, and that he is by many persons supposed to be cold as well as reserved,—unlikely to speak freely on the subject of personal religion,—and the words which he spoke, now made available in the published report, can only impress the reader as remarkable.

If we began to quote from this *Confessio*, we should end by reproducing the whole of it. We cannot, therefore, do otherwise than state its one idea in our own words as an introduction to the consideration of the question of what is the best test of a good religion. The address was the witness of long observation, and unusual experience, to the claim that the Unitarian faith is a happy and sufficient support for those who possess it, through all the vicissitudes of life.

The novelty of this statement lies in its contribution to the problem of deciding what ought to test a good religion. Our usual answer to such a question is, that character is the one great test of the validity of a faith. We say that logical structure is not conclusive, that historic testimony does not suffice, that authority in creeds and scriptures and ecclesiastical declarations is not binding, that even reason itself is not of itself the final thing. Nothing but character will serve. Salvation by character is our final expression of the matter.

Digitized by Google

But is it really final? Can any form of religion claim a character in its members that cannot be paralleled among members of other communions and even of no communion? Though our form of belief lays stress on character as the test of religion, can it claim that this test is passed by our members to a degree that proves our right to assert that our faith is the best? Do we mean to lay ourselves open to the suspicion of implying the astonishing plea that character among Unitarians is of a superior grade? When we say that our religion is one of character, do we dream that any one will get the impression that we are another variety of Pharisee, thanking God that we are not as other men? Whether such presumption has been naïvely expressed, we do not now say. That it is by some persons secretly cherished, underneath all forms of proper restraints, we are at no pains to deny. It is natural for any sort of honest patriotism to exalt its own standards, and to point to its fruits as confirmation of its rights; and under the influence of loyalty claims are made which it would be unfair to subject to close scrutiny. Let all this be waived. The point is that any religion which takes character as its exponent, and submits itself to the test of character, finds itself in a position likely to prove inconvenient and embarrassing. All we can say is that we have our saints, and that they show some saintly qualities traceable to our religion. To say more might bring a silence on our critics, but it would be a silence not altogether pleasant for us. It certainly would not do justice to our faith. By "salvation by character" we cannot surely mean something that would leave us so far from salvation as we are. Even the test of character cannot be called final.

There is genuine novelty in the turn Dr. Eliot gave to the subject. He leaves us thinking of something that has been put to the severest test that could be devised, and has stood the test. The thing was our Unitarian faith. The test was its sufficiency to give us all the support needed in life. Not the production of character, but the stay and the strengthening throughout the course of the producing was the test. The capability of a faith under such strain, not the character of those undergoing it, is the matter in hand. This way of approach puts us into a different attitude of mind from that which naturally follows the other way. We think not of our virtues, but of the virtue of our faith; we think not of what our people are, but of what their faith is, to carry them through life as it does.

This is a good and wholesome way for us to approach the subject. It saves us from seductive and subtle perils, and it puts us into a right frame of mind toward believing, toward life, and toward other people's believing and living. It would do our critics good to inspect our faith from this point of view. What is its real power? should be the question to ask. Our inspecting friends are likely to go far astray if they, observing our reasonable way of considering religion, conclude that we are without high emotions and strong incentives. The man who, in a spirit of good-natured badinage, said that there never could be any danger of hysterical outbreaks among Unitarians, meant a serious criticism. Perhaps we do not get excited enough, and perhaps we could assimilate much more enthusiasm than we have. But when the tug comes, the tug of life, on levels where excitement weakens, and enthusiasm is ghastly, what stands by men is precisely the quiet, unimpassioned, steady force of confidence and trust in God, which it is of the prime essence of Unitarian teaching to produce. If a man without any religion, seeking the best one, were to hear Dr. Eliot tell him what, during a long full life had served to sustain men under the loads of existence, he would hunt up some one to tell him more about such a religion. There could be no better recommendation of any religion than that. And if for character in men we substitute the words, the character of men's attitude toward life, we should return to our familiar phrase, and say that character, after all, is the test,—the character of a man's faith, that it shall be of the sort vindicated in the Unitarian proclamation, "the proclamation of a simple, humane, effective religion, full of grace, mercy, and peace, full of truth, courage, love, and good-will."

American Unitarian Association.

Anniversary Week.

The Preliminary Programmes of the meetings of Anniversary Week, May 25–29, have been sent to all the churches. They indicate a most inspiring series of meetings, which should be productive of new courage and larger vision in our fellowship. It should be generally understood that each society holding a meeting in Anniversary Week is responsible for its own programme. There are no less than eighteen different and independent societies. There is, indeed, a joint committee which endeavors to prevent conflict and overlapping, but each society makes its own arrangements and invites its own speakers. Some years ago an attempt was made to make the joint committee really responsible for the whole week, so that there might be some agreement in themes, some concentration of purpose, and a proper apportionment of the favorite speakers. This endeavor was reasonably successful for a few years, but it has now apparently ceased to be effective.

Ministers and members of our churches who are purposing to attend the meetings are kindly asked to remember the independency of the various societies and to address inquiries or complaints to the right people. Some of our friends seem to suppose that the officers of the American Unitarian Association are somehow responsible for the meetings of the week. They, or, rather, the members of the programme committee of the Directors of the Association, are responsible only for the meetings of the Association. They have no control whatsoever over the plans of the seventeen other societies. Questions in regard to hospitality should be addressed to Miss Torr, the secretary of the hospitality committee, inquiries about nomination to Mr. Kingman, the secretary of the nominating committee, and questions about the different meetings can, if an authoritative answer is desired, be answered only by the officers of the special society involved.

The most prolific source of the inquiries which come to the officers of the Association is the Festival. Many people seem to suppose that the Unitarian Festival is a function of the Unitarian Association. It cannot be too often stated that the Festival is a dinner given to the ministers and their wives by the laymen of Boston. The officers of the Unitarian Association are guests at the table along with the brother-ministers. They have no responsibility for the arrangement of the tables, for the sale of tickets, for the invitations, for the programme, or for the quality of the viands.

It is not necessary to emphasize the special points of interest in the forthcoming meetings. There are certainly enough meetings for the most indefatigable auditor. The women will probably be most interested in the meeting of the Alliance on Monday afternoon, and the young people in their meetings on Thursday afternoon and evening. The laymen will have a special dinner on Monday evening. The ministers have the Ministerial Union on Monday afternoon and the Berry Street Conference on Wednesday morning, while those who are par-

Digitized by Google

ticularly associated with the Sunday-school cause will plan to attend the meetings on Friday morning and afternoon. Temperance, Social Justice, Ministerial Pensions, all have special assignments, and the Tuckerman School, the Meadville Alumni, and the Historical Society announce attractive programmes. The gatherings which appeal to every one and which are completely open to the public will be the services of morning prayer each day at King's Chapel, the vesper services at the First Church, the Anniversary Sermon on Tuesday evening at Tremont Temple, and the Forward Movement meeting at Arlington Street Church on Wednesday afternoon.

The Annual Meeting of the Association on Tuesday morning and afternoon presents many interesting features. The speakers will bring fresh and stimulating reports from the fields of our missionary service. The Secretary will give the general outline of the work of the year, the Treasurer will have a reassuring word, and the Department reports will be submitted in print. The Special Commission on Membership and Methods, appointed in accordance with the vote of the last Annual Meeting, will present an important report, which settles many vexed questions and recommends a change in our whole system of nominating and electing officers and directors. This report is now in press, and will be sent, before the meeting, to all the members of the Association. Copies will also be at hand for distribution at the meeting itself.

It is greatly to be hoped that the delegate societies will take seriously the important duty of electing representatives. The delegates should obviously be chosen at a parish meeting, not merely appointed by the minister or carelessly selected by some haphazard process. The Association is not only our chief missionary agent, but it is also a business corporation, holding in trust many endowments for the advancement of public-spirited causes. The right administration of its affairs requires the participation in the Annual Meeting of the wisest and most representative people of our churches.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

WHILE the envoys of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile at Washington are continuing their exertions to avert a conflict between the United States and Mexico, events in Mexico City at the beginning of the week were apparently taking on so disquieting an aspect that the War Department was advancing its comprehensive plans for the mobilization of a military force sufficient to deal with any eventualities that might arise. There was a distinct apprehension of some catastrophe in the Mexican capital, which would make American intervention inevitable in the event of the taking of the city by Zapata, the rebel leader from the South, who last Monday had arrived so near Mexico City that he was carrying on raiding expeditions in its very suburbs. Zapata, a few days earlier, had announced his intention of setting up a guillotine in Mexico City and executing the dictator, Victoriano Huerta, and a round hundred of his adherents. It was believed at Washington that it behooved the United States to take energetic measures to prevent such an outbreak of barbarous vengefulness, even if it should be necessary to send an army into the city to accomplish the desired result.

IN the mean while, though he had appointed three delegates to represent Mexico at the negotiations for mediation at Niagara Falls, Ontario, President Huerta continued up to the middle of the week to give it to be plainly understood that he had no intention of withdrawing from the dictatorship, even if his persistent clinging to power should bring the *pourparlers* with the United States to an abrupt end. Speaking through his adherents in Washington and abroad, Huerta served notice upon the United States and the world, that he regarded himself as the only logical leader out of the difficult situation in which his country finds itself, and denied the right of any power, not excluding the United States, to interfere in the internal affairs of the Mexican Republic. It was apparent that the dictator's pronouncements on the subject were intended to arouse the patriotism of his countrymen and to unite them in a stubborn opposition to a foreign invasion.

THAT the dictator's efforts in this direction were destined to prove futile, however, was indicated by the reply which Francisco Villa, the "bandit-hero" of Torreon, made to overtures for a reconciliation, proceeding from Gen. Maas, the Federal commander at Saltillo. In that rather notable document, Villa accuses the Cientificos of having deliberately plotted to bring about foreign intervention, and charges the Federal party with having joined in the conspiracy against the independence of Mexico. In his refusal to listen to proposals of combined action against the United States, the rebel commander in the field appears not to be in entire sympathy with his chief, Venustiano Carranza, who in a previous proclamation had expressed his opposition to any action by the United States which would involve the occupation of Mexican territory. Villa's position, as defined by himself in his letter to Maas, is that the quarrel between the United States and Huerta is a personal affair, which should not involve the Mexican nation or the Constitutionalist forces.

THE tense situation between the United States and Mexico has served to develop and bring to open expression what appears to be a world-wide sentiment against any precipitation of hostilities. The comment of the foreign press on the situation reflects a general impression that President Wilson is animated by a profound desire to maintain the peace. The President's conduct also appears to have brought home to European public opinion the fact, always regarded with incredulity in the Old World, that American policy toward her neighbors in general, and toward Mexico in particular, is not prompted by land-greed, well-nigh the universal motive in European complications of the sort that now confronts America south of the Rio Grande. Under the stimulus of a popular sentiment, the diplomatic machinery of the great powers appears to be at the disposal of the United States for the advancement of any move which might bring a peaceful adjustment of a situation admittedly intolerable to all the world alike.

ITALY was stricken again at the end of last week by one of the seismic disasters that have become familiar to the present generation. This time it was not Messina that suffered, but the district of Catania, where several villages were destroyed by a disturbance which probably had its origin in the seepage of the sea into the bowels of Etna. About two hundred lives were lost, and the injuries to many more hundreds, together with the complete destruction of property in some parts of the region affected, plunged the district into profound distress. The king and the pope were among the first to take measures for the relief of the stricken peasantry. The American Red Cross Society, true to its traditions, made an early

Digitized by Google

offer of aid to the Italian government. So complete was the isolation of the district, caused by the suspension of telegraphic communications, that the world did not know until May 9 of the disaster which had occurred on May 8.

The increasing burden of taxation which the British rate-payer is called upon to bear as a result of social and military legislation, is indicated strikingly by the disclosures made in the budget for 1914–15, introduced on May 4 by David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The statement to the House of Commons showed that, on the basis of the present revenue, the United Kingdom will face a total deficit of about $50,000,000 in the coming fiscal period. To meet the new requirements, Mr. Lloyd-George proposes to increase the death dues and income tax, and also to impose a tax upon foreign investments by British subjects. On the other hand, in carrying out his policy of helping the weak man against the strong, the Chancellor outlined to the Commons a plan for the reduction of property taxes to the proportionate extent of money spent for the improvement of such property. He likewise intends to increase the allowances of exemption for the children of parents whose incomes do not exceed $2,500. In short, the Chancellor seeks to bring about such a readjustment that a greater proportion of the burden will fall upon the rich than upon the poor.

The report of the Commission on the Revision of the Chinese Constitution plainly shows the intention of Yuan Shi Kai, the President, to concentrate executive and legislative authority in his own hand. The latest developments in the direction of centralization have produced a disquieting effect among Chinese Liberals and, especially, upon public opinion in the South, where Yuan Shi Kai's purposes have never been regarded without a mental reservation. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the Liberal leader, who is living as an exile in Tokio, is credited with the prediction that, as a result of present reactionary tendencies in Pekin, China will be in the throes of a new revolution within a twelvemonth, and that this time the struggle will end in the definite elimination of all the elements which, though nominally favoring the republic, have in reality set before themselves the task of strangling it and of restoring a dictatorship, differing in terms only from the Manchu administration which the present régime replaced after the successful revolution which was led by Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

Brevities.

We can never justify a wrong or stupid action by the preceding similar action of another person.

Dr. William Shaw, of the Society of Christian Endeavor, has lately confessed that "religion is becoming a life rather than a belief."

The new tariff has given us not only the beef and mutton of Argentina and of Australia, but the eggs of China, which were offered in St. Louis recently by retail dealers for 20 cents a dozen.

Whatever is useful ought to have some degree of beauty, while what is beautiful is certainly useful in the highest sense. Use and beauty thus seeming to be inseparable, a new word to express this quality has been suggested, "beautility."

The Old Cathedral at Panama.

BY JOHN ELLIOT BOWMAN.

Here rang The Angelus at even and morn,
The chant of Psalm and Litany rose here.
Till surged through aisle and chancel with foul scorn
The fury of the godless buccaneer.

Two centuries have passed since sacred rood
Was trampled in the pirates' conquest-hour
An ancient tree, where once the belfry stood,
Spreads in the circuit of the roofless tower.

Near by, on seas that from the mountain-brow
In Darien, Balboa, wondering, eyed,
Ships soon shall float upon whose deck and prow
The Caribbean spray is scarcely dried.

Unshaken may the wondrous highway stand,
The Nations' Path, while ages wax and wane;
And, undisturbed by any reckless hand,
The tower that tells where stood the ancient fane

For bootless is the proudest work of man,
Save as beside his ocean-path he sees,
While ships may sail as shrewd-eyed merchants plan,
Faith's shattered temples shelter living trees.

Sectarianism a Necessity.

BY H. BODELL SMITH.

In liberal religious circles we often find pious aspirations expressed for a Church Universal in which sectarianism will be unknown. The things which divide men in religious opinion are bewailed, and a great day is looked forward to when all these differences will be swallowed up in a kind of spiritual harmony in which divisions will be done away.

A similar attitude concerning sectarianism is also met with in such a phrase as that this or that Church "is a mere sect," as if being a sect is a contemptuous kind of thing. Even excellent Unitarian divines have been known to publish most plausible tracts to prove that Unitarianism is not a "sect"; and "sectarian" zeal is often spoken of with something akin to scorn.

Is this prejudice against sectarianism well founded? Do the facts justify it? Is sectarianism an evil? And is the possibility of a Universal Church, or a Free Catholic Church, without any kind of sectarianism, anything more than a dream? These are matters for examination and inquiry. If sectarianism is a synonym for narrowness and bigotry, it is certainly a thing to be avoided.

But let us see. It is a matter of fact that there are no two human beings in the world exactly alike, no two human minds that view everything in just the same way. In the creation of men the great Maker has avoided uniformity. He has made each soul a separate individuality, so that not one is just a copy of any other. Each possesses different degrees of endowment, and is able to see and do things in ways that no other can. It really does seem that in the very constitution of things it is variety that is aimed at and not uniformity.

As in the vegetable and animal world each genus is divided up inevitably into many species, so the great family of man is differentiated into many tribes, nations, races, complexions, and physical and mental characteristics. It is all in the course of nature. It was unavoidable that there should be many great religions of the world. It was part of the evolution of things that the ancient Christian Church should be divided into Greek and Roman, and that Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Erasmus, and others should by their protests against compulsory uniformity give birth to a movement that could do no other than divide Christendom into a multiplicity of Protestant sects.

Digitized by Google

Were these Protestants wrong? Was it a calamity that they rebelled? Was Socinus justified, and John Biddle, Lindsey, and Channing, in lifting up their new voices and calling upon men to listen to a new message? Does not the sneer at sectarianism condemn Garrison in the stand he made against the world, and bring contempt on every great reformer? Was not Christianity itself first a Jewish sect, and was it not the Master himself who clearly taught that unity at the sacrifice of principle is stagnation and death, and that the path of duty must often set a man against his father and mother and all who are nearest and dearest to him?

Truly, history does not say that sectarianism has been a bad thing. We learn from its pages that every move onward in the progress of the race has been a departure from old ways, a break with general custom and convention. The saviors have been the rebels, the heretics, the founders of sects. Every advance has been a rejection of uniformity, every new revelation of truth has put a grander message into men's mouths and started a new race of apostles to give it voice.

If all this is true of the past, is it likely that the evolution of man and human thought and religious life will in the future take any other course or be subject to laws and tendencies the opposite of these? If the providential plan which has evidently been followed hitherto is to be continued in the future without ceasing as the best and wisest for the great end in view, then a Universal Church in which there will be no sectarianism is an impossibility, a dream that cannot be realized.

There is nothing in sectarianism necessarily that is worthy of scorn or contempt. There are sometimes objectionable characteristics connected with it which do not necessarily belong to it. Bigotry, intolerance, narrowness, may equally belong to the unsectarian. Such qualities have been most strong amongst the advocates of uniformity. Those who are most intolerant of sects are not the least of the bigots, nor are they the least of the narrow-minded or of the strongly prejudiced.

Sectarianism is not an evil. It is a good thing. It was good that a departure from conventional and orthodox Judaism made "Christianity" possible, even though it became a sect everywhere spoken against. It was good that the intellectual, moral, and spiritual lethargy and stagnation of Romanism was disturbed by the starting of all sorts of heresies and the establishment of numerous little sects. It was surely good that Protestant orthodoxy, with its fixed and stereotyped theology that was a bar to progress and fuller life, should be shocked out of its self-satisfaction and cocksureness by the rise of Universalism and the advent of Unitarianism. Who would undo it all, if that were possible? Can the wisdom of the Almighty be mended or bettered by the denouncers of sects and sectarianism?

The existence of sects is a necessity. Enough has already been said to make that clear. So long as there is any change from old to new ideas, so long will the upspringing of sects be inevitable. New departures are always unpopular. They are against the fashion of the time. Any attempt to convert people from that which is customary to that which is new and strange, leads to the formation of a company of people who stand for their new notion, and who combine to propagate it, and who become labelled by its name. And so it will be in politics, in social problems, and in religion, while the world lasts. It is the indispensable condition of progress and development. It is the pathway of the education of the race.

Especially is sect life necessary to Church life. A Church is not alive unless it has a mission. What is it in the world for? Does it stand for something? If so, what is it? And does it go for that? Does it promote that? If it does, then it has a definite message to proclaim,—a special message, all its own. Its particular mission is not the same as that of every other Church. Its own special reason for existence marks it off as separate from the other Churches, makes it into a sect. A Church that is not a missionary Church is dead. If it exists for itself only, it is paralyzed by its own self-regardfulness. To be a living Church it must have a gospel to preach, good news to proclaim, and this not merely to itself and its own circle, but to all the world outside. It must exist for the good of the whole world, as a lighthouse or a beacon light in the darkness, as the revealer of higher things, as the deliverer and redeemer of the world from its miseries and woes.

But this means that it must be a militant, a fighting body, making war upon evil, upon selfishness and sin, upon error and superstition, upon injustice and wrongdoing. Its principles and doctrines will be held aloft, and its banners will be made to wave to the four winds of heaven for the world to see and understand. Because it stands for certain plain statements of truth, and because it seeks to propagate these as glad tidings for all people, it is a living Church. It is imbued with the passion for saving men,—for saving them from the wretched consequences of darkness, blindness, and error. It is zealous, on fire, and eager to go forth in the prosecution of its mission, conquering and to conquer. This is sectarian zeal, and without it the fires of faith become extinguished, the glow of enthusiasm dies down. Only a missionary Church—seeking to save, proclaiming and propagating its doctrines—can be a live Church. Its sect life is the inspiration of its Church life. Its distinctive mission earnestly and faithfully fulfilled is its own security, its sure salvation.

But all this passes as soon as a Church has no distinctive doctrines. If a Church were purely nondescript, with all differences of opinion ruled out of court in the attempt to include everybody and to exclude none, it would have to be a Church of no name. Its forms of worship would have to be such as no man could object to,—which is inconceivable; and its liturgy and hymnal would contain no doctrine which could be disputed,—which is equally impossible. There can be no worship where there is no clearly defined conception of God. No man can worship that which he knows not. There can be no love of God taught, promoted, appealed to, unless plain reasons are given as the ground of that love. There can be no cultivation of religion unless a doctrine of what religion is, be proclaimed and understood. The spiritual life is impossible apart from some clear intellectual conception of right and truth, of beauty and harmonious relationship. A definite theology is necessary as the basis of religious feeling and desire.

The idea, therefore, of a Church in which there is no sectarianism, no distinctive doctrines to propagate, no special mission to fulfil, no message of good news to declare, is utterly impracticable and undesirable. On the face of it, such a notion appears to be so ridiculous that it is scarcely believable that such an idea has ever existed in any sane and intelligent mind. No doubt the very people who desire most to abolish sects would repudiate such a conception of a Church so described. But is not that what an all-inclusive Church would really amount to? To be equally acceptable to all kinds of believers and the professors of every variety of opinion, every expression of doctrine of a distinctive kind would have to be suppressed so as to avoid differences or anything that might jar and provoke differences. And, consequently, the conception of the object of worship would be so vague as to destroy the spirit of worship altogether.

A Church in which people of all denominations could

Digitized by Google

freely, equally, and permanently unite, so as to quit their denominationalism, as some devout souls advocate, will never be. What is really needed is not the abolition of sects or sectarianism, but of the narrowness and intolerance associated with sects. It is quite possible to be a sectarian and to be tolerant. The majority of Unitarians —indeed, every genuine Unitarian who has the real Unitarian spirit in him is tolerant of all shades of opinion. He believes in equal freedom for every man to think his own thought and to stand for his own convictions, whatever they may be. He claims liberty for himself, but is eager to secure the same liberty for all. But that does not prevent him from being zealous for his own views. He can be an enthusiastic denominationalist and respect those who are equally zealous for the very opposite views, especially if they are fair in their attitude.

Variety is the spice of life. There will always be diversities of gifts and of beliefs. It is good that all people should have strong convictions and know what they stand for. And it is most desirable that they should be in earnest about their beliefs and desire to win others to the same views. But that means sectarianism.

Every new generation that is born into the world needs definite guidance. Young people have a right to look to their elders, parents, guardians, and teachers for principles that will help them to walk truly in the way of life. But if we are to be vague, indefinite, and have no distinctive doctrines, how is it possible to help them to get strong convictions of their own? The sect life will give them what they need. The missionary fervor in support of a distinctive faith will supply them with guidance and inspiration. Without the sect life and the missionary spirit they will have no convictions, and face the world devoid of a sustaining faith. Woe unto those who neglect this great responsibility to the young who are given into their charge.

It does seem, therefore, that the existence of sects is part of the nature of things, inevitable and necessary; that the abolition of sects is impossible and undesirable; that it would be an unutterable calamity if such abolition could ever be; and that the true Church Universal will gladly hear every distinctive voice that is earnest and sincere, encouraging warmth and zeal in the supporters of every distinctive faith, and welcoming separate movements for the propagation of each. It will in some way recognize the living truth that is in every belief, taking the abiding good in all and weaving it into one beautiful and harmonious whole.

Blackpool, Eng.

Spiritual Life.

Heaven is as present now as ever it will be. God is here in his magnificence to-day, as he is in the courts of the angels. We must not dream of postponing our heaven. We must prepare to enter in now by loyal service of God every instant.—*W. H. Channing.*

We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful and grateful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, in the light of the Spirit, and how wonderfully they come out!—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

We might see so much more beauty if we willed it. We might cause many unknown feelings to flower if we were not in such a hurry to feel strong ones. We miss in the swing of excitement many opportunities of giving sympathy in little things to those we love, which, if they had been used, would have added finer fancies, subtler and sweeter shades, to our power of feeling.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

How to make Gardens.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

A hoe and a spade and a trowel do not designate merely digging dirt, but tools for finding a road to life. Planting carrots, peas, and beans does not mean simply to get food, but also to cultivate the beautiful and the good. To a decently educated mind, Plato's trinity is always complete; that is the True, the Beautiful, and the Good all together. When we get the right sort of education, then we shall get the right sort of work; that is, we shall learn that to drop seed into the ground or to crossbreed different varieties of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, has something in it more than industry; it involves an appreciation of that Life which fills all things, and even understands that life itself is divine.

That gardener is very superficial in his work who is not able to work poems into his potato hills and dig poems out. The old grandmother who said, "I want to live a few years longer to make my garden helpful to my neighbors as well as myself," had another view of it, a really Christian view. That garden of hers was just as truly a treasury for the needy as was a bank deposit. The earth is full of God's wealth, not given directly to everybody, but only to those who can find it, and serve it to the helpless. That minister was quite correct who planted his garden in which he allowed his church boys and girls to co-operate in growing vegetables and flowers.

Let it be understood always that to be beautiful is one-half of being good; or, clinging closely to the trinity of Plato, it is of just as much importance to be beautiful as it is to be good. When this fusion of nature is adhered to, the beautiful no longer becomes a serious danger, but is an element of progressive life. For this reason one does not need to plant a garden of flowers alone, for a garden of corn and parsnips has something in it that sometimes cannot be found in the garden of asters or in a field of goldenrod. It has in it the ethic purpose of adding to the food of the folk, and there is also in it not a little of that which charms the eye as well as loads the table. To the young people of the family it gives something to do, and, if they are decently educated, it is something very pleasant to do. In this way the garden becomes the soul as well as brain of agriculture; and in a simplified way teaches manhood as well as industry. The garden is always suggestive of the greatest variety of joy with the least taxing toil.

This goes on into old age, and makes it imperative that we shall have something we can do, and can like to do, when our muscles cannot cope readily with the harder problems of the field. No one is more utterly helpless, in these agricultural ages, than one who knows nothing at all about gardening; who has never made a garden, but has crept on into mature years with nothing to relieve the hours that grow tedious as they are robbed of the labor of mid-life.

This, then, is our lesson of the garden: do all things for the glory of God, and, especially, till the land for the general good-will of those who can enjoy with us its baskets-full. It is for no selfish end that we grow our beans and peas. The time is rapidly nearing when the garden shall be both church and school. It is a beautiful world, and nowhere more beautiful than where we gather together the products of all the zones and the best things that Nature has created all around the globe. It is in

Digitized by Google

our modern garden, where we would most naturally find Jesus; and it is not unlikely that He would have in His hands some tool for transplanting the lilies of which He discoursed, or some of the vegetables which constituted the Supper with his Disciples.

SORRENTO, FLA.

The Ministers.

BY FRANCES WHITMARSH WILE.

As starlike on the leafy mould
The April blossoms shine,
So gleam against our daily world
Two souls that truth enshrine.
They pass! and undreamed beauty springs
In many a darkened place;
They pause! and round our way there falls
A morning calm and grace.

Before the altar of their prayers
Our marriage vows were made;
Their hands were on our little ones
In benediction laid;
They shared with us life's joy and grief,
By sympathy made wise;
And on the faces of our dead
Saw light eternal rise.

No lonely heart unsolaced went,
No righteous cause unheard;
Dewdrop and sun alike to them
Revealed the Living Word;
The spirit's mystery divine
Horizoned all their days,
And lovely on the Sabbath heights
The prophet voice of praise.

So, year by year, the shuttle flew
That wove their lives with ours;
So, close and fair the fabric grew
Inwrought with deeds like flowers.
No passing hour can tell the love
That follows where they trod:
The selfless servants of their flock,
The ministers of God.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Twelfth Century Reformers in France.

BY SAMUEL A. ELIOT, D.D.

The spirit of the Reformation is centuries older than Luther. Before Wickliffe or Savonarola, before John Huss or Erasmus, on upland pastures of the Alps and by the bright shores of the Mediterranean bold voices were uplifted, heralds and harbingers of the later awakening.

The dogmatic theology and the ecclesiastical system of the mediæval Church, in so far as they departed from apostolic simplicity, grew under continual protest. The renovating force of spiritual Christianity was ever eager to burst the bonds that cramped it, and the human understanding was always striving to break the barriers of established dogma. In the more enlightened parts of Christendom there was always more or less silent protest or positive insurrection against irrational dogma and priestly autocracy. In one place the revolt took the form of dissent from doctrine, in another an attack on the usurped authority of the clergy, in another resistance to prescribed rites, ceremonies, and penances.

By the twelfth century, when the papal power reached its height, a restless spirit of reform was stirring all over Western Christendom. The movement was of two kinds: the one, an effort for intellectual emancipation; the other, a more popular and immediate attack upon the whole sacerdotal system. The first, of which Abélard was the most conspicuous representative, was primarily an academic movement, and was suppressed without more than threatening the stability of the dominant order. The second did not deal so much with the philosophy of religion, but struck consciously at immediate evils and oppressive conditions. A ruthless crusade of Christians against Christians was necessary to destroy the work of these practical reformers before the Reformation.

The prophetic uprising whose story I wish to tell was of peculiar danger to the Roman hierarchy for two reasons. First, the geographical position of the peoples who responded to the new ideals of religious liberty rendered them peculiarly formidable. The revolt found a home in the valleys of Piedmont and on the sunny, fruitful plains of Languedoc and Provence. The Piedmontese mountaineers were industrious, liberty-loving, authority-hating peasants, whose simplicity was naturally averse to the wealth and luxury of the great monastic establishments and to the pride and power of the clergy. Languedoc was the natural birthplace of progressive ideas. Her cultivated, smiling plains and valleys were, in the twelfth century, all alive with the light of a new civilization. There chivalry first took a humane form; there literature flourished and order reigned. Provence was the highway of the Crusades, whose influence stimulated intellectual activity. There was constant and profitable intercourse with the peoples of the East. Familiarity had taken away the horror with which misbelievers were elsewhere regarded. Toleration was natural to the indulgent and hospitable nature of the Provençal. The defection of these people, the most enlightened and civilized in Europe, possessing the only modern language used to any extent for literary purposes, and occupying a central region connecton directly with France, Italy, and Spain, could not but prove a mighty peril to the Roman hierarchy.

The remonstrants were peculiarly formidable, because they could appeal alike to the common sense and the passions of the people. Ecclesiastical corruption was painfully manifest. The discrepancy between the monastic theory and the ordinary, actual Christianity of the ecclesiastical body was a broad, irrefutable fact. The most ignorant could see the inconsistency between the claims of the priest and the manner of his life, while the better instructed could see how the Kingdom of the Popes was in name only the Kingdom of God. A disquieting, discontented spirit was abroad, which only needed a leader to be roused into a terrible threat to the whole sacerdotal system.

Such an agitator was Peter of Bruys, a fiery preacher who labored in Southern France during the first twenty years of the twelfth century. He roamed over the country, as Saint Bernard said, like "a ravening wolf in sheep's clothing," proclaiming the new resurrection of Christ in the spirit, the sanctification of men's common lives, and the abolition of monks and clergy. I gather that his was a negative fanaticism, primarily appealing to men's passions and often leading to acts of rude violence. The main feature of his preaching was his zeal against the domination of the Church and the wealth and power of the priests. In due time the vengeance that he challenged overtook him. He was seized at St. Gilles and burnt.

Toward the end of his career Peter of Bruys was joined by a disciple who gave the agitation for larger liberty of religious thought and life a new impulse. Henry the Deacon, a monk of Cluny, was a religious enthusiast, a preacher of repentance. He went through the country like the mendicant friars of the next generation, barefooted and bearing the cross. His eloquence, his strict life, his reputation for prophetic power, united to give

Digitized by Google

him influence over the popular mind. The local prelates were totally unable to cope with him. He continued the agitation until the threatening heresy had spread all over the south of France. So great was danger regarded that the pope sent into the district the two most powerful adherents of the Church—the Cardinal of Ostia, and Bernard, the great Abbot of Clairvaux.

The example and eloquence of Bernard were for a time successful. Outward peace and orthodoxy were re-established. Henry was seized and imprisoned. But this victory was of a most transient character. The heresies could not be rooted out by argument or oratory. They sprung up again with renewed vigor and ever-increasing violence. Before fifty years had passed, the heretics known to us as the Albigenses were the political and spiritual rulers of Languedoc and Provence.

Reformations are not usually intellectual at first, but moral. It is not until men are assailed for what they feel to be right that they elaborate principles which legitimate and justify their position. Then practical reform assumes a theological or scientific character and evolves its philosophical defence. Thus out of the negative, searching, fact-finding work of these early revolutionists grew the sometimes complicated systems of the Protestant sectaries whose history, beginning in the passionate fervor of anti-sacerdotal zeal, ended a century later in the awful tragedies of the Albigensian crusade.

Viewed as a theological or philosophical system, I gather that the doctrinal systems of the Albigenses are not entitled to any great respect. Many notions of pagan origin were blended with what is most pure and spiritual in Christianity. But, whatever were their errors, the Albigenses believed in freedom in an autocratic age; they practised toleration in an age of ruthless persecution; while the heroism with which they struggled against powerful foes, and the cruelties to which they were subjected during the terrible war which laid waste the richest and most flourishing country of Europe, give to their history a romantic interest. Full of defects as their system was, the believers in it were undoubtedly the predecessors of more fortunate and more enlightened reformers.

The little community of the Waldenses, the purest offspring of this premature Reformation, alone survived the persecutions which destroyed their Albigensian brethren. Hidden in the recesses of their Alpine valleys, they continued to cultivate the seeds of religious freedom on the steep hillsides of Piedmont until their little crop went to swell the mighty harvest of the Reformation.

About the middle of the twelfth century Peter Waldo was a rich and well-known merchant of Lyons. His religious emotions, like those of Luther, were aroused by the sudden death of a friend with whom he was carousing. This event made him a thoughtful, serious-minded man. He went to the best men he knew among the priests and took council with them as to the salvation of his soul. From them he learned how hard it was for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. They advised him to sell what he had and to give to the poor. This he did, after carefully providing for his wife and daughters, who apparently did not sympathize with him in his new departure. Lyons and the surrounding country was afflicted with famine (a chronic evil at that period), and the munificence of the rich merchant was well timed. He was accustomed to mingle sage councils and religious appeals with his almsgiving, and his fame was widely spread abroad. Then he determined, with the assistance of some clerical friends, to translate some portions of the Scriptures into the current tongue, that is, the lingue Romana or Romaunt, the language which in one or the other of its dialects was the vernacular of the south of Europe from the time when pure Latin ceased to be spoken until French, Spanish, and Italian were completely formed.

This popular Bible was the course and mainspring of Waldo's influence. It appeared just when it could be most effective. The awakening influences we have already considered were turning men's minds to the fountain of their religious ideas. The incompetency or profligacy of the clergy were suggesting the examination of the scriptural evidence on which this privileged class rested its claims of authority. The public contests and poetical competitions of the troubadours excited the imagination and stimulated the restless spirit of the age. These men, by their wandering habits, transmitted new opinions from place to place, and they were likely to be advocates of liberty. Then, too, the pious and learned among the clergy, like Saint Bernard, were trying to rouse their unworthy brethren from their indolence and selfishness on the strength of scriptural reasoning. Bernard preached in the common tongue, and his sermons were full of scriptural quotations and abounded in the images and phraseology of the Bible. And so Waldo's Bible was welcomed far and wide. To those who could read it or hear it read it was an emancipation proclamation. Disciples flocked to Waldo, and he found himself at the head of a zealous, devoted body of men filled with a genuine missionary spirit. There was no idea of separating from the Church. Waldo and his followers simply aimed at a spiritual society which, in the service of the Church, should impart to others a knowledge of the Scriptures and lead men to higher ideals. Like Saint Francis, Waldo set before himself and his adherents the ideal of the apostolic life, an absolute renunciation of all worldly possessions and a complete devotion to the service of God and his human children.

It was the Church which forced the division, not the Waldensians. This association of laymen, acting without authority from Rome, making the Scriptures its source of religious doctrines, exercising many of the rights of the ecclesiastical order, seemed to the Church authorities something destructive of ecclesiastical discipline. The success of these lay missionaries excited the jealousy of the established clergy. They were preaching the gospel in all the country round and on the street corners and market-places of the cities. Great crowds thronged to hear them, and the enthusiasm steadily grew. The Church dignitaries were not wise enough to adopt and use all this zeal and devotion, as was done later in the cases of Francis and Dominic. They chose rather to oppose and denounce it. Waldo was censured and abused, and finally he and his followers were forbidden to preach, by the authoritative decision of the archbishop of Lyons.

The Lateran Council was about to convene at Rome. Thither Waldo and other delegates of the Waldensian body went, carrying with them a copy of the Bible translation. Before the pope and the Council they pleaded their cause, soliciting the papal approbation of their work. But Alexander III. was not Innocent III. The wisdom of the great pontiff knew how to make use of the zeal of Francis and Dominic, but Alexander III. scoffed at and rebuked the men who fifty years earlier were seeking to do the same kind of work in the same way. The Waldensian delegates were dismissed without the desired sanction. They were forbidden to preach or to expound the Scriptures. The central authority confirmed the decree of the archbishop of Lyons.

The solemn and decisive crisis had arrived for the Waldenses. If they continued to do what they believed to be their sacred duty, they must do so in opposition to

Digitized by Google

the Church which they desired to obey. If they continued to serve the cause which they believed to be that of God and the Kingdom of Christ, they must do so in defiance of papal authority. Unhesitatingly they made their choice. Confident of a divine sanction higher than that of any earthly power, they persevered, regardless of consequences, in the work to which they believed themselves to be divinely summoned. In the main, they believed the doctrines of the Church and practised her sacraments. The shortsightedness and folly of the Roman rulers deprived the Church of the devoted services and inestimable labors of these enlightened enthusiasts, forcibly expelled them from the communion of churches, and, finally, at the Council of Verona in 1183 solemnly excommunicated them.

Then was acted over again at Lyons the scene of the birth of the Apostolic Church at Jerusalem. Like the first Apostles, "commanded not to speak at all nor teach," Waldo and his followers answered the scribes and rulers of their day, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." And so the zeal of the Waldensians rose with opposition. As persecution arose at Lyons the Waldensian missionaries, multiplying all the time, scattered over the land. When their Albigensian brethren were crushed under crusading violence the humbler Waldenses remained, defenceless but firm. In a few centuries they were greatly diminished in numbers and influence and were confined to the valleys of Dauphiny and Piedmont, with some surviving colonies in the Lombard cities. There the light of the gospel, often fanned by the wind of persecution, has ever since continued to burn.

Like ancient Israel, these reformers before the Reformation builded better than they knew. Their greatness lay not in their achievements, but in their unconscious preparation for the larger future. They were builders in the desert of the highway along which Freedom was to advance. They laid hold of principles of progress more transforming than they suspected. They were of those who "not having attained the promise, still died in faith." They were prophets of the better things which are prepared for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

I am not conscious of any purpose to overestimate the merit of these pioneers. On the contrary, it has sometimes seemed to me that it detracts from their merit to ascribe to their brave forethought results which never came at all into their imaginations. They had no presentment of a great mission, no foreconsciousness of the time when later generations might rise up to call them blessed. They were utterly ignorant of the possibility that, seven hundred years after their bodies had turned to dust, a man born in a land of whose existence no one of them ever dreamed, speaking a tongue they never heard, should ascribe to their passion for liberty, their self-forgetting zeal, their steadfast testimony, impulses which still are potent to lift humanity to higher planes and to clearer fellowship with divine realities. Such a possibility would have been to them absolutely incredible. Is not that unconsciousness of the future an almost essential element in heroism? If a man knows that the truth he asserts or the cause he champions is certain to prevail, if he knows himself to be the instrument of fate and the arbiter of destiny, then to my mind there is nothing essentially heroic in the endeavor. But if he speaks his message or does what seems to him his plain duty, all unconscious of the results, without knowing whether his deed is to live upon the tongues of men or to pass into utter oblivion, then there is in that endeavor an appeal to the imagination that at once lifts it above the prosaic levels of life and irradiates it with romantic and unfailing charm.

We pay just homage to the heroes of the visible, the heroes of the day who fight for a victory that is definite and near at hand; but let us not forget the heroes of the invisible who expect no immediate triumphs, but who commit themselves to causes that are permanent, to issues that transcend the limits of the quickly passing generations. Such heroes do not conceive any immediate achievement, they know not when or where or in what form God will answer their prayers; they only know that they must not be disobedient to a heavenly vision, that they must follow truth wherever it may lead, that they must respond to those creative impulses which bid them bravely dare and do and endure for the sake of a freedom and justice and righteousness larger than they have themselves been able to realize. The theology of the forerunners is outgrown, but the spirit in which they wrought is immortal and is ever more the renewer and the savior of the world.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Exemplar.

BY JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

How am I worthy that you thus should bring,
  Dear friend, to glorify my city room,
  Wild primrose leaves and clustering strawberry-bloom,
First marvels of cold April's blossoming?
These crimson maple-buds lift voice and sing;
  And though my sunless casements look on gloom,
  And winds to-day from eastward wail and boom,
I sit companioned by refulgent spring.

"How am I worthy?" Nay, 'twas not my worth,
  But thy beneficence that roamed the wood
    And brought these wonders to revive my heart!
Shall Syrian dreamer's dream come yet to birth,
  And all mankind know Earth's abundant good,
    In nature's richness sharing part and part?

The Best Things.

BY REV. W. F. SKERRYB.

As a rule, the best things in the world are the commonest. Those simple, old-fashioned gifts which lie all about us, and are to be had for the taking, usually wear better than those of a rarer and more expensive kind. Such possession and privileges as are hard to find, dearly bought, and difficult to keep, are as often harmful as helpful to their owners. This is clearly as it should be if this world is part of God's great universe and we the children of his ceaseless care and boundless love. If God is the Father of all souls, it must be that his best gifts are accessible to all. It would be a strange and a startling reflection upon the Fatherhood of God did the evidence compel us to believe that the prizes most worth having are few, and to be gained only by exceptional ability. Because, to my mind, the evidence points the other way, I wish to name three such gifts lying easily within the power of all who will work and pray for them.

The first is kindness. Of all the virtues few are more acceptable among men than this. I do not mean that formal kindness which, under the name of organized charity, must too often, from the magnitude of its task, spend itself in investigating, tabulating, and disposing. I do not mean the apparent kindness of affable manner and well-turned phrase, which is too often worn for adornment as some persons wear clothes, and is as little expressive of the real person. Since both these serve a purpose, we would not dispense with them. But if this

Digitized by Google

were all, the sum of the world's happiness and comradeship would be much less than it is. There is a deeper, more instinctive, kindness. It is one of the big things that make life most worth living.

It consists not so much in the desire to do things as in the desire to see things from the other person's point of view. To be kind to another in this simple and essential sense I must see, or try to see, life as it is to him. I must try to stand in his world, not my own.

My neighbor is sick, confined to his room. The world with which he has been long familiar, of which he has been a part, with its friendly faces and well-known voices, exists for him only in memory. He is an exile. Whatever the measure of loving ministration that attends him, he misses the field and scope of his accustomed activities. This feeling of banishment, of being no longer a part of things, little though they may have been, troubles him quite as much as his physical condition. He misses the well-remembered roads, every stone of which holds a place in memory. By them he measured his steps as he went to the day's work. By their homely, weather-wrinkled faces he was comforted at night. They said "home" and "rest." Now they are lost, and he remembers them with homesickness, though at home; with restlessness, though resting. His world has broken down.

I say of my neighbor, "I wish I could do something." This is commendable as far as it goes. But it means, "I cannot do anything the direct results of which I can see," as if I were the sick person and seeking to serve myself. It means, "Since I cannot do anything that has value for me, there remains nothing for me to do."

But there is a marked change in my state of mind as soon as I try to understand the case, not from the standpoint of my feelings, but from that of my neighbor's real needs. He wants to be assured that the world from which he is an exile misses him; that he amounts to something in it; that his personality has impressed men. Whatever, then, brings his world nearer becomes to him a source of pleasure. Every hint that he is remembered and missed makes him glad. In every simple message, however otherwise insignificant, he hears a neighbor's voice. Every book loaned, every clipping sent, is the hand of a comrade. If I say, "I suppose I might send him a bunch of sweet peas, but that would not aid his recovery," I am concerned with my own viewpoint, not that of my neighbor; but when I say, "If I cannot do anything else, I may at least peek in at the door and say, 'How d'ye do? God bless you!'" then I am seeing the case as he sees it.

Not only in sickness is such simple, almost trivial, kindness needed. Always there are lonely souls. By nature they are unsocial, while their strongest desire is for friendship. Hungering for companionship, they neither know how to get it nor how to keep it. They cannot keep up with the procession. The crowd jostles them. They are lost, confused, and against their own wills, yet driven only by themselves, must walk alone on the other side of the street. The friend, now, the simple-minded friend with almost trivial kindness, is he who understands this, and, leaving the light-hearted, careless crowd, crosses the street to walk with him who was there alone.

We never know who the lonely souls are, and therefore cannot remit our kindness for a day. We only know that strong and weak alike ask for understanding and sympathy. Who are the weak and who the strong we seldom know.

As I write I have in mind a man who was the very personification of arrogance. His coarse, weather-beaten countenance seemed indicative chiefly of a rather cruel sort of mastery. In his square shoulders, in his stride, he seemed pronouncedly self-assertive. His manner of speaking was that of one accustomed to acquiescence or obedience. The very angle at which he carried his cigar served only to deepen this impression. Everything about the man seemed to say, "If people don't get out of my way I step on them."

Of him I had no doubt. I was sure of my interpretation. Yet after a month of almost daily intercourse I was fain to say that he was as fair and true a gentleman, in the best sense of that misused word, as one is like to meet. Friendship meant much to him. Love of children was a marked characteristic.

Such experiences are not unusual. The only safe rule for the road is to carry plenty of this small coin of simple kindness with us, and freely spend it. Pennies do seem trivial, I know, but ask the children.

When Robert Burns was living in Dumfries in poverty and obscurity, the day of his brief personal popularity gone, he walked one evening apart, alone. On the other side of the street walked the town, gay, well content, with little thought and no heed of the lonely figure opposite. One friend alone saw him, and, crossing the street, greeted him as friend greets friend, and walked beside him there. It was a little thing, hardly worth noting, perhaps. It certainly cost the friend nothing. But I wonder how it struck Burns. Was it trivial to him? I am inclined to believe that the world stands in need of few things more than of this simple kindness that consists in crossing the street and walking with those who are alone.

The exquisite glow of color in the west in the early evening, lingering to make us glad long after the sun has set, is but a reflection of the sun's glory. So kindness is the beautiful reflection of an understanding heart, radiating continually from the depths within to bring joy to all it touches. It is the outward manifestation of that great love which had its best expression long ago in the Christ-life.

The second thing I would name that may be possessed in some measure by all, is what I like to call the brave attitude toward life. One man regards life with indifference, if not contempt,—and we cannot afford to forget that the one usually leads to the other. Another accepts life with sympathy and respect, if not with reverence,—and let it be noted that the first two lead almost invariably to the last. The difference in speech between one who holds noble beliefs and one who does not is quite indescribable. It is easily noted but not easily named. It consists in elements as elusive as they are impressive.

To one man this earth happened to come into being through the accidental meeting of planetary ether and wandering star-dust. By a purely fortuitous combination of chemical forces life came to be; and this life, by the happy co-ordination of many forces and elements through some millions of years, has continued to advance and expand. In this chance universe, thus conceived, man's life is circumscribed by the world, the flesh, and the devil. From one to the other of these he is tossed, as helpless as a tennis-ball, during life, and in death one or the other gets final possession. To the person holding this view, the struggles and vicissitudes of life mean no more than the skipping of flies on the surface of a pond. The only marked difference beween man and other animals is to be found in the fact that he wears clothes.

Another man finds this earth a marvellous manifestation of divine power and goodness, in which he is permitted to play some brave part. In this view the globe has been fashioned by God's hand and is upheld by his will. All life is an expression of the eternal. Human

Digitized by Google

life is divine life working on earth. Wealth and poverty, health and disease, commerce and scholarship, war and peace, are all parts of an immense drama staged by eternity on the boards of time for the education of the players in divine things. To this man every wind that blows is a messenger of the infinite. Birth and death are syllables of God's great name. Love is his all but visible presence.

Between these two men there may be no marked outward difference. One may be as reticent of his beliefs as the other of his unbelief; but, though they talk of nothing more important than weather and crops, even a dull listener will note an essential disparity. One has ventured, discovered, and cannot forget the glory of it. The other walks a rather dreary twilight road the end of which is lost in fog.

It is he who has made the discovery that men want to hear,—not necessarily, mind you, he who preaches about it, or writes, or talks, or sings. Men care little for the terminology or the theme. These are but accidents. A pure heart is more surely tested among holiday-makers than in the sanctuary. A little money at stake will tell the state of a man's soul better than all his prayers. The man who has seen God cannot hide it. The man who has not cannot make it appear that he has.

An obvious, unmistakable illustration, for those requiring the grand scale, is afforded by a brief study of the literature of any period. The summer novel that everyone reads seems to have the votes for immortality. The serious utterances of saint or sage seem to fall on deaf ears. Yet a thousand widely heralded books born yesterday die to-morrow, while the twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer live forever.

The answer to the question involved is simple, and always the same. Men want to know; they want to be assured. Beneath all our folly and sin, we ask for assurance of God and our souls before all else. That which gives such assurance, though we ignore it to-day, we prize more and more through all the morrows of our very great need. All else we will let go. It is one thing to be amused, another to live.

The neighbors with whom we walk and work every day want to hear this note of victory. Do you know that in the midst of time you are in eternity? That God walks with men? Then see to it that you bear the conviction with you always. That is all,—just carry it with you as the soldier wears his Victoria cross, and like that cross it will tell its own story.

One thing remains. I began by saying that there were three gifts to be had for the taking, and of quite inestimable worth. The third is the habit of finding our most enduring satisfaction in commonest ways. I end where I began. I said the best things are the commonest. Allow me to say now that they who draw their inspiration from simplest sources are most secure from disappointments and failure. Sunshine and fresh air, labor and rest, love and home,—these are the abiding sources of peace. Where the hearts of men rest in these, goodness and a good content are found, and there alone. It is because the world is ever seeking new ways of escaping from these, that disease and unhappiness continue to prey on us. Though a healthy appetite for plain food is quite beyond price, multitudes of people will have nothing but dainties,—and all the ills that follow in their trains. The sense of rest to body, mind, and soul that follows honest labor well done, the night's sleep, the awakening to renewed hope and vigor, the blessed consciousness that one is cheerfully and not altogether unhandily carrying a man's load,—these are of life's treasures inexhaustible. And yet, such is man's folly, many despise manual labor, are ashamed of its clothes, and embarrassed by its company. It is because of such perversions that the hearts and bodies of many are sick. Whoever finds joy in honest work, and receives labor and rest alike as God's gift, is a teacher and healer of men.

This truth has many applications. Great music should be a source only of delight and profit. They whose finest emotions are stirred to action by its loveliness, who respond to its pathos with hearts increasingly tender toward those whose lives are discord, who hear in its grandeur a divine challenge to greatness of life, whose growing love of lowly service answers, year by year, to its splendid harmonies, do well to yield to its sway. But this result, which should be universal, is by no means so. There seem to be persons in whom such rich and rare experiences make only for contempt toward those simpler and more common. Only grand opera will serve them. The affectionate call of the oriole, the pensive note of the meadow-lark, brown thrasher's outburst of joy from the pasture's tiptop branch,—these they cannot hear. But these are among the world's oldest and best singers, and the only ones that can be heard under the open sky, in quiet fields, where the open heart hears more harmonies than organ or violin can teach.

Similar, and similarly unfortunate, as it seems to me, is the case of many with respect to beauty in other forms. There are those who seem to have a sad talent for disinheritance. They will follow only the crowd and the shouting. Though their senses tell them that the earth is filled with beauty fresh from the Maker's hand every fair morning, they will not heed or believe. Rather will they at much cost and pains search studios and galleries for man's best attempts to imitate that which they, the travellers, left at home. For a great artist's sunset they will pay a round sum, heedless of the fact that, from their own west window, they can see a better, a hundred days in the year.

Let none decry the love of beauty. It is one of the saving elements. And if sunsets and mornings, seas and forests, could be seen only as the artist makes them, they would be worth the price. But such is not the case. God meant that our eyes should behold beauty and that none should be denied. The greatest artist can but strive to reproduce the scenes that lie daily before our careless eyes. But I am firmly of the opinion that the greatest beauties of nature cannot be transferred by any art; and these are just such as are most common, and, because common, unseen. Never yet has painter done justice to such a scene as this village presents when the rising moon paints broad aisles between the trees, and dots them with round, lacey mosaics where stray beams of light steal between overhanging leaves; and in no roofed gallery has yet been seen such light as lies across the grass of a summer morning, before a footfall has stirred the dusty way, while yet the dew is unlifted.

These are the simple gifts that lie within reach of most. He who can open another's eyes and ears to their blessed significance is a giver of life, a healer of many diseases.

If I were asked to put all that I have said into the briefest form, I should say: To face all that life holds of sunshine or shadow with brave courage, because we are walking with and looking up to the Father; to find everlasting satisfaction and joy in the beauty and life lying all round us, because they are the truest expression of his wisdom, his power, and his love, is to begin to live, to embark on the soul's great adventure. But victory comes only through the giving. To know the Father by these dear, common, holy ways, and then to give—first thanks, love, and glory to him, then loving, understanding kindness to every neighbor in such ways as we may in the small corners where he has placed us,—this is to live indeed.

TEMPLETON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

Trust.

I fear not what the coming years may bring
Of sorrow, pain, or care,
For I can trust in that unfailing love
That reaches everywhere.

And though the path lies dark before my feet
And clouds surround my head,
Since I am sure God's hand will smooth the way
I can have nought to dread.

If all that I love best be taken away,
Or what I ask, denied,
A wise, all-seeing Power knoweth best,
And I am satisfied!

Give me more faith, O Father, every day,
Nor let me doubt my will,
Then come what may, since I can trust in Thee,
I shall be happy still!

M. L. D.

A Musical Instrument.

I once heard a story which ran something like this:—

There was one who had given into his hand by the Master of Music the most wonderful instrument ever fashioned. There was nothing like it in creation. No one knew the secrets of its framework, and no one was aware of the full compass of the music sleeping within it. It was formed of an unknown substance of amazing radiance, elusive and opalescent and infinitely precious.

This shining instrument had many strings, and they were the greatest wonder of all. A diffused and floating light always hovered about them, and that light seemed partly native to them and partly a reflection from some unknown and unimaginable Radiance. Touch the strings ever so lightly, and faint suggestions of melody, echoes and dreams and prophecies of an unearthly music, trembled towards materialization and died away; so that, to eye and ear alike, the instrument was full of an enchanting and haunting mystery.

But the man to whom this wondrous thing had been intrusted did not understand it. He did not see that it was the greatest of miracles, and he never imagined the wealth of music locked in its strings. Of these he only touched two or three. Sometimes he played on them a few poor little tunes; sometimes he jarred them roughly into discords, under which the glancing fire in the strings quivered and vanished.

Gradually the unused strings became covered with dust and rust. It is true that the wind, when it wandered over them, awoke a dim glamour of sound from among the rust, but as time went on the instrument ceased to vibrate even to the wind. A faint heart of fire might still be discerned in the centre of each string, but the glow and glory were gone.

Then one day the Master came from a far land beyond the mountains, and saw the man in whose charge he had placed that precious thing. He took it, touching sadly the rusty strings.

"Alas! friend," he said, "what have you made of this fair instrument I intrusted to you?"

The man was abashed. Then he said: "I did not know how to play it, and could not use the strings. Now it is all rusted and ruined, and fit only to be thrown away."

"No," said the Master, "rusted, not ruined; and one does not throw away the greatest thing in the world, even if it is marred and spoilt. You may still, if you will, clear these strings."

"Can I?" cried the man eagerly. "Then, indeed, I will rub them and polish them until the rust is gone. And then I will learn to play on them."

"There is only one way to clear them," the Master replied, "and that is by trying to play on them. It is the silence and disuse that have rusted them. Begin now, gently and continuously, to play on them, and by and by the music will awake."

Then the Master laid his hand on the man's hand, and looked deeply into his eyes, and went away. And the man set himself diligently to play on the rusty strings. He often lost heart, for they were stiff at first and unresponsive. His tears dropped on them at times, and every time a tear dropped, there was a sudden glow in the fire in the centre.

By and by the instrument began to give forth soft sighs and sounds, as if the soul of the music was stirring. Day by day it grew stronger and clearer, and once more the light shimmered among the strings.

Years passed away. The man played often now with a rapt face and skilled fingers. Sometimes the sweep of his music was so great and broad that it seemed to overflow into some universal harmony so compelling that many lingered to listen, and even tepid souls and dull faces carried away a touch of loveliness, and were half disquieted and half made glad.

At last the Master returned. He took the instrument, sweeping his hand over the iridescent strings, wonderful in their living fire. Then he gave it back and smiled.

"Play to me now," he said.

The man shrank and hesitated.

"Nay, Master," he cried. "I pray not yet. I cannot play to you yet. I have in my soul a vast dream, but, alas, my music is so small and poor when I am fain to play my dream! I will go on playing; and one day, it may be, I will come to you with gladness, and say, 'At last, O my Master, my music is no longer mean; it is no longer trivial; it is meet to be played to you.'"

Again the Master smiled. He took the instrument, and played. As he played, the listener's soul soared into the unknown, and touched every chord of being, and penetrated to the heart of all that is. Life and Death and Sorrow and Love unfolded their mystery, resolving into subtle undertones; and above them was a splendor of triumphant joy, wherein he was face to face at last with the Eternal Desire. . . .

And yet—glorious as was the strain, was it not strangely familiar? Could it be that which he himself had tried to play, but that carried up to heights of unimagined beauty? Could it be his human song, his humble human song, made divine? The music paused on one long-drawn, quivering chord.

"Nay, my son," said the Master, "weep not. Did you not hear your music—your song—the song of your fault, your blindness, your awaking, your longing, your vision, your dream? That was your own strain, which unawares you have learned to play. You shall play it even as I have played it, but not now. Come!"

Then the man arose and lifted his shining instrument, and placed his hand in the Master's hand, and they went together towards the far horizons. None knew whither they went, and soon they were lost to sight. But now and then those who listened intently heard faint sounds and echoes as of divinest music played by a master hand, very far away.—*The London Inquirer.*

On Growing Old Gracefully.

When Dumas, the master of romance, was asked how he grew old so gracefully, his inimitable answer was, "Madame, I give all my time to it!"

As time moves the calendar along, and the years roll up, and we are inclined to settle back into indolent easy-chairs and let the world go by, then comes the peril of our becoming rusty and crusty,—the has-beens of the past, the left-outs of the present; and we shall begin to wonder if such a fate be inevitable.

It surely is not, but, like many ills, the cure lies in prevention. "What shall I do to be saved" from the fate of the forgotten,—the back numbers,—when the more insistent duties of life are wholly or partly laid aside, owing to the flight of time?

The answer is easy. Cultivate your fads, your hobbies! Take up some study or pursuit, anything that is enjoyable. It may not be useful, but it cannot be useless if it fills the hours with contentment. "True rest is not idleness." No one wearies over a pursuit where he enjoys the pursuing. His mind and hand are happily employed, and his enthusiastic interest keeps mind and heart alert. He can laugh at the calendar, with which five years of excess outscores twenty years of the simple life.

Given the simple life, and plenty of hobbies in our avocational stable, to escape monotony, and the Biblical three-score-and-ten will find us drinking from the fountain of youth, free from the curse of idleness, happy with our hobbies, enjoying our dinner of herbs and contentment therewith.—*Framingham Evening News.*

That Knotty Problem.

A young lady, prominent in the local Unitarian church and Sunday-school, has handed to me for solution the problem which you published in a recent number of the *Register*. I refer to the problem supposed to have been propounded by the Sunday-school teacher, involving numerous arithmetical operations, such as multiplying the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, etc., and the answer is supposed to be the number of pupils in the Sunday-school class of the proponent. The young lady referred it to me as a near-Baptist, and one therefore presumably skilled in such matters.

If you have a Bible concordance in your editorial sanctum and will refer to it, you will find the key to the problem to be as follows: $12 \times 13 + 6 \div 10 - 7 \times 50 - 30 + 4 - 15 \div 4 - 8 = 96\frac{1}{4}$.

$96\frac{1}{4}$ is a good fair-sized Bible class, and I fear the poor teacher is being overworked. I think I should not care to have my child become a member of so large a class, and what about that poor $\frac{1}{4}$ of a child? Isn't he all there?

Seriously, I suspect the trouble is not so much with the class as it was with the teacher. He evidently overlooked the fact

Digitized by Google

that the Israelites compassed Jericho once a day for six days, just for practice, before they undertook to go around the course for the full seven times on the seventh day. He also overlooked that when David killed Goliath there were only four of the five smooth stones selected left in his bag.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON.

WOBURN, MASS.

[The problem proposed in a recent number of the *Register* was:—

"If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath, subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, and subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, the answer will be the number of pupils in my Sunday-school class. How many pupils are in the class?"]

Literature.

GAINS TO THE BIBLE FROM MODERN CRITICISM, AND OTHER ESSAYS. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W. C. 2 shillings net.—Ten essays, written with eminent ability, are gathered in this volume as illustrating present Unitarian thought. Dr. Wicksteed's contribution on "Old and New Views of the Old Testament" not only states the results of critical study but ingeniously illustrates its methods. G. C. Field effectively criticises some modern defences of the doctrine of the Trinity. Alexander Webster expounds interestingly the religious elements in Robert Burns, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Henry Drummond. A personal narrative by W. M. Weston, "Why I ceased to be a Roman Catholic," shows a beautiful, devout, sincere spirit seeking truth, and rejoicing in the discovery of Unitarianism. The collection, as may be judged by these instances, is of unusual interest, profitable for all liberal Christians, and peculiarly adapted for those who are inquiring about the spiritual temper and thought of Unitarian Christianity.

THE BATTLES OF PEACE. By George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.—That a volume of sermons printed in 1899 should be reprinted in 1914, shows there is vitality in them. They are terse and direct. They conserve the feeling of the church, and they encourage the new social activity of religion in our day. They are full of faith, full of zest, full of fresh new life. It is interesting to see how the first sentence of these sermons catches attention and gives the idea that is to be developed. The sermon on "The Acceptable Year of the Lord" starts off: "It does not begin on the first of January. It begins when we are ready." A sermon on John xvii. 19, begins: "'For their sakes' means social service. 'I sanctify myself' means personal holiness." These admirable beginnings are followed by rapid direct exposition which never allows the interest to flag. Some of the discourses are doctrinal. The closing one explains the doctrine of the Trinity in full agreement with James Freeman Clarke.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRAINING OF THE BOY. By William A. McKeever, Professor of Child Welfare in the University of Kansas. New York: The Macmillan Company, 50 cents.—Prof. McKeever believes that every boy and girl should have industrial training in school for the development of character and personality, the interests of a livelihood being secondary and incidental. The book provides wholesome and practical counsel to parents about the training of a boy from infancy to college in duties found for his sake in the home, the garden, the farm, or in school industrial methods or vacation employment. Specific advice of a helpful sort is given, and each chapter is followed by refences to chapters in larger works devoted to newer ideals of education. Much of the literature on industrial training is gauged for school-boards and economists. This book is for parents and moral guardians.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA. By Herbert H. Gowen. Part II. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.20.—The first volume of this work was heartily commended in the *Christian Register* review of it. The present volume is of even greater interest, for it brings the history down from China's Middle Ages to the present republic. This brief history is admirably adapted to the needs of countless readers to-day who desire to understand China and the forces at work in that vast country, but who do not want to be lost in vast details. This work serves a very useful purpose in giving an outline history.

Magazines.

In the May *St. Nicholas Magazine*, Billy Evans, the peerless umpire, continues his series, "Baseball; the Game and its Players," tells about famous pitchers and their style, and gives various anecdotes. Francis Ouimet, the youthful golf champion, advises the beginner. "The Making of a Canoeist" is by E. T. Keyser, an authority on camping. "Nature and Science for Young Folks" includes articles on conies and on "The White-tailed Mongoose of Africa." A charming bird-story is told in "Peter of the Wild Rose Tree," by Patten Beard. The number opens with a tale by Charles Tenney Jackson, called "The Seahorse of Grand Terre," illustrated with striking pictures by Charles Livingston Bull, the painter of animals. Other art features in this number include a full page painting in colors by the celebrated Arthur Rackham. The two serials are continued, as are the series "With Men who do Things" and "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs," by the author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl." There are the usual crowded departments.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready May 1

[No. 275]

Good Men in Hell

By

REV. FRANK S. C. WICKS

A VIGOROUS, AROUSING MESSAGE! It sets the mind thinking. Common sense and the teachings of Jesus, with sidelights from great minds, are enlisted to prove the irrational, unchristian character of the dogma of a literal hell. The unreality of the traditional heaven and hell is exposed in the clear light of modern thought. A kind of Father Taylor utterance! Compactly forceful, brief but telling, this tract will compel attention by its moral intensity and righteous indignation.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION
AS TRACT No. 275

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association
25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Sunrise.

BY MARY E. MERRILL.

The day is now beginning,
The Robins gaily singing,
A welcome to you bringing,
Awake! Arise!

The Wood-dove softly cooing,
Your loving heart a-wooing,
And for your presence suing,
Awake! Arise!

The saucy Cat-bird chatters,
He scolds and then he flatters,
But finds that neither matters,
Awake! Arise!

The darling Wren is willing,
His sweetest notes are trilling,
He would be cooing, billing,
Awake! Arise!

All these and many another,
And the gentle call of mother,
Must arouse you, little brother,
Awake! Arise!

"Under the Greenwood Tree."

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

"Remarkable!" said Herbert Ashton, resting his elbows on the top fence-rail, and looking over into the golden-green lights of the little wood.

"Yes," said his companion, Arthur Powers, "you seldom see an acre of woodland squeezed in between two tenement-houses in the very heart of a great city.

"I can't imagine how it has remained so long, but my uncle was eccentric—had a fancy about it."

"What are your plans, Arthur?"

"Oh, I'll clear it away and build a model tenement—incarnation of all modern improvements."

"Pity for all that greenery to go!"

"Yes, I naturally hate to cut down trees, —my Welsh blood protests, I suppose, —but such a thing is bound to come in a growing city. I'll build some good houses and make money on it, too. What's that?" as a loud sob startled them, very near.

A child's face with big, angry eyes glowered from the underbrush.

"I came in—to get vi-vi-vi-olets," stammered the little one. "There's lots of 'em near the brook. We always get 'em here an' other things, an' if you chop the trees down there won't be any mo-ore violets—and Miss Douglas will feel bad! Oh! Oh!"

"Who in the world is Miss Douglas?" asked the young man.

"She's our teacher and she's *just* as sweet! She teaches us all 'bout flowers 'n trees 'n pollywogs 'n things, 'n we come here for our specimens, 'n if you chop down the trees we won't have any more woods or *anything*."

Arthur looked at his friend in perplexity, for a child's distress moved him more than any grown-up woe.

"But just think," he said coaxingly, "think of a beautiful house with large, clean, sunny rooms, for ever so many children to be happy in!"

"Too many houses now!" replied the maiden, passionately. "'N the more children you have, the less room there is to play in! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

She crawled under the fence and moved slowly up the street, her hand up to her eye, but still clasping her flowers carefully.

Arthur and his friend leaped the fence to explore the little domain.

"That's a fine oak," said Herbert, pointing to a giant specimen almost in the centre.

"Yes," agreed Arthur, looking up through the tracery of tender, rosy young leaflets, "quite as fine for an oak as any beech in Birnam wood is a model for all beeches."

A piece of bark landed on his nose, and a saucy chatter sounded overhead. "Actually squirrels here, too," he added.

"There's a good elm," remarked Herbert, "or it *would* be if it had more room. Thin out one-third of this undergrowth and you'll have as fine a piece of woodland as heart could wish. Now if this were near Llangollen Lodge you wouldn't hesitate to preserve it."

"This is different," said Arthur. "You don't seriously advise me to let this valuable property lie waste—a receptacle for old shoes and tomato cans, the happy hunting-ground of the festive goat"—

"Show me one tomato can or one old shoe," challenged Herbert; "but I do notice children's play-houses in the corners, and the branches are neither broken nor hacked off."

"You're a dangerous enthusiast," laughed Arthur. "Everything comes to you in relation with your Boys' Clubs or a Society for the Suppression of Something or Other. You never enter my house but I feel you are thinking, 'What a glorious place for a vacation-house for shop-girls.' I'm afraid of you, and once let me yield to your spell, I'm a lost man. I do want just *a few things* for myself."

Hope Douglas's heart sank when Polly Marvel came crying into school with the sad news. She did her best to comfort the children, reminding them how long they had enjoyed such an unusual privilege. But every day the sense of coming loss was pressed home. Did she take her class to see the velvety baby leaves on the oak, some little tot would say mournfully, "No more lovely acorn cups and saucers," followed by another lament, "No more pollywogs after this year."

Hope tried to plan future excursions into the parks, but nothing seemed so pleasant as their own little greenwood bower so close at hand.

One day a stranger dropped into Gresham School. He gave no name, but strolled about saying little yet evidently immensely entertained.

"A superintendent let loose," was the thought of the teachers: they were accustomed to such visits.

"When *I* went to school," he meditated, "I made spit-balls or imprisoned flies in paper boxes. Now these urchins are really watching pollywogs and turtles." He noticed the clearly defined nature-work from grade to grade—a few points well impressed, and constant observation by the pupils, of the flowers or animal-life selected. He noticed also that the poets had been called upon to illustrate each subject with their noblest specimens of verse.

The visitor said little, only smiled and stroked his mustache. But his keen blue eyes were not unfriendly.

The dwellers near the grove were aware one day that a high board fence was being erected about their beloved little oasis.

This completed, the air of mystery deepened, for no one could learn exactly what was going on inside. The door to this fence was usually kept locked, and whenever the children gathered about it or tried to climb over, they were sternly ordered off by an immense bluecoat, whose size and magnificence made the babies of Long Avenue fairly shake in their little shoes.

Trees were cut down and dragged into the road. Drays and express teams stopped there at all hours. But, as the adjoining tenements had no side windows, people were little the wiser, however much they might speculate.

Arbor Day came, beautiful, green, smiling. The teachers of Gresham School had procured boughs from the country; flowers and plants had been begged to adorn the school hall where Arbor Day exercises were being carried out. It was just eleven when the principal received this message from the superintendent. "Form all children in double file and follow the drummers at the gate."

Greatly wondering, the order was executed, and the no less wondering children poured out into the spring sunshine. The grinning drummers struck up a hearty tattoo, and the procession streamed down the avenue, marching quickly until they reached the grove. Supt. Edgcombe awaited them there, accompanied by a younger man whom the teachers instantly recognized.

But the children could only stare at one thing. The board fence had disappeared and was replaced by a light iron affair of artistic pattern. Behind was a lovely little park with stretches of turf, groups of trees, and winding paths. Gay flower-beds dotted the open spaces, and the brook had widened into a pool where strange water plants lifted curious foliage.

The wondering pupils were led into the enclosure until the two hundred were grouped about the kingly oak.

"Children," said the superintendent, "I have the happiness to open to you this little park or playground, that has been secured to the neighborhood through the kindness of Mr. Arthur Powers. I'll let him speak for himself."

Arthur stepped forward amid the shouts and laughter of the children.

"I'm glad to open this little park," he said pleasantly. "It is for the children—for *you*, and I hope it will be a benefit as well as a pleasure. I want it more than ever to be a help in your school work, so I shall place it under the care of the teachers and superintendent. Classes can be brought here for outdoor lessons—and after the greenhouse is built some one will be on hand every day to help and advise you about the care of plants at home. We hope to sell slips and bulbs for a cent or two apiece, and packets of seeds for three cents.

"I should like a dozen garden-seats and six tables; perhaps the manual-training class in the Grammar School will make them for us. I ask you to keep this place in order, free from rubbish, from rough games, from bad language and quarrels. If our plans succeed, we hope to form a Park Association for further study of trees and plants —and that will mean lectures and excursions.

"In a few days the printed rules of the

Digitized by Google

Park will be placed in every child's hands. As long as he keeps them no one will be shut out from its privileges. I will end by saying that I should not have thought of this plan if I had not been so impressed with the work you are doing in school."

Arthur ceased amid the clapping of many hands. Then suddenly there arose the music of the Arbor Day hymn the children loved:—

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! Come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.
Come hither!"

Crowds gathered outside the fence to witness the unusual spectacle. The children gazed up into the green world overhead, and sang as if inspired, while the giver of so much happiness stood fairly overcome by those sweet voices.

"Mr. Powers," said Hope Douglas as they left the Park, "you have simply overwhelmed us. To give a child a happiness is to sow a divine seed. To bring good-fortune to an entire neighborhood—O Mr. Powers, only the angels will know *that* harvest!"

Cresty Kingfisher's First Fish.

One morning, very early, when the creek was shining and sparkling in the sun, two young fishermen might have been seen flying swiftly toward its banks.

Cresty Kingfisher was the first to reach the dead limb of the birch that overhung the water. He was annoyed when his companion lighted just above him. "I have decided to fish here," he said.

"Ho!" laughed Chunky Kingfisher, "I found this place yesterday. Have you fished here before?"

Young Cresty hesitated. How he hated to own that this was the very first time he had ever gone fishing by himself!

For many days—but that was when he was a little fellow—he had lived in a cave which his parents had dug in the bank of the creek. His parents had worked hard to supply him and his brothers with plenty of the food they liked best,—fresh fish.

Then, when he was larger, Cresty had gone with his father, and watched him at his angling, till the little bird was sure he knew all there was to know about catching fish.

That very morning he had teased so hard to go by himself that at last it was decided that he might make a try.

"He has his oil waterproof on," said his mother, "and he can't get wet."

The oily waterproof, which Cresty always wore spread over his feathers, did not hide his beautiful gray-blue coat or his light vest. About his neck was a broad band, now of reddish tinge, that would turn to blue as he grew older. His wings and tail were short. Like all the Kingfisher family, he wore on his head a large crest. And he really was a wise little bird for one so young.

Now, instead of owning that this was his first day of fishing, he turned to his companion. "Did you have good luck yesterday?" he inquired.

"Good luck! Well, if you could have seen the big fish I got!" cried Chunky, proudly. "Maybe his mate will come by here and you can get him. I'll go on up creek and you can try." And Chunky good-naturedly flew along. For it was a law of the Kingfisher tribe that every bird should fish by himself.

Little Cresty perched far out on the dead limb of the birch and peered down into the stream below. How the water gleamed and sparkled!

"Suppose the mate to Chunky's big fish is right there under that rock! Is that he coming?" Cresty drew himself together. "Oh, pshaw! 'twas nothing but a baby fish. Let it go! No," Cresty decided, "I'm not going to dive for that little thing I'm after big fish."

There! There was a gleaming fin coming, oh, so swiftly! Cresty shot from the limb, head first. A splash! A dive! "Plunk," said the creek as he struck it. But he struck it a second too late. The owner of the shining fin was gone.

Quite disappointed, Cresty returned to his perch. A funny little figure he made with his big crested head and his short, thick body. His oil waterproof coat shed every drop of water. Again he set himself to watch earnestly. How he wished that the mate of that big fish might be his! Far up the stream he heard Chunky diving again and again. But every time he tried it himself the silver fish slipped away.

For a long time Cresty sat on the limb, watching, learning to be patient, waiting.

Then again a gleam of light in the stream! Cresty made ready. "Ah, here he comes! A big one!" With a "plunk" Cresty hurled himself into the water. His bill closed over his prize.

"I've got him! I've got him! I've got him!" With a cry of triumph, Cresty rose from the water, flew back to his perch, and at once swallowed the fish. Then he started for home. How he raced along!

"Did you catch anything, dear?" asked his mother.

"Catch anything!" cried Cresty. "Oh, Mother, you ought to have seen it! You know that old monster that hides under the white rock. Well, the one I got was just about twice as big."

"Why, how splendid! What a breakfast he must have made you!" cried Mrs. Kingfisher, proudly. "I must go and tell your father."

Cresty hastened away to find Chunky and tell him of his adventure. Then he told each of his brothers and sisters. And every time he told the story the fish he had caught grew a little larger. But as the day passed Cresty ceased to brag and became very quiet.

His mother, who was busy bringing dinner to the other children, looked at him anxiously. Yes, as time went on, Cresty felt very bad indeed. His mother wondered if his big breakfast had disagreed with him. But that was not the trouble with the little Kingfisher.

He kept looking at the nice, plump fish his brothers were enjoying. Oh, how good they looked to him! But he did not dare say a word.

"There, Cresty," said his mother at last, "you might have this little perch, but of course you don't want it after all you've eaten."

"Oh, Mother," cried Cresty, unable to stand it any longer, "I do want it. Yes, I do!"

"What! want more dinner after eating the biggest fish in the creek!"

"Well, perhaps he wasn't the very biggest," owned Cresty.

"But a great big one, at any rate," said his mother.

"Maybe not a very big one," said little Cresty, hanging his head. "I swallowed him so quick, I guess maybe he might have been a little one, for I'm dreadfully hungry now."

How Mrs. Kingfisher laughed! "Oh, Cresty, that fish must have grown some after you swallowed it. You shall have this perch, dear, and I'll get you another. I've seen other fishermen who would go hungry if all they ate was what they caught themselves. But you'd never think it to hear them talk." *Lyle Ward Sanderson, in Sunday School Times.*

A Mystery Solved.

A curious instance of the tenacity with which the sturdy Scotchman clings to a habit when once formed is given in the Edinburgh *Scotsman*:—

Once, in the Foreign Office, a new chief was taking possession of his rooms, and he came face to face with a soldier pacing the passage. He marvelled because the guard gave the word, "Keep to the left."

"Why do you say, 'Keep to the left'?"

"I don't know."

The statesman investigated the singular affair; and, after not a little trouble, a clew was found, and followed. Fifty years before the passage had been painted; and an orderly had tramped it with orders to bid every one to "Keep to the left," and avoid the wet paint. This order had stood unchanged and practically unquestioned for a term of fifty years.

Uncle George came home from Europe a few weeks ago, after a stay abroad which was longer than his little namesake's life. Little George claimed him as his own especial property, and resented it when some one else called him "Uncle George". "You mustn't do that!" he said, grieved and astonished. "He's *my* uncle!"

But the climax of appropriation came on an afternoon when the little lad was trying to recognize an approaching form in the dusk.

"Who's that?" he called. "Is it *Uncle Mel*"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission reached 955 children.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet phenomenal increase in work.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, J. FOSTER BUSH, M.D.
CLERK, CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mayo S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Endicott P. Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Anniversary Week Programme.

May 25–29, 1914.

Unless otherwise designated, all meetings are open to the public.

HOSPITALITY.

Room 3 of the American Unitarian Association Building will be open each day from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M. All are invited to register (Boston and home address) upon arrival.

Luncheon will be served daily at Bulfinch Place Church, and the King's Chapel Club will serve supper at 102 Chestnut Street on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

On Tuesday, from five o'clock to seven, the Children's Mission will keep open house at its rooms, 279 Tremont Street. Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Williams, and Rev. and Mrs. William L. Sullivan will receive the many friends of the Mission. Light refreshments will be served.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Union extends the hospitality of its rooms, 48 Boylston Street, to members and friends throughout the week.

Sunday, May 24.

On Sunday morning, May 24, there will be services in all the Unitarian churches of Greater Boston, conducted by local or visiting ministers.

8 P.M. At South Congregational Church, public meeting of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice. Rev. William M. Brundage, Ph.D., president, will preside. Symposium, "Our Programme." Addresses by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Edward Cummings, Miss Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph.D.

Monday, May 25.

9 A.M. Morning prayer in King's Chapel. The service will be conducted by Rev. Sydney B. Snow of Boston, Mass.

10.30 A.M. Annual meeting of the Ministerial Union in Channing Hall. Speaker, Rev. Edwin M. Slocombe. Subject, "Centre and Circumference."

2.30 P.M. Public meeting of the Alliance of Unitarian and other Liberal Christian Women at the South Congregational Church (corner Exeter and Newbury Streets). Subject, "The Challenge of the World to the Church." Devotional service. Addresses by Mrs. Troward H. Marshall, Ph.D., of Dayton, Ohio; Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, D.D., of New York; and Rev. William L. Sullivan of New York.

4 P.M. Seventh annual meeting of the Unitarian Service Pension Society in Channing Hall.

5 P.M. Vesper service at the First Church, corner of Berkeley and Marlboro Streets. Rev. Alfred R. Hussey of Baltimore, Md., in charge.

5.30 P.M. Annual meeting of the National League of Unitarian Laymen at the Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy Street. John Mason Little, Esq., will preside. Dinner at 6 P.M. Tickets to the dinner, at $1.00, can be obtained of the Secretary, at headquarters, or at the Club at the meeting. Addresses on "The Opportunities of the League," by Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, Mr. Alexander Johnson, formerly Secretary of the National Conference of Charities, and others.

8-10 P.M. Public reception to ministers, delegates, and friends at the Hotel Somerset. Rev. and Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot, Rev. and Mrs. Samuel M. Crothers, and Miss Anna M. Bancroft will receive. The Raymond Orchestra will furnish music. Light refreshments will be served throughout the evening.

Tuesday, May 26.

9 A.M. Morning prayer in King's Chapel. The service will be in commemoration of the ministers of the Unitarian Fellowship who have died during the year. The address will be given by Rev. Henry C. Parker of Woburn, Mass.

10 A.M. Eighty-ninth annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association, in Tremont Temple. Delegates and life members will be admitted by ticket to the floor. The galleries will be open to the public.

The morning session will begin with a devotional service, conducted by Rev. George H. Reed of Fairhaven, Mass. The meeting will be open for the introduction of resolutions, the appointment of committees, and announcements by the chairman. The treasurer will present his annual statement, and the secretary will make his annual address. Addresses: "Gathering a Congregation in a New Field," Rev. James C. Duncan; "Creating a Unitarian Church in a College Town," Rev. Albert R. Vail of Urbana, Ill.; "The Growth of Unity among the Churches," Rev. Ambrose R. Vernon. The annual address by the president will follow, and the session will conclude with the report of the Special Commission on the Membership and Methods of the Association, Hon. Leslie C. Cornish.

2.30 P.M. Annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association (continued). Five ten-minute addresses on "The Call of the Hour to the Free Churches." "To the Coming Generation," Rev. William I. Lawrance; "To the Spirit of Self-Reliance in Churches and Conferences," Rev. Fred V. Hawley of Chicago; "To the Promotion of Social Welfare," Rev. Edgar S. Wiers of Montclair, N.J.; "To the Layman," Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs of Marlboro; "To the Ministry," Rev. Henry Wilder Foote of Cambridge. Report of the Nominating Committee. Election of officers and directors. Report of Business Committee. Discussion and Business.

5 P.M. Vesper service at the First Church, Rev. Abbot Peterson of Brookline, Mass., in charge

7.30 P.M. Anniversary sermon before the American Unitarian Association, in Tremont Temple. The entire hall will be open to the public. The services will be conducted by Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell of Boston, Mass., and Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass., and the sermon will be preached by Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland, Ore. Music by the choir of the Arlington Street Church, under the direction of Mr. Benjamin L. Whelpley.

Wednesday, May 27.

9 A.M. Morning prayer in King's Chapel, conducted by Rev. Edmund H. Reeman of Lancaster, Pa.

10 A.M. Meeting of the Berry Street Conference in the vestry of Arlington Street Church. The address will be given by Rev. William L. Sullivan. Open to ministers only.

10 A.M. Annual business meeting of the Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women in the South Congregational Church. Annual reports.

12.30 P.M. Annual meeting and luncheon of the Meadville Alumni Association, at the Bulfinch Place Church. Luncheon, followed by address in auditorium of church by Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D. Subject, "The Power and Promise of Congregationalism." Business meeting. *Open to all who have been students at Meadville.*

2 P.M. Forward Movement meeting in Arlington Street Church. Subject, "The New Missionary Impulse." Hon. William S. Kyle, president of the Unitarian Club of Boston, will preside. Devotional service conducted by Rev. P. R. Frothingham. Addresses by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Rev. Jabez T. Sunderland, and Rev. William L. Sullivan. Congregational singing.

5 P.M. Vesper service at the First Church, Rev. H. Sumner Mitchell of Keene, N.H., in charge.

6 P.M. Unitarian Festival in Tremont Temple. The chairman of the Festival Committee, Mr. Charles A. Collins, will present as the presiding officer of the evening Hon. Curtis Guild. Speakers, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Hon. Samuel W. McCall, and Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany.

Tickets, $2.50 each, will be on sale at the bookstore of Messrs. W. B. Clarke Co., 26 Tremont Street, on and after Wednesday, May 20, between the hours of nine and four o'clock. First balcony and front rows second balcony, tickets, $1; remainder second balcony, 50 cents, for those who feel interested only in the speaking. Music, as usual, during the evening. Speaking will begin at 7.15.

Thursday, May 28.

9 A.M. Morning prayer in King's Chapel. The communion service will be conducted by Rev. Roger S. Forbes of Dorchester.

9.30 A.M. Graduation exercises of the Tuckerman School, in Channing Hall. The address will be given by Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

10 A.M. Business meeting of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice in the Bulfinch Place Church.

10.30 A.M. Eleventh annual meeting of the Unitarian Historical Society in King's Chapel. President Henry H Edes will preside. Reports and election of officers. Speaker to be announced.

11 A.M. Conference in Channing Hall of Cheerful Letter Workers. Open to all interested.

2 P.M. Annual business meeting of the Young People's Religious Union, in the vestry of the South Congregational Church, corner of Exeter and Newbury Streets, for reports, election of officers, and conference. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., will speak on "What the Young People's Religious Union can do to give our Unitarian Faith to the Orient."

2 P.M. Conference of Post-office Mission Workers in Channing Hall, for those interested in the distribution of Unitarian literature.

2 P.M. Adjourned meeting of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice Symposium among members Addresses by Rev. Edmund H. Reeman and others, on "Guideposts and Mile-stones along the Social Highway."

2.30 P.M. Annual meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society in Lorimer Hall.

Digitized by Google

Symposium on New Ways for Temperance Work, including exhibition of stereopticon slides. Reports and election of officers.

5 P.M. Vesper service at the First Church. Rev. Dudley R. Child of Pepperell, Mass., in charge.

5–7 P.M. Reception by the Boston Federation to the officers of the Young People's Religious Union, in the parlors of the South Congregational Church. A collation will be served, to which delegates from the Unions and Young People's Societies are invited.

7.30 P.M. Public meeting of the Young People's Religious Union in the South Congregational Church. Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland, Ore., will conduct the devotional service. Addresses, "The Opportunity for Social Service of Unitarian Young People." Speakers: Hon. Grafton D. Cushing, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; Dr. Richard C. Cabot of the Massachusetts General Hospital; Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

Music by a young people's chorus choir from the Boston Federation.

FRIDAY, MAY 29.

9 A.M. Morning prayer in King's Chapel, conducted by Rev. Frank A. Powell of Manchester, N.H.

10 A.M. Annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, King's Chapel. Service of song and prayer. Reports, election of officers, and business. Report on The Activities and Opportunities of the Society, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, president. Report on The New Course of Religious Education, by Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck, Ph.D., consulting editor. Report on The New Book for Song and Service, by Rev. Florence Buck, associate secretary.

2.15 P.M. Service of song. Addresses:

I. "The New Appreciation of the Educational Value of the Bible," by Prof. Charles F. Kent, Ph.D., Yale University.

II. "Modern Youth in a Modern World," by Rev. Rowena Morse Mann, Ph.D., minister of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago.

III. "A Service for the Consecration of Youth," by Prof. Francis A. Christie, D.D., Meadville Theological School.

10 A.M. The Free Religious Association's forty-seventh annual convention will be held at Ford Hall. The forenoon session will be devoted to the subject of "Religion and World-Brotherhood." Speakers to be announced.

1 P.M. Festival of the Free Religious Association. Subject, "The Stranger within our Gates." Speakers to be announced.

5 P.M. Vesper service at the First Church, Rev. Sidney S. Robins of Kingston, Mass., in charge.

The Young People's Religious Union.

With an attendance of 245 delegates, breaking all previous records, the Boston Federation of Young People's Religious Unions held its annual meeting, Sunday afternoon and evening, April 26, at First Church, Roxbury. The following officers and committees were elected: president, Frederick G. May, Jr., of the Nathaniel Hall Society; vice-president, William E. Weston of the Quincy Union; secretary, F. Antoinette Pratt of Christ Church Union; treasurer, Chester R. Allen of Christ Church Union.

Ways and Means Committee: Gardner Dunton of Disciples Guild, Glennie Allen of Christ Church Union, Richard C. Allen of Quincy Union, Marion Collins of Winthrop Unity Fraternity, Homer Emerson of Lawrance Union.

Social Committee: Natalie Irving of West Roxbury Unity Club, Emma B. Block of Channing Guild, Abigail A. Eliot of Winkley Guild, Apthorp R. Heath of Brighton Young People's Association, Walker Holmes of Nathaniel Hall Society, Bernard Macy of Roslindale Unitarian Club, Kathleen Rothe of All Souls' Fraternity.

Membership Committee: Esther Kendall Davis of Nathaniel Hall Society, Bancroft Beatley of Disciples Guild, William Keim of Channing Guild, Georgie May Morris of Nathaniel Hall Society, Anders Tellstrom of Bradlee Union.

Friendly Service Committee: Dorothy Pope of Brighton Young People's Association, Mary Lewis Chenoweth of Nathaniel Hall Society, Dr. Harold D. Darling of Theodore Weld Union, B. Morris Hooper of Wollaston Union, Marian Dudley Richards of De Normandie Guild, Nathaniel F. Silsbee of Nathaniel Hall Society, Ethel G. Stowe of Winthrop Unity Fraternity.

The meeting was called to order by the president, J. Harry Hooper, and opened with an invocation by Rev. Harold G. Arnold and a word of welcome by Miss Lora Mendum, president of the De Normandie Guild.

Reports were read by Miss F. Antoinette Pratt, the secretary, and Frederick G. May, Jr., the treasurer. Miss Marian D. Richards read the report of the Nominating Committee and the additional nomination of Henry R. Austin for vice-president was made from the floor. Upon recommendation of the nominating committee, it was voted to make the retiring president, J. Harry Hooper, a life member of the Young People's Religious Union.

Miss Dorothy Pope read the report of the Friendly Service Committee, recommending a broader supervisory policy for the committee. The same was adopted. Miss Richards's report of the Membership Committee showed the addition of two new unions during the year—the Jenks Union of Canton and the Adeline Eaton Harris Union of Needham.

Chester R. Allen for the Ways and Means Committee reported net proceeds of $100 from the performances of "The Colonel's Maid," and Henry R. Austin for the Social Committee called attention to the Outdoor Picnic of the Federation at Houghton's Pond, on Saturday afternoon, June 6.

Frederick G. May, Jr., for the Hospitality Committee, announced a vaudeville show for May 6, and that preparations were under way for Anniversary Week. Miss Richards reported that the Music Committee was holding rehearsals of the Federation chorus each Tuesday evening at Bulfinch Place Church, in preparation for the annual meeting of the Young People's Religious Union. Miss Esther Kendall Davis reported for the Programme Committee.

The roll-call showed delegates present from 19 of the 20 Unions, and visitors present from Second Church, Brookline, and the South Middlesex Federation. Mr. Shaw responded briefly for the new Union at Canton, and Miss Edith Melvin brought greeting from the South Middlesex Federation. Mrs. Brown of Brookline spoke with hope of forming a young people's organization at Second Church. A hearty welcome was voted the new Unions.

President Sanford Bates of the Young People's Religious Union spoke briefly of the annual meeting and the larger forward movement that was rapidly gathering strength in the national body. The invitation of the West Roxbury society for holding a special Federation meeting on Brook Farm on Sunday afternoon, May 17, was accepted. Those going will meet at the West Roxbury church at 3.45 and proceed to the historic farm in a body.

The national society was voted a contribution of $25, and the retiring president was accorded a vote of thanks. During the intermission, supper was served through the kindness of De Normandie Guild.

The evening service opened at 7.15 with a devotional service in charge of Rev. James De Normandie, D.D. Miss L. Kathleen Witham sang. A congregation of over 400 was present.

The speaker of the evening was Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who spoke on "Universal Religion." Religion as an historic development and as an effective force toward human welfare was considered by the speaker, who showed how man, in his feebleness, has tried propitiation, expiation, and atonement, and how, even now, the idea of sacrifice is accepted by immense majorities.

To Federation members Dr. Eliot said with impressiveness:—

"Your very membership in this organization proves that Christ's teaching has inspired you with a love for your neighbor. In Massachusetts we have a citizenship composed of many races. No better work lies ahead of you than such service as Jesus described in the parable of the Good Samaritan. The whole conception of social life is now essentially Christian.

"Modern social service is still a movement with shortcomings, but you must help to work out the problem and learn the art of doing good without doing harm. I welcome you to a work in which there is so much interest and happiness."

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

Dramatizing Bible Stories.

Bible stories and parables may be made more graphic and may be more vividly impressed upon the memories of children by dramatizing them. The very little ones may be led to personate the lost sheep and the seeking shepherd, the woman seeking the lost coin, and similar scenes that have action. Older pupils may make even geography interesting by modelling maps in sand or plastic material, or by following some imaginary journey, like that so vividly pictured in Sunderland's "The Bible and the Bible Country," pinning a paper horse here and there on a large map as the journey proceeds.

Some of the Old Testament stories lend themselves to still more elaborate dramatization. This may be accomplished in any one of three ways. One way is to assign parts to various pupils to read aloud as their turns come, with another, preferably an adult,

reading the narrative and connecting passages. The pupils may be seated on the stage for this exercise. The advantage of this method is that it is so easily done. It requires no costumes, calls for no action, and so is within the ability of any school.

Another method of dramatizing Bible stories is to make of them real plays, with scenery and costumes, the parts being committed to memory and recited, as in any other drama. This introduces action and requires study, and both these are desirable. Not all schools feel equal to so difficult an attempt, and it is not always that children act and speak in ways that convey adequately the intended teaching of the stories themselves. Where the desired results can be obtained, however, this appears to be an excellent way to impress the Bible stories.

A third method of presenting these stories is by having them read aloud by some one having a strong and sympathetic voice, while the pupils represent the passing scenes and recurrent actions in tableaux. No scenery is necessary in such presentation, but costumes are important. A recent example of this method was that given at the First Unitarian Church in Providence, on May 7. Miss Mary Lawrance, superintendent of the school, had trained sixty children from the school to pose for a large number of tableaux representing scenes in the story of Joseph. By a careful study of Tissot's pictures, costumes were prepared, which were at once simple and effective. The story was read by the pastor of the church, Rev. Augustus M. Lord, whose deep, rich voice lent much to the effectiveness of the occasion. The children entered into the work with hearty interest, and gave to the assembled company, as they secured for themselves, a lasting impression of the various details of that wonderful story.

Among the various ways of presenting the Bible stories, this method of reading while tableaux represent the scenes seems to be, on the whole, the best. One can be sure that the story is told in a way that can be heard by all, unmarred by lapses of memory or momentary embarrassment on the part of pupils. The pupils themselves gain a new sense of the dignity of the story by hearing it adequately read, while their love of the dramatic is gratified and utilized.

Whatever method is followed, satisfactory results may be assured by putting enough effort into the work. Better not to attempt it than to do it in a slovenly manner. But where a few persons are willing to undertake it seriously, the outcome is assured and well repays the effort. In Bible dictionaries, in manuals, and, most of all, in the Bible itself, the necessary materials are to be found. Hard work and a religious purpose will do the rest.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the First Church, Boston, Wednesday afternoon, May 20, at four o'clock, Rev. Samuel Raymond Maxwell will be installed minister of the Second Church.

A public memorial service in memory of Rev. Benjamin F. McDaniel will be held at the Barnard Memorial Chapel, 10 Warrenton Street, Boston, Mass., Sunday, May 17, 1914, at 3 P.M. Rev. George F. Pratt of Christ Church, Dorchester, will deliver the address.

Rev. David R. Williams of the Congregational ministry, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted May 1, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

At a meeting of the Fellowship Committee of the Middle States and Canada, held on May 4, 1914, at City Club, New York City, Rev. James Robert Vint Laughland was duly admitted to our fellowship in the Unitarian denomination, and is hereby commended to its ministers and churches. William M. Brundage, Chairman; L. A. Harvey, Walter R. Hunt.

The Plymouth and Bay Conference will meet with the First Parish in Plymouth, Rev. A. B. Whitney, minister, on Wednesday, May 20, 1914. After devotional service, led by Rev. G. B. Spurr, and the annual business meeting, Rev. Frank A. Powell of Manchester, N.H., will give an address, "The Mission of the Modern Pulpit," and Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., will speak on "The Proposed World Pilgrimage of Unitarians." In the afternoon, Rev. William L. Sullivan will speak on "The Task of a Liberal Church in These Times."

Meetings.

New York League of Unitarian Women.—The last meeting of the year was held at the First Unitarian Church of Orange, N.J., on May 1. The speaker of the day was Rev. Elvin J. Prescott of Gloucester, Mass., who gave an address upon "The Ideal City." He spoke from the standpoint of the social service worker of long experience, and gave a most suggestive and inspiriting talk. The afternoon session was devoted to the hearing of the annual reports from the various Alliances of the district represented by the League. The new officers were installed, Mrs. Walter N. Lawson being the new president. The programme for the coming year will be ethnical in character, considering various types of mankind.

The Chicago Associate Alliance.—The Alliance met at Unity Church, Hinsdale, Ill., April 30, 1914, at 11 A.M. Mrs. Long, the president, was in the chair. Miss Jane A. Wilcox read a paper on "Some Tendencies of the Present Day Verse," in which were vividly depicted, in her own words or in the poems read, the wrongs of the industrial worker and the growing sense of responsibility on the part of the more fortunate. Dr. Rowena Mann followed with a strong plea for justice, clear thinking, and scientific methods in correcting these maladjustments of society. The report of the Post-office Mission Committee was read by Mrs. Brough, in the absence of the chairman, Mrs. Colby. On motion it was decided that the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference be given the names and addresses of interested recipients of Post-office Mission literature, in case his field work should take him into their vicinity. On motion it was decided to have names and addresses of Alliance members retained on the calendar. Names were requested of any Alliance members who would be in Boston during the May meetings, that they might receive appointment as delegates. Mrs. J. C. Long of Geneva, president, and Mrs. S. F. Lynn of Chicago, secretary and treasurer, were unanimously re-elected. Mrs. Colby was elected chairman of the Post-office Mission Committee, and Mrs. Lewis chairman of the Cheerful Letter Committee for the ensuing year. Number present, 49 members, 4 guests. Ethel Winslow Mason, Secretary *pro tem.*

Channing Conference.—The ninety-sixth annual meeting of the Channing Conference was held in All Souls' Church (Universalist-Unitarian), New London, Conn., on Tuesday, May 5, and Wednesday, May 6, 1914. Mr. Job C. Tripp of Fairhaven, for forty years president of the Conference, presided. Addresses were delivered on Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Dudley H. Ferrell of Brockton, Mass., on "Our Peculiar Privilege," and by Rev. Edson Reifsnider, minister of the North Cambridge Universalist Church, upon "What is a Christian." On the evening of Tuesday, May 5, occurred the installation of Rev. Walter Samuel Swisher as minister of All Souls' Church. The service was conducted by Rev. Edward D. Johnson of Salem. Prayer was offered by Rev. Edson Reifsnider, and the sermon was delivered by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. Arthur H. Winn of Providence; the charge to the minister, by Rev. John B. W. Day of Fall River; the charge to the people, by Rev. Channing Brown of Boston; and the welcome to the city, by Dr. Danforth of the Orthodox Congregational Church, New London. The second session of the Conference opened on Wednesday morning with a devotional service conducted by Rev. John B. W. Day of Fall River. Addresses followed by Rev. Charles Conklin, D.D., secretary of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention, on "Peace," and by Rev. A. C. Dieffenbach of Hartford on "Spiritual Man." The Conference voted to adopt the recommendation of the temporary Missionary Committee of the New England Conference to form a permanent Missionary Council. John B. W. Day, Secretary.

The Social Service Council of Unitarian Women held a stimulating and helpful meeting in the vestry of Arlington Street Church, Thursday, May 7, 1914. The president, Mrs. Root, gave the keynote of the occasion when she quoted at the beginning these words: "The great spring of enthusiasm is service." The meeting was given over to the reports of social service work for the year in the seventy-three parishes represented in the Council. These parishes are divided into districts, under directors; and the directors reporting, each for her district, were: Mrs. F. A. Robbins of Boston, Mrs. George W. Curtis of Roxbury, Miss Edith Spencer of Dorchester, Mrs. John K. Whiting of Brookline, Mrs. F. A. P. Fiske of West Somerville, Mrs. B. A. Norton of Arlington, Mrs. J. P. Tolman of West Newton, Mrs. Philip De Normandie of Milton, Mrs. George T. Rice of Westwood, Mrs. Thomas Lacey of Wollaston, Miss Caroline P. Holden of Concord. The Cambridge and the North Shore Districts being at present without directors, their reports were read by the

Digitized by Google

secretary. The work done during the year past is most encouraging, showing a decided increase in interest and service over that of the year 1912–13. Unfortunately, it is not possible to give here excerpts from these reports, telling in detail the splendid record of the "helping hands" held out in the spirit of neighborliness. The following appropriations were voted for the work of the coming year: North End Union, for Italian work, $400; South End Industrial School,

THE UNITARIAN FESTIVAL

WILL BE HELD IN

TREMONT TEMPLE

Wednesday, May 27, 1914, at 6 p.m.

HON. CURTIS GUILD

WILL PRESIDE.

HON. SAMUEL W. McCALL, REV. A. M. RIHBANY, and J. RANDOLPH COOLIDGE, Jr., Esq., will speak.

Tickets for the dinner at $2.50 each will be for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. W. B. CLARKE Co., 26 Tremont Street, on and after Wednesday, May 20, between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock.

Applications for tickets may be made to the Secretary, accompanied by check, and will be filled in the order received.

First Balcony and front row of Second Balcony tickets, $1; remainder Second Balcony, 50 cents, for those who feel interested only in the speaking.

Music as usual during the afternoon and evening.
Speaking will begin at 7.15 o'clock.
Notice the change in the day that the tickets go on sale.

F. W. PORTER, *Secretary*,
31 Exchange Street, Lynn.
Telephone, Lynn 3231 or 4678-W.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

Unitarian Sunday School Society

IN

KING'S CHAPEL,

Boston, Mass., Friday, May 29, 1914.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Forenoon.

A.M.

10.00 Service of Song. Prayer by **Rev. George P. Piper.**

10.15 Transaction of Business:—

Clerk's Report. Treasurer's Report. Election of Officers. General Business.

11.00 Report on The Activities and Opportunities of the Society, by **Rev. William I. Lawrance,** President.

Report on The New Course of Religious Education, by **Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck, Ph.D.,** Consulting Editor.

Report on The New Book of Song and Service, by **Rev. Florence Buck,** Associate Secretary of the Department of Religious Education.

12.30 Intermission.

Afternoon.

P.M.

2.15 Service of Song.

2.30 Addresses:—

1. "The New Appreciation of the Educational Value of the Bible," by **Prof. Charles F. Kent, Ph.D.,** Yale University.

2. "Modern Youth in a Modern World," by **Rev. Rowena Morse Mann, Ph.D.,** Minister of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago.

3. "A Service for the Consecration of Youth," by **Prof. Francis A. Christie, D.D.,** Meadville Theological School.

4.30 Adjournment.

Deaths.

TAFT.—In Concord, Mass., March 26, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry G. Taft, aged 77 years.

Mrs. Taft was one of the old time residents of Uxbridge, and the old homestead here has been within her family for over one hundred years. The spacious old-style house and the well-kept farm have long formed one of the hospitable centres of the community. Her interest in the Unitarian church was sustained and helpful. She is survived by her three daughters, Mrs. Eaton of Concord, Mrs. Langdon of Providence, Mrs. Warren of New Jersey, and her son, George S. Taft, with whom she lived.

Funeral services were held at the Uxbridge home on March 28, and were conducted by her former pastor, Rev. C. A. Roys, assisted by the present pastor, Rev. A. N. Foster.

MISS GEORGIANA MERRILL.

On the 22d of April, Miss Georgiana Merrill died at her home in Roxbury. She had been out of health for several years but her last illness was short. Rev. Christopher R. Eliot of Bulfinch Place Church officiated at the funeral services in Roxbury, and her body was carried to Newburyport to rest in the family lot at Oak Hill, where Rev. Laurence Hayward read the committal service.

Many readers of the *Register* will remember the three sisters who gave so much of their lives to philanthropic and church work. Miss Fanny was for many years the devoted assistant of Rev. Mr. Winkley of Bulfinch Place Chapel, now Bulfinch Place Church, and she was the founder of the Children's Mission. Miss Georgiana was an active member of the South Congregational Church (Dr. Edward Everett Hale's church), of which her father had been deacon, and she was president of the Alliance of that church for a number of years, putting her mind and heart into the work for which it stands.

Miss Merrill was a person of strong individuality. She had "the courage of her convictions." If she undertook any task, one might be sure she would carry it through, with never a thought of being disheartened. She inherited a high sense of honor and truthfulness, and detested anything bordering on sham or affectation. We who knew her well have lost a stanch and loyal friend, in whom we could safely trust. If one word could describe her well-rounded character, that word would be "sincerity."

REV. FREDERICK L. H. WILLIS, M.D.

On Easter Sunday, at 11 A.M., passed into the higher life Rev. Frederick Llewellyn Hovey Willis, M.D.

Dr. Willis's father was Lorenzo Dow Willis, a cousin of the poet N. P. Willis. His mother was Eleanor Hovey, who, in her day, was one of the beauties of Cambridge. His grandfather was Ebenezer Hovey, one of the founders of the Baptist church in Cambridge. The society met in Mr. Hovey's parlors until strong enough to build their church, and for years he and his nine children constituted the choir of the church. On the maternal grandmother's side Dr. Willis went back to the old Darley family of Salem.

He was born in Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 29, 1840, and was educated in the public school of that town. He prepared for college with Rev. Thomas Starr King, in whose home he resided for several years, acting as amanuensis and taking down from dictation the matchless sermons of this eminent divine. To this training was, doubtless, largely due Dr. Willis's fine command of English. A member of the Harvard College Divinity School, Class of 1858, his first charge was in Coldwater, Mich. The same year he married Love Maria Whitcomb of Hancock, N.H. In 1865 he graduated as a physician from the New York Homœopathic Medical College in New York City, and for five years was Professor of Materia Medica in the Woman's Medical College of New York City, the first medical college for women in the United States. He practised medicine in New York and in Boston, and maintained a summer house on Seneca Lake, New York.

No account of Dr. Willis's life would be complete that did not mention his devotion to that cause known as Modern Spiritualism. To this cause he gave himself in a spirit of single-hearted heroism and self-sacrifice, bearing for it censure and ridicule, the alienation of friends, and all the ostracism and rebuffs that come from such espousal of an unpopular movement. Possibly to this was due that gentle strength of character, that kindly, lovable humanism, that during the last twenty years of his life drew all men to him.

In his early years he formed a friendship with the A. Bronson Alcott family, residing under their roof as guest and boarder during his summer vacations and while a student in college. His acquaintance and the part he took in the life of this family has given him the reputation of being the "Laurie" of Louisa Alcott's book "Little Women," a fact that the daily papers have seized upon and magnified since his death. While Dr. Willis had a better right than any one to be called the "Laurie" of "Little Women," and while the family often called him "Laurie" when they met him in late years as they recalled the early associations that gave rise to the book, he himself never made this claim, always saying that the hero of every book is a composite picture of various characters that have influenced the author more or less.

Dr. Willis was bigger than any incident of his life,—a man of particularly gentle and courteous nature, high-minded, broad, cultured, refined, and lovable to a degree. He was remarkably attractive to young people and children, and his life has left an uplifting influence on very many lives. Though eighty-four years old he never impressed one as an old man, for he kept abreast of the times and awake to all the interests of modern life.

No man ever won more love, or possessed more friends, or left upon his environment a more enduring and tender memory. It was fitting that such a man should pass from life on Easter Sunday.

L.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 79-78-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

CAMP FRIAR TUCK, Lake Tahanto, Harvard, Mass. Established 1894. Rev. and Mrs. Lyman Greenman can accommodate in their camp this summer a few more boys between the ages of eight and fifteen. Water and country sports. Trips to Concord and other historic places. Season, June 20 to September 5. Address, 2237 Maine Street, Quincy, Ill.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR EUROPE
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientèle.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

EDWARD A. ANDREWS
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
Property near the College a Specialty.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN
TEMPLETON, MASS.
Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.
Address MANAGER.

Digitized by Google

$300; The Church of the Messiah, $150. To these Unitarian interests the Council has been pledged since its organization in 1912. It was voted to change the day of meeting from the second Monday to the first Thursday in October, January, March, and May. Among the one hundred and twenty or more interested persons present it was gratifying to see not only Mrs. Clara T. Guild and the students of the Tuckerman School, but Miss Anna M. Bancroft, the president, and Mrs. Prescott Keyes, the New England vice-president, of the Alliance of Unitarian Women. The next meeting will be on Thursday, October 1, 1914. Frederika Wendte, Secretary.

Churches.

Dorchester, Mass.—Channing Church, Rev. Charles Phelps Wellman: The best and most promising year's work this church has had ended with April, and was celebrated with an unusually large and enthusiastic annual parish meeting. More people enjoyed together the parish supper and took part in the business following than ever before Reports showed all the societies of the church to be in excellent condition, the treasurer to have a good balance on hand, and the outlook and the spirit for the coming year to be most promising The president and treasurer of the church remain the same, but five of the eight members of the Parish Committee are new. The minister reported the death of but one member during the year,—the valued comrade and past president, Mr. Charles L. Davis,—the dedication of three children, and the public reception of nineteen new members.

Dunkirk, N.Y.—Adams Memorial Church, Rev. Henry J. Adlard: Steady progress and most encouraging results have been the outcome of the winter's work, under Mr. Adlard's preaching and leadership. From the first he captured the local newspaper, and from October up to date a summary of the Sunday sermon, a column in length, has appeared in the Monday's issue. Some protests came from the other churches about the beginning of the year, with the result that they were accorded the same privilege, and now a whole page is devoted to Sunday sermons This brings the positive liberal message alongside that of orthodox brethren, and, at least, invites reverent comparison. A series of sermons on "Jesus *vs.* Paul" attracted wide attention, and sent some of the leading men in the city to read with fresh minds the Synoptic Gospels and Paul's letters. This was supplemented by an entirely new departure,—the institution of a monthly Sunday evening lecture, three of which have now been given, on "The Church of To-day, and the Church of To-morrow"; "The Rise and Romance of the Human Race;" "Woman, from Savage to Suffragist." Each lecture, lasting over an hour, was an unqualified success, audiences ranging from 150 to 200 being present, including on one occasion fifteen Polish Roman Catholics, some of whom have since been to morning service. The high-water mark was reached on Sunday, May 3, when a rally service for the religious liberals and progressive thinkers of Dunkirk and district was held. Nearly 300 circulars were mailed, in addition to personal invitations, and an atmosphere of enthusiasm was created. In spite of much local sickness and quarantine, the results were most gratifying, the church was filled to the doors, and chairs were brought into requisition, in all nearly 300 being present. This marks an epoch in the history of the church, and a red letter for liberalism in the Catholic city of Dunkirk. By a happy coincidence, this day was the first anniversary of Mr. Adlard's call to the pastorate, when there were 43 present at the service. The Rally Sunday topic was "A Religion for the Modern Mind." This has been a year of solidifying, of collecting the scattered sheep, and, by the proclaiming of a positive spiritual and social gospel supplying the real needs of hungry humanity, a step to more aggressive work later on in the life of the city.

East Lexington, Mass.—Follen Church, Rev. Harold L. Pickett: This church faces its opportunities for service with good courage and hope. Fifty-eight new names were added to the membership roll at the parish meeting in April. The Sunday morning attendance is increasing, and newcomers to the village are finding a welcome and are made to feel at home in our union neighborhood society. A recent trial at holding the kindergarten class during the morning sermon has proved a success and helps bring the mothers and fathers to church. One of the most enjoyable occasions of the year was the May breakfast which the Alliance served to some two hundred persons from 5.30 to 9.00 A.M. on May 1.

New Orleans, La.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. George Kent: The church in New Orleans is taking a decided step forward. It is to beautify and enlarge its church building and add to it a Sunday-school and a parsonage. Although the effect of Mississippi floods and tariff changes is being sorely felt in the old city, the people have rallied with wonderful devotion to the call of their minister and have already raised more than the amount he asked of them. The American Unitarian Association, realizing the vital worth of these improvements, had offered to loan two-thirds or even three-fourths of the sum to be expended, but the loyal and self-sacrificing response of the people already covers a full half of the estimated cost, and the work will be begun at once. The annual election, just held, secures to the church as president, Mr. John Dymond, one of the representative men of New Orleans, for more than forty years a member of the church, while the board of trustees includes some of the fine younger men who have lately come into the Unitarian fellowship and are leaders in the new progress that is aroused in the Southland. The spirit of the church in New Orleans is that of a united and happy family.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.—The Unitarian Church: Rev. J. T. Sunderland was installed minister on Sunday evening, May 10, at the Friends' Meeting House. Rev. John Haynes Holmes preached the sermon, and Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright made the installing prayer. Mr. William B. Price, president of the board of trustees, in behalf of the church, Mr. Frank B. Lown, in behalf of the city, and Prof. Caroline E. Furness, in behalf of Vassar College, welcomed Mr. Sunderland to his new work. The charge to the minister was given by Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, and the charge to the church by Rev. Leon A. Harvey. Rev. F. A. Abbott and Rev. H. H. Woude, both of Poughkeepsie, also took part in the service. The announcement of the service said: "Mr. Sunderland comes to Poughkeepsie not as a partisan or a sectarian, but with sympathetic interest in, and, so far as practicable, to co-operate with, all religious organizations, all forms of religious faith, and all persons, organizations, and movements, whose aim is to promote the higher life of the city."

Winnipeg, Man.—All Souls' Church, Rev. Horace Westwood: The Alliance has just completed a banner year. The inspiration of the pastor and his work in the church and city, the enthusiasm incident with the building of the beautiful church home, and the steady gain of membership, have been responsible for the splendid record the year shows. The undertaking to pay $1,000 to the building fund was also a force to make concentrated effort on the part of every member of the Alliance. As a result, $721.80 was raised during the year by having socials, rummage sales, publishing faith cards and calendars, and by one bazaar, and $480 of that amount was used to reduce the $1,000 pledge. The Executive Committee of All Souls' Alliance wish to thank all friends and Alliances who so generously responded to the sale of their cards and booklets. $131 was the gross receipts from the sale of their publications. This year they intend to produce some very beautiful folders and booklets, with kodak photographs of the wonderful Canadian Rockies and the Northwest. The newly elected officers for 1914 and 1915 are: honorary president, Mrs. Horace Westwood; president, Mrs. Frances Steinthal; vice-president, Mrs. Fanny B. Ransom; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Florence G. Bale; recording secretary, Mrs. Margaret Robinson; treasurer, Mrs. Ada Frost.

Personals.

The Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, N.Y., which has been without a minister since Mr. Dutton left it last September to assume charge of the church at San Francisco, has

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, Medomak, Me.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

called Rev. Charles H. Lyttle, who has accepted the call and enters upon his duties the first of September. Mr. Lyttle was born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1885, son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lyttle. He graduated from the Western Reserve University (A.B.) in 1907; completed a year of graduate work in English literature (A.M.), 1908; adopted the Unitarian fellowship, and attended the Meadville Theological School, graduating (B.D.), 1910. The next year was spent as Crufts fellow of the Meadville School, studying at Marburg under Carl Mirbt. From 1912 he was holder of the Williams and Founders fellowship at the Harvard Divinity School (S.T.M.), 1913, and proctor of that school for the last two years, and is now engaged in finishing work on a Ph.D. in the history of religions. He has also had charge of the church at Pembroke, Mass., for the last two years.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged	$50,274.33
April 30. Canadian Unitarian Conference	3.00
30. Society in Dayton, Ohio	10.00
30. Unity Church, Chicago, Ill.	25.00
30. Society in Windsor, Vt.	15.00
30. First Society in Roxbury, Mass., additional	100.00
30. Society in Northampton, Mass., additional	15.00
30. Society in Canton, Mass., additional	50.00
30. South Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., additional	400.00
30. Third Society, Cambridge, Mass., additional	2.75
30. Society in Hartford, Conn., additional,	5.00
30. First Church, Chicago, Ill.	50.00
30. Society in New Brighton, N.Y.	15.00
RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.	
30. Montclair, N.J., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
30. Sunday School, Burlington, Vt.	15.00
30. Girard Ave. Sunday School, Philadelphia, Pa.	2.00
30. Sunday School, Brockton, Mass.	10.00
	$50,001.08

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, Treasurer.
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Here and There.

In preparation for the coming fire season in California, 110 miles of fire lines have been built on the Sierra national forest.

It was the late Lord Coleridge's duty as a Fellow to read the lessons in chapel. One day he read by mistake the second lesson in place of the first. To conclude it in the orthodox way as the first lesson was hardly correct, as properly it was the second. A moment's hesitation supplied him with the appropriate word: "Here endeth the wrong lesson."

American Unitarian Association.

DELEGATE SOCIETIES, 1914–15.

According to our record the following societies and "missionary associations," having sent "a contribution for missionary uses to the treasurer of the Association for two successive years," the last having been placed in his hands "on or before May 1," are entitled to representation at the coming annual meeting "by the persons of its minister and two additional lay delegates." If any omissions are discovered in the list or any society fails to receive blank credentials, it is desirable that notice should be sent to me without delay.

LEWIS G. WILSON, *Secretary.*

Alameda, Cal.
Albany, N.Y.
Amherst, Mass.
Andover, N.H.:—
  Congregational Unitarian Society.
Andover, North, Mass.
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Arlington, Mass.
Ashby, Mass.
Athol, Mass.:—
  Second Unitarian Society.
Attleboro, Mass.
Augusta, Me.
Ayer, Mass.
Baltimore, Md.
Bangor, Me.
Barnstable, Mass.
Barre, Mass.
Bath, N.H.
Bedford, Mass.
Belfast, Me.
Bellingham, Wash.
Belmont, Mass.
Berlin, Mass.
Bernardston, Mass.
Beverly, Mass.
Billerica, Mass.
Bolton, Mass.
Boston, Mass.:—
  First Parish, Dorchester.
  First Church.
  First Church in Roxbury.
  Second Church.
  King's Chapel.
  First Parish, W. Roxbury.
  New South Church.
  Arlington Street Church.
  First Parish, Brighton.
  First Congregational Society, Jamaica Plain.
  Third Religious Society, Dorchester.
  Hawes Unitarian Cong'l Church, South Boston.
  Bulfinch Place Church.
  South Cong'l Church.
  Church of the Disciples.
  East Boston, Unitarian Society.
  All Souls' Church, Roxbury.
  Christ Church, Dorchester.
  Church of the Unity, Neponset.
  First Unitarian Society, Hyde Park.
  Norfolk Unitarian Church, Dorchester.
  Unitarian Church, Roslindale.
  Channing Church, Dorchester.
  Church of the Messiah.
Braintree, Mass.
Brattleboro, Vt.
Brewster, Mass.
Bridgewater, Mass.
Bridgewater, East, Mass.
Bridgewater, West, Mass.
Brockton, Mass.
Brookfield, Mass.
Brookline, Mass.:—
  First Parish.
  Second Unitarian Society.
Brooklyn, Conn.
Buffalo, N.Y.:—
  First Unitarian Congregational Society.
Burlington, Vt.
Calgary, Alberta, Can.
Cambridge, Mass.:—
  First Parish.
  Third Cong'l Society.
Canton, Mass.
Carlisle, Mass.
Charleston, S.C.
Charlestown, N.H.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Chelmsford, Mass.
Chicago, Ill.:—
  First Unitarian Society.
  Unity Church.
  Third Unitarian Church.
  All Souls' Church.
Chicopee, Mass.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Clinton, Mass.
Cohasset, Mass.
Colorado Springs, Col.
Concord, Mass.
Concord, N.H.
Danvers, Mass.
Davenport, Ia.
Dayton, Ohio.
Dedham, Mass.
Deerfield, Mass.
Denver, Col.
Derby, Conn.
Detroit, Mich.
Dighton, Mass.
Dover, Mass.
Dover, N.H.
Dunkirk, N.Y.
Duxbury, Mass.
Easton, Mass.:—
  Congregational Parish.
  Society at North Easton.
Eastport, Me.
Elizabeth, N.J.
Erie, Pa.
Eugene, Ore.
Evanston, Ill.
Exeter, N.H.
Fairhaven, Mass.
Fall River, Mass.
Farmington, Me.
Fitchburg, Mass.
Framingham, Mass.
Francestown, N.H.
Franklin, N.H.
Gardner, Mass.
Geneseo, Ill.
Gloucester, Mass.
Grafton, Mass.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Greenfield, Mass.
Groton, Mass.
Hackensack, N.J.
Hamilton, Ont.
Hanska, Minn.
Hartford, Conn.
Harvard, Mass.
Haverhill, Mass.
Highland Springs, Va.
Hingham, Mass.:—
  First Parish.
  Second Parish.
  Third Congregational Society.
Holyoke, Mass.
Hood River, Ore.
Hopedale, Mass.
Houlton, Me.
Hubbardston, Mass.
Hudson, Mass.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Ithaca, N.Y.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jamestown, N.Y.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo.
Keene, N.H.
Kennebunk, Me.
Kingston, Mass.
Laconia, N.H.
Lancaster, Mass.
Lancaster, Pa.
Lawrence, Kan.
Lebanon, N.H.
Leicester, Mass.
Leominster, Mass.
Lexington, Mass.
Lexington, East, Mass.
Lincoln, Neb.
Lincolnville, Me.
Littleton, Mass.
Littleton, N.H.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisville, Ky.
Lowell, Mass.
Lynn, Mass.
Madison, Wis.
Malden, Mass.
Manchester, Mass.
Manchester, N.H.
Marblehead, Mass.
Marietta, Ohio.
Marlborough, Mass.
Marshfield, Mass.:—
  Second Cong'l Society.
  Grace Chapel.
Meadville, Pa.
Medfield, Mass.
Medford, Mass.
Middleboro, Mass.
Milford, N.H.
Milton, Mass.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.:—
  First Unitarian Society.
  Free Christian Church.
Montague, Mass.:—
  First Unitarian Society.
Montclair, N.J.
Montpelier, Vt.
Montreal, Can.
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Nantucket, Mass.
Nashua, N.H.
Natick, Mass.
Needham, Mass.
New Bedford, Mass.
Newburgh, N.Y.
Newburyport, Mass.
New London, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
Newport, R.I.
Newton, Mass.:—
  Channing Religious Soc'y.
  Chestnut Hill Society.
  Society at Newton Centre.
  Society at West Newton.
New York, N.Y.:—
  Church of All Souls.
  Church of the Messiah.
  First Unitarian Society, Brooklyn.
  Second Unitarian Society, Brooklyn.
  Church of the Redeemer, New Brighton.
  Third Unitarian Society, Brooklyn.
  Lenox Avenue Church.
  Fourth Unitarian Society, Brooklyn.
  First Unitarian Church, Flushing.
Northampton, Mass.:—
  Second Cong'l Church.
  Society at Florence.
Northboro, Mass.
Northfield, Mass.
Norton, Mass.
Norwell, Mass.
Oakland, Cal.
Orlando, Fla.
Orange, N.J.
Ottawa, Can.
Palo Alto, Cal.
Passaic, N.J.
Peabody, Mass.
Pembroke, Mass.
Pepperell, Mass.
Peterboro, N.H.
Petersham, Mass.
Philadelphia, Pa.:—
  First Unitarian Church.
  Unitarian Society of Germantown.
  Spring Garden Unitarian Church.
Pittsburgh, Pa.:—
  First Unitarian Church.
  Northside Unitarian Ch.
Pittsfield, Mass.
Plainfield, N.J.
Plymouth, Mass.
Pomona, Cal.
Portland, Me.:—
  First Parish.
Portland, Ore.
Portsmouth, N.H.
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Providence, R.I.:—
  First Cong'l Church.
  Westminster Cong'l Soc'y.
Quincy, Ill.
Quincy, Mass.:—
  First Cong'l Society.
  Wollaston Unitarian Society.
Randolph, Mass.
Reading, Mass.
Redlands, Cal.
Revere, Mass.
Richmond, Va.
Ridgewood, N.J.
Rochester, N.H.
Rochester, N.Y.
Rockland, Mass.
Rowe, Mass.
Rutherford, N.J.
Saco, Me.
St. Louis, Mo.:—
  Church of the Messiah.
  Church of the Unity.
St. Paul, Minn.
Salem, Mass.:—
  First Cong'l Society.
  Second Church.
  North Society.
Salem, Ore.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
San Antonio, Texas.
San Diego, Cal.
Sandwich, Mass.
San Francisco, Cal.:—
  First Unitarian Society.
Santa Ana, Cal.
Santa Barbara, Cal.
Santa Cruz, Cal.
Schenectady, N.Y.
Scituate, Mass.
Seattle, Wash.
Sharon, Mass.
Shelbyville, Ill.:—
  First Congregational Unitarian Church.
Sherborn, Mass.
Shirley, Mass.
Somerville, Mass.:—
  First Cong'l Society.
  Second Unitarian Society.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
Sterling, Mass.
Stoneham, Mass.
Stow, Mass.
Stowe, Vt.
Sturbridge, Mass.
Sudbury, Mass.
Summit, N.J.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Taunton, Mass.
Templeton, Mass.
Toledo, Ohio.
Toronto, Can.
Trenton, N.Y.
Troy, N.Y.
Tyngsboro, Mass.
Upton, West, Mass.
Urbana, Ill.
Uxbridge, Mass.
Vineland, N.J.
Vineyard Haven, Mass.
Walpole, Mass.
Walpole, N.H.
Waltham, Mass.
Ware, Mass.
Washington, D.C.
Waterbury, Conn.
Watertown, Mass.
Waverley, Mass.
Wayland, Mass.
Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Westboro, Mass.
Westford, Mass.
Weston, Mass.
Westwood, Mass.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Whitman, Mass.
Wichita, Kan.
Wilmington, Del.
Wilton, N.H.:—
  First Cong'l Society.
  Liberal Christian Church.
Winchendon, Mass.
Winchester, Mass.
Windsor, Vt.
Winnipeg, Can.:—
  All Souls' Church.
  First Icelandic Unitarian Church.
Winnisquam, N.H.
Winthrop, Mass.
Woburn, Mass.
Worcester, Mass.:—
  Second Parish.
  Church of the Unity.
  South Unitarian Society.
Yarmouth, Me.
Yonkers, N.Y.
Youngstown, Ohio.

National Alliance of Unitarian Women.
New York League of Unitarian Women.
Unitarian Church of All Souls (Correspondence).
Western Unitarian Conference.
Philadelphia League of Unitarian Women.

PURE White Mountain COLD
"The Chest with the Chill in it"
Superior Quality of Materials and Scientific Construction also Beauty and Durability—all combined in the World's Famous "WHITE MOUNTAIN." Send for our catalogue covering the most Complete Line of Refrigerators in America.
DUPLEX CIRCULATION MAINE MFG.CO. REFRIGERATORS NASHUA N.H. GERM PROOF

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"What we need in this Mexican affair," remarked Mrs. Twickembury, "is disconcerted action."

Jim's engagement had a queer effect on him. First it was broken off; then he was broken up; and now he is broken down.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Things one might have put differently. "How de do, Lady Smythe? I've just driven the motor over to fetch my wife away." "Oh, how very nice of you, Admiral; but I do wish you had come sooner."—*Punch.*

Seedy Boarder: "Hm! You may not believe it, don't you know, Polly, but I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth." Polly: "Well, fancy! An' me and mother thought you spoke like that on purpose."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

The *Washington Star* credits the late Mayor Gaynor with this criticism of a novelist who began with promise and became a "best seller": "How did he start in to write?" "With a wealth of thought." "And how has he kept on?" "With a thought of wealth."

"Do you know, my dear," asked the young husband, "there's something wrong with the cake. It doesn't taste right." "That is all your imagination," answered the bride, triumphantly, "for it says in the cook-book that it is delicious." This is taken from the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, but we supposed that in Germany every woman could cook.

The use of the telephone frequently results in some funny mistakes. Before a meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Chicago recently, a young woman was asked over the telephone if she would take two delegates to the convention. She agreed to do so, and on the day appointed showed up at the hall with two jelly-cakes.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, chief of a Scotch clan, was once on a visit to London. During his stay he got into a dispute with his cab-driver over the fare. "Perhaps you do not know who I am," he said at last, when other arguments failed. "I am the Mackintosh." "I don't care if you're the humberella too," returned the unimpressed cabby. "The fare is one and six and that's what I want."—*The Candid Friend.*

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. "No, it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By its rig I judged it to be a—" The word was new to him. "Barque," supplied the teacher. Still Willie hesitated, and looked bewildered. "Barque! Barque!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply. Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive look around the class, he shouted, "Bow-wow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Representative Patterson of Pennsylvania once had a local railway pass for himself and wife. An Irish constituent came to him, smiling, and said: "Mr. Patterson, sor, as a favor would you be after loaning me the use of your pass?" "But, Tim, everybody round here knows me; and they would know the pass wasn't yours." "Oh, bless ye, sor, I don't want it for meself at all. I want it to let me ole woman feel sort of grand. Ye see, sor, no one would know me old woman from yours; and so I thought"— Patterson was paralyzed. But then the funny side of it struck him; and the Irishman thought he had been struck with ague, he laughed so.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Purrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co.
By mail, 50 cents | 272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry P. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

118 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON | 85 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

GENERAL LIBRARY
MAY 23

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 21 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1914.

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 481
The New Hymn-book and Church Life 482
William the Liberal 483

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Personal Service 484

CURRENT TOPICS 485

BREVITIES 486

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Conference Service of Worship 486

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Noblesse Oblige, by Percy F. Bicknell 487
Self-Expression 488
The Singer in the Pond, by Augusta Larned 489
The Church in Germany, by Charles H. Lyttle; Dogger Bank and Tampico, by Edwin D. Mead . . . 490
A Changed Attitude towards Foreign Missionary Work, by Charles F. Dole, D.D. 491
The Panama Canal on Stamps; The World's Birds . . 494
The Macedonian Relief Work 498
Rev. Thomas W. Brown; From Khasi Hills, India; Isles of Shoals Meetings; The Francis David Memorial Church 499
Anniversary Reception; The Tuckerman School; Unitarian Headquarters, Chautauqua, New York; The Free Religious Association, ... 500

SPIRITUAL LIFE 488

LITERATURE.
Books 494
Miscellaneous; Magazines 495

THE HOME.
The Real Mary 496
On the Train; Back-door Recommendations; "Something Else Beautiful" 497

POETRY.
When the Cannon Booms! 487
The Greater Trust, by Richard Warner Borst 490
The Apostles, by Charlotte C. Eliot 493
The Road toward Boyhood 496
The Children's Garland, by John Russell Hayes . . . 497

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
A Trip into Spring 500

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Eighteenth Annual Meeting 501

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 502

PLEASANTRIES 504

Editorial.

THE approach of Anniversary Week reminds us that such occasions are not repetitions by habit, but new occasions full of hopeful and critical possibility. Things are never settled. Always situations recur requiring watchful and alert attention. Crises have a way of falling upon time at the safest moments. Politic concealments, or considerate reserves, may yield without any one's intention, and things safely past revive to show that postponement is not settlement, nor complacency safety. Satisfaction may have many reserved seats, and yet the general situation be far from satisfactory. The time of zeal and kindling enthusiasm and compelling loyalties can, because of these forces, be a time of candor and clear survey. The most dangerous enemy is not so harmful as the soldier who does not report points in the defences which look vulnerable. The watchers on the towers should report what they see, not what will please. The greatest incentive in recruiting is the knowledge of imperative demands for service. We cannot spare any of the forces which would make our cause more effective and more attractive. Some grumblers might well be mustered out of service. Some discontents should have attention as loyal as themselves. Faith should receive warning without imputation. A loyalty which will not assimilate all its elements impeaches itself. It is only in barbaric circles that a messenger is punished or rewarded for the character of the news he is charged to bring. The thing more fortunate than any message is the faithful and reliable messenger.

WHEN a layman is pitted against an ecclesiastic of whom he is the intellectual peer there is bound to be new light thrown on the subject in controversy. Dr. Sanday, in England, defending those whose position is attacked as being equivocal, is answered by an eminent layman, who happens to be a noble lord, in the following trenchant fashion: "Dr. Sanday is both a very great and a very good man, and it is therefore with diffidence that I presume to criticise what he writes, but this is a matter which does not really depend on the conclusions of learned men, among whom he is so shining an ornament. It is a plain question for plain people; and I think plain people will decide that a minister of the Church of England who definitely rejects the Apostles' Creed, or certain clauses of it, and yet retains his benefice, is not acting the part of a man of honor." This is a challenge for

Digitized by Google

modernists of all the churches to take home with them and think about in the night watches. If they do so with an eye single to the question, they will not think to quiet the disturbing voices which say "Unitarianism" to them, as Winston Churchill attempts to do in "The Inside of the Cup," by abusing and misrepresenting Unitarianism. Their inclination to do so may be a symptom. The veering of Paul towards Christianity was betrayed in his vindictive attacks upon it. Modernism is kicking against the pricks.

Comments on the Kikuyu incident continue to furnish interesting disclosures of contemporary religious ideals. The English Primate has lately remarked that some elements of the question were clear and simple enough. "Everybody looked forward," he said, "to an African Church some day which should not be a bit of English life transplanted under African sky, but an African Church in fact." The purpose should not be to "transplant artificial and sectional denominations which really owed their origin to the idiosyncrasies or personal peculiarities of individuals in English history, political as well as ecclesiastical, of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries." The missionary purpose thus indicated is manifestly changing the aim and methods of propagandism everywhere. To wish one's neighbor to share what one enjoys himself is a benevolence always subject to the neighbor's preference in the matter. If one took all the remedies prescribed, and practised all the recommendations by sympathetic and helpful friends, death or insanity would ensue,—much to the relief of the victim. None of Job's sufferings availed to crush his spirit. It was only when his friends began to show him his shortcomings and his duty that he cursed God. When it is not best to let people of other religions, or of none, alone, it is best to develop a better religion out of what they have, rather than to impose one made of what they never had. Meddlesomeness, under any name or sanctity, will defeat or pervert the best purpose under the sun. The first thing a missionary to China should do is to read Li Hung Chang's letters, particularly the one showing his joy in returning to Chinese soil after his tour of the world.

Some rich man has published a sort of confession, in which he lays bare the life of men of his sort in New York. In his budget it appears that the least a man of his station, with a family of five persons to support, can get on with is an annual income of $74,000. To subsist on less would require pinching, and even with this sum a certain degree of constraint is implied. This shows us what a job we have on hand to abolish poverty. The persons who find it hardest to get on are very often those whose income lifts them out of the classes commonly considered with reference to poverty, but whose scale of necessary expenditure keeps them in a constant state of anxiety, and entails a strain fully as wearing, and sometimes as distressing, as that suffered by persons whose income is below the minimum wage. While the scale of necessities creeps up, any advance in resources that goes no faster will still leave discontent and even misery in its train. The problem is as much a moral as an economic and social problem. The way Jesus approached it remains the most serviceable. What he said applies to all sorts and conditions. What dignifies and beautifies wealth is its use for noble purposes by those who keep it always subordinate to the higher good. What redeems and lessens poverty is an appreciation of the things open alike to rich and poor, which by merely being rich no one can gain, or by being poor need miss. No state of society ever put more of these things within common reach than that in which we live. If labor in all grades were conserved in these treasures, we should have fewer tragedies of suffering and perishing.

A number of ministers of Beaumont, Tex., vindicated their loyalty to the Sabbath by making a protest, loud enough to be effective, against the profaning of their sacred day by one of the great symphony orchestras of the country. There is probably to them no difference between a symphony and a tom-tom, between an orchestra and a bag-pipe. The music they might have heard was undoubtedly more sacred than what they probably did hear in their own churches. Why is it that in the newer communities, which boast of breadth and liberality and enterprise, the narrowest sort of religion is to be expected? Is it because culture is the last product of a civilization, and enlightened views the product of a community which has got through the stages which require too much absorption for reflection and has reached the leisure which permits discussion and examination of old views? One would think that commercial self-interest would stand in the way of publishing to the world that the leaders in religion were able to shut off the waters of musical inspiration and culture from a town needing nothing so much as the sort of people who love higher music.

The New Hymn-book and Church Life.

The publication of a new Hymn and Tune Book is an event of real significance. In the present instance it has been prepared for by devoted labor and studious care. The results are before us in a book of rare serviceableness. This is not the place for a review or estimate of the work, which will receive adequate notice. What we wish to reckon up may be called the assets of a hymnal to a church.

A glance at a hymn-book shows the visitor to a church, if nothing else informs him, what the mental and spiritual attitudes are of the body to which the church belongs. The ideas of a church are contained in its hymns. If it has a creed, the creed cannot give so true an impression of a faith as comes with the hymns that are sung. The pulpit may ignore, in a liberal spirit, the outgrown beliefs; the hymns, however, will contain them. Who has not heard preaching which set at nought objectionable notions of God and man, only to be asked at its conclusion to sing a hymn whose every line was tainted with the worst variety of just the repulsive presumptions which the preacher disclaimed? The revision of a hymnal is like the revision of a creed, and is even more important. Every one sees the hymns and is called upon to use them, while the creed may easily be kept out of sight. To churches which have no creed, it is still more important to keep the book of hymns true to their spirit and belief. Such churches in reality have a creed, always before its worshippers and constantly reviewed by them. It is in the hymn-book. Tell us what are the songs of a church, and nothing need be said of its doctrines. The best missionary force of a church is to be found in its hymns when they are matched to music which carries them into the most lasting parts of memory, and into the widest and most engaging relations with people.

It is through the singing of hymns that a treasury of high literary value and inspiration may be gained. That so many hymns corrupt and shock literary feeling, as well as moral sentiment, should not blind us to the incomparable service the poets of religion have performed.

Digitized by Google

They are given themes the highest in human thought and imagination, in which is the essence of poetry. In the best examples of this expression, inspiration has risen to the highest levels. The permanent deposits from the use of hymns in church worship yield a spiritual income of incalculable value. In hours of gloom their cheer may be drawn on, in times of sorrow no comfort comes closer than theirs, and during protracted suffering recollections of favorite verse bring religious stanzas whose service is such that long afterwards we look back on the torture with a grateful sense of the sweetness that came with it as with no other experience in life. The hymns fresh in use from the remote past outrival any other sort of poetry. What classics have become so imbedded in the universal heart as those of religious poetry?

The cordial and general use of hymns in any meeting has an unequalled effect. They prepare a company of people for whatever appeal is to be made to their feeling or will. They make of one heart the most miscellaneous assemblage. The effect of common song is almost magic. Here is where poetry itself began, and here remains the loftiest opportunity of poetry. Given the body of voice, and familiarity with words and music, and a stirring quality in the melody, and the whole mass will rise, carrying in its flight the voiceless ones, dissolving raw dissonance, absorbing roughness, and lending to timorous utterance a sense of power, an enjoyment in itself of the whole. The oldest parts of the Bible are its ballads of victory and thanksgiving, and it rises to no greater height of inspiration than in its psalms of joy and trust. The hymnal of a church is its progressive canon of faith, and gathers up the constant increments of spiritual riches. It unites, as in common prayer, more than common prayer will reach, and makes worship the voice of the multitude, redeeming it from all priestliness.

But such benefits fail in the best hymns, and among the most appreciative people, if there are not enough people to give them body, or if the people do not sing. The assets of a hymnal all fall away where material to realize them is wanting. The introduction of a hymnal is an imperative call for new utilization of the hymns of the church, systematic training in congregational singing, and an emphatic call for a congregation to sing them.

The loyalty of young people ought to be brought to bear at this point. Here is something they can do which may be enjoyable as well as most helpful. A solid phalanx of boys and girls, of youths and maidens, ought to be enlisted to sit as nearly as possible together, but in the congregation, not the choir, and make it their special duty to put stuff and boldness and vigor into the hymns. They should constitute the van of the congregation's song-march. If to gain their service it should prove politic to permit the understanding that they need not remain through the whole hour, the effect of their support in the first two hymns would make the concession worth while. In preparation for this, hymns should be selected well in advance and practised at some brief period under competent leadership, and the choir should not be deemed above the need of such preparation. The absorption of the members of the choir in their set pieces, too often pyrotechnical, and their leaving to a mere glance the hymns they are to sing, is frequently the explanation of dull congregational singing. The important thing is not what naturally appears important to them. The important thing is singing the hymns, far more than singing the anthems, and in the singing, exquisite expression should not be the aim. The choir sing the hymns not to be listened to, but to lead and help other people to sing them. The one purpose should therefore be to arouse participation, to give verve and spirit to the song, and thus to spread a contagion throughout the assemblage.

In the matter of congregational singing, we may be in a sort of vicious circle. The essential thing is precisely what cannot sometimes be had,—numbers and ability. But once this circle can be pushed into, and by some effort the singing become characteristic and interesting, it will do much to increase the constituency. For among all the attractions of church worship, the singing of a body of people may do more than any other one thing to make that body large, enthusiastic, and active.

William the Liberal.

Very few tourists take the railway journey from Giessen to Cologne without admiring the mighty tower of Dillenburg that rises grandly and abruptly from the riverside. It is a wonderfully solid and huge pile of masonry, with a blunt castellated top, very uncompromising and stern. The country about is typical of garden-like Hesse, with its soft and hazy hill-lines and river-valleys dotted with red-tiled hamlets. Dillenburg is famous for one thing only,—it was the boyhood home and the manhood haven of the great, silent William of Orange.

William of Orange belongs to *us*. If we were to search through the annals of Liberalism,—especially those phases of it which relate to religious tolerance,—we should find that he alone merits the title of statesman-pioneer. All of us have been fired by the drama of the Dutch Republic's rise as Motley gives it, but we read it perhaps before the religious significance of the hero's work had for us its proper value. For it is scarcely too much to claim, that, if the hardy Netherlanders had not held their ground with such incredible tenacity, the Pilgrims would have had no refuge, and the New England plantation no encouragement. The moral stimulation to Protestantism, therefore to progress of every sort in Europe, which the spectacle of the Dutch resistance to Alva afforded, was incalculable. It stiffened Drake's sinews, steadied Henry of Navarre and his Protestants in France, and, by exhausting the power of Spain, saved Germany for Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War; and the captain of this resistance was William the Silent.

We take it too much for granted that thorough altruism is preposterous. Infrequent it certainly may be. We may search through pages and pages of history without finding a giant of character and of genius for whom in some particular we do not have to apologize. Without any exaggeration, however, William of Orange, under the strongest searchlight of criticism, has remained the unsullied altruist. From the moment when he heard from the lips of the French king the secret compact with Spain to exterminate Protestantism in the Netherlands (and became henceforth, through intense indignation, the "Taciturn") to the day in 1581 when he issued his gallant "Apology" in response to Philip's proclamation that he was a "human outcast," it is impossible to detect selfishness in any motive or deed of his. Absolute sacrifice of vast wealth and high rank (when Charles V. abdicated in Brussels, 1556, he leaned upon the arm of William of Orange); renunciation of every comfortable reward of success; the loss of his eldest son and his dearest brother, Louis, through capture and in battle, respectively, —these facts serve merely to hint at the scope of his offering for the cause of Dutch freedom and eventually for the principle of religious toleration. "God! my poor country!" were his last words.

On behalf of the Dutch traditions of New Amsterdam, a statue of William of Orange is to be placed in Riverside Drive, New York City. Pre-eminently, of course,

Digitized by Google

he is a national hero. We should remember, nevertheless, that he was the first statesman of Europe effectually to advocate the principle of religious freedom. From a lukewarm, conventional Catholic he became, for political reasons, a Calvinist; but there is no doubt that he changed in reality to the liberal Christianity that later became Arminianism in Holland, and, by a natural development, Unitarianism in this country and England. The University of Leyden (which he founded) and the metropolis of Amsterdam (which he fostered) were harbors of refuge for Socinian, Huguenot, and German religious exiles for two centuries after the assassination of Orange by the Jesuit Gérard. The principle of entire religious toleration, first announced to Europe in the Pacification of Ghent, later made it possible for the Scrooby congregation to sojourn in Leyden, and there renew their faith and husband their strength for a greater destiny. How much we owe to the unflinching bravery, the resourcefulness, the stainless self-giving, and the political genius of this man! Huss, Luther, and Calvin are the clerical heroes of the Reformation. We owe equal praise and reverence to the less conspicuous but not less devoted laymen who complemented them in the world of action, —the Elector Frederick of Saxony, the indomitable Frederick III. of Heidelberg, and, chiefly, William of Orange.

The "Apology" of 1581, directed against Philip's ban, is a trumpet-blast. Unforgettable is the final paragraph,—an appeal to the States-General of Holland to stand firm. Its final sentence would make a worthy motto for our militant Liberalism: "If you think the remnant of my life and fortune can serve you, take them, and let us work together for the defence of our dear land. Make your resolution to this end, and *I will maintain it.*"

American Unitarian Association.

Personal Service.

The best gift which any individual can make to a public-spirited enterprise is often the gift, not of money, but of personal service. This is primarily the gift which the members of the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association bring to our cause.

The function of the directors of the Association is to discern, interpret, and apply the public opinion of our fellowship. Upon them rests the responsibility, within the limits of the constitutional purposes and the financial resources of the Association, of making that opinion effective in public serviceableness. The work of the Association requires the labors of many salaried men who can give their whole time and strength to our missionary endeavors, but money cannot buy the kind of service which the unpaid director gives. It is a service which calls for open-mindedness, a right sense of proportion and perspective, breadth of view, and, most of all, for good judgment; for a director is often called to decide upon matters beyond the range of his own experience, and about which he must reach a decision through a process of comparison and judicious sifting of testimony.

The rewards of such a service are not in public applause or in material gain, but in sincere and animating companionships; in the resolute performance of duty; in the vision of the large, though often invisible, results that flow from such disinterested efforts; and, finally, in the knowledge that, whatsoever one may have accomplished, or failed to have accomplished, in the fulfilment of one's own ambitions, at least something of one's best thought and purpose has been devoted to the advancement of the cause of freedom and righteousness. It is the men who give themselves to the promotion of the things that last who have the permanent satisfactions.

At the annual meeting of the Association, to be held next week, four members of the Board of Directors are to complete their terms of service.

Miss Emma C. Low retires from the office of vice-president of the Association. She had previously been for twelve years the president of the National Alliance, and in that capacity, as well as in her service for the Association, she has endeared herself to many fellow-workers in all parts of the country, and brought to our councils an enlightened fidelity to our whole cause, and the influence of wise and gentle speech and a gracious personality.

Hon. John D. Long withdraws from the Board after a consecutive service of twelve years. He had previously served as a director and for two years as the president of the Association. He has further represented our fellowship on many public occasions. The Unitarian cause is indebted to Gov. Long for the example of his fidelity to these trusts, for his genial and quickening counsels, and for the support which his wide experience in administrative affairs and his reputation as a public man of high character and broad vision have brought to all our endeavors.

Rev. Paul R. Frothingham has also served on the Board for twelve years. He has been indefatigable in his work on important committees, and he has been frank and firm in the expression of his convictions. He has been able to give himself to the consideration of administrative details as well as to constructive denominational statesmanship. His word has carried weight and has been backed by substantial and generous loyalty.

Mrs. Prescott Keyes has been associated with the Board of Directors for fifteen years, and in all that period she has failed of attendance upon but one meeting of the Board. Mrs. Keyes brought to her work on the Board an unusually comprehensive knowledge of our denominational affairs, for her honored father, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, was the secretary of the Association from 1881 to 1894, and his daughter was his close companion in the labors of his office. Her chief service on the Board has been upon the Publication, Foreign, and New England Committees, and the impress of her common-sense and intelligent interest will long be felt in these departments of our associated life.

These retiring directors have thus abundantly met the test of responsibility. They are men and women of real and efficient directive force. They have often curbed the impatience or stimulated the energy of the executive officers. They have been considerate in their dealings with colleagues and employees, independent in judgment, and candid in speech. Theirs has not been the spirit of patronage, but the spirit of sympathy and co-operation. They have never been provincial in aim or view. Their vision has overpassed the boundary of nation or denomination. If the work of the Association has made definite and marked advances during the last fifteen years, it is largely because of the judicious, diligent, and patient guidance of such trusted leaders of our thought and life.

To take the places of these retiring directors the Nominating Committee, as the result of the preliminary ballot, will present to the annual meeting the names of Mr. Percy A. Atherton of Boston, Hon. W. S. Kyle of Plymouth, and Miss A. M. Bancroft of Hopedale.

Mr. Atherton has already served one term on the Board (1909–1912), and is therefore not unacquainted with its problems and obligations. He has proved himself a useful and disinterested servant of our cause, and is at present the treasurer of the General Conference, the treasurer of the Carolina Industrial School, trustee of

Digitized by Google

Proctor Academy, president of the Pension Society, and a reliable member of the Arlington Street Church.

Mr. Kyle is one of the stalwart laymen who take a deep interest in church matters. He has seen service in public life, and has had experience in the conduct of large mercantile and financial enterprises. He is at present the president of the Plymouth and Bay Conference, the president of the Unitarian Club of Boston, and a trustee of the Hackley School.

Miss Bancroft is the honored president of the Alliance, and her presence in the Board of Directors of the Association will guarantee the continued close co-operation of these two national bodies. She has already acquired a large acquaintance in our fellowship and with the needs of our churches.

For vice-president the Nominating Committee presents the name of Hon. Frank H. Hiscock of Syracuse, a justice of the highest court in the State of New York, and an active and earnest supporter of the May Memorial Church. Judge Hiscock has not thus far had time to give any extended service to our national cause, but his name is a pillar of strength, and he stands for all that is just and honorable in the community and State where he lives.

Mr. Henry W. Sprague of Buffalo and Mr. Henry B. Little of Newburyport, who are both of them able lawyers, whose counsels have been of great value to their colleagues, are renominated by the vote of the preliminary ballot. They are men of intellectual and moral maturity, and both have a profound interest in the vitality of the institutions that exist to foster a rational religious faith. Both have been indefatigable in their attendance upon the meetings of the Board, and both take active part in the discussions and decisions.

Mr. Hawley of Chicago, who is also renominated, has served but three months on the Board, but his qualifications are well known in our churches. He represents a somewhat different point of view from that of the majority of his colleagues, for his residence and professional service have been altogether in the West and South. He has been minister at Jackson, Mich., Louisville, Ky., and is now minister of Unity Church, Chicago. He has also served as secretary of the Western Conference and has therefore an unusual acquaintance among our churches outside of New England.

If the result of the preliminary ballot is confirmed at the annual meeting of May 26, the members of the Association, and the ministers and people of our churches, can be assured that the administration of the Association for the forthcoming year will be along the lines of constructive and courageous endeavor.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

WITH the opening of negotiations between the representatives of Victoriano Huerta and the United States government, at Niagara Falls, Ont., as these pages are going to press, a distinct improvement is in prospect in the relations between the United States and Mexico. The improvement is largely the outcome of continued Constitutionalist successes, beginning with the fall of Tampico last week, which apparently are hastening the disruption of Huerta's powers of resistance. The attitude of the rebel authorities toward the Northern neighbor continues so cordial that a perpetuation of the crisis, in the event of the capture of the capital by the Carranza armies, appeared highly improbable at the beginning of the week. On the eve of the opening of the sessions at Niagara Falls, the problem that seemed to be predominant in the minds of the Mexican delegates was not so much the danger of an open conflict with the United States as the prospect of a reign of anarchy in the Mexican capital pending the process of readjustment that seemed close at hand.

MONDAY, May 18, was a notable day in the history of the Panama Canal. On that day the purposes for which the great waterway was constructed began to be realized by the opening of the connecting link between the Atlantic and the Pacific to the commerce of the world. The first commercial use of the canal was the passage of five barges, carrying a cargo of 2,100 tons, from Balboa, at the Pacific end of the waterway, to Cristobal, at its Atlantic end. From now on the canal will be open to the traffic of the world, under the rules laid down in the Panama Canal Act, passed by Congress at its last session. The law in its present form provides for the exemption of American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls, fixed at the rate of $1.20 per net ton. In accordance with the unostentatious habits of Col. George W. Goethals, the engineer officer who built the canal and is now governor of the Zone, the opening of the new route to the Orient was carried out without elaborate ceremony; but so well had the work been done, that the first passage of ships took place without mishap.

WITH the canal in actual operation, the problem presented to the government by the exemption of American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls once more became a pressing issue in Congress. It has become increasingly apparent in the past few weeks that, despite vigorous opposition, the Senate will coincide with the House in voting to revoke the no-tolls section of the Act, against which Great Britain and other commercial nations have offered vigorous protests as a violation of the spirit and the letter of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which assured to the world the use of the canal on equal terms. A poll of the membership of the Senate, completed at the beginning of the week by friends of the administration, apparently shows an assured majority of eleven votes for the measure of repeal which has been energetically and consistently advocated by President Wilson as a plain duty imposed upon the United States by the terms of the agreement into which it has entered with Great Britain.

IMPORTANT and illuminating conclusions as to the essential savagery of war are contained in the digest of the report of the Balkan Commission of Inquiry of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, which was given to the world at the beginning of the week. The Commission, it will be remembered, sifted on the spot, so far as it could, various charges of barbarous methods of warfare that were made in the course of the second Balkan conflict. The chief accuser was Greece, which sought to convince the world that the conduct of the Bulgarian armies in the field had earned for the Bulgarians the title of "fiends incarnate," which King Constantine applied to them in an official proclamation shortly after the opening of the second conflict. After a careful consideration of the evidence, the Commission finds that all the combatants committed atrocities; that the Bulgarians shared in these outbreaks of violence, under "great provocation," but that the accusations made against them had been "grossly exaggerated"; and that the Greeks committed wholesale acts of wanton cruelty under official orders and in cold blood.

Digitized by Google

In dealing with the general issues that underlay the war, the Commission finds that the Greeks and the Servians deliberately set out to exterminate the Bulgarian population of Macedonia; that, in carrying out their purpose to destroy Bulgarian nationality, the enemies of Bulgaria inaugurated in Macedonia a reign of terror which defies description, and of which the details are such that they cannot be put in print. The Commission also suggests that the rearrangement of boundaries in the Balkans under the treaty of Bucharest has resulted in the perpetration of intolerable wrongs. These wrongs, the Commission indicates, have left an aftermath of bitterness which it is the duty of the powers, for the sake of the future peace of Europe, to ameliorate. It is patent to every close observer of events in the Balkan Peninsula that the present reign of Greek and Servian oppression in Macedonia cannot continue, because, as the commission points out, "nature itself revolts against it."

The new government of Japan, under the premiership of Count Shigenobu Okuma, is addressing itself with urgency to the task of lightening the burden which has been pressing upon the Japanese people as a result of the war with Russia. In promising an augmentation of the defensive resources of the empire, Count Okuma, in a declaration before Parliament on May 15, also emphasized the necessity of rigid economics in order to reduce national loans. Premier Okuma's programme of retrenchment has been met with approval throughout Japan. Side by side with his fiscal projects, the new head of the cabinet at Tokio is planning a variety of administrative and legislative measures which are designed to introduce actual popular participation in government, and to bring about the gradual elimination of the oligarchical group known as the "elder statesmen," whose domination of public affairs is believed to have been the underlying cause of the recent crisis. In his external policy Count Okuma is a pronounced advocate of peace, which Japan greatly needs at this stage of her notable development.

Brevities.

When we pray with the psalmist, "O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me," let us make sure at the same time that we are ready to follow without faltering or subterfuge.

We sometimes forget that it is not necessary for a man to be a Christian in order to be religious, and also that it is not necessary for a man to be a church member in order to be a Christian.

The new and wonderful chemical forces which are being revealed inside of the radium atom, compel the rewriting of the science of chemistry. Similar wonderful possibilities may be found in other allied substances.

How many of an average audience assembled before the church service listen attentively and reverently to the organ selection? It has power by its persuasive appeal to the emotions to put the hearers into the best condition for the religious service which is to follow.

In Germany there is still a curious union of relationship between Church and State. If a man wants nothing more than a permit for a building or a rebate on his railroad fare, he is obliged to make a confession of his religious faith, and it must be one of the few religions recognized by the State. The movement now going on in that country, with the aim to effect the complete separation of Church and State, seems to be spreading.

In certain cities of Germany, American music, especially the so-called "ragtime," is said to be very popular and has a good and ready sale. Italian and other Continental cities have no demand for such music, preferring the classical music with which their people are familiar.

The insincere claim of the great nations that they desire their great naval armaments for defence alone has been deftly punctured recently by Lord Esher of England, who said, "If peace can only be made secure by every nation being so strong that victory over its enemy is certain, we are all of us caught in a vicious circle, and there is nothing before us but financial and commercial ruin."

Letters to the Editor.

The Conference Service of Worship.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:

Some of us look forward with trepidation to the Anniversary Sermon to be delivered in Tremont Temple next week, vividly remembering as we do last year's experience in Arlington Street Church. On that occasion a beautiful service and one of the noblest sermons we have ever heard were sadly marred by the amazingly frivolous and indecorous behavior of the congregation. It poured into the church as into a playhouse, scrambling for seats, chatting volubly, waving greetings to friends seen in various parts of the house. The hum of talk and mirth did not pause when the organ began and the officiating ministers entered the pulpit, slackened but a little during the beautiful opening chant which it ruined, and reluctantly subsided only with the invocation. The most disheartening thing about the whole episode was the part played in it by certain of our ministers, who, in their own churches, are zealous to maintain the dignity of worship. I saw some such gleefully signal from gallery to gallery, and others near me were gossiping audibly right up to the moment when they were invited to join in prayer. One wonders in how prayerful a mood to answer that invitation most of the people in the church found themselves! Certainly a large proportion of the congregation came that evening not with the idea of worshipping God, but to see a spectacle, and it was good proof of the power of a great religious message that the preacher was able to lift that frivolous company up to a high level of aspiration.

It would not be worth while to recall this rather painful episode were it not for the need of preventing a recurrence of it next Tuesday evening. This year the sermon is to be preached by one of our honored ministers, who comes three thousand miles to give us his message of the spiritual life. We meet in Tremont Temple, where we shall have been doing business all day, in an atmosphere far less calculated to develop the spirit of reverence than the Arlington Street Church. There is all the more danger that we shall not begin the service in the spirit of worship. Let me, therefore, through your columns, beg those who plan to attend this service to remember that it is a service of worship, and that the inner frame of mind and the outward behavior fitting at a tea-party are inappropriate for such an occasion. Let us enter the building quietly, and use the moments before the service begins to develop within us the heart and mind of true worship.

A Minister.

Digitized by Google

When the Cannon Booms!

When the cannon booms,
When the snare-drums rattle fiercely
And the feet of men in khaki hammer time out on the pave,
It is easy to be brave;
It is easy to believe God is angry with the other Man, our brother,
And has left the sword of Gideon in our wayward human hand,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the battle-flags are fluttering and men are going mad
With the blind desire for glory,
Filled with visions grand and gory,
It is easy to assent
To the Corsican blasphemer's scoffing creed;
It is easy to believe God is with the big battalions,
Whether cherubim or hellions,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the primal love of fighting stirs the tiger in our blood,
And the fascinating smell
Of the sulphur fumes of hell
Rouses memories of the pit from which our human nature rose,
It is easy to forget
God was found not in the earthquake, in the strong wind, or the fire;
It is easy to forget how at last the prophet heard Him
As a still, small voice,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the war-lords strut and swagger,
And the battleships are plowing for the bitter crop of death,
While the shouting rends the ear
Echoing from the empyrean,
It is difficult to hear
Through the din the Galilean
With His calm voice preaching peace on earth to men!
'Twill be easier to claim,
If we will, the Christian name,
To become as little children and be men of gentle will,
When the cannon booms, the cannon booms no more.

—*William Herbert Carruth.*

Noblesse Oblige.

BY PERCY F. BICKNELL.

Self-restraint and gentleness will always be liable to misinterpretation as long as violence and malignity have a place in human relationships. This truth is illustrated in the common opinion held by our neighbors across the Rio Grande concerning the patience and forbearance shown by our government in the face of wrongs and indignities committed upon Americans in Mexico during the long months of semi-anarchy that have at last led to a concerted effort to bring about less intolerable conditions across our Southern border. Because vindictive retaliation is not resorted to, weakness or cowardice is inferred; and the greater the forbearance, the stronger the conviction of our pusillanimity. To the average Mexican mind there has not come, and probably will not come for a long time, any faintest glimmer of the truth that nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as strength. Therefore, in accepting the good offices of three South American powers in an attempt to adjust existing differences without the use of further violence, we cannot fail to appear to the Mexican people to be covering a disgraceful retreat from an untenable position.

An American travelling in Haiti was recently arrested on a false charge and detained three days in one of the horrible jails of that country. To his protest against such treatment of a citizen of the United States the insulting reply was: "What do we care for the United States? Look at what Mexico is doing to the Americans." The immediate cost of a pacific policy often seems excessive, and the impulse to instant and violent retaliation is natural and sometimes not altogether ignoble. It is the injurious misconstruction so often put upon an appeal to reasonableness that makes the wiser and worthier course so hard to follow. But this hardness is a part of the price one has to pay for the exalted privilege of not being a brute. Virtue has its penalties as well as its rewards.

It is in our individual even more than in our national relations that we are made keenly aware of the cost of courtesy, the price of self-respect, the tax that is likely to be imposed on one who would rise above the motives that actuate the multitude. Peculiarly trying to a noble nature is the petty malignity of the person who is always trying to put others in the wrong, and who receives politeness and gentleness as a personal tribute rather than as something due to a principle, an ideal, an obligation not to descend in the scale. The greater the courtesy, the longer the forbearance, shown to a person of this sort, the more confirmed is he likely to become in the erroneous conviction of his own rightness and the other's wrongness. But what alternative course is open to one too little base to descend to the level of his misinterpreter even in the possible interest of truth and justice? There are some remedies that are worse than the ills they promise to cure. Let us suppose, for example, the case of an honorable man who incurs suspicion of responsibility for an unfortunate occurrence and is upbraided in censorious if not insulting terms by the brother or the husband of the woman whom, by chance, he knows to be at the bottom of the mischief. Self-exculpation will implicate the woman, and there is nothing for him to do but hold his tongue and possess his soul in patience. The truth never comes to light, and he who knows the truth meets daily the man who has abusively treated him. How can he bear himself toward this man so as to incur neither his own disapproval nor the other's contempt? Or must he incur one, and perhaps both? Of course, the situation is common enough in its main features, and the forbearance it calls for from the man of honor and courtesy is not beyond the possibilities of human nature. We can only hope and believe that in all such instances loyalty to principle does somehow work out to the good of the world and to the advancement of the standard of human conduct.

Two college students were crossing the campus when they met a member of the faculty who, whether deservedly or not, was held in but slight esteem by the collegians as a body. One of these two young men saluted the professor with scrupulous politeness, while the other barely touched the rim of his hat, and afterward took his companion to task for wasting his good manners on "old Glumps." "I wasn't thinking of him; I was thinking of myself," was the reply, which opened the other's eyes to a new aspect of the question of courtesy. As has already been shrewdly observed, the cad and the snob watch the conduct of others toward them; the gentleman watches his own conduct toward others.

A fine example of one who taught himself not to forget the motto, *noblesse oblige*, was Charles Lamb's preceptor in business methods, Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the directors of the South Sea Company. In his essay on "Modern Gallantry," Lamb records instances of this gentleman's unaffected courtesy and kindliness to women in humble station, and relates the incident that had been decisive in making Joseph Paice so careful never to be betrayed into anything approaching rudeness to women. In the early days of his courtship of the beautiful Susan Winstanley (who, dying young, "confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship"), Paice had once unwittingly given of-

Digitized by Google

fence to his lady-love, as she made evident by her cold acknowledgment of his gallantries, and he could not imagine how he had displeased her. But when on the following day he ventured to expostulate, "she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time," and her woman's pride came to her assistance, determining her to stand up for the honor of her sex and not overlook this discourtesy toward one who was probably as deserving of polite consideration as herself. Lamb's relation of the incident is impressive, and the whole essay is, of course, admirable in its Elian geniality of manner, though the insistence on reverence to the female sex as such may evoke a smile in these times of militant suffragism. Still it is by no means proved that even here a policy of politeness and gentleness and, above all, of open-minded fairness would not be more productive of lasting good than any exercise of force toward the belligerents.

The crudeness, the uncouthness, the shameful beastliness, as well as the inevitable futility of the primitive methods of retort to which elemental human nature (or animal nature) impel a man in moments of anger, are so sure to be followed by loathing and disgust in calmer hours, that more and more the conviction grows upon one that courtesy and restraint do not in the end cost more than they are worth.

Malden, Mass.

Spiritual Life.

Great and sacred is obedience. He who is not able, in the highest majesty of manhood, to obey with clear and open brow a law higher than himself is barren of all faith and love, and tightens his chains, moreover, in the struggle to be free.—*James Martineau.*

Life is a daily worship, tremulous with reverence, beautiful with prayer and song, and fragrant with the incense-perfume of holy thoughts and good deeds. So do nature and providence lean down lovingly into the good man's life, mingling earth with heaven, linking it all with God, moving it all to the orderly music of his great purpose.—*Selected.*

If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch. You will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you. You will be as wretched as you choose.—*Charles Kingsley.*

When, under the midnight heavens or in the bosom of the everlasting hills or in the thrill of the melody of a perfect song, the impression that God is laying hold of my spirit and that I am in veritable communion with him shines out vivid in me, I cannot prove that it is not self-deception, but neither can I doubt that it is real and vital fact.—*Richard A. Armstrong.*

There is nothing that so persuades us of the great realities of moral and spiritual being as the man in whom God is manifest, the type of our human nature at its best, and the indorsement of the sublime faith that God in humanity is the supreme revelation of himself!—*Horatio Stebbins.*

The pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save, sometimes, than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love alone is power; and, where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between, and dulled the potency of its rays.—*George Macdonald.*

Self-Expression.

In the search for the self to which we are to give a chance, which we are to strive with all our might to develop, which we are at all costs to try and express, it is clear we are in face of some difficulties. Of all the complexities in this universe, we are the greatest complex,—the greatest, at least, that we know. In this business there are such qualities of material—of diverse, heterogeneous material—that we can use. What of it *shall* we use? Amid the confusion one thing emerges with clearness. We can none of us come to good so long as we stand only for our separate self. The man who fights for his individual ego, whether you call his motive ambition, or greed, or vanity, or passion, or self-interest,—however brilliant his powers, however indomitable his industry,—will never count for much in the world's history, or for much as an exponent of life's blessedness. It was said of Napoleon, one of the biggest of this kind of experimenters, "No great principle stood by him." It is a damning indictment wherever applied,—an indictment which, while it condemns, reveals. It shows, as with the flash of a searchlight, the futility of attempting to express a self which goes no farther, no deeper, than our surface egotism.

Here come we to the central point, down to the real secret of life. The one and only self we can afford to express is that higher self found in the holy place of the temple buried in us, which is of us, and yet so much more than ourselves; the principle of unity between us and our fellow, between us and the universe outside; the self which shows in us as principle, as conscience, as ultimate moral authority; the self whose voice is ever the highest authority, recognized by us as the whisper of God. It is when we have recognized this categorical imperative, this law which is in us but is also beyond and above us, this duality in unity which makes the true man,—it is then we find our place in the world, our work in it, our liberty and joy. We learn the liberty that is in obedience, the only liberty worth the name. "We are servants of all the laws that we may be free," says Cicero. Yes, when the laws rest on this deepest foundation. To get God's will done in us and by us; for this end to cultivate all our powers to finest use; to get it done by our action, by our influence, by our suffering, by all that belongs to our life,—this is the self-expression of the Christian. It was the self-expression of Christ, an expression so clear in its revelation of an infinite within that men ever since have been reading in it the character of God.

Yet the world's greatest spirits have figured often enough as opponents of human law! Again and again we see them setting the might of their personality against a whole system of regulations, of customs, of authorities. Socrates attacks the Athenian orthodoxy, and drinks the hemlock; Jesus puts his "I say unto you" against

Digitized by Google

the old religion, and is condemned by the Church authorities; Luther, with his "Here stand I; I can no other," fronts the whole might of the empire and of the hierarchy; Bunyan breaks the Conventicle Act, and finds himself in Bedford Jail; Wesley, contrary to episcopal authority, takes to field preaching, and is cast out of the Establishment. Here, you may say, is disobedience; here is a defiance of the established order; here is a tremendous self-assertion, a pitting of the single ego against a whole system held as authoritative and sacred; and this is a self-assertion held to-day everywhere in honor. The rebels have become consecrate.

In all this we need to see the one thing that matters. The great deeds, the great lives we have cited, meant always one thing; and that one thing was not disobedience, but obedience. The great spirits of the past were law-breakers because in a higher sense they were law-keepers. They acted and suffered not in self-will, but under the imperative of a higher will. Servants were they of a new law, whose light had flamed into their souls, whose august voice they felt they must obey. They obeyed, too, not by violence, not by acts of paltry mischief, but by the proclamation of the truth that had reached them, by words and deeds which that truth inspired. Humanity, in its movement towards the highest law, will, it would seem, need still its rebels and outcasts of that type. But for all of us, heroes of achievement and sacrifice or humble toilers of the common way, there is, we say again and finally, one only true way of self-expression: it is that of being rooted in God, of making our daily life the outcome of the divine that is within. John Smith, the old Cambridge Platonist, pictures for us the blessedness of the man who has thus found himself. "He moves in a larger sphere than his own being, and cannot be content to enjoy himself except he may enjoy God, too, and himself in God." *J. Brierley, in the London Christian World.*

The Singer in the Pond.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

When the nights of early spring are still pleasantly frosty, just enough so to give a delicate sharp sweetness to the air, by straining your ear you may hear a faint baby note down in the direction of the pond. It comes at the last faint gleam of daylight, when the sky is an alluring apple-green, with traces of light crimson or rose-pink in feathers and bars melting into crystal clearness above the tree-tops.

A diffused golden and rosy ray of sunlight quivers in the air, although the sun has disappeared. It fills the world with tender cold, and then the singer in the pond lifts his little piping voice, a mere quiver of music, faint and far, but the very quintessence of spring. It breathes life. It is fresher than the first bird-trill or tremolo, if it can be said that there is a first bird-note, for the song cycle of the birds extends around the year. There is hardly a month when twitterings and peepings and snatches of bird melody are not heard at some time of day or night.

But the singers in the pond have only the one season when they can exercise their little, monotonous, suggestive notes, like the whimpering of young things for their mothers, or the simple chorus of childish voices pleased with the sounds they make. Until the frogs begin to peep we cannot be assured that the grass will soon smell sweet, the dogwood will bleach its linen in the woods, the garden shrubs will cover with pouting buds, the maples will wave their scarves of pink blossoms, the elms cast down their long tassels of pale greenish hue, or the white fern fronds unfurl their pretty bundles.

The wet meadow is a paradise for pollywogs. It has the good smell of sedge and water-grasses. It is the place where rushes and cat-tails grow, and wild blue forget-me-nots come up in May, along with water-cresses, and where the cardinal-flower blazes in autumn. And sweet flag will be coming up in the damp field with its tussocks and jumping places of wire-grass and lance-heads, and skunk-cabbage, and dozens of pretty and curious things in which children delight. Here the ground and water birds build their nests in the thick tufts and low bushes, the alders, the willows, and many others that suck sustenance from the damp soil.

Thoreau never failed to mention the spring day when he first heard the little pipe of the frog in the fields. It gave him a thrill of joy like the unexpected appearance of a friend. Chaunting together, these grotesque singers seem to admonish the vegetable world that it is time to hustle and get on their clothes, to appear their best in the eyes of the world. It is a soothing yet a cheery sound. When a full orchestra is at work it seems to set the atmosphere aquiver as the night falls and the young moon looks down with wondering, long glances through the budding trees. Even the owl stops to listen, and prowling things go more stealthily on padded feet, while at last the song trails off into a sleepy low chaunt that seems to tranquillize all nature and mount to the glimmering stars.—Hush, hush, it seems to say; quiet your restless souls for just one little hour. Let the deep peace of the night give you rest.

We have all heard the rather flippant saying, "Beauty is only skin deep." But beauty is often the deepest thing there is, hidden away in the soul, and coming to light, if it comes at all, on some supreme occasion of devotion, love, sacrifice, and longing for perfection. The little frog, I suspect, has a touch of this beauty. I doubt if any one ever heard the swan sing in spite of the touching myth connected with its name. It is such a graceful, exquisite creature, it looks as if it ought to sing, and thus the pretty story arose. But, being of the goose order, I doubt not it is a rather stupid bird like some other beautiful creatures of a different species—the peacock, with its glorious fan-tail colored with rainbow hues, and its diminutive silly head that seems to contain nothing but a harsh and shrewish voice and a superabundance of pride. Nature is very canny in distributing her favors, and beauty must be paid for as well as other things.

The frog-pond is a place of rapture to the properly constituted child, and pollywogs the most enchanting things in nature. What more curious than these little tailed creatures that wriggle away in the water along with skeeters and devil's darning-needles and other attractive creatures. Have you ever watched to see them lose their tails and turn into baby frogs? What an exciting moment that would be, which is probably reserved for naturalists alone. It is the pollywog attained to the dignity of young froghood, about whom the song was made, "the frog who would a-wooing go." His spring song may be the expression of his budding attachment for a frog-maiden living perhaps in the same pond.

For whatever reason he is musically inclined, his thin placid note is a great joy. It quivers with the emotion of pensive loneliness that breathes from all things,—shrubs and bushes that hang over the pond; pearl and gold gleams that bury themselves in its depths; the birds going to bed moving, fluttering, settling upon their nests, calling to each other with drowsy notes. A tender radiance suffuses the air. The frogs sing with all their power. We can feel the swelling of their throats under the rough batrachian clammy skin. Though poor

Digitized by Google

creatures of a low order, they have their chance. Something grateful is in the sound, something appreciative. The young peep to the heavy boom of bullfrogs, the tromp, tromp, coming in like the big bass-drum in the orchestra.

It brings back all the past, all the springs in the procession from youth to age. It conjures old pictures that seem to have faded like photographic plates too long exposed. Suddenly they all start into life tingling with fresh colors. There is the bareheaded child, and the old farm, the great barn, and the cows coming home to be milked—hurtling each other against the gate-posts. The swallows are circling round the eaves and the fresh breath of the kine is sweet, as the white stream tinkles in the pail, and old Mooley, and Crumpled Horn, and White Face stand stock-still as the milk foams in the pails; but Old Brindle is vicious, and is trying to kick over the pail and run away. How it all comes back in the flash of an instant like old loves, friendships, joys, and sorrows, all hung upon a slender thread of sound or awakened by a whiff of fragrance like the scent from the lilac-trees in the garden or the odor of honeysuckle upon the wall—a gleam of old feeling forgotten but newly created by the power of association.

We live many lives in one—the forward life that exists in the future, the backward life that exists in totality of the past even though memory may have slipped its cable. We can visit our forgotten world at moments as swiftly as the lightnings flash across the heavens. It is the singer in the pond who thus restores our lost childhood, leads us into the heart of an enchanted past, and makes us feel and breathe and live for an instant at seventy as when we were seven.

Summit, N.J.

The Church in Germany.

BY CHARLES H. LYTTLE.

At the annual meeting of the Church (orthodox Lutheran) Synod for the city of Berlin, some amazing statistics were presented by the General Superintendent, Dr. Lahusen. His reckoning showed that twice as many persons had withdrawn from the parish rolls in 1913 as in 1912, due to the systematic agitation of the Social Democrats against taxation for the State Church. Last year (1913) over 12 per cent. of the communicants withdrew (12,731), and in sixty thousand (60,000) instances the Church was compelled to apply to the courts and the police to collect the sums due to it.

A former Lutheran minister, Paul Göhre, openly announces in the *Neue Zeit* the object of the Social Democrat campaign, which is based upon the famous Section Six of the second part of their "Programme." Advancing the innocuous plea for complete religious freedom, it is clear that the Progressives hope to strike the shackles from the minds of the Conservative constituency by appealing to their pocket-books. It is a very simple argument: "Why pay for the useless?" Furthermore, as the Socialist thinkers are well aware, the argument, if valid, frequently settles the fate of many an institution far more quickly than any logical combat would do.

The sentiment of the Progressive editorials is concurrent in this: that, for the first time since Prussia's practical emancipation under a constitutional monarchy, the Lutheran State Church is estranged from the deeper patriotism of the nation. Hitherto, whenever this has seemed imminent, a war has intervened to annul its progress and effect. The "Gott mit uns" of preacher and Kaiser in 1870–71 won the zeal of the patriots for State and Church alike. The current against militarism and the régime of the mailed fist (grasping a Bible!) has lately become so strong that the inherently conservative State Church is no longer the organ either of the best patriotism or the best idealism of the nation. It is therefore a useless and an expensive institution.

The Greater Trust.

BY RICHARD WARNER BORST.

Some tell of that far land of Pure Delight
  Where God shall some day gather all his own
  About the radiance of the eternal throne,
And clothe them all in robes of shining white.
And some there are who look but for the night
  When death at last shall claim them; that their moan
  Is ever for that time when love alone
Shall reign below, its sway an earthly might.

And some ask both; that not alone the power
  Of God shall make a heaven for souls above
  Whom he may choose, but also that his love
Shall draw his heaven nearer every hour.
  One thing I know,—a small voice speaks it clear:
  "For us it is a good thing to be here!"

Dogger Bank and Tampico.

BY EDWIN D. MEAD.

The arrest of the menacing movements in Mexico to give opportunity for friendly offices also gives our people opportunity to think; and this would seem to be the thing most needed. Reasonable men will refuse to believe that, with time to think, the people of the United States will, under any circumstances, sanction our falling back into the appalling condition of two weeks ago, actually threatening war because, in the disordered and abnormal state of things existing in Mexico, a boat's crew of our men were held for an hour through a blunder, an orderly going for the mail was arrested, and an official despatch was held up by the censor. These are the three specific things for which our government has been authorized to exact atonement, the effort to include other things being expressly rejected. The three things were undeniably vexatious and culpable. Whether this great republic, in this twentieth century, with time for cool deliberation, counts them serious enough to warrant war upon a weak sister people, torn by revolution, is the test of its national character and civilization. It is well for it to remember in this hour when it is vouchsafed opportunity to exercise its memory, that vastly severer tests have been worthily met.

It seems but yesterday that the civilized world, and our American world especially, was praising England so warmly for her self-restraint in dealing with the Dogger Bank incident. In truth, it is nearly ten years ago. But is England's course in that trying affair not still praiseworthy? Do our people realize what a petty occasion for war was the mistaken but momentary arrest of our half-dozen blue-jackets at Tampico compared with the indignity and tragedy which England had to face in the Dogger Bank affair?

The Russian squadron coming down the North Sea opened fire upon the English fishermen, killing several of them, sinking some of the boats, and pushed remorselessly ahead. When the English official came aboard to investigate, farther down the coast, he was received in an arrogant and insulting manner, and on went the ruthless Russians again. If this had happened to some Texas fishermen in the Gulf of Mexico some dark night at the hands of some of Huerta's cruisers, what words

Digitized by Google

are adequate to describe the ebullition there would have been at Washington?

Consider with simple common sense what did happen, that caused the recent amazing ebullition. A few of our sailors, landing at Tampico while the place was under martial law, were thought by the petty official at the dock to have no business there, and he arrested them and took them up the street. His superior officer came upon the scene, immediately recognized the blunder, communicated with his own superior, and the men were promptly set free to go about their business. This appears to be the whole story; and, unless some particular kind of salute was forthcoming at some particular hour, by way of atonement, we were told it was an "occasion for war." To many of us this seems incredible levity.

What do our martial statesmen at Washington think England should have done to Russia for the Dogger Bank performance? What was the precise salute to match that indignity? Should the British navy have been headed for St. Petersburg that week, or the week after?

What did actually happen? The naval and military folk shrieked, there was a big newspaper clamor, and the government—kept its head. The matter was duly referred to a commission of inquiry and duly settled, not by killing innocent Russians, but by sturdy common sense.

The first duty in a sudden crisis is deliberation and agreement upon the facts. This is our own government's cardinal contention in the recent treaties. Our government emphasizes the insult to the flag at Tampico, declaring there was a flag both at the bow and the stern of the boat. The Mexican officials unite in declaring the boat was without a flag. Here was precisely a case for a commission of inquiry—not for a twenty-four hours' notice of hostilities.

Does anybody say that British honor and prestige suffered by her patient self-control and exercises of reason under the Dogger Bank provocation? They were immensely enhanced by it. Every sensible American has profoundly felt this. Why on the slightest possible provocation did multitudes of them practically surrender their convictions and silently acquiesce in repudiation of the course which yesterday they praised? The people who are called to international leadership are recreant to their highest duty if they are not sane and sober and outspoken at the time when alone some good can be done by sanity and soberness and courage.

Another glance at history has an equally pointed lesson for us at this hour. Lord Lyons was the British ambassador at Washington during the stormy period of the Civil War; and he certainly had irritations enough—as we surely had enough reciprocal irritations—to provoke many requests for salutes to the British flag, if he had been hyper-critical. We have been reminded lately of how at one time our authorities seized a Foreign Office bag sent through the lines by the British Consul at Charleston, because he had imprudently allowed the messenger to carry with it some private letters. The extent of the flurry over the thing in London was such that Lord Russell thought it might lead to a rupture of official relations, and sent Lord Lyons solemn instructions about it. But the thing passed over; and Lord Lyons's biographer writes in the coolness of fifty years afterwards, that "it was an essentially trivial matter." This, of course, is the truth; and if Lord Russell had asked to have a punitive squadron sent over here about the mail-bag, we should all say now, Englishmen and Americans alike, that he was hyper-critical and hyper-silly. When one of our own official cablegrams is held up for a time at the Mexican censor's office, and an orderly going after the mail at Vera Cruz is held up in a period of disorder, it is useful to remember that such things have occurred before and have soon been seen to be "trivial matters."

What is a government or a people to do when, with however good motives, it has made a mistake, a mistake pregnant with danger and disaster for itself and for the world? Here, too, history has its clear lessons for us, one of them the action of Gladstone in withdrawing the English army after the defeat at Majuba Hill in 1881. The situation there revealed to Gladstone that he had misinterpreted the general sentiment in South Africa and had not adequately grasped the situation. He saw that the opening of hostilities had been a blunder, and he put a stop to hostilities. The military men mocked, and the jingo newspapers talked their talk about British "honor" and backing the flag; but the statesman remembered that he had the true interests of England and of mankind in keeping, and he snapped his fingers at the "hobgoblin of consistency." For twenty years he was reviled by English Toryism and militarism; but what were the results of the policy of war with the Boers in 1900? It required three years' fighting for 400,000 British soldiers to subdue 100,000 Boers, at a cost of $1,250,000,000; and to-day the "conquered" Boers control not only the Transvaal, but the whole of South Africa, with their own leader in the war, General Botha, prime minister of the whole dominion.

These things are matters of history. They were history yesterday, they are history to-day, and they will be history to-morrow. What our people do to-day will be measured to-morrow by the same inexorable standard; and the greater to-day's temptation, the greater our duty to remember it and to declare it. Nothing that is petty can be made great, and nothing that is wrong can be made right, however much men in their paroxysms of "patriotism" may be pleased to pretend it. These are the things for our people to think of in the period now fortunately given for thinking, after the foolish flurry about avenging the "honor" of the flag.

BOSTON, MASS.

A Changed Attitude towards Foreign Missionary Work.

BY REV. CHARLES F. DOLE, D.D.

We may think that prejudices against missions are only in the minds of Unitarians. In my childhood there were the same kinds of prejudices about missions in the Congregational Church that exist in the Unitarian Church. There was the same doubt whether it was worth while to send money so far away, and it was a notorious fact that the larger part of the contributions were given by a very few people. The fact was that the missionary enterprise came as a matter of duty to the larger number of the people in the evangelical churches. There was the old commandment, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel"; but it was in the minds of many thoughtful people a forlorn hope: not all believed that it could be accomplished. There was also now and then the grim question—since it was said that "those who had little light would be punished with fewer stripes"—whether we were doing any particular good to the heathen by bringing them a gospel which after they had refused would bring them heavier stripes. So there was plenty of material for scepticism in the minds of people who were not filled with the sense that they had any gospel.

Therefore, whatever difficulties we are meeting to-day in turning the liberal churches in the direction of what we call missionary effort, it is the same kind of difficulty

Digitized by Google

which has prevailed all through the history of missions. The evangelical churches happen to be a little ahead of us. They were in a very dead condition when the missionary effort was started. Probably nothing did so much to save their spiritual life as the missionary effort, bringing a new spirit of enthusiasm, and calling home from time to time from the "heathen countries" men of the most disinterested and noble character.

What is the nature of a gospel of good news? You can suppose a woman who has a beautiful and rare flower in her garden. Few, if any, of her neighbors have the same kind of flower. Would not she naturally like to give its seeds to her friends? The gospel idea likewise embraces two things: first, that you have something that you are sure is unusually good; and, next, that there is real need for it, that people would be glad and thankful for it.

Have we anything like this which we can say of our spiritual gospel? I think that we may say that in three important respects the idea of a spiritual gospel ought to appear, first, as a satisfying, persuasive, and uplifting mode of thought, interpreting the world; secondly, as a secret of life, a matter of practical wisdom which, entering into life, will alter it and change its values to infinitely higher values than had ever been before, so as to be a renewal of the life; and, thirdly, especially today, we hold as a gospel that which gives social impetus to mankind in all manner of needful civilizing reforms and efforts for the welfare of man. These three points ought really to harmonize together and be one. If the gospel of which we speak is true in thought, it ought also to be a secret of life personally, and it ought to carry a contagion of enthusiasm for humanity.

I am more and more convinced that there is coming to us to-day a conception of the thought of religion in a more usable, persuasive, rational, and beautiful form than ever has been known to man. The thought of evolution, the science of the world, and various studies of other religions, have all brought us an enrichment of the thought of God. We agree that no one word is large enough to call God by. We have seen people who are inclined to call themselves atheists because the old word "God" seems barren to them. If they have no other thoughts or names to fill out the content of the word, the name "God" in itself is thoroughly barren, and so we are using all the names that describe the highest values,—Power, Beauty, Law, Wisdom, Truth, Righteousness, and Love; and, though we still say "Father," it is no easy-going Father, for there is austerity in the best father: we need every great word to spell out the idea of the Infinite and Eternal Life. All these names for practical purposes are covered by the conception of the Good Will of the universe. For will is the highest form of power, perhaps the only power. Will is power, but we cannot think of will as brutal, or as self-will, least of all as evil will. It is one will, as sure as this is a universe; and all that we know about life at its highest persuades us that it is good will. Here is the wonderful conception. Perhaps we can demonstrate none of these great things. Our own existence, for instance, is the deepest of mystery; we cannot define and describe what we are. So in all modesty, and not attempting demonstration, we conceive the Life behind all things to be a righteous and beneficent will. This is the one most sublime thought that ever came to man. The very fact that such a thought should come to man is amazing. More and more is it a satisfying thought. It is satisfying in view of all kinds of sceptical questions and problems. Not that we are able to say that we have answered every question and problem by virtue of it; waves of scepticism and doubt pass over us all, being face to face with the mere appearances of things. But at our best I maintain this form of answer satisfies us as nothing else does satisfy us, and gives complete significance to the universe.

I pass over here, because it is not specially to my present purpose, the conception of our gospel as a great secret of life for the individual. But I wish to call your attention, as we pass, to the fact that I believe is pressed upon us in every way,—that you cannot civilize the world by wholesale; that you can only civilize the world through the civilizing of individuals; that you must have a gospel which will bring home to persons that which will make them more completely and maturely persons, grown men and women.

I said that the third great point which should characterize a gospel of religion is that it should furnish social impetus for every kind of effort for the welfare of man. Now, this conception which we have set forth goes with a very ancient thought which we are enlarging and enriching daily, as often as we use the words of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Translate this into simple secular terms, and it means, does it not, an all-round civilization? You mean, your will that this world may be thoroughly civilized, in every sense in which the word "civilization" climbs up into the highest values; you mean not merely external civilization, but that which makes happy, beautiful, noble lives.

Here, then, is the thought which we try to express, if we mean anything, when we say the words "Thy kingdom come" and add "Thy will be done." We go over then, do we not, to the side of the divine will? We come up out of our little self-will and every petty personal, small, and selfish thought of life, and we go over, heart and soul and mind and strength, with a thought that lifts us out of ourselves and makes us happy every time we see it, into the life of venture, effort, and doing. We cannot pray "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," and do nothing. It is a prayer of consecration. It means that each will is going with the divine will.

Now, whenever this conception of civilization comes to us, it tends to give us impetus for every sort of social task. What are we here in the world for? What is there so great and beautiful to enlist our attention, our interest, and all our powers, as the thought that we are set to serve human civilization at its highest and best, that we therefore belong to the great civilizing order of humanity?

So much for the three great tests of a gospel. Have we that gospel? Has it come to us in any such way that we catch imaginatively what it means? Do we see how great, unusual, and beautiful a thing it is in the history of man; how rare and uncommon it is at the present time in this rather barbarous world?

We have to confess that our Unitarian churches are a good way off yet from conceiving their own gospel. I recall the remark of a friend who had finished his ministry—to which he never came back—in one of our larger churches. He said it seemed to him that the great lack among the Unitarians was sympathy; we were Unitarians, perhaps, but not what Dr. Hedge said we ought to be, Humanitarians.

Now let us see what all this has to do with foreign missions. For people are apt to say, "Why should we not convert our own people before we go to other countries with our gospel?" Here we meet the fact which impresses itself upon us every day with more and more concern,—that the whole world is one. The Monroe Doctrine is outgrown. We all have common interests. The whole world comes to us; the diseases, the pests, the problems of the whole world are here in every city in America. The nationalities of the world are with us. We cannot limit effort and enterprise in Boston, in Massachusetts, or in the United States. The moment your hearts en-

Digitized by Google

large and your imagination conceives what the meaning of life is, you face a world problem; and the law of the world is that no little set, however select, can lift themselves above the level of the rest and stay in equilibrium. The everlasting forces of barbarism are there to undermine their fine little temple erected for themselves. They must build up with all the rest, they must take hands with the multitudes of the world and lift the whole level of civilization, or the waters of the old barbarism are upon us all. We have plenty of reason for being concerned about these waters of the old barbarism everywhere about us. Be optimists if you will about the great general trend of things. Yet the conditions here in America and in every one of our cities is a very serious one. No little sets of people have any right to sit back in their delightful homes in groups by themselves and stay their hands from the great work of civilization.

Certain particular enterprises occur at once. President C. W. Eliot has asked the question, whether any religion had ever appeared with a will distinctly to stop war? No such religion has ever been preached, unless by the little quietistic body of Quakers. Here is one of the things which our form of religion is distinctly good for,—to stop war. You cannot possess a group of people with a constant good will and a sense that the Master of Life is good will, and tolerate war any longer. You cannot possess a group of churches with the idea that good will is the victorious principle of the universe, binding every life, and find the people in those churches voting for battleships any longer.

Take another tremendous problem, namely, race prejudice. You cannot talk five minutes in any group of people around a dinner-table without the chance of finding race prejudice coming up out of the heart or out of the ignorance of some one of the speakers. What are you going to do with it? What principle have you to meet it? Your great thought of a constant good will, once possessing you, is the only secret I know to meet the very difficult problems that a barbarous race prejudice brings with it.

Take again the question which is arising everywhere in the world,—the proper distribution of the products of the world between those who furnish the capital and those who furnish the labor. It is beginning to be seen by men who manage great affairs that the only way in which you can get on with working-people is by showing them constant friendliness, by treating them with respect, that is, by treating them precisely as our kind of religion or gospel requires.

Now, there are sure to be men and women wherever this religion prevails who will be possessed with a sense of enthusiasm and a large imagination to carry their gospel out of the country. You send everything else out of the country. You export your Standard Oil, your steel, your cotton goods. We send our commercial agents to every little port. We send our warships around the world. Are we not going to stand by the young men and women who will carry our gospel, the best product that we have? The woman who raises the beautiful flower likes to send her seed where it has never been seen, that the beauty of it may rejoice other people's hearts. As sure as this is a spiritual universe there will be those many women who will have the imagination to do this kind of thing with our splendid religion.

I heard an interesting story the other day. A friend of mine, a classmate of a distinguished man who had made his success in education, asked his friend what he would like best if he could be born again into this world. What do you suppose this man chose? He said he would like best to be born as an American Negro, because he saw among the negroes the most immense need of the highest sort of leadership and the most fruitful opportunity to do good. Now, I say, if these churches which we represent and others very close to them of different names, whether Christian or otherwise, are worthy to live, they can live only by having and teaching and sharing a gospel something like what this distinguished educator had. There will arise then among them some who will say, as he said, "We want to go to the place that is darkest, where the human need is the greatest, and where the promise is also the greatest of bringing to a whole people a new civilization." If these things are so, there are reasons enough why we should utterly change our attitude toward the question of missionary work.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

The Apostles.

BY CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

THOMAS.

VII.

Then saith he to Thomas: Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.—ST. JOHN XX. 27.

Then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.—LUKE XXI. 27.

I, Thomas, had denied the Lord was here
Upon the earth. For I must search and know,
Prove all things true ere I believe them so.
I knew not that he would again appear,
And, lo! the Christ, He bade me then come near.
I touched the cruel wounds in awe and fear.
Was sense supreme and understanding slow,
Or lacked I faith, its fervor and its glow?

His final coming in the clouds I wait.
The living will rejoice, the dead arise,
God's spirit will the world re-animate
When Christ appears triumphant in the skies.
I know that he will come or soon or late,
And thus fulfil the former prophecies.

MATTHEW.

VIII.

As Jesus passed forth from thence, he saw a man, named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he saith unto him: Follow me. And he arose, and followed him.—MATT. IX. 9.

They scorn me and mine office—Pharisees!
At the receipt of custom they appear
Since Cæsar wills, to leave their tribute here;
Unwillingly obey they his decrees.
"A publican and sinner!" Who are these
That call me thus? Men turn from me in fear.
Nay, there is one—to-day he passed so near,
I felt that I must fall upon my knees.

A multitude awaits him on the shore.
I see him now. Did he not call my name?
Let me leave all. For gain I work no more.
Away! away! my sorrow and my shame.
His love my faith and hope again restore,
Now Christ has come the sinner to reclaim.

JAMES, THE SON OF ALPHÆUS.

IX.

Jesus said unto him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.
This is the first and great commandment.—MATT. XXII. 37, 38.

I knew Him as Jehovah, the Most High,
Who is and was and shall be evermore,
The Eternal One whom trembling hosts adore,
Yet to His chosen people ever nigh.
And He who led them in the years gone by,
Would strengthen Israel's kingdom as of yore
When the Messiah came. Thus reasoned I,
Who thought the future would the past restore.

Then came the Christ—of love alone he spake,
Of God the Father who His spirit gave
To enter into every heart and make
There His abode, so to transform and save.
O Holy Spirit, come. Let me partake
The promised blessings that I seek and crave.

Digitized by Google

The Panama Canal on Stamps.

It is said that when Congress was undecided as to whether the United States should dig a canal through Panama or should choose a route in Nicaragua, a postage-stamp turned the scales in favor of Panama. The story is told in a recent book on the Panama Canal by Monsieur Bunau-Varilla, a distinguished French engineer who took a prominent part in the negotiations that led up to the purchase of the rights of the old French company by the American government.

From his youth Monsieur Bunau-Varilla had been associated with efforts to dig the canal. When Panama was a far less healthy place to live in than it is now,—when fever was prevalent, and suspicion and political intrigue continually hampered operations,—he worked for Ferdinand de Lesseps and the various French companies. After they had failed, he came to this country to induce the United States government to take up the work where the French had laid it down.

At that time Nicaragua was bringing strong influences to bear on Congress, with the hope of getting this government to abandon the Panama route, and adopt the Nicaragua route instead. The proposed change had so many strong advocates in the Senate that for a time it looked as if Nicaragua would be the choice of Congress—at any rate, of the upper house.

To offset these influences, Monsieur Bunau-Varilla argued that a canal across Nicaragua would cost far more than one across Panama, and pointed out the danger from active volcanoes in Nicaragua. The Nicaraguans denied that there were any volcanoes there, either active or inactive; but, unfortunately, a few years before, in 1900, the Nicaraguan government had issued a set of postage-stamps showing a volcano in eruption at Momotomba on Lake Managua. Of this official recognition of Nicaraguan volcanoes Monsieur Bunau-Varilla was quick to take advantage; he bought a quantity of stamps, and to each member of the United States Senate sent one stamp mounted on a card, with this comment,—

"Postage-stamp of the Republic of Nicaragua: an official witness of the volcanic activity of Nicaragua."

By a tragic coincidence, the eruption of Mont Pelée occurred at about that time. The result was that the Senate by a narrow margin of votes decided to adopt the Panama route. Thus it can truthfully be said that a postage-stamp saved the canal for Panama. That particular stamp is, however, but one of many stamps that are identified with the idea of an isthmian canal. Both Panama and Nicaragua have issued stamps that reflect the hopes of those two countries to hold the connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. As long ago as 1878, the stamps of Panama, then a department of the United States of Colombia, were designed to show the peculiar geographical fitness of the isthmus for the site of a canal. They represented ships sailing, one on each side of a narrow thread of land. From 1887 to 1906 the design of all Panama stamps was virtually the same,—a map of the isthmus with a line drawn across it to indicate the route of the canal. The same stamps, with the words "Canal Zone" overprinted on them, have been used in the Canal Zone, and make an interesting collection for specialists in United States stamps, to whom they are all the more attractive because they show many errors and varieties of overprint.

The rivalry of Nicaragua for the canal was first reflected in Nicaraguan stamps by the issue of 1896; the design consists of a map of Nicaragua with the route of the proposed canal traced on it. The issue of the next year repeated the same design.

These issues are two of several known to stamp-collectors as "Seebecks," which were designed and engraved in New York by a company that had contracts with Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras, and Ecuador to supply them with a new issue every year. The company was allowed to sell the surplus supply of each year's issue to dealers and collectors, and was also allowed to keep the plates. Within a few years, most of the "Seebeck" plates have been used to reprint the old stamps. That has seriously affected the interest of collectors in the issues, and, although the plates are said to have been destroyed, many collectors refuse to have anything to do with the issues originally printed from them.

The United States has issued a special set of stamps to commemorate the opening of the canal, and to advertise the coming Panama-Pacific Exposition. Those who regard these stamps as the first philatelic expression of the canal will probably be astonished to know that, as a subject for design, the canal has long been an old story to stamp-collectors. This is one of the many cases in which philately is the "professor of geography and the handmaiden of history,"—one of those things in which a boy has an advantage over his father.—*Youth's Companion.*

The World's Birds.

"The birds of the world are saved." These words, says Mr. Winthrop Packard, the well-known authority on birds, in the Boston *Transcript*, were written by James Buckland of the Royal Colonial Institute of London. It is a wonderful thing to say. The facts, however, seem to warrant the statement. The passage of our own tariff amendment last year, which makes it unlawful to bring the feathers of wild birds into this country except for educational purposes, and the Plumage Bill now before the British Parliament having passed to its third reading by a vote of 297 to 15 (at the time at which we write), a measure much like our own, are tremendous strides in the way of saving the birds of the world.

But more. It seems, to quote Mr. Buckland again in the article referred to above, "The British government has called a congress on the plumage question to meet in London. It is stipulated that each nation attending must come prepared to bind itself to prohibit the export and the import of plumage. Of the European nations, France, Holland, and Denmark alone have refused. Germany has not yet given her answer. All the others have agreed to the terms and have consented to come."

We hope the English measure will become law. Should there be no failure in this respect, and should the congress called result in the agreement of the great majority of European countries to stop the importation and the exportation of bird plumage, why, then, shall we not accept with exultation the assertion of Mr. Buckland? We said last year that "1913 would be remembered as the birds' year." It looks now as if 1914 would be even more memorable in the history of the race as the Golden Year for the birds of the world.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Literature.

The Women we Marry. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.—Mr. Pier has placed the scene of his latest novel in a society where the women have plenty of money to gratify their desires, and plenty of time to indulge in emotions. On the whole, the book is a disappointment, because of its restricted outlook. Pehaps one of the good things to be said about it is that it indirectly suggests the beatitude "Blessed are the women who have to work for those they love, for theirs may be the kingdom of heaven." That is not to say that there is not heroism among these others, whose way is so beset with danger; and, perhaps, when they win out to the point where truth and duty are one with inclination, their credit is no less than if they had never doubted.

Penrod. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.—Any one who has sat for an evening opposite a young man, well out of his teens, reading Mr. Tarkington's story of boy life, and heard his frequent chuckles, his occasional laughter, his murmured "I felt just like that when I was a boy," must believe that criticism has its limits and is sometimes out of place. The book is amusing first, but it is also illuminating. It has its moment of deadly conflict, its tragedy of misunderstood suffering, its effective revolt against injustice, its exposition of the boy code, and its pure, unadulterated humor. If you know boys well, read it and enjoy it, for it will probably reinforce some of your cherished theories. If you don't know boys well, read it, and perhaps you will learn something.

Andy at Yale. By Roy Eliot Stokes. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.—The title of this book gives a fair idea of its intent and accomplishment. It describes and illustrates the life of a fellow at Yale College, with its ups and downs, its hazing of a freshman, its athletic contests, its temptations, and its rewards. To this is added a certain success in detective work, for it is Andy who solves the Great Quadrangle mystery. The undergraduate atmosphere is constantly present. As Andy's best friend in the preparatory school elects Harvard as his college, opportunity is given for another volume in the University Series, which will present, probably in the same lively, slangy, unrestrained fashion, similar aspects of life at the other college.

North of Fifty-three. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.—Mr. Sinclair has had an experience that fits him to be the chronicler of "wide, unpeopled spaces," where people live out of doors and things happen. As a boy, he associated with cow-punchers, miners, trappers, Hudson Bay men, and the like,

Digitized by Google

on the frontier of the Canadian Northwest. His education came by reading,—reading everything that came in his way,—and by sharing all kinds of experiences with all kinds of people. If there are stirring events and breathless moments in his book, it is because he knows that such are not outside of actual experience.

Miscellaneous.

Copies of Rev. Alexander Webster's *Memories of Ministry*, recently announced in these columns, are for sale by the American Unitarian Association, for $1 a copy; by mail, 7 cents for postage.

A new pamphlet, *Sources of Information on Recreation*, has recently been issued by the Department of Recreation of the Russell Sage Foundation. It will be found a useful publication not only to the professional recreation worker, but also to the public-spirited citizen who is interested in community welfare. It is a catalogue of the best books on games, dancing, etc., and contains brief suggestions. The price, 10 cents, is nominal, and barely covers the cost of printing.

The Laurel Scrapbook Calendar contains so many poems one is glad to have at hand that even this belated notice may not be out of place. A poem and a quotation for each week of the year are strung like beads on a rosary, and practically every page has a message of hope and cheer. The motto on the outside cover, a saying by Burrill, tells the story: "There is a great charm about what I think I may call an untidy mind, full of scraps of verse, odds and ends of poetry, old sayings, and old stories." It is published by Frances L. Lester, 1151 East 55th Street, Chicago, Ill.

A. C. Pigou, professor of political economy in the University of Cambridge, is the author of a book on *Unemployment*, one of the Home University Library Series, published by Henry Holt & Co. He makes unemployment equivalent to what would be generally understood as involuntary idleness, thus taking into account persons working on short time. After a discussion of some mistaken popular views, he shows that, if any workpeople have to be paid a rate of wage artificially raised above that which comes from the free play of economic forces, unemployment is likely to be the inevitable result, whether wages are raised, for instance, by the efforts of a particular trade-union or by the establishment of a minimum wage. Anything which improves the quality of the lowest grade of workers, such as the discouragements of blind alley occupations or the provision of increased facilities for training, is a remedy. Any device that renders wage-rates less rigid, more readily adapted to varying conditions than the mutual suspicions of employers and employed frequently cause them to be, is a remedy. Whatever tends to diminish industrial fluctuations is a remedy. Labor exchanges, to enable workpeople to move freely to available vacancies, are a remedy. Finally, public authorities may do much by fitting their demand for goods and services, which is necessarily occasional, into the interstices of the general demand, and by avoiding unnecessary ups and downs in that part of their work which can be made continuous. The object of Prof. Pigou has been not so much to denounce conditions, which exact a heavy toll of suffering, as to forge weapons with which humanity may combat such conditions. (50 cents.)

Magazines.

Current Opinion is one of the publications that no busy man of affairs can afford to neglect. It gives each month a summary of events and movements that are really important. In seven well-edited departments the topics that ought to interest intelligent men and women are discussed and illustrated by selections from the best current literature domestic and foreign. The May number shows steady improvement in the method and substance of the periodical.

The feature of the May *Southern Workman* is the report of Hampton's principal, Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, which is illustrated with pictures of students on the drill-ground, at work in the kitchens, on the farm, in the class-room, and in the Trade School. The work of Hampton graduates is also pictured and described, showing that the policy and methods of the Hampton School are more than justified by the results. The report is an absorbing story of practical preparation for life. "The Status and Needs of the Five Civilized Tribes," extracts from an address at the Lake Mohonk Conference, brings some valuable first-hand information to the understanding of difficult Indian problems. An article on "School Spirit," by James Hardy Dillard, president of the Negro Rural School Fund, offers sound philosophy from a valuable source.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 19

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools.

FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.

By JAMES E. ODLIN.

"Forty Lessons on the Psalms" seemed so valuable that it was a pleasure to examine some of the lessons with our class and to recommend further use of the Book in Sunday School Teaching. The Psalms and the entire Bible are made more interesting and helpful by the many explanations of customs and by the parallels from history so often used in these lessons.

CLARA T. GUILD.

Tuckerman School, Boston, Mass., July 17, 1913.

Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price twenty cents each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready May 1

[No. 275]

Good Men in Hell

By

REV. FRANK S. C. WICKS

A VIGOROUS, AROUSING MESSAGE! It sets the mind thinking. Common sense and the teachings of Jesus, with sidelights from great minds, are enlisted to prove the irrational, unchristian character of the dogma of a literal hell. The unreality of the traditional heaven and hell is exposed in the clear light of modern thought. A kind of Father Taylor utterance! Compactly forceful, brief but telling, this tract will compel attention by its moral intensity and righteous indignation.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION AS TRACT No. 275

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Road toward Boyhood.

The road toward boyhood eastward winds
  O'er memory's heaven-arched mountain-crown;
Its goal there's ne'er a traveller finds,
  For every bridge is broken down.

Beyond the fordless river's tide
  From sun-bathed fields that thither slope,
A throng that fills the country side
  Is shifting in the gazer's scope.

I hear the shout of knight and serf,
  And see, on level winds outblown,
The sanguine flag of Front de Boeuf
  Above the towers of Torquilstone.

I see, 'mong sailors swart of beard,
  The form of stern Salvation Yeo,
And hear the shout by foemen feared,
  The heartening cry of "Westward Ho!"

Along the Canterbury road
  Their cheerful way the pilgrims take;
And ne'er a stranger concourse flowed
  Than follows in their mingled wake.

Clan Alpine's best their broadswords wield,
  With Sleepy Hollow's Senate near;
And next to youthful Copperfield
  I see the white locks of King Lear.

I hear the Last Mohican's song
  ('Tis mixed with that of Captain Kidd);
And Little Pearl is borne along
  On shoulders broad of great John Ridd.

The faces and the voices blend
  With those of mates at task and play
I watch the strange procession wend.
  Which were the real? 'Twere hard to say!

The goal there's ne'er a traveller finds,
  Since every bridge is broken down.
What, then? The road toward boyhood winds
  O'er memory's heaven-arched mountain-crown

John Elliot Bowman, in the Springfield Republican.

The Real Mary.

Quite early one morning Thelma's mother said to her, "If you'll be just as good as gold all day, I will take you to see little Mary this afternoon."

"I'm afraid I can't be all good, Mamma," said Thelma, "but I'll be some good."

Thelma was not quite four years old, and had not played with many little girls; and, when Mamma said she should be taken to see "Mary," she instantly thought of the Mary in her picture-book, who was dressed in a beautiful pink dress, and wore a great white hat with floating ribbons.

The picture-book Mary wandered over green fields, and after her strayed a snow-white lamb led by a blue ribbon. This was the Mary that Thelma expected to see; and she was so good that, when nap-time came, Mamma told her that she had been "as good as gold," and should surely be taken to see Mary

"And the lamb?" asked Thelma, drowsily; but Mamma did not hear.

Thelma waked from her nap with her blue eyes as bright as stars and her cheeks like roses; and, when she was dressed in the whitest of white dresses and the bluest of blue sashes, she danced about, singing: "I'm *go*-ing to see *Ma*-wy! I'm *go*-ing to see *Ma*-wy!"

Thelma and Mamma walked and walked along the pleasant country road, and at last they came to a large white house.

"This is Mary's house," said Mamma; and Thelma squeezed her mother's hand, and shivered all over for joy.

They were taken into a room that seemed to be full of sunshine and green growing things. There was an aquarium near a bright window, and beside it stood a little girl, feeding the fish. Long yellow curls fell about her rosy face, and she wore a red dress and a white ruffled apron.

"That is Ma-wy's sister," thought little Thelma to herself; but just then her mother led her forward, and said, "This is Mary."

A sob rose in Thelma's throat; but the strange little girl smiled so sweetly that she said to herself, "P'r'aps she doesn't wear her pink dress 'cept when she's having her picture taken."

So she ran forward and took Mary's hand, and looked up into her face, and said, "Won't you show me your lamb?"

"I haven't any lamb," said Mary, wonderingly; and then poor Thelma could bear no more. She lay down with her face against the floor, and cried and cried.

Her mother and Mary's mother and Mary, all gathered around her to find out what could be the matter; but it was a long time before she was able to tell them.

At last she told them, sobbing:—

"It isn't the *weal* Mawy. Mawy's dress is pink, and the lamb goes *erwytehere* that Mawy goes."

Then they all knew.

But after a while little Thelma grew quite happy, looking at the gold and silver fish as they darted through the clear water and nibbled Mary's fingers or ate the food she gave them; and, when the time came to go, she kissed Mary, and said: "Good-by, Car'line! I'm going to call you Car'line, after my dolly."

After Thelma and her mother had walked quite out of sight, Mary said to her mother, "I don't like to be called Caroline, and I wish I *could* have a lamb!"

Her mother laughed, and said, "So you could be the *weal* Mary?"

Time and time again, in the early morning, Mary had heard the sheep passing the house on their way to the town. She had listened to their bleating and the patter of their soft feet without thinking much about them; but now, remembering little Thelma, the next time that she was awakened by the shouts of the drivers and the hundreds of pattering steps, she jumped right out of bed, and ran to peep through the blinds.

The sun had not risen yet, and everything was gray,—the sky, the road, the sheep, and the clouds of dust which almost hid the shouting men who drove the great flock.

As Mary stood there looking out, she saw a lamb that limped painfully along, sometimes hopping just a little way on only three feet "Oh, the poor thing!" she cried softly; and, just as though it heard her, the lame lamb turned from the flock unseen, and dropped in a little heap behind some bushes.

Mary waited until the sheep and men were but a cloud of dust in the distance. Then down she ran in her nightgown, and sped quickly across the green lawn out where the lamb was lying.

It looked at her with piteous eyes, and tried to rise; and she petted and coaxed it. And presently it was strong enough to hobble by her side up to the porch, where she made it a bed of rugs and cushions. And, finally, she fell asleep by the side of the lamb, with her hand on its soft warm back.

When Mary's mother looked into her little girl's room that morning, she found shoes and stockings and a little gown and petticoat, but no Mary. So she hastened down the stairs; and there she saw the open door, and went out. There on the porch among some rugs, warm in the sunlight, lay—what? Two heads were raised at once, and Mamma looked into her little girl's eyes and a lamb's eyes.

"O Mamma! Mamma! mayn't I keep it?" cried Mary; and the lamb softly bleated, "Ma-ma! Ma-ma!"

Mamma was astonished, and then she laughed, and said the lamb certainly might stay a little while.

It was a very busy day at Mary's house, for the new-comer had to be washed and be fed, and be combed and be brushed, and be adorned with gay ribbons; and the lame foot was to be made well and strong. The day was full of joy, besides; for Mary's father found the drivers who had passed that morning, and they said Mary was welcome to keep the little lame lamb.

One breezy day the postman brought Thelma this little letter:—

Dear Thelma,—Will you come to play with me this afternoon? THE REAL MARY.

So, when Thelma had had her after-dinner nap, and her eyes had grown as bright as stars and her cheeks like roses, and she was dressed in the whitest of white dresses and the bluest of blue sashes, she and her mother set out to walk along the pleasant country road again. By and by they came to the large white house where they had been before.

"That's Car'line's house," said Thelma.

"Mary is in the meadow," said Mary's mother, smiling at Thelma as she opened the door. "Just walk down yonder little path until you come to the stream. Jump across the water and look over the wall, and you will see her."

Thelma walked down the little path, jumped across the tiny silver brook, and peeped over the wall. And what did she see?

There came the real Mary running across the green meadows to meet her,—the very Mary of the picture-book, with strapped shoes, and a pink dress, and a large white hat with ribbons floating in the wind. She held a blue ribbon in her hand, and the blue ribbon was tied around the neck of a snow-white lamb that skipped and jumped along after her.

"You darling little Thelma!" said Mary; and she helped Thelma over the wall, and let her pet the lamb, and lead him by the blue ribbon, and feed him with sweet red clover-tops.

What a happy time they had! They jumped and ran and played just as lambs and little girls like to, and, when they grew hungry, Mary brought out a basket that had been hidden among the bushes, and spread their tea on a white cloth on the grass.

They had tiny sandwiches,—"just crowds of them," Thelma said,—and delicious little cakes, and bottles of milk to pour into the doll-cups from which they drank; and the lamb lay beside them as they ate, and would have a taste of everything.

When it was time to go, Thelma kissed Mary and the lamb twenty times apiece, and said, "I shan't call you Car'line, never no more; for you are the real Ma-wy."

Digitized by Google

Thelma and her mother walked home across the fields, and Thelma looked back again and again to see Mary waving her hand and the lamb skipping about her as she stood.—*A. L. Sykes.*

On the Train.

The man who wore glasses went to the other end of the car, and the two little girls watched him closely. He dropped into a vacant seat, took out a card and pencil, and wrote:—

"*Dear Little Girl with the Blue Hat,*—I am tired of reading, and there is no one here to talk with, so I am writing you this note. Perhaps your mother will let you answer it. The little girl with the brown hat, whose nose turns up,—just a wee bit,—is she your sister? This note is partly to her.

Sincerely yours,
A FELLOW TRAVELLER."

He folded his note and beckoned the little girl with the brown hat. She came teetering down the car, took it solemnly, and carried it to the little girl in the blue hat, who read it, and, as fast as she could, scribbled her answer:—

"*Dear Man with the Glasses,*—It was very kind of you to write to us. Grace and I were tired, too. Grace is my sister. You thought right about that. She is six years old, but she does not go to school. My father keeps a store, and he is the best man in the world.

Your friend,
MURIEL."

This time Grace, with the brown hat, sat waiting until the man finished his note. Then she ran back with it. It read:—

"*Dear Muriel,*—Thank you for writing so soon. Just from looking at you and Grace I rather thought some older person in your family must be nice, but, strangely enough, I never once thought of your father. I live near Chicago, in a house with a big yard, that holds a playhouse, and a sand-pile, and a swing; and I am going to California. A lady there let me marry her daughter, and I want to see her again and thank her for it. Where are you going?"

When Grace carried this note back, Muriel scribbled, faster than ever:—

"*Dear Man,*—We are so glad that you are going to California, because we are, too. Mother is taking us out to see our grandmother. She lives by the ocean. It seems very strange, but we live near Chicago, too, and have things like that in our yard. Don't you love to ride on the cars and eat in the diner? With love,
MURIEL."

The answer that came was:—

"*Dear Muriel,*—I do like riding on the cars, but sometimes I wish there was not so much of it all at one time. I hope we shall be well enough acquainted by and by so that you can visit me over here. You see such interesting things out of my window—a moment ago I saw a prairie-dog village, and just now I saw two rabbits, running as fast as if their mother had sent them on an errand. Maybe she had."

Muriel read this note until she came almost to the end, then she bounced out of her seat.

"O Grace, Grace!" she called. "Come quick!"

They ran down the aisle and fairly tumbled into the man's lap. "Did you really see prairie-dogs and rabbits?" demanded Muriel.

The man with the glasses looked quite startled.

"Well!" he protested. "This is getting acquainted fast!"

Grace reached up and took firm hold of the end of his nose.

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Don't look that way. We're not going to play strangers any more. We're going to be just your little girls again. We like it better."—*Frederick Hall in Youth's Companion.*

The Children's Garland.

BY JOHN RUSSELL HAYES.

WHITE VIOLETS.

A band of sweet blue violets
All on an April day
Went down into a woodland dell
At hide-and-seek to play;
But while they played a bat flew by,
Which gave them such a fright
That every little countenance
Was changed to milky white!

THE ROSE'S REPLY.

I said unto a lovely rose
That in my garden grew,—
"When chilly autumn comes around,
Sweet rose, what will you do?"

Said she, "When autumn breezes blow
I'll rain my petals down,
And on them little brookside elves
Will sail to Fairy Town."

THE MUSHROOM TENT.

When showers make the woods all wet
The tiny wood-folk run and get
Beneath a mushroom's sheltering eaves.
And there on beds of violet leaves
They sleep secure till cease of rain
Doth send them out to play again.

THE BLUEBELL CLOCK.

The bluebell hourly rings her chime
To let the fairies know the time;
She rings it all the long night through
From set of sun till death of dew;
She rings it all the livelong day,—
And every little elf and fay
Prepares his meals and feeds his flock
By this same dainty little clock.

THE QUAKER LADY.

Within a dewy woodland dell
I spied a Quaker Lady;
Her home was on a mossy bank
Where all was cool and shady.

And as I saw her sitting there
So sweetly and demurely,
I said, "There's peace within thy heart,
Dear Quaker Lady, surely!"

THE SNOWDROP.

The snowdrop, pearly white of hue,
Each morning sheds a fragrant dew,
Which little goblins come and get
And use to bait their bottle-net.

From the Old-Fashioned Garden.

Back-door Recommendations.

"Which boy will you have?" asked Mr. Ames.

He was going away for a week, and he wanted to invite one of the neighbor boys to stay with Mrs. Ames, and be ready to run erranda. Of course, he meant to pay well the boy who was selected.

"I think I'll have Jimmie White," said Mrs. Ames.

Mr. Ames looked surprised. Jimmie was the poorest boy in the neighborhood. There were others older and better looking and cleverer.

"You're wondering why," said Mrs. Ames. "I'll tell you. When Jimmie goes out in the back yard to cut wood for his mother, the cat comes and rubs against his legs, the dog jumps all over him, the little neighbor-girl comes to the fence to show her dolly, and Jimmie's own small brother comes running to help. Those are his recommendations. I know he has a kind heart, and I like that better than almost anything else. There was another boy I thought of, but I saw him kick his dog yesterday, and he torments the younger children on the way to school. He slaps his little sister, and whines when his mother asks him to do an errand. He takes off his hat and speaks to me very politely when I am calling on his mother, and, if he tried, he could be a splendid boy. But I've been looking up back-door recommendations, and he doesn't stand the test."

Mr. Ames then understood. "If boys and girls could only know that some one is often taking their measure when they are off guard!" he said.

Then he went over to ask Jimmie's mother if she could spare him for a week.

"Two dollars, mother, for just helping after school!" cried Jimmie. "I'd have thought it was pay enough to stay over there, and take care of the pony, and get a chance to look at the books and pictures in the evening. I wonder how they came to choose me!"—*Journal and Messenger.*

"Something Else Beautiful."

A little girl named Hilda and her mother stood one cold winter morning looking out upon the landscape, in which everything was covered with icy armor that sparkled with glittering beauty in the sunshine.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Hilda.

"Yes," answered her mother, "but it will be all gone before noon time."

The little girl was quiet for a moment as she gazed upon the fairylike scene that lay stretched out before her. Then she looked up and said brightly, "Never mind, mother; there'll be something else beautiful tomorrow."—*Apples of Gold.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,189 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mare S. Brooks, Alaston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

The Macedonian Relief Work.

Rev. Anton N. Toplisky of Bulgaria, who has been dispensing the moneys sent him for the relief of the Macedonian refugees, writes us the following report of his recent activities:—

DOUBNITZA, April 28, 1914.

All the Macedonian refugees are now returning to the Southern frontier towns Stroumica, Melnik, Nevrokop, Petric, and surrounding villages. Doubnitza is a door which leads to Bulgarian Macedonia. Thousands are returning to their former homes. Our government has arranged to give them fields for agricultural labor, and agricultural tools, and will help them rebuild the ruined homes which were burned by the Greek troops in the neighborhood of Salonica and Cavalla, compelling them to flee into Bulgaria. Note that they were not fleeing from the Turkish troops, although these are barbarous, but that these unhappy fugitives escaped from the massacres of the Greek orthodox Christians, their own religious kinsmen, but most cruel and savage hordes. I send you a photograph of such a group of refugees, incidentally taken, a fragment of the thousands and tens of thousands that we aid and speed on their way. This particular group represents what remains of the population of the Macedonian village Kresno, county Konkoush, District of Salonica. The greater part of its population was massacred by Greek soldiery. The unhappy remnant, under guidance of their village priest of the Greek Church, Father Toushe Etchoff, escaped last year into Bulgaria. They are alive, but most unhappy beings. Five of the children shown are orphans.

[The clergyman and Mr. Toplisky are shown at the left of the group. The writer continues:—]

There are hundreds of other and similar groups among whom for the past two months I have been at work, visiting them also in their villages after they had settled down to reconstruct their lives and their families', in order to relieve their most extreme necessities—food, clothing, medicine, and human sympathy—by means of the money sent us by the American Unitarians, as an expression of international sympathy and solidarity, as well as of Christian charity.

Some days ago our Bulgarian Crown Prince Boris was here on a visit, and I was invited to an interview with him. Probably some of the military men who constantly sojourn in this town, and who are familiar with my charitable work in this connection, called his attention to it. It was at the house of Gen. Feodoroff, where his Royal Highness was for the time in residence, near our new Unitarian Hall, now slowly rising. We talked about my work among the refugees. He wanted to know where I found the money to carry it on. I told him about the Unitarian Christian movement in the world, and that we have now in Bulgaria the beginning of the same religious effort under the name "Bulgarian Unitarian Association." As the pastor of this society, I had called the attention and the sympathy of the American Unitarians to these Macedonian sufferers. They had nobly responded and sent nearly $1,800 during the war to its victims.

He was very deeply interested, and at the end of our long conversation told me to write to the generous donors that our Crown Prince Boris, as a citizen of Bulgaria, wished to express his own and the royal family's great thankfulness and warm regards to the American people, who, in the eventful experiences of the Balkan states during the past two years had been such good friends to the Bulgarian nation. He asked me also to show him some of our Unitarian literature. I gave him certain tracts in English, a language with which he is familiar, and also my edition de luxe of the illustrated number of *The Christian Life*, the British Unitarian weekly, commemorating one hundred years of Unitarianism. He thanked me, and took the literature home with him to Sofia.

The Bulgarian Constitution guarantees full religious liberty to all forms of belief. But it is a fact that our Bulgarian royal family is much interested in all the new movements that are springing up in our modern state.

Mr. Toplisky humorously adds that, as King Ferdinand is a Roman Catholic, Queen Eleonore a Protestant Lutheran, and the Crown Prince has been brought up a Greek Catholic, the religion of the country, the natural evolution of things would some day produce a Unitarian monarch on the throne of Bulgaria.

What our representative and co-worker tells us in this letter about his own church movement in Bulgaria we leave for another occasion. C. W. W.

Digitized by Google

Rev. Thomas W. Brown.

Rev. Thomas W. Brown, who, on May 7, in Melrose Mass., died suddenly from heart trouble, was born at Portsmouth, N.H., and was in his eighty-fifth year. He attended Harvard College and Divinity School, and was ordained a minister in the Unitarian denomination in 1852. He afterward filled pastorates at Trenton, N.J., Grafton, Mass., Brewster and Sandwich on Cape Cod, Dover, N.H., Eastport, Me., Bridgewater, Mass. He was called from Bridgewater to the Melrose Unitarian parish in 1892; he was installed in June of that year; and, after a pastorate of six years, resigned in June, 1898, and has since lived a retired life from the active ministry.

He was a man of scholarly habits, of a quiet, genial, loving nature, and has endeared himself to many in the various places where he has carried on his ministry from youth to the sunset of life.

Since his retirement he has acted as minister-at-large in Melrose, as he has been a visitor to many homes where sympathy and loving-kindness were needed. He has been well called one of the saints, not only of his denomination, but of the broader religious life, as he has been a father, a friend, a helper and adviser to many.

The funeral was held May 10. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Dr. James De Normandie, pastor of the First Church of Roxbury, Mass. He gave a tender eulogy of Rev. Mr. Brown, speaking from a personal friendship of over half a century. He said Mr. Brown was predestined from his birth, one might say, to be a minister. Ever loving, caring for others, ministering to their needs, rejoicing in their happiness, sympathetic and helpful in trouble and trial, he had fulfilled his mission in the many pastorates, where there still lingered fragrant memories of one dearly beloved by many. After a life of service, in the ripeness of a sweet old age, God had called him to himself.

The interment on Monday was at the Brown family lot at Portsmouth, N.H.

He leaves a widow, and one son, Mr. William L. Brown, of Washington, D.C.

From Khasi Hills, India.

The Khasi Unitarians held their annual conference at Shillong on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of January, 1914. Shillong is the headquarters of Assam where the Chief Commissioner resides. It is situated on a tableland below the Shillong peak, and watered by two clear streams in which trout culture is being introduced.

The thanksgiving service and welcome-meeting to delegates and friends was held on Saturday evening in a tent outside the chapel, which was erected for the purpose. Although it was cold and windy, the hearts of the people were burning with enthusiasm for the religion of the one true God.

After the service the leaders met together to discuss and thrash out beforehand some important questions brought forward for the decision of the Board, one of which was a motion for starting a quarterly journal of liberal religion in the Khasi language.

The Young People's Unitarian Association held its annual meeting on Sunday morning, and the whole conference took part in it. The following were appointed officers for 1914: Mr. U Roshoron Roy, president; Mr. U Kat Serjeant, senior vice-president; Mr. U Dorjan Singh, secretary; Mr. U Phriman Singh, treasurer. The constitution and the rules of the Young People's Unitarian Association were read and explained by Mr. H. K. Singh, and with slight modifications were confirmed by the conference. The young officers and members were then each decorated with the badge of their Association, which was in the form of a rising sun, with the motto "To Nangroi" (progress forward) inscribed on it. The young people have done and are doing admirable work for the cause of liberal religion in the Khasi Hills by holding night schools and acting as preachers.

Two meetings were held during the day. At 11.30 the introductory service was conducted by Mr. U Raju Roy of Jowai, and then a sermon was delivered by Mr. U Dorka of Puriang, on "Love." He said that we must love ourselves, love the best in us, love our honor and character, in order to be able to love others. He then explained by illustrations that love was wanting in the old customs of animal sacrifices and superstitious beliefs and in the easygoing doctrine of the orthodox Christianity, "simply believe and thou shalt be saved." He laid strong emphasis on the phrase "simply believe" and said it undermines the sense of responsibility for one's character. He was attentively listened to by the audience. He is a born preacher, and knows how to hold the audience. Collection was made at the close of the service, which amounted to Rs. 11-4-9.

In the second meeting, at 2 A M., there were three speakers. Mr. Riang Pohlong, brother of the late Mr. U Heh Pohlong, founder of the Nongtalang Unitarian Church, and now a preacher at Padu, spoke on the indwelling of religion in man. Mr. U Kumbir Singh spoke on the struggles between the old and new ideas of religion. He likened a modern Khasi to a man rowing two boats by placing a foot on each of them, and exhorted the audience to throw themselves on the one true God.

The last speaker was Mr. U Moni Roy.

After the close of the meeting a photograph was taken of the congregation on a hillside near the chapel. It came out very clear, and can be had at 1 shilling each from the Ghosal Brothers, Photographers, Shillong.

In the evening there was a session of the Board of the Unitarian Union. The following churches were represented: Shillong, Máwpat, Nongtráw, Tynring, Puriang, Jowai, Nongtalang. The annual report of the secretary, Mr. Konjro Singh, and the accounts of the treasurer were read and, after some questions by the members, were accepted.

Mr. H. K. Singh bequeathed a life assurance endowment policy for Rs. 1000 to the Unitarian Union if he dies before its maturity in 1920.

Letters from Mr. Sunderland, expressing regret for his inability to attend the conference and to come to Khasi Hills, were read, and the conference hoped he would come next year to see us. The motion for starting a quarterly journal of liberal religion in the Khasi language was put off to the next conference; meantime, the mover should collect information as to cost of printing, etc.

Owing to ill-health of Mr. U Lackay of Máwpat, Mr. U Singbor of Shillong was appointed president, and Messrs. U Don Nonglamin and U Kumar Roy, vice-presidents, of the Union for 1914. Messrs. Konjro Singh and H. K. Singh were re-elected secretary and treasurer, respectively.

It was decided that in future the annual conference of the Union shall be held from Friday evening to Monday morning, to allow sufficient time for the transaction of business. At the request of the leaders of the Puriang Unitarian church it was resolved that the next conference of the Union will be held at Puriang.

On Monday morning there was a farewell meeting. The resolutions of the Board were read to the conference. It was resolved to send the respectful greetings of the conference to the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, with the request that he will kindly come to see us next year as he has assured us.

It was also resolved to sent the respectful greetings of the conference to:—

The American Unitarian Association, Rev. C. W. Wendte, Rev. W. I. Lawrance, Rev. E. A. Horton, Mrs. Emma E. Marean (for her hymns in our hymn-book, which have been and are a source of uplift, hope, and inspiration to us), Miss L. F. Clarke, Miss A. E. Howard, and other friends and sympathizers in America, British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, Miss Emily Sharpe, Rev. H. Bodell Smith, Rev. Clay MacCauley of Japan, Mr. D. H. Roberts and the Unitarians of Madras, Mr. J. C. Ganguli of Midnapur, The All India Theistic Conference.

HAJOM KISSOR SINGH.

Isles of Shoals Meetings.

Within a few comparatively short weeks Shoalers will begin to embark at Portsmouth, N.H., upon the staunch Juliette bound for the Appledore and the Oceanic, where the annual series of inspiring meetings will be held, beginning July 12 and extending through July 29.

The rates at both hotels are $12 and $14 per week for each person. The membership certificate, $1 for each person for each week, entitles the holders to the reduced rate at either hotel as well as on the railroads.

Those who wish room reservations and membership certificates should apply *at once* to the undersigned, and should state exact name, dates for which reservation is to be made, and rooms desired.

CARL B. WETHERELL,
1 Fuller Place,
Cambridge, Mass.

The Francis David Memorial Church.

Previous to May 16, the following contributions have been sent to me in answer to my appeal, in the *Register* of February 12, on behalf of the proposed memorial at Deva: Amount previously acknowledged, $280.10; Miss Dependance S. Waterman, $5; Miss Eleanora Zwissler, $1; Northampton Sunday-school, $5; Vancouver Alliance, $2.50; Winnipeg Alliance, $1; Toronto Alliance, $7; Ottawa church and Alliance, $7; Montreal

Digitized by Google

church, $46.50; Montreal Alliance, $10; Montreal Junior Alliance, $62; Montreal, Mrs. Weller's Sunday-school class, $10.25; total, $437.35.

The helpful contributions from Canada are due to the zeal of Mrs. H. W. Weller. Our church in Cleveland has contributed for this object $169 82, sending it directly to the American Unitarian Association. More is needed. To any one wishing information in regard to the matter I shall be glad to mail a circular appeal from Dr. Gannett's vivid pen which will soon be in print.

CHARLES E. ST. JOHN,
32 S. 21st Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Anniversary Reception.

On Monday evening, May 25, a reception will be held at Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass., from eight to ten o'clock. President and Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Crothers, and Miss Anna M. Bancroft will receive. There will be music by the Raymond Orchestra, and light refreshments will be served.

As there has been no reception for two years past, an excellent opportunity will here be given the delegates, ministers, and others interested to meet and renew old acquaintance. A cordial invitation to be present is extended to the Unitarian public, and it is especially desirable that all our churches within reach unite in helping to make this occasion one of friendliness and sociability for all the Unitarian friends from near and far.

For the Unitarian Hospitality Committee,
GRACE R. TORR, *Secretary.*

The Tuckerman School.

The Guild of Parish Workers is an association, formed several years ago, of those who are serving in parishes as assistants or in other ways. Many of its members are graduates of the Tuckerman School. Several times each year meetings are held, and it has been the good fortune of the Guild to have one of the yearly meetings occur in spring or early summer, when the day has been spent as guests of some Alliance or parish. Last year the Guild had its spring meeting in Fitchburg; this year, May 7 was spent in Providence as guests of the hospitality committee of the Alliance of the First Church. The president of the Guild, Miss Harriet E. Johnson, and nine other members were able to accept this hospitality. The luncheon was spread in one of the spacious parlors of the parish house, and the room was beautiful with its decoration of jonquils, a delicate suggestion of the Tuckerman School color. After a pleasant visit to the Burleigh studio and to the School of Design, the members of the Guild enjoyed the presentation of the Biblical story of Joseph given by members of the Sunday-school. The tableaux were grouped with fine effect of line and color, and the entire lack of confusion and delay in changing the pictures was evidence of the care and thought that had been given to every detail. The accompaniment of Dr. Lord's reading, and the music by selected voices led by violin and piano, made a finished production which was satisfying and inspiring.

Much credit is due Miss Mary Lawrance, superintendent of the Sunday-school and a member of the Guild, for thus demonstrating how well such an entertainment may be presented.

The graduating exercises of the School will occur on Thursday morning of Anniversary Week, at half-past nine. Dr. Charles W. Eliot will give the address. Friends are cordially invited to be present.

Unitarian Headquarters, Chautauqua, New York.

Unitarian House in Chautauqua will be open for hospitality to Unitarians and their friends throughout July and August. Public services will be held each Wednesday evening and Sunday morning. The usual free loan library, reading table, and free literature table will be maintained. The House is open at all times for friends who may drop in. It is situated opposite one of the larger auditoriums at Chautauqua, called the Hall of Philosophy. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who will be in charge for the coming season, are glad to serve any friends from our churches who may need assistance while they are in Chautauqua. A public register is maintained at the House, and it is specially helpful to have Unitarians place their names and addresses in this book.

Ministers or laymen who may travel between Chicago and New York will do well to break the journey by one day at least in this most interesting and unique educational institution. Dr. Hale used to say that no one could really know his own country without such a visit. On the Erie Railway one should stop off at Jamestown, N.Y., which is twenty miles from Chautauqua and connected by electric and water transportation. The Nickel Plate passes through Westfield, N.Y., which is one-half hour away. Erie and Buffalo are easily accessible by rail.

Subscriptions are now open to establish an Edward Everett Hale scholarship, which will make it possible for some worthy teacher to attend the summer schools. Contributions to this scholarship may be sent to Rev. William Channing Brown, Littleton, Mass.; after July 1, Box 174, Chautauqua, N.Y.

The Free Religious Association.

The Free Religious Association will hold its forty-seventh annual convention, Thursday, May 28, and Friday, May 29. The business meeting will be Thursday, May 28, at three o'clock, at the Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy Street, Town Room (take the elevator), for the hearing of reports, the election of officers, etc.

On Friday, May 29, at 10 A.M., Ford Hall, the topic "Religion and World Brotherhood" will be discussed in addresses by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., Rev. Charles E. Beals, Rev. Rolfe Cobleigh, and Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D. The general public is invited.

At the Festival dinner at one o'clock, Kingsley Hall (Ford Hall Building), the audience at this meeting will be limited to the subscribers to the dinner. The general topic of the addresses will be "The Stranger within our Gates." Rev. Edward Cummings will preside, and there will be brief addresses by Prof. M. Anesaki, University of Tokio, Rabbi Harry Levi, Rev. Abraham Rihbany, Mr J. G. Kasai, Mrs. Powhatan Bagnall, Church of the Messiah, in Theodore Parker Memorial, and others.

Tickets to the dinner, $1 each, may be obtained from Miss E. H. Jewett, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Department of Religious Education.

BY FLORENCE BUCK, ASSOCIATE SECRETARY.

A Trip into Spring.

A visit to the First Unitarian Church of Pittsburgh in the interest of religious education, long promised and oft deferred, was finally scheduled for May 10. The Eastern seaboard on the morning of the 9th, when the Associate Secretary started, showed only the faint green veil which is the sign of earliest spring. When Pittsburgh was reached it was late spring—a two-weeks' transformation compassed in a day. The one who travelled could not fail to be glad that her trip was set in the time when once again the Heavenly Power makes all things new.

If the tide of renewed life was manifest in the outer world, it was none the less evident in Dr. Mason's church. All its activities were carried on with that vigor and cheer which show an organization quick with life. The Sunday school presented an array of bright faces from Primary to Senior departments, and the bulletin conspicuously posted stated an attendance the preceding Sunday of 125. An honor roll gave a long list of names of pupils who had met the school's requirements for perfect attendance, punctuality, and lesson preparation during the month of April. The devotional services of the school are led by the minister. An efficient committee from the church oversees its interests and plans the course of instruction. In the main room of the school, classes are separated during recitation period by screens, while the Primary department and three other classes formed this year are housed in other parts of the building. In the church auditorium a very large adult class met during the Sunday school hour. The teachers and officers of the school attribute its development to the knowledge and inspiration gained at the Institute for Religious Education, this church being notable for the large number of teachers sent each year to the Meadville Institute.

Morning service brought together a congregation that almost filled the large auditorium, and that on a glorious morning in May. The message concerning the welfare of the child received a tender emphasis in a christening service, set for reasons of personal freindship on this day, that the visitor might participate in it.

A second opportunity to present the work of this Department was given on Sunday evening, when fifty people gathered in the Sunday school room, where the Associate Secretary gave an address, which was followed by discussion and conference. A third valued privilege was accorded, at the annual meeting of the Alliance, following a luncheon in the church, on Wednesday, where a brief address was given and programmes of the Meadville Institute distributed.

The North Side Unitarian Church (Allegheny) also extended a welcome to the Department representative, and a circle of

Digitized by Google

interested teachers and parents gathered on Wednesday evening in the pleasant church parlor. Conditions in that section of the city are very different from those in which the First Church is set, and minister and people are meeting them with devotion and sagacity. This church had the wisdom to organize a Sunday school when the number of its members under fifteen years of age was only five and all the rest of the school were adults. The younger section of the school now numbers thirty-five, and the Adult department is still the larger half of it. The present and a former superintendent, with the minister, Mr. Snyder, and a good group of teachers were present, and questions and discussion followed the address.

Quite the most significant opportunity to present the work of this Department in Pittsburgh, because it touched a new field, was given in an invitation to the visitor to speak to a conference of teachers of the German Evangelical Protestant churches, held in the Deutsche Ev. Prot. (Smithfield) Kirche, of which Rev. C. A. Voss, D.D., is minister. Eleven churches in the city and its environs were represented in the audience, which numbered at least two hundred and fifty. An eager hearing was given to the presentation of the Sunday school teacher's work and the teacher-training opportunity which Meadville Institute offers. Two hundred programmes of the Institute were distributed, and still the demand exceeded the supply. The same number of copies of *The Beacon*, left to be taken by those interested, was exhausted. To the visitor the devotional service and songs, a second address, and the business of making a permanent organization, all conducted in German, were most interesting; nor could a heartier welcome have been received than that extended by this large gathering of teachers and ministers. Two of the latter, Rev. C. A. Voss, D. D., and Rev. J. A. C. F. Auer, Ph.D., are graduates of Meadville Theological School. The Sunday school in Dr. Voss's church has an attendance of three hundred and seventy-five pupils. The visitor did not learn the size of the schools in the other ten churches, but all of them are large.

Spring it is indeed, not alone in the outer world, but in the hearts of those who are dealing with the religious education of children who come together to consider with one heart and mind the important task, who meet as strangers and part as friends.

The rest of the itinerary, including visits to two more large German congregations and to our own First Church in Cincinnati, will be reported later.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Eighteenth Annual Meeting.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Young People's Religious Union, for the election of officers, reports and other business, will be held in the South Congregational Church (Dr. Hale's), corner of Exeter and Newbury Streets, Boston, Mass., on Thursday afternoon, May 28, 1914, at two o'clock. A plan of campaign looking to an increase in the scope and efficiency of the Union will be discussed.

The following Amendment to the By-Laws will be presented:—

I. That Article I. of the By-Laws be amended by inserting in the first sentence, after the phrase, "The name of this organization shall be the," the word "American," so as to read, "The name of this organization shall be the American Young People's Religious Union"; and

II. That the Executive Board be, and hereby is, instructed to prepare the proper form and file it with the Commissioner of

Notices

THE UNITARIAN FESTIVAL

WILL BE HELD IN

TREMONT TEMPLE

Wednesday, May 27, 1914, at 6 p.m.

HON. CURTIS GUILD

WILL PRESIDE.

HON. SAMUEL W. McCALL, REV. A. M. RIHBANY, and J. RANDOLPH COOLIDGE, Jr., Esq., will speak.

Tickets for the dinner at $1.50 each will be for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. W. B. CLARKE CO., 26 Tremont Street, on and after Wednesday, May 20, between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock.

Applications for tickets may be made to the Secretary, accompanied by check, and will be filled in the order received.

First Balcony and front row of Second Balcony tickets, $1; remainder Second Balcony, 50 cents, for those who feel interested only in the speaking.

Music as usual during the afternoon and evening.
Speaking will begin at 7.15 o'clock.
Notice the change in the day that the tickets go on sale.

F. W. FOSTER, *Secretary*,
31 Exchange Street, Lynn.

Telephone, Lynn 3231 or 4678-W.

Eighty-ninth Anniversary

OF THE

American Unitarian Association,

TREMONT TEMPLE

Boston, Mass.

TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1914.

10 A.M. Eighty-ninth annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association in Tremont Temple. Delegates and life members will be admitted by ticket to the floor. The galleries will be open to the public.

The morning session will begin with a devotional service, conducted by **Rev. George H. Reed** of Fairhaven, Mass. The meeting will be open for the introduction of resolutions, the appointment of committees, and announcements by the chairman.

10.15 A.M. The Treasurer will present his Annual Statement, and the Secretary will make his Annual Address.

10.45 A.M. Addresses: "Gathering a Congregation in a New Field," **Rev. James C. Duncan**; "Creating a Unitarian Church in a College Town," **Rev. Albert R. Vail** of Urbana, Ill.; "The Growth of Unity Among the Churches," **Rev. Ambrose E. Vernon.**

11.45 A.M. Annual Address by the President.

12.15 P.M. Report of the Special Commission on the Membership and Methods of the Association, **Hon. Leslie C. Cornish.**

12.30 P.M. Intermission.

2.30 P.M. Annual Meeting of the American Unitarian Association (continued). Five ten-minute addresses on "The Call of the Hour to the Free Churches"; "To the Coming Generation," **Rev. William I. Lawrance,** Secretary of the Department of Religious Education; "To the Spirit of Self-Reliance in Churches and Conferences," **Rev. Fred V. Hawley** of Chicago; "To the Promotion of Social Welfare," **Rev. Edgar S. Wiers** of Montclair, N.J.; "To the Laymen," **Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs** of Marlboro; "To the Ministry," **Rev. Henry Wilder Foote** of Cambridge.

3.30 P.M. Report of the Nominating Committee. Election of officers and directors.

4 P.M. Report of Business Committee. Discussion and Business.

7.30 P.M. Anniversary Sermon before the American Unitarian Association in Tremont Temple. The entire hall will be open to the public. The services will be conducted by **Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell** of Boston, Mass., and **Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D.** of Cambridge, Mass., and the sermon will be preached by **Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr.,** of Portland, Ore. Music by the Choir of the Arlington Street Church, under the direction of **Mr. Benjamin L. Whelpley.**

The Free Religious Association

Forty-seventh Annual Convention

Boston, Friday, May 29, 1914

10 A.M. FORD HALL

TOPIC: "RELIGION AND WORLD BROTHERHOOD."

ADDRESSES by

Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., President of the Free Religious Association.
Rev. Charles E. Beals, Late Western Secretary and Organizer of the American Peace Society.
Rev. Rolfe Cobleigh, Associate Editor of the *Congregationalist.*
Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., Recent Billings Lecturer of the American Unitarian Association in India, China, and Japan.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC IS INVITED

THE FESTIVAL

AFTERNOON OF FRIDAY, MAY 29

Dinner at one o'clock

KINGSLEY HALL (Ford Hall Building)

The audience at this meeting will be limited to the subscribers to the dinner.

General topic of the addresses:

"THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES."

REV. EDWARD CUMMINGS will preside.

BRIEF ADDRESSES by

Prof. M. Anesaki, University of Tokio.
Rabbi Harry Levi, Temple Israel, Boston.
Rev. Abraham Rihbany, Minister Church of the Disciples, Boston.
Mr. J. G. Kasai, Harvard University.
Mrs. Powhatan Bagnall, Church of the Messiah, in Theodore Parker Memorial, and others.

Tickets to the Dinner, one dollar each, may be obtained by mail or in person from MISS E. H. JEWETT, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks may be made payable to the Free Religious Association. For tickets by mail, self-addressed stamped envelope should be sent.

Marriages.

At Brookfield, the 12th inst., by Rev. William L. Walsh, James Nixon and Bertha Allen, both of Brookfield, Mass.

Deaths.

EVER IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE,

MARIAN JOSEPHINE PAGE.

May 24, 1837—May 23, 1902.

CAMP FRIAR TUCK, Lake Tahanto, Harvard, Mass. Established 1894. Rev. and Mrs. Lyman Greenman can accommodate in their camp this summer a few more boys between the ages of eight and fifteen. Water and country sports. Trips to Concord and other historic places. Season, June 20 to September 5. Address, 2237 Maine Street Quincy, Ill.

$375.00 POPULAR SUMMER TOUR **EUROPE**
60 Days. Cultured and Refined Clientèle.
THE SHELTON PARTIES.
Box A - 294 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN
TEMPLETON, MASS.
Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.
Address MANAGER.

Digitized by Google

Corporations in the manner prescribed by the laws of the Commonwealth.

Following the business session, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., who has recently returned from a visit to the Far East, will speak on "What the Young People's Religious Union can do to give our Faith to the Orient."

Through the courtesy of the Boston Federation, a reception to the officers of the Young People's Religious Union will follow this afternoon meeting, and supper for the delegates will be served at six o'clock.

At half-past seven the usual public meeting will be held in the auditorium of the church. Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland, Ore., conducting the devotional service. Three addresses on the subject, "The Opportunity for Social Service of Unitarian Young People," will be given by these speakers: Hon. Grafton D. Cushing, the Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; Dr. Richard C. Cabot of the Massachusetts General Hospital; and Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York. Music will be furnished by a chorus choir from the Boston Federation.

Delegates desiring tickets for the luncheon Thursday noon at Bulfinch Place Church should apply for them at Room 3, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on arriving Thursday morning. Those living at a distance and wishing to be entertained over night should send word *at once* to Miss Grace R. Torr, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Every society is entitled to three voting delegates, provided the dues for the year have been paid to the treasury. We trust that all our societies may be well represented, and that all delegates will be instructed to render some report of the business session to the local organization.

GRACE R. TORR, *Secretary.*

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Norfolk Conference will hold its spring meeting with the First Parish, Dedham, on Wednesday, June 10.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Friday, May 29, at 10 A.M., for the election of officers and the usual business.

The annual public meeting of the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers will be held in King's Chapel, June 1, at 11 A.M. The Rev. Thomas Van Ness of Brookline will speak as representing the Unitarians. Speaker for the Trinitarian order Rev. S. C. Bushnell. This organization recalls a history of over two hundred and fifty years, and has helped widows and daughters of Congregational ministers.

Meetings.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEAGUE.—The regular monthly meeting was held in the Vineland Church on Thursday, May 7, 1914, the president, Mrs. Hayward, in the chair, and about fifty-five other members and guests being present. Mrs. Mary B. Davis, under the head of "A Little Leaven," gave a very interesting account of the small beginning of many of the Unitarian churches, and told what had been accomplished by the "little leaven" of Unitarianism. Miss Louise Monier gave two beautiful vocal solos. Deborah Anne Frost, Secretary.

SOUTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The one hundred and thirty-eighth session was held with the Second Unitarian Society in West Somerville on Wednesday, May 6, 1914, Rev. John M. Wilson of Lexington presiding. The opening service was conducted by Rev. William H. Branigan of Wayland. At the business meeting, officers were elected as follows: president, James O. Fagin of Waverley; vice-president, Rev. John M. Wilson of Lexington; treasurer, Mr. Charles W. Stone of Watertown; secretary, Rev. Harold L. Pickett of East Lexington; directors, Rev. Frederic Gill of Arlington and Miss Helen B. Choate of West Somerville. The morning subject, "The Single Tax," was presented by Prof. Lewis J. Johnson of Harvard University, president of the Massachusetts Single Tax League. The discussion was led by Rev. Elmer S. Forbes and Rev. Arthur W. Littlefield. The afternoon session was devoted to a consideration of "Constructive Theology." Dr. Lee S. McCollester of Tufts spoke from the viewpoint of "Universalism"; Prof. Daniel Evans of Andover Seminary, from that of "Congregationalism"; and Rev. Augustus P. Reecord of the Church of the Unity of Springfield, from that of "Unitarianism." The closing devotional service was in charge of Rev. Henry C. Parker of Woburn. Harold L. Pickett, Secretary.

Churches.

BATH, N.H.—All Souls' Church: The Alliance will hold a sale of fancy articles some time in August. Any contributions would be most gratefully received. They may be sent to Mrs. B. F. Randall, secretary.

BRATTLEBORO, VT.—Unitarian Congregational Society, Rev. E. Q. S. Osgood: At the Sunday morning service, April 26, the pastor read a sermon from the text, "God is Light," substantially as it had been delivered by his grandfather, Rev. Edmund Quincy Sewall, April 25, 1830, when the latter was busily engaged in forming a liberal church in Brattleboro. Mr. Sewall had been sent to this town (then a little village) by the at that time recently created American Unitarian Association, with a view to found a Unitarian society, provided the field seemed a favorable one. The church was formally organized in April of the following year, showing that good seed had not been sown in vain; and the sermon referred to (now in Mr. Osgood's possession) was the last one Mr. Sewall preached at this outpost of Unitarianism, before going on to New York State to engage in similar missionary work there. This sermon, with its deeply religious message, possessed naturally an underlying personal note, which brought the distant past and the vivid present closely together, and produced a profound effect upon both minister and people. As it was read, the eighty-four years that had passed away since its first utterance in the community disappeared as at some magician's bidding, and the mind was intent upon that day of small things when a small band of faithful souls, eager for the truth, had come together to establish, if God will, a church of the New Spirit among the hills.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The First Congregational Church, Rev. George A. Thayer, D.D.: The society is using the New Hymn and Tune Book, with great satisfaction. The Sunday-school has adopted as one of its service books, Dr. Wendte's "Heart and Voice." At the annual reception of members of the church who wish to express their loyalty to the essential ideas of the faith of reason for which the church stands, ten men and women received fellowship, three of them representing the third generation of their several families who have been identified with the congregation.

NEW YORK, N.Y.— Church of the Messiah, Rev. John Haynes Holmes: On Sunday morning, May 17, there was unveiled a memorial window to the former beloved pastor, Rev. Robert Collyer. It is the gift of an old parishioner who desires to remain anonymous. The window, designed under the supervision of Frederick S. Lamb, artist, and executed in the Lamb Studios, represents Socrates before his judges in the trial which resulted in his condemnation to death. The memorial inscription is as follows: "In memory of Robert Collyer, from a loving friend and parishioner."

OTTAWA, CANADA.—Church of Our Father: Rev. C. T. S. Bullock was recently installed minister, Rev. Leon A. Harvey preaching the sermon and giving the charge to the minister and people.

PORTLAND, ME.—First Parish Society, Rev. Charles R. Joy: At the recent annual meeting the following board of officers was elected: president, Mr. Edward Woodman; auditor, Mr. Edward D. Noyes; treasurer, Mr. Frederick F. Talbot; clerk, Mr. James C. Fox. A letter was read from Rev. Charles R. Joy, accepting the call which had been most heartily extended to him. From this letter we take the following passages: "Everything which might lead me to hesitate in accepting your call has been more than counterbalanced by my convictions of the wonderful opportunities which lie before this church in this city, and by my intense desire to share in the splendid work which we may do together. I have not the slightest doubt of the ultimate triumph of the free faith which

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, Medomak, Me.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT,
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 582 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

this church represents, and this confidence leads me to throw aside as insignificant and irrelevant all misgivings as to my own ability to meet the demands which the society may legitimately make upon its minister. . . . As we go forward to the future together, I would call up before you a vision of the duty which is ours for the spiritual uplift of the city. That duty will demand the greatest sacrifice and the utmost concentration, and I would dedicate myself to this purpose with the firm conviction that you are ready to give me your warm encouragement and your active, enthusiastic co-operation."

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.—On Sunday evening, May 10, a very interesting service was held, installing Rev. J. T. Sunderland as pastor of the new church at that place. Services were first held at Poughkeepsie about three years ago, with the hope of furnishing an opportunity to the Vassar students to attend Unitarian services. So much interest developed on the part of the people of the town, that two years ago regular Sunday evening services were begun, and have been held since. Most of the preaching during this time has been done by the preachers in and about New York City. After the return from his trip around the world, Dr. Sunderland spoke to the people, and they immediately extended him a call, which he at once accepted, and becomes the first minister of the society. Although devoting part of his time to literary work, Dr. Sunderland has already aroused great enthusiasm among the people. At the installation service the little church built by the Hicksite Friends was filled, and it was necessary to place chairs in the aisles to accommodate all who were there. The sermon was preached by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, the charge to the minister was given by Dr. Merle St. C. Wright, and the charge to the people was by Rev. Leon A. Harvey. Rev. F. A. Abbott and Rev. H. H. Woude took part in the services. The minister was welcomed to the church by the president of the society, Mr. William B. Price, and to the city by Mr. Frank B. Lown, and to the college by Prof. Caroline A. Furness, who is the successor of Maria Mitchell as teacher of astronomy at Vassar.

SALEM, MASS.—First Church, Rev. Edward D. Johnson: The service on Easter Sunday morning was one which will be long remembered by all those present. Not only was there a large attendance, and the music and the decorations appropriate and beautiful, but the day was especially marked by the service of welcome to the church. At the close of the sermon, in recognition of the bond of a common purpose in which a worshipping body unites, the minister, in the name of the church, extended the right hand of fellowship to twenty-six persons. Two of this number were young men from the Sunday-school; twenty were of those who have recently come to the church. The long line, reaching well across the front of the church, was an impressive sight, and the simple service of welcome made the day memorable. Another event by which this church has made its influence felt, and rendered a service to the community, was a series of half-hour noon-day services, copied after the King's Chapel week-day services. The location of the church was especially favorable for these meetings, which were largely attended. Six of them were held on Wednesdays at 12 M. during Lent. There was ten minutes of organ music, followed by a service with short sermon. These services were conducted by the ministers of the Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, Trinitarian and Unitarian Congregational churches. The different denominations entered cordially and generously into the plan by the representatives both of the ministers and laymen. The minister of the First Church has recently preached in the Lafayette Street Methodist Church and by exchange in the South Congregational Church. The annual meeting of the church was held in April, at which there was a good attendance. Supper was served by the hospitality committee. The minister gave a talk on some of the valuable and interesting possessions of the church, and later a word of review of the church year and of forward look. Officers were elected, and the various reports showed a year of considerable accomplishment, with the general condition of the parish satisfactory and full of promise.

TOLEDO, OHIO.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. George E. MacIlwain: The annual meeting, which occurred Monday evening, April 27, brought out an unusually large attendance. At the close of the regular business, President C. A. Seiders read a letter of resignation from Mr. MacIlwain. While this came as a great surprise to the congregation, the board of trustees had had some warning, Mr. MacIlwain having expressed to them a year ago his dissatisfaction with city work. The greatest regret was manifest in the action taken by the society. At first, a motion binding him for many years in the future was carried unanimously. As this hardly met the situation, a unanimous vote was taken, asking Mr. MacIlwain to reconsider and withdraw his resignation. When he had stated that his decision was irrevocable, the resignation was accepted, with a resolution prepared by Mr. Alex. L. Smith and Mr. F. L. Geddes, committee. It was unanimously resolved that the society accepted, with extreme reluctance, this resignation; that Mr. MacIlwain's ministry for the past three years has been most useful and successful; that the Sunday services conducted by him have been an unfailing source of inspiration and help; that the earnestness and ability which he has brought to the work of the church in its various departments and especially to the work of the Sunday-school, which he has brought up to a high standard of efficiency and usefulness, is highly appreciated; that he has won personal esteem in a way and to an extent that makes this parting peculiarly painful; and that Mr. MacIlwain will take with him, wherever he may go, the good-will and best wishes of this society. The resolution expresses admirably the sentiment of the congregation. Mr. MacIlwain's work has been eminently successful, and he leaves the church with its various departments in excellent condition. No candidates for the pulpit will be heard until September.

WINTHROP, MASS.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. William W. Peck: The annual meeting was held in the vestry of the church on the evening of the 6th. Reports from ten of the allied societies and the various departments showed a healthy and sustained growth. During the past year the average attendance at the morning service has steadily increased, while at the vespers, a new departure, the numbers have exceeded the morning congregation. Special causes for satisfaction appeared in the report of the treasurer, which showed all bills paid and a balance in the treasury; a vigorous and enthusiastic growth of the Unity Fraternity of young people; a well-organized and self-supporting Sunday-school; and the addition at the meeting of twenty-two new members. In the report of the standing committee and of the treasurer, special tribute was paid to the minister of the church, Rev. William W. Peck, and also to his wife, for their very conscientious, effective work in the parish since coming to Winthrop two years ago. The standing committee for the coming year is: George H. Oakes, Fred W. Woodcock, Warren E. Titus, William C. Johnson, D. Earle Osgood, Enoch J. Dewire, James A. Sheldon, John A. Gould, Henry A. Root, treasurer, and Alton F. Dow, clerk.

Personals.

Owing to continued ill-health Rev. John Snyder's resignation from his ministry in Nantucket has been accepted, to take effect June 1, 1914.

Rev. Dr. George C. Cressey, who has recently been called to the church at Staten Island, was given a welcoming service by his people on Monday, May 11. Dr. Merle St. C. Wright and Rabbi S. S. Wise were among the speakers.

Last year the fire loss on the Canadian timber reserves was the smallest ever known, only one-fiftieth of one per cent. of the area being burned over.

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS
CORSETS

In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk
IVY, LA LOUISE, and BON TON MODELS.

Palmer's Corset Store
52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Twickembury, "for those poor Mexican referees."

"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?" "Neither; it is a calling."

Exacting Father: "James, how are you getting along with that job of wood-splitting?" Rebellious Son: "I'm making about three knots an hour."

The renowned M. Blowitz once wrote from Paris to the London *Times*: "*La Liberté* is one of those amphibious journals that, waiting to see which way the wind blows, sometimes unexpectedly turn the scale."

"Some spells it one way and some spells it another," said the native, when asked how to spell Saskaschiqualie Creek, "and some spells it another, but in my judgment there ain't any correct way of spelling it." This is one of former President Taft's stories.

"I thought you were working on Jay Krank's new house," said a house-painter's friend. "I was going to," replied the house-painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself." "And did he do it?" "Yes, that is where he put most of it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

During the hearing of a lawsuit, the judge reproved a man for making unnecessary noise. "Your Honor," was the reply, "I have lost my overcoat, and I am looking about to find it." "Well, sir," said the judge, "people often lose whole suits here without making so much disturbance as that."—*Youth's Companion.*

During the early days of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad in New York the trains did not run on Sunday. One Sunday morning, ignorant of this fact, a traveller rushed up to the stairway only to find the gates closed. Noticing the letters "M. E. R. R." over the entrance, he said, in disgusted tones, "I might know a Methodist Episcopal railroad wouldn't run on Sundays!"

The following definitions taken from school examination-papers are examples of those school mistakes where one can see traces of the right idea without definite form in the writer's brain: "The base of a triangle is the side which we don't talk about"; "The subjunctive mood is used in a doubtful manner"; "Rapids are pieces of water which run with great force down the middle of rivers"; "Excommunication means that no one is to speak to some one."

At dinner one night a large meat-pie and a small roast duck were brought on together. The duck was intended for the father, as it would not make a mouthful apiece for the boys. "Which will you have, Bobby, duck or pie?" said the mother, and at once began cutting the pie. "Duck," said Bobby, promptly. "No, Bobby," answered his mother, cheerfully. "You can't have duck, dear. Take your choice, my son. Take your choice. But you can't have duck!" *New York Tribune.*

Bishop David H. Greer of New York was attending a meeting of Sunday-school managers, when one of the members made a novel proposal. Turning quickly to a successful superintendent, Bishop Greer asked, "What do you think about that?" "I think it an excellent idea, Bishop, and I must say that we have been aiming to do that very thing for two years," replied the superintendent. "Is that so?" queried the bishop. "Then, don't you think it is about time you fired?" —*Lippincott's Magazine.*

ESTEY PIPE & REED CHURCH ORGANS
20 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 10 Porter Street, Lynn, Mass.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry P. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904
AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President. EARLE MORSE WILBUR, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

The Christian Register

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 22 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1914.

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 505
- The A. U. A. Commission Report 506
- The Personal Touch 507

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
- Summary of Department Reports 508

CURRENT TOPICS 509

BREVITIES 510

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- Our Brothers the Trees, I., by Ellen Burns Sherman . 510
- New Light on an Ancient Church, by Aubertine Woodward Moore 512
- Prayer in Springtime 517
- Poet and Lighthouse; Fallacies about Brain-work . . 518
- American Unitarian Association; Unitarian Temperance Society; The Isles of Shoals 522
- A Hill-top Ministry, by Rev. Margaret B. Barnard . . 523

SPIRITUAL LIFE 513

THE ANNIVERSARIES.
- American Unitarian Association 514

LITERATURE.
- Books 518

THE HOME.
- Memorial Day, by E. E. M. 520
- To Children; The Tiniest Things in the World, by Julia K. Goldwater; Cat had Right of Way 521

POETRY.
- America, the Beautiful 510
- The Forgotten Road 512
- On a Flyleaf, by Oliver Penmark 518
- The First Dandelion, by Kate Whiting Patch 520
- When She Came 522

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- Columbus and Cincinnati 525

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- South Worcester Federation 526

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 526

PLEASANTRIES 528

Editorial.

THE *Christian Register* goes to press too early to be able to include in its Anniversary Week number any report of the proceedings. It may be said that the meetings have opened with spirit, and promise results not unworthy to be compared with those of preceding years. It is worth much to come together once a twelvemonth to see wherein we have advanced, to test our methods by comparison, to decide how we may do things better in the future, and to be refreshed and quickened by a common fellowship in the work. There is a place, an important place, in the thought and in the active life of to-day for men and women who are trying faithfully to extend the good news of free, reverent thought, and to co-operate with their fellows of every name and race in the efforts that make for righteousness, brotherhood, and peace.

IN one of the lately published letters of Mrs. Carlyle, she quoted a comment on herself that is suggestive. It was said of her that at Craigenputtoch she was the brightest, most delightful creature in the world, while where she was staying she appeared always sullen and miserable-looking. "'It is a pity it should be so,' said my mother. 'Fortunate, rather,' I coolly replied. 'It is surely fortunate that I produce the pleasantest impression in the place where I oftenest am, and where it is my duty to be.'" Probably most people take the other way, and reserve their worst moods for those nearest them, their best for the world. There is a hypocrisy of manners which puts the skill of the Pharisee to the blush. Company manners for others, just as one feels for those at home, seems the common rule,—as if courtesy were a delicacy to be put on the table of life when guests are present, and not to be wasted for human nature's daily food. If the choice has to be made, and both courses cannot be maintained, Mrs. Carlyle presents the best example. To make one's family on the whole happier for one's being in it, is worthier chivalry than to be a Chesterfield abroad and a boor at home. The accurate test of the gentleman and of the lady is, in disposition as in other habits, to show the sterling quality in every use. That every man has two soul sides (one to face the world with, and one to show those he loves) is, unhappily, a thing not generally to thank God for. The light of publicity might do as much for domestic affairs as political integrity. If it were as sure that Dr. Unction's

Digitized by Google

remarks to his butcher would be published Monday morning as it is that his carefully revised extract from his lovely sermon will appear, he would undergo a third birth even more blessed than his second. And was there ever better epitaph for woman than this: "She was pleasant to live with"?

In the pageant and masque in St. Louis, the last three days in May, it is shown how the population of even a great city can get to playing together, with all the co-operation and fellow-feeling that go with play. The vast enterprise is not too unwieldly to bring into spontaneous activity numbers beyond the stretch of possibility. Seven thousand persons take part, and seats are provided for forty thousand to hear and see them. A natural amphitheatre in the park gives the seating and the hearing facilities. The stage is built out over a vast lagoon, leaving 150 feet of water, across which the participants in the spectacle sail or swim. The stage, the largest ever built, is about 500 feet in width and 200 in depth. People from every part and society of the city have been working together, making costumes, and organizing participation, and rehearsing for the great performance. The history of the city will thus be re-enacted, and memories renewed, and a great impetus be given to civic spirit, and public association, and higher pride. Under competent direction and with creative art at the soul of the enterprise, the people themselves, nevertheless, are doing the thing. They are brought together as never before, and with the spirit of a real democracy, erasing for the time artificial divisions, and stirring into expression a common humanity. The moral and spiritual significance of such an event cannot be missed, and its effects will be wide, deep, and lasting.

Mr. Galsworthy's unfortunate reference to the blind, for which it is fair to say he has expressed bitter sorrow, called forth protests giving much valuable information. In describing a blind person, he said there was in him "something of that hopeless endurance you may see in the attitude of beasts of burden." A principal of a school of music for the blind, in impeaching the accuracy of the generalization, gave several examples of the marvellous variety of callings blind persons excel in, showing as free and happy activity as persons without infirmity enjoy. Our observation confirms this characterization as against the novelist's. The poise of blind persons is noticeable, and it is expressive of caution and a certain passivity, a waiting for the guidance of touch. But it is not expressive of endurance or burden, or even of that sort of unhappiness that might be supposed to follow such sad affliction. The blind have a cheerfulness and sweetness of manner that is characteristic. By those who have other disabilities, blindness is even considered enviable. A deaf and dumb pupil in a certain school was reproached for faulty work and referred to a companion's example. "She ought to do better," was the reply; "she can't see."

"He would say to every honest student, Follow the truth; do your utmost to find it; let it be your guide wherever it may lead you. Such study, fearless, free, is the strength of the Church's progress. Such study must not be hindered by a single thought of the consequences of what the conclusions might be to others. If that was the truth, let them go forward bravely. He found it hard to conceive of any case in which he should refuse communion if asked for it to an honest man, whether a student or not, if he called himself a Christian, whatever he thought of the conclusions he had formed. He, for one, thought they should beware lest they seemed to be stopping freedom of inquiry and freedom of thought. If the resolutions did that, he should vote against them with all the strength in his power." This sounds to Unitarian ears very like home talk. We unhesitatingly declare it as characteristic of men of our faith as anything ever said by them. Adherence to such principles would bring all holding them into substantial unity. We hold out the right hand of fellowship to the brave and great man who is thus reported in the London *Times*. Unfortunately, he could hardly enter fully into our hospitality, but we hold it open all the same, and no one will deny our authority to do so, not even when we add that these sentences were taken from an address in the Upper House of Canterbury, by the Primate of the Anglican Church.

The A. U. A. Commission Report.

The Commission appointed at the annual meeting in 1913 to examine and report on "the status of the American Unitarian Association as to the legal and proper scope of its powers under its charter, and to recommend such changes in any respect as may seem to them advisable," has printed its recommendations for the consideration of the members of the Association in preparation for their action. The time is short for the members to give the findings of the committee such attention and examination as their importance suggests, but it may be that they will so commend themselves and receive such discussion, that they can properly be acted on at the coming annual meeting.

The recommendations of the Commission show a candid spirit, and a disposition to suggest what is fairly accordant with the spirit of the constitution and by-laws of the Association, without prejudice or bias from previous criticisms and defences. The report confirms the contentions of those who have objected to present methods in the following respects: the Commission pronounces lawful the plan now in use by which life members have only the right to vote for officers, and believes they are not deprived of any right in not being invited to participate in the nomination of officers; it recommends that, in nominating officers, each church or missionary association shall be entitled to but one vote; it is of the opinion that a life member who is also a delegate member is legally entitled to cast as many votes as he shall in fact possess in any capacity, though it advises members not to use this right; it confirms the opinion of those who have protested against churches enjoying two rights by virtue of having made contributions, namely, the right of representation and the right of designating life members, believing the practice of doubtful equity, and proposes a change in the by-laws, which will permit a church or association to create life memberships, but will prohibit it from using the same fund for two purposes; it recommends the holding of meetings of the Association at least once a year in each of the six districts into which the field of the Association's representation is to be divided, at which a general officer of the Association shall preside; it proposes a plan by which the governing body of the Association shall be enlarged, so that all sections of the country shall have full and fair representation in the councils of the Association; it provides for a regular rotation in representation between ministers, women, and laymen; it presents a plan of nomination according to which the attention of the churches will be effectively turned to their privilege of nomination, arousing their interest in selecting candidates.

The details of the plan of electing officials need not here be scrutinized. If the report of the Commission is

Digitized by Google

minutely discussed, the plan may not be adopted exactly as proposed; but it is unlikely that it will fail to receive the support of the Association. The attention of the meeting will probably be called to one question suggested by the provision that "no church or missionary association shall be entitled to the representation set forth in Article III. by virtue of any subscription used for the creation of life members." What is to hinder the continuance of the present practice, since churches need only make a contribution slightly in excess of the amount designated for the creation of life members to qualify it for delegate membership? Though the practice is condemned on grounds of equity, it is not effectively guarded against by the proposed provision. It should also be provided that sums given for the creation of life members shall be separately reported by the Treasurer in his annual report, so that each church shall receive credit for precisely what it gives to entitle it to delegate rights, as well as for what it gives for the creation of life members. The disapproval of the practice that has become established involves adequate prevention, but the remedy proposed does not seem to us sufficient.

The Commission recommends an interesting change in the election of officers. The number of officers who are by virtue of their office members of the Board of Directors is reduced, and the number of the Board is increased. Six members are to be elected at large, and they must be life members, and three members must be elected from each of the six districts. The rotation of ministers, women, and laymen, is set forth in a table, though it will not easily be understood without demonstration.

The report shows conscientious and faithful performance of a laborious task, and it will be received with respect and approval. It has faced in the right direction; and it is not hard to see, in the plans it sets before us, the promise of a wider representation, a more thorough expression, and therefore encouragement, of the churches and associations which have delegate membership. Whatever cause there may be for regret in the report, the forward steps it points out lead far toward progress.

The Personal Touch.

In subtle ways human influence is imparted. It becomes correspondingly precious in proportion to its importance. Even in small, seemingly unimportant things it stands pre-eminent in interest and often in value. The magic words "hand made" have a fascination and a meaning far exceeding the contrasting term "machine made." The machine-made object may be superior in a certain kind of regular and orderly perfection, but it has none of the charm that human initiative and human hands can impart, the inexplicable, indefinable influence of the personal contact.

No musical mechanism, not even the best Victor phonograph, which so wonderfully reproduces the human voice, can affect us like the living voice, in music far inferior to the machine-music of great artists. Long ago it was thought that the photographic art would ruin the work of the portrait-painter. But it did not take long to show that the limning of the sun, marvellous as it is, is still in a certain sense a mechanic art, and misses the deeper facts of human personality that only the hand and eye and soul of the artist can interpret. So with the simple work of our grandmothers: the fabrics wrought and spun and woven by their hands have a certain preciousness beyond what we can buy in shops. It has something of the maker entwined in color and texture. It speaks to us of dead hands that wrought in love and patience.

In the rugs and fabrics of the East, aside from the exquisite blending of color, the harmony of design, there is the personal touch that makes the best handiwork almost priceless, and which no machine, however cunningly contrived, can impart. It is the same with all the finest and rarest things,—Limoges enamels, beautiful pottery, ivory carvings, wood carvings, the loveliest laces, and many other precious things. Cheap imitations may be turned out by the thousand. They have no value beyond a mere suggestion. We want the original if we have anything, and why? Because the original has that strange seductive something that intimates human genius and skill,—the personal touch.

In a higher realm it plays a larger part. There is no art or profession, no business or social contact, in which this subtle, mysterious power is not felt in greater or less degree. It is like the mysterious electric fluid that pervades all nature. It sways our opinions, affections, beliefs, our hopes and fears. It is the great influence of life for good or evil. Without it, many excellent enterprises fail; with it, many unworthy objects are attained. The human contact is lost in the purely mechanical life. Industrialism is so monotonous, gives the spirit so little to feed on, at times of reaction it demands violent excitement, passionate, even reckless and brutal, activity, to break from the deadening strain of changeless labor, that has no variableness or shadow of turning, that looks down the long, gray vista of years all alike and with their deadly mechanism turning men and women and little children into human machines.

Aside from the effort at betterment, increased wages, shorter hours, recognition of the union, the strike appears to have come partly as a safety-valve to save men and women from idiocy or insanity. It is a violent assertion of the rights of the individual, of the exercise of the personal heritage that is bestowed on all human beings. In the long, dull years of meaningless repetition, humdrum, unimaginative toil, some may forget they are something separate, higher and better than the cogs and wheels with which they work from year to year,—may forget they are persons, have ever been persons capable of free action and initiative.

The strike, with all its sins thick upon its head, yet in one of its aspects is an almost inevitable result of the confined industrial life. It furnishes occasions when soul and body may throw off the cramped postures of daily toil, when the back may straighten, the eye brighten, the free air of manhood and womanhood assert itself, while the individual reappears in the throbbing, pulsing life of struggle, even though it means wounds and starvation.

It is the personal touch that tells, the contact with other sympathetic live forces for the time being. They let themselves go in a cause that seems at least higher than earning a pittance to keep body and soul together. All the cruelty, the tyranny, the injustice, that lurks in the strike, that invalidates it and renders it hateful to a large class, is the effort of men and women to rehabilitate themselves, tacitly crying, "We, too, are human; we, too, feel the need of union and co-operation with our kind to save our souls alive."

It is this sense of personal effort, personal interest, personal union, that makes all that is done for the betterment of the world vital, gives it push and emphasis, and makes it tell. Religion cannot do without a personality behind it. The direct influence, the power extending from the you to the me, has wrought itself into the belief in a personal God. Whether we acknowledge such a belief or no, we own him in prayer, to whom we address our petitions. We feel his touch upon our hearts. We speak to him in psalms and spiritual songs. We own his nearness to our spirits. He breathes peace

Digitized by Google

upon us, and gives us strength and inspiration. He awakens conscience. He chastises us with the awful stings of remorse. In the name Father we use the highest human epithet of love and confidence.

All cold and remote systems, however beautiful, that aim to take him away from our intimate lives, the very texture of our thoughts, is to us repugnant. We are lost between the attempt to picture him as a person in human guise and to disperse him in the vastness of the infinite. But, though we know not his form, nor can conceive of him in any image, we know his influence, which is personal,—the touch that restores him to us and makes our religion warm and ardent. It is by the sense of nearness that God manifests himself to us. It is the open secret we cannot impart to another or receive from another. To each soul he comes with a peculiar message no other can share. What to you may seem the highest revelation of God's love, when you seek to impart it may sound like foolishness. We understand, but cannot define it to make it logical. In personal religion, involving a personal God, we are all illogical. But in time we cease to confuse ourselves with the term person, and yet the sense of personality remains. We are content to believe there is an ear ever open to us, an eye that has us in the compass of its watchful vision, a great heart that beats for us and loves us, an arm that is stretched out for our deliverance in times of danger.

American Unitarian Association.

Summary of Department Reports.

The president, the secretary, and the treasurer of the Association all reported by spoken address or in print at the annual meeting on May 26. The department reports for the year ending April 30, 1914, were distributed in a pamphlet of some sixty printed pages. The following is a very brief summary of some of the facts mentioned in the reports. A similar digest of the treasurer's statement will appear here later, and the president's and secretary's addresses will also be printed in the *Register*.

Publications. The Publication Department has printed and circulated during the year 460,000 tracts, an advance of 63,500 over the preceding year. This is equivalent to a distribution of 1,260 tracts for every day, or one a minute, day and night, throughout the entire year. Sixteen new tracts have been issued, making the total number now upon the list, 355. 3,076 copies of the Year Book, 14,700 copies of the Annual Report, and 3,500 copies of the Annual Tract Catalogue have been printed and distributed. Many copies of Channing's Works have been given to ministers and to theological students, packages of books have been sent to a number of libraries, and the *Christian Register* supplied to some 200 reading-rooms.

Twenty new books, including the new Hymn and Service Books and the Minister's Handbook, have been published during the year. The shipping department has handled 13,138 shipments. 45,000 copies of *Word and Work* have been printed and distributed, 52,000 copies of the Calendar, and 360,000 copies of *The Beacon*. 19,443 manuals, service-books, etc., for Sunday-schools, have been sold.

Religious Education. The members of the staff in this department have travelled widely over the country. They have delivered no less than 325 addresses in 21 States of the Union, stimulating interest in the cause of religious education in our churches, and helping to organize and direct the work that is going on in our Sunday-schools. Three free bulletins have been issued during the year. *The Beacon* has been issued weekly, and has been considerably increased in size. Summer institutes have been held at Meadville, the Isles of Shoals, and at The Weirs. A good beginning has been made upon the new course of study for our Sunday-schools and in the preparation of a new Hymn Book and Service Book.

Church Extension. Aid has been granted by the Directors to some 96 churches and missions in all parts of the United States and Canada. Five new churches have been organized. New churches, parish houses, and parsonages have been built, and considerable changes and improvements have been made in 15 other churches. The Association has purchased lots for new churches in four places. Officers and representatives of the Association have personally visited practically all the aided churches and the new missions, and in their journeys have covered the whole country.

New Americans. Work has been carried forward among the Icelanders in Manitoba, where seven Icelandic societies are organized in the Icelandic Unitarian Conference, among the Swedes and Norwegians in Minnesota, among the Finns in Minnesota and Montana, and a new work inaugurated among the Italians in New York and Philadelphia. The Church of the Messiah, among the colored people in Greater Boston, has had a successful year. Free tracts are printed in German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, and Spanish.

College Centres. The Directors have been able to aid the work of ten college-town churches from New Hampshire to California. The income of the Frothingham Fund No. 2 has been distributed to aid ten schools for colored people in the South. Nine lecturers on the Billings Foundation have visited all parts of the country.

Foreign Relations. The Association has carried forward the work in Japan under the direction of Mr. MacCauley and his fellow-workers. Support has been given to the Unitarian work in Hungary, Denmark, Germany, and in Bulgaria. The work of the Association of Free Believers in Italy has been developed and sustained. A successful session of the International Congress was held in Paris last summer, and a Missionary Conference was held in Boston in November. Plans have been formulated for a series of conferences in India, China, and Japan during the coming winter. The arrangements for these meetings have been forwarded by the journey of Dr. Sunderland, as Billings Lecturer, around the world.

Comity and Fellowship. The Association, through this department, has continued to act in close co-operation with the federations of churches in New England, and the secretary of the department has been active in promoting sympathy and co-operation among liberal Christians everywhere. The addresses given at the last meeting of the National Federation of Religious Liberals have been gathered into book form.

Social and Public Service. The department has added five numbers to its invaluable series of Bulletins. It has held a number of important conferences on social work in the city and in the country. The addresses of some of these conferences have been gathered and printed in a book, under the title, "The Social Ideals of a Free Church." The department has successfully promoted the organization of social service committees in the churches, and it has continued to act as a bureau of counsel and information.

Publicity. A Ministers' Institute has been conducted at Denver. The Associate Members Department has been successfully conducted, and new members attracted by advertisements carried in seven important periodicals. Every opportunity is used, through this department,

Digitized by Google

for the dissemination of correct views of liberal Christianity.

Ministerial Aid. From the income of the Ministerial Aid Fund and the other trust funds for similar purposes, aid to the amount of $7,705.88 has been given to 68 ministers, and 5 widows or daughters of ministers. Six persons have also been helped to the amount of $470.77, from the income of the Chandler Robbins Fund. As trustee of the United Service Pension Society, the treasurer of the Association has, under the direction of the directors of that Society, distributed to qualified beneficiaries the sum of $5,499.30.

Church Building Loan Fund. The capital of the Fund has been increased during the year by the sum of $1,080.69, so that the principal now amounts to $154,187.64. Five societies have completed payments on their loans, and new loans to the amount of $30,100 have been made to 14 churches. There are now outstanding loans to 65 churches.

Current Topics.

WITH the opening of the proceedings in the International Conference at Niagara Falls, in Ontario, at the end of last week, it became apparent that the A. B. C. mediators—the representatives in Washington of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—are at one with President Wilson and his advisers in the conviction that the situation in Mexico requires the elimination of Victoriano Huerta. The three mediators who are responsible for the meeting of the Mexican and American delegates in the little Canadian town are evidently impressed with the intimation given out through the press by President Wilson on May 18, that the United States will not withdraw its forces from Vera Cruz until the Mexican house shall have been thoroughly set in order. This regulation of affairs, the President gave it to be understood, must extend beyond the deposition of Huerta, and must include a complete and lasting settlement of all the issues that have kept the Southern neighbor in a turmoil since the beginning of the revolt against Porfirio Diaz. It is understood that the deliberations of the conferees at Niagara Falls will cover the broader field suggested by this declaration of the executive at Washington.

IN the mean time, the Constitutionalists, speaking through their representatives at Washington, have defined their demands as requiring the elimination, not only of the dictator, but of the entire party which has been responsible for the events that have taken place in the Mexican capital since the deposing of President Madero, and his assassination under the pretext of the *ley fuga*. It is becoming increasingly evident that the rebels, although determined to wreak vengeance upon Huerta and his principal adherents, are willing to give guarantees for the maintenance of order in the Republic after they shall have seized the reins of power in the capital. Their attitude is of paramount importance in view of the fact that their recent successes in the taking of Saltillo and Tepic are fast putting them in a position to begin their final combined dash upon the City of Mexico for the closing act of the drama which the world has been watching with apprehensive interest for a year and a half, to the accompaniment of revolting incidents.

WHILE the Interstate Commerce Commission is wrestling with the admittedly important economic problem presented by the application of the great railroad systems east of the Mississippi for leave to increase their freight rates 5 per cent., on the ground of absolute necessity, the railroads lost aggregate claims of $35,000,000 on May 18, through a decision by the Court of Claims at Washington on a test case brought by the Chicago & Alton. Reversing a decision handed down by it in the preceding administration, the court disallowed the prayer of the Chicago & Alton for back pay for carrying the mails. The finding affected similar suits filed or in contemplation by 719 other railroads. The carriers have been complaining for years that the present method of computing the charges for carrying the mail is unjust to the railroads, and that in many cases it involves an actual loss to the carriers. The corporations are now negotiating with the post-office department for the establishment of a new basis of computation of railway mail pay.

THE beginning of a new crisis in the Balkans, that may bring about a resumption of the struggle to which the treaty of Bucharest put a temporary stop, is foreshadowed by the latest events in Albania. Threatened with capture by a force of Mohammedan Albanians advancing from the South, the Prince of Albania, William of Wied, last Saturday fled from his capital, Durazzo, with his consort, Princess Sophia, and took refuge on an Italian warship of the International fleet in the roadstead, but returned a day later. The movement that brought about the hurried withdrawal of the ruler whom the powers selected for the new state, was the outcome of the activities of Essad Pasha, a Moslem Albanian and former Turkish minister of war, who a fortnight ago was admonished by the protecting powers to abandon his agitation against Prince William. Detected in an overt act against the authority of the Prince, Essad Pasha was arrested by the Dutch gendarmerie, taken on board of an Austrian warship, and banished from the country. This act further incensed his adherents, who undertook military measures against the prince.

THE protecting powers, and especially Austria and Italy, were so impressed with the necessity of energetic action by these events in Durazzo, that they promptly ordered a movement of international troops to the Albanian capital from Scutari, which was occupied by a mixed force upon its enforced evacuation by the Montenegrins at the end of the first Balkan war. Thus Durazzo is being made the centre of international tension, and all the Balkan government, not to say the governments of the great powers, are observing developments with grave apprehensions. It is universally recognized that the Balkan situation is exceedingly inflammable, and the most recent regrouping of Balkan powers indicates a determination by Roumania, acting this time as the actual or potential ally of Bulgaria and Turkey, to take offensive action against Greece should a new disorder in the peninsula offer an opportunity. The anarchy in Albania is partly the result of Greek aggression in Northern Epirus, in an attempt to prevent the inclusion of that district within the boundaries of the new state.

THE process of restoring peace in Albania by the action of the great powers offers in itself a grave danger of complications among the protectors. By common consent among the chancelleries, the duty of setting the Albanian state upon its feet was allotted to Austria and Italy, as the governments chiefly interested in maintaining its independence. The necessity of a general occupation of the country, which now looms large, has injected a new and unexpected problem into the situation. If

Digitized by Google

Austria and Italy should occupy the country in force without the consent of jealously watchful Russia, the international agreement for the maintenance of Albania might well be endangered. The lapse of the agreement undoubtedly would necessitate separate action by Italy and Austria to keep the Moslems and the marauding Greeks in check. Such action, it is feared in St. Petersburg, would amount to an indefinite occupation of a Balkan state by two members of the Triple Alliance.

After a long series of acts of violence, designed to convince the British elector that there can be no peace in the United Kingdom until the ballot has been given to its women, the militant suffragists last Friday startled the British capital by a simultaneous onslaught upon several British institutions. One of these institutions was the king, who, in the course of a matinée performance in His Majesty's Theatre, was assailed with cries of "You Russian Czar!" Another institution was the Royal Academy of Art, and still another, the National Art Gallery, at both of which places militant suffragists destroyed or seriously damaged masterpieces, amounting to six in all, and including "Christ's Agony in the Garden." On the same day, in protesting against the arrest of more than fifty women who had been arrested on the previous day after a battle with about fifteen hundred police, the militants precipitated a riot in Bow Street police court by a concerted bombardment of the sitting magistrate, Sir John Dickinson, with bags of flour. The events of May 22 were the cause of further energetic measures by the police against the suffrage organization.

Brevities.

Man is a composite being. To make it appear that one element or factor dominates all the others is a mistaken over-emphasis.

Interior and spiritual resemblances unite men; superficial differences separate them. Hence, it is wiser to judge races and men by their organic unities rather than by their special and personal peculiarities.

What more pathetic sight in an individual than to see one who promised a gratifying and excellent career of progress and action slowly sink into a condition of arrested growth? Some one has said that "not to grow is to cease to live."

One of the reasons why Argentina stands so high among the South American republics is because President Sarmiento, on the advice of Horace Mann, introduced our free public school system there in 1868. Nicaragua is now asking for teachers from the United States for its new elementary schools.

The celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare is made the occasion of much literary and dramatic activity. He is acknowledged to be the greatest of English authors, "in the beauty and wisdom of whose words millions of men and women have found and still find solace and delight and inspiration."

The recent movement in Germany away from formal connection with the State Church is spreading rapidly. In 1910, three thousand people thus separated themselves, while in 1912, twelve thousand persons asked and obtained separation. The movement is mainly due to certain civil restrictions of church membership and to a general indifference to religious matters.

America, the Beautiful.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katherine Lee Bates.*

Our Brothers the Trees.

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

I

"In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
Of the live-oak, the marsh and the main.
The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep."
—*Lanier.*

"All overwrought with branch-like traceries
In which there is religion and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies."
—*Shelley.*

Any one who has watched the tree surgeons at work upon their arboreal patients in our parks, must have been struck with the similarity of the methods which they use and those known to thousands of hospitals all over the land. In springtime, many a tree on Boston Common looks as if it had undergone a very complex laparotomy, and one almost shivers at the thought that the operation was performed without the use of anæsthetics.

Sometimes the disembowelment of the tree is so extensive that the unsightly remains hardly seem to justify the time and skill spent upon them. But when these clever surgeons have used their disinfectants, cement, and bandages, and done all that human hands can do, dear old nurse Nature takes charge of the patients, dresses their wounds, and gives her wonderful cordials, manufactured by sun, air, earth, and cloud. So faithfully does she administer her hourly potions from the vials of April, May, and June, that another year we shall scarcely recognize the maimed trees, with their wounds all healed, and brave in the green garments of summer.

Bravo! one cries. Even a wider social union than Burns craved has at last been recognized, and the trees also have been elected to the Larger Brotherhood of Man, and granted the full protective rights of citizens.

But fewer years ago than one likes to admit, trees were commonly regarded as potential timber, and a man would glance at a noble grove and, seeing neither the

Digitized by Google

grove nor its trees, ask, "About how many foot of timber will that cut?" very much as poverty-stricken parents sordidly compute the value of their children in terms of the deadly pittances which they may earn in some mill or factory.

Now the world is beginning to wake to the crime of sacrificing the child for its labor or the tree for its timber, when each has priceless values which may be destroyed by the blind and greedy god of commercialism.

Like man himself, trees have had their dark ages and years of oppression. In the gray dawn of civilization, when man's expression of himself was almost wholly physical, the tree shared his savage estate, ministering the crude necessities which were demanded of it,—food from fruit and nut trees, fuel, shelter, and material for bows and arrows. As time went on, each generation demanded more of the tree, until so-called civilized man could turn in no direction without seeing in his belongings some bounty of the forest. The house in which he lived, its floors and panels of beautifully grained wood, the chairs he sat on, the bed he slept in, the table at which he ate or upon which he wrote, the corks of his bottles, the material part of his books, magazines, newspapers, and sometimes his stationery, were all gifts of the trees.

The timber of his boats, ships, and of thousands of machines and hand-tools for every trade, and the wooden parts of pianos, organs, violins, and other musical instruments, came from the munificence of the forest. Not only its body did the tree surrender to man, but all its choice ichors, known to the commercial world as turpentine, tar, resin, tung oil, varnish, rubber, cane and maple sugar, and medicinal contributions like those of the eucalyptus tree.

Even with the end of man's life, the services of the tree did not end. Protecting him still with its wooden cloak, and thereby dulling the edge of the mourner's grief, it went down with his body into the earth to share its resolution into dust.

Yet all these gifts did not exhaust the benefactions of the forest. To the materially minded it could give only material gifts, yet it stood almost wistfully ready, one might fancy, to give, oh, so much more and better things to those who would only ask for them.

At last they came, those other askers, those who began to see the whole tree, the whole forest, and not its timber alone. Among them were the poets of each generation, a small band at first, but continually increasing till the eyes of many were anointed and they, too, saw that the tree was made not for a servant only, but as a companion and friend to man, destined to grow in influence, and give him inspiration and vision. In a word, men began to worship the soul of the tree as well as its body, an attitude in harmony with the modern watchword of marriage, when it is a mating above that of the lower animals.

As in the relationship between members of the human race, too, it was discovered that the comradeship and influence of different trees and different forests were infinitely varied. No two trees produce the same effect upon us. Neither do any two forests weave the same spell over us. Yet from every tree virtue of some sort goes out to the man or woman who will be wise enough to sit at its feet.

While all trees are good company, some are much more affable than others, and make their appeal to more of our senses. To the writer the maple, especially the sugar maple, has always seemed one of the most motherly of trees, a suggestion borne out not only by its full matronly figure and rich autumnal tints, but also by the maternal largess which allows a springtime lechery of the sweetness of its veins. But who would think of asking for a pail of sap from a Lombardy poplar, in her close-fitting hobble, and "touch me not" written in every line of her figure, whose angular uprightness has, nevertheless, a charm all its own. With her ever-skyward glance, the Lombardy is a bosky nun, or a personification of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." Or might she be called an arboresque Laertes, pointing others the steep and thorny path to heaven?

Related to the Lombardy as a gentle grandniece might be to a more austere and rigidly righteous grandmother, the white birch radiates an atmosphere of innocence which entitles her to be called the vestal virgin of the forest. Could any one sit at ease in a company of white birches except with clean hands and a clean heart? But one must make the most of this specialized virtue of the white birch, which is hers at the expense of much emotional range. With all her aura of virtue she is felt to be a young thing, and she never grows to be very old, and hence is without the experience which begets sturdy strength of character. One therefore misses in her society the full satisfaction of complete companionship felt in the presence of an old oak or elm, whose doughty fibre was wrought by years, perhaps centuries, of resistance to all the buffeting winds of the world.

Neither is there any call of deep to deep in the society of a frivolous poplar, the butterfly belle of the forest. One would like her for a partner for one or two dances, perhaps, but not for a life-mate; and one would never go to her in time of trouble, as to an understanding elm, oak, or hemlock.

Miss Melancholy Willow, too, one would rather call upon than visit, though one must admire the subtle adaptation of her flowing draperies to the rhythmic brooks of which she is the tutelar divinity, as her roots are of their banks.

Again, strangely duplicating the excesses of the human race, some trees, like the horse-chestnut, forbid any close intimacy because of their aromatic intemperance. On the other hand, the pine, balsam, spruce, hemlock, larch, and linden observe that nice discrimination between the little more and the little less, and fetter us by one more sense than can the tree without fragrance. Other trees, with long pendent branches, seem to invite us to come and be cuddled, while others, like the prim and reserved bald cypress, as plainly hold us at a distance. The proportion of such trees, however, is relatively small, and it is a pity that mankind has not accepted Nature's decree on this point; but, in addition to trees which were born prim, others have had primness thrust upon them by the landscape gardeners. From all such manicured and straight-jacketed specimens the true nature-lover turns away, and seeks instead the "sweet disorder" which, in a tree's attire, as in a woman's, doth more bewitch than when "art is too precise in every part," if one may adapt Herrick's lines to the occasion. A tree is occasionally seen which has been trained into such drab conventionality that a man might feel obliged to wear a dress-suit when calling upon her, or else apologize for his negligée.

Left to themselves and their own tangled charms, trees riot in all manner of fascinating vagaries and wilful whims, even carrying their individuality into eccentricity, as one sees it in the rheumatic contortions of the apple-tree, the serpentine trunk of the weeping sophora, the angelica-tree, or devil's walking-stick, and the form and dropsical bark of the elephant-wood, with the bare twigs of its branches covered with a multitude of beautiful red blossoms. Trees with tumors, and hunchbacks may also be seen by any one who will follow any country road long enough. On the same highway to the Land of Heart's Desire, the writer has seen very exact counterparts of

Digitized by Google

Meg Merriles and Caliban. For there are freaks in the woodland world as there are among beasts, birds, and fishes, in accordance with Nature's habit of illustrating the grotesque in every department of her creation.

In a word, nearly every adjective applicable to the human body would fit some tree. Even the mental and moral qualities of mankind find their parallels among our brothers of the forest. Mr. Winthrop Packard tells us that the larch is a mugwump, its cones voting with the evergreens and its leaves with the deciduous trees. Something like a gregarious instinct, too, is shown by trees like the beech, while others hate the vulgar crowd and hold themselves aloof, a habit which is a necessity to an elm, if it is to show all the compelling lines of its beauty.

The Forgotten Road.

I know a little lonely country Road,
Grass-grown and shady, and a little sad,
Unused, and lost in an enchanted wood
Though once, it seems, 'twas highway, broad and glad.

Now, very few its secret entrance find,
It is so hidden from the world of men,
On foot I found it and on foot return
To feel its wistful mystery again.

There are so few such roads left us to-day,
And yet we need them sorely—for with wings
Agleam, and bird notes, my Road lures me on
To the hushed country of Forgotten Things.

—*Louise Morey Bowman.*

New Light on an Ancient Church.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

In the midst of the Piedmont region of Italy, southwest of Turin, lie what are known as the Vaudois, or Waldensian, valleys. The name comes from a body of Christians here domiciled, whose founders protested, four centuries before Luther, against the claims of Rome, and kindled zeal so ardent that they and their followers, for generations, bore unflinchingly the most cruel privations, hardships, and persecutions, rather than yield in their resolve to preserve untarnished apostolic Christianity as they understood it.

Milton was inspired by the conduct of these loyal reformers during the fierce persecution of 1655 to write his sonnet "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont," which begins:—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.

Those who escaped from this massacre, which was instigated by the Duke of Savoy, fled to the mountains and sought relief of Cromwell. Besides ordering a general fast in England, he resorted to the practical measure of raising, by a national contribution, some £40,000 for the benefit of the sufferers, who were then permitted to return to their peaceful valley homes.

In her inimitable "Consuelo," George Sand refers to the Waldensians as religious reformers far antedating the Hussites. Our own Whittier tells of them in his poem "The Vaudois Teacher," where we read of a hoary traveller selling beautiful silks, the richest web of the Indian loom, and bearing with him free, as the "pearl of price," the "Word of God." This led the lady of the castle to leave her gray old walls, dominated "by an evil faith, to seek the Vaudois vales, where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God."

Edward Everett Hale's story "In His Name" gives a vivid picture of a group of these people late in the twelfth century. The earliest specimen of a Romance language, the author says, is found in a translation of portions of the Old and New Testament, known as "Noble Lessons." Troubadours and *Trouvères*, who were not always mere singers of love and romance, often carried about with them these Bible stories, and sang sacred songs based on them.

Every church history mentions the Vaudois, called by us Waldensian, reform, its antiquity and cause, yet little stress is placed on its magnitude. New light has been thrown on it by Cavaliere Dottore Teofilo Gay, for many years pastor of San Giovanni Lucano, the most important church of the valleys. This learned and devoted clergyman found in the library at Berne, Switzerland, where it had been deposited by its author, a manuscript history of the Waldensian persecutions from 1559 to 1566, written in monumental sixteenth century Italian and as the result of personal observations and investigations, by Scipione Lentolo, a former pastor of San Giovanni Lucano. As the document could not be removed from the library, he copied it, with the aid of one of his sons, Dottore Tino Gay, and gave it to the world in the summer of 1912, edited and supplied with a biographic sketch of Lentolo by himself.

He also published the result of his own lifetime research, in a complete history of his people from the earliest records to his own day. The book is in French, for the dwellers of the valleys are bi-linguous, and is entitled "Histoire des Vaudois." It appeared shortly before its author's death, December, 1912.

Both Italian and French histories are in the Harvard library and in the libraries of the Pennsylvania and Wisconsin Universities, together with a small volume, in Italian, on the Waldensian women martyrs, "Eroine Valdese." All three books may be had on application to the author's son, Signore Gaio Gay, Palazzo Volpe, 110 Via Luca Giordano, Vomero, Naples, Italy. Their stories may be told here in brief.

Several twelfth-century chronicles report a gigantic schism in the Occident within a century of that of the Orient. A single patriarch, Michel Cerularius (1054), directed the latter. Four men in the former were stirred by righteous indignation to bear testimony against what they considered "the apostasy of Rome": Pierre De Bruys, 1100; Henry De Cluny, 1116; Arnaldo Da Brescia, 1135; and Pierre Valdo, 1173. The same hope animated them all,—that of regaining the evangelical ideal.

Born twenty years after the Greek schism in the hamlet of Dauphiny which gave him his name, Pierre De Bruys, while laboring as a priest of the Roman Church, was roused by abuses confronting him to restore Christian worship to its original purity. With fiery zeal he denounced false tradition, basing his teachings on the Gospel. His apostleship, which began with the twelfth century, ended in 1120, when he was burned in front of St. Gilles Cathedral, near Nîmes.

According to Saint Bernard, Henry De Cluny, a monk of the abbey of Cluny, who became an eloquent preacher, was a *literatus* of importance. In 1116 he went to Mains and undertook a persistent crusade against the vices of clergy and laity. He was thrown into a Toulouse prison, where he died about 1150. To him our author attributes certain ancient Vaudois treatises, dated 1128.

In 1130 Arnaldo Da Brescia went from his Italian home to France, where he became the pupil of that brilliant scholar Abélard who introduced a new instrument into the dialectical world, that of common-sense, and who possessed a mind of such marvellous penetration it conceived truths humanity has required centuries to fathom. Arnaldo has been styled the weapon-bearer of

Digitized by Google

this Goliath, and he was well fitted to make use of his master's weapons. Returning to Italy, his plans of entering the priesthood abandoned, he flashed into the eyes of the clergy the defiance which brought him to the stake in 1155. His dream was to bring about the separation of Church and State, for the good of both.

Pierre Valdo, assuming the name of his birthplace in France, went as a young tradesman, in 1152, to the neighboring city of Lyons, where he became a prosperous merchant. The sudden death of a friend in 1160 turned his attention from material to spiritual things, and his serious thoughts were intensified by a sacred song heard from the lips of a troubadour. Asking a priest what he should do to be saved, he was told, in the words of the Gospel, to sell all he had and give to the poor; and he lost no time in consecrating his wealth to charitable and religious purposes. A large sum he devoted to a version of the New Testament in the language of Provence, making the translation himself, and employing assistants to transcribe a large number of copies. Manuscripts of this first complete translation of any portion of the Bible into a modern tongue are preserved in the libraries of Paris, Lyons, Grenoble, Zurich, and Dublin. A second literary work to which he devoted his energies and money was a translation into the vernacular of selections from the Church Fathers, designed by him to emphasize the position of the primitive Church. No copies of this manuscript are extant.

Valdo, or Waldo, as we know the name, and his disciples bore the message of these books among the multitude. It was not long before ecclesiastical powers forbade this preaching without authority. Undaunted, Pierre persisted in his endeavors, saying, "It is better to obey God than man." A sentence of excommunication and exile was pronounced against him in 1181, but, although influential friends aided him in eluding it for several years, he and his followers were finally compelled to leave Lyons. They wandered in many lands, sowing the seeds of their faith wherever they went. Valdo ended his days in Bohemia about 1217.

The disciples of these four men were called, respectively, Petrobrusians, Henriciens, Arnaldists, and Léonistes, or Poor Men of Lyons. The Vaudois movement is the result of the inevitable fusion of these groups. It spread rapidly, and forty years after Valdo's death an inquisitor of Passau named forty-two localities occupied by the Vaudois heretics.

Some writers have thought the Italian Vallenses, from which comes our word Waldensian, meant dwellers of the vale. Others have considered it a tribute to Valdo. Our author traces it to Vallis, the Latin for Lavaner, the twelfth century evangelical stronghold, and says it was first used in 1180 in an ecclesiastical report of the dispute at Narbonne of the preceding year. The group to which it was applied could have numbered but a few of the converts of Valdo.

Early in the thirteenth century a large body of the disciples of all four of these founders sought refuge from oppression in the valleys, then but sparsely inhabited. Our author believes the cordial reception accorded them was due to larger motives than mere satisfaction at gaining new settlers, and suspects that followers of their own faith, perhaps the converts of some unknown fifth founder, may have preceded them. However that may be, the newcomers lived in harmony with the older settlers, and were undisturbed by persecutions from without until 1297. By this time they had become so firmly planted in the soil, nothing seemed able to uproot them.

It would give a wrong impression of the Waldensian reform to reduce it to the dimensions of an obscure sect. It was rather a vigorous movement which made itself felt throughout Europe, snatching from Rome hundreds of thousands of souls, and causing papal powers to institute strong measures of repression. Nothing seemed able to crush it, and it continued to maintain a gigantic propaganda. Firm in their faith, its adherents still labor for all they hold dear, and the work they have accomplished in behalf of liberty of conscience cannot lightly be estimated.

In every city where it was possible, these early reformers maintained a house where itinerant ministers could find rest and entertainment and a suitable place to gather together the faithful for religious services. Their worship consisted of Scripture readings, prayer, and exhortation. It was no uncommon thing to find those among them who knew by heart whole chapters, indeed entire books, of the New Testament. Our information about these people has been gained chiefly from their church opponents. One of these, the inquisitor of Passau, from whose description Whittier gained inspiration for his poem regarding them, describes them as honest, chaste, industrious, slow to wrath, sober and discreet in manners, personal attire, and discourse, temperate, and unwilling to participate in frivolous and unworthy diversions. He thought it all the more deplorable that they had renounced the true Church.

Deputies from the Waldensians conferred with Luther and Calvin. In 1533 Luther published their confession of faith, accompanying it with high eulogies. The first French Bible ever printed was translated and published by them at their own expense, and presented to the Swiss reformers. In fact, what is known as the Vaudois language and literature may well be pronounced the admiration of many men and women of culture.

During various persecutions and disasters the Waldensians have received aid from Napoleon I., from several monarchs of France, England, Germany, and Russia, and from many others. They won the favor and support of early English Quakers, and number countless friends among Americans. In several countries groups of them may still be found, but their main strength is in the Piedmont valleys, where for upwards of half a century their rights as citizens have been recognized, and where they are fulfilling a larger mission than any one not among them can realize.

Cav. Dott. Teofilo Gay made three brief visits to the United States, and is remembered by many. On one occasion he was induced by Prof. Peabody to address Harvard students on the Triple Alliance, then just accomplished, and spoke as a friend of Crispi. It would have interested him to know—perhaps he may have known—that Ralph Waldo Emerson always hoped his own ancestor Cornelius Waldo, who settled in Ipswich, Mass., about 1644, was of kin to Pierre Valdo.

MADISON, WIS.

Spiritual Life.

Whatever happens to me each day is my daily bread, provided I do not refuse to take it from Thy hand and so feed upon it.—*Fénelon.*

He who sits down in a dungeon which another has made has not such cause to bewail himself as he who sits down in the dungeon which he has made for himself.—*Dewey.*

Religion is man's sense of his relation to the Universal Order, and his dependence thereupon. . . . It is the voluntary self-abandonment of men to that Power which is revealed to them as order and beauty, their voluntary

Digitized by Google

co-operation with this Power. . . . Whatever makes for order and whatever makes for beauty in the world is practical religion.—*John W. Chadwick.*

The essence of prayer is reverent and trustful seeking, the earnest desire, the upward look, and the confiding will. Whether these take form in acts, in words, or in thought and feeling alone, they are true prayer, and bring the answer and blessing of prayer.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

No pure and simple life, true to itself, true to its Maker, was ever lived on this earth that was not a voice on God's behalf, however still and small, and that did not, in its sincere and humble way, declare a hope and reveal a faith which might well be the evidence of things unseen.—*Alexander Gordon.*

It is the privilege of faithfulness to be led forward to weightier responsibilities, and in more strenuous tasks to find the sympathy and support of God. This expansion of its powers is no arbitrary reward: it is the spiritual consequence of the energies and affections of its whole career, and springs from them as the flower from the root.—*Selected.*

The Anniversaries.

American Unitarian Association.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY, REV. LEWIS G. WILSON.

Despite the fact that the Unitarian denomination has been killed off an unusually large number of times during the year, the American Unitarian Association continues to do business at 25 Beacon Street, and, to use an expression well known in industry, we have orders enough ahead to keep our office force employed for some time to come. Individual ministers in other denominations all over the country, travelling evangelists headed by Billy Sunday, Southern bishops and Northern cardinals, a few newspapers, and a number of statisticians have eloquently decided that our case is hopeless. Their undertakers are calling to us with funereal voices, but for some mysterious reason the Unitarian household presents all the appearances of wedding festivity, with music and mutual felicitations over the prospects of a great future.

We cannot begin to accept the invitations that come to us to multiply churches East and West, North and South; but, with many ministers from other churches seeking our fellowship, with the Congregationalists sidestepping the theological dogmas that have distinguished them in years gone by, with an orthodox ministerial association declining to accept the resignation of a Unitarian chairman, and the Presbyterians closing out their stock of theological asbestos, we feel pretty well convinced that many of the things we have been fighting for in the past are coming our way, and that we can give our undivided attention to pure and undefiled religion and its application to the world in which we are living, with its universal relations involving the welfare of all mankind in every part of the world.

So we come together to-day with light in our eyes, joy in our hearts, and with no remotest idea of denominational decline. We have no capacity for old age; our thoughts are long, long thoughts we drink at the fountain of truth, which is the veritable fountain of perpetual youth; and we have no choice but to live forever. If, under such circumstances, we are really in any sense killed off, the only epitaph our opponents can appropriately give us is the familiar "Not dead, but gone *before*."

Many instances of voluntary service might be cited of Unitarians who have given of their time, their counsel, and their unstinted labors in behalf of our cause in all its various avenues of expression. The names of such co-workers are known to us all, not a few of them having a household familiarity, representing all we stand for in character and influence. For the first time in twelve successive years the names of the Hon. John D. Long and Rev. Paul R. Frothingham fail to appear upon the ticket for re-election as members of this Board. Their counsels during this long period have been wise and impartial and given with a generous disregard of their own valuable time and strength. Any organization that can command the co-operation of such men is indeed fortunate, and I am sure we here to-day feel in our hearts a deep appreciation of their loyalty.

Also, there is another familiar name that does not appear upon the ticket for re-election and, in this instance, after an unbroken period of fifteen years. For a number of years previous to the term of service to which I refer, and while her honored father was secretary of this Association, Mrs. Prescott Keyes acted as his amanuensis. She has therefore been intimately associated with the executive functions of our body for over twenty years.

Such devotion deserves our unqualified appreciation. Constant in her attendance upon the meetings of the Board, faithful in her duties as a member of various committees, wise and impartial in her decisions, invariably sympathetic and progressive when new enterprises have been proposed or untried methods have been suggested, our churches in particular and our cause in general owe to Mrs. Keyes a great debt of gratitude.

Again, I have to remind you that it is impossible for the secretary to report in detail the manifold achievements of the Association during the year. For such information I refer you to the printed reports of the various departments, which may be obtained at the entrance of this hall to-day and at any time at headquarters.

At 25 Beacon Street we have had an exceedingly busy year. By the general officers and heads of departments more than seven hundred addresses, sermons, and lectures have been delivered. Of these the president of the Association has contributed eighty-four, his travels having taken him from Paris, France, to Phoenix, Ariz. He has had part in the International Congress at Paris, and the General Conference at Buffalo, and the Mohonk Conference, and many other large public gatherings. His Sunday preachings have taken him from Maine to Texas, and have included, also, a number of appointments in England. He has preached in a number of university and academy pulpits, and has presided at the meetings of the Board of Directors, of the Trustees of the Tuckerman, Hackley, and Carolina Schools, and at many sessions of the Hymn Book Committee, the Service Book Committee, and the committee which has in charge the preparation of the Sunday-school hymn-book.

During the year the secretary has not left his native land, but has found ample opportunity for the full employment of his time and strength within the limitations of the United States. During recent years the clerical work of the office has become very voluminous. It is his function to have supervision over the editorial work of the office, the reading of manuscripts for publication, the perpetual preparation of the Year Book and many

Digitized by Google

programmes, to preside at all meetings of Standing Committees, and to act upon such special committees as he may be from time to time appointed to. His preaching engagements have taken him into nearly all our conference districts. He has conducted a Ministers' Institute at Denver, and visited many churches in the West and South. Within a few years the Department of Associate Membership, which has now grown to somewhat over seven hundred in number, requires not a little of his attention, while the interviews that take place in his office in relation to our churches in general and our aided churches in particular, and in connection with the work of many ministers of our fellowship, are too numerous to record.

I cannot undertake to speak for the Department of Religious Education, except to say that the office of the Sunday School Society has been a hive of industry, from which have gone forth numberless efforts in behalf of our cause. I commend to you the sessions of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, to be held next Friday in King's Chapel.

Dr. Wendte could not possibly accomplish the work included in the Departments of Comity and Fellowship and of Foreign Relations were it not for the fact that, like the eagle's, his youth is perpetually renewed. He has preached twelve times; lectured and made addresses thirty-one times to conferences, churches, clubs, Alliances, including two journeys westward and one to Europe; and delivered a course of four lectures to the Meadville School. He has also contributed between fifty and sixty articles to newspapers and magazines, and has presided at three congresses in the interests of our missionary work. Incidentally, he has earned $4,232.36, which has been devoted to the International Congress and home missionary work.

Mr. Forbes, the secretary of Social and Public Service, has made forty-five addresses, held from five to six hundred office consultations relative to the problems that come properly to his department, and carried on an extensive correspondence. He also attended the Ministers' Institute in Denver, arranged a highly successful conference which met in December of last year, and suggested to the representatives of five other denominations the desirability of co-operation, making the preliminary plans for a fourth conference of an interdenominational character. Mr. Forbes also edited the volume entitled "Social Ideals of a Free Church," and five numbers of the Social Service Bulletin.

During the year the Rev. William Channing Brown has given one-half of his time to the New England churches, devoting himself to churches in other parts of the country during the other six months. At Helena, Mont., he rendered invaluable service at a time when the welfare of the church of that city was in jeopardy, visited the churches of the Rocky Mountain Department, and helped in the inauguration of work among the Finnish people of Montana. During a recent period he has been developing the church which just previously was organized at Houston, Tex., by Rev. James C. Duncan of Clinton, Mass. It should also be said that during the summer months of last year Mr. Brown was in charge of the Unitarian House at Chautauqua, N.Y.

Those of us who are familiar with the fine talent brought to our service by Rev. Henry Wilder Foote regret exceedingly that he is no longer to serve as an officer of this Association. During the year he has conducted the Department of Church Extension, and the extensive correspondence which is incidental to that office. He also has attended to our relations with the college town churches, and the colored schools in the South that receive assistance from this Association. Too much could hardly be said concerning the discriminating and patient labor which Mr. Foote has bestowed upon the preparation of the New Hymn and Tune Book. The committee under whose general care the compilation of that volume was committed, consisted of the president and secretary of this Association and of Mr. Foote, who acted as secretary of the committee. It therefore became his duty to make all the records, conduct the correspondence, and personally to examine half a hundred other hymn-books, in order to make recommendations to the other members of the committee. For three and a half years he has acquitted himself of these duties with unremitting industry, and with a skill and insight admirably adapted to the task in hand. During all this time the committee has thus attained results which could not otherwise have been secured. The best wishes of our entire body go with Mr. Foote to his new field of labor, where we feel sure he will make valuable contributions to the efficiency and volume of our ministerial fellowship.

During no equal period in the history of our organization have we accomplished as much as during the past year through our Publication Department. We have distributed, upon actual application, four hundred and sixty thousand of our tracts, which is more than sixty-three thousand in excess of the distribution of last year. No words of ours can measure the amount of good that is accomplished in this way. Easily, I might have preserved hundreds of letters of appreciation which have come to my office from those who, having read our tracts, have experienced a genuine revival of religious conviction,—people whose lives have been illuminated and strengthened for actual service towards the higher welfare of mankind. The report of the Publication Department will indicate the character and quantity of other publications which have been sent out from headquarters. It is largely through the influence of our tracts that we have received a great many proposals from ministers to enter our fellowship. For various reasons many of these proposals have not been encouraged, or have not resulted in definite applications; but, notwithstanding this fact, about fifteen ministers from other denominations have been admitted.

Many of you will remember that in the secretary's report of last year there was suggested the appointment of a competent commission to study into and pronounce upon the legal status of this Association. That committee was appointed by our president early in the autumn, consisting of Hon. Leslie C. Cornish, Henry H. Fuller, Esq., Miss Anna M. Bancroft, Henry B. Sawyer, and Rev. William M. Brundage. I want you to realize that the task this commission undertook was not of small proportions. The work they have accomplished during the year will, in the future, be of inestimable value to this Association. You should be aware that it has required much time, an infinite amount of painstaking thought and investigation, and an unprejudiced and comprehensive grasp of the situation to complete the task they so loyally undertook. You will be convinced of this upon hearing the report which will be presented to-day; but I call your attention to it at this time in order that you may realize the fact that what they have done for us merits the deepest appreciation of the present and future members of this body.

We have not this year added a great number of new churches to our list. This is not for the lack of opportunity, but rather because, during the last three years, we have organized an unusually large number; and it is necessary, having once organized a church, to generously

Digitized by Google

contribute to it for a considerable number of years before it reaches self-support. Societies have been organized at Visalia, Cal.; Red Lodge, Mont.; Houston, Tex.; Lynchburg and Roanoke, Va. The work which has been done by Rev. Frank Wright Pratt in the Northwest has resulted in the formation of a sufficient number of societies to justify us in discontinuing pioneer efforts in that vicinity for the immediate present. It was the judgment of Rev. William Copeland Bowie, secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, which shared with us in this missionary enterprise, that we should give our attention and financial assistance to the societies already started, rather than to multiply their number. For this reason it has seemed expedient to your executive officers to transfer Mr. Pratt from the Canadian Northwest to the Southern field. The churches in Virginia especially require expert attention, and we shall therefore recommend that he take up his abode in Norfolk, Va., where a promising movement was inaugurated by Rev. Julian R. Pennington, who is now the minister of the new church at Lynchburg. There are many cities in the South and Southwest where the new spirit of growth, reinforced by Northern capital and a great increase in population, invite us to initiate new Unitarian enterprises. It is impossible for us to take advantage of all these opportunities. At Houston we have a very promising movement, as you will hear from the report of Mr. Duncan, who spent a month there in the organization of a church, pioneer work having already been done at this point by the Rev. George H. Badger of San Antonio. We should like to start in a number of other most inviting fields, and shall do so as soon as we are equipped for the work.

If, as an officer of this Association, it is not presumptuous in me to apply the expression, it is here and now that you naturally exclaim, "Watchman, tell us of the night." From the watchtowers of our little Zion we certainly ought to descry both the signs of promise and the conditions under which we may best be enabled to welcome the Morning Star. And, therefore, I solicit your candor and your patience while I call to your attention what I believe would be a most timely and most effective contribution to our growth as a religious body.

The period has arrived when, if we are to take advantage of the world-wide opportunities now awaiting us, we should have for our practical use, at least as an alternative, a new and more adequate name. Many of us who, in our missionary endeavors, have had to contend against the insuperable prejudices which, especially outside of New England, have been associated with the name "Unitarian" have for a long time realized the weight of our unsolicited and unnecessary burden. But it was during the presidential campaign of Mr. Taft that the proportions of that burden were most forcibly thrust upon our attention.

At that time we were not only besieged by anxious inquirers who desired to learn what the thing called "Unitarianism" really was, but the Christian churches and ministers generally throughout the country put forth such preposterous definitions of it—in the main identifying it with one single dogmatic position of mediæval theology—that many of us began to wonder if we were not actually placing in the hands of our opponents the arms and the ammunition with which to attack us.

Of all the Christian denominations of Protestantism, ours is the one beyond all others that claims freedom from creedal limitations; and yet it is a curious caprice of fate that our name is almost the only one among the various sects of Protestantism that associates its followers with a theologically dogmatic position. The Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, and others take their names from their specific forms of church government; the Baptists, from their cardinal ordinance; and the Moravians, the Lutherans, the Waldenses, the Campbellites, and others, from the names of localities or founders. The Unitarians alone allow themselves to struggle along with a title that implies to the uninitiated little else than an attitude of hostility towards a single theological dogma of the early centuries of our era.

Our fathers in Israel were not satisfied with the label which their theological opponents thrust upon them. Channing and Parker and Emerson and Dewey and Hedge, the Longfellows and Lowell and Fiske, and scores of others, who have given to Unitarianism in this country a certain prestige and dignity of which we are all proud, tolerated the name, not because it did even scant justice to the great religious movement in which they were deeply interested, but because the name adhered to the side of a theological party with which they sympathized.

In placing upon the liberal thinkers of the Colonial church the name "Unitarian," their opponents clothed them in an ill-fitting garment, which they wore with much reluctance. It pinched them here and it bound them there, and the free circulation of their heroic blood was often impeded by it. And it fits us badly to-day, because we have outgrown it and its dogmatic limitations. It is now a very small name for a very great and growing movement.

If, in the days when systematic theology was uppermost in men's minds, the term "Unitarian" was insufficient to represent the wide sweep of religious inquiry, how much less is that word a fit symbol of our faith in these days when the theological crotchets of the past awaken little or no interest in the progressive mind?

It is not now and it never has been a name to conjure with. Our greatest preachers have dealt with it gingerly; our divinity schools have hardly uttered it above a whisper; the *Christian Register* has never consented to limit itself to a propaganda confined by the name "Unitarian"; many of our churches have avoided using the name in their corporate titles; our conferences (realizing its inadequate capacity) have coupled with it "other Christian churches," and kindred supplementary phrases; the Women's Alliance makes use of it; but the Young People's Religious Union avoids it.

There can be no person in this presence who realizes more deeply than I do what real Unitarianism connotes in the minds of those who are familiar with its genius and its history. Personally, like many others, I shall probably always espouse it and explain it and defend it; but if our eyes are open to what the twentieth century proposes, and if we possess a half-adequate appreciation of the invitation extended to us for effective service in a new world of universal relations, we shall be willing at some cost, perhaps, of personal sentiment, to allow it to be accompanied by some title which will not need the constant presence of an apologist.

I have studied carefully the motives that seem to actuate other churches that are doing great things in the world, and I know that they succeed because of an *esprit de corps* which is inspired and fostered by the honorable positions which they hold in the Protestant sisterhood of churches. And yet we believe we have the higher outlook, the wider view, and the saner interpretation of life. It is our name that prevents many a progressive scholar or preacher from coming into our fellowship. He fears that, after he has abandoned the intolerable limitations of the old, he may find himself restricted by the narrow dogmatic boundaries which our name implies, together with the prejudices of three-quarters of the Protestant world. We want to stand, in the eyes of the world at large, as we do in our own eyes, for what John Fiske has

Digitized by Google

called the Everlasting Reality of Religion—a vital force in human society, expressing itself through all the normal activities of the human mind and will and heart. There are innumerable cities in this country awaiting the glad tidings of the emancipated spirit of religion which, by habit and training and by tradition, we are so well constituted to promote. But, owing to the name we bear, we can at first gather only a fraction of those who sympathize with our position, beginning our work with explanations of and apologies for the unpopularity of our cause, often being dependent upon the prestige of chance adherents who, through birth or association, have learned to love and honor our historic faith.

No one would have the audacity to demand a complete and peremptory change, and no one could have the self-assurance to even suggest any pet title for our great faith; but is it not possible to take the first step towards the recognition of some name which shall be an alternative to the present word "Unitarian," and allow it gradually and naturally to represent the spirit and genius of our inclusive movement?

The territory we are trying to cover in this country alone is a mighty world in itself - of which New England in its isolation is hardly more than a thumbprint upon the map of America. From this our accepted Mecca we are sending forth the message of a reasonable modern faith, with its hope and love and good cheer, embodying all the great assurances of our time, touching the impartial fatherhood of God and giving a practical and inclusive conception of the brotherhood of man. And it is always and everywhere a source of discouragement and trepidation when we are halted on the very threshold of still greater things with the demand that we prove our right to be heard and reported in the public press.

The literature bearing our name is and always has been foredoomed to an unnecessarily small circulation. We can never hope to get a popular reception for any book we may publish, however vital its contents may be to the higher spiritual welfare of the world, so long as it bears the imprint of what the world at large believes to be a narrow sectarian patronage.

But there are even greater issues pending than those identified with the multiplication of our churches and the distribution of our literature in this country—compelling and important and increasing as that welcome duty may be.

Standing on the watchtowers of our Zion, we are *compelled* to announce that the morning light is breaking over all the earth as the darkness of provincialism and sectarian bigotry disappears.

Here, for instance, on November 11th and 12th we held our first foreign missionary conference. Here is Dr. Wendte with his great dream of international religious fraternity. Here are Great Britain, Germany, France, Holland, Italy, Bulgaria, India, China, and Japan, represented by their leaders of spiritual progress, and holding the same relation towards their ethnic religions that we hold toward our own Christianity, eager to become our co-workers,—men to whom "Unitarianism" as a theological issue means little or nothing, to whom our sympathetic attitude towards them and our vision of universal love and brotherhood mean everything, waiting for us to meet them and lead the way, moved and thrilled by a new missionary motive never known on earth before.

Here is Dr. Sunderland just returned from a trip around the world, as the envoy of this Association, with a story of opportunity that would make the heart of a spiritual Marco Polo leap for joy, impatient to tell us of men, great in their respective races, who through us can fuse the fundamental sympathies of many historic faiths in one clearly defined recognition of that Eternal who was, and is, and is to come.

Here is the voice of our new prophet-psalmist, coming to us from the shadows of St. Peter's to tell us of the authority of a free church, and, like one set high above the spectral darkness of a troubled city, calling to us to be ready for the light that is even now touching the distant mountain-tops of universal religion.

And here is America's great, grand citizen of eighty,—the Christian Socrates of the twentieth century,—setting forth in classic phrase the eternal verities of a faith without which future progress and honor among the churches and nations of the earth were as impossible as the history of the Jews without the decalogue.

Here are many others that need not be named, many of them young men of unusual spiritual insight, alive to the regenerating influences that are working in the modern world, anxious lest truth and reverence and the spirit of worship may be overwhelmed among the little theological issues or the vast materialistic tendencies that so largely dominate the minds and hearts of the people.

Also, we should not be unmindful of the fact that a generation is just coming on the scene, whose religious education is being conducted along lines unknown to ourselves or our predecessors. The great State universities and colleges, many schools of ethics, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Religious Education Association, all provide courses of religious instruction from which sectarianism as such is carefully eliminated, thus providing multitudes of young people to whom a *scientific* knowledge of religion, its source and the best agencies for its application, are familiar. They have little or no knowledge of, or interest in, the theological technicalities that occupied the attention of their parents and grandparents. They will therefore be intelligent and efficient candidates for membership in churches that are based upon a recognition of universal religious principles, but will not respond with much enthusiasm to those appeals that are made to them on the basis of doctrinal distinctions.

I would therefore solicit your serious consideration to this matter which, in the opinion of many of the leading spirits in our own and other churches, might result in opening the little wicket gate of our denominational past, enabling us to hear and obey the prophetic voice: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt spread abroad on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall possess the nations, and make the desolate cities to be inhabitated."

Prayer in Springtime.

O Thou, whose life-giving energy flows through all things: we rejoice in the glorious revealing of Thyself in Nature, in the tokens of Thy might and of Thy love which we behold on every side. We thank Thee for all the bountiful gifts and the gracious promise of this season of brightness and hope, when we trace again the workings of the unseen power which calls forth fresh life and growth, and renews the face of the earth. And while we bless Thee for the beauty which Thou sheddest around our path, we pray that it may find some reflection in our own hearts and lives. May Thy creative spirit freshen and renew our souls, and may the precious seed of Thy promises fall into good ground, where it may spring up and bear fruit according to the measure which Thou hast appointed. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

On a Flyleaf.

BY OLIVER PENMARK.

Of making many books there is no end;
But may the best of books their wisdom send,—
Their brave enchantments to thy vision lend.
May Poetry, Art, Adventure,—what thou will,—
Lurk in their pages to beguile thee still;
The intellect excite, romance awake,
And gentle Memory thy glad hand take,
And lead thy feet that they again may trace
The garden of some unforgotten place
Where thy brave heart deep into life did look
And read beyond the lure of any book!

Poet and Lighthouse.

The lighthouse and the warning fog-bell have long afforded favorite similes to poets; nor have they failed to accord occasional celebration in verse to especial bells and beacons. Celia Thaxter has made the Isles of Shoals light familiar to thousands who never saw its winking star of white and crimson; the "Lighthouse" of Longfellow's well-known poem is that on Minot's Ledge; Jean Ingelow, in her fine ballad of "Winstanley," has told the story of the first Eddystone Lighthouse, and Robert Southey, in his "Inchcape Rock," that of the pirate-ruined bell-buoy that preceded the present Bell Rock light.

Latest of all, and with a grace equal to any, and a feeling far deeper, comes Robert Louis Stevenson, poet son of that famous race of lighthouse engineers who built the Bell Rock, Skerryvore, and Dhu Heartach lighthouses—builders, indeed, through more than a century of the most dangerous, difficult, and memorable structures erected to guard the wild and rocky coast of Scotland. For a very brief time, in his early youth, before his career had shaped itself, the beloved "R. L. S." himself worked in his father's office; and only the other day, at an autograph sale in London, a long manuscript came to light, entirely in his handwriting, with copious annotations in that of his father. It is a detailed history of the building of the Dhu Heartach lighthouse. Doubtless it was written merely as an office task; but Stevenson could never have written the narrative of so fine a struggle between man and nature—even had his own father not been concerned—without putting his heart in his work.

The Dhu Heartach lighthouse stands perched on a great sloping rock, surrounded by extremely deep water, with no gradual shoaling off; so that in time of tempest the huge rollers of the Atlantic, with a "fetch" of full three thousand miles, sweep over it with appalling force, and hurl great masses of water to the very crest of the 107-foot tower. Even in calm weather, there is usually an encircling barrier of ugly surf. At one time during the early construction, a sudden change of weather caught the superintendent and thirteen men on the rock, in their temporary iron barrack, and held them storm-bound for five desperate days. The building shook and groaned; all outlying parts were swept away; again and again the men were plunged in darkness, as masses of water rushed entirely over it, although the roof was seventy-seven feet above high-water mark.

The misadventure occurred through the men's disobedience in lingering a day later in the autumn than the engineer's orders prescribed. During the five days, Thomas Stevenson paced the floor of his office by day, and of his home by night; but when the men at length were rescued, joy was by no means the first feeling he manifested. David Stevenson told Mr. Frederick A. Talbot, who has told the story in his recent interesting book, "Lightships and Lighthouses," that he did not know which had been the worst: Thomas Stevenson's distracted wanderings during the suspense, or the terrific expression of pent-up feelings with which he greeted the delinquent superintendent.

The pride of race in "R. L. S." was deep-seated, but of the sort that induces neither arrogance nor personal vanity, but a noble humility. After the lines in his poem, "To My Father," which depict the great fleets, homeward bound, beaconed to safety by the guardian lights, he breaks forth:—

These are thy works, O father, these thy crown;
Whether on high the air be pure, they shine
Along the yellowing sunset, and all night
Among the unnumbered stars of God they shine;
Or whether fogs arise, and far and wide
The low sea level drown—each finds a tongue
And all night long the tolling bell resounds;
So shine, so toll, till night be overpast,
Till the stars vanish, till the sun return
And in the haven rides the fleet secure. . . .
This hast thou done, and I—can I be base?
I must arise, O father, and to port
Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Fallacies about Brain-work.

We hear a great deal to-day about excessive brain-work, and we read in the newspapers of frequent breakdowns from that cause. Every week or oftener we are told of some clergyman, leading merchant, or other business man who collapses and has to quit work—perhaps take a trip to Europe and reside there for months or a year—for that reason. College students are reported from time to time as damaging or killing themselves by hard study. We doubt the truth of most of these statements. A knowledge of the facts would show, we believe, that in nine-tenths of these cases the cause of the breakdown was not an excess of brain-work, but the lack of something else, such as nutritious food, sleep, bodily exercise, and a cheerful temper. The truth is, no organ of the body is tougher than the brain. Hard work alone, pure and simple,—apart from anxieties and fear, from forced or voluntary stinting of the body's needed supply of food or sleep and the mind's need of social intercourse,—does far more to invigorate the brain than to lessen its strength, does more to prolong life than to cut or fray its thread.

It is the rarest thing in the world for a man to think himself to death, unless his thoughts run for many years in a monotonous rut—which is as detrimental to vigor as a monotonous diet to the digestive functions—or unless his thoughts relate to something very painful, irritating, or distressing. It has been justly said that thought is to the brain what exercise is to the physical organism. It keeps the channels of life clear, the blood-vessels unobstructed, so that the vital fluid courses along them distributing newness of life and vigor of action to the latest hour of existence. On the other hand, the want of thought starves the circulation, and causes men to drivel and sleep in old age,—dead to everything but eating and drowsing in the chimney corner.

So untrue is it that college students break down from the stress of study on the brain that, other things being equal, the hardest students enjoy the best health. Where one young man, if any, ruins his health by wrestling with mathematical and psychological problems or with the enigmas of Greek and Latin syntax, bad habits, the strain and excitement of athletic contests, cigars, wine-drinking and other forms of dissipation, and heavy eating at late hours undermine the health of hundreds. The two little fingers of Dissipation are often heavier than the loins of Euclid. Prof. Peirce of Harvard demonstrated this some forty years ago by tables of longevity, which showed that the greatest mortality for the first ten years after graduation is found among those who lagged behind in scholarship while in college.

The lives of the great scholars in ancient and modern times show that a student who takes abundant food, sleep, and exercise at regular hours, sits down to his meals in a pleasant mood, rests half an hour afterward, recreates himself by frequent rides or walks and commerce with his fellows, may toil over his books ten or twelve hours a day, and yet live happily till he reaches fourscore years or even longer.

We believe that hundreds of persons who are supposed to have shortened their lives by overwork of the brain would have died far earlier but for their mental labor. Dryden, in his famous portrait of Shaftesbury, pictures him as

"A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy body to decay."

A fiery soul his, indeed, was; but we are sure that the body's decay was due to disease, not to the intense activity of his brain. The truth is, the author of the Habeas Corpus act could not move without his crutch; and he suffered daily from illness. Instead of shortening his life, it is probable that his mental activity prolonged it by preventing a morbid brooding over his physical infirmities and pains.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Literature.

Before Vassar Opened. By James Monroe Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.—The higher education for women has been accepted as a matter of course in later years, and few remember the struggles and difficulties through which its wider opportunities were won. The effort and sacrifice of the pioneers in this cause are to-day almost incredible until we hear some of the very arguments against it repeated with another application. The opening of Vassar truly marked an epoch, the importance of which became evident only later. The first two chapters of this book by Vassar's president give an eminently interesting and impartial study of various attempts to provide more generous education for women, both in the South and North, previous to 1865, when Vassar opened. The new outlook and the larger activities which the war period had offered to women gave an impulse to the demand for better training. Chapters three and four analyze in detail the contributing influences which led Matthew Vassar,

Digitized by Google

"a childless old man, a Poughkeepsie brewer, self-educated and self-made," to ally himself thus effectively with one of the most remarkable causes of the nineteenth century. The story of the three years of President Jewett's administration shows great achievements, however marred by dissensions between the men mainly responsible for them. It is a satisfaction to have the story told thus clearly and dispassionately, with justice given all round. An interesting chapter reviews the reception which the college met. The enthusiastic welcome of those who longed for its privileges "far outweighed the occasional criticism or the general indifference." The final chapter brings before the reader the enormous labor and uncertainty that involved the launching of an enterprise which could take advantage of no precedents, and ends with the death of the founder at the very moment of reading his annual address to his friends in the Commencement time of 1868.

MODERN CITIES. By Horatio M. Pollock, Ph.D., and William S. Morgan, Ph.D. $1.50 net.—Prof. Pollock and Prof. Morgan (Prof. Morgan is well known to Unitarians, first as a Unitarian minister in the East, and now as professor of systematic theology in the Pacific School for the Ministry) were closely associated for several years in active work for municipal betterment in the city of Albany, coming thus to an acquaintance with the principal movements for social progress in America. In 1910 they spent together several months in observing the best features of municipal life in leading continental cities of Europe, including some eight towns of Italy, half a dozen of Switzerland, twice as many in Germany, besides Amsterdam and The Hague in Holland, Brussels, Paris, Rouen, and Havre. They found much to study, much to inspire them. An appendix treats of American municipal misgovernment as a heritage from the British borough, and ends with a note of hopefulness that is encouraging. In making these studies of European cities, the needs of American municipalities have been continually kept in mind. City planning and home planning, city streets, the value of art and parks, developments in education, the control of municipal public service corporations, and numerous other problems of modern civilization receive due attention, afford opportunity for judicious comparison, and urge the consideration of improved methods. The book claims attention by reason of the important subjects considered, the common sense with which they are treated, and the especial qualifications of the authors for the task which they set themselves. The book will be found serviceable not alone to students, but to all interested in human betterment. Brand Whitlock speaks of it as a remarkable book, and declares that he knows no other more valuable text-book on the whole vital problem.

A CHILD OF THE ORIENT. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—Mrs. Kenneth Brown's books are practically unique, so unusual is the equipment of the writer for an intimate study of Oriental women in their home life. The autobiographical interest of the later book makes it, in a way, more convincing and realistic than *Haremlik*. It makes evident the successive occurrences that gave Mrs. Brown exceptional opportunities of intercourse with Turkish women of the higher class and develops the personal interest which the other merely suggested. This adds another to the accounts of actual experiences written by late-coming immigrants to this country. Demetra Vaka was older, and she was also better prepared for New World experiences, than Mary Antin or Rose Pastor Stokes. She brings out effectively the vivid contrasts between the life to which she was born and that into which she was born again. She has found America not unkind to her, and she has surely found people eager to hear her stories of her earlier life. She is frankly outspoken, generous in her sympathies, usually tolerant even in her antipathies. She is not at her best or freest when she goes out of her way to sneer at another race, without the excuse of inherited prejudice, as when she speaks of the "distorted idea of the American people" given to European children, who are thus led to "sentimentalize over a race hardly worth it," meaning the negroes.

THE BOY'S CAMP BOOK. By Edward Cave. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents.—This guide-book, which contains "everything the boy camper should know," with full instructions for camping under all conditions, is based on the annual encampment of a boy scout troop, and is a companion volume to *The Boy Scout's Hike Book*. The directions and advice are written in a lively style, which develops interest in individual campers, and makes the fresh, out-of-door life additionally attractive. Discipline here is not something to restrain transgression. It is the working plan of co-operation and equal rights. The book may well be studied as preliminary to similar camping trips.

New Question Book for Sunday Schools.

FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.

By JAMES E. ODLIN.

I have used "Forty Lessons on the Psalms" in the advanced class of our Sunday School this season and have found them of great value. While popular in their style they are in harmony with advanced thought on the subject and open the way to many side-issues of interest.

ALFRED MANCHESTER.

Pastor of the Second Church, Salem, Mass., May 16, 1914.

Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price twenty cents each.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 19

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready May 1

[No. 275]

Good Men in Hell

By

REV. FRANK S. C. WICKS

A VIGOROUS, AROUSING MESSAGE! It sets the mind thinking. Common sense and the teachings of Jesus, with sidelights from great minds, are enlisted to prove the irrational, unchristian character of the dogma of a literal hell. The unreality of the traditional heaven and hell is exposed in the clear light of modern thought. A kind of Father Taylor utterance! Compactly forceful, brief but telling, this tract will compel attention by its moral intensity and righteous indignation.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION AS TRACT No. 278

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The First Dandelion.

BY KATE WHITING PATCH.

A little flower lifted its yellow head
"I wonder if Spring has come?" he said.
"The grass is green and the skies are clear,—
It's early to wake, but I'm glad I'm here!"

The grasses looked up at the yellow head:
"Hello, Dandelion, you here?" they said.
"Well, now you've come, and it's pleasant weather,
Perhaps we can make the Spring, together!"

Memorial Day.

BY E. E. M.

"Why, Thomas Jefferson Adams, the idea of thinking a little mite of a thing like you can walk way out to that cemetery! No, indeed; you can't do any such thing. And you mustn't tease me about any flowers to-day, either. Your mother is getting along all right, and I'll have her up in a chair by another week; but she can't be bothered with a thing yet."

Tommy's dimpled chin quivered, and evidently he wished to protest; but the voice of the nurse went steadily on, without giving him a chance.

"Now, Tommy, you've been a real good boy, and I know you've had a hard time of it; but you just be patient a few days longer, and your father will be home from England, and your mother sitting up in her pretty pink wrapper, a-smiling at both of you. Now run along," she added, as she saw that Tommy's face brightened involuntarily at the prospect.

But the sunshine died out of his eyes again as she turned away. Truly, it was hard luck that he must spend Memorial Day lonesomely at home, when his grandfather had been an officer in the Civil War; and he could never remember a single Memorial Day before in his whole life when his father and mother had not taken him to the cemetery to see the flag placed on the grave and to help heap the place with lovely flowers.

In April Tommy's father had been called unexpectedly to England on business, and, before the cablegram announcing his safe arrival had been received, his mother was taken suddenly ill. She would not allow a word about it to be cabled across the ocean, and the doctor agreed that there was no need of alarming anybody. He wrote to Mr. Adams himself, assuring him that his wife would be in the best of care and that nobody was to be uneasy. Tommy was glad his mother was better, glad, too, that his father would be at home in a week more; but the two weeks of her illness had been hard for him. The house had to be kept quiet, mother's room was a forbidden place except for half an hour morning and night, the new maid could speak hardly a word of English, and only Katie, the cook, seemed really familiar and homey.

All that was bad enough, and to have no Memorial Day was worse. He wandered despondently over to the church, where ladies were sorting flowers in the vestry, taking with him the few flowers which his own garden had yielded. Two or three ladies inquired for his mother; but they were all too busy to take much notice of him, and he sat down on the edge of the platform, wondering what to do next.

"Oh, dear," said one lady, after a while, "we never had so few flowers before. We shall not have nearly enough. The season is late; and the rains have beaten the bushes, so that it is perfectly pitiful."

"Don't you wish Mr. Wilson would give us the run of his greenhouse for once?" asked a pretty young lady, sprinkling a basket of flowers that were already beginning to fade.

"Yes; but we needn't think of that. And we certainly have no money to buy flowers, if we send those extra carriages for the old soldiers. But we have not enough."

Tommy was struck with dismay. Not enough flowers to go round! Then his grandfather's grave might not have any at all; for it was on the very other side of the cemetery, where the soldiers always went last. Why, it wasn't to be endured. He rose and walked away, impelled to go to seek flowers somewhere.

You see, Tommy had a very deep and sincere feeling about the good of Memorial Day. Every year his father had told him the story of the company that marched from Littlefield in the early days of the war. He knew the names of the men; he had spelled out the inscriptions on the Soldiers' Monument; he had talked with those that remained; he had touched the old flag which they brought back when the weary marches and the terrible battles were over; and his heart had been fired with eager desire to be as brave and true some day as his grandfather had been.

"Remember, Tommy," his father used to say, "you ought never to have to fight for your country, as your grandfather did; but every man who is worth anything knows that he must live for his country in one way or another, and serve it honorably. He must care too much about his country's honor to forget what others have done to save it or to be careless about his own part." Tommy used to promise he would never forget.

He could think of no way to get flowers now, unless he asked Mr. Wilson for them, as the lady had said. What did she say about buying some? Perhaps Mr. Wilson would sell some. Why, yes, of course. Perhaps he always sold them; for what could any man do with all the flowers in that long greenhouse if he kept them just for himself, and they said he never gave them away?

But he couldn't ask his mother for money, and he had only ten cents of his own, unless he took the gold dollar his father gave him when he went away—that dear little gold dollar he meant to save at least until Christmas. But then, this was Memorial Day!

So Tommy ran home as fast as he could, crept upstairs softly without disturbing his mother or the nurse, and brought down the gold dollar and the two five-cent pieces. As he went through the back hall, Katie called him into the kitchen.

"See the lovely custards I'm after makin' for your supper, me darlint. And ain't it good that your mother is getting better the day? And here's a piece of maple sugar for you; and just hould on a minute, I've something else for you under the cup on the table."

So Tommy lifted the cup, and there was a shining new cent, as bright as the gold dollar itself. "Oh, thank you, thank you, Katie," shouted Tommy. "You're a dear and a darlint yourself, so you are," and he rushed off with it down the street as if he hadn't a minute to spare.

"Why, he never took the maple sugar at all, at all," said Katie, perplexed; "an' what is it he has in his head now, I'd like to know."

Tommy dashed up the driveway that led to the big house on the corner, and rang the bell before he had time to be frightened. The neat maid looked at him curiously as he asked to see Mr. Wilson, but she showed him into the reception-room quite as if he were a grown-up visitor. While he was waiting, he took the gold dollar and the two five-cent pieces and the bright new penny from his pocket, and tossed them up and down in his hand. As he heard a step in the hall he turned suddenly and struck his elbow against a chair, so that all the coins flew out over the floor; and thus it happened that, when the great man entered the room, all he could see of Tommy was a pair of stout legs in short trousers, a gray jacket, and a tangled mop of red-brown curls, as their owner sprawled on the floor, trying to look under the upright piano in the corner of the room.

Tommy could not see Mr. Wilson's dignified figure and astonished face. So, forgetting all embarrassment in the stress of the situation, he cried out eagerly: "O Mr. Wilson, I dropped my gold dollar. Won't you please help me find it? I know it rolled off this way."

The appealing voice and the perfect confidence must have touched Mr. Wilson's heart, for down he dropped on his knees before the piano, trying to feel under it. "Here it is," he said triumphantly, as he drew out, not the dollar, but the shining cent.

Tommy shook his head. "No, that's the cent, and I found the two nickels over by the table; but there's a gold dollar, too. But only one piece rolled under here."

Mr. Wilson moved a ponderous, much-befringed arm-chair, and there was the gold dollar. Tommy seized it; and the two rose to their feet, somewhat breathless. Tommy was radiant.

"Oh, thank you, ever and ever so much," he said, showing the four coins as they lay side by side in his rosy palm. "I'm glad we found them, because they're all for you, you know."

"For me? Why, what in the world did you bring them to me for?"

"Why, you see"—said Tommy, standing up beside Mr. Wilson's chair with one hand on the arm, and his cheeks flushing in his eagerness—"you see, the ladies said you never gave away any flowers for Memorial Day; and I came to see if you would sell me one dollar and eleven cents' worth, so that they would have enough to put some on my grandfather's grave."

Mr. Wilson turned red and looked very cross. "Said I never gave away flowers for Memorial Day, did they? Perhaps they don't know how old Miss Jones came for some three years ago, and began by telling me that I had no right to my own greenhouse on such a day, and then quoted that text about the camel's eye."

Mr. Wilson was evidently moved by the remembrance, and slightly mixed in his mind; but his look softened again as Tommy went on placidly:—

"Well, you see, Miss Jones feels awful

Digitized by Google

sorry because she hasn't enough flowers now; and I s'pose she isn't all there is to Memorial Day, anyway. And she looked real discouraged."

The tone of sympathy with Miss Jones in Tommy's voice was evident; but it did not displease Mr. Wilson, who was, it may be, as glad to be asked again for flowers as Miss Jones would be to have them.

Tommy went on: "I am trying to do something special for Memorial Day, because this is the first time I ever couldn't go. Father is in England, and mother is ill; but I wish to do something for the soldiers, and I'm willing to give my dollar and eleven cents for them."

"'Sh, keep your money, boy," growled Mr. Wilson. "So they said I wouldn't give any flowers, did they? Well, we'll see whether I'll give any flowers or not." And he led the way to the long greenhouse, and gave James an order that made that good man's hair fairly stand up straight. But he never said a word; for he knew what Memorial Day is for, and was glad to cut the cherished blossoms.

Then Mr. Wilson asked Tommy about his mother, and told him a story about his grandfather, and made himself generally just as delightful as any old gentleman in the world could be,—not that Mr. Wilson was so dreadfully old, either, according to grown-up standards.

"Now, while you're waiting for the flowers," he said after a little, "suppose you run home and ask that Grand Mogul of a nurse" —Tommy laughed—"if you cannot stay to luncheon with Mrs. Wilson and me; and after that we'll tuck you in between us, and we'll all drive out to the cemetery and see if those people dispose of the flowers to our satisfaction or not; and we'll put the best of all on your grandfather's grave ourselves."

Of course, the Grand Mogul said yes, and the luncheon was fine, and the drive was finer; but almost the best of all was the proud moment when Tommy helped James carry the heaped boxes of beautiful flowers to the ladies at the church, and saw their astonished, delighted faces, and heard old Miss Jones say, "Well, it's a perfect miracle; and I believe Mr. Wilson will be a saint yet."

To Children.

You are fond of flowers, so you will be sorry to hear that many of our prettiest wild flowers are fast dying out of certain places where they used to grow.

It is because people pick too many, often all they can find. They cannot all grow again, as people sometimes think, because the flowers that are picked cannot go to seed, and if large branches are pulled off it will take long for the plant to get back to the same size. Then many of our very prettiest flowers have but one blossom or one cluster to a plant, and a small plant, too; and people are apt to take the whole of such plants, root and all.

You go out for a pleasant walk in the summer, or you go on a picnic, and don't you often, all of you, pick flowers whenever you see them, and see what large bunches you can make? And how many get home with you at night? Many of them get wilted, and you are tired of them, and do you not generally throw many of them away? Did you ever think that you had destroyed life which you could not bring back, and beauty which you had never made?

But you will think that I want you to pick no flowers at all. This is not what I mean. I only want you to think just what happens when we thoughtlessly pick all that we find, or pull up the roots, or even when we pick but a few of the truly rare wild flowers.

Where flowers are very abundant, you can take some. A few columbines and lupines are far more beautiful than many held close together. There are even some flowers that you may gather in quantities.

Daisies, buttercups, and wild carrot are the farmer's enemies. He will be glad to have your help in getting rid of them, but what charming flowers they are! The latter well deserves its name of "Queen Anne's lace." There is little chance of exterminating wild roses. Then robin's plantain and the fleabanes, that come just a little later, the yellow daisies, sometimes called black-eyed Susans, butter-and-eggs, the golden-rod and asters of autumn,—there is not much danger of your destroying these.

But you have judgment: use it. When flowers are few, leave them all. Never take many, even when they are abundant, except when you are helping the farmers. Think of others who may walk in the same woods after you, and leave pretty things for them to see. Do as you would be done by.

Now, people who admire and love flowers have formed a society to give our native plants a chance to spread and grow more common. It is called "The Society for the Protection of Native Plants." Would you like to join it? If so, perhaps you can form a branch society for the same purpose in your own town, which could be affiliated with the general society.

The address of the secretary is Miss Maria E. Carter, Boston Society of Natural History, Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

The Tiniest Things in the World.

BY JULIA K. GOLDWATER.

Perhaps they were not the very tiniest; but, when the mites were brought in by my country friend for me to feed and bring up, I gasped in dismay:—

"What do they eat? How shall they be kept warm?"

Some one fortunately suggested that I look in the encyclopædia, that haven of the ignorant mind "at sea." I found that humming-birds eat some nectar, but live principally on the insects that they capture in the sweet hearts of the flowers.

Now you know what the tiny things were,—two baby humming-birds, in the prettiest, downiest nest that mother-bird ever wove. It was about as large as a spool of No. 40 cotton thread, with a sort of recurving roof to shelter the birdies from the weather. Had the nest been made of cob-webs or silk, it could not have been daintier and yet it was so strong that, when an over-curious friend, bungling, dropped on it a large magnifying-glass, the nestlings suffered no harm.

But the occupants of this dainty home were anything but dainty. If you can draw a picture of an ostrich three-quarters of an inch long, you will have a likeness of a baby humming-bird; and you should sketch in a mouth occupying a half of that fractional inch.

The little things were very satisfactory as a show: at any noise about the nest, they would raise their uncanny heads, and parade their one accomplishment of mouth-opening. I think I never exhibited them that they did not elicit a cry of astonishment, almost of fear, so uncanny they were. Mr. Chinese Cook, at sight of them, said: "Huh! Where's their ole henny?"

But their appealing mouths were to be filled. I fed them with a toothpick, from a glass of sweetened water, in which floated numerous bugs from my rose-bushes.

But no step-mother for birdies is so good as their own warm-blooded, bright-winged mamma, who knows in which glowing corollas to seek for the food which will make the hideous little nestlings beautiful and radiant as the brilliant blooms that are robbed.

Cat had Right of Way.

When traffic was at its height on one of New York's busiest thoroughfares recently, and a long line of trucks on either side, moving continuously, made crossing dangerous for all foot-travellers, a cat emerged from a produce store with a kitten dangling from her mouth, and essayed to cross the street. Each time she started she had to turn back because of a truck, and her efforts quickly attracted a crowd.

Down from the corner came a policeman. He soon saw what was the matter, and, while there was nothing in the traffic regulations to cover the point, it took him only a moment to decide what to do.

Going into the street he raised his hands in the way that truckmen have learned means "Stop." They stopped. The cat, seeing her opportunity, took a firmer hold on the nape of her progeny, and then, holding it high to keep even its curved tail out of the mud, she slowly and deliberately picked her way across and disappeared in a cellar.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Little George said the other day at table, "Now, when I sit in my chair, my feet won't touch the floor; but, when I walk around, they touch the floor just as well as anybody's."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,280 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

When She Came.

Into my life she came
One golden day,
Softly as blossoms come
Into the May.
I only knew that she was there
By the fragrance in the air.

Into my heart she came
One day of days,
Stilly, as on night's dark
God's stars outblaze.
I only knew that she was there
By the glory everywhere.

—*Grace Denio Litchfield.*

American Unitarian Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Board of Directors held their regular monthly meeting at 25 Beacon Street, on Tuesday, May 12, 1914, at 2 P.M.

Present: Messrs. Carr, Dole, Eliot, Fox, Frothingham, Homer, Howe, Hutchinson, Landon, Little, Long, Pierce, Richardson, Robinson, Sprague, Wiers, Williams, and Wilson, Mrs. Dinsmore, Mrs. Keyes, and Mrs. Lombard.

The records of the last meeting were read and approved, and the treasurer presented the following statement for April, 1914:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand April 1, 1914	$37,146.37
From donations	36,459.05
Bequest of Frank Clement of Newton Centre, Mass., to create the Frank Clement Fund	2,000.00
Bequest of Miss Eliza Frances Blacker of Boston to create the Eliza Frances Blacker Fund, to be held in trust	1,000.00
Minneapolis Free Christian Church Fund, proceeds of sale of church property, to be held in trust	6,000.00
Church of Our Father, St. Anthony Park, Minn., proceeds of sale of church property, added to Reserve Fund	1,093.45
Bequest of John Sweetser of Boston, additional and final payment	1.00
Unitarian Service Pension Society, for pensions	4,000.00
Interest	24 71
Income of invested funds	9,438.53
Foreign relations, gifts	440.32
Reimbursements for advances on Unitarian Building Account	5.54
Investments, received for reinvestment	1,303.65
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, repaid on loans	2,300.00
Reimbursement for advances on Reserve Fund Account	775.95
	$101,988.17

PAYMENTS.

For missionary purposes (societies, etc.)	$16,361.16
Salaries and other missionary expenses	3,071.39
Expenses of Unitarian Building	594.58
Payments on account of sundry trust funds	21,604.08
Investments	33,309.63
Church Building Loan Fund, sundries	3.41
Cash on hand May 1, 1914	26,144.12
	$101,988.17

In accordance with the by-laws, the treasurer submitted his estimate of income available for expenditures covered by the Budget, and named the sum of $116,000.

After discussion, the Board then adopted the following Budget for the year beginning May 1, 1914:—

Maintenance	$15,000
Publication	8,000
Foreign Relations	7,000
Home Missions	86,000
	$116,000

Division of Home Mission Budget ($86,000):

Salaries of general officers	$13,000
Travel	2,700
Publicity and Ministers' Institutes	1,300
Department of Social and Public Service	4,700
Department of Comity and Fellowship	1,800
Department of New Americans	4,500
Department of Religious Education	9,000
Department of Church Extension	40,000
	$86,000

Division of Church Extension Budget ($49,000):—

Salaries of field secretaries	$7,600
Salaries of ministers and other missionary expenses in:—	
New England	3,000
Middle States	6,500
Western States	2,600
Southern States	8,000
Rocky Mountain States	3,000
Pacific States	6,500
Canadian Northwest	2,800
School and College Centres	8,000
Contingencies	1,000
	$49,000

The Finance Committee reported the following vote, which was adopted:—

Voted, To accept the sum of $6,000 from the Free Christian Church in Minneapolis, Minn., as the Minneapolis Free Christian Church Fund, upon the terms of the agreement read at this meeting, and to authorize the treasurer, in behalf of the American Unitarian Association, to execute the same.

The treasurer read the detailed financial statements of the publication work covering the last twelve months, and reported verbally to the Board upon the general financial situation of the Association.

Upon the unanimous recommendation of the Publication Committee, it was

Voted, To authorise the use of the name "Beacon Press" as the imprint of the American Unitarian Association in all cases where the substitution of a secular name for that of the Association shall, in the judgment of the Publication Committee, seem to be desirable.

The Publication Committee also reported the following votes, which were adopted:—

Voted, To print as the September tract a sermon entitled "The Other Side of the Street," by Rev. Edwin M. Slocombe.

Voted, That, with the consent of the Post-office Mission Committee, Tract No. 36 be dropped from the list.

Voted, To omit the publication of tracts and bulletins during July and August of this year.

Voted, That an edition not exceeding 3,500 copies of the Year Book for 1914–15 be published under the direction of the secretary, the same to contain a revised list of churches and ministers, with such other matter as the secretary may deem advisable.

Voted, That in preparing the "List of Ministers" the aid of the Fellowship Committee of the General Conference be availed of, as in previous years.

Voted, That the subscription to the *Christian Register*, not exceeding 100 copies for reading-rooms, etc., be authorized to be paid out of the income of the Shaw Fund.

Requests for grants of money for special work during the summer were presented from several ministers. No action was taken, as the work to be done seemed to be deserving of local rather than of national support.

The printed report of the Special Commission on Membership and Methods of the Association was distributed and briefly discussed.

The president called attention to the fact that this was the last meeting at which Messrs. Frothingham, Long, and Mrs. Keyes would be present, and, on motion of Mr. Carr, the following resolution was offered and adopted:—

Resolved, That this Board desires to place on record its deep appreciation of the loyalty, wise counsel, and constant devotion of the retiring members. Still trusting that our cause may receive during the years to come the co-operation which so many years of friendly association has enriched, this Board extends to them its gratitude and affectionate good-will.

The president asked for an expression of opinion in regard to the readjustment of offices in the building, and after discussion it was

Voted, That the assistant secretary have authority to make such alterations in the building during the coming summer as may be made necessary by any readjustment of offices. This shall include authority to cut a door between Rooms 6 and 7 and to further partition Room 4, if either or both changes shall seem desirable.

The meeting adjourned at 3.55 P.M. to Friday, May 29.

Respectfully submitted,
LEWIS G. WILSON,
Secretary.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

It is a source of great regret to those who realize the urgency of the work to know that only 65 out of 541 ministers are enrolled as members of the Unitarian Temperance Society. All along the line there seems to be an unfortunate lack of active interest in this national organization, which, in a quiet way, is doing effective work.

At the last General Conference the following resolution was passed unanimously: "Whereas the attention of this conference has been called afresh to the serious harm caused by the present liquor traffic, and Whereas wise and intelligent study of this great question is needed for a solution of the problems involved, Be it Resolved, that the churches here represented be urged to give this great subject their earnest attention, thus enabling the Unitarian Temperance Society to take its strategic opportunity of leadership in guiding opinion upon this matter, and showing the world that here, as elsewhere, Unitarians take their stand for righteousness and human welfare."

If your directors, who are very much in earnest, are to assume that leadership which such a resolution implies, they must receive the co-operation which is also implied. The opportunity for larger and finer work is at hand. It is hoped that every minister will become actively associated with this great work. Will you not send your name now?

CHESTER ARTHUR DRUMMOND,
Secretary.

The Isles of Shoals.

The news that electric lights have been installed at the Oceanic and Appledore has brought delight to many Shoals enthusiasts. So intimately do the guests at these enchanted Isles enter into the life of the place that every detail becomes a matter of great moment. The purchase of a new set of teaspoons, the hanging of a fresh picture (especially if framed by Uncle Oscar), or the shade too much or too little of red in the new paint on the roof of the Old Meeting-house,—these are matters of concern to rank with the latest picture-slashing in England or the gentle exploits of our good friend and ally, the Constitutionalist butcher in Mexico.

Yes, electric lights have come. And (almost too much good news for one year) the rate of board has been reduced. True, the extravagantly inclined can still pay the fourteen dollars a week we all paid last year, getting for that price one of the few best rooms. But for the most the rate will be twelve dollars a week. When we consider how everything, even the water, has to be transported from Portsmouth, the wonder grows how the hotels can provide so much—and so good—for so small a price. But by filling the house it can be done, and the reduced price is sure to bring that result.

Digitized by Google

Already the applications for rooms and board are far in excess of those of former years, and indications point to an attendance that will fill both hotels. The wise ones will send their names without delay to the treasurer, Mr. Carl B. Wetherell, 1 Fuller Place, Cambridge, Mass.

The Programme Committee has at last completed its task, and the printed result is ready for distribution. As in preceding years, there will be two weeks of meetings, beginning on Sunday, July 12. Dr. Perkins, formerly of Portland and now of Cambridge, will preach in the morning of that first day, and Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis will preach in the evening. That night the first Candle-light Service will be held in the Old Meeting-house, and on every night for two weeks the light-bearing pilgrims will wind up the hill for that blessed experience.

Every new day of the first week begins with a brief service of worship and a short sermon. Rev. Marion F. Ham takes this service on Monday, Rev. Palfrey Perkins on Tuesday, Mr. Otto Lyding on Wednesday, Rev. E. B. Muglathlin on Thursday, Dr. A. R. Scott on Friday, and Rev. A. M. Rihbany on Saturday. These services will be followed, each forenoon, by lectures, the speakers on the successive days being Rev. Frederick R. Griffin of Montreal, Dr. Charles W. Wendte, Mr. Frederick M. Eliot, Mrs. Margaret J. Stannard, Rev. A. M. Rihbany and Dr. Scott.

The afternoons will be free for excursions, tennis, relaxation in rooms or on the broad piazza, or the unending delight of the breakers and the rocks. On Monday evening Mr. Wicks lectures on Richard Watson Gilder. On Tuesday evening Rev. J. T. Sunderland tells of his recent tour in Oriental lands. On Wednesday evening there will be the concert, which has hitherto come on Friday. On Thursday Mr. Philip Ayres speaks of the preservation of forests. On Friday evening Mrs. Helen McG. Parker of Somerville tells of life and art in Modern Russia, her account being illustrated by Mrs. Starbuck's interpretation of Russian music, on the piano. On Saturday evening Mrs. Starbuck gives an interpretative lecture-concert on German music.

The mid-Sunday of these meetings, this year falling on July 19, always marks the climax of the series. Some are obliged to leave on the day preceding, but more usually come, especially those meaning to attend the Sunday School Institute which follows. This Sunday will begin, as usual, with a Communion Service in the Stone Meeting-house. Rev. Frank M. Powell of Manchester will preach in the morning, and Rev. Clayton R. Bowen of Meadville preaches in the evening. A new feature is introduced this year, a recital of Beethoven music, at four o'clock, with Mrs. Anna Diller Starbuck at the piano.

On Monday, July 20, the Sunday School Institute begins. Every morning at 10, Prof. Bowen will lecture on phases of New Testament Introduction. His lectures on other aspects of the same theme, last year, were so delightful that much is expected of this new series. Following these, each morning, will be a series of lectures by Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck on "The Psychological Basis of Religious Education." On some of the afternoons there will be conferences for those who desire to attend. In the evenings there will again be lectures. On Monday Mr. Powell speaks on "Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Man." On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings Dr. David Snedden, Commissioner of Education for Massachusetts, speaks on "Recent Developments in our Knowledge of Teaching." Dr. Snedden speaks with authority on all educational matters. Equally authoritative in the Kindergarten world is Miss Lucy Wheelock, who speaks on Thursday evening on "What We can do for Little Children in the Sunday-school." On Friday evening the Institute and the series of meetings closes with an entertainment prepared by members of the party.

With this full programme, with the sure glory of the islands, and with the glowing cordiality of "the Shoals spirit," it may confidently be expected that the gathering this year will surpass in size and profitableness even the splendid past. Frequenters of the place and of the assembly need no assurance of welcome. What we now most earnestly wish is that those who have not yet made the joyful discovery may this year learn how glad is the welcome they will receive and how quickly they will become members of the happy company of lovers of the Isles of Shoals.

A Hill-top Ministry.

BY REV. MARGARET B. BARNARD.

The hills of Northwestern Massachusetts offer a fine field for the study of rural problems, and especially those problems which are concerned with the work of our country churches. These towns, standing fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above sea-level, were settled by a strong, sturdy class of pioneers, men and women of courage and conviction. Many of their descendants are still found in these towns, and they inherit the fine qualities of their ancestors, but the exodus to the cities has also left behind groups

Price Reduction Sale

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.

We will offer a large variety of the below-enumerated, **to close out odd sets and odd lots,** and to make room for new wares.

All articles in this Sale have been much reduced in price for the above-mentioned reasons.

China and Earthenware Shown on Third Floor

Dinner Sets for Bungalows—Old Blue Patterns
Dinner Sets of French China
A few Soup Sets, also Fish Sets, and Game Sets, Ice Cream Sets, etc., etc.

A Table of Manufacturers' Samples, one piece of a kind, dainty Dresden decorations, pierced edges; **Cake Plates, Compotes, Fruit Bowls,** etc., **priced 33 1/3% off** to make room.

Also a Table of Odd Pieces of all kinds, priced with the intention of closing them out; **Teapots, Individual Breakfast Sets** for the bedroom, **Cheese Dishes, Bedroom Water Sets,** etc., etc.

Many of the above items are attractive at the price for use in Summer Homes.

On Gallery we offer an assortment of **Bedroom Toilet Sets** at reduced prices, and which are desirable at the prices for use in **Seashore** and **Country Cottages. Garden Pots** also at reduced prices.

Glass Floor

Reduced Prices to Close

Low-priced Etched Table Glass,
Goblets, Champagnes, Clarets,
Apollinaris, Hocks, High-balls, etc.
Also gold-decorated Service or separate items of various glasses
Radium Glass Flower Bowls
Adams Period Vases
Green Iridescent Bowls, Vases, etc., etc.

We invite inspection of wares and comparison of values

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.

33 Franklin Street

Wholesale and Retail

Digitized by Google

who neither mentally nor morally are equal to the standard of their progenitors. Foreigners, both Poles and Italians, are to be found in small numbers.

Rowe is such a hill-town. It is beautifully situated in the midst of magnificent scenery, and its hills command superb views in every direction. Its fine brooks and lake offer many inducements to fishermen and nature lovers. The town was settled in 1763, and has always been noted for the very high types of men and women whom it has sent forth.

The First Congregational Unitarian Church, established in 1780, is one of the old town churches, and has had an honorable history. Its first minister, Preserved Smith, was a man of fine character and of great public spirit, and his ministry of thirty-seven years was fruitful in many good works, one of the most important of which was the foundation of a library for the town in 1797. His successors were for the most part men of equally fine character, who maintained the high standards of the first minister. In later years, however, changes in population, losses by death and removals, caused much discouragement, and when I was called to Rowe in the spring of 1902, the people felt that the church was not likely to exist many years longer. Therefore, when deficits occurred in the running expenses of the society, the committee drew upon the invested funds to pay them. This policy was changed in the first year of my ministry, the regular income was increased, and only the interest of invested funds used for regular expenses.

As our church is the only church of our faith in a wide radius, and as we receive assistance from the American Unitarian Association, it was suggested that we take advantage of our missionary opportunity and do something for the community and the region, not limiting our activities to Rowe. The parish endorsed the plan very heartily, helped arrange meetings in school-houses and halls, and the services thus held were carried on very successfully for several years. The minister never made proselyting the chief end of these meetings. Realizing that the people who came to them lived remote from churches, that they represented all shades of belief and sometimes non-belief, she sought to emphasize the great essentials of all religion—the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the great principles of right living—and to leave behind a sense of the joy of religion.

A meeting in a school-house can have little in the surroundings that will inspire worship. The bare walls, the hard, uncomfortable seats for adults, a wheezy organ, or none at all, do not tend to uplift the mind from the things of earth. If, then, under such conditions audiences will gather from long distances, frequently filling the school-house, it shows that the spirit of worship is by no means dead in the hearts of men. On several occasions an old gentleman drove over thirty miles to attend our services, and at almost every meeting there was a large proportion of men.

One spring, in company with an officer of the National Alliance, we took a circuit trip, visiting towns eight, ten, and fifteen miles away, places that, on account of difficult roads, or distance, could not well be reached for a Sunday service. Our first service was held in a town-hall, in a remote spot on the hills. So out of repair was the place that the plastering fell upon us in gentle showers during the meeting. However, twenty-four people attended the service, eleven of them men. The next meeting was in a school-house, in a place which was once a stronghold of Universalism, but now so run down that no regular services are held there. Here on a week-day night twenty-six gathered, one-third men, and many were the invitations to come again. The next night we spoke in a very pretty union church in a hamlet of Southern Vermont. Thirty-four gathered to hear us, fifteen being men; and a deacon of a Baptist church in a neighboring town, who happened to be in the place over night, very kindly and heartily led the singing. After what I thought was quite a strong Unitarian sermon, he came to me and said that that was excellent Baptist doctrine and he would like to have some more of it, so our meeting ended in a happy frame of mind for all. The next day we drove twenty-one miles to hold a service in a Universalist church, for, on this trip, I was commissioned by the Universalists as well as the Unitarians. A heavy rain interfered with our meeting, but the attendance was large enough to make the trip well worth while.

In arranging for this trip, in every case I wrote asking for board for three people and a horse. I did not wish the people to think that I was coming among them for what I could get, and in no case was a collection taken. When, however, we asked for board bills, none were forthcoming, and nothing that we could say or do would induce our hosts to take a penny. In one case, the hotel-keeper remarked, "No, ma'am, I never did take a cent from a minister, and I ain't going to begin now. If you are good enough to come here and preach for us, we aren't going to charge you for it." That was the spirit everywhere.

For several years services were held twice a month at a small mill-village three miles from Rowe. The Protestant population of the town consisted of about fifteen families, representing nearly as many shades of belief. I was first called to the village for a funeral, and learned then that for more than nine months there had been no religious services of any kind. Work was begun, and after a while a union church was organized, and, with a Sunday-school of thirty pupils, was quite successful. There was great need of a resident minister, one who could work along social lines with the boys and girls and the men, and these conditions, combined with illness in the minister's family, led her to resign; but, while no services have been regularly held since, the church still exists, and this summer there will be tent meetings under Congregational auspices, and most cordial relations are maintained between the minister and the individuals.

Although the distance between these two towns is not great, the road is difficult, as in the last mile it descends nearly one thousand feet and comes out, by a sharp turn, on a railroad track and a river. It is dangerous at all times, and especially so at certain seasons. The writer remembers one occasion when, finding ice unexpectedly on the hill, and the horses being smooth-shod, we slid almost from top to bottom, and thanked Providence and the skill of our driver when we arrived without other damage than a slight fright.

Work with and for the children is the most important part of the duty of any church, and a great deal of attention has been given to this side of the church life. When I went to Rowe there had been no Sunday-school for over two years, and at first glance only four pupils seemed to be available. Realizing, however, that four children needed religious training as much as four hundred, we organized at once a children's service, and, keeping them all together, began to tell the great Bible stories that every child loves. Fine pictures were given the children to illustrate the lessons, and "memory gems" were learned and repeated together week by week. These gems consisted of great passages from the Bible and some of the fine poems which inspire love of God and man.

The school grew rapidly, and has had since the first few months an average membership of thirty, about as large a number as we can expect here. It is now divided into three departments, primary, intermediate, and advanced. The children manage their own business, elect their own officers, and pay most of their expenses. A definite course of study is followed in the Old Testament, the New Testament, the great events of Christian history, ethics, and, at the close of the course, the development of doctrine, and other religions than Christian. Each department has to follow a certain outline, and the pupils must finish the course before being promoted to another department. Promotion Sunday is an important day, the church service being adapted to it, and the children receiving valuable books, properly inscribed, as testimonials. There are also rewards for attendance, reproduction of some of the great paintings, both religious and otherwise, being given for four and eight months of faithfulness, and a very attractive Bible for a year of attendance, provided lessons and conduct have been also satisfactory.

During the past year the minister, feeling that most services in Sunday-school hymnals are too vague and old for the average child, has written out a series of services, compiled not only from the Bible, but from the great writers of the world, and, in order to impress their lessons on the child's mind, uses each service a month at a time.

There are in our community a great many dependent children, wards of the State, who are boarded in private families. These children form both an inspiration and a problem,—a problem, because, with weak or depraved inheritance and early surroundings by no means uplifting, they need wise and careful training to develop the germs of good citizenship and righteous living,—and an inspiration, because they are a challenge to the church to do its utmost to redeem and upbuild their lives. They tend to make the educational work of the church intensely practical, for in many cases they require the most fundamental elements of morality to be inculcated,—things which in the normal family we expect children to learn as a matter of course. In our church, we feel that this element brings to us not only a great missionary opportunity, but noble work in the line of social service, and we are trying, with God's aid, to rise to the level of our opportunity.

The Alliance, the women's organization

Digitized by Google

of the church, while working for the society, endeavors, through its work, to benefit the community. It has helped to make the town known by publishing post-cards, many thousands of which have been sold, also a history of Rowe, which was very popular. It has contributed generously towards a watering-trough in the village, and in many other ways has shown its public spirit. It aims also to promote the social life of the town and, during the winter, holds six or seven sociables,—suppers followed by dancing; for all its members feel strongly that, since the young people of the town must have amusement, it is best that they should have it under good auspices. They hope that the time will come when some wealthy men will endow entertainments, so that our small country towns can have clean moving-picture shows, good illustrated lectures, and good plays.

At the regular meetings of the Alliance able papers are given by the ladies, on religion, art, and literature, and we have been fortunate in having many addresses by out-of-town speakers on a variety of topics. Among the subjects for the coming year are "The Life of Michelangelo," "Juvenile Courts," "Revolutions in Country Customs" (this by a lady over eighty), "Story of Browning's 'The Ring and the Book.'"

Each year, during the summer, a large and very successful fair is held. It is always one of the social events of the season, and attracts a large number of people from out of town. This year a part of the proceeds will go towards the endowment fund of the church.

Nine years ago the old church, built in 1846, was badly in need of repair, and very difficult to heat in winter. The parish had practically abandoned it, and services were held in the town-hall, quite an attractive meeting-place, and much more conveniently situated for the majority of the people. But no hall can create the spirit of worship that a church gives, and when in 1906 a grandson of the first minister, Preserved Smith, gave a handsome sum for the erection of a memorial church to his grandfather, the gift was hailed with great joy. Ground was broken for the new building in May, 1907, the corner-stone was laid with impressive ceremonies July 7, children of the fourth and fifth generations from Mr. Smith taking part in the service.

The dedication took place November 14 of the same year, and the occasion brought to Rowe representatives of nearly all the old families, many of whom had contributed memorial windows and pews. The church is considered by every one to be unusually beautiful. It is built partly of stone and partly of wood, and seems to fit into the landscape. The interior is small, but very cozy and worshipful, and has been enriched by many gifts.

Although the town has diminished in population, and in the last few years we have lost heavily by death and removals, yet the church and Sunday-school have more than held their own, and the average attendance at church during the last year, winter and summer, was thirty-six. We are fortunate, also, in having with us at all seasons a large number of visitors, over three hundred last year. There were only four Sundays in which we had no guests. These guests represent nearly all denominations, for the church seems to appeal to all.

Last fall, with the assistance of the secretary of the Department of Social Service of the American Unitarian Association, a rural conference was held in Rowe. It was one of the first, if not the first, to be held in so small a town. The Unitarian church, the Grange, and the library trustees co-operated to have it, and the result was a great success. The programme was broadly conceived, and covered many of the problems of rural life, and each speaker brought a strong, hopeful note. The meetings were all well attended, the audience numbering one hundred and twenty-five at the last one, and the enthusiasm was very great. The Springfield *Republican* honored us by giving much space to it, telephoning each night for details. One result has been the cataloguing of our library, with the assistance of the State Library Commission, and putting it into first-class condition.

The minister, in her sermon on that occasion, emphasized the economic as well as the religious needs of the country town, showing that we cannot have strong churches or strong communities without strong men and women, and we cannot expect people of that stamp to live where they must fight a losing battle financially, and have no opportunities for development for themselves or their children. The same note was struck in her annual report read at the parish meeting early in May.

During the past year the minister has had much to do with child problems, assisting several young girls to enter vocational schools, and caring for one little lad who is somewhat degenerate. This has brought her into contact with nearly all the societies that care for children, and the Alliance has generously donated funds for the expenses involved in caring for the child. We consider such work one of our most vital duties.

In conclusion, we are not aware of any special methods we have used, except that we have constantly tried to do our utmost with what seemed to us a great opportunity for service. The country parish is small only to the small man or woman. For those who are trying to do God's work in the world it offers splendid inducements, and the rewards are as great as in larger places, and perhaps greater.

Department of Religious Education.

FLORENCE BUCK, ASSOCIATE SECRETARY.

Columbus and Cincinnati.

Columbus offers many attractions to a representative of the forward movement in religion. There the message of Dr. Washington Gladden has been given for many years. He is still, in his advanced age, a benign influence in the community, and his church, under the leadership of Dr. Patten, still represents the advanced position of liberal Congregationalism. All Souls' Church, with Dr. Rexford, white with years and wisdom, as its minister, is Independent Liberal in name and fact. There is a Universalist church, and a second Congregational, whose young minister is a notable addition to the liberal forces of the city. To these must be added the Independent Protestant Church (German-American), in whose hospitable edifice the representative of this Department gave her message and received a hearty welcome.

This church has recently called to its ministry Rev. J. F. Meyer, formerly minister of our church in South Natick. His work with the large congregation has opened auspiciously. He is a graduate of Meadville Theological School, as are several of the ministers of the German Protestant churches, and under his leadership the church is one of the forces for liberal religion in Columbus.

The city lies on its great plain in the form of a large cross. High Street stretches for miles north and south; Broad Street cuts it at right angles. The entire business and residence sections lie on or very close to these two thoroughfares. This fact makes distances greater than in the case of a city which stands four-square to all the winds that blow. An athletic meet for the city schools had engaged the energies of teachers and pupils during the day, and a high school carnival was in progress on the evening of May 15, when the traveller gave her message in Mr. Meyer's church. Notwithstanding these facts, an audience of about a hundred people assembled, which was notable for the large number of educational interests represented. Four ministers besides Mr. Meyer were present—Dr. Rexford of All Souls', one Congregational and two German Protestant pastors. There were a number of principals of the city schools, this church having in its membership the largest number of school principals and high-school teachers of any in the city. The Sunday-school superintendent and many of the teachers

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

CAMP FRIAR TUCK, Lake Tahanto, Harvard, Mass. Established 1894. Rev. and Mrs. Lyman Greenman can accommodate in their camp this summer a few more boys between the ages of eight and fifteen. Water and country sports. Trips to Concord and other historic places. Season, June 20 to September 5. Address, 1237 Maine Street, Quincy, Ill.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN
TEMPLETON, MASS.
Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.
Address MANAGER.

Digitized by Google

were in the audience. The questions following the address were searching, and the interest over Meadville Institute and our proposed new course of study was keen. The traveller's questions in return brought out the fact that the Sunday school of that church is graded and classified into departments, from Kindergarten to Senior; that the attendance on the preceding Sunday was one hundred and sixty-eight, exclusive of the young people's bible class-meeting in the church auditorium and led by the minister, which on the same Sunday had an attendance of seventy-eight, about two-thirds of its membership. Instruction in this school, except in two classes, is given in English. Superintendent and teachers expressed the desire to avail themselves of such instruction as the Institute programme offers. Word received later states that four and possibly six or eight teachers will attend.

Two churches at Cincinnati welcomed the Department's representative—the First Congregational Unitarian (Dr. Thayer's) and St. John's German (Mr. Eisenlohr's). In both cases there was a pleasant renewal of acquaintance, and a revival of mutual interests established in a previous visit made more than a year ago. The social-rooms of the First Church were turned into a bower of beauty with iris, spirea, and other spring flowers then blooming profusely in the gardens, and the ladies of the church, under Mrs. Thayer's direction, welcomed the visitor with gracious hospitality on Saturday afternoon. The appeal to make use of the Meadville Institute as a teacher-training opportunity met with instant response, and plans to send one or more of the teachers of the Sunday school were discussed over the teacups. The hours of church service and Sunday-school session on the following day had been promised to St. John's; but an afternoon meeting had been arranged at the home of the Misses Fanny and Elsie Field, where the superintendent and all the teachers were present to meet the visitor and talk over the problems of the school. It was found that four of those present were free to take advantage of the Institute session, and eager to do so. There is good prospect that both the churches in Cincinnati will be well represented there; St. John's proposes to equal and perhaps exceed its record of six in attendance at last year's session. Everywhere there was abundant evidence of the tender regard and deep appreciation in which Dr. and Mrs Thayer are held. A message steadily increasing in intellectual grasp and vigor through a ministry of thirty-two years has borne its fruit in the lives of the hearers, and made a vital impress on civic affairs. Such a church cannot fail to achieve good results when it turns its attention with new vigor and insight to the matter of the religious training of its children and young people.

A down-town church in a large city assembling a Sunday school of two hundred and ten at nine o'clock on a May morning was the sight that greeted the visitor in St John's Church. The school is admirably organized, each department having a superintendent, who supervises the course of instruction and assists the teachers. Kindergarten and Primary sections meet together in a well-equipped room, Junior and Senior departments are located in the wide gallery that extends around three sides of the church, while a large adult class, taught by the minister, holds its session in the auditorium.

The instruction in this school shows the influence of last year's Institute at Meadville, which the superintendent and heads of departments attended. All the classes in Junior and Senior grades were making notebooks on their course, and the visitor inspected this written work with satisfaction over the results achieved. The books of our Beacon Series are largely used in this school, where both service and instruction are given in English. Opportunity was given to speak both to Primary and Upper schools, and a very small lad from the Kindergarten presented a bunch of roses to the visitor, on behalf of the school. It was a privilege to attend, also, Mr. Eisenlohr's service of worship and sermon, given on this Sunday (as always on two Sundays of each month) in English.

A closer touch with the work of the school was made possible on Monday evening by an address to the sixty teachers and department leaders, followed by a conference which lasted into the pleasant social hour with which the meeting closed. Evidences of Mr Eisenlohr's excellent work during the thirty years of his ministry here abound. The teachers in his school of religion are a faithful group, who avail themselves of every opportunity for preparation for their task. A teacher-training class meets during the Sunday-school hour, and furnishes the supply of new instructors as needed. A strawberry festival is announced for this week, to help secure funds to send representatives to the Meadville Institute. The visitor counts this one of the best-organized and most efficient schools it has been her privilege to visit in any part of the country.

The Associate Secretary turns homeward with regret that the pleasant association with those who are actually doing the work of religious education in the churches visited must end. The hand clasp and cordial greeting are in the past, but not forgotten. The roses fade, but a happy memory lingers. Present indications point to a larger attendance at our mid-west Institute than in any of the five preceding sessions; and there is hope that in all the churches of that section, as in those just visited, there will sound, during the next month, the rallying cry, "On to Meadville."

The Young People's Religious Union.

South Worcester Federation.

The spring meeting of the South Worcester Federation was held in Westboro on Sunday, April 26, 1914, but, owing to the hot weather, was not largely attended, only about twenty-five being present. However, enthusiasm was not lacking, and all felt more than repaid for making the effort to attend. The meeting opened at 4.30, Mr. Charles T. Aldrich presiding in the absence of the president, Mr. Elbert Marso. Miss Rebecca Tomlin welcomed the Federation in behalf of the Westboro young people. An invitation was extended by the Guild of à Kempis of Hopedale to meet with it in October, and this invitation was accepted. Rev. Herman F. Lion of Berlin was the speaker of the afternoon, his subject being "Ideals." At the evening session Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs of Marlboro gave an inspiring and enthusiastic address on "The Work of the Young People's Religious Union." The meeting adjourned at 7.45 o'clock.

MAY A. LELAND,
Secretary.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Cambridge Association of Ministers will meet at Carlisle, Monday, June 1, Granville Pierce, host. Luncheon at 1.30. Subject of paper, "The God above All the Gods." Take train from North Station at 11.30 to Bedford. Trolley from Harvard Square to Bedford. Barge to Carlisle from Bedford depot at 12.12.

Walter Albert Smith, of this year's graduating class of the Meadville Theological School, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the Western States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted May 18, 1914. Ernest C. Smith, F. S. C. Wicks, W. M. Backus, Fellowship Committee for Western States.

The regular spring meeting of the Worcester Conference will be held June 3–4, with the Hopedale Unitarian Parish. Rev. Frank A. Powell of Manchester, N H., will preach the conference sermon, Wednesday evening. Besides the business meetings of Thursday, four fifteen-minute addresses on "Our Local Missionary Work" will be given by Rev. Robert F. Leavens, Rev. S. C. Beane, Jr., Rev. Charles F. Bodwell, and Rev. A. S. Garver. At the Alliance meeting Thursday afternoon addresses will be made by Mrs. George T. Rice of Westwood and Mrs. George Root of Winchester.

The fifty-first annual session of the Maine Conference will be held in the Unitarian church of Augusta, Me., Rev. Paul S. Phalen, minister, June 9-10. On Tuesday evening, Hon. William P. Whitehouse will deliver the president's annual address, after a religious service led by Rev. Robert P. Doremus, and an address of welcome by Hon. Leslie C. Cornish. Wednesday there will be business sessions, an Alliance meeting with address

POINT BREEZE.

Inn and bungalows, located on an island off the coast. The woods, fields, and rocky shores, the pure sea air scented with the odor of evergreen trees, make an attractive place. Quiet and homelike. Accommodates sixty. Booklet. Address, J. H. Ambrose, Medomak, Me.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT,
SECRETARY, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 370 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

by the president, Miss Bancroft, and a communion service in charge of Rev. D. M. Wilson. At three o'clock Rev. Alva R. Scott will speak on "Our Unitarian Opportunity in Present-day Religion," with discussion opened by Rev. L. G. Wilson. In the evening, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham will preach the conference sermon.

The Norfolk Conference will meet with the First Parish in Dedham, Rev. William H. Parker, minister, on Wednesday, June 10, 1914. Mr. Warren F. Spaulding, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association, will give an address on "The Treatment of Crime: What it was, is, and should be," and Mr. Meyer Bloomfield, director of the Vocation Bureau, Boston, an address on "The Immigrant and Some of his Problems." Devotional service will be led by Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson. In the afternoon, after an organ recital and business meeting, Prof. Daniel Evans, D.D., of the Andover Theological Seminary, Rev. Walter Calley, D.D., of the First Baptist Church, Jamaica Plain, and Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D., will discuss the question, "What does the world most need to keep it in the path of true progress?" Louis C. Dethlefs, Secretary.

Meetings.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEAGUE.—The annual meeting was held in the Germantown church on Thursday, May 21, 1914, at 11 A.M. The following officers were elected: president, Mrs. Henry E. Hayward, Jr.; vice-presidents, Mrs. Chas. E. St. John, Mrs. Oscar B. Hawes, Mrs. Kenneth E. Evans, Mrs. Wm. H. Gilbert, Mrs. Frederick A. Hinckley; recording secretary, Miss Hannah Holcomb; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Jonathan T. Rover; treasurer, Miss Eleanora Zwissler.

Churches.

ARLINGTON, MASS.—First Congregational Parish, Rev. Frederic Gill: During the present season the regular morning congregations have been large, the increased attendance of men being especially noticeable. From January to March the minister gave a course of sermons upon "The Presence of God in Human Life," the specific topics being: The Presence of God in Business; The Presence of God in Art; The Manifestation of God in the Advance of Intellectual Freedom and Enlightenment; God in History; The Revelation of God in Great Men, and especially in Jesus; The Revelation of God in Personal Experience; The Divine Element in Great Literature, and especially in the Bible. The vigorous Alliance of this parish has been actively engaged in good work throughout the winter, and a fair, held on December 10, was most successful. The Sunday-school, also, is flourishing and prosperous. At the annual parish meeting in March it was voted to join the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches of Boston. The work of beautifying the exterior of the building and the parish grounds, upon which much was done last summer, is being continued this spring.

NEWPORT, R.I.—Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones: The memorial service for those who died at Vera Cruz, which is being arranged by Rear Admiral Knight, Capt. Welles, and other officers of the Naval Training Station, with the assistance of the secretaries of the Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Association, will be held at the United Congregational Church, Sunday afternoon, May 31. The entire body of the church will be reserved for officers, and enlisted men, and the clergy of the city. The galleries will be open to the public. It is expected that six companies of apprentice seamen from the Training Station and a large number of soldiers from the forts will be present. Capt. Welles will read the roll-call of the dead. There will be appropriate music, and representative ministers of Newport will take part in the service. Rev. William Safford Jones will deliver the address.

NEW YORK, N.Y. (New Brighton).—Church of the Redeemer, Rev. G. C. Cressey, D.D.: An informal meeting to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Cressey to the church and community was held in the parish house on the evening of May 11. There was an excellent attendance, in spite of most inclement weather. Informal addresses were made by Rabbi S. H. Wise of the Free Synagogue, Canon Harrower of the Episcopal Church, S. I., Mr. C. H. Ingalls and Justice Lester W. Clark of the church, and Dr. Cressey. All the exercises of the evening were greatly enjoyed and appreciated, and a very pleasant social hour followed. To the regret of all, Rev. M. St. C. Wright, D.D., was unable to be present and speak, as had been arranged.

Better Toll Rates

New telephone toll regulations provide that unless you talk to the person asked for there will be NO CHARGE FOR THE TOLL CALL.

Formerly a reduced rate was charged when the number called was reached, even though the person asked for was absent or not ready to talk.

Why not make a call now to some one who would like to hear from you to-day? No talk—no charge.

Wouldn't it be worth the price?

If you don't know the rate, ask the Toll Operator. No charge for a call for rates. If you want the Toll Operator to report to you the actual cost of a completed call, please notify her when you give the order for the call.

A toll call is more satisfactory than a letter or a telegram, and in some instances is more economical, because you get the message and the answer for one price.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

PURE White Mountain COLD

THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT

We are exclusive manufacturers of the famous "Snow White" Refrigerators. In these great Food Preservers the Provision Compartment is made of Solid, Indestructible, Quarried Stone. White as Snow. Attractive booklet and catalogue mailed on request.

DUPLEX CIRCULATION MAINE MFG. CO. REFRIGERATORS NASHUA N.H. GERM PROOF

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"I simply can't express my gratuity," said Mrs. Twickembury.

If you want to forget your troubles, get a pair of tight shoes.—*Des Moines Leader.*

"Fido loves us, doesn't he, mamma?" exclaimed Eleanor, aged three. "In fact, I think he almost likes us."

Mrs. Wunder: "Washington was a versatile man." Mr. Wunder: "He had to be to look like all his pictures."—*Baltimore American.*

"That's our general superintendent—son of the president—he began at the bottom and worked up—started in as an oiler, right after he left college!" "When was that?" "Oh, he graduated last June!"—*Puck.*

Margaret: "How does your friend Mrs. Brown stand on the suffrage question?" Anna: "She's doing picket duty." Margaret: "Doing picket duty—what, for suffrage?" Anna: "Oh, no; she's on the fence."

"I tell you, Pat, my boy," the big man of the town confided, laying a patronizing hand on the young Irishman's shoulder, "I wish I had your tongue." "Sure, sor," grinned Pat, "but it would do yez no good without me brains."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

A bright four-year-old had been told in the kindergarten of the beauty of diamonds. So Margie went to Mrs. Taylor, and asked to be shown hers. A handsome ring was put in her hand, and she studied it intently for a few minutes. Then, looking up earnestly in Mrs. Taylor's face, she asked, "Which is the diamond, the brass or the glass?"

A family circle in Nantucket was once discussing the use of nautical phrases, when the mother said, "Girls, I never use them." "Yes, thee does, Mother." "Well, watch me, and see if I do." Shortly after, she said to one of the children, "There, take this and carry it to Cousin Phœbe, and tell her that this squares the yards with us; and thee must scud, for it is almost school-time."

A few days before a certain minister left New York to take a new parish, one of the neighbors said to his little boy, "So your father is going to work in Philadelphia, is he?" The little boy looked up, wondering. "Oh, no," he said, "not work, only preach." This reminds us, contrariwise, of another small boy, who, making a visit, said to his mother, "Just think, Uncle Parker doesn't work at all on Sunday."

Prof. Zueblin in Chicago once told the following story, to illustrate how Boston people are looked on in the West. In San Francisco a gentleman gave a boy a nickel for a shine. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the bootblack, handing back the coin; "the price is ten cents." "What!" exclaimed the gentleman. "We pay only five cents in Boston." "Oh, be you from Boston?" came the quick reply. "Then consider yourself my guest."

Sir Morell Mackenzie at an "at home" chanced to converse with a celebrated authoress, who introduced herself with these words: "I am John Strange Winter." Sir Morell did not read novels, and gazed at her wonderingly. She added, "'Bootles' Baby,' you know." "Yes, yes, of course," he answered soothingly. He afterward remarked to his hostess that the poor lady was very mad, indeed. First, she had told him that she was a man; then, that she was somebody's baby.—*Selected.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. R. Stephenson, Mfr., 10 Parrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry P. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

JUN 6 1914

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 23 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 529
Anniversary Week 530
The Commission on the Unitarian Name 531
Our Philistines and the Ark 532

CURRENT TOPICS 532

BREVITIES 533

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
A Distinction without a Difference: The Service Pension; The Unitarian Name 534
A New Name for Our Denomination 535

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Our Brothers the Trees, II., by Ellen Burns Sherman . 535
My Cossack; Religion and Gothic 537
The Gospel of Beauty and the Simple Life, by James G. Townsend, D.D.; Social Ideals 542
Rev. Charles Frederick Nicholson; The New England Unitarian Fellowship Committee; A Minister Wanted 548
Executive Board of the Alliance 549
Acknowledgments 551

SPIRITUAL LIFE 537

THE ANNIVERSARIES.
American Unitarian Association 537
Unitarian Sunday School Society 540
The Alliance; Sunday School Society 546
The Western Conference 547
Lend-a-Hand Society 548

LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines 543

THE HOME.
Bessie's Wonder-morning, by Mary Howell Wilson; A Story and a Talk 544
Polly-Pillow 545

POETRY.
Divine Equality 535
The Brown Bird in the Old Pear-tree, by Elizabeth West Parker 544
Fairies' Muffs 545

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Officers and Directors 549

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 550

PLEASANTRIES 552

Editorial.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK for once was free from the traditional showers, although intense heat for two days caused some discomfort to people who were warmly clad. Meteorological conditions, however, passed almost unnoticed. Many more meetings than any delegates could attend were held in various parts of Boston and were attended by unusual numbers of interested men and women. The reports made by the various societies were cheerful, and no occasion was marred by any outbreak of recalcitrant ministers or laymen. Criticism might most fairly be lodged perhaps against the haphazard methods which have prevented the resources used for ministerial relief being administered by one executive body. This is a blunder which ought soon to be corrected. We have passed happily away from the region of storm and stress which formerly made it certain, if not necessary, that attacks made upon the Unitarian name and doctrine should be repelled with spirit. We have conquered a place in the religious world which we shall hold against all comers. Particularly notable was the address at the Berry Street Conference by Mr. Sullivan, formerly a Paulist Father. It was marked by philosophical acumen, perfect candor, and an absence of all rancor. Mr. Sullivan is a great addition to our ministry, and it must be said to the credit of the Catholic Church that he received from it the training which makes him a spiritual leader of rare insight and persuasiveness.

As the time approaches for school endings, all the familiar considerations appropriate to the season come to mind. Nothing new can be said. Yet there is one fact always new,—the generation to which the thoughts and feelings repeated time out of mind are fresh and new. The stream of life prevents time from getting old. The hackneyed and commonplace lessons are redeemed, and recovered from triteness, with the lives in which they are pertinent and glistening. What gives the actor power to repeat lines the thousandth time so as to sound to the audience as though they were said for the first time? The intrinsic quality of the lines, and his training as an actor? Only partly. The main element in keeping repetition fresh is the supposition that many hearers hear things for the first time, and the probable fact that to most of the audience they are new. The art of life is not in finding novelty, but in realizing that fact in life which makes novelty unnecessary. The elementary things, the

Digitized by Google

sameness of them, but also the changed relations into which they come and their power to change things, should never be lost sight of. The preacher has but few themes, and they the most familiar. He soon exhausts the possibilities of novelty. Then comes the real test of his art. If he deserts his field in the search for unused themes, he runs risks of cheapness, and loses rich chances of helpfulness, for the challenge of his task is to prevent old things from becoming old, to relate the few eternal truths to the ever new and questioning demands of lives that have never before existed.

Some one has called the attention of educators to the danger of too much experimenting with new methods of instruction, because if an experiment proves a failure the pupils of the public schools have no remedy. They have to carry through life the effect of the experiment. The educator can try again, but the children cannot. We can see already persons going through life mentally maimed because they have undergone the educational vivisection of pedagogic reformers. Material for experiment in this field is too expensive and precious for use. Inability to spell, or to write legibly, or to read aloud easily and pleasingly, have already followed certain methods of instruction specially directed toward proficiency in these directions. The testing of theories ought to be very carefully pursued in the light of this fact, that failure fatalizes itself in the life of the victim. Reforms that may sacrifice a generation in their demonstration, entail too grave risk. Experiment should be conducted on a small scale, and over a short period, in order that developed disadvantage may quickly be compensated. An educated man with well-marked signs of illiteracy is a not infrequent product of much lauded novelties in education. "Too late" is written on the discovery of the cause. Fads in education are the most dangerous of all fads. They make us long for the old-fashioned thoroughness and the old-fashioned concentrations.

Sentences from a *Hibbert Journal* article by John Jay Chapman ring with far-sounding tones that rouse the best spirit in a time reckless and indifferent to it. Written for delivery to an Ethical Culture Society, it has these significant declarations: "Pure Ethics has a weak voice, it is true, and has said little of importance to humanity or about humanity; but she has a strong hand and has done much for humanity. She sometimes saves the fragments where theologies clash and hope to destroy one another. But let me tell you my belief. Without theology she would perish, for Ethics is a feeble plant, hardly self-perpetuating. Ethics must draw constant life from religion—and ever new life from religion, or it becomes a husk, and humanity discards it. . . . There has recently been an age of agnosticism: it is closing. An age of faith is in progress. The Desert of Agnosticism has been crossed; and some of those leaders who helped multitudes to pass across it, were destined not to enter the promised land themselves. . . . The New Testament is a thesaurus of sacred wisdom compared to which there is no book or monument that deserves to be named. It is a personal record, and contains things, one might say, almost too personal to be published. Of this nature is its importance, and from this source—neither from Church nor from commentator—flows its power." Such a vindication of religion in the face of one of its subtlest perils, the peril of unconscious and inequitable substitution, and by one of so keen and independent a temper, is of great value. Ethics sits at the tables of religion and draws its sustenance therefrom. But when it pretends to self-sustaining permanence and sufficiency, it discovers its limitation. It cannot set up for itself and at the same time be like those who were called parasites by the Greeks because they sat at other tables than their own.

Anniversary Week.

It is rather an uncertain business to institute comparisons between the set of meetings held in Boston last week and those of preceding years. Much may depend upon the mood of the observer who thus compares, and, in any case, unless one has made a recent study of the literature which such occasions in the past have left, his remembrance of them is apt to be somewhat vague. And yet one can be rather sure of his impression of such a series of meetings, or of that part of them which frail nature has sufficed to enable him to attend, as contrasted with the impression made upon him in other days.

One who remembers, more or less, a good many of these occasions is here quite willing to testify that he recalls none where the various addresses given seemed to rise, on the whole, to a higher average level, or where a better spirit more unbrokenly prevailed. This is said not by way of empty compliment or formal self-congratulation, but out of a deep conviction that the present representatives of what is called Unitarianism show themselves at such times quite the equal, as a body, of any set of men or women in whose hands the fortunes of that movement have hitherto rested. Whatever discouragements there may be and though the giants of former days may be no more among us, everybody can be assured that the gospel as we understand it is now being proclaimed with quite as much earnestness, intelligence, and constructive skill as ever before.

Where there has been so much that was good, it is difficult to select anything for special mention. The morning meeting of the Unitarian Association was made noteworthy by the presence and address of Dr. Ambrose Vernon. It is by no means an unheard-of thing for a representative of the right wing of Congregationalism to sit in council with us of the left. But we are glad to have that happen frequently, and note with pleasure Dr. Vernon's appearance upon the programme. His theme was the tendency of the two divisions into which the Congregational body once broke apart now to approach each other again, although, disclaiming any right to speak of changes in Unitarian thought, he limited himself to some illustration of changes on the so-called orthodox side which indicate a considerable movement in our direction. It was perhaps the first time that the Kansas City confession of faith has been expounded among us. But we are disposed to predict that a good deal more will be heard of that remarkable document in days to come.

Another matter of somewhat special and peculiar interest was the statement in Secretary Wilson's report of the difficulties attending the name by which our churches have come to be known, and his recommendation that some earnest effort be made so to amend or supplement that designation as to remove a needless hindrance from our path. This recommendation is worth attention. While we confess ourselves somewhat sceptical as to the possibility of doing much more than to make an ill-fitting name increasingly significant of much which it was never intended to convey, we may nevertheless welcome a discussion which will at least disclose our unwillingness to be known abroad simply as the champion of a certain theological dogma, or as the opponents of a certain other intellectual belief. Our position in that matter is so much incidental and by the way, that it comes to us generally with a shock of un-

pleasant surprise when we find ourselves thus docked and labelled in the minds of other people. It is not impossible that a study of the problem might reveal some way of getting ourselves more adequately described for the benefit of people who do not know us. The very fact that we were engaged in such a study would signalize our unwillingness to be known as a sect of dogmatists.

Many of our people, no doubt, would be alarmed to think that there was risk of having to give up a name which had become endeared to them, and in bearing which those whom they honor have suffered unjust reproach. Such people need not become greatly excited. If we do not get on faster with this project than have the Episcopalians in an attempt to change their name, it will be some time before the situation becomes acute. Meantime, it is worth remarking that practically none of our older churches have the word Unitarian as part of their corporate name. That word is often added, and generally in brackets, as an indication of the fellowship to which they now belong. If newer churches of our planting could be induced to follow that example, it might be a step in the right direction. We need somehow to make it plain that the meaning which the world often ascribes to our denominational name is far too narrow to cover our essential aims and purposes.

The Commission on the Unitarian Name.

It is to be hoped that the words of Secretary Wilson in regard to the Unitarian name, may not be considered as the reopening of an old controversy. Nothing can be more futile than a debate about words and names. The experience of our churches both in England and in this country is full of warning.

The whole significance of Mr. Wilson's report and of the action of the American Unitarian Association lies in the fact that at a time when no controversial zeal has been aroused it is proposed to have a calm and impartial consideration of a matter which at other times has been the occasion of partisan feeling. The purpose of the commission is to clarify our ideas, rather than to force any particular action.

The difficulty with our name is one that has been felt since the time when the dogmatic Unitarianism of Priestley and Belsham gave way to the more spiritual and free faith of Channing and Martineau.

Dr. Channing writes: "I do not speak as a Unitarian but as an independent Christian. I have little or no interest in Unitarians as a *sect*. I have hardly anything to do with them. I can endure no sectarian bonds. With Dr. Priestley, a great and good man who had most to do with producing the late Unitarian movement, I have less sympathy than with most of the orthodox."

Dr. Martineau's objection to the Unitarian name was that it obscured the very thing for which we struggled. "All Protestant controversies turn upon questions of *doctrine*, all Protestant sects are marked off by some peculiarity of creed." This was, he said, the characteristic of sect-life as contrasted with church-life. A name which was descriptive of a particular doctrine, like Trinitarian or Unitarian, tended to make the sectarian temper of mind permanent.

Dr. Martineau believed that the time was coming when a great comprehensive liberal church might be formed out of elements now existing, but dissevered. He believed that these elements could not be gathered together under a name which was descriptive of a theological controversy in which they have little interest.

"They do not like our narrow theological position, the doctrine we put forth as chief is to them but secondary. Their minds are engaged on other and more comprehensive questions, their eye is on the future, while we are clinging to the past. I am persuaded that if the natural sympathies of the present age are to have their way, and the thoughtful earnest-minded Christians of our own and other countries are to be brought into any mutual understanding it must be through other agencies than the word Unitarian, and that which it represents. Depend upon it, it no longer answers to the real, essential, living groupings of our times."

It must be confessed that Dr. Martineau's efforts to introduce a better name failed. It is to be hoped, also, that the word "Unitarian" has come to have wider meanings, and that it has become more adequate, by its more modern use. Still we are conscious of a difficulty when we turn to the latest edition of the Century Dictionary and read: "Unitarian; one who maintains the unipersonality of the Deity; one who denies the doctrine of the Trinity; specifically, a member of a Christian body founded upon the doctrine of unipersonality."

That is the definition which we have been trying to live down. It is one of the little ironies of life that a body of people who are so earnestly contending for an undogmatic organization of religion should be supposed to be founded on a metaphysical doctrine. The word "Trinitarian" is no longer used to designate a religious body. We are supposed to be particularly devoted to anti-Trinitarianism.

Experience has shown that controversies over names are futile. But a judicial and statesmanlike consideration of the whole matter may have good results. The important thing is not what we should call the few churches already affiliated with us, but how shall we come to a better understanding with the great company of liberal-minded people who are, as we are accustomed to say, "with us in everything but name." We should like to have a clearer conception of "the real, essential, living groupings of our times." If we are to retain the Unitarian name we may, at least, be shown a way to clear it of its ambiguity. We want the world to know that our aim is to be not a sect, but a Church of the Free Spirit.

The commission is simply the dove that is to be sent out from our Unitarian ark to see if the waters of sectarianism are "abated from off the face of the ground." The ark has proved a staunch little vessel and we have become attached to it, in spite of the close quarters. Even if our dove should return with an olive leaf in its mouth, we shall do nothing hastily. We shall follow the example of Noah and his family, who "stayed yet seven other days." We do not intend to leave the ark till it is good walking.

Our Philistines and the Ark.

The stiffening of standards in so many parts of modern life, and the sense of the importance of having standards, is accompanied by a curious revolt against standards, as a sort of tyranny and interference with personal liberty. When the need is emphatic, we rally to our standards; but when the need is not distinct, or is modified by desires, the cry of danger is disregarded or ridiculed. Those who raise the cry are called old fogies. They are not considered old fogies when the public peace is invaded, or when disease threatens, or crime runs riot. Law and order are comfortable enough then, and no one is insensible to the influence of a flag and its defenders in time of emergency. But in the ordinary course of life there is a good deal of anarchy unconsciously entertained. It shows itself in impatience with natural conventionalities because they are conventional, without regard to whether they serve a useful purpose and are natural;

Digitized by Google

in the parade of caprice by fashion; in the unbridled range of reading by those most needing guidance and care; in the effrontery of purveyors of amusement, and the shamelessness of those who openly patronize their lubricity; in the decline of manners and in sprightliness tainted with flippancy; in the freedoms indistinguishable from license; and in the glaring immodesties of behavior, of speech, of dress; and conspicuously in the readiness with which the most considerate protest is met with the charge of impertinence, prudery, and misrepresentation.

This seems to be considered by a section of the present generation as the age of their own way. Their internal revolution against a great many standards because some standards change, is a feature of the times. The aim of religion is to plant certain standards beyond the reach of change. If these standards are too specific in name, they are opposed. If they are broad enough to escape identification and application, they are useless.

The problem of a church is to get the central standards of life respected, more than to carry any particular tenet to men, more even than to convert them. The Philistines are ever upon us. The ark of God is no ancient superstition. When the central fidelities symbolized by any standard are endangered, it is no narrow attachment which impels us to rally to its defence. The color-bearer is the centre of the battle. Troops rally around him; even officers are subordinate to that high authority. The man who carries the flag is the central fact of the struggle.

We assert our loyalty to standards in the face of the charge that is made that we are weakening the bulwarks and defences of life in recognizing the weakness of untenable theological and religious positions. We admit the good faith of many who deem our rejections inimical to general welfare. There are high-minded people who are firmly convinced that a belief in hell is inseparable from moral imperatives, and that rejecting that belief opens the doors to ethical laxity. There are honest people who truly think that there is no hope for forgiveness for their sins unless the death of Jesus is accepted as payment to justice on their behalf, and, therefore, who must hold us lacking in a sense of the seriousness of human peril, and guilty of contributory negligence in denying the whole sacrificial scheme. We know that our endorsement of an unhampered study of the Bible, and unreserved acceptance of the agreed results of competent investigation in this field, seem really to weaken and destroy the authority and influence of the Bible just where its influence is most needed.

No one can remove these impressions, and no persuasion can convince those who hold them that we are guiltless of the complicity they charge. We recognize the futility of acting on the defensive. It is idle to answer our critics in the way laid down by their criticism.

What is the duty of a church like ours in this matter? It is to stay near the real sanctities of life and make our work so clearly positive, and constructive, and definite, and continuous, that there can be no mistake about our purpose. We must not be led aside by attractive chances for correction. The best correction of mistaken ideas about us is more of the work which leaves no opening for misunderstanding. It is to devise new ways of saying old things, so that their pertinence will not escape the hearer. It is to apply the few simple faiths we consider fundamental in Christianity so as to show their adequacy without the faiths which have hitherto been relied on. It is to appreciate the motives of those, even, who do not appreciate ours, and heap up before them, not assertions and arguments, but facts and results. It is to gain the chivalry of the new generation so that they will try to demonstrate the presence of religion in their manners, their appreciations, their interests, and their activities. It is to leave no room for the feeling that religion is separate from the bettering agencies and the reconstructive forces of modern society, and give no occasion for the reproach that these efforts are undertaken in displacement of the interior motives and inspirations which make the root of all endeavor. It is to connect the highest incentives with the lowest place for them, so that no one can fail to see that maintenance of standards is just as necessary for those who feel independent of them as for those who commend them. Without standards any cause languishes and weakens. No matter how confident and self-supporting it is, to the comparison it must come between its ideals and aims and those which time and reason prove necessary and supreme. It is told us that, when the ark was recaptured from the Philistines, the men toiling in the wheat-fields looked up and saw it carried by, and rejoiced to see it. None have more reason to welcome the reassertion of immutable principles of purity, of integrity, of kindness, and of reverence, than laborers in every field, and specially in the fields of humble and unrequited toil. No greater service can be performed in the common life than the defeat of our Philistines, and the carrying of our standards of the love of God and man where they will be safe from accident, and universal in authority.

Current Topics.

The negotiations at Niagara Falls, Ont., to bring about a peaceful settlement of the Mexican problem had reached such a stage at the beginning of the week, that it was confidently hoped by the representatives of the mediating powers that a peace protocol would be in tangible form, ready for definite acceptance by the United States and Mexico, before the end of another week. The injection into the situation, at the last moment, of the Constitutionalist faction with a request that the representatives of Venustiano Carranza, the chief of the rebels, be admitted to direct participation in the discussions of the delegates, introduced an element which was not expected by the envoys of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, but it was confidently believed on every side that an agreement would be reached on this point. The protocol in process of framing, it was understood, would contain general recommendation for the settlement, not only of the issues involving the United States and Mexico, but also of the problem of the internal pacification of Mexico.

Public opinion in Canada has been greatly agitated as a result of the sinking, in the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence River, of the steamship Empress of Ireland, of the Canadian Pacific Line, with the loss of more than nine hundred lives, on May 29. The catastrophe was caused by the collision of the Empress of Ireland with the Danish collier Storstad in a heavy fog. The commanders of the two vessels mutually placed the blame for the disaster upon one another. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, former premier of Canada, in a public statement on the day after the terrible mishap, made a public demand upon the government for a thorough investigation into the circumstances which had brought about the destruction of the liner and previous marine tragedies in the St. Lawrence. The vessel, with a great hole amidships, went to the bottom in so short a time that practically nothing could be done to remove her passengers to boats. For the percentage of mortality the accident of May 29 was one of the most tragic in the annals of marine disasters.

Digitized by Google

MAY 25, 1914, will descend into the history of Ireland as a great national festival. On that day, amid dramatic scenes in the House of Commons, the bill providing Home Rule for Ireland was passed for the third time, after two previous vetoes by the House of Lords. Under the new parliamentary system curtailing the power of the peers, the bill, upon its passage by a vote of 351 to 274, was no longer subject to negative action by the upper chamber, and its enactment into law by the appending of the signature of the king became a certainty because of the sovereign's well-understood intention to approve the legislation. An unexpected feature of the final phases of the hotly contested bill was the failure of Ulster to carry out the belligerent purposes which had been credited to its leaders. Although the government at London had taken comprehensive measures to prevent an outbreak of disorder at Belfast, no occasion arose for the employment of even a show of force, and the Irish leaders began to hope that the new order of things would be put in effect without a serious breach of the peace.

A NOTABLE interparliamentary conference opened in Basel, Switzerland, last week. The gathering consisted of about one-third of the membership of the French and German parliaments. The presiding officer in behalf of the French deputies was Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, whose services in behalf of international peace have made him a figure of world-wide significance. In its preliminary statement, outlining the purposes of the discussions, the conference frankly recognized the difficulties of the problem which it had undertaken to solve, but pledged itself to "assist in the immense effort of education toward reciprocal good-will necessary in this task, which is not beyond the genius of the two peoples." Each group appointed members to a permanent committee, which will devote itself to the promotion of friendship between Germany and France by actively counteracting misleading comments and press information disseminated for hostile ends in either country.

IT is to be doubted whether the activities of the conference at Basel had the authority of official sanction either in Paris or Berlin. Responsible statesmen in Germany, as in France, keenly realize the danger presented by a perpetuation of the heritage of rancor which was created and handed down to posterity by the war of 1870. Nevertheless, in governing circles in Berlin, as in Paris, the dominant formula is a continuance of preparations, on the one hand to maintain the *status quo*, and on the other to bring about the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France. In the face of this apparently immutable theory of statecraft, the Franco-German branch of the Inter-Parliamentary Union will maintain an organized pacifist campaign, in the hope of being able to eradicate from the national consciousness of the future the bitterness which is now its salient note. The programme is an interesting one, and will be watched with hopeful sympathy by friends of peace throughout the world.

IF only by force can the situation in Albania be regulated, then Italy stands ready to supply that force, in co-operation with Austria-Hungary. Such is the tenor of the official statement on the Albanian problem made in the Italian chamber of deputies by the Marquis di San Giuliano, the minister of foreign affairs, on May 26, a few days after Prince William of Wied had taken refuge on an Italian warship in the roadstead of Durazzo, and had returned to his capital. menaced by an insurgent army. In his definition of the attitude of the government toward the Albanian problem, the minister took pains to emphasize what appears to be a fact, that Italy is acting in thorough accord with Austria for the restoration of order in Albania and for the perpetuation of the *régime* which the protecting powers established at Durazzo and for the maintenance of which they are collectively responsible. The marquis, however, in his explanation to the chamber, failed to mention the activities of the other powers—Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany—in the pending crisis, and the omission was significant.

THE house-cleaning to which the new Okuma cabinet is pledged is being carried on with energy in Japan. The latest naval corruptionist to be sentenced is Vice-Admiral Matsumoto, who on May 29 was sent to prison for three years after having been convicted of accepting bribes in connection with naval contracts. A captain was also sentenced to one year's imprisonment for a similar offence. It is the intention of the Okuma ministry to purge the Japanese navy completely of the men whose misdeeds caused the scandal that brought about the fall of the previous administration and besmirched Japan before the world. There are several more officers whose official conduct was brought under suspicion by the revelations made in Berlin at the beginning of the year, and an aroused public sentiment in Japan will keep the agitation alive until full justice has been meted out.

Brevities.

Everywhere and at all times the attitude of dogmatism tends to restrict and deaden the intellectual and moral life. Its constant behest is, "Think as I think, do as I do."

The voluntary prayer of a religious service should be its most uplifting and inspiring feature. It should come forth from the head and the heart, "the soliloquy of a jubilant soul."

Plato wrote of the supreme importance of a good start in the early education of the child, calling it "the most important stage towards the happy consummation of the excellence of which its nature is capable."

Some one has said that "if we knew more, we should sin less; if we knew all, we should not sin at all." To this should be added the words of a French writer, who said that "if we knew all, we should forgive all."

The philosopher Bergson is happy in his illustrations of inner truths. For instance, who cannot see the aptness of his judgment when he says, "What we call objects are mere snap-shots of a reality which is in continual flow"?

Saint Paul's psychology may not be acceptable to the modern student of the moral life, but were not his facts irrefutably correct when he candidly confessed, "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that do I"?

Slowly but surely the food consumed by the people of this country is becoming purer and better. Manufacturers, it is said, are giving more care and attention to the purity of the raw material and its methods of preparation than ever before. Let the good work continue.

There is a common uncertainty as to what matters are covered by the phrase "vital statistics." A New York expert says in explanation that vital statistics may be defined as "the numerical registration and tabulation of population, marriages, births, diseases, and

Digitized by Google

deaths, coupled with analyses of the resulting numerical phenomena, with the end in view of 'searchlighting' the path to sanitary progress."

Statistics are valuable data when intelligently and honestly used, but able to work great harm in the hands of ignorant and irresponsible persons, who frequently use them to prove the things we all know are not so. Carroll D. Wright used to say, "Figures will not lie, but liars will figure."

The exaltation of reason as the supremely great factor in human life is losing its former exaggerated importance. Man is more than a simple rational being. John Burroughs writes, "Man lives in his emotions, his hopes and fears, his loves and sympathies, his predilections and affinities, more than in his reason."

Disappointed egotism is the cause of much of the dissatisfaction with life which many people profess. Narrow desires and childish wants are sure to lead to a rude reawakening. Some one has said, "No prison-door is so strongly barred and bolted as that of the petty, ordinary, undeveloped, unemancipated self."

Men can no more think alike than they can look alike. What a strange and insipid and uninspiring world this would be, were there not sharp differences, opposing opinions, and great mental disparities among men! Orthodoxies and heterodoxies are simply the inevitable results of diverse intellectual vision.

The hearer who goes to a religious service mainly to criticise the service, and especially the sermon, has placed himself in a mood or position which inevitably shuts him off from receiving much benefit or inspiration. If one will but listen in a receptive spirit, he may carry away a good thought, a searching question, or a hymn or song for his own personal need.

Is not a well-ventilated church auditorium a necessary prerequisite to good preaching and profitable hearing? Sleeping in church might be greatly reduced, if not entirely done away, by supplying plenty of fresh air. A good woman, constant in church attendance, once said that she would be truly happy if she could ever feel as sleepy at home as she did every Sunday in church. In her case a new janitor cured the trouble.

Letters to the Editor.

A Distinction without a Difference: the Service Pension.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

At the annual meeting of the Unitarian Association certain speakers gave the impression that the Service Pension Fund differs in character from other funds, like that of the Society for Ministerial Relief. It is only fair to guard against such a misapprehension. So far as contributions are constantly asked in behalf of the Pension Society, this is obviously "charity" in the same noble sense of the word which prompted the establishment of the other funds. The givers to the Pension Fund, often persons of modest means themselves, surely would not give their money in order to add to the income of the considerable proportion of our ministers whose old age, through good fortune or the generosity of their churches, is already comfortably provided for. They give to express their sympathy with actual needs, precisely as kindly members of our churches have given out of their surplus for the other funds. As no minister already comfortably cared for would wish to accept the aid of the ministerial relief, thus subtracting from the amount to be divided among those who need it, so a minister would be shy of receiving an unnecessary gratuity, raised by benevolence, under the name of a pension. Neither does a minister like to ask for gifts to a pension fund for his class, while every church is full of people who have no pensions.

Personally, I should prefer to receive assistance from the older society, which represents the endowments of the past, or of men and women of ample means, than to depend upon the income of funds gathered from the gifts of present-day congregations. In any case, if a man's service has been honorable and his need is therefore honorable, no kind of provision made for his old age, whether by the "charity," that is, sympathy and friendliness of his neighbors, or by the more remote kindliness of a past generation, or by the good will of the public,—the town or city,—can hurt his honor or lessen the respect which we all feel for him. Is not the true-hearted old man, who is supported by a charitable fund, as worthy as the same quality of man who happens to have enjoyed all his life the generous salary of a well-to-do congregation? Perhaps we all need to disabuse our minds of some queer prejudices about names, and see the realities behind the names! Was there ever a time when in the eyes of religion the mere need or lack of money could be thought a shame to a man?

May I add that the time has come when the Society for Ministerial Relief would like very much to provide for the increasing number of candidates for its assistance. The Society has been able to give in many cases to the amount of five hundred dollars a year. I believe that no list of names of ministers anywhere includes better men, or men of more useful service, than those which this Society has been able to serve. If I had money to give for any fund, I am bound to say, with all respect to the Pension Society, that I had rather give my money to the Society for Ministerial Relief, for in the one case the money is supposed to go equally to those who need and those who have no need, while in the other case the money goes wholly to meet needs. We all love, if we can, to relieve needs, and the more honorable they are, the better we like to try to meet them, whereas the world is too full of all kinds of needs to allow us to take any interest in adding gratuities to people who may be as well off as we are. Of course I say this only with respect to the benevolent or "charitable" side of the plan of the Pension Society. The "pension" side, necessarily very slight in the case of a few hundred ministers, is purely a matter of business, and to be judged accordingly. The question that I wish to bring to the front is, How can we most economically and effectively meet the needs of good and useful men, who, for various obvious reasons, have no adequate provision for their support in the time of old age?

C. F. D.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Unitarian Name.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The suggestion of the secretary of the Unitarian Association that the name "Unitarian" is inadequate and therefore misleading, seems to have struck the newspapers as remarkable. It would not have seemed remarkable to Channing, Ware, and the other fathers of our faith, a hundred years ago. That was just what they thought and said of the name,—a name not of their choosing, as the secretary said, but which their opponents attached to them as a stigma, as the most offensive term, in that age, that could be applied to men otherwise

Digitized by Google

respectable. The fathers greatly preferred to be known as "Liberal Christians," a title which left the question of the Trinity open, suggested no dogmatic test, and allowed one to put the emphasis upon character, where it is now more generally acknowledged to belong. But obviously "Liberal Christian" was too gracious a title by which to designate a hated little nest of disturbers of the peace of Christendom. In fact, there was some objection to recognizing them as Christians at all.

Secretary Wilson was not the first to protest the inadequacy of a name which suggests so little of that for which we chiefly exist, and the unfitness, for an undogmatic people, of a title whose only implication is dogmatic. There are many names not more dear to some of us than "Unitarian" has come to be, but that would better express what our fellowship has stood for, during a hundred years of history. "Liberal Christian" would be less distinctive than it was when our fathers fondly assumed it. There are those who remember that Dr. Hedge, recalling the honorable history of our fellowship in all philanthropies, used to say "Humanitarian" would have been a more adequate name for us than "Unitarian"; but all churches are humanitarian to-day, and the name would not be distinctive.

I believe Dr. Martineau, having come of English Presbyterian ancestry, as indeed most English Unitarian *churches* came, preferred the name "Presbyterian" to that of "Unitarian," and "Presbyterian" has the obvious advantage of not challenging a theological discussion. Neither has "Congregational," to which, in this country, Unitarians are entitled. Many of our churches call themselves "Unitarian Congregational." I have had the happy fortune to serve a church founded nearly a hundred years ago (Bangor, 1818), whose legal title is *Independent Congregational*. We could do very much worse than to adopt as our official title the name *Independent Congregational*. Finally, we have had among us, one might almost say in our ranks, for more than fifty years, "The Free Religious Association." If one wants a name that shall at least say it is not some sort of secular institution, who will suggest a better name for our denomination than "The Free Religious Fellowship"? But from sentiments I hear at home, that I suppose would never do.

S. C. BEACH.

WATERTOWN, MASS.

A New Name for Our Denomination.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The general and hearty acclamation given Tuesday morning to Secretary Lewis G. Wilson's recommendation that our greatest present need for growth was a broader and less theological name than Unitarian, showed that it was given at the psychological moment.

The new name should be not a dogmatic nor intellectual one, but one that announces a warm and broad heart-faith. It should not carry any implication of exclusiveness or theological narrowness. It should express what Dr. Bellows, Channing, and Parker maintained, viz.: that we are a sect only temporarily until the spirit of religious brotherhood breaks down the barricades of sect. I know only one short phrase that expresses all this and is in accordance with our great ideas of divine and human love,—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

This is *Fraternal Religion*. Let our General Conference take as its new name, *The General Conference of Fraternal Religion*.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

YONKERS, N.Y.

Divine Equality.

"Eldest of things, divine Equality!"
Great Shelley sang it in his fervent youth,
And with the poet's vision half divine
Beyond old error saw the shining truth.

He saw the truth, and sang to sons of men,
Not chidingly, because he knew them blind,
Not stern of heart, too noble he for that,
But tenderly, with accents heavenly kind.

Divine Equality—were it but ours,
As balm for all our hurts it might suffice,
Call heaven back unto the wistful world
And make this earth another paradise.

Another paradise where Love should rule
And noble Justice guard the noble state,
And man and woman walk the ways of life
As God ordaineth, equal mate by mate.

Yea, equal mate by mate, God's perfect way—
So as the Poet dreamed, O may it be,
And earth behold as in some golden age
"Eldest of things, divine Equality!"

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES.

Our Brothers the Trees.

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

II.

Trees, then, like men, were not created equal, but, like the stars, differ from each other in glory. They have their distinctly aristocratic, middle, and lower classes. In the first belong the aristocracy of birth—the "oldest families," like the baobabs, the yews, oaks (whom Keats called "those green-robed senators"), limes, cedars, Oriental planes, the sequoias, and Indian fig, or banyan, whose bending twigs take root until it builds itself

> "Into a sylvan temple arched aloof
> With airy aisles and living colonnades."

One of these Indian figs, the Cubeer Burr, on an island in the river Nerbudda will accommodate in its shade seven thousand people, and feed them with its small scarlet figs, and furnish bird-music from a thousand warblers in its branches.

Another distinguished representative of the first families is the maiden-hair tree, or Ginkgo biloba, which traces its ancestry to the primary rocks, and boasts of ancestors which played highly important rôles in Mesozoic times.

Corresponding, also, to our aristocracy of brains is the sylvan aristocracy of grains. For, like men, trees may be grouped according to outward and visible signs or by their inward graces. By the latter classification high rank is accorded to the mahogany, oak, ash, Circassian walnut, ebony, and bird's-eye maple. But birches belong to "the upper middle class," according to the estimate of Mr. H. E. Parkhurst. In distinctly "higher circles" are the beeches, which proclaim their rank by the slender, lance-like shape of their leaf-buds, the simple, classic lines of their thin, silky leaves, and the unadorned beauty of their trunks, limbs, and twigs in winter. There are trees which depend upon their leafage for most of their charm, as Mark Twain tells us some women depend upon their clothes for most of theirs. But the beech can be naked and not ashamed. Moreover, was it not long ago admitted to patrician circles by the Roman orator Passienus Crispus, who poured wine on its roots?

If any tree belongs to the lower middle class, or plebeian rank, it should be the dwarf juniper—and yet, much might be said in praise of that ground-loving tree. Thus are we confronted by the world-old problem of those who

Digitized by Google

see a great brotherhood, but cannot and would not escape the difference 'twixt man and man. Neither would one escape the difference 'twixt tree and tree, to find the boredom of monotony.

Like the Alps, the trees of wonderful girth and stature may awe us with their sublimity, but they do not draw us with love as may some lesser tree. We need both emotions, though not for the same length of time. The trees we love are those that will come and live with us, stretch their arms protectingly over our homes, and silently weave themselves into the tenderest associations of our lives. A home without trees around it is like a literature without poetry in it. Even a very humble house nestled among trees warms the cockles of the heart as a treeless mansion cannot. The old roof-tree becomes a member of the family and, like the rest of the family, is carefully cherished and watched over whenever its health is menaced by storms, moths, beetles, or any of the ills which trees are heir to.

How deeply such trees may strike their roots into the human heart is known only to those who have lived on intimate terms with some of their sylvan brothers from childhood. Nor can one measure the fine spiritual losses of the man or woman who has missed the individual tuition of single trees or the higher education of a forest. For every tree, in a greater or less degree, is begirt with mystery, and lures the mind beyond the close-cropped circle in which it is too often tethered by the petty interests of life. This influence was felt centuries ago in the East, and finds quaint expression in the Varáka Purana, which promises heavenly bliss to the planter of certain trees. "He never goes to hell," asserts the Purana, "who plants an asyatha, or a pichumarda, or a banian, or ten jessamines, or two pomegranates, or a pachamra, or five mangoes."

One would like to commend this Puranic passage to the attention of the clergy who paint realistic pictures of a fiery fold where lost black sheep are gathered in. If they must hold their congregations in order by painful moving pictures, would it not be ecclesiastical thrift to adopt the suggestion of the Purana and give a promise of lower temperature, at least, to all sinners who would offset their moral liabilities by planting a goodly number of oaks, elms, and pines? This would give a new constructive value to the doctrine of eternal punishment, which would greatly enhance its repute, especially among our true patriots who are fighting for forest conservation.

Even the superstitions of India show that a tree in that country is regarded as something more than its wood-fibred body. According to one tradition, the holes in trees are the doors through which the special spirits of those trees pass, a fancy which finds an interesting duplicate in the German belief that elves pass through the holes of trees, and that certain ailments, especially of hand and foot, may be cured by contact with these holes.

Legends like these, and still more all the tree-begotten groves of poetry, make it clear that the myth-makers and poets need trees and forests as a nesting-place for their fancies quite as much as the birds and squirrels need them for their own dainty dwellings.

Yet with all the rich dream-stuff which may be harvested from the forest or any single tree of it, comparatively little has been reaped for literature thus far, and most of that little has been garnered by the poets of America. This statement is made in serene certainty of the dissent of those who have made no comparative study of the subject and of those who cannot detect literary merit unless it wears a foreign label. The writer, however, is willing to be convinced of error if any one can match, by a foreign author on the same theme, Bryant's "Forest Hymn," Emerson's "Wood Notes," as well as many of his shorter poems on the same subject, Lowell's "Under the Willows," and many of the tree-inspired lines of Lanier's "Sunrise" and the "Marshes of Glynn."

As might be expected, many of Whittier's lines also beat with a pulse strongly accelerated by the forest:—

"Keep who will the city's alleys,
Take the smooth-shorn plain,—
Give to us the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine!
In our Northland wild and woody,
Let us still have part:
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart!

. . . . . .

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fading leaves;
And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night."

Illustrating another phase of the give-and-take which attends a close rapport between man and his sylvan brothers are Lowell's lines from "Under the Willows":—

"Myself was lost,
Gone from me like an ache and what remained
Became a part of the universal joy.
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,
Danced in the leaves."

Undoubtedly, Wordsworth or Shelley might have written a better "Forest Hymn" than Bryant's, had they been as strongly moved by the forest as was the American poet. But the point here made is simply that no forest or tree apparently so moved them, though the ardent tree-lover is moved by everything about a tree. Like an enamoured youth who finds trivial no fact connected with his sweetheart, the tree-lover is responsive to every trait, feature, and habit of his sylvan divinities. The masterful grip of their roots in the soil; their smooth, rough, or deep-fissured bark; the wonderful grains of their wood; their slight or stately figures; the strange ichors in their veins; the lavish bounty of those that give nuts and fruit; the cut and color of their leaves, and their beautiful tracery against the dome of blue; their soothing carpet of shade on the grass, or the swaying shadow on a curtain, made by a leafy branch at the will of the wind,—all these and scores of other charms fugitive and perennial spell the infinite variety by which a tree holds us in thrall.

But most of all, the tree-lover delights in the empire of wildness which it is the province of the kings of the forest to maintain against all the heedless encroachments of civilization. How invaluable this wildness is to the world is little understood by the Philistine, who, if he could, would barber all the forests of their captivating individuality, and leave dear old Nature never so much as a fairy ring where she might let down her hair, and go barefooted.

In a city we may tolerate a park ready for callers, with all its trees shampooed and in full coiffure, and its grass looking as if the last finishing touch had been given with a fine-toothed comb. But never a light-footed fairy or sylvan god shall we find in such a place, nor any muse whose dictation will not sound like a phonograph. The paradox of the situation lies in the fact that the more civilized man becomes, the more he needs and craves a great background of forest wildness, to which he may return like a contrite prodigal from the husks of an artificial life.

Many of us know that indefinable and irremediable ennui which is felt in the society of a man or woman whose mind is intellectually "level and free from stones, half mowing and half tillage," and the latter sometimes

Digitized by Google

intensive, a mind with no wild woodlands or rocky pastures where one might stumble on a bubbling spring of fancy or a briar-rose of sentiment. Precisely the same kind of ennui, on a cosmic scale, we shall feel if our wild woods, and the country which is their vestibule, are little by little abolished.

When men have recognized that the forest is a great standing army, divinely appointed to protect the human race not only from drought, flood, and famine, but from their counterparts in the intellectual and spiritual world, perhaps some of the time and money now spent on battleships and destructive armies will be diverted to the defence of our beautiful defenders, the trees.

My Cossack.

In the Crimean War, among a group of people surrounding a war-bulletin was a young peasant woman, wringing her hands and making her moan over "the fearful battle! the woeful slaughter!"

"My good woman!" expostulated a prosperous elderly citizen who had stopped to read, "it's neither a battle nor yet a slaughter; it's just a slight skirmish in which one man—one single, solitary Cossack—was killed."

But the poor woman wept on. "It *is* a dreadful battle and it *is* a woeful slaughter, for that one Cossack was my Cossack." K. H.

Religion and Gothic.

"The peculiarly sacred character" of Gothic architecture is described by a writer in *The Architects' and Builders' Journal* as "quite a late invention," and he says that those who presume to call other methods of building pagan and irreligious have little knowledge of history. "The pointed vault is nothing else but an engineering device to construct a roof with small stones across aisles of varying widths, and it has only the slightest connection with Christianity or any other faith." So far from mediæval churches being more spiritual than those of other periods, they are, the writer insists, more materialistic, their form being dictated not altogether by the desire of artists to create beautiful structures, but by a quite temporary engineering necessity. Thus, he declares, it is against Gothic architecture that the charge of materialism and lack of spirituality must be brought.—*From the London Christian World.*

Spiritual Life.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.—*Bunyan.*

He that is selfish and cuts off his own soul from the universal soul of all rational beings is a kind of voluntary outlaw.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Go through the world and find those who are intrinsically weary,—weary of the purposes, weary of the results, weary of the conditions of life. They are those who have lost their *ideal*, or who never had one.—*Philip H. Wicksteed.*

Health enough to make work a pleasure; wealth enough to support your needs; strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them; grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them; patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished; charity that shall see some good in your neighbor; cheerfulness that shall make others glad; love that shall move you to be useful and helpful; faith that shall make real the things of God; and hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future. It is not doing the things we like to do, but liking the things we have to do that makes life blessed.—*Goethe.*

We all want to do some great thing,—to do what prophets, saints, heroes, and martyrs have done. But the small thing, the commonplace thing, the little trivial duty, the thing that has to be done out of everybody's sight,—in the routine of business, home, or school,—that seems poor work to do for God. But it is what he wants us to do.—*C. J. Perry.*

We must learn to take our faults humbly as proofs of our weakness and use them to increase our trust in God and our mistrust of self. Neither must we be discouraged at our own wretchedness or give way to the thought that we cannot do or bear any special thing. Our duty is, while confessing that of ourselves it is impossible, to remember that God is all-powerful.—*Jean Nicholas Grou.*

The Anniversaries.

American Unitarian Association.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT, SAMUEL A. ELIOT, D.D.

I want to speak very simply about certain distinctive motives and methods in the life and work of these associated churches. The typical facts of your common endeavors have been set before you in the reports and in the addresses to which you have listened. It is the function of the president's address to try to interpret these facts, to gather them into the comprehensive whole, and to indicate their commanding aims. I want, if I can, to lift up these apparently separated efforts where you can see them together and note their motive power, their tendency and purpose.

Is there not always a danger that we shall get too absorbed in the details of our business? Our generation is peculiarly open to the peril of neglecting the forest for the sake of the trees. We are eager to develop power, but do we enough consider the aim? We gather ammunition, but are we always clear about the target? So far as this habit springs from modesty or caution it is praiseworthy, but too often it seems to me it springs from uncertainty, from distraction and bewilderment amid the tumultuous activities of our time, sometimes, perhaps, from mean satisfaction with what is essentially partial and incomplete.

I want, then, if I can, to contribute to our meeting the sense of the whole task to which all the separate happenings are subordinate and contributory. I want you to discover that the varied activities of this Association are all controlled by certain constructive and synthetic ideals—certain ordered intentions. Shall we not for a moment get away from the details that are often fragmentary and incoherent, into some consideration of the principles that are universal and abiding?

I do not want for a moment to seem to depreciate the importance of the administrative duties that absorb so much time and strength in these days of multiplied machinery and organization. We should recognize that such tasks are as much a part of our religious obligations as those that are more commonly associated with the idea of religion. Our forefathers were just as religiously

Digitized by Google

employed when they were steering the Mayflower over the lonely seas or lending a hand at the halyards as when they were listening to preaching. The perplexing task of adjusting our work to our opportunity is an undertaking the spiritual content of which is neither meagre nor insignificant. Your attitude toward such tasks is in no small degree the measure of your spiritual vitality and of your loyalty to truth and righteousness.

Again, in selecting certain principles for emphasis to-day, I do not wish it to be understood that I depreciate any of the other forms of activity that have been described to you and which I shall not have time even to mention. I am going to emphasize not those that are necessarily the more important, but those that seem to me just now peculiarly significant. The Unitarian movement in many aspects of its endeavor is not differentiated from the work of other Christian fellowships. All such societies as ours have their work of publication, their work of church extension, their work among the students of our schools and colleges, their problems of recruiting and supporting the ministry and equipping the churches with the tools of their service. In some of these aspects of religious organization the Unitarians have indeed been pioneers, but in all these departments the great Christian bodies, with their vastly superior numbers and resources, have often outstripped us. We shall continue to do our modest part along these familiar lines, but to-day I want to emphasize certain principles of our work in which we are not repeating the experience of any other religious body, but rather marking the paths along which the main body of the Christian army is sure to follow.

The first of these distinctive elements is in the working out of certain educational ideals in the religious life. The work of your Department of Religious Education is animated by ideals which are in some important respects different from the traditionary habits of the great Christian bodies. We cannot regard a child's religious nurture as complete when he can repeat the Apostles' Creed or answer the questions of a catechism. We do not conceive religion as an intellectual assent to anybody else's authoritative thinking. To us the real aim of religious education is not the imparting of information, but the awakening of life. The end in view is growth in character, in happiness, in usefulness, and in spiritual vitality. We do not depreciate or shirk the duty of concrete instruction. We believe in teaching children in a rational way and in a modern spirit about the sacred literatures of our race. We believe that some acquaintance with so important a part of the history of humanity as that contained in the Old and New Testament ought to be included in the intellectual makeup of all young people. We want our children to know something about the development of Christianity, about the history of their own church and the sacred history of their own land, but most of all we seek those methods of education which lead out into the broad principles of conduct. We want the children to feel the ties of humanity and to have a chance to practise the unselfish virtues. We want them to know something of the beauty of patriotism, of the peculiar honor there is in serving the common good, and of the nobility of faithfulness to private and public trust. That is not a novel idea in religious education, but nowhere has it been emphasized so clearly as in our communion.

We propose, then, in the scheme of religious education which we are studying, to emancipate ourselves altogether from certain habits and traditions that have crippled and still cripple the Christian forces, — the idea that Christian faith is in the acceptance of certain intellectual propositions, and the idea that Christian conduct is obedience to certain moral prohibitions. These two conceptions, neither of which has any support in the teaching of the New Testament, have been the tragedy of Christian history. We have long ago escaped from the interpretation of religion as a creed, and gradually the great Christian bodies are coming to see and to feel the wisdom of our founders in that respect, but all the churches, even sometimes our own, are still handicapped by the notion that righteousness is nothing more than the keeping of certain negative commandments. Now we believe, and we are trying to make that belief practical in the life of our young people, that the strength of religion is not in what it prohibits, but in what it affirms. To us the great commandments are not those which begin "Thou shalt not," but those that begin "Thou shalt." Righteousness does not to us mean limitation; it means emancipation. It does not mean prohibitory rules, but larger freedom. "Goodness is not in keeping out of things, but in getting into things and in transforming them."

The aim of religious education, as we understand it, is to make good men and women after that fashion. It is an aim so simple and obvious that Christendom still finds it more or less incredible. It assumes or infers that there must be about religion something more subtle or abstruse than that—the defence of a creed or the stress of an emotional experience called conversion, or the submission to some mystic rite of initiation. We cannot too often repeat that all religious teaching, all services of worship, all influences of architecture or liturgy, all precept and example, are but the transient means to the permanent end,—the making of good, cheerful, and serviceable men and women.

The second distinctive principle of our associated endeavor is the emphasis that our churches habitually and universally put upon the application of religious idealism to the ethical problems of our day. Again, there is nothing especially novel about that, but nevertheless it is true that nowhere is the test of good works so absolutely applied as in the churches of our fellowship. It is to the everlasting credit of our people that, however much some of our neighbors deplore and denounce the heterodoxy of our opinions, almost invariably the sneers shrink into silence before the quiet integrity and the honorable lives and the public usefulness of the typical Unitarians. More than to any one else it is given us to affirm that the real test of a church nowadays is not its doctrinal accuracy or its sacramental authority, but its practical efficiency. Unitarians are absolutely committed to the principle of showing their faith by their works. They are therefore everywhere engaged in solving the problems of charity and intemperance, of the care of the dependent and delinquent, of the administration of justice and the advancement of peace. They are concerned with the saving of neglected children and in the prevention of poverty and disease. They have discovered that in such service lies the salvation of many a languishing church. They realize that that is the logical carrying out of the New Testament teaching. It is a return to the ideal that was central in the teaching of Jesus Christ, the bringing on earth of the Kingdom of God. Unitarians insist that the social interests of our time must be recognized and utilized and consecrated. They must be made to disclose their deeper significance and brought into vital connection with the religious hopes and aspirations to man.

In this field of service, therefore, the Unitarians occupy a strategic place. On the one hand are the people who remain valiant defenders of the old orthodoxies and who view with the utmost apprehension any effort to bring

Digitized by Google

the churches into touch with the social needs of the twentieth century. At the other extreme are the agitators who loudly disclaim any connection of their work with the impulses of religious faith and hope. We belong to neither of these equally intolerant extremes. We would bind together the first and second commandments. We insist upon the social morality which is rooted in a divine order. We believe that men cannot realize their convictions of truer and juster human relations, that they cannot make actual their social ideals, if they are destitute of the religious assurances and inspirations. The social movements of our time, whether consciously or not, must in our conviction and in our practice find their source and motive in faith and hope and love.

The third distinctive element in our endeavor is our affirmation of certain principles of fellowship which we desire to establish among Christians. For the most part the appeals for Christian unity in these days appear to us to rest upon insecure foundations and upon an inadequate philosophy of human intercourse. They expect or require a certain uniformity of opinion or of organization. The Unitarians, on the other hand, are disposed to emphasize the value of variety. To us the most hopeless condition of religion would be the condition of self-satisfied agreement. We perceive that men cannot think at all without dissent, but we believe that they ought to be able to think seriously and to differ widely without prejudice and without mutual distrust. A Christian unity which means, on the one hand, simply a unity of indifference or aimless good-nature, or, on the other hand, which means an identity of belief or practice, seems to us equally undesirable. All society is made up of co-operative diversities, and the more perfect the society the more widely those who compose it will differ in their habits and tastes and accomplishments. We believe in the value even of antagonisms, and we have no use for churches shorn of all individuality. We believe that if only men would hold their different forms of faith largely enough and vitally enough they would find that they are not walls which separate man from man, but rather avenues through which we can approach one another in sympathy and neighborliness.

We advocate the federation, not the amalgamation, of the Christian forces; we believe in co-operation in good works; but not even for these would we forego our right of private judgment, or our right of testing religious vitality by its truths, or our right to be the unfettered servants of freedom and fraternity. For these causes we must always, if necessary, remain a dissenting minority; but we submit that the fundamental principles of the Unitarians, freedom as the way and character as the test of religion, are the real foundations for unity. The experience of our fellowship justifies our confidence both in the possibility and the efficiency of a bond of union which is not a force, but a sentiment; not a body of opinion, but an attitude of mind and of spirit. Our experience justifies the ideal of unity in and through diversity.

A fourth distinctive element in our work is to be found in our attitude toward non-Christian bodies. Unitarians have never taken any interest in the business called "carrying the gospel to the heathen." We have found overwhelming need for our limited resources in work that lies nearer at hand, and we have not sympathized with the motives that were the propelling force behind the traditional appeals for foreign missions. Our religious convictions have not led us to suppose that the heathen are going to be condemned by a just God for their lack of acquaintance either with the beliefs we ourselves cherish or with what Priestley called "the corruptions of Christianity." We have never discovered that an understanding of the doctrine of the Trinity or an acceptance of the articles of the Westminster Confession is essential to our own or anybody's else salvation. We have not cared to free men from one superstition by inviting them into another superstition. We have not, therefore, had the same motives for foreign missionary work that our orthodox neighbors have possessed.

While thus heretofore indisposed to enter upon this field of service, the Unitarians have never been inclined to indulge in criticism of foreign missions. We have recognized the inestimable moral value of the self-sacrificing zeal both of the missionaries themselves and of those who have supported them at home. The world would be infinitely the poorer without the stories of heroic devotion and without the actual accomplishments which mark the advance of the cross in foreign lands. But while we cannot undertake the work of foreign missions in the traditionary and conventional form, we have our own infinitely suggestive and pioneer work to do, and we are girding up our powers to undertake it. We propose a method of work which will not concern itself with denouncing the defects or follies of the non-Christian systems of faith, but which will seek the good and true in them – the common grounds of thought and experience. Of old the missionary to foreign lands used to assume that the beliefs of the people he had come to save were all wrong and their doctrines false. He possessed the only true gospel. We would rather adopt the excellent model of Paul's speech to the Athenians on Mars Hill, and reason from the traditions and beliefs of the people that we address. We would take our texts from the teachings of the local seers and poets. We would show respect for the writings of the people that we approach, and argue from those writings to what we believe to be higher manifestations of God in the Christian gospel. We believe that there are evidences of true religion in all the different faiths of the world, and humbly recognize that our own faith is not the only witness of divine realities.

We want to work not so much *for* our Oriental brethren as *with* them. We want not so much to convert as to confer. We wish to discover how men of other races and traditions have looked at the great problems of the universe. We want to know what is their conception of their relation to the mysterious powers that are manifested in the universe. We want to know what moral laws they have found written in nature and human nature. We would know how far they have succeeded in lifting the veil that hides the future. And beyond these things, we wish to help in liberating people everywhere from needless fears, from unreasonable dogmas, from cruel or superstitious practices. We desire to join with them in the discovery of spiritual truth and in endeavors for social welfare. We want to help in establishing centres of moral, educational, and religious influence. We want to promote the blessings of true liberty, of international peace and good will. We may not lead great multitudes to take our name or wear our badge, but we can help to create the atmosphere in which free minds and free souls can happily live and love and work. Surely, it is a significant moment when in that spirit the most modern interpretation of Christianity thus comes to [illegible] to the most ancient of peoples, peoples who have been brooding over the problems of human destiny before ever Christianity was born. We believe that not altogether in vain has been that long searching after God. The religious experience

Digitized by Google

of the great non-Christian races," said President Tucker, "is not a thing to be ignored, least of all to be insulted." There are spiritual qualities which have been slowly and painfully wrought out in the experience of other lands and faiths, from which Christianity may well learn. It has not yet been revealed that the final form of Christianity is to be an Occidental form. It may perhaps be proved that an Oriental Christianity is nearer to the spirit of the founder than those forms of Christianity which have passed under the influences of Roman law and Teutonic feudalism. Let our Western faith and democracy declare their principles among the nations, but let us not yet arrogantly assume that they constitute the perfect law of life and liberty.

Finally, our distinctive mission is in the content of our spiritual affirmation. It is ours to proclaim the unmediated vision of a God who lives and works to-day. Our prerogative is the affirmation of the life of God in the souls of men. The practice of the presence of God—that is still the great all-comprehending motive. It does not mean detachment from our lesser duties. The fulfilment of our personal relationship to God includes fidelity to every earthly relationship and obligation. The passion for God is a passion of devotion to the will of God in all the practical tasks of every-day life. That is the central conviction of the order of churches to which we belong, and our distinctive witness in the Christian world.

We may find genuine satisfaction in the efficiency of our work, but still let us remember that its great significance is that it is a work given us of God to do. The strength and permanence of these associated tasks is in our recognition of the divine principles which make the ruling law of all our effort. It is when our task opens to us a plan of the Almighty, when our ideals are to us the summons of his purpose, when his intentions thread all our scattered endeavors, when our progress, in its largeness or its littleness, is the measure of his will,—then we realize what we are really about. Then we battle in the light. We understand the principles for which we fight. Down in the press of our particular duty, in the dust and heat of our corner of the field, we comprehend something of the whole plan of campaign. If we grow weary or disheartened, then we remember the deeper significance of it all. Our eyes, like those of the young warrior in the prophetic legend, are opened, and we behold how all the hills around us are filled with the horsemen and the chariots of our spiritual allies.

In confederation with God is the unity of our intentions, the richness of our opportunity, the background of our activity, the end of our endeavor. Do we venture to cherish presumptuous hopes about our movement? It is because we have heard the sound of God's promises. Do we try to overcome wrong and evil? It is because we would fight God's enemies. Do we want to help our neighbors in time of need? It is because we would protect and relieve God's children. What is our life itself but the projection and the extension of the life of God? How everything, until that illumination comes, lies cold and incomplete, like the clay before the sculptor's hands have moulded it, like the painter's crayon sketch without the color, like the morning sky before the sunrise!

Now all these distinctive elements of our life and work which I have been emphasizing aim and tend towards this one revelation. Why are we interested in the improvement of our means and methods of religious education? In order that our children may know that God reigns, and that faith and hope and love are the real and enduring impulses in human society. Why do we seek to apply our faith in good works? In order that the kingdom of God may more quickly come on the earth. Why do we seek to multiply relations with other Christian bodies and with the faiths of the non-Christian races? In order that by differences and multiplicities of approach, by diversity of method, we may glorify God and enjoy him forever. When our Pilgrim Fathers drew their compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, as she swung at anchor in yonder harbor, on the top of the page they wrote "In the name of God, Amen." They made God their partner in their hazardous enterprise, and that is why they were not daunted or defeated. They endured as seeing Him, who is invisible. Our history is rooted in a vision of God, and we shall prosper and endure only as we are not disobedient to that heavenly vision.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT, REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE.

The activities of the Unitarian Sunday School Society during the past year have been, in general, those that have occupied us in previous years, with the exception that the work of preparation for the new course of study and for the new Book of Song and Service has meant more attendance at the office and less field work than usual. None the less, the three members of the office staff have given during the year 335 addresses in twenty-one States. There has been no diminution in the number of letters of inquiry and personal interviews dealing with problems in religious education. Through these addresses, letters, and interviews, we come into contact with a large number of Sunday-school workers.

We have published during the year three bulletins, "The Ethics of Sunday School Finance," by William I. Lawrance; "Music in the Sunday School," by William H. Lyon, D.D.; and "The Religion of Childhood and the Religion of Youth," by Roderick Stebbins. It is our purpose to make our bulletins genuine contributions to the work of religious education. *The Beacon* has been carried on as previously, though somewhat enlarged in size. The advance in price made necessary by the increased cost has not, we are happy to say, reduced the number of subscribers. Testimonies as to the value of the paper to our 11,000 young people who receive it are most gratifying. It is our intention to keep that paper to the highest level, and it is our ambition to make it the best religious paper for children in existence.

One of our most important activities is in the maintenance of lecture courses intended to assist teachers to do their work increasingly well. Every autumn we cooperate with the Tuckerman School in a normal course, at Channing Hall, covering ten successive Saturdays. We hold also summer schools of religious education. Three of these are to be held this summer. The first meets in Meadville, Pa. It begins on the 22d of June and closes on July 3. There are to be at this institute five courses of lectures. Prof. Bowen of Meadville will give ten lectures on "The New Testament and Our Religion." Prof. Starbuck of our staff will give ten lectures on "The Psychological Basis of Religious Teaching." Rev. William H. Boocock, M.A., Director of Religious Education in the First Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, and one of the recognized leaders in this field, will give five lectures on "Religious Education in the Church School." Rev. Florence Buck, Associate Secretary of the Department of Religious Education, will give eight lecture-lessons on "Methods of Teaching," and I am to give six lectures and a sermon, covering various aspects of the work not dwelt upon by the other speakers.

Digitized by Google

The Meadville School is a serious attempt at the education of Sunday-school teachers, the attitude of those who attend being remarkably earnest. The students come from long distances, listen for five hours daily to lectures, and seek many personal interviews in a devoted attempt to improve themselves in their chosen work.

Immediately following the Meadville School, there will be an institute of one week at Proctor Academy, situated at Andover, N.H. This is a new attempt, taking the place of the gatherings hitherto held at The Weirs. At this meeting Dr. Starbuck and I are to give each a lecture of an hour for five successive mornings, the afternoons and evenings, together with the Sundays preceding and following, being occupied by speakers chosen by the New Hampshire Association. This meeting, again, is followed immediately by a two weeks' session at the Isles of Shoals, where we are to gather on the 12th of July,—a little later this year than usual. The first week at these meetings is always given to matters of general interest; the second week is a Sunday School Institute. At this institute there are to be daily lectures by Prof. Bowen and Dr. Starbuck. Dr. David Snedden, Commissioner of Education for Massachusetts, will lecture on two evenings. Miss Lucy Wheelock, the eminent kindergartner and founder of the Wheelock Kindergarten School, will lecture on one evening, and I am to hold several conferences. There will also be a lecture by Rev. Frank A. Powell of Manchester, N.H., and the usual and highly-prized sunset and candle-light services. The session will close with an entertainment furnished by the members of the Institute.

The summer programme thus surveyed indicates a serious attempt on our part to do whatever may be done to co-operate with our Sunday-school workers in improving their methods and stimulating them to higher endeavors. This feature of our denominational activity, which has grown up within the last five years, is one of the most significant of our modern Unitarian movements. These meetings not only deserve the hearty support of our entire communion, but offer ample return to those who will avail themselves of their privileges.

Our largest enterprise at the present time is the preparation of a new course of study. As this is to cover the years from four to twenty-one, with a separate manual for each year, in some cases two manuals, and for many of the years additional books for teachers' use and materials for home work by the pupils, it will be seen that the enterprise is indeed a very large one. A report on this new course is to be made by Dr. Starbuck, who is consulting editor of the series. I venture to touch, however, upon two or three points which he may not cover.

Certain criticisms in advance of the appearance of the series have been made, based upon inadequate knowledge as to what the series proposes. One such criticism is that it is too elaborate an undertaking; that our schools are small, and that so long and full a series is therefore not desirable. To this it must be answered that such a series must be prepared with a view to the use of all those who are likely to turn to it for help. Though our schools are small, they contain pupils of every age, from the youngest to the oldest. What one school may not need, another school must have. We are therefore driven to the necessity of compiling a full course, if we are to meet the demand which already exists.

Akin to this criticism is the suggestion that our course is paying too much attention to psychological requirements, and not enough to what some are pleased to call the "practical things" in religious education. To this it seems necessary only to reply that psychology attempts to point out the existing situation in child-life, so that to follow its suggestions is merely to work with rather than against Nature, and so to make it possible for the untrained teacher, knowing, it may be, nothing of the subtleties of psychological science, to do the work that is to be done with greater effect than could be done otherwise. Such a course as we contemplate cannot be too psychological, in the sense that it cannot be too well fitted to the various ages for which it is prepared.

Still another criticism is that the new course appears to be far less biblical than any that has hitherto been offered. Many are concerned lest we shall fail to give to our pupils an adequate knowledge of our great book of religion. To this it is enough to reply that it is the intention of those having the series in charge that it shall make more use of the Bible than any series has made in the past. We believe that the method of Bible study which is nearly universal in evangelical schools and common in our own, has not resulted in such knowledge of the Bible as to commend it. Many experiments with young people brought up in the Bible-centred schools of our land have shown a lamentable lack of knowledge of that book. We believe that if we use it less as the subject-matter of our teaching and more as illustration,—use it, that is, not simply because it is there and is regarded as important, but because it fits the needs of our instruction and illustrates the ideas that we wish to present,—our pupils will know the book better, and will like it more than if approached in any other way. In all the books of the series the advance rule is to use Bible passages and characters wherever they can be made available. In this way it is expected that more of the Bible material will be used, and that what is used will be of greater value to those who study it, than if it were approached in any other way.

No such series of books could probably be issued which would meet the needs of every one. We intend, however, that no pains shall be spared, either in the writing or the editing of this series, to make it the best we can possibly produce in attractiveness, in adaptability to the developing powers of the students, and in results upon life and character.

Another enterprise which we have in hand and which in many respects is of equal importance, is the preparation of a new book of song and service. The one now in use was published by the Society in 1895. Forty-five thousand copies have been issued to our schools. A whole generation has been brought up on it. It has been for several years past the opinion of the compiler of this book that the time has come for another. The fact is that our schools are ceasing to buy it and are turning to other publications. A committee of thirteen persons has been assembled and is now at work upon the new book. The services are slowly taking form, lists of hymns with music are being compiled, and progress is being made as rapidly as the nature of the subject justifies. A fuller report upon this book will be made presently by Rev. Florence Buck, who is secretary of one of the sub-committees charged with its preparation. Suffice it here to say that it is our desire to place in the hands of our young people a book of song and service that shall be comprehensible and yet dignified, that shall be a direct introduction to the worship of the congregation, and that shall both stimulate and refine the spiritual nature.

There is no department of religious acitvity in which greater progress is being made than in religious education. In all the denominations the leading minds are turning to this subject, and increasing efforts are being put forth to develop ways and means for the right religious guidance of the young. In this direction lies our greatest opportunity. Rightly to guide the oncoming generation is to do the most effective work it is possible for us to do in the bringing in of the kingdom of God.

Digitized by Google

The Gospel of Beauty and the Simple Life.

BY JAMES G. TOWNSEND, D.D.

This is an age of dreaming, of transition, but the new order has not come. The time-spirit, though in sore travail, has not yet given birth to the essential idea. The purest men and women are trying to find a spirit and an idea which shall liberate us from the servile slavery of luxury, fashion, and conformity into which we have fallen.

The thoughtful see everywhere the worship of wealth, the love of idleness and rank, the gulf between the rich and the poor, the substitution of the corporation for the individual, and the machine for the man. Economic considerations are first, and the churches (at least many of them) graft on a few shoots of Christianity, that they may veil these considerations. The prophets, seeing these conditions, break out into Carlylean warnings.

The latest of these prophets is H. G. Wells, whose new book, "Social Forces in England and America," is well worth study. Mr. Wells brings to his task a breadth of mind, a literary clearness, a spiritual audacity, and an opulence of learning and history, which make him an even more representative thinker than was Ruskin or Matthew Arnold. He sees that the multitudes have no real philosophy of life, and that the churches are losing their power because they elevate dogma above truth and are possessed by the spirit of fashion and worldliness. Mr. Wells makes the grave accusation that politics, law, and religion are in the hands of "second-rate men." He teaches that the solution of our social and moral problems may be found in the surrender of the individual to the State. "Whosoever would save his soul shall lose it," he constantly affirms.

Mr. Wells is far-sighted in many of his suggestions, and surely there ought to be that large education which shall release us from self, and let us escape into philosophy, science, literature, art, politics, religion, or some pursuit which shall make us of service to the community.

The prophets are all pretty well agreed with Mr. Wells as to the pressing needs of our times, and they raise the question, How shall we foster science, philosophy, criticism, and education, and keep the simple faith of our childhood?

Prof. James, who was the friend of science and education, and, when living, was our greatest American thinker, preached the gospel of poverty. He said: "Among our English-speaking people do the praises of *poverty* need once more to be boldly sung. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers."

Now I am a lover, and may call myself a disciple, of Prof. James, but it does not seem to me the way out shall be by renunciation and poverty. Poverty of a certain kind is more corrupting than wealth. The golden age will come in when, with comfort and the love of the beautiful, we follow the ideals of Saint Francis, Saint Theresa, Rousseau, Voltaire, Carlyle, Emerson, Mazzini, and Whitman. They sang not so much the praises of indulgence as of simplicity. The most of them saw it was not so much the things we possess that matters, as it is the quality of the life we are living.

Now I believe all thoughtful men and women must despise a life of luxury, for luxury with our physical ugliness makes the waste of human life. But may there not be simplicity without indigence? May there not be good food, good clothes, good homes, many pleasures and recreations, without luxury and idleness? May there not be an Ideal that does not make the Actual base and despicable? I think there may be; and beauty in its many forms of nature, poetry, painting, music, sculpture, and the like, with the simple life, will become a potent factor in the regeneration of the human spirit. There is in man that eternal quest for beauty that centuries ago blossomed into the Pantheon of the Greeks. The pulpit and the church cannot in the nature of things exert so elevating, so potent an influence upon us as the luminous, persistent calls of poetry, art, and beauty, which are made to this passion. This passion is seen in the love of nature,—of the green grass, the leaves, the buds, and blossoms of the trees; the flowers of the wayside; the love of the robins' song of the morning, and of the hush that comes in the evening, when, as the Germans beautifully say, the day wanders into the night. It is seen in our love for the innocent child, for the pure woman, for the noble man. It is a spark of unquenchable aspiration from that flame that burns forever at the heart of the universe.

Social Ideals.

The very word "religion" suffers from a reaction, growing out of the terrors and puerilities once clustering around it. The true use and meaning of the term are in the making. It has been reduced to secondary importance for a time by another word of great weight and ceaseless discussion. That word is "social."

The battle for human rights is still on. A few palpable wrongs have been righted. We no longer imprison for debt, hang witches, nor import slaves from Africa. It is comparatively easy to correct gross evils like these. The people endure in shamed and grumbling silence for a time, then a great wave of moral wrath sweeps over the land, cruel laws are wiped off the statute books, wicked potentates are discrowned, constitutions amended. We remember that the Lord is a Lord of Righteousness; the public conscience is mightily stirred; the world takes another step forward.

The Civil War was our first great awakening. It was our Jacob's struggle with the angel. The nation wrestled with its conscience, and was overthrown. It will always bear the marks of the conflict, but it also won a blessing from its celestial foe, and the promise of future empire.

A great moral victory may be won, and the poorer elements in man's nature still remain active. The politician triumphs over the statesman; the priest undoes the prophet. Evils grew rampant and hydra-headed in the North as in the South after the war. An era of social extravagance set in, with a shoddy element to the fore, whose right of rule was founded in ill-gotten wealth.

New ideals began to form in our social and national life; a new rate of progress set in that would have made our staid Puritan ancestors gasp for breath, which caught us all in the mad race for wealth, culture, and every other conceivable good.

It was the day of sweeping social reforms, a brisk public activity, not more earnest nor wide-spread than in our own time, but newer, arousing lively curiosity, provoking eager defence and opposition. The air scintillated with new ideas, each warranting the speedy regeneration of the human race.

The workers were busy in every field. Horace Mann labored to broaden the basis of the public schools and to establish his co-educational institute at Antioch. Miss Peabody gave lectures on the kindergarten. Emma Willard and Mary Lyon bent noble efforts to enlarge the curriculum of girls' schools, preparing the way for the full collegiate courses to be opened to them at a later day.

The cranks and fanatics were with us, also. We derived not a little instruction from them, too, since they could at least teach us how not to do it. The men with long hair and the women with short! The vegetarians and table-tippers, the Millerites and the Bloomerites!

Ah, well! Those were good days in which to be alive—and young. The task of finishing the world looked so easy. It does not seem so easy to us now nor always so imperative.

The methods and tone of the reformer are not always those which cheer and uplift. Belief, social or religious, must be constructive—must posit itself on known good in the world and the hearty assumption of man's desire to increase that good. It must not spend all its breath in denunciation, even of admitted evils. This positive character of belief must include the element of cheer. The joy as well as the duty of living must find expression in our working creeds. The reformer is too much a special pleader; he is nearly always guilty of over-statement. He discourages and sometimes hardens us, to begin with, beyond the power of moral resuscitation. If I am to engage with any degree of efficiency in work for my kind, I must believe heartily in two things to begin with: the worth, the high worth, of my object, and the reasonable certainty that I can attain that object.

I often quote the words from Mr. John Morley,—I know of none that better describe the modern social ideal,—"That lofty and vivid sense of responsibility which consciousness of power breeds in fine natures." This sense of responsibility to be effective must be both lofty and vivid. Many people have a high sense of duty, but as vague as high; and many others have a lively wish to serve the world, but no safe standard of judgment teaching them how and when to serve. Emotional scatterbrains!

The evils we seek to remedy must be studied. Science and Humanity are bending their heads together over the problem. We have found that it is easier to preserve the union than to establish equitable relations between the various classes of men and women dwelling in that union and boasting of the brotherhood of man. Quite unexpectedly, and to our chagrin, we have discovered that this doctrine of brotherhood involves many things we had not counted on. It is something more than a glittering

Digitized by Google

generality, a theme for a Fourth of July oration. The theory of the survival of the fittest has its lower and higher implications. So has the doctrine of supply and demand. The real demand is upon a human heart and brain; the supply should be one of a natural reason and kindness. The industrial strifes of the day will never be settled except upon a humanitarian basis. There is a human and friendly interest waiting to be awakened here, in the workshop, in the store, and in the kitchen.

Whether the impulse that moves us be religious or social, we work for the same end, the perfection of the human bond, the drawing of men and women, and classes of men and women, into closer fellowship. —*Celia P. Woolley, in The Western Slope.*

Literature.

JESUS IS HERE. By Charles M. Sheldon. New York: George H. Doran Co.—Eighteen years ago Mr. Sheldon published his story *In His Steps*, which has become widely known. It attempted to show what might be done by even a little group of people who took their allegiance to Jesus seriously, and honestly tried to live in his spirit. The present book continues the main characters with the addition of a few others. It pictures what might happen if Jesus should come into the modern world and face the new problems of the Christian to-day. Mr. Sheldon wants people to remember that Jesus was a very real, every-day person, loving all kinds of people and enjoying life. "To bring back to the thought of the modern world the living personality of the living Christ" is the main purpose of the story. It has been running as a serial in the *Christian Herald*, and has already had many readers previous to its appearance in book form.

THE KING OF ROTHENBURG. By Paul Schreckenbach. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.—This historical romance has been translated by Mary A. L. Bookstaver, who has performed her task with appreciation of the German original, and with good taste and ample resource in its rendition into readable English. The king of Rothenburg, Heinrich Topler, the great burgomaster of the fourteenth century, was the maker and guiding spirit of his town. Six years ago, on the five hundredth anniversary of his death, a memorial to his honor was placed by the city in the public park. The story of his contest with jealous enemies, the nobles, will increase the reader's interest in historical events, and it will especially interest those who have ever visited the ancient city, or hope later to have that pleasure. The book would be more easily read if the publishers had followed the usual rules of paragraphing.

THE MISADVENTURES OF THREE GOOD BOYS. By Henry A. Shute. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—"But not such very good boys" is the reassuring affirmation of a sub-title, and the chapters that follow carry out the statement. Judge Shute's hilarious stories are supposed to represent faithfully the events of a jolly boyhood. They bubble over with jovial humor, reproduce phonographically boy talk as it used to be and as it still is, bring out plainly the narrow-mindedness and unreason of older people, and altogether continue the tradition that boyhood is a desperately exciting, usually unappreciated period of ups and downs,—the most ecstatic ups and the deepest downs. It is extravagantly amusing.

Magazines.

The *American Magazine* has been offering prizes for the best letters on capital punishment, and the prize-winning contributions are published in the June issue. The first prize was won by J. Frank Hanly, ex-governor of Indiana, who put himself on record as solemnly opposed to it. Four times out of six in which he faced the responsibility of inflicting capital punishment, he set aside the penalty and commuted the sentence to life imprisonment, because of palliating circumstances that seemed to justify executive mercy. In the other two cases, in which there were no facts upon which to base such action, he permitted the sentence of the court to be carried out. He felt that his duty was aptly defined in the following words by Justice Samuel F. Miller of the United States Supreme Court, in sentencing a prisoner: "The penalty which the law attaches to your offence is one which my private judgment does not approve; for I do not believe that capital punishment is the best means to enforce the observance of the law, or that, in the present state of society, it is necessary for its protection. But I have no more right, for that reason, to refuse to obey the law than you have to resist it."

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 19

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

WORK | DR. RICHARD C. CABOT'S | PLAY

WHAT MEN LIVE BY

Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers says of it:

"In looking for a book to serve as a basis for a series of Sunday afternoon conferences with young people we chose Dr. Richard Cabot's 'What Men Live By.' Here we have religion freed from any suggestion of cant or dogmatism. The spiritual meanings of work, play, and worship are revealed. Dr. Cabot has performed a great service for those who are seeking, not a set of rigid rules of conduct, but inspirations to happy and efficient life."

At all Bookstores. *$1.50 net; postage extra.*

LOVE | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Publishers. | WORSHIP

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Brown Bird in the Old Pear-tree.

BY ELIZABETH WEST PARKER.

I know not where he went nor when
He turned his wand'rings back to me.
I only know he's here again,—
The brown bird in the old pear-tree.

Oh, what are frozen meadows now,
Or sombré woods where screams the jay?
'Tis spring, spring on the old pear bough,—
A brown bunch sings his roundelay.

No faint, fair-weather friend is he,
For storm or shine he has his cheer,
No day too sad or dark can be
To still "Look up, look up, my dear!"

I love the robin's jollity,
The bluebird's tender, plaintive lay;
But listen! in the old pear-tree,
The sweet song-sparrow every day!

Bensie's Wonder-morning.

BY MARY HOWELL WILSON.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Time to get up!" crowed the White Rooster. "Rise and get to work," he added, severely, after an instant's pause.

The farmer's wife opened her eyes quickly. "Indeed, I must get to work," she thought. "So much must be done this busy day!"

She dressed rapidly, then knocked at Ben's door. "Yes, Mother," answered a sleepy voice. "Come, laddie," she said. "You and I have some work to do." And almost before the words were said, Bensie was out of bed.

Little Sue was almost dressed before Mother reached her door, and Baby Boy crowed his delight when he was lifted from his crib.

No wonder the children were glad to waken on such a bright, sunshiny morning. The birds were holding a morning concert. The spiders had spread the finest of lace-work all over the lawn. Mother Nature had scattered diamond dew-drops over the lace, and now called the children to admire her handiwork.

Bensie and Sue hurried out of doors to breathe the fresh, sweet air, and delight in the glorious morning. Ben didn't express his feelings in words, but he turned handsprings just from pure happiness, while Sue danced around the garden, exclaiming over the new flowers that were opening their eyes for the first time that morning.

Ben didn't stop to play very long, for he was father's "right-hand man," and had chores to do in the farm-yard. Down the path he hurried, whistling so cheerily that Mr. Blackbird at once set up a rival performance which nearly split his little throat.

Suddenly Ben stopped, and bent down to examine a flower which grew by the garden path,—a tiny flower which shone out like gold from the surrounding grass. "I never saw a flower like that before! Guess you'd better go home to mother, and get yourself named." And the blossom was carefully fastened in Ben's buttonhole.

A few steps further, and Bensie's brown eyes discovered a small bird on the ground.

"Hey, you poor little chap!" laughed Ben "Tumbled out of the nest? Well, stop your squawking. I wouldn't hurt you. Guess you and I will pay a visit to the old folks at home." And up the tree went Bensie Boy to put the nestling back in the little brown bird-house.

Then something so surprising happened that Ben nearly fell out of the tree in his astonishment, for he actually heard Mother Bird say: "Oh, what a relief to get you home, dear Twitter. Ben, you are certainly the best boy!"

"Oh! Why! Jiminy!" gasped Ben, slipping down the tree to tumble on the ground in his surprise.

"Ben, my man," he said to himself sternly, "this will never do. You must be dreaming. Get up and go about your work. A boy of thirteen ought to know that birds can't talk."

He hurried on till he reached the barn-yard gate.

Mother Hen was clucking and scratching away inside; but, when she saw Ben, she came hurrying toward him, calling loudly: "Hurry, neighbors! Come, chick, come! Here is Ben with our breakfast." Before Ben could recover from his surprise, all the hens came, screeching, "O Ben! Thanks, thanks! You shall surely have some fresh eggs to-day."

Ben dropped down on the ground by Mother Speckle, and addressed her earnestly.

"See here, will you please tell me, ma'am, why you can talk to-day when you never could before?"

All the chickens burst into a loud cackle of laughter, but not another word could Ben get out of them. Ben scattered their corn, and then went on to the barn, feeling greatly perplexed.

He was greeted thus by Madam Cow as the stable door opened: "Bensie, bring me some nice, sweet hay, and you shall have good milk to-day, enough for baby and little Sue, Father, Mother, and Bensie too."

"Coo, coo!" said the soft-voiced doves, circling round his head. "Bring some corn for our breakfast, do. Bensie, we are waiting for you."

Ben began to think this great fun. "I tell you," he exclaimed, "I'm going to see if my dear old Dobbin is in this talking business, too. He'll tell me what has happened to all of you."

Off went Ben to the horse's stall. Putting his arms around Dobbin's neck he gave him a great hug, crying as he did so,—

"Say, old fellow, can you talk, too?"

"I always could talk," remarked Dobbin, quietly leaning over to nose around Ben's pocket. "Have you any sugar, little master?"

"Yes, here's a lump; and now tell me why didn't you ever talk to me before?"

"I have, a great many times," answered Dobbin, "but you didn't understand me. The reason you hear this morning is because of that flower you are wearing."

"This flower!" exclaimed Bensie, much surprised, drawing it from his buttonhole to gaze at it.

"You see," said Dobbin, confidentially, reaching over Ben's shoulder after a wisp of hay, "this is Midsummer Day. Any boy who has never in all his life been cruel to a bird or animal may find the good-luck flower to-day; and, as long as he wears it, he can understand our language. I always knew you were a good boy, Bensie; and I'm not at all surprised at your finding it."

"Hurrah!" shouted Ben. "This is surely fine. I must hurry and feed the rest of the animals, so I can run home to tell Sue."

"Good-bye," said Dobbin, with a kind nod; and Mother Cow stopped munching her breakfast to call, "Good-bye, Ben; you surely deserve the good-luck flower."

"I wonder what the pigs will have to say," Ben thought, with a little chuckle. It was all such fun!

"Uff, uff," called the pigs, as he drew near. "Hurry, Ben! We pigs are growing impatient." "Stop crowding," grumbled one. "Give me room," squealed another. And all shouted, "Hurry!"

"I declare, I've never been hustled so in all my life," laughed Ben. "Everything says 'Hurry!' How Sue will laugh!"

Work finished, Bensie ran home; but, when he reached the farm-house, his wonderful flower was gone.

"I must have dropped it," he said, going back to search for it; but, look as he might, he could not find it, and he had only his story of the morning's adventures left.

Mother and Sue exclaimed at it; and even Baby Boy crowed and laughed over his bowl of milk, as if he enjoyed the tale.

"I tell you," said Ben, that night, "I mean always to be as good as good to birds and animals. Who knows but I may find the good-luck flower again?"

"At any rate," said Mother, fondly, "if you keep on being my good, kind Ben, you will be a brave, good man; and Father and I would ask no better luck than that."

"You'll make a good farmer, Ben," called Father from the porch, where he was resting from the day's work; "for a good farmer always looks after his farm-yard friends."

"Hurrah for 'Farmer Ben,'" laughed the happy boy; and Sue cried, "I know, Bensie dear, you'll find the good-luck flower again; for you're the kindest boy in all the world."

A Story and a Talk.

Uncle Joe lay upon the couch, reading. Aunt Margaret was darning stockings, and Arthur, Jimmie, and little Joe were building things with their meccano outfits.

"I have no more little screws," wailed Joe.

"Here's one, Joey," said Arthur, promptly, and then he laid down his own work. "Let me see how you're getting along." He took his little brother's half-finished work, and inspected it carefully before handing it back. Then he took up his own piece again and worked a few minutes, finally holding it off at arm's length.

"There," he said triumphantly, "I'm not going to do any more."

"Why not?" asked Uncle Joe.

"Oh, it's only play, you know; and when you can see how it'll look when finished, you don't need to finish it, you see. Then, too, I'm tired, and I guess I'll go outdoors."

"I can't finish mine, either, and I guess I'll go, too," said Joey, and out they went, after promising Aunt Margaret that they would put everything away as soon as they came in.

Uncle Joe looked across at Aunt Margaret, and both looked at Jimmie, who, bent over his work, was fastening the little screws in place.

"Why don't you go, Jimmie?" he asked; but he knew what the answer would be. You see, he knew Jimmie.

"'Cause I want to finish this first," said Jimmie; but as he spoke he held it up, and

Digitized by Google

a rippling laugh came out. "Just see what I've done," he shouted merrily. "I've put this on hind-part-foremost. Now I'll have to do it over." And he worked away until a fine little truck stood finished upon the floor. "*Now* I'll go out," he said.

"Margaret," said Uncle Joe, "Arthur has a bad habit. He never finishes anything. His mind is quick and leaps ahead. He sees how a thing will look when completed, and that's all he cares for. It is his own amusement he really wants, and not to do any definite work."

"But, Joe," replied Aunt Margaret, "Arthur is only a little boy. He is but nine years old."

"Jimmie is only seven," said Uncle Joe, "but he sticks to a thing until he finishes it. He has the mental image; then he completes it in actual wood or steel. Jimmie will succeed in life where Arthur and little Joe will fail."

"I don't see why," argued Aunt Margaret. "I think the trouble is partly that Arthur and Joe are not as strong in body as Jimmie, and they tire sooner. All they need is a little encouragement to finish the work begun after they have rested a while. And it is not fair to them unless we give them that encouragement. But here they come now."

With glowing cheeks the two boys came in and at once pounced upon the completed truck, and when Jimmie came in he found them running it back and forth, carrying little loads. "Yours'll be just as good as mine when it's done, Arthur," he said. "I'll finish it for you, and then I'll finish Joey's."

"Hold on there," said Uncle Joe. "Don't work any more now, Jimmie. It's nearly supper-time. You boys come over here, and I'll tell you a story."

Instantly the toys were deserted, and Uncle Joe began his story.

"There is a man in New York, the editor of a paper, and his name is Mr. Brisbane. He writes for grown men and women, but he often tells things boys and girls like to know. I once read an account he had written of the first telephone that was invented."

"Mr. Bell invented the telephone," said Arthur, proud of his knowledge.

"Well, I always thought so," said Uncle Joe, "until I read what Mr. Brisbane wrote. It seems that long before Mr. Bell invented the telephone, a man in Germany had thought one out, and had made one for his own amusement. He could sing through it, and whistle through it, but the talking voice would not carry well enough to allow a conversation to be carried on. There were two little parts, called electrodes, that he thought should not touch.

"Well, he amused himself and his neighbors with his toy for a while. He had had an idea that a voice at one end of a wire could be heard at the other end. He tested out enough to know that his idea was true, and *then he stopped*. He stopped before he had made his work as perfect as it might have been made.

"This German's name was Reis. Long after his day, Bell, an American, also had the idea of an instrument which would allow people at a distance from one another to converse clearly. He worked over his idea for a long time. His instrument was not a success, but he wouldn't give up. One day he touched a tiny screw. He moved it so slightly you would scarcely notice any change. But the electrodes which Reis kept apart touched each other, and, lo! there was the telephone. If Bell had given up before he had really finished his work, the world would have had to wait for the telephone until another man had the proper idea. When one plan failed he tried another. He doubtless had to rest in between times, for our bodies and minds grow weary, but he always went back, and went back, until he finished his work; and the wonderful part of the story is that the entire success of the invention lay in the turning of a little screw only one-thousandth of an inch. Why, even a boy as young as Joey might have given the touch that meant the difference between success and failure."

Just then came a mighty ringing of the telephone bell, and the message the maid brought was that "the byes' father is a-wantin' to talk to them from New York." Then followed a happy few minutes of "Hello, Daddy!" "Give our love to Mother!" "Yes, we're good boys!" "Uncle Joe and Aunt Margaret are well!" etc. Each boy had his turn.

"We could hear him as *plain!*" declared Joey, dancing up and down. "Yes, sir!" fairly shouted Jimmie, in his excitement. "Just as plain as we hear you."

"We heard him because the electrodes touch," said Arthur, "didn't we, Uncle Joe? How far away is New York?"

"About six hundred miles," said Uncle Joe.

Then Arthur made a dash for his unfinished toy. "May'n't I lay it right here, Aunt Margaret?" he asked. "You see, I want to finish it in the morning."—*Clara A. Alexander, in the Presbyterian.*

Fairies' Muffs.

Know what the fairies do with their muffs
When the winter's spent,
And the warm south wind with its coaxing puffs
Makes the ice relent?

They go where the pussy-willow stirs
In the wind, all bare,
And, just as your mother does with her furs,
Hang them out to air.

—*Lydia A. Hasbrouk.*

Polly-Pillow.

My name is Polly-Pillow and I live on the guest-room bed. Since I was stuffed I have only had one exciting day in my life, and that one was enough for me. It began like this. Peggy had what is called Coldinthehead. Now *I* don't know what that is, but it must be disagreeable, because Peggy cried, and they wouldn't let her play outdoors.

Mother said, "Why don't you play with your dolls?"

Peggy said, "Oh, I'm tired of them, and they're broken, anyway."

Mother thought a moment, and then she laughed. "Wait here, Peggy," she cried. "I'll be back directly with a surprise for you!" I heard all this, as the nursery is next door to the guest room, but I was astonished when Mother came in, snatched me off the bed, and tied a string tightly around the upper part of me. "There, Polly-Pillow," she said, "that's for your neck!" I didn't know what a neck was or why anybody should want to have one, but Mother seemed so pleased I didn't mind. Next she folded in my two upper corners to improve the shape of what she called my head, and she took a square of white rag, and on it, with Peggy's paints, she painted two big black eyes, a nose, and a smiling red mouth. I thought this beautiful, and was immensely pleased when Mother called it my face, and fastened it on me with pins. The baby's cap concealed the fact that I had no hair. (Though what good is hair, and why should anybody want it?) I began to be quite puffed up about my appearance, especially when I was dressed in Baby Sister's little white dress and furry coat. I was so fat I made quite an armful for Mother to carry into the nursery. What a shout Peggy gave when she saw me! Then began a busy day for Polly-Pillow. I wouldn't like to say how many times I was dressed and undressed. Sometimes I was a baby, then a little girl in Peggy's aprons, then a lady in a long skirt and hat and veil, and even before night a boy in Brother's pajamas! I was tossed to the ceiling, I was trotted up and down the hall, and at last, when I was so tired out my seams were cracking, I was put into Peggy's nightgown and laid in Peggy's bed.

"Now I'll play a trick on Father," she said. "I'll hide when he comes to say good-night, and he'll think Polly is his little girl!"

Father opened the door and came softly over to the bed, carrying something in his hand. "Here, little daughter," said he, "I've brought you some strawberries."

Then out of the closet bounced Peggy. "No, no, Daddy," she cried, "I'm here. That's only a silly pillow-dolly!"

"Dear me," said Father, "if you had been one minute later she would have eaten up your strawberries!" I suppose Peggy must have believed him, for she was quite cross after he had gone, and pushed me out of bed on the hard floor. At last Nurse picked me up and took me back to my old home in the guest room, and very thankful I was to get there. I don't want any more excitement for a long while, and yet—I still think with pride sometimes of the day when Polly-Pillow was a dolly!—*Gertrude Knevels, in the Churchman.*

A child once went home almost broken-hearted from a school she had entered only that day, saying through her tears, "The teacher told me to 'sit down for the present,' *and she never brought it.*"—*Our Boys and Girls.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,189 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY
379 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

The Anniversaries.

The Alliance.

The public meeting of the Alliance on Monday, May 25, was more largely attended than usual, the South Congregational Church being filled to the doors, and an overflow meeting taking place in the vestry. The session opened with the use of an Alliance devotional service conducted by Miss Bancroft.

Mrs. Troward H. Marshall of Dayton, Ohio, spoke of "The Challenge of the World to the Church in the Middle West." The ignorant think religion a luxury, not destined for the poor man. The need is to make the message simple and vital to appeal to all. The church, recognizing that every human being is capable of taking on the image of God, has to help the poor to see God as he passes by. The pulpit must teach how God acts and what men have done and can do. The minister must speak, like Amos, from the heart. Again we must have a real friendship with the humble, who need our help. We should be ready for an aggressive campaign, make people want the religion we have to give. Advertise, publish the great truth. We need a new renaissance that shall give the truth of religion in a form open to all, a religion not destructive, but rational. Mrs. Marshall referred to the service rendered to the city of Dayton by the local church and its people because of the support and assistance given by Unitarians in other parts of the country.

Rev. William L. Sullivan of New York spoke of "The Challenge from across the Water." An expectant world awaits some answer to the question, What may I live by? Italy and France have been overtaken by a deep sense of disillusion, which means desolation. In other parts of Europe there is lack of vigor in and out of the churches. A new hope is needed, a new altar. Having tried Catholicism and Protestantism, they may be ready to receive a religion of the spirit, that may be maintained rationally and enjoyed emotionally, that speaks not of compromise, that does not circumscribe the reason or misdirect the heart.

The Protestant Reformation was a protest against the artificial and mechanical, against a third agency between ourselves and the Supreme. It was a movement for individual independence, for veracity, but it became a passion for forming sects. And then followed the stage when formulæ are repeated whose meaning is denied. The world's heart is flat and tired. The world's work is meagre and thin. The call is to show that there is some Supreme, to inflame every heart with love of God, to teach a gospel of humanity in God, God in and ahead of humanity. The speaker sees no other corporate expression of this religious idea than in the Unitarian faith. Let us lift our eyes to the hills whence comes the appeal and go forward.

Dr. Wright of New York was unable to be present, and Rev. Albert R. Vail of Urbana, Ill., spoke of "The Challenge in the Present Social Order." The aim to reach a more ideal social order is the desire for justice, to distribute more evenly the best things of mind and spirit. Material comfort does not bring peace, neither is the intellectual all. The spiritual must be added. The body is the cage, intellect opens the bars. The bird, the soul, is within, but it has to learn the art of flying. The church should teach the glory of existence, should set the whole world afire. The need is not for doctrine, or creed, but for a torch to pass from hand to hand. The light of pure Christianity as it appeared in early time is obscured by dogmas. We must get away from sects to the realities. The time is ripe for a revival of religion. This is the only solution of the social problem. The reformer is weak without the love of God.

Mrs. Voigt, vice-president of the Middle States, presided at the overflow meeting that filled every seat in the vestry of the church. Addresses were given by Mrs. Marshall and Mr. Sullivan.

On Wednesday, May 27, the church was filled, when the annual business meeting was held. After the opening devotional service, Rev. Edward Cummings welcomed the delegates and friends to the church. Annual reports of officers and committees showed a year of large activities. The reports were received with great attention and favorable comment. They will be printed in the Manual.

Resolutions of appreciation of Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper were adopted by a rising vote.

Greetings were sent to Mrs. Judith W. Andrews, first president of the National Alliance.

Mention was made of the fact that the day was the anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

A letter of sympathy was voted to be sent to Miss Ellen D. Hale, whose mother's death occurred within the week.

A hearty vote of thanks to the South Congregational Church for its continued welcome and hospitality was voiced by Mrs. Frothingham.

The report showed a count of 372 accredited delegates and life members.

The meeting closed with greetings from Miss Low and three vice-presidents: Miss Smith, representing the Pacific Coast, Mrs. Cassidy, the Rocky Mountain section, and Mrs. Churchill, Southern States West.

Sunday School Society.

Those who are familiar with the order of Anniversary Week know that the Sunday School Society session is invariably held on Friday, and in King's Chapel. The audience of delegates and interested friends was conspicuous for the array of young faces; and the spirit of youth was emphasized by the sound of the marching feet in the High School parade, passing the door as the morning session opened.

There were present 169 delegates from Sunday schools in 13 States, and 48 life members from 6 States; a total of 217 voting members. Even distant California and Oregon were represented. Interest in the work in hand was shown by the large number of questions asked during the business session.

The forenoon addresses were a series of reports on the work done during the past year in this Society and in the Department of Religious Education. The address of the president, Rev. William I. Lawrance, presented the activities, opportunities, and outlook of the Society. This report is published in full in another column.

Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck, in an inspiring address, told of the progress made on the new course of study for Sunday schools, and spoke of the motives which have influenced those who are at work upon it. Meetings held this week by the Department Staff, the Committee on Manuals, and the authors who are at work upon certain of the books, had done much toward unifying and harmonizing the course, and had greatly advanced its work. A circular soon to be issued will give the subjects to be pursued for each year of age from four to twenty-one, and will name under each certain publications now available, which may be used by our schools until our manuals on the subjects are ready. These circulars will be mailed to superintendents and ministers, and to any others who may apply for them.

The speaker pointed out that those who are preparing the new course aim first of all to make it interesting. Children ought not to find the Sunday school dull and religious themes unattractive. They should approach each year of work and each lesson with enthusiastic delight. The course, too, is designed to be at every point and on every subject deeply and distinctively religious. It is to relate to the whole self, from the physical to the spiritual, to deepen and vitalize all departments of the life. It will deal with the social impulses of the young, that they may be guided aright into future service for the redemption of the whole of life.

The new course is to be fitted for each year through which the growing soul passes. It will aim intensely toward saving the lives of the young for the church, for great causes, for high ideals. To this end it seeks to make use of the time of awakening between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, by securing at that period the consecration of each life to the highest and best things through the church and allied organizations. This course of study aims to inspire young hearts, and to furnish the knowledge which shall help them to know how best to live and to serve. In short, the new course takes the whole problem of the religious life seriously. Those who are working upon it believe religious education to be the most important thing in life. They seek, therefore, to supply to the teachers, parents, and officers in our Sunday schools a means of doing this great work effectively.

Rev. Florence Buck gave a report on the work of preparing the new hymn and service book for Sunday schools. Two committees have been engaged since last October on the two parts of the book; one preparing services and service elements, the other selecting hymns and songs. The committees aim to give to children and young people, in this book, an adequate means of expressing their own religious experience and deepening their spiritual life.

Two speakers were heard at the afternoon session. Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University, was the first, giving an address on "The New Appreciation of the Educational Value of the Bible." The present generation, he said, has largely given up the devotional use of the Bible, and so are less familiar with its contents than were our ancestors. Critical scholarship has done its valuable work, but we may no longer count on rousing the interest for it that was

Digitized by Google

once evident. People are chiefly interested now not in the processes of criticism, but in its results. There is in our time an eagerness to know human nature, to understand the child. Teachers of religion are studying the development of the nature of the child from infancy to maturity, seeking to find what will best nourish and stimulate the higher life. Making happy, loyal Christians is the most important work of the teacher. It is evident that the old traditional use of the Bible is no longer capable of developing Christian character. It has also become clear that when we have ransacked literature and life, we find little to equal and nothing to surpass the materials for religious education found in the Bible. It should be used as a source-book for religious ideas and development; about half of it is supremely useful for religious education.

The speaker gave several reasons why it has this value. The Bible is the crowning literary output of a race of moral and religious teachers. The stressing of the educational motive in Hebrew life left its impress on their literature. Moreover, our Biblical books were written with the teaching purpose at the centre of focus, and edited with the same end in view. There is material in the Bible adapted to all the different ages, and especially to the critical periods of human development. The teachers of ancient Israel used largely the indirect method, which is the only true way to reach the heart of a child. They knew the value of the epic and heroic, hence much of this quality is found in their writings.

Great prominence is given also in our Bible to the dramatic element. Even Jehovah is introduced as a figure walking and talking in the garden. The characters live and move before us; they are life. The lyrical element, too, is prominent. This appeals to the emotions; it commands the whole boy, girl, man, or woman, if the material be wisely selected.

Last of all, our Bible gives great prominence to social teaching; an element which is now uppermost in human thought, and which is to be even more regarded in the near future. It presents Jehovah as interested in the oppressed; as one who demands justice and acts of mercy.

It is these qualities in our Bible which make our task so definite: to draw from its storehouse that which is best and most vital. The storm and stress period over the book through which we have passed has given us a new appreciation of that old yet ever new material for religious instruction which it contains.

Prof. Francis A. Christie, D.D., of Meadville Theological School, gave an address couched in language of classic beauty, on "A Service for the Consecration of Youth." It was a plea for the recognition of the religious crisis in young lives by a church service which corresponds to the service of confirmation. At fifteen or sixteen years of age the instinct for this rite awakens, and the young men and women cease going to church because such recognition is denied them. Such a rite may be fitted to the programme of our Congregational order. It is a recognition of the change in youth into a more personal life. The church should proclaim by a special service that it adopts this young life as it stands on the brink of that deeper experience. We should ask the young to join with us in the dedication of the self to the perfect life. This ceremony is not the profession of a theological frame of mind, not the announcement of an emotional experience. It is, instead, the devotion of the self to all the undefined vistas of the kingdom of God.

The president called attention to the religious message which each of the addresses had so well emphasized, and spoke of the great encouragement we should all feel over the inspiring outlook for religious education.

The Western Conference.

The sixty-second annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference was held with the First Unitarian Society of Chicago, May 18–20. The usual order of meetings was reversed, the first session being a supper at the City Club, attended by more than one hundred people. Mr. E. L. Richardson of Milwaukee acted as toastmaster, and gave an account of the many varieties of work carried on in the Milwaukee church. Rev. M. O. Simons of Cleveland gave a stirring address on "Getting Busy," giving a ringing challenge to more aggressive activity springing out of a conviction that it does matter whether we are understood or not. Mrs. Leonard Peterson of Chicago gave an interesting address upon "Fellowship," pointing out the widening circles by which fellowship advances and the intensive quickening by which it unites as a centre. Mr. M. H. Cazier of Chicago spoke to the sentiment "The Light that must not Fail," that light, in his estimation, being the light of civic and spiritual liberty, exercised, however, under law and with reverent spirit.

Two sessions of the Conference were devoted to "A Modern Interpretation of Religion." On Tuesday evening Rev. F. S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis spoke on "Present Day Revelation," which he found in reason and conscience, not infallible, but real and sufficient guides to larger life. This revelation is immediate and personal. If one finds it not in his own soul, he finds it not at all.

Rev. A. L. Weatherly of Lincoln spoke on "Man's Part in the Creative Process." He said man not only takes part in the creative process by mastering forces of nature and changing the face of the earth, but also declares the law and condition of social growth. He must strive to gain for all the children of men an opportunity for the development of all that is best and highest in them. This furnishes the motive of the new religion and the new sanction for conduct, which stimulate men to their highest endeavor.

At the session Wednesday morning a discussion of the general topic was continued by a different approach. Rev. Robert S. Loring of Ann Arbor, Mich., spoke of "Jesus or Christ, the Dilemma of Orthodoxy," giving a careful résumé of more recent New Testament criticism, in which he shows that modern Biblical criticism can give us no authoritative picture of the real Jesus. Genuine orthodoxy offers a definite gospel in the Christ-ideal of the creeds. Genuine radical religion also offers a real gospel based upon life in its preaching of social reform, ideals, and scientific truths. Both have an advantage over the "liberal orthodox school."

Rev. Everett D. Martin of Des Moines spoke upon "The Advantage of a Radical Position." The new liberalism is volitional where the old liberalism was rationalistic. It is symbolical in its attitude toward Christian tradition, whereas the old was historical. It is realistic and revolutionary, whereas the old was absolutist and romantic in its ethics. The new liberalism longs for a social order, and is to-day the source of the most splendid enthusiasms and the most audacious prophetic visions that inspire the activities of the modern man.

On Wednesday evening Rev. Albert R. Vail conducted a quickening devotional service, and Rev. Frank A. Gilmore of Madison, Wis., brought the Conference to a close with the Conference sermon. His subject was "The Kingdom of God." He brought to mind the great underlying forces and enduring principles which persist in the face of changing intellectual conceptions and changing external social problems. The kingdom of God may be desired and worked for as an objective social order, but in its essence and its quickening power it is still from within.

The Women's Alliance had a luncheon on Tuesday at the Memorial Chapel, Mrs. Ernest C. Smith, director for Illinois, presiding. Brief greetings were brought by Mrs. William G. Bloom of Toledo, Mrs. E. M. Springer, formerly of Des Moines and Oklahoma City, Mrs. E. M. Churchill of New Orleans, Mrs. E. C. Dudley, and Rev. Rowena M. Mann of Chicago. At the formal meeting in the afternoon Mrs. Smith again presided, in the enforced absence of Mrs. Delano, vice-president for the Western States. Mrs. Churchill brought the greetings of the South and gave a brief history of the Alliance from its inception. Mrs. E. R. Shippen of Detroit gave an interesting paper on "Woman's Place in Aggressive Unitarianism."

While the Alliance was holding its luncheon at the church, the ministers met for social conversation at the Hotel Del Prado. There were no set speeches, but much fraternal fellowship.

The business sessions of the Conference were on Tuesday forenoon and on Wednesday afternoon. The president, Hon. Morton D. Hull, gave the keynote address; the treasurer reported all bills paid for the year and a small balance on hand. The report of the secretary showed the churches of the district, on the whole, to be in better condition than last year. The aided churches of the district, Youngstown, Dayton, and Oklahoma City all showed significant gains for the year. Sixty churches showed a gross gain in membership of 596, with a loss of 196, a net gain of 400. Thirty-one churches showed a net gain only, seven a net loss. From the reports received, the following tendencies were noted:—First, serious advertising seems to be on the increase, the missionary movements and the stronger churches being the leaders in this direction. Second, for the first time the reports showed gifts to the Ministerial Pension Fund. While the Pension Society was started by annual subscriptions from the ministers, it has become clear to the denomination that these pensions, being in essence deferred payments of salary, should be a part of the budget of the churches themselves. Third, several churches are studying and making experiments along the

Digitized by Google

lines of increased efficiency with encouraging results. Fourth, the new and growing social consciousness expresses itself ever more clearly in our pulpits. In some churches this leads to increased activity along the well-established lines of social service. In others, it leads to an increased sense of personal responsibility for intolerable social and industrial conditions.

The Conference considered two recommendations by the board of directors:—

I. That a systematic attempt be made to increase the endowment fund of the Conference to $50,000.

II. That the Western Unitarian Conference shall become responsible for all administrative and missionary work within its borders, including subsidies to aided churches assigned at present to the Western budget, but not including the support of work in university towns.

That the churches composing the Western Unitarian Conference send all their missionary contributions, save nominal sums sufficient to retain membership in the American Unitarian Association, to the treasury of the Western Unitarian Conference.

That the Western Unitarian Conference request the printing of its treasurer's report in connection with the report of the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, so that the missionary contributions of the Western churches shall appear in the general summing up of the missionary activities of the denomination.

The first recommendation was adopted. The second, after considerable discussion, was laid upon the table until the next meeting of the Conference. It was voted that there be a referendum to the churches for the guidance of the Conference at its next annual meeting. The following resolutions were presented by the business committee to which they had been referred, and were passed by the Conference.

Resolved, That the Western Conference expresses its appreciation and hearty approval of the work of the National Unitarian Temperance Society and its faithful secretary, Dr. J. H. Crooker, and calls upon the churches in the Conference to encourage and support this work in every possible way.

Resolved, That, Whereas circumstances sufficiently provocative in the judgment of the governing authorities of these United States have required the landing of American naval and military forces upon Mexican soil, and Whereas such action has been made the occasion of agitation on the part of some for the military acquisition of Mexican territory, Therefore be it *Resolved* by those in attendance at the Western Unitarian Conference that, without attempting to prejudge the situation as it may develop, we deplore the agitation for the further use of military force where it may not be required, and express our firm conviction that the military acquisition of foreign territory is opposed to the spirit and attitude of the American people and is inimical to the perpetuation and continued development of our government as a free popular government, and that we heartily approve every effort that may be made to solve honorably and peaceably the perplexing problems of our proper relationship to a neighboring people. And we express our confidence in the ability of the President of the United States to bring the situation to a peaceful issue.

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference express its appreciation to the First Unitarian Society for its entertainment of the Conference at its sixty-second annual meeting, and that a vote of thanks be extended to the officers of the church and its pastor, Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, for the same.

Resolved, That high appreciation of the Conference is extended to the secretary, Mr. Smith, for his admirable survey of the denominational work and the faithful labors of the year which it implies.

Resolved, That the Conference recognises and appreciates the faithful services of the Headquarters Clerk Miss Scheible, which cannot be measured by money considerations.

Resolved, That the *Christian Register* be asked to consider the securing of correspondents in the West, in the South, and on the Pacific coast to write regularly letters similar to those sent by the New York and Boston correspondents.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Conference be extended to Rev. Troward H. Marshall in his time of suffering, and that a greeting be sent to him from the Conference.

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference request the American Unitarian Association to publish with its annual reports a statement of the money contributed for missionary purposes by the churches of the Western Conference and of other Unitarian conferences in America, for use within their respective districts.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, Hon. Morton D. Hull; vice-presidents, Rev. George A. Thayer and Mrs. C. V. Mersereau; secretary, Rev. Ernest C. Smith; treasurer, Mr. Charles B. Foote; directors to May, 1915, to fill vacancies, Mr. Charles Grilk and Rev. John W. Day; directors to May, 1917: Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Rev. George R. Gebauer, Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly, Prof. Karl C. Guthe, Rev. Rowena Morse Mann.

Lend-a-Hand Society.

The annual meeting of the Lend-a-Hand Society was held Wednesday, May 27, in Park Street Church. Twenty-six Lend-a-Hand Clubs sent delegates to the business meeting. The following officers were elected: president, Rev. Christopher R. Eliot; vice-presidents, Franklin P. Daly, Miss Frances H. Hunneman; honorary secretary, Mrs. Bernard Whitman; secretary, Mrs. Martha Adams Leland; treasurer, Mr. Benjamin H. Jones. Directors: Rev. C. R. Eliot, Franklin P. Daly, Miss F. H. Hunneman, Mrs. Martha A. Leland, Benjamin H. Jones, Henry R. Scott, Mrs. Alonzo E. Locke, Mrs. William T. Foster, Miss Blanche Merritt, Rev. James Harry Holden, and Miss Caroline Freeman.

The public meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. James Harry Holden of the Roxbury Universalist church, and the audience repeated together the mottoes of the Society.

In his opening remarks, Rev. C. R. Eliot showed that the Lend-a-Hand movement is accomplishing a great deal. There are small clubs and large ones; clubs of little people and clubs of grown-ups; clubs that have been recently formed and clubs that are more than thirty years old; clubs that carry on large undertakings and clubs that do only a few small things. The sum total makes a very interesting story and one to be proud of.

Mr. Eliot told most delightfully Dr. Hale's story of "Ten Times One is Ten," which was the foundation of the Lend-a-Hand work. He read a hopeful message from Mrs. Bernard Whitman, now honorary secretary; a report of the year's work was given by the superintendent, Miss Annie F. Brown, and of the Lend-a-Hand Book Mission by its director, Miss Anna E. Wood. Progress both in number of clubs and in useful work was shown by both reports. The Society has recently been notified of two bequests, one for $3,000 and one for $1,000, to be added to the Hale Endowment Fund, which at present amounts to $50,558.96.

The Lend-a-Hand Clubs of Plymouth, Brookline, and First Parish, Hingham (Juniors), made interesting reports of work, and an address was made by President Lemuel Herbert Murlin, D.D., LL.D., of Boston University, on "Community Service by Groups." He illustrated his topic by the wonderful results achieved in a Kansas university town of only twelve hundred people, by all working together for the best interests of the community. With ideals, purpose, ambition, and co-operation, Dr. Murlin claimed, anything desired by the town was accomplished, whether education, town water-works, or a union church. He suggested that the city be divided into little groups for the express purpose of becoming acquainted and working out a plan by which the most efficient and neighborly life can be lived.

Rev. Charles Frederick Nicholson.

Rev. Charles Frederick Nicholson died at Cambridge, Mass., on May 29, 1914, in his seventy-sixth year. Mr. Nicholson had long been an invalid and had suffered much in the months before his death, but always with fortitude and a confident trust. Mr. Nicholson was a chaplain in the Christian Commission in the Civil War, and was for many years in the Baptist ministry. He entered the Unitarian denomination about 1890 and was settled successively at Norton, Rockland, and Roslindale, Mass. He was buried beside his wife, at Norton, on Sunday, May 31, the services being conducted by Rev. H. H. Mott and Rev. H. W. Foote.

The New England Unitarian Fellowship Committee.

The New England Fellowship Committee, in justice alike to the applicants and to the churches, desires the fullest information concerning every person who asks for the certificate of recommendation. The Committee has therefore voted henceforth to publish the names of all applicants before taking final action.

The applications of Francis Treadway Clayton, principal of Proctor Academy, Andover, N.H., now of the Presbyterian ministry, and Daniel Moses Welch of the Harvard Divinity School, are now before the Committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, Secretary. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

A Minister Wanted.

From one of our readers in the South we have received the following letter:—

"There is in one of our Southern States on the Atlantic Coast, in its largest and most progressive city, a beautiful Unitarian church and a little group of earnest parishioners. A minister is needed for this church when it reopens in the autumn. Owing to the distance from Unitarian headquarters in Boston, it is a difficult matter to bring candidates and congregation together. It has been suggested that a letter published in the *Christian Register* might reach the eyes of some minister who would be interested and yet who might otherwise not hear of the needs of this parish. The trustees have decided that a young unmarried man could probably best carry on the work here. One

Digitized by Google

with some business ability and one who had had at least one or two other parishes. There is material in this city to form a strong liberal congregation in time. The right person is needed for the work. He will require tact and patience and should only come if willing to remain several years."

For any further information, address "TRUSTEES," care of the *Christian Register*.

Executive Board of the Alliance.

With the hope of securing the attendance of some of the distant members who might be coming for Anniversary Week, the meeting of the Executive Board of the Alliance was postponed from May 8 to May 22. It was a pleasure to greet at the meeting the two Southern vice-presidents, Mrs. Abby A. Peterson and Mrs. H. W. Churchill, the one from the Pacific Coast, Miss C. Louise Smith of San Francisco, the director from Eastern Pennsylvania, Mrs. J. Lester Woodbridge, Mrs. Alva Roy Scott of Bangor, one of the Maine directors, and Mrs. C. T. Catlin of Brooklyn, a former treasurer, who came as Miss Bancroft's special guest, in addition to those members from New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts who are regular attendants.

The president reported many letters written and nine visits made during the month of April, and attendance at the meeting of the Worcester League on the previous Wednesday, when the League, as such, voted to disband and to reorganize as the Worcester County League, which will hold conference meetings of all the branches in the county similar to those held in Boston by the Eastern Massachusetts branches. A separate branch will be formed in each of the Worcester churches.

The corresponding secretary reported a larger number of blanks with information for the Manual returned than at the same date last year. The formation of two new Associate Alliances, one in Oregon and another in Washington, were also reported. The treasurer reported that 192 branches and five individuals have contributed a little more than $1,300 towards the Fifield Memorial, and that the appeals have been completed. The following Alliance presidents have been made life members of the Alliance by their respective branches: Mrs. C. E. St. John of Philadelphia, Mrs. George H. Root of Winchester, Mrs. Henry D. Forbes of Roxbury, and Mrs. Emma L. Ordiorne of Cambridge; Miss Mary F. Gill, Mrs. Mary Bancroft Winsor, Mrs. Frank K. Dutcher, and Mrs. B. M. Sparhawk have been made so by personal gift. These names have been placed in *In Memoriam:* Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Monroe, Mrs. Harriet Augusta Litchfield, Miss Mary J. Rogers, Miss Caroline M. Chenery, Mrs. Sarah Theo Brown, Mrs. Eliza Brown Sanderson, Mrs. Ellen Sever Hale, Miss Sophia Tracy Denny, Miss Grace M. Sanger, Mrs. E. A. Low, Mrs. Josephine Pope, Mrs. Mary S. Curtis, Mrs. Eliza Mudge, Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper, and Mrs. Annie Evans White.

The Cheerful Letter chairman expressed satisfaction with the tone of the reports which have come in, and feels that there is a wider understanding of Cheerful Letter work. The chairman of the Study Class Committee told of special use which has been made of the lending papers by some of the New York branches in sending them to Post-office Mission correspondents.

Mrs. Peterson announced the death of the daughter of Rev. Francis M. McHale. Owing to her illness Mr. McHale has been unable to make long journeys, but has held services in near-by places, has written largely for the newspapers and delivered many lectures. In North Carolina, Rev. W. E. Cowan is just starting his summer services. Mrs. Peterson spoke appreciatively of the work which Rev. John L. Robinson has done at Swansboro, particularly for the young boys, who are devoted to him. It has been possible to hold meetings there for town betterment in which the ministers of the other churches have joined. Our ministers, she said, are standing for everything which goes for the uplift of the people and for showing them a better way of living. Samples of work done by the children of the Carolina Industrial School have been brought by Mrs. Peterson for exhibition during Anniversary Week, and were examined with great interest by the members of the Board.

A letter from Rev. C. W. Heizer of Ithaca expressed his appreciation of the $50 contributed by the Alliance for work among the young women at Cornell.

A constitution and by-laws were presented by the Junior Alliance Committee, drawn up as a guide to Junior Alliances. These will later be printed for distribution. The work of reorganization of the Lending Library has been completed to the great satisfaction of all. Up to the present time 2,876 Alliance pins have been sold. A committee was appointed to plan an Alliance conference at the Isles of Shoals during the week of meetings. A letter was read from Dr. Wendte, thanking the Alliance for the contribution of $276 to assist Signor Conté in his Italian work, also one from Madame Rochat of Geneva, thanking for the sum sent to assist the efforts to organize the French women, and stating that steps have already been taken in Paris and that there is a promising outlook in Lyons.

Among the most interesting and stimulating features of the meeting were the greetings brought by the distant members, particularly the words of commendation from Mrs. Catlin. The last meeting of the season will occur on June 12.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Officers and Directors.

Officers and directors for 1914–15, as elected at the annual meeting, May 28, 1914, are: president, Mr. Sanford Bates; vice-presidents: Mr. Berkeley B. Blake, Berkeley, Cal.; Mr. Frederick M. Eliot, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. Oscar B. Hawes, Germantown, Pa.; Rev. Percy R. Lyndon, Windsor, Vt.; Rev. H. Houghton Schumacher, Helena, Mont.; Miss Rita E. Stemm, New Orleans, La.; secretary, Miss Grace R. Torr; treasurer, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie. Directors: Mr. Chester R. Allen, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Julia L. Barry, Montclair, N.J.; Miss Emily J. Cline, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. J. E. Dobbs, Toronto, Canada; Mr. Wallace O. Fenn, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. Henry G. Ives, Andover, N.H.; Mr. Joseph C. Kiley, Jamestown, N.Y.; Miss Marian D. Richards, Brookline, Mass.; Mr. Henry G. Rogers, Yarmouth, Me.; Mr. Arthur E. Ryder, West Bridgewater, Mass.; Miss Helen F. Schadee, Florence, Mass.; Miss Almira E. Simmons, Wollaston, Mass.; Miss Belle I. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Mary A. Sprague, West Newton, Mass.; Rev. Charles J. Staples, Burlington, Vt.

REPORT OF THE POLICY COMMITTEE, 1914.

The Policy Committee offers the following suggestions for the consideration of the Unions, touching the work of the coming year, which were adopted, the first and third as prepared by the committee, and the second with an amendment as suggested by Dr. Sunderland's talk:—

1. That the sum of $400 be raised for the support of the Student Assistant Work in College Town Churches;

2. That $200 be appropriated for the missionary work in foreign lands, and that the Unions be encouraged and advised to devote a meeting to the consideration of this wider effort which is possible; and that

Deaths.

HENRIETTA WHITE BAILEY CONNOR.

1839–1914.

In the early evening of Tuesday, May 19, Henrietta White Bailey Connor, beloved wife of Geo. Selden Connor, died at her home in Augusta, Me., after a life whose beauty and richness of character endeared her to all who knew her. An ardent and loyal Unitarian, she served the cause of the Augusta church for many years, making her life a testimonial to the power and beauty of that faith, and leaving behind her a memory of good deeds and loving service which shall long endure. A true friend, a faithful wife and loving mother, she set before her world that quality of rare womanhood which made all love her, and for whose loss there is no remedy save in the thought that as God so long blest us with her presence, so her departure has a meaning which His wisdom shall in good time reveal.

"God, who created all things, can renew."

UNITY PULPIT

I am very desirous of obtaining a complete set of Unity Pulpit sermons, seventeen volumes, for which I am willing to pay a fair price. Address "J. R. S.," care *Christian Register*.

WANTED

POSITION, as governess, tutor, or companion, by a junior in college, for three summer months. Experienced, and can give excellent references. Apply at 15 Beacon Street, Boston.

CAMP FRIAR TUCK, Lake Tahanto, Harvard, Mass. Established 1894. Rev. and Mrs. Lyman Greenman can accommodate in their camp this summer a few more boys between the ages of eight and fifteen. Water and country sports. Trips to Concord and other historic places. Season, June 20 to September 5. Address, 2237 Maine Street, Quincy, Ill.

GLENSIDE

For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases

MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.

6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN

TEMPLETON, MASS.

Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.

Address MANAGER.

Digitized by Google

items of interest bearing upon this enterprise be sent out from time to time from the central office, and that a committee be appointed by the board of directors at the next meeting to consider the suggestions of Dr. Sunderland;

3. That the publication work of the Young People's Religious Union be enlarged as rapidly as the board of directors deems it feasible.

DUDLEY H. FERRELL.
EMMA R. ROSS.
HAROLD G. ARNOLD.
HENRY G. ROGERS.
H. HOUGHTON SCHUMACHER.
ALBERT R. VAIL.
CAROLINE S. BURRAGE.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The twentieth annual summer meeting of the Union Ministers' Meeting will be held in King's Chapel, Monday, June 8, at ten-thirty o'clock. Rev. Austin Rice of Wakefield will give an address on "The Gospel Ideal of Personal Responsibility." There will be open discussion, reports, etc. Ministers of all names are cordially invited. Rev. Lewis G. Wilson will preside.

The ninety-sixth session of the North Middlesex Conference will be held with the Liberal Christian Church, Wilton, N.H., Rev. John H. Wilson, minister, Thursday, June 11. James E. Odlin, Esq., of Lynn, president of Essex Conference, will speak on "The Place of the Church in Modern Life," and Mr. William H. Sayward of Boston, president of Norfolk Conference, on "The Efficient Congregation."

The Norfolk Conference will meet with the First Parish in Dedham, Rev. William H. Parker, minister, on Wednesday, June 10, 1914. Mr. Warren F. Spaulding will speak on "The Treatment of Crime"; and Mr. Meyer Bloomfield, on "The Immigrant and Some of his Problems." In the afternoon, Prof. Daniel Evans, D.D., Rev. Walter Calley, D.D., and Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D., will discuss "What does the World most need to keep it in the Path of True Progress?"

Meetings.

WORCESTER LEAGUE.—The twenty-fifth anniversary was observed in the Second Parish Church on Wednesday, May 20, 1914. Over one hundred women were present from Alliance branches of Worcester County. The meeting opened at 11.30 A.M. with the new president, Mrs. Joseph M. Davis, in the chair. After the opening exercises, one hundred and eighty-seven women responded to roll-call, present from Berlin, Bolton, Brookfield, Clinton, Fitchburg, Grafton, Hopedale, Leicester, Leominster, Marlboro, Millbury, Mendon, Northboro, Sturbridge, Sterling, Uxbridge, and Westboro. Miss Anna M. Bancroft, national president, reviewed the work of the League and the value of these years of endeavor for the liberal faith. An interesting account of Miss Bancroft's recent trip through Texas and Southern States was given. All present were inspired and felt an increased interest in the future of Alliance work. At the close of Miss Bancroft's valuable address the president called attention to the future of the League as a branch of the National Alliance. During the past twenty-five years Alliance branches have been formed in nearly all of the towns of Worcester County. This month two local churches—Second Parish and South Memorial—joined. A discussion upon the advisability of becoming an Associate Alliance resulted in the appointing of the following committee to meet during the noon hour and decide upon recommendations for future enlarged usefulness: Miss Anna M. Bancroft, chairman, Mrs. James Duncan, Clinton, Mrs. F. F. Woodward, Fitchburg, Mrs. Frank E. Davis, Mrs. Samuel C. Beane, Jr., Mrs. Charles B. Elder of Worcester. After luncheon, prepared by the fellowship committee of the three Worcester churches, the following recommendations were brought in at the afternoon session and acted upon: that the Worcester League disband to reorganize under the name of Worcester County League of Unitarian Women; that the Alliance branches of Worcester County cooperate; that the payment of one dollar annually by each branch shall constitute membership; that each branch send two or more delegates to each meeting; that there be three meetings yearly; that the present officers serve during the ensuing year with the addition of four members from Worcester County chosen by the Executive Committee to become members of that body. A vote of thanks was extended by the Worcester County delegates for the hospitality of the three Worcester churches. "Why Women do not want to Vote," by Mrs. A. J. George, Boston, was the subject of the afternoon. As the subject, at a previous meeting, had been discussed from the standpoint of the suffragist, much interest was shown. Mrs. George said the real need is for more moral and religious training and not more laws. Unless women vote more intelligently than men, we would not get a better state by multiplying the vote. Women are far better off under the present chivalry of men than under the justice proposed by the suffragists. Edward Everett Hale said that suffrage is a responsibility not a right. Women and children in industry are protected better under Massachusetts laws than by those of any suffrage State. Average woman is employed worthily in the old occupation of home making. Individual character will save us, not legislation. Lena Hurlbut Bellows, Secretary.

Churches.

BARRE, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. A. F. Bailey and Rev. Crozier Graham Adams: Mr. Adams, who has been the minister the past year, was unanimously re-elected for another year at the annual parish meeting, held in April. Mr. Adams preached recently in Ware, in exchange with Rev. E. H. Brenan, and then started for Chicago, for his marriage to Miss Ruth Hudnut, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Hudnut of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Adams returned to Barre for Mr. Adams to preach the memorial sermon for the veterans of the G. A. R., at the union services of all the churches, held in the Unitarian church. The Women's Alliance at their annual meeting elected the old board of officers: president, Mrs. George R. Simonds; vice-presidents, Miss Lucy Rice and Mrs. Clara Stone; treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Bartholomew; secretary, Mrs. George E. Bates; and a board of directors. The reports of the treasurer and secretary showed a most prosperous season (that of 1913-14). A touching eulogy was given by Mrs. Bates in her report, in memory of Miss Lura E. Jenkins, who died in Jamaica Plain last winter. She was a lifelong resident of Barre, also of the society and the church.

BOLTON, MASS.—The First Parish, Rev. J. L. Marsh: The Women's Alliance solicit orders for canned fruits and vegetables put up by them during the summer of 1914. These goods will be of the best quality, put up in glass jars, and sold at prices usual for such goods. Early orders will be appreciated. The proceeds will be used to renovate the church building. For information apply to the Committee, Bolton, Mass.: Mrs. J. L. Marsh, Mrs. Charles Ripley, Mrs. F. C. Edes.

ERIE, PA.—The First Unitarian Church, Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes: The church in Erie is sixteen years old, and this last has been the best year of its history. An aggressive campaign has been carried on in every department of the church since last September. Upon resumption of church work last fall, the board of trustees appointed Mr. Fay W. Clark, general chairman of the church council, which was practically to make him general manager of the business affairs of the church. Mr. Clark, who is a young business man with a genius for organization, began his work with skill and enthusiasm. He began his work by selecting seven chairmen for seven working committees—finance, entertainment, membership, publicity, social service, branch organizations, and house and grounds committees. These committees when fully organized contained one hundred and fifteen of the best workers in the church. Three workers' dinners and church efficiency meetings were held during the year, at which practically all the members of the committees were present, together with the board of trustees and the pastor. These meetings created enthusiasm, and, with Mr.

HOUSE TO LET, furnished, in the highest and healthiest suburb of London, England. 4 sitting-rooms, 5 bedrooms, dressing-room, bath-room; 2 housemaid's pantries; electric light; good kitchen; offices; telephone; dinner lift; small greenhouse; good garden leading onto tennis courts. Open, airy situation. Very quiet, within 15 minutes of West End.

Terms: 8 guineas a week for short let or by arrangement.

Glass, china, silver, linen, etc., by agreement. Apply Mrs. Ireson, 13 Parkhill Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT,
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Clark's leadership, kept the members on the job until the work mapped out was completed. The results of this movement have been shown in many ways in the new life, power, and efficiency of every department of the church. The effect has been seen in the regular attendance, both morning and evening, during the year. A dozen or more overflow meetings have been held during the winter. At one meeting twenty-five people sat on the platform with the minister, with every other available space taken, and many turned away. On this occasion the minister took for his theme, "The Inside of the Cup." The Sunday-school reached the one hundred mark. The Women's Alliance now has sixty-two members. It has conducted a successful fair, and carried out a splendid literary and religious programme. The weekly religious conference has been continued, and many new members have been trained in the deeper things of faith and spirit by the friendly method of the conference and round table. This is a mid-week meeting. The greater efficiency in business organization has resulted in a large increase in finances, in displacing a deficit by a surplus, and this in the face of the fact of the worst business and industrial depression which the city has had in forty years. Forty-four new members have been received into the church during the year, making a membership of over three hundred living active members on the rolls of the church at the present time, with an increasing list of friends, attendants, and supporters in the growing city. Hardly a Sunday goes by without from a dozen to fifty or more visitors and new attendants upon the regular church services. Some fine special occasions have been held. Rev. F. M. Bennett, Mr. Leffingwell of Buffalo, Mr. E. P. Harris of Montclair, and Mrs. Mary B. Davis of New York came here and delivered stirring addresses along the line of church efficiency. Prof. Morgan Barnes of Edinboro, Rev. H. J. Adlard of Dunkirk, Bishop Rogers Israel and Mayor Sterns of Erie, stirred the Men's Club to thought and action. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, and Prof. Hutchins of the Meadville faculty, delighted the people with their messages. Rev. William Sullivan gave over three hundred people a fine spiritual uplift on a busy week-day evening. Mrs. Thomas Ford and Mrs. Lucy Drake-Marlowe of this society gave an inspiring evening with Robert Browning to a large audience, which paid for the enjoyment. Mr. Byrnes, the pastor, also delivered one of his Chautauqua lectures to an audience of over two hundred people, who paid for the privilege of hearing it. The King's Daughters presented a delightful play, "A Virginia Heroine," to a large and delighted audience in early May. The house committee are planning to enlarge and renovate the church building during the summer vacation. Perhaps some Unitarian people in other places who are studying the religious unrest of the time will be interested to know that, of the thirty or more evangelical ministers who were active in forcing Mr. Byrnes, the Unitarian minister, out of the Erie Ministerial Association because of his aggressive devotion to his own cause, twenty have resigned and taken their departure from the city in less then two years, and most of them in the prime of their ministerial careers. It is also the general understanding that the above act, with some other moves of a similar character, started the forces which compelled their departure. These men have left behind them a weakened cause, while the movement they attacked has grown stronger every month since they and Billy Sunday attacked it.

LINCOLN, MASS.—The Unitarian Church: Services will be held as usual from June 7 to September 27, inclusive. Dr. De Normandie will preach on each of the four Sundays in June, and monthly calendars will announce the preachers for the other months. Services at 3.30 P.M.

MONTPELIER, VT.—Church of the Messiah, Rev. J. Edward Wright, D.D., Rev. Albert H. Spence, Jr.: On Wednesday evening, May 13, Rev. Albert H. Spence, Jr., was formally installed pastor. Rev. William L. Sullivan preached the installation sermon, and Dr. James De Normandie offered prayer; Rev. F. R. Griffin of Montreal, Canada, gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. C. J. Staples of Burlington, Vt., the charge to the people; Rev. J. B. Reardon of the Universalist church in the neighboring city of Barre, the invocation; and Rev. William Shaw of the Methodist Episcopal church, representing churches, clergy, and citizens, cordially welcomed Mr. Spence to the city. The sermon was one deep breath of holiest consecration and devoted service powerfully presented. The prayer reached down into the hearts of all. The charge to the minister, from an old college friend, was rich with good counsel and serious considerations. The charge to the people made a strong appeal to the parish addressed. On the programme was the name of Dr. J. Edward Wright, pastor emeritus, for the Scripture reading. His absence was explained by the following footnote: "Dr. Wright himself selected this part as being one he hoped to have strength enough to undertake. His hopes were destined to be unfulfilled. We leave his name, however, as evidence that, though strength may decline with the years, our love for him and our appreciation of his great work remain unchanged, constant forever." The church has enjoyed a season of unusual prosperity since last June, when Mr. Spence came in response to a unanimous call to be its minister. There has been a marked increase in attendance. The usual activities have been sustained with new life and fresh impulse, imparted by the interest and resourcefulness of the new pastor and his very able wife. At the annual parish supper and business meeting there was a large attendance, reports showing the society to be in fine condition financially. At that time $25 was appropriated for the Service Pension Society. The outlook for the future of the church seems very promising. The continued illness of the beloved pastor emeritus, Dr. Wright, causes great anxiety, but all are hopeful that the summer days to come will hold for him health, strength, and final recovery.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

May 6.	John C Runkle, Waltham, Mass.	$50.00
	6. Society in Dayton, Ohio	25.00
	6. Society in Stockton, Cal	3.00
	7. Society in Neponset, Mass.	20.00
	7. Society in Warwick, Mass.	10.00
	8. Society in New Brighton, N.Y.	2.35
11.	Society in Hemet, Cal.	$10.00
	12. Dighton, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	14. Sunday School, Geneseo, Ill.	8.00
	14. Society in Sioux City, Ia	10.00
	14. Unity Circle, Society in Sioux City, Ia.	10.00
	14. North Society, Salem, Mass.	100.00
	14. Society in Northampton, Mass.	2.15
	15. Society in Berkeley, Cal.	100.00
	15. Society in Duluth, Minn.	12.50
	18. First Parish, Dedham, Mass.	25.00
	20. First Parish, Brookline, Mass.	5.00
	20. North Society, Salem, Mass., additional	50.00
	20. Female Charitable Society of Lancaster, Mass.	50.00
	22. Mrs. Charles P. Lombard, Plymouth, Mass.	50.00
	25. Unity Church Sunday School, Springfield, Mass.	50.00
	25. Anonymous friends	50.00
	29. Society in Great Falls, Mont.	15.00
	29. Society in Iowa City, Ia.	10.00
	29. Associate Members	20.50

RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

May 6.	Sunday School, Medford, Mass.	10.00
	7. First Society, Chicago, Ill.	50.00
	14. Sunday School, Montclair, N.J.	10.00
	18. Sunday School, Madison, Wis.	5.00
	18. Sunday School, Gardner, Mass.	5.00
	20. First Unitarian Sunday School in Newton, Mass. (West Newton)	100.00
	22. Gardner, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	1.00
	22. Jamaica Plain, Mass., Junior Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
	23. Sunday School, Berkeley, Cal.	20.00
	26. Sunday School, Evanston, Ill.	5.00
	29. Sunday School, Framingham, Mass.	3.00

ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

May 12.	A Friend, through the President	100.00
	12. All Souls' Sunday School, Roxbury, Mass.	25.00
	12. Sunday School, Portsmouth, N.H.	15.00
	18. Friends, through the President	15.00
	29. Sunday School, Ithaca, N.Y.	5.00
		$1,076.50

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Angora goats have been used with profit to keep fire lines clear of inflammable vegetation on national forests in California.

The imports of matches into China greatly exceed in value any other wood product. Most of the matches come in from Japan.

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS
CORSETS

In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk
IVY, LA LOUISE, and BON TON MODELS.

Palmer's Corset Store
52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

A: "Time flies." *B:* "I can't. They're too quick for me."

The Boss (to a laborer who had come for employment): "Are you a mechanic?" The Laborer: "No, sir; I'm a McCarthy."—*Yale Record.*

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Twickembury, "that I believe every word of that theory of yours, but I admit that it makes a very good working hypotenuse."

A furrier makes his novel bid for custom by announcing in a daily paper that "Mr. Blank is willing to make up capes, jackets, and coats for ladies out of their own skins."

Mrs. Youngwife: "I want to get some salad." Dealer: "Yes, ma'am. How many heads?" Mrs. Youngwife: "Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off! I just want plain chicken salad."

Defeated Candidate: "You encouraged me to run for the office. You know you did. You said you thought I wouldn't make a bad alderman." Trusty Henchman: "Well, the returns seem to show that I was right."

A Hindu baker's assistant in Bombay, setting up in business for himself, and desiring to cater for the English community, had the following notification painted over his doorway: "Ram Bux solicits respectful patronage. He is a first-class British loafer."—*Christian Life.*

Bliss Carman tells us that "Earth has put off her raiment, wintry and worn and old, for the robe of a fair young sibyl, dancing in green and gold." According to conditions that have prevailed for the past four days, we should judge the most appropriate robe would be a bath-robe.

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest-hands, and said to the farmer, "That fellow ought to be chuck-full of work." "He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."—*Success.*

That is what the Church has set out for and what she will get: a brief, clear, irenical, evangelical creed, with such a Presbyterian flavor that on tasting it, as one would a teaspoonful of fresh maple syrup, he will say, with a light in his eye: "That is the genuine thing! Take my order for a weekly supply of it as long as I live."—*Interior.*

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite a famous scientist at a dinner one evening not long ago. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned toward the scholar. "Aw, y' know, Mr. Jones," he drawled, "I passed your house this mawning." "Thank you," said Jones, quietly. "Thank you very much."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Mr. Charles Whymper, the painter, visited a gentleman at Highgate, and took his eldest daughter in to dinner. He was talking about the scenery, when suddenly she said, "I think I get prettier every day, don't you?" "I beg your pardon. What did you say?" "I said I think I get prettier every day." There was no mistaking, so Mr. Whymper answered: "Yes, indeed, you get prettier; and no wonder, in such fresh air and"— Just then she caught her mother's eye; and with the other ladies she left the room, with withering scorn. Then it flashed upon him that he had misunderstood her: she had dropped an h! What she had said was "I think *Highgate* prettier every day."

ESTEY PIPE & REED CHURCH ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farms Street, LYNN, MASS.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Universalist:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904

AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President.

EARLE MORSE WILBUR, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

The Phillips Exeter Academy
Unusual opportunities for boys of exceptional character and ability. 134th year opens Sept. 16, 1914. Catalogue and views. Address The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Digitized by Google

The Christian Register

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 24 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 553
- Disestablishment in Wales 554
- Who hath Eyes to See let him See 555

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
- Finances 556

CURRENT TOPICS 556

BREVITIES 557

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The Unitarian Name, by Hon. John D. Long 558
- The Country Neighborhood, by Augusta Larned . . . 559
- A Lay Discourse upon Prayer 564
- Jacob Riis 566
- Foreign Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 571
- To the Clergy of the United States; A Unitarian Church Edifice in Belgium 572
- The Meadville Theological School 573
- The Tuckerman School; Rural Community Conference; Summer Meetings at Andover, N.H. 574
- Training for Home Life; Be Cheerful 575

SPIRITUAL LIFE 560

THE ANNIVERSARIES.
- The Unitarian Festival 560
- The Call to the Ministry, by Henry Wilder Foote . . 563
- Business Meeting of the American Unitarian Association; The Young People's Religious Union . . . 570

LITERATURE.
- Books 566
- Miscellaneous; Magazines; Music Received 567

THE HOME.
- The Nut which was Not, by Abbie Farwell Brown; Lottie's Boomerang 568
- Katie's Saturday; The Camel 569

POETRY.
- Field Apostles, by Ellen Burns Sherman 559
- The Apostles, by Charlotte C. Eliot 565
- In Blossom Time, by Alys Ingraham 566
- What do you See? 568
- My Pictures 569

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 574

PLEASANTRIES 576

Editorial.

A NOTICEABLE characteristic of the Presbyterian general assembly, and similar meetings in other denominations, is the outspoken expression of opinion on any subject that may come up, and the fearless admission of subjects for discussion. There is more freedom of opinion in denominations which are apparently bound by creeds than there appears to be in our denomination, which is free from creedal bonds. Room for discussion and ungrudging hospitality to differences of opinion are not to be feared. It is the suppressed and reticent criticism that works harm, sapping zeal and depleting faith, while vigorous development of independence stimulates interest and vitalizes loyalty. More open debate, and more men willing to say in public what they think without saying, would go a long way to increase our constituency.

IN the discussion of the subject of capital punishment by the Presbyterians the significant part was the attitude toward the Bible. A resolution disclaiming any intention of condemning the biblical punishment for murder was voted down. The Bible was quoted against itself by the delegate who reminded the assembly that Cain was not executed for the murder of Abel. The chairman of the Committee on Prison Reform declared that he did not believe in killing a man to reform him. The point is that humanitarian and sociological considerations took precedence. The inference is that, if the Bible declares otherwise, so much the worse for the Bible. If capital punishment here can be judged on grounds more authoritative than Scripture, what will become of capital punishment hereafter?

SOME of the older ministers are a little troubled at the way in which the Berry Street Conference is losing its hold upon the younger ministers, and those who are unfamiliar with our traditions. Formerly it was a great theological occasion. When Dr. Channing issued an invitation to the liberal ministers of Massachusetts to assemble in the chapel of his church, then in Berry Street, now Channing Place, he called together a band of men who were inspired by the desire to realize great ideals in the life of their churches. The essay was the best that could be produced, and after an hour of solid discourse the meeting settled down to listen for two hours to men who were accounted worthy to deal with the subject before the

Digitized by Google

house. All business was excluded and to avoid waste of time a rigid rule was tacitly adopted, whereby the men thought to be competent to speak were called for; and honors were distributed so that all sides got a hearing. Such a discussion really marked an epoch in the annual experience of the ministers who were present. When, for instance, thirty-eight years ago Dr. Miles read a remarkable address, it was discussed by Bellows, Hedge, Rufus Ellis, Sears, Potter, Ames, and others,—a meeting to be remembered for a lifetime. To substitute for such dignified and able discussion a series of questions aimed at the essayist at haphazard is a sure way to invite weariness and discontent.

The discovery of a minister, who had long been given up for dead, in the cellar of an abandoned house in Illinois, bound and gagged, and almost overcome by the long privation and cruelty he had endured, shows to what lengths desperate men will go to prevent too effective opposition to the liquor traffic. One of our own ministers, Dr. Reese of Alton, Ill., has been obliged to go about for weeks under the protection of an armed guard because of his outspoken condemnation of corruption and vice in Alton. That his courageous and fearless action struck home to the evil is shown by the enemies he has made. That such service is appreciated in the community is shown by the accessions to his church, which is now filled, and by the crowding of a Presbyterian church to the doors to welcome him to its pulpit.

Church hymnals are the last to change in doctrine, but the first to show change. A kindlier spirit, a larger tolerance, will creep into the hymns, while at the same time among them will still be found the hymns of old fashion in theology, though that fashion has been abandoned in the preaching and beliefs of the church. The reason is that the words of hymns are sung without careful regard to their ideas, and those which have become endeared last in spite of themselves. Then come the tides of modern feeling, mingling with the stagnant waters of ancient ideas. It takes a longer time to rid a hymn-book of objectionable material, a shorter time to make it give expression to new views, than is the case with any other medium of church belief. So the psalmody of the modern church is full of inconsistencies. But the paradoxes should not be taken too seriously, or be charged against a church too severely. If we were strict to mark iniquity of this sort, who could sing? So long as a book of hymns is catholic enough to give range of choice to differing preferences, the parts that do not suit one or another liking need not be noticed. It would be a poor hymn-book that any one would find wholly to his taste, for such a hymn-book would be useful only for a few. The catholicity of a hymnal is its chief service to unity in religion, and that catholicity may be defeated by making it of one type alone.

A world conference of ministers interested in the peace movement has been called by The Church Peace Union for the first week in August (3d to 8th) in Switzerland. The German Church Peace Council and the British Church Peace Council are arranging to carry a large number of delegates to this conference, and they hope to meet there many clergymen from America. It will be a rare opportunity for American clergymen to meet their European brethren. This conference will be of an intimate nature rather than a great public demonstration, but it is hoped that it may lead up to a great world congress of the churches in the near future. While the Union is asking the churches to appoint official delegates, and while several leading peace workers have been especially asked, every clergyman travelling in Europe in August is not only invited cordially to be present, but, if he is interested in the great world-movement toward closer brotherhood and good will and the union of the churches in all social reform, he is strongly urged to take part in the discussions. The only credentials demanded will be the desire to help the cause. Rev. Frederick Lynch, secretary of the Church Peace Union, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, would like to hear as soon as possible from any clergyman who is to be in Europe this summer and who would be interested in taking part in this gathering. It will be a unique meeting, the first of its nature ever held, perhaps the beginning of a great movement. Whoever attends will have the opportunity of meeting some of the leading pastors of both Great Britain and the Continent.

It is just to magnify one's office, but there is no more inexorable exposure of the smallness of human nature than the magnifying of self by one's office. The men of few parts have their opportunity when some position lends them its advantages. They can compensate for their handicap by the arbitrary and high-handed use of power. They can show their unappreciative friends how foolish they were in not having recognized their greatness before, and they can thrust this greatness upon them. To use an official position for the gratification of personal dislikes, for the avenging of personal slights, or for the punishing of personal injuries is a form of graft to which many honest people may fall a victim. There is, on the other hand, no better opportunity of rising out of obscure abilities into real greatness of soul than in the exercise of magnanimity, largeness of spirit, impartiality and fairness of judgment, the subordination of personal feelings to justice. Men of less conspicuous abilities sometimes make the best officials because they feel more keenly than abler men would be likely to do the honor of their position. They can win a real distinction in showing through their official advantages an unchanged spirit, pretending to nothing more than they have, and keeping self-respect unsullied.

Disestablishment in Wales.

Disestablishment is a word written large over many institutions, social, political, and industrial, as well as religious. Lincoln said that certain things had been done and were to be done in order that government "of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." He was at the centre of a struggle that tested his sad heart to the uttermost, else he might have spoken in a prophetic strain of the time when such government should fill the whole earth. Disestablishment in matters religious means that hierarchical government and control by the state shall be abolished in order that the essential things in the religious life of the people may be established.

Disestablishment in Wales is but the first trifling event in a process which, in the course of the centuries, will result in universal freedom and unfettered activity in all the affairs that concern the perfection and expansion of human life. The alarmed opponents of the process exclaim, "If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" They who ask the question will not live to see the end of it all, but they may be sure that nothing can stay the forces that are assembling for the cleansing process now fairly begun. Just what will be left when the work is completed no one can tell. Fifty years ago it was reported that "God said, I am tired

Digitized by Google

of kings." Many then believed that all kings in Europe would be swept from their thrones before that generation passed away; but kings remain, and the aged Francis Joseph, once most autocratic of them, still reigns, a generous and well-beloved ruler. The kings have gone from France and Portugal, but no one can be sure that they will not come back again. It may be that the bad kings will go and the good kings remain. Many priests and priestly systems will go; it may be that the anointed priests will remain.

Since history began there have always been prophets, priests, and kings; probably there always will be. But, although God-appointed and inspired, they will rule and give counsel by no arbitrary exercise of authority, but by the glad consent of the people. We commonly apply the phrase "established church" to one that is supported and exercises authority as a part of the national government of any country; as in England, where within the memory of the living no student could take a degree at Oxford or Cambridge if he was a dissenter, no one could marry or be buried without the consent and assistance of a priest who had been ordained by a bishop who stood in the line of the apostolical succession. This folly is past, but other things remain to be accounted for and eliminated. There remain things, even in Wales, that are as objectionable to free spirits as anything in the institution now set aside. Theological intolerance has not disappeared from even churches of the Congregational order, and intolerance established in the belief and practice of a "people's church" may be as fatal to liberty as any enforced control by a government.

The time may come, and, indeed, must sometime come, when the essential truths and consolations of religion will be so generally accepted and acceptable that it will be a matter of spiritual economy and a cherished convenience to have all the offices of religion endowed by the state for the benefit of all the people. Such an establishment of religion, of the people, by the people, for the people, would be justified and would be a great triumph of the religious sentiment operative in human life.

Our quarrel, then, should not be with established religion. The trouble with any particular establishment is that the wrong things are established and made compulsory. Whenever the state can do anything for the common welfare better than any other agency, public or private, and this fact is generally recognized, there will be a great saving of energy and a wonderful increase of efficiency in all the arts of the higher life. There have been at times in the Roman Catholic Church heaven-born souls who have seen in possibility a church that should be the receptacle, custodian, and benevolent translator into holy living of that "which has always, everywhere, and by everybody, been believed." It is a noble ideal, some day to be realized and embodied in a church so truly catholic that it will be impossible for any religious man or woman to live outside of it.

Disestablishment in Wales is not a destructive event, but a knocking off of one of the smaller shackles that impede the free movement and development of religion in the life of a nation. A mightier struggle will come when disestablishment draws near in England; but that will be a minor event, compared with that which will surely happen when the hour strikes for the pulling down of the strongholds of the churches in Austria and Russia. There can be no well-grounded civil liberty in Eastern Europe until the rule of the priest is abolished. So long as ruler and subject alike must wait with trepidation for the announcement of a priestly confessor, *Ego absolvo te*, before he can be assured of eternal salvation, so long will liberty languish.

Some day reformers, and those who love their fellowmen, will awake to the knowledge that transcending all other problems and questions is "the religious question." Define and secure freedom in religion, and the spread and acceptance of essential truths and other problems will vanish. War will cease; industrial contentions will die out; the reign of the oppressor will come to an end; the joy and gladness that are now the heritage of the few will become the inspiration of the many.

We live at the beginning of a new dispensation; we are really assisting at the creation of a new world, as different from that of the last century as the linotype is from the pointed stick with which the arrow-headed records of antiquity were made. Happy they who will have part in the establishment of the things that ought to be established, to the end that justice and mercy may bless all nations and all people. G. B.

Who hath Eyes to See let him See.

Good vision is a rarity. The world was made up for good vision, and short-sighted people are always in trouble. There is something everywhere of the beautiful and the good; most of it is never seen at all by anybody, and very little of the true meaning of the world has been interpreted. The worst of it is, that the best thing in the world is not seen except by a very few. "Show us the Father" is the voice of those who ought to see the Father in everything about them. The condition of most people is pitiable, not that they cannot read or write, but that they can neither see nor hear what God has spoken and written in nature.

The power of description unfortunately is as rare as the power of vision. It would help matters if we had more Thoreaus, people to see between the lines or under the lines. From this standpoint, John Muir is as much a revelator as John the Divine, and "Wake Robin" has quite as much inspiration as the Acts of the Apostles. Fortunately, the prophets are increasing rather than decreasing, and the power of painting with words is growing more common, while we understand that education consists in releasing the imprisoned powers of the young people. What will happen when this conception is universal, and the sole aim of our schools is to help the young people to see clearly all the things that are about them, to read nature and translate it correctly?

This is true of soul vision quite as much as it is true of body vision. Jesus showed his apprehension of humanity keenly when he told his listeners, who had eyes to see with, to see. He knew very well that many of those who surrounded him saw him falsely. He knew quite as well that his only hope of winning their hearts to a gospel of love was to win them first to a willingness to see the truth as it was placed before them. The most insipid praters of a gospel of sectarianism, or even of gross materialism, find abundant hearers who interpret their sayings as divine revelation. Eschatology does not include all the vagaries of the imagination that are seen to be literal truths in our churches. Their notions of golden streets and future bonfires would do comparatively little harm, if their eyes could be opened to see the simplest facts of nature, and their ears opened to hear God speaking in the gardens and the orchards of their every-day work.

The world all about us becomes a totally misunderstood affair to those who lack spiritual vision. Baptized with the spirit of real love, and illumined with an aspiration for improvement, the soul finds delight everywhere. The woods are not lacking in God's presence any more than in natural beauty; the dawns and the sunsets are alike expressions of God's presence; the rocks and the

wilderness are not devoid of uplifting and inspiring voices; yet the important point is that our daily work, the things most simple that concern us, become inspired when we see them full of the divine good-will. This is the beginning-point. No one can teach wisely, in the pulpit or out of it, unless he is literally born over in his seeing and hearing faculties, as Jesus said. We must have our eyes opened to apprehend the spiritual side of our daily life. It is there, in the garden, in the kitchen, in the office, and wherever else we are trying to do what ought to be done.

American Unitarian Association.

Finances.

It is the business of a missionary society always to be poor, but never to be in debt. If it is not poor, it means a poverty of opportunity. If it is in debt, it means that the appeal of the opportunity has run away with the business sagacity of its administrators. The American Unitarian Association closes the financial year both poor and solvent. Every obligation has been promptly met. The Directors have spent for the advancement of our cause all the money intrusted to them. They could have spent just as wisely and efficiently two or three times as much, but they have denied themselves that luxury, and exercised a sometimes painful self-restraint.

The report of the treasurer of the Association for the year ending April 30, 1914, has in it many interesting figures. The table of Income and Expenditure for immediate use shows receipts and payments of about $200,000. The gifts and bequests added to permanent funds show receipts of $158,000.

In spite of the loss of income which many members of the Association have suffered, the contributions of individuals and societies were remarkably well sustained. Over $60,000 was received upon the donation account. This is a decrease of about $2,500 from the gifts of the preceding year. There was also a decrease of some $10,000 in the gifts for the work of the Department of Religious Education, for which special support was solicited last year. On the other hand, the report shows an increase of some $10,000 in the income of invested funds, of $2,000 in the receipts for pensions, and of some $4,000 in the net income of the Publication Department. The treasurer was able to declare an increase of one-third of one per cent. in the rate of interest upon the investments. In the gifts and bequests added to the permanent funds there was a marked increase in the gifts whereof the income directly benefits the Association, and a decrease in those funds which are to be held for special purposes.

In the columns of expenditures, the report shows that the Departments of Religious Education, Foreign Relations, Publicity, Schools and Colleges, and the Rocky Mountain Division of the Church Extension Department required larger expenditures than in the previous year. On the other hand, there was a decrease in the expenditures for the Departments of Social and Public Service and Comity and Fellowship, in the Unitarian Building account, and in six of the divisions of the Church Extension Department, viz.: the New England States, the Middle States, the Western States, the Pacific States, the Canadian Northwest, and New Americans. The Southern Budget showed practically no change.

A comparison of the Budget just adopted for the year 1914–15 with that of the preceding year shows but little change. The estimate of the expenditures for maintenance is decreased by $1,000, as it is not probable that any considerable repairs will be needed in the Unitarian Building during the coming year. The withdrawal of Dr. Starbuck on September 1 from the service of the Department of Religious Education permits a reduction in the Budget for that department. Small reductions are also made in the appropriations for the salaries of the general officers, for travelling expenses, and in the Department of Comity and Fellowship.

The experience of the past year justifies small increases in the Publication Department, the Publicity Department, and the Departments of Foreign Relations, New Americans, and Social and Public Service. In the Department of Church Extension the Budget for the Pacific Coast remains the same as last year. Increases have been found necessary in the Southern, Rocky Mountain, and College Centres divisions, and decreases are possible in the New England, Middle and Western States, and the Canadian Northwest. In three of these cases the reduction is due to the fact that hereafter the salaries of the Field Secretaries are to be borne in a separate Budget and not charged to the territorial divisions. The withdrawal of Mr. Foote from the secretaryship of the Department of Church Extension permits of some reduction in the general expenditure for that department.

The Directors at their meeting of May 29 adopted the complete Budget, and the notices of their action have been sent to all the applicants and the aided churches.

Current Topics.

Advocates of the administration's so-called "anti-trust" policy last week based predictions of a complete success for the legislation urged by President Wilson, upon the action of the House of Representatives in passing by overwhelming majorities the three measures which are believed to embody the views of the national executive on the general problem of "big business." The three bills are: the Covington Bill, which would create a federal trade commission, empowered to exercise broad inquisitorial functions over corporations engaged in interstate commerce; the Clayton Bill, which is designed to strengthen existing laws aimed at the curbing of great aggregations of capital; and the Rayburn Bill, which provides for the close regulation of the stocks and bonds of railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The first measure passed unanimously, and the other two were opposed by 54 and 12 votes, respectively. The great strength which the legislation demanded by the President developed in the House is bound to exert some influence upon the outcome of the struggle in the Senate, which the friends of the administration now believe will follow the lead of the lower chamber and record its approval of the President's programme.

While the National Congress is solving the general problem of "big business," the specific situation created by legislative and administrative measures aimed at the control of the great carriers of the country is attracting attention abroad, as an issue involving not only the interests of the American people, but those of the world at large. A notable utterance on the railroad situation in America was made by Arthur von Gwinner, managing director of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, and a banking authority of international standing, in an address before an American organization in the German capital on June 3. "What the American business situation now demands," said Herr Gwinner, "is permission for the American railroads to raise their rates. American roads pay fully twice the wages paid in Prussia, and yet

Digitized by Google

they are allowed to charge only half the Continental rates. . . . The present plight of the American railways is becoming a menace to the general financial position of the world. They have reached a state of distress approaching calamity, and a remedy must be brought about."

THE overwhelming importance of the issue of militarism in the affairs of the great European nations is emphasized by the cabinet crisis with which France is struggling. The ministry, under the presidency of Gaston Doumergue, voted at the beginning of last week to resign from office. This decision, which was carried out without delay, was the outcome partly of the difficulties which the government encountered in its advocacy of the restoration of the three-year term of service in the army, the only method which French statesmen have been able to devise to keep up the numerical military strength of the country abreast of Germany's constantly increasing armaments. When the Doumergue cabinet withdrew, M. Poincaré, the President of the republic, invited René Viviani to form a ministry. M. Viviani, after a thorough canvass of the situation, gave up the task because he was unable to obtain an unanimity of opinion on the three-year-term project. Last Saturday Théophile Delcassé, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, was invited by the President to undertake the duty relinquished by M. Viviani.

M. DELCASSÉ is regarded by many Frenchmen as the leading statesman of France in affairs involving the foreign relations of the republic. President Poincaré acted with a full realization of the situation in asking him to form a cabinet, because the problems chiefly involved in the crisis are international problems. It is realized clearly at the Palais de l'Élysée that the standing of France among the great powers depends upon the decision which Parliament shall reach on the all-important question of increasing the strength of the army. Russia, it is admitted at St. Petersburg, has communicated to President Poincaré, in terms which almost imply a demand, an unalterable wish that France shall keep abreast of the other great powers in the numerical standards of her armament. What weight the Russian representations will have with the Chamber of Deputies cannot be predicted with certainty; but it cannot be doubted that France will think twice before she does anything to weaken the power of the alliance which is the chief counterbalance to Germany's international preponderance on land.

GERMANY'S attitude toward the prospective premiership of M. Delcassé is another phase of the French crisis that is attracting international attention. It will be recalled that, at the height of the first Moroccan crisis, when M. Delcassé was French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in charge of the negotiations with Germany, he resigned from the cabinet with a precipitancy that caused universal surprise. It leaked out eventually that M. Delcassé's unexpected surrender of his portfolio was the outcome of representations from Berlin, said to have come direct from the Kaiser, that an open rupture was imminent between Germany and France because of anti-German utterances by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, which had been reported to Potsdam without delay. M. Delcassé has been a member of several cabinets since then, but never as Minister of Foreign Affairs. It will be interesting to see what attitude Germany will take toward the prospective French premier if M. Delcassé should once more undertake the task of directing the policy of the republic in its foreign relations, as he logically would.

A SERIOUS obstacle to the enfranchisement of women, and the general enlargement of the right of franchise, was foreshadowed in Denmark on Wednesday of last week by the act of the Conservatives in preventing a vote on the Electoral Reform Bill in the upper house by parliamentary tactics. After having invalidated a vote on the measure by their absence from the chamber, the Conservatives announced their intention of carrying out the same manœuver whenever the bill should come to a vote, and thus insured a permanent obstruction to the projected reforms during the life of the present Parliament. The constitutional changes contested by the anti-liberal forces in Denmark contemplate, in addition to the enfranchising of women, the abolition of all the electoral property qualifications which at present operate against the adequate participation of the laboring classes in national legislation.

THE crisis in Albania, which more than a fortnight ago resulted in the hurried though temporary flight of Prince William of Wied, the mandatory of the powers as sovereign of Albania, to an Italian warship, has crystallized in the past week into a definite demand for the abdication of Prince William. This demand comes exclusively from the Mohammedan half of the population of the country, who insist that the ruler selected by the powers has rent Albania into two hostile camps by his use of the Roman Catholic tribesmen to coerce their Mohammedan brethren. The commissioners of the powers in Durazzo are endeavoring to reconcile the differences between the two factions, but the resentment of the Mohammedans is so bitter that the negotiations at the outset were not promising of satisfactory results. While the powers are carrying on a confused attempt to restore order in Albania, the malcontents are apparently perfecting their military plans for a continued resistance to the counsels of the international protectors.

Brevities.

It is a standing wonder of intelligent people that so much error still continues to exist in a world flooded today with the sunshine of so much truth.

The truer self evolves itself in and through the exercise of the higher faculties. The only escape from a narrow and stunted self-consciousness is by the way of growth into a larger freedom and a nobler ambition.

The influence of certain little things reveals that they are not as little as we think them, but, in truth, great things. Thackeray asked, "Are there not little chapters in everybody's life that seem to be nothing, and yet affect all the rest of their history?"

The Hebrew proverb reads, "Wisdom is better than rubies." Jesus said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Paul wrote, "The love of money is the root of all kinds of evil." Fielding wrote, "If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil."

In Tokio, Japan, there are about a hundred and fifty "story-telling halls" of small capacity, where people go habitually to be entertained by funny and heroic tales. The reciter or actor has to create and hold an interest by reason of his own skill in telling these stories, sometimes impersonating five or six characters in the same

Digitized by Google

story. This form of amusement and education might well be extended in our own country. The natural liking for story-telling among children, and even adults, suggests something allied to the Japanese method.

Jerusalem is being rapidly modernized. By trolley from the Jaffa Gate one will soon be able to reach Bethlehem in half an hour. Telephones are already in service there, and it has an efficient police force mounted on bicycles. This great change is ascribed in large measure to the return of American Jews to the home of their ancestors for permanent occupancy.

The whole trend of modern thought, philosophical and scientific, is to bring man more and more into unity with the life of all living things, and to reveal our vital oneness with the one all-embracing Life. Man has had an organic evolution from the earth-life, and has steadily risen into the realm of spiritual consciousness, where an unceasing evolution is to be his divine heritage.

Most of the mischief and disobedience of the average small boy is due to misdirected energy, to an ignorance of parents and teachers as to how wisely to open up means of wholesome exercise and methods of innocent recreation. We must provide for these juvenile needs as a sane part of education. Jacob A. Riis, once said: "Every American boy is a little steam boiler with the steam always up. Sit on the safety valve and bang goes the boiler."

The Unitarian Name.

BY HON. JOHN D. LONG.

I was impressed by the report of the secretary of the American Unitarian Association, in which he favored a change in its name from Unitarian to something else, though what he did not suggest. Nor is it an easy or perhaps a possible thing to agree on any other. There is weight in his argument for a change on the ground that, especially outside of New England, such a flavor of what used to be called infidelity mistakenly attaches, among uninformed persons, to the name that it is a handicap in attracting comers to our fold. This is illustrated by that jest of Speaker Tom Reed. When Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, then a member of Congress, was introduced to him as a Unitarian clergyman, Tom drawled, "Why, I thought you were a religious man."

No doubt our secretary in his missionary pilgrimages meets this obstacle and naturally gives it prominence in his report; and yet to change a significant name in order to win customers seems to savor a little of commercial methods, and to suggest a veneer of molasses to catch flies.

To say nothing of the inconveniences in the way of change of name, procuring legislative sanction, legal embarrassments in trust funds, and so on, are there not other more essential reasons for retaining the name? In the first place, it is a good name and its meaning is rather vital. The names of other denominations, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, refer only to the form of their structural organization. The word Unitarian, on the contrary, is expressive of a religious truth. It has come to have a larger significance than as expressive of God as one, instead of the trinitarian expression of God as three, for it signifies the ultimate and hoped-for unity of all in the essentials of the religious life and spirit. In this way it has outgrown the dogmatic limitations which some of our former leaders regretted as attaching to it. Inasmuch as in fact we *are* Unitarians, both in the dogmatic and in the larger sense of the word, is it consistent, by abandoning the name, to give the impression that we are not what the name implies and what we really are?

Then, too, the name means much in its associations. It is identified with more than a century of progress in religious thought, and with the sacred and shining names of the pioneers prophets and preachers of our faith. It is a household word in many homes and social circles which would feel a wrench in their hearts if it were taken away. To them Channing and Hale and Clarke and the whole illustrious list, even if some of these questioned the original dogmatic character of the name, are Unitarians. Must they hereafter refer to them as "What's-their-names, formerly called Unitarians"? It must be remembered that our denomination is made up not merely of the professionals and scholars who attach weight to dogmatic and phraseological distinctions, but of the great body of plain men and women to whom the word Unitarianism means the good old faith of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Don't bewilder us with the refinements involved in a change of name.

Also, is there not risk to some extent of showing the white feather, if we abandon our name on the ground that we cannot win if we keep it. It would look a little like an acknowledgment of defeat, hauling down our colors, and admission that our position has been wrong.

So far as the prejudice against our name is a handicap on our popular extension, we know perfectly well that, under any name, our denomination cannot win offhand a popular following. It conscientiously eliminates the ceremonial forms which attract the senses. Its watchwords are truth and righteousness. It appeals to the reason and the conscience. As such, its following must be one rather of conviction than of emotion, however grandly worthy it is of both. Its growth, therefore, especially where it has not the prestige of long association and foothold, must necessarily be slow. I doubt very much whether any change of its name will have the slightest effect. By any other name it will smell no sweeter, either to the populace or to the dogmatists and critics.

Then, too, whatever the handicap of our name, that handicap has now so long been on that it has been more and more discounted. This is shown by the slow but continuous increase of new churches of our faith even in formerly irresponsive soils. The prejudice against its mere name has certainly been diminishing. The growing liberality of other churches has tended to that end. The address at our recent annual meeting of Rev. Mr. Vernon, the Congregational minister of the Harvard Church, was strikingly suggestive of this approaching unity of the two branches of the Congregational order, his and ours.

May we not say, then, that the prejudice against the name is, slowly indeed, becoming a thing of the past, together with the prejudice against the faith of which it is the name? Having fought the good fight thus far, it is hardly the thing to give it up now, when education, literature, science, philosophy, and progress in every field of thought are opening the public mind, liberalizing it, and preparing it for our appeal to reason and conscience. For this appeal what better background than the faith, literature, teaching, and all the enlightening and enlarging influences for which the name Unitarian has so long and so bravely stood, and with which it is identified as no other name can be? Shall we not, as a matter of consistency and practical good sense, and not merely of sentiment, keep it? Any attempt to adopt another will only lead to infinite dispute and friction, and, even if a new one were adopted, the prospect of which is hopeless, at the very next meeting of our Association there would be an effort to change it. "The game is not worth the candle."

Hingham, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Field Apostles.

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

So many million miles away
The shining god of flowers doth dwell,
And yet each June-blessed day
The daisy holds its chalice up,
Nor knows a doubt or fear
Lest far-removed the sun may fail
Her soft white-petalled prayer to hear.

Like blossoms rooted firm in mould,
Man seeks like them celestial light
His spirit to unfold:
Yet lacks their faith, beset by fears,
Lest space the ear may close
Of Him who bids the sun attend
The fragrant whispers of a rose.

The Country Neighborhood.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

The country neighbor is almost as remote in these days as the city neighbor you live next door to without knowing his name, though you hear his voice through the wall, the sound of his child practising scales on the piano or sawing on the violin, the screech of his Victrola giving forth rag-time, or the wail of his teething infant.

But the remoteness of the country neighbor is different; it is a concentration on the city. When he moves out into the country he brings the city on his back. It is even more so with his wife and daughters, who find the strings tying them to the city the closest of ties.

If you are a suburbanite, your life is a kind of hash of country, railway, and town. The railway plays, perhaps, the largest part, for at the station and on the train you meet your friends, you hear the latest news, you hold a kind of informal reception, perhaps several times a week. The telephone plays a very conspicuous part in country life. Its convenience often degenerates into a form of inanity like the postal card. You may have used it for years, and yet its sharp jingle-jangle sets your nerves tingling. Is it death, wounds, loss, disaster it announces, or is it only a casual idiot inquiring if you know where John Jones lives, or if the butcher has left you Mrs. Smith's marketing by mistake?

It is surprising how much it is thought proper and innocent to say over the telephone, which is a semi-public institution and a happy distributor of neighborhood news for those who take the pains to listen. It is an unrestful instrument in unison with the age in which we live, an exasperator of the ear in the effort to make semi-deaf people understand that you wish a dozen of eggs or half a pound of tea, but it is a supreme convenience that leads us to wonder how we ever lived without it in the benighted days before Mr. Bell set up his system and set millions of bells ting-a-linging all over the world.

The old-fashioned habit of what in country villages was called "running in" has given place to the ever-present telephone, in which people can speak in a blessed invisibility in any kind of dishabille, but when they call next door or across the street there must be a sacrifice to the proprieties. In the summer it is allowable to come in without a hat. Those are veranda days when you sit in an outdoor parlor within wire-netting screens to escape mosquitoes, flies, wasps, beetles, and other pernicious insects.

What did our mothers and grandmothers do without the protection of wire netting? I can well remember how the country housekeeper once fought the pest of flies, and how those counted the best housewives lived through the glorious days of summer in semi-darkness, closing windows and shutters and drawing curtains to shield their rooms from fly-specks. To let in the flies on one of those stuffy rooms was counted among the seven deadly sins. Fortunately, fly-specks do not torment the modern housekeeper. She lives in a wire-netting world which renders her immune to such nuisances, but I have never heard wire netting spoken of as holding any place among our boasted modern improvements. Therefore, to this humble but invaluable adjunct to good living I would put up a pæan of praise.

There are many admirable contrivances for ameliorating the painful conditions of existence that have never been honored in the lofty rhyme. I do not think even Walt Whitman celebrated in his peculiar form of verse the fireless cooker; perhaps it did not exist in his time, but if it had been known I am sure he would have brought it in among the various and sundry lots of his inventory. But what would the worried housekeeper do without this invaluable adjunct that cooks all the dinner to a turn while she attends a tea-party or a missionary meeting?

With rural mail-box on the corner and trolley-car within an easy distance, we must conclude that the country is a better place to live in than under contrasted conditions, as superior as the electric light is to the tallow candle. Think of all the great bards, philosophers, and historians who probably wrote their immortal works by tallow dips or rushlights,—Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and myriads of others who passed on without ever suspecting the great reservoir of splendid illuminant stored in earth and air! "How far that little candle throws its beam," says Shakespeare, like "a good deed in a naughty world." Will not some great poet arise to make as beautiful an image of the arc-light or the incandescent?

We sometimes imagine if we could get beyond the suburban cycle, say a radius of fifty miles from the metropolis, we might find the old-fashioned country characters of the story-books and the dialect novels. But it is a mistake. The railroad, the automobile, the newspaper, magazine, village library, and moving picture show have worked a great change. Uncle Ben and Aunt Sukey, those simple, confiding persons of the comic journals, a little gullible, fond of old saws and modern instances, and infinitely shrewd yet soft-hearted, are not to be discovered now though, as used to be said, you raked the country with a fine-toothed comb. Mr. Hayseed and Mr. Woolly West are not in evidence now if they ever existed. The primitives have passed away. The graded school, the high school in towns of any size, have worked great changes. Few country places now are so far from a general centre of intelligence, news, and mental awakening, that they do not know what the world is doing and thinking. The foreign element has percolated into thousands of country places, and the inevitable change has come to pass.

The exodus from the city to the country has been steadily going on for years, but the full height of the wave has not been reached and may not be reached for a long time to come. When the people of the congested districts can reach the country at a far cheaper rate than now prevails, an immense benefit will be conferred on the dwellers in the poor quarters, and the slums will practically disappear. Then, doubtless, the rural city will be created as it has been in some parts of England, and tentatively in this country,—the sanitary, beautiful city, with its gardens, trees, and flowers, its sufficient nearness of contact and association with other human beings to obviate the sense of loneliness that afflicts

the unaccustomed country dweller like homesickness, a desperate desire to be lost in the crowd, and hear the tumult of the streets, and feel the contagion of human companionship.

Then our people will learn to appreciate and prize the charms of the country, to know what real country life means. As a people, we are singularly wanting in reverence and respect for God's good outdoors. There are multitudes who never come out from the town on a holiday except to devastate the land. They are the people who break down flowering shrubs, tear up the choicest wild things by the roots, throw stones at the birds and pillage their nests. They build fires, and drop lighted matches and cigar ends in the dry undergrowth, and destroy, if not great tracts of woodland, at least acres and acres of undergrowth.

Every spring I see the red gleam of fires in the forest, great clouds of smoke rolling and billowing, while the fire-engine rattles up to quench the blaze that threatens to destroy fences, barns, and outhouses. A gray pall hangs over the country. It is the sign of the depredators who set the woods on fire just for the fun of seeing them burn. This rowdy or irresponsible youth is never caught. It is the tax-payer and country lover who suffers. To the people who exploit the country to indulge their predatory instincts, the person who protests against the ravage they make is a mere sentimentalist. We have not yet learned to estimate the sin of lawlessness and thoughtless rapine at its true enormity. We have not yet grown sufficiently civilized to resist the impulse to destroy everything called *wild* because it is supposed to be unowned and worthless. This is a refinement of feeling and sentiment at which we have not yet arrived. We need a society in every town and neighborhood for the protection of the natural attractions of the place, which require only the ordinary means of conservation to preserve them for the enjoyment of the whole people.

Summit, N.J.

Spiritual Life.

Certainly as the open eye drinks in the light do the pure in heart see God. And he that lives truly feels him a presence not to be put by.—*Theodore Parker.*

The immortal life may be said to surround us perpetually. Some beams of its glory shine upon us in whatever is lovely, heroic, and virtuously happy in ourselves or in others.—*Channing.*

Truth itself, according to Locke's fine saying, will not profit us so long as she is but held in the hand and taken upon trust from other minds, not wooed and won and wedded by our own.—*George Eliot.*

Make sure that however good you may be you have faults, that however dull you may be you can find out what they are, and that however slight they may be you would better make some patient effort to get quit of them.—*Ruskin.*

Here are heroisms fair as chivalry could boast: self-surrenders, consecrated affections, virtues that should extort an angel's praise, are all right before you. For you waits the beauty. Over you hangs not the glamour, but the reality. Your home may be the idyl. It all depends on whether you have the eye to see.—*A. W. Jackson.*

We expect immediate results. We wish, we plan, we pray, for them. Not God's law, but the law of our impatience, governs us. We fret at delays, at slow, small gains, consider them unnatural, when they are simply the inevitable laws of progress, the conditions through which all things inevitably pass in their way to accomplishment.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

The Anniversaries.

The Unitarian Festival.

The forty-fourth annual recurrence of the time-honored Unitarian Festival brought together in Tremont Temple on Wednesday evening, May 27, fully the usual number of ministers and laity, making the customary brilliant spectacle on the floor and in the balcony. Besides the small tables, which completely filled the floor, tables were set in the rear of the first and second balconies, and the other balcony seats were well filled with listeners during the speaking.

During the dinner a choice programme was rendered by the Raymond Orchestra. The after-dinner exercises began with a hymn. Mr. Charles A. Collins, chairman of the Festival Committee, then called the company to order in a few fitting words, and introduced as the chairman of the evening "one whom we are always pleased to welcome as governor, diplomat, patriot, or Unitarian, —the Hon. Curtis Guild."

On taking the chair Mr. Guild said:—

"Fellow-Unitarians, once a year it is our venerable and honored custom to join together in confessing publicly our ancient faith. To-day it is my privilege to bid you all a hearty welcome to the feast. We are met as always in no spirit of criticism or censure of any other creed, but simply in a spirit of pride in our own. We are met to learn how we may better stand by one another, fast in the faith of our fathers. We are met also in the spirit of our common Christianity, in which with faith and hope is blended the greatest of Christian virtues, "caritas," the brotherly love that overleaps all barriers of sect and dogma and seeks the ultimate good of all mankind. It cannot be insisted too often that the dangers that surround a nation like ours come neither from this religion or that religion or from any religion, but from irreligion. Atheism and anarchy go forth to destruction hand in hand, for he who despises or ignores the authority of God soon learns to ignore and defy the authority of constituted law.

"If we would stand well among our fellow-worshippers, we must, it seems to me, prove to the world that ours is no cold system of philosophy, but a genuine pulsing live faith that is of good in the world, that inspires men and women not merely passively to live good lives, but actively to do good deeds.

"Let us forbear a little from proclaiming what a Unitarian does not believe. Let us proclaim a little more clearly what a Unitarian does believe, and why he believes it. Are we not, also, lay speakers and clergymen alike, striving a little too desperately to regulate social service, foreign affairs, peace and war, politics, and Heaven knows what in our churches to the neglect of the one purpose for which they were built,—the expounding of the Scriptures, and the worship of God? The lecture on the Philippines may be good, but I submit that the Bible class is better."

Continuing, Mr. Guild dwelt impressively on the history and the antiquity of the Unitarian faith, emphasizing the point that it is no new religion, but that it reaches

Digitized by Google

back through the faith of Israel, which preceded it, to the vague natural instinct of one divine guidance of the world that has ever crept into the soul even of pagans and idolaters. He referred eloquently to the great names that have figured in its history from early times, and said in conclusion:—

"Ours is but a little flock in the great Christian army, but who shall say after such a record that it, with the others, has not been of service to mankind? From the midst of us came that Battle Hymn of the Republic which sent men of every faith into the crimson sacrifice for law and liberty. From the midst of us came that sweetly simple hymn that nerved men and women on the sinking deck of the Titanic to die neither in debauchery nor in terror, but in courage and in prayer. Those who have followed other creeds can show, too, I know, the nobility of their service. We need not discuss which would be named the winner should we quarrel for the crown. We only claim that we, too, have served, and acclaim and welcome the brotherhood of the common aspiration rather than rivalry in any particular deed.

"Jew, Unitarian, Catholic, Orthodox Russian, Mohammedan, Protestant, honest men of serious thought differing in dogma but brothers in the worship of God, proud as we may be and are, each of his own faith, we may be thankful that the day is dawning, is already here, when love for one's own creed is carrying with it respect for one's neighbor's creed, with the realization that religious men of all faiths must stand together as God gives them to see the light in the common battle against irresponsibility, infidelity, and irreligion, and their inevitable results: dishonesty in business, corruption in public affairs, cowardice in high office, and anarchy among the people. The abandonment of faith in God is but the precursor of the abandonment of faith in man. A nation that has lost its religion has in all history lost its future also. Brotherly love may be the greatest and ultimate Christian virtue; hope may uplift the heart; but faith is ever the leader,—that deep sense of religion that will not let you go, the strongest and mightiest battler for law, for order, for justice, for mercy, for the happiness of all mankind."

As the next speaker Mr. Guild introduced Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

"'I am no orator, as Brutus is,'" began Mr. Coolidge, with a significant gesture toward the presiding officer, "I glory in the eloquence of the preachers of the Unitarian church and the statesmen of the Unitarian faith. Channing, Emerson, Theodore Parker, Starr King, Bellows, have handed the torch to worthy successors,—to Bartol, to Robert Collyer, to Edward Everett Hale,—and they in turn to the preachers of our faith to-day, an inspired band whose wisdom, whose vision, whose culture, and whose gifts of speech have never been surpassed in the history of this church and, I think, of this country. In a company made up of them and their hearers a mere layman has no excuse for speech, and I beg to offer a suggestion for the thought and speech of others, a topic for sermons and public addresses, because it seems to be both timely and difficult and worthy of those to whom I commend it, the clergy of our church, the statesmen of our faith. That topic is popular impulse, and how it may be crystallized into sound public opinion and sound public policy. The history of this country has been a succession of popular impulses, disregarding at times a helpless minority, and directed for the good of this country and by an overruling Providence to great ends in public policy."

Illustrating this thought, Mr. Coolidge enumerated seven different stages in the history of the United States. These seven stages suggest, he said, seven phases of popular impulse, each of which under direction has made for true progress, and spent itself, merging itself into the next succeeding phase.

In the epoch of Puritanism we had the theocratic state, in which the directing forces were the leaders in the church, while the helpless minority were the Quakers and Roger Williams and the witches. The Colonial period brought an epoch of local self-government, controlled by the leaders in the State, while the wage-earners, indentured servants, and the like formed the helpless minority. Independence and nationalism was the popular impulse of Revolutionary times, directed by the patriot oligarchy, while the Tories were the helpless minority. State development and State rights found expression in the epoch from 1815 to 1850, when the "Strict Constructionists" were the directing forces, and the negroes and abolitionists were the minority. Next were human rights, abolition, and equal rights, in the period from 1850 to 1870, the "Loose Constructionists" and philanthropists being in power, and the peace Democrats the helpless minority. In the next thirty-five years, from 1870 to 1905, corporate privilege and property domination was the controlling impulse, the corporations being in power, and the working classes in the minority. With the opening of the twentieth century we find the United States a world-power, a composite of all races, with the controlling impulse one towards centralization and regulation. The leaders of organized opinion are the directing force, while the helpless minority are the capitalists and their following, the idle rich, the "malefactors of great wealth," and unattached individuals generally.

"To look but a little way ahead," continued Mr. Coolidge, "I seem to see the popular impulse that will dominate in this country, an impulse toward amalgamation, an impulse toward world-relations, a vision of the nations united in a world-state; and the leaders of organized opinion in that near future will be they, I think, who have recognized already the world-impulse to recognition of art as universal, philosophy as universal, science and invention and discovery the common interests of all civilized men. If to all these interests we add the world-wide interest in order and in political stability, we are not far from the era in which this country and each country shall be one state of a world-federation."

Touching on various matters of the present-day order which tend to keep classes apart, Mr. Coolidge said that one such thing was the great discrepancy between the low wages of the many workers and the high salaries of the few executive officers. Without wishing to underestimate the value of directing ability, he believes that it has been distinctly overpaid in this country, often because of lack of effort to put it upon a competitive basis. He instanced the great co-operative societies in England, the managers of which are paid far less in money but far more, he said, in honor than the managers of our great corporations. In conclusion, he said:—

"The popular impulse that is loosely called 'socialist' refers far more directly than is generally supposed to the proper distribution of the products of industry, to the possibility that industry can be carried on without the domination of the capitalistic element in it, by the laborer, organized, employing capital, whereas capital has hitherto employed the laborer. I believe that is a view worth looking at as a possibility. I believe that responsibility enlarges men, that the popular impulse to assume through State officials the conduct of larger industrial undertakings has in it something that looks like enlargement of capacity and responsibility and perhaps, also, a more equal justice than the system under

which we have hitherto prospered, of keeping down taxes and public expenditures to the minimum and allowing private undertakings the maximum of liberty with the minimum of restraint. It is your duty and mine, if we care for the American citizenship of the near future, for the future of this State and this neighborhood, to endeavor to get into touch with the popular impulse toward a cosmopolitan state, toward the recognition of all races, of all creeds, in public affairs and in social connections.

"Finally, I believe the popular impulses are to be guided in the direction of sound public policies, not by contending personal ambitions, but rather by the organization of a disinterested public opinion, such as I see many instances of in this beloved city. With sympathy, experience, and disinterestedness as the guiding forces to mould popular impulse into public policy, the future of this State and section will be even brighter than our glorious past."

"The quotation with which Mr. Coolidge began his address," said Mr. Guild, as the audience ceased their prolonged applause, "was aptly applied. Shakespeare put that remark into the mouth of Mark Antony, and when Mark Antony had finished his address all Rome was with him."

With an eloquent reference to the cosmopolitan character of Massachusetts of to-day, and a reminder that the great leaders of all our religions had come from Asia, Mr. Guild said: "I take great pleasure in introducing to you a wise man from the East to-night, one of our new Americans, one of the leaders of our fellowship, of whom we are proud as a Unitarian clergyman, but of whom we are prouder yet as a patriotic American citizen,—the Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany."

Mr. Rihbany took the suggestion of his topic from a personal experience, when a young couple who were not of his parish came to him to ask if he would join them in marriage. Upon his asking why they had chosen him, the young man replied: "I was brought up in a materialistic atmosphere; my father was an avowed materialist. My fiancée was brought up in a rigid dogmatic atmosphere. And so, when we decided that we would marry one another, we decided also that we would be joined in wedlock by a minister who was neither religious nor irreligious."

Mr. Rihbany said that he restrained his impulse to pour out his indignant soul in speech by spending a few seconds in "watchful waiting," which proved excellent policy, because, he said, "The more I thought of what that young man said, or wanted to say, the more I liked it and the more I liked him. My sight began to change into insight. This young man paid my faith the highest compliment. When these two young people formed their decision, they voiced the conscience and the deepest spiritual longing of modern times. They were satisfied neither with materialism nor with dogmatism; therefore, they sought an altar which is enslaved by neither at which to take the holiest vow known to human relations, and that altar happens to be the one which it is my privilege to serve. I gave them, after the wedding ceremony, an envelope containing three Unitarian pamphlets sizzling with affirmations, with just enough denials to make the affirmations worth while, and asked them to take them with them on their wedding trip. A few days later I received a note from the bride, saying, 'On the second day after our arrival in this city Fred sat in a chair in our room, and I couldn't get him out before he had read the three pamphlets you gave him; and when he was through reading the last one, he turned to me and, pointing to the name of the church on the cover, he said, "Nellie, if I ever join a church, by George, it shall be this church!"'

"Now, fellow-workers, let us reason together. If a young man, who is on his wedding tour and on speaking terms with his wife, could find time to read three Unitarian pamphlets at one sitting, and then swear 'by George' that he would join that church, there must be something compelling in our faith. However, for the purpose of checking a possible great demand, I will say now that those pamphlets are out of print.

"Does not really what that young man said to me express the conscience of modern times? Does not the heart of humanity to-day yearn for that church which is in a position to distil from science and dogma their spiritual essence, without being enslaved by either, and feed and strengthen and inspire with it the souls of men? Is not the heart of humanity yearning for that church which is in a position to awaken men's senses to feel the mysteries about them, to hear, to catch, to articulate the whisperings of nature, and to see a universe thrilling in all its parts with one awakening divine life? Is not this the function of the modern church, of whatever name? Is it not at least our privilege as a free church, or free churches, to invite to our fraternal councils both the wandering materialist and the imprisoned dogmatist, and teach them that the purpose of God in their lives and the life of the world at large is greatly vaster, richer, holier, than is known to the learned speculations of the materialist and the forced finalities of the dogmatist?

"What the heart of humanity craves to-day is men and women born of the democratic, fraternal instincts of the Christian church and of her deeper spiritual consciousness; men and women whose creeds are not formal speculations, but are the noble responses of their souls to the challenges and aspirations of human life. Let those men whose creeds are born and not made meet life squarely and nobly, trusting that within them is the power of the eternal God. Heretofore the Christian denominations have been measuring their strength by statistics. Probably in the past every church member was worth counting. It is not safe to assume so much to-day. However, the modern mind is only slightly interested to know how many of each denomination there are in this country. The supreme question of the times is, How many true disciples of Christ are there in these different denominations? How many good men and women are there in all these bodies who are willing to stand shoulder to shoulder and face the faithlessness and the harsh problems of the times? It is such men and women that are needed to-day to reawaken the religious songs of the fireside and to rekindle the sacred fires of home and church altars. Such men and women are needed to-day to rescue the white slave, to improve the lot of the toiler, and to help the host of aliens coming to this land, seeking to be enfranchised socially, intellectually, politically, and religiously. Let this be the common vision of all good men, and let each man frame his own creed to suit himself. Let this be the common task of the Christian denominations, and let each church have its own form of worship.

"Your church deserves the best that you can give her, the noblest blood that you can pour out of your own veins to renew her life; and so, when you have a vision like this of your church and your duty to her, you would not be a pessimist, but with malice towards none and charity for all you would thank God morning, noon, and night that you are a Unitarian."

Mr. Guild, alluding to the custom at state banquets to invite an ambassador to represent the friendly powers, extended a welcome to Hon. Samuel W. McCall, as one who came from without the Unitarian body, but does represent the "friendly powers" of the other denominations as well as being a helper in all good causes and a

Digitized by Google

leader for good in State and national legislation. Mr. McCall said in part:—

"It seems to me that the great work of Unitarianism has been in its effect upon other denominations in liberalizing religious beliefs, and in causing the principle of religion to become potent, to become visible through the dry and technical husk of dogma. Mr. Balfour, the celebrated English statesman, is a good deal of a philosopher, and is an able writer even upon theological questions, and, in speaking of beliefs, he has indulged in this line of reasoning: We may reach our belief not with sufficient scrutiny and too much following faith, but assuming that something is true and that there is something to be believed, we may fall into the opposite fault of reaching our belief through too much scepticism. It occurs to me that it is better in religion to reach a belief through too much faith than through too much scepticism.

"This denomination has not merely liberalized religion, but it has been conspicuous in the contributions that it has made to good government of the State and nation: There has been no great cause that has not derived more strength, more effective support from the Unitarian denomination than, I believe, from any single denomination, certainly in proportion to your numbers."

The programme closed with the singing of "America," followed by the benediction by Rev. Dr. Eliot.

The Call to the Ministry.

BY HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

There are certain once noble phrases about which linger the ghosts of bygone interpretations from which life long since departed. They are haunted words,—haunted by meanings which did at one time represent a living experience, but which fell into the decay of conventional usage or the corruption of sheer cant, and which must needs be summoned from the charnel-house, like Lazarus, and released from their grave-clothes, if they are to move again with power among men.

Such a phrase is "the call to the ministry." It once signified an irresistible impulse in devoted human hearts to bear witness to the eternal power of truth and righteousness and love. It bespoke the passion of great souls to go forth as messengers sent before the face of the Most High, as self-forgetting servants of the children of men. It stood for that impulse which cried, "The Lord hath spoken,—who can keep silence?"; or which declared "Here I stand: I can do no otherwise. God help me!" It found symbolical expression where the reluctant Jeremiah is forced to acknowledge that from his mother's womb he has been ordained a prophet of God. It is symbolized again in that marvellous story by which the youthful Isaiah pictured God's summons,—how he saw the temple flooded with the glory of the Lord, and heard the voice which cried, "Whom shall I send?" until the heart of the young man leapt to answer, "Lord, send me!"

But the words which describe this mighty impulse of the heart have now and again been degraded by the literalism which has converted the splendid imagery into the report of a crude hallucination, until men have fancied that they could receive no call to the ministry unless they heard mysterious voices or beheld some fantastic vision. Nor did any knowledge of psychology save the weaker brethren among such men from the perils of auto-suggestion, or from the unsuspected pressure of worldly motives which lent their influence to produce the desired supernatural summons,—at times hardly more genuine than the voice of the singing Memnon or the rumblings of the Delphic oracle.

It is thus that the phrase "the call to the ministry" has been debased until a large part of its nobler significance has evaporated. But we who are here to-day have put away the thought which interprets these words in terms of a weak supernaturalism. For us "the call to the ministry" is simply the impulse which commands us to bear witness to the life of God in the soul of man; which, though it understands that divine opportunities of service open before the willing heart in every occupation, yet beholds in the ministry of religion the most fruitful field for a devoted life. That impulse is its own sanction: it needs no trance or ecstasy to ratify its genuineness. But—since it comes in the slow growth of a deep conviction that the things of the spirit are the ultimate realities in the lives of men, with the gradual unfolding of desire to be of the highest service, rather than with any sudden sweep of passion or frenzy of overwrought emotion—this impulse moves hand in hand with a hesitating humility, with recognition that it must be tried and tempered like the blade of steel which is wrought into such shape that it may be a perfectly balanced weapon in the grasp of a trained soldier of the Lord. For the ministry to-day needs men who are not only pure of heart, but also sound in head; not merely well-intentioned, but emboldened with divine affections; men who not only yearn for the establishment of the kingdom of God, but who have learned to apply all their skill and strength to the accomplishment of the miracle which turns the desert into paradise; men who not only pray with their lips while upon their knees, but who pray no less with pen in hand or when in counsel; men whose work for the well-being of the community is their prayer in action. The ministry to-day has no call for the sluggard, or the dilettante, or the querulous critic. Its call is for the man-at-arms, like Bunyan's Master Greatheart, prepared to march before the pilgrims intrusted to his guidance, that he first may encounter the difficulties and hardships of the way which leads to the Celestial City. He, indeed, must be a fool as well as a sluggard who supposes that the ministry offers in this generation a soft and comfortable resting-place, a respectable occupation, and little work with easy pay. There is small inducement to enter the ministry to-day in such a quest, and happily few are the indolent or avaricious who enter it. Should any such by diligent search find the easy seat for which he longs, he may be assured that the Lord will reward him also by sending leanness into his heart, the slow decay of his spiritual powers, and the supplanting of triumphant faith by soul-weariness and cynicism.

Not for such men is the ministry. It is rather for those who look more eagerly at the task to be done than the reward to be enjoyed; who care less for material acquisition than for the satisfaction of advancing a great ideal; who know that the world's holiest work is commonly the worst paid,—except in love and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. The ministry calls for men who shall be leaders in moral idealism, in persuasive righteousness, in spiritual insight; men who, though humbly conscious of their own inadequacy and weakness, are proud that it is their privilege to stand with the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, and are strong because they are fed with the bread which cometh down from heaven. Men whose hearts are moved by a divine impulse will ask few questions about pay or prestige; they will require chiefly to be assured that the service is one worthy of their whole mind and strength. Carlyle truly wrote: "It is a calumny on men to say that they are moved to heroic action by ease, by hope of pleasure, reward in this world or the next. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man."

The ministry still offers, as it always has when freed

Digitized by Google

which we have hitherto prospered, of keeping down taxes and public expenditures to the minimum and allowing private undertakings the maximum of liberty with the minimum of restraint. It is your duty and mine, if we care for the American citizenship of the near future, for the future of this State and this neighborhood, to endeavor to get into touch with the popular impulse toward a cosmopolitan state, toward the recognition of all races, of all creeds, in public affairs and in social connections.

"Finally, I believe the popular impulses are to be guided in the direction of sound public policies, not by contending personal ambitions, but rather by the organization of a disinterested public opinion, such as I see many instances of in this beloved city. With sympathy, experience, and disinterestedness as the guiding forces to mould popular impulse into public policy, the future of this State and section will be even brighter than our glorious past."

"The quotation with which Mr. Coolidge began his address," said Mr. Guild, as the audience ceased their prolonged applause, "was aptly applied. Shakespeare put that remark into the mouth of Mark Antony, and when Mark Antony had finished his address all Rome was with him."

With an eloquent reference to the cosmopolitan character of Massachusetts of to-day, and a reminder that the great leaders of all our religions had come from Asia, Mr. Guild said: "I take great pleasure in introducing to you a wise man from the East to-night, one of our new Americans, one of the leaders of our fellowship, of whom we are proud as a Unitarian clergyman, but of whom we are prouder yet as a patriotic American citizen,—the Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany."

Mr. Rihbany took the suggestion of his topic from a personal experience, when a young couple who were not of his parish came to him to ask if he would join them in marriage. Upon his asking why they had chosen him, the young man replied: "I was brought up in a materialistic atmosphere; my father was an avowed materialist. My fiancée was brought up in a rigid dogmatic atmosphere. And so, when we decided that we would marry one another, we decided also that we would be joined in wedlock by a minister who was neither religious nor irreligious."

Mr. Rihbany said that he restrained his impulse to pour out his indignant soul in speech by spending a few seconds in "watchful waiting," which proved excellent policy, because, he said, "The more I thought of what that young man said, or wanted to say, the more I liked it and the more I liked him. My sight began to change into insight. This young man paid my faith the highest compliment. When these two young people formed their decision, they voiced the conscience and the deepest spiritual longing of modern times. They were satisfied neither with materialism nor with dogmatism; therefore, they sought an altar which is enslaved by neither at which to take the holiest vow known to human relations, and that altar happens to be the one which it is my privilege to serve. I gave them, after the wedding ceremony, an envelope containing three Unitarian pamphlets sizzling with affirmations, with just enough denials to make the affirmations worth while, and asked them to take them with them on their wedding trip. A few days later I received a note from the bride, saying, 'On the second day after our arrival in this city Fred sat in a chair in our room, and I couldn't get him out before he had read the three pamphlets you gave him; and when he was through reading the last one, he turned to me and, pointing to the name of the church on the cover, he said, "Nellie, if I ever join a church, by George, it shall be this church!"'

"Now, fellow-workers, let us reason together. If a young man, who is on his wedding tour and on speaking terms with his wife, could find time to read three Unitarian pamphlets at one sitting, and then swear 'by George' that he would join that church, there must be something compelling in our faith. However, for the purpose of checking a possible great demand, I will say now that those pamphlets are out of print.

"Does not really what that young man said to me express the conscience of modern times? Does not the heart of humanity to-day yearn for that church which is in a position to distil from science and dogma their spiritual essence, without being enslaved by either, and feed and strengthen and inspire with it the souls of men? Is not the heart of humanity yearning for that church which is in a position to awaken men's senses to feel the mysteries about them, to hear, to catch, to articulate the whisperings of nature, and to see a universe thrilling in all its parts with one awakening divine life? Is not this the function of the modern church, of whatever name? Is it not at least our privilege as a free church, or free churches, to invite to our fraternal councils both the wandering materialist and the imprisoned dogmatist, and teach them that the purpose of God in their lives and the life of the world at large is greatly vaster, richer, holier, than is known to the learned speculations of the materialist and the forced finalities of the dogmatist?

"What the heart of humanity craves to-day is men and women born of the democratic, fraternal instincts of the Christian church and of her deeper spiritual consciousness; men and women whose creeds are not formal speculations, but are the noble responses of their souls to the challenges and aspirations of human life. Let those men whose creeds are born and not made meet life squarely and nobly, trusting that within them is the power of the eternal God. Heretofore the Christian denominations have been measuring their strength by statistics. Probably in the past every church member was worth counting. It is not safe to assume so much to-day. However, the modern mind is only slightly interested to know how many of each denomination there are in this country. The supreme question of the times is, How many true disciples of Christ are there in these different denominations? How many good men and women are there in all these bodies who are willing to stand shoulder to shoulder and face the faithlessness and the harsh problems of the times? It is such men and women that are needed to-day to reawaken the religious songs of the fireside and to rekindle the sacred fires of home and church altars. Such men and women are needed to-day to rescue the white slave, to improve the lot of the toiler, and to help the host of aliens coming to this land, seeking to be enfranchised socially, intellectually, politically, and religiously. Let this be the common vision of all good men, and let each man frame his own creed to suit himself. Let this be the common task of the Christian denominations, and let each church have its own form of worship.

"Your church deserves the best that you can give her, the noblest blood that you can pour out of your own veins to renew her life; and so, when you have a vision like this of your church and your duty to her, you would not be a pessimist, but with malice towards none and charity for all you would thank God morning, noon, and night that you are a Unitarian."

Mr. Guild, alluding to the custom at state banquets to invite an ambassador to represent the friendly powers, extended a welcome to Hon. Samuel W. McCall, as one who came from without the Unitarian body, but does represent the "friendly powers" of the other denominations as well as being a helper in all good causes and a

Digitized by Google

leader for good in State and national legislation. Mr. McCall said in part:—

"It seems to me that the great work of Unitarianism has been in its effect upon other denominations in liberalizing religious beliefs, and in causing the principle of religion to become potent, to become visible through the dry and technical husk of dogma. Mr. Balfour, the celebrated English statesman, is a good deal of a philosopher, and is an able writer even upon theological questions, and, in speaking of beliefs, he has indulged in this line of reasoning: We may reach our belief not with sufficient scrutiny and too much following faith, but assuming that something is true and that there is something to be believed, we may fall into the opposite fault of reaching our belief through too much scepticism. It occurs to me that it is better in religion to reach a belief through too much faith than through too much scepticism.

"This denomination has not merely liberalized religion, but it has been conspicuous in the contributions that it has made to good government of the State and nation: There has been no great cause that has not derived more strength, more effective support from the Unitarian denomination than, I believe, from any single denomination, certainly in proportion to your numbers."

The programme closed with the singing of "America," followed by the benediction by Rev. Dr. Eliot.

The Call to the Ministry.

BY HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

There are certain once noble phrases about which linger the ghosts of bygone interpretations from which life long since departed. They are haunted words,—haunted by meanings which did at one time represent a living experience, but which fell into the decay of conventional usage or the corruption of sheer cant, and which must needs be summoned from the charnel-house, like Lazarus, and released from their grave-clothes, if they are to move again with power among men.

Such a phrase is "the call to the ministry." It once signified an irresistible impulse in devoted human hearts to bear witness to the eternal power of truth and righteousness and love. It bespoke the passion of great souls to go forth as messengers sent before the face of the Most High, as self-forgetting servants of the children of men. It stood for that impulse which cried, "The Lord hath spoken,—who can keep silence?"; or which declared "Here I stand: I can do no otherwise. God help me!" It found symbolical expression where the reluctant Jeremiah is forced to acknowledge that from his mother's womb he has been ordained a prophet of God. It is symbolized again in that marvellous story by which the youthful Isaiah pictured God's summons,—how he saw the temple flooded with the glory of the Lord, and heard the voice which cried, "Whom shall I send?" until the heart of the young man leapt to answer, "Lord, send me!"

But the words which describe this mighty impulse of the heart have now and again been degraded by the literalism which has converted the splendid imagery into the report of a crude hallucination, until men have fancied that they could receive no call to the ministry unless they heard mysterious voices or beheld some fantastic vision. Nor did any knowledge of psychology save the weaker brethren among such men from the perils of auto-suggestion, or from the unsuspected pressure of worldly motives which lent their influence to produce the desired supernatural summons,—at times hardly more genuine than the voice of the singing Memnon or the rumblings of the Delphic oracle.

It is thus that the phrase "the call to the ministry" has been debased until a large part of its nobler significance has evaporated. But we who are here to-day have put away the thought which interprets these words in terms of a weak supernaturalism. For us "the call to the ministry" is simply the impulse which commands us to bear witness to the life of God in the soul of man; which, though it understands that divine opportunities of service open before the willing heart in every occupation, yet beholds in the ministry of religion the most fruitful field for a devoted life. That impulse is its own sanction: it needs no trance or ecstasy to ratify its genuineness. But—since it comes in the slow growth of a deep conviction that the things of the spirit are the ultimate realities in the lives of men, with the gradual unfolding of desire to be of the highest service, rather than with any sudden sweep of passion or frenzy of overwrought emotion—this impulse moves hand in hand with a hesitating humility, with recognition that it must be tried and tempered like the blade of steel which is wrought into such shape that it may be a perfectly balanced weapon in the grasp of a trained soldier of the Lord. For the ministry to-day needs men who are not only pure of heart, but also sound in head; not merely well-intentioned, but emboldened with divine affections; men who not only yearn for the establishment of the kingdom of God, but who have learned to apply all their skill and strength to the accomplishment of the miracle which turns the desert into paradise; men who not only pray with their lips while upon their knees, but who pray no less with pen in hand or when in counsel; men whose work for the well-being of the community is their prayer in action. The ministry to-day has no call for the sluggard, or the dilettante, or the querulous critic. Its call is for the man-at-arms, like Bunyan's Master Greatheart, prepared to march before the pilgrims intrusted to his guidance, that he first may encounter the difficulties and hardships of the way which leads to the Celestial City. He, indeed, must be a fool as well as a sluggard who supposes that the ministry offers in this generation a soft and comfortable resting-place, a respectable occupation, and little work with easy pay. There is small inducement to enter the ministry to-day in such a quest, and happily few are the indolent or avaricious who enter it. Should any such by diligent search find the easy seat for which he longs, he may be assured that the Lord will reward him also by sending leanness into his heart, the slow decay of his spiritual powers, and the supplanting of triumphant faith by soul-weariness and cynicism.

Not for such men is the ministry. It is rather for those who look more eagerly at the task to be done than the reward to be enjoyed; who care less for material acquisition than for the satisfaction of advancing a great ideal; who know that the world's holiest work is commonly the worst paid,—except in love and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. The ministry calls for men who shall be leaders in moral idealism, in persuasive righteousness, in spiritual insight; men who, though humbly conscious of their own inadequacy and weakness, are proud that it is their privilege to stand with the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, and are strong because they are fed with the bread which cometh down from heaven. Men whose hearts are moved by a divine impulse will ask few questions about pay or prestige; they will require chiefly to be assured that the service is one worthy of their whole mind and strength. Carlyle truly wrote: "It is a calumny on men to say that they are moved to heroic action by ease, by hope of pleasure, reward in this world or the next. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man."

The ministry still offers, as it always has when freed

Digitized by Google

from worldliness and intolerance, a field for the noblest endeavors of a brave, patient, and magnanimous man. He must be intrepid, but gentle; innocent of evil, but sagacious; strong in purpose, but persuasive in speech; a hater of wrong, but of an understanding heart; so great a lover of men that he can bear all things for the love of God. Who shall be bold enough to count himself worthy of so great a calling? Not one who relies upon his own pretentious littleness. But he who longs to serve man and God in some place where his small strength is multiplied by the power of noble traditions, by the flowing together of mankind's dearest aspirations, by the unseen tide of the Eternal Life moving with resistless majesty, will know that there are few places outside the ministry where his own measure of devotion will count for so much. Here, in a degree seldom equalled elsewhere, will the consecration of his life bear fruit which, even in the midst of weariness and disheartenment, shall be sweet and wholesome all his days. For if he be indeed a true minister, it will be given him in some degree to assuage the hunger and thirst of our time for a spiritual interpretation of life; to lead overburdened and disillusioned men and women up from the dusty plains to the hills of the Lord whence cometh their help; to guide the feet of a mighty nation into paths of truth, and righteousness, and peace.

A Lay Discourse upon Prayer.

The house-surgeon of a busy hospital told me that many patients prayed in the last moments of consciousness, before resigning themselves to the anæsthetic and the operation which might save life or destroy it. Although not himself a man of devotional habits, the house-surgeon respected the prayers of his patients, and this fact is sufficient to show that he did not look upon them as expressions of cowardice. They were rather expressions of feeling with which it was impossible not to sympathize, with full knowledge of the circumstances which called them forth; confessions of human helplessness, and something more,—signs of the bond which is felt to link the human to that which is greater than the human, when life is exposed to hazard.

Prayer is natural to mankind under certain conditions or at particular moments, a spontaneous spring of utterance from the human breast, an instinct and a passion, to be distinguished from an implanted habit or the product of education and training. This is clearly proved (if the fact needs evidence) by the example cited, and by such passages of human life as resemble a page to be found in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, one of the most natural and unconstrained of men who ever lived. The Florentine artist and man of letters was casting the bronze statue of Perseus, which was his masterpiece, and which remains to this day one of the proudest ornaments of his native city. In his workshop he had got ready the clay mould into which he was to run the metal; he had baked the mould, and the time had arrived for melting the metal in the furnace. A great fire was kindled with logs of pine; the fire required constant attention, and many other things had to be looked after simultaneously, so that Benvenuto and his assistants worked each like three men. In the midst of their exertions, the workshop caught fire, and a storm of rain bursting through the roof threatened to put out the furnace and cool the bronze. Added to these circumstances, Benvenuto at the climax of his life fell ill with excitement, and became so weak that he had to lie down upon his bed. When he got up again, it was to witness an explosion in the furnace, by which the cover was blown off and the metal was running to waste. Almost in despair, the artist flung pewter vessels of his household service into the furnace to make up the deficiency of the metal, and ran to the tubes which conducted the bronze into the mould. When the work began to prosper in spite of every obstacle, Benvenuto burst into a prayer of exultation and thanksgiving, in the presence of his assistants.

Overmastering feelings appear at times to carry away the mind outside its normal limits into the felt contact with or possession of some mode of being greater than our ordinary humanity. A powerful joy or a piercing sorrow may break beyond the sense of every-day familiar personality, and throw us upon some source of wider emotions, to the establishment of momentary communion with what seems to be the bosom in which we have our origin. The fact that this experience has come to many human beings is a sufficient proof of its reality. If it has never occurred to you or me, we have on that account no reason for denying that it is actual. The fact of prayer is written broadly upon the history of mankind, and the only question is regarding its interpretation.

Ruskin tells a story of a surgeon, and incidentally of prayer, which throws another light upon a many-sided subject. The surgeon was shipwrecked upon an angry coast in a large steamer crowded with passengers, who, gazing at the fury of the waves around them, took instantaneously to their prayers, in the belief that the steamer must quickly be broken to pieces. Into the midst of the hysteria upon the deck steps, by and by, the surgeon, and makes the quiet announcement, "Breakfast is ready!" Prayers interrupted by breakfast! Souls about to be judged, to think of eating and drinking! The surgeon pointed out in the politest manner—he had accomplished his toilet with as much precision as if he had been at home—that a good meal would be the best possible preparation for the wet passage in the boats, and in no long time he had a numerous following into the dining-saloon.

The anecdote reminds us of what it is good never to forget, that some forms of piety are mere expressions of cowardice, some prayers the sign of ignoble terror. There may be occasions when, instead of betaking ourselves to our devotions, it would be better for us to go to sleep, like Jesus in the storm upon the Lake of Galilee, or think about breakfast! A calm bearing in the face of the threat of death is one of the finest manifestations of the human spirit: I doubt if those who have acquitted themselves best in putting by the unmanning persuasions of the king of terrors have been supported by prayer in so doing. Practical helpfulness in a moment of emergency has no time for prayer, and courage and self-forgetfulness can dispense with it. Moreover, there is a region beyond prayer, accessible to the feeling: there is a felt union with the whole of things to which sense of prayer is a contradiction or an impertinence. Goethe, when he was near shipwreck, and saw a crowd of panic-stricken people about him, bade his fellow-passengers distrust and fear no natural happening. Shelley and Byron in the storm upon the Alpine lake forgot each to fear for himself in thinking of the safety of his companion.

The cry from the human heart conscious that it can do or feel no more is beyond criticism. "He who rises from his knees a better man," exclaims Meredith, "to him his prayer is answered." The controversy over the answer to prayer, whether there is such an answer or not, has often excited expressions of irony. How many lives would have been saved from sword or fire or shipwreck, how many disasters would have been averted, how many temptations would have been overcome, if a prayer had been all that was necessary! The history of prayer

Digitized by Google

is a history of disappointment. So large a part of human experience seems to turn the prayer for providential guardianship to mockery. Will entreaty avail against the force of an evil habit? Does prayer heal social wrongs and govern cities? Can prayer think for a man, strive for him, will for him, act for him? The king in "Hamlet" was least able to pray at the moment when he had most need of prayer. Prayers for rain, and prayer-wheels, and the long-winded prayers of the self-righteous,—is it impiety to join in the jest against these things? The question about the answer to prayer may rest as it was left by Meredith. If the habit nourishes you, encourage it; if it is alien to you, desist from it. Not all temperaments are alike in this matter; not all religious and spiritual dispositions, even, live by the same rules. St. Catharine of Siena spent long hours in daily prayer, and rose from them not only resolved in spirit, but enlightened in the intellect. Her habit of prayer was in reality a habit of contemplation or intensity of thought, which needed the devotional stimulus. On the other hand, Greece and Rome show us the noblest achievements wrought by men and women of self-contained dispositions.

Buddha discarded the use of prayer, and Emerson feared it as a subtle enemy of self-reliance; but the poems of Rabindranath Tagore, in their English dress, are prayers, all of them.

Prayer, then, is not a universal habit, but an expression of individual temperament, or of rare moods of the soul. There is an instinct which tells us when our prayers are real and when they are unreal. The main point is to be real men of our own kind! Then why should anybody wish us, or why should we wish ourselves, to be different? Too much is made of the paralyzing effect which intellect is supposed to exert upon the life of the feeling. It is unsafe to assert that the emotions of scientific and philosophic men are any less vigorous than the emotions of those who are ignorant of science and philosophy. They may be less apparent, but the depth of a feeling and the power of restraint over it have to be estimated, as well as its liability to manifestation. A band of devotees about a shrine, chanting hymns all day long to a deity until they have worked themselves into a condition bordering upon hysteria, may be credited with the possession of religious emotions, but what are their feelings compared with the awe in the silent and steadfast soul of a Darwin or a Herbert Spencer, in both of whom religion is superficially supposed to have decayed? If a young man of to-day craves an emotional impulse, he can do worse than go for it to the example and the lifelong passion of either of these great men.

So far of the spoken prayer, but what of the silent and immeasurable prayer which resides in effort! No real worker can be regarded as a prayerless man, even if in words he does not pray at all. *Laborare est orare:* to work is to pray. But the prayer of the worker may be for noble things or ignoble things. I dwell upon the loftier examples,—the man of science, for instance, straining his mind after truth; the artist, self-exhausted in the quest after beauty, the handicraftsman, fashioning the work of his hands with all his skill; the student, exerting himself to master some step of intellectual demonstration. What are all human efforts but an asking of boons from the infinite? What need of a voice to accompany the sweat of effort? If you wish to pray, the wisest instructor would bid you go to work. What is it you desire? Knowledge? Well, go to work for it. Character? It is work, not a word, which will fashion character. To be of use to your country? Then you, above all men, must devote yourself to painful toil. Confide yourself to the efforts of every valiant passion in you, which is an exceedingly difficult path of piety, and you will find that things about you and your own spirit will stretch out co-operating hands. In no other way can you show that you are in earnest.

The higher the value we learn to place upon conduct that is not tenth rate, the warmer the welcome with which we hail deeds and acts of faculty and character, the less is the estimation we set upon words.

Where can be found more real worshippers than those who love the good so well—be it knowledge or invention or the reform of institutions or the welfare of humanity—that they cannot desist from working for it, cannot find leisure to talk? These men and women are the true worshippers and the real makers of prayers, and in their devotions may I be a participator!—*Extracts from an article by P. E. Richards, in the Modern Review.*

The Apostles.

BY CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

JUDE (LEBBÆUS, THADDÆUS).

X.

Judas saith unto him (not Iscariot): Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?—ST. JOHN xiv. 22.

He marvelled that he made not manifest
Himself to men. How could his kingdom grow
Till the Messiah's advent all should know?
And then we learned love only was the test,
And they were nearest him who loved him best.
On them the Father would His love bestow;
His kingdom they would enter, ever blest,
Who felt within divine affections glow.

The gospel of God's love we everywhere,
Obedient to our Master, must proclaim.
We say that Christ was here, and all may share
The peace he promised in his Father's name.
O Holy Ghost, descend, our hearts prepare,
And make them glow with love's undying flame.

SIMON, THE CANAANITE.

XI.

It came to pass in those days that he went up into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples: and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles.—LUKE vi. 12, 13.

All day the multitudes to Jesus came,
But when night fell, he climbed the mountain-height
And went apart to pray throughout the night.
At early dawn he called us each by name,
Of his disciples twelve—and chose the same
To heal the sick, to give the blind their sight,
To preach heaven's kingdom near, a coming light,
And the lost sheep of Israel to reclaim.

And I, a zealot for the Law, yet know
Law is fulfilled through love,—so this I teach.
Christ's message I repeat where'er I go;
Repentance and salvation now I preach.
Thus be the gospel spread, and knowledge grow
Until throughout the world God's kingdom reach.

MATTHIAS.

XII.

They gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven apostles.—ACTS i. 26.

On me the lot has fallen; was it Thine,
O God, the choice? Wilt Thou direct me now?
Then let me to Thy will in silence bow.
How can I err if led by power divine?
Ere I go forth fulfilling Christ's design,
Re-make me, Lord; with wisdom me endow;
Touch Thou my lips that eloquence be mine,
And keep me faithful to my solemn vow.

Christ in the flesh I cannot walk beside,
Nor hear his speech, nor look upon his face
As these have done who followed him their guide.
Among them all be mine the humblest place;
Yet, if my heart be his, none can divide
Me from his love, and I am satisfied.

Digitized by Google

In Blossom Time.

BY ALYS INGRAHAM.

The hedge is ablaze with lilacs,
The apple-trees white with their snow,
And down in the waving grasses
The dandelions blow

The feathery plumes of the elm-trees
Swing lazily to and fro;
In and out of their branches,
Gay little warblers go.

Over us, golden sunshine,—
Around us, fragrance sweet
From apple-blooms and lilacs,
And violets 'neath our feet.

Peacefully still in the sunshine
Lies the graveyard quaint and old;
While o'er it Summer is weaving
Her carpet of green and gold

The names on the mossy gravestones
Are names we hear no more;
Long ago their battles were ended,
Long ago their trials were o'er.

Above them on open hilltop,
As a sentinel might stand,
A grim old pine keeps watch and ward
Over all that sleeping band.

God's love broods over the landscape;
He speaks to the listening ear;
Through all this beauty I feel Him,
So intimate,—so near!

Jacob Riis.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

In the case of Mr. Riis, as so often happens, death has shown itself the great revealer. What might have been held as partial and limited in his career, is now shown to be of general significance and application. We are apt to say that no one is absolutely necessary to the world, that every vacant place can be adequately filled by some one of the waiting thousands; but before Mr. Riis appeared on these shores no one had come forward to do just the kind of work he was destined to perform in New York.

He was a shining example of the benefit America derives from the open door that admits thousands, millions of foreigners to these shores. It is to be expected that occasionally such a man as Carl Schurz or Jacob Riis will come from overseas to claim citizenship in the republic,—men of rare genius and wide vision, who offer the inestimable benefits of their qualities and character for the service of their adopted country. It is thus that we are recouped for some of the drawbacks of foreign immigration. A young man who came in very humble guise to this country, and suffered many hardships and discouragements, was ultimately to become a kind of conscience to our great metropolis, a moral inspiration.

As probably the most useful work of Hercules was the cleansing of the Augean stables, so Mr. Riis, with his many other gifts, will stand forth as the cleanser of the foulest spots of a great city, and especially as a man who opened the eyes of the people to the deadly conditions of filth and corruption, both moral and physical, under which they were living. Becoming a reporter on a New York daily, after suffering the hardships and agonies of a tramp's life in search of work, he chose for his field of action the slums of the great city, and the battle with the slums was prolonged to the moment when his health failed and he was forced reluctantly to give up his intense and ardent work for the good of the dependent and unfortunate classes,—indeed, for every one who needed help and encouragement in the struggle for existence. His friend Theodore Roosevelt called him the ideal American.

As he tells his pathetic story, after heart-breaking days of wandering through the streets, looking for work, he had gone to the river with the thought of ending his misery and despair under the black waves, when a little dog, a black-and-tan terrier, probably as hungry and miserable as himself, came along and seemed to seek his protection. He took the little creature in his arms and carried him to a police lodging-house, one of the vile places then open to the homeless. The dog was refused admittance, and during the night, among a crowd of debauched and drunken companions, Riis was robbed of a trinket he prized, and on appealing to a police sergeant received only abuse and curses. The little dog had waited for his friend outside, and, to emphasize his brutality, the sergeant seized the little creature and dashed out his brains against the wall of the house. That day decided Jacob Riis's career. He vowed to root out the abomination of police lodging-houses, and, under the aid and encouragement of Theodore Roosevelt when assistant police commissioner of New York, he was able to abolish this crying shame and disgrace of a great city. From this point his work opened to ever wider horizons. His sympathy and aid extended to the children of the East Side was one of the most beautiful and effective parts of his work.

For them he was effective in cleaning out the dens and dives of the infamous Mulberry Bend, a harbor for thieves and murderers, and turning it into a park and playground for the children of that section, near which he established his Neighborhood House, so effective in helping and saving both young and old. It is to be hoped that some time in the near future the grateful children of New York will contribute their pennies or larger sums to erect a fitting memorial to their friend and benefactor.

Mr. Riis was happy in acquiring a beautiful English style, simple, clear, idiomatic. He used it to extend his influence world-wide in his books, which have probably done more to clean and renovate cities, to call attention to the neglected spots and the unfortunate inhabitants, than any one influence felt in our day. "How the Other Half Lives," "The Making of an American," "The Children of the Tenements," and others, are classics in their line, and have opened the eyes of thousands to the actual conditions surrounding them. More and more we believe it will be seen that Mr. Riis was one of the great factors in the humanitarian movement now sweeping over the world and bound to gain impetus and momentum as time goes on.

As a lecturer he was no less effective than as a writer, for he spoke out of the fulness of personal knowledge and the intense interest he felt in his subject.

When offered such an important place as Commissioner of Immigration by the President, he replied that he had not time to accept. He was too busy about his work of reform and renovation to which he had vowed his life. What an example for the youth of this country is the life of this foreign boy who came to us with only his brave heart and willing hands to serve the world!

Literature.

Moral Leadership and Other Sermons. By Leighton Parks, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.—This book affords rather an unusual exhibit of what might be called a cross-section of preaching. Most volumes of sermons contain selected examples of what is supposed to be the preacher at his best. These are ten consecutive sermons, which do not appear to have been planned in advance, but to have been produced in the ordinary course of the preacher's work. It by no means follows that a good sermon can be turned into good literature. Indeed, conspicuous excellence from the literary point of view establishes some presumption against the effectiveness of the sermon. Dr. Parks's sermons do not read too well, and one can see that as they were spoken they did not fail to reach their mark. "Plain speech from a loving heart," is the phrase which he himself applies to them in his brief preface, and plain speech they truly are. Seldom, one suspects, are so many topics of the day dealt with in sermons outside of sensational pulpits, and there is no trace of sensationalism here. The feminist movement, marriage and divorce, the whole problem of sex relationship, the influence of the stage, even woman's dress, are all made the subject of frank and fearless discussion. The sermons undoubtedly find people where they live, and make use of their every-day thoughts and interests as a means of approach to the idealism of the spirit. They have immense vitality, they are quite modern in their way of handling the New Testament narrative, and they are all keyed to one great idea, that of the life of God made flesh.

Dreams. By Henri Bergson. Translated by Edwin E. Slosson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.—Whatever exception may be taken to Mr. Bergson's theories, no one can dispute the breadth of his information with regard to the facts of life, so far as science has ascertained them. The study of dreams, it would appear, is yielding valuable help in the treatment of abnormal and unhappy states of mind. Prof. Bergson has read this literature and has contributed some theories of his own for the better understanding of the subject. Briefly, he regards the mind as being full of memories, somewhat as a boiler is full of steam under pressure. By a selective process, and at the expense of considerable effort and strain, we apply these memories in our waking moments to the situation immediately in hand. But in sleep we surrender this oversight of them. The mind then is in a "disinterested" state. Our memories, therefore, disport themselves at will and play at random about any sense impression which the mind receives, and thus produce more or less grotesque results. That this will account for all dreams is not to be for a moment believed, and it seems probable that the mind is not wholly "disinterested" in sleep, but still exercises some degree of selective control in its choice of

Digitized by Google

memories to connect with sense impressions. Otherwise, the study of dreams could tell us nothing about the character of the subconscious part of our being. It is interesting to note that this investigation has now probably become of sufficient practical consequence to secure its continuance, and is likely to have considerable bearing on the whole field of psychic research. The book is interesting to the ordinary reader, as all that Prof. Bergson writes in untechnical language is sure to be.

Miscellaneous.

Little Lost Sister is one of the crop of books that followed the white slave investigations. Its author, Virginia Brooks, has managed to construct a sensational and unpleasant story, which is distinguished merely by its theme, not by literary strength or ethical significance. It is published by Gazzolo & Rickson, Chicago, Ill.

Modern Cities, a book on municipal life as studied in continental cities, was reviewed in a recent number of the *Christian Register*. The reviewer, however, neglected to mention that it is published by Funk & Wagnalls Co. of New York. The writers, Prof. Horatio M. Pollock and Prof. William S. Morgan, Ph.D., have made a genuine contribution to the work of municipal betterment in this country.

Especially attractive at this time of the year are the books which help one to understand better his summer surroundings, and awaken an interest in the birds and flowers deeper than that of mere enjoyment. The *Tree Guide*, prepared by Julia Ellen Rogers and published by Doubleday, Page & Co., supplies the need for a pocket manual to assist in the study of trees, which will be found practical at any stage of one's education in such matters. A group of simple keys are presented, by which the beginner can quickly distinguish members of the various tree families, both native and cultivated, commonly found in Canada and that part of the United States that lies east of the Rocky Mountains. There are nearly five hundred illustrations, some of them colored, and the text is clearly printed, yet the whole book is so compact and convenient as to slip easily into pocket or wrist-bag. The price in cloth is $1; in leather, $1.25.

Magazines.

The June *Atlantic* opens with a detailed sketch of Victoriano Huerta, drawn from life, by an English patent lawyer who, for the past twenty-five years, has been living in Mexico City, following with close interest both the personnel and policies of Mexican government. This portrait, while more favorable in the main than is countenanced by American opinion, gives interesting and first-hand information. A personal paper which carries with it a wide-spread interest is William Garrott Brown's "Confessions of a 'T.B.'", which describes the attitude of society toward the tuberculous patient and gives in turn his attitude toward society. Frederick Peterson, the neurologist, contributes "An Exposition of Sleep." Ralph Pulitzer, president of the New York *World* Publishing Company, replies in this issue to the attack on "Newspaper Morals" recently made in the *Atlantic* by Henry L. Mencken. "Credo Quia Possibile," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, is a spiritual plea for a layman's creed. Rollo Ogden, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, discusses "The Survival of Ability" in an entertaining conversation. "Wanted: An American Minister of Marine," is a suggestive contribution by an officer of the English Merchant Marine. Randolph S. Bourne describes an English experiment in co-operative living, and Henry Seidel Canby draws a significant moral from a description of what has happened in Redwood Canyon. Grant Showerman's "Sunday in Andalusia" pictures a Spanish holiday, while Joseph Husband's brief paper gives a vivid presentation of the significance of a giant mill. Perhaps the most popular feature of the number is a delightful story by Cornelia A. P. Comer, entitled "The Wealth of Timmy Zimmerman." "Marco Baldi, Owner," by Gino C. Speranza, and "Ivy of the Negatives," by Margaret Lynn, are other stories in this number. The issue contains poems by Joseph Warren Beach and Sarah N. Cleghorn, and closes with a satiric sketch by John Galsworthy, entitled "Hall-Marked." There is a full Contributors' Club.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 19

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackerstern, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

Music Received.

From William A. Pond & Co., 18 West 37th Street, New York.

The Sylvia Valse. Study in Octaves. By Samuel S. Aronson.

Ever Our Refuge. Sacred Solo. By Julian Jordan.

The Day is Past and Over. Sacred Solo. By J. C. Drew.

The Hermit Solo. For medium voice. By J. Edwin Allemong.

Madrigal Chorus from Mikado. By Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Te Deum By C. F. Ives.

Beautiful Isle of the Sea. For male voices. By J. R. Thomas.

Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby. Quartette for female voices. By Alfred H. Pease.

Pussy's in the Well. For female voices. By G. B. Nevin.

Three Little Maids from School. Trio for female voices. By Sir Arthur Sullivan.

A Storm at Sea. Male Quartette. By Nevin-Hullah.

Light in Darkness. Solo and Quartette. By Horatio C. King.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN

No. 33

Problems & Opportunities of Country Life

By MARGARET B. BARNARD.

Of late there has been a revival of interest in country life, and a determined effort is in progress to restore it to something of its old estate. A necessary preliminary to the success of any such movement is an accurate knowledge of rural conditions. This number of the Bulletin is a report of surveys made in some sixty New England towns, secured by the Committee on Rural Conditions of the Social Service Department of the American Unitarian Association. It is vivid, practical, and constructive, and is a useful addition to the growing fund of information respecting the needs and possibilities of country life.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

Order as "S. S. No. 33," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

American Unitarian Association

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

What do you See?

What you find in these sweet days
  Depends on how you go about it:
A glad heart helps poor eyes to see
  What brightest eyes can't see without it.

One child sees sunlit air and sky,
  And bursting leaf-buds, round and ruddy;
Another looks at his own feet,
  And only sees—that it is muddy!

—*Harriette R. Eliot.*

The Nut which was Not.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the Gray Squirrel to himself, as he tried to bite into the funny kind of nut which he had just found in the mall. "My teeth! My teeth! This is the toughest nut I ever had to crack. What is the matter with it?"

Gray Squirrel turned the little object over in his paws and tried again and again to make some impression upon the outside of it. But it was too much for him. It was rough and yellow and shiny, and looked like a perfectly good walnut. But it was hard,—my! it was hard! It had a seam running around its waist, as all walnuts do. But try all he could, Gray Squirrel could not get it open and pick out the kernel which he could hear rattling around inside. It was maddening!

"Ow!" said Gray Squirrel, "it has set my teeth to aching. I never saw such a nut! Hear that kernel rattle—it must be a nice, fat one! Wouldn't it make you hungry? I say! I will bury this nut in one of my storehouses and leave it to ripen. Maybe I can get it open later. Ow! My teeth! My teeth! How hungry I am! I wish somebody would come along and give me a sensible kind of nut, so I do. I am almost starved to death."

Gray Squirrel sat up on his hind legs with the queer nut in his paws, and looked across the Common. Away down at the end of a long path he spied a familiar figure approaching,—a little girl in a blue dress with a gray coat and a big muff.

"There comes little Mollie now!" cried Gray Squirrel, happily. "And I believe she has some rich, juicy, flavorsome nuts for me in that big muff of hers. How kind she is! She never once forgets. I wish I could do something for her some time. Hello! Why, I'll give her this strange, hard nut that I cannot crack. She is so much bigger than I, that surely she will be able to get the kernel out. And she shall keep it for herself."

Gray Squirrel took the nut in his mouth and bounded to meet little Mollie. Over the frozen lawn he went, never minding the "Keep Off" signs, which look so silly in winter. He went in long leaps, his bushy tail whisking gayly, for he was pleased with his great idea. Little Mollie saw him coming, and, stopping short, began to fumble in her muff for the bag of nuts which she never forgot to bring Gray Squirrel whenever she crossed the Common.

Hop! Up went Gray Squirrel to the top of the post beside her. Hop! Again, he landed on her shoulder. Hop! He was down on top of her fluffy muff, and was poking his head into the pocket of her gray coat before she had time to see the nut in his mouth.

"Greedy! The nuts aren't there," said little Mollie, laughing. "But I have them here in my muff." And she pulled out a big, fat walnut.

Gray Squirrel drew his head out of little Mollie's pocket. He had nothing in his mouth now, so he seized the walnut and cracked it eagerly. Mollie laughed to see how greedily he munched the fat kernel.

"Poor fellow!" she said; "you seem awfully hungry. I am glad I brought you a good handful of nuts this time."

Gray Squirrel had a feast indeed, which he enjoyed all the more as he thought, chuckling, of the surprise which he had left in little Mollie's pocket.

When little Mollie got home that afternoon she put her hand in her pocket for her latch-key, and there she felt something round and hard. "Why, it must be a nut," she said, pulling it out. "How did it get there? Gray Squirrel must have dropped it when he poked his head into my pocket."

Sure enough. There was the nut, big and yellow and hard, with the seam around its waist.

"Oh, it isn't a real nut at all!" exclaimed Mollie, examining it. "It looks like gold. And it opens!" She pressed a tiny spring which Gray Squirrel had not been bright enough to see. And lo! the nut flew open, and there lay a little silver thimble. This was the kernel which Gray Squirrel had heard rattling. It just fitted Mollie's middle finger.

"Mother! Mother!" cried Mollie, hurrying upstairs. "See what Gray Squirrel gave me! It is just what I have been wanting for a long time,—a silver thimble. Mother, Mother, wasn't he a dear, kind squirrel!"

You may be sure that after this little Mollie saw that Gray Squirrel had all the nuts he wanted, and the two became better friends than ever. But because they could not speak the same language, Mollie could never tell him what was inside the golden nut he had given her. Gray Squirrel often wondered whether she had eaten it already, or had buried it in a little hole in the ground against a hungry time. How surprised he would have been to know what she really did with it!

Lottie's Boomerang.

"I'm always being 'put upon,'" said Lottie.

But she went on the errand that Doris had forgotten, though she had to rise much earlier than was pleasant the next morning to make up her lesson.

Lottie Damer was, in fact, a very obliging little girl. She waited on the others and gradually grew to be the recognized fetcher and carrier for the whole family, but she had begun to realize lately that, as she put it on this hot June afternoon, she was "always being put upon."

But her impulses were so generous that the very next day she cried, "I'll do it," when somebody had to go to the store if there was to be any bread for supper, and she came back with the large loaf.

"Oh," pretty Doris sighed, when she had finished one slice, "I do wish I could be Winifred Greene!"

The family was quite accustomed to this wish. Winifred Greene was Doris's twin, so to speak, having been born on the same day, but in the big red house on the hill, where Senator Greene lived. Winifred had a great many things that Doris knew she was never likely to have, such as a pony, and an automobile for her outings, and other luxuries.

"It must be nice to be the only one, and not have to share things," said selfish Miss Doris.

"What's Winifred got now?" teased her brother. "A new doll?"

"She's to carry a bouquet of flowers to the Governor when he speaks in the court-house on Monday," said Doris. "Just because we're not senator's daughters, we can't."

"But," reproved Lottie, gently, "we're all to have seats,—reserved, too! All the school-children are to carry flags, and sing, 'My Country, 'tis of Thee.'"

"Well, if we're put in the front row, that won't be so bad," admitted Doris, while Jane said, "I should think not! But the front row is for the singers."

The next day, everybody laughed at Doris's joy when she heard that the best singers were to sit in a little special, reserved place on a small raised platform, and that she was to be among them. So were Katie and Jane. Poor Lottie, who could not sing a note, and whose hair did not curl, was to be among the rank and file. But she did not mind.

The children were assembled outside the school door, all in white, and gay with flags to wave; and then, as they were about to march out, teachers and pupils gave a cry and a gasp, and said, "Oh!"

A little girl in white, very thin from a recent illness, and very wistful looking, met them at the gate. She, too, held a flag in her hand.

"The doctor says I may go, too, Teacher," she said.

She had been away ill for five weeks. No one had thought of her in connection with the reception.

"Oh, Mary, my dear," said the teacher, "I'm afraid there is no seat for you. The place will be so crowded. Every chair, even every inch of bench, is taken."

"I don't take up much room," pleaded Mary. "The doctor says I may go."

"Well," said the teacher, looking over her flock. "If one of you will give up your seat, and sit with your own parents, I think Mary can be made happy."

But no one volunteered.

"Why can't Mary sit with her father and mother?" suggested Doris.

"They won't come," said Mary. "Father's gone away, and mother must mind baby. I don't want to sit alone."

The teacher looked from the pale child, whose life held so few pleasures, to her healthy, romping, rollicking throng. But no eyes met hers.

Then the something that had tugged at Lottie's heart since she could remember, whenever she saw that others wanted what she could give, tugged again, and quite hard. She stepped forward.

"I'll go back, and go with father and mother," she said.

Teacher's pat on her shoulder was like mother's smile, or father's "There's my comfort," and it consoled her a little for the ache that almost brought tears to her eyes, as she fell behind the others. Mary, with a flush on her pale, thin little cheek, took

Digitized by Google

the vacated place, and the procession went forward.

Lottie turned for a brisk run home. She had none too much time, as she knew. It seemed as if she would never reach it, but Lottie reached her own door at last, to find it locked! They had gone.

On she hurried, this time to the courthouse, but the guardian shook his head.

"Every seat's taken," he told her. "Don't see how I could squeeze even a little one in."

This time the tears quite overflowed.

"I—I wish I hadn't been so accommodating," she thought, and, for the first time in her life, an ugly temper crept into her heart, but it made Lottie so horribly uncomfortable that she turned it quickly out.

"What's all this?" said a cheery, pleasant voice at her side. "A little girl crying!"

Lottie looked up into the kindest face she had ever seen, except her father's. A tall gentleman was looking down at her. Next to him was a lady, all silk and feathers and the glint of sparkling things, it seemed to Lottie's confused eyes, and beyond her a little girl, in white, with a large bouquet in her hands. She smiled at Lottie with friendly eyes, and said, "Perhaps she's lost, Father."

All this time the procession had been marching steadily on, places had been taken, teachers were looking pleased, and the children were enjoying the thrill of the occasion. It was such a tiny town that the Governor had never once been there before.

Katie and Jane were not quite happy, however.

"I wish Lottie were here," Katie remarked.

"It's too bad," murmured Jane.

"She likes being with Daddy," Doris hastened to remark. "Look, there they are!"

The sisters turned, and gave a little cry.

"But where's Lottie?"

She was nowhere to be seen. However, nothing could be done about it now. The people were pouring in from every door.

They had to wait a tiresome time. The rougher element upstairs began to stamp and whistle. And then they stopped, everybody stopped, for the gentlemen and ladies who belonged on the great platform, bright with crimson carpets and beautiful with palms, began to take their places.

"Now we'll see Winifred Greene," whispered Doris. "Look, she has pink ribbons in her hair, and"—

She never finished. The three sisters stared with all their eyes. For Winifred was not alone. Beside her, also with a bouquet in her hand,—Lottie! She did not look their way, being quite taken up with watching Winifred, who was whispering to her how to hand her bouquet to the Governor's lady!

The singing and the speaking began, one after the other. When the school-children stood up to wave their flags, the Governor signed to Winifred and Lottie to come and stand in front of him! So Lottie, who never pushed herself forward, and who was always ready to give place to others, was honored above all the school-children, whom she now looked at with a beaming smile.

The people cheered the Governor, but the school-children were chiefly interested in his smile at Winifred, as she handed him the bouquet, and in Lottie, who presented one to the smiling and beautiful lady at his side.

"How did you manage it, Lottie?" asked Doris, at supper, regarding her sister with a new respect.

"She didn't manage it at all," explained her father. "Her kind deed 'boomeranged' on her—as kind deeds always do, sooner or later."—*Frances Harmer, in Zion's Herald.*

My Pictures.

I wonder why it is that when
I pictures draw of boys and men,
And horses, too, for my mamma,
She doesn't quite know what they are.

Sometimes I draw a big brick house,
Sometimes a cat and little mouse;
And then mamma will say to me,
"Why, yes, this is the mouse, I see,"
When, really, what she's looking at,
I'm sure she must know, is the *calf*

And if I draw a butterfly,
That goes far up into the sky,
She thinks—I can't imagine *how*—
Perhaps it is the old red cow!

But when I draw, as best I can,
A picture of a big tall man,
Then I clap my hands and shout, "Hurrah!"
She always knows it is papa!

—*Harriet Johnson McLellan.*

Katie's Saturday.

"Dear me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said mother, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mother, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed, I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have breakfast first," mother answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was; and, as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast, and go right into the library.

Mother was sitting at the desk, with a piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of those things that trouble you. One thousand will do!"

"O Mother, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mother, "put down ten."

So Katie wrote:—

"1. It's gone and rained, so we can't go out to play.

"2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

"3."—

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said the mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mother, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and, oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: "O Mother, I didn't like Jean at all at first; but she's a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mother said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

"I guess I'll tear up the paper now, Mother, dear," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mother, "why not let the troubles alone until they are a certainty? There are many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you only wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of crying and worrying at all."—*Sunlight.*

The Camel.

A SMALL BOY'S COMPOSITION.

He is called the ship of the desart because he runs over the sand like a ship and dont sink in. He runs different to the horse because he lifts up two legs on one side of his body and then two on the other. He has about a hundred stumics and each holds about a quart so when his master kills him he can have a good drink. His hump is made of fat and he eats this when he can't get grass or hay. Some camels are not camels because he has two humps and his hair dont grow all over him and were it dont is called calluses [callosities] because it kneels down and wears away. The Arab loves his steed better than his wife and in our books theres a piece about him called the Arab and his steed. His master was a prisoner and his faithful camel took him round the waist and bore him swiftly to his morning friends.—*Spectator.*

Bertie's sister, who is five years older than Bertie, is trying to teach him to take care of his books. The other day she could not find "Robinson Crusoe" on the nursery book shelf.

"Where is it?" she asked. "I haven't seen it for several days. What have you done with it?"

"I know where it is," said Bertie, trying to speak with assurance.

"Well, where?"

"Why, it's only lost a *little*," he faltered; "kinder in the barn, or round outdoors somewheres; p'r'aps up garret, or behind the woodpile, I guess!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY
175 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

The Anniversaries.

Business Meeting of the American Unitarian Association.

The eighty-ninth annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Tuesday, May 26, 1914. The meeting was called to order by the president, Dr. Eliot, and the devotional service was conducted by Rev. George H. Reed. Committees on credentials, business, and ballots were named. Certain resolutions were introduced and referred without debate to the business committee. The president called attention to the pamphlets distributed to the members, containing reports of the special commission on membership and methods, and of the department secretaries, and commented upon the significant happenings of the year as contained therein.

The treasurer, Mr. Henry M. Williams, then presented his report in print, with verbal comments and explanations.

The secretary, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, then read his annual report.

After the introduction of additional resolutions, addresses were made by Rev. James C. Duncan on "Gathering a Congregation in a New Field," and by Rev. Ambrose W. Vernon on "The Growth of Unity among the Churches."

The president then delivered his annual address. The meeting took a recess until 2.30 P.M.

The afternoon session opened with the report of the special commission on membership and methods, presented by Judge Leslie C. Cornish of Maine, who lucidly explained and emphasized its main points. The proposed amendments to the by-laws were made a special order for the next annual meeting.

Brief addresses on "The Call of the Hour to the Coming Generation" were delivered by Rev. William I. Lawrance, Rev. Albert R. Vail of Urbana, Ill., Rev. Edgar S. Wiers of Montclair, N.J., Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs of Marlboro, and Rev. Henry Wilder Foote.

The nominating committee reported through its secretary, Mr. James Kingman of Newton.

The business committee reported through its chairman, Hon. James M. Morton. A resolution in regard to the rules of the Unitarian Service Pension Society was referred, by recommendation of the committee, to the directors of that Society.

A resolution in regard to the possibility of war in Mexico was, upon recommendation of the committee and in view of the fact that the subject-matter of the resolution was the subject of mediation, laid upon the table. Upon recommendation of the committee a resolution was adopted, with one amendment, as follows,—

Resolved, That a commission of ten persons be appointed by the president to report on the possibility and advisability of adopting a name more expressive of the actual purpose of our denomination than the name Unitarian. As any change, to be desirable, should be brought about by common consent and after full consideration, the Commission should procure the opinion of all our churches, and also consult with those who, while not accepting the Unitarian name, are closely allied with us in religious purpose.

Upon recommendation of the business committee the following resolution was adopted, with one amendment suggested by the committee,—

Resolved, That the president appoint a committee of three persons, familiar with accounting, to investigate methods of church accounting and book-keeping, and to prepare a report, with authority to have the same printed, as to the best and simplest methods of keeping the accounts of churches and church organizations, with data and recommendations as to the methods of raising funds for current and special purposes, and examples of circulars and accounting forms.

Upon recommendation of the business committee the following resolution was adopted, after a proposed amendment had been rejected by the meeting,—

Resolved, That we commend the work of the Unitarian Service Pension Society, and call the attention of our friends to the fact that, if the pension paid is to be increased to even three hundred dollars, the Society must continue to be aided by bequests and by regular annual contributions from the churches and from generous individuals.

Upon recommendation of the business committee, and after discussion by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Mr. George H. Ellis, Mrs. Prescott Keyes, Dr. S. M. Crothers, the secretary of the Association, and others, the following resolution was referred to the publication committee for its consideration,—

Resolved, First, that the publication committee of the Association be instructed to make a careful study of its list of tracts for free distribution from the point of view of the present position of Unitarian thought, the present needs of our missionary propaganda, and the present problem of general religious interest; second, that the committee be asked to suppress the very considerable number of tracts now listed and circulated, which are unrepresentative and misrepresentative of modern liberalism; third, that the committee undertake the publication of new tracts on a new and systematic basis of subjects carefully chosen and authors deliberately selected and, if necessary, paid, for their fitness to treat these topics.

Upon recommendation of the business committee the following resolution was adopted without discussion,—

Resolved, That the publication committee of the Association be requested to continue the successful work undertaken and achieved eight years ago for the assistance of the choirs and choirmasters of our churches, by publishing such new collections of anthems and other choir music as it may be able to prepare from time to time; and that it is the sense of this body that one new collection of this kind should be published as soon as possible.

Upon recommendation of the business committee the following resolution, with one amendment, was adopted without discussion,—

Resolved, That we view with disfavor any and all attempts to obtain appropriations of public funds or the use of public property, whether municipal, state, or federal, for the benefit of sectarian schools, hospitals, or charities; and that we regard all such attempts by any religious body as a positive menace to the welfare and perpetuity of our free American institutions.

Upon recommendation of the business committee the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the president be requested to appoint a committee, to consist of both ministers and laymen, to consider and report upon the possible improvement of the methods of hearing candidates in our churches and selecting ministers for vacant pulpits.

Resolved, That a special commission, consisting of representatives of the Association, of the General Conference, of the Theological Schools, of the Ministerial Union, and of the churches at large, should be created to consider and report upon the ways of recruiting the ministry.

The business committee finally recommended a resolution in regard to the election of delegates to the annual meeting, and after discussion, participated in by Mr. George R. Bishop, Rev. T. D. Bacon, and Rev. C. F. Dole, the resolution was laid upon the table.

The committee on ballots submitted its report, showing the result of the balloting to be the election of the following officers:—

President, Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass.; vice-presidents: Clarence E. Carr of Andover, N.H.; George Hutchinson of Newton, Mass.; Frank H. Hiscock of Syracuse, N.Y.; George Soulé of New Orleans, La.; Charles W. Ames of St. Paul, Minn.; Paris Gibson of Great Falls, Mont.; Horace Davis of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. John W. Loud of Montreal, Can.; secretary, Lewis G. Wilson of Boston, Mass.; assistant secretary, F. Stanley Howe of Cambridge, Mass.; treasurer, Henry M. Williams, Esq., of Boston, Mass. Directors: Percy A. Atherton, Boston, Mass.; Miss Anna M. Bancroft, Hopedale, Mass.; Fred V. Hawley, Chicago, Ill.; William S. Kyle, Plymouth, Mass.; Henry B. Little, Newburyport, Mass.; Henry W. Sprague, Buffalo, N.Y. Nominating Committee: Mrs. Prescott Keyes, Concord, Mass.; Charles A. Wing, Concord, N.H.; John H. Lathrop, Brooklyn, N.Y.; George Kent, New Orleans, La.

The Association then adjourned.

The evening session was held in Tremont Temple. The services were conducted by Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell and Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D. The anniversary sermon was preached by Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland, Ore. Music was rendered by a chorus choir under the direction of Mr. B. L. Whelpley.

The Young People's Religious Union.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Young People's Religious Union was held in the South Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., on Thursday, May 28.

President Bates presided at the business session, when interesting reports were presented along all lines of work, that of the Policy Committee calling forth the most discussion, as is usual.

The matter of most vital moment at this time was the raising of an Endowment Fund. Much discussion relative to this ensued, and it was finally

Voted, That the Young People's Religious Union undertake the raising of an Endowment Fund of $30,000, by means of pledge-cards the income from such endowment to be used in the employment of a permanent field secretary or agent, or in the general furtherance of the work of the Young People's Religious Union. The amount to be pledged on or before the annual meeting of 1915, and such pledges to be payable at once or in instalments on or before May 1, 1916.

Enthusiasm over this endowment plan was spontaneous, about $750 being pledged for this purpose. Cards were distributed, and an energetic campaign inaugurated.

The Credentials Committee reported ninety-seven delegates present: five from Maine, seventy-eight from Massachusetts, five from New Hampshire, one from Pennsylvania, five from Rhode Island, one from North Carolina, and two from Vermont.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the delegates and members of the Young People's Religious Union, remembering the hospitality which the South Congregational Church has so generously

Digitized by Google

offered in the past, and which it is their privilege to enjoy again this year, hereby express their deep appreciation to the South Congregational Church, and to its minister, Rev. Edward Cummings, for the courtesy and kindly welcome extended to the Union at this its annual meeting for the year 1914.

Resolved, That the delegates and members of the Young People's Religious Union hereby extend to the Boston Federation their sincere and heartfelt thanks for the cordial hospitality with which the Federation has welcomed the delegates of the Union,—a hospitality which every year becomes more efficient, but which can never become more generous or more deeply appreciated by the Union.

Resolved, That the Young People's Religious Union, desiring to recognize the efficient and successful work of Miss Emily J. Cline as chairman of the committee in charge of the Eighth Biennial Bazaar, hereby extends to her a hearty vote of thanks for her devotion to the difficult task of carrying the Bazaar to success.

Resolved, That the Young People's Religious Union extends to the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church a most cordial greeting, recognising that both associations are engaged in the common task of inspiring among the younger members of our free churches that loyalty and enthusiasm which alone can give them permanent worth.

The Balloting Committee reported as elected the officers and directors whose names appeared on the ticket as presented by the Nominating Committee.

Following the business of the afternoon, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., recently returned from a visit to the Far East, who was to speak on "What the Y. P. R. U. can do to give our Unitarian Faith to the Orient," confined his remarks to India, owing to the shortness of the time at his disposal. Dr. Sunderland was heard with deep appreciation as he suggested some practical ways in which the young people of our denomination can help these far-away people, and at the same time enlarge their own scope and vision. This whole matter of foreign missionary work had been touched upon in the report of the Policy Committee, and was accordingly referred later to the next meeting of the Board of Directors.

Adjournment at five o'clock was followed by a reception and collation in the church parlors, admirably arranged by the Boston Federation.

President Bates presided at the public evening meeting at half-past seven o'clock, music being furnished by a chorus from the Boston Federation. Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland, Ore., conducted a brief devotional service, after which the general subject, "The Opportunity for Social Service of Unitarian Young People," was discussed from three view-points, that of the physician by Dr. Richard C. Cabot, that of the politician by Hon. Grafton D. Cushing, and finally that of the minister by Rev. John Haynes Holmes. Dr. Cabot in reality preached a sermon, advising young people to adopt two aims: first, to raise the standards of their own profession; and, secondly, to link two professions together for the sake of co-operative work. Speaker Cushing of the Massachusetts House of Representatives followed, pointing out several specific facts accomplished by the Massachusetts legislature along social service lines.

The climax of the evening was attained when the last speaker, Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York, painted in vivid terms the industrial revolt that will tend to overthrow capitalism and establish an industrial democracy, for we are dealing in these days with a people awakened to keen realization of affairs. With power and purpose and idealism our young men and young women can do the work they wish. They muts work not *for* the people but *with* them. This high call to our Unitarian young men and women requires the martyr spirit in more ways than one.

Rev. George F. Pratt of Dorchester pronounced the benediction, and fittingly closed a meeting which was accorded one of the best and most successful ever held.

Foreign Notes.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The recent death in London of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, one of the most prominent and honored laymen of the Unitarian churches of England, is a loss to the cause of religious freedom and progress, not only in his own country, but throughout the world. His co-religionists in the United States and Canada have special reason for sorrow that they will behold his frank and genial face no more on earth, for he had endeared himself to them by a long series of kindly and courteous attentions on their visits to Great Britain. The delegates to our great international congresses, in particular, will ever remember the large-hearted and thoughtful hospitalities of Sir Edwin and Lady Lawrence at their city residence in Carlton Terrace, his ever ready and generous aid in all undertakings that promised to advance either denominational or inter-religious causes, and his brave and loyal witness to the ideals and aims of pure religion, held in the spirit of perfect freedom and charity. They might not always agree with his theological, political, or literary judgments, but all were united in admiring the manly independence with which he formed and upheld his opinions, and the indomitable courage and good-nature with which he encountered criticism and opposition. In this he was a splendid illustration of British and Unitarian pluck and persistence, a worthy representative of the men who have established our free Christian cause in England in the face of almost unparalleled obstacles, and have maintained its principles against both aristocratic disfavor and popular ill-will.

Sir Edwin was a man of many interests and unusual culture, and led an intensely active life. As a churchman it is said of him that there is probably not a single Unitarian parish in the United Kingdom which is not in some way or other indebted to his prompt generosity or personal service. Outside his own particular denomination his sympathy and aid were no less lavishly extended, as many benefactions for the relief of humanity and the uplift of the people bear eloquent witness. He was a good and kindly man, and his greatest pleasure was to confer happiness on others. The youngest son of a Cornish carpenter who came to London early in the last century to seek his fortune, and became by his genius and enterprise a prominent builder and business man of the metropolis, Sir Edwin and his brothers proved worthy of the sturdy stock from which they descended. The father and two elder sons were elected aldermen of the city, the only instance of the kind in the history of London. The two sons later became in turn Lord Mayors of London. The five brothers carried on unitedly the business they had inherited from their father until, in 1880, desiring to withdraw from active work, they, with an unusual generosity, turned the business over to their leading employees as a reward for faithful service. No old laborer was to be discharged; those past work were to be pensioned off; the new firm was supplied with capital by a loan of $200,000, which in case of non-success was not to be returned the Messrs. Lawrence until all other creditors had been paid in full.

Sir Edwin was educated at University College School and at University College, London, taking the degree of B.A. in 1861, and that of LL.B. in 1866 at the University of London. In 1867 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, but never practised. Sir Edwin was elected Member of Parliament for the Truro Division of Cornwall in 1895, and held the seat till 1906, when he retired from Parliament. In his political creed he closely followed Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He held many other public positions.

He was created a baronet in 1898, and shortly before this, in the same year, he assumed by royal license the prefixed name of Durning, as some confusion had arisen from his having a neighbor with the same surname and initial.

Sir Edwin was the author of "The Progress of a Century, or the Age of Iron and Steam," "History of Lighting from the Earliest Times," "Steam in Relation to Cornwall," "Bacon is Shakespeare," and "The Shakespeare Myth."

He was a frequent letter-writer to the newspapers, while his versatility is shown by the fact that he sent New Year's cards to his friends, bearing artistic designs of his own. Sir Edwin was an artist of no mean order. As all the world knows, his interest in recent years lay much in the direction of propagating the conviction that Bacon was the author of the writings that are attributed to Shakespeare, with a firm belief that this view would in the end prevail. Always a great book-collector, Sir Edwin, in pursuit of this special theme, brought together a remarkable library of the Elizabethan literature, including all the Shakespeare folios and many Bacon manuscripts as well as printed editions. Many institutions were made the recipients of gifts of his spare quartos and folios. He was a frequent traveller in other lands, and visited the United States in 1887.

Sir Edwin was fortunate in his marriage in 1874 to Miss Edith J. Smith of King's Ride, Ascot, Birks, a lady of fortune, culture, and character, who shared her husband's tastes and aims. Their only child, a son, died in infancy. In his memory, hundreds of Sunday-school teachers and children were invited year by year to spend Bank Holiday in the lovely grounds of King's Ride.

A large gathering attended the farewell service at his late residence, which had also been the London home of Gladstone during the later years of his public life. The service was conducted by Rev. Alexander Gordon, M.A., ex-principal of the Unitarian Theological School at Manchester, a close friend. Many English Unitarian pulpits and journals paid tribute to their loyal and generous supporter and friend,—a tribute in which Americans who were permitted to enjoy his acquaintance tenderly and gratefully join.

The Unitarian Anniversaries in Whitweek had an attractive programme. Among other

Digitized by Google

speakers, Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, was announced to give the Essex Hall lecture on "The Religious Philosophy of Plotinus, and some Modern Philosophies of Religion." Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena, who had accepted an invitation to speak (in German) on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," was unable to be present, owing to an unforeseen pressure of engagements. Prof. Eucken writes us that in response to an urgent invitation from the Universities of Tokyo and Kyoto, in Japan, he will sail for that country in September next, making also a brief stay in Chinese cities to give a series of philosophical lectures. This will prevent his becoming, as was hoped, a member of the party which is being organized in this country to visit the Orient and hold conferences with the representatives of the great religions of the world, as he must return as speedily as possible to Jena to resume his winter university courses. Prof. Eucken is kind enough to add: "My work in those countries will be, in a certain sense, a preparation for your congresses, and in so far we may feel ourselves inwardly connected with each other."

It is gratifying to announce that at the ceremonies attending the dedication of the new university buildings in Zurich, Switzerland, Rev. Gottfried Traub of Dortmund, the victim of ecclesiastical oppression in Prussia, was created an honorary doctor of divinity. The announcement was greeted with great applause by the audience. Mr. Traub, who is now at the head of the Free Christian and progressive movement in Germany, has also been elected a member of the Prussian legislature, where he recently delivered a lengthy and able address on the relations between Church and State in Germany.

The grave of his deceased friend and colleague Pastor Jatho of Cologne, for defending whom before the Prussian Synod Traub was expelled from the State Church, has been marked by the erection of a beautiful monument, with a bas-relief representing a sower going forth to sow. The dedication ceremonies were very impressive. Protestantism has thus acquired a new shrine of religious liberty.

Rev. Dr. Traub's organ, *Protestant Freedom*, has this interesting item: "On the same day, and in the same city, two world-famed men, representatives of two opposed conceptions of the world-order, wrote in an autograph album. In the afternoon Prof. Ernst Haeckel of Marburg wrote, 'The doctrine of evolution leads us to a true understanding of nature and to the monistic solution of the riddles of the universe.' In the evening Prof. Rudolf Eucken, his neighbor and friend, and colleague at the same university, turned the page and wrote, 'That in man two worlds meet together, first imparts to his life tension and greatness.'"

The Sunday Closing Bill has been defeated in the House of Commons, despite the fact that the House of Lords voted for it without even a division. The combined forces of non-conformity, temperance, and democracy were not equal to the forces behind the drink traffic in Great Britain.

The death of Hon. Rollo Russell of Petersfield removes another friend of free religion. He was a writer of some note, and author of "The Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell," "Religion and Life," "Break of Day," and other books. But he will be especially remembered as the author of a remarkable production, "The Psalms of the West," modelled after the Old Testament Psalms, in which the spirit of ancient piety and the larger view of the universe and of the religious needs of the modern man are happily blended.

Our Japanese review, the *Rikugo Josshi*, or *Cosmos*, issues a double number of 180 pages for May, it being the 400th number of this long-established and excellent magazine. It contains a series of articles on "The Progress in Japanese Thought and Life during the Past Thirty Years" (including Politics, Capital and Labor, Education, the Woman Movement, Science, Theology, and Literature), and an English contribution "How I became interested in Japan," by Rev. Clay MacCauley. Prof. Kishimoto recounts "Why I am still a Unitarian." A banquet was held in Tokyo to commemorate this journalistic anniversary, in which some fifty well-known writers and publicists participated, and addresses were made reminiscent of the honorable past of the *Cosmos*, now the longest established religious review in Japan, and prophetic of its future usefulness to free religion and free fellowship.

American visitors to London, besides availing themselves of the excellent list of Unitarian Sunday services recently published in the columns of the *Christian Register*, will do well to note the services conducted at University Hall, Gordon Square, W.C. (between Russell Square and Euston Square, and not far from the British Museum). The society worshipping here is the one over which Dr. Martineau, Rev. Page Hopps, and others were settled for so many years.

At present, Rev. Dr. John Hunter, one of the most eloquent preachers in the British Isles, is supplying the pulpit in the morning at 11.15, while in the evening at 7 other speakers conduct the service. Ultimately, the society hopes to build a new church in some central situation.

To the Clergy of the United States.

A letter from Rev. Frederick Lynch, the secretary of The Church Peace Union, announces that he is authorized to offer to the churches five thousand dollars ($5,000) in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows:

1. A prize of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States.

2. Three prizes, one of five hundred dollars ($500), one of of three hundred dollars ($300), and one of two hundred dollars ($200), for the three best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries in the United States.

3. One thousand dollars ($1,000) in ten prizes of one hundred dollars ($100) each to any church member between twenty (20) and thirty (30) years of age.

4. Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars ($50) each to Sunday-school pupils between fifteen (15) and twenty (20) years of age.

5. Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars ($20) each to Sunday-school pupils between ten (10) and fifteen (15) years of age.

In the accomplishing of the desired results among the church members and the Sunday-school pupils, and in the awarding of the prizes, The Church Peace Union will have to depend largely upon the assistance which the pastors can render. It is earnestly hoped that pastors will make the announcement of these prizes in all the churches and Sunday-schools of the United States. In competing, only one essay should be sent from each church and from each Sunday-school, the essays of the local church and Sunday-school being read by a local committee and the one winning essay forwarded.

It is hoped that from the thousand-dollar ($1,000) prize offered to clergymen one or more essays may be found which will be worthy not only of the prize, but also of publication and distribution by the Foundation.

All essays must be in by Jan. 1, 1915.

Further particulars about these prizes, as well as literature to be used in the preparation of the essays, and lists of books, can be secured by addressing the secretary of The Church Peace Union, Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A Unitarian Church Edifice in Bulgaria.

A few years since, as has before been narrated in these columns, the Rev. Anton N. Toplisky, a native of Bulgaria and graduate of American missionary colleges in that country, after preaching for a time under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church became from conviction a Unitarian, and, obeying his conscience, left the service of orthodox Christianity. He at that time knew nothing about the existence of a Unitarian church in any country, but taught the new truth as it had come to him, with ardor and self-sacrifice, to little assemblies of his fellow-townsmen, and through the pages of a weekly journal which he edited.

Later he became cognizant of the existence of Unitarian churches in America and elsewhere, and sought fellowship with them. In 1911, the present writer, after some correspondence, had an interview with him at Sofia, and was much impressed with his sincerity, courage, and devoutness. Mr. Toplisky also attended the Paris International Congress last year, and made friends. For two winters past he has been the faithful, devoted almoner of the contributions made by American Unitarians to the victims of the Balkan struggles.

In the mean time, his missionary work at Doubnitza, a city of some 20,000 souls, on the Macedonian frontier of Bulgaria, has gone on successfully. He has also labored in Sofia, the capital of the kingdom. A congregation has been gathered, a Bulgarian American Association formed, few in numbers but earnest in spirit, and Unitarian tracts have been translated and printed for general circulation. Mr. Toplisky has made extended missionary journeys, proclaiming the emancipating word, and has been granted private audiences with the prime minister, the Crown Prince, and other dignitaries, in the interests of the liberal faith.

More recently the Doubnitza congregation has increased, and it has become necessary to enlarge the limited quarters in which it holds its Sunday services. Much of the mason and carpenter work of the new church has been done by the minister and his people themselves.

Digitized by Google

The American Unitarian Association last year appropriated $200 toward Mr. Toplisky's salary. With characteristic devotion he turned this amount over to the building fund of his congregation. The latter have recently raised $82 for the same purpose, which in a community so poor and stricken by war should be considered a generous gift. There is still lacking some $350 to pay for materials and skilled labor in completing the building, the first to be erected in the interests of Unitarian faith in all that region.

A cabinet organ will also be required. The spontaneity and genuineness of this missionary movement, and the unselfishness and devotion of its principal promoters, have deeply impressed all who have come into closer acquaintance with it. Will not the individual members and churches, Alliances and Unions of our Unitarian body make this enterprise their own, and send to the undersigned contributions, small or great, for the purpose named? Just what will be the result of this undertaking in the Balkans, whether it will grow into a permanent and influential movement for free Christianity and religious progress, it is too soon to predict; but it is certainly seed-sowing in the best sense. It is for us to do our part in faith, and leave the result to the Lord of the Harvest. Our missionary is certainly bringing light and cheer to not a few seeking spirits in this trying hour of their country's and their own experience, and by sustaining him we shall come to know the truth of the poet's word,—

"But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

CHARLES W. WENDTE,
Department of Foreign Relations,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Meadville Theological School.

The president and faculty of the Meadville Theological School take pleasure in making the following announcements to the friends of the School and to all interested in the liberal churches and their ministry:—

By vote of the trustees of the School, passed at the annual meeting of the Board, June 3, 1914, the recommendations of the faculty for a radical reorganization of the curriculum and calendar were indorsed, and practical steps initiated for their full realization on and after the opening of the next term of the School, Sept. 29, 1914.

The changes inaugurated include:—

1st. A four-term year of forty-four weeks' schooling, with eight weeks of recess to be suitably divided between terms, thus eliminating the long summer vacation and securing for all students greater economy of time.

2d. A summer session at Meadville so planned as to serve the needs not only of seniors of the School, but also of those taking special work to fit for service as parish assistants, heads of settlements, and directors of religious education, and offering in addition, to ministers and others already in the field, attractive courses in social services, religious education, the work of preaching, and kindred studies.

3d. A sub-junior or preparatory collegiate course of four to six terms for all students seeking entrance to the School and lacking college preparation, all such students to be under educational direction of the faculty of this School, whether taking preparatory courses at Meadville or at some other institution, and all opportunities of study so arranged as to facilitate progress toward entrance to the Theological School proper.

4th. Arrangements with Chicago University by which the Meadville students taking a three years' course may have the privilege of spending two summer sessions at the Chicago University under the direction of this faculty, which will be represented at that institution by one of its number, in the first instance by Dr. Francis A. Christie.

5th. The offering of supplementary scholarships of $125 each to sub-junior and junior students to meet the additional cost of the summer session at Chicago, and of $75 each to senior students to met the additional expense of the summer session at Meadville.

6th. The closing of the senior year in September, instead of as formerly in June, in order to facilitate prompt placement in parish work after graduation. This plan secures for the seniors, during the last term of work at Meadville, the advantage of special instruction from non-resident lecturers who will assist in making the summer session inspiring and helpful. The vital elements of technique in the ministerial profession must be gained through apprenticeship and practice in the actual work. This newly accepted plan secures to all Meadville students as early an entrance as may be, without sacrifice of thoroughness and breadth of culture, to that drill of responsible effort in the actual field of work.

7th. A special one-year course of four terms, beginning in September, 1914, for the training of parish assistants, head-workers in church settlements, directors of moral and religious education, and lay helpers in the educational social work of churches. This course will include lectures and class work in

I. Bible Study, Church History, and Practical Church Work.

II. Child Psychology, and Moral and Religious Education.

III. Applied Sociology, including Economics, Social Service, and Social Reform.

It will be noted that this plan not only assures well-knit and intensive courses of study at Meadville, but adds the unique advantage of stimulating touch with a great university in a Western city, while saving a year's time in the required preparation for the ministry, thus falling into line with the new movements in many technical schools toward economy of effort and efficiency of service. The far-reaching importance of this step will be best appreciated by those most familiar with the changes recently made in the conduct of similar institutions, and for the same educational and economic reasons. That the seventieth anniversary of the Meadville School is thus signalized by so modern and progressive a movement of advance, marks the date as an historic landmark in its honorable and useful career. It shows that this institution, to which churches and individuals of the Unitarian faith and order have given such generous support, is determined to serve its helpers by increased use of all the aids to vocational training which the modern school affords. It proves that Meadville Theological School is seventy years young in its sensitiveness to the social currents that sweep toward closer co-operation between the leaders of religious thought and work of every name, and which press toward higher usefulness to the world by and through every function of the church. This action of the trustees, supported with such enthusiasm by alumni, whose successful service in the churches of our faith justify the confidence in the conduct of this School so long shown by the Unitarian body of the whole United States, is interpreted by the faculty as a new commission to more devoted and constant service to the liberal churches of our country.

FRANKLIN C. SOUTHWORTH,
President.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE,
CARL FRIEDRICH GREVE,
CLAYTON R. BOWEN,
ROBERT J. HUTCHEON,
ANNA GARLIN SPENCER,
LEROY WATERMAN,
Faculty.

Marriages.

At Dorchester, Mass., June 8, by Rev. Roger S. Forbes, Mary L. Hall, daughter of the late Rev. Nathaniel Hall, to Edward F. Chapin of Chicago, formerly of Brookline.

Deaths.

SAVARY.—In Groveland, May 23, 1914, Anna Hosmer Savary, in her 73rd year, widow of Rev. William H. Savary and daughter of Rev. George W. Hosmer, D.D. An ideal daughter, wife, mother, minister's wife, and lover of her kind.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 78-78-76
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

CAMP FRIAR TUCK, Lake Tabanto, Harvard, Mass. Established 1894. Rev and Mrs. Lyman Greenman can accommodate in their camp this summer a few more boys between the ages of eight and fifteen. Water and country sports. Trips to Concord and other historic places. Season June 10 to September 5. Address, 2237 Maine Street, Quincy, Ill.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN
TEMPLETON, MASS.
Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.
Address MANAGER.

Digitized by Google

The Tuckerman School.

The annual luncheon of the Tuckerman School Association was given in Channing Hall on Saturday, May 23, with fifty-four members and friends present. The business meeting was conducted by Miss Esther Kendall Davis, president of the Association, and resulted in the adoption of a vote for a small membership fee, to avoid any possible deficit. Mrs. Emma Abbott Allen was elected president for the ensuing year.

The singing of the School hymn was followed by short addresses by Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland, Ore., Rev. Julian R. Pennington of Norfolk, Va., and Mrs. Allen, the newly elected president, who told of her class of thirty-six young men at Christ Church, Dorchester.

Credit is due the officers for the arrangements that insured a happy meeting, and especially to Miss Gertrude E. Reed of East Boston, of Class of 1910, whose skill and taste was shown in the appropriate, dainty place-cards at the plates. Before the close of the exercises, Miss Mary Lewis Chenoweth, for the class of 1914, presented a sum of money for the purchase of books for the library of the school. This was acknowledged gratefully by Mrs. Guild.

The graduating exercises of the school, on Thursday morning of Anniversary Week, brought together a large company in Channing Hall. The opening prayer was offered by Prof. Clayton R. Bowen of Meadville; the Tuckerman School hymn was sung, and Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the board of directors, greeted the audience and introduced the speaker, Rev. Paul R. Frothingham. In the introduction, Mr. Eliot explained that the change in the programme was due to the unavoidable absence in New York of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who had been previously announced, and that happily there are always those in the front ranks equal and ready to serve in emergencies. Mr. Eliot also said that the generous co-operation of Mr. Frothingham's parishioners was in a large measure responsible for the beginning and for the support of the School. After the address, which will appear in another number, diplomas were awarded to Edith Elvira Beane of Whitman and Martha Cunningham Stimson of Fitchburg, graduates of the regular two years' course, and certificates to Susan Marvin Barker and Anna Brooks Carter, special students. The closing hymn was Samuel Longfellow's "The Lord of All," sung to the familiar tune, "Coronation." Many remained for friendly greetings and congratulations, and not a few expressed pleasure in being present at an especially inspiring occasion.

Rural Community Conference.

May I draw the attention of our country ministers and churches to the valuable conference on Rural Community Planning to be held at Amherst, Mass., July 28-August 1? There is also a school for Rural Social Service that will be in session July 15–28. These schools and conferences have been most helpful in the past, and all who have participated in them have been more than repaid for the time and effort required. This year's programme promises to be even better than the programmes of previous summers, and, in behalf of the Committee on Rural Conditions, I hope that many of our country churches may be represented by ministers and laymen. The Agricultural College is finely situated, and all who have attended are enthusiastic about the work done and the inspiration gained. Information can be procured by writing to Prof. W. D. Hurd, at the College.

MARGARET B. BARNARD.

ROWE, MASS.

Summer Meetings at Andover, N.H.

The instinct for summer gatherings for religious thought is strong among Unitarians, as the throngs at the Isles of Shoals amply testify, and for years meetings at The Weirs at the foot of Lake Winnepesaukee were also well attended. But The Weirs became at last a mere junction between the railroad and the lake, where every sermon or prayer was punctuated by the chug-chug of the motor-boat or the shriek of the switching-engine, and attendance fell off, but the longing for meetings remained, and this year, besides the meetings at Meadville and the Isles of Shoals, the New Hampshire Conference plans a meeting in the lap of Kearsarge and Ragged Mountains, at the quiet and beautiful village of Andover, using the dormitories and boarding-hall of Proctor Academy. The efficient head of the domestic arts department will provide excellent meals, thus avoiding the expenses of a hotel. Good board and lodging can be given for $7 per week, and those who come can create their own atmosphere of quiet, rest, and thought, undisturbed by the Philistines who make a summer hotel anything but a place for religious meditation. A fine programme has been prepared, including a Sunday-school institute which will occupy each forenoon. The afternoons and evenings will be occupied by lectures, sermons, nature-study classes, and the recreations of a beautiful valley in the New Hampshire hills.

These meetings are to begin Sunday, July 5, and continue till Saturday, July 11, and it is confidently expected that they will appeal to many and form a happy supplement to the other summer meetings which have been of such value and pleasure. Rooms may be secured by addressing Mr. Francis F. Clayton at Andover, N.H., who can also supply programmes of the week's work.

Andover is situated in the valley between Kearsarge and Ragged Mountains, 102 miles north of Boston on the Northern division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, running from Concord to White River Junction.

The programme indicates the kind of service these meetings will give. On Sunday, July 5, Rev. A. P. Reccord will preach in the morning, and Rev. F. A. Powell, in the afternoon. Prof. Starbuck's lectures, from ten to eleven o'clock daily, beginning on Monday, after the regular morning devotional service, will present the following topics: "A Child-centred Religious Education," "The Cultivation of the Imagination," "Occupational Activities in Sunday-school Work," "The Religion of the 'Teens," and "Adult Classes in Sunday-school." At eleven o'clock daily Rev. William I. Lawrance will present "Glimpses of Old Testament History through the Prophets," with opportunity for questions and discussion. Rev. Manley B. Townsend, secretary of the New Hampshire Audubon Society, will conduct a nature-study class each afternoon, supplemented by two evening lectures by Rev. William R. Lord, on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday evening, Rev. W. W. Fenn will lecture on St. Paul; Thursday evening, Rev. Sydney B. Snow will preach; and on Friday evening an entertainment will be given at Andover Town Hall by the Andover Society. On Tuesday afternoon, between the time of the nature-study class and the sunset service to be conducted by Rev. John H. Wilson, Rev. C. E. Park will preach. Other sunset services will be led by Rev. H. S. Mitchell, Rev. Charles A. Wing, Rev. H. C. McDougall, and Rev. John W. Barker. Saturday, the concluding day, will allow for a morning devotional service, a conference and business meeting, and for a paper on "The King James Bible and Contemporary Literature," by Prof. Francis T. Clayton.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At Manchester-by-the-Sea, First Unitarian Church, June 14, at eleven o'clock, Rev. Charles E. St. John of First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, Pa., will preach. Public are welcome.

The Essex Conference will meet in North Andover on Tuesday, June 23. Addresses in the forenoon by Rev. Manley Townsend of Nashua, N.H., and Rev. Alson H. Robinson of Newton Centre, Mass. The afternoon programme will include addresses by Rev. John M. Wilson of Lexington and Rev. A. M. Lord of Providence, R.I.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the Harvard Divinity School will be held in Divinity Chapel on Wednesday, June 17, 1914, with the following programme: 10 A.M., devotional service, Rev. Henry C. De Long; 10.15, business meeting; 10.40, necrology; 11.15, address by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, "Our Religious Times"; 12.15, adjournment for social gathering and luncheon in the Common Room. Addresses after luncheon by Dean Fenn and a member of the graduating class. Prompt attendance greatly desired.

Meetings.

THE PLYMOUTH AND BAY CONFERENCE.—The forty-seventh annual meeting, held in Plymouth, May 20, was a large gathering of

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT,
SECRETARY, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 581 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

delegates from the twenty-four parishes composing it. More than four hundred persons were present. An ideal May day, addresses of great interest and excellence, and the cordial hospitality of the Plymouth parish, made it a meeting that will long be remembered as one that aimed high and hit the mark. Rev. George B. Spurr opened it with the devotional service. During the half-hour set apart for the business of the Conference, a contribution of money was voted to aid the work of the Tuckerman School. After some discussion of a letter from the New England Council advising the organization of a permanent Missionary Council for New England, it was voted that the Plymouth and Bay Conference on its part authorized such action. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Hon. William S. Kyle, Plymouth, president; Hon. John D. Long, Hingham, and Rev. E. B. Maglathlin, West Bridgewater, vice-presidents; Rev. W. R. Cole, Cohasset, secretary; Mr. Edward Nichols, Cohasset, treasurer. Resolutions in memory of the late Rev. Charles P. Lombard of Plymouth were presented, with expressions of the high appreciation in which his life and work had been held by the Conference and by the Plymouth parish of which he had been minister for twelve years. Passing to the addresses, which were a real and interesting part of the day together in Plymouth and raised spirit and mind to loftier aspirations and thoughts, it is possible here only to indicate in a few words their subject-matter. Rev. Frank A. Powell of Manchester, N.H., speaking on "The Mission of the Modern Pulpit," eloquently described the high place and opportunity of the pulpit, set forth preaching as the great specialty the minister should serve and follow with all his powers, and the ever-present need of man speaking face to face with man of the things of the spiritual and moral life. The second address, "The Proposed World Pilgrimage of Unitarians," was given by Rev. Charles W. Wendte. Rev. William L. Sullivan of New York spoke to the Conference on "The Task of a Liberal Church in These Times," starting with the statement that the Reformation was at first and primarily a spiritual and moral revolt against a crushing authority, and gradually became dogmatic and entered into the Protestant age of systematizing and of sects. The only saving grace, in the midst of a weakened veracity and sincerity, was that these sects believed in themselves and their formularies. At the present time there is a revolt of intelligence against the lack of veracity and certainty in the churches. The task and function of liberal religion is to go up and down the land, telling men to be true, to utter again the fundamentals of life, and life's higher values, to say that doubt should stop there, and to show that the life of man is built upon a spiritual scheme, on infinite love and right.

Churches.

BILLERICA, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge: The Parish Club, which was organized and held its meetings at different homes on the first Monday evening of each month for the purpose of considering the interests of the church, recently closed its meetings for the season, with resolutions recording the assurance that the formation and support of the Club have been due to the efforts of president Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge and the faithful assistance of the treasurer and secretary, Miss Cowdry; that the meetings have been interesting, helpful, and productive of good, which will insure pleasant memories in the future; that in the knowledge that the pastor, Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge, has received and accepted a call to the Harvard Street Church in Cambridge, Mass., the Club expresses sincere regret for the removal of Mr. Rutledge and his family; that the Club recognizes, appreciates, and cherishes the instructive help received by the true spirit of interest, kindness, and uplift with which it has been guided; and that it will follow Rev. and Mrs. Rutledge with loyal hearts and loving remembrances into their future life and duties, and desires for them the truest happiness.

LANCASTER, PA.—Church of Our Father, Rev. E. H. Reeman: An experiment novel to this neighborhood is to be tried out by Mr. Reeman during the Sunday afternoons of June. Permission has been granted by the proprietor of a large and popular bathing resort, known as People's Park, for Mr. Reeman to hold Sunday afternoon services at that place. The services will be held in a large pavilion close by the water's edge, and will interfere in no way with the regular pleasure attractions. Live subjects of religious interest will be discussed, and at the close of each talk an opportunity will be afforded for the putting of any questions or difficulties raised. People's Park is thronged on Sundays with thousands of young men and women, and the river is alive with canoeists, and the services will present a splendid opportunity for the proclamation of our liberal gospel. Mr. Reeman is planning to resume the services for the month of September, upon his return from Winnipeg.

NEWPORT, R.I.—Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones: Evidences of growing Christian unity among the churches of this city are multiplying of late. On May 31, Mr. Jones spoke to over eighteen hundred people at the Army and Navy Vera Cruz Memorial Service in the United Congregational Church. The first Sunday evening in June he preached in the Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church; the second Sunday evening in June he will preach at the Union Congregational Church; the third Sunday morning in this month he will exchange with Rev. Franklin G. McKeever, D.D., minister of the Second Baptist Church.

Personals.

Dr. Joseph H. Crooker and Mrs. Crooker are enjoying greatly their visit to England. Dr. Crooker preached at Cambridge for the five Sundays in May. Through June he is supplying the pulpit of the Wood Green Unitarian Society in London.

Training for Home Life.

In slavery days the negro hardly knew the meaning of the word "home." And even since emancipation the masses of the race have regarded the houses where they have existed as merely places in which to pass the night. The church, instead of the home, has been the centre of amusement and recreation. There is a tremendous need of leaders in home-making, not only among the negroes, but also among the Indians, who have only recently begun to make homes apart from the tribe. Every young woman who enters Hampton receives a thorough training in cooking, sewing, care of rooms and dining-tables, and all else that belongs to home life. The school is endeavoring to provide well-trained home-makers.

For many years it seemed well-nigh impossible to connect the school's boarding department with the domestic science department in such a way that it should be a means of education, but this has now been done. Systematic rotation is practiced. As soon as a girl is skilled in her work she must move on to something else, just as she moves from fractions to decimals, or from the third to the fourth reader in school. In order that the teachers may be sure that no one escapes an important branch of training, each girl is given cards containing lists of the various phases of housework and laundry work, and as soon as any part of the work is successfully accomplished, it is checked off.—*Southern Workman.*

Be Cheerful.

The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look round cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else on that occasion can. So to feel brave, act as if we *were* brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage-fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into a closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind: whereas, if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tents like an Arab, and silently steals away.—*William James.*

A two-year-old plantation of Douglas fir on the Oregon national forest shows 94 per cent. of the trees living. Extensive plantings of young trees in Washington and Oregon are costing only $8 an acre. Direct seeding of lodgepole pine has been successful without exception on the Arapaho national forest, Colorado. Several of the areas sown two and three years ago show from 5,000 to 10,000 seedlings per acre.

Carnegie was a telegraph operator during his early days, often working twenty-four hours without relief or rest. John D. Rockefeller was a clerk in a minor position, with no limit to his hours of service, and few holidays. Charles M. Schwab, now the head of the Bethlehem Steel concern, was a boy working around the forges. Henry C. Frick, the acknowledged father of the steel and iron industry of the United States, was a barefoot boy on a farm when other boys of his age were at school.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"His views," remarked Mrs. Twickembury, "are far from orthopedic."

"Don't take any notice of the cook, my dear." "But John, I have to take it when she gives it to me."—*Baltimore American.*

"A bookworm," replied papa, "is a person who would rather read than eat, or it is a worm that would rather eat than read."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Little Clarence: "Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder." Mr. Callipers: "Is he deaf?" Little Clarence: "No, sir; it isn't thundering."—*Selected.*

A woman with aspirations to culture somewhat disproportioned to her education, referred to an item in an organ recital as "Prelude and Fudge on the name Batch by Lizzie."

"He who puts his hand to the plow," screamed the cross-roads orator, "must not turn back!" "What is he to do when he gets to the end of a furrer?" asked the auditor in the blue jean overalls.

A certain teacher asked her pupils to bring in "three items of information" about the river which flowed by their town; and from one boy she received this model of concise composition: "I have lived near it, I have seated over it, I have fell into it." *Wellspring.*

A visitor to a hotel in a provincial town in England was shown up to his bedroom by the "boots." Wishing to know what the outlook from the window was, he asked, "Does this window face north, south, east, or west?" The reply came quickly: "Neither, sir; it faces the back."

The doctor looked gravely at the patient, says the Dundee *Advertiser.* "You must take exercise," he said, at last. "The motor car, in a case like yours," continued the doctor, "gives the best exercise that"—"But I cannot afford to buy a car," protested the patient. "Don't buy one," said the doctor. "Just dodge them."

A New Yorker was spending a night at a "hotel" in a Southern town, and told the colored porter that he wanted to be called early. The porter replied: "Say, boss, I reckon yo' ain't familiar with these heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin', all yo' has to do is jest to press de button at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up and calls yo'."

"What are you going to do, John?" asked a Brooklyn wife. Her husband unwrapped a pair of boxing-gloves, and replied: "I am going to give Johnny some lessons in self-defence. Every boy should know how to take care of himself in an emergency. Come on, Johnny, I won't hurt you." Twenty minutes later the husband returned with his hand on his face. "Get me a piece of raw meat and the arnica to put on my eye," he said.—*New York World.*

A young lady took down the receiver and discovered that the telephone was in use. "I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing another. She hung up the receiver, and waited. Three times she waited, and then, exasperated, she broke into the conversation. "Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply. A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors. Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free. C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co.
By mail, 50 cents | 272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 363 hymns and poems, 164 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON | 17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
85 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Library of University ... JUN 22 1914

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 25 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes . . . 577
- The Unitarian Name . . . 578
- Unitarian Amalgamation . . . 579

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
- How Things looked at Meadville . . . 580

CURRENT TOPICS . . . 581

BREVITIES . . . 582

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- Dr. Dole and the Pension Society . . . 582
- The Unitarian Name . . . 583

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The Religious and Ethical Implications of the Montessori Method, by Clarence Reed . . . 584
- Our Reforms; The Real Division in Christendom, by E. H. Reeman . . . 586
- The Good Samaritan, by E. P. P. . . . 588
- Cheerfulness . . . 589
- American Unitarian Association . . . 594
- The Alliance; The Free Religious Association . . . 595
- Spirit of the Press . . . 596
- Books Wanted; Anniversary Hospitality . . . 597
- The New England Inheritance; Athletic Sports in Relation to Health . . . 599

SPIRITUAL LIFE . . . 589

LITERATURE.
- Books . . . 590

THE HOME.
- A Green Growing Message, by Kate Hudson; Mary's Secret, by Rebecca P. Utter . . . 592
- The Coral Beads; Marjorie Jean's Dolls; Lucy and Agnes . . . 593

POETRY.
- Compensation, by Pemberton H. Cressey . . . 584
- Misapplied . . . 590
- Bread and Butter, by Fullerton L. Waldo . . . 592
- A Pretty Game . . . 593

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
- Liquor Blindness Once More . . . 596

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- Report of the Union-at-Large . . . 597

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE . . . 598

PLEASANTRIES . . . 600

Editorial.

THE British House of Lords is in a "parlous condition"; little by little its prerogatives are being shorn away and its authority curtailed. Disestablishment in Wales will reduce the number of spiritual lords by four. As bishops ought to be of better quality, from an intellectual point of view, than the lords who inherit the right to sit in the House of Lords and legislate for the United Kingdom and the Empire, it may be assumed that the "House" will lose something of value; but the loss will be more than made good by the advance toward republican government which the change involves. In Wales the change from the tithing to the free system will remove some hardships and abolish some grievances. An Englishman told the writer that his family were Baptists and refused to pay tithes in the south of England. The rector was the son of the poet Crabbe. He entered the cottage of our informant's father and demanded the money. "What have we to pay tithes with?" asked the cottager, whereupon Crabbe exclaimed, "I will have it if it is only a sixpence!" Happily such things are passing, and the "voluntary system" in church and state is everywhere on the way.

FOURTH OF JULY committees should use Mary Antin's "They who Knock at our Gates" for their oratorical material. To go back to the fathers for interpretation of the Declaration of Independence brings no such inspiring touch as comes through the pages of this wonderful book. There is so much said and thought about the immigrants and their effect upon our institutions which is taken as gospel without any real thought about the actual situation, that a look at the subject from the inside by one who, in the slums of Boston and through her public schools, realized her own idealism and proved ours, is refreshing and inspiring. "I have chosen," said Miss Antin, "to read the story of '76 as a chapter in sacred history; to set Thomas Jefferson in a class with Moses, and Washington with Joshua; to regard the American nation as the custodian of a sacred trust, and American citizenship as a holy order, with laws and duties derived from the Declaration." The iceman said, "Here I work like a slave, and my wife she works like a slave, too,—in the old country she had servants in the house,—but what do I care, as long as I know what I earn I got it for my own? I got to furnish my house one

Digitized by Google

chair at a time, in America, but nobody can take it away from me, the little that I got; and it costs me nothing to educate my family. Maybe they can, maybe they can't, go to college, but all can go through the grammar school, and high school, too, the smart ones. And all go together! Rich and poor, all are equal, and I don't get it as a favor." Such appreciation of the spirit of American life can hardly be found among our natives. Our fear of immigration should be exorcised with a deeper insight into the facts. A new learning in the subject is coming.

Dr. Pullman once said that the Universalists had squatted on the noblest word in the English language, and it behooved them to prove property or vacate the premises. Few denominations have a name so felicitous as the Universalists; their rallying cry is always attractive and inspiring, in spite of the old lady who, when she heard that they believed everybody would be saved, exclaimed, "But we hope for better things." When Murray first came proclaiming in America the doctrine which ran counter to all the Puritan doctrinal prepossessions, he was regarded as an outcast not only from religious circles, but from all decent society. Throughout New England, in towns where there were no Universalist churches, there were frequently to be found in the last century one or more sturdy controversialists known as Universalists; they were often disliked and often feared as disturbers of the faith once committed to the saints. Those days are passed, and Universalists are now to be found in all denominations, not excepting the Roman Catholic Church.

It is the fashion and is assumed to be the duty of all men and women who have been graduated at a college to sing the praises of their Alma Mater. When the late William James received his degree from Harvard College a few years since, he made a brave speech which was a little different from others that were made at the dinner of the Alumni. He cheerfully admitted that the "great and the good" "had musingly trod" the precincts of Harvard College, but he also called the attention of a thousand members of the Alumni Association to the fact that the sons of New England and the graduates of Harvard College were not invariably to be found on the side of truth and righteousness. It was well, he said, to remember that education did not always prevent men from engaging in the meanest plots to defraud their fellowmen and to win for themselves misbegotten wealth. When a famous Doctor of Divinity was accosted by a classmate after a morning service in his church, who reminded the reverend gentleman that the last time they met they were on a "bender" down in Boston Harbor, the Doctor drew himself up, and with great dignity said, "A most unkindly reminiscence, sir." We hope this note will not be so regarded.

In the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Committee on Christian Faith and Social Service emphasized action by the individual through voluntary organizations instead of through the church. Its report was, however, supplemented by a resolution reaffirming the action of 1910 which favored direct action by the church as such. This combination reflects the actual situation in many churches. The Presbyterians adopted a set of resolutions discouraging political action by the church, but they are at the same time operating under another set of resolutions which favor such action. Undoubtedly, the inconsistency arises from the sympathy which leads people to vote for resolutions endorsing various good causes, without considering accurately what methods these resolutions commit them to, and what underlying social theories may be involved which are at first unnoticed. Those who discern the trend of resolutions will not let their sympathy obscure their judgment, and will even prefer to run the risk of being supposed hostile to social amelioration rather than sanction loose and harmful theories of social order. Certain kinds of socialism would be a good deal worse than the evils they charge upon society. Dividing the church on such issues in the name of church activity really cuts the church off from its radical mission and lessens its central power in the name of extension. If a church is animated by the spirit to which it is dedicated, and filled with purpose, there will be no need to force a declaration of faith on social questions. The best way of showing faith in this matter as well as in religion is by works.

We are proficient in discovering the motes in the eyes of other nations, and are very ready to offer our services to remedy the evils which we see abounding in lands less favored than our own. We are exercised about the land question in Mexico: how about the vast estates at home of which the proceeds go to non-resident proprietors? We are greatly troubled by the hardships of the Peons, the native inhabitants of Mexico: how about the millions of Africans whom we have imported and the other millions of all shades of color who have been born in the land? There are labor questions which give trouble in other countries: have we none of our own that need settlement? Among the nations we alone permit lynching, and excel all others in the number of murders committed and the number of murderers who go unpunished.

The Unitarian Name.

In the discussion and consideration of a possible change of name, or supplementary designation, for the Unitarian denomination, there is danger that the disadvantages of our title may get too close to the eye, and that very important considerations may get out of perspective. Particularly advisable is it that the sentiment and preference of as wide a representation as possible should be ascertained, and that the possible strong feeling of a large number of those whose opinion will never get expressed should be borne in mind.

The connotation of the name "Unitarian" must not be overlooked. The disadvantages are those mainly of denotation. The name became fixed under the influence of controversies no longer pertinent, but in the course of a century the name has acquired added significances. It is doubtful if in any one's mind it calls up much that is out of date. People do not look to the meaning of the word "Unitarian" so much as to the declarations made in its name. Yet it conveys a tolerably clear and ample impression of the content of our gospel. The language of most Christian churches about Jesus carries with it ideas about him that Unitarians do not express or believe. Our name accurately indicates what we think about God and Christianity, in one word, far more accurately than the formulæ of orthodoxy convey the actual opinions of its supporters about God and Jesus. No denominational designation can be kept exact. The names which denote a mode of baptism, a form of organization, a scale of official dignity, a historical continuity, have undergone a process of endosmosis and exosmosis. They have suffered leakage and gained absorptions. How rare is strict congregationalism, in these days when so much ritual beauty has been taken over by churches once ranged against forms and ceremonies; and how rare is strict

Digitized by Google

episcopacy, in communities where it is a mere vehicle of democratic administration, sometimes freer and less constrained than among churches called free and independent! To make names keep pace with transformations in their content would keep the dictionaries busier than they already are with new editions; and a name made to fit in one place would pull and draw in other places. The best fit is gained in this matter by growing into a name. The objections are essentially academic and self-conscious. In the real life of a name there comes a marriage between the name and idea joined with it. They cannot be torn apart at will. What hath thus been joined together no man can put asunder.

While we are pondering over the effect of our present name in alienating sympathy, let us not be unmindful of its effect in commanding sympathy. The frequency with which ministers of orthodox churches encourage the entrance of Unitarians by avowing their own Unitarianism, is a remarkable sign of the times. "I am a Unitarian," said a new-comer to an orthodox minister. "We are all of us Unitarians nowadays," replied the minister. This reply is heard in a large number of denominations which will not, nevertheless, allow any affiliation with us. To reject a name which others find useful enough to appropriate and claim, because we are too aware of certain disadvantages connected with its use, is of quite questionable policy. While so many persons are anxious to be thought Unitarians, and are curious about what the name means and what the people believe who bear it, an exchange for another name would be too much like swapping horses in the middle of the stream.

We should advise careful inquiry as to how far the objections to the name "Unitarian," on account of which change is recommended, would be likely to be removed by the removal, or the covering, of the name. They are, so far as we have observed, objections that have to do with the tone and attitude and prevailing beliefs of Unitarians about Jesus and the way his gospel is to be used. These beliefs and attitudes would not be altered, and would not be thought altered, by a different name. The effort to accommodate our cause to those who shy at our name would not commend us to them. It would have too much likeness to the candidate who, after his trial sermon, explained that he had presented his convictions, but if they did not suit they could be changed. After so long an assimilation, our faith and our name are inseparable. To change our name, to the extent that would be considered worth while by those who desire change, would be tantamount to an announcement that we have abandoned something, and that we have given up what our critics have distinguished as most characteristic in our faith. We should therefore be exchanging one misunderstanding for another still less desirable.

We have spoken of the increment of the Unitarian name in the course of its history. That increment is valuable and potent. There is no need to explain and defend this fact. The name ties no dead body of doctrine about our necks. On the contrary, it is vitalized by renewed vigor of thinking and fresh accessions of ideas. The logic of the situation is therefore to keep up the process. The thing we have to do is not to change the name, but to keep filling it with meaning and transforming force.

The movement toward change is of genuine and deep significance, but it has not quite sufficiently understood itself. It does not indicate a new name, but a new life. We need to be different, but not as a man would be different who petitioned the legislature to give him another name. What is really in the air is not names, but things. The disadvantages attributed to the name we bear,—how many of them might be traced back to dispositions and tendencies among us? It is doubtful if we could change our name, however hard we tried. It is woven into the fabric of our loyalties and our history, but if change in character is desirable, we might attempt that. Old names change with their bearers' hearts. How many instances there are of even ignoble words becoming titles of honor, names of reproach and ridicule becoming watchwords of dignity and glory! If our name is imperfect, let us change it; but let us change it in fact. Let us put into it new loyalty, fresh invention, practicable purpose, wise activity. The proposed enterprise of nomenclature expresses a restlessness and discontent—a dissatisfaction of profound portent. But the symptoms concern more important things than names. They point to the life behind the name. Make that what it might be and our name will not hamper us. What we are really dissatisfied with is ourselves. What we really desire is not to make the name "Unitarian" different, but to make Unitarians different. The confession is not one of humiliation, but of pride. It furnishes no weapon for a critic. It is rather our challenge to our comrades. Let recruits and veterans rally to the new cause. The old flag will hold all the new stars of victory and hope.

Unitarian Amalgamation.

Unitarianism in America is by no means the simple thing that Unitarianism is in itself. It is spread over vast territories. Its planting and growth in this section and that have had differing histories. The soil has made the same seed yield a product in one place which would scarcely be recognized in another. After a century's progress the harvest is still a heterogeneous one. While there is wonderful unity in spirit there is wonderful diversity in working,—and the diversity is often productive of misunderstanding and confusion. The development of effective organization, successful in one constituency, cannot for that reason be expected to give equal proof of itself in another. Any effort to force combination by devices and mechanism will fail just according as these methods are devised rather than grown. The situation may need ever so much mending, but no mending will avail which is not vital and patient. A patch which tears out is worse than no patch at all.

Trite as these observations are they need to be set forth as if they were novel, for they are often disregarded. The efforts, covering a number of years, to improve the Western situation have seemed to ignore the fundamental conditions of the situation. For years repeated efforts were made under the most influential auspices to absorb the Western Conference, as a missionary force, in the American Unitarian Association. If they had been calculated for the express purpose of solidifying the loyalty of the West to its organization they could not have accomplished this result more quickly. There was a repeated victory for those who deemed the continuance of the Conference work best for all concerned. The strength of loyalty which its history preserves, the confidence that it would be more united to the parent body by keeping house for itself than by seeking the shelter of the home roof-tree, and the courageous resolution to work out its problems instead of turning them over to others, all worked together to the same end. Independence with hearty co-operation promised more than the surrender to central direction.

This year is signalized by an attempt to accomplish the same result by an opposite method. The proposition is made to take over from the American Unitarian Association the conduct and support of missionary work outside college towns, to make only nominal contribu-

Digitized by Google

tion to the Association treasury and to support that amount of missionary work in its district which the gifts of its churches make possible. We have already made an estimate of the value of this proposal which nothing in the discussion of the subject so far has altered. The Western Conference has postponed action till next year, and in the mean time its churches are to be asked to consider the matter during the year and send delegates to the next meeting prepared to take final action. The postponement is tantamount to surrender. If the majority of the Conference should next year favor the segregation of the Conference, and consummate its declaration of independence, the action would be neutralized by the non-concurrence of the churches which will be sure to continue their contribution to the Unitarian cause as a whole, rather than separate it for the benefit of one section, even though that section is their own. Churches sufficient in number and importance to be regarded will undoubtedly prefer connection with the Association and the Conference in the natural order of working to a transfer of connection which reverses the natural order. In the face of such determination, the directors of the Conference would have no desire to fatalize their suggestion.

We have said that this effort aims to accomplish the same result as the opposite effort of several past years. It appears, indeed, to aim at an opposite result. The first proposed abandonment by marching out and laying down the colors. This proposes independent sovereignty. But the result would be the same. The sovereignty would be self-limited. In the end the Western Conference would be a negligible quantity. New movements which needed help of the American Unitarian Association would still apply for it, and if they could show just reason for such help they would get it. This is no time for secession in denominational life. Those who give money for the extension of Unitarianism in America would ask some inconvenient questions if their gifts were not administered in accordance with their purpose, and the Unitarian body in America would not assent to any of its members saying, "I have no need of thee."

The disintegrating, even suicidal, effects that would go with the Western Conference proposal will be recognized. Then let the real work be faced. The real task is mutuality, sympathy, understanding, and co-operation. The great need is to get together, to work each in his place for the good of all. Unitarian amalgamation should be the aim in which all divisive feelings will be merged in common confidence and good will.

We submit that there are better ways of improving the relations between those laboring in different parts of the country for the same cause than by introducing changes in machinery that do not go to the root. It is time for confession and amendment. It ought to be candidly acknowledged that irritations have been invited and produced by reporting in one section what thoughtless people of another section say, as though such reflections were representative, by indifference to the proper sensibilities of local self-consciousness, by interpreting certain manners as though intended to offend, by noticing things that should be ignored, and by ignoring things that deserve notice, by judging the present with reference to an outgrown past and by acting as though there had been no past, by descending from the level of candid search for the best way to the level of personal encounter and conflict. What the East objects to in the West is partly what it would be if it were in the West, and what the West finds fault with in the East is a resentment more than an indictment. We need to understand each other better, and the duty of the hour is to try to do so. The missionary weather would clear at once with the touch of that sunshine which makes transparency and honest good will. We are friends, and everything that makes for friendship should be cherished, and all else abjured.

American Unitarian Association.

How Things looked at Meadville.

On June 3, the day when the trustees met in Meadville, "things" looked good,—I mean, first of all, the things of nature. The mandrake was in full bloom, and along the dry beds of the summer water-courses the crawfishes were having the time of their lives. Everywhere the fields and forests were reeling in all the glory of that perfect day of June. Some of the students and several of the visiting trustees (sordid souls that they must have been!) complained because they were awakened from their slumbers at five o'clock by the carnival of bird-songs that filled the air around old Divinity Hall. The things of nature were not more glorious than the things of the mind and the things of the imagination that held the foreground in all the proceedings of the week. At the Board meeting the attendance was large, and the best of feeling prevailed. The reports showed wholesome conditions in the school, with a strong and progressive faculty and an earnest and promising student body. There were two noteworthy measures that claimed the attention of the Board:—

I. A proposition to limit the tenure of office of the trustees to five years. By the present provision the trustees are sentenced for life. There seems to have been a feeling that through such a by-law the Board would be more vital and practical in its decisions and activities, although even at present there is a rule of courtesy which affords permanently absentee members a graceful avenue of escape. It was thought by some, however, that the "courtesy" of the present method was taken rather too seriously, and that a definite and constitutional limitation would, on the whole, be more effective. A five-year tenure of office, not prohibitive of re-election, was therefore adopted.

II. The second matter that claimed the earnest consideration of the Board was a proposed rearrangement of the curriculum of the school. This important measure had already been presented to each member in a small pamphlet entitled "Suggestions concerning the Curriculum of the Meadville Theological School." The new plan originated with Anna Garlin Spencer, acting professor of Sociology and Ethics, and was brought to the attention of the Board by the Committee on Instruction, consisting of Revs. L. Walter Mason, D.D., Minot Simons, and Richard W. Boynton.

It is not my purpose here to comment upon the proposed scheme, but simply to indicate briefly its aim and purpose.

I. It proposes to substitute for the present four-year course of instruction an equivalent three-year course, made possible by introducing a summer semester. It was argued that the summer months, now often so largely wasted, could and should be devoted by students preparing for the ministry to certain important phases of their work. This end could be accomplished by taking advantage of the summer sessions at Meadville and at the University of Chicago. Meadville students as a rule are men of experience and mature powers, and the shortening of the period of preparation seemed therefore highly desirable. Provision also was suggested in the proposed plan for an additional preparatory year for such students as obviously required a more extended course.

II. The second feature emphasized by the proposed scheme arranged for an opportunity, on the part of such

Digitized by Google

students as might show no decided aptitude for the general work of the ministry, to specialize along some line of social service or scientific philanthropy. This suggestion contemplated a minimum of misfits in the regular ministry and a maximum of available workers in the field of practical sociology.

III. In the third place, the proposed plan offered an opportunity of at least two semesters at the University of Chicago, where a student could take advantage of such academic facilities, under the direction of some one of the Meadville professors, as could not be availed of at the Meadville school. Thus the atmosphere of a great university near a vast American metropolis would be combined with the serenity and contemplative charm of the present "Hill of the Prophets" in the preparation of young men to deal with the material and spiritual needs of mankind.

The trustees previously having studied these suggestions, which were presented in detail with the unanimous endorsement of the present faculty, gave them serious and sympathetic consideration, and voted to adopt them.

As before intimated, this is not the place to discuss the merits of the plan. Like all such ingenious schemes of education, this one will doubtless be improved and enlarged and enriched. There are some factors in it that ought to be emphasized, and there are some implications that ought to be eliminated. There also are certain all-important provisions for the normal training of ministers which are scarcely hinted at among the suggestions as printed. A preparation for the ministry is, in the main, a study of human nature with all its possibilities of spiritual success and failure. Any plan which does not transcend the mechanics of social supply and demand is like the study of eugenics when it does not allow for the commanding despotism of love.

On the whole, however, we may conclude that the Meadville school has committed itself to something of a new departure, which, if it fails, will in the end yield a valuable contribution to its present efficiency, or, if it succeeds, will start a revolution in its own methods and those of similar institutions throughout the country.

Space will not permit me to tell adequately how things looked on Commencement Day. Certainly, there was one spectacular feature which impressed everybody who lived on "*Chest*-nut" Street. It was the procession which formed at Divinity Hall and marched down to the church, a distance of a third of a mile. It consisted of the faculty, the trustees, and the students. All who possessed them wore academic costumes, and those who possessed them not furnished an æsthetic contrast for the startling splendors of the others. An expert might describe the procession in detail. The color scheme of crimson and green and gold and orange, borne on such dignified shoulders as those of Drs. Southworth, Barber, Voss, Wilbur, and many others, gave a touch of religious and academic romance to the scene. The Lord forbid that I should introduce a note of levity when describing such proceedings, but I cannot refrain from reporting that, as this pageant passed down the granolithic walk, one little tot, belonging to the family of one of the professors, scampered up to the piazza, and exclaimed, "Mamma, how many clowns will they have?"

Four fine young men were graduated. Three of them will soon be settled over churches, while the third will return for a life of service in far-away India. The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Prof. Herbert L. Willett, Ph.D., dean of the Disciples Divinity School at the University of Chicago. His was indeed a great message,—too intense and comprehensive to be reviewed here. His subject was, "The Christian Preacher and the Modern World." If the far-reaching and vitalizing and practical suggestions of that discourse can be incorporated into the new curriculum, no adversity of chance or circumstance can prevail against the future growth and influence of the Meadville Theological School.

Never did the prophetic hilltop represent more, nor promise greater usefulness along the lines of spiritual illumination and human service than during the first week in June, 1914. Great problems, years of anxious thought, and the perplexing needs of a tumultuous world still await it, but the ways of the spirit are God's ways, and there is a supreme joy in the effort of learning those ways and contributing to their issues.

LEWIS G. WILSON.

Current Topics.

THE passage of the Panama Canal Tolls Exemption Repeal Bill, the second of the important legislative measures demanded from Congress by the President, became assured on June 11, when the Senate, by a vote of 50 to 35, recorded its approval of the House measure as amended to provide a specific reservation of all the rights which may accrue to the United States under the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. The other significant phase of the administration's legislative programme, the three so-called "anti-trust" bills, had passed both houses of Congress a few days earlier. The Panama Canal Bill, which went back to the House for its action immediately after the Senate had acted upon it, repeals that provision of the Isthmian regulations which exempts American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls, and thus meets the objections made by Great Britain that the canal regulations as originally passed by Congress violated the pledge against discriminatory treatment of the shipping of any nation, which, the foreign office contends, is contained in the agreement between the two countries that made the acquisition of canal rights by America possible with Great Britain's consent.

AN obstacle which threatened to put an end to the peace negotiations at Niagara Falls was removed last week, when the A. B. C. negotiators obtained from President Huerta his consent to abandon his plan to blockade the port of Tampico, recently taken by the Constitutionalist forces. The announcement by Huerta of his intention to attempt the blockade as a means of preventing the landing of a cargo of munitions of war for the rebels had elicited from the State Department at Washington a plain intimation of the intention of the United States to disregard the blockade, even at the cost of the termination of the negotiations by the Commission of an overt act of war by the American naval forces in Mexican waters. Confronted by an overwhelming force, the Mexican dictator took advantage of the solicitations of the mediators to forego the blockade, and thus he made possible the continuation of the efforts of diplomacy to reach an adjustment of the main issue in controversy between the United States and Mexico.

A SITUATION which contained the elements of an insurrection against the authority of the Italian government had developed in many parts of Italy at the end of last week as the result of a general strike ordered by the Socialist leaders as a protest against the action of the central authority in suppressing with military force a labor demonstration at Ancona on the previous Sunday. The movement has taken on the form of an anti-militarist and anti-monarchist campaign. In many places, such

Digitized by Google

as Fabriano, Rimini, and Parma, the strike was openly aimed at the state, and in several instances the black flag of the Peasants' League was raised amid scenes which are described in Associated Press despatches as recalling some of the dramatic events of the French Revolution. In the chamber at Rome, the Premier, Signor Salandra, is confronting a storm of criticism. To the chorus of attacks from the combined forces of the opposition, the Premier replied on June 13, with an announcement of the purpose of the government to continue its military measures to quell the local disturbances.

While Congress is wrestling with the problem presented by the issues involved in the treaty negotiated with Colombia as the basis for the restoration of friendly relations after the crisis which was precipitated by the action of Theodore Roosevelt, when he was President, in aiding the secession of Panama, the Congress at Bogota on June 9 ratified the agreement in its original form. The treaty as approved by Colombia provides for the payment of an indemnity of $25,000,000 by the United States, and embodies a clause expressing the regret of the Washington government for the diplomatic and military acts which resulted in the dismemberment of the Colombian Republic and made a possible separate agreement with Panama for the cession of the Canal Zone to the United States. Many members of Congress in both houses object to the payment of the indemnity as to the expression of regret conceded by the American negotiators, and were preparing to offer vigorous opposition to the ratification of the instrument upon its submission to the Senate this week.

The new struggle which has been brewing in Southeastern Europe since the end of the second Balkan war, entered an acute phase on June 13, when the Greek Premier, Eleutherios Venizelos, informed Parliament that the conduct of the Ottoman government was such as to warrant hostile action unless it were quickly modified. The Greek minister announced that Turkey was driving Greek residents out of Thrace and Asia Minor by drastic administrative measures. These measures differ in no essential from the persecution to which the Greeks have subjected Bulgarian and Turkish residents in the Greek part of Macedonia, and the protest of Venizelos is practically a duplicate of the representations made to Athens by both the Bulgarian and the Turkish governments. Nevertheless, the Greek severities have continued without abatement. Without explaining the Greek excesses in Macedonia, Venizelos informed the chamber that Greece was prepared to adopt military measures to protect the Greeks of Thrace and Asia Minor.

The elements of a possible constitutionalist crisis are observable in the parliamentary struggle which is going on in Denmark, with the Electoral Reform Bill as the immediate issue involved. The conflict between Parliament and the crown has grown out of the determination of the Cabinet to dissolve the upper chamber, wherein the conservative group has announced its intention to prevent a vote on the electoral measure, which includes the enfranchisement of women, by absenting themselves whenever an attempt is made to bring the proposed reforms to a ballot. The king at the end of last week informed the cabinet that he would assent to the plan of dissolution only on condition that it shall not affect the twelve appointees of the crown in the upper house. The ministry intimated that it was unwilling to accept this reservation, and proceeded with its plans to bring the life of the present *landthing* to an end as a preliminary to a new appeal to the electorate. The indications are that King Christian X. will not accede to the wishes of his constitutional advisers, and that the issue will be placed before the people.

Brevities.

The same great truths reappear from age to age. They may be dressed in diverse verbal drapery, but the essential facts are the same.

Ridicule will not destroy error, neither will error submit to the demonstration of its falsity. It can only gradually disappear with the iteration and reiteration of the truth, offered to young and receptive minds. Error is fated to "die among its worshippers," while "the truth goes marching on."

To face life bravely is not only best in theory, but it is also best in practice. The great mass of our fears are only illusions, which needlessly take possession of our daily life and harass our peace of mind. When boldly faced and challenged, they shrink and disappear as unrealities, figments of the imagination.

This country is coming to be known as a nation of neurasthenics. That means that many of our people are using up their nervous energy faster than they are able to reproduce it. Big muscles are of no avail unless accompanied by a proper amount of nerve power and health. The secret of human strength and energy lies in the nervous system.

The constantly new and startling flights of the aëroplane are prophetic of what is sure soon to follow, the victory over the mystery of the upper atmosphere. Every important mountain range in Europe was flown over last year, some at a snow-covered height of 12,000 feet. Soon the Atlantic will be crossed, and then the round-the-world flight will be next in order of accomplishment.

Prof. Sihler of the New York University, in criticisms of American college education, speaks of "the cyclopedia superficiality of the present American college." As an illustration, he says that in Harvard in 1907-8, eight students were enrolled in a course in Plato and Aristotle and ten in Tacitus, but in rhetoric and English composition, 498. Intelligent men may disagree as to which was the wiser choice. The professor is a teacher of Latin.

Letters to the Editor.

Dr. Dole and the Pension Society.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

To disagree entirely with Charles F. Dole is such a rare experience, and such an uncomfortable one, that I must get it off my mind or I shan't sleep o' nights.

It is as to that old, incorrigible heresy of his concerning pensions and charity. His insistence in the *Christian Register* of June 4 is that familiar uncharitableness of his lovably charitable soul, that, if our aged brothers don't like to be given charity as well as they like to be paid a pension, it is all so nearly the same thing, and so honorable to them anyway, that they mustn't be humored in their preference; they must take it as charity, and our Pension Society must be exposed as really a charitable society, posing as something more acceptable and comforting to our old ministers!

I must not take room to debate the difference between

Digitized by Google

pension and charity, as we see it who are contributing to the Pension Society; but as to the way that aged pensioners and aged paupers see it, out of their foolish, dim old eyes, let me say a word.

I'm afraid that our Saint Carlo has a little of the hardness of the highest-minded men. Because he gives, as we have found him out in doing, in such loveliness and manliness of charity, and would receive, if he needed it, in just such perfect fashion, he insists that we mustn't indulge the dear old fathers and mothers of our Israel in any such vanity as the fond idea that they are receiving a self-earned pension when they are really being given others' charity.

I don't agree with him. I feel quite sure that, if I get old and poor and broken, my children will delight in doing as my brother and I delighted in doing by our dear old father a few years ago,—in lending a hand, and in declaring it to be not the doling of a charity, but the payment of a debt.

That is the distinction the dictionary draws between the pensioner and the pauper. It is the distinction that our Service Pension Society is seeking to regard.

Dr. Dole prefers to ignore that distinction; but, no matter what he prefers or we prefer, I urge that if the old and broken who are dear to us, and for whom we can do it, see all the difference in the world between a pensioner and a pauper, and prefer to be pensioners, it is our duty to defer to them,—it is the very grace and tenderness of our charity to do so, no matter how stupid and old-fashioned of them it may look to some of us; and, instead of trying to find difficulty in our doing it, out of the few of our old ministers who do not need a pension, we ought to try how best to overcome such a difficulty.

I see by my dear old irreconcilable's closing paragraphs that after all these years he still fails to understand the simple principle of our Pension Society, for he speaks of two sides to its support of service pensions, a giving, sustaining side, and a mere buying, business side, which latter *it doesn't have and never did have.* We all, ministers and laymen, just give to the Pension Society, and not one of us gets a penny of advantage because of his giving. If the administrators of the two funds for ministerial relief will co-operate with the Pension Society, or unite with it under one administration, I am confident that the good ends we are all aiming at can be gained; and, if we will each seek how to do this, instead of seeking how it can't be done, I am equally confident that we can find a way. I feel sure that I can pledge the hearty and self-effacing co-operation of our Pension Society people.

GEORGE KENT.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The Unitarian Name.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

If we are seriously to consider a new name, and one that shall point to the reuniting of the two branches of Congregationalism, why not consider the original name with just some prefix that shall indicate the new alignment? The name "Congregational" is now apparently divested of all objectionable theological implications. As Dr. Vernon pointed out in his recent address to us, the "Trinity" has been omitted from the confession of faith since 1883. With perhaps very slight modifications, any Unitarian church could adopt the confession which was accepted in St. Louis in 1913. We are all Congregationalists. Many of our Unitarian societies retain the term as a part of their local name. There are doubtless legal problems involved in any proposed organic union, that would require great care in their proper solution, but why need there be any great obstacle in a name? We should need a prefix to the good old name. The one suggested by Dr. Beach, "Independent," might answer. Perhaps one that would show the union of the bodies would be preferable, such as "United," "Reunited," or "Free." Suppose the Congregationalists, the Unitarians, Universalists, Liberal Baptists, and others could unite, what a splendid front we could present to the world under the name of "United Congregationalists"!

JOS. P. MACCARTHY.

WALTHAM, MASS.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The action of Secretary Wilson at the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association, in arousing the old controversy over the name of our denomination, seems to have been untimely and ill-advised. It is a relatively unimportant question, and yet one that always arouses bitter feeling. It is evident that Mr. Wilson and Dr. Crothers (the mover of the Commission resolution) had not gone into the subject very carefully, for the secretary's argument took all the point out of the resolution. Mr. Wilson seemed to feel that it was no use holding on to the name any longer, for, although New England understood us fairly well, we could make no headway in other parts of the country as Unitarians. The name was a dead weight, and the sooner we found another the better. But Dr. Crothers quoted Channing as willing to keep the name until it was duly understood, and intimated that, in spite of the secretary's pessimism, perhaps we have now reached the millennium. If Mr. Wilson's report is correct, it is evident from Dr. Crothers's quotation that Channing would not yet be ready to relinquish the name "Unitarian."

But what is the use of quoting authorities, big or little, when such a problem is raised? How few children are really satisfied with the names they find tacked to them when they become of age! Sarah always regretted she was not called Maud, and Percival just longed for a real name like Tom. With what jealous longing do some of our Episcopal friends regard the word "Catholic," and how they envy their English fellow-worshippers of "The Church"! When once you have been christened, it is usually wiser to make the best of the name you have drawn than to spend your life kicking against the spelling. I could never see wherein Edith Smith was any better off as Edyth Smythe.

The name "Unitarian" has caused some strenuous fights in both England and the United States. Some have said it was wished on to us by our enemies, and they would have none of it. Then they proceeded to find a better. The dictionaries yielded many suggestions, some of which were given the churches then forming, adding to the gaiety of the compilers of our English and American Year Books, but not solving the problem. These bursts of activity always ended as they ought to end, namely, in a better understanding and a fuller appreciation of the name "Unitarian."

Most of the discussions of this subject are too provincial. To hear many men talk you would think it related merely to a little section of New England, whereas it really has assumed world-wide proportions. Some discuss it as a phase of Congregationalism, forgetting that most of our churches outside Massachusetts are not converted Congregationalists, and that the English Unitarian churches are more often Presbyterian or Free Christian. The name "Unitarian" came to us from across the seas, where it had had an honorable history long before we adopted it. In calling ourselves Unitarian, we allied ourselves with a courageous band of liberal thinkers in England, some of whom were found worthy of martyrdom. We also clasped hands with a brave and devoted group of

Digitized by Google

worshippers in Hungary, who welcomed the recruits from the New World. While to the ignorant we seemed to cut ourselves off from the influence of Christian charity, to the wise we became the prophets of a new era—the comrades of some of God's noblest sons. Since the name has been ours it has been carried with honor to all parts of the earth, and we have yet to find the man who, having once adopted it, has ever been ashamed of it. Had we changed our name ten years ago to, let us say, Liberal Christian, can you imagine ex-President Taft parrying the charge of Unitarianism by adopting the new name? Or would Dr. Eliot on his travels around the world have insisted on being called a Liberal Christian and not a Unitarian? Our name to-day links us with a small but world-wide movement, and any change would not only cut us off, but would be a distinct sign of retreat.

The suggestion that we go back to the name "Congregational" is far beside the mark. Most of us could not go back, for we did not come that way. Our churches may be congregational in polity, but that does not make us Congregationalists. Of the Unitarian churches in the world, a comparatively small number came out of Congregationalism, and the same could be said of the members. Those among us who came out of Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Catholic, and other churches, besides those who were Unitarian born, came not to a wing of Congregationalism, but to the Unitarian church. Many came with fear and trembling, but they remained with joy and pride. There are enough people in the world hiding their Unitarian faith under orthodox names, and plenty more willing to do it for trivial worldly reasons, without our encouraging this brand of cowardice.

To the present writer the name "Unitarian" never has had the narrow theological meaning to which some object. It does mean the worship of the One and Only God, and it is pleasant to find a church with a name that connects it definitely with monotheism. We believe in One God, and we should not be ashamed to acknowledge it. We also believe in One Humanity, the essential unity of the human race; and we hope and pray for the time when men will overcome their racial prejudices and will complete the family circle. Then the One God and His Human Family comprise another Unit, to which our name again lends itself. All people are one in their desire to worship, and all are one in their hope of immortality. The constant interplay of natural and human forces, and their relation to the divine, are a daily revelation of underlying unity. The orderly arrangement of the universe is a tremendous lesson in unity. When we come to study our Unitarian name in all its aspects it becomes the most wonderful name in religious history, the objections to which sound weak and trivial. The trouble with all denominations to-day is not their lack of agreement, but rather their lack of backbone and frankness. Go into any of the churches of Christendom and you find a hearty welcome and a willingness to wink at your mental reservations. You hear sermons that have little in common with the church standards. There is everywhere a restless uncertainty that finds refuge in equivocal statements. It is time for some Christian church to take a definite stand, and we are the one that can do it. We are the only church to-day that has a positive faith to offer, being untroubled by the necessity of adjusting ancient standards to modern truths. We have a faith that touches life at all points, and that is at one with modern science. We have a name of the greatest breadth and significance, the proper interpretation of which to the non-intelligent is only one of our duties. It is too late in our history to talk of changing a name that most of us bear with pride and honor.

Alfred W. Birks.

Natick, Mass.

Compensation.

By Pemberton B. Cressey.

The travelled sun has memory
  Of colors it has made in distant lands—
The wind keeps ever in its treasury
  Fair shapes it has caressed on foreign strands!

And, seizing clouds of every size and shape,
  These world-wide wanderers old,
The wonders of the east on western skies
  With magic fingers tint and mould.

Cathedral towers they form and city avenues,
  Rose-tinted spires tall and strange,
With hints of caverns dark, and azure views
  Of soaring peak and distant mountain-range.

I see their pictures framed by orchard trees,
  And fret no more because my sail is furled;—
For argosies of cloud have caught the breeze
  And to my very dooryard brought the world!

The Religious and Ethical Implications of the Montessori Method.

By Rev. Clarence Reed.

Among the fundamental principles on which the Montessori method rests are: (1) the physiological study of the child; (2) the training of the senses of the child in order that he may not only acquire knowledge, but really desire it; (3) deep respect for the personality of the child, especially for his freedom; (4) the analysis of that which a child should know, and its presentation in a way that appeals to the interest of the child; (5) the search for the stimuli that influence the ethical life of the child, for his moral nature should grow as naturally as his physical body.

The Montessori method is suffering in America at the present time from its popularity. Teachers with more or less kindergarten experience, after a course of training of two weeks, a month, or, at most, six weeks under a teacher who has studied with Dr. Montessori in Rome, are using what is called the Montessori method. Undoubtedly, a number of these teachers have imbibed to some degree the spirit of Dr. Montessori's teaching, but others have not.

Dr. Montessori's great work is entitled "Pedagogical Anthropology." It treats of a "method that systematizes the positive study of the pupil for pedagogic purposes and with a view to establishing philosophic principles of education." Anthropology has been a sort of a pure science with academic leanings, being closely related to ethnology, philology, and archæology. Dr. Montessori has made of anthropology a vital and living science. General anthropology has been defined as "the natural history of man" and has especially had to do with the origin of man, while pedagogical anthropology looks toward the future development of man and is especially concerned with his education. Anthropologists in the past have made studies of measurements of primitive man, his customs and habits, and a comparative investigation of man and anthropoid apes.

Anthropology in the hands of Dr. Montessori becomes the greatest of all the sciences. A person becomes a pedagogical anthropologist not by reading all the literature on the subject, but by making a study of living persons. His laboratory is the school-room and humanity, which form the pedagogical clinic.

This most modern of sciences revolutionizes the accepted methods of teaching. In place of history being

Digitized by Google

primarily an account of wars and dynasties, it emphasizes the progress of the race from crude beginnings in the making of tools, houses, and boats to the evolution of social organizations and free political institutions. The many pages in school histories filled with the portrayal of the wars of the past may be compared to the prominence in many current newspapers given to accounts of wrecks and accidents, murders and divorce suits.

During the past twenty-five years much thought has been devoted to child study, but in the main it has been concerned with problems of child psychology. Dr. Montessori emphasizes the importance of a more careful study of the whole child. Read her book, "Pedagogical Anthropology," and it seems at first as if her main interest is in the physical body of the child. She believes that the body is a temple in which the child lives, and if it is imperfectly developed, then is the child's moral and intellectual life restricted. Sense-perception is the basis upon which rests not only the development of the mental but also the moral life.

When a child enters one of the Children's Houses a record is taken of his height, weight, the circumference of his thorax, and four measurements of the head. These measurements are taken once a year, except that the height and weight are taken once a week. The general physical constitution and muscular development of the child are also carefully observed.

The attitude of a Montessori teacher is that of a scientist observing an experiment. The school is a pedagogical clinic, where are gathered children during the formative years of their lives. The teacher guides the pupil without making her presence actively felt, for her underlying purpose is auto-education. Most of the time she is the silent witness of the spontaneous activities of the pupils. The teacher does not assign lessons, hear recitations, maintain discipline by external rules, or amuse pupils, but she observes, inspires, and encourages the pupils in whatever they may be doing. A study is also made of the reaction of the pupil upon the environment of the school in order to discover his needs. Dr. Montessori says, "The subject of our study is humanity; our purpose is to become teachers."

A child is an explorer, travelling over what is to him an unknown land. One of his greatest desires is to steer his own craft, and in this his instinct is right, for thus he develops his natural aptitudes and evolves his personality. The activity of a child in a Montessori school is not repressed, but its development and expression are encouraged. He is free to explore the environment in which he finds himself, and is encouraged to develop his inner resources by creative activity. The pupil is allowed to do as he pleases, so long as he does not interfere with the freedom of other pupils or harm himself. Dr. Montessori believes that freedom is necessary for noble living, defining life "as a superb goddess, ever advancing to new conquests."

Dr. Montessori finds that a child loves to repeat over and over an experiment so long as it appeals to his interest. This repetition has great value in self-development. This is also true of adults who often sing the same songs and repeat over and over again the Lord's Prayer. Old soldiers tell their experiences many times, and lovers never tire of repeating the same old story.

If a boy is forced to study Shakespeare plays when they do not appeal to his interest, in place of being encouraged to read the novels of Sir Walter Scott or Robert Louis Stevenson that he likes, many years may pass before he feels a real love for Shakespeare. If the religious beliefs of adults are forced on a child, in after years he may experience a violent reaction against the church. The perfection of manhood depends upon the adaptation of education to all the previous stages of growth. The power to acquire different kinds of knowledge unfolds in the child as naturally as the use of speech.

Is it possible to have discipline in a school where the emphasis is upon freedom and spontaneity? There are thirty to forty pupils from three to seven years of age in the Montessori schools in Italy, and the teachers have no trouble in regard to discipline. Quarrels are unknown over the right to use the different objects. Some of the pupils may be seated on little chairs, and others on rugs on the floor; some may be drawing, and others handling letters; some may be talking or laughing, and others busy at work. Dr. Montessori states as the result of her experience, "I believe the child who is comfortable and happy and whose bodily, mental, and spiritual needs *are known* and *looked after* will not require punishment."

Discipline is obtained in a Montessori school not by any carefully worked out system of direct moral instruction, nor by severe condemnation of mistakes made by the pupils, but by direct means. It is not wise to directly fight the evil habits of a child, but an effort should be made to interest him in constructive work and play which tend to eliminate evil habits.

Dr. Montessori secures the necessary discipline:—

(1) By the use of work and games which appeal to the children. Find some work which interests a child and the problem of discipline is solved. The perseverance and attention which are required to do any piece of work have great value in the inculcation of moral values. External actions when rightly done have a good influence upon the ethical life of a child.

(2) She has devised exercises for the development of will power, as she has found that the reason some children are disobedient is that their will power is undeveloped. In the past it has been common for parents to speak of breaking the will of a child. The child was not encouraged to have a will of his own, but his will was to be plastic in the hands of his parents. This tended to develop self-consciousness and timidity on the part of the child. In place of telling a child not to do this or that, exercises are used in the Montessori schools to develop self-control through the exercise of the will upon his muscular actions.

(3) Discipline is also obtained by lessons in silence. The effort to be perfectly silent and still, or to hear a whisper, or to take up objects and put them down quietly, or move about a room with the least possible noise, inculcates self-control.

Adults often fail in the discipline of children because they do not get the child's point of view. An adult defines success in terms of attainment, while the child is primarily interested in self-development. Whenever a child has attained to anything, he is prone to despise it and yearn for something new. A child prefers to experiment rather than to be assisted to attain an object or goal. If any exercise or game tends in some way toward self-development, a child will repeat it many times with evident delight.

The primary purpose in the use of the different objects and colors is not to teach the child colors or the forms of objects, but to develop his powers of observation, to increase his judgment, and concentrate his attention. The use of these objects tends to develop the intellectual powers of the child, the same as certain physical exercises develop his body.

The spontaneous mastery of the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic is not for the purpose of developing prodigies, but to emphasize the fact that the child best educates himself. The object is to lay the foundation

Digitized by Google

for original thinking and creative work. Dr. Montessori said in an interview in New York City, "I believe that if you give the child happiness—proper surroundings, proper clothes, good air, and good food—and if you place him in contact with objects which stimulate and interest him, *he will educate himself.*"

Dr. Montessori emphasizes the idea that it is necessary really to feel a fact before we know it. In order for a child to be familiar with an historical event it is not sufficient for him to read of it as occurring a long time ago, but in imagination he must take part in it. To teach any fact in history, a story may be told that makes it more vivid, a picture may be shown of it by means of a stereopticon or a moving-picture machine, and finally it may be acted on the stage by the children, who ought to be allowed as far as possible to arrange the scenery.

Dr. Montessori does not claim to have found the goal, but only a means or method by which the education of man may be advanced. Her principles in education may be compared to the relation of the invention of the microscope to the advance of medicine, which gave birth to the science of bacteriology, by means of which a number of diseases have been eliminated.

The goal of her teaching is the regeneration of humanity, which may best be realized by developing the character of the child when it is in the process of formation. At the close of her book entitled "The Montessori Method" she says, "These methods tend to guard that spiritual fire within man, to keep his real nature unspoiled and to set it free from the oppressive and degrading yoke of society." Her goal is that of the Greeks, "a beautiful soul in a beautiful body." The body reacts on the soul and the soul on the body. She deems that her work thus far forms only the first step toward the development of a new science,—the science of man. She sees in her Children's Houses "the infancy of humanity in a higher stage of evolution than our own." The Montessori method has thus far been developed for the education of children between three and seven years of age, but it is a systematic whole and relates to the complete education of man. She is now working upon experiments in order to extend it to the age of sixteen.

Dr. Montessori is doing for the children to-day what some of the saints did for the sick during the Middle Ages, and what Morel and Lombroso in the past century did for the criminal, insane, and defective members of society. She finds that many normal children hate school, look eagerly for the coming of vacation, dislike their teachers as men hate tyrants, and think of the school-room as a prison in which they are confined from five to six hours a day.

In place of shunning and neglecting the sick, as in ancient times, hospitals that are finer than the old palaces of the kings are now provided for them; the criminals are not loathed as once they were, but prisons are becoming reform schools or hospitals for the morally diseased; and children, in place of being repressed and compelled to sit still on benches, will in the future acquire an education in schools that are real houses of freedom and gladness.

Dr. Montessori has studied the problem as to "whether the organization of our schools and their methods is in conformity with . . . social progress." She is endeavoring not only to develop the desirable personal characteristics of the child, but also to make him acquainted with the best that has been inherited from the past in order that he may love that which tends toward the betterment of mankind. Her aim is not simply to reform educational methods, but also to reform society. She looks forward to the elimination of degeneration and disease, quoting the words of Giuseppe Sergi: "In the social life of to-day an urgent need has arisen, a renovation of our methods of education and instruction; and whoever enrolls himself under this standard is fighting for the regeneration of man."

Palo Alto, Cal.

Our Reforms.

Those were days of pioneer faith and daring on all lines back in the early sixties. The very word "reform," now a badge of social honor and esteem, was thoroughly hateful to the popular mind and worn with much discomfort by its adherents. Yet in a way the outlook was more hopeful then than now. Our faith was so sure, the ends sought so clearly defined, we were so confident of ourselves! That is the pioneer's strength, firm belief in his idea, in the near triumph of his cause. He looks confidently forward to the time when the dull, backward world will openly confess itself in the wrong and espouse his opinions as its own. That day never comes. Ideas do indeed triumph, principles prevail, but "causes" are always in arrears; and the ideas and principles seldom fulfil themselves in the way in which their early promulgators hoped.

The world is so big, human needs so various, human desert so wide-spread, if so small, time so long and impartially disposed towards all the reforms and theories! Our pet nostrum or belief grows alongside a hundred others, and the Good Gardener bestows the same care on each, as why, indeed, should he not? Every reform secures a few converts, but no rule or custom is allowed to gain full sway, to live too long and corrupt the world.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be."

That is hard on the system-makers. I am one of them and know their pangs.

What guides the world in the growth of opinion? A coarse and ready common-sense far more than the busy efforts of the reformers or the careful inductions of the wise.—*Celia P. Woolley, in The Western Slope.*

The Real Division in Christendom.

BY REV. E. H. REIMAN.

One of the most striking facts that confronts the student of the Christian religion is the remarkable number of sectarian distinctions that divide the Christian world. On every hand one is met with a multiplicity of sectarian organizations, all claiming to represent some vital principle of the Christian religion, and all more or less rival each to the other. If one were to investigate the matter closely, he would no doubt find that each rival sect would claim some special distinction or truth for its particular brand of religion, and, in order to justify the existence and perpetuation of its own organization, would seek to show that at some point, or in some particular, each of the other sects falls short of the true ideal of the Christian religion or church. Apart from the practical and obvious folly of attempting to operate all of these sectarian movements successfully, the frequent overlapping of effort involved and the consequent loss of efficiency resulting to the general religious life, there remains the fact that all these sects can hardly be right in their claims and contentions to represent true Christianity. Imagine the result of a similar diversity of operation in the political activity of the State. Yet it would seem not unreasonable to suppose that there should be a greater diversity as to the best policies of State government, where so many

Digitized by Google

conflicting interests are involved, than can be conceived as having the same sanction in the case of the Christian church, where one is supposedly dealing with the same set of historical facts and the same deep spiritual yearning and instinct. Even more confusing is this diversity in the case of foreign lands to which Christian missionaries are sent, in the name and interest of the various Christian sects, to prosecute there the work of sectarian Christian teaching.

When we come to consider them rationally and impartially, what do half our sectarian divisions really amount to? Nine times out of ten they apparently turn upon points that do not matter two straws anyway. Excepting the division that separates Protestant from Catholic,—a division, let us frankly admit, that is based upon a profound difference in conception and spirit and in radically different fundamental principles of religious authority,—what actually do the great majority of differences between the churches amount to? Probably the most fundamental are those that spring from varying conceptions of church polity. Whether the foundation of church polity shall be based upon an Episcopacy, a Presbyterian or a Congregational order seems to be the only really valid thing that keeps apart many of the greatest religious organizations of the Christian world. But what does this really amount to when all is said and done? Is there any logical excuse in such a reason for the duplication in every city of the land of churches and religious organizations, the value, usefulness, and efficiency of which from their own standpoint would be increased a hundredfold by united corporate action?

Can any one tell me what is the real difference between an Episcopal, a Presbyterian, and a Congregational Christian? Will any one dare to say that the one is a better Christian than the other, or that any of these things, Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, or Congregationalism, affect in any way a man's real Christianity, make him a better man, morally or spiritually, or add anything to the certainty of his soul's eternal salvation? The suggestion, of course, is ridiculous, but if in these vital matters there is no real distinction, where is the rationality of the separation? It must be obvious that the efficiency of a united church would be immeasurably superior to that of a church divided and duplicated into an Episcopal order, a Presbyterian order, and a Congregational order. Surely the intelligence and sagacity of a Christian nation or community are adequate to the solution of the problem.

It must be obvious to any intelligent student that the day of sectarian denominationalism is done. The outside world, represented in the man in the street whom it is the mission of the church to reach, touch, and convert, is every day coming to care less and less about the rivalries of sectarianism, and indeed to find in them only an excuse for indifference to the appeal of religion. Practical experience, moreover, is teaching the various denominations a valuable lesson that cannot be without effect in the direction of church unity. In great evangelistic campaigns, churches of all denominations have found it not only advisable, but in the highest degree profitable to unite their efforts. In various social activities, also, it has been abundantly proved that the weight of the opinion which the churches can bring to bear upon any question is immensely increased when the opinion represents the collective voice of the churches speaking in unison and harmony. In the organization of two countries, that of the Federal Churches of Christ, in America, and that of the Evangelical Free Church Council, in Great Britain, practical experience has done much to dissolve the sectarian differences that until recently have arbitrarily divided Christian men and women. Throughout Christendom it is rapidly being evidenced that the old sectarian divisions are not only foolish and harmful, but positively without any really justifiable foundation. Gradually, it would appear, the way is being paved for a unity and co-ordination of church and religious activity that, if it will not immediately remove the old denominational distinctions, will at least render them meaningless and invalid.

Does there then remain any other divisive force that can justify separation? If so, what is it? I wish it to be understood that I am a profound believer in religious unity, and that upon a truly universal basis I am prepared to make such unity the end of all my personal effort, but the very nature of the only conceivable unity of a universal kind makes it imperative that we face one or two facts quite frankly. The first and most important fact, the only one, indeed, I am concerned to touch upon at this time, is that there does exist in the Christian world a real division that has its roots in fundamental principles, which it is impossible to ignore. The division of which I speak is of a profoundly more important character than all the petty sectarian differences that to-day divide denominations, and is one which, if rightly understood, must separate not denomination from denomination, but certain men of all denominations, or at least of most, from certain other men of all or most denominations. It is a division that goes far deeper than the division between Catholic and Protestant, and it is sufficiently great, I believe, to unite Catholics and Protestants upon both sides of the gulf which it marks.

The fundamental difference between Catholic and Protestant after all is far more a difference in regard to the seat of authority in religion than a difference as to the nature of authority. To all intents and purposes all the Evangelical sects are one in essential theological doctrine, while the differences that divide Catholic from Protestant, theologically speaking, are of comparatively small importance. It has always seemed to me that between Protestant orthodoxy and Catholic orthodoxy, so far as the fundamental conception of religion is concerned, there is very little to choose; and between the two I think the Catholic brand would be quite as acceptable to me personally as the Protestant. No, the fundamental division in Christendom is not between Catholic and Protestant, and sooner or later, I believe, this will be plainly seen. The real division in Christendom is between what may be called religious orthodoxy and religious heterodoxy,—the division between the religion of authority, in whatever ecclesiastical form it may clothe itself, and the religion of the spirit, wheresoever it may be found, whether in the form of modernism in the Catholic Church or liberalism in the Protestant. The sectarian issues that are often flaunted do but serve to disguise the real line of demarcation in Christian thought. I have no quarrel with orthodox theology beyond the fact that it embodies a conception of religion against which every instinct of my being rebels and which my conscience compels me to challenge. As consistent advocates of a definite conception of religion I am prepared at all times to extend to the representatives of orthodox theology my sincere respect, though I must retain my right to declare that my own conception of religion is opposed to theirs. But I wish to do this without any trace of bitterness or superiority.

The fact to which it is high time the world awoke, and which, it seems to me, it is the duty of all honest men to make plain, is that there exists between the conception of religion upon which liberal Christianity is built up and the conception of religion which is the underlying basis of Evangelical theology a fundamental distinction. The standpoint of liberal Christian people, in whatsoever denominational or ecclesiastical communion they are

Digitized by Google

found, is absolutely distinct from, and opposed to, the standpoint of conventional religious orthodoxy, and until this is recognized I do not see that any real adjustment is possible.

The present policy of all too many liberal preachers—a policy of expediency and compromise—cannot, it seems to me, result in anything but prejudice to the liberal cause and harm to the best orthodox interests. The dictates of simple honesty would seem to demand that the time has now come for liberal Christians to get together, and with all tolerance, but with absolute candor, say to their orthodox brethren: "Brethren, it is our duty to declare to you that the conception of religion we are concerned to defend and propagate is no longer that which is the underlying basis of Evangelical theology; for the honesty of your opinions we respect you, while the honesty of our own demands that we shall not hide from you our differences. If you are right, we are wrong; but, since conscience compels us to take this stand, we are content to leave the final issue to the one God whom, though we differently conceive, we alike worship in sincerity and truth. If your tolerance is such that you are willing to allow us to work side by side with you in the same organization, boldly and fearlessly, but with due sympathy, making plain the points of our differences, we shall rejoice to maintain the associations of the past, confident that when our real attitude is understood it will be acceptable to all. But if this cannot be, then, with no feelings of bitterness, but with many of real regret, we part from you, content to leave in your hands the buildings and organizations which orthodox money has erected and to shape for our own work new forms and means."

What might not be the effect of such an action in this great continent of America if all the representatives of liberal Christianity, both laymen and ministers, could together take action in such a spirit and from such a motive as I have indicated? Do you mean to tell me that it would not mean new life for religion for all the ministers of this great continent to cease repeating creeds and formulas in which they no longer believe, save in senses so strained and subtle that they cannot for a moment be identified with a literal sense, and to find in the liberty of free expression a means to the articulation of those great ideals, enthusiasms, and religious passions that are burning within their breasts, but that are to-day half smothered by an attempt at a conformity that is really a compromise? That such a course of action might mean, as it would, sacrifice for many a brave soul argues nothing against it, but rather in its behalf. Immediately the note of a grand new challenge would sound in the appeal of religion, both from the side of the old and from the side of the new, and the old, unreal distinctions would be swallowed up in a great co-ordinating movement that would declare the only real division that exists in Christendom. Of the real differences that lie back of this division I cannot speak more briefly and plainly than in the words in which a writer once defined the breach between the Catholic mediæval and the Catholic modernist—a breach that is nowhere better illustrated than in the contrast between the spirit of the writings of Father George Tyrrell and that of the encyclical of Pope Pius X. against modernism.

"The one regards religion as a law external to man and imposed upon him, the other regards it as a life given to man and springing up within him; the one regards faith as the acceptance of a dogma, defined by authority, the other as a living experience—a vision of God and a fellowship with him; the one regards theology as essential to religion, if not identical with it, the other as an intellectual expression of religion always imperfect and always subject to change; the one regards the visible church as a divine organization out of which a truly religious life is well nigh impossible, the other as an outward, visible, imperfect expression of that fellowship which binds together all those who are actuated in their lives by a love for God and their fellow-men; the one combats error by ecclesiastical censure, reinforced when practicable by civic penalties, the other corrects errors solely by an appeal to the reason and the conscience."

One, in a word, is a religion of authority, a thing of creeds and dogmas and historical texts, the other is a free religion of the spirit—that spirit within man which ever reaches out towards the divine and is responsive most of all to the highest appeals that can be made to its own essential dignity and divinity.

Lancaster, Pa.

The Good Samaritan.

BY E. P. P.

As a beautiful story, this parable rather leads all that were told by Jesus to his disciples, though it is not as original as some others, for there are stories in the old Hindu myths very much like it. The general truth that the really good man is known not by the stitching on his gown, nor the maxims that are at his tongue's end, nor by the prayers that he enunciates volubly, but by what he does to make his neighbors happy, had worked itself out under all the larger faiths, and was even recognized among the lesser civilized races. What we want to know from this parable is how Jesus looked at things when he was organizing the world.

He knew very well that sooner or later his teachings must be carried abroad by others, and that what was known as his gospel would have to be very plainly interpreted or these disciples would get things badly mixed not very far in the future. What sort of man was really his ideal? The question is not so much what maxims did he teach, but what men did he select as his models. He had already answered that question in some degree, by his selection of the disciples. It was a remarkable body of men in several ways, but most remarkable for simplicity and lack of guile. There was not a priest among them, nor a great teacher. Jesus did not select such men as Hillel and Gamaliel, who were great lawyers; but he selected men who had strength of character, and least of all can we except here Judas and Peter. We imagine that Jesus would have had a good deal of trouble if he had had among the twelve Saint Paul, or any one like him. These men clanned together in a fellowship and companionship that made them mutually helpful. There was not a lordly nature in the band. John became the most loved because he was lovely, and Peter seems to have become a corner-stone more by accident than by appointment.

Outside this band of brothers, we come upon a few imaginary characters, evidently suggesting what lay in the mind of Jesus as expressing the Father's will and worth his own toil in multiplying. A world full of good Samaritans would make what we may suppose Jesus would have indorsed. At any rate, this straightforward, helpful sort of a fellow came into the programme of life, as meeting the hearty approval of the founder of Christianity. Evidently what we ought to be and ought to do is suggested in this parable.

In the first place, our good Samaritan comes not with the stamp of rank. He is not potent with the Jews, for he is not, in fact, a Hebrew at all, but one of the hated or despised men of Samaria. That is, he is a mongrel, with just enough Jew in him to cast him out

Digitized by Google

of the pure-blooded children of Abraham. It was almost an affront to let the priests and Levites and devotees of all sorts go by under condemnation, and select this semi-outcast as the model for his followers to imitate. He was not even a praying devotee, carried no atmosphere of religion about him, was on some every-day worldly errand. We do not know much about his religion, but when he was needed he was there to meet the conditions. He rose immediately to the occasion, concerning himself not in the least about the wounded man's theories, or his relatives, or even his character. The fellow that had fallen among thieves needed a friend.

The good Samaritan was the friend of sinners; and here we get just the fundamental characteristic of Jesus. In every case where we have his story told, he was friend of the sinner. The saint, if we imagine such really to exist, did not need help, but the woman in adultery and the man among thieves did, and here was where the love of God could find its utility. We begin to see from this that Jesus understood very well that he had come into an average sort of world, and that the real end of religion was not to polish more brightly the shining one, but to lift the weak, and restore the children to their birthright.

The whole air of this parable is the spirit and atmosphere of service,—of work and not of worship. You would imagine that Jesus would in some way express here his reverence for the Divine Father. You conclude, however, that that man serves God best who is occupied with the expression of good will to man. In other words, prayer is nowhere comparable with doing good; and the chief end of life is not to glorify God, but to lift up his children. This truth has been a long while in working its way into the heart of the churches. According to Jesus there is no way of expressing our love and honor for God like rescuing a fallen man. We must not fail to go to the end of this lesson, for in this case the man who has fallen is not crying out for salvation in the next world, but to be saved from thieves in this life. It is a practical, every-day illustration of what our Great Teacher believed and taught. That is real religion which is charged with good will. Remember that the announcement of Christianity was "on earth peace, good will to men."

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness has been called the "bright weather of the heart." Perhaps to some extent it is an inborn disposition. Some men are more happily constituted than others, and turn, like flowers, to the sun by a kind of instinct. At the same time, it cannot be doubted that all of us are capable of being trained in the habit of cheerfulness; and, having the power to modify our temperaments, it largely depends upon ourselves whether we take a dark or a bright view of life, whether we make the worst or the best of it. A great teacher has said of the propensities that they are as teachable as Latin and Greek, and much more essential in any rational scheme of life. Dr. Johnson was as constitutionally prone to melancholy as any man who ever lived, and yet he said, "Man's being in a good or bad humor depends very much upon his own will." The habit of looking on the bright side of things, he added, is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.

A man walking down the street one day complained to a policeman, being near-sighted, of an ill-looking fellow who persisted in following him. The officer smilingly pointed out to him that it was his own shadow. Carlyle must have been thinking of this incident when he wrote: "There is always a black spot in our sunshine. It is even the shadow of ourselves."

The greatest men of the world have been cheerful, optimistic, full of a keen enjoyment of life. Lady Montague said of Henry Fielding, burdened with bodily suffering, debt, and every species of difficulty, that she believed that, by reason of his habit of mind, he had enjoyed more happy moments than any person on earth. Sydney Smith once wrote to a friend, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well."

The banker-poet Rogers delighted to tell of a little girl, a great favorite of his, who, upon being asked one day why everybody loved her, replied, after a moment of hesitation and with the utmost simplicity, "Well, I suppose that is because I love everybody." What a profound philosophy! For, as has been said, "our happiness will be in proportion to the number of things we love and the number of things that love us." It is the real secret of cheerfulness,—to love, to cultivate the affections, to increase constantly the warmth of the heart. Without that "flowers bloom in vain, marvels of heaven and earth pass unnoticed, and creation is a dreary, lifeless, soulless blank."—*The Christian Life.*

Spiritual Life.

Love, live for, work for, the undying truth and good,—that is the way to nourish an undying vigor of the heart. These are the waters of the Fountain of Eternal Youth.—*John W. Chadwick.*

Joy is for all men. It does not depend on circumstance or condition: if it did, it could be only for the few. . . . It is of the soul or the soul's character: it is the wealth of the soul's own being.—*Horace Bushnell.*

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses,—he has an every-day greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chanted in cathedrals.—*Dr. Dewey.*

There was no bitterness in her poverty: she met, looked at it, often even laughed at it; for it bound all the family together hand in hand. It taught endurance, self-dependence, and, best of all lessons, self-renunciation.—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

You reap what you sow,—not something else, but *that.* An act of love makes the soul more loving. A deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundred-fold. You have sown the seed of life, you reap life everlasting.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Lord, in each day's littleness
Let thy mercy hold and bless.
Choose my way, that I may be
Ever wise in serving thee:
Nor in childish folly call
Any gift or mercy small,—
Any trial of my state,
Any cross or sorrow great.
For thy greatness holdeth me;
And thy littleness may be
The first token of a care
High as heaven and heavenly fair.

—*Isaac O. Rankin.*

Digitized by Google

Misapplied.

Fie! what a sinful waste it is to use
Fine calfskin or morocco making shoes,
Be it the daintiest footgear of them all,
That Flora twinkles gayly at the ball!
'Twere far more finely, fittingly applied
To bind my Hazlitt Keats, or Akenside.

And what a shame that gold, fair gilding gold,
As sordid, silly coin should all be sold!
For greasy greenbacks would as well suffice
To glut the miser or to pay the price,
While gold for this was evidently made,—
To letter and embellish Pope and Praed.

And, further: 'tis a sin, and nothing less,
To squander flax upon a woman's dress.
Aye, though a maiden flash upon my sight
Her snowy form with snowy linen dight,
Swift to the mill that fabric fair should go:
We need fine paper for Racine and Poe!

A. R. Wells in the Era.

Literature.

The Ministry of Art. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.—Mr. Cram's name is so well known as an influence in American architecture that it seems practically sufficient to announce that a volume of his lectures and addresses has been issued, bearing on the question of art as an expression of the higher qualities of humanity. By the words "The Ministry of Art," Mr. Cram means that function that works toward the redemption of human character. To him art is not an accessory but an essential part of education and should be made an integral portion of every scheme of higher development. "A college can well do without a school of architecture, or music, or painting, or drama," he says, "and the world will perhaps be none the poorer; but it cannot do without the best of every art in its material form, and in the cultural influences it brings to bear." The paper on "The Philosophy of the Gothic Restoration" was first read before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia. It insists that the Gothic impulse to-day is not content with the restoration as such, aiming to bring back a dead civilization and its forms, but that men are willing at present to restore in order to regain a body of laws, precedents, and forms that are the only foundation for the superstructure of which they dream, believing they may thereby bring the reaction by which man may enter into the new spiritual life which will demand a creative and revealing art, a demand sure to be met by the supply. "The Place of the Fine Arts in Education," "The Artist and the World," a Yale Commencement address, "Craftsman and Architect," and "University Architecture" are other suggestive titles, each of which recalls an important occasion and characteristic utterance.

Nurses for our Neighbors. By Dr. Alfred Worcester. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—This is a striking chapter, this of the contrast that exists between "Medical Methods Old and New," and it proves again that the advantage is not wholly on the side of those younger folk who send for a specialist according to the ailment. There are steady, solid advantages in the power to call the family physician whose patients are like his children, and while we cannot spare the specialists there must still be a place for him. Dr. Worcester asks impressively: "Even admitting the rightful existence of . . . such specialists, is it a matter of no concern that the medical students of to-day are being educated to such inhumanity? While being taught modern surgery, should they not also be taught the art of relieving, of soothing and comforting those who suffer, and of steadying and supporting those who walk in the shadow of death?" Heaven be thanked, there are some such physicians still among us. But Dr. Worcester's book is about nursing, not about doctors. He describes his search for ideal nursing. It is interesting to read of the difficulties that confronted those who, forty years ago, tried to improve conditions, and sought for strong, young, capable girls to take the necessary training. Dr. Worcester does full honor to the devoted untrained nurses who preceded those of to-day, and, while we do not wish them back, with their contempt for the clinical thermometer and their belief that "soapsuds are cleansing enough for anybody, sick or well," their merits are not to be slighted. Dr. Worcester is head of the Waltham Training School for Nurses, an institution that has been more or less discussed of late, and these chapters have a timely as well as intrinsic interest. He discusses the need of better training and the ways to secure it, and he tells many moving instances to illustrate his contention that the great need is for more friendliness, more unaffected kindness in the world. The book ought to help to that end.

Heart's Country. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.—An interesting literary announcement was the acknowledgment that *The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman* was written by Mrs. Vorse. In a way it destroys one's faith in the genuineness of anonymous publication. Elderly women claimed it as the work of one of their own order, and exulted in her independence and outspoken frankness. That it was by no means actually the work of a grandmother may indicate the tribute involuntarily paid to the writer's literary skill, but it will be harder for the next adventurer to repeat the triumph. The new book is equally revealing in another phase of woman's life. The young girl's ardor, her mental processes as she faces the unexpected demands of life, her growing womanliness, touch the heart as with a memory recalled, a fragrance of forgotten roses, so fresh and true is its study of opening girlhood. It is a woman's book, for only women can understand the truth of its incidental reflections.

A Wanderer's Trail. By A. Loton Ridger. Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.—Mr. Ridger is a young Londoner who followed the lure of the unknown trail until it took him well around the world. He started, with ten pounds in his pocket, on a tramp steamer bound round the Horn to San Francisco. He saw much of the life that opens itself only to one who hunts for work, generally available, and is not fastidious about his surroundings nor his companions. He took to his various trips the enthusiastic curiosity of a boy, and the unspoiled energy of him who banks on his youth, his strength, his inner resources rather than on a letter of credit and friends to fall back on. In Hood River he picked strawberries; in Vancouver he laid cement sidewalks and sold cigars; in Japan he taught school; in China and Manchuria he developed into a newspaper man; in South Africa he mined; the Kalahari desert he trekked with cattle. Once he wrote that he was getting tired of it all, tired of being kicked round like the football of Fate, and he warned his brother: "It is the aftermath of wanderlust; don't you stir from the cage; beat your wings against the bars rather than fly away," but he knew all the time that he exulted in his freedom and his power to conquer circumstances. The book is an honest, straightforward tale, written with no frills or affectations. It is illustrated with sixty reproductions from photographs.

They who Knock at our Gates. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 net.—When Mary Antin speaks of the problems of immigration, she has a right to be heard, and surely she is heard gladly. She is one who reads the story of '76 as a chapter in sacred history, who sets Thomas Jefferson in a class with Moses, and Washington with Joshua; who regards the American nation as the custodian of a sacred trust, and American citizenship as a holy order with laws and duties derived from the Declaration. To her the alternate view takes the meaning out of American history, and nothing less than the broadest, freest interpretation of our duties to others can suffice for those who would deserve their heritage. She does not depend on impassioned appeal, however, in her plea for the immigrants; she brings solid facts and arguments to back up her conviction that not only is the immigration good for us, but that the decadence of idealism is bad for us, and that is what she would fear more than the restrictionist fears the immigrant.

The Continental Drama of To-day. By Barrett H. Clark. New York. $1.35 net.—So many clubs and groups of home students are to-day studying the drama and fitting themselves to judge fairly of modern tendencies, besides the increased number of college and university courses recently opened to students, that the place for a book of this nature becomes at once apparent. These outlines for study include plays of representative authors from Ibsen to to-day, some forty-one in all. The book is best used in connection with the reading of the plays themselves, or, at least, for its best service, the reader should be really familiar with them, and naturally the references to other well-known dramas are frequent and illustrative. The book will be found useful and also suggestive for further discussion, a valuable feature in class work.

Lo Michael. By Grace L. H. Lutz. Philadelphia, Pa.: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.—Mrs. Lutz is a prolific writer, whose novels have sometimes appeared serially in the *Christian Endeavor World*. Although they are serious in the sense that the victory is to the good and that religion and morality are indispensable to the hero or heroine who is to win the sympathy of the reader, they are by no means devoid of

Digitized by Google

exciting adventure and romantic happenings. Michael, in the present story, is a waif of the streets, fortunate in that he saves the life of a rich man's child and receives therefor education and opportunity as a reward. His halo of bright hair wins him the name of the Angel, and like Saint Michael himself he places his foot on the dragon of evil and conquers on the side of righteousness. The love-story winds its way through the changing moods and altered understanding of the little girl he saved until the two stand face to face and wedding festivities usher in their life together.

ON OLD WORLD HIGHWAYS. By Thomas D. Murphy. Boston: The Page Company. $3.—Motor rambles in France, Germany, and Switzerland offer no end of pleasant experiences, about which an accomplished *raconteur* can discourse agreeably, and which lend themselves to effective illustration. The success of three previous books in the same line are good guarantee of the fortunes of the present volume. Historic and picturesque Britain is the writer's favorite region, and he conveys its charm and interest to others, prompting either happy memories of their own or stimulating the desire to travel and see for themselves. The more than fifty illustrations are very attractive, and include some sixteen color plates taken from original paintings by distinguished artists. The book is an entirely satisfactory example of its class, and that the class is popular and worth while there can be no question.

THE SWORD HAND OF NAPOLEON. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35 net.—Mr. Brady declares that he neither loves nor admires Napoleon, but he recognizes his genius and, in spite of his egotism and selfish indifference, recognizes his charm. History and romance meet here in fair proportion. Mr. Brady has a stirring tale to tell, and he tells it in a way which makes this the strongest of his books. The famous names of France live again in his pages, and the terrible retreat from Moscow is recalled with forceful illustration. Mr. Brady writes with spirit, possessed by the theme which he chose. *The Eagle of the Empire*, which deals with the emperor at bay in France, and at Waterloo, is to continue the historical study, although the romance, which is a most important part of this book, comes to its happy ending, after many difficulties, here.

FELICIDAD. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net. If you are really tired of social problems served up as fiction, and of intellectual treatises masquerading as light literature, and if you would really like to remember that natural beauty and love and quiet happiness retain their ancient charm, then Felicidad, the lovely tropical town which held captive a wayworn wanderer, will be found a place worth the seeking. A sub-title describes the book as "the romantic adventures of an enthusiastic young pessimist," and the light-hearted, quick-witted narrator makes the description good. The book is one to read with interest and to remember afterwards.

HIRAM, THE YOUNG FARMER. By Burbank L. Todd. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.—One wonders, in reading this stimulating story of a boy who started out to "make the soil pay," whether the writer's name, suggestive of horticultural progress, is merely a happy coincidence, or if the name led to the subject. There is a place for books that shall show young readers something of the possibilities in modern farming, and the scope for enjoyment and privilege to be found in country life. The story of Hiram's success is varied by various occurrences that serve to complicate the situation and make the story more exciting.

THE FIDDLING GIRL. By Daisy Rhodes Campbell. Boston: The Page Company. $1.50.—The story of Virginia Hammond is the story of a sweet-tempered, lovable girl who interprets in her life the ideal of service, and finds herself dignified by whatever duties she undertakes. It is a quiet, wholesome picture of unspoiled girlhood, meeting disappointments and changes bravely, and constantly upheld by native good sense and a willingness to make the best of life. How she gained her heart's desire through unexpected ways is the main theme, which is varied by the introduction of other characters and related incidents.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 15

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments." Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

BOB SPENCER, THE LIFE-SAVER. By Captain Taylor Armitage. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.—This is the first volume of a series for boys, which will present, along with plenty of stirring adventure and exciting incidents, the working of different branches of national service, including the army, the navy, the secret service of the revenue department, and the mine and forest conservation. The five boys of the Spencer family each enter the employ of the government in one of these various branches. Bob becomes a hero of the life-saving service along the coast, and makes good through experiences which, however interesting they may be, represent not unfairly the demands made on the brave men who risk themselves to save others.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN

No. 33

Problems and Opportunities of Country Life

By MARGARET B. BARNARD.

Of late there has been a revival of interest in country life, and a determined effort is in progress to restore it to something of its old estate. A necessary preliminary to the success of any such movement is an accurate knowledge of rural conditions. This number of the Bulletin is a report of surveys made in some sixty New England towns, secured by the Committee on Rural Conditions of the Social Service Department of the American Unitarian Association. It is vivid, practical, and constructive, and is a useful addition to the growing fund of information respecting the needs and possibilities of country life.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

Order as "S. S. No. 33," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

American Unitarian Association

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Bread and Butter.

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO.

My mother says, if little girls
Want curly hair, they must
Eat all their bread and butter up,
And specially the crust.

So very many little girls
In all the wide wide world
Would be so very happy if
Their hair were only curled!

And can I be so selfish, then?
No, dear mamma, I must
Give other little girls my bread,
And specially the crust.

A Green Growing Message.

BY KATE HUDSON.

When I tell you that they were next-door neighbors, playmates, and firm friends; that it was early summer; and that they had spaded up, and otherwise made ready, two garden plots (one on each side of the low, white fence which separated their respective homes), in which, that very day, they were intending to sow seeds and plant pansies, you may perhaps understand just how Bettie felt when she heard that Mollie had come down with the measles and wouldn't be up and out again for another three weeks at the very least!

Of course, the entire family immediately began to offer consolatory suggestions. Grandma—from the pinnacle of her years—reminded Bettie of the extreme shortness of three weeks or a month,—only twenty-one days, or, at most, thirty, would so soon be over; Mother evinced the most flattering interest in both little plots, and begged to be allowed to represent Mollie for the time being; and Father brought home with him from the office six packages of seeds and a basket of pink-tipped daisies to be evenly divided and promptly deposited in the two little garden beds. But it was not until Uncle Jack—mother's favorite brother, quite old enough to do things and still young enough to remember his own childhood and its problems—proposed to "sow a message" for Mollie, that Bettie's eyes grew bright again and her dimples re-appeared.

"Just you have both beds raked and ready for action, Bettiekins," he had concluded, "and by the time I get home from High, this afternoon, we'll start things which in a week or two will astonish the neighborhood; and meanwhile, Bettie, lass, you might be thinking of some short, bright message—just a word or two, you know—from you to Mollie; and another one, just as short and sweet, back from her to you."

All day long, accordingly, Bettie, in the intervals of her strenuous primary-class work, had these two messages well in mind; so that, when Uncle Jack at last got home and began to undo the packages he'd brought with him, the little girl was ready to tell him.

"Fine and dandy," cried he, spreading out two enormous sheets of flimsy brown wrapping-paper, and uncorking a big bottle of mucilage, and flourishing a huge brush; "just spell it out for me, there's a duckie."

For over an hour Uncle Jack was very busy, tracing heavy wet letters across the brown paper, while Bettie followed the sticky writing with a tin funnel generously dripping radish seeds. After carefully removing what was not closely clinging to the mucilage, the young uncle and his little niece, quite as carefully, carried the two papers so prepared into the garden, where one was spread out flat and smooth on Mollie's little plot and the other on Bettie's; they were then covered with a scant inch of rich, well-sifted garden soil, which Bettie first raked to the smoothness of velvet, and then delicately dribbled with water from her very own little watering-pot. When finally she and the adored-more-than-ever young uncle were ready to go and primp for supper, there was nothing to show for all their labor but a moist, dark-brown strip of empty soil above the row of previously planted pink and white daisies.

Every fair evening Bettie gently watered both beds, and every morning she and Uncle Jack—however hurried and work-harried he might be—ran, hand in hand, into the garden to see what they could see. One fine morning Bettie's eager eyes discovered a thin and wavering line of sparse and very occasional green dots, which, in two days more, were quite decipherable, and which, by the time Mollie—still quarantined but having the run of mother's room—could look down from its windows over the two gardens, called bravely up to her from her small plot in plain, clear, lush-green-radish-leaf writing, "*So* glad!" While from next door Bettie's bed brightly answered, "Me too!"

Mary's Secret.

BY REBECCA P. UTTER.

"Come, Mary," said her grandmother, "let's get old Kit harnessed up, you and I, and take a drive to the store. I want some coffee and some cheese, and maybe we'll find a letter at the post-office."

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed Mary, jumping up and down. "Let me drive, won't you, Grandma? I know how to turn to the right. Now, Tommy, you watch the chickens, and don't let them scratch my moss while I'm gone. Take this branch, and, if any of them come nearer than that tree, you fly at them and scare them all to pieces."

This was a work after Tommy's own heart; and he obediently took the lilac branch which Mary offered him, and sat down on the doorstep to watch. Mary's rockery was the pride and joy of both the children. It was a little pile of stones which they had carefully collected from the roadsides, and covered with moss from the woods. In the centre of the heap was a leaky tin pan, also carefully covered and lined with moss, which to the children's imaginations represented a beautiful lake, and which they patiently filled with water as often as they found it empty,—which was many times a day. But eternal vigilance was the price of the rockery; for the chickens were constantly attracted by the green moss and the fresh water, and a very few vigorous kicks of their yellow legs made havoc which Mary and Tommy could repair only at the cost of hours of toil.

Mary went skipping round the corner of the house, where, upon a bench near the kitchen-door, was a tin basin and some soap, while a long roller-towel hung conveniently near. At home, in their city house, the children were no more fond of washing hands and faces than children usually are; but at Grandma's, where they might do it out of doors, pumping the water themselves, and emptying it afterward upon the roots of the grape-vine and rose-bushes, the process was always delightful and interesting. So Mary washed herself with praiseworthy zeal and thoroughness, filling her basin several times, and going through rinsings enough to cleanse the dustiest tramp on record.

A little later she stood by the gate under the maple-tree, in clean white apron and shady hat, and, climbing into the buggy beside her grandmother, rode slowly down through the orchard to the big gate. There Mary jumped out again, and, unlatching the gate, stood on the lower bar and, with a push of her foot, went swinging out till the gate stood wide open, and old Kit marched solemnly out to the road.

How beautiful was the June morning! The hills and fields were flooded with sunshine, and now and then the shadow of a fleecy cloud went gliding across. The birds sang in the oak and maple trees, and the air was sweet with the fragrance of young leaves and blooming orchards. If I should write the very first words that come to my mind as I recall the feelings with which I used to ride along that road, coming from the city for a summer visit, they would be these, "As rest is sweet to the weary, and the cooling stream to him that is athirst." Mary would not have used just those words, I suppose: but she felt the same peace and joy. For some time they rode on in silence, till, meeting a loaded wagon, old Kit turned to the side of the road to give it room to pass.

"That was very good," said the grandmother. "I see you do know how to turn to the right."

"Why," said Mary, suddenly sitting up very straight, "I never did a thing. I forgot all about driving. Old Kit did it all herself."

"I wonder what you were thinking about," said Grandma, smiling, "that made you forget everything else. Old Kit knows just where we are going, and this road is safe and quiet; but a good driver should be watchful and not forget."

"I have just made up my mind to tell you," said Mary, gravely. "We have a great secret, Grandma: nobody knows it but Tommy and me; and now I am going to tell you, and that will make three."

"Well," answered Grandma, "I am glad you like to share it with me. I will help you keep it as well as I can."

"This is the secret," said Mary: "all this world belongs to Tommy and me,—*this whole world*."

"Does it really?" said Grandma, entering immediately into the spirit of the occasion. "Well, it is a beautiful world, and I hope you and Tommy will enjoy it for a great many years. How long has it been yours?"

"I don't know," replied Mary. "We only found it out since we came here to the farm. But, Grandma, we don't want it to make any difference; we want to have things go on just the same. You can drive Kit along this road to the store, and keep the calves in the pasture, and use the apples,—only we shall

Digitized by Google

want to eat all we can of those that get ripe before we go home."

"Yes, of course," assented Grandma. "I'm very glad you told me, for now I shall feel like taking better care of things than I ever did, because they are all for you. And I'm very glad, too, that you do not wish to make any changes; for I'm so used to things just as they are that I am afraid I should not know just what to do if you should want Grandpa and me to go and take care of Mr. Somers's farm instead of this one."

"Oh, no," said Mary, "we will not do anything of that kind. If you will just take care of this farm, that's your share. The world is full of people, you know; and every one can take care of the part where he happens to be, and then all will come out right. But it is a secret, Grandma. We are not going to tell the neighbors, and so they will take care of our farms just the same as when they were theirs." And Mary looked abroad over the beautiful landscape, with the pride of ownership shining in her eyes.

"I see," said Grandma. "I think, myself, that is the best way. If they like to think the farms belong to them, it does no harm, so long as you and I and Tommy know how it really is."

And, as they fell again into silence, the grandmother thought within herself: "It is all as the child has said: the whole world belongs to the children."

Soon old Kit stopped of her own accord under the thick shade of the large maple that stood in front of the door of the store; and Grandma made her few purchases, and received also the expected letter. In the letter was great news. A baby brother had arrived in the city home, and Mary's father was to come in a few days to take her and Tommy to see the new treasure. Nothing more was ever heard of Mary's secret; and we are left to suppose that, like many another young mother, she forgot to care for the affairs of the big world except as they affected the welfare of that small but very interesting bit of humanity.

The Coral Beads.

On Rosa Burchett's seventh birthday her mother said to her: "Rosa, you are now old enough to be helpful at home, so from now on I shall expect you to keep the clothes-closet in your room very neat and clean. You must move everything out of it at least three times each week, and sweep in the corners very carefully. You must not throw your playthings in there upon the floor, but put them in their proper places each time. And now, because the work is new, I am going to give you something at the end of the first month. What would you like best?"

"A string of coral beads," replied Rosa, without hesitation.

The next day Rosa began her new task. The first two weeks she did her work carefully, moving out the shoe-box and her boxes of playthings each time she swept. Then she grew tired of taking so much trouble. It was so much easier to brush out the middle of the closet floor, and it seemed to her that the closet looked almost as well. Then she had so much more time to play.

At the close of the first month Rosa's mother said nothing about giving her the coral beads, and Rosa's guilty conscience kept her from asking for them.

The second month had almost passed when her mother said to her one day, "Rosa, why do you not wear the coral beads?"

"Why," cried Rosa in surprise, "Mother, you have never given them to me. Where are they?"

"Almost six weeks ago I put them under the shoe-box in the corner of your closet," replied her mother. "Do you think you deserve them, Rosa?"

"No," replied honest little Rosa, blushing. "I know that I don't, mother, and I am sorry and ashamed; but if you will please keep them for two months I will do my very best to have earned them by then." That was the best punishment she could think of for herself.

"Very well," replied her mother, "you shall have another chance."

After that I do not think any one could have hidden a pin in the closet that Rosa would not have found, for she kept her closet so very neat and clean.—*Child's Hour.*

A Pretty Game.

The sun and rain in fickle weather
Were playing hide-and-seek together,
And each in turn would try to chase
The other from his hiding-place.
At last they met to say good-bye;
And, lo! a rainbow spanned the sky.

—*Anna M. Pratt.*

Marjorie Jean's Dolls.

It was afternoon in the nursery. The lovely Doll Betty, dressed in pale blue silk, reclined on a satin sofa. When she had first come to live at Marjorie Jean's house, she had brought a trunk full of fine clothes. Marjorie liked this blue dress the best, and she said so very many nice things about Doll Betty that this pretty dollie became very vain, and would not speak to the rag doll, who had lived in Marjorie Jean's nursery for ten years most.

"She's a vain, hateful thing!" said the Jap doll, who in a far corner of the nursery was cooking some beans at a tiny stove, over a very hot make-believe fire.

"She is that!" declared black Dinah, trotting the baby doll till it cried aloud.

But Raggerty Ann said, "If Marjorie Jean loves Doll Betty—we must be kind to her—only—she used to love me." Raggerty Ann's voice was very wistful.

"And it's yersilf that's worth tin of her," said the Irish boy doll, who was the gardener. "Here's a bloom I was after pickin' from the carpet flowers to prisint to yer."

Raggerty Ann took the big scarlet blossom, thanked her kind friends, and smiled a little—only a very little, for her heart was lonely for Marjorie Jean.

Next morning no little girl came to the nursery. "What's happened, I wonder!" said the Jap doll as he opened a bean-bag to get more beans for breakfast.

"She is usually here as soon as the sun's up," said Dinah. Some one was opening the door and speaking softly. They said that Marjorie Jean was very ill.

"Well, I'm glad of it!" said Doll Betty.

"What!" cried the other dolls, in astonishment. "Glad that Marjorie Jean is sick?"

"Yes, I am," snapped Doll Betty. "She rumples my lovely silk dress and combs the curls out of my beautiful hair."

"Oh dear! Oh, dear!" sobbed Raggerty Ann, softly. "If only I might lie on Marjorie's bed. If only she could love me a little."

Then some one at the door was saying, "Which doll did she want?" The dolls held their breath. Of course, it would be Betty!

"She wants Raggerty Ann," Mother replied, and some one carried the delighted rag doll in to Marjorie Jean.

Oh, how happy, happy was Raggerty Ann, for was not Marjorie Jean calling her dear pet names, and did she not fall asleep at last with Raggerty Ann close to her cheek?

"Please, Mother," Marjorie Jean said one morning a week later, "won't you give Doll Betty to the little girl who hasn't a dollie? Because you see I just love Raggerty Ann." *Grace May North, in the Pacific.*

Lucy and Agnes.

It was raining. Lucy sat by the window, stringing beads. She was threading an Easter chain, two pink beads and one white, separated by soft green, like May-flower blossoms.

Agnes was asleep. Presently Agnes opened her blue eyes. Lucy said, "Are you hungry, dear?" But Agnes did not answer. She went to sleep again. Lucy's mother opened the door softly. "Who is ready for a tea-party?" Lucy and Agnes were always ready for a tea-party.

Mother brought a little blue tray painted with daisies. On it were two crisp cookies, a glass of milk, and a small bottle of milk. Agnes woke up again and snuggled up to Lucy. They were very cozy and comfortable together.

Lucy drank her milk and ate both cookies. Agnes waited until Lucy had finished. Afterward she drank every drop of milk from the bottle. When she drank, she wiggled from her soft head to her feet. For Agnes was a baby lamb, and Lucy loved her dearly. *The Churchman.*

One day, as a man with a grind-organ was on the street, Nellie, four years old, came running to her mother, and said: "O mamma, come quick! There's a man out here with a big coffee-mill, and when the man grinds it the music comes out."

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Bliss, Mary S. Brooks, Alliston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY
679 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

American Unitarian Association.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The first meeting of the board of directors for the new fiscal year was held on Friday, May 29, at 2 P.M. Present: Messrs. Atherton, Brown, Dole, Eliot, Fox, Howe, Hutchinson, Kyle, Little, Richardson, Sprague, Wiers, Williams, and Wilson, Miss Bancroft and Mrs. Coolidge.

The Standing Committees appointed by the president for the year were announced as follows:—

Finance, Messrs. Atherton, Hutchinson, Little, Richardson, and Williams; *Publication*, Messrs. Ames, Brown, Dole, Pierce, and Miss Bancroft; *New England*, Messrs. Carr, Homer, Kyle, Little, and Robinson; *Middle States*, Messrs. Hiscock, Pierce, Sprague, Wiers, and Mrs. Loud; *Southern*, Messrs. Hawley, Landon, Richardson, Soulé, and Miss Bancroft; *Western*, Messrs. Ames, Hawley, Landon, Sprague, and Mrs. Lombard; *Rocky Mountain*, Messrs. Gibson, Kyle, Little, Osgood, and Mrs. Dinsmoor; *Pacific*, Messrs. Davis, Dole, Osgood, Pierce, and Mrs. Coolidge; *Canadian Northwest*, Messrs. Ames, Homer, Kyle, Osgood, and Mrs. Loud; *Foreign*, Messrs. Davis, Kyle, Richardson, Sprague, and Miss Bancroft; *College Centres*, Messrs. Atherton, Dole, Homer, Landon, and Mrs. Lombard; *Comity and Fellowship*, Messrs. Carr, Homer, Hawley, Pierce, and Mrs. Coolidge; *New Americans*, Messrs. Brown, Hawley, Robinson, Sprague, and Mrs. Dinsmoor; *Publicity*, Messrs. Atherton, Little, Wiers, Mrs. Dinsmoor, and Mrs. Lombard; *Social and Public Service*, Messrs. Dole, Landon, Robinson, Wiers, and Mrs. Coolidge; *Executive*, Messrs. Atherton, Hutchinson, Kyle, Richardson, and Williams; *Library*, Messrs. Brown, Eliot, Howe, Miss Bancroft, and Mrs. Lombard.

The treasurer announced his appointment of Messrs. Brown and Hutchinson as "the two other directors" to serve with himself for the present year as the Standing Committee on Church Building Loan Fund, as provided in Article XX. of the by-laws.

The board then chose Mr. Brown as "the one director who shall be a minister" to constitute, with the president and the treasurer, the Committee on Ministerial Aid, as provided in Article XXI. of the by-laws.

On nomination by the president it was

Voted, To appoint the following Department secretaries: Departments of Foreign Relations and Comity and Fellowships, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D.; Department of Religious Education, Rev. William I. Lawrance, secretary; Rev. Florence Buck, associate secretary; Department of Social and Public Service, Rev. Elmer S. Forbes; Publication Agent, F. Stanley Howe.

Voted, To appoint the following field secretaries: Rev. William Channing Brown, Rev. Frank W. Pratt, Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, D.D. (for six months from May 1).

The Finance Committee reported through the treasurer the following division of the Maintenance Budget for the year beginning May 1, 1914:—

Unitarian Building Account, including telephone clerk and janitors, with expense for heating, lighting, repairs, insurance, telephone, elevator, hospitality, library, etc.	$5,000.00
Retiring Allowance of Assistant Secretary Emeritus	1,800.00
Salary of Treasurer's Clerk	1,200.00
Salaries of Reception Room Clerk and Stenographers (4)	3,100.00
General office expenses, stationery, postage, printing, etc.	3,000.00
	$15,000.00

The Finance Committee further reported its recommendations regarding salaries as follows:—

From the Home Mission Budget:	
Salaries of president, secretary, assistant secretary, and treasurer	$13,000.00
From the Publication Budget:	
Salaries of clerks and stenographer (3)	2,500.00
Salaries of shipper and messenger (2)	1,820.00
From the General Merchandise Account:	
Salary of publication agent	1,800.00

It was voted to adopt the above recommendations.

The various Department Committees then presented their reports, giving their distribution of appropriations for the year beginning May 1, 1914, unless otherwise specified, and with the understanding that the appropriations are primarily for the salaries of the ministers.

The reports were adopted, and the appropriations made as follows:—

NEW ENGLAND STATES:	
Ellsworth, Me.	$300.00
Farmington, Me.	200.00
Yarmouth, Me.	200.00
Green Harbor, Mass.	100.00
Haverhill, Mass.	200.00
Sandwich, Mass.	150.00
Gardner, Mass.	100.00
New London, Conn.	400.00
Committee on Supply of Pulpits	600.00
Summer work	375.00
Preaching Stations and Contingencies	475.00
	$3,000.00
MIDDLE STATES:	
Albany, N.Y. (Rev. C. Graves)	$300.00
Dunkirk, N.Y. (Rev. H. J. Adlard)	200.00
Schenectady, N.Y.	200.00
Flushing, N.Y. (under certain conditions)	350.00
White Plains, N.Y. (Rev. J. A. Fairley)	600.00
Elizabeth, N.J. (Rev. J. A. Kyle)	600.00
Summit, N.J. ($75 per month for six months, $50 per month for six months)	750.00
Lancaster, Pa. (Rev. E. H. Reeman)	600.00
Pittsburgh, Pa. (Northside), (Rev. C. E. Snyder)	720.00
Wheeling, W. Va. (Rev. H. A. Penn)	800.00
Hamilton, Ont. (on certain conditions)	500.00
Ottawa, Ont. ($50 per month for six months, $25 per month for six months)	450.00
Work at Chautauqua, N.Y., a sum not to exceed	300.00
Missionary Work in Middle States (at the discretion of the secretary)	130.00
	$6,500.00
SOUTHERN STATES:	
Richmond, Va.	$1,000.00
Highland Springs, Va.	300.00
Memphis, Tenn. (at the discretion of the secretary)	800.00
Jacksonville, Fla. (at the discretion of the secretary)	600.00
Orlando, Fla.	500.00
Florida Circuit	500.00
North Carolina Circuit	500.00
San Antonio, Tex.	1,200.00
Houston, Tex. (at the discretion of the secretary)	1,000.00
Lynchburg and Roanoke, Va. (at the discretion of the secretary)	$50.00
Rev. E. E. Brown, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.	750.00
	$8,000.00
WESTERN STATES:	
Youngstown, Ohio ($50 for May and June, and after a minister is settled at rate of $700 a year)	$700.00
Wichita, Kan.	400.00
Third Church, Chicago	350.00
North Michigan Circuit (to be paid at the rate of $400 per year after the settlement of a minister)	400.00
Oklahoma City, Okla. ($100 per month for six months, $75 per month for six months,)	1,050.00
Contingencies	100.00
	$3,000.00
ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES:	
Colorado Springs, Col. (Rev. T. S. Robjent)	$700.00
Butte, Mont. (Rev. T. C. Brockway)	400.00
Great Falls, Mont. (Rev. M. Lilliefors)	400.00
Salt Lake City, Utah (Rev. J. Malick: $100 per month for six months, $75 per month for six months)	1,050.00
Contingencies (at the discretion of the Secretary)	300.00
	$2,850.00
PACIFIC STATES:	
Bellingham, Wash. (Rev. F. A. Weil)	$600.00
Tacoma, Wash. (Rev. M. Dawson at the discretion of the president, $100 per month for six months, $50 per month for six months)	900.00
Hood River, Ore. (for two months from May 1)	$50.00
Salem, Ore. (Rev. R. F. Tischer)	400.00
Eureka, Cal. (at the rate of $40 per month on settlement of a minister), not to exceed	400.00
Woodland, Cal. (Rev. Charles Pease)	200.00
Santa Rosa, Cal. (for three months, pending the sale of the present property)	150.00
Stockton, Cal. (Rev. A. B. Heeb)	600.00
San José, Cal. (Rev. O. P. Shrout)	150.00
Santa Cruz, Cal.	300.00
Redlands, Cal. (Rev. D. M. Kirkpatrick: $50 per month for six months, $25 per month for six months)	450.00
Hemet, Cal. (Rev. William Pearce)	250.00
Long Beach, Cal. (Rev. F. A. Watry)	600.00
Hanford, Cal., and vicinity ($50 per month after the settlement of a minister), sum not to exceed	600.00
Travel and expenses of Field Secretary	300.00
	$5,050.00
CANADIAN NORTHWEST:	
Winnipeg (Rev. H. Westwood)	$960.00
Edmonton (Rev. C. F. Potter)	600.00
Vancouver (Rev. G. C. Sharpe)	360.00
Victoria ($50 per month after the settlement of a minister, and $140 toward traveling expenses)	400.00
Field Work in Western Canada (under the direction of Rev. H. Westwood)	240.00
Contingencies	150.00
	$2,800.00
NEW AMERICANS:	
Work of Rev. Amandus Norman, Hauska, Minn. (Norwegian)	$300.00
Work of Rev. Risto Lappala (Finnish)	660.00
Work of Rev. Powhatan Bagnall, Boston	600.00
Work of Rev. F. A. Taglialatela (Italians)	1,000.00
Work of Rev. David Holmgren, Minn. (Swedish)	400.00
Work of Rev. H. H. Vartiainen, Red Lodge, Mont. (Finnish)	600.00
Icelandic Work (Manitoba and Saskatchewan)	900.00
	$4,460.00
DEPARTMENT OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGE CENTRES:	
Ithaca, N.Y.	$1,000.00
Ann Arbor, Mich.	900.00
Amherst, Mass.	350.00
Exeter, N.H.	300.00
Iowa City, Ia.	900.00
Lawrence, Kan. (at the rate of $900 for six months, $600 for six months)	850.00
Palo Alto, Cal. (at the rate of $900 for six months, $800 for six months)	850.00
Urbana, Ill.	840.00
Seattle, Wash. ($100 a month from settlement of a minister), the total sum not to exceed	1,000.00
Eugene, Ore. ($50 a month from settlement of a minister), the total sum not to exceed	300.00
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	600.00
	$7,790.00
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION:	
Salaries of Secretary, Associate Secretary, Lecturer (four months), and Clerk	$7,000.00
The Beacon	500.00
Bulletins	500.00
Summer Institutes	500.00
Travel	500.00
	$9,000.00
DEPARTMENT OF COMITY AND FELLOWSHIP:	
One-half of salary of the Secretary	$1,250.00
Expenses of the National Federation, Massachusetts Federation, and Contingencies	550.00
	$1,800.00
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL AND PUBLIC SERVICE:	
Salary of Secretary	$2,500.00
Bulletins	1,000.00
Field Work, Travel, Conferences, and Contingencies	1,200.00
	$4,700.00
DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN RELATIONS:	
One-half of salary of the Secretary	$1,250.00
Salary of representative in Japan, and other expenses of the work in Japan	4,200.00
The Association of Free Believers in Italy	800.00
The Consistory of the Unitarian Churches in Hungary	250.00
The Unitarian Association in Bulgaria	250.00
The work of Rev. R. Walbaum in Alsey, Germany	250.00
Office Expenses	250.00
	$7,000.00

Voted, To appropriate from the Budget for Field Secretaries the following salaries:—

One-half the salary of the Field Agent in the Middle States and Eastern Canada to September 1	$400.00
One-half the salary of the Field Secretary on the Pacific Coast to November 1	600.00
Salary of Rev. William Channing Brown, Field Secretary	2,400.00
Salary of Rev. Frank W. Pratt, Field Secretary	2,400.00
	$5,800.00

The Finance Committee reported through

the treasurer the following vote, which was adopted:—

Voted, That the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, be and hereby is authorized in the name of and in behalf of the American Unitarian Association to enter into such agreement for the settlement of the claim of the Association arising under the will of Georgianna Merrill, late of Boston, deceased, and any matters arising out of the will of said Georgianna Merrill in which this Association may be interested, as he may see fit, and to affix the corporate seal of and to execute the same in behalf of the American Unitarian Association.

It appearing that the terms of the Sweetser bequest prevent its use for the purpose of the proposed conferences in the Orient, it was

Voted, To omit in paragraph 1 of page 295, Volume 10, of the records of the board the words "the same to be repaid to the reserve fund upon the receipt of the unrestricted residuary bequest of the late Seth K. Sweetser."

The plans for the proposed mission were discussed, but no action was taken.

Upon recommendation of the Committee on Schools and College Centres, Mr. Frank B. Crandall and Mr. Milton E. Muder were appointed Perkins Fellows for the coming year.

A communication from the Alliance regarding *Word and Work* was referred to the publication agent.

The policy of making all payments of aid to churches in the future liens on the property was discussed, also the question of standardizing salaries in the aided churches, but no action was taken.

As this meeting was to take the place of the regular June meeting of the board, adjournment was taken at 4.40 P.M. until the second Tuesday in September.

LEWIS G. WILSON,
Secretary.

The Alliance.

At the meeting of the executive board of the Alliance, held on Friday, June 12, much time was spent in the discussion of plans for the coming year. Miss Bancroft reported having attended the Connecticut Valley Associate Alliance meeting at Hartford, the Worcester Conference at Hopedale, and the Maine Conference at Augusta, and that all were of much interest.

Mrs. Peterson stated that Rev. Francis M. McHale has been invited to make the address at the laying of the corner-stone of a Baptist church, and that he is constantly having opportunities to preach in new places, through addresses at Masonic meetings.

In connection with the report of the International Committee a letter was read from Mrs. Sarah Crompton of Australia, who had been in Boston during Anniversary Week, in which she said: "We thoroughly enjoyed our short but splendid visit to Boston, greatly owing to the kindness and hospitality of the Unitarians. You can have no idea of the feeling we had at the Festival when listening to the murmuring of voices, to think that it came from Unitarians; it seemed too good to be true. I hope one of these days that we can have meetings of Unitarians in Australia. We are few in number and scattered, but it would be helpful if we could manage it." Extracts were also read from letters received by Mrs. Mary Fifield King from W. E. Richards, who is connected with the Military Accounts Department of the British army in India. After reference to the various forms of Christianity prevailing in India, he says: "Yet there are others whose aspirations and spiritual desires find none of these congenial, but who still desire to associate with their fellow-men in worship and communion. With such I would like to associate myself for the founding of a Free Church. I want to see faith established on a basis of present-day knowledge and the truth, not on any ancient and obsolete cosmology or philosophy. I wonder shall I ever see an American or British Unitarian missionary working permanently in the Punjab?"

Mrs. J. G. Henry of Winchendon has been elected a director for Massachusetts to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. Joseph N. White, and Mrs. Ernest C. Smith has been elected vice-president for the Western States to succeed Mrs. Emma Noble Delano, resigned. The resignation of Mrs. Frederick T. Lord, after many years' service as chairman of the Post-office Mission Committee, and of Mrs. Margaret C. Pratt, director for Western Canada, were both accepted with regret.

Appeals for Wheeling, W. Va., and for Bellingham, Wash., have been approved, and will be placed before the branches in the early fall.

Alliance Headquarters will be closed at four o'clock during July and August. The formation of a new branch at Hubbardston, with Mrs. Lucy M. Lovell as president, was announced by the New England vice-president.

The board accepted an invitation from the New York League for the Alliance to hold a public conference in New York City on the second Friday of December, the regular meeting of the executive board to be held in the forenoon of the same day.

The next meeting will be held on September 11.

GRACE M. BURT.

The Free Religious Association.

The annual convention of the Free Religious Association of America, in Ford Hall, on May 29, was well attended and representative of the society's ideals and aims. The topic for consideration in the morning was "Free Religion and World Brotherhood." Rev. Charles W. Wendte, who presided, said that two great events of our time had chiefly led to its adoption: first, the opening this summer of the new world's highway, the Panama Canal, bringing our own and other nations into more convenient and speedy access to the peoples of Southern and far Eastern hemispheres, together with the vast transformations in the commercial, social, political, and religious life of the world, which are sure to follow this increased intercourse of nations and civilizations with each other; and, secondly, the ominous and threatening relations with our nearest Southern neighbor, Mexico, into which the people of the United States have been suddenly plunged by unforeseen and unfortunate political and military exigencies. At such a time no utterance from the Association's platform could be more timely and needed than a strong, united affirmation of world brotherhood, conceived from the standpoint of a free and inclusive religion, a religion whose sympathy is not limited to its own particular country or church or form of faith, but includes every form of human aspiration and worship the world over, and a brotherhood which is not confined within national and racial lines.

The addresses which followed treated of varying aspects of this theme. Rev. Charles E. Beals, who, after some years of admirable service in Chicago as the representative of the American Peace Society, has returned to New England for important literary and public work, spoke first on the religious conditions of the present day, and the encouraging evidences of a rational, progressive, and fraternal spirit in the great denominations of the land. He closed with a well-considered and well-put appeal for international justice and peace, in the light of the experiences and needs of to-day. Mr. Rolfe Cobleigh, associate editor of the *Congregationalist*, devoted his remarks mainly to the social side of religion, presenting a programme of humanitarian and brotherly service, which included many of the great social reforms of our time, and laying special emphasis on our paramount domestic problem, the uplift of the ten million negroes in the United States. No assertion of human brotherhood could be genuine or effective which had not as its first article justice and equal rights to our colored brethren. Rev. Charles W. Wendte spoke on world religion from the point of view of the Free Religious Association. Citing at some length the past utterances of the leaders of this movement,—Ralph Waldo Emerson, William J. Potter, Samuel Johnson, Thomas W. Higginson, Lewis G. Janes, John W. Chadwick, Lucretia Mott, Julia Ward Howe, and others,—he showed that in their spirit and aims these eminent minds were far in advance of their contemporaries in their advocacy of world religion and world brotherhood, and prophets and initiators of that larger interpretation of religion and religious fellowship to which the races and religions of mankind are now slowly approximating. In conclusion, Mr. Wendte outlined a series of Oriental conferences for the expression of inter-religious sympathy, which he and others were organizing under the auspices of the Unitarian churches of America. All honor to them! But it was the Free Religious Association from which the Unitarian and other progressive bodies of the country had mainly derived this larger vision of international brotherhood and the essential unity of religions.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., followed with a brief and interesting account of the present conditions of liberal religion in Japan, China, and India, countries which he has recently visited, and the cordial and effective co-operation which these communities, representing eight or ten of the great non-christian religions of the earth, would extend to the proposed Oriental conferences. These addresses of the morning will appear in full in the annual report of the society.

The annual festival was held in the afternoon, nearly two hundred persons having secured dinner tickets. Rev. Edward Cummings presided with tact and wit, and the spirit of good fellowship prevailed. The speaking was excellent. The general topic was "The Stranger within our Gates." Rabbi Harry Levi of Boston made an able address, condensing into his speech a surprising amount of information concerning immigration into this country and its conse-

Digitized by Google

quences, closing with an earnest plea for large-mindedness and hospitality. Rev. Abraham Rihbany of Boston, relapsing for the moment into his earlier Syrian experiences, spoke words of sanity and cheer on the same topic, and with a most delicious humor. Mr. J. G. Kasai of Japan made an impassioned plea for international courtesy and justice, especially as it regarded his own fellow-countrymen in the United States. He warned the citizens of the latter not to call into existence national and racial hostilities on the part of the great Asiatic peoples now awakening to a new consciousness of political and economic power.

Mrs. Powhatan Bagnall spoke with blended feeling and force in behalf of her own people, the colored element in the American republic, recounting their loyalty and showing the remarkable advance made during the past fifty years. Revs. W. R. Lord and C. W. Wendte added their word, and finally the speaking closed with an address, in irreproachable English and of lofty sentiment, by Swami Paramananda of India, who dwelt on the larger unities of thought and life by which the diversities of color, race, speech, and religion might be reconciled into harmony and good will.

At the annual business meeting of the society, held the day previous, the work of the year was reported on. It was voted to print a new edition of Col. T. W. Higginson's notable tract, "The Sympathy of Religions," for circulation in connection with the proposed Oriental congresses; also to consider favorably the holding of a convention, in conjunction with the Congress of Religion and the National Federation of Religious Liberals, at Exposition Hall, World's Panama Canal Fair, in San Francisco, on the 27th of August, 1915. The president, Rev. C. W. Wendte, having tendered his resignation, after four years of service, owing to a pressure of other duties and probable absence from the country during the ensuing year, Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York was elected in his place. Rev. Charles E. Beals of Stoughton was elected secretary in place of Rev. James H. West, who resigned for similar reasons, and Mr. William H. Hamlen, treasurer, in place of Mr. J. A. J. Wilcox, recently deceased. A balance of $2,004 was reported in the treasury. Suitable resolutions of condolence with the family of the deceased treasurer, and regret at losing the valued services of the retiring president and secretary, were passed. Rev. Frank O. Hall of New York, Mr. Emerson P. Harris of Montclair, N.J., Miss Sarah Eddy of Providence, and Mrs. Emma E. Marean of Cambridge were added to the list of directors.

Spirit of the Press.

In *The Living Church*, "Presbyter Ignotus," who is not really "*ignotus*" in any sense, comments thus on Dr. Vernon's address of Anniversary Week:

When some excellent champions of immediate reunion of all bodies even nominally Christian, consider that Congregationalism, *e.g.*, has absolutely no standards of faith other than those which any local group can fix or destroy, and that the whole tendency among Congregationalists to-day is away from the old Faith, they will perhaps realize that union with them would mean separation from all who hold the historic doctrine of Christendom. Does some one think I put the case too strongly? On May 4, in Pilgrim Hall, Boston, Dr. A. W. Vernon of the Harvard Congregational Church of Brookline explicitly denied the Virgin Birth, and said that "people in Brookline" would not accept such teaching as that of the Gospels. A gallant defender of the old Faith, Dr. Conrad, declared that Dr. Vernon's address, on "What We Believe About Jesus," might have been made by a Buddhist or a Confucian, but it was not the Gospel that could convert the world. Quite true; yet Dr. Vernon's status in the Congregational body is as good as Dr. Conrad's, and he is responsible only to his own local organization. One cannot help smiling a little, however, at the characteristic insolence of misbelief: "*Out in Brookline* people will not believe the Virgin Birth"! We have three churches in Brookline into which no one can be admitted a member except upon affirmation of the Virgin Birth. Probably a third of the population is Roman Catholic. There are Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians whose loyalty to that truth is unquestioned. Yet, because Dr. Vernon and his Unitarian and "liberal" Congregational associates deny it, he presumes to speak for "the people of Brookline." It is the familiar egotism which talks of "the consent of sound scholarship," and of "all thoughtful men."

Dr. Lauchlan Maclean Watt, writing for the London *Christian World* about the spirit of the recent Presbyterian Assembly in Scotland, says:

The main interest of the General Assembly this year lies naturally along the line of the reunion of Presbyterianism in Scotland. People outside of Scotland cannot understand the bitterness of antagonism which, during probably the larger part of the past sixty years, poisoned the stream of Scottish religion. The Scot is an ecclesiastic almost above all things. The two things which made and moulded him, and which lie at the root of the psychology of his history, were his struggle for national liberty in the fourteenth century and the struggle for his religious liberty in the sixteenth and seventeenth. These two things made the Scotsman distinctively a patriot and a Churchman. The love of country and the love of God, as expressed in a formulated and dogmatic theology, have colored all his life and story, and guided and directed every effort and activity of his race. There is no sermon-taster like a Scottish old woman, because the literature of the peasantry of Scotland for generations has been the wordy eloquence of a polemical pulpit, in which the most gravely abstruse and unfathomably deep subjects of church government and church doctrine were constant topics. Naturally, therefore, when their ministers disagreed—and this was, unfortunately, a very frequent occurrence, Scottish ministers being, above all things, extremely human, men of passion as well as prejudice—the people rushed eagerly into the fray along with them, with the result that the country ever since the Reformation has been divided up into camps and camplets, which not only struggled against each other for what they felt to be the truth, but which had also a discomforting knack of being convinced that all the world besides was entirely wrong. The Scotland of to-day has, in consequence, inherited, amongst much of real moment, innumerable shadowy grounds of quarrel and dialectic of division. The feeling of the Assembly is, however, in the main, anticipation filled with hope. The weakening influence of sectarian strife, the sinfulness of the concentrated waste of men and money, the folly of ecclesiastical division in the face of the united forces of evil, are all beginning to be seen and understood. That union must inevitably come to realization is amongst the clearer convictions of all thinking men. But prayerful patience is required both on the part of those who would accelerate the consummation and those who hesitatingly shrink from taking the forward step.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Liquor Blindness Once More.

If there were 105,000 arrests in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts a year for any cause except drunkenness, what a commotion would sweep the State! But we are so "liquor blind" that nothing is said and nothing is done. If arrests for any cause except drunkenness increased some 5,000 annually, what a stir there would be among our legislators and "uplifters"! But we are so "liquor blind" that nobody seems to care. If any other set of men held editors and officials in thraldom, as brewers and distillers do at present, what a vigorous outcry there would be! But we are so "liquor blind" that the evil tyranny passes unheeded and unrebuked. If any vicious and lawless interest, like gambling or prostitution (causing far less harm than drink), should desecrate landscapes and cars by false and suggestive advertisements, as the beer and whiskey makers do, how loud would be the condemnation, and how quickly a stop would be put to this billboard profanity! But we are so "liquor blind" that we ignore the profanation and walk in silence where the very stones might be expected to cry aloud in hot protest in behalf of innocent children.

Mr. John Galsworthy is an English writer of distinction who has a tender heart and a fine spirit. He has recently written a vigorous protest against what he calls "the heartlessness of Parliament." He makes a catalogue of ten evils that need at once to be corrected by legislation: (1) Sweating of women workers; (2) Insufficient feeding of children; (3) Ruinous employment of children; (4) Foul housing; (5) Cruelty to paupers who *may* be insane; (6) Cruel treatment of old horses; (7) The docking of horses; (8) The caging of birds; (9) Cruel methods of slaughtering animals; (10) Robbing wild birds of plumage.

Surely an interesting list of matters that need attention, but an impressive illustration of the "liquor blindness," which is so common—and so unfortunate. Not a reference to the gigantic and multitudinous evils of drink! How few women suffering in sweat-shops in comparison with the thousands who suffer on account of the drink curse! Also, how few would be driven to sweat-shops, were it not for the waste and misery due to the use of liquors!

How pitifully small and insignificant

Digitized by Google

these evils, as a rule, in comparison with the monstrous evils which centre in, and flow from, the saloon. Underfed children? Yes! But with nearly two thousand million dollars worse than wasted on liquor in our nation, it is not surprising that thousands of children are hungry. The arrest of 105,000 "drunks" in Massachusetts in one year is the chief reason why so many children have to leave school and go to work. The brewers have deposited their bread-money in the bank: the boy and girl have to help support the family because the father spends so much at the saloon or loses his job because intemperate. The same may be said of foul housing. Why in that miserable tenement? Count the dimes paid over the bar at the corner, and see where the money goes that would pay the rent of a wholesome home.

Undoubtedly some paupers are wrongfully declared insane in certain localities. But why make so much of these few cases of injustice, and ignore the drink curse, which is chiefly responsible for all pauperism and largely responsible for much insanity? What but "liquor blindness" can explain why an intelligent man like Mr. Galsworthy should be so wrought up over a lot of secondary evils, and at the same time be so indifferent to a matter which, as President Eliot has recently stated, concerns the very existence of the white race, especially in the Orient.

The "heartlessness" of docking horses: what an awful matter that is, indeed! A horse without a tail is in some discomfort during a short "fly-time." But what about the thousands of babes who die before they are a year old because parents drink? What about the thousands of children who are cruelly treated by drunken fathers? What about the thousands of children who will go through life diseased, deformed, defective, because the saloon flourishes? Is not a child without a normal brain an object more deserving of sympathy than a docked horse? Is there anything in the wide world more surprisingly *heartless* than this "liquor blindness" which at present afflicts so many of our social reformers?

Pity the caged bird? Yes! But why not pity the 105,000 men, women, and children caged in jails and lockups in Massachusetts every year? Pity the cattle cruelly slaughtered? Yes! But why not pity the wives and mothers in want and tears because husbands and sons drink? Pity the mother-bird that is robbed of plumage to decorate a fashionable hat? Yes! But why not pity the young man ruined by the corner-saloon, which would be closed in a day if so many of us were not "liquor blind"?

But hopeful signs multiply, which show us that everywhere eyes are opening, and that the drink curse is coming to be seen in its awful character and vast proportions by an increasing number of people. Recently that great Chicago daily, the *Record-Herald*, has announced that it will no longer print liquor advertisements, a noble step forward, which others will be compelled to take. A few days ago a prominent Englishman made this statement: "I regard the temperance movement as an imperial question—affecting the vitality of the nation. If we can conquer our drinking habit, we shall continue an empire; if it maintains its grip on our self-indulgence, we shall go down before nations of stronger will-power." May the "liquor blindness" which at present afflicts so many intelligent people speedily disappear! When the superstition that liquor is a necessity vanishes, and the evils of drink are really appreciated by the masses, then the great day of emancipation will be at hand.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

BOSTON, MASS.

Books Wanted.

Books on liberal religion and the modern view of the Bible are needed in the new movement at North Bend, Ore. The numerous inquiries about our faith led me to select twenty-two of my own books for a church loan library, to be loaned to members of the congregation at the close of every preaching service. The books are being used in a way that justifies continuance and extension of this means of education. The chief trouble is that few of my books are suited to the needs of beginners in Unitarianism.

Contributions of books will be most gratefully accepted.

ARTHUR HAYES SARGENT.

NORTH BEND, ORE.

Anniversary Hospitality.

In bringing to a close the season's work, the Unitarian Hospitality Committee for Anniversary Week desires again to express its appreciation for the efficient help rendered and for all the assistance that made possible the hospitality for 1914.

To the churches of Boston and the suburbs, to Alliance Branches, and to individuals who generously contributed money, flowers, and personal service, thanks are especially due. We therefore take this opportunity of acknowledging these favors.

For the Unitarian Hospitality Committee,

GRACE R. TORR,
Secretary.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Report of the Union-at-Large.

The Union-at-Large has just completed its seventh year, being organized in 1906-07. The idea was taken from a similar committee connected with the Young People's Christian Union of our sister church. The originator of the idea was Miss Elizabeth Loring, now Mrs. Thomas Weston, Jr., of West Newton, Mass. Miss Loring was also the efficient chairman for several years, and it is on the firm foundation she built that the work has gone on.

The Union-at-Large was founded in hopes of carrying to Unitarian friends away from home, either in business or at school, the encouraging word of the Unitarian church and of keeping them in touch with its work. Last year the work extended from coast to coast and from Texas to Canada; and this year we have been able to extend even farther, going into Germany and Porto Rico.

From sixty-five to eighty-two copies of *Word and Work*, and some interesting sermons, have been sent out each month. At the time of the fair a pledge-card was en-

Deaths.

MR. WILLIAM W. JUSTICE.

Our church in Germantown and the entire city of Philadelphia has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. William W. Justice, which took place suddenly on Sunday, May 24.

By his sterling qualities of character and his progressive spirit, Mr. Justice had won for himself a place of prominence in the business world as a wool merchant. In 1895 he retired from active business, and thereafter devoted much of his time and energy to the public welfare. By his disinterested service, his untiring zeal in the cause of public education, his firm loyalty to the highest ideals of municipal government, he won the love and gratitude of all who knew him.

Mr. Justice did his work very quietly; he disliked newspaper publicity; yet for the last half-century there has hardly been a great cause in our city for the common good in which he did not take a helpful part.

One of the typical deeds of his early manhood was to escort a fugitive slave from Philadelphia to Camden on the "underground" route to Canada and freedom. Following this, he taught in an evening colored school, and still later helped in the establishment of a school and home for the orphans of colored soldiers killed in the war. He helped start the first kindergartens in Philadelphia, and was instrumental in having them finally made a part of the public-school system. He was one of those who early saw the need of manual training in the schools, and insisted upon various forms of handicraft for girls and boys becoming part of the curriculum. In 1905 he was made chairman of the Education Commission by the governor, and the new School Code which resulted has been of incalculable good to the children of our city.

Together with Dr. Ames and a few others, he established the Germantown Relief Society in 1873, and later, seeing the need of co-operation in dealing with the problem of poverty, he became one of the founders of the Society for Organizing Charity in Philadelphia.

His services were constantly sought in many directions, and it is amazing how much he was able to do in addition to meeting the duties of his successful business career. He was for many years on the board of trustees of our Germantown church, and was also a vice-president of the Middle States Conference. He was a director of the Philadelphia Saving Fund, of the Germantown Saving Fund, and of several other banks and financial institutions. Such was the confidence in Mr. Justice's name and character that he was constantly asked to serve on finance committees, and throughout all his long life he gave much time and energy to the important work of raising money for good and often unpopular causes. He was an ardent reformer in politics, believing that the republican form of government would fail unless honest merchants in large cities took an active interest in politics. He was therefore active as a member of the famous Committee of One Hundred, and recently the Committee of Seventy, which rendered such great service in behalf of good government in Philadelphia.

He was constantly appealed to for help and advice in difficult questions, and wherever he lent his helping hand he raised things to a higher plane. Thus many people came to love him, and now our city and our church, as well as those most near and dear to him, miss his cheerful presence.

O. B. H.

WANTED. A willing, able-bodied boy of 16 would like to find work on a New England farm for the summer. Address, Arthur D. Starbuck, 106 Hillside Avenue, Arlington Heights, Mass.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Diseases
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN
TEMPLETON, MASS.
Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.
Address Manager.

Digitized by Google

closed and in February a printed statement of Abraham Lincoln and one by Dr. Charles W. Eliot were enclosed.

Fifty new members have been added. Two resigned,—one because she was living where she had all the advantages of our church, and one because he was receiving Unitarian literature from a friend. Six have been dropped because they failed to send change of address, and the chairman was unable to find them. Every few years those members with whom the chairman is not in direct touch are written to and the address verified. Sometimes it takes several letters, written to different places, to find one address. So it would be a great help to the work if those sending in the names of friends would also notify the Union-at-Large when those friends make a change. Two dollars and a half have been received from members.

I cannot say just how many letters have been written this year, but the answers and thanks most of them brought certainly more than repaid for any work that has been put into the Union. When you realize that in a great many instances the receiver is the only Unitarian in the community, or there are but one or two others, you can but feel glad that you have been able to bring so much pleasure to them, for one can never know what it is to be away from his own religion until he has tried it. In one place I have watched the work grow from one enjoying the literature to a Sunday-school class of five being formed.

The only limit to this work is the amount of money that can be spared for it; and it is hoped that any one going from home or having a friend away will notify either the chairman of this committee or Miss Grace R. Torr, secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ALMIRA E. SIMMONS,
Chairman of the Union-at-Large

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At Manchester-by-the-Sea, First Unitarian Church, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham of Arlington Street Church, Boston, will preach, Sunday, June 21.

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from Edward Perry Daniels, of the Meadville Theological School, an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this Committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, Secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Meetings.

THE WORCESTER CONFERENCE.—The regular spring session was held with the Hopedale Unitarian Parish in Hopedale on the evening of the 3d and the 4th of June. It opened with public worship, conducted by Rev. A. S. Garver of Worcester, pastor emeritus of the Second Parish in Worcester. The sermon was preached by Rev. Frank A. Rowell of Manchester, N.H. The devotional service, Thursday morning, June 4, was conducted by Rev. John Baltzly of Hudson. The chair was occupied by the first vice-president, Mr. Charles L. Wilder of Lancaster. The subject of discussion was "Our Local Missionary Work," and four fifteen-minute addresses were given by Messrs. Leavens of Fitchburg, Beane of Worcester, Bodwell of Harvard, and Garver of Worcester. After a full discussion by Messrs. Pardee, Foster, Elder, Duncan, Faxon, Hassal, Hubbard, Tomlin, Dutcher, Baltzly, Wood, it was unanimously *Resolved*, that the sum of $500, at the least, be raised by assessing the several churches of the Conference, to be spent, after deducting the necessary current expenses, in co-operation with the officers of the American Unitarian Association in carrying on local missionary work, including any aid rendered our weaker societies, approved by the board of directors of this Conference; and it was also *Resolved*, that the representatives of the several parishes be requested to secure, if possible, the amount of their assessment by a direct contribution from the congregation. Before the intermission, Rev. A. S. Garver, in behalf of the Hopedale church, invited the Conference to the luncheon, served in an adjoining hall. Upon reassembling, the report of the Credential Committee showed an attendance of 15 ministers, 83 delegates, and 120 visitors, a total of 218, which, considering the threatening state of the weather, told of the interest taken in missionary work. The subject of the afternoon, "The Work of our Unitarian Women," was presented by Miss Bancroft of Hopedale, president of the Alliance, Mrs. George T. Rice of Westwood, and Mrs. George Root of Winchester. Miss Bancroft urged every woman to become a dollar member of the National Alliance; Mrs. Rice emphasized the importance of the religious spirit; and Mrs. Root spoke of the importance of organizing social service committees in the churches, with a view to the reformation of social conditions. Rev. William S. Nichols of North Andover, secretary of the Essex Conference, spoke about organizing a New England Council for more efficient missionary work. The subject was referred to the directors. A vote of thanks to the Hopedale parish for its generous hospitality, and to the speakers, was passed. James C. Duncan, Secretary.

Churches.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Unitarian Chapel, Rev. Fred Alban Weil: The Chapel was filled May 24, when a memorial sermon was preached to the Civil War veterans and the allied organizations of women. On May 31, the minister exchanged with Rev. J. D. O. Powers of the First Unitarian Church, Seattle, who was greeted by a congregation which again filled the church. Mr. Powers's subject, "Why I became a Unitarian, and Why I remain One," was listened to attentively, and was productive of much good. Mr. Powers gave the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the State Normal School, in Bellingham, after preaching at the Chapel, speaking in the Normal auditorium at three o'clock in the afternoon. It marks an epoch to have a Unitarian give the sermon to the graduating class at this school, which has been antagonistic, although a State school, to Unitarianism. This advance has not been made, however, by apologizing for the name "Unitarian," but by glorifying it. Mr. Powers also, as president of the State peace society, led the devotional service at the peace pageant which followed later at the Normal School. This school work is really college-town work as identified with the Unitarian Chapel. On June 14, Flower Sunday, with christening, was observed in the Chapel. The closing Sunday before the summer interim will be June 28, with a sermon upon "Absence."

LEXINGTON, MASS.—First Congregational Society, Rev. John M. Wilson: This society joins this summer with the Hancock Church and the Baptist church in union services, three to be held in each church. Their announcement says: "There is a common spirit of goodness which declares itself in all seekers after truth, in workers for righteousness, in followers of Jesus, and in lovers of God. We worship together that we may confirm this divine influence and make it broadly effective among us. Thought and opinion may divide us, but in so far as we share this universal spirit of goodness, which is from God, we are brothers." Rev. Samuel Knowles, Rev. Henry T. Secrist, Rev. Charles W. Huntington, Dr. John H. George, Rev. Charles E. Aimar, Dr. George E. Martin, and Mr. Wilson are the preachers announced.

SHARON, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. T. J. Horner: On June 7 the tenth anniversary of Mr. Horner's afternoon ministry in Sharon was observed at 4 P.M. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the congregation of Unitarians and townspeople almost filled the church. The music was furnished by the choir in Attleboro, and after the benediction, in response to a request by Col. Hewins, the congregation came forward to greet the minister, and Mr. Charles Sanborn presented him with a solid gold token of his ten years' service, with the hope that it might be continued another ten. In his sermon, Mr. Horner told how the church had risen from a moribund condition and had taken on new life, until to-day it is independent and self-supporting. After having spent between two and three thousand dollars on its property, it is now a regular contributor to the funds of the American Unitarian Association. The Sharon Alliance, together with the Attleboro branch, sent Mr. Horner to Paris last season, and is one of the most active of the smaller branches in Massachusetts. Since going to Attleboro from Melrose, Mr. Horner has continued his afternoon work in Sharon, while conducting services both morning and evening in Attleboro, in the beautiful Pilgrim Church of that place, which is showing continued growth and prosperity.

Personals.

Lombard College, at its annual meeting of the board of trustees, on June 2, gave Rev.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT,
SECRETARY, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Horace Westwood of Winnipeg the degree of Doctor of Divinity, in recognition of "the great work he is doing for liberal religion in the Northwest." The degree was conferred at the Commencement exercises on June 3.

On Tuesday evening, May 19, the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco celebrated Mr. Charles A. Murdock's fiftieth anniversary as superintendent of the Pilgrim Sunday-school. A reception was given, followed by a programme, consisting of an address of welcome by Rev. C. S. Dutton, a delightful little play, of which Mr. Murdock was the author, and music. Hon. Horace Davis then made an address and presented Mr. Murdock, on behalf of the church and Sunday-school, with a gold chain and seal and a generous purse of gold. On every side were heard expressions of affection for Mr. Murdock, and appreciation of his loyal and steadfast service to the interests of the church.

The New England Inheritance.

Of the people who settled in New England by far the larger part had certain convictions which greatly enhanced their power. They came here because they believed that they were the living children of the living God, who were under his orders, and could communicate directly with him. Most people in the world who believed they were under God's orders took those orders at second-hand. But these people went to him themselves, really believed that their lives were hidden in him, and took his direction immediately for their present law. It is this conviction of divine direction which gives a certain sublimity—it is not fair to call it arrogance—to the proceedings of the original New Englander, and, indeed, to the work of the pure New Englander to this hour. "The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are": to many people this is matter of rhetoric, but to these people it was square statement of the living truth. It follows from this that there is a certain earnestness in the work of the original New Englander, which comes out in most unexpected ways in his history, and which gives an accumulation of power to what he does, which distinguishes it from all work in the same forms which is done from lesser motive. "To live to the glory of God" was the instruction given him in the catechism which he counted divine, and that living to the glory of God seemed to him a reality. Now there is something pathetic when Herbert, a man of this type, speaks of sweeping a room to the glory of God, as he does in the hymn. To us in another generation there is something which sounds a little ludicrous when we read of catching codfish to the glory of God, or of cutting whales to pieces for the glory of God, or of making clapboards to the glory of God, or taking Louisburg to the glory of God; but, whether ludicrous or not, we must not forget that the primitive New Englander did carry into his affairs this sense of the infinite. We talk, in our modern transcendental slang, of accepting the universe. Such men as those did accept the universe. They thought they brought infinite strength to human endeavor; and, because they thought so, they did, and they achieved what men working from lower motive cannot conceive.

Out of this sense of the divinity of daily duty there came, if you please, the nonsense of considering that they were God's special people, which they were not. But there came, at the same time, a love of work for work's sake, and a habit of industry, which made these men what Paul calls "fellow-workmen together with God." The New Englander in his essence hated laziness and despised it. In other countries, people who did nothing assumed or had given to them the highest grades of rank: it came to be the distinction of the gentleman that he was a person with nothing to do. But the pure New Englander always despised this distinction. The true New Englander, to this day, despises the man who does not work. He pities him, also, if you please, but, whether the man is rich or poor, he has a certain contempt for him.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Athletic Sports in Relation to Health.

It is strange that the problems of athletics rarely receive the attention of those who are most concerned with health, the supposed purpose of bodily exercise. The management of athletics is rarely found in the hands of a physician, by whose scientific guidance the various sports would be freed from the dangers attending some of the present athletic practices. Athletics have for the most part to-day become the province of the people at large. It is the trainer rather than the physician, the hero-worshipper rather than the hygienist, who directs and inspires physical exercises, which ought to be undertaken primarily in the interests of a sound body and a sound mind. Games have developed into contests in which victory is sought at any human price. The "manager" is the foremost adviser, and the physician is called on as a last resource to mend the damage that may have been done in an ill-advised struggle for athletic supremacy. Until there is wide-spread education as to the proper purpose of bodily exercise and the dangers that beset the indiscriminate and uncontrolled pursuit of athletics by every one whom the inclination stirs, it is a seemingly hopeless task to preach the gospel of reform.

Meanwhile, the physician must develop sound judgment and sane advice. Only the beginnings have been made in this field of study. If foot-ball or rowing or bicycling have their dangers, what are they? These questions demand answers. Among the internal organs, the heart and kidneys have hitherto received most consideration in connection with the physiology of exercise. There is an idea abroad that each form of athletics has its own peculiar type of defects. Just as one hears of the "tobacco heart," there are the alleged "bicycle heart," "foot-ball kidney," etc. This is not true. The results of athletic exercise may vary in degree, but not in kind. Athletic exercises may be divided into feats of strength and feats of endurance. These do not differ essentially in their effect on the body. There are no important differences between the different types of athletic sports in respect to their physiologic effects on the body. To what degree the distinctly harmful results of improper athletics may arise, depends on a variety of circumstances. Age is a factor of significance. During the period of boyhood, when the organs have not reached their full development, the person is unusually sensitive to muscular excesses. "Constitution" expresses, in a somewhat vague way, another factor which determines the fitness of a person for athletics. There must be adequate development, suitable nutrition, and a competent nervous system, the latter element often being undervalued. Obviously, appropriate training furnishes another safeguard against the dangers of athletic overdoing. Much of what is called "training" in this country is, however, a combination of unscientific and sometimes irrational dietetics. Last, but not least, the degree of exertion required is a feature of determining significance when the ill effects of athletic sports are to be avoided. The distinction between doing and overdoing, says *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, needs to be learned and appreciated more than any other single factor in the rational pursuit of bodily exercise for health and enjoyment, rather than for personal superiority and group supremacy.

This is, in the opinion of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, an ideal beauty hint: "For giving the face a good color, get one pot of rouge and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see that they are still there."

Dead birds are constantly found at the foot of lighthouses, where, it has been supposed, they fall after dashing themselves against the lanterns. Some Dutch students of the matter became convinced that the birds do not dash themselves against the lighthouses, but, becoming confused by the brilliant light, fly round until they are exhausted, and finally perish for want of a foothold. The plan of attaching short ladders to the lighthouses to serve as perches, has apparently proved this latest theory to be correct; for it has so greatly reduced the bird mortality that Germany has decided to adopt the plan.

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

IVY

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS

CORSETS

In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk

IVY, LA LOUISE, and BON TON MODELS.

Palmer's Corset Store

52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Was it a bad accident?" "Well, I was knocked speechless, and my wheel was knocked spokeless."

"I suppose," said Mr. Twickembury, as he and his friend walked along the beach, "that Mrs. T. would call this a 'granulated sidewalk'."

"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle," said the bride, on her first trip to market. "Yes, ma'am," replied the butcher. "I would suggest that you take an egg."

"Didn't that man complain when you charged him for a broken appointment?" "No," replied the dentist. "He said breaking an appointment with me is worth every cent it costs."—*Washington Star.*

"I should like to have your opinion of my picture," he said to the critic. "It's absolutely worthless," the other replied shortly. "Oh, I know that," pursued the artist, "but it would really interest me very much indeed."—*Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung.*

The second course of the *table d'hôte* was being served. "What is this leathery stuff?" demanded the corpulent diner. "That, sir, is fillet of sole," replied the waiter. "Take it away," said the corpulent diner, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

William M. Evarts had a farm in Vermont, where swine were bred with especial care. He once sent a barrel of pickled pork to the historian George Bancroft, with this letter: "I am glad to send you two products of my pen to-day,—a barrel of pickled pork, and my eulogy on Chief Justice Chase."

The junior member of a firm of Boston lawyers went to New York to consult a client. When he arrived, he found that he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?" The answer was: "Jones, Joseph H. Yours is Kent, James T."—*Youth's Companion.*

Bishop Roots of Hankow said that when he first went to China he had a good deal of difficulty in remembering faces. "I'm getting over my difficulty, now," he said one day to a mandarin, "but in the beginning here in Hankow you all looked as like as two peas." "Two peas?" said the English-speaking mandarin, smiling. "Why not say two queues?"

The line of carriages containing the members of the "Personally Conducted, Seeing Europe in Thirty Days" had come to a stop before the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, and this conversation was overheard in one of the carriages containing two women: "Mother, is this Rome?" The answer came in a tired, "toured-to-death" tone of voice, "What day of the week is it, my dear?" "This is Tuesday. Why?" "Well, if it is Tuesday, it *must* be Rome."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Sir Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, says: "Two ladies were in Westminster Abbey, when one of them suddenly raised her hand. 'Hush! Listen!' she said. 'There's the organ. Isn't it splendid? I always love to hear Sir Frederick play!' 'Beautiful, dear,' replied the other; 'for a moment I thought it was Sir Walter Parratt. Of course, one can usually distinguish them by their touch.' As a matter of fact," says Sir Frederick, "it was the vacuum cleaner buzzing away in preparation for the Coronation!"

ESTEY PIPE & REED CHURCH ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT BE...
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary.
Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STRAWBRIDGE, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 284 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know.... I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship.... It makes a decisive step in advance.... There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed.... I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Foreign Exchange
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904
AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President.
EARL MORSE WILBUR, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California.

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 26 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 601
Definitions and Denominations 602
What Example Really Does 603

CURRENT TOPICS 604

BREVITIES 605

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Unitarian Name 605

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Is the Orthodox Christ a Myth? by R. S. Loring . . . 608
After Death—What? by James Thompson Bixby, Ph.D., 610
Social Order in Religion; Memorial Tablets, by William Elliot Griffis 618
Concerning Church News 619
The Church in Modern Life 620
Isles of Shoals Meetings 623

LITERATURE.
Books 614
Magazines; Miscellaneous 615

THE HOME.
The Rag Doll's Story, by Mary C. Bartlett; The S. O. T. Q. K. 616
The Ant that Saw the World; Two Dunces; A Kite . 617

POETRY.
The Immortals 608
In June, by Muriel Leigh 614
Vacation Time 616
God Knows 618

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS 620

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Working Together in a Great Cause 620

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Young People's Day at the Shoals 622

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 622

HERE AND THERE 623

PLEASANTRIES 624

Editorial.

ONE interesting and encouraging sign of the times was noted during Anniversary Week in Boston by one of the elders. Scanning the faces of the ministers of all ages and comparing those who are active now with those of the last generation, he was greatly pleased to note in the aspect of men under forty years of age signs of health, vigor, courage, and mental activity. The young men look as if they enjoyed life in the open air and were happy workers. Many years ago Mr. Greenwood of King's Chapel said it was notorious that not a minister in any of the churches around Massachusetts Bay was in good health. It was not the fashion then for ministers to lay off the clerical garb and share the life of the common people in sports and every-day pursuits. One notable thing this year was the absence of white neckties and other signs of the ministerial calling. At an installation thirty or forty years ago a minister was unexpectedly invited to take the place of some one who was prevented from taking part in the service: he declined because he had not worn a white necktie and would not appear in the pulpit without one.

AN officer of high rank in the British army was lately convicted of accepting bribes in connection with canteen contracts. The judge, in sentencing him, remarked that, if anything could add to his regret in the matter, it would be the attitude of the defendant in regard to admitted facts and overwhelming evidence, as displayed in his protestations of injured innocence. He seemed lost to all sense of what was dishonorable. The sentence of imprisonment carried with it the loss of pension. That a guilty man should do everything possible to gain mitigation of punishment is natural, but that he should seem lost to all sense of what is dishonorable presents a puzzle for moralists. It is not seldom the fact, however, that those who, like this officer, have every reason of social and official position and tradition to be sensitive to considerations of honor show entire absence of any such feeling. They do not know the truth when they see it. They do not recognize its opposite when it possesses them. They are so ingenuous and sincere in their wonder at being charged with wrong-doing that one almost feels there must be mistake. Yet there are the facts. Plain wrong has been done. Complicity with unjust gain is indisputable. An embezzlement has been committed, or its gains have been enjoyed without shadow of right,

Digitized by Google

or money belonging to others has been accepted for personal profit. This often happens in ways that law cannot reach. The explanation generally is that some desirable and proper advantage fills the view so that the indirection and dishonor are invisible. Or is there a blind spot in the moral eye? Sure it is that to be lost in this sense is to get out of reach of any scheme of salvation so far presented.

Seven hundred years is a long time for a man's work to be regarded or held to be of value, and those who are so much as remembered for so many centuries have safe fame, however variously it may be estimated. The anniversary of Roger Bacon's birth in 1214 was lately celebrated in England, and men of high authority offered their tributes. That he felt discontent with the scholastic programme, and conducted experimental research, remains true, though much has wrongly been ascribed to him. It does not diminish the credit due him that he believed in the philosopher's stone, in astrology, and knew that the circle had been squared, nor, if it is proved that the modern praise of him has been slightly exaggerated, will his greatness be essentially affected. He had a vision of a science that would take up all the sciences, and, if the popular idea of his inventions and prophecies is mistaken, the fact that he was one of the greatest men of his age, and ranks with the great men of any age, is secure.

The substitution of instruction about a thing for contact with the thing itself is a fallacy continually reappearing. Those who decry doctrine, as well as those who enforce it, make the mistake of fixing their minds on the wrong thing. Doctrine is only a name for teaching, and teaching can never be dispensed with, specially not in the name of practice. Committing a cook-book to memory would never allay any one's hunger. Nor would more people be fed if cook-books were, for this reason, made unpopular. The psychologists are always reiterating this principle with regard to their own specialty. The teacher who thinks learning all about psychology will make her a good teacher, is like the minister who insists that the way to be saved is to take the belief he demonstrates. All the teacher would get would be a little information, which she is very likely to put in place of experience and vital contact with pupils, and so become a worse teacher rather than a better one. All the convert gets is a certain scheme, which may confuse his ideas of the way to be saved and do him more harm than good. In the mean time, the teacher who teaches is illustrating psychological principles without knowing them, and the man who sets his beliefs to work, and keeps them busy, gives the best justification for doctrine and the best answer to those to whom doctrine is the one thing needful.

A Western minister who had called Billy Sunday and his followers the army-worm of the church, whose trail is marked by spiritual and religious devastation, received the following confirmation of this judgment from an Illinois town: "If you could only see the tribe of his imitators that infest the small towns, you would be shocked. They stir up strife, they vilify every good thing. They all carry an electric cut of their countenances, which they insist on having printed on the first page of the local weekly. During my term as postmaster at my home town, I landed one of them in the penitentiary, and compelled two more to leave the town because of their records. No wonder the little country church is decaying. This type of man is dangerous, yet the country people listen to their laudations of themselves and the wonderful things they have done; in fact, one gets the impression that God himself would have been helpless had not this Billy Sunday been on earth in time to straighten things out." We could give evidence that it is not the country people alone who lack either the intelligence or the courage to stand up against such enormities of evangelical excess. Metropolitan ministers count few who do not fall into line when pressure is put upon them to join in inviting this ignorant bully to preach the gospel for them. They condemn commercialism from their pulpits, yet succumb to nothing else when they yield to the demand for a Billy Sunday exhibition. Their excuse is practically that he "delivers the goods," and that therefore they must not be too exacting about the method of obtaining the goods.

The excuse theatrical managers give that the questionable wares they offer have to be provided because the public demands it, is suspicious on the face of it, and from time to time it is conspicuously exposed as fallacious. The response given to dramatic entertainment which has no savor of vulgar attractiveness is sufficiently frequent to demonstrate the possibility of making the stage clean and popular at the same time. There are artists whose coming to a city crowds the theatre they occupy, and at the same time guarantees its purity and wholesomeness for the week. 500,000 people went a long way to see an open-air entertainment a few weeks ago and sat from six-thirty to eleven o'clock, with only a short intermission, some evenings as many as 125,000 in number, under the spell of the great pageant which glorified St. Louis. Not a trace of any vulgarity was to be detected, not a taint of cheapness. The idealism was emphatic and prevailing, the standard was artistically lofty, and lessons of the noblest import were portrayed and expressed. The vast crowd felt what they saw, and understood its meaning. The silence of such a throng was profoundly impressive. The effect was religious. After such a witness it is absurd to say that the populace must have an evangelical mountebank perform to rouse their higher sentiment, or that low amusement is the only thing that will bring crowds.

Definitions and Denominations.

The present writer many years ago protested that no dictionary gave anything like an adequate definition of the name we bear. All the statements are negative and useless. No one reading them could get even a glimmer of an idea of what the word "Unitarian" stands for. Suppose some learned lexicographer should aim to describe the Democratic and Republican parties in the United States. Both might come under one definition, as parties that do not believe in government by kings. In a Western city two daily papers bear the names *Democrat* and *Republican*. By a curious shifting of parties it happens that the *Democrat* is Republican in politics, and the *Republican* Democrat.

Now the sublime doctrine of the unity of God was proclaimed long before Trinitarianism was thought of. That doctrine was not in the mind of the speaker when he said, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord." It was not in the minds of those great thinkers who, surrounded by the nations that believed in a vast pantheon of gods, great and small, good and bad, weak and powerful, summed up all knowledge of the Deity in the one sublime affirmation: He is one,—indivisible, infinite, eternal; the Father of lights, the Author of every good and perfect gift; the blessed and only Potentate; the King of kings,

Digitized by Google

and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in light inaccessible; whom no man hath seen or can see.

For many generations the Divine Unity had been cherished as the chief treasure of Israel, but there came a time when the doctrine received a new sanction, and then became the inspiration of a new gospel. As first proclaimed, it rose up in a world which supposed itself to be under the dominion of many gods, and entered into the minds of men as a Presence, a Power, a Personality, before whom the half-gods fled away. Presently, along the shores of Greece and over the waves of the blue Ægean was heard a mighty voice proclaiming, "Great Pan is dead." After this came scholastic musings and metaphysical speculations, out of which, to satisfy the minds of men for a season, emerged the doctrine of the Trinity, which of its own weight is falling into the abysm of speculation from which it emerged.

Not such has been the fate and fortunes of the doctrine of the Divine Unity, for that contains the perfect principle from which all great conclusions flow. Out of it comes the Fatherhood of God, the divinity of human nature, the unity of the human race, and all the great conclusions that flow from the conception of a spiritual universe, co-extensive with and including all that the imagination of man can compass. Many generations passed after it entered the minds of men before it was possible for any one to draw from it the magnanimous affirmation, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." It takes time for all the legitimate conclusions to be drawn from any fruitful principle, but in time the fidelity of humble believers is rewarded and the seed of truth bursts into full flower.

There are many religious denominations, so called because they can be denominated by some fair definition or by some haphazard catchword. In the United States there are on record 217 religious sects, some of them, however, only sub-sections of larger denominations, as, for instance, there are 7 kinds of Adventists, 16 Baptists, 14 Friends, 24 Lutherans, 14 Methodists, and 11 Presbyterians. Of Universalists and Unitarians only one kind of each is reported. Of these 217 sects the differences are of such minor importance that they tend to disappear, and then names having served a brief need of definition disappear. The four great denominations, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational, have names that have no value now that controversy about them has ceased to engage the thoughts of earnest men. They relate to modes of government or unessential rites, and are all on the way to desuetude.

He was a great man who first pronounced the word "universe." It was the symbol of a great conception that has been verified and ennobled by every advance of science. By some happy chance "unity" and "universality" have been made the denominating words of two heretical bodies who have fought their brave and winning battle against all comers. Where, now, is the religious genius who can find or coin a word large enough to include the meanings of the two epithets and also offer an invitation to all free thinkers who are convinced that we live in a spiritual universe? It must be a word applicable not only to a body of believers, but to each individual member. For example, if one were to found a denomination to be called "The Church of the Divine Paternity," what should we call any single member of that denomination? Few of the many denominations have any felicitous epithets for the mass and for the individual. The word "Christian" becomes ambiguous whenever it is applied to an individual of "The Christian Connection," and many others are equally awkward.

We stand outside of the federated "evangelical churches" of America, where we ought to stand, and it is a matter of such indifference that most Unitarians can only with difficulty recall the name of the federation from which they are excluded. We have nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to retract. There are great days ahead for all who are faithful, and on the rising stream of progress we shall go on to a larger fellowship. What spiritual genius can give us a new word of power that will suggest a spiritual universe, a divine unity, a persuasive spirit which shall create and inspire a universal brotherhood?

G. B.

What Example Really Does.

Those who protest against overworking the principle of example have a great deal on their side. The man who excuses his wrong-doing on the plea that he merely followed others, shows that he was not only wicked, but foolish. To attack action not in itself wrong on the ground that others may follow our behavior to their harm stirs some resentment. We may be our brother's keeper, but why be his stool pigeon? Our sense of independence, and our regard for our brother's independence, lead to scruples about giving so much weight as is conventional to the responsibility of example. And if that point be waived, we still have to reckon with the fact that the effect of example is far from being what is assumed. The elder generation, who have been setting a good example in particular directions all their lives, sadly acknowledge that nothing appears to have been hatched. The one thing a younger generation may be depended on to do with an example is not to follow it. People do not naturally follow one another's example,—if they know it. Only in the matter of fashion has example much evidence. What people do because they see other people doing the same thing, belongs to the insignificant side of life. When it comes to the most important things, or the things people care much about, they rather tend to follow the devices and desires of their own hearts than to pick their steps so as to hit the exact footprints of others. It is in human nature to decline to be laid on the lines of some other life, like a piece of tracing-paper, and drawn according to whatever is underneath. An exemplary life may be a pretty poor exhibit of righteousness if it is nothing more than exemplary; and a life that leaves much to be desired may have that quality of being honestly and courageously what it is that makes angels prefer its acquaintance to that of lives with all the imprimaturs. To form one's life on examples is unfavorable to character; to set out to be an example is fatal to it.

So uncertain does the case, for example, get as we look into it, that there needs to be a new trial of the question, with fresh attention to all the evidence. Scrutinizing the matter from the beginning, we are safe in saying that an example is of one use everywhere,—it is concrete. It is an illustration, an instance, the redemption from the grave of the abstract. It is not so much a matter of our following, as of our seeing. What it does for conduct is of the same sort with what it does in expression. There is the lighting up of the subject with a fact. What in precept is only intellectual, becomes in example human and actual. Virtues too rich to be packed into speech, become displayed in example, and the thing which in description sounds impossible suddenly walks beside us in a companion, or makes a biography live forever. Probably there would be no need to stand for the value of example if it were always approached from the vital side, as an unconscious realization, instead of from the mechanical side, as a conscious pattern. It is not example, after all,

that we shy off from; it is example turned into sample. Not repetition, but reproduction is what we want.

The thing in example that may be relied on, whatever appearances may be, is its influence. However disregarded, and even rejected, as a matter of imitation, example is never lost as a matter of influence. Those who in earlier years have broken away from example as a pattern, come by an irresistible gravitation to obey example as a vital force. The transient and the permanent need to be discriminated in example. What the elders did we may not copy; but what they were, worthy of remembrance, we can never cease to feel. There goes from the good life a secret charm that controls and exalts other lives. The qualities which are our despair become our encouragement. That which is inimitable as mere example, becomes a transforming spirit in the influence of example. As an influence, example becomes powerful, where by itself it would have been ineffectual. The grace of finenesses lingers in our souls,—the exquisite humility in high merit, the tranquil self-control under long trial, the sweet patience whose perfection was in its vanishing into sunshine, the lovely gentleness that shamed all lesser mights, the ennobling of homely tasks with fidelity and beauty, the religion of trust and self-surrender, the delicacies and courtesies of love and kindness. Something moves us and burns within us as such spirits join our walk. There is no doubt that such influences are the strongest and most enduring of human life.

In the light of this higher meaning of example, the memories of the just can stir no revolt. They kindle within us, on the contrary, the purest fires. They demand nothing of us. They never commend themselves. They do not set themselves up in our minds as standards with which we must adjust ourselves. They are examples in a better and more powerful way. They live near our hearts. We hold them,—as Luther said of Christ,—we hold them there till our own hearts grow tender at the touch. Our paths lead in other ways; but we take our ways in the same spirit. We can never again be merely ourselves. We must be ourselves into that higher power. And from time to time the still greater influence of their example is to lift us up into their finer air, so that we breathe, before our time, immortal breath.

Current Topics.

Increasing signs of a cleavage between Venustiano Carranza, the supreme chief of the Constitutionalist forces, and Gen. Villa, the most powerful of the rebel commanders in the field, foreshadowed at the beginning of the week new and perhaps decisive complications in the Mexican problem which the envoys of Chile, Brazil, and Argentina have been trying to solve by peaceful means at the conference at Niagara Falls, Ontario. Villa, in the course of the past fortnight, has indicated an unmistakable determination to break the power of his chief, Gen. Carranza, and it is apparent that an open rupture between the two factions in the Constitutionalist camp is near at hand, if it has not actually occurred. A definite break between Villa and Carranza would introduce a new and puzzling element into the field of negotiations at Niagara Falls, where fears were entertained at the beginning of the week that the attempt to adjust relations between the United States and President Huerta, on the one hand, and the United States and the Constitutionalists, on the other, might end in failure.

Determined opposition developed in the House last week to the plan voted by the Senate, as a feature of the Naval Appropriation Bill, for the sale of the battleships Idaho and Mississippi, now obsolete, to an unnamed foreign government, which is presumed to be that of Greece. The provision in the bill as passed by the Senate stipulates that the money received for the two ships shall be applied to the construction of a new dreadnought, thus increasing the total of dreadnoughts to be built under this year's appropriation to three. Vigorous objections were offered to this arrangement in the House on June 16, and at the end of a noisy legislative day it was announced that the Senate Conference Committee, to which the bill was forthwith sent, would not insist upon the retention of the clause providing for the sale of the ships. One argument advanced against the proposed sale was based on the general ground that it would be unwise to permit warships to fall into the hands of any power with which the United States might at some time find itself at war.

Mystery enshrouds a mischance which befell the pilot train which preceded the train on which the czar, the czarina, and their five children were travelling, on June 18, on their return from the imperial visit to King Charles of Roumania. The unofficial reports of the event, which resulted in death to two persons, and in injuries to twenty-eight others, ascribed the partial wrecking of the train to the explosion of a bomb, placed on the tracks by Nihilist agencies. The official bulletin of explanation issued at St. Petersburg denied any such sinister significance to the incident, and asserted that it was the outcome of a defect in the locomotive of the pilot train, which always precedes the imperial carriages as a precaution when the czar or members of his family are travelling. Despite the color of accidental occurrence which was given officially to the incident at Tschudnoff, the foreign press treated the affair as an attempt upon the life of the czar. It is well known that the Russian police, under such circumstances, always attempt to ignore the activities of anti-dynastic forces.

The military situation of Wilhelm of Wied, Prince of Albania, was improved on June 15, when forces led by him in person succeeded in inflicting a defeat upon a rebel army, estimated to have numbered about 30,000 men, which attempted a general attack upon Durazzo, the Albanian capital. The repulse, it was believed by observers of the Albanian situation, frustrated for the time being the hopes of the Moslem insurgents who have been trying to oust the prince and destroy his government. The military phase of the problem did not terminate the rebel movement. On the contrary, it made the general condition of the state even more dangerous, as the battle created a definite cleavage between the Catholic part of the population, which fought under Prince Wilhelm's banner, and the Moslem faction, which is aiming to place a Moslem upon the throne—or, at any rate, to remove Wilhelm, who now is at open feud with about half of his nominal subjects.

With characteristic pomp, Kaiser Wilhelm II., on June 20, presided at the christening of the new Hamburg-American liner Bismarck, even larger than the Vaterland, which is the next largest steamship afloat, also a German vessel, which was launched a little more than a month ago. Thus the German marine, which is largely the creature of the kaiser, won the distinction of beating its British rival by two ships in point of size. The name of the vessel, which was selected at the instance of the kaiser, was conferred upon the pride of the German merchant fleet in recognition of the memory of the Iron

Digitized by Google

Chancellor, whom the kaiser virtually dismissed from office four years after he had succeeded to the throne, because of the inability of the old statesman to adjust himself to the new policies which the young kaiser was adopting in his treatment of domestic problems. A grand-daughter of Prince Bismarck officiated as the godmother of the superliner named for her distinguished grandfather. The Bismarck will be in commission in about fifteen months.

A CONSTITUTIONALIST crisis in Denmark was averted on June 15, when the king finally dissolved the upper house of Parliament on the only condition which he would accept—the retention of the twelve members appointed by the crown. It was this stipulation that caused the disagreement between the king and the ministry which, a fortnight ago, threatened Denmark with a bitter struggle at the polls. Until the last moment it was expected that the Cabinet would hold to its original refusal to except the appointive members from the operations of the decree of dissolution. At the eleventh hour, however, moderate counsels prevailed and the ministry deferred to King Christian's wishes. The dissolution of the upper chamber was the expedient adopted by the Cabinet to frustrate the tactics of the conservative *bloc* in the chamber, who had vowed to prevent a vote on an election reform bill, which includes the enfranchisement of women, by marching out of the house in a body whenever the government attempted to bring the measure to a final ballot.

THE tense situation between Turkey and Greece was somewhat relieved at the beginning of the week, by Turkey's intimation that no obstacles would be offered to the repatriation of that part of the Turkish population of Asia Minor and Turkish Thrace who had been driven out of the country. At the same time Turkey is evidently preparing for eventualities, and military measures are being hurriedly perfected for the defence of the coast of Asia Minor in the event of an attack by sea. The apparently conciliatory attitude of the Ottoman government on the Greek demands is evidently not unconnected with the fact that the Brazilian dreadnought which Turkey recently purchased in England is not yet ready for service. This vessel is the largest fighting craft afloat, and her size, coupled with her armament, would insure to the Ottoman government a decisive advantage in any subsequent negotiations with the administration at Athens. In the meanwhile, Greece continues to press for a prompt response to her representations.

Brevities.

While all change is not progress, yet all progress is change. Some one has said, "Immobility is a state of death; movement is life."

Ministers who use brief bits of poetry in their sermons use a kind of condensed and spiritual wisdom which finds easy entrance to the average listener's comprehension.

Every attainment may be ours if we will pay the cost price, and everything worth while comes dear. "What would you have?" quoth God. "Pay for it and take it."

Formerly the editor of a magazine largely determined what the character of that magazine should be. He was a maker of public opinion, and gave his readers what he thought they ought to read. A transformation has come about. Now the editors of popular magazines give to the people what they believe their readers want. It is no longer asked who the editor is, but what does the magazine contain of real value about the vital facts and issues of the life of to-day?

Letters to the Editor.

The Unitarian Name.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Nothing that has appeared in the *Register* for many years has pleased me more than the article of Hon. J. D. Long on the "Unitarian Name." He has covered the whole ground, and I would add nothing to it if I could.

The man who refuses to join us because of the name, but would join us if we change the name, is not a Unitarian, and does not belong to us. I am proud to call myself a Unitarian, and I will never change the name to please any one who will not take the trouble to learn what it stands for.

H. W. ELIOT.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Granted that we do not now stress the dogmatic features of our Unitarian religion, yet is not the fact that we openly avow beliefs which the liberal ministers of the orthodox churches share with us, but for reasons of prudence or policy do not preach,—is not this fact the distinctive feature of our Unitarian religion, and is it not a further fact that this distinction is tersely and concisely stated by the term "Unitarian"? It may be true that there are more Catholics in Massachusetts than there are Unitarians in the whole United States, but this need give us no worry. The followers of Socrates and Plato were never numerous at any time, but their ideas have lasted, and will last through all ages.

A UNITARIAN LAYMAN.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The reference in your issue of June 4 to Dr. Martineau's attempt to introduce a better name than "Unitarian" for our body recalls the National Conference at Leeds in 1888. This Conference is triennial, and is representative of Unitarian, Liberal Christian, Free Christian, Presbyterian, Non-subscribing (and nondescript), and kindred congregations. There were upward of 1,000 delegates present on the occasion referred to, and for nearly two hours this venerable champion of free religion held his audience spellbound, while he laid down his scheme for better church organization. He favored the Presbyterian form of church government, and would have called his new organization "English Presbyterian," though that name was already in use by a Calvinistic teaching body. He deprecated making creed or doctrine a basis of union; he preferred to make the form of government the bond which tied us together. He would leave individuals at perfect liberty to use the name "Unitarian" if they wished, but he would not have it for societies or congregations. It was with intense feeling he said: "If any one, being a Unitarian, shrinks, on fitting occasion, from plainly calling himself so, he is a sneak and a coward. If, being of our catholic communion, he calls his chapel or its congregation 'Unitarian,' he is a traitor to his spiritual ancestry and a deserter to the camp of its persecutors."

Put that way, his argument was all but convincing. The majority of that large audience were almost persuaded, and, had the vote been taken immediately, I believe the name "Unitarian" would have been dropped, and this new scheme adopted.

Some of the brethren did not so readily come under the spell; and, after this wonderful address (Dr. Martineau

was eighty-three years of age at the time, and this was his last important public address), they began to ask questions. Among them was this: Would Dr. Martineau, in his new organization, admit any one declining to take the name "Christian"? The reference, of course, was to the late Charles Voysey and Francis William Newman, brother to the cardinal. Both these gentlemen called themselves "theists," and Voysey called his society "The Theistic Church." I remember with what breathless interest we waited Dr. Martineau's answer. We all felt it was a test question. He said, No: he would not admit a man declining the name "Christian." When pressed with the further question, was he not thereby exclusive? he replied, it was not he who shut them out: they shut themselves out. That was enough. That closed the matter. Argument could go no farther. We were amazed at his apparent want of logic and consistency. Much to our regret (and I never gave a vote with more reluctance), many of us were compelled to vote against our leader. We felt that the name "Unitarian," after all, was broader than any that could be substituted for it,—"Presbyterian," "Congregational," or even "Christian." It does take in the Jew, or the theist, or the upholder of an episcopacy. That is exactly it: we want a church that shall be open on all sides, and a name as open as the church. Albert Lazenby.

Lynn, Mass.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

A very brilliant rector of the Episcopal church said to me: "I wish they would stop this foolishness about a change of name. I don't want to belong to a church with this title: 'The Protestant Episcopal Church *alias* the American Catholic Church.'" That is precisely my feeling in relation to abandoning or modifying or making any addition to the name which our Congregational brethren fastened upon us nearly a hundred years ago. We were, and are, representatives of the great Congregational movement, which means religious democracy. If our friends or enemies insist upon more exact definitions, that is their business, not ours. No intelligent man demands a better definition than is afforded by our mass of religious literature and the deliverances of our organized bodies.

As a matter of fact, every great religious body which makes up the mass of Christendom bears a name which was not self-bestowed. The Methodists and the Quakers had no reason to be proud of the names given to them. The name "Methodist," for instance, has no religious significance. It does not cover one fragment of the splendid service of that body. We have only one instance of a great religious body in this modern time deliberately choosing its own name. It furnishes an awful warning. The combination "Christian Science" seems to be a triumph of inaccuracy and infelicity. John Snyder.

Nantucket, Mass.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In the discussion of the name "Unitarian," I am reminded of James Freeman Clarke's choice of the name "Church of the Disciples," which was used for nearly seventy years without the distinctive classification, Unitarian. Dr. Clarke occasionally preached a sermon, "Why am I a Unitarian?" in order that his position should be clearly stated, and the church was classed "Unitarian" in the Year Book of the American Unitarian Association, but this name did not appear on the church signs or calendars, and Dr. Clarke and Dr. Ames both felt that the name was limiting, that Church of the Disciples said it all. It has seemed important during recent years to indicate the name "Unitarian" upon the new church building, that the denominational position of the church should be clear to those who have not known its history since its beginning; but it has never been the desire of the church to emphasize its denominational position. It was founded on "the voluntary, the congregational, and the social principle," and to these three principles it would consecrate its highest endeavors, regardless of statements of belief.

To me the name "Congregational" appeals as the one which has ever been ours to appropriate as we come into a knowledge of our inheritance. The bringing together of all people who believe in the congregational principles would strengthen the work of the Christian Church; and it is good to see increasing signs of welcome to this idea, not only in our own body, but among those who at one time felt strongly the need of separation.

The name "Congregational church" may well include those who prefer to emphasize the idea "Unitarian" as a precious legacy, and it may equally well designate those who desire to place the emphasis on the idea "*congregational*," giving lesser weight to the specific doctrinal name.

If our churches cannot at present agree upon a name that will be acceptable to all, may we not make a beginning by using the word "Congregational" in association with our Unitarian name? South Congregational (Unitarian) seems to me an excellent model for us to follow. But we are sure to have a wise Commission to consider this whole matter, who will help bring about unity in our diversity of thought and feeling.

Clara B. Beatley.

Roxbury, Mass.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

As a Methodist-Unitarian, subscriber and devoted reader of the *Christian Register* for about twenty years, the writer ventures to offer a few suggestions *re* the name "Unitarian," and also *re* a new name, which is to be, if possible, an historical synonym of the former.

1. Why a new name at all? It is objected that "Unitarian" is too restrictive in a theological sense and has become a bar to popular progress. Possibly the objection may be well taken. If so, why is it so? Is it not because the standard-bearers of the denomination, generally, have lacked a magnetic enthusiasm in the declaration of their most glorious gospel? "Unitarian" is a name of splendid significance both theologically and religiously. See how the nickname "Methodist," lacking both theological and religious significance at first, has been lifted into a position of world-wide respect and honor. Methodists were never ashamed of, and never apologized for, that gibe passed upon them by ecclesiastical jealousy. It is the personality that dowers a name with popularity and fame. When Saul passed over from Judaism to Christianity, he became Paul. Possibly, the time heretofore was not ripe for a popular forward movement for the Unitarian church and for a new name significant of its present world-wide outlook.

2. As to a new name, how would this do: The Cosmopolitan Christian Church? Such a name and such a church should comport beautifully with the distinctive tenet of the Unitarian faith, viz., the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and thus should be universally at home with every man. Unitarians fraternize with all seekers after God, and proffer each the glad hand of fellowship and good will. Their unique prototype, that peerless cosmopolitan of Nazareth, whose all-puissant personality transforming the individual life effects at-one-ment with God, and thus becomes a universal redeemer, should readily come into a world-wide acceptance and leadership under the ægis of such a church. All signs indicate a rapid drift of orthodoxy toward the

Digitized by Google

Unitarian position in theology and to the same, under the new name, whatever it may be, as the church of the not distant future.

J. J. WESLEY SIMPSON.

TORONTO, ONT.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I was surprised to find in the *Register* of June 4 a proposed new name for our denomination. For me the name "Unitarian" has earned a dearness that I can pay to no other. If the name "Unitarian" was given by opponents as the most offensive to be thought of, and accepted, all the more it should now be upheld, if only as evidence of "what's in a name." Little it matters whether a man's name is Smith or Clark, Jones or Brown; it is what he is doing in the world that tells.

If changing the name of anything changed its nature, it would then be worth while carefully to consider the value of an exchange, but can it,—oak or thistle, life or religion?

Some think of God as a unipersonality, apart from his creation, and some think of him as the soul of all things, nearer than hands and feet, the sparrow as safe as the man, both here for a purpose so far-reaching that only eternity can measure it. Any name that one might choose, another would reject. A religion that can be uplifted by a name is of light weight, while a religion great enough to make admirable any name that has been given it is something to stand upon.

Religion is not related to the beliefs of the past as the root is related to the earth,—hold fast or die. It is of the spirit, rooted in God himself. Religion is as likely to flower upon a mountain-top or in the heart of a forest as in cathedral or church. Sunrise and sunset are mighty ministers. The greatest worth of the church is the every-day, all-the-year-round work it can do. If we have allowed any dust to gather upon the name "Unitarian," the blame is ours and cannot be shifted to the name.

It seems to me that the Unitarian church in the last fifty years has done more for religion, brightening and gladdening it, than have all the other churches together. I am willing to live and die a Unitarian.

E. M. B.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Mr. Wilson's remarks on the name "Unitarian" are welcomed by a large number, perhaps a majority of our ministers. The way to a broader denominationalism seems here to be opened. We are glad for the signs of an awakening, but we are not all convinced that a new name is necessary or desirable. Mr. Wilson refers to the names of other denominations. The little band of Oxford students clustered around John Wesley "were spoken of contemptuously," says Bishop Buckley, "as the Holy Club, Bible Bigots, The Godly Club, Supererogation Men, Sacramentalists, Methodists," and, as Mr. Wesley observes in his journal, were sometimes dignified with the name of Enthusiasts, or the Reform Club. Now this term "Methodist" was an ancient epithet. Buckley says that a sermon preached in 1639 is extant which refers to certain contemporary "Methodists." Webster's dictionary gives as obsolete or rare the use of the term as denoting one of an ancient school of physicians who rejected observations and founded their practice on reasoning and theory. Thus when John and Charles Wesley, in 1729, began their religious activities this word "Methodist" was about as apt and awful a name as could be given them, for it described their methodical form of worship and at the same time identified them with objectionable movements and unreliable practices of the past. The Wesleys chafed under the appellation, for John, it is said, was indifferent as to whether the books reprinted for his people were by Roman Catholics or Unitarians, and detested the name "Methodist" as soon as it became an ecclesiastical watchword. Yet I have not heard the Methodists of to-day complain about their name. On the other hand, in less than a hundred years they have invested it with a new meaning, and have ample reason to be proud of their accomplishment. They have rendered obsolete all the mean and ignoble connotation which this word ever had.

Other denominations have done much the same for other names.

It is clear that our denomination lacks men, not a name. Mr. Wilson suggests that our fathers in Israel were not satisfied with the label which their theological opponents thrust upon them, but that they have, nevertheless, given to Unitarianism in this country a certain prestige and dignity of which we are all proud. They have indeed done much toward giving a new meaning to the word, but these same fathers in Israel are also largely responsible for our denominational weakness to-day. J. H. Allen says of Martineau, "His sympathies are widely apart from the schemes that seek for it a greater denominational vigor, and possibly a wider field of real service and influence." In the next paragraph he continues, "In what form English Unitarianism will survive changes so radical, whether as an organized body or as an intellectual force, it is too soon to forecast."

Unitarianism in America has had a characteristic enthusiasm which in itself tends to draw men together. But as Channing's enthusiasm is typically American, so also is Emerson's withdrawal from the ministry. Thus our fathers have bequeathed to us a denominational habit of mind not at all calculated, for lack of *esprit de corps*, to redeem any name whatever. The reluctance of certain parishes to adopt the name "Unitarian," the fact that the Young People's Religious Union does not use it, and the gingerly treatment which it receives at the hands of our best preachers only indicate that these traditions of the past have strong hold upon us, and that these several organizations and great preachers lack the unity of spirit necessary to make any name accepted widely.

Mr. Wilson's argument for a new name implies that such an *esprit de corps* will now rise and show itself, if it can be properly clothed. I am tempted to suggest that, if a certain Englishman, sometimes alluded to as Bacon, had not pre-empted the name "Shakespeare," some ambitious American might get himself born especially to adorn himself with that radiant appellation. But it seems that we are getting the *esprit de corps* whether or no, and must hasten to select a good and appropriate name for it. What shall that name be?

It must be representative, significant, and inspiring. It must be one that we can all agree to, that will tell others what we are, and that will be worth fighting for. Dr. Beach suggests "Independent Congregational," Dr. Bixby says "Fraternal Religion," Hon. John D. Long, "Unitarian." There is no other word in our language that meets so many of the demands.

The word "Unitarian" was first used to designate those representatives of various religions who formed a union pledging themselves that they would not, on the ground of religion, with mutual hate trouble and persecute each other. They were called the United, or Unitarian, and one of their ambitions was to make the commonwealth united, or one. This union was granted in the famous Diet at Torda in 1557, and confirmed by the estates of the realm in 1563.

This bit of history is not new to our fellowship. It is most admirably presented in a tract by Rev. Charles A. Allen, who adds, in a footnote, "It would be well if the Unitarians of to-day would all insist upon restoring the

Digitized by Google

primitive meaning of their denominational name." Compare this with the first use of the term "Methodist."

Philosophically, the thought of unity is one of the profoundest, unity of time, unity of space, an Infinite Unity which manifests itself eternally in and through diversity. It is the Eternal Unity which the philosopher seeks, and which he never escapes.

For a poetic representation of this Unity read Emerson's "Each and All." Then turn to that page in "Les Misérables" where Hugo directs the imagination to the eternal equilibrium, telling us that "everything labors for everything, algebra is applied to the clouds, the irradiation of the planet benefits the rose, and no thinker would dare to say that the perfume of the hawthorne is useless to the constellations." All the religions of the earth are based on this fundamental unity, and all recognize it, but our denomination alone has a name adequate even to suggest it.

Is there any word in our language that can express half as well the spirit in which we toil and pray? We who seek the divine Unity; we who are inspired by the thought that this Unity is no less personal than ourselves, is no less capable of love, mercy, justice, and truth, seeing that in Him are all these virtues united; we who love to call this Unity our Father, and think of Him as the Eternal God; we who welcome to our brotherhood all, from Catholic to Anarchist, who grant us their fellowship in whatever toil or worship our personal traits will permit; we who breathe the spirit of Unity in our philosophy, our daily living, and our constant prayers,—are we to cast aside as useless that one word which best expresses our holiest thought?

Let us rather give new emphasis to the name. Let us put it before the world in such a way as to command respect where it has courted ridicule, and let us frankly discourage those who lack moral stamina to join us, "in spite of our name." After all, is it not a pitifully weak excuse which these so-called good people offer, that our name is bad? Are they really good? Is it not a test of virtue that one shall be honest with himself, and before all men? Is a man worth having merely because he has an intelligent grasp of our principles? The devil is capable of as much. We want men who not only understand us, but are glad for our company, and are anxious to work with us.

Now let us confess that to change our name will not change our essential character, and that it is our character and not our name that has shocked the world. We have got to change our character. Channing and Martineau were intellectual giants. We want now a new kind of giant. We want spiritual giants. We want Unitarians. We want men who can preach the unity of the Spirit, and live as if they were familiar with such unity.

We face a new era in religious thought and feeling. Our denomination occupies the strategic point in the world's field of action. Our banner is known in every land. Its loyal followers are few, but we are in position to attract the best men of all the nations. It is only necessary that we show our downright sincerity. We need the zeal and consecration that redeemed the name "Methodist," that has made "Baptist" mean more than a mere cardinal ordinance, that has dignified "Presbyterian," and given an honored place to the meaningless expression, "Congregationalist." For lack of such zeal the good name Unitarian has suffered, until, like the priest and the Levite, we shun it on our way to church, its home. Without such zeal any other name we may adopt will suffer a like tragedy. But with such zeal our own good name will be redeemed from the indignity which it suffered when hurled at Parker, Channing, and Beecher in contempt for a little question of dogma no longer debated.

I beg leave to say that, with all the fine manhood now represented in our ministry, and with the newly awakened *esprit de corps* which Mr. Wilson himself recognizes, we need no new name; and there are those among us who are willing to defend the old, and mean to do so while we have life and breath and any being.

LYMAN V. RUTLEDGE.

P. S.—This is not intended as a declaration of war against Mr. Wilson, but rather an assurance that we appreciate the affection which he openly expresses for our good name.

The Immortals.

BY ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.

When sleepless on my bed I lie,
With shadows beating in my brain,
Upon the Sons of God I cry
To come and make me whole again.

The Sons of God come trooping by,
The heavens to their footsteps ring,
Wisdom and awe fill earth and sky,
And all the stars together sing.

The Sons of God walk fair and free;
They carry largess in their hands,—
Largess of life and liberty
From all the ages and the lands.

The wisdom of the Hellene sage,
The holy passion of the Jew,
The blameless Emperor's shining page,
And all the magic Shakespeare knew.

The shadows flee to Hell, their home.
Courage and peace come back to me.
O Sons of God, whene'er ye come
We share your immortality.

Is the Orthodox Christ a Myth?

BY REV. R. S. LORING.

Orthodoxy often claims that it has an advantage over liberal religion because of the more definite account which it gives of the life and work of that composite figure known as Jesus Christ. Sometimes it even claims that its plan of salvation, with its elaborate theology and ritual, is something so new in the world, so totally different from other religions, that it must have dropped down directly from heaven, must be due to a supernatural revelation. Modern research, however, has shown that the definiteness of orthodoxy is a kind which belongs to the novel and the drama rather than to sober history, and that what seems most strange to us in its plan of salvation is not so much revelation as it is a very human rearrangement of pagan customs and beliefs.

Definiteness in the details of a story is not always evidence of historical truth. Legends, poems, plays, can afford to be clear in all detail since these are not tied down like history to facts. We have little reliable knowledge about the Moses of history, but we have interesting fairy-stories about how he was hidden in the bulrushes, adopted by a king's daughter, performed miracles before the court, met God in the sacred mountain. We know little about the history of King Arthur, the seventh-century British chief, but we have a mass of legends about him and the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table. When I see William Tell on the stage, in Schiller's play, he seems a perfectly real character, returned from the days of my childhood, when he and I and my German nurse used to fight the tyrant together. When I turn to the new dictionary I read this: "A legendary Swiss hero, who, on his refusal to salute a cap which Gessler, the Austrian governor, had erected in the

Digitized by Google

market-place, was ordered to shoot an apple off his own son's head, which he successfully did." Then the dictionary adds, in larger type, "See *opera*," as though to say that we can learn more about William Tell from the stage than from history. This is just about what Drews does to the traditional theology of the church in his book "The Christ-Myth." He repeats the stories which the creeds give about a Christ who came down from heaven, was born of a virgin, was crucified, buried, descended into the under-world, arose flesh and bones from the dead, appeared to his disciples, ascended into the heavens before their astonished eyes, where it is reported that he sits on the right hand of God the Father until such time as he shall return to judge the quick and the dead. After which he cruelly adds, "See *mythology*." If you want further information about this story, do not go to history. Go rather to the old religious-hero stories of Babylonia and Assyria, to the philosophical speculations of the Greeks and Romans, to the dramatic initiation rites of Greek religious lodges, to the fanatical belief which some Jews held as to the near end of the world, and the sudden appearing of a Messiah whose eyes are a flame of fire, out of whose mouth proceedeth a sharp sword, who is seated on a white horse, and is clothed in a garment sprinkled with blood.

But to speak as though the theological story of Christ were all myth is misleading. Even if Jesus were read out of history, which seems unlikely, elements would remain which could not fairly be called mythical. There are ethical elements, such as love to neighbor and the overcoming of evil by good. There are literary elements, such as the parables, which, in their simple and dignified beauty, differ widely from the fantastic Babylonian hero-god poems. There are philosophical elements, such as the Hebrew belief in monotheism joined to a Platonic idealism. Moreover, to try to separate all these elements sharply and finally from one another, and from the mythical elements which cement them together, is to enter upon endless argument and an impossible task; for these elements are combined in a biological rather than in a mechanical way. The finished religious story is not like a house with Gothic doors, and Roman arched windows, and a Moorish dome on the roof, —a building which can and ought to be sawed to pieces as soon as possible. It is more like the marriage of two persons of different nationalities, in which case it does not follow that the children must be wholly like the German father or wholly like the French mother; there may be a puzzling mingling of the two types. So, when pagan myths are married to new ethical and monotheistic ideals, the result is likely to be such a mingling of Babylonian-Greek-Hebrew-Roman types as to make it impossible to say just where one element ends and the others begin. The most we can do is to trace resemblances in a broad way, and ask what parts of the Jesus Christ stories would sound familiar to pagan ears. In doing this we do not rely upon the partisan arguments brought forward by those writers who vehemently deny that Jesus ever lived. We take all illustrations from better known and more conservative scholars.

First, the miracles of the New Testament would not be likely to trouble the pagan mind as they trouble us. Stories of walking on the water, of stilling the storm, of driving demons out of an insane man into a herd of swine, would hardly be obstacles to the Greeks and Romans. They lived themselves in a world of signs and wonders in which their own deities were wont to act in startling and miraculous ways.

Second, it would not seem unusual to trace the descent of a religious hero from a god. We can pass over the more remote facts that the heroes of the Babylonian poems were born of gods, and that Buddha was said to have been born of a virgin mother. We need simply recall that at the beginning of the Christian era it was common for the Romans to claim descent from favorite deities. One well-known family traced its origin back to Hercules, a muscular ancestor with whom even modern eugenics would be satisfied. Julius Cæsar in a funeral oration derived the descent of his aunt Julia from Venus. The Emperor Galba had a tablet set up in his house, which recorded his paternal ancestry back to Jupiter. If we wonder how they could do this, we have only to recall that these deities formed the historic background of Rome and Greece, just as the Mayflower and Revolutionary War heroes form the background of American history. We have all met persons ready to stretch history to the breaking point in order that they might prove their right to join the Daughters of the American Revolution or the Mayflower Society.

Third, there would be nothing strange to the pagan mind in regarding a hero as being himself a god. Marduk, Tammuz, Adonis, the heroes of popular religious stories, were all gods. There also seemed nothing out of the way in calling an emperor divine as a compliment. Julius Cæsar was called "God manifest," and the "common savior of human life" at Ephesus, where Paul later worked as a missionary. Augustus is called "son of God" in Greek inscriptions. It is often objected that the Christian religion came chiefly from the Hebrews, and that Hebrew monotheism was sharply opposed to the deification of a hero, but such a statement does not cover all the facts. There is much in the Bible that approaches the habit of setting up subordinate deities beside the supreme deity. Wisdom, in the Book of Proverbs, is sometimes spoken of as an attribute of God, as we speak of the goodness of God. At other times she is spoken of as a distinct heavenly being, created before the worlds, working at the side of God. The Jewish idea of the Messiah seems constantly to vibrate between that of an earthly king, to whom wonderful powers would be given, and that of a semi-divine, supernatural being. When the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews claims that the Son is heir to all things, and maker of the worlds, and higher than all angels, and worthy of being worshipped by angels, he quotes Old Testament passages in support of his Christology. He believes, rightly or wrongly, that his step towards exalting Jesus to a being ranking with God is in harmony with the Old Testament religion. There is then no need to lug in the idea of revelation to explain the origin of Christian theology. The way was prepared, and the material was at hand for speculative minds to make Jesus the prophet into the supernatural Messiah, and then to make Jesus the Messiah into Jesus the god, in much the same way as in the course of centuries speculative Buddhism made its religious teacher into a deity.

Fourth, not only the speculations about Jesus often have a pagan sound, but also the rites through which the believer is thought to be saved often follow pagan religious customs. Paul was the first great Christian theologian. When we read the chapter on faith, hope, charity, we feel spiritually at one with him. When we read the theological portions of his letters, we find many things which sound artificial and forced to us. We are told that as in the first Adam all must die, so in the second Adam all are to be made alive. We are to be buried with Christ in order to rise with him. We are to be saved through the sacrificial blood of Christ. We are to be mystically united to Christ in the sacramental supper. All such teaching would sound familiar to those thousands of persons who had been initiated into the popular Greek religious lodges. The candidates were buried in

Digitized by Google

baptism, and so rose freed from sin. They died with their god as they followed him to the close of the year, and they rose with him in that new life of the spring which symbolized immortality. They also partook of sacred cakes and drink, and were mysteriously bound together in the sacramental meal. In some of the societies they were washed in the blood of the animal offered as a sacrifice, and this blood was referred to as a "holy stream," or as "the stream which is shed for all." These pagan worshippers may have preferred a ritual which centred around their favorite deity. They may have refused to transfer their allegiance to the unfamiliar figure of the Galilean peasant and prophet, but it seems highly improbable that they rejected the new religion because it was formed out of ideas and customs wholly strange to them, or that they disliked Christianity because it demanded a complete break with all their old religious beliefs and practices.

It seems probable that in many cases there has been a complete reversal of feeling toward some of the doctrines and rites of Christianity. That which seems most familiar to us, the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount and the human side of the stories about Jesus, is probably that which felt most strange to the pagans of the early Christian centuries. That which seems most strange to us, salvation through baptism, through a sacramental meal, through the sacrificial blood, through the death and reappearance of a god, is probably what seemed most familiar to them. The pagan world seemed to have little objection to the deification of a religious hero, or to the idea of salvation through initiation into such a religious lodge as the new Christian church. What troubled the pagan world more was the refusal of the new religion to deify an unlimited number of local religious favorites, and to admit that they also were powerful to save. The Catholic Church got round this difficulty by making local deities into saints, or by substituting Christian saints for minor heathen gods, and thus, especially in Europe, they have preserved a gaudy, barbarian color in much of their worship to this day.

There is a certain confused sense of unreality as we look back through the centuries and try to watch Christianity grow in doctrine and in ritual. It is difficult, often, to decide what our duty would have been if we had lived in the early Christian centuries. How far ought we to have made the new religion "all things to all men," and how far ought we to have tried to keep it true to the simpler teachings of the Gospels? Ought we to have placed the emphasis on the teaching ascribed to Jesus, or on the theology of Paul? Ought we to have worked for the Sermon on the Mount, or towards the Nicene Creed, or for some combination of the two? It may make the subject more plain, perhaps, if in closing we leave the early centuries and give a much later example of the blending of paganism and Christianity.

In the cathedral at Naples there is a small and richly decorated chapel situated underneath the choir. Its carvings date from about the end of the fifteenth century. They show Christian and heathen saints and deities side by side. There is the Apostle Paul, and there is also Minerva, the daughter of Jupiter. There are the four evangelists, and there is also Venus, the goddess of love. There is Jesus, whose mission was to save men from this world, and there is Apollo, the worldly Greek god of youth, manly beauty, music, and song. The carvings around the doors, of foliage, satyrs, and fauns, would certainly not be regarded in modern times as suitable for a chapel. Prudish persons might not regard them as quite proper anywhere. Now one may say that all this is only the extraordinary work of whoever designed this chapel, and so tells us little of the worship of that particular cathedral as a whole. Upstairs, however, in the main church, on a costly altar, in a silver shrine, is the head of Saint Januarius, who was martyred in the year 305, and who is believed to have saved Naples during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1813. In two glass vessels is kept some of the saint's dried blood. Three times each year the people gather in this cathedral to see the miracle by which this blood becomes liquid; and they believe that, if the miracle fails to occur, it is a prophecy of evil days for the city. If now, in this church, there should suddenly appear before us the Spirit of Paganism and the Spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and should ask us to judge betwixt the two and say which one had conquered the Christian world, we certainly should be in a difficult position. No one of us could successfully pass such an examination. Probably no man exists, with such a complete knowledge of the origin and development of Christianity that he could decide this question with authority. Suppose, however, the question were put in this way: "Which one of us ought to conquer, which is better fitted to rule over great modern cities, which is the more likely to help in solving modern social problems,—the Christ of theology, or the Sermon on the Mount, the queer-tasting blend of Babylonian-Jewish-Greek-Roman speculation and ritual, or the simple, direct parables of service and love and trust?" Every person, who has the slightest touch of the modern, democratic, progressive spirit answers this latter question correctly, almost before it has been asked.

After Death—What?*

BY JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY, PH.D.

In the account given by the Venerable Bede of the deliberations of the King of Northumberland and his counsellors, whether the missionaries of Pope Gregory should be allowed to present to their people the Christian faith, a simple incident is related that in a quite pathetic way voices the perennial longing of the human heart. It was the recalling by a gray-haired chieftain of the feeling which had come over him on seeing a little bird pass through, on fluttering wing, the warm, bright dining-hall, while wind and wintry storm were raging without. The moment of its passage was full of sweetness for the bird; but the interval was brief. The bird came out from the darkness and passed again into the darkness, and in the twinkling of an eye vanished. None knew whence it came nor whither it went. "Like this," said the veteran chief, "is human life. We come, and our wise men cannot tell us whence. We go, and they cannot tell us whither. Therefore, if there be any one that can teach us more about it—in God's name let us hear him!"

In the human heart, in this twentieth century, the cry is the same. In spite of the wonderful advance of modern knowledge, the veil that hangs over man's destiny is as impenetrable as ever.

The question, "After death—what?" is the enigma of enigmas.

Theology, to be sure, long ago gave her solemn assurances. There are millions of happy men and women who accept the authority of their special Church and ask no other proof than this, that the familiar affirmations of a future life for man are really divine revelations.

Other millions, however, want better evidence. To the modern mind, as Agassiz said, "a physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle." The only satisfactory authority for truth is to be found in nature's laws and the reasonable probabilities of human experience. The

*Reprinted by special permission from *Harper's Magazine* for May.

Digitized by Google

theory or the dogma must be capable of the same evidence and confirmations by which science has achieved its splendid results. Can such scientific evidence for the persistence of human personality be found? It is only such rational arguments that avail to-day to strengthen faith in life after death, and it is only to such laws and facts as modern science accepts that I would appeal.

What are the scientific objections? Briefly, they are these: All phenomena of the mind are inseparable from the peculiar colloidal plasmic bodies and carbon compounds of which they are products, and are dependent upon their organic integrity. If the special cerebral centres in the brain are removed by surgery or ruined by disease, then their corresponding psychic activities cease. The development of the mind is correspondent to, and absolutely dependent on, the development of nerve and brain. When at death the cells which are the seats of feeling and thought cease their physiological activities, the plasmic substance must dissolve; the atoms of brain and nerve separate and drop down into lower unconscious states, and all those peculiar composite activities and motions that constitute the life and mind of the body must end. The self is only a collective name for the aggregate of these mind-sides of the atoms. It has no more reality or persistent unity and capacity than the spectrum colors that constitute a summer rainbow.

This is, indeed, a powerful argument. A generation ago, when Prof. Haeckel and the men of science who shared his mechanistic view of life and mind first presented it, it seemed almost overwhelming in its onslaught; but within the last twenty-five years scientific investigators have themselves discovered phenomena that have made the argument far from conclusive. The mysterious qualities discovered in the electric constituents of the atoms, in the cosmic ether filling the inter-atomic spaces, in the telepathic, mental therapeutic, and other astonishing human states—these have combined to produce what may, without exaggeration, be called a scientific revolution.

In the light of the new knowledge it is found that many of the chief laws of nature strongly oppose the view that "death ends all." First and foremost is that of "The Conservation and Correlation of Energy." The fundamental law of the universe, as Herbert Spencer rightly said, is "the persistence of force." Science shows us how the cosmic economy never drops out of existence a volt of electricity, a thermic tension, or a chemic force. While they may change their forms, the sum-total of energy remains the same, and no drop into the void of nothingness ever takes place. Mental energy must, on scientific principles, observe the same law of indestructibility. The scientific monists indeed explain that termination of the soul which they affirm as a downward transformation into lower physical forces. But, as a matter of fact, no such reappearance of mind-force in correlated amounts of these lower energies which the scientific materialists suppose to constitute and create consciousness has ever been observed at the hour of death, and it is the emphatic affirmation of such eminent scientific authorities as Sir Oliver Lodge and the late John Fiske that such a transformation of mental energies into physical energies, to add to the physical chain and total, would flatly violate the physical law of the conservation of energy.

A second great scientific fact, strongly opposed to the materialistic contention, is the well-known discontinuity of matter. The scientific objectors to life after death claim that the dissolution of the nerve-cells and atoms, when death comes, necessarily terminates the soul life which is only the inner aspect or mind-side of the atoms. But the well-established gaps between the atoms, even in living tissues, show that even while a man lives and breathes he is (as far as his brain-cells are concerned) already in dissolution, and yet he lives on. The very cerebral atoms, supposed by materialism to produce and maintain thought and feeling by the aggregation of their mind-sides, do not stand in close touch. Their so-called contacts are only reboundings or attractions at some distance, due to the "spheres of energy" of the ever-whirling or vibrating units of matter. The interspaces between atoms are so preponderant that out of the cubic contents of a brain only a few hundredths consist of material particles. On the theory of materialistic monism (that the consciousness is only an aggregate of the rudimentary mind-sides of these isolated atoms), how is it possible for the thousands of speechless atoms in a brain (so widely separated, relatively, from one another, and destitute as they are of sense-organs, telephones, letter-carriers, or other mechanisms of mental communication) to be able to unite thought with thought, to compare sensations, to link premises with conclusions, to recall the experiences of long-departed fellow-molecules, or concentrate their isolated rudimentary sensations in some magical chemical retort into a full and true consciousness? This is quite as much open to the charge of "bringing the soul out of fairyland" as is the belief of any old-fashioned believer in the soul.

Again, the great laws and characteristic facts of psychology require us to believe that the conscious self is a unity and persistent reality, not to be ended by mortal, physical dissolution. For if the soul be only such a composite material aggregate that at death the mind-sides of the brain-atoms can no longer continue their personal consciousness, then, on this theory we should (on every morning that we wake out of sleep) be an absolutely new self. For so many atoms have passed out of the brain and so many new ones have come in that they must form a different consciousness. That is the logical conclusion, admitted by such monists as the French philosopher, H. Taine, in his great work "On Intelligence."

But somehow men do remember what they did yesterday and none of them can be persuaded that it was not himself, but another self, that experienced it, in spite of the change of the atoms. Similarly for the comparison of two successive and diverse sensations, such as a sound and a color; or for an act of reasoning in which two premises are united by the judgment in a conclusion. So, likewise, for the production of a thought, for a general concept obtained by induction from a number of perceptions; in fact, for any clear idea, consciousness, or memory, it is necessary that the mind must be regarded as something more unitary and continuous than a mere aggregation of the mind-sides of a multitude of isolated atoms.

Suppose, as a concrete illustration of the mental situation, we put a group of snails together, as close as you please. Suppose that into the mouth of one we put a bit of apple. We make the next snail touch the apple, the third snail smell it, and the fourth see the rind; and then we conclude that this group of snails have the full perception and idea of the apple. That would indeed be an absurd inference; but it is no more absurd than to suppose (with the supporters of the mechanistic theory of the mind) that the elements of feeling and intelligence, in the dimly sentient mind-sides of certain atoms, each isolated by surrounding voids, and each belonging to different and distant sense-centres, somehow combine into a complete thought, perception, or judgment. Even the commonest associations of ideas and perceptions and the daily retention and comparison of sensations require in the human brain something more subtle, persistent,

Digitized by Google

and continuous than those disconnected atoms and their attendant isolated mind-sides whose dissolution at death is supposed to cause an absolute end of the soul.

But is not this (objects the scientific monist) to adopt the discredited theory of dualism and groundlessly suppose that there is in the living body, miraculously injected there from some mystic external source, that quite unscientific entity, an immaterial substance?

I reply that on well-established scientific grounds every well-informed thinker must be a dualist. He can vindicate monism only by reinterpreting the atoms as derived forms of something immaterial. Every modern physicist knows that in the human body there is something more subtle than matter; and without this "something more" he could not see, nor feel heat or pressure, nor be aware of an electric current. There is something in every human being that occupies far more space than all its corporeal particles; something which forms a continuous substance, imponderable, invisible, active, and, in its chief qualities, quite opposite to matter; and which, therefore, is peculiarly fitted to serve as the seat of continued life.

What is this? Is not the description just given almost a definition of that inter-atomic ether whose existence every physicist, astronomer, and electrician acknowledges? This ether is now recognized as a universal cosmic undulatory medium, implied by the waves of the chief natural energies. It occupies not only what are called the inter-stellar voids, transmitting from sun to planet and from star to star the solar energies, but it pervades every organic body. It is, in fact, the medium by which electric, actinic, and thermal currents pass through the body, and by which chemical affinities attract and repel. Even more than this. It has been discovered that the supposed solid and indivisible atoms are neither wholly nor primarily material. They are discontinuous clusters, chiefly composed of swarms of revolving components, called electrons. These electrons are supposed to be centres of electric charge, vortical motion, or etheric foci of condensation. The electric experts say that the diameter of a negative electron is only about one-hundred-thousandth part as large as that of a hydrogen atom, and that the electrons in this atom are no nearer together than (to use Sir Oliver Lodge's graphic illustration) "a thousand grains of sand would be if scattered about in a church."

Of the cubic contents of a human form, ninety-nine parts out of a hundred are occupied by etheric or immaterial substance, intermeshed with which are myriad currents and swirls of subtle imponderable energies, accompanied at considerable intervals by the atomic dots that supply the illusion of solidity. In accordance with the line of reasoning that led physicists to affirm a luminiferous ether in interstellar space, we are justified in inferring similarly that the "something in man" which Prof. McDougall of Oxford has shown is needed to hold the states of consciousness together and explain their interaction is a "mentiferous ether," a spiritual, imponderable substratum. The logical reasoner may then conclude, as a distinguished American man of science has, that "conscious states are modes of motion of the ether or such as affect the ether."

The exceptional fitness of a psychic ether to transmit messages across the omnipresent material voids; the spontaneous activity and selective power of the will as contrasted with the absolute determination which is characteristic of matter; the unity of consciousness and the self-identity of memory through the changes of the atoms; the many marked differences between the laws and processes of thought and those of material substance,—all characterize the mind as an immaterial substance. A "mentiferous ether" is specially suited to be the substratum of the spiritual powers and the needed bond or intermediary between flesh and pure thought. This supposition relieves the conception of the human spirit from the familiar objection that it is an unsubstantial entity. It introduces an element which, by its diffusion through the organism, puts the soul into relation with all the material parts. It relieves the opponent of materialism from supposing a miraculous origin for the soul, by a divine creation out of non-reality. For this mentiferous ether-organism, which is the immaterial substratum of the soul, may reasonably be inferred to be a normal specialization of the cosmic ether-ocean that fills astronomic space and which is the ultimate source of mundane energy—forming, indeed, what may be called the body of the universal spirit.

This is no more miraculous or mysterious than the emergence of the sensation or thought in the human mind when the nerve impression stimulates consciousness.

In this psychic ether-organism within the material organism there is present already during life a soul-body, a non-atomic substance, an active, coherent, continuous, and constructive energy not liable to be destroyed or rendered powerless by the decomposition of the material body. When the earthly end comes to the body, this psychic etheric organism may betake itself to some more favorable environment and may again clothe itself with a new physical body. If this theory seem a bold one, let me state that the inference is one accepted as reasonable by noted scientific authorities, such as Profs. Edward D. Cope, Elliott Coues, George Henslow, and Stanley Jevons. As the latter truly says: "For all science knows there may be a psychical body disengaged when the physical body dissolves and decays. There may be in the interstellar spaces the scene of an intelligent activity such as we have never dreamed of on earth."

As a further confirmation of the heart's intuition of a continued life after death, notice the significant fact that daily the men of science more and more find the permanent realities and sources of power not in the visible, material things, but in the invisible energies beneath. In life and mental phenomena, as Herbert Spencer long ago admitted, it is not structure that evolves the function, but *vice versa*. Just as electric currents give symmetric forms to detached iron filings on a disk, or the viewless ether-waves give intelligible shapes to the loose metal parts in the receivers of wireless messages, so it is the imponderable and intangible forces—etheric, electric, vital, and mental—that move and arrange so intelligently the disconnected atoms which surround or are interspersed in the immaterial substance of our real personality.

The many notable phenomena established in recent years by psychotherapy have shown the overruling power of thought and emotion over the animal body—how they alter the secretions and muscular power, and make chemic substances within the living body act in a way radically different from their behavior in the laboratory. A year's study and practice of music will develop many new auditory fibres in a pianist's ear. It is the psychic race-memories, according to George Darwin and Prof. Hering, that mould the instincts of the embryo, shape the characteristic organs of the species, and reproduce the ancestral type. Besides this building power, the vital principle has a power of repair impossible to a machine. Even when brain centres of speech or motion are lost by disuse or the surgeon's knife, they have been known to grow again through the vital principle, or through other ganglia having been used in their place. With good reason, then, Prof. Henderson (whose authority on this subject is well known) has recently affirmed

Digitized by Google

that he does not know of a biological chemist to whom the mechanistic origin of a living cell is scientifically imaginable. Is it credible, then, that in that crucial struggle of the spiritual master with the dumb atoms which from birth onward to that tragic hour of death have been moulded by his will, the master-soul at length is not simply overborne, but absolutely destroyed, and all that is left is a mere unconscious, worthless heap of former atomic building materials?

Is it not far more probable that, as the life principle in the beginning constructed the corporeal organism, so, at the time when the body, after a long series of dissolutions and replacements, is for some reason no longer able sufficiently to repair it, then this architectonic psychic body, present within, is superior to the action of the discontinuous atoms and is merely released by their dissolution? In the growth of the human embryo there are four membranous envelopes that successively are put about it and discarded; namely, the amnion, the allantois, the serolemma, and the placenta. Each of these, one after another, develops about the prenatal form; then it is absorbed or disrupted to promote a higher and better organism within. Why should the inclosing organism of the babe be supposed the final one any more than the earlier envelopes? If each was provisional to a higher organism within, why may not the present body be so? In humanity, the evolution process turned inward, improving and elaborating the mind and spirit instead of the animal body. Simultaneously with this, may not the vital formative power have turned its course toward preparing within an invisible etheric organism for the next onward metamorphosis? As it is illogical to infer from the unconsciousness of sleep the cessation of the soul overnight, so it is equally illogical to infer from the unconsciousness of death that the soul has then reached an absolute end.

The belief of cautious men draws back from the thought of persistent soul-life because it seems too wonderful and incomprehensible. But it should be remembered that it is no more wonderful than the conception of life. It is no more incomprehensible than the atoms, the electrons, the ether, or the enveloping space in which we live. Every one of these basic beliefs and accepted facts of science is rank and bristling with confusing incomprehensibilities. Science, as Prof. Jevons has said, "does nothing to reduce the number of strange things that we may believe." And he significantly adds: "Every step I have advanced in science has removed the difficulties of believing in life after death, by disclosing to me the infinite possibilities of nature."

If the difficulty in harmonizing the conception of life after death with scientific principles be good ground for rejecting it, it is a still greater objection to that end of life which is the alternative, viz., nothingness, or a miserable collapse into disintegrated, unconscious, and valueless dust. That great law of modern science, evolution, emphatically protests against this, for it would rob the cosmic evolution of all meaning and reduce its grand triumphs to an irrational conclusion. Modern science discloses humanity as the latest and highest embodiment of the cosmic energy, in whom is summed up all the infinite experiments and timeless activities of the Supreme Power and Worker of the universe. In man, the life-spirit of the universe adequately manifested itself for the first time in a self-conscious embodiment. In the human personality, thought turned in upon itself, passed behind the stage scenery of material phenomena, and came to know the realities of existence from the inside. Thus the spirit in man became capable of independent and indefinite progress, through the elastic potencies of the growing personality, without that need of being cleared from the path of progress that lower organisms have. Our planet, say the scientific experts, will inevitably, at a date already calculable, become a frozen and waterless waste and the earthly succession of men and living creatures cease. Unless there is a continued life after death for souls the vital evolution upon our globe will have been a senseless fiasco. To suppose that the only net result of its age-long development, reaching its consummation in priceless galaxies of wonderful thinkers, noble heroes, and beneficent saints, is to have turned a host of living bodies into corpses, leaving no memory nor permanent good behind them—this is to make the grand evolutional progress appear to be what in a man would be called a lunatic proceeding; one only to be likened to that of the crazy sculptor who, after he had finished by a lifetime of toil a magnificent masterpiece, broke it into fragments. It is an incredible anti-climax.

Equally great, finally, are the mental discords and moral perplexities to which disbelief in a hereafter brings a thinker when he recalls the sacredness that the best of our race feel in veracity, integrity, and duty. If there be no continued life, what a strange aspect is cast thereby on the obligation that an honest man feels to tell the truth at all costs! How foolish seems the honesty of a bankrupt whom a lie might have kept rich! What a mistake is the voluntary death for another's sake of the seaman or patriot who might have saved himself, or the martyr's death at the stake, in order to be loyal to truth, faith, or conscience!

If a true man has no deathless claims on the eternal, then neither his honor nor his duty would demand any such acts of self-sacrifice.

Jesus and Paul, Savonarola and Huss and Lincoln,—what were they, on the materialistic theory, but fools who, under the hallucination of duty, squandered the one life granted to our poor forms of clay? Unless we are ready to accept as the models of wise and true men those who brazenly throw overboard all inconvenient scruples about integrity, justice, patriotism, and self-denying mercy, we must accept these great commanding ideals as pointing to a realm above sense and beyond the veil of death; a real world whose steady gravitation it is that draws the human heart, at whatever fleshly cost, to obey its laws. The divine power that has expanded the human heart with such generous emotions of love and uncalculating devotion to truth and righteousness cannot be imagined thus nobly to have endowed man only to humiliate him and with such stinging irony repudiate the implied promises and sacred expectations that it has fostered.

But, after all, I shall probably be asked: Where is the verification? Does all this amount to more than a reasoned probability? I admit it. But I recall that it is only on reasoned probability that all the great scientific laws rest. I recall how, before the discovery of the planet Neptune, Leverrier by reasoned probability affirmed it and pointed out where to look for it.

So quite recently, Prof. Ramsay, the chemist, announced to the British Association the existence of a new gas, whose chief peculiarity was that it had never yet been discerned by any sense. But as the scientific world believed in Neptune and in neon before they discovered them, and eventually discovered both the planet and the gas, because they acted on their belief, so, on the same ground of reasoned probability, may the explorer of human nature's higher and more mysterious qualities believe and affirm the existence of that spiritual realm and continued life necessary to explain the perturbations of human life. One day, if not in the flesh, then out of and above the flesh, we shall discover and know these invisible and eternal realities.

Digitized by Google

In June.

BY MURIEL LEIGH.

When blow the blithe wild roses,
What longer seems of worth
Save the serene enchantment
Of the glad, re-orient earth?
Let care and roar of traffic
And discord die away,
And irksome bonds be loosened
For many a summer day.

For me a cot sequestered,
Where a melodious rill
And myriad leafy branches
With peace the spirit fill,
Unmeasured blissful hours
Alone beneath the pine,
Or where the sea low murmurs,
Or browse the mottled kine;

The bobolink's mad carol,
The butterfly's soft flight,
By day light-hearted freedom,
And dreamless sleep by night-
O soul-refreshing summer,
From dole and din I fly
Enthralled and lulled with beauty,
On thy kind breast to lie.

Literature.

Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus. By Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.—This book has been some time before the public, but is now brought out by the publishers in a new edition, and added to their Standard Library. It is quite worthy that honor, and is much to be commended to all under whose notice it may not have come heretofore. Socialists ought to read it as a corrective for the unbalanced tendencies into which their movement is apt to run, and they who are afraid of socialism may gather from its perusal a more hopeful estimate of that somewhat scatter-brained enterprise. Prof. Vedder is no more convincing than others in showing how state ownership of the tools of industry can be made to work in place of what is called capitalism. But he does set forth, finely and clearly, the ideals which lead men to desire a very considerable change from the existing situation; and he sees, as many socialists do not, that a great change in human nature itself is involved in the establishment of any new social order. He assumes, indeed, that capitalism means slavery. But there have been many instances in which employer and employed have worked together in a true spirit of co-operation, and no one can now say that it will not be easier to change human nature than to change the industrial system in such wise as to reach the desired result. That is the unsolved problem of the future. But it is seldom that one finds a writer from the socialistic point of view treating all these questions with such breadth of vision and depth of insight as Mr. Vedder displays. Especially noteworthy is his exposition of the ethics of the New Testament. His valuation of the ethical side of the teachings of Christ, though somewhat extreme in places, is, on the whole, wonderfully luminous and just. As Prof. Vedder, if we are correctly informed, stands in a line of quite rigid Calvinistic tradition, his book may suggest to us the power of social studies to soften dogmatic prejudice, and even to dissipate dogmatic interest. This is perhaps one of the strongest reactions of the mind of the present age upon the church. The dogmas of the past may be true or false, but all the same they tend to sink out of notice in presence of those ethical issues which dominate the modern mind. Unless Christianity has lost its power of adaptability altogether, this must bring it back to something more like its original form; and, if we could have that kind of Christianity, the ideals for which Prof. Vedder so eloquently pleads would not seem so far away.

The Carpenter and the Rich Man. By Bouck White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.—A certain amount of the so-called Christian Socialism of the time lies open to one of two accusations. It is either very cheap claptrap or it is a kind of craze. The sort of Biblical interpretation which represents Jesus as being envious of the birds and the foxes, when he said that he had not where to lay his head, and as being bitterly resentful of the poverty which he had joyfully embraced, comes from a mind which either will not or cannot see straight. And when he who bade men take no thought as to what they should eat or drink is represented as being concerned first and above all for the physical basis of life, it is so absurd as to lead one to suspect an incapacity to reason. Such socialism is probably to be regarded not as a movement of thought, but as springing from one of those popular impulses in which reason, for the time being, is practically swamped. This is not to say that Mr. White's book is altogether unprofitable reading. On the contrary, much of it is very good and very interesting, though it is all tinged with the exaggerated notion that the economic issue is always dominant and decisive, and that Jesus of Nazareth was, first and foremost, a "social rebel." And yet, though it is rather crudely done, it is rather refreshing to have Jesus dealt with so frankly as a man of this world, and a man of his time. The "historic Christ" presented by Mr. White is but roughly drawn, though even so he is more interesting than the metaphysical Christ is generally made to appear. Perhaps one gets his best look into the author's mind through the chapter on a "Middle Class." He pours unbounded scorn on any man so unfortunate as to see something of good on both sides. This means, of course, that this author is by nature a revolutionist. He is a survival of the days before evolution had ever been heard of. His one conception of progress is that it must come through a big fight between classes, each of which sees only its own side of the question. The world has come quite a distance proceeding in that fashion, and seems still much inclined to go on in the same way. But some of us are hoping for better things,—for a step-by-step advance, in which an enlightened sense of justice shall lead the way; and to us those exaggerations which beget passion seem unfortunate and bad.

Democracy and Race Friction. By John Moffatt Mecklin, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.—The above title suggests a somewhat general study of race antagonisms in their bearing upon democratic institutions. In point of fact, the book deals almost exclusively with the negro problem in the United States. Of that problem it is a comprehensive and, in the main, a fair and just survey. Being written by a thoughtful man without passion or partisan bias, and with wide knowledge of what others have written, it is a notable contribution to the literature of the subject. One is not sure that it would not be more convincing, in places, if it took in a wider field. It is obvious that the racial differences between the negro and the Caucasian exist substantially as the author has stated them. But as they are stated they do not seem so terribly formidable, and one wonders how they would compare with a similar statement of differences between the Caucasian and, say, the Armenian or the Jew. No solution of the problem is suggested. The attempt is made rather to see the problem as it is, and to find such light upon it as may enable us to live with it in its unsolved state. The author does not regard the negro as hopeless, but does think that he is very difficult. He quite appreciates the point of view of a man like Du Bois, but much more inclines to the ideas of Mr. Washington, whom he quotes repeatedly with great approval. The attempt to establish equality between the races by legislation he regards as an entire failure, and, indeed, it is plain enough that the North has now abandoned that endeavor. The negro, he teaches, must work his destiny out for himself, and no one can now say just what success he will make of it. But he is peculiarly handicapped by being shut away from some sources of help to which other races have access. Social segregation, it is recognized, has this unfortunate side. In his case, as with the Jew, it would seem as if enlightened society might open its doors in favor of individuals of proven fitness to share its higher privileges. The nervous and somewhat irrational dread that the flood must enter where any barrier is thus removed, is surely overwrought. Public sentiment is always much given to that kind of exaggeration, for which, perhaps, the only cure lies with individuals who are bold enough to make a demonstration that the barriers can be so far broken down and still the flood can be kept out.

Who's Who in America. Vol. VIII. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.—There is perhaps no book of reference, barring the dictionary and possibly the encyclopædia, that is in such ready and satisfactory use among so many people as this volume of brief biographies and addresses. It has grown to formidable proportions, in spite of the fact that nearly eighteen hundred names have been omitted from the previous edition, the larger proportion because of death. The 21,459 names include 4,426 new ones, an exceptionally large proportion, accounted for partially by the recent change in political administration from one party to another. It is not an easy thing, though it might at first thought appear simple enough, to collect such a volume of information with accuracy and satisfactory inclusiveness, but the high standards set at the beginning and systematically maintained have resulted in the present respect which the publication receives everywhere. The attempt is made to have all professions fairly recognized, even when the members of one may be less in public notice than those of another. The educational and other statistics based on these records have always been an interest-

Digitized by Google

ing part of the book, as have been other tables duly indexed. Every editor gives a cordial welcome to the new volume, which is sure of regular and steady use before it will be time for the next one to appear.

THE LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER. By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. With illustrations. By N. C. Wyeth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—Little need be said of this book by way of review. It is simply the best book of the season. A young woman, left a widow with no means of support, first tries domestic service in a city, then accepts the offer of a ranchman to serve as his housekeeper, locates, under the homestead laws, a farm adjoining the tract on which her ranchman lives, settles down to work, and begins to write letters to her town employer. She signs her letters "Your wash-lady," etc., and gives in detail an account of her manifold adventures as one of the few women in that part of the country. There are a few neighbors sparsely scattered over a wide extent of territory, but they soon find each other out and begin a series of neighborly services for each other and for all sorts and kinds of forlorn creatures, such as despised sheepherders and lonely ranchmen. The book is a wonderful illustration of Lowell's words:—

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own,
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone."

THE GOLDFISH. New York: The Century Company. $1.30 net.—Plain people who know nothing about the perplexities and burdens of a superfluous bank account, yet who find life better worth living the older they grow, can hardly judge fairly of the degree to which this story of a successful man (successful in the New York money sense of the word) represents actual conditions. It sounds very dreary and boresome, yet doubtless many readers would be willing to risk something to make the same experiment for themselves. The amount of it is, that the book teaches, from a different point of view, the lessons moralists and saints have always emphasized,—that a man's life consisteth not in the number of things that he possesseth. Those of us who work know that work is a good thing, provided it is fairly seasoned with love and laughter. To be a goldfish, swimming round in a narrow bowl, may be very splendid, but it is not life; and surely even a rich man has a degree of choice left to him.

THE STORY OF PHÆDRUS. By Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: The Macmillan Company.—Dr. Hillis has been studying old rolls and manuscripts in the light of discoveries in the Far East, and he tells here the story of the preservation of the Memorabilia of Jesus as he imagines it may, in some way, have occurred. Phædrus is a gifted Greek boy who, after some adventures, goes to Palestine to find out about the new Master who has died in Jerusalem leaving not a written word behind him. He seeks out, also, the friends of the apostles who may be able to give him reminiscences of them. Ever looking for secret disciples of the Master, he makes his way to the Nile, the Jordan, and the Tigris, picking up now a parable, now a proverb, now a letter, and now a precious papyrus roll. Phædrus, the brave boy, dies in the arena. Two centuries and more pass. Suddenly men are eager to hear the story of that life that ended in apparent failure, and it is then that the treasures are brought to light, and the dream of Phædrus is realized.

Magazines.

Bird-Lore for June, aside from its reports on the spring migration, colored plates of birds, and special articles, contains a report on the work of the National Association of Audubon Societies in forming Junior Societies for the study of birds under competent teachers. Nearly one hundred thousand children have been enrolled in these classes this season, or about double the number secured in 1913. At this rate of increase, in five years over one million and a half children will have received instruction in the value of birds to man.

Miscellaneous.

Latin America is a recent issue in the Home University Library, published by Henry Holt & Co. ($.50.) It has a timely interest, giving in short compass, with the authority acknowledged to belong to all the books of this excellent series, information concerning the various republics in Latin America. In a small book like this it would be impossible to treat each country in detail, but a plan has been adopted which is at once more interesting and more enlightening to the general reader. To dispel erroneous notions, proofs of development and civilization are brought forward. Study of the colonial period reveals the kind of equipment with which the republics started; and the extent to which they have advanced is shown in the descriptions of varying phases of progress and by comparisons in their character, spirit, and attainment, with interesting illustrations.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 19

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN

No. 33

Problems & Opportunities of Country Life

By MARGARET B. BARNARD.

Of late there has been a revival of interest in country life, and a determined effort is in progress to restore it to something of its old estate. A necessary preliminary to the success of any such movement is an accurate knowledge of rural conditions. This number of the Bulletin is a report of surveys made in some sixty New England towns, secured by the Committee on Rural Conditions of the Social Service Department of the American Unitarian Association. It is vivid, practical, and constructive, and is a useful addition to the growing fund of information respecting the needs and possibilities of country life.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

Order as "S. S. No. 33," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

American Unitarian Association

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Vacation Time.

Good bye, little desk at school, good-bye:
We're off to the fields and the open sky.
The bells of the brooks, and the woodland bells,
Are ringing us out to the vales and dells,
To meadow-ways fair, and to hilltops cool.
Good-bye, little desk at school!

Good-bye, little desk at school, good bye:
We've other brave lessons and tasks to try.
But we shall come back in the fall, you know,
And as gay to come as we are to go,
With ever a laugh and never a sigh.
Good-bye, little desk, good-bye!

—*Frank Walcott Hutt, in Little Folks*

The Rag Doll's Story.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

I am a rag doll. People say that I was pretty, but now I am only a wreck. I am laid away in a drawer, just waiting until Mrs. Wentworth gets time to make me over. Let me tell you about it.

My little mother's name is Lucy. She is generally very good to me, and calls me her darling Polly Pringle. That's my name. But sometimes she insists that I have been very naughty, and will take a ruler from her little desk and give me a whipping, when I haven't the least idea what I have done to deserve it. Sometimes she will accuse me of telling a falsehood, when, if ever there was a truthful doll, I'm sure I am one.

She has an older brother, Ralph, who is away at school, but who comes home sometimes at vacations, and these are troublous times for me.

He has a new paint-box, and he insisted that my mouth was too small, and that, if he might be allowed to paint it a little wider, it would be much easier for me to speak the truth, as if it had not always been easy enough.

My little mother, in an evil hour, consented, and she cried for an hour afterward.

One day Mrs. Wentworth took Lucy to spend the day with a cousin. They left me at home in my comfortable bed, under the lounge. I was very lonely, of course, but loneliness was bliss compared with what I felt when I heard Ralph's voice below.

I heard him tell Bridget that the scarlet fever had broken out in his school, and that all the boys had been sent home. I heard him say that he and Horace Randall—the friend whom he had brought with him—were as hungry as bears, and ask if there were any doughnuts left.

And afterward they came upstairs. I was all of a tremble when Ralph looked under the lounge.

"Here she is," he cried. "Lucky I've got my paint-box here," and he took me by the leg, and pulled me out.

Then he brought his paint-box, and—oh, dear me!

Horace seemed to have a little pity on me at first, but even he seemed at last to think it was great fun. They painted long curls under my cap; they painted my cheeks redder than any roses; they made my mouth wide enough to guard against the least disposition to falsehood; they made my eyes black, instead of blue. All these things I could have borne, perhaps, had not Ralph announced that he was going to give me whiskers and a mustache.

"O Ralph!" cried Horace. "That's too bad."

"She'll be just as good to play with," answered Ralph, and for nearly an hour he was painting, painting, painting. I had long whiskers. I had a mustache. I had the blackest of eyelashes. I didn't know what I looked like, and I didn't want to.

Ralph was putting me back in my bed when Horace exclaimed,—

"It's all wet and runny; you ought to dry her first."

"I s'pose I ought," said Ralph. "The sun's out. I'll hang her in the maple-tree. She'll be dry in an hour. Don't let's forget to take her in before Lucy gets home."

Then he took me out, climbed into the tree, and put me astride one of the branches. The sun was bright and warm, and the air was cool,—but how wretched and miserable I felt!

The hours passed slowly. My little mother had not come home. Nobody thought of me. It began to grow dark. I heard Bridget below talking with Ralph.

"Shure, they'd ought to be here be this. The supper'll be worth nothin' at all."

Still they didn't come, and there was no news, though there were telephone messages galore. All seemed anxious.

At last, at about nine o'clock, they arrived. A tire coming to grief in an out-of-the-way place was the cause of the detention.

Mrs. Wentworth was very tired. My little mother was tired, cross, and sleepy. She could hardly sit up to eat her supper, and went straight to bed afterward. Nobody thought of me.

So I stayed all night in that dreadful tree. The little birds twittered their good-night songs, and went to bed. How I wished I could cuddle under some warm, feathery wings, for it was growing cold.

But the worst was yet to come. Toward morning the thunder rumbled and the lightning flashed, and soon after the rain came down in torrents, splashing into my face, and streaking my new whiskers and mustache.

I was drenched to the skin, and, swaying back and forth in that strong wind, my hold upon the branch gradually loosened. At last there came a furious gust. I was whirled into the air, and landed in a row of hollyhocks near the fence.

There I stayed until the milkman came in the morning. He picked me up, and carried me into the house.

"Queer flowers you raises here," said he to Bridget.

"Saints above us," cried Bridget. "That's me little girl's doll. Shure her heart will be broke intirely. An' how could she get out there in the wet?"

"There she was, anyway," said the milkman. "She must have been out all night."

"It's a cruel shame!" replied Bridget. "Thim boys has done this,—the wicked little pirates! But niver a word of this till me little girl has had her breakfast," and she put me up behind the stove to dry.

I was still wet, though, when she took me upstairs. My little mother was not very well that morning, and was sitting in her mother's lap. They looked up, surprised when Bridget brought me in, but when they recognized me, all wet and limp as I was, my face streaked with black, my little mother gave a cry and hid her face on her mother's shoulder, sobbing pitifully.

Ralph happened to come into the room just at this minute.

"Ralph," said his mother, "did you put Polly Pringle out on the hollyhocks, last night?"

"No, Mother," answered Ralph.

"Then you don't know anything about it."

"Yes, Mother, I do. She was wet, and I put her out in the maple-tree, in the sun."

"Wet when you put her out?"

"Y-e-s," faltered Ralph. "Horace Randall and I—we painted her."

"I always thought Horace Randall was a good boy."

Ralph didn't speak for a minute; then he said stoutly, "So he is. 'Twasn't *his* fault, 'twas *mine*."

His mother drew him to her and kissed him, and I heard him whisper, "I didn't think she'd care so much. I didn't, *truly*."

"Go away now, Ralph," said his mother. "We'll talk about it some other time," and she tried to comfort my poor little broken-hearted mother.

The tears were dried at last, and I learned that, as soon as I was thoroughly dry, I was to be put away very carefully, and, as soon as Mrs. Wentworth had time, I was to have new skin, new face, new cap, and pretty new clothes,—in short, that I was to be more beautiful than ever. That's what I'm waiting for now.

Ralph has offered to paint my new face, but to my great relief his mother will not hear of it. He is to pay ten cents out of his allowance toward my new wardrobe, and he has promised to let me severely alone from this time forth.

I like him better than I did. I think he is a *pretty* good boy, after all.

The S. O. T. Q. K.

Just a few days before Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday there died in Essex an old lady over ninety years of age, who was the last surviving member of that unique association, the S. O. T. Q. K.,—the Society of the Queen's Kiss.

When only a year old, Victoria was being wheeled about the park by her nurse, when a troop of boarding-school girls came tripping along the walk. One of the number, whose father had some position at court, recognized the royal baby, and pointed it out to her companions

The child was immediately surrounded by an admiring group, and the nurse found it difficult to prevent her from being hastily lifted from the carriage. But, if the eager girls could not hold the child, they would at least have a kiss; and one of them said to the nurse,—

"Let us each have a kiss, and we will each give you a shilling."

The nurse accepted the offer, and was soon some forty shillings the richer.

Soon the little adventure came to the ears of the Duchess of Kent, the future queen's mother, and the ingenious servant was hastily summoned before her mistress, whose first impulse was to dismiss her from the house; but the duke interfered.

"Nurse," he said, "you are pardoned.

Digitized by Google

For my part, I see no harm in my daughter being admired. It is only natural, for she is the finest baby in the land. But in future I forbid you to allow her to be kissed for less than a guinea; and even that," he said, laughing, "is a mere nothing."

The duchess posted a physician off to the school to ascertain the health of the girls who had committed the familiarity.

The young women subsequently formed a society known as "The Society of the Queen's Kiss"; and, when the young princess became queen, they recalled the incident. "We are," they wrote, "the first of your subjects from whom your Majesty received homage." And on all important occasions they addressed repeated expressions of allegiance. But the members gradually died, and with this old lady's death the Society of the Queen's Kiss has passed from existence.

The Ant that Saw the World.

A little black ant looked out of the top of his sand house and said, "I wish I could go and see the world."

"Come with me to the pansy bed," said his uncle, who was a grown-up ant, and went where he pleased all day long.

"The pansy bed isn't the world, is it?" growled the little ant.

"It's very near it," explained the big uncle, "and a pleasant place, too."

"What can a fellow do in the pansy bed?" asked the little ant.

"Have a lunch of pansy leaves," said his uncle, "and when he's tired a fellow can climb into a pansy flower and pull the purple velvet quilt over him, head and ears. Besides, if a little girl should pick the pansy while he was asleep and carry it away, the fellow would have a chance to see the world."

So the little ant made up his mind to go along with his big uncle and they were soon at the pansy bed.

They had a lunch of pansy leaves and found them very good. Then the little ant thought he felt sleepy, and he climbed into a pansy flower and pulled the purple velvet quilt over his head and ears. There the wind rocked him very softly till he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke he was in a strange place, for a little girl had picked the pansy and carried it into the house where she lived. The flower was now in a vase on the table, and when the little ant put his head out from under the purple velvet quilt, he grew dizzy and fell down upon the table-cloth.

The little girl was flicking about with a duster, and she did not see the ant, so she flicked him off upon the floor.

"Dear me, what next!" thought the little black fellow.

He had fallen on the rug and right beside him sat a gray cat as big as a barn—that is, she looked as big to the little ant as a barn would to you or me.

"Here's something alive," thought Pussy. "I'll have some fun with him," and she put out her paw to touch him.

But he was gone like a flash.

The little ant had hidden himself under the edge of the rug, and was crying for his big uncle and his brothers and sisters and his sand house. For you see the world wasn't half as much fun as he had thought it would be, and he couldn't breathe under the rug.

By and by he came out and started to run across the floor, but a great paw came down on him and held him fast.

"Now, I've got you," purred the cat that looked as big as a barn.

"I don't know about that," said the little ant, in a very little voice that Pussy could not hear. And he slipped from under Pussy's foot and ran up her paw and sat on the back of her neck.

"Now I've got *you!*" he shouted. "Go along, will you?"

Pussy could not hear the little voice, but she knew something was tickling the back of her neck and she tried to reach it with her paw. But she could not reach, so in a few minutes she went out in the garden to take a walk.

She went past the pansy bed and the little ant dropped off her neck. He found his big uncle and they went home together.

When they got there the little ant ran into the sand house and scrambled into his sand bed and hid his head in his sand pillow.

"Home is a good place, isn't it?" said his uncle, peeping at him from the top of the house.

The little ant popped his head up from his sand pillow.

"If that was the world," he said, "I don't want to see any more of it."—*Mabel S. Merrill, in the Churchman.*

Two Dunces.

Robert was visiting at his Uncle John's in the city. He lived on a farm and knew very little about the city, but he wanted his Cousin Fred to think he knew more than he really did. Like some other country boys, he had an idea that Fred would make sport of him if he should act as though city ways were not common, every-day things to him. This was very foolish, as Fred had no such thoughts. Indeed, he thought country ways were fine, and nothing gave him any more pleasure than a visit to a farm where there were trees, brooks, grass, wheat-fields, birds, chickens, horses, and other interesting things.

While Robert was in the city he held his head high, and would not have asked a question for anything. One morning he wanted to mail a letter back home. He knew the mail-box was on the corner of the street, but there was also the fire-alarm box. As the two boys were walking along, Robert was wondering just which was the mail-box. When they reached the corner, he walked up to one of the two, and, reaching up as high as he could, tried to find an opening for his letter.

Fred turned to see what he was doing. "What are you trying to do, anyway, Robert? Where is the fire? Want to start a fuss?" asked Fred. "Better let that alone. There's a law against bothering with those fire-alarms. What's that in your hand? Oh, a letter. Well, here is the letter-box," he added, opening the lid with an easy motion.

"When you don't know, why don't you ask?" Fred was a little out of patience. Robert said nothing.

When Robert returned to his home, Fred went with him for a visit to the farm. But he was just like Robert—he wanted the country folks to think he knew all about the country. He, too, was afraid that Robert would laugh at him if he did not understand all the country ways.

One morning Robert was hitching his pony to the cart, and Fred took one side. He had never done such a thing before, but not for anything would he have said so. Of course it was not done right, and Robert had to fix it all over.

When Fred wanted to send a letter to the folks at home, he had no idea how to mail it. The boys walked over to town, and Fred looked for mail-boxes all along the way, but did not see any. After they reached the post-office, he could see nothing there that looked like a mail-box. Where would he put his letter? "Ah, this is the place," he thought, going over to a queer-looking affair close to the wall. He was about to slide the letter through the opening when Robert stepped up.

"What in the world are you doing, Fred?"

"Mailing my letter," replied Fred.

"That's a chute down into the cellar," said Robert. "When you don't know, why don't you ask? Here is the place."

On the way home, Robert spoke up suddenly. "Country boys are too proud to ask questions in the city, and city boys are too proud to ask questions in the country. Wonder why!"

"Afraid folks will think they don't know everything," laughed Fred.

"Well, folks usually find that out, anyway," said Robert.

"We're about even, Robert, so let's call it square. We'll begin over and ask all the questions we can think of. City boys know about city things, and country boys know about country things; and there's no sense in being too proud to ask questions of one another. We make dunces of ourselves when we pretend to know all about things we've never seen. After this we'll be more sensible."

"Agreed," said Robert.—*Anne Porter Johnson, in Sunday School Times.*

A Kite.

Once upon a time a man in the arctic regions, whose dogs were disabled, made a kite strong enough and big enough to draw his sled. And so his kite helped him over a great many miles of ice and snow, where he would have had to walk had he not learned how to make a kite when a boy.—*New York Ledger.*

At the seashore Catherine exclaimed, "Gee! Just look at that fish smile!"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,380 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

God Knows.

Only God knows the trials that we bear,
The weary longings for a different fate,
The daily struggle and the anxious care;
He knows, and we can wait!

Only God knows how vain our efforts seem,
How oft we sink discouraged by the way,
When heaven and earth seem but an empty dream;
He knows, and we can pray!

Only God knows if we do ill or well;
The world may praise or censure if it must,
E'en our own motives we can scarcely tell;
He knows, and we can trust!

Only God knows what future years may bring,
The trouble or the joy within their scope,
If we shall walk in grief, or happy sing;
He knows, and we can hope!

Only God knows! We have no want beside;
Our Father watches o'er us from above;
We feel our weakness, but His hand will guide;
He knows, and He is love!

M. L. D

Social Order in Religion.

Individualism and socialism are two parts of a complete whole. We may say that individualism is in the line of thought, and socialism is in the line of love. Neither can do without the other. The whole cannot do without both. We cannot say too much for the development of a strong individuality, for the effort of man to perfect himself. That way we climb to the heights of the ideal. That way we grow into nobility of manhood and womanhood. That way we learn to live, here and now, the spiritual life. But the less fortunate portion of the people, and the larger portion, cannot see and pursue this ideal of the individual. The pressure of the struggle for existence is so great on them there is no room for dreaming, probably there is not even a suggestion of dreaming. You must have leisure, you must have opportunity, you must have a taste for idealism, before you see the beauty of personal struggle for the better. You must have some degree of physical comfort before you can give your attention to the achievements of mind, heart, conscience, and soul. Hence comes the function of socialism, which is the emphasis of the sympathetic or heart side. It is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way for individuality, for better manhood and womanhood, by decreeing justice and establishing equity, by opening a path to those who most need it into leisure and opportunity, into a larger and fairer share in the proceeds of their toil."

I know there are people who say the necessity of this kind of work is purely imaginary; that the great progress of the race has ever been, and must be, through individual struggle; that those who are farthest down have only to thank themselves if they stay there; that intemperance, and lack of economy, and general worthlessness are the causes of the evils which stir the socialistic heart. The people who talk that way have in mind only the more fortunate portion of humanity. They have either forgotten or they do not understand that on the other side the line the pressure of circumstances is too great to permit of the individual effort they advocate, and which is entirely possible among the more fortunate classes. There are two influences, or, I may say, two kinds of influence, to which we are all subject. One is that of innate capacity which we have inherited. The other is that of external circumstances with the character of which we have had nothing to do. The proportion of the one to the other may be such as to give the victory to innate capacity, or it may be such as to make us largely creatures of the environment. Now there are people whose inheritances have been better than the average, and whose circumstances have been better than the average. It is for them to say, in a large degree, what their life-record shall be. But there are people whose inheritance and whose circumstances represent every degree of misfortune below the average. It is a part of the business of those who have power and influence to help make those bad circumstances better, and in time, through the generations, to help make those bad inheritances better. As a rule, it is well-nigh useless to talk about developing strong and noble individuality in that region until this work has been done. Socialism says: Here is the work, and the people who have had relatively good inheritances and good circumstances are the ones to do it. So far from being antagonistic to the philosophy of individualism, it proposes to make it possible, where it is now impossible, for that philosophy to work. In the best understanding of socialism, in its effort to have the Golden Rule and the doctrine of brotherly love applied to all, it is doing only its preliminary half of the work, of which the work of individualism is the other and higher half.

Now what is the power which shall marry individualism and socialism and make them one? I think that power is religion. Not old-time religion, but twentieth-century religion. Thou shalt love the spiritual ideal with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind,—to promote this love and worship is the work of individualism; and thy neighbor as thyself,—to promote this service of others is the work of socialism. Religion seeks holiness, or wholeness, which is much the same thing. Religion seeks agreements, not antagonisms. A new spirit is moving in religion. We are not now, as of old, to worry about another world and our chances there. We are to make the most and the best possible out of the world in which we now dwell. This, once recognized, is seen to be a two-fold work. First, the perfecting of self, which is again individualism; second, helping to make the conditions in which men and women and children of the less fortunate half will be able to perfect themselves, which is again socialism. Religion, thus understood, has two handmaids, individualism and socialism. They together, the one supplementing the other, are to do her work. Nor do these two labor only in different directions and in separate spheres. As lifting the less fortunate out of cramping and crushing circumstances makes the pursuit of the ideal possible for them, so social service on the part of the more fortunate mellows and enriches their lives.

It is this new spirit of religion, as we catch a vision of it to-day, which would unite growth and service in every human being, which would expect from every man according to his capacity, and extend help to every man according to his needs. This not only in the material realm, but in the realm of the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual life. So it seems to me that religion, uniting individualism and socialism in one spirit and one service, gives to both higher and finer meanings, as they go forward together to bless the world.

We may expect now, as never before, the good time yet to be, when "Distribution shall undo excess and each man have enough"; when whatever goes to make a progressive, hopeful, aspiring life shall be within reach of all; and when we shall see, as we have never seen, the growing supremacy of the spiritual ideal.—*Frederic A. Hinckley.*

Memorial Tablets.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

All the various societies in the United States which celebrate at the dining-table on famous dates, and in various ways, the virtues of their European ancestors and what they did to make the American composite, have a right to boast. Well and good! But when will the tide of talk set eastward, and those who "lengthen the foreheads of ancestors" show their gratitude to the old lands by tokens of appreciation—turning their words into acts?

As a matter of fact, the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have led off by placing in Holland no fewer than five tablets, four of bronze or antique brass, and one of stone, and this before there was any recognition in England of the people whom the Tudor and Stuart kings and ecclesiastics cast out, so that they had to fly for shelter to the hospitable Netherlands of William the Silent, and of the stadholders of the Republic who followed that great pioneer of religious freedom.

Now (but all of them since the memorials already reared in Holland), at Scrooby, the old village home, and at Southampton and Plymouth, appreciative Englishmen have reared graceful memorials. Only after protest and controversy was the title of the painting in the great corridor between the Houses of Parliament in London, which pictured the sailing of the Mayflower, changed from the belittling and inaccurate "Departure of a Puritan Family to America" to the true representation, "The Sailing of the Mayflower."

In Leyden, Holland, as early as the '80's, Dr. Henry Martin Dexter of Boston and Prof. Henry Day of New Haven had the stone chiselled and set in the Klok Steeg (Bell Alley) on the site of the old Pilgrim Fathers' settlement, bearing the legend,—

"ON THIS SPOT, LIVED, TAUGHT AND DIED
JOHN ROBINSON";

and in 1891, with municipal, military, civic, and academic welcome in Leyden, the members of the National Congregational Council of the United States of America reared on the walls of Pieter's Kerk (Church of St. Peter), in the Klok Steeg, a superb bronze tablet, seven by five feet, bearing the bas-relief of the ship Mayflower and a fitting inscription.

Three more tablets keep alive the memory of Dutch hospitality and the noble records of the Congregationalists, who still hold to the ideals, policy, and traditions of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England. One tablet, reared in 1906 in the ancient Reformed Dutch church at Delfshaven (now a part of Rotterdam), recalls the voyage of the

Digitized by Google

Speedwell, begun July 22, 1620. It contains also Gov. Bradford's words of gratitude, written from Plymouth, the message to the Dutch on Manhattan, beside the Dutch tulip and the mayflower (trailing arbutus).

Stirred with noble emulation, the electric trolley-line company of Rotterdam has recently presented the church with two fine stained-glass windows, representing on one side the Speedwell, and on the other the seal or "arms" of the ancient church. A registry book, kept in the consistory room, shows probably as many as a thousand names of visitors since 1906, chiefly from America. It was the Boston Congregational Club that reared the tablet at Delfshaven, and in the wall opposite is set a stone duly inscribed, from Chicago.

Like a magnet, the memorial, which is as rich in national, state, municipal, and historic seals as in quotations from Gov. Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," has attracted American visitors. On summer Sundays it has doubled attendance of tourists at worship. Reared in 1909 by the Chicago Congregational Club, it reveals nobly the ideal side of the Lake City's varied life. Thus it silently but effectively fulfils its mission of peace and brotherhood.

But before the Pilgrims of 1620 were the Congregational refugees of 1582, at Middelburg, Zeeland. William the Silent, in 1577, had recommended that any law-abiding dwellers in the Republic should be welcome and unmolested. Hither fled Robert Browne and his flock, and here, in the land in which printing was free and conscience at liberty, were printed the classics of modern Congregationalism. Mindful of this fact, in the name of the Congregational Sunday-schools of the United States of America, a handsome tablet of antique brass was unveiled on Sunday morning, Sept. 21, 1913. Like the nine other tablets of the same general design and style, this elegant memorial came from the atelier of Messrs. G. R. Lamb Company, New York City. The richness of medallic ornamentation, which tells the story, besides touching the historic imagination, is in harmony with the general plan of Dutch medallic mural decoration. To the American delegates, the Royal Commisaris or province governor, the burgomaster, or mayor, of Middelburg, and the president of the Zeeland Society, made fitting responses.

Colonial America owes much to the Dutch who first settled the great region of Middle America, the great river-land of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. They discovered and opened the chief sea-gate to the continent, and planted colonies in the area of four States, once New Netherlands. From the time the Half Moon entered what was at first properly called the Mauritius River, after the Stadholder Maurice, until our own day, there has been unbroken friendship between the two countries. To celebrate this fact and truth there was unveiled in the presence of American delegates and numerous Dutch dignitaries, on Sept. 18, 1913 at The Hague, a brass duly inscribed, and decorated with the emblazonry of the Dutch and Yankee nations. Where John Adams's house—the legation of the United States from 1781 to 1829—stood is now the Government Printing House. This handsome edifice is on the Fluweelen Burgwal, just off the Heeregracht and near the centre of the city. It is thus within easy reach of all tourists and visitors. Like the others, this mural tablet, of antique brass, thirty-six by twenty-four inches, is set on a backing of polished oak, forty-two by thirty inches.

Colonial New York and Delaware are commemorated, the former at Nijkerk, in Gelderland, the old seat of the Van Rensselaers, now several thousands or more in numbers in America. In the church before whose font Arendt van Curler, founder of Schenectady, N.Y., was christened in 1620 is a mural brass of a conventional design, a memorial to this pioneer, founder of a peace policy with the Iroquois. Nijkerk is easily reached from Amsterdam.

At Utrecht, in 1764–65, Dr. John Livingston took his degree in theology, and came back to America to help mightily to rear Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, N.J. The trustees, professors, students, and friends "on the banks of the old Raritan" have gratefully reared a mural brass. The younger salutes the older institution as "Dear mother of our dear mother." The university hall is always open to American visitors, and the tablet gladly shown.

Delaware's first large colony, financed by the city of Amsterdam, was organized by Pieter Cornelis Plockhoy of Zierikzee, in 1662. In the pretty town hall of this Zeeland city, in the evening of Sept. 19, 1913, a choice company assembled at nine o'clock, headed by the burgomaster. A Kentucky young lady, Miss Marion Ulbrecht, drew the cord which unveiled the tablet which honored the settler whose ideas, advanced for his own day, are now inwrought in our civilization. The wording and the symbols of the enduring brass tell their own story.

To-day Rotterdam is the wonder of the Netherlands in growth and prosperity. In 1869 it had 100,000 souls; in 1913 it had passed the 500,000 mark. From the opening of the seventeenth century until this very hour it has been the gateway for emigrants from Continental Europe to America. The Classis, or Ministerium, of Amsterdam had ecclesiastical charge of New Netherlands, and the Dutch and German Reformed Churches—now large and flourishing American denominations—were united in one body until 1807. It was the city of Rotterdam, however, that excelled in welcome, charity, help, and kindliness to these people, often poor and flying from persecution. Moreover, the three regiments of the Scotch Brigade, in Dutch service from 1572 to 1795, had their churchly centre here, and their widows, invalids, and orphans were cared for here until 1815. When the Scotch Covenanters and other refugees for religion and conscience' sake fled, in the time of Charles II., they found a welcome equal in warmth and practical help to that given to Pilgrims, Huguenots, Walloons, and Germans. On Sunday night, Sept. 21, 1913, the monumental brass, which tells its own story, was unveiled with impressive services. Letters of greeting from governors of States, mayors of cities, and presiding officers of organizations in America, added to the interest of each of these occasions.

Besides settling four of our greatest States, the Dutch were our first friends in the Revolution. They understood what our fathers were fighting for. At St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, in November, 1776, Gov. Johannes de Graeff fired the first foreign salute to the American flag. Half of the supplies for Washington's army came from this Dutch island. In Holland, also, Joan Dirck van der Capellen not only justified America's course of action, but protested successfully against the employment, by King George III., of the Scotch Brigade against our Revolutionary fathers. Most fittingly, the Holland Society of New York reared at Zwolle, in Overijssel, a bronze tablet to van der Capellen on the site of his former residence.

The Netherlands Society of Philadelphia, which put up the Plockhoy tablet at Zierikzee, reared at Leyden, in 1909, on the house of Jean Luzac, journalist and friend of Washington and Hamilton, a memorial duly inscribed, and decorated with heraldic insignia.

In the beautiful vestibule of the Legislative Hall at Leeuwarden, in Friesland, a "Memorial of Gratitude" in enduring brass commemorates the first vote taken to recognize John Adams and the American Republic. The result which quickly followed the recognition was the loan of $4,000,000, which paid off our starving Continentals at Newburgh, N.Y., in 1782. Paid back principal and interest, in 1809, this ultimate sum of $14,000,000 did not go back to Holland. It was invested in the purchase of four million acres of land in the then wild regions of Western New York and Pennsylvania, and thus the benefits to us Americans were doubled.

The headlines in various Dutch newspapers in late September, 1913, "Dankbaar Amerika," seem now justified, for "Grateful America" has at last begun a gracious task and a delightful duty. Americans, while abroad, welcome these tokens of hearts at home, and go eagerly to see them. Of appreciation the Dutch have shown all that could be desired.—*Holland-America Line Monthly.*

Concerning Church News.

The *Christian Register* needs the assistance of ministers and laymen in every Unitarian parish in the United States, to the end that news from the churches may be reported.

It must be evident to any one who thinks about it for a moment that the editor of "Church News" cannot know even the most important things which happen in our widely scattered churches. The editor has learned by sore experience that it is not safe to trust the ordinary reports in the newspapers. The probability is that, if the editor depends upon such reports, a protest will come against the printing of such incorrect statements.

If in every parish the minister would attend to the report of important movements or events, and if some lay person were appointed to furnish the news, our columns would be filled. It ought to be evident that the *Christian Register* cannot select such reporters or pay for their services.

The object of such reports is to stir up in the parishes wholesome emulation, to instruct one another in new methods, and especially to carry the tidings of what is going on "at home" to thousands of our people scattered throughout the Union. Our denomination is so small and compact that, if all would co-operate, it would be easy in the

Digitized by Google

course of the year to bring the work of all our churches to the attention of our readers.

The method of sending reports is important. They should be brief, carefully written on one side of the paper, and carefully corrected, ready for printing. Newspaper clippings and other miscellaneous matter make work for the editor, which ought to be done by the reporter in each parish.

The Church in Modern Life.

Mr. James E. Odlin, speaking recently before the North Middlesex Conference, said the church of modern life is not the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, or any branch thereof, but the true church of God, which disbelieves all the miracles related in the Bible and denies all superstition, but yet believes in God. This is the true church, not only of the future, but of the present.

The duty of that church is to enkindle morality with enthusiasm, a duty which, as Matthew Arnold insisted in "Literature and Dogma," is the supreme function of religion. Men outside the church may be upright, but to be enthusiastically banded together to advance morals and ethics in an organization which recognizes and worships God makes a church. The success that has attended the work of the Unitarian church is therefore to be measured by the amount of enthusiasm which it has put into its work. This is not measured by the amount which it has paid into the multitudinous benevolences of other Christian churches. Indeed, this is often a way of buying satisfaction for efforts one dislikes to put forth. The call of to-day to the Unitarian church is to awaken the world within it and around it to enthusiastic, and not perfunctory, practice of the Golden Rule.

The true church, which is the Unitarian church, has also a teaching function. It must tell men what to believe, not in the sense that it would bind the human conscience, but in order that it may tell inquirers what the truth is. We have slight and inadequate symbols for this. What we need is a creed, not to bind men's consciences, but to tell men what, by and large, the most of us agree upon. Therefore, once in each ten years a body of our best thinkers should draw up in terms that a sane world can understand a statement of what the major portion of the church believes, as a platform for evangelism. When the text "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" was inserted in Matthew, it interpolated only what was already in Mark and Luke as well. The spirit of those books is evangelistic and imperative even if not put in words, but the church needed to have it in words in order to foster its aggressiveness. So we need to have the purpose and motive of our church declared, and we should no longer be expected to shingle on to a fog bank.

It is also a supreme function of the church to bring men to God-consciousness. The Unitarian Sunday-schools, with their confusion during their sessions like that in a public school at recess, need to have the children taught to know God through prayer, and come to reverence for the holy mysteries of life. Mere knowledge of Palestine, and of the sacred books and their contents, is valuable chiefly because it may be the vehicle for leading the soul into the holy verities of God-consciousness. No man fully lives that does not know in his heart the impact of God who is spirit. Unitarian laymen should consecrate themselves to the priesthood of this revelation. Each day should they seek the illumination which comes through prayer.

To reveal to the world our message in the three functions above described is a duty, because alone of modern religious organizations we have the truth which the modern world needs if it is not to turn from evangelical religion to agnosticism, and we shall be judged before the judgment seat if we meet not the obligation laid upon us by our knowledge of the truth. Knowledge is sometimes power, but it always spells responsibility, and the Unitarian church is not exempt from that responsibility. The religious anguish of doubting evangelicals calls to us for light, sweetness, and peace through our evangel of a religion without miracle, portent, or sign, but with the graces of candor, purity, truth, and God-consciousness.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Presbyterian* comments on Rev. John Haynes Holmes's definitions of "liberal" and "conservative," in his lectures in the course on "Christian Unity" at the Mount Morris church, New York:—

Mr. Holmes makes the soul of man the centre of everything, as the ancient astronomers made the earth the centre of the physical universe. As they left out the sun, so Mr. Holmes would leave out God. The value of Christ, the Bible, the Church, are not estimated according to their relation to God, but according to their relation to the human soul. The error here is akin to the materialist when he magnifies matter into the chief thing. Mr. Holmes magnifies the human soul as chief, but the evangelical believer magnifies God in Christ as all in all, and above all, and over all.

Mr. Holmes is in part right when he says the division between liberalism and evangelism is horizontal, and not vertical, that it is found in all churches. This is true, and it is due to the very teachings which Mr. Holmes propagates, when he makes it appear that doctrine is artificial, and purpose and motive only is vital. This is the modern religious vice. But it is rapidly being rediscovered. The line of truth in purpose and motive is being drawn and magnified, and it will be found that the real liberals in the evangelical churches are few, after all. They eventually find their own place and go over to their own god and their own people, among the Unitarians and Universalists.

The *Christian Commonwealth* of London, which bears the sub-heading, "The Organ of the Progressive Movement in Religion and Social Ethics," reports the Unitarian anniversaries in England. In connection with the report, "The Passer-By," an editorial contributor, remarks:—

Years ago it used to be my duty to gather up "religious news" for a journal that I will not name, and I recall the holy horror that spread through the office one day when it was discovered that an item about a Roman Catholic had crept into the paper. Something approaching consternation was reached when, on another occasion, a Unitarian paragraph was detected among the Nonconformist news. Readers were supposed to be pining for news about Anglicans, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, and other Protestant "Trinitarians," but fearful of being contaminated by men who had been either seduced by the Scarlet Woman or infected with the Socinian heresy. Whatever chances the Romanist had of getting to heaven, the Unitarian certainly had fewer. Intolerant and uncharitable as the attitude of the orthodox Trinitarian to the Unitarian has seemed to be, it would at least be consistent and even justifiable if he really believed what he imagined he believed and until recently professed to believe—namely, that Jesus of Nazareth was "God Almighty walking on earth," to quote a phrase once used to me by the late Rev. H. R. Haweis to indicate what he personally did not believe. But times have changed, and with them thought and belief and expression. To-day in regard to the person of Jesus the divergence of view, on the one hand, among, for instance, Congregational ministers themselves is greater than it is, on the other, between the Congregational and Unitarian bodies collectively; or, as the Dean of St. Paul's put it at the luncheon on Wednesday, "There are High, Broad, and Low Churchmen in every denomination. All honor to Dr. John Hunter, Mr. Rhondda Williams, Mr. Campbell, Dr. Orchard, and a few other Free Churchmen, who have led the way in fraternizing with Unitarians and preaching in their pulpits! A still further advance along the toilsome path of religious freedom is marked by the acceptance by the Dean of the metropolitan cathedral of an invitation to take part in the anniversary meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Dean Inge not only delivered the Essex Hall Lecture on Wednesday morning, but afterwards attended a public luncheon presided over by the president of the Association, Mr. George H. Leigh. This action on the part of an Anglican dignitary is unprecedented, and the Dean's courage in taking it, his cordial spirit, and brotherly words are deeply appreciated, and will do much to promote the cause of Christian catholicity.

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

Working Together in a Great Cause.

How unimportant, after all, are the differences that separate the denominations is evident from the readiness with which they co-operate in practical matters. An overmastering impulse brings them together when some emergency arises. The work of religious education is a case in point. At the very time when denominational differences were most acute the International Sunday School Association was formed. Although this Association from the first refused fellowship to any but so-called "evangelical" churches, it none the less brought together people so antagonistic in theology as Methodists and Presbyterians, and so diverse in method as Friends, on the one side, and Episcopalians and Baptists, on the other. And when, eleven years ago, it was felt that the mighty Sunday-school movement should be lifted into higher ways and made responsive to modern knowledge of educational methods, all theological distinctions were cast aside, even the shibboleth "evangelical" was dropped, and liberals joined with conservatives in one great movement, the Religious Education Association. In this organization Unitarians are not only admitted freely, but are welcomed as leaders whenever, as individuals, they show marked ability. The education of the child in right living, in

Digitized by Google

an understanding of common religious truth, and in a right attitude toward God and man transcends all sectarian ambitions and theological technicalities.

It was in this larger spirit of brotherhood that the Providence, R.I., Superintendents' Union invited the secretary of this Department to be its speaker on the 20th of last month. For years the Baptist churches in that predominantly Baptist city had maintained a Sunday-school Union. Within a year they have disbanded this ancient organization so as to clear the field for the formation of a new Union on broader lines. At the start the question confronted them where the new organization would draw the line limiting fellowship. After full and candid discussion it was unanimously resolved that there should be absolutely no theological barriers, but that the Union should be open to all churches in the city on equal terms. It was not as an outsider, therefore, tolerated for the moment, but as a fellow-worker in a common cause that the secretary of this Department was welcomed at their banquet and conference, and his address on the promotion of the spirit of reverence was heard without prejudice.

In the same spirit, that very International Sunday School Association, which has yet its "evangelical" limitations of membership, has in Massachusetts asked the co-operation of Unitarians and Universalists in a common effort to promote temperance sentiment in Sunday schools. At a meeting of the State Superintendent and the Committee on Moral Welfare, to which the secretary of this Department was invited, there was not the slightest evidence of the *odium theologicum*. The fact was favorably commented upon that, alone of the churches there represented, the Unitarians have a denominational temperance organization. Before the mighty evil, the threatening menace of drink, church lines fade away and earnest souls in all communions become as one.

One more reassuring instance of this tendency to come together in the service of humanity through religious education is seen in the co-operation of our Department as represented (by appointment) by its secretary and associate secretary, with a similar committee from the Universalists. For more than a year this joint committee has been considering practical ways of working together in the preparation of Sunday-school materials. In not one instance has there been the slightest intrusion of denominational differences or of separate interests. On October 15 last, the secretary of this Department spoke, by invitation, before the Boston Universalist Sunday School Union. Again, on July 7 next, he is to be one of the two invited speakers at the only evening session of the National Sunday School Association of the Universalist church. At this meeting the Congregational body shows its fraternal good will, as the New Old South Church, Boston, has opened its edifice to this gathering, in view of the fact that, by the burning of their Second Church, the Universalists have not at present a suitable auditorium in the city for the accommodation of the large assemblage.

Shall not we, as Unitarians, be as broad as are our brethren in the other churches? In the matter of Sunday-school appliances, for example, let us strive to make our publications so good that others will be glad to use them, and then let us be generous enough not only to recognize good work when done by others, but to use it freely until we are able to replace it by better books of our own. The child is a candidate for the local church. By all means let him be educated into the goodly fellowship of his denomination. But above all let us see in him a prospective member of the great and all-including Church of Earnest Souls. The right religious education of childhood presents a problem large enough to humble our local and sectarian pride, and the goal sought is exalted enough to bring together into a goodly fellowship the earnest souls of all the churches.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Young People's Day at the Shoals.

Once more the Isles of Shoals Summer Meetings Association has invited the young people of our denomination to share in a day

Marriages.

At Winchester, Mass., June 16, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, Edward N. Wills and Florence M. Perry.

At Brookline, Mass., June 17, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, Harold W. Whitten and Emma E. Heintzmann.

At the Unitarian church, Lancaster, Mass., June 17, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, assisted by Rev. Otto E. Duerr, William A. Fuller, of Clinton, and Dorothy Temple, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Temple Brown of Bolton.

At Waban, June 20, by Rev. Hilary Bygrave, Edward A. Bailey, of Arlington, and Edith J. Burton, of Winchester.

Deaths.

JAQUITH.—In Billerica, Mass., Sept. 9, 1913, Joseph Jaquith, 71 years.

For many years a faithful member of the Parish Committee of the Unitarian church.

. . . . . .

June 14, 1914, Mrs. Joseph Jaquith, 63 years.

A charter member of the Women's Alliance, in which she was earnestly interested.

BLAKE.—In Pepperell, Mass., Tuesday, June 9, 1914, Achsah Frances Blake, wife of Edgar W. Blake.

In the sudden passing from life of Mrs. Blake, the First Parish Church of Pepperell loses one of its most loyal and useful members and the Alliance branch a constant and diligent worker. Besides her husband she leaves an only sister, one son, and three young grandchildren. She was prominent in all the organizations and movements for the betterment of her town, devoted to the care and health of her family, and always interested in the large circle of friends to whom her cheerful energetic personality, with a talent for planning and arranging, coupled with great taste in decoration, made her services always most valuable. Her last active work for the church was at the time of the installation of Rev. D. R. Child as minister, in April last. Coming to us from another communion, she entered into our aims and work with heartfelt energy and zeal. Her loss is great, her memory most blessed.

MRS. M. E. CRAFT.

Mrs. M. E. Craft of Cambridge, a loyal, ardent Unitarian, and reader of the *Christian Register* for more than fifty years, being greatly interested in each issue till the five weeks of her final illness, passed away June 11, at the advanced age of ninety-one years, after a brief illness following a series of years of gradually failing health due to the infirmities of age. She was a member of the Harvard Street Unitarian Church, Cambridge, an active worker in the Women's Alliance on the visiting and other committees. She was most liberal and outspoken in her religious belief, but expressed her convictions in the gentlest words withal.

All appreciated her comradeship, the spirit of which was shed abroad in her circle of loving friends. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. V. S. Taylor, with whom she made her home, who is secretary of the Sabbath-school, and who succeeded her mother on her retirement from the various committees; also a grand-daughter, Alice Craft Taylor, a graduate of Boston University, and superintendent of the Dorchester Sabbath-school.

Those nearest and dearest to her will miss her cheerful presence, as well as her church friends and associates, by whom she was deeply respected and loved.

Truly, "she hath done what she could." W.

MRS. ANNA HOSMER SAVARY.

The death of Mrs. Savary, which occurred at Groveland, Mass., in her seventy-third year, on May 23, ought not to pass without note. Her heredity and environment worked together to make her a Unitarian of the best type, and throughout the sunshine and shadow of a varied career she illustrated well the graces that flow from the consistent practice of our simple and beautiful faith. From both parents she derived our best traditions. Her father was the Rev. Dr. George W. Hosmer, thirty years pastor at Buffalo, N.Y., and later president of Antioch College, a devoted and effective exponent of our principles for a full half-century. Her mother was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. James Kendall of Plymouth, Mass., for fifty-nine years the minister of the ancient parish of the Pilgrim Fathers. She married, at twenty-one, the Rev. William H. Savary, an earnest and self-sacrificing minister during thirty years at West Newton, Ellsworth, Me., Canton, South Boston, and Green Harbor, Mass., fulfilling always at her husband's side the often obscure but difficult duties of a minister's wife. In this sphere her sweetness, tact, persistence, and courage were always apparent, and she won love while she labored and sympathized. Her father was called in his day an "ideal parish minister," and she inherited perhaps from him an aptness in dealing with old and young, in times of joy and sorrow, which developed in lovely and effective ways, whatever her surroundings. In all her homes she was a promoter of gentleness, self-forgetfulness, refinement, of all things which make for the higher life. In her later years she stood venerable, her powers unimpaired by age, her virtues richly ripened, a mother in our Israel, whose simple presence evoked the best in the hearts of all who came within her circle.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 78-78-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address. "Undertaker, Boston."

WANTED. A willing, able-bodied boy of 16 would like to find work on a New England farm for the summer. Address, Arthur D. Starbuck, 106 Hillside Avenue, Arlington Heights, Mass.

GLENSIDE
For Chronic, Nervous, and Mild Mental Disease
MABEL D. ORDWAY, M.D.
6 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Telephone, Jamaica 44

THE TEMPLETON INN
TEMPLETON, MASS.
Opens for the season May 29th. Why not try it for June? It is most desirable for rest, and will give you the best of service. Garage facilities. 125 rooms. Pure spring water. Fresh farm products.
Address Manager.

Digitized by Google

at these gatherings, and Wednesday, July 15, has been turned over to their ministrations.

The invitation having been accepted, the committee is pleased to announce that Mr. Otto Lyding, a recent graduate of the Harvard Divinity School, and lately appointed assistant minister of the First Church, Roxbury, has consented to conduct the early morning devotional service in the stone meeting-house, followed later in the forenoon by an address in the hotel auditorium by Mr. Frederick M. Eliot, assistant to the minister of the First Parish, Cambridge, his topic being "The Duties of Young People in a Free Church." Both these young men have attained some distinction in their chosen field, and their share of the morning's programme is already being much anticipated.

A concert in the evening, by the choir in attendance during the week, will bring the day to a close.

We hear rumors of several groups of young people planning to be in attendance for this day; and we look forward to the fulfilment of this word when the time comes.

Young people from Maine, New Hampshire, and Northeastern Massachusetts can very easily take the sail in the early morning hours and arrive in ample time for the services of the forenoon. A delightful outing can be made of this occasion, combining both pleasure and profit. Dinner may be purchased at the hotel, or a picnic lunch, arranged from one's own basket, may be enjoyed on the rocks.

If more than the day's stay is contemplated, room reservations should be secured at once.

It is earnestly hoped that every young person who can be present will make a great effort to be on hand. It encourages the speakers, who often sacrifice many hours of their own vacation period to come in response to our invitation, and inspires them when large audiences sit before them; and it certainly pleases the officers and directors of the Shoals Association to see a keen interest in the Young People's Day. Let us all meet at the Shoals on Wednesday, July 15, then!

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At Manchester-by-the-Sea, First Unitarian Church, Rev. Palfrey Perkins of First Parish, Brighton, will preach Sunday, June 28, eleven o'clock.

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from Edward Perry Daniels, of the Meadville Theological School, an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this Committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, Secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Meetings.

NORTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The ninety-sixth session was held Thursday, June 11, with the Liberal Christian Church of Wilton, N.H., Rev. John H. Wilson, minister. The president, Mr. Thomas H. Elliott of Lowell, presided. The session opened with prayer by Rev. S. L. Elberfeld of Peterboro, music, and singing. Routine business transacted, the president introduced as the principal speaker of the morning, James E. Odlin, Esq., of Lynn, president of the Essex Conference, who spoke on "The Place of the Church in Modern Life." The address was followed by discussion by the president, Mrs. Harvey Whiting of Wilton, Rev. C. T. Billings of Lowell, Rev. R. M. Grant of Wilton Centre, Mr. Bales of Wilton, Rev. William T. Hutchins of Francestown, Rev. D. R. Child of Pepperell, Rev. M. B. Townsend of Nashua, Rev. G. C. Wright of Lowell, and Rev. C. E. Park of Boston. The noon devotional service was conducted by Rev M. B. Townsend, after which Mr. Wilson, in behalf of the ladies of the Wilton church, invited the assembly to dinner, and said grace. The afternoon meeting opened with singing. The roll-call of the churches showed an attendance of 12 ministerial and 213 lay delegates. Summer meetings at the Isles of Shoals and Proctor Academy, Andover, N.H., were announced. Tribute of appreciation of the indebtedness of the denomination was voted Mr. George H. Ellis of the *Christian Register*, by a rising vote. The *Unitarian Advance* was congratulated for its prosperity. The resolution to make the New England Missionary Council a permanent organization, and, in union with New England Committee of the American Unitarian Association, to have supervision of missionary work in New England, was voted unanimously. The president then introduced as the principal speaker of the afternoon, Mr. William H. Sayward of Boston, president of the Essex Conference, who spoke on "The Efficient Congregation." The address was discussed briefly, from lack of time. The session closed with votes of thanks to the Wilton church for its generous hospitality, and to the speakers, and with distribution of mountain laurel. Rev. John H. Wilson gave the benediction. George C. Wright, Secretary.

THE MAINE CONFERENCE.—The fifty-first annual session was held with the Unitarian church of Augusta, June 9 and 10. Rev Robert P Doremus had charge of the Tuesday evening religious service. The speakers were Justice Leslie C. Cornish and former Chief Justice William Penn Whitehouse. Having two laymen as speakers was something of a departure from the common practice, but in this case it proved a good departure. Both speakers were at their best, and set high the spirit of the succeeding meetings. Wednesday morning the formal opening of the Conference took place, with numerous delegates present. After the reading of reports and the appointment of committees, the forenoon session was taken over by the Maine branches of the Women's Alliance. The annual address was given by Miss Anna M. Bancroft, on "Our Opportunities and Our Responsibilities," and was practical and inspiring. It is hoped that the address given may be printed and circulated. A service of communion was in charge of Rev. D. M. Wilson. The afternoon session began with a roll-call of churches, and other business. Rev. A. R. Scott read a paper entitled "Our Unitarian Opportunity in Present-day Religion." He said that at no time in the history of human thought has there been so serious and thorough an inquiry into the nature and value of religion as now. This examination has been concerned with the worth of religion both to the individual and to society. Rev. L. G. Wilson opened the discussion by timely observations in regard to world-wide opportunities ever open to the Unitarian gospel. A fitting close to the Conference session was the Wednesday evening religious service, conducted by Rev. Paul S. Phalen and Rev. Charles R. Joy. The preacher was Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham. In his discourse he compared the growth and changes of religion to the growth and changes of people's clothes in one of the miracles mentioned in the Bible. It was said that the clothes of the people waxed not old as the people wandered about in the wilderness, but they must have changed to fit the needs of the people. So religion has changed somewhat to fit our present-day needs. Religion is the garment of the soul, and it protects us against sorrow and disaster. It is a thing of comfort. So religion should grow as life advances, in order that it may fit the needs of the people. At the present day social service is religion, and charitable judgment is religion; and there are as many ways of being religious as there are of being good. Silent trust and reverence, however, have always been and always will be a part of religion—in that, religion will not change. The following officers were elected: president, Hon. William Penn Whitehouse; vice-presidents, Rev. D. M. Wilson and Hon. Richard Webb; secretary-treasurer, Rev. L. R. Daniels. A resolution was passed, expressing the belief that the enforcement of the prohibitionary law is a great help to the cause of temperance and order, and that, as such enforcement depends almost entirely upon the will of the people, therefore the Conference commends to the churches the importance of a firm stand of the people to furnish the foundation for the enforcement of the law by the constituted officials. Another resolution showed that the Maine Conference endorses the suggestion of the Unitarian Service Pension Society, that each church of our denomination contribute annually to the treasury of the Pension Society the sum of one per cent. of the salary paid by that church to its minister, and that the Conference recommend this suggestion to all the churches of its membership as worthy of adoption.

Churches.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. Fred Alban Weil: The last evening service out of town before the summer interim was conducted at Blaine, on June 7. Regular evening services have been held at Lynden, Sedro Woolley, and Blaine during the year, and other preaching stations are also upon the list supplied from the Bellingham church. The work at Blaine is new the

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT,
SECRETARY, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, Mrs BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 582 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 779 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

past season, and has developed an interesting situation. From a small group of a dozen, the congregations have increased to sixty. Those attending are mostly Icelanders. There is an orthodox Icelandic church in Blaine, and the organist became a Unitarian. He agreed to play for the orthodox minister as long as the orthodox minister did not try to convert him. A number of others in the orthodox Icelandic church gradually became interested in Unitarianism, until finally the situation resulted in a separation from the orthodox church by the Unitarian Icelanders, since attendance upon its sessions and the situation in general became trying. At the last evening service held in Blaine a choir of twelve men, Icelanders, formerly of the orthodox church, led the singing. Most of the congregation present was Icelandic. The Bellingham Unitarian minister preached a sermon of an hour, without notes, which was listened to with vital interest. The message of Unitarianism means much to those who are breaking away from the fear of hell-fire for the larger ideal of God and life. This is a situation which is often occurring, as it is with the Icelandic Unitarians of Blaine, in emerging from orthodoxy.

CONCORD, N.H.—Second Congregational Society, Rev. Charles A. Wing: It is pleasant to report the recent noteworthy activities of this Society. The fifty-fifth May festival witnessed the début in fancy dances and marches of a fresh array of little children. Every year there appears a new crop of these "upspringing blossoms," as an old chronicle calls them. For their benefit a Mother Goose operetta, "Peggy's Dream," was presented by the Boston Juvenile Players. The evening entertainment, preceding general dancing, was a concert by the Dartmouth Glee Club. The men in the parish, instigated by Mr. Wing, have put new life into their Unitarian Club, which will proceed along practically undenominational lines as an agency for civic improvement. Half the sixty members are unconnected with the church, but are drawn into the club because there they hear live topics expounded, each by a "man who knows." The closing meeting for the season was an open one, and Mr. Will M. Cressy gave an illustrated talk on Japan which was marked by his characteristic humor and by first-hand knowledge of Japanese attractions and conditions. The Sunday-school has increased in numbers, and observed a Commencement Sunday on June 14. It has adopted green as a color. For the first time, class exercises were given, showing the regular work of the year. On the following day more than a hundred persons visited the display of modelling, book and map making, examination papers, etc. The Sunday-school is favorably known to all interested in religious instruction, and is one of those which have been asked to send an exhibit to the Sunday School Institute at Meadville.

ELLSWORTH, ME.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. John W. Tickle: The ladies of the Alliance will hold a fair in Hancock Hall during the first week in August. As a consequence of what the secretary of the American Unitarian Association said in his report concerning the changing of the name of our denomination, the Bible class, on Sunday, June 14, discussed the question, and unanimously voted that it would not be wise or expedient to change the name. The Ellsworth pastor has commenced to hold preaching services in the First Unitarian Church, Lamoine. There was a good attendance on June 14.

WAVERLEY, MASS.—Unitarian Society, Rev. Charles A. Allen: On Sunday afternoon, June 14, a very interesting service was held formally to receive and dedicate the new pipe-organ which has been installed. This recent accession has proved most useful and inspiring, and adds much to the dignity and religious value of the services. Mrs. Louisa M. Clark, who died in 1911, was a loyal member of this church, and left a bequest of $1,000 to the parish, which was placed in a fund for the purchase of an organ. This spring, by the additions of liberal donations by her son, Dr. Leonard B. Clark, and others, the organ was installed and dedicated to her memory. It is a two-manual organ, made by the Hastings Company of Weston, of simple design, which adapts itself to the quiet interior of the church. In presenting the organ to the parish, Dr. Clark said: "In the stress of our daily life we realize the truth of the words that 'toil, trial, and suffering still await us.' But we come to this place week by week, to find, as it were, a very Bethel where we may dream dreams, and see visions, as of ladders extending from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending, whose voices give us faint echoes of the music of the spheres; and so, with souls refreshed and strengthened by the words of peace and hope that we have heard, and with our hearts comforted and encouraged by the sweet music of this organ, may we go forth each week to keep the faith steadfast, and to quit us like men." The pastor, Mr. Allen, gave an address, in which he expressed the appreciation of the parish for the gift, and also a tribute of affection and admiration for the life and character of Mrs. Clark. An excellent musical programme added much interest to the service.

Personals.

Rev. Granville Pierce has resigned the pastorate of the First Religious Society of Carlisle, Mass., because of ill health. After August 1 his address will be Kingston, Mass.

Rev. Daniel R. Freeman, who will remove to Grand Rapids, was given a farewell reception by All Souls' Church, Braintree; Dr. Freeman will spend the month of July at Boothbay Harbor, Me.

Rev. Jabez T. Sunderland, who has recently returned from his world tour as lecturer under the Billings Foundation, and was recently installed minister of the new Unitarian Society of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and Rev. William H. Morrison, pastor of the Unitarian church at Nashua, N.H., have both been honored with the degree of D.D., conferred by Tufts College at the Commencement exercises, June 18.

Rev. Thomas Van Ness, the minister of the Second Unitarian church of Brookline, sails from Montreal to England to take charge during the month of July of the historic Unitarian church at Warwick. Mr. Van Ness will be in residence in Leamington, close by Warwick. He will preach and lecture under the auspices of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

Isles of Shoals Meetings.

There has been an unusual demand for rooms at the Shoals meetings this year. There is always room for one more at the Oceanic or Appledore, but persons desiring to go will do well to write for rooms and send their membership fees as soon as possible. There is plenty of room at the Appledore for both weeks and at the Oceanic from the 20th to the 27th. Free transportation between the islands will be offered to members of the Association to and from ALL the meetings. Several of the sessions will be held at the Appledore, where nearly one hundred members are now booked. Please send full names, exact dates, and $1 per person for each week, for membership certificates, to Carl B. Wetherell, 1 Fuller Place, Cambridge, Mass.

Here and There.

It was not wholly for the striking effect that Napoleon introduced red trousers into the armies of Europe. He wished to create a market for the madder root that the French farmers raised, and his plan was successful until aniline dyes appeared. Now the trousers are to go the way of the madder root.

They are banding birds in England. By that means they have found out that one English swallow spent the winter in the Orange Free State, and another in Natal. It seems that the birds that nest farthest north go farthest south in winter. Why? Partly, at least, because they find the nesting and feeding grounds that intervene between their two homes already occupied by others of their species.

The least simple and the least elegant of all reigns in France was probably that of Louis Philippe, for the reason that Louis Philippe and his entourage had determined to be simple. Of all the ladies left over from the preceding régime, the least simple and the least elegant was Mme. de Genlis, who had moulded the mind of Louis Philippe and given a third-rate tone of pretension to the time. Everybody said, "I will be simple," and everybody tried hard for simplicity, just as everybody now seems to be trying hard to have "red blood," or to be "efficient," or to "let a little sunshine in."—*M. F. Egan, in Century.*

A SUMMER CAMPAIGN

While good people take vacations
Evil gets in its work

THE SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE FEDERATION

can furnish 50 different, striking, educational Posters on the effects of drink to work while you are away.

Arrange before taking your vacation to have one a week posted prominently while you are gone.

Have mailed to your friends "*Alcohol in Every-day Life*," or a set of 50 small poster reproductions.

Other good material. Send 10c. for samples.

THE SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE FEDERATION

33 Trull Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"My dear, what mountains in domestic life give you most trouble?" "The kitchen range."—*Judge.*

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Twickembury, "that the young people of the present day are too much inclined to indulge in sectarian amusements on Sunday."

Author: "Why, sir, that book will be read with pleasure when Dickens and Thackeray are forgotten." Publisher: "I don't doubt it, but we can't wait that long for results."

Unfortunate Pedestrian (who has been knocked down and is a little dazed): "Where am I? Where am I?" Enterprising Hawker: "'Ere y' are, sir—map o' London, one penny."—*Punch.*

Mistress: "Why have you put two hot-water bottles in my bed, Bridget?" Bridget: "Sure, mum, wan of thim was leaking, and I didn't know which, so I put both in to make sure."—*Punch.*

A Friend minister, who removed from Nantucket to Hudson, N.Y., was once attending a meeting where the people had been urged without avail to come forward and fill up the front seats. At last he arose, and said, "Friends, fleet forward! There is too much weight aft to sail well"; and the people came.

Young Arthur had the study of anatomy at school, and had shown interest in the course. One afternoon as he was hungrily eating a generous-sized piece of bread and molasses, he asked his mother, in grave perplexity, "Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A Kansas school-teacher was drilling her composition class on the relative value of words and phrases. The phrase "horse sense" was discussed, and she told one of the boys to write a sentence containing that phrase. The boy labored for ten minutes and produced this: "My father didn't lock the barn door, and he ain't seen the horse sense."—*Selected.*

Upton Sinclair told this story about a school address he once made: "It was a school of little boys," said Mr. Sinclair, "and I opened my address by laying a coin upon the table. 'I am going to talk about socialism,' I said, 'and when I finish, the boy who gives me the best reason for turning socialist will get the money.' The boys were all converted. I began to question them. 'You are a socialist,' I said to the first. 'Yes, sir,' he replied. 'And why are you a socialist?' I asked. He pointed to the coin. 'Because I need the money,' he said."

At the Boston Relief Station recently Assistant District Attorney was examining Dr. Brickley of the Station in regard to the injuries to one Giuseppe Neapolitani. The doctor started to read: "Patrick Murphy, admitted January"— "Hold on," said Mr. Webber, "I don't want records about Patrick Murphy, but Giuseppe Neapolitani." "It's the same man," protested the doctor. The son of the injured man confirmed the statement, and said his father's name was Patrick Murphy. "Did he ever go by any other name," asked Mr. Webber, still doubtful. "Oh, yes," ejaculated the youngster. "When he came from Italy he was Giuseppe Neapolitani, but he could not get work unless he had a real good American name, so he changed it to Patrick Murphy." Judge Callahan joined the jury in a broad, broad smile.—*Herald.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON
17 WALL ST., NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.B., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)
Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University
GENERAL LIBRARY JUL 1 1914 UNIV. OF MICH.

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 27 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes . . . 625
Crooked Theology . . . 626
The Young Citizen . . . 627
CURRENT TOPICS . . . 628
BREVITIES . . . 629
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Pension Relief; Is it True? . . . 629
Is Sectarianism a Necessity? The Unitarian Name . . . 630
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
How can Liberals still use Jesus? by R. S. Loring . . . 631
"More Practical Education," by Lucia Ames Mead . . . 633
Birdtown in Early Summer, by Augusta Larned . . . 635
The Birds of Bayville, by Kate Hudson; Wild Flowers . . . 638
Richmond: Past and Present, by George Leonard Chaney . . . 642
Personality and Religion . . . 643
Anarchy in the Church; The Efficient Congregation . . . 644
Foreign Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. . . . 645
The Meadville Institute; The Ministers' Institute . . . 646
Summer Services . . . 647
THE PULPIT.
Back to the Land, by Rev. J. M. Lloyd-Thomas . . . 636
SPIRITUAL LIFE . . . 637
LITERATURE.
Books . . . 638
Magazines . . . 639
THE HOME.
The Deserted Home, by Annie Balcomb Wheeler . . . 640
The Little Loaf; The Letter Joe Lost; A Pet Donkey . . . 641
POETRY.
Clues, by Charlotte Fiske Bates . . . 631
Sympathy, by Julia M. Ellsbree . . . 633
Communion Hymn, by Marion Franklin Ham . . . 636
Dear Dolly Dorothy . . . 640
A Prayer, by A. Irvine Innes . . . 642
YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Student Assistant Work . . . 646
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE . . . 646
HERE AND THERE . . . 647
PLEASANTRIES . . . 648

Editorial.

SALEM, MASS., shares with Plymouth the fame of contributing colonists and character to the settlement of New England. The recent fire has brought out in a striking way calmness and courage, characteristics which have marked the people of that city since the days of Roger Conant and Gov. Endicott. Among the early colonists were men and women of the highest intelligence and culture, and their spirit survived to make the Salem of a hundred years ago the home of more enterprise and culture than could be found in any town of thirteen thousand inhabitants anywhere in the civilized world. It was in the order of natural events to send twenty-five boys in one year to Harvard and Bowdoin Colleges. The religious developments in Salem were typical of what happened throughout New England; the most ardent orthodoxy went to the founding of the Andover Theological School, with its amazing creed, and to the sending of the first missionaries to the Far East; side by side with these movements was the development and founding of four Unitarian churches. Of the spirit of the people let one instance suffice. The Naumkeag Mills employed operatives of many nationalities, all of whom look forward now to its rebuilding with anxious expectation. One of its principal officers recently said to the writer, "We have no slums about our mills, and we never had a strike." Agitators who came there could find no cause for complaint, and, after conferring with the officers, quietly went away.

VACATIONS bring out personal characteristics, and make an index of temperament and character. The vacation itself is an interval during which customary occupations and employments are suspended. People then are supposed to do as they please. There is the vacuous vacation, in which one suddenly finds himself at a loss to know what to do, and is much relieved when it ends; there is the nervous vacation, which consists in doing four times as much of what is unusual as one does of what is usual; there is the laborious vacation, which is overstocked with duties one has put off till a more convenient season; there is the strenuous vacation, in which recreation is pursued with a vigor that it takes half a year of regular work to recover from; there is the slavish vacation, during which men are dragged to watering-places for social reasons, boys driven to travel which they detest, and women keep house away from home,

Digitized by Google

returning fatigued with unaccustomed drudgery; there is the pathetic vacation of those who have relief from labor with no means to make the relief beneficial. Then there is the common-sense vacation, fitted to the circumstance of the case and bringing out of the opportunity something belonging to it which could be found nowhere else. It consists in directing energy into fresh channels, when it is abounding, or in connecting it with sources of strength when it is depleted. One man's vacation may be another man's weariness. In each case it ought to be creative, the outcome of some ingenious thought to make it novel, and some wise preparation to make it productive. The length is not so critical as the manner of it. Any vacation can be so utilized as to fill a succeeding year, and many of them, with fragrance and with memory.

We talk about the courage of conviction and bravery for truth, and generally mean the heroism of exposing the errors of others. It takes still more bravery to be candid about our own imperfections. The man who dares to tell the truth about his own cause is bound to be misunderstood and disliked. Human nature with us is about as sensitive as it was in Jeremiah's time, and the prophet who tells his own people what hinders their progress will ever be despised and rejected. When he does so with bitterness and self-seeking, he deserves his failure. But, while it is natural to applaud most those who most appeal to self-esteem and pride, we should reserve a little applause for those who with honest and loyal heart say, "Thou ailest here and here."

With the multiplicity of secular topics which now press upon the minds of men graduating from our colleges, it was a somewhat notable sign of the time that two out of five Commencement parts at Harvard College were discussions of the place which religion holds in Harvard University. That one of the speakers is the son of the dean of the Harvard Divinity School might possibly account for his choice of subject, but that would not account for both speakers. Underneath all the commercial and secular movements of the time there is at home and abroad an uprising of the spiritual impulses which take form in some kind of religious expression, and evidently the movement is felt in Harvard College. Horace said you may throw nature out with a pitchfork, but she will come back again. In France, where the secularization of society has reached its utmost limit, there is a distinct and powerful reaction, in part toward the Roman Catholic Church, but in much larger part toward noble ideals in literature and social ambitions.

In the Essex Hall lecture given during the meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, interpreted the tendencies of the times as a revolt against determinism and intellectualism. "Ghosts once more walked abroad, the medicine-man reappeared as a faith-healer, and Christian Science churches did a roaring trade." He charged modernism with having "stripped the figure of Christ of all that Christians had loved to see in Him, and left us only an enthusiastic peasant, obsessed with the Messianic expectations which were common at the time in Palestine." Thus modernism gets the fire of both sides in the battle of liberalism,—of those who condemn its hesitancy, and those who refuse its breadth. We have much to criticise in the position of the pattern modernist, but in his opinions of Christ he will not suffer much from such attacks as the one reported from the dean of St. Paul's. For a Galilean peasant to have done what he did is more wonderful than for a Christ to be what "Christians have loved to see in Him." To put the word "enthusiastic" in place of the word "inspired," and the word "obsessed" in place of the word "filled," accomplishes a subtle fallacy, but it will not weaken the great fact that emerges from the clouds of dogma. The words of Jesus, and the influence of his life, are great enough to survive any sneering adjectives that may be applied to the regard for them as compared with idolatry. Between clothes and the man we give precedence to the man.

Crooked Theology.

The *Sunday School Times*, said to be the largest Sunday-school organ in the world, published in Philadelphia, in its issue of May 30 has an editorial article entitled "Is Total Depravity a Myth?" This article is curiously illustrative of a kind of teaching, supposed by many complacent people to be extinct, which, doubtless, millions of our contemporary Americans are still receiving. The worst of it is, that it goes to young minds in countless Sunday-schools with the stamp of authority.

The following passages express the kernel of the article:—

"This modern scientific spirit is producing a new type of righteousness: men who are apparently splendid specimens of manhood; men who are upright in business, morally without reproach, free from habits of self-indulgence, kind-hearted and philanthropic in their dealings with their fellows,—and not Christians.

"What is the Christian answer to this challenge? That the human heart is desperately wicked. Not the heart of the drunkard and libertine, but the *human* heart, the heart of the upright, moral unbeliever, nay, more, the natural heart of the godliest saint,—is hopelessly black and polluted. The natural home of the human heart—apart from God in Christ—is hell. This is the Christian doctrine. . . . In himself a man is all bad, or he is not bad at all. If he is not all bad, then there is no need of the Cross to save him."

What a crazy view of the world these passages bring to view! No wonder that barbarism survives, and nations fight, and grown-up men and women go on behaving like children, when the churches thus undermine and upset moral values. Let us try all the harder to see how high, commanding, beautiful, and inspiring is the gospel which we are set to live by and teach. We will put it in the simplest terms, as if some perplexed youth asked us to tell him what could be said in reply to the topsy-turvy doctrines of the *Sunday School Times*. We will turn to the wonderful old book, the perpetual treasure-house of great truths, yet so pathetically misused and misunderstood.

Here, first, is the unassailable word of an unknown prophet, quoted in the sixth chapter of Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness [R.V.], and to walk humbly with thy God?" What could more exactly satisfy our native common sense? The three simple conditions—integrity, kindness, and modesty—are what make a man lovable. It used to be said that this kind of character is impossible. But every one knows, and our writer admits, that we find such lives—not nearly enough of them, indeed—in every town. We have in mind a most distinguished and useful man of science, a great lover of justice, kindly and modest. Would that all ministers were as modest as this great scholar is! He is not a "Christian" in the historical sense of the word. You could not persuade him (so truthful is he) to call Christ his Saviour, as if the use of a talisman could alter his character! But if Jesus were in Boston and the two men met, they would have a good deal in common. Now does the writer quoted above

Digitized by Google

really mean that this excellent man's home is in hell? If so, hell is the place where many of us would choose to go.

Take, now, another old Bible passage. We mean where Paul, after discoursing about lesser things, goes on to say, "Yet show I unto you a more excellent way"; and then follows the splendid chapter about love, or, for a change, so as to be rid of any suggestion of sentimentality, good will. You feel, as you read this, that you have reached the heights. Nothing more needs to be said about human conduct, for here is the everlasting spring that creates it. You are in company with good souls of every name and race, citizens of a divine universe. As another of the early writers says, "Whosoever loveth is born of God." He does not say even that you must love God. He says that in the hour of love you are of and with God. Any one can try it for himself and discover it to be true.

We have in mind a very beautiful case of this kind. You might perhaps match it in any of our free churches. It was a woman, whom people who didn't know her, might have called an "old maid." But those who knew her loved her into her good old age for her constant and devoted affection and her generous and effectual sympathies. Who ever heard her dishonor her Maker or her excellent parents by talking of her "black and polluted" heart? Modest as she always was, she would have thanked God that she had never a wish to do mean, selfish, or hurtful things. To love was her nature.

We think now of the conspicuous case of a great lover of men, Abraham Lincoln. We know that he hungered and thirsted after righteousness, that he was a natural peacemaker and of rare modesty. In the historic sense of the word he was not a "Christian," as Emerson was not a Christian, as a host of men and women, "of a new type of righteousness," are not Christians. We wonder if our writer has a glimmer of the extraordinary species of *reductio ad absurdum* to which he has arrived! Would he go as far as a young theological logician, who, being asked how Mr. Emerson's righteous character would fit into hell, replied that he surmised that "the Almighty would take his character away from him"? But the kindly Methodist Father Taylor, with his straight sense, reckoned that a sea-change would come over the climate of hell when the righteous, always beloved of the Lord, travelled that way. To what profound and constant gentleness and modesty, however, must this conception of truth bring us!

C. F. D.

The Young Citizen.

The life of Lincoln, on which we all should meditate at this time of year, as the birthday of the nation approaches, is so profoundly suggestive that, if its lessons were forgotten, its memory become faded and dim, democracy would lose its highest example, integrity would seem lowered as an ideal.

If there are boys in our country who, consciously or otherwise, model themselves on that great example, America, we may be sure, will have the saving salt to keep it from corruption.

We seldom think of the boy as anything but an undeveloped, immature specimen of humanity, a creature in whom the evolutionary process is incomplete,—partly animal, unformed, but with latent capacities which are to lead to the best, or the worst, or the medium form of manhood. From another point of view we see the boy as the latent citizen, the incarnate future, the child of destiny, the shaper and moulder of great occasions. From this point of view he is the most important factor of humanity, for he is to carry on and perpetuate all the precious things of religion, intelligence, art,—indeed, the whole sum of things we call civilization.

It is pathetic to think what the young citizen is, and how poorly he is fitted in the aggregate to meet the great demands that ultimately will be made upon him. It would seem that from the first awakening of thought in him he should begin to be taught what good citizenship means, and how vastly it differs from noise, and boastfulness, and hurrahing for this man or that man (who may be a trickster or dishonest and servile public servant) simply because he belongs to his party. The one thing signally neglected in our school-teaching seems to be the art of right thinking and just judgment. The boy goes out of school with a smattering of this or that, but he is to be moulded, shaped, made over, by the wear and tear of life into the citizen. It all depends upon how he regards his country and the government in which he will be a factor, whether large or small. If he regards citizenship as the highest honor that can be bestowed in the freest country of the world, something of the significance and the responsibility of the position he occupies will be impressed upon his character, and do much in shaping his course.

If education turned more decisively on making the best kind of man, the man of spotless integrity and unimpeachable honor would not be looked upon as an unusual phenomenon in a population of ninety millions of souls. It is indisputable that the ideals of high probity have been shaken since the period of enormous fortunes began to set up new standards and create new all-dominating ambitions. Our boys have felt these impulses more powerfully than those of mature years, as the doctrine of the "main chance" and "how to get on" has been preached to them on every hand, with the corollary that perfect honesty is out of the question, that the ethics of the market and the stock exchange teach a doctrine quite contrary to the ten commandments and the lessons of the Sunday-school. It is known to every one where these teachings have brought us, and how eagerly they have been absorbed by the youth of the country. Before the effort was made to repress this evil influence, the money power had become an octopus strangling not only human lives, but throttling the souls of men.

It is a bad dream from which we are just awakening. How are our boys to regain that sense of moral integrity and uprightness which, in a measure, has been lost or shaken by the mad scramble for money which has gone on before their eyes during the past thirty years?

We are often accused of being a nation chasing the dollar, regardless of all other pursuits. It is true only in a limited degree. Only a comparatively small number have made themselves the kings and nabobs of money, but, as they are given precedence in the press of all other classes, their influence on the public is as large as if their numbers were ten times as great. The glitter and meretricious splendor of these people is an immense lure to the young, for youth judges by appearances, and oftentimes cannot discern gold from pinchbeck, nor look below the surface to see how hollow the most prosperous-seeming lives often are.

Our affections, our fears, our hopes, all go out to the young citizen. He is the reliance of the country. If he has lost the impulse that the best teaching and the noblest examples have given to us, as a nation we are poor indeed. If our politics are corrupt, the boy should be taught that it is his first duty to help to purify them, to give his best powers to the public service, whether he holds a high or humble position. If he has only a vote to cast in that service, he should know that in the free exercise of that power for righteousness and honor, justice and probity, he is a king among men.

The boy is early shaped by influences from the out-

side that subtly feel the strength and weakness of his character, that stimulate or stifle, that awaken or put to sleep his qualities, and have a dominant impulse in the shaping of his future. All growth and betterment and progress depend on these immature boys and girls of ours, the undeveloped men and women. Their schoolmasters are myriad: those who preside in the schoolroom may be the least among their formative principles.

See the boy in his bloom, his innocence, his naïve faith and enthusiasm, all that nature planted in the generous, noble, honorable child. We shudder to think how soon through neglect and misdirection the bloom is rubbed off, the unsuspecting ardent nature is corrupted, the young citizen with high ideals of his country and his time is lost in the worldling, the voluptuary, the man absorbed in the main chance and the ethics of the street. He is the fallen boy over whom the angels weep.

We talk much of the pitfalls and snares that beset the path of girls, and yet the young citizen, corrupted and debased, is not less tragic. A girl, in the greater number of our States, is not a young citizen in the same sense as her brother is. The future does not rest upon her shoulders with equal weight. But the time may come when she will be called upon to share his burdens. When that time arrives, a new system of moral responsibility and political education must come. The new education, the new, broad, all-embracing religion, will see to it that the making and moulding of the young citizen is the highest, and noblest, and most important work of the State.

Current Topics.

In response to a continuance of the wide-spread criticism of the administration's "anti-trust" policy as an alleged deterrent to business, President Wilson, on June 25, in an address before a delegation of newspaper editors from Virginia, reiterated in emphatic terms his determination to hasten the enactment of the pending legislation to define the rights of capital, and again advanced the argument that the uncertainty of the future is the element that is hurting business. The new laws, said the President, will give the business of the country leave to proceed with its projects; and just as soon as business "gets that leave and freedom, there will be a boom in this country such as we have never witnessed in the United States," added Mr. Wilson. "I, as a friend of business and a servant of this country, would not dare stop in this programme and bring on another long period of agitation. Agitation longer continued would be fatal to the business of this country, and if this programme is delayed there will come agitation with every letter in the word a capital letter."

The envoys of the A. B. C. powers, with representatives of the United States, and Huerta, practically completed their work at Niagara Falls, Ontario, last week with the signature of a protocol for the peaceful adjustment of relations between the United States and Mexico. The terms of the agreement provide for the solution of every problem presented by the United States, with the exception of the personnel of the new government, to which the Washington administration is to accord its recognition within a stated period after it shall have assumed the reins of power in the City of Mexico. To the end of the negotiations in Niagara Falls the Carranza cabinet refused to participate in them. This attitude is probably to be explained on the ground of the continued Constitutionalist victories over Huerta. The latest of these is the taking of Zacatecas, an event which practically opened the way for the march of the Constitutionalist armies to the capital probably without another general engagement.

The publication, simultaneously in Washington and Tokio, on June 25, of a statement defining the status of the negotiations for an adjustment of the questions outstanding between the United States and Japan, indicates that the two powers are not much nearer an agreement than they were in the beginning. The attitude of Japan also brings out strongly the determination of that country to bring about a definite recognition of its subjects in America on an equal footing with aliens of the white race. One of the latest developments in the long-drawn-out discussion is the abandonment by Japan of the project for the negotiation of a new treaty, and the reiteration to Mr. Bryan of Japan's desire for a reply to the original demand from Tokio for "fair and equal treatment" for Japanese subjects, and its refusal to "acquiesce in the unjust and obnoxious discrimination" complained of in California. In his reply to this request Mr. Bryan has expressed the willingness of the United States to refer the entire controversy to The Hague.

The extraordinary methods of administration in France were freshly illustrated last week, when a strike of 500 postal employees in Paris completely stopped the business of the general post-office for a day, beat the police who had been sent out to put an end to the blockade, and flouted the entreaties of the minister of commerce. The reason for the strike was the refusal of the Senate to embody in the appropriation bill certain increased allowances which had been demanded. All France instantly felt the paralyzing effects of the suspension of postal intercourse with the capital, and the diplomacy of the government was taxed to bring the strike to an end. This was finally accomplished on the reiterated plea of the minister of commerce, posts, and telegraphs, who pledged himself to make a thorough inquiry into the grievances of the men, and do all in his power to give them satisfaction. The chief significance of the incident was the demonstration it gave of the ability of government employees to suspend the business of the nation.

The final stage in the process of applying the provisions of the bill granting Home Rule to Ireland, which was passed by the House of Commons a few weeks ago, and is now awaiting the action of the House of Lords, was reached on June 23, when the government leader among the peers, Lord Crewe, introduced a bill amending the measure in an effort to meet the susceptibilities of Ulster. The concessions, however, are identical with the measure of exemption granted by the prime minister last March, the rejection of which by Sir Edward Carson was the signal for the display of military force in Ulster and the cabinet changes that followed that incident. It is believed that the government will offer further concessions to the opposition when the amending bill reaches the committee stage. Although the Home Rule Bill will become law automatically upon the appending of the royal signature, whether the lords pass it or not, the Asquith ministry is willing to go as far as possible in the direction of conciliation.

Great agitation has been aroused in France by the announcement by the government of its intention to apply the law recently passed by parliament which subjects to taxation the incomes received in France from

Digitized by Google

foreign stocks, bonds, and all other securities. An energetic effort was made by financial interests in the republic to obtain at least a postponement of the enforcement of the new regulations, on the plea that at the present time it would work great hardship to investors and result in serious damages to French financial interests. Among the immediate results of the new method of raising revenue now adopted by France, in line with similar measures recently enacted in Germany, there has been a steady exodus of securities from French banks to institutions beyond the frontiers. Many foreign citizens or subjects who live in France are also abandoning their residence in the republic to avoid the payment of the newly imposed dues, which are required from aliens on an equal footing with French citizens.

AFTER another discussion, the House of Representatives last week withdrew its objections to the sale of the battleships Idaho and Mississippi to the Greek government, and the details of the transfer of the two vessels were quickly taken up. In Athens the purchase of the battleships was followed immediately by the calling of five classes of the naval reserves to the colors, and by a display of hostility toward Turkey in the pending controversy that has arisen out of the expulsion of Greeks from Asia Minor and Turkish Thrace. The sale of the ships was permitted in spite of the protest lodged at Washington by the Turkish government, which pointed out that the new acquisitions would stimulate the provocative attitude of Greece toward Turkey. The Turkish ambassador, in his representations to the President, pointed out, also, that Greece, in her treatment of Ottoman subjects in the Greek part of Macedonia, has been guilty of the very excesses against which Athens is now protesting with threats of war.

Brevities.

We find it difficult to believe the statement recently made by Mr. Borglum, a well-known sculptor, that nearly 60 per cent. of all the monuments and statues in the United States, including those in Statuary Hall in Washington, were not made by those whose names they bear.

Days come to us all which seem to be filled to the limit with frictions, rebuffs, and misunderstandings, the petty insect-stings of personal experience. If we then draw on our reserved store of good-will, patience, and justice, the seeming storm of accumulated annoyances surely passes away.

Whole wheat bread is said to be gradually disappearing, simply because we like the looks of white bread better than brown; and yet the white bread is deficient in the most nutritious elements, the phosphate and nitrogen compounds. The result is a partial starvation, which we remedy by eating other nourishing foods.

"Keeping one's temper," as it is called, is justly considered an important achievement. Just why this is the only sane attitude at all times is well put by Dr. Lorimer: "Remember that when you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and when you're in the wrong you can't afford to lose it."

John Galsworthy, the English novelist, has made an arraignment of Parliament for its "heartlessness" in losing sight of the great issues of social justice and humanitarianism in its absorption in the "political game." He says, "We are a so-called civilized country; we have a so-called Christian religion; we profess humanity. Yet we sit and suffer such barbarities and mean cruelties to go on among us as must dry the heart of God."

Letters to the Editor.

Pension Relief.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I must protest mildly against the assumption which appears to underlie Mr. Kent's remarks in his answer to Dr. Dole, that the men who receive help from our Society for Ministerial Relief are paupers. For, though there is a valid distinction between pensions and charity, there is no point in making that distinction in our case unless they who have the benefit of our oldest society for helping ministers no longer in active service are the recipients of charity. No officer of that society ever thinks of them in that way. They do not so think of themselves. They are no more paupers than the men who take the much smaller sums given by the Pension Society. Simply the Society for Ministerial Relief (more's the pity) has not money enough to pension all our older ministers, and is compelled to select those whose need is greatest. But I have yet to learn that any man's self-respect has been in the slightest degree injured by that society, and I am altogether sceptical about any unwillingness on anybody's part to accept its aid, if only it had the endowment it ought to have to enable it to contribute handsomely to the support of all our older men.

HOWARD N. BROWN.

SHERBORN, MASS.

Is it True?

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In the issue of June 4, you say, editorially, "We have passed happily away from the region of storm and stress which formerly made it certain, if not necessary, that attacks made upon the Unitarian name and doctrine should be repelled with spirit." I am almost persuaded that is a Boston delusion. I am sure you would modify your statement somewhat if you could follow me about the State of Ohio for a few months, and see and hear what I see and hear.

Because of my fraternal relations, I was asked to deliver a Memorial Day address, last Saturday, in a small Southern Ohio town. To fill the engagement it was necessary for me to go on Friday evening. Soon after I reached the place, my host, a genial man, asked me, with some show of concern, to state to him the fundamentals of my religious faith. I at once repeated to him that well-known formula: "We believe in the fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of man; the leadership of Jesus; salvation by character; the progress of humanity onward and upward forever." He asked me to repeat it again, which I did, he stopping me frequently to ask questions. Having gone through it in that manner, he said, musingly, "That does not seem so bad to me."

A question from me then brought out the fact that the committee had been severely criticised for inviting me into that community, the sole ground of criticism being that I am a Unitarian. Many people considered it an invitation to a religious pestilence to come and infect the religious life of the town, and many felt that the only safe course was to avoid me, largely because Unitarianism has been misrepresented there by bigoted and ignorant people who presumed to speak with authority.

That is only one of many kindred experiences that I have every year. It is especially trying to go into those communities in which we have no churches to represent us, that have been touched and influenced by Rev. Billy Sunday, and other revivalists of his type. All that thousands of people in Ohio know of Unitarianism is what such men tell them, and they tell them it is "hellish" and "damnable."

I have been a Unitarian minister living near Boston, and I have also been a Unitarian minister out here in Ohio, where I sometimes pass half a year without seeing a Unitarian outside the membership of my church; and no man who has not had kindred experiences can realize the difference. As to the manner of meeting the attacks made upon us, I am sure it should be "with spirit," but not necessarily with controversy. I pray God to give me the courage, reverence for truth and righteousness that will enable me so to deport myself in communities where we have been evil spoken of that it will be increasingly difficult for ignorant and bigoted men to convince others that Unitarianism is a sort of pestilence in the religious world.

E. A. Coil.

Marietta, Ohio.

Is Sectarianism a Necessity?

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Rev. H. Bodell Smith, writing in the *Christian Register* of May 14, says: "There can be no worship where there is no clearly defined conception of God. No man can worship that which he knows not."

This paragraph in the article entitled "Sectarianism a Necessity" is the uncontrovertible fact of which theologians have been too little aware.

But has sectarianism given us a clearly defined conception of God? Where to find this clear conception of what, from the limited nature of our powers of conception and the illimitable nature of the subject, is not to be grasped by the human intellect? What sect has so defined that omnipresent, omnipotent Power which we call God, that we have left in our minds a clear conception?

We speak of a house, a man, a tree, a cataract, and convey a clear conception of a thing which we have observed. Do we have such a conception of God? Have we a thought behind the word we utter? Is that thought based on any observation of the action of this Power we speak of as God, as our conception of a cataract is based on observation of its movement and its effects? We old Unitarians speak of God as the Good God, and our sceptical descendants ask: "Good? Omnipotent? Omnipresent in a world full of evil?" Have we such a clear conception of the "Good God" that we can at once give them a satisfactory answer to that question? Our orthodox brethren answer, "The evil is the work of the devil, opposed to the Good God." Have they a clear conception of a Good God, all-powerful, present in everything? Could such an omnipotent Power be successfully opposed by an evil devil?

Has any sect answered this question? If it has not, can we say that this or that or the other sect has a clear conception of the Good God?

Have we a clear conception even of electricity? The greatest electricians say we know nothing of the power we call electricity. If we have not a clear conception of this subject, can we have it of that vaster Power that reigns in a universe beyond the limits of our seeing? Electricity seems to be omnipresent. Have we realized in consciousness that, if the Good God is ever present,—as electricity, this "unknown power," seems to be,—God must then be present in what we call the evil? But how do the sects help us to this realization, without which there can be no clear conception either of God or of the goodness of God? We Unitarians have at least not insulted the Good God by calling him vengeful, and by ascribing to the eternal Creative Love that meanest human quality, jealousy,—a vindictive jealousy, that would torture his helpless creatures in hell-fire eternally for an idle breath of words. We have swept out that great hindrance to faith, the phantom devil of a futile theology; but have we, as a sect, given a clearer conception of the evidence of God's goodness in the apparent evils of the world?

For ages people talked of the lightning as a manifestation of the wrath of God, because they had only talked about the subject, not observed the beneficial effect upon the atmosphere, which the lightning cleared and made fit to support life. Did all the talk about electricity give us any clearer conception of its nature and its powers, of which we are now learning something from observation of its effects?

Shall we not have a clearer conception of the goodness of God if we, instead of merely affirming it, observe the beneficial effects of those evils which are the necessary clearing of the Lord's pathway, the development of the race into something higher and better? It is the great glory of Unitarianism that it has proclaimed the omnipresence and omnipotence of the Creative Love. Will anything help us to realize this great fact of life except a careful observation of the beneficial effects of this Almighty control of life in the progress of life itself, and the aid rendered to that beneficent progression by those forces of destruction which sectarians have vainly talked about throughout the ages as "the enigma of evil"?

William Page Andrews.

Capri, Italy.

The Unitarian Name.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The article by Hon. John D. Long on "The Unitarian Name" gives me courage to express what has been in my heart since Anniversary Week. That part of Mr. Wilson's address in which he spoke of changing our name, made me sad, gave me a feeling as if he were asking us to be disloyal and pull down a flag we have carried proudly. Many a vigorous protest I heard that morning, and I noted with pleasure that Mr. Wilson himself did not entirely favor it.

Change the name we have been born and bred in, most of us, and have learned to love! The name "Unitarian" stands for the best part of our message,—our faith in a loving Father. Is that not far better than any name which signifies simply church government? Shall we hide our Unitarian name, which most of us have carried during the storms against it, large and small? Hide it now when it is so largely no longer feared, and give those who do not understand, and think us "dying," a chance to say we are "dead—even our name no longer heard"? I am not a missionary, like Mr. Wilson, nor have I his wisdom, but this I know. Several times in my life I have met persons to whom I have been attracted, and knew a friendship would grow, could they forget their fear or prejudice of the name I love. In every case I have seen them change, and know they think and speak as respectfully of my church as I do of theirs. They are my friends.

Change our name? Never, I hope! Love it more, teach others to love it. Proclaim its message louder, lift its flag higher, and make the world respect it, as it surely will.

Lucy F. Young.

Winchester, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Clues.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

When great Marconi and the other sons
Of heavenly Science who so honor her
Unlock the wonders of earth, air, and sea,
With what new hope the hearts of thinkers beat!
Much as the marvels that amaze men so
Mean for the outer weal of human kind,
For souls they mean immeasurably more.
With what keen hunger doth the spirit seek
To sift God's verities from man's beliefs!
How racked it is with frequent questioning
As to its powers and final destiny,
Those mysteries that so evade our quest!
But all strange findings in the matter-world
Hint of some revelation to the soul.
Great as are all these marvels of our time
In the strained sight of the amazed earth,
They are of highest value as the clues
To answering wonders of the inner world.
Ye kin of soul, who walk so eager-eyed
Under the shadow of the knowledge-tree,
These opened secrets of the universe
Are but the husks of everlasting Truth:
Seeing these broken shells, we know full well
The fruit we seek has burst its covering;
We shall find all a little farther on!

How can Liberals still use Jesus?

REV. R. S. LORING.

In 1909 the *Hibbert Journal* published an article, by a Mr. Roberts, with the title, "Jesus or Christ? An Appeal for Consistency." In this it is claimed that all reasonable persons ought to hold either to the Christ of theology or to the Jesus of history, since no logical mind can combine the two ideas. This pugnacious assertion uncovered an unexpectedly large amount of interest in the subject. So the *Hibbert Journal* issued a supplement, with the title, "Jesus or Christ?" containing nineteen essays by both Protestant and Catholic, both liberal and conservative writers.

We need not dwell on the familiar distinction between the Christ of the orthodox creeds and the Jesus of the first three Gospels. What interests us here is that the writers of these essays are so little disturbed by the title of the book. They all proceed on the general assumption that a man has a choice, within the limits of Christianity, between two definite kinds of authority,—that of the Christ of theology, and that of the Jesus of history. Yet, underlying the discussion, and constantly threatening to make it unprofitable, appear doubts as to how much can be proved about the Jesus of history. What agreement is there among scholars as to just what he taught, as to the definite industrial, social, religious life he would have men lead? This question, whether an authoritative religious and ethical standard can be found in Jesus, has been forced to the front by those recent books—such as "The Christ-Myth" of Prof. Drews—which deny that Jesus ever lived, and which try in part to prove this by showing how widely scholars disagree as to what kind of a man the Gospel Jesus was. It is evident that all modern critical students of the Bible who stake their reputations on establishing a historical view of Jesus, and all "liberal orthodox" churches which seek to escape from some of their own theology by the cry of "back to Jesus," and any Unitarians who in an old-fashioned way may still think that their modern gospel is the original Christian gospel, must either prove their particular views of Jesus to be historically correct or must modify and make more logical their relation to him.

What is the motive that leads men to prefer the idea of Jesus to the idea of Christ? Why is "back to Jesus" the favorite war-cry of so many "liberal orthodox" preachers? These men wish to free religion from the more rigid dogmas of theology, from the pagan elements in the rituals and the creeds, from that view of religion which would confine it to a single and arrogant church. They wish to make faith more simple and personal. To this extent their aim favorably appeals to us. It is to some of their methods that we are obliged to object. For, instead of being content just to say, "Be simple, be modern, be personal in your religious life," they often formulate long Christological arguments in favor of simplicity. They wish to substitute the authority of the Jesus of the first three Gospels for the authority of the infallible Church, or the authority of the infallible Bible. So they often unduly magnify the religious value of the past, and act like the man against whom Emerson warned us. "If, therefore, a man claims to know and speak of God, and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not." They forget that, while Jesus may well be used as an illustration of faith, and as an inspiration to faith, it is as wrong to try to use a person to fence in and cramp the free religious life as it is to use a church or a creed for that purpose. This is why Eucken, in his latest book, "Can We still be Christians?" declines to call Jesus "unconditionally lord and master." He does not believe that it is right to tie the free spiritual life to conditions which ruled in a single and limited period of history.

Drews, with only a slight touch of exaggeration, shows to what this preference for the letter of the Gospels leads. He says that those who try to find an authoritative religious standard in the Jesus of history, believe in the loving God, not because they feel His presence now, but because ancient writers testify that Jesus so believed. They hold to the supreme value of the moral life, not so much because they have this burning within their souls as because they read about it in books written some nineteen hundred years ago under the influence of the prophet of Nazareth. They believe in personal immortality, not because they now feel the impulse to live for things which are above, but because this doctrine is needed to explain why the faith of the disciples did not end with the death of Jesus on Calvary. They hesitate to trust the present impulse to social reform, and so they write books, asking, "What would Jesus do" in regard to modern social and industrial problems. But modern problems often differ widely from ancient problems, so, in order to get a standard which shall suit modern needs, they are obliged to subordinate or to deduct from their description of Jesus everything except that which agrees with their sentimental modern views. Such liberal theologians, Drews insists, manufacture in their higher-critic German laboratories a liberal, modernized, rationalized, unhistorical Jesus-standard all their own. He holds, and with much truth, that the most ultra-conservative theologians could not act in a more illogical, unscientific, and suspicious way.

To try to use the higher criticism of the Bible as the exclusive, or even as the chief, means of building up an authoritative standard for modern religious life, is more than ill-advised. It leads to much intellectual confusion, and often to what seems like insincerity. How often have we heard soothing-syrup words spoken to those who feared the results of the higher criticism! "Dear child," it is said, "do not be afraid of this noble work; it will brush the dust of ages off the Gospel story, and reveal the Master's person in all its original clearness and beauty." Here we have the liberal theological delusion, that same delusion which led us to incorporate over-much critical material in Unitarian Sunday-school books, in the false belief that

Digitized by Google

this was a good way to introduce a child to positive religion. The work of the higher criticism has not been at all of this positive nature. It has thrown much light upon the material which went into the formation of orthodox ritual and creeds. But, after this dust has been brushed away, it has not been able to bring to light the details of the life and teaching of Jesus. It has not produced a new standard in religion. It has not given us a definite and harmonious picture of Jesus, an authoritative object of faith which could be substituted for the older creeds. It has rather almost freed us from historical certainty of any kind, and so has made each man free to set up his own standard. Outside of the private, personal, one-sided opinion of each individual critic, there is no way to decide whether Jesus broke or did not break with the Jewish law; whether he intended his soft, mild, turn-the-other-cheek ethics to be taken literally or figurately; whether he expected the kingdom of God to be a slow, natural growth, or a sudden, supernatural appearance from heaven; whether he preached simply a reformed type of Judaism, or preached a universal world-type of religion; whether he held or did not hold himself to be the expected Jewish Messiah.

The figure of Jesus is so commanding and so attractive that all of us are compelled to smooth over the contradictions which exist in the Gospel records, and to fill in the gaps, and to construct for ourselves a harmony of his life and teaching. But such pictures of Jesus are the work of the creative imagination. They cannot be made to conform to any external and generally accepted standards. They give us the kind of religious leader which we, as thoroughly modern men, desire, but not the kind of religious leader which the writers of the New Testament, with their quite different social ideals, desired. Drews is able to quote Pfleiderer to the effect that "one should be so honorable and reasonable to acknowledge that both the modern and the ancient representations of Christ are equally the creation of the common religious spirit of their times; they arise out of the natural need which faith has to mould itself into a figure typical of its special beliefs." If all liberal theologians were only bold enough openly to admit the imaginative element in their picture of the "liberal Jesus," it would greatly encourage progress in religion. It would help to make it clear to the public that "each age must worship its own thought of God," and that it is both men's right and their duty to broaden religion and make it more efficient by the introduction of both scientific ideas about the universe and modern social reform ideals.

We have pointed out that the present controversy, while it is not able to read Jesus out of history, does prove that at least as much imagination as fact has entered into both the orthodox idea of Christ and the more modern picture of the "liberal Jesus." What practical conclusions can we draw from the controversy; that is, how can we state our religious position in such a way as shall prevent us from being dragged into needless and unprofitable debate?

First, we may rightly believe that the Unitarian religion is well fitted to the needs of modern men. We may go further and say that it is more in harmony with the best portions of the New Testament, with the beatitudes, the parable of the prodigal son, of the last judgment, of the good Samaritan, and with the two great commandments, than any other type of religion. But it will not do to go to the extreme of claiming that our modernized religion is *the* religion of Jesus, since this can no more be successfully defended than the claim that the Roman Catholic religion is *the* religion of Jesus. We can believe that both started with Jesus, that both take some definite rules from his recorded teaching, that both continue to find inspiration in the story of his life. But to say that either has his religion in the unchanged and original form is equally wrong. Orthodoxy has modified the Gospel religion by the introduction of a large amount of pagan material, as was pointed out in our last article. Liberalism has modified this religion by adding to it modern thoughts about God and the universe, and new ideals of the social and industrial and political significance of the doctrine of brotherly love. This is why modern research has been wholly unable to find in the Gospels any figure which exactly corresponds either to the Christ of theology or to the "liberal Jesus" desired by some liberal religious leaders.

Second, it may save us much useless controversy if we note that the leading question in religion seem no longer likely to be "Jesus or Christ?" since the first term cannot be defined accurately enough to make such a debate profitable. The leading question is more likely to be of a practical than a speculative nature, and so ought to be welcomed by our practical Unitarian religion. It will be, "What use do you make, in your religion, of Jesus?" Do you use him as a convenient centre around which to group all sorts of pagan speculation and ritual, all the curious and confusing statements of the many creeds? Then you employ Jesus after the approved orthodox fashion. Do you use the cry "back to Jesus" as a convenient means of getting rid of some of your own theology, or as a weapon to defend yourself against the theology of Paul, of the infallible Church, of the Protestant Reformation? Do you try to make progress in religion by inviting men to walk backward toward the first Christian century? Then, undoubtedly, you belong to the "liberal orthodox" school of theology. Do you use Jesus as an inspiration rather than as a law, as a help in religion rather than as a master, as a starting-point in religion rather than its final goal? Then you can fairly claim to be abreast of the modern Unitarian position.

Third, it is to be noted that the doubts about the details of the life and faith of Jesus, which this controversy uncovers, should not be taken too seriously, since many of them are of the kind which accompany all history. The sharp differences between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant accounts of Luther, or between the French and the German views of Napoleon and of Bismarck, make these characters more difficult to understand, and show that it is not possible ever to decide some questions about them. But such differences do not make these men less interesting, nor prevent us from drawing illustrations from the varying accounts of their lives, nor destroy their past or present influence. If we make much of the American Unitarian Association statement, that its object is to "promote the interest of pure Christianity," or if we force to the front the statement of the National Conference, and say that our churches "accept the religion of Jesus," and then go on to give our own private and merely denominational definition of this religion, we remain on highly debatable ground. We take a religious position around which much unnecessary and unprofitable controversy can be waged. But if we emphasize the language of that statement so popular among us, "In love of the truth, and *in the spirit of Jesus*, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man," we take a position which is much more difficult for an outsider to attack, much easier for us to defend, much less likely to be adversely affected by the present controversies about Jesus. In the phrase "the spirit of Jesus" we pass from the metaphysics of religion to the psychology of religion, from the region of unprofitable debate about historical questions to those spiritual "influences that purify and heal," and continue to do this even though we cannot "say whence their virtue is or how."

Digitized by Google

There is nothing in the present controversy that need prevent us from believing that there is something deeper in Christianity than that figure around which both conservative and liberal theologians have woven curious and conflicting dogmas. There is the more mysterious figure which has touched the hearts and the imagination of artists, and musicians, and poets, and saints, and has been an illustration of faith more than a rule of faith, an inspiration to religion rather than any code of religious law. We may not be able to accept the Christ of theology without doing violence to our modern view of the world, to our critical study of the Bible, to our new conception of what a socially efficient religion should be. We may not even be able to sing, with complete intellectual assent, that hymn by Theodore Parker which seems to centre religion in the past, and speaks of Jesus as *the* Truth, *the* Light, *the* Way, and so seems to cramp our new desire for a world-wide and universal type of religion. But that other figure, whose personality we can feel rather than describe, who has made such an impression on the imagination of men, by simple, direct parables, by the gentle and loving life, by the tragic end, that even the busy theologians have not been wholly able to hide this figure from men's sight,—of this influence the world can continue to sing, and from the idealized story of this life it can continue to draw inspiration and hope long after the present intellectual disputes about "Jesus or Christ" have been forgotten and outgrown.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Sympathy.

BY JULIA M. ELLSBREE.

When sympathy has place within our breast,
Then cherish we indeed a heavenly guest.
The Roman soldier felt it when he gave
Our Lord the vinegar His lips to lave;
And Christ, though death was stealing o'er His eyes,
Yet helped the thief to pass to Paradise.
From human speech it is a thing apart,
Forth-shining from the eyes, uprising from the heart.
'Tis passed by pressure of a friendly hand
From soul to soul. It knows no race or land,
Or age or station. 'Tis a silver chain
That draws all men to God's great heart again.

"More Practical Education."

BY LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Under this title the announcement is made that in one of the most progressive cities of the United States a new departure in education is to be made. "While the academic studies in the school will not be entirely sidetracked, the whole school atmosphere in its teachings will have a tendency to develop the child along the lines that will mean bread-and-butter to the child in after life. The change will take place in the fourth or fifth years of the child's schooling," that is, at about the age of eleven or twelve. "The time previously devoted to academic studies will be cut down more than half. . . . Shops will be installed in all schools, and the child will be permitted to operate the little machines as part of school work."

No more marked change is going on in our educational world than the effort to supply vocational training for boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who presumably cannot or will not take a high-school course. With this effort we have not here to deal. There is very much to be said for public trade-schools at a proper age; but the strong tendency to lessen cultural studies before that age is a dangerous indication of the shortsighted, unphilosophic policy which marks a period that is often called with too much warrant "materialistic."

"The Americans are noted for their worship of the Almighty Dollar (about four marks)," was the ludicrous statement in a certain geography published in Germany some thirty years ago, and, as I have often had painful evidence, this has not ceased to be the popular European idea of the great republic beyond the sea. However much we may retort that other nations are likewise sinners in this regard, we must confess that the worship of money and force, the increase of gross luxury and the craving for it by those who cannot attain it, peculiarly mark the age which has produced the class typified by the morning bridge club, and the family that mortgages its home for an automobile. This is an age in which it is thought appropriate to celebrate the discovery of the Hudson and the trip of Fulton's Clermont by stretching miles of steel destroyers along this lordly stream to teach the gazing multitudes how much less safe we deem ourselves than we were twenty years ago, when we had no great navy and no call for one.

If the educator is to be called to do anything new to-day, it is especially to fit the child to transcend an environment that menaces the ideals of democracy held by the founders of the republic and the men who fought to preserve the Union. It is to fit him to battle with the only real enemies of his country,—which to-day are crime, ignorance, disease, and poverty,—and to enable him to cope with the needs and conditions of a century which has some tasks distinctly different from those of the last century.

The problem of the educator in a republic involves fitting a child to be a parent and citizen as well as a bread-winner. The problem under a monarchy like that of Russia would be far simpler. The less the average Russian thinks on public questions for the moment, the greater prosperity and peace of mind will he attain; the Russian teacher may indeed aim to produce, first of all, a bread-winner. But the American grammar-school teacher is sapping the foundations of our national life if he fails to make good citizenship and general development the chief end of his endeavors. "Certainly," replies the superintendent whose new scheme has been outlined, "and the first step toward good citizenship is self-support; it is for this that I would start children on some wage-earning occupation to prevent their becoming a burden to the State."

The assumption here is that the education which will enable a boy or girl of fourteen or fifteen to earn $4 instead of $3 a week will hold good in later years and leave him at an advantage at the age of twenty-five. Precisely the opposite would be the result if the education of the child in general matters is sacrificed that he may gain a certain deftness and cleverness in running a machine or in adding figures and concentrating his mind upon the problem of prospective wages, instead of on a larger life for himself and service in the community.

The boy whose father digs sewers, and who knows nothing of politics beyond selling his vote to a ward boss, nothing of literature beyond the "penny dreadfuls," nothing of geography beyond his observations in the journey from the old country or on his tramps for work, needs even for his own earning power to have the windows of his mind thrown open through the schools' development of his imagination and sense of beauty. Any time taken from cultural studies in the precious years of the grammar school lessens his power of future growth. The question for the tax-payer to consider is not what can the child earn when he leaves school at the age of fourteen, but what will he be capable of at twenty-one.

Digitized by Google

Among cultural studies, cooking, sewing, sloyd, have a place, and are held equally useful, as such, for rich and poor; through them accuracy, correct observation, and a certain discipline of mind may be acquired, and they can be added to ordinary studies, together with school gardening, with probably little loss to the academic branches. This proposed new scheme for the higher grammar grades substitutes for this manual training the elements of trades, not to enlarge and develop the faculties, but to enable the child from ten to twelve years of age, after choosing what type of drudgery he is to be assigned to in future years, to attain some measures of dexterity necessary to make him able to earn his living as soon as possible.

No scheme could be better calculated to segregate the well-to-do children in our public schools from those less privileged; for no parents who can afford really to educate their children will consent to deprive them of the general culture which every citizen needs, and permit them to waste time in learning trades at a tender age, especially when they would probably never follow them. This early forestalling of a child's future means class distinction, and is another of the assaults upon democracy which the present social and industrial system encourages.

The twentieth century will probably see more labor-saving devices than did the nineteenth. The deft manipulation of a machine, the result of endless monotonous repetitions, will in a thousand instances be rendered useless by new inventions. The developed mind of the worker who has lived the narrow life of the factory hand cannot easily adjust itself to new conditions and turn to other work. The industrial tragedies of an age of rapid invention are ignored in any system that robs the child of a wide outlook upon life, and narrows his power of imagination and sympathy. "Go where he will, the wise man is at home"; not so the lonely, forlorn mind, shut in by inexperience and undeveloped imagination. New places or conditions or methods give the mature mind a painful wrench unless made familiar by previous study. The child who is to earn his living at fourteen needs a command of pure English, a trained imagination, a love of good literature, and a mind readily open to new ideas, far more than he needs the power of earning an extra dollar a week that year. Better that he should go ill-clad and even underfed for a little, if need be, than that through a little temporary gain he should doom himself and his children to a life which has no avenues opened to the treasure-houses of wisdom, beauty, and experience accumulated by the race. Better that the future voter should learn at school to read and love "The Man without a Country" and know by heart "The Vision of Sir Launfal" than that he should be taught prematurely to produce some saleable object in the time which would be spent on such masterpieces of literature. That object will perish; some future invention may make duplicates unnecessary; but the thrill of patriotism, the ideal of service of one's fellows, which illumines the soul of the boy as he catches the radiance of a new world of spiritual experience, may be a perennial inspiration, and redeem his life from sordidness. The education needed is what will develop the imagination, the judgment, and the power of co-operation. The poorer the home from which the child comes, the more urgent the need of supplying deficiencies. Two or three more years of culture and mental drill may mean that the public library instead of the saloon, the art museum instead of the vaudeville, will be chosen for the resource of leisure hours, and inspire original thought and action. Little Bridget, who is to spend her own wages or, as future housewife, her husband's wages, needs a mind trained to make one dollar go as far as two, more than she needs to learn how to earn a dollar and a half instead of one dollar. Her success in life depends largely upon whether her culture has given her a taste above cheap jewelry and slit skirts, and whether she has any mental resources that can compete with the dance-hall.

Granted that many changes and additions are needed, to make the cultural studies of the utmost value, but let reforms be in that direction rather than in the introduction of machinery. Let geography lessons be enriched by colored post-cards of foreign views; arithmetic lessons be applied to practical problems of city and domestic finance, so that each child may have some estimates of values and figuring; let language lessons be enriched by more memorizing of the noblest gems of literature, and elementary political economy be added to history; let details of military campaigns give way to study of the causes and results and cost of war, and to the vital and graphic treatment of the great constructive work of nations. Let arithmetical puzzles be omitted, and judgment be developed upon the problems in social probabilities which can never be figured out with mathematical certainty, that is, problems which comprise ninety per cent. of all those ever presented to the average man or woman. The question, how will this or that customer or nation act if treated thus and so, if answered by wrongly imaginative minds, may make all the difference between peace and war, prosperity and ruin.

The twentieth-century problems belong peculiarly to the spiritual realm. In startling transformation of physical conditions it can hardly equal the enormous changes of the past hundred years wrought by discovery and science; but, while wireless and aëroplanes are still in embryo in their possibilities, and many new physical marvels are in the womb of time, we perceive that the changes most needed and most inevitable are in the mastery of man over himself rather than over matter. Since human life began, development kept even pace between the two lines of activity until the beginning of the industrial revolution coincident with the American and French Revolutions. Since then the stupendous discoveries of science have advanced man's command over physical conditions vastly beyond his mastery over social conditions. Though we may girdle the earth in forty days, visit the North Pole, fly across the ocean and speak through a thousand miles of space, he is not proportionably better able to understand his fellows, to combine with them, and to do them justice.

The problems of the twentieth century are chiefly those that require sympathy, a keen sense of justice, an imagination enabling one to see himself as others see him, and a wide outlook on life for their solution. The German's trained imagination and flexible adaption to alien needs enables him to snatch South American and Eastern commerce from the Englishman and American. He hears that in certain countries women prefer their needles in red papers instead of black ones. He sends what they want and gets their custom. He sees that goods should be sent in bags instead of boxes, so that they may be carried on muleback, and he accordingly supplies them, while the less shrewd Anglo-Saxons swear at his stealing their trade. With a commerce increasing by leaps and bounds, with an enormously greater complexity of life and an interdependence of nations which demands world-organization, a supreme World Court of Justice, common coinage and the abolition of artificial barriers between nations, the imperative demand of the age is for an education that can meet these new needs. Prejudice, racial pride and suspicion, superstition and stupid tradition, are costing the nations a sum annually sufficient almost to wipe out poverty and to educate the still unlettered hordes of Africa and Asia.

Digitized by Google

The education of the lad who at the age of eleven must devote more than half his time for the next three years to preparation for wage-earning leaves him the victim of any writer of the yellow press who is to do his thinking for him and supply him with data for judgment on the great social and industrial questions which the citizen of the United States must deal with in the immediate future. The new ideal of education which puts wage-earning foremost will accomplish two results: it will enlarge the class of voters incapable of just judgment, which class is a menace to a republic; and it will defeat its own aim, and actually produce less money-earning capacity in mature manhood. No greater disaster could befall our people than the adoption of a shortsighted policy which would cut off from the twentieth-century child the little outlook upon human life and the rich inheritance of the past which even the present inadequate system of education offers.

BOSTON, MASS.

Birdtown in Early Summer.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

I was astonished the other day to see how large the potato-vines had grown in a near-by field. Common tubers, their unfolding had in it all the wonder of this magical season, when vegetation, though coming late, seemed to spring out of the ground and burst with a kind of violence from the trees and bushes. The bare limbs clothed themselves so quickly with a thick thatch of shining leaves, they afforded nesting-places for an unusual number of birds.

The building of Birdtown went on with such diligence, early and late, the business seemed pushed as in some Western mining district, where a city springs into being in a few weeks. The flutter of wings was everywhere. Bird talk and chatter, shrill quarrels, broken warbles, and snatches of song filled the air.

Some new-comers had moved in as the season opened: some old favorites had gone to spend the summer elsewhere. The chewink came early with its sharp, emphatic little note; the purple finch, inhabitant of tall trees; the vireo, the friendliest of the feathered tribe; and the wood-thrush that this year has built in a great brush-heap, into which it seems to dive with the agility of a cliff-dweller.

The Baltimore oriole hung its long, pendulous nest this year so near a human dwelling, it was almost brushed by passers-by many times a day. A pair of little winged friends of the thrush family have this season paid me the compliment of constructing their summer home on top of an open shutter under overhanging eaves, where a gust of wind or even the flirt of a housemaid's brush might dislodge the pretty nest, woven very ingeniously of strands of dried grass. I have been in terror lest some careless act or inadvertence might prevent the happy consummation of this little family drama. Many unusual noises, and some unwonted sights, have given nervous tremors to the devoted parents. The opening of a window has been a conceivably tragic event to the scary little mother, who, getting off her nest with a flutter of agitated wings, has watched at a distance the dreaded outcome. A steam-roller operating quite near in the street caused at first quite obvious palpitations, but it was wonderful how quickly this monster, breathing clouds of smoke-steam, ceased to worry the little family, or prove in any sense a problem to be studied.

The father may be called a good husband and an excellent provider. It is amusing to see him strut about the grass with a disengaged care-free air, as if he had no worries or burdens upon his mind. But a careful observer could see that he always had one bright eye on the nest, while the other squinted around diligently in search of possible worms, but still not in so marked a manner as to call attention to the dear treasure hidden under the eaves. The little ones will soon be tumbling out of the nest. I can see two of them, in pin-feathers, standing in peril on the dizzy edge, stretching their great yellow mouths for nourishment, which it takes both parents at their liveliest to provide in sufficient quantity to satisfy the wants of their little ones. Soon the babies will have to forage for themselves. The battle of life is before them, and, if they refuse to meet it promptly when considered old enough, the old mother pushes them off the brink down the yawning gulf below. As it is, they are dreadfully crowded in their small quarters, and the under-one is sat upon by all the others most shamefully. Bird nature in some respects is an epitome of human nature. The strong, selfish, pugnacious birdies seem always to get the best worms, and the most of them.

Considering the maternal fuss and flutter of the old ones, there must be dozens of nests hidden away in the trees, but they are very cunning and secretive in their way of hiding them. It is surprising, when you live in the vicinity of Birdtown, what a vivid interest you take in the domestic arrangements of the small inhabitants. Bird-houses stuck on poles are doubtless convenient shelters for some of the little feathered folk, but they do not appeal to the imagination like homes built in the free air of heaven, with cradles rocked by the breezes, under the sun, and moon, and stars, cuddling beneath a thick thatch of leaves that shelters them from the summer rain. It is a question whether too many artificial helps would not in time cause the birds to lose the cunning of nest-building, the most charming artistry of wild nature. All the trees in the world are theirs. Why should we seek to lure them to the artificial contrivances of men, when the clean, high-swinging, airy, heaven-kissed nest is the prettiest home of nature's contrivance? Can we ever cease to admire the fine, close weaving, the ingenious warp and woof of these wonderful little homes, that cannot be imitated by human skill? I have seen nests so prettily constructed by the laws of a divine mechanism, lined so deftly with hair, down, and feathers, rounded with such art, and hung with such skill, I have been lost in admiration of the loving parents who have taken such pains, exercised such ingenuity, to give their little ones a beautiful, if temporary, home.

Though some birds are secretive and timorous, others are bold almost to audacity in the chances they take in nest-building. Note the numerous house-sparrows that haunt a railway station, and build in all the interstices of the walls and platform, near tracks where noisy trains are constantly passing and repassing, where engines shriek, and whistles explode with ear-splitting shrieks, and there is hourly danger that the birds may be killed under the swiftly revolving wheels. Here, half smothered in smoke and steam, the birds increase and multiply. They love the excitement and the danger, and pluck safety out of the very maw of peril.

I see occasionally in some newspaper a tirade against the cat as a deadly enemy of birds, and where the cat is a prowler and a brigand my sympathies are entirely on the side of the birds. The harmless, necessary cat is not so harmless nor so necessary as the poet would have us believe, but I am fain to confess there are twenty passionate lovers of cats where you find one devotee of wild birds. Those who worship the Egyptian god, the soft, stealthy pets, should keep them within doors, especially at night, when the temptation to hunt is almost irresistible. The worst enemy of nesting birds is the barn-cat, a half-savage animal who has an especial flair

Digitized by Google

for the dear warblers. Sometimes just at nightfall I see one of this savage tribe creeping toward the forest, his body dragging close to the ground, his tail wagging slowly, his green and yellow eyes gleaming.

Saint Francis preached to the birds, and when he asked them if they wished to be converted they all broke out in joyful songs of assent. The birds, though not perfect, are still about as good and harmless as any of God's creatures. Saint Francis should have preached to the cats. I can see them sitting round in a circle, sleepy-eyed and meek, gazing out of the corners of their green eyes at the good saint, occasionally licking their chops or yawning behind a paw, and, when dismissed with a benediction, going out to prey on the birds.

The squirrels, I am told, are little sinners in respect to the birds. At one time the large, fat, bushy-tailed gray ones were numerous here, but some years ago they disappeared, and have only come back now—in greatly diminished numbers. There are no marks on their baggage to indicate where they have been travelling. They seem quite to the manner born, and wear a cheerful grin upon their countenances, as if glad to recognize the old home. They are just as curious as ever. Not long ago one of them dashed across the road just in front of me, then turned and gazed at me quite leisurely, with a curious, quizzical squint on his puckered face. He is a little rascal, but so cunning that I can almost forgive him his depredations.

Summit, N.J.

Communion Hymn.

BY MARION FRANKLIN HAM.

O Thou whose gracious presence shone
A light to bless thy fellow-men,
To Thee we fondly turn again,
As to a friend that we have known.

The grace and truth, the life that shed
Undying radiance through all time,
The tender love, the faith sublime;
Remembering these, we break the bread.

And, lo! again we seem to hear
Thy blessing on the loaf and cup;
The presence that was lifted up
Again to loving hearts brought near.

Our lesser lives, thus touching Thine,
Are joined, with all the pure and good,
In truer, nobler brotherhood
That lifts the world to realms divine.

The Pulpit.

Back to the Land.

BY REV. J. M. LLOYD-THOMAS.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.—Psalm xxiii. 2, 3.

Many of us are at this time of the year in the mood of holidays, and these words are appropriate to the season, for they are vital with health and life and the overflowing joy of Nature. Of the man who wrote these words we know nothing definitely. He is one of the world's nameless immortals. Centuries have rolled into the dark since the warm heart that first beat to these rhythmic phrases mingled with its native dust. Whoever he may have been, we are certain that he was a true poet with a strong love for the country and a deep knowledge of its many ministries, and as we read his words to-day we feel that the long lapse of time has not availed to separate him even by a hand's-breadth from the eager sympathy of our modern mind. The critics may tell us that he could not have been David, and they are doubtless right; but at any rate they must permit us to think of him still as a shepherd lad who moved among the far fells and plains of the Holy Land, having quiet kinship with the sounds and silences of day and night. He had, we may imagine, pensively watched his flock and learned that deeper lore of life which comes only of meditation and communion under the bare sky. The opening beauty of the dawn had moved his wonder; the bright and sultry noon had driven him to cool retreats where waters ran. The calm tranquillity of evening brought its own wistful quiet and contemplation, and night and the silver music of the stars throbbed to his throbbing soul. To grow thus is a liberal education which no system can rival or supply. It is to be trained in the best and wisest of all schools; it is to worship in the holiest and most glorious of all temples.

As he lived a free life in the open air, Nature played upon his spirit as upon the strings of a harp. His brow had felt the delicious coolness of the dew; his eyes, weary of the blinding sun, learned to dwell on the restful shadows where the grass was wet and green. His soul was virgin and young to receive impressions of the unfading freshness of fields and fountains. In the loneliness of these first experiences his affections would cling with gentle passion about all he saw, so that he became a friend of the flock, and watched and loved his several sheep as playmates and children. In their waywardness he would lead them along paths of plenty; in their folly he would guard them from danger. Wide horizons and great spaces would expand his being, giving it a breadth and amplitude of range which no artificial culture can ever give; and his growing spirit would be trained in the first gracious ways of a natural and poetic religion. When long brooding blossomed into thoughts of God, how could he better conceive of him than as the Great Shepherd of Israel? So he puts these words into form and makes his people sing:—

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul."

It was no new devotional image that he had invented, no new metaphor that he had discovered, but an accepted simile dear to the heart of a simple pastoral people,—a figure of speech full of the familiar things of a frugal life, speaking of care for wayward beings proverbially weak and easily led astray. It spoke of guardianship, and vigilance, and defence from beasts of prey; of courage, and daring, and risk to seek and save the lost; of tact to allay panic and restore trust; of skill to gather together and marshal into companies. It spoke of the deepening hush of twilight and of the last tender shepherding into the still folds at night. It was natural and beautiful that the terms of daily life should have been the chosen terms in which they loved to think of God.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom."

The old, tender language is reconsecrated by Jesus and passes into our most intimate devotions, so that Christ becomes the Good Shepherd of Christendom.

The Twenty-third Psalm is thus not in any special or peculiar sense a sick-bed psalm, but rather a psalm of the country and of the open air,—cool with the silver shock of running brooks and fresh and invigorating with the breath of the wide plains and far-stretching hills. It speaks to us as to men and women who have not yet forgotten the ancestral life of the fields. Even though we ourselves be city-bred, it touches some remote centre of our being, some dim memory as of a pre-existent day when these things were personal experiences to us also. It

Digitized by Google

revives long-buried desires after a more natural mode of living. We who are pent up in streets, choked by the dust and deafened by the din of the town, long to burst the fetters of routine and escape into the country. There we can breathe and recover the lost elasticity of limb and soul. There in primeval contact with the earth we may regain not only strength of body, but youth and buoyancy of soul. Merely to submit ourselves to the healing restorative influences of sun and wind and rain is to put forth new buds of hope and effort, and experience a fresh blossoming of all our lost ideals. The hard crust of habit breaks under the softening spell, and the essential man in us finds leisure and opportunity to live. There are changes in our inner life which we cannot by any exercise of will work for ourselves, but which may be wrought upon us if we watch and wait in a "wise passiveness." There is a philosophy of lying fallow and permitting Nature to freshen us with her own fertility.

"Think you 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking
That nothing of itself will come
But we must still be seeking?"

There is a religion of submission and trust,—of allowing ourselves to lie down in green pastures, of permitting ourselves to be led by still waters, that God may restore our souls.

Noiselessly and invisibly does God by unsuspected influences heal the bruises of our hearts. He moves through our being more quietly than the undulating air through the leaves, more graciously than the light of the sun. He restoreth our soul. In lonely moments, and merely by our waiting, small bonds that bound us to the cares of our calling or to the things of sense snap asunder, one by one, and life swings free into the liberty and joy of the love of God.

But you and I are doomed to pine in cities, and more often in vision than in reality indulge in the pleasures of a rural life. Yet they are not wholly denied to any one of us. Merely to reflect that in places where we have been, which we may not now or perhaps ever again visit except in dreams and memories,—merely to reflect that in such places there still abide the beauty and the peace of Nature—this is in itself an uplifting thought. Merely to look up through the narrow cleft of the street at night and see the lovely and mysterious moon, and consider that at that very moment it is shining with a serene and holy radiance on the silent hills of childhood, which we know and love,—even that is a refreshing exercise of the spirit.

We can all do much more than this to gladden and exalt our life. Merely to look for one instant at a cluster of blowing flowers is so far to submit our soul to a purifying joy. To grow them and expose them, though it be but on a window-sill, is so far to redeem the dreariness of the street and help to transform the slum into a garden city. To walk but one mile outside the outskirts of the town and hear the song of the lark,—that is to listen to one clear call to lift up our hearts and rejoice in God. "There are moments," said that fine old modern pagan, Richard Jefferies, "there are moments when the earth is so beautiful that sorrow seems a dream. It cannot be—it is not real—this regret. We have fancied it, or surely the sun would not shine, the water sparkle like this."

Such moments—alas! too rare for us who dwell in towns—we may at least multiply, and for others as well as for ourselves. I know no diviner kindness than the provision of holidays and country homes of rest for tired workers, and sufferers with exhausted bodies and spent souls; and, beyond all this, it seems to me that anything that can bring the country into the town, and the town nearer the country, is a worthy aim for the best statesmanship and the noblest philanthropy. It is to increase the true health and wealth of the people, and heighten the joy of the nation. It is to make men realize that our words are not all metaphor when we recite: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul."

I would confess, in conclusion, that this seems to me an ideal not only for time, but for everlasting. I often think that the best heaven we can wish for after death is just the chance of enjoying this dear old earth as Christ must have seen it in Galilee by the shores of Gennesaret,—the old, old earth as God has made it, for the delight and labor of man,—this earth where so many of us are now doomed to live with blind eyes and irresponsive hearts. To come back to it so as really to see it as poets may see it, and as Christ saw it when, with leisure and wisdom to enjoy it all in the right way, he walked and mused on the mountain slopes: to come back to it—that would be heaven enough.

It is surely no pagan profanity of heart that makes all that imagery of golden streets and pearly gates and crystal sea so unattractive sometimes as an end of our being. Nature would be great enough for us were we but great enough for Nature.—*The Inquirer.*

Spiritual Life.

For honesty is before honor; and, though man must write his poems in sounding words, God's poems are printed best in the brave and silent duties of common life.—*Edward Garrett.*

Love is always building up. It puts some line of beauty on every life it touches. It makes life seem more worth while to every one into whose eyes it looks. Its words are benedictions. Its every breath is full of inspiration.—*Westminster Teacher.*

Eternity, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then. All terrors about it seem to me superfluous. The universe is full of love and of inexorable sternness and veracity, and it remains forever true that God reigns.—*Carlyle.*

I believe that love reigns, and that love will prevail. I believe that He says to me every morning, "Begin again thy journey and thy life; thy sins, which are many, are not only forgiven, but they shall be made, by the wisdom of God, the basis on which He will build blessings."—*Thomas Erskine.*

When we are tempted to believe ourselves beaten in some good cause, let us remember Stephen of Colonna, whom Petrarch loved for his indomitable spirit. When his assailants, believing him conquered, asked, "Where is your fortress now?" he placed his hand on his heart, and said, "Here, and one whose strength will laugh a siege to scorn."—*Selected.*

Now there are certain great angels which meet us in the way of life. Pain is one; failure is one; shame is one. Pain looks us full in the eyes, and we must wrestle with him before he blesses us. Failure brings in his stern hand the peace of renunciation. Shame bears to us the sense of sin, which is the knowledge of God. His hidden face shines with the mercy of Heaven, and well for us if we may look into it.—*Margaret Deland.*

Digitized by Google

The Birds of Bayville.

BY KATE HUDSON.

Though our small brothers of the air are probably neither more numerous nor more, in any way, remarkable right round about our little camp than elsewhere, we live so in among both those of woods and water that what they do and what they sing greatly endears them to us, as we all live together on Bayville Creek like the best of neighbors.

From dim, dark 4 A.M.—when Chanticleer, from the nearest of the distant farms, tunes up to greet the sun—all through the long and lovely summer day, the birds, like the poor, are always with us. We are aroused long before 6 by their light, quick footfall on the low, unceiled shingles overhead, and while drowsing off again try to make out whether it's Mme. Robin of our biggest cedar, or Lady Brown Thrasher from just over the way, who's taking the air on our roof; but when we hear a pompously ponderous tread, varied by double-knock-like bill-whettings on our ridge-tree, just up above (always jollily responded to from inside our camp with cordial "Come in" or a less hospitable "No admittance!"), we know it's one of the glossy coal-black crows from the Sound woods enjoying the view from the top of our bungalow.

Sometimes our feathered visitors sweetly serenade us from our gables; and an early riser will often see as well as hear Papa Song-sparrow pour out his tiny heart in three staccato notes, a rising run, and a tremolo-descending trill-cadenza.

When 6 A.M. and a low tide happen together, we may observe, through our old field-glasses, a couple of dingy-gray night-herons and two small green ones "digging" for clams and other sea-food on the ebb-exposed sand-flats of the fast-falling creek. The green herons have their homes in the long lush eel-grass bordering the little estuary, and are, in every sense of the word, friends of "long standing," as, stationed on one leg, with attenuated neck and long, thin bill straight up in air for five minutes or more at a time, they can scarcely be distinguished from snags in the rising tide, until they'll suddenly spread a capable pair of wings and swiftly justify their local name of "Fly-up-the-crick."

Our forenoon dip is taken in this same creek, where such of us, as know how, swim back and forth among the small craft moored in its blue waters. While we so disport ourselves,—diving, floating, treading water, or doing the Australian crawl,—a sedate, severely contemplative kingfisher sits up aloft, high and dry, on a near-by sloop-mast, keeping an eye on our fun.

Our woodland birds, meanwhile, are hunting meals for themselves and their greedy young. Swallows, cat-birds, woodpeckers, orioles, tanagers, wrens, oven-birds and pewees, as well as the gorgeous-plumaged but quarrelsome and harsh-voiced bluejay, are represented in those flying across the open between our creekside camp and the Sound woods behind us; and they are on such friendly terms with us of the small brown bungalow that they keep right on with their work and play while we attend to ours, within a few feet of each other. Many are the tidbits dropped or shaken out by us and eagerly pounced upon by them, while the tin basin set below the nozzle of our little out-door pump furnishes drink and a bath. Mrs. Brown Thrasher, however, from over the way, prefers to take her morning plunge in a deep wagon-rut left by the receding tide brimful of creek-water, for, like folks, birds (at least those of Bayville) appear to have prejudices for and against salt-water bathing, a big flock of domestic ducks, for instance, on the opposite creek-shore utterly refusing to swim in the briny, and being supplied by their owner with a huge cement fresh-water swimming-pool in the cool recesses of the big old barn.

The many crows of Bayville are a particularly knowing lot, their keen and beady black eyes taking in absolutely everything, their sleek, black head-feathers covering an amount of enterprise, intelligence, and investigation that might well put many a man to shame. Let him who doubts observe our crows as they fly miles in search of food or fun; as they stalk solemnly along behind the busy husbandman, gravely pecking up the grain deposited by him in the fresh-furrowed field; as they perch upon the highest tree-top to watch the farmer rig up the impotent scarecrow (heaven save the mark!), and as they caw their stridently derisive "haw, haw, haw" when at last they've solved just what it is and what it's meant to do. Or let him—as did we, one very early September morning, from behind our bungalow mosquito-netting—spy upon a group of such dusky dignitaries, swaggering about the shingle, exchanging raucously muttered surmises as to the what and why of a tin cup full of seed set out for smaller birds. There were five of them circling in ever narrowing loops around the cup until one adventurous chap with his claw tilted it a bit and cocked a sharply sparkling eye into its contents. "Caw-haw-haw!" blustered he, jocundly; "o' course it's cause for cawing. Caw-haw!" and straightway began to feast.

"Caw-haw-haw!" laughed the others, and crowded round the cup; but when we, too, behind the screen began to giggle,—we really couldn't help it!—our first timid "te-hee" sent them flapping off in all directions; and in a moment more their strong black pinions carried them up, up into the blue distance.

Bayville, L.I.

Wild Flowers.

In 1814 Dr. Jacob Bigelow of the Harvard Medical School published a most excellent botany, the "Florula Bostoniensis." The descriptions are full and accurate, but most interesting to a casual reader are the places where many of the rarer plants used to grow. The bloodroot flourished in woods and thickets in South Boston and Cambridge; the silvery spleenwort grew by a brook in Roxbury; the painted-cup, in wet meadows near Fresh Pond, Cambridge. Around Providence, too, the floral conditions were very different in those days. Some years ago Dr. W. W Bailey of Brown University wrote an account of the conditions there before 1837, based on notes kept by his father in a copy of Dr. Bigelow's book. It is interesting to learn that mayflowers used to flourish within the present city limits, and that the white-fringed orchis grew near the Cove, where now stands the big railroad station.

These botanical records of eighty or ninety years ago are significant. We cannot, indeed, expect these plants of wood and meadow to grow among buildings of brick and stone. There are, however, many other places where they are confronted by foes hardly less relentless. Let us take heed lest they vanish from less densely populated regions also.

Whoever buys a bunch of mayflowers or gentians on the city streets is encouraging a traffic which is gradually lessening the quantity of these quiet plants. So, too, the summer visitor to Cape Cod who gathers big bunches of the glorious butterfly-weed, or the delicate pink sabbatia, is making it harder and harder for these plants to persist. Their greatest beauty is in the perfection of the single flower. Why gather them so ruthlessly and in such quantity? Is it love for the simple grace and coloring of the blossom which tempts us, or is there lurking underneath a variation of the old theme of getting something for nothing?

The conspicuous wild flowers need the protection of our forbearance. Such as I have mentioned, and many others, are easily exterminated. As they have disappeared from the cities, take heed lest they grow fewer and fewer in your summer haunts and vacation playgrounds.

Clarence H. Knowlton.

Literature.

The Beacon Lights of Prophecy. An Interpretation of Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Deutero-Isaiah. By Albert C. Knudson, professor in Boston University School of Theology. New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. $1.25.—This is undoubtedly a distinct contribution to the literature of Modern Old Testament interpretation. Not that it contains anything new, or is likely to be of special value to students and critics. But it gives us the light of modern criticism, as it falls through a fresh and vigorous personality, and that is always interesting. It should be of some value even to the technical student, for much is to be learned from the way in which groups of facts appeal to any honest consciousness. This book was written, however, mainly for popular instruction. It is addressed, the preface says, to the "preacher and the layman." As a sign of the times it has considerable significance. They who remember common talk when first scholars began to doubt whether Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible can but wonder at the rapidity with which the new knowledge about the Old Testament has made its way into the seats of learning held and controlled by the Church, and now this knowledge is being given out to the people. Much of it does not seem to be in itself of extreme importance. Suppose Amos was the prophet of morality, and Hosea the prophet of love, and Isaiah the prophet of faith: what of it? one might ask. But the method of interpretation here employed is of great consequence. That being once established, it must be applied to the New Testament as well; and when the story of Jesus is also told as part of the story of the age in which he lived, it is sure to work considerable change in current religious belief. Some people dread all this as a destructive influence. But no one can read Prof. Knud-

Digitized by Google

son's book without feeling renewed interest in the prophets of whom he treats. It is just as sure that scientific criticism will increase the world's regard for the men of New Testament times. This book is well worth reading for itself, and still more, perhaps, as an indication of the kind of teaching that is coming to the front in many, if not most, of our theological schools.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. By John Calvin Metcalf. Atlanta: B. F. Johnson Publishing Company.—The student of our native literature will find Prof. Metcalf's volume both useful and readable. Southern authors and their work receive generous treatment at his hands,—treatment, too, that is rather fuller than is sometimes accorded them. Prof. Metcalf assures us that he has endeavored "to present the history of American literature in a readable account free from the congestion of unimportant details," a method of procedure that renders the work far more attractive than are many manuals or text-books of the general subject. What he terms "diversified Americanism" is well illustrated in his volume, and "the contribution of New England, with its strong moral and didactive flavor; of the Middle States, with their more metropolitan tendencies; of the South, with its romantic sentiment; of the West, with its fresh and vigorous realism,—each of these is set forth as a significant element in our national development." Of course, in a work of this character the exacting critics will discover omissions and occasional all too brief mention of names deserving more than the tribute of a line, but this is merely to say that the author is human, like the rest of us. We may wonder that no room was found for a single word relating to the well-known poet Clinton Scollard, or that to Samuel Minturn Peck and Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan only two lines each could be accorded, but in a subsequent edition these and other shortcomings may be readily repaired.

THE OWL AND THE BOBOLINK. By Emma C. Dowd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.—For some years the writer of this volume of poems has been a prolific and acceptable producer of short stories and verse for children, judging both by the quality of her work and by the frequency with which one has met her name in juvenile publications and home departments of weekly papers. *Polly of the Hospital Staff* introduced her to a larger audience; and the book of poems herewith announced gives fresh opportunity for appreciation of her undeniable gift in writing for small readers. The poems are merry, whimsical, or wise by turns, reflecting many moods of childhood and containing often a hint that is more likely to be acted upon in this form than if it were given more seriously.

THE CANDLE FLAME. A Play. By Katherine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.—The half-dozen characters which flit across the pages of this tiny prose drama are fancifully rather than substantially conceived, and fail for that reason to exert any effective grasp upon the imagination. Still there are dramatic passages here and there, and, as a whole, the play will be not unwelcome to thoughtful readers. The scene is laid in a forest in Bretagne, and the period is presumably somewhere in some long-past mediæval century.

Magazines.

The Constructive Quarterly for June contains fourteen articles on as many aspects of religion and theology, as represented by Anglican, Dissenting, and Roman Catholic writers. Two aims are conspicuous as motives in the minds of the writers: one, to represent the institution for which the writer stands as it really is; second, to show what it can contribute towards a reunion of Christendom under one comprehensive confession of faith. The efforts are honest and praiseworthy, but the total result seems to be the revelation of obstacles that are at present insuperable. Speaking of "Unity in Scholarship," Dr. Francis Brown says: "We shall have to acknowledge, with some sadness, that scholarship has not moved religion very far on the road toward unity. We are yet on the fringe of this great matter."

Yale Review, Vol. III., No. 4, July, 1914.—With a well-established reputation, this number adds something to its acceptability, as a vehicle of the commodities that sustain the intellectual life of a thoughtful constituency. Bliss Perry leads off with a brisk review and criticism of "Literary Criticism in American Periodicals." Hiram Bigelow gives fair warning that in the case of "Latin America and the Monroe Doctrine" there is danger unless we take a broader view of our duties and responsibilities. In a dozen other articles subjects of interest are treated in prose and poetry. The literary tone is excellent, and it is pleasant to report that the treatment of the English language is admirable, something that is not always to be said of the efforts of educated men and women who attempt to instruct their fellow-men.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 19

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

SOCIAL SERVICE BULLETIN

No. 33

Problems & Opportunities of Country Life

By MARGARET B. BARNARD.

Of late there has been a revival of interest in country life, and a determined effort is in progress to restore it to something of its old estate. A necessary preliminary to the success of any such movement is an accurate knowledge of rural conditions. This number of the Bulletin is a report of surveys made in some sixty New England towns, secured by the Committee on Rural Conditions of the Social Service Department of the American Unitarian Association. It is vivid, practical, and constructive, and is a useful addition to the growing fund of information respecting the needs and possibilities of country life.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

Order as "S. S. No. 33," not by title

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

American Unitarian Association

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Dear Dolly Dorothy.

Dear Dolly Dorothy is such a dear!
None of my other dolls, stylish and fine,
Ever can hope to come anywhere near
Being so dear as that old doll of mine!

Ever since I can remember, I've had
Dear Dolly Dorothy. *Once* she was new!
Sometimes I cannot help feeling quite sad,
Seeing how old she has grown—wouldn't you?

Still, Dolly Dorothy seems not to care
Even the least little bit, for her smile
Shines just as sweetly as when she had hair
Down to her waist, and was noted for style.

All of my troubles dear Dorothy shares;
None of the rest understand the least bit;
Dorothy always has felt for my cares,
Which have been numerous, you must admit

Such a large family—'leven, in all—
China, and rubber, and wax, *ore* a care!
Still, I can bear it, with such a brave doll
As my dear Dorothy, sunny and fair.

—*Minnie Leona Upton*

The Deserted Home.

(*A true story.*)

BY ANNIE DALCOMH WHEELER.

Little Mother thought she had selected the very finest place possible for the new home,—the thick, gnarled woodbine that climbed the porch of a closed house on a country road. She and Little Mate got right to work and built the little nest, high up, where the eaves would protect it from wind and rain, and the thick leaves would hide it from passers-by.

When at last each little hair-like root and bit of grass was woven *just right*, Little Mother lined the new home with thistle-down from the roadside, and it was quite complete. Little Mother was so happy to know it was done that she flew straight into an apple-tree covered with pinky-white blooms, swelled out her little gray breast, and began to chirp and twitter as if she was trying to express all the joy in her warm little heart; and Little Mate, from his favorite perch in the high maple which shaded the woodshed, answered her chirp for chirp. After they had talked it all over awhile, they flew off together to hunt their supper.

One day Little Mother flew quietly into the nest, so quietly that nobody but Little Mate knew she was there. She left it just as quietly. She came another day, and still another; and each time she left a tiny spotted egg. There were three of them when Little Mother's troubles began. It wasn't a deserted farmhouse after all, but a summer home, and the people who owned it loved it so well that they came as soon as they possibly could, putting the boy into the district school to finish out his school year.

Their man came first, to put the garden in order and set out pansies, snapdragon, and other flowers. Little Mother was greatly troubled, and sent her shrill cries from her bower in the apple-tree, but Little Mate called back for her not to be so foolish. His bright little eyes saw a splendid dinner waiting for them where the man had been spading the earth. "Don't worry; he'll go away," he said to her, and sure enough the man did, and left a fine meal for them, fish-worms, angleworms, and black beetles.

The next day he came back to water the plants and spade more earth, and with him came the maid, and how that maid did sweep and clean! She must have brought everything in the house out upon the big porch, to shake, dust, or beat. I don't wonder Little Mother was terrified, for she worked so near the little round nest that it was a marvel that the rug-beater did not strike it and break the tiny precious eggs. Even Little Mate was worried, and between them they cried and called all the forenoon, but the maid did not notice; at least, she kept right on working until every rug, pillow, and cushion was spick and span. When she went in to eat lunch with the man, Little Mother and Little Mate hurried down to their nest, and were greatly relieved to find that nothing had been disturbed.

"Didn't I tell you not to worry?" said Little Mate.

"But the day isn't over yet, remember," answered Little Mother.

The day was not over. About three o'clock there came such a noise up the quiet road that all the birds and bugs and beetles must have held their breath. It was a big touring-car, whirring and tooting as if it, too, were glad to be out of the noisy, dusty city. The people in it were glad, so glad they laughed and waved their hands at the man and the maid, who came out to the gate to take their bags and bundles. There was a man, a woman, and a boy; and Little Mother and Little Mate set up a shrill cry. They had reason to fear boys as much as cats and snakes,—at least, one kind of boys.

They made such a noise and twitter that Father Pierce knew in a minute what the trouble was.

"There's a nest around somewhere," he said. "Just watch that little mother with the red-brown head, striped coat, and gray vest. What a twitter she's in! There's her mate,—look, Son, up on the maple. What do you suppose they're saying? Don't you wish you knew?"

When Father Pierce put out the hammock he spied the little nest. He was so tall he could look straight into it and see the cunning little eggs. He pointed it out to the family and said:—

"Now we must all keep away from it. They're afraid we'll trouble it; but if we're careful not to take the chairs too near, perhaps they'll forget their fear and go right on with their housekeeping. You'll remember, won't you, Son? And think how nice it will be to watch the little ones, see them grow, and the parent-birds give them their dinner. I'm glad we haven't a cat to worry them."

Son said he'd remember, and he did all that day, in spite of his terrible curiosity about those three little spotted eggs. And all day Little Mother and Little Mate watched, often flying back and forth from the apple-tree to the maple, and sometimes darting near the porch, but not *too* near, chirping their anxiety many, many times, and not resting easy until the house was dark and the family fast asleep.

The next day was showery and Son couldn't get out to play in the big field or up in the pines back of the barn. He stayed on the porch, swung in the hammock, and said about one hundred times that he wished it would stop raining, and it *was* too bad that it rained the first day they were in the country. He grew so restless that he forgot—let us hope it was that—what Father had said about going too near the bird's nest. "I shouldn't think it would hurt just to *look* at them," he thought. "If I stood on the railing, p'rhaps I could peek in. Anyway, I can't see any birds watching." The birds *were* watching, only more quietly, since no harm had come to the nest the day before. Two pairs of bright little eyes took in every movement, and when Boy went towards the nest, for he thought of it so long that he persuaded himself it was not wrong to do so, two little hearts thumped with fear. When he climbed the railing, both birds set up sharp cries, and flew about in great distress. Little Mother really seemed to be beating him away with her angry little wings, so near did she fly by him. Son wasn't tall enough to see into the nest. He was greatly disappointed, and,—I'm sorry to tell you, but he reached right into the nest to make sure the eggs were really there. At this not only Little Mother and Little Mate, but every bird within hearing began to chirp angrily; in fact, they made so much noise that Son's mother came hurrying out of the house. She saw Son with a very red face getting down from the trellis, and saw the little birds beating about distractedly.

"Oh, Son, Son, what have you done?" she said.

"I only touched them ever so light. I couldn't *see* in. I didn't break them, honest, Mother, or take them out," Son protested.

"But Father said not to go near them," she reminded him. "You have been interfering with their private business, and they are very angry as well as frightened. Poor little mother and father! Just hear how they are taking on. Come, we must go in at once. Perhaps if we close the door and blinds, and keep very quiet, they may grow calm and forget all about it."

But Little Mother and Little Mate did not forget, and it was nearly two hours before Little Mother could make up her mind to examine her home to see just what damage had been done. During this time they had cried their distress, and the whole bird-world had shown great interest and sympathy, for the air was full of bird voices,—not songs, but shrill, excited chirpings. Little Mother seemed to take a long and silent survey, then she began to pick and pull with great industry. Was she rebuilding the nest, or what? When she had fixed things to suit her, she flew quietly into the apple-tree, not joyously as she had a week before, but with one little mournful chirp that Little Mate heard and answered, for he immediately joined her and together they flew away.

Son and his mother watched for two days, but little Mother and Little Mate did not come back. When it became doubtful if they ever would, Son's father took a quiet peep into the nest. He found it closed securely at the top. "Little Mother has hidden her treasures from inquisitive eyes," was his opinion. "Perhaps after a time she may come back, open her nest, and lay the remainder of her eggs." But he was only half right. Little Mother never came back, but had gone far away into the woods, where with Little Mate she could raise their family undisturbed.

Son didn't swing in the hammock very much that summer. He didn't like to stay where he could see that sad little nest up in

Digitized by Google

the woodbine. It was the only really unhappy thing that happened all that long lovely summer. But Son is nearly as tall as his father now. He has learned many things about the birds and the little wood-creatures, and grown to respect their shy ways. He knows most of the birds by their song and plumage, and can imitate their notes very cleverly. What is best of all, they seem to have learned to trust him.

The Little Loaf.

Many years ago there was a great famine in Germany, and the poor people suffered from hunger. A rich man who loved children sent for twenty of them, and said to them: "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it, and come back again every day till the famine is over. I will give you a loaf each day."

The children were very hungry. They seized the basket and struggled to get at the largest loaf. They even forgot to thank the man who had been kind to them. After a few minutes of quarrelling and snatching for bread, every one ran away with his loaf except one little girl, named Gretchen. She stood there alone at a little distance from the gentleman. Then, smiling, she took up the last loaf, the smallest of all, and thanked him with all her heart.

Next day the children came again, and they behaved as badly as ever. Gretchen, who would not push with the rest, received only a tiny loaf, scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and her mother began to cut the loaf, out dropped six shining coins of silver.

"O Gretchen!" exclaimed her mother, "this must be a mistake. The money does not belong to us. Run quick as you can and take it back to the gentleman."

So Gretchen carried it back; but when she gave the gentleman her mother's message, he said: "No, no, it was not a mistake. I had the silver baked into the smallest loaf in order to reward you. Remember that the person who is contented to have a small loaf rather than quarrel for a larger one will find blessings that are better than money baked in bread."—*Ella Lyman Cabot, in Ethics for Children.*

The Letter Joe Lost.

Joe paused by the clump of lilac-bushes and felt in his pocket for the letter which he had taken from the post-office. It was not there!

He dropped his handful of barberry sticks and a bunch of yellow cowslips beside the stone wall, and hurriedly searched through all of his pockets. Then he started back toward the post-office.

"Hello, Ed!" he cried, almost running into his chum. "Haven't found a letter, have you?"

"No. Where'd you lose it?"

"If I knew, it wouldn't be lost, would it?" asked Joe, scornfully. "Come on back with me, Ed, and help find it."

"Grandpa would say you might as well look for a needle in a haystack," laughed Ed. "Why, Joe, we went down in Bard's meadow to pick cowslips, across the brook and climbed Laurel Hill to get barberry wood for our bows and arrows, tried to catch that turtle down by the pond, and stopped to see Harry's puppies."

"That's so," agreed Joe, "and probably the wind has blown it away. But I'm going to look, anyway. I don't see how it ever got out of my pocket."

The two boys hastened back to the Corner, where the little country post-office occupied one corner of Beaman's grocery store. They asked all the children whom they met if they had found a letter. Then they visited the meadow, Laurel Hill, and the pond. It was getting late, and Joe had not yet been home from school.

"We may as well give it up, Ed," decided Joe at last. "I will go through Harry Marble's back yard, and if it isn't there I'll have to tell mother that I've lost it. I noticed that it was from Avon. Aunt Annie often writes to mother, so I guess it wasn't very important."

"Well, you are foolish!" cried Ed. "Tell your mother and see what a lecture you'll get! I'd say nothing about it. Least said soonest mended, grandpa says."

"Perhaps you are right," replied Joe, doubtfully. "Telling mother won't help matters any. It is lost and that's all there is about it."

Supper was waiting when Joe reached home.

"Where have you been, Joe?" asked his mother. "I was getting worried."

"Been cutting some sticks for arrows, stopped to see Harry's puppies, and picked these flowers for you," explained Joe.

"The flowers are bright and spring-like, but remember that you must not loiter so long on your way from school," said mother, firmly.

Thoughts of the lost letter haunted Joe. Conscience kept whispering, "You ought to tell! You ought to tell!"

"I hate the word 'ought,'" said Joe to himself. He ate very little supper.

"Are you sick, Joe?" asked his mother, anxiously.

"Well, I don't feel real good," admitted Joe.

"You have been playing around the ponds and damp places. If you are not careful, you will get sick."

After supper, Billy Thurston ran over and invited him to ride to Brockton in his uncle's automobile. But mother said "No," very decidedly, and a sober-faced Joe went very slowly upstairs to bed.

Two weeks later, Joe's mother was mending his school coat. Something made a crackling noise inside the lining as she was sewing up a hole in the pocket.

Reaching in, she pulled out the letter for which Joe had searched.

"Come here, Joe," she called, after she had read the letter. "Did you take this from the post-office?"

"Yes'm. Who found it? I thought it was lost and it wouldn't do any good to tell you," stammered Joe, looking red and confused.

"I found it," replied his mother. "You slipped it into a hole in the lining instead of into your pocket. You should have told me about it."

"But you wouldn't have found it any sooner, mother," argued Joe.

"I might have thought to look in the lining. Your father lost the latch-key that way once. After he got a ladder and climbed into one of the windows, he found the key safely hidden in his coat lining. But if you had told me that you had lost a letter from Aunt Annie, I should have written to her at once. I am sorry, Joe, but keeping a secret from mother has cost you a week's pleasure. Auntie's letter was an invitation for you to spend your vacation week in Avon. Cousin Richard had a birthday party on the fifteenth. It was not wrong to lose the letter, for accidents will happen, but you did wrong in not telling mother at once."

Joe looked ready to cry. It was a keen disappointment.

"Uncle Frank has a new automobile, and Richard's party was sure to be a dandy. School begins Monday and it's all over," he said, slowly. "I'm sorry I did not tell you all about it, mother. I might have known you would plan some way to make it all right."

That night Joe told the rest of the lost letter story to his chum.

"Just think of all the fun I lost by being afraid to tell my mother! Say, Ed," he concluded, "I've made up my mind that it doesn't pay for a fellow to keep any secret from his mother."—*Nellie M. Leonard, in Zion's Herald.*

A Pet Donkey.

When I was a boy, I had a donkey which was a great favorite. I could make it lie down like a circus horse whenever I chose, and stand up on its hind legs with its fore feet on my shoulders. It was so intelligent that it could lift the latch and open a door either from the inside or out. I have many times known it open its stable door, and, coming across to our house, also open that leading to the room in which we had breakfast, push its head between my brother and myself, and beg for a piece of bread or sugar. It used to move its large ears backwards and forwards in a very knowing way, and could calculate time with wonderful accuracy.—*Cassell's Little Folks.*

Victor and Harry were sliding down hill together, when the sled tipped over and both the boys fell off. Victor went to mamma, crying; but Harry was not hurt. "How did it happen, Harry," asked mamma, "that Victor was hurt so much worse than you were?" "I don't know," answered Harry, "unless it's because I've been vaccinated." *Youth's Companion.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,280 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blanc, Maro S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

A Prayer.

BY REV. A. IRVINE INNES.

Maker of the heart of man,
Keep it true and unafraid;
Love be lord, and reign supreme
In the heart that thou hast made.

Lover of the human soul,
Lead it up to bliss above,
With thy likeness growing clear
In the soul that thou dost love.

Giver of the endless life,
Guide it on from heaven to heaven,
Still evolving the divine
In the life that thou hast given.

Hearer of the humble prayer
Rising now in song sincere,
Holy and Almighty One,
Grant the prayer that thou dost hear.

Richmond: Past and Present.

BY GEORGE LEONARD CHANEY.

Is this Richmond, or am I another than the man who came here from Boston nearly fifty years ago to inspect and report on the work of the Soldiers' Memorial Society? That was just after the Civil War had ended, and the soldiers of the cross went South to make good the victories of their brothers. Where so much had been done to break down there, the least they could do was to help the people of the South to build on safer foundations the habitations of chartered and emancipated liberty. So the bands of consecrated women and their high-purposed brethren went South and did loyal service for the recovery of the lost Union. What memorial could be given to the defenders of the Union more acceptable to the living or more honorable to the dead than the free school and church, which, more than all else, had ministered to their education in American citizenship?

Richmond was a mere cinder in the late sixties, when Andrew Washburn and his company of teachers began their work of free-school education.

Look at it to-day. The house in East Franklin Street, nearly opposite Gen. Lee's home, in which the Lowell Free School began, is still standing, and a few doors away is the house where Washburn and his teachers lived. But the sign is down. The Lowell Free School is not so much as named by the superintendents of education of Richmond and Virginia in their historical papers in the school-board *Journal* of February last. Superintendent Stearnes is constrained by "stubborn facts" to bear witness that, although the Virginia lawmakers tried in 1796, 1845, and 1867 to give their State a complete system of public schools, it was not until the Constitutional Convention of 1867, derisively known as the "black-and-tan" convention, that the attempt succeeded. Superintendent Ruffner of Richmond, in his first annual report, also bears witness that in April, 1869, the present school system was adopted, with Andrew Washburn as the first superintendent. Fifteen thousand dollars was appropriated by the Council, but additional aid was furnished by Northern educational societies. It is under this general head that our Soldiers' Memorial Society comes in, and the choice of our representative as the first superintendent, shows the part which the Lowell Free School took in the realization of Jefferson's original plan for universal education.

1868.

A second visit to Richmond a few years later showed the system taking vital hold upon the new, or, better, the renewed civilization. On Church Hill, so named from the near-by church where Patrick Henry made his fiery plea for liberty, we visited a school, alive with juvenile enthusiasm led and controlled by mature intelligence. It was there that we propounded the question which has since done service in other companies of children, with varying degrees of success. A previous speaker had asked the scholars how to compute the number of kernels of corn it would take to fill Libby Prison, the nearest large building in that neighborhood. Whereupon I asked if any boy could tell me how to make one kernel of corn fill Libby Prison. To the credit of the school one youngster raised his hand and answered, "*Plant it, sir.*"

1888–91.

After a score of years I was again in Richmond, and could see that the new generation had learned this first principle of progress. "What have you come to do to us, now?" asked a rather unwilling, but not unkind hostess of an earlier day. To whom I was thankful to say, "To bless you with free schools and other good things." "Need enough of it," she replied, with half-bitter, half-pleasant acknowledgment. This time our mission was for the Unitarian church, as superintendent of its extension work at the South. The hour had come, as we hoped, for a recognition of the brotherhood of thought in religion. Other prejudices had given way; why not religious offence or indifference? Answer: Because the religious ditch is always the last to be crossed, and any fool might have known that the thing could not be done. But that was its attraction. Its impossibility was its charm. "*Quia impossibile est.*" Is not that the rationale of a conquering faith? Anyway, as the old colored mammy said, "Ef de Lawd tell me to jump thro' a stone wall, I jumps at it." For three mortal years we fought, bled, and died over Richmond,—it was nothing new,—not omitting the work of the entire South, with heaven only knows what contradiction of saints and indifference of sinners. And after all, we had to surrender to the exiguity of Beacon Street, that abode of poverty. Our missionary arm had not developed its two-million-dollar biceps then, possibly for want of exercise. O Richmond, Richmond! But the Richmond chickens knew their own hen too well to run to any other. We clucked well enough, and scratched up the ground for those who should come after us. What bliss if such a church building and manse as now stand in Richmond had been ours! It would have lifted our ecclesiastical gipsying into social possibility with other churches. We never lacked social currency of a personal kind in Richmond or elsewhere in the South, but strange churches have no easy entrance into the charmed circle of the saved, and the Unitarian church knew not or would not use the password. So it seemed the church of our planting would long remain below ground, a very good place for roots. It remained for our successors to bring forth the blade and the ear, and to them, with their staunch helpers, belongs the praise for the growth and burgeoning. We never got beyond Belvidere Hall, where we began. And yet among the recollections of a veritable ministry-at-large I find none more grateful or rewardful than that Richmond interval affords, with its unexpected invitations to friendship, its occasional coincidences of opinion and taste, its provocations to wrath but more frequent invocations to good fellowship, its ecclesiastical shyness and polite reticence about unhappy differences in religion or politics, its readiness of agreement in things knowable and useful, its obstinacies of opinion in things unknowable and inapplicable to the life that now is, its courteous exchanges, co-operative humanities, patient differences, and mutually thankful satisfaction that we were not alike.

1914.

Another score of years, and what a Richmond is this! Streets prolonged to avenues; buildings as heavenly high as Babel (heaven send them a happier fate!); homes as fit in architecture and rich in decoration as in residential parts of Washington or New York, with the added beauty of green and rosy lawns; breezy, umbrageous parks, with animated busts and statues; history-haunted halls and alcoves; museums of ethnology and natural history; the Valentine inheritance of art and science; St. Paul's, where, if story-telling windows may be trusted, modern instances compete successfully with ancient sanctities; the ex-Presidential mansion, with its echoing walls of reminiscence! Two very dark bronze figures of tragedy and comedy, of heroic size, welcome the visitor as he enters the hall. Apropos of these, the lady custodian told us a story too good to be lost. A Negro visitor, beholding them and curious of their meaning, said, "Me thought it was we-uns." "Tragedy and comedy! We-uns! The colored people are so queer, you know," the lady custodian explained; but we are losing our verb, or not catching up with it nimbly. To return: here is the John Marshall High School, costing half a million dollars, and by its side John Marshall's old home, where the master-mind that filed and hammered the Constitution into finish remembered to be kind and gentle to wife and children. The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities owns and cherishes this building as a guest-house of the pilgrims of liberty and union from all over the land. We listened for Marshall's footfall on the stairway, but could no more hear it than could his invalid wife in the days when he took off his shoes for fear of disturbing her sleep. By one of those revenges of time of which history is full, the preservation and reverential keeping of the home of Chief Justice Marshall, the master-workman of the Union, is committed to the hands of those who in their day preferred a Confederacy. But the comfort of these divine vengeances which God reserves to himself is in their punitive recollections, and who that sees Richmond as she is to-day—so large, so generous, so prosperous, so much richer, so much truer to the teaching and example of her great forefathers, Washington and Marshall, than yesterday—can keep back a thrill of rejoicing that seeming ruin has been her salvation?

To this Richmond we return after half a century of contemporary life, and is it any

Digitized by Google

wonder that we feel a sense of personal thankfulness in finding that the free school system, to which the Soldiers' Memorial Society contributed early and critical uplift, has come to full stature in the fulfilment of Jefferson's plan and dream? And may I not also have a share, however small and initiatory, in the planting and unfolding of that open church which is the running-mate of the open school, and belongs with it wherever it may go? The one Sunday in the First Unitarian Church in Richmond which I recently enjoyed was reward enough for many Sundays of neglect and suspicion which some of us passed together in that queer cradle of a church, Belvidere Hall. A few of the stalwart seekers of a better country survive and are true to their early profession. Wilson and his wife, true liberal to the end of her devoted life; and Gay and his able helpmate; and Dr. Williams, although removed from Richmond, still homing in spirit to his church. Others have joined them; and, thanks to their courage and constancy, and the leading and example of brave Seaton, more soul than body, indefatigable Robinson and his generous friends, and cheerful, energetic, undaunted Bowser, and thanks, too, let it be said, to the National Alliance of Women, which in all our missionary work has proved itself the better half of the Association, the free church lives side by side with the modifying, unifying institution of the free school.

Yes; but one may say, What is the use? Would not the same results have come without your puny interference? Very likely. But a chip on the wave may share the elation of the wave, and somehow, somewhere, the friends who have lent a hand to help on the free school and free church in Richmond may feel glad that they did what they could. If we ever get near enough to the Soul and Source of all self-sacrifice to have converse with Charles Lowell or Robert Shaw, and they ask, What did you do after us in Richmond and Charleston? it may comfort us to be able to say, We put free schools there in your name, and we helped to maintain the religious faith which made you faithful.

Personality and Religion.

[Among the signs of a general reawakening to the spiritual implications and values of life may be reckoned, as is pointed out in another column, the tone and attitude of Commencement addresses this year. The interest of young men in such topics is quite as genuine and vital as in aëroplanes or the science of government, and we reprint from the daily papers two such addresses, believing them fairly typical in spirit.]

BY W. O. PENN.

Is there any one religion which is common to Harvard men? Perhaps even a liberal-minded Harvard audience would be disposed to deny it. Yet there is undoubtedly a thoroughly characteristic Harvard attitude toward life which is of such a nature that it may very properly be called a religion, in a broad sense of the term. Furthermore, this Harvard attitude toward life is so vital, genuine, and all-pervading, that, as an actual guiding principle in Harvard lives, I believe it is of more real service than any one conventional religion.

Any attempt to define the Harvard attitude toward life must be defective, but some of its characteristics may be mentioned. It is essentially broad-minded, comprehensive, and tolerant. It demands faithful performance of duty, and discountenances evil, and selfish or sordid ambitions. While respecting manly sport and scholarly achievement, it insists that they be not cheap and boisterous, but simple, dignified, unassuming, and undemonstrative. These are the high ideals it inculcates, but it also teaches loyalty to these ideals. Harvard's motto is "Veritas," which means "truth," truth to one's self and to one's ideals.

Such is a suggestion of the typical Harvard attitude toward life. Is it not also a religion? For what is religion, in its essence, but an attitude toward life, a guiding principle for life, a set of high ideals conscientiously followed? Surely the Harvard attitude toward life leads to righteousness, and may therefore fairly be called Harvard's religion.

The Harvard religion is the resultant of many individual religions or personalities, past and present, great and small. Such, for example, are the brave dead whom Memorial Hall commemorates. So, also, the walls of our college rooms radiate the personalities of former occupants,—of Phillips Brooks, Emerson, Holmes, and Wendell Phillips.

The college preachers and professors also contribute to the spiritual atmosphere of the University. Certainly, the lectures of Prof. Shaler in natural history, and Prof. Norton in fine arts, of a college generation ago, showed no lack of religion, for every sentence they uttered fairly glowed with the warmth of their personalities and the nobility of their Harvard ideals, which, as we have seen, are the essentials of religion. Harvard has many such sowers of learning to-day, men to whom hundreds of Harvard graduates owe a large share of their spiritual being. Yet she needs more of them, especially in the large introductory courses, where nothing is more out of place than a narrow-minded research professor.

The Harvard religion, then, is one of personality. It is the personality, the spirit, the atmosphere of the University. Every characteristic of Harvard, therefore, is faithfully reflected in her religion. So the Harvard religion is liberal, like Harvard; it is many-sided, like Harvard; but, above all, it is lifelike, like Harvard. There are no artificial standards here. Harvard is not a Utopia of American life. Rather does it accurately mirror that life. If there is snobbery here, a lack of democracy, a certain social exclusiveness, so is there in the American life which we are fitting ourselves to enter. There is no more drunkenness at Harvard, proportionally, than in America, no more laxiness, indifference to duty, immorality, gambling, or partiality to the athlete. In short, Harvard is a miniature America, with all its evil and all its good. We are therefore enabled to face the evil of the world early in our lives under the best of influences.

So much, then, for the characteristics of Harvard's religion, its origin and continued existence through the influence of personalities, and its peculiar fitness for life. It remains only to ascertain how far this religion is the actual guiding principle of Harvard lives. It is certain that no man can spend four years here without catching some of the spiritual atmosphere of this university, and, if he catches it, he must find some place for it in his habitual attitude toward life.

We can go still farther. There are many men, practical rather than spiritual in their tendencies, who have never attempted to define a religion for themselves. They do not deny the idea of God as a ruling force in their lives. Nevertheless they find no place for it in their daily thoughts. When a temptation arises it is not the idea of God which with a firm hand guides their steps aright, but rather a faith in the ideals of manhood and duty inculcated at Harvard.

We can go still farther. There are many men—they are a well-known type—who are spiritual in their tendencies, who have with great care and thought worked out a religion for themselves, and who still find no support in the idea of God Yet they, too, have a more vital religion than most conventional believers. It is solely a creation of their own. In studying many-sided liberal-minded Harvard they have studied life and developed a life-religion.

So it is with all Harvard men, whether we know it or not. We all form our ideals of life in an atmosphere of Harvard personalities. These ideals either constitute our whole religion or are at least the foundations upon which a more conventional superstructure may be built. This common religious basis is what we mean by Harvard's religion; and it is this which unifies all Harvard men even as Christ, by his personality, still unifies all Christian denominations.

BY JAMES P. GIFFORD.

It always interests me to hear a freshman talking with a senior about his choice of courses. The freshman is eager to know what "good" courses there are outside of his special field of concentration. What is meant by the word "good" never enters the senior's mind; he and the freshman seem to have a tacit understanding as to what the word "good" means as applied to a college course. The advice that follows reveals at once what a "good" course means to every man in college. It means any course in the catalogue that has a live personality mixed up with it. And so, in speaking of Boston as an educational asset, the interest is sure to lie not in the impersonal treatment of the theatres, opera, art galleries, and symphonies, but in recalling the personal relations with the instructors and professors in this university extension course.

I came to Harvard quite confident of the nature of the place that Boston should fill in the scheme of a well-rounded education. I knew quite well that the intellectual world was not bounded on the south by the Charles River, but that just across the river on a certain well-known street that runs parallel to it were to be found interesting people, people of good taste, culture, and refinement, who could do marvellous things in the way of educating one's better nature, improving one's manners, and polishing off one's rough corners,—those crude projections that one is too apt to bring with him if he comes from the West or the South or the North.

My first great instructor had been born in Boston, educated at Harvard, and had for years filled numerous important business positions. His wide travels would have furnished interesting material for conversation,

Digitized by Google

if he had ever chosen to converse. His inherited wealth provided him with an income large enough to place him above all worldly cares, yet money and the price of things formed the bulk of his conversation. Here was a man generally admired and sought after by a large group of the people who lived on the street by the river, a man who appealed to me in many ways, yet who lacked in the last analysis anything thoroughly admirable or stable that I could cling to. Was this Boston? Was this all Boston had to offer?

It was in this state of mind that I suddenly opened Boston's catalogue of courses a little wider, and learned the significance of the fact that there are six hundred thousand people in the city, all of whom do not live along the river. I found down on Federal Street a little man who always works with his coat off. He is part owner of one of the most successful financial journals in the city. His whole life is centred around that paper and its success. To hear him speak German or discuss Victorian literature one would think him a college-bred man. His articles on banking are the product of an exceedingly well-trained mind, and you can see in him the results of the best sort of self-education. His philosophy of life is extremely simple, and may be summed up as the "get-a-job-and-stick-to-it philosophy." This man was the second of the Boston professors who taught me something.

Another man in the department of applied philosophy who helped me is Allen, the butcher. He has pride in the fact that his son went to Harvard, and he plans to take his boy into the butcher business. He told me he wanted his boy to have all this. He felt it was the best way to make a man of him. There, again, I saw the belief that the man plus the job makes a better man. I knew that in both these men I had found something superior to what was in my first acquaintance, though the two were quite far apart socially. I felt in each man something at bottom that you could grasp and admire. What I learned from them was permanent, yet they did not reveal to me the reason of their influence and what I believe to be the reason of all human influence.

Still another man who impressed me was Henry Norman, a Negro. There are many churches in Boston, but Henry Norman's church in Pemberton Square is the most unique of all. You won't be able to locate the building, for, as Norman said, the city keeps the floor in repair, and the roof never leaks. The floor is of cobblestones, and the roof is the sky. The first time I heard a sermon in that church, Norman was exhorting the people of Boston to turn from pride and worldly vanity and dare to be themselves. As he turned to leave I hurried after him, determined to know him better. He was most courteous, and he suggested that we both get something to eat, as the hour was late.

I found him very reticent about himself, but he seemed very much interested in Harvard and its educational advantages. He had just finished his cup of hot milk when he turned and asked in a most interested way, "Do they teach you any fixed principles of truth?" After some rapid thinking on my part I replied that I thought our teachers tried to make us think for ourselves and come to our own conclusions about life, simply urging us to get as near the truth as possible. He was interested in a moment.

"That's right," he said. "Every man should live up to the truth as he sees it. If he sees the truth once, he should be willing to die rather than give it up until he sees a better truth."

It was some hours later when I learned Norman's life-story from a friend of his. Norman had been a private in the Civil War. He had come back North when peace was declared, and, unable to read, he determined to pick up an education somehow. He began by conversing at length with persons he met, trying to get as much information from every one as he could. Later, he learned to read Channing, Parker, and Emerson. He lives on what contributions he receives from his hearers, who are always generous. Theologically, he is no more muddy-minded than the average person. He has been powerfully influenced by Emerson's writings, as he himself told me; and I know from experience that he has interested and impressed many who have heard him.

The answer that Norman gave me made me understand everything that had remained unanswered in regard to the question of personal influence. It seems to me that the reason for personal influence lies in the capacity for enthusiastic interest in something impersonal, which by this very enthusiasm becomes infused with the personality behind it. The charm of personality lies in impersonality. The "good" course is the course in which the instructor embodies his subject. The good minister embodies religion; he doesn't talk about religion. His sermons are his personal experiences. I found the explanation of why men want to take good courses. Graduates of several years back always speak of the professors, and rarely of their courses.

Emerson says, "In youth we are mad for persons," and, following that thought out, we see a purpose in this madness. We, too, want that capacity for impersonal enthusiasm, and go running wherever it shows itself, as boys run to a fire. That is the reason we come to college,—that we may be touched somehow by this flame of personality that will send us out to work with a glow of interest and enthusiasm that might never have been ours had we failed to take one or two "good" courses.

Anarchy in the Church.

The spirit of anarchy penetrates even the church and makes men and women careless of wise usages and noble traditions, indifferent to or in revolt against the great laws of moral and spiritual growth which have been wrought out by the experience of unnumbered generations. In our day the church is battling against fearful odds, for multitudes without and within the fold have thrown off all spiritual sanctions and moral restraints. Their main object is to get all the pleasure they can out of life; and, if they are living without God and without hope of a world to come, they will allow no law, human or divine, to block their path. The church is suffering, the religion of the home is suffering, because this spirit which does what it pleases in its own sight has crept into the sanctuaries of life and now defies the noblest inspirations and defiles the high places of worship and service.

When we think of what may happen to the supreme interests of the human soul, we tremble for our country. Anarchy is hateful in any guise; but, when it pollutes the holy of holies, and overturns the family altar, it is high time that we were roused to earnest thought and vigorous action. The enemy is upon us in religion as in industry and politics and education. If we believe that law, wise human law, has its seat in the bosom of God, we must beat back and thrust down this spirit of anarchy, now so menacing.

"The roots of the coming civilization," declares Rev. Charles F. Dole in a recent discourse of great value, "go down deep to their sources in the household religion. The national life will be made strong only by the strength of the great Puritan virtues,—truthfulness, conscientiousness, loyalty, kindliness, the will to serve and be useful, moral courage, taught by scrupulous and public-spirited fathers and at the knees of noble women, taught by the continual example of fair and generous dealing, taught under the sanction of faith in the eternal reality of the good life."

If these fail us in our hour of need, our cry will be the cry of the old Hebrew prophet: "Spoiling and violence are before me. There is contention, and strife exalteth itself. Therefore, the law is slacked, and judgment is not pronounced according to truth."—*Rev. Albert C. Dieffenbach.*

The Efficient Congregation.

Mr. William H. Sayward, speaking on the subject, "The Efficient Congregation," at the Middlesex Conference, held in Wilton, N.H., June 11, said in part:—

In these days a note of discouragement is often heard, from ministers especially, in regard to attendance at church services. Statements have been made, rather freely, to the effect that decrease in attendance is due to the fact that "there are no great theologians, no great preachers, among us any longer," and the condition of lack of interest as indicated by the sparseness of congregations in Unitarian churches has been attributed by a certain learned bishop to the fact that "Unitarianism is fading out, and eventually will be only an idea."

I see no ground whatever for discouragement in present conditions, and sincerely believe that there is no justification for declarations such as I have quoted, either in regard to the Unitarian church or the Church in general.

The records of one of the conferences here in Massachusetts, similar to this we are holding to-day, discloses the fact that fifty years ago the principal topic of discussion was "What Measures can be taken to induce Larger Attendance at Church Services," and all the way along up to the present day the burning question seems to be, how to stimulate interest in matters to which the Church particularly addresses itself.

This perturbation over the matter of attendance or manifestation of interest need not overwhelm us with doubts, or fill our minds with apprehension, for all experience in associated effort indicates clearly that apathy is bound to be the rule, and that only through constant exertion and ceaseless vigilance can any instrumentality be made and kept effective, and in no domain is the task more difficult than that in which the Church essays to work.

Digitized by Google

It may well be, however, that an examination of the equipment of the Church—its running gear, so to speak—may disclose a loose screw which needs to be turned up so that the machine may run more smoothly and produce greater and better results.

In endeavoring to determine whether there is a "loose screw," a good deal depends upon what we consider the Church to be, and what its function is. If we consider the Church to be something more than a shrine at which to worship, if we accept it as an instrumentality especially equipped to render great and high service for humanity *by making us more fit to live with each other in this wonderful world*, then we may well ask ourselves whether we (the laity) are a necessary part of the equipment, or whether we are simply passengers to be taken up neatly, carried along carefully, and deposited safely at some desired haven, by an instrumentality outside of ourselves.

In spite of all that has been said, and is being said, all over the world to persuade people that more or less automatic processes, performed by functionaries especially trained for the service, have significance and power to produce results beneficial to humanity, either here or hereafter, a belief has taken deep root everywhere that we ourselves are an essential part of the Great Mystery, and that our effort, our contribution, is necessary to make the issue complete.

If this be a true conception of our divine relations (and I think Unitarians generally support it), does it not give us a clue to the "loose screw" in the conduct of our churches.

We are Congregationalists, and as such we ought to realize that the congregation is as distinct a factor in the church as the minister; that the clergy and the laity *are complements of each other*, and must pull together to get results.

We have inherited from the past a tendency to leave almost everything to the minister, the man "employed for the job," and have so burdened him that it is no wonder that the machine runs lop-sided.

This tendency is not confined to the Church. In all kinds of enterprises the same unfortunate condition prevails, with similar results.

This state of things is particularly unfortunate in the affairs of the Church, if the Church be the sort of instrumentality I have indicated.

The minister's service is distinctly that of prophet, seer, and inspirer. Can we expect the Church to prosper, in the best and truest sense, if we demand that the pilot, whose special and particular value lies in his power to read the stars and point the courses, shall also hoist the sails, handle the cargo, and man the boats?

In spite of all I have said about the laxity of laymen, I know that underlying it all is a supreme confidence in the Church as a power which, properly applied, is superior to all other powers to meet the actual problems of life and living.

The great congregation of humanity longs for activity that will produce worthy results in all our human relations, and I am convinced that thoughtful people everywhere are well assured that to attain these results there must constantly be at work an agency untrammelled by the demands and insistences of the material tasks of life.

The Church Universal—not the Unitarian or any other particular division, but *the* Church which, under all diversity of nomenclature, has been slowly climbing through the centuries, burdened often with ridiculous and sometimes with hideous practices—is now emerging into clearer spaces, and is in condition to render more complete and more effective service than it ever has, *provided* that congregations do that which they only can do.

The field of the Church has broadened,—it stretches away beyond the narrow, selfish lines of personal soul-safety, and now finds its best and holiest service in stimulating individuals to forget self in helping on the development of that true social spirit which is the best hope of humanity.

Can congregations get together in this spirit, and will they get together? Some of our congregations have already done so, organizing themselves completely, so that every one of fifteen years of age and upward is connected with some vital interest as a natural part of the Church life and purpose. This complete organization creates the "efficient congregation," by establishing closer relations, and consequent knowledge of and confidence in each other, which enables us to extend in constantly widening circles a helpful and friendly hand to those in the great struggling world about us.

Foreign Notes.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

In reply to many inquiries concerning the present status of the proposed series of Oriental conferences for the expression of religious sympathy and world-brotherhood, we can only say that the preparations for the same are well advanced. The only remaining difficulty in the way of their successful accomplishment is the securing of an American and British delegation, who, in their intellectual and representative capacity, shall be equal to the just expectations and needs of the liberal thinkers and religious reformers in the Far East who have extended to us so honoring an invitation. We trust our Unitarian and liberal Christian leaders will prove equal to this great opportunity and demand upon their larger sympathy and service.

In India, the poet-philosopher Tagore has accepted the honorary chairmanship of the general committee to organize the four congresses of religious unity to be held in that country at Madras, Bombay, Lahore, and Calcutta. In Shanghai, the eminent Chinese statesman and writer Wu Ting Fang will render us a similar service. In Japan, a committee of thirty-five of the most prominent Japanese—thinkers, scholars, statesmen, philanthropists, government officials—will have charge of the meetings. In Constantinople, Cairo, and Jerusalem, the organization of the proposed meetings has been proceeding in an assuring manner. Everything now depends on the response of the Unitarian and other liberal fellowships to this unique and deeply significant invitation.

The head of our Japanese Mission, Rev. Clay MacCauley, writes us concerning the recent work in Japan:—

"Last Saturday evening, May 30, we had a popular meeting in Unity Hall in the interest of municipal reform. The hall was overcrowded, over nine hundred persons being present during the long evening session. On May 19 we had a similar gathering and almost as large an attendance. Our social secretary, Mr. Suzuki, spoke on 'Tokyo and its Social Problems'; our minister, Rev. Mr. Uchigasaki, on 'Tokyo and Epidemics'; one of our church members, Tikeda, now a city-councilman, on 'The Differentiation of Public from Private Life'; Mr. Matsuo, on 'The Suffrage Problem'; our Prof. Abe, on 'Robbing the People'; and Mr. Morimura, banker and philanthropist, on 'City Politics.' At a popular gathering on May 15, Ebara (M.P.) spoke on 'Education concerning the Treatment of Animals,' and Naruse (official of the Home Dept.) on 'Life among the Poor in Europe and America.'"

It will be seen what a centre for social reform movements Unity Hall has become. In November next the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Japan Unitarian Mission will be observed with impressiveness.

We have already alluded in these columns to the memorial meeting to celebrate the four hundredth issue of the Unitarian monthly review *The Cosmos*. It was held at the larger Y. M. C. A. hall, at which addresses were made by the assistant editor, Yoshida, on "Oscar Wilde and Maeterlinck," and by Suzuki, on "The Present Condition of the Japanese Laborer, and his Future." Editor Minami spoke on "Prof. Eucken's Philosophy"; Prof. Okada of the War College, on "Gathering Truth from Current Events"; Rev. Mr. Uchigasaki, on "Progressive Religion"; and Prof. Abe upheld "Co-operation in Industrialism."

"A few days hence," writes Mr. MacCauley, "we shall hold a farewell meeting for one of the earliest of our church members, Mr. Takhashi, a graduate of Waseda University, who leaves to enter Columbia University, New York, as a student in political economy. I think he will connect himself with the Lenox Avenue Church. We are reconstructing our Post-office Mission, and publishing in a Japanese version Dr. Charles W. Eliot's Buffalo address, as well as your A. U. A. Tract No. 8, 'What do Unitarians Believe,' for wider distribution."

Our friends Revs. Joseph H. and Florence K. Crooker are enjoying a warm reception among their Unitarian friends in England. Dr. Crooker has been preaching for the Unitarian university movement at Cambridge, England, and also took a prominent part in the late anniversaries in London.

Prof. Adolf Harnack, who was recently honored with a title of hereditary nobility by the king of Prussia, has withdrawn from his post of Royal Librarian at Berlin, and will henceforth limit himself to his academic work at the University, and literary undertakings. In an address delivered at the opening of the new royal library building in Berlin Prof. Harnack cited some interesting facts in the history of this great collection. It

Marriages.

At Randolph, Mass., June 25, in the Church of the Unity, by Rev. Carl G. Horst, Charles W. Proctor and Almira C. Clark, both of Randolph.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Apply Sara E. Stevens, tel. Bellevue 1019 M. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

WANTED. A willing, able-bodied boy of 16 would like to find work on a New England farm for the summer. Address, Arthur D. Starbuck, 106 Hillside Avenue, Arlington Heights, Mass.

Digitized by Google

was founded in war-time by the Great Elector of Brandenburg, the edict dating from the military camp of Viborg in Jutland. A modest income was assured it by the royal decree. If a bridal couple desired to rid themselves of the legal requirement of being "cried" three times in meeting previous to their wedding, if a lover would marry his cousin, if a happy parent wished to provide more than the allowed number of godfathers or godmothers for the baptism of his child,—all this could be arranged for by the payment of sundry small money penalties; and the latter, with the income from a few judicial fines, were the financial resources of the newly created library. To the end of the seventeenth century this average annual income was about 317 thalers. Yet the library already numbered 20,000 books and 1,618 manuscripts. Frederick the Great was the second founder of the institution, and showed great favor to it, making it one of the great libraries of Europe. Eighty years ago its income was only 26,000 marks ($6,500), and its volumes 250,000. To-day it expends 1,300,000 marks, and the number of books, manuscripts, musical and art publications is over 2,000,000.

Prof. Julius Wellhausen of Goettingen, whose eminent services as an Oriental scholar and Biblical critic have made him one of the great authorities in modern historical and Scripture criticism, attained his seventieth birthday on May 17, an event which was duly noted in Germany and led to appreciative tributes to his scholarship and personal traits.

The Paris Directory discloses that there dwell in that city nearly 35,000 somnambulists, clairvoyants, occultists, magnetizers, fortune-tellers, and the like. One of the latter class expends over $12,000 annually for advertisements. The total amount expended upon these seers is estimated at at least $15,000,000 annually. What a commentary on the present religious and moral conditions of the French Republic, and what an indication of the ineradicable mysticism of human nature, which, deprived of its rational counterpoise and balance, flies to such extravagances as these for assurance and comfort!

The Meadville Institute.

The Meadville Summer School for Religious Education is in every way the most successful this year that it has ever been The attendance is one-half larger than last year, and twice as large as the year before. The average ability of those in attendance is exceptional, and this eagerness surpasses even that which has, from the first, made these meetings notable. The lecturers are at their best, and are followed by questioners out of lecture hours Four lectures are given daily, and on most days a fifth lecture, conference, or Bible-reading is called for.

One interesting feature of the meetings this year is that the German churches are so well represented. Four delegates come from a German church in Pittsburgh, five from Columbus, and seven from Cincinnati. The serious-mindedness characteristic of that nation is very evident among these young people.

All is not work, however, at the Meadville gathering. Before seven in the morning professors and clergymen may be seen pitching horseshoes, while bowls, ring-toss, croquet, golf, informal dancing, music, and long walks are daily occurrences. Meadville was never more beautiful; and, to those who know, that signifies that we live for these two weeks in an earthly paradise. Even the three sweet children add to the joyousness of the occasion.

The Meadville church gives evidence each year of its interest in the Summer Institute. This year they gave the School a picnic supper. The rain drove all in from the lawn, but the large room in Hunnewell Hall provided ample space for the tables, and all went happily. On the Sunday between the two weeks the church welcomes Mr. Lawrance to his former pulpit, while Prof. Starbuck and Miss Buck speak to the Sunday-school.

The daily programme at the Institute is this: Rising bell at seven; breakfast at eight; chapel service at a quarter to nine; then lectures in succession, each fifty minutes long, beginning at half-past nine; dinner at one; conference or other session (usually on the lawn) at four; supper at six; evening lecture at eight; and a beautiful good-night service, held under the stars, at a little after nine.

The combination of beautiful, academic surroundings, lectures on high themes, and a joyous, devout, and devoted group of people is such as makes this gathering notable, even among the always delightful summer schools at Meadville.

The Ministers' Institute.

The Ministers' Institute is planning to hold its next session at Newport, R.I. It has been found necessary to change the date of meeting from that advertised in Anniversary Week to September 21–24, a week earlier. The headquarters will be the New Cliffs Hotel, about ten minutes' walk from the station. Rooms, including board, may be obtained (two in each room) for $2.50 a day for each person (with bath $3). Arrangements have also been made for entertaining a few of the ministers in private house or otherwise, without expense to them. Ministers wishing to avail themselves of this arrangement are urged to write at once to Rev. William S. Jones, 29 Kay Street, Newport, R.I., and those wishing rooms at the hotel are requested to write as early as possible to Mr. J. V. Jordan, New Cliffs Hotel, Newport, R.I. All meetings will be held in Channing Memorial Church, or the parish house belonging to it, not far from the hotel. An excellent programme has been prepared, and will soon be sent to all our ministers. You cannot afford to miss this meeting of the Institute. Let every minister come and bring his wife with him.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Student Assistant Work.

In the *Christian Register* of May 7 appeared an account of the work being done in Lincoln, Neb., written by the student assistant himself.

As the Young People's Religious Union has contributed the past year for the support of similar work in six of the college towns of the Middle West, it may be interesting to quote from two other places that have been benefited through this work:—

From Iowa City, Ia.: "We are very grateful for the help which the Young People's Religious Union has extended us.

"As to the work our assistants do: They keep track of the students who attend the morning service and the Young People's meeting and see that the pastor meets them. They also look after the advertising in the papers, and address all special communications, invitations, calendars, etc., to the parish. In addition to these functions they are a great help in organizing the student element in the church and holding it together."

Ithaca, N.Y., writes: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your letter containing a check of $50, as the balance of the appropriation for student work, and I want to say that in acknowledgment of this I greatly appreciate the help it has been to me.

"With the first $50 I received I employed a young man, a member of one of the largest clubs in the University, to keep the boys informed of what is going on in our church. We got splendid results from this, and found an unusually large number of boys attending our services. It kept me, also, in personal touch with them. The other $50 I have given to a student connected with the athletic affairs of the University, and one of the crew men, with the same purpose in view I had with the other and with the same results. I find it makes a vast difference if somebody in the centres of young men are interested in our church and call the attention of the young men to what we are doing.

"This hundred dollars has been an immense help to me, and saved me many miles of walking and made very much easier my work. I thank you all heartily for it."

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Rev. Edward Hale of Chestnut Hill will preach Sunday, July 5. Communion after service.

At the union service, to be held in Arlington Street Church, Boston, July 5, Rev. Walter F. Greenman of the First Unitarian Society, Milwaukee, Wis., will preach.

Notice is given that Rev. Paul Jordan Smith, lately of Chicago, has applied to the Pacific States Committee for fellowship in

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT,
SECRETARY, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Addie Greene), 581 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

the Unitarian ministry. Earl M. Wilbur, Chairman, 2511 Virginia Street, Berkeley, Cal.

At a meeting of the Fellowship Committee of the Middle States and Canada, held on June 13, 1914, in Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. Arthur G. Singsen and Dr. H. N. Pfeiffer were duly admitted to our fellowship in the Unitarian denomination, and are hereby commended to its ministers and churches. William M. Brundage, Chairman; L. A. Harvey, Walter R. Hunt.

A union ministers' meeting will be held in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, on Monday morning, July 6, at eleven o'clock. There will be an address by Dr. Francis, pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church (subject, "Christ and the Child"), and other exercises. All ministers, of every name, are cordially and equally invited. The public are heartily welcome.

Summer services in King's Chapel begin next Sunday, July 5. As was the case last summer, the preachers will be Rev. Charles Edwards Park of the First Church in Boston, and Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., and Rev. Sydney B. Snow, ministers of King's Chapel. The music will be by the regular choir of the Chapel. The services will be held at 10.30 A.M. The preacher next Sunday will be Mr. Park.

Churches.

FITCHBURG, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. R. F. Leavens: Summer services will be held at 9.30 A.M. on the Sundays of July and August, lasting about three-quarters of an hour. The services will be conducted by laymen of the parish, with sermons original or selected, at their discretion: July 5, Edward A. A. Lamere; July 12, C. Willis Bennett; July 19, Charles E. Ware; July 26, John G. Faxon; August 2, Cyrus Page; August 9, Henry J. Andrews; August 16, Charles G. Pingree; August 23, Jabez A. Jones; August 30, Charles Fosdick. Music will be in charge of Alfred K. Miller.

MONTAGUE, MASS.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. R. E. Birks: This church, one of the early come-outers from the orthodox First Parish in the nineteenth century, reports progress along all lines. Under a settled minister in the fine new parsonage, the Sunday audiences have steadily increased; the Alliance has been one of the best village institutions, women from other churches and even from surrounding villages joining it; the finances are in a good healthy condition; and the church is receiving a recognition in the life of the village it has not had for years. Just now the meeting-house is torn up for repairs. Through the kindness of friends the building will be thoroughly repaired inside and outside, and also painted. The parlor and social rooms are being renovated in simple, artistic manner, many gifts of furniture, pictures, silverware, and kitchen utensils being given by friends. Through the kindness of Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith and the Greenfield church, the pulpit of Dr. Moors has been put in order and presented to us, to the delight of the minister and all. New carpets and cushions will be put in place, as well as other adornments. Through the kindness of a parishioner and the organ committee, the pipe organ of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church at Bethel, Conn., has been secured, and will be placed in the renovated audience-room, making a great addition to the service of worship. Most of the gifts and funds for the renovations have come as a recognition of the years of struggle of the "faithful few" to keep the church open and going. The building which presented a most shabby appearance, greatly hindering the work, will, when completed, be a very neat, convenient, and helpful country church. Too much cannot be said of the efficiency and devotedness of the minister and his family. The gratitude of the members and all goes out to those who have and are "lending a hand."

WOLLASTON, MASS.—Wollaston Unitarian Church, Rev. Carl G. Horst: The Children's Sunday service was of an unusually interesting character and largely attended. The perfect June weather; the beautiful floral decorations; the very appropriate musical selections by the girls' choir and the soloist; the liquid notes of three canaries, which did their utmost to help in the service of song and praise; the happy faces of the children; the pastor's address, which was of interest to young and old,—all helped to make this year's Children's Sunday a red letter in the life of the church. The service opened with a song by the Sunday-school, during which the members of the kindergarten class marched in, each child carrying a bouquet of flowers and placing them in a frame representing a large five-pointed star which, when filled with the flowers, was lifted upon the pulpit platform, greatly adding to the decorations. Ten children were dedicated "in the faith, fellowship, and hope of the gospel to God, our Father in heaven," each child after the christening receiving a white rosebud as a symbol of the unfolding of a beautiful life and to be preserved as a memento of the service. The children christened on Children's Sunday, June 12, 1904, were presented each with a copy of the American Standard Version of the Bible, in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of their baptism, and as a reminder of the Wollaston Unitarian church's protective interest in them, and with the wish that their youthful days of association with the church may ever be a cherished memory and a happy inspiration to them, and with the hope that, before they are twice as old as they are to-day, they will come to the same altar where they received the rite of baptism, and unite with the church for the worship of God and the service of man in the spirit of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Life. Eight children received each a pin, not as a reward, but in recognition of their faithful attendance upon the sessions of the Sunday-school during the past year. The school will resume its sessions the first Sunday in October.

Personals.

Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, D.D., who received an honorary degree from Brown University at the recent Commencement, was thus characterized by President W. H. P. Faunce in his announcement: "D.D.—Thomas Roberts Slicer. Minister to noted churches in Providence and New York, able thinker and forceful speaker, teaching the church the duty and power of civic leadership and the larger meaning of the kingdom of God."

Summer Services.

The First Parish in Dorchester, Meeting House Hill, Roger Sawyer Forbes, minister, announces its summer services as follows:—

July 19, Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks, All Souls' Unitarian Church, Indianapolis.

July 26, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, All Souls' Church, Washington.

August 2, Rev. Richard W. Boynton, First Unitarian Society, Buffalo.

August 9, Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, Church of the Messiah, Montreal.

August 16, Rev. George E. MacIlwain.

August 23, Rev. Frank A. Powell, First Unitarian Society, Manchester, N.H.

August 30, Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly, All Souls' Church, Lincoln, Neb.

September 6, Rev. Charles B. Elder, D.D., Church of the Unity, Worcester.

September 13, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., First Church in Roxbury.

Services will begin at eleven o'clock.

Here and There.

Ranchers within and adjacent to the Sierra national forest, California, have formed a co-operative association for the prevention of forest fires. They need to use fire in clearing land for farming, and will do it on a community basis, with all members present to prevent the fires' spread.

German geologists at work in German East Africa have found deep in the earth the almost perfect skeleton of a man who lived, probably, a hundred and fifty years ago. They are able to determine the time by the mammoth fossils—one of them, for example, a tusk ten feet, five inches long—that lay in the stratum where they found the skeleton. The spot was once covered by a lake, and the position of the skeleton leads the investigators to conjecture that the man met death by drowning.

$1.00 $1.50
2.00 2.50
$3.50
$ 5.00 $ 7.50
10.00 12.50
15.00 to 35.00

BONELESS AND SEMI-BONELESS
CORSETS

In Coutille; Tricot; Doeskin; Suède; and Italian Silk
IVY, LA LOUISE, and BON TON MODELS.

Palmer's Corset Store
52 WINTER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

Willie's Mamma: "Is James a nice boy for you to play marbles with?" Willie: "Sure. I beat him every time."—*Lippincott's.*

"When he first came out of the hospital," said Mrs. Twickembury, "he was a most carnivorous looking object. I never saw such a metempsychosis in my life."

Dorothy was visiting her grandparents in the country for the first time. Seeing a quantity of feathers scattered about the henyard, she shook her head in disapproval. "Grandpa," she told him, gravely, "you really ought to do something to keep your chickens from wearing out so."—*Continent.*

Berlioz used to tell a story about a young woman in a music store. "But, madamoiselle," suggested the clerk, "will not this piece in five sharps perhaps be rather too difficult?" "Pooh!" she replied disdainfully. "That is all one to me. Whenever I find more than two sharps or flats, I scratch them out with my penknife."

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, when collecting information about White of Selborne, met with an old lady who professed to have seen him,—"a white-haired old gent, who used to walk about his garden with a crocodile." "Wasn't it a tortoise?" suggested Buckland. The old lady admitted it might have been "one of them furren birds."

W. S. Gilbert was lunching at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."—*Transcript.*

A lady once consulted Dr. Johnson on the turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. My school-fellow, David Garrick, a little fellow, robbed a dozen orchards with impunity. But the first time I climbed a tree—I was always a heavy boy—the bough broke with me; and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."

The editor of the *Interior* was once criticised for his use of expletives; but he asserts his independence in the following choice sentence: "We are going to insist upon our copyright, and we warn whomsoever it may concern to let our expletive property alone. We will give a sample of it, so as to scare everybody: 'Oh, you old baldachino! you satyr-eyed gargoyle! you windy balcony! you crooked corbel! For a cent we would knock you into the middle of next week with the but-end of a vestibule!'"

A woman wearing an anxious expression called at an insurance-office one morning. "I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for a thousand dollars in your company." "Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you one thousand dollars." "And," continued the woman, anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?" "Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam." "Oh!"—and she turned to leave the office—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

ESTEY PIPE & REED CHURCH ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 363 hymns and poems, 284 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904

AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President. EARL MORSE WILBUR, D.D., Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
113 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

The Phillips Exeter Academy
Unusual opportunities for boys of exceptional character and ability. 134th year opens Sept. 16, 1914. Catalogue and views. Address The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 28 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 649
The Significance of Vacations 650
Respectable Emotions 651

CURRENT TOPICS 652

BREVITIES 653

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Unitarian Name 654
Pensioned or Relieved? Pensions and Other Aid; Mr. Kent and Dr. Dole 655

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Lydia Huntley Sigourney, by Oscar Fay Adams . . . 656
Our Real Work, by Samuel M. Crothers, D.D. . . . 659
The Secret of Rest 660
The Poetry of James H. West 662
Religious Work at State Universities, I., by J. T. Sunderland 666
Sagamore Sociological Conference, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 667
A Correction; Summer Services; Isles of Shoals Meetings 668
Acknowledgments; In Modern Industry 671

SPIRITUAL LIFE 660

LITERATURE.
Books 662
Literary Notes; Magazines 663

THE HOME.
In Rosalie's Closet, by E. E. M. 664
Fred and Carlo; Grandma's Picket-guard; Thackeray with the Children 665

POETRY.
Song, by James Vila Blake 656
The Peace that passes Understanding, by Augustus Mendon Lord 660
Lake Eden 662
So Very, Very Good 664
We would bring Thy Kingdom down, by Richard Warner Borst 666

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
Our Increasing Drink Bill 669

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Our Hopes 670

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 670

HERE AND THERE 671

PLEASANTRIES 672

Editorial.

IN conceding that it was a universal admission that things were to-day not so well with the Church of Christ as they used to be, Rev. R. J. Campbell made a very significant parenthesis,—"At least outwardly." That people do not make religion the centre of their life, do not pursue the culture of the devout life as in past times; that institutions of a social and philanthropic character flourish while purely devotional gatherings do not,—all this means only the change of outward habit and ways. Life is more interesting, as well as more exacting and absorbing, than ever before. People have less time than they ever had for reflection and the expression of meditation. But that there is any radical inward change that makes religion less necessary and welcome, we can see no evidence at all. Meditation and prayer do not take time; all they need is a disposition and an instant. There is no necessary connection between a busy life and the decay of religion. What religion has to do is to adapt her methods to the new circumstances, and devise new forms of calling men to their higher nature. The firm which writes its letters and keeps its books to-day as it did these things twenty-five years ago will find itself soon unnoticed, but no firm would excuse its failure by saying that the pressure of affairs crowded out the fulfilment of its mission. The business of the Church is to adapt itself to the present conditions, to prove its faith that religion is eternal, and to show that the substance of religion is superior to any of its forms. Human nature is still human nature, and no pressure can crowd it out. We see religion crowding into more places now than it ever thought of entering before. The pushing life hurts the religion of no one who has his religion with him in the pushing, and the soul to appreciate religion.

A CONQUEROR of disease is greater in the estimation of human beings than any other conqueror. He places his own life and the lives of his comrades at the service of his kind, and delivers a people from dangers more awful than those of any invasion. The foes of battle threaten only their antagonists and those who are within the area of their strife, but diseases threaten all parts of the world, and creep insidiously into the safest places, with secret terror and death. The honor paid abroad as well as at home to Gen. Gorgas cannot be too greatly expressed nor too repeatedly. He is entitled to the gratitude of the human race, not only because he has cleared away

pestilences from the earth and freed men from many destructions that waste at noonday, but because he has thereby demonstrated the right way of approaching and dealing with the world's destroyers of life. There is no magic in the matter, no occult philosophy, no absentee religion. There is simply the recognition of ascertained causes and the setting in motion of other causes that will counteract or anticipate them. It is as simple as hitting a rattlesnake ready to spring. Religion makes a man pray to do it, and to thank God he could do it, but no real religion counsels a man to take the moment for praying when the rattler is coiled. Pray before and after, if you please, but, just then, strike. It is great praise a foremost newspaper in the world gives in saying that Gen. Gorgas has perhaps done more than any man to throw open the tropics, or to show how they can be thrown open, to habitation by Caucasians. If his achievement shall throw open the tropics of ignorance and infatuation, and set people everywhere on the right road to the management of disease, a higher praise yet will be his.

Schools and colleges are testing-places, experiment stations, assay offices, wherein are discovered the capacities of students, and their possibilities. People often estimate them and their product as if they made educated people and manufactured something. The truth is that, if the ore has value, the school will bring it out. All education can do is to find out what is pay dirt and put it in the way of being utilized. But to say we can't make silk purses out of sows' ears, overlooks the fact that pigskin makes a more durable purse than silk. The school can deal only with the material given it, but within this limit there are wonderful results. We have powers brought to light that otherwise would be hidden and smothered. We have more and more varieties of magnetic attraction which draw out potential abilities. This is the significance of the tendency toward vocational training in schools. It is not to take the school out of educational activity, putting it into utilitarian directions. The real justification is the experimental effect. More points of contact with the mind increase educative effects, and aid in discovering what it is the function of education to discover,—the highest powers within. The teacher is an explorer in a country forever undiscovered, and enjoys the dramatic fascinations of discovery and development. Nor is the charm only that of opening out bonanzas of prodigy. It is the surer promise of lifting all values into higher value. The height of the general level is the true measure of public education.

Fatalizing one's condemnations is a tendency of human nature which probably accounts for the belief in eternal punishment, and now that people no longer penalize their brethren hereafter, they should be less ready to keep their anger forever here. Time passes rapidly and we hardly realize how much it does. After a judgment is passed we are apt to file it away and bring it out as though it never could be outlawed. In the mean time, changes have transpired and the old judgment is not only out of date but out of focus. Because it was once righteous is no reason for deeming it always righteous. Inexorableness is not invariably connected with justice. It consorts better with tyranny and vindictiveness. When a criticism or a blame stiffens and ossifies beyond change, it has ceased to be of use or truth. The setting in of rigor is likely to be a sign of death. "Never" is too awful a word to install in our notions of another life, and it should not be readily used with reference to this life. To every one his chance, so long as there is any hope of one, is a rule which should always modify judgment; but the delight of superiority is so alluring that human nature is loath to consider how improvement may antiquate old ratings, and compel readjustment of estimates. Many a man of pharisaical temper may get a wholesome shock at seeing ahead of him in the heavenly race people who began far behind him. A study of the virtues of one's enemies would be in some ways more enlightening than a study of the virtues of the saints. It would tend to put forgiveness on the map of time, and present some examples more imperative than those of patterns in goodness, for who could endure to have an enemy outdo him in virtue?

A St. Louis minister, Dr. Samuel J. Nicholls, has the honor of being the only living Presbyterian clergyman who has served in one pastorate continuously for fifty years. How many golden anniversaries have been celebrated in the Unitarian ministry? Dr. Osgood of Cohasset was one who attained this distinction, and it would be interesting to make a list of all the others, to see whether this is as old-fashioned as it seems. To keep a city position so long is more remarkable than to keep a country parish, since conditions change so much more rapidly in the city than in the country. There are some who question the honor. They say, as did Brooke Herford, that a minister should not stay longer than ten years in a place, or they imply that so long a service is likely to indicate time-serving. Whatever may be said for shorter pastorates, it must be beneficial for a church to retain successful leadership for as long a term as it is successful, and it is an undoubted credit to any man to hold the respect and following of a church through a long period, especially in these times of easy change. A long pastorate is a valid test of character as well as of ability, for a man is most thoroughly known among the people who have known him long and intimately, and honorary or scholastic degrees cannot certify to what a long course of preaching in an intelligent community witnesses. The rewards of such service in the affection and confidence of several generations, no one can question.

The Significance of Vacations.

The modern appreciation of the vacation is an expression of the revival of the spirit of exploration. The world has been mostly discovered. Ulysses and Æneas, Moses and Magellan, have left a world at a loss to know how to gain their great satisfactions. A globe can be circumnavigated but once, but once can Italy be founded, and Canaan entered, and an Odyssey be written. The thrill of enterprise is purchased nowadays at heavy cost. One must go far from one's hemisphere, and even ascend into the air, to be entitled to the explorer's pride. It has become a highly specialized matter to enter into the spirit of discoverers by experience.

In vacations, however, every one has a chance; and this interpretation of the meaning of vacations is designed to show every one his chance. They are to be taken not as medicine, nor as mere recreation. They are to be taken as a means of making the world larger. They are in essence the protest of the normal man against getting to be a machine, and thus an unconscious slave. Æneas insisted that his fatherland was not where he was born, but where he was going. Ulysses in his age, admitting the great past was past, yet fared toward the western seas, and boasted one equal temper of heroic hearts with his companions. Life could not hold them, and life as it is throughout the year is not enough for any man.

Digitized by Google

The witty author of Ecclesiastes said God had set the world in their heart. That is why men take vacations. There are men who proudly assert their superiority to them. They have been able to toil many years without a rest. We never doubt their ability to toil many more years, and we recognize their endurance in doing so, but we would not stick in their place for all the rewards of a fortune and self-satisfied contentedness. They have the pride of activity and contempt of laziness, but to our mind their incessant occupation is a kind of laziness. It has come from an indisposition to do anything but what they know how to do. Outside that round they are restless and ill at ease. With nothing to do, they are as lost as a child who has played all the games he knows. They fear an idle moment like the dark. They can't be at leisure, because they have lost the inventiveness, the enterprise, the spirit of adventure, that make leisure recuperative. Such people ought to be punished. They are the inverse hoboes of the community. They cannot do their part in life to make idle time more profitable than busy time. They are useless unless they are busy. As tramps who will not work are set to sawing wood for their breakfast, these people, men and women, who will not employ some time outside their tasks ought to be set to doing nothing a good time before they are allowed to eat their meals. For most of us, to eat the bread of idleness is disgraceful, but for these cases the bread of idleness is just the thing. We confess to having an appetite for it at times ourselves, and we can testify that the bread of idleness is as nourishing as it is sweet.

The providence of vacations is to test people's ability to employ themselves. At other times it is perfectly simple to keep busy. One has to work, for some one hands the work out. But a genuine vacation consists in having nothing to do and doing it well. There is the world, and there is one person in it. Does he know it? and what will he do with it?

These are questions calculated to make energetic persons tremble. Imagine one such person suddenly put out into the world and told to stop earning his living. A man of this sort would be as helpless before such task as he would be to find pleasure in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Then it is high time he set about doing it. If we are speaking to him, we have not spoken a moment too soon. Out of all the props and stays, away with habits and ways! Can he stand alone in the world? Can he occupy himself with nothing to occupy him? Can he devise new ways to spend his time, find his way in the new country of nothing-to-do, dare the shoreless seas of leisure, and fare forth toward the horizons beyond his knowledge?

The moment such a test is faced, the subject of it will have the satisfaction of feeling what a world really is. He lived hitherto as though the world was his, and the part that was not his was not worth thinking about. But now he sees how little a world that world which was his really was. It did not deserve the name. It was not the world: it was a prison. Now he is dazed, somewhat as men are said to be who have their freedom after a long term of imprisonment. It takes some time to get one's bearing. Like the man healed of blindness, we see men like trees walking. But gradually the new perspective comes. Then faculties long unused assert themselves. It is like the man tramping in the hills who suddenly finds himself singing. He looks about to see if any one may be in sight, lest he be caught in such foolishness. Then he gets so rampant, with the swaying trees beating time for his song, and the cheerful road enticing him on, that he forgets all else but to shout with deliverance.

Out into the real world,—that is where the vacation leads us. However short, of whatever sort it may be, if it takes us into a larger world than the one we live in, it has done its grace for us. It does for us in the everyday life what religion does for our souls. That is, in fact, the finest essence of religion,—that it opens the doors, leads us into thoughts of a course where the world, and worlds on worlds, and stars and galaxies, and the ends of heaven, dwindle beside the order of righteousness and truth and love. The contingencies, and fears of them, the dreads and disappointments of the course we are in lessen to us until they, yes, though death be among them, grow dim and fade away. We are in another air. We have taken the early train for the hills. We have no care for care. The spirit of love, the greetings of those we love, are in our hearts; the course out of time touches our humdrum ways; meditations sweet and unhindered fill our minds; great hopes dawn, and show what another world may be. With the thought of God and all the order of his endless life, we are transported through the air and have a sense of which the unsearchable heavens are faint symbol. Our revolt from care and our taste of freedom have shown us what heaven may be; and it helps us back into the ways so far from heaven with a key to the secret passage which, when our citadels fall, will deliver us into a wide and safe place.

Respectable Emotions.

An emotion, by people of one bent of mind, is considered its own evidence of all the power it exhibits. By persons of opposite disposition the slightest trace of emotion is deemed a taint. On the whole, emotions have to be put on the defensive. So much is mere excitement, so much rises and passes, leaving nothing behind, so much is superficial, a warmth that has nothing lasting in it, so much is connected with vagrant and uncertified feelings, that the presence of emotion no longer suffices for evidence. So far as mere power is concerned, the lowest order of life can show as good witness of emotion as the highest; and, when religion as feeling was opposed by the philosopher who sought for its root in ideas rather than in sentiment, it was thought a crushing reply to call attention to the fact that feeling was what was possessed in common with the brutes.

It must be admitted, also, that emotion is not always advantageous even when connected with noble origins. Self-respect strives to repress and conceal it. To be made to feel that it is there, while it makes no sign of itself, makes emotion much more admirable than to show all its workings. There is such a thing as spiritual modesty. Young people shrink a little and show uncomfortableness when some one in a group sings. Until the singing becomes somewhat general, it is a little embarrassing. We may credit all one shows of joy that overflows expression or of sorrow that overmasters, yet by itself the emotion weakens the effect of what it shows. Voluble and entire exposure of religious feeling does not promote religion. We tend to protect our faiths from open speech. The man who works on the susceptibilities of his fellows, who skilfully touches the strings of pathos, sympathy, and excitement in them, is a dangerous man. He artificially calls out that which may easily lead beyond self-control. We rightly name such effects mere excitement. They are produced from the outside. The clever speaker plays on human feelings; he literally tickles his audience. One who looks at the process from the outside is repelled by it. Though it is concerned with good things, it is a bad way to be concerned with them. Every one feels debased by this use of feeling, and emotion become emotionalism is discredited.

Digitized by Google

The really desirable thing is not more emotion, but more of what produces worthy and effective emotion. Those who are impressed by the emotional side of religion, by the sensuous appeal through sight and sound, by the stimulus of exhortation, should go further and measure the total results. Sensuous effects that are nothing more are short-lived, and they dull the sensibilities to finer impressions. Revival excitements debase and cheapen religious sentiment, and leave effects in their train for which the measurable good of conversions brings slight compensation. The old-fashioned prayer-meeting is passing away, not because people are less religious, but because their religion is more wholesome and natural, not because emotion is discredited, but because emotionalism is distrusted. The barn-storming type of patriotism excites amusement, not because patriotism is less regarded, but because it is more valued. What experience and reflection produce in the popular mind makes a great difference in the way emotions work. Mere emotion is discounted, not because it is emotion, but because it has become separate from respectable roots. Whenever emotion shows a root in something fine and valid, there is no hesitancy about entering into it. Without an emotional realization of such realities they lose an important part of their power. We turn with respect toward emotions so produced, and own ourselves cheated without them.

Entering into the spirit of great events is one approach to lofty and admirable emotion. The use of anniversaries is to bring into our minds the spirit of what has passed into memory. The wonderful meaning and potency of great events grow with every celebration of them. The light which, in their course, was spread over a long period is concentrated by such observance into a few moments. It is gathered and focussed into one occasion, so that we see what many who participated in the events could not have seen. Memorial Day, for instance, would lose much of its moving force as time thins the ranks of veterans were it not for the increments of knowledge and appreciation. As time removes the participants in those mighty struggles for national character, it adds and multiplies significance. While they decrease, therefore, honor and feeling increase.

There is a growing tendency to take the advantages of occasions for this reason. Celebrations which go by rote, and rehearse the trite and obvious story of the past, grow tiresome, but their great sanction lies in the fact that, with this frequent characteristic and in spite of all misuse, whenever they are conducted with sincerity and with appreciation of their possibilities they bring inspiration freshly, ever more freshly, as opportunity renews interest. The habit of observing anniversaries of all kinds is a good habit to establish. The lack of anniversaries may account for coldness and unimpressionableness. The frequency of them certainly deepens and spreads warmth of feeling and sympathy. The strength of family feeling is renewed by birthday observances. When we see such celebrations among people who know how to make the most of them, we consider how much disunion and friction and unhappiness would be prevented by such provocations of emotion. We could not say "mere emotion" of such feeling so expressed. We should rather call it "fortunate emotion."

In religion, the permanent sources of emotion are in the great ideas it represents. To call it "mere feeling" or to speak of it as a matter of feeling, without recognizing from what the feeling springs and what always creates it, is to misrepresent religion. It is neither feeling by itself nor reason by itself. It is the feeling produced by the greatest ideas that have entered into the human mind. To develop those ideas unmoved by them, and producing no emotion from them, is to come as near religion as a catalogue comes to culture. To call for emotion without them is to come no nearer religion than shouting comes to discourse. A religion is not made respectable by taking emotion out of it. That would be a way to make it impossible. Respectable truths become religious when they arouse the emotion natural to them; and respectable emotions are the best gifts to be wished for by men and women for themselves and for any cause that brings them together.

Current Topics.

Close upon the successful outcome of the efforts of the A. B. C. mediators to bring about an adjustment of relations between the United States and Victoriano Huerta, the Mexican dictator, President Wilson, at the end of last week, addressed himself to the task of bringing pressure to bear upon the Constitutionalist leaders in an effort to settle the internal situation in Mexico. Mr. Wilson's spokesman in this final phase of the imbroglio is John R. Silliman, United States consul at Saltillo, who returned to Mexico from Washington on Saturday, after having received final instructions from the President as to the conduct of negotiations with Venustiano Carranza, supreme chief of the Constitutionalist forces. Mr. Silliman's mission, it is intimated from Washington, is to convey to Carranza an urgent expression of the wishes of the American executive that the Constitutionalist chiefs do all in their power to bring the hostilities to a speedy end, and to co-operate with the State Department and the A. B. C. envoys toward the early restoration of normal conditions south of the Rio Grande.

Apprehension as to the immediate future in the Austro-Hungarian Empire has not been entirely removed by the restoration of order after the riotous outbreaks that marked the explosion of race hatred, on June 29, when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were shot to death by a Servian, in Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina. The preliminary investigations into the authorship of the tragedy that startled the world showed that bombs which were thrown on the same day in an attempt to assassinate the heir to the crown of Austria-Hungary were furnished by an official of a government arsenal in Kragujevatz, in Servia, and that the young man who actually succeeded in laying Franz Ferdinand low had lived for a time in the Servian capital and that he had been in touch with leaders in the nationalist movement, not only in Belgrade, but also in Bosnia-Herzegovina.

Subsequent inquiries into the tragedy of Sarajevo indicated with certainty that the assassination was prompted by a political motive, and that it was an expression of the discontent of the Servian people with the present status of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which were annexed to Austria in 1908, after they had been in occupation by Austro-Hungarian forces since 1878, under the mandate of the congress of Berlin, which fixed the boundaries of the Balkan states after the Russo-Turkish War. The act of annexation was laid by the dissatisfied Serbs at the door of the archduke, who for the past ten years had been an increasingly powerful factor in Austro-Hungarian politics, and especially in the foreign relations of the dual empire. The admissions made by the murderer, Gavrio Prinzip, gave the world to understand that the deed was intended to emphasize the irreconcilability of the Bosnians and Herzegovinians under

Digitized by Google

the administration of their Austrian rulers. The utterances of the unofficial Servian press on the incident betoken ill-concealed satisfaction with the summary method of giving voice to political discontent.

THE assassination, however, was the signal for a notable outburst of demonstrations hostile to the assassin and to the people whose will he pretends to have carried out in taking the life of the reputed author of the act of annexation. Throughout Bosnia and Herzegovina, and in parts of Croatia, the police had hard work suppressing a series of riotous attacks upon Servian residents. It was several days after the sinister event before order was restored in the disturbed districts. The purpose of the demonstrants was to express abhorrence of the crime of Sarajevo and to meet with vigorous denial the pretensions of the Servian assassin that the annexed provinces seek a union with the Serbs across the Servian frontier as their ultimate destiny. The Mohammedan portion of the population was especially outspoken in its opposition to the theory advanced by the murderer and his friends, in Sarajevo and Belgrade. In hardly less degree of intensity the Catholic part of the Croatians voiced the same protest.

THE confusion of sentiment and counsel in the crisis of the moment attracted international attention to the difficulties that confront the Austrian empire, and also the Servian nation, because of the diversities of religious belief that play so important a part in the affairs of the Near East. When order had been restored, it became once more apparent that the Servian race, whatever its qualifications for self-government, faces a well-nigh hopeless division of sentiment. Very nearly one-half the population of Bosnia-Herzegovina, though Servians by race, are Mohammedans by religion, and therefore thoroughly out of sympathy with their Christian kin. Of the Christian Serbs, again, part acknowledge fealty to the Roman rite and part to the Orthodox rite. These two factions are hardly less hostile to each other than to the Mohammedan brother. Upon only one programme are the Catholic and Mohammedan Serbs united, and that is a fervent desire for the maintenance of Austrian protection against Servian proselytization.

THE Russian press, though kept in check by a vigilant censor, made no attempt to conceal a sinister satisfaction with the outcome of events at Sarajevo, and even the official organs took advantage of the occasion to point out to Austria the results of continued repression of Slavic aspirations. In Russia the Panslavic leaders regarded the tragedy as an indication of the vitality of the Slavic cause under the Hapsburgs, and of the success of Russian agitators in keeping alive the spirit of discontent among the Slavic peoples in the Austrian empire. The outrage came almost as a climax to the state trial which was recently concluded in Hungary, and which ended in the conviction of several Russians and Austrians of sedition and treason in that they had been conducting a propaganda designed to tamper with the loyalty of Galicians and other Slavs in Austria, and to promote the movement for annexation to Russia as the only satisfactory solution of the racial problem in the polyglot dominion of the house of Hapsburg.

THE new heir to the double crown of Austria-Hungary, the Archduke Karl Franz Joseph, is an energetic though good-natured prince of twenty-five, and a nephew of Franz Ferdinand. His succession appears assured without a contest, although the Bohemians, the countrymen of the Duchess of Hohenberg (who was Countess Chotek before her morganatic marriage and her subsequent elevation to the higher rank), are showing a strong desire to advance the claims of Franz Ferdinand's son, Maximilian, to the throne. The discussion of the rights and prerogatives of the children of Franz Ferdinand has furnished an opportunity for the expression of the separatist sentiment which is always slumbering under the surface of Bohemian loyalty to the empire. There appears to be no reason to believe, however, that even the Bohemians, devoted though they are to their countrywoman's memory, are contemplating any organized action in the direction of placing upon the throne a prince of their own blood at the risk of a possible civil war or serious interior division at an admittedly perilous moment.

Brevities.

The things we long for and never possess or experience nevertheless color our thought-life and forge our moods to a large and unconscious degree. In this way they become a reality.

Sincerity is the great and saving virtue. Whoever has this quality of character always rings true, and there is no disappointment in him. He saves himself and he saves others.

These are the days when we see the miracles and victories of life over death in nature, in new forms of vitality and beauty blossoming forth out of the apparent deadness and decay of all outward appearance.

When parents attempt to correct harmful habits and pernicious tendencies in children, do they not often become conscious that these exhibitions are the legitimate fruitage of uncorrected indulgences in their own youthful years?

Religion is in the life of humanity, not elsewhere. It is not celestial in its manifestations but wholly terrestrial. Professor Stuart said, "The churches have begun to realize that religion lies not beyond the stars, but in the street."

Whenever we see a noble and pathetic exhibition of long-continued human patience with some frailty or perversity in one who is deeply loved, are we not admitted somewhat into the mystery and the meaning of the tireless and tender patience of God?

The city of Cleveland has recently changed its time schedule from Central to Eastern time, thereby causing much confusion, as some of the railroads refused to observe the municipal time change. The reason given for the change is that thereby an hour of daylight at evening-time is gained.

Two young men, brothers, were recently tried in New York City for burglary, to which they confessed over one hundred cases. They would not pawn a religious emblem, kept the Sabbath day holy, went to a Lutheran church, and "worked" the other six days of the week. Who can explain the psychology of such a religious faith?

It is believed by those most competent to judge that, if the average minister would consult oftener with the village doctor, he would thereby obtain a much-desired insight into some of the perplexing and pathetic personal problems of his parishioners. Says Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, "The physician usually knows more than the clergyman about the real springs

Digitized by Google

of action, the secret causes of sin and sorrow, and the subtle and delicate influences by which soul and body affect each other."

Health gives us normal experiences, including a certain confident estimate of the real value of the assets of life, but it is in sickness that we begin to revalue these estimates, and some inevitable surprises await us. It is then that the humane factors in human life come to their truer valuation.

There are outward and material successes which are, in their influence upon the human spirit, to be discouraged and dreaded, and, if possible, escaped at any cost. There are also certain so-called failures which leave the spiritual nature enriched, plastic, and deeply sensitive to the finer meanings and nobler victories of human life.

Attention is called to the tediousness of writing ordinary letters by the hand and pen, with an unnecessary expenditure of strength, time, and attention. Heretofore it has been declared that "the pen is mightier than the sword," but it is believed that henceforth the non-sensitive typewriter is to be found better than the pen.

Letters to the Editor.

The Unitarian Name.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Dear Sir,—Will you permit a constant reader of the *Christian Register* to speak a word regarding the contemplated change of name?

I am a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church and am a good deal concerned about the change of name for any religious body going under the name of "church."

Our own name, "Protestant Episcopal," has no modern significance. The term "Protestant" in the present day has completely lost its significance of the sixteenth century. Then it was an honorable name, and meant something. It meant a protest against all the errors into which the Church had fallen, and a desire to go back to the simplicity of apostolic days.

It is well known that modern Protestantism is a failure. Our proper name should be "The American Catholic Church" as long as we claim to be orthodox.

Now, this possibly may not concern your readers very much, but it brings me to the point of saying something about your own proposed change of name from "Unitarian" to something else.

But why do you Unitarians want a change of name? To an outsider it is incomprehensible. Does not the name "Unitarian" exactly denote the character of the church? You believe in God as a unity. That is your first and most important characteristic. God is one. *Deus est unus.* Have your people given up that idea? Are you ashamed of it? If not, keep it, for it is the most honorable and most correct name you can be called by.

If you are determined to change, permit me to suggest a name wherein the old one will not be lost: "The Church of the Divine Unity." A. B. C.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I have read with much interest accounts of the proposition for a change of name that came before the Unitarian Association at its last annual meeting.

The position taken by Hon. John D. Long, in his recent discussion of the question in the *Christian Register*, appeals to me very strongly. After all the developments of the last fifty years in the religious world, the term "Unitarian" seems to me more significant and more eminently fitting than most denominational names.

To be sure, the early use of the term to make a sharp distinction from the Trinitarian view has lost much of its meaning, largely because of the fact that Trinitarians have ceased to insist strenuously upon their own peculiar interpretation of the Divine personality; but, in the mean time, through new developments of thought, the name has been acquiring a new and, it seems to me, a much wider meaning.

As I understand it, the term looks toward that larger unity in which are merged all those artificial distinctions that have played such havoc with our religious beliefs.

It represents, as I take it, the faith of those who have caught the vision of the human and the divine as a living, undivided continuity, who have learned to regard all truth as divine revelation and to look upon the supernatural as the highest appeal of the natural. As such, it stands for that union of sense and spirit, that co-operation of God and man in the work of continuous creation, which is simply evolution, taken in its larger meaning and carried over into the realm of the spirit.

If, then, our faith has so grown with the growing thought of our time that it comprehends this larger unity of life, that "runs through all and shall all unite," then what fitter name can we find for such a faith than "Unitarianism"?

Charles A. Hodges.

Hatfield, Mass.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I am one of those who have thought that it might have been better for our denomination in the forming period to have chosen a different name. If we had called ourselves "The Brotherhood of Christian Unity" (a name appropriated in later years by another association), or something of that sort, it might have saved us from some difficulties, and caused our ideas to be better understood. But the objections to a change at the present day seem almost insuperable.

All Post-office Mission workers probably understand and sympathize with Mr. Wilson's statement of the harm done by the Unitarian name in other parts of the country, and the misunderstanding that it has caused. Yet these obstacles will have to be met in another way than by a change of name.

Perhaps the greatest injury done to our denomination by our name is that it attracts to us those who come from the rationalistic standpoint, and who take the dictionary interpretation of "Unitarian" as the essential one. They do not understand that the Unitarians of Channing's day parted from the older churches, not on the basis of a denial of the doctrine of the Trinity. The negative side of their position was the denial of the doctrine of total depravity: the positive side, the earnest affirmation of a belief in the divine nature of man. This was one contribution to the Church Universal. This has been so well and so clearly expressed by Dr. William C. Gannett in his little book "Channing and the History of Unitarianism in America," that I have often wished that every one who comes from other denominations to join us would be willing to give an hour to reading it through.

The word "Unitarian," in its restricted sense inadequate to express the full meaning of the ideas and beliefs of our denomination, has acquired a second and far broader meaning. It has become endeared to us by many sacred associations from which we should find it hard to cut ourselves loose; and those who have received new light from our faith, after being cramped by a narrow form of orthodoxy, feel such gratitude for the comfort thus gained, and the relief from intolerable anguish, that they will find it hard to yield up a name associated by them with the priceless blessing of a new sight of God

Digitized by Google

and man, and the taking away of a burden of suffering that is not always understood by those who have been fortunate enough to be Unitarians from their childhood.

When one of our little churches was founded in a Southern State, partly by the efforts of the Women's Alliance, the president of the Alliance went to the dedication services. Some of the women who were present came to her and said, "Oh, you do not know what it is to us now that we need no longer believe that when our babies die unbaptized they go to hell."

When the Cheerful Letter Exchange began its work, one of the first letters received from a correspondent in Texas contained this sentence: "I never heard of Unitarians before, but I think they are the best Christians I *ever* heard of." Another wrote, "The neighbors have all been to ask, 'What is the religion of those folks that have been so good to E.?' (her blind daughter.)" A friend told me this anecdote of a lady who had broken her arm, and suffered a good deal of pain from this accident: When asked how she could bear so much pain so cheerfully and patiently, she answered, "First, I come of good stock, and then I am a Unitarian." A mother who had lost her only son in a very sad way (by the carelessness of another person) was asked by a friend who belonged to another denomination how she could endure so great a sorrow with such fortitude and cheerfulness. Her reply was, "My Unitarian faith has taught me to believe in the Fatherhood of God."

Hundreds of such stories as these might be told, and these illustrations of our faith would make it hard to give up the name with which they are associated.

LILIAN FREEMAN CLARKE.

MAGNOLIA, MASS.

Pensioned or Relieved?

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I fear that I'm hopelessly stupid at explaining things. Rev. Howard N. Brown sees the assumption underlying my answer to Dr. Dole, that the men who receive help from the Society for Ministerial Relief are paupers! And my express purpose in writing that letter was to protest against our making any assumptions, and especially against a rather cruel insistence upon them. It was to plead that we swallow our assumptions and indulge our aged fathers and brothers in their own particular preference as between pension and relief.

Mr. Brown declares himself altogether sceptical as to anybody having any preference. And yet I quote one of several letters recently received:—

"I am not yet a pensioner, but I may soon become such. If so, I think I speak not for myself alone, but for many others, when I say that I shall accept what may come from the Service Pension Fund with a very different feeling from that with which I should accept aid from the Ministerial Relief Fund. I would suffer much before making application to the trustees of that money."

This may be an old man's foolish notion. Indeed, I heartily believe that the kindly administrators of the Ministerial Relief Fund would do their best to remove such scruples, could they but reach them! But you see the preference is there as between receiving pension or charity. My protest was against the assumption that doesn't allow for such preference. All that my letter urged was that our justice and loving-kindness to those that have grown old and dear and deserving in our service should consist as much in allowing for their foolish old notions (if we want to call them so) as in paying them a pension. But I'm afraid that next I shall be charged with assailing the Ministerial Relief Society, in which I believe with all my heart, and concerning which I am absolutely confident that, if our Service Pension Society can secure funds to do its work, the already existing funds of the Ministerial Relief Society will prove amply sufficient for the work that belongs properly and beneficently to it.

I have done nothing but defend the fundamental idea of our Service Pension Society, and I must say that not alone our ministers, but all sorts and conditions of men and women—teachers, clerks, mechanics—write me their evidently heartfelt preference for that idea.

GEORGE KENT.

Pensions and Other Aid.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I have no personal wish to prolong a discussion about the Pension Society, but simply to guard an admirable group of our ministers from the slightest implication that the assistance that comes to them from the funds of friendly lovers of their profession is any less honorable than that which may come to the same type of men from a pension fund. Mr. Kent uses a happy illustration, which enables me to make my reply brief. He refers to the filial manner in which he and his brother came to the aid of their father in his old age. They assured their father that their gifts were merely "the payment of a debt." Now my point is that the brothers would not have thought of paying any "debt" to their father in case he had possessed a larger income of his own than they were receiving. Our Society for Ministerial Relief does for our older men just what the Kent brothers did for their father, and in the same spirit. It does not waste its money upon wealthy men, as judicious sons would not discharge the debts of their filial sentiment in money payments to wealthy parents.

Are not some people perhaps still laboring under the old-world idea of "charity" as something handed down from a superior or aristocratic class? Our free churches and our American democracy stand for a wholly different idea. None of us knows in this closely co-operative world how much we "deserve." We are all in the position of trustees for all that we possess. Some have more than they have ever earned, and can make good only by generous giving. For all, at times, in many ways, the wise old word of the good emperor holds, "Be not ashamed to be helped," for we are all engaged in one great enterprise, in which some put forth skill or energy, and others can only "stand and wait."

CHARLES F. DOLE.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Mr. Kent and Dr. Dole.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Mr. Kent's rejoinder in your issue of June 18 to Dr. Dole in your issue of June 4, upon the subject of pensions and charities, moves me to report the impression with which at least one reader laid down Dr. Dole's article. Is it likely, I asked myself, that the minister who has spent his days in service and his income in meeting current needs of his family will receive too much assistance in old age? Why, then, should a kind-hearted man like Dr. Dole overexert himself to discourage contributions to any reputable attempt to make a position on the wrong side of the "dead line" as easy and comfortable for its unhappy occupant as possible? No satisfactory explanation appears in Dr. Dole's article, unless it be in the closing paragraph, where the statement is adroitly brought in that the Society for Ministerial Relief is about to enter the field for contributions to its depleted reserves;

Digitized by Google

but surely such an announcement could have been made without attacking the poor Service Pension Fund.

Both enterprises are attempts to relieve an often trying situation, and whether one is as much a charity as the other, is, as Dr. Dole maintains, not very important. No student at college pays one-half the expenses of his education: is the endowment which makes education possible a charity? Call it so if you please; but the acceptance of such a charity is different from begging,—from going to a friend or a neighbor and asking him to finance you through college. In the same way, a pension which comes to you in the order of nature or heavenly grace, without your personal solicitation, is certainly more agreeable than an appropriation from the poor fund which you have to apply for to the town authorities or to the relief committee. I may come to that some day, but I should certainly much prefer to be otherwise provided for. Dr. Dole says, with some emphasis, that if he had money to give, he would give it to the Ministerial Relief rather than to the Pension Fund; so would I if I were a thrifty contributor and wished to put my dollar where nobody would touch it except in some last extremity.

If, as Dr. Dole insists, the Pension Fund is charity, it is of the kind which a man who has tried to be serviceable in his calling can accept; but is it worth while to call everything charity which comes to one as a free gift from somebody? A deserving minister, if he is fortunate, is generously given a trip to Europe, or an automobile, or a seashore cottage, or a fine house on the best street. Do such things come under the head of charity? Quite as much, one would think, as a pension of a few hundred dollars, after perhaps forty years of ministerial service at wages which a bricklayer would despise.

Personally, I have been very much interested in the Service Pension proposition, because I have hoped that, by and by, in another generation perhaps, it might be the means of making some substantial provision for a class of rather improvident men who, without much thought of material considerations, have chosen a profession generally underpaid, that is, a profession in which expenses are out of any proportion to income; and this, though there is not much whining in such circles, at the cost of their families, if not always to their sorrow. When the Pension Society was formed, it happened that I was receiving a salary that paid less than half my current expenses. I have always taken some credit to myself that, in answer to the treasurer's rather urgent appeal for one per cent. of my salary, I scaled down my small income, and made my contribution. It might be said, however, that the contribution was so small, it made no perceptible difference in the year's expenses. I cannot say that I made my contribution with pleasure: I did it under protest against the whole Unitarian denomination, which left it for ministers with obviously inadequate salaries to pension themselves and their successors.

Unhappily, I am not now in receipt of any salary whatever, but still the treasurer sends me his annual appeal with his usual urgency for one per cent. of the salary which he seems to imagine me to have, and I continue to send the pittance which I sent before, and, strange to say, with more pleasure, because there is something amusing in paying a percentage on a salary which you have not had for some years. I should, however, be willing to deny myself this pleasure if some of our laymen of abundant means, who are looking anxiously for some worthy object to endow, would take the Ministers' Service Pension to their hearts, whether as charity or otherwise, and make it at once adequate and permanent.

S. C. Beach.

Watertown, Mass.

Song.

BY JAMES VILA BLAKE.

If I could sing the song's delight
I have in heart stirring,
Like unto wings whirring—
Young wings in nests at fall of night,—

If I could sing the song this hour
That through my soul floweth
And all my heart knoweth,
It were divinity of power!

Nay, if one syllable but rang,
Again 'twere still never,
But sounding forth ever,
Like stars since stars of morning sang!

But if I cannot put to speech
That rapture-song stirring,
That nest of wings whirring,
And what it saith I cannot teach,—

Am I for that an alien born,
Child of a strange tongue,
Nor hath the song sung
In heart of me—in me forlorn?

Nay, mine no song,—I am the song's,
And me it whelms ever,
And me forsook never,
But to my soul of soul belongs.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

Nine persons out of ten, if questioned concerning this once celebrated American author, would unhesitatingly style her a poet; but who of to-day can recall a single one of her poems? She wrote an almost incredible amount of verse, but not a line that evinced more than average talent. That she was once read and quoted constantly is perfectly true, but the divine fire was certainly absent from her lines.

As a prose writer she presents rather stronger claims to present consideration, and we shall have somewhat to say of her in this connection on subsequent pages.

The amiable critic, Prof. John Seely Hart, takes occasion to say of Mrs. Sigourney, in the course of a brief sketch of her literary career, that she "won her way to a distinguished position in letters, not by any one special and extraordinary work of genius, but by persistent and long-continued labors, moderate in tone and useful in their tendency."

The professor here describes with perfect accuracy the literary position once held by Mrs. Sigourney, and her manner of obtaining it. Nothing that she wrote bears the impress of genius, as already intimated, and very little, if anything, that she wrote will live; but she never intermitted her labors, and the "useful tendency" so characteristic of her productions effectively commended her to a generation that greatly admired the "useful" in literature. Her first volume, "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," was issued in 1815, and henceforward she put forth a volume annually, or nearly so, the latest one, "Letters of Life," which is autobiographic in character, being ready for publication at the time of her death in 1865.

The entire number of books from her pen amounted to fifty-seven, a surprising total when one takes into consideration the fact that their author was the mother of a family, and, as such, concerned with innumerable household cares in addition to her host of literary duties.

Says the critic already quoted from: "That she was able to accomplish so much was due to her habits of system and order. She was famous among her neighbors for

Digitized by Google

domestic thrift and for active co-operation with her sex in deeds of social benevolence, yet always ready for an engagement with a publisher, and punctual to a day in completing whatever literary task she undertook."

Lydia Huntley, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Norwich, Conn., was born in that city on Sept. 1, 1791. Her father was for many years the manager of the estate of Dr. Daniel Lathrop, and with his family occupied a portion of the Lathrop mansion, the remainder being the residence of Madame Lathrop, the widow of Dr. Lathrop. The Lathrop house was one of the more aristocratic dwellings in Eastern Connecticut at that time; spacious and comfortable, it was embosomed amid three large garden plots. The child, allowed to roam at will through such gardens of delight, bright with blossoms, or odorous with fruits of many sorts, must have been a sufficiently happy one, and she assured her readers in her declining years that she certainly was. In her "Letters of Life" she remarks that the limits of her "home domain seemed sufficient for every satisfaction." "I shall probably earn the contempt of bolder spirits," she continues, "when I say that ambition never moved me to transcend these limits, or to thirst after other joys." Hers would seem to have been an especially happy childhood, as she sketches it for us near the close of her career, and her pleasant narrative affords us an attractive glimpse of the kind of life that was lived by what may be called the American upper middle class in the closing decade of the eighteenth century. It was by no means an idle existence that the young Lydia led, for not only did she assist her father in some of his gardening tasks, but at the age of six was deemed competent to execute the plainer needlework upon her father's shirts. Knitting, also, was taught her at a tender age, and it remained a favorite employment with her through life, to produce twenty pairs of stockings annually after she became a housekeeper being no uncommon event. Indeed, not only did she keep her own household in knitted stockings, but she gave away in charity many specimens of her proficiency in this especial branch of woman's work.

Among the various select schools which the young Lydia attended in earliest childhood was one whose reputation was so high that many were the applications for enrollment in the list of its pupils. But the number was limited, and there were in consequence many disappointments. One of the applicants was a blacksmith, who was anxious to obtain a better education than he had yet been able to secure, and wrote to the preceptor thus:—

"Understanding, sir, that there is a vacuity in your school, should be pleased to occupy the same one-half a quarter of twelve weeks, as your friend and scholar."

As there was no "vacuity," however, the smith remained at his forge.

The earliest ambition of the future author was to keep a school, and her parents, while somewhat surprised thereat, made no opposition, Mr. Huntley, indeed, fitting up a pleasant apartment in his own home to be used as a school-room. A careful prospectus was prepared, but pupils were not easily procured, and the school when opened had but two students, little girls of eleven and nine. But Miss Huntley's enthusiasm continued unabated, and at the close of the first term she and her bosom friend, Anna Maria Hyde, the younger of the two, decided to study at two of the best seminaries in Hartford, and there acquire the accomplishments of drawing, painting, water-colors, embroidery, filigree, etc., which the taste of the times demanded that young ladies of social position should be familiar with.

On their return from Hartford they announced their intention to open a joint school in Norwich, and were at once besieged by applicants for admission. Miss Huntley was then but nineteen, and her friend six months younger. This was in 1810, and their school was so unexpectedly popular that the two friends were obliged to remove to more spacious quarters the next year.

Popular as the two young teachers were, it must not be supposed that their school was a source of much pecuniary profit. The terms for tuition per pupil were three dollars a quarter, the usual sum at that period, and, consequently, the income of Miss Huntley and Miss Hyde was necessarily modest. Teaching seemed almost essential to the elder's happiness, and we soon find her opening a free school twice a week for poor children, her principal object being to give religious instruction, for Sunday-schools were then unknown in America. Her school-room was commonly thronged, and, as she somewhere says, since the comfort of a teacher does not wholly depend upon the high erudition of the pupils, she found much pleasure in this humble path of duty.

The other Norwich school continued in operation for two years, when, at the close of a subsequent visit in Hartford, Daniel Wadsworth, an eminent and wealthy resident of that city, proposed to Miss Huntley that she should remain in Hartford and undertake the education of a select number of young ladies. The proposed school-room was a beautiful apartment in the mansion of Mr. Wadsworth's mother, and, Miss Huntley accepting the offer, the school was opened with fifteen pupils, a number increased the next year to twenty-five.

As years elapsed it became increasingly evident that Miss Huntley had made no mistake in adopting the teacher's profession. Her native enthusiasm never waned, and she nowhere seems to be aware how vital was the interest she manifested in the progress of her pupils. It is very clear to one who reads her informal autobiography that she put herself into everything she did. Little wonder is it that she inspired her pupils with the love of knowledge, for, possessing it herself, it was easy to impart it to the young people in her care.

But it was not written on the cards that the popular Hartford school-mistress should continue for a long series of years in the profession she had chosen and adorned. Toward the close of the year 1818 she became acquainted with a Mr. Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, some dozen or more years her elder, and a widower with three children. An engagement highly approved by her parents and nearest friends soon followed, and in the succeeding year the two were married in Norwich.

Rather more than a trace of sentiment is observable in Mrs. Sigourney's descriptions of her new-found happiness and her husband, but sentiment found much more common expression a century ago than is now the case. It is apparent, also, that Mrs. Sigourney regarded many matters in a more sentimental light than did some of her feminine contemporaries. From her account of her husband we gather that, while he was in every way a most worthy gentleman, he must have been rather precise in his manner and even a trifle heavy at times, though this circumstance she, it is probable, never discovered.

"His native taste for literature and the fine arts was carefully cherished," declares the adoring wife. "He was a critical judge of pictures, and drew architecturally with precision and elegance. He was fond of history and the standard authors, but objected to the floating miscellanies of the day, as furnishing no nutritive aliment and enervating its appetite for solidity. . . . Possibly a fondness for the study of geometry in boyhood might have contributed to develop the perception of symmetry and the features of order and exactness that characterized his mind. His conversational style was refined, and he never hesitated to introduce intellectual and elevated subjects."

Digitized by Google

In addition to this testimony to Mr. Sigourney's eminent merits, it should be stated that he took great pride in his wife's literary reputation, and furthered its advancement wherever possible.

In the year succeeding Mr. Sigourney's marriage he built a large and beautiful residence in the suburbs of Hartford, which continued to be the family home for eighteen years, when a removal was made to a smaller house near the centre of the city. Shortly after this latter event Mrs. Sigourney's father died at the age of eighty-seven, his first illness proving to be his last, and some time later Mr. Sigourney passed away at seventy-six. Other bereavements followed until the sole member of Mrs. Sigourney's household left to care for her in her declining years was a daughter, who presently married an Episcopal clergyman living a few miles from Hartford.

To use her own words, Mrs. Sigourney's literary career was an eminently happy one: "commenced in impulse and continued in habit, it ever kept in view the resolve not to interfere with the discharge of womanly duty and the aim to be an instrument of good." She began writing journals at an early age, and soon after beginning her teaching labors in Hartford her friend Mr. Wadsworth made selections from their contents which he thought adapted for publication, "and," writes their author, "I adventured, under his guardianship, on what was in those times and in our part of the country a novel enterprise for a female." The literary path once entered, continued to be trodden by our author's feet for a long succession of years, and the annual volumes of varying merit, sometimes wholly original in character, and again compiled from many sources, added to her steadily growing fame. "Traits of the Aborigines of America," a volume of verse appearing in 1822, proved an exception to the popularity her books usually enjoyed, and, in fact, was very distinctly unpopular, "there existing in the community no reciprocity with the subject."

A complete list of Mrs. Sigourney's publications would be too extended for insertion here, but a few names, at least, may well be alluded to. "Letters to Young Ladies," printed in 1833, was reissued in Great Britain, and reached a sale of some thirty editions. "Sketches," her next book, passed through several American editions and an English one also. "Letters to Mothers" (1838) was in active circulation for a quarter-century, and among other books of hers that won a full measure of favor were "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands" (1842), "Whisper to a Bride," a compilation of sentiments in prose and verse appropriate for a bride's perusal, "Letters to My Pupils" (1851), and "Western Home and Other Poems" (1854).

Mrs. Sigourney's popularity lasted with little serious abatement as long as she continued to publish, and her "Past Meridian," issued in 1864, may still be read with both pleasure and profit. The subject was suggested by a perusal of "Cicero de Senectute," and its purpose was to show that "if a heathen could discover so much beauty in age, Christian philosophy should be able more perfectly to illustrate how the latest drop of existence might exhale in a song of praise to the Giver."

It includes biographical sketches and anecdotes of happy old people of many lands and climes, and summarizes the duties of the aged, and their rights and dues from their juniors. Mrs. Sigourney was so fully convinced that advanced life was not properly appreciated as a period of existence, either by those who have reached it or contemplate it, that she wrote with sympathetic comprehension of the subject, and the book still remains her most important work, all things considered. Next it must be placed the author's "Letters of Life," completed in her latest year, and constituting an autobiography in substance though somewhat informal and discursive in construction. In the closing chapter, entitled "Good-bye," she echoes Michael Angelo, who exclaimed, when found studying in the recesses of the Colosseum, "Still at my lessons."

"'Still at my lessons!' I repeat at past three score years and ten. So I would have it be. It is one of the privileges of age that we may be ever learning. A beautiful life I have had. Not one more trial than was for my good. Behind me stretch the green pastures and still waters, by which I have been led all my days. Around is the lingering of hardy flowers and fruits that bide the winter. Before, stretches the shining shore. The shadowy valley between seems not worthy to come into remembrance. Past, present, and future concur like three harmonies."

Mrs. Sigourney's disposition was thoroughly gentle and lovable, and in the latest weeks of her life it found frequent expression, as, indeed, throughout her career. "I love everybody," she murmured one morning on awaking, and more than once she said to those beside her bed, "Don't let any one look sad. There should be none but cheerful faces in a sick-room."

The spring months of 1865 saw her fading gradually away, and then, one glorious June morning, musical with bird-song and sweet with the odors of vines and blossoms, came one short, sharp hour of pain, and, closely following it, release.

Authors are still considered fair prey when their aid is demanded for this or that purpose, but the inroads upon their time on the part of entire strangers are probably fewer now than when Mrs. Sigourney experienced their embarrassing assaults. Her name was at one period everywhere familiar, and the requests that were constantly reaching her were almost innumerable. For some time she kept a record of singular applications made to her, but it expanded so rapidly that she discontinued it. To refuse compliance was accounted almost an offence or an insult, and, being naturally obliging, Mrs. Sigourney for a while set aside "a peculiar portion of time for these enforced subsidies." Of course, she could respond to a fraction only of her importunate correspondents. The nature and scope of the favors asked of her will be readily guessed from the specimens here quoted from her collection:—

"A father requests elegiac lines on a young child, supplying, as the only suggestion for the tuneful muse, the fact that he was unfortunately 'drowned in a barrel of swine's food.'"

"An album from a clerk in a store, given him by another clerk in another store, to be written in for a young lady of whose name he was not quite certain, and the most he knew about her was that she was a very rich girl."

"A lady, whose husband expects to be absent on a journey for a month or two, wishes I would write a poem to testify her joy at his return."

"A funeral hymn for a minister when he should die, he being now well, and preaching as usual."

"An epistle from a stranger, saying that his wife was likely to die, and had a young babe, and requesting some poetry to be written in such a way that it would answer for mother and child, should both be taken by death."

"To be umpire of a baby-show in the city of New York."

"To obtain an accomplished female teacher for the children of a member of Congress at the far South."

"A stranger, whose son died at the age of nine months, 'weighing just thirteen pounds,' would be glad of some poetry to be framed, glazed, and hung over the chimney-piece, to keep the other children from forgetting him."

Digitized by Google

As one reads these impertinent requests, and bears in mind the circumstance that they are but a few selected from several hundred such, a strong sidelight is thereby seen to be thrown upon the state of manners and customs in some American localities in the first half of the nineteenth century, so far, at least, as the plainer and more uneducated class of Americans is considered.

It was fortunate for Mrs. Sigourney that her sense of humor was keen, and these peculiar penalties of literary fame gave her, therefore, more amusement than actual annoyance.

BOSTON, MASS.

Our Real Work.

BY REV. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, D.D.

In all hero-worship and martyr-worship there is always this danger: that in the attempt to glorify the martyr we glorify the conditions under which he lived. In praising the hero, we say to ourselves, Only in the conditions under which this man lived,—of strife, of bitter hatred,—only thus can heroism be developed. In these critical times, we say, great, heroic, noble men were produced. They were the result of that crisis in which all thought turned to one object. When the battle is over, when the bitterness of sectional hatred, or partisan hatred, is past, when we go our ways in the ordinary life that belongs to the peaceful time, what becomes of the great moral principles and the great moral enthusiasm of those days we love to remember?

Now in thinking thus, what we are doing is precisely the same thing which has kept back the progress of humanity in other directions. There have been those who say that the only thing which keeps men at work is the fear of dire poverty. There must be a great mass of people who are struggling for mere physical existence, literally, for this day's bread. Take away the fear of starvation from them, take away that spur of hard necessity, and industry and ambition will cease. They will be like the inhabitants of some tropic isle, living upon nature, which gives everything without the asking. So every attempt to alleviate human misery has been met by that notion, ingrained in us, that the fear and the misery are themselves good things—not for us, but for other people. So war, party strife, and some great, threatening evil, we say, are the hard necessities through which, and through which alone, heroic lives and the progress of mankind are possible. Jesus must die on the cross; therefore, the cross is a good thing. Great catastrophes, great crises, do for the most part bring out heroic action. Therefore, we must wait for some great crisis of the future before we can fully do our part in the heroic school of hardship.

I think it is well for us to reconsider that question. What is the nature of what we call a "great crisis," a moral crisis, that engages all men's attention and the energy of the best, and is that necessary for the highest and most permanent good for man? I believe that it is not true. I believe that to-day, in proportion as there is good will and peace among men, there is, in the aggregate, much more energy efficiently and rightly used. That moral energy which in some great, great crisis, by the sad necessity of the case, is brought to bear upon one single point, is in times of peace diffused, beneficently diffused, in a thousand channels. I believe, moreover, that we best do honor to the moral heroes of the world when we see that, just as they have done their work well, they have opened up new possibilities for patient, effective work of thousands of those whose moral life is what we choose to call unheroic.

Go back to that notion of a moral crisis. It is a time when conscience is concentrated upon one single point because of some great threatened danger. Now what does that mean? It means that all other considerations are lost sight of until the great danger has passed away. All lesser objects must give way to the one in which all are engaged. Here are men building a fortress wall. The enemy is near. They must take that which they have in hand and work with all haste. That which in other times might be esteemed good is rejected as a mere distraction.

Martin Luther had one great thought in his mind, one purpose, and that was to gain spiritual freedom that had been threatened by the Papacy. So he gave himself to that work. But there were other forms of liberty which claimed attention. "You are standing for truth," the scholars came to him and said. "Here are other phases of truth that you have not yet considered." Luther rejected them, rejected the humanism of Erasmus, rejected many of the thoughts which were destined profoundly to affect humanity. He stuck to his own text. In the crisis he became narrow in sympathy. Midway in his career there came a cry of distress, the cry for freedom and for equality from the peasants of Germany. As they rose in rebellion against intolerable social grievances, it was natural that they should look to Luther for sympathy and for help. Did he not stand for freedom and humanity and progress? They called upon him. Luther turned upon them savagely. He rejected their cause, and cast it behind him. He refused to consider it. Their battle was not his battle. They were nothing to him.

So, in every struggle for better things, just in proportion as some one great crisis comes, other questions are postponed. They are treated as if they did not exist. That is to say, all effective action comes through a process of selection, which is but another name for rejection. In order that I may do this one thing, I must put aside everything else.

On the field of battle the surgeon, in the hastily improvised hospital, is doing all that he can, but he cannot possibly do everything. Here are thousands of wounded men coming to the field-hospital. Who shall be served, and how shall they be served? No one can be treated adequately. Many of them cannot be treated at all. Only the most urgent cases can come now under the surgeon's care. That is the hard necessity of the case. So, when a nation is fighting for its very life, it has to be careless even of its own most sacred laws. It cannot consider these things until the great crisis is past.

Now that is what mankind is all the time doing,—taking up grievances now of one class and now of another, treating as best it can the sin that most easily besets it and most immediately threatens it, paying little by little its debt, and paying those which clamor most and whose cry is the loudest. That is the necessity of human action when we have but limited means.

It follows that, so long as one crisis follows another in war, in strife and bitterness of heart, much of the most necessary work of the world must be postponed. There will be things which the wisest and the best of men reject, not because they are not important, but only because they have not time, and because their moral energy is otherwise used and engaged.

But what happens to the things we reject, and to the things we postpone? The sculptor in his studio is chipping off the marble and releasing his statue, and he does not need to care what becomes of the chips. He rejects them: by and by they are swept away and forgotten. But in the great workshop of Nature there is no rubbish-heap upon which to throw the things which are rejected.

Digitized by Google

The rejected causes, the ignored evils, the forgotten classes in the community,—these things may be outside our attention, but they do not cease to be when we cease to think of them. They are simply put aside. They are upon the moral waiting-list. The thing which we do not receive as duty to-day remains, waiting for us to-morrow, and growing in its urgency. The fathers of our Constitution had other things to consider than the state of the slaves in the South. They said nothing about slavery. They ignored it. But that didn't abolish slavery, didn't change anything. That which they rejected in their day became the paramount issue of to-morrow. Thus it always has been and must be.

So these things, forgotten to-day, overlooked in the pressure of moral effort, it may be, are remaining for us, are accumulating to make the problems which by and by must be faced and must be solved. And, when we look into the future, is not this, more than anything else, what every lover of mankind longs for.—a time when that which in the past has seemed to be spasmodic, heroic effort may be the every-day business of mankind, taken up little by little, with freedom from passion and from strife, but taken up as the day's work, to be distributed among the vast number of workers ready for their accomplishment? This diffused moral energy does not lend itself to rhetoric, but it does lend itself to real achievement. The time is coming when, because we are free from vindictive passion, we are ready to take up continuously our real work.

Tennyson writes:—

"How pure in heart, how sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!"

How pure of heart and sound of head must be the man who holds an hour's communion with the dead! Yes, but how pure and sound, with what divine affections bold, should be the man who day by day holds communion with his fellow-men, who in his little day attempts to do his best for them! We come to see that the household jar which seems at the time necessary to moral action is but that which keeps us from seeing how manifold are the things needed to be done, how various are the means by which they may be done, how wonderful is the company of the friends of men who are doing these things, each in his own way, for the same great ends.

We are not to wait till all men are doing one thing, but we are to unite intelligently and sympathetically with all men as they are fulfilling righteousness in many ways.

Cambridge, Mass.

Spiritual Life.

There is no finer chemistry than that by which the element of suffering is so compounded with spiritual forces that it issues to the world as gentleness and strength.—*George S. Merriam.*

Man's unity with God has this consummate flower,—that the Eternal Fact responds to our persistent hope and our abiding faith. It may be more and better than we ever yet have dreamed: it cannot possibly be less.—*John W. Chadwick.*

He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is greatest who does the most of all these things, and does them best.—*Roswell D. Hitchcock.*

The waves of the Divine Energy sweep through no deeps of tragedy, no gulfs of woe. All that is, all that has been, of good, of truth, of love, shall be preserved in all that is to be. The waves of God's life destroy nothing. They but swallow up all that has preceded in a larger flood of glory and of life. All that the mineral has done lives again in the plant. All that the plant has done revives in the animal. Man inherits the good of the brute creation. Every old generation of men passes on its accumulation to the new. The old civilization moves on in the grander world of to-day. Our souls shall see of their own travail, and be satisfied.—*John Coleman Adams.*

The Peace that passes Understanding.

BY AUGUSTUS MENDON LORD.

Hoarse, broken waters ceaseless swirling, gliding
'Round gray rocks at my feet;
But the far line where sky and ocean meet
Immovably abiding!

Even so from daily struggle and endeavor
My will finds no release;
Yet wide horizons of God's changeless peace
Enfold my life forever.

Isles of Shoals.

The Secret of Rest.

To-day everybody is talking about the prevailing unrest. Unrest is our disease, and when the question is one of disease, it is well to think of the antidote. Is there room anywhere in our crowded, fevered life for such a thing as rest? It is worth talking about, even if we can get no further. There are times when it seems the most beautiful thing in the world, if only we could reach it. Quiet resting-places, peace, rest, quiet, holy stillness,—what lovely words are these; how at times they fall upon the soul as melodies from heaven! Lecky tells of a German graveyard where he found a tomb with this inscription: "I will arise, O Christ, when Thou callest me; but, oh, let me rest awhile, for I am very weary!" We meditate at times, like Hervey, among the tombs, and feel the peace of them. What once fevered brows, hearts torn with cares and troubles, lie there! But the fight is over; the troubles somehow adjusted themselves. The faces of these dead lost all their wrinkles when the last moment came. It was as if nature said, in that final touch of hers, "Come, you are not hurt after all!"

But we are alive! Is there any rest for *us?* It is certainly not always to be found where it is commonly sought. We hear to-day of rest cures, where they put you to bed, and forbid you letters and the newspaper, and do you up like Strassburg geese. We will not disparage the régime, but are they all at peace, think you, who are undergoing it? The country village, remote from trains, is often pictured for us as a blessed antithesis from the rush of cities; and you shall find there, often enough, the most restless, discontented souls the land contains. There are sorts of rest we are none of us eager for. Do we want the peace of that Oxford professor who

"Sought refuge from the brute
In the blessed Absolute"?

It does not seem very satisfying. We know, too, of what has been called "the peace of defeat," the apathy of the man who has tried and failed, who says, "I have done my best, and I can do no more." We have even looked wonderingly at the alligators at the Zoo, who lie there, hour after hour, without sign or sound or motion. It seems, at best, existence on rather a low scale. Then there

Digitized by Google

is that sluggishness of which old Pycroft speaks, of people "who are less likely to go wrong, because there is no go in them"; and we do not feel drawn to it. The rest, too, of thinkers who have reached the centre of indifference; who, as Leslie Stephen says, have reached "a point when, as at the pole, the compass points indifferently to every quarter." That, also, has little attraction for us. Nor that, even, of so many modern Catholics who have given up thinking for themselves as too dangerous, and, instead, acquiesce in an outside and a mediæval thinking.

Where, then, is rest to be found, the rest we are seeking? We are apt to draw our images here from physical conditions. But they are enormously delusive. You recline in your easy-chair, with your feet on the fender, or are stretched comfortably in your bed at night, and apparently have reached the thing as near as may be. Yet at that moment you are careering round with the earth in its prodigious spin on its axis, are racing with it on its many-millioned journey round its orbit, and again are joining in that tremendous voyage through space in which it is accompanying the sun in its move towards some unknown bourn of the heavens. It is enough to keep one awake to think of it. We think of the majestic rest of a mountain,—of Mont Blanc, slumbering through the centuries while the generations of men come and go at its feet. But Mont Blanc is never at rest. On its surface the freezing ice is perpetually cracking its rocks, working ruin at its summit. And did you ever think of the sort of rest it has down at the base? Every moment those broad foundations carry and bear the thrust of the hundreds of millions of tons that are reared upon them. It is the rest of a giant who bears, without respite, a world on his shoulders. And then the atoms of which it is composed. The latest investigations show us the atom, in the words of a modern scientist, as a kind of "planetary system, consisting of a nucleus and an immense host of particles, or electrons, revolving round it at vast speed." The visible universe is clearly the wrong place to go to for the rest of quiescence. As Herbert Spencer, in one of his latest works, puts it, "The conception to which the exploration of nature everywhere tends, is much less that of a universe of dead matter than that of a universe everywhere alive." "Keep moving," seems the cosmic order.

If our rest is not there, where, then? It is plainly, if anywhere, to be found within, in a condition of the soul; and we doubt if the thing as realized can be put into words. It requires an instrument more delicate, less illusive than language. The most we can do is to circle round it, in illustrations and approximations; and the best of us can hardly speak of it as a permanent possession. We get it, and lose it, and light on it again. But there is a secret of it, or rather secrets, which we ought to know of. That man is nearest it who finds himself most at home in the universe, in harmony with life and with all its laws. There have been men whose condition could be described almost in Homer's words, as "without kin, without law, without a hearth"; men proscribed, with no certain dwelling-place, far from family and from friends, hunted and persecuted, adrift on the world's highway, pushed on to a bourn they could not see, who, nevertheless, in their wanderings have found themselves intensely at home; who in the midst of incessant conflicts have found their centre of peace. It is, of course, a secret of faith, a spiritual achievement. But do not let us suppose that it has been confined to any one faith. Confucius, surely, was near it when he said, "With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow, I still have joy in the midst of these things." And that other pagan, Antoninus Pius, who, on the last night of his life, when the tribune came for the watchword of the night, said, "*Æquanimitas.*" Socrates, too, calmly discoursing of the soul before drinking the fatal hemlock, is of the order,—the order of those children of the Spirit, who, outside our own communions, belonged to the same kingdom; who penetrated the same mystery, taught of the same Eternal Word.

It is beautiful to notice how, apart from the inward and spiritual teaching, Nature, in her order, her arrangements, her adaptations, strives to open to us this secret. It is there in her divine ordinance of work. To a wholesomely constituted mind there is never a more complete sense of rest than when one is in the fulness of activity. The worker here is like a great flywheel, which, with all its whirl of movement at the circumference, has a centre of complete repose; and Nature's adaptations, her laws of use and wont, work to the same result. A correspondent of ours, whose home in South America had been wrecked by an earthquake, and himself and his family flung out for the night on the mountain-side, averred that he had never in his life had more peaceful, restful thoughts, a more vivid sense of God's protecting nearness, than in the watches of that night. Men in prison, with the scaffold waiting for them in the morning, have slept soundly. Between them and the fact before them their soul had found its accord, often a completer accord than they had ever known before. If we could interrogate the minds of men faced by life's grimmest adventures, we should find a vast testimony to the friendliness they found there.

The inward peace of the instructed soul is, one may say, never one of inertia, of the absence of burdens, of difficulties. It is rather that of the mountain, which placidly bears its load; of the keystone of the arch, which rests in its place under the thrust of opposing forces. Equilibrium, indeed, which is, in the material world, a balance of forces, follows, it would seem, a similar law in the mental and moral region. Thus, our health is a balance between the income and the outflow of energy. They are opposites, and were either to cease their interplay, we should speedily be on the wrong side; and, if we are taking life sanely, we shall be learning to educate the will to maintain a similar balance. When external circumstances are pressing us hardly, we bring up, as against them, our reserves of the internal. Well for us if they are strong and in good order!

Has any finer prescription for inner rest been given than this (it is from the "Imitatio"): "When a man cometh to that estate that he seeketh not his comfort from any creature, then first doth God begin to be altogether sweet to him. Then shall he be contented with whatsoever doth befall him in this world. Then shall he neither rejoice in great matters nor be sorrowful in small, but entirely and confidently committeth himself to God, who is unto him all in all." Assuredly, there is the secret and the centre of rest. At home with God, we are at home in his world, in his universe. No part in it, no realities of it will be to us strange or terrifying. Under all circumstances we shall discern his laws, which are his holy will; and they are all our friends. This central rest which he invites us to is the ground and condition of all fine achievement. We are never at our best if we permit fear or ignoble depression to drain away our force. We have really none to spare in that direction.

Saint Paul had this secret. He wrought out his wonderful apostolate because "he had learned in whatsoever state he was therewith to be content." Why not? He was full of the divine presence, and his universe was full of it, too. The wildernesses he found there, the prisons, the hungers and thirsts, the bloody death at the end, could not hide from him or dim the glorious vision. When that light shines on us and in us, we shall meet whatever befalls as cheerily as he.—*J. B., in the London Christian World.*

Digitized by Google

Lake Eden.

Once its hill-framed surface blue
Mirrored red-man's birch canoe.
Once its centre, still and deep,
Mirrored eagle's pinion-sweep.
Eagle? Indian? Seek ye trace,
On the lake's unrippled face
Seek ye trace of these? As well
Seek the sound of silenced bell,
Or the fragrance of the sod,
By the Mayflower's Pilgrims trod,
Where the first arbutus sweet
Gave its bloom their tread to greet.
Shadowless the mirror clear,
Where the stalwart pioneer
Saw his craft's reflection lie
'Neath the g'ow of sunset sky;
Saw a face, too, scarcely known,
In the lake.—It was his own!
All are gone, as shadows go,
But the sunset's parting glow
Lies upon the lake as when
It reflected bird or men
Gone—and every sign erased!
But the sun the eagle faced
Glows where his reflection lay,
And at night the sheltered bay
Mirrors stars that guided here
Indian and pioneer.

We, too, go, and leave no trace
Where our image dwelt a space.
Life reflects, 'twixt shore and shore,
Sun and stars forevermore.

—*John Elliot Bowman, in The Vermonter.*

The Poetry of James H. West.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

My friend Charles F. Dole kindly sent me a copy of Mr. West's poems, *The Poems of Human Progress*, recently published. Mr. West is a Unitarian minister, and may well be welcomed into the company of our Unitarian poets, for he is a poet, tender, sweet, pure, brave, prophetic.

Emerson said of one of Wordsworth's poems, that in it "English literature rose to its high-water mark." May I not say that in these simple songs we have an American Wordsworth, without the inversions, involutions, and obscurities which mar even the "Intimations of Immortality"? Of course, in any great poet there must be copper as well as gold, but why it is necessary to have so much dross as Wordsworth and Browning give us, I fail to see.

Moreover, Mr. West's verses are always sweet, clean, innocent, for he never descends into slangy and vulgar phrase, as does John Masefield at times. Some will think he does not rise as high as Masefield, who prefers to sing, as he says, "of the dirt, the dross, the dust, and the scum" of earth. But I am sure he rises as high as Gibson in his celebrated poem "Hoops." Mr. West's faith in God is as large as that of Wordsworth, while his faith in Man is indomitably larger. "Not yet Man's sun is set," he sings, and "Good is in store for all the race."

It is said that, first of all, a poet should be "artistic," and that he should be shy of those themes which cannot be treated artistically. Now, if it is right to tell the truth, then I maintain the poem is the proper place to tell it, and if Mr. West sees the misery, squalor, coarseness, poverty, lust, crime, cruelty, worship of wealth, and reveals them in his illuminating words, has he detracted from the high function of the poet? The new poetry is the poetry of the real. It excludes romanticism, that great deception, "the root of pessimism," as Bernard Shaw says; but has not the real its artistic as well as its prosaic side?

The objection will also be made that Mr. West writes "for a purpose." But was not the greatest novel of the world, "Les Misérables," written "for a purpose," and did not John Masefield write his "Nan" "for a purpose"? Why may not, then, the poem be made the vehicle for a great purpose?

I am sure that one will rise from the perusal of these melodious verses more resolute in heart and broader in intellectual vision, as Saint Catharine of Siena rose from her knees in prayer.

James G. Townsend.

Jamestown, N.Y.

[Mr. Townsend, speaking of "the dross" of Browning and Wordsworth, reminds one, by force of contrast, of what Dean Everett used to say on that subject. Dr. Everett spent three summer months one year in the study of "Sordello," and declared himself well repaid.—Editor.]

Literature.

When Thoughts Will Soar. A Romance of the Immediate Future. By Baroness Bertha von Suttner. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.—The first thought that occurs to every one who receives this beautiful book is that this is the swan-song of the gifted writer. The baroness died during the week in which the book was published. The title indicates its character. The gifted author, surveying the amazing inventions and improvements connected with the physical life of mankind, which have now culminated in the conquest of the air, looks forward to a time, not far distant, when the thoughts of men will soar above all the sordid conditions of politics and social life, and express themselves not only in noble sentiments, but in great designs and plans for the amelioration of human misery and the increase of human prosperity and happiness. The heroine of the romance, a beautiful and gifted young woman, who inherits a vast fortune from her grandfather and noble intellectual ideas from her father, taking advice from a man who entertained great thoughts and was at the outset of a great career as a poet, devotes the larger part of her fortune to the education of young women. The thought she had in mind was that woman's suffrage and great changes in the political constitutions of all nations must soon come, and that women are not prepared for the great changes and weighty responsibilities that must soon be forced upon them. She therefore planned a great school which would fit girls to assume in time their new duties. In connection with such movements she put first of all the pacification of the world. Her dream of peace she believed would soon become a reality, and, in order to show how it might come about, she sketched a great peace congress at Lake Lucerne. Evidently she had in mind, and took for her working plan, the conferences at Lake Mohonk, carried on by the late Mr. Smiley and continued by his brother. The manager of the conference at Lake Lucerne had for his prototype Andrew Carnegie. These men, and many others who appear in the book under various disguises, are glorified workers who have advanced beyond their originals and under the influence of "thoughts that soar," planned for the redemption of the world. People who are not in sympathy with the plans and purposes which for the baroness were the mainsprings of action will think some of the sentiment overstrained, and the eloquence not sufficiently well grounded in the logic of experience; but the book is wholesome, clean, free from fanatical impulses and schemes of all kinds, and, to show that the author does not intend to cut loose from the common lot, she makes her heroine in a final speech announce to the girls whom she is educating that she has just been betrothed to the poet who assisted in the formation of her plans.

The Place of the Church in Evolution. By John Mason Tyler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.—Prof. Tyler assures us that his thoughtful little volume is not intended chiefly for the specialist in his study but is based on an examination of the history of the animal kingdom and of life. "If human history has a meaning and we can deduce great laws from a study of man's experience during a few generations or millenia, an outline of the history of life through past ages should have its lessons which we may reasonably accept with a fair degree of confidence." Keeping this thought in mind, Prof. Tyler proceeds through some eight chapters to show that, if a steady rate of progression can be discerned since man's appearance on this planet, such a rate of advance is most probably destined to continue, and it will be well for us to heed it. "This," he observes, "seems to be true of progress in altruism, morals, and religion. They are rooted deep in the past. In the thought of these great movements, if anywhere, we catch a glimpse of 'far-off divine events,' of goals and ends." "In the study of human life we should look foremost at its best expression in the lives of heroic souls. For these show us what we ought to become. If we are really anxious to study great souls, it would be the extreme of unwisdom to fail to give the chief place in our biological thought to him who spoke as never man before or since has spoken; who lived as never man has lived, and thus lifted all life to a higher plane of value, dignity, and realization. Here, if anywhere, is the key, as well as the goal, of all evolution."

The Year of Grace: Trinity to Advent. By George Hodges. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.—Persons who have been in the habit of classifying all sermons as "dry" will find occasion to revise this hasty ranking should Dean Hodges's volume fall in their way. Certainly these sermons are very far from being dry. On the contrary, they are eminently readable. Broad-minded in their scope, and praiseworthy as regards literary style, they represent the best thought of the broad churchmen of to-day, whether in or out of the Episcopal fold. That subtle quality we call "vision" is everywhere discernible. The opening sermon of the collection is entitled "The Courage of the Commonplace," and among other sermons deserving especial mention are "Why the World is no Better," "The Nunc Dimittis," and "At the Church

Digitized by Google

Door." "To be saved," asserts the dean, in the sermon last named, "is not to be admitted through a gate into a garden, and thenceforth to look out between the palings at the dusty road, thankful that we are within, under the shade of the trees. The essential thing is not where we are. The heart of salvation is not a better place, but a better man. To attain character is at the same time to succeed and to be saved. Here the two meet. Without character there can be neither success nor salvation."

FIVE ESSAYS BY LORD BACON. With an introduction by R. H. Gretton. London: G. Bell & Sons.—In this attractive little volume are included essays on Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and William Pitt, originally written for the eighth and ninth editions of the "Britannica," and which now appear for the first time in separate form. Mr. Gretton's discriminating introduction will be read with pleasure, and most readers will be disposed to agree with him when he declares that in these latest essays we have "a Macaulay who was beginning to perceive a distinction between the assertion of an opinion and the belaboring of a different opinion, a Macaulay less inclined to confuse vivacity of style with intemperateness of statement, and not so fond of sandbagging controversy with a parenthesis."

CLARK'S FIELD. By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.40 net.—"The development of a soul: little else is worth study" might be taken as the summing up of this book. Adelle's entrance into the wisdom of life came after a slow novitiate, in which she exemplifies the result of various educational follies and blunting influences. The book, as a story, lacks the compelling interest of a character with whose fortunes we identify ourselves from the start. We watch her objectively, without considering her worth while, even as an example, until she begins to understand herself and her relation to the lives of others. One can hardly imagine that Mr. Herrick really enjoyed writing the book as an inevitable circumstance in his literary career.

AMERICAN ASPIRATIONS. By Charles Fleischer. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.—In this most attractive booklet Dr. Fleischer has gathered the separate prayerful themes upon which is based what is termed "The Sunday Commons," a series of public meetings in Boston, begun on the opening Sunday of 1912. In the foreword the reader is asked to note that the language of the "Aspirations" is the normal speech of our day, and also that the democratic philosophy and the reverently scientific temper of this age are the informing spirit of these "prayers." "The preachment" he adds, "always is constructive." The "Aspirations," are cast in a reverent mould, one of the most helpful of these being that entitled "The Buried Life."

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.—In this handsome appearing volume Dr. Marvin has gathered the contents of three earlier books of song, which in their present form have been subjected to careful revision. The original verse, like the translations, is dignified rather than melodious, and at times we are compelled to say dignity lapses into heaviness. In so large a collection of poems as this of Dr. Marvin's there must be of necessity many poems which fail to reach any very high standard, but now and again the patient reader will come suddenly, as we have done, upon lines of distinctive excellence. The "Descent of the Spirit" and several of the quatrains are among these. A portrait of the author faces the title-page.

NO. 13 WASHINGTON SQUARE. By Leroy Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.—The amusing complications that ensue when a leader of society chooses to stay at home through a summer season, and sends some one abroad to represent her, become more involved and more exciting as one chapter succeeds another, each with its tale of narrow escapes and a new humiliation for the stately dame. This is a hammock story, a story for the summer hotel piazza, light, amusing, and whimsical.

Literary Notes.

This is the time of year when authors and publishers are busy on the fall and early winter output of new books. The Century Company has in hand for early fall issue new novels by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, and Alice Hegan Rice.

It is appropriate that Senator Lodge's book *One Hundred Years of Peace* should appear this year, when England and the United States are celebrating the completion of one hundred years of peace between the two nations. In less than 150 pages of large print Senator Lodge reviews the various transactions of a political or controversial nature which have taken place between England and America during the past one hundred years.

Among the new books by members of the faculties of the University of Chicago is Part I. of *Outlines of European History*, by James Henry Breasted, professor of Egyptology and Oriental History, in collaboration with Prof. James Harvey Robinson of Columbia University. Associate Prof. Martin Schütze, of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures, has just finished for publication in the fall an edition of *Goethe's Poems*, which includes a comprehensive study of Goethe's lyrical art. Prof. Schütze has also just had published a volume entitled *Songs and Poems*.

Magazines.

In the current issue of *Farm and Fireside* Rev. Harry R. McKeen writes an article entitled "The Community Builder," in which he discusses the country church.

That curious piece of biography, the life of Parnell, by his widow, which has attracted wide attention in England, is the subject of an article by F. Hugh O'Donnell, which *The Living Age* for June 27 reprints from *The New Witness*. The number of July 4 takes from *Chambers' Journal* an article by Dr. Charles D. Musgrove on "Self-defence in the Human Body," which is a curious and interesting study of the many ways in which the human body is guarded against disease. On July 11 will appear "Sketched in War Time," a vivid and extremely interesting narrative of the actual experiences of a woman Red Cross surgeon during last year's fighting in the Balkans, and also "Dramas of Bird-life," from *The Fortnightly Review*, a nature-study, which all lovers of outdoor life will enjoy.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 19

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

So Very, Very Good.

Every morning I arise
And comb and brush my hair,
And rub the sleep from both my eyes,
And dress myself with care.

And, when to breakfast I sit down,
I fold my hands and wait
Until some toast, so warm and brown,
Is put upon my plate.

And, when I'm through, I put in place
My knife and fork and spoon,
And leave my seat, with smiling face,
And eat no more till noon.

—*Arthur Macy.*

In Rosalie's Closet.

BY E. E. M.

The closet wasn't at all dark, and the boots and shoes could see each other quite distinctly. They were arranged neatly, partly because Hannah liked to have things in order, and partly because the closet itself was quite new. Closets, like new brooms and some other things, use their influence for good with more energy before they grow discouraged.

It was a slender, aristocratic-looking patent-leather slipper that first broke the silence after Hannah had closed the door and left them alone. The others sometimes called her "a stuck-up thing," because she perched herself so saucily on a ridiculously curved heel, and because she and her running-mate were really somewhat more highly polished than any of the others. She had had less exercise lately than she needed; and so she spoke rather petulantly, as her curiosity overcame her habitual reserve.

"Do tell me what is the matter, somebody! Why were we flung all jammed up in boxes where we could hardly breathe, and then expected to set up housekeeping in this strange place, which certainly smells of fresh paint?" She sniffed contemptuously.

"It's a very nice, new place," said the soft, motherly-looking blue wool knitted boot, reprovingly. She was by far the oldest of the colony, although she had had really less experience than most of the others. In fact, she was so old that she had quite lost her figure, never anything to boast of; and she cuddled down in a shapeless heap, which made her look extremely comfortable, to say the least. "It means that the family have come here for the summer, and that while you, Miss Dancing-Slipper, may not have much to do, things will be livelier than ever for some of us." She glanced around over the colony.

"H'm! I should say so." The rubber-soled tennis-shoes chuckled, and nudged each other significantly. "I'm ready," continued one of them in a loud voice. "Rosalie's a winner, and I'm ready to help her out. My, but you ought to see her knock a ball about!"

The dancing-slippers shuddered, and the one who had spoken before exclaimed haughtily:—

"I'm not used to slang, and I'm quite sure Rosalie never knocks a ball. She glides like a fairy, and speaks always in a gentle voice like mine; and there's not another such light-footed dancer in the room. Mlle. Lespinasse said once that she looked like a hovering butterfly."

The tennis-shoes were quite abashed, for they were completely fascinated by the scornful beauty who spoke, and would have liked to please her; but one of the stout, broad-toed, rather common-looking shoes that stood at the end of the row gave a howl of derision.

"Oh, 'gentle voice,' indeed! Oh, 'hovering butterfly,' indeed! I'll bet my lacings you'd like to know where I took Rosalie to-day, and I assure you, you never heard such screaming and shouting since you were shoe leather. Yes, my lady, I took her up to the sixth branch of the oak-tree beyond the pasture, and she shrieked across to Harold, who was at the barn—a mile away, I think. H'm, *that* girl a 'hovering butterfly'! Not much!"

The dancing-slippers nearly fainted, and trembled on their heels with indignation. But the stout shoe went on mercilessly:—

"Then where do you suppose we took her? Down to the brook; yes, sir, down to the brook. Feel of me—I'm damp yet." But his next neighbor, a handsome high boot with silk facings and shiny buttons, drew herself away shrinkingly, and pleaded in very refined tones:—

"Oh, please don't touch me. If I should get damp, I couldn't possibly take Rosalie to church next Sunday and attend to her religious instruction. Sometimes on week-days I have her make calls with her mother, to understand social duties, also. I cannot imagine that Rosalie would do such dreadful things as to climb trees and knock balls. It sounds really quite common."

"Considering that we've taken Rosalie to school all the spring, I fancy you needn't worry over her education," said the right-hand man of the low-cut, low-heeled pair in the middle of the row. "We have nearly worn ourselves out in that service, while you look as spick-and-span as if you had never stepped outside the closet." The speaker's indignation increased. "Just look at the rub on my side, where the skin is fairly off; and look at the jab in my brother, where Rosalie's bicycle cut a piece right out. We've been through times that try men's soles, now I assure you. Nobody here has suffered like us; but I guess, my friend,"—and he looked compassionately at stout Broad-Toes,—"I guess you'll get more of the same sort before the summer is over."

"Rosalie thinks too much of *us* to give us rough treatment," said the second glove-kid, complacently. "In fact, we've never walked out much, anyway, and"—

"Yes," interrupted a house-slipper that had hitherto kept silence, "if you want to know what Rosalie thinks of *you*, I'll tell you. Do you remember the day when Hannah came and put you on the shelf at home and took us out? Well, she carried us to Rosalie downstairs on the sofa, and when Rosalie put us on she said, 'O Hannah, you angel! what *bliss* to get rid of those horrid things and get into these darlings!' We soothed her poor tired feet all the afternoon." Both slippers ruffled and rustled their big black silk bows in delight over the remembrance.

The glove-kids protested that that happened on a day when Miss Rosalie had been very trying, until they lost patience and pinched her toes a little—not enough to hurt, they were sure of that.

Just then the embroidered Persian slippers which Aunt Helen had brought to Rosalie from Europe, and which, by virtue of their richness and beauty as well as by their interesting travels, ought to have thought extremely well of themselves, tried to make themselves heard. They spoke together, apparently bashful, on account, perhaps, of their foreign accent.

"Mees Rosalie ver' nice lady. Mees Rosalie like us all ver' much."

"No, not all of us," came suddenly in a thick, muffled voice from a pair of rubber sandals over in a corner. "No, Miss Rosalie doesn't like us, and she never cares whether she hurts our feelings or not. The other day her mother sent us to school by Hannah, and Rosalie made some very rude remarks right in front of us. If you pinched her for behaving like that," turning toward the glove-kids, "I shouldn't blame you."

"That's so," said his partner, solemnly. "She said we were clumsy, when you can see for yourself that there isn't a pair among you so thin and flexible as we are."

"When Rosalie speaks impolitely to you," said the fat old blue knitted boot that had spoken early in the conversation, but had taken a nap since, "she makes a great mistake; for you are always kind to her, and her mother appreciates it. Why, I remember," and Madame Blue Knit grew reminiscent, as old ladies often do, much to the delight of their hearers, "why, I remember that night when Rosalie came home with the terrible sore throat. She had to stay in nearly a week, and I spent most of my time keeping her feet warm. I remember how her mother said, very seriously, 'If you had minded me, Rosalie, and taken your sandals with you, perhaps you never would have caught this cold.'"

The sandals brightened up at this, and opened their wide mouths wider than ever. "Oh, yes, it's not so bad!" said one, more cheerily. "We are really some relation to those very handsome and expensive party overshoes with woolly linings, and fur round the tops. But I suppose most of you have never become acquainted with them." He said this rather patronizingly.

"Oh, yes, I know them intimately, very intimately," said the left dancing-slipper; and her assurance was seconded by her mate, as she turned herself coquettishly, feeling more respect for the humble sandals. "I never dreamed you were any relation of theirs. In fact, I know them better than any of the rest of the colony. Why aren't they with us?"

"They live in the cedar closet through the summer," answered Grandmother Blue Knit. "It is lonely, but very aristocratic. Rosalie's mother thought of having me live there this year, too; for Rosalie has such a habit of trotting round barefoot while she is dressing that really I don't have enough to do, and last year a moth had the impertinence to choose me for his home. Fortunately, he was brushed out, bag and baggage; but I've never been quite so strong in that place since. But I don't want to live in the cedar closet all summer."

"I should say not," rejoined one of the school-shoes, gallantly. "You manage the colony. Why, we should never have understood how to treat Rosalie if you hadn't talked to us. You said we must never let her run into mischief nor let her get lost nor go to places her mother wouldn't like; and we never do, do we, brother?"

"Of course not. She's more than merry now; she's good; and we helped make her so, too. Many's the time we've run her on

Digitized by Google

errands, or trotted her home from school so that she could lend somebody her bicycle."

"Don't race her to death," began Miss Glove-Kid, anxiously; and she turned entreatingly again to Broad-Toes, who smiled as if he knew a thing or two himself.

"You have to be very careful not to slip on waxed floors, and not to turn your heels so as to hurt Miss Rosalie's ankle," said the dancing-slipper, giving a friendly glance to the tennis-shoe, who had not spoken since she snubbed him.

"How good you are to advise us," answered he, gratefully. "We haven't had much experience yet, and we're very glad to learn!"

"You'll be all right," said Grandmother Blue Knit, encouragingly. "Just remember that we have each our own work to do, and that"—

Just then the door opened, and the conversation ceased suddenly; for you know that it would be the height of ill-breeding to talk before people. It was Rosalie herself, tossing brown curls, bright eyes, merry voice, and all.

"Here, Hannah, I want Broad-Toes; and I'm going after the cows with Thomas, and we want to scramble over Rocky Ledge first. Oh, I must hurry or I shall be late!" Broad-Toes disappeared and the door was hastily closed again.

"I bet they'll have fun," said School-Shoes, enviously. "But won't they come back scratched, though!"

Fred and Carlo.

Little Fred Keith had no brother nor sister to play with; and, when company came, he was very selfish with his playthings.

One day his father brought home a beautiful collie. "Now, Fred," he said, "Carlo is to be your pet; but you must treat him kindly, and not be selfish."

They had grand frolics when they went for a walk together. If Fred threw a stick into the pond, Carlo would always swim out and bring it back.

One bright morning in July, Fred went out into the pasture to pick berries. He carried two small pails, in one of which mother had packed a nice luncheon. Carlo trotted along, carrying the empty pail in his mouth.

The blueberries hung in clusters on the low bushes; but the sun was hot, and before one pail was filled Fred decided that it was surely dinner-time. He sat down in the shade of a tall laurel-bush, and began to eat a sandwich. Carlo smelled the meat, and begged for a piece; but, though his big brown eyes were wistful and he held up both paws, Fred took no notice.

"I'm real hungry, and I want it all myself. You can catch a squirrel," he said at last.

The second sandwich was half gone, and Carlo's eyes looked sad. "Carlo has been chasing a rabbit all the morning. P'haps he is as hungry as I am. I guess maybe he can have this ham and cake, and I'll eat the pie."

Carlo barked a joyous "Thank you!" and somehow Fred's pie tasted twice as good as usual. Then they ran down to the spring and drank some of the clear water.

When both pails were full they started for home. Faithful Carlo carried one pail so carefully that not a berry was spilled.

The next afternoon Fred took Carlo for a walk in the fields. Grandfather's barn where he kept his salt hay stood all by itself in the pasture, and near by was an old cellar. Fred went to the edge to look over, a stone loosened, and he fell in. He tried for a long while to climb out, but each time he fell back.

Carlo ran round the edge, barking. Then he jumped in. Fred was glad that he did not leave him alone. He called for help until he was tired. The sun went down, and a few stars began to peep out. Then he called with all his might, but the only answer was an echo from the old barn. By and by he lay down beside Carlo, and cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke, the moon was shining brightly. He remembered a ginger-snap that was in his pocket. "I'll give Carlo half, the dear doggy!" he thought. Out came the cooky, and his little blank-book with it. Fred shouted with delight as he emptied his pocket. It was full, like all boys' pockets; and, sure enough, there was a stubby pencil and some string.

He tore a page from the book, and wrote,—

"Dear Mother,—I'm in the old cellar, and can't get out. Fred."

He tied the paper round Carlo's neck. Then he piled up all the rocks until he could reach high enough to help Carlo out.

"Go home quickly, Carlo," he said; and the dog leaped away. Lanterns were flashing into dark corners, and all the neighbors were hunting for Fred. Mrs. Keith ran to the door when she heard Carlo's bark. How she did hug him after she had read the note!

"Mother," exclaimed Fred, when he had eaten supper and finished telling the story of his adventure, "I'm glad that I gave Carlo some dinner yesterday. If he had not helped me, I'd be in the old cellar now."

"Yes," said his mother, "Carlo is a true friend. I should be very sorry if my little boy were selfish to such a good dog."—*Fay Stuart, in the Morning Star.*

Grandma's Picket-guard.

Grandma Wilkins was very sick. The doctor said she must be kept quiet, and everybody went about on tiptoe and spoke in low tones. Winfred looked very sad. He crept softly into the darkened room and laid some flowers on grandma's pillow, but she was too sick to look at them. Soon after, he heard his mother say to Kate, the cook,—

"We must keep the door-bell from ringing, if possible."

"I can do something for grandma," thought the little boy.

So he sat on the front step, and soon a woman with a book in her hand came to the door.

"Grandma is very sick," said Winfred. "Nobody must ring the bell."

The lady smiled, but went away. Soon a man with a satchel came.

"Grandma is sick, and mamma doesn't want anything at all," said the boy.

All day long people came. It seemed to Winfred that almost everybody had something to sell; but he kept guard, and the bell was silent. Kate came to call him to lunch, but Winfred would not leave his post.

"Just bring me a sandwich or something, and I'll eat it here," he said.

At last the doctor came again. When he came back, he smiled down upon Winfred and said:—

"Well, little picket-guard, your grandma is going to get well, and you have helped to bring about that happy result. You will make a good soldier."

Then his mother came out and took him in her arms and kissed him.

"I am proud of my boy," she said. "Now come and have supper, and then you may go in to see grandma for a minute. She asked for you."

Winfred was a happy little boy that night.—*Julia D. Peck.*

Thackeray with the Children.

Miss Henrietta Cockran, in *Temple Bar*, who knew Thackeray when she was a child of seven, wrote:—

"Among the many interesting people who gathered round my father and mother, none made such a vivid impression on my childish mind as Thackeray. How often he has sat among us, inquiring tenderly after my dolls! He remembered all their names. One day he said he must go; but we coaxed him to remain, and told him we really could give him a good dinner. 'There is nothing, my dears, you can give me,' he answered with a funny little sigh; 'for I could only eat a chop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant.'

"'Yes, I tan!' exclaimed my three-year-old sister; and we saw her disappear into a big cupboard. She emerged a few seconds after, with a look of triumph on her fat little face, holding in her hands a wooden rhinoceros and elephant from her Noah's ark; and, putting the two animals on a plate, she handed them with great gravity to Mr. Thackeray. Never can I forget the look of delight on the great man's face! How he laughed and rubbed his hands with glee! and then, taking the child up in his arms, kissed her, remarking: 'Ah, little rogue! You already know the value of a kiss!' Then he asked for a knife and fork, smacked his lips, and pretended to devour the elephant and rhinoceros."

Two little Scotch girls were talking about their respective fathers, who had both been in the army. "Ma faither's got the 'Victoria Cross,'" boasted one. "The queen pinned it on him with her ain hand." "Ah," retorted the other, "ma faither's braverer! He's been in dozens of wars, an' he's got gangs and gangs of medals and 'Victoria Crosses.' An' he's got a bonnie wudden leg, an'"—with a shrill shriek of triumph—"the queen nailed it on wi' her ain hand!"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,180 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mario S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

We would bring Thy Kingdom down.

BY RICHARD WARNER BORST.

Lord, our eyes have seen tradition
From her throne dragged down in scorn;
Pity now our faint condition,—
We are blinded by the morn.
Great, Lord, is thy love and grace;
Thou wilt show again thy face;
Seek we neither self nor crown;
We would bring thy kingdom down!

Human power and earthly pleasure,
These were meant for all mankind;
We no longer lay up treasure,
In our selfish aim made blind.
Great, Lord, is thy love and grace;
Thou wilt show again thy face;
Seek we neither self nor crown;
We would bring thy kingdom down!

Lord of love, clear understanding
Of the way to serve our world,—
This one thing our souls demanding,
Down our idols we have hurled.
God of pity, love, and grace,
Turn not now away thy face;
Seek we neither self nor crown;
We would bring thy kingdom down!

Religious Work at State Universities.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

I.

Ten years ago a number of prominent American educators, university presidents and professors, and others, under the leadership of President Harper of the University of Chicago, formed a national organization, called the Religious Education Association. Its object was to awaken a more general, earnest, and intelligent interest in religious education, as related to homes, Sunday-schools and churches, and to institutions of learning of all kinds. The organization was widely recognized as calculated to meet a real need. At once it entered on a career of great activity, drawing into co-operation large numbers, not only of professional educators, but of prominent religious leaders in all parts of the land, putting into the field an efficient general secretary in charge of its work, publishing an able magazine, entitled *Religious Education*, holding conventions of great influence, and doing much to create better instruction in Sunday-schools and religious classes, and improve religious literature generally.

Perhaps in no single direction has the Religious Education Association done more needed work than in connection with our institutions of higher learning. Indeed, if it had accomplished nothing else in the ten years of its existence than the task of awakening Christian churches to the importance of universities, especially our great State universities, as centres for active religious work, it would have fully justified the wisdom of the men who organized it. These universities, which are developing rapidly in every part of the land, with their vast and growing resources, with their faculties made up of men who have received the best training that this country and Europe can give, and with their student bodies, in many cases numbering 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, 5,000 each, are generators and nurseries of moral power of simply incalculable importance. It seems strange that it should have taken the Christian denominations so long to wake up to the necessity of providing for the religious needs of these tens of thousands of young men and women, the choicest minds of the country, who are soon to become public leaders in every department of thought and activity. That this field, rich in opportunities and in promise, is being recognized and entered in earnest by nearly every Christian church, is one of the most hopeful signs in our religious sky to-day. It means that from this time on these great universities will give to the country, not only multitudes of trained lawyers, physicians, scientists, and engineers, but also, in numbers unknown in the past, trained religious workers in the Christian ministry and in a hundred forms of important lay service.

Early Missionary Work at the University of Michigan.

The first denomination to perceive the importance of this field and definitely to enter it was the Unitarian. In the year 1865, the American Unitarian Association had its attention called to the University of Michigan, earliest of the Western State universities, then only twenty-eight years old, but already possessed of a strong faculty and a large body of students, and beginning to attract wide notice as one of the most promising institutions of higher education in the land.

Nearly all the older universities and colleges had been established by, or were in close relation to, churches; but universities founded by the State could have no ecclesiastical relations, hence it remained for a considerable time an open question what could be done to meet the religious needs of their students. It soon became clear that the way was open to reach students by religious activities and agencies independent of the universities, but in close touch with them. This was the thought in the minds of the American Unitarian Association in undertaking religious work in Ann Arbor.

The man selected to inaugurate the experiment was Rev. Charles H. Brigham, a graduate of Harvard College and Divinity School, a ripe scholar, particularly in languages and in Biblical studies, who had travelled in Bible lands, and who had had twenty years of experience as pastor of a large Eastern church. In 1865 Mr. Brigham established a distinct students' or university mission, which has been continued, with some changes of method and varying degrees of success, to the present time. It was soon demonstrated that the field would prove fruitful. The agencies employed from the first were three,—a students' Sunday Bible class, Sunday evening sermons and religious lectures, and personal visiting and pastoral work.

After a little time a local church was organized, composed of professors and their families and a few others, for the purpose of aiding the student work, particularly on its social side. Then a Sunday morning service was added, for the benefit of both the students and the local constituency, but in everything the students were kept primarily in view. For a time the financial support of the movement was borne wholly by the American Unitarian Association. Later, the local church assumed a share of the burden, but always the main support has been furnished by the national body, because throughout its entire history the movement has been regarded as primarily a mission for the benefit of the students.

Mr. Brigham continued in charge of the work for ten years, until his death. The success that attended his efforts from first to last was most gratifying, fully justifying the expenditure required. His students' Bible class was always well attended, some years reaching a total enrolment of 250. His Sunday evening sermons and lectures, on "The Bible," "Great Events and Characters of Christian History," "The Non-Christian Religions of the World," and subjects connected with practical religious life, drew large audiences of students, besides a number of professors and many people of the town. The total number of young men who came under his religious instruction was, at the lowest calculation, several thousands; and with many of these he came into close and helpful personal relations.

After the death of Mr. Brigham it fell to the lot of the present writer to take up the Ann Arbor work, and to carry it on for twenty years, from 1878 to 1898. Its character was not materially changed, except that some new features were added to increase its effectiveness. Although the local church became more active and prominent, the movement as a whole remained primarily a mission to students of the University, and as such continued to receive its main financial support from the American Unitarian Association. Soon a church edifice was built, planned to accommodate in the best manner possible the growing student work. As time went on, however, I came to realize that another building was needed, to be a social centre and headquarters for all the students coming under my care or influence. Such a guild-house is now under process of erection.

All through the twenty years, students' Bible classes, some taught by myself and some by others, were made a leading feature. These classes were almost invariably so large that they had to be held in the main auditorium of the church, having an attendance of from 125 to 150, with a total enrolment during the year of more than 250. The fields of study and inquiry traversed were many and wide. While much more time was devoted to the Bible than to any other single subject, extensive studies were carried on in various provinces of religion, theology, ethics, religious history, biography, sociology, and philosophy. The students were always welcomed at the morning service of the church, and usually from 40 to 80 were present. For seven months of the year Sunday evening services were held, with series of sermons and lectures specially for students. At these the attendance often reached the utmost capacity of the church.

The students, together with other young people of the congregation, were organized for social and literary purposes into a society called the Unity Club. During my last five years its membership did not fall below 300. A similar organization, but distinctly religious in its character, called at first the Channing Guild, and later the Young People's Religious Union, held meetings, devoted to worship and religious discussion, for an hour every Sunday evening before the church service, with an average attendance ranging from 50 to 75. A King's Daughters organization, religious, social, and philanthropic in its aim, made up of young women, mostly students, had a membership of 50. Pastoral

Digitized by Google

work among the various students with whom we had relations was carried on as fully as time and opportunity permitted.

There was no paid worker in connection with this mission except myself. There were, however, a number of devoted and efficient volunteer helpers, some of them students, some professors or their wives, and some residents of Ann Arbor, without whose aid a work of so much magnitude could not have been carried on. The total number of students coming into direct touch with our various religious activities ranged from about 300 in the earlier years to more than 400 in the later.

This long experience at the seat of the University of Michigan, and other somewhat similar experiences elsewhere, suggest some thoughts on the general subject of religious work at undenominational and especially State universities.

(To be continued.)

Sagamore Sociological Conference.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The Sagamore Sociological Conferences may be regarded as a summer extension of the notable Ford Hall Open Forum movement; or, rather, they are a series of conferences at which the leading workers in these forums, which have now a wide extension throughout New England and the United States, come together for mutual consultation, comparison of methods and results, and a general heartening of purpose. Sagamore Beach is a beautiful little settlement on the northern shore of Cape Cod, close to where the new canal cleaves the sandy peninsula in twain. It has been made the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Coleman, the inspiring soul of the open forums, of Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, and of other notabilities in the philanthropic and religious world, whose pretty cottages crown the bluffs overlooking a wondrous expanse of sea and shore, and inland country diversified with woods and lakes. Two modest hotels and private hospitalities welcome, for a few days each summer, the earnest spirits who have made these forums, or democratic popular assemblies for the free discussion of social and public questions, possible and successful, and the favored friends whom they invite to share in their deliberations, their work and play.

How wide-spread and increasing this movement is appeared at the very first meeting of the Conference in the Sagamore Assembly Hall. Some two hundred delegates reported concerning half as many forums, varied in type and activities, but all observing more or less closely the fundamental requirement of perfect freedom of participation, perfect freedom of discussion, and perfect courtesy of mental attitude and utterance. The original purpose of the Ford Hall gatherings, to bring together the religious and church elements in the community with those in it who are interested more specifically in social and public service, for better understanding and co-operation between them, has been measurably accomplished. The credit for this happy result is to be attributed, in the first place, to the truly remarkable vision, energy, gift for leadership, and broad human sympathies of Mr. George W. Coleman, one of the most interesting and influential social reformers of our time; and, secondly, to the Baptist denomination, to which he belongs. The Baptists of New England have morally and financially supported this expression of religious democracy and good will from its inception, and thus given in our day a renewed illustration of that soul-liberty and sympathy for the people which have ever marked their denominational history. Members of other Christian bodies usually termed orthodox have nobly seconded their initiative, but even with such a backing the open forum would have been impossible had not its endeavors been met in a spirit equally large, considerate, and devoted by the social workers of various nationalities, types, and opinions in the community. Christians and Jews, Catholics and Protestants, believers and unbelievers, have freely participated in these meetings, observed their simple but searching requirements, caught their spirit, and spread their reconciling, broadening, enlightening influence throughout all ranks and classes, thus promoting the principles of sympathy and brotherliness among them,—the only sentiments which can make possible and enduring our free and democratic institutions.

It was to an audience made up of such heterogeneous, yet spiritually amalgamated, elements that sundry wise men and women delivered addresses on the general theme selected for this Conference, "The Race Problem," and gracefully submitted for an hour or more after each discourse to a keen and searching criticism of their statements and opinions from as many different points of view, seemingly, as there were persons present.

It will be impossible to report in any detail the papers and proceedings, which will soon be procurable in printed form. The paper which opened the discussion, "Is Race Antipathy Rational?" by Prof. Daniel Evans of the Andover Theological School, formed an admirable introduction to the brilliant series of addresses which followed. Treating of the origin of race antipathies in instinct, Prof. Evans showed how it might and should be clarified and overcome by the reason and the higher emotions and sympathies.

"International fellowship is a greater ideal to work for than race superiority. However great a particular race may be, it is not complete. Humanity is the greater and the diviner reality; and it is a striking fact that the greater each race is, and the nearer it comes to the heights of humanity, the more cosmopolitan it becomes, and the more service it renders; and the greater its men and women, the more they belong to the human race as a whole than to a special race. There is sore need of mutual knowledge, mutual respect, mutual forbearance, mutual fellowship. Each man should be proud of the race to which he belongs, but prouder still that he is a human being and belongs to humanity."

A symposium on "The American Negro" was introduced by Rev. William N. DeBerry, pastor of a colored Congregational church in Springfield, in a singularly sane, logical, and convincing speech, which won universal assent and approval, even from the Southern men and women present. Rev. B. F. Riley, D.D., of Alabama, a Southern Baptist minister, whose brave testimony and self-sacrificing work for the uplift of the Negro has won admiring recognition of both whites and blacks in the South, showed the progress already made in these respects in the Southern States, and predicted a better future for the depressed races in this country. The appeal he made for greater justice and larger industrial opportunity for the Negro in the Northern States brought the flush of shame to many a cheek. Later in the session Prof. A. Caswell Ellis of the University of Texas was invited to present a typical Southern view of the race situation, and fulfilled his task with the greatest tact and courtesy. While his apology for such abominations as the Jim Crow car, the disfranchisement of the Negro, etc., were not satisfactory to his hearers, one could but render tribute to his sincerity, charity, and evident sympathy for the Negro, both as a human being and a citizen.

Prof. William Elliot Griffis spoke on "Race Psychology: the Hindu, Chinese, and Japanese," and provoked the liveliest discussion of the session. His unqualified, vehement assertion, not only of the equality, but the superiority of these Asiatic peoples, particularly the Hindus and Japanese, called forth strong dissent from even most ardent advocates of race equality present. Hindu, Jewish, Russian, as well as Christian, socialist, and agnostic speakers protested against what seemed to them an exaggerated presentation of the matter. Incidentally, the question of Asiatic immigration into this country assumed the chief importance. It seemed to be the prevailing opinion that a wise and impartial restriction of immigration, perhaps on the lines of Prof. Sidney Gulick's recent proposal, would be advisable; but it was unanimously held that such restriction should in no case be discriminative against any race or nation.

An interesting discussion was precipitated by an address of Rev. K. Tsumeashima of Tokyo, in which he pleaded for justice and the display of the Christian spirit toward his country. A young journalist gave an interesting account of a recent interview with President Wilson on the causes which had induced the seizure of Vera Cruz and his conduct of the negotiations with Mexico. It displayed the President as the friend of peace and of humanity.

The last set address of the Conference was a singularly able and inspiring one by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell, on "Race Prejudice against the Jew." It vindicated the Jew against his calumniators. "There *is* no Jewish race," he said. "Even the Semites do not constitute a race. The Jews are probably less distinctly Semitic than any other branch of this family of nations. They belong to the Mediterranean race whose origin is unknown, and which has at all times intermixed with other racial stocks. It may be maintained, however, that the ultimate Oriental origin of the majority of Jewish families has tended to create a type that permanently distinguishes them from other ethnic elements in the Western world, and that it is this peculiar type that to the popular mind appears as a sign of race. How far this is true can be determined only when the perfectly apparent real causes of the prejudices against them have been carefully and impartially considered. There can be no question that they are chiefly religious, economic, intellectual, and moral. The fore-

Digitized by Google

most cause of persecution is now, as in the past, religious intolerance. The Jew rejects the deity of Jesus. The orthodox Christian looks upon Jesus as 'very God,' and thinks with awe and indignation of the insult offered to the Divine Majesty by the persistent refusal of the Jews to acknowledge the incarnate Son of God as their true Messiah. Ignorance of the real nature of Jewish religion renders it possible for the most absurd charges to be believed, as recent events in Russia have shown. These disgraceful religious prejudices can never be completely banished until a new and more historically correct estimate of Jesus takes the place of the conception presented in the Christian creeds, and the beliefs and customs of Judaism receive a more intelligent, fair, and appreciative interpretation.

"Where prejudices based on religious motives tend to disappear, economic causes are apt to create a new set. The Jew is a trader, and often a successful trader. One of the peculiarities of the Jew is his intellectual precocity. The alertness, power of attention, craving for knowledge, retentive memory, and vivid imagination of Jewish children are well known. The jealousy and fear of Jewish intellectual pre-eminence are yielding to the saner consideration that, in the realm of the spirit, no man's achievement can be any other man's loss, but the world is the gainer by the efficient work of any individual or people.

"It has been often charged that vulgarity, love of display, clannishness, and pride characterize the Jewish type, nor can it be denied that such moral blemishes are to some extent responsible for certain prejudices. Among the older and nobler Jewish families there is so much of the highest type of refinement that one hesitates to revert, even in this respect, to the ancestral influence of Oriental love of pomp and display. A sense of being the elect people has, no doubt, produced a particularism, an exclusiveness, a contempt for outsiders, that have badly affected Jewish character, but equity demands that, in forming the estimate, Jewish cosmopolitanism, humanitarianism, and world-embracing idealism should not be forgotten. The most powerful influence has been exerted by environment. Some of the good, as well as some of the bad characteristics may disappear in the melting-pot. The supremacy of what is noblest in character can best be insured for the good of the world by an eradication of those prejudices which still disgrace our society."

The feature of the Conference, however, which is its greatest attraction, is also the one which is least reportable,—the discussion after each address by a score or more of persons, representing, perhaps, as many points of view, in brief speeches not exceeding five minutes each. Usually such discussions contribute little to the topic under consideration. It is not so at Sagamore, owing partly to the bright, well-informed minds of the auditors, and quite as much to the quick wit, remarkable knowledge of faces and names, and masterly control of the proceedings by the leader, Mr. Coleman. The writer of this notice has attended and been engaged in organizing conferences and conventions, both at home and abroad, for nearly half a century, and feared he had become *blasé* to any impressions he might receive from them, but he confesses that the Sagamore meetings were to him a glad surprise, proving so interesting and helpful that he could not remain away from any of the sessions, or lose any of their utterances.

Among those who contributed to this interest were "Father" Clark, of Endeavor fame; Revs. N. Van der Pyl; A. W. Wishart of Michigan; H. A. Atkinson, secretary of the Social Commission of the Congregational churches; Dr. W. E. Barton, editor of *The Advance*, Chicago; Bradley Gilman, Julius F. Hecker of the Russian settlement, New York; Harold Marshall of Melrose; George G. Mills, L. M. Powers of Gloucester, and William H. Spencer; Prof. Jacques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Foundation, who made an important communication to the Conference concerning the biological aspects of miscegenation in which, as a scientist, he declared that the crossing of races or breeds did not vitiate a human stock and might even improve it; Mr. Carl Beck of the People's Institute, New York; Prof. Emily Balch, Wellesley; Mr. Nolan Best, editor of *The Continent;* Mr. Rolfe Cobleigh, associate editor of *The Congregationalist;* Rev. P. H. Drake of *The American;* Mr. W. D. Foster of *The Youth's Companion;* Mr. Hutchins Hapgood; Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer; Prof. Amos R. Wells; Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Warbasse of Brooklyn; Mrs. Mary Pamela Rice; Mrs. Mary K. O'Sullivan; Dr. J. A. McKelway of Washington; Mrs. Paula Jakoby of Hull House; Supt. William C. Ewing of Wells Institute; W. S. Dillon of Manchester, N.H., and Mr. Charles Fleischer of the Boston Commons.

This partial list will show the intellectual and representative quality of those who took part. A final tribute should be paid to Mr. Henry L. Gideon of the Temple Israel, and his accomplished wife, whose singing of Japanese, Chinese, and Yiddish songs added much to the pleasure of the meetings, and to Roland W. Hayes, a young colored singer, whose moving interpretation of the more serious Negro spirituals especially stirred the sensibilities of his hearers.

The Ford Hall and Sagamore meetings are doing a noble work in promoting mutual sympathy and good will between the different races and churches, between radical and orthodox, between thinkers and workers, between rich and poor, high-placed and lowly in the community. For this they deserve the countenance and support of the religious liberals, who as yet do not know their aims and their merits. It would greatly tend to the improvement of liberal Christian convocations if they studied the methods and caught the spirit of these gatherings, and thus imparted to their own often dull if decorous meetings something of the democracy, fervor, breadth, and practical utility of which they stand much in need.

A Correction.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In the June number of Unitarian *Word and Work* it is stated inadvertently on page 13, in an article on the National League of Unitarian Laymen, that Hon. George Hutchinson of Newton is the president of that organization. This is an error. Mr. Hutchinson was chosen president of the League, but did not accept the election, and it is to be regretted that this announcement was made. I trust you will find place for this explanation in the columns of the *Register*.

Elmer S. Forbes,
Secretary of the National League.

Summer Services.

The names of the ministers who will occupy the pulpit in Milton, Mass., during the summer vacation, together with the dates, are as follows: July 26, Rev. H. Houghton Schumacher, Helena, Mont.; August 2, Rev. Henry T. Secrist, Meadville, Pa.; August 9, Rev. George R. Gebauer, Duluth, Minn.; August 16, Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Buffalo, N.Y.; August 23, Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks, Indianapolis, Ind.; August 30, Rev. W. W. Fenn, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass.

Isles of Shoals Meetings.

The attractive programme of the summer meetings on the Isles of Shoals announces a series of addresses, to be given mornings through the week: "Rabindranath Tagore," by Rev. Frederick R. Griffin; "Present Missionary Problems and Possibilities," by Dr. Charles W. Wendte; "The Duties of Young People in a Free Church," by Mr. Frederick M. Eliot; "Education for Homemaking," by Mrs. Margaret J. Stannard, principal of the Garland School for Homemaking, Boston; "Wise Men from the East and Wise Men from the West," by Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany; "The Moral Purpose in Goethe's 'Faust,'" by Rev. A. R. Scott.

The evening lectures will include: "Richard Watson Gilder as the Citizen Poet," by Rev. F. S. C. Wicks; "Impressions of a Recent Journey in Oriental Countries," by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, which will doubtless supplement the address of Dr. Wendte in the morning; "The Conservation of Forests," by Mr. Philip Ayres of the Society for the Preservation of New Hampshire Forests; and two concert-lectures on "Modern Russian Life and Music" and "German Music," respectively, in which Mrs. Helen McG. Parker and Mrs. Anna Diller Starbuck will take part. At the religious service of Sunday, July 12, Rev. John C. Perkins will preach in the morning, Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks in the afternoon; at those of July 19, Rev. Frank M. Powell and Rev. Clayton R. Bowen will preach. Other men who will share the devotional services are Rev. Marion F. Ham, Rev. Palfrey Perkins, Mr. Otto Lyding, and Rev. Edward B. Maglathlin.

The week of the Sunday School Institute will be rich in the course of lectures by Prof. Clayton R. Bowen on "The Last Supper and the Lord's Supper," "The Death of Jesus, its Causes and Results," "The Resurrection and Eternal Life," "The Church in the New Testament," and "The New Testament in the Church", the course by Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck, on "The Atmosphere of the Sunday-school," "Knowledge and Reticence on Matters of Sex," "Many Ways to Many Minds," "The Discovery of the Soul," and "Jesus, the Teacher"; and the various conferences led by Rev. William I. Lawrance.

Prof. Bowen and Prof. Starbuck will give their lectures in the morning. Evening lectures will be by Rev. Frank M. Powell, on "Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Man"; Dr.

Digitized by Google

David R. Snedden, commissioner of education for Massachusetts, on "Recent Developments in our Knowledge of Teaching"; and Miss Lucy Wheelock, on "What shall we do for Little Children in the Sunday-school?"

A new feature of this year's programme is that in charge of the committee on entertainment, which will do much to develop the social side of the gathering.

The applications for rooms and membership certificates are still coming in, yet there is always room for one more. Those who still wish to attend the meetings from July 11 to 27 should send their names and membership fees to the treasurer, Mr. Carl B. Wetherell. The Oceanic, Isles of Shouls, N.H., at once.

For the convenience of those going down to the Shoals on Saturday, July 11, a special car will be attached to the train leaving Boston (North Station) at 9.25. The boat leaves Portsmouth at 8 A.M., 11.45 A.M., and 5.40 P.M., daily, except Sunday, when it leaves at 11.20 A.M. and 5 P.M. For further information apply to the treasurer.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Our Increasing Drink Bill.

It is a fact that our per capita consumption of liquor in the United States has recently increased faster than our growth in population—the former over 4 per cent. a year, and the latter about 2 per cent. a year. This increase, in spite of the many influences at work in behalf of temperance, seems to many friends of sobriety most discouraging. On the other hand, the fact is used by the liquor interests as proof that restrictive laws are failures. It is argued Prohibition actually promotes drinking, for the per capita consumption increases as more and more territory becomes "dry."

But the case is not as simple as it appears. Obviously, a general increase in the whole nation is no proof that such an increase exists in all parts of the land. There may be a very rapid increase in some localities, and at the same time even a greater decrease in other places. To illustrate: If vaccination were wholly neglected in ten States, causing wide-spread smallpox epidemics, and so lifting the mortality from this disease for the nation, this fact would not prove the failure of vaccination in the States applying it.

Similarly, the rapid shifting of people from the country to cities, where temptations to drink are multiplied (our large cities growing faster than the country and all "wet"), and other changing conditions to be later mentioned, explain the general per capita increase in the use of liquor, while at the same time showing that rural populations use less. The restrictive laws under which these populations live (and which lessen the use of liquor by them) are not discredited by the fact that other sections of our people in liquor-dominated centres use more and more beer and whisky.

Prohibition in districts with no large cities must not be held responsible for the per capita increase in the nation as a whole. We must remember that a million people go every year from rural life to cities, where the saloon leads many of them to drink. The law which lessens drinking in the country must not be condemned because drinking increases in cities, where that law does not exist.

The fact is, that careful investigations show that while the per capita consumption for the nation is over twenty gallons, in Kansas it is about three gallons. Even the liquor men admit this fact. The same is true in Maine. When we set aside the liquors intended to meet the demands of thousands of summer residents from "wet" cities, probably the consumption of liquor by the permanent population does not reach an average of one-tenth that used in license States, although brewer and distiller are constantly active in promoting the illegal sale of liquors in the State.

We cannot show, as we wish that we could, that our people, as a whole, are drinking less than formerly; but it can be made clear (which is encouraging): (1) that the increased drinking is limited to certain classes and localities; (2) that this result is brought about by unusual and abnormal influences; and (3) that this general increase in per capita consumption does not discredit restrictive laws.

I. We have become a rich and luxurious people, and these recent social conditions tend to promote a larger use of liquors, especially beer and wine. Thousands of families among "the new rich" regard these liquors as legitimate table luxuries, and, while such people consider themselves temperate, nevertheless their drinking, as scientific research has demonstrated, seriously injures them physically and mentally.

II. In this connection, as a result of increasing wealth and European influence, the fact must be noted, and it is a very sad fact, that many women in social circles and urban communities are now drinking as never before in our history. The temperance appeal fails to touch them. Here, then, is a new class added to the drinking population which live outside "dry" territory, lifting the general average of liquor used. But this fact does not prove that temperance efforts are fruitless, or that restrictive laws are inoperative.

III. It must also be remembered that the export of beer to our "island possessions" has sprung up in very recent years, and this business has now reached large proportions. This liquor is produced here, and it is counted to swell the increasing per capita consumption, though this is an error, because it is not used here.

IV. The liquor trade is at work as never before, in all possible ways, with great skill and energy, to increase the use of drink. Millions of dollars are spent on newspaper and billboard advertisements. Thousands and thousands of tons of circulars, adroitly commending beers and whiskies are sent broadcast over the land. Hundreds of writers under large pay, are engaged in commending liquor by most plausible arguments in books and magazines. Innumerable agents, ostensibly engaged in various lines of legitimate business, are hired to create public sentiment in favor of the saloon as helpful to trade in general. All this reaches an extent little imagined by many good people.

In view of these facts, the wonder is that the per capita consumption of liquor has not increased more rapidly than it actually has. A good deal of temperance work has to be done simply to counteract these extraordinary efforts of brewer and distiller. If the advocate of abstinence does not accomplish as much as his zeal seems to warrant, it must be remembered that he fights many new foes, and labors against some adverse social conditions that are comparatively modern, and that very seriously complicate his problem.

The most important fact in this connection, however, is the recent addition of millions of drinking immigrants to our population. It is fair to assume that the liquor consumed in our land some ten years ago was largely used by one-fourth of our male adult population, that is, by approximately some 4,000,000 men. Since then, about 4,000,000 men from Europe have been added to our drinking multitude. A large majority of immigrants are men who are free drinkers, who settle in "wet" cities, and are quickly demoralized by our saloons. This means that our drinking population has, in ten years, increased 100 per cent. by additions from outside, while our population in general has grown in that period only about 20 per cent. A vast amount of liquor has been used by these 4,000,000 new-comers, lifting the average per capita consumption for the nation very decisively. It would have been far more than a 4 per cent. annual increase were it not that drinking by our people in general is on the decline.

A simple illustration will make this clearer: Suppose that in a social club of 400 members, 100 are constant drinkers, who use annually a per capita of ten gallons (1,000 a year in all), while the 300 others (abstainers and occasional drinkers) use only a gallon apiece on an average, or 300 gallons all told. Let us also suppose that the next year 100 drinking members are added to the club, using 1,000 gallons more, or 2,000 gallons by 200 of its members. But suppose that the other 300 members (formerly using 300 gallons) all became total abstainers. What would be the general result? The total consumption by the club for this second year would be 2,000 gallons, or an average of 4 gallons per capita, over against the 3.25 per capita the year before,—an increase per capita of nearly a gallon. Nevertheless, there were many more members in the club who drank no liquor at all.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service Automobile Hearses
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address: "Undertaker, Boston."

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician Apply Sara E. Stevens, tel. Bellevue 1019 M, Boston Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

WANTED. A willing, able-bodied boy of 16 would like to find work on a New England farm for the summer Address, Arthur D. Starbuck, 106 Hillside Avenue, Arlington Heights, Mass.

Digitized by Google

So it has been in our nation as a whole. The addition of millions of drinking foreigners to our population increases the per capita consumption for the whole nation, but at the same time other millions of our people are drinking less from year to year or none at all.

The confessions of the liquor press respecting this matter are very significant, showing the alarm felt at present by brewer and distiller. They are not deceived by the surface indications to which reference was made at the beginning of this article. They realize that "dry" territory does not help their business. *Mida's Criterion* for March 1, 1914, admits a depressing inactivity in the liquor industry, and intimates that this is largely due to restrictive laws. *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular* for Feb. 25, 1914, confesses that the growth of prohibition sentiment and legislation, if unchecked, will destroy the liquor business. These and similar admissions by other journals, whose editors know the facts, prove two things: first, that temperance is really making substantial progress; and, second, that restrictive laws do actually decrease the use of liquor.

Joseph H. Crooker.

London, England.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Our Hopes.*

Our great hope is that we may be able to provide the motive power to make the Unitarian faith go. My distinguished predecessors have constructed a wonderful, a powerful engine, but, unfortunately, they have left it stalled by the roadside. It is the function of the Young People's Religious Union to furnish the gasoline to send this beautifully efficient engine onward and upward forever.

If we make our young people see that our religion is active, and not passive; practical, not theoretical; that it concerns men and women and children, and not theologies and scientific discoveries alone; that it is founded for the great purpose of love to God and love to man in the solution of our every-day problems,—then we shall be supplying a real, a logical, and a permanent motive power.

The world at large has its eyes fixed on America as the hope of the world,—that country which is engaged in the great experiment of religious and political liberty. America, in its turn, must look to liberal religion for the solution of its pressing problems. Socialism will fail, democracy will fail, and this experiment will not be a success unless inspired by a liberal religion; and the liberal religion of the present day looks to its young people to carry out its great promise. The young people look to their national or international organization for guidance. Can you blame us of the organization if we falter at the task that is before us?

But we shall not falter. May God grant that the heroic men and women who have made Unitarianism what it is shall not have lived in vain. May God grant that our hands shall be lifted up to do the work that clearly lies before us in perpetuating the great principles of our Unitarian faith.

These are the hopes of the Young People's Religious Union.

*Written by President Sanford Bates for the Unitarian Calendar.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the union services, Arlington Street Church, Rev. C. A. Henderson will preach on Sunday morning, July 12.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Rev. Charles R. Joy of First Parish, Portland, will preach Sunday, July 12.

At King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets, Boston, the preacher on Sunday, July 12, at 10.30 A.M., will be Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., minister of the Chapel. The church is open daily from 9 to 12.

Rev. S. C. Weatherly, having satisfied the Fellowship Committee of the Southern churches, is hereby recommended to the churches of our fellowship. John W. Rowlett, Clifton M. Gray, and Alexander T. Bowser, Committee.

Meetings.

The Cape Cod Conference.—The sixty-sixth session was held with the First Parish Church of Brewster, Mass., June 23 and 24, 1914. The Conference opened with a sermon by Rev. C. R. Eliot of Bulfinch Place Church, Boston. Mr. Eliot's message was from the text, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth light," and treated of external religion *versus* reality, forms, spirit, and the danger of formalism. The morning session opened with a devotional service, led by Rev. A. J. Culp of Brewster. Rev. Mr. Mercer, Universalist minister of Orleans, Rev. C. R. Eliot, and Rev. F. K. Gifford of Sandwich took part in the discussion following. The address of welcome was made by Mr. B. G. Bartley of Sandwich, president of the Conference. Mr. Bartley said in part, "The call of the Conference is to the great questions of the hour, and only by answering this call can the Conference be effective." Mr. Bartley paid tribute to Judge Freeman Lothrop of Barnstable, the first vice-president, who had died during the past year. At the business meeting it was voted unanimously that the Universalist churches on the Cape, and other churches in the towns where the Conference meets, be invited to meet with it next year. The committee on memorials reported deaths during the past year in Sandwich, Barnstable, and Brewster. The following officers were elected: president, B. G. Bartley, Sandwich; vice-presidents, F. H. Crocker of Barnstable and F. H. Perry of Brewster; secretary-treasurer, F. K. Gifford of Sandwich. It was voted unanimously to send a note of greeting and sympathy to Rev. John Snyder of Nantucket, with appreciation of the interest he has shown in the Conference. After a generous luncheon and a social hour, the afternoon session opened with an address by Rev. W. W. Locke, head-resident of the Civic Service House, Boston, on "Social Settlements and the New Americans." The social settlements are taking up the work abandoned by the churches, *i.e.*, for the foreign population. A recent convention of settlement workers spent a week in discussing social problems. The social settlement is a descendant of the apostolic church. The early brotherhoods and sisterhoods were filled with the same spirit, as was also John Eliot's work among the Indians. The North End of Boston is of very mixed population, comprising twenty-five nationalities. The Civic Service House aims to foster the spirit of brotherhood among these people. It conducts clubs, kindergarten and other classes, a night-school, etc., and brings them all together on a basis of non-sectarianism and non-partisanship. Its motto might be, "From steerage to citizenship." The very noticeable thing about these people is their eagerness for education. The following half-hour was given over to questioning the speaker. The Alliance session followed. Mrs. Culp, president of the branch, presided. Reports from the branches were read. The address was given by Miss Anna M. Bancroft of Hopedale, president of the National Alliance, on "Some Phases of Alliance Work." Miss Bancroft said: "Man was changed to men that they might help each other. This is a restless age, when every man who does nothing to help his fellow-man feels himself a moral pauper. The Alliance members should stand for their church. One of the things they should oppose is the staying-at-home habit." The Conference closed with a vote of thanks to the Brewster church and Alliance, and to the speakers who had given such inspiring addresses. F. K. Gifford, Secretary.

Churches.

Lincoln, Mass.—Unitarian Congregational Society: Services will be held every Sunday at 3.30 P.M., from June to September. The July calendar announces the following preachers: July 5, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., of Roxbury; July 12, Rev. Robert F. Leavens of Fitchburg; July 19, Rev. Edward Hale of Chestnut Hill; July 26, Rev. Harry Lutz of Newton.

San Diego, Cal.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Howard B. Bard: Mr. Bulgin, a revivalist of the old type, held services in a specially built tabernacle here for five weeks recently, and was listened to with great interest by large audiences. Mr. Bard, through the newspapers and from his pulpit, called attention to the antiquated theology of the evangelist, emphasizing the purely selfish motives of the salvation he preached. The interviews and sermons were fully reported in the papers and attracted considerable attention. Many letters of endorsement of Mr. Bard's position followed, and interest in the liberal faith he represents was quickened. Since the religious agitation sixty new families

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1871. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 583 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

have been added to the church during the last month. Interest in the sermons dealing with the liberal interpretation of Christianity as preached by Mr. Bard has been widespread.

UXBRIDGE, MASS.—The First Parish, Rev. A. N. Foster: The Unitarian Alliance held a garden-party on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, June 24, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wheelock. The spacious lawn was decorated with myriads of electric lights and Japanese lanterns, and the illumination was seen for a distance of several miles, and the scene was marked by the townspeople as one of rare beauty. In the afternoon, children's games were offered, and from five to seven o'clock the ladies served supper on the lawn. The entertainment of the evening was given by the dancing class of Mrs. G. W. Knowlton, Jr., of West Upton, with Mrs. Isabel Chaffin of Worcester at the piano. Mrs. D. H. Reese of Uxbridge sang. Some four hundred people enjoyed the occasion. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. G. W. Smith, Mrs. A. N. Foster, and Mrs. S. F. Scott. Arrangements are being made for extensive repairs to the church building during the summer, including painting both interior and exterior.

WHEELING, W. VA.—The First Unitarian Church, Rev. Howard A. Pease: The church held its last services for the summer in the Board of Trade assembly room, Sunday, June 28. When the church re-opens again, September 20, it will be in a handsome new house of worship, to be dedicated free from debt. Arrangements for the dedicatory exercises have not been completed, but they will probably be held about the middle of October, and will be made more impressive by the presence of President Samuel A. Eliot of the American Unitarian Association. Mr. Pease, who has been a power for liberal religion in this community, will spend the vacation months preaching to the congregation of the Unitarian church of Germantown, Pa.

Personals.

Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs of Hyde Park has accepted the invitation of the First Parish, Medford, to be its minister, and will enter upon his duties the second Sunday of September.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$1,076.50
June	2. Society in North Easton, Mass.	50.00
	2. Church of the Unity, Worcester, Mass.	6.00
	4. Society in Cohasset, Mass.	4.93
	8. Society in Seattle, Wash.	10.00
	10. Second Society, Brooklyn, N.Y.	149.80
	16. Second Society, Worcester, Mass.	22.00
	18. Mrs. Frederic F. Durand, Maplewood, N.J.	100.00
	20. Society in North Andover, Mass.	5.00
	22. Through the President, for the Tuckerman School, and the Students' Home,	4,985.00
	23. Society in Groton, Mass.	5.00
	30. Associate members	12.00

ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

June	18. Society in Concord, N.H.	36.00
	18. Sunday School, Concord, N.H.	28.73

RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

June	2. Manchester, N.H., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
	2. Berkeley, Cal., Branch Women's Alliance	10.00
	5. Wellesley Hills, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	5.00
	13. Portland, Ore., Branch Women's Alliance	$5.00
	15. Sunday School, Manchester, N.H.	10.00
	29. Sunday School, Brighton, Mass.	10.00
	30. Sunday School and Society, Petersham, Mass.	32.87
		$6,553.83

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

In Modern Industry.

Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Crowds," "Inspired Millionaires," and other books preaching a robust faith in the hurly-burly of this century, is writing a weekly page in the New York *Sunday World*. In his initial article, Mr. Lee writes of a visit to Cleveland, where he was most impressed by a suspender button on a pincushion in room 802 in the Hotel Statler. With the button was a threaded needle. This might have seemed trivial, perhaps, had not one of Mr. Lee's own buttons popped off the next morning. Then it was that he realized the beneficence of that threaded needle, that extra button, and thanked the matron of the Hotel Statler, who made a skyscraper seem as home-like as a cottage.

In this way Mr. Lee introduces a little discussion of the womanly touch in modern industry. Labor and Capital, he says, have blundered into nearly everything that is the matter with them to-day because the things any woman would think of have been passed over.

"There's the New York, New Haven and Hartford road, for instance—the directors all looking askance at the managers, the towns on the road all wishing they were off of it, the trainmen all wishing they were on some other road, and the trains all wishing they were on some other track—and trying to get there—all because men cannot understand each other, oil each other, and work with each other.

"It may be a rather informal way to speak of a great corporation, but what the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad needs to-day, as it looks from Mount Tom, is some one to sew on its suspender buttons."

Here and There.

The State of Pennsylvania celebrates two arbor days each year,—one for spring planting and one for the fall,—in April and October, respectively.

It is a well-known fact that wireless-telegraph signals are transmitted more readily by night than by day. Recent investigations also show that a cloudy day favors both sending and receiving, that rain somewhat lessens the strength of the signals, and that certain winds, even, may have considerable influence on their intensity.

The settlement and development of the West does not appear to have greatly reduced the number of animals which prey upon domestic live-stock, and the loss from that source alone runs into the millions of dollars each year. Within the forests, however, the number of domestic animals killed has been appreciably reduced by the officers of the service. During the past eight years forest officers have killed over thirty-five thousand predatory animals.

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis O. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D.D., Roslindale, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 165 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents, Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Boston, Mass.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. William C. Brown, Boston, Mass.; Rev. George H. Badger, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, John Mason Little, Boston, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal., Mr. Cyril H. Burdett, New York City.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. W. M. Brundage, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Percy Dawson, Rev. E. S. Wiers, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. Arthur Weatherly, Rev. E. A. Rumball, Rev. A. H. Robinson, Rev. Horace Westwood, and Rev. George H. Badger.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Marian Dudley Richards, 247 Fisher Avenue, Brookline, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"I hear there is going to be a Congressional inquiry into Backmay's business." "I had no idea he was so prosperous as that." *Life.*

"I guess it is nothing more than an idle rumor." "Idle? I guess not. It is the busiest old rumor that ever happened."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobby?" asked his uncle. "I'd like to tell you," answered Bobby, modestly, "only papa says I must not boast."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Don't tell me," cried Mrs. Twickembury, "that the tire's punctuated." "Yes, my dear," groaned her husband, "and what's more, we've come to a full stop, for I haven't another with me."

Dear Old Lady: "My good man, what on earth are you doing on my lawn?". Crafty Old Fraud: "Bless yer, kind lady! I'm that 'ungry I got to eat grass." Dear Old Lady: "If you go round to the back you'll find the grass grows much longer and thicker there." *Punch.*

The other day a young woman teacher took eight of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History. "Well, my boy, where did you go with your teacher this afternoon?" asked the mother of one of them on his return. With joyous promptness, he answered, "She took us to a dead circus."

"Your husband has been ill," said the caller. "Yes," replied the little, worried-looking woman, "he has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him." "Is his condition critical?" "It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh: "its abusive."—*Occident.*

A mother entered the nursery, where the children were screaming, and exclaimed, "Why, children, what are you crying for?" "I wanna dink!" demanded small Bobby. "Well, I'll get you a drink. Elsie, what are you crying for?" "You didn't seem to hear Bobby, Mamma," said Elsie, "so I was helping him cry."

"When I can't sleep at night," said she, "I say to my husband, 'Oh, read me one of my dear minister's sermons!' And he has not read five minutes when I am sound asleep!" The "dear minister" said, of course, that he was delighted to hear it; although it was not wholly for that purpose the sermons were published.

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scotch regarding their private affairs was once told by Ian Maclaren. A train was at a railroad station, when a porter put his head into a car, and called out: "Any one in this car for Doun? Change for Doun? Any one for Doun?" No one moved; and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotch woman turned to a lady sitting near her, and said, "I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so."

The following incident was reported over twenty years ago to the South Middlesex Conference by its president, Hon John C. Park. While waiting for the train at Newton, a delegate requested an Irishman to explain why the vane on a neighboring Unitarian church pointed due north, and that on the orthodox church pointed in the exactly opposite and proper direction. His verdict was prompt and brief: "Arrah, it's for want of grace." The listeners were unable to decide whether it was a case of mispronunciation or of sarcasm.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Library of the University of

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 29 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 673
Obstacles Removed 674
Religion and Democracy 675

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Literature of the Name 676

CURRENT TOPICS 677

BREVITIES 678

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Spirit of Paganism; Orthodox Hymnology . . . 679

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
A Divided Church, by E. P. Powell 679
Communism in Puritan Days; Pastures Fair and Large, by Ellen Burns Sherman 680
To Fulfilment 685
Rules of Warfare 686
Religious Work at State Universities, II., by J. T. Sunderland 690
Reaching the Child; Foreign Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 691
The Massachusetts Federation of Churches; A Hero, by Lyman Ward 692
Cities and Social Service; Summer Meetings at Andover, 693
Summer Services in Lynn; Summer Services in New York 694
Lend-a-Hand Outings; A Word about Salem; An Offer; In Hancock County, Maine; A Dry Niagara . . 695

THE PULPIT.
The Essential Greatness of Man, by Rev. Richard Wilson Boynton 683

SPIRITUAL LIFE 685

LITERATURE.
Books 686
Magazines 687

THE HOME.
What Happened to Jacky, by Rachel Lee Grinnell; Phyllis's First Letter; The Quarrel Cure 688
The French Doll's Decision; A Wonderful Nest . . . 689

POETRY.
Youth 679
Service 683
Twilight, by Alys Ingraham 686
A Bedtime Thought, by Oliver Penmark 688

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Summer Opportunities 694

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 694

HERE AND THERE 695

PLEASANTRIES 696

Editorial.

THE abolition of sectarianism is a matter of disposition more than of organization. It arises from personal feeling, not from the irreducible irregularities of opinion. Church unity is generally pursued along the line of selection of a doctrine on which all are agreed, or of elimination of all doctrines on which people differ, or of the choice of some aim or activity outside doctrines which will draw together those whose opinions in religion separate. It is plain why it is never realized. A doctrine on which all are agreed is not likely to be one which any one considers the most important: the elimination of all beliefs on which people differ would leave something very like a blank. The agreement brought about by some other pursuit does not, by its own terms, affect matters at issue, and is not, therefore, church unity. The only sufficient policy of church unity is one of courtesy, friendly association without reference to beliefs, united action on every matter in which such action is natural and undisputed, —in fact, just the kind of unity people find useful in their personal intercourse. Relations of friendly dealing, of comity between organizations, do not require any reference to deciding what is believed in common. Separate beliefs are not thought to be compromised or affected in the least by such exhibition of good manners. Why should they be considered with reference to church unity? In fact, the unity most Christian, most in accord with what is of the same essence in every religion, would be the unity of brotherly love. Why not try more of it on that basis alone?

JOHN BURNS'S characterization of the Thames is an explanation why travellers will forever turn abroad, in spite of all praises of American scenery and exhortations to see their own country first. "Do you know what that brown river is, sir? It's liquid history." It is the human quality of scenery that gives the greatest fascination and charm. The Scotch lakes are no more beautiful than the Ausable lakes, but they had a Scott to write about them. Many a lake region is as lovely as that of Windermere, but never had a Wordsworth live in it. The glories of the Canadian Rockies no one will dispute, but to have the choice between them and Switzerland is to leave no room for choice. The Alps tell great stories, and add to their unrivalled composition the interest of centuries. Toiling over Swiss passes, one has the company of Cæsar's troops, and hears Napoleon's armies coming

Digitized by Google

up the road. We know the same thing in America. Regions connected with literature and history will always receive the tribute of pilgrimages, while those of grandeur are gazed on by mere tourists. "Liquid history," truly, is many a river of the world; and what gives the unexplored rivers their fascination for travellers is a kind of potential history, the prophetic quality in them telling of mighty states as likely one day to rise on their banks as others were before the Euphrates, the Rhine, the Seine, the Mississippi, suckled empires. In lands where we trace our origins the very earth is vocal, and the long course of centuries becomes visible, unrolling a human cinematograph before the seeing eye.

In China, we are told, exorcising charms are written by mandarins in red ink. Hence people make use of old pencils and bits of manuscripts of school-boys in the belief that demons are intimidated by prospective graduates and mandarins as much as by the regular dignitaries. Not so absurd. The way parents look on their children at their first graduations, and the comfort they take in their promise, is of the same spirit. We are forever looking at those who come after us as at those among whom may be some the latchet of whose shoes we are unworthy to loose. If we were to enter into the poetic significance of the Chinese way, we should say that, of the two, the prospective mandarins and graduates were more likely to have a charm in their work than the seasoned veterans. He was a wise teacher who saluted his class because there might be no one knew what rulers, philosophers, and great men among its members.

Some crazy psychology was recently put on exhibition in the *Christian Register;* now we add a bit of eccentric criticism. As reported, let us hope not correctly, a speaker at the Baptist convention recently held in Boston said, with answering applause: "I do not wish to be understood as opposing higher criticism. If the Bible can't stand investigation, let it be buried. I have no objection to the brethren who investigate it. I know of no more impotent pastime. For a hundred years the higher critics have been at work, and what is the result? It [*sic*] has not removed a single book; it has not changed a chapter; it has not rattled out a verse; it has not rattled loose a single word." Is it possible that the author of this extraordinary statement has never read the revised edition of the New Testament? Doesn't he know that the "Three Heavenly Witnesses" have been shaken out of the record, that the last part of the Gospel of Mark has been shaken loose, and that numerous other changes have been made? The speaker did not come from the backwoods, but from the wide-awake city Minneapolis. It was an astonishing performance.

That curious subtleties in speculation about the nature of Jesus are not all mediæval is shown in an article in the *Hibbert Journal* on the Twentieth Century Christ. The moderns are not behind their grandfathers in the niceties of definition. The significant thing, however, is the trend toward the humanitarian Jesus, described by the author, a Princeton professor. "The characterizing feature," he says, "of recent theories of the person of Christ is that they are all humanitarian. . . . Only the Messianic and the Prophetic are living theories to-day; and both of these give us merely a man Jesus. . . . We may conceive of Jesus as the God-endowed man, or as the God-discovering man. In the former case we may see in Him God reaching down to man, to do him good: in the latter, man reaching up to God, seeking good. Between these two conceptions we may take our choice: beyond them 'modern thought' will not let us go." This result to the author is not acceptable, and to the objection that the union of God and man in one person is an incomprehensible mystery, he replies that nevertheless it is a mystery which, if it cannot be itself explained, yet explains. "Without it everything else is a mystery." He sees in the effects wrought by Jesus "an absolute bar to all humanitarian theories of His Person." To us, the same may be said of human nature in many of its manifestations. We do not believe in "mere man" anywhere. The effects wrought by Jesus need careful and discriminating examination. The effects wrought by many other persons beggar a merely humanitarian notion of humanity. The mystery which explains mystery best is the mystery of the union of body and spirit in every man born into the world.

A discussion is a good opportunity for the observer of character to make generalizations. The psychologist could find a good many questions worthy investigation, such as why very intelligent people so easily get into confusion in regard to very simple matters, why very able men will succeed in stating a plain question so as to produce such confusion, why honorable persons will use methods towards others in debate which would make personal intercourse impossible in the ordinary relations of life, why tricks are openly resorted to which are transparent, and why comparison of views and presentation of reasons generally leave participants just where they were at the beginning. In almost every case a vote taken at the opening would show precisely the same division of judgment as does the vote taken at the end of a meeting. Discussions seem to be mainly a way of showing where people stand, and not a method of persuading them to stand anywhere else. At least, the results point to this as the main result of discussion. People learn more about each other, but do not learn much from each other.

Obstacles Removed.

We have come to a time when it is possible to count some of the negative gains of progress without incurring odium, for in matters doctrinal even those who a generation ago dreaded and deprecated assaults on ancient dogmas are now glad to have them openly put away and forever discarded from the working-tools of earnest thinkers. If we compare to-day the contents of theological magazines in that ancient time, just before the Civil War, with those that issue to-day from the seats of theological learning, an amazing gulf is revealed between their orthodoxy and the doctrines now shaping themselves. Statements then current concerning God, man, duty, and destiny are not recognized now. It is a common experience for an elderly person, say, a liberal thinker, to repeat to some young orthodox church member, as a matter of course, some doctrine concerning human depravity and future punishment, and to hear the reply, "I never heard such things taught or preached."

Total depravity, eternal punishment, vicarious atonement, and the teaching that certain beliefs are essential to salvation have passed out of the consciousness of the younger generation because they have been put aside by the elders. The reason for the passing of such doctrines is not the one commonly given. Dr. James Freeman Clarke said truly that odious doctrines did not pass away because they were disproved, but because they were outlived. One cause of the great changes that have

Digitized by Google

taken place was the religious experience of men and women at the time of the Civil War. The creed of the dying soldier was, "I did my duty." The chaplain or other religious teacher who refused to accept that plea when made by the wrecks to whom he ministered on the field of battle, soon found that his talk about being "saved by the blood of Christ" fell upon deaf ears.

When an orthodox chaplain was asked if he insisted in the field, as he had been accustomed to insist in his church, upon evidences of conversion, he replied somewhat sadly, "Oh, we cannot do here as we would at home." He was sad, but before the solemn majesty of souls face to face with the Eternal he did not dare to deny the dying soldier's claim. The effect of this experience was far-reaching and profound. During that war old-fashioned orthodoxy received its death-wound, and did not know it. A somewhat undignified but effective parallel may be found in the story of the Eastern executioner who prided himself upon his swordsmanship. A victim was bound and placed before him. With resolute air the man who awaited death faced the executioner. There was a flash in the air. Then the man who was about to die said, "Well, why don't you strike?" The executioner gave him a pinch of snuff, he sneezed, and his head came off. That was the predicament of the old system of doctrine. It was dead and did not know it, and has only just come to a demonstration of that fact.

The change has been so effective and thoroughgoing that there are now whole classes of schools, magazines, and weekly journals, included within the federation of churches, where a reader would look in vain from one year's end to another for any statement or argument in favor of the belief in the personal second coming of Christ, an eternal hell, a devil who was once a happy angel in heaven, a millennium during which Satan should be bound, and many allied beliefs that only fifty years ago were commonplaces of orthodox belief. The extreme positions of the Second Adventists made the public advocacy of the personal second coming of Christ and his reign upon the earth a subject to be avoided by churchmen, but the doctrine was held and cautiously proclaimed until by disuse it suffered atrophy and disappeared.

We seem to be talking about things that never existed, and yet in 1859, when Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, they were a part of the accepted order of things. They have vanished, but it has been only after struggle and conflict that has broken many a heart and that has waited for a generation to pass away and the vigorous forces of younger life to bring new things to pass. What is the result? Has the change been worth what it has cost? The answer to any one who can read the signs of the times is evident enough. Old things have passed away, and, behold, all things have become new. Newness of life, freshness of hope, a great desire to explore a real world and a glorious universe, have made religion desirable and theological science an exhilarating study.

We know almost nothing about life and the multitudinous forces that play upon it, but the difference between the old time and the new is amazing. Among things banished is fear of the unknown, dread of looking too closely into the secrets of the divine order lest haply we should commit some crime against the Holy Ghost and be condemned for analyzing the decrees of the Almighty. Now the way is open for all honest seekers after truth, and the results of exploration are rich rewards, such as fire the imagination of heroic souls and make of life a continuous revelation of goodness and mercy at the heart of things.

We see now in the universe infinite energy, everlasting progress, a wonderful book of Genesis in which we read the unfolding record of an endless creation, and, among all the wonders of the visible world and a physical system and framework of life, a realm of mystery, the mystery of light in which dwells the source of life, a mystery from which proceeds the evidences of that moral realm and spiritual kingdom in which we live and move and have our being. Justice, mercy, pity, love, truth, and all the beautiful galaxy of virtues attest themselves as realities as real as any that are revealed to the philosopher by the methods of physical research.

We have lost the fears and forebodings that accompanied the belief in a sin-cursed race, an exclusive heaven, a fiery hell, and a day of doom; and we have gained an outlook into infinity and hopes that range through eternity. Even the churches that have witnessed the destruction of their dearest systems are beginning to rejoice in their new freedom. G. B.

Religion and Democracy.

Democracy is the inevitable result of religion. Organized according to the forms of government prevailing at any one time, religion institutionalized is far from democratic, but its tendency is constantly toward the development of individual responsibility and personal relation to the Highest. It breaks through all the machinery devised for exclusive administration, and produces reform after reform, in every age and nation, expressing the primacy of the individual soul. The Church must contain democracy in order to fulfil its mission.

While at first, and still in many churches, the purpose at the heart of religious institutions appears to be the training of a spiritual *élite*, from which the great mass of humanity could acquire the skill to accomplish salvation, the transition to religious democracy makes a chapter in the story of every religion full of interest and encouragement. Egypt has it in the Osiris faith, which Breasted calls "a triumph of popular faith among all classes of society, a triumph which not even the court and the nobles were able to resist"; India has it in the transition through Brahminical speculation, which Oldenburg says "prepared the way for a conception of a deliverance in which man delivers himself"; the Old Testament shows it in the rise of the higher prophets, who asserted moral judgment against professional necromancy, and changed the meaning of prophecy; the bold Micaiah, who suffered imprisonment and beating rather than stifle his conscience and yield to the professional prophets; Amos, the uncouth herdsman who dared to face the men of the great city, scorn their luxury, repudiate their sacramentalism, and expose their corruption; Isaiah, who, though an aristocrat, declared that the Lord God had given him the tongue of the learned that he might speak a word in season to him that is weary, and insisted that the loftiness of men should be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men be brought low,—all such men were heralds of democracy.

Such influence cannot be exaggerated nor its significance overestimated. Men accustomed to such thoughts in their worship will be the first to enact similar principles in government. When we reckon the influences of the teaching of Jesus in this direction, and consider the connection of Christianity with democracy, the declaration, "The kings of the Gentiles have lordship over them, and they that have authority over them are called Benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve,"—this becomes a definition of democratic principle as well for government as for religion. Because religion has to do with the things which are always, everywhere, and for every one, with a learning higher than mere learning, within equal reach of

Digitized by Google

rich and poor, erudite and ignorant, pharisees and sinners, it presents privileges which make all the symbols of royal prerogative and proud lineage fade into tawdriness.

But this does not mean that distinctions are done away. We have no sanction for cheap and empty equality in religious democracy, though its language is often used indiscriminately for things that are incompatible with any lasting democracy or any deep religion. It was never supposed that men were born wholly equal. An equality was in their birth, but it did not guarantee to all an entire and everlasting possession of that or of any equality. As one star differeth from another star in glory, so the differences that are manifest among men are of the essence of things, and not accidental. Religion does not, in relying on a response in all men, declare that there are no differences; it declares that they make no difference where the possibilities of character are concerned. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." In these words Jesus recognized limitations and gradations in the very affirming of the spiritual realities running through them. Good will, righteousness, and justice do not abolish any distinctions rooted in genuine variations as to intellect and character. They make a common appeal which reaches into varieties of human condition not reached by any other appeal.

Democracies are sometimes compared with aristocracies, as though all privileges become neutralized under democracy so that masses and classes vanish. The inviting time encourages this fallacy in flattering unctions to the people that they are to be the judges of last resort in all matters, low or high. Indians who strike oil in Oklahoma buy pianos which no one can play. Other people buy pianos which play themselves, and thus music and muscle are thought to be free and equal. We even hear men arguing for the rights and honors of one or another kind of aristocracy on the assumption that democracy means the denial of any such dignities and the removal of all doors to privilege. So far from meaning this, democracy furnishes a means by which such differences may be more accurately and generally ascertained. This is its great service,—not the erasing of distinctions, but their presentation and testing. Not that mediocrity is to be abolished, but that every one shall have a fair and full chance to show where he belongs or is capable of belonging, is the creed of democracy. What the aristocracies are on trial for is not their assertion of superiorities, but their smug presumption that theirs are all there are, that they hold the key to them, and that he is an upstart who aspires to enter the line, or who demands as much encouragement for redeeming his mediocrity as he receives who gets out of it. There is something in the contention for equality that the word "equality" does not quite do justice to. It arises out of the instinct that there are values in which men stand a like chance of excelling, and which are held as none others are within common reach. These qualities, religion says, make for democracy an undeniable claim. They furnish and prepare the best material for a democracy. When religion selected a portion, and that the largest, for eternal condemnation, there was little aid and comfort for a democracy. Preparing for a highly privileged heaven is not an encouragement for general well-being on earth. But now that such doctrines have largely given way to more generous faiths, and the men lowest down receive more attention than those who choose the chief seats in the synagogue, we may claim for religion the greatest possibility of service in a democracy. It condemns those attitudes which obstruct and neutralize hope. It attacks not the aristocracies produced by worth and demonstrated in value, but the aristocracies of self-esteem and arrogance and complacency. It reminds presumption of the rock from which it was hewn and the pit whence it was digged, and bids it fear the treachery of forswearing its origin. It sees in modern forms and under the disguise of brilliant persuasions the same spirit of pretension which once put students in the catalogue of Harvard University in the order of their social rank, and led John Adams to say that "the rich, the well-born, and the able should be set apart from other men in the Senate." It insists that the supremacy of a man in any field offers no presumption that his field is supreme, and bids him to take the lesson of the psychologist, who shows how a man may be the wisest of his kind in one department and at the same time the most foolish in many others.

Religion offers those values which redeem mediocrity and humble pride. It stands alone in approaching human nature through those feelings to which the greatest number of men can respond, and in offering verities within the reach of the ignorant and not to be purchased by any sort of wealth not exchangeable for righteousness. It thanks the Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that he has hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. What is didactic, what is prudent, what is expedient, what is true and good and beautiful, religion takes each at its value, but it takes them where neither can go of itself, into the inner places of the spirit, so that none are so poor as to be shut out of their blessing, none so mean as not to feel reverence for them. It is written that he fashioneth their hearts alike; and religion is the true seed of democracy because it brings that which dignifies the common heart of man and reveals that in which alone all men become one. Not pretending nor seeking to abolish inequalities, religion establishes a spiritual kingdom in which they are absorbed; and until democracy becomes rooted in character it can never become successful as government.

American Unitarian Association.

The Literature of the Name.

But for the name "Unitarian" we should never have had these fine letters in the *Christian Register*, and not a few most excellent sermons, setting forth what our cause represents in the minds and hearts of the brethren and sistren. With possibly a single minor exception, too, this discussion of our name is a model of what a discussion within a household of faith ought to be. It has been conducted practically without rancor, without personal allusions and vicious reflections upon sincerity of motive. Whatever may be the final outcome it will be gain, for there never can be any detriment or loss where loyalty is made to speak and where generosity of sentiment is stirred to full expression. Surely, in after years it will be a source of much satisfaction to remember that this subject was not forced upon our denomination in America by the recalcitrant action of any name-haunted division or subdivision of our body; but was considered in an orderly and properly authorized manner, at a time when it could be debated without passionate prejudice and uncharitable judgment.

There are two or three points, however, which the excellent communications in the *Christian Register* have not quite fully taken account of, but which are vital to a just and comprehensive treatment of the situation. To these I want to call attention.

1. The proposition made by Dr. Crothers at the annual meeting of the Association was that a competent Commission be appointed to consider and report upon the subject. Let us have as complete an expression of

Digitized by Google

personal opinion as possible concerning the Unitarian name, but let us not bar and bolt the chambers of our personal judgment prematurely. Of course, no Commission can *authorize* any decree concerning this matter, and it will not be appointed for that purpose. It can, however, give our entire body a summary of the arguments *pro* and *con*, both within and outside of New England; and perhaps it can assist us all in catching a glimpse of wider and higher issues than we have as yet taken into the account. Let us hold our individual verdicts in abeyance until we learn whether the proposed Commission shall call our attention to factors not yet appreciated in our denominational experience. Surely, the good sense, the mutual sympathy, and the patience of Unitarians everywhere can be trusted to reach, finally, the right conclusion, whatever that conclusion may be.

II. Let us not forget the initial proposal. That proposal did not contemplate the extinction of the name "Unitarian." No one could be so foolish as to suppose the name "Unitarian" could be "abolished," or "abandoned," or effaced from the corporate titles of established organizations, or changed for some other name where funds and legal obligations are involved. Such a purpose would be as quixotic as it would be unnecessary. We may say at the very start that any attempt to put the name "Unitarian" out of commission where now it is used legally, historically, or biographically would entitle the promoter of such an enterprise to the hospitable consideration of the overseers of some asylum for the mentally incompetent.

III. In the third place, let us be receptive of any measure that will contribute to our efficiency. Our cause is greater than our personal prejudices, or our sentiments, or our individual preferences, or our fear of Mrs. Grundy. If it is not, we have no future worth having as a religious influence. It matters less that we always remain as we have been, and always do as we have done, than that we rise to the demands of the world-wide opportunities that confront the Christian world in general; but which, in a new and peculiar sense, confront those who have become utterly emancipated from dogmatic theological limitations. The name "Unitarian," doubtless, can serve our cause in the future as it has in the past, and as it is doing in the present. I find myself saying "Amen" to nearly every plea in its behalf which has appeared in the current "literature of the name." But are we to be content to have no greater future than our present, or our denominational past? Is it possible that Unitarians are not aware of the stirrings of a new life among all the denominations of Protestantism? Do they not realize how the wine of international and universal sympathy is working among the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the Congregationalists, causing them to raise more money and send more men and do more work than ever before in behalf of the kingdom of God? And is it possible that Unitarians do not realize that committed to them in a peculiar sense is the wonderful mission of establishing relations of sympathy (rather than of assumed superiority) with the leaders of religious thought and progress throughout the world? It is our little body that can go out among the ethnic faiths of the world, not to convert but to confer, not to proselyte but to propound religion as an "everlasting reality" and in its name to announce the brotherhood of man (whether Christians or Buddhists or Mohammedans) and the Fatherhood of God, irrespective of the tongue that utters his name.

If, in the judgment of the proposed Commission, we can promote elemental religion along the new avenues of expression thus opened to us and do it adequately under the name "Unitarian," then let us expand it and enlarge it until it shall hold the possiblities of a future greater than any past we have known. If we can, with the name "Unitarian," educate and inspire our own people until they shall catch the larger vision and do the greater work, then let us unite to give it new meanings and more effective power.

But if the Commission can come to us with a name that we can use in addition to the name we now bear, which shall somehow keep before us the larger task to which this new world invites us both in this country and other countries, then let us accept it cordially and use it where it will do most for the general good of mankind.

One thing is certain: this question of our name (to use the expression in the July *Advance*) "is not worth quarrelling about." Nothing is worth quarrelling about; nothing worth while can be gained by quarrelling; but as long as the fine spirit thus far dominant in the "literature of the name" prevails we have nothing to fear.

LEWIS G. WILSON.

Current Topics.

THE bill introduced in the House of Representatives in Washington last week embodies the measure of approach toward ultimate self-government which the administration contemplates for the present under the pledge imposed upon it by the party platform. The chief features of the proposed reorganization of the government of the archipelago are the enlargement of the powers of the governor-general, the abolition of the Philippines commission, and the substitution therefor of a Senate. The membership of the Senate, owing to the conditions in several of the provinces, shall be of two classes, the bill provides. The first class, representing the provinces classified as Christian, shall be elected, and those to represent the Mohammedan and other non-Christian provinces shall be appointed by the governor-general. It is expected that Congress will take final action on this important measure at the next session, if not at the present. The bill was prepared after consultation with Señor Quezon, the Philippines delegate to Congress, and is believed to present the views of the moderate Filipinos.

AN interesting plan for the maintenance of peace among nations is said to be in contemplation by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, the three republics which took the initiative in the recent negotiation of a settlement between the United States and Mexico. The project, in brief, provides for a tripartite agreement among these powers, under which a general disarmament will be put into effect, and all disputes among them shall be submitted to arbitration. In accordance with the new spirit of peaceful settlement of all controversies, each of the countries involved in the alliance will not only suspend all naval construction, but will actually dispose of whatever sea-armament it now possesses. Thus the triple alliance of the New World will be based upon suasion, unlike the old Triple Alliance, which relies upon bayonets for the perpetuation of the principles for which it stands. An official announcement of the "A. B. C." agreement is expected before the summer is over. The negotiations are said to be in the process of completion. This grouping of powers is believed to have had its inception in the negotiations concerning Mexico.

THE taking of the city of Guadalajara, capital of the state of Jalisco, and the largest town in Mexico outside of the capital, by Gen. Alvaro Obregon, last week, was

Digitized by Google

another severe blow to the dictator, Huerta, and gave color to the insistent predictions that he would soon abandon his office and eliminate himself entirely from the political situation. Obregon's success also introduced a new element of discord in the ranks of the Constitutionalists, as he emerged from the engagement a rival to Gen. Villa, victor of Zacatecas, in point of military prowess and potential influence in the councils of the rebel leaders. Another element that is further complicating the situation within the Constitutionalist party, uniformly victorious in the field, is the attitude of Zapata, master of Morelos, who has recently intimated his intention not to treat with the victor in any fractional war now in progress or to come, but to settle the problem of the distracted republic in his own way, unless the state of Morelos is given over to him and his friends in the final distribution of favors.

The proverbial thrift of the French people became an international object-lesson last week, when the bids for the French internal loan of $161,000,000 were received. So keen was the public desire for participation in the bond issues that the loan was quickly oversubscribed more than forty times. This was a notable performance in these days when governments of the world are at their wits' ends to find money for the expenses of necessary public works; but the most astonishing part of the demonstration of patriotism was the fact that seven-eighths of the funds offered over the counter were in the form of gold or silver coin, much of which must have been freshly withdrawn from the traditional stocking, the source of the millions with which France amazed the incredulous Bismarck at the end of the Franco-Prussian War. The vast wealth of the French people, as indicated by the enormous outpouring of money for the latest loan of the republic, caused astonished and somewhat envious comments in the European press outside of France, long accustomed to deal with scarcity of money or lack of patriotism.

The apprehensions of untoward events in the course of the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne caused a general concentration of police power at the points of possible danger in Ulster last Saturday and Monday. In no case, however, did the necessity arise for the employment of force to suppress any clash of large proportions. Although the occasion passed in comparitive tranquillity, the speechmaking of the Ulsterites, including an address by Sir Edward Carson, the leader of the Covenanters, served once more to remind the Asquith cabinet that Ulster, though patient, has not abandoned the intention to oppose with force any attempt to put into effect the Home Rule Bill without satisfactory modifications in favor of the Protestant community of Ireland. A meeting of the "provisional government of Ulster," which was called on the eve of the Boyne celebration, was a sinister indication of the activities of the opponents of Home Rule in its present scope.

Turkey and Greece, pausing on the verge of what may yet develop into the third Balkan war, have decided to test the resources of arbitration in an appeal to Switzerland for the selection of an arbitrator. The question in dispute is the repatriation and indemnification of Greeks who have been expelled from Turkey, and of Ottomans who have been expelled from the Greek section of the former Turkish possessions. It was this dispute that gave significance to the recent purchase by Greece of two American battleships which were about to be discarded. The issues in controversy have been under consideration by a mixed commission, sitting at Smyrna; but so far are they from any agreement, that Greece and Turkey, by mutual consent, have invited the Swiss Republic to designate an impartial person of European authority to take up the contentions of the commissioners and help in the effort to solve the problem without the threatened recourse to arms. In the meanwhile, both countries continue their preparations for eventualities. Turkey, in response to the Greek demands, has raised the question of compensation to Ottoman subjects, thus complicating the original issue raised by Athens, with its accusations against the Turkish authorities.

The delay of the Chinese Republic in appending its signature to the agreement reached by the recent convention at Darjeeling, under which China virtually waives her claim to sovereignty over Tibet, is causing irritation at the foreign office in London. Speaking before the House of Commons last Friday, Sir Edward Grey, secretary for foreign affairs, announced that China is running a serious risk of disaster by its unwillingness to sign the treaty, and added, "There certainly will be grave trouble on the Indian frontier, which will require Great Britain to take up the subject seriously with the government of China." The agreement to which Sir Edward referred has to do with the delimitation of Outer Tibet from Inner Tibet. As in the case of Mongolia, the term "Outer" is used to designate that part of the country to which China expressly renounces all claims, and the term "Inner" to that section over which, by consent of Great Britain, the Asiatic republic maintains a shadowy authority devoid of any of the substance of actual power, civil or military.

Brevities.

That thing which inspires us is itself inspired, whether a saying, a Scripture, a book, a poem, a song, or a deed.

The Protestant churches of Japan are now said to be pretty well federated, there being one Federation of Churches, made up of Japanese Christians, and another Federation of Missions. There is a general agreement that religious education in the family and society is indispensable, but it is not to be taught in the schools.

The poster campaign against intemperance is called "long-range education." The facts and sentiments thus presented stir no feeling of resentment, and their aim is to make men think. One of the most telling of the posters is the following: "Who is the first man to be laid off, and the last man to be taken on? The man who drinks."

He must be a pessimist indeed, down to the very core of his being, who does not enjoy these marvellous days of summer weather, when "everything is upward striving" and "every clod is climbing to a soul in grass and flowers." What would our brother pessimist have that isn't his, or easily within his reach, at this flood-time of beauty, harmony, and happiness?

To hear the red-eyed vireo singing at the rate of thirty-five or more warbles a minute (as one observer can testify) all day long, stopping only to gather his insect-food, is a marvellous testimony of appreciation by this little creature for the harmony, the goodness, and the happi-

Digitized by Google

ness of sentient life. It is the utterance of thanksgiving between every mouthful of food for the joyousness of life.

We think our beliefs are our own, but if we were to examine their sources carefully we might be surprised at the result. Says a recent writer, "If we believe what we are told to believe, because we are told to believe it, we are not really believing." The educationally dogmatic pressure from the outside influences us more than we are aware.

Letters to the Editor.

The Spirit of Paganism.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In the name of the "Spirit of Paganism" (invoked by Rev. Robert S. Loring in a striking passage of his article on "Is the Orthodox Christ a Myth?" in the *Christian Register* for June 25), may I protest against the exclusive identification of that spirit with all that is most crassly superstitious, most unspiritual and external in historic Christianity? Would it not be more illuminating and more consonant with the spirit of Unitarianism to recognize not merely the descent of Christian ritual and dogma from Oriental cult, but also to the fullest extent the immeasurable debt of our religion on the moral and spiritual side to the profoundly ethical and social thinking of the ancient mind? Nowhere, in fact, can a closer parallel be found to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount than in the pagan pages of Plato.

A HELLENIST.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Orthodox Hymnology.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The funeral services of the late lamented Silvester Horne of London has started something of a controversy over the inappropriateness of orthodox hymnology. The fact that there is scarcely a hymn in the old hymnology which voices the Christian's feeling as he stands beside the bier has been brought home with unusual force. As might well be expected, Dr. Garrett Horder has had something to say. I quote in part what Dr. Horder has written:—

"Rev. William Hall, M.A., has called my attention to the poem called 'Good Night.' Certainly, its closing verses are in striking contrast to 'Now the laborer's task is o'er,' with its idea of the life to come as a sleep till a far-off day of assize. It is surely far nearer the reality of the life beyond than all the hymns which strike the sleep-note. While hymns which strike the awake-note are at hand,—such as 'We cannot think of them as dead,' by F. L. Hosmer; 'It singeth low in every heart,' by J. W. Chadwick; 'Earth with its dark and dreadful ills,' by Alice Cary; 'I long for household voices gone,' by J. G. Whittier; 'When for me the silent oar,' by Lucy Larcom, and many others of a like spirit, it seems nothing less than foolish to ask congregations to sing of death as a long sleep when from the pulpits of those very congregations the opposite idea of death as but a brief passage to life is now preached."

It is surely worth noting that the hymns which Dr. Horder refers to as being the best for such an event are mostly from Unitarian sources. This is a most interesting commentary on the fact that so many of the "spiritually minded" insist that Unitarianism has no message in the hour of death.

CHARLES GRAVES.

ALBANY, N.Y.

Youth.

You hear Youth laughing down green budding aisles,
  You glimpse her dancing limbs, her hair of gold,
The care-free, sweet defiance of her smiles:
  For you are old.

But I can see her eyes gray with alarm,
  Misty with longings that can find no tongue,
The hooded Future clutching at her arm:
  For I am young.

—*Theresa Helburn, in the Century.*

A Divided Church.

BY REV. E. P. POWELL.

Having a brief vacation, we found it convenient to spend it in a good-sized New England village. There were four Protestant churches in town; and we concluded to take them by turn, and find out if there was a common gospel preached, or four different sorts of gospel. In the first church that we attended, the stalwart young preacher, who had been a devotee of athletics, was good to look at, but, after listening to him patiently and sincerely, we concluded that he had gone into the ministry as a profession, not knowing much what he believed, nor very much caring about it. In his sermon was a mixture of doctrines so far outlived as to be harmless, while in his prayer he tried to convince God that it was his divine duty to do certain things in the way of converting people from the error of their ways. We recalled what Prof. Bailey once said, that every student should wind up his studies by taking a course in some agricultural college. It would have done this preacher immense good to have had a Sunday morning stroll with Jesus Christ in a garden. He ought to have heard one of those little discourses on lilies and grasses that were given to the disciples. A catbird came near the church window, and poured out a soul full of song and bird faith and joy. There outside was saving faith, picking up crumbs and seeds for her little family; but inside there was a lack of faith, foreseeing nothing beautiful for the whole family of man,—only praying for help.

The next church we attended was a chapel set back among the shrubs and trees, and as we approached it we saw a good deal of hand-shaking, while pleasant conversation occupied the crowd that surrounded the door. There certainly was here the spirit of good-will,—what we like to call fellowship. It was called The People's Church, and the people understood that they owned it; at least they owned the preliminary services. There was nothing costly about the chapel, and the music that we enjoyed was of our own making. The result was not artistic, but it was heartful. It was not until the preacher took his place in the pulpit that we felt at all disturbed. He was a man of narrow culture, bred in extreme Calvinism, and sincerely believing that any one who did not see and believe with him could not have salvation. He was the incarnation of certainty. It compelled the writer to recall the published assertion of Dr. Marshall, that God would damn Emerson in the next life, and with him Theodore Parker. We were not surprised after church to hear a common-looking laborer grumble, "Well, let him have his old heaven to himself! It would spoil heaven for me to be so stingy with it."

The third church was the largest in town. It had a fairly good attendance, with a full set of ushers. All these were polite, but we would as soon have a polite invitation to a seat in an ice-box as to be sandwiched among refrigerated worshippers in a costly edifice. The minister himself was a delicate icicle. He gave his message

Digitized by Google

to sinners as if he had no feeling on the subject whatever. He had become part of a theological "system," what we used to call "a scheme of salvation." When the service was ended the people arose decorously and left the house, without emotion. They had fulfilled a duty; that is, they had gone to church, and were now going home again. Eminent respectability characterized this organization. What it wanted was heat, something to fuse them together.

In our fourth church, we happened upon a discourse on Home Efficiency. The argument was that when a man is saved he is made of value to God and man; and that the central aim and object of religion, in all its exercises, is to make him more efficient in doing good. The argument was very clear that heavenly rest is not the end to be sought, but worldly efficiency. From first to last there was not a word that would indicate whether the speaker was orthodox or not. He seemed to have in mind only this one thing: to lead his people to a desire for betterment, individual and social, and to incite them to a combined effort to weaken the forces of evil and strengthen those for good. We liked the man instinctively. His magnetism, or personality, filled the church. He was modern in his spirit as well as his word. But when we got through, and were moving down the street alone, we felt a lack of something; was it spirituality? But what is spirituality? We felt as if our sleeves were rolled up in a dusty field or in a workshop. When was the bath to come, after the sweat and toil? In fact, has the church a mission of this sort that it can omit,—we mean furnishing a moral bath every Sunday for tired people? Will the goad to service fully suffice to take the place of leaning awhile on Jesus' shoulder?

We have no theories to advance, no plans to suggest, only it seemed to us that these four churches were all parts of one church. Whether combining forces and melting methods would bring out rotundity or simply suppress valued forms of effort, was the problem. The vacation had done us some good, even if it settled no problem. We remembered that John Calvin took his church people to theatres Sunday evenings. Is something of the spectacular sort needed, not to be found in any Protestant church?

Sorrento, Fla.

Communism in Puritan Days.

The Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth were surely a company who separated from the Church for the sake of living unspotted by the worldliness of a general State Church, and forsook the security and comforts of an old civilization that they might live in unmarred conformity to their ideal in the wilderness of a new world. About their unblemished Calvinism no one has a doubt. What happened? They established communism. Now, if our Puritan elect was really governed by his purely religious conception of duty to work, he surely ought to have worked for the glory of God as effectually in a communistic village as in a system of private property. We learn, however, that even these regenerate men were not sustained in industry by the sole concern for the divine glory and the attestation of their state of grace. This is Gov. Bradford's statement of the case: "The experience that was had in this commone course and condition, tried sundrie years, and that amongst godly and sober men, may well evince the vanitie of that conceit of Platos and other ancients, applauded by some of later times—that the taking away of propertie, and bringing in communitie into commone wealth, would make them happy and flourishing, as if they were wiser than God. For this communitie (so fare as it was) was found to breed much confusion and discontent, and retard much employment that would have been to their benefit and comforte. For the yong-men that were most able and fitte for labour and service did repine that they should spend their time and streignth to worke for other men's wives and children without any recompense. The strong, or man of parts, had no more in devision of victails and cloaths, than he that was weake and not able to do a quarter the other could; this was thought injuestice. The aged and graver men to be ranked and equalised in labours and victails, cloaths, &c., with the meaner and yonger sorte, thought it some indignitie and disrespect unto them. And for men's wives to be commanded to doe servise for other men, as dresing their meate, washing their cloaths, &c., they deemed it a kind of slaverie, neither could many husbands well brooke it. Upon the point all being to have alike, and all to doe alike, they thought themselves in the like condition, and one as good as another; and so if it did not cut of those relations that God hath set amongst men yet it did much diminish and take of the mutuall respects that should be preserved amongst them. And would have bene worse if they had been men of another condition."

After restoring the old system of individual property the Pilgrims were prosperous, though they did not attain the capitalist stage of industry. There was no change in their theology. They were Calvinists before and after. Their ideal of conduct was the same at all times. But it is rather apparent that in the actual course of their lives a good many motives not countenanced by theological ethics were operative in them, and that it was these other motives that made them work well or ill.—*Francis A. Christie, in Meadville Quarterly Bulletin.*

Pastures Fair and Large.

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

What the "keeping-room" is to the rest of the house, the pasture is to the rest of the farm. Its very atmosphere suggests a friendly largess and hospitality, as any horse, cow, or sheep would testify could any of them be called on the witness-stand. Over all the cultivated fields "mustn't touch" is written for the stock as plainly as it is for the children in the rooms which hold their mothers' choicest bric-à-brac. But in a pasture you need not keep off the grass; instead, you may sit on it, lie on it, or eat it—as may be your need or habit. The wheat-field may receive formal standing calls, but it offers you no seat, and is too busy to entertain callers until the harvesting season is over, and then one finds it too worn out to be very entertaining.

Not so the genial, democratic pasture, which is at home to any living creature at any time, come he to feed his flocks or his dreams.

A cultivated field of oats or barley has a charm all its own, enhanced when the wind passes over it and ripples it into poetry. As a field of oats or barley it may be well-nigh faultless, yet its perfection after a time nudges us with that old maxim, "For everything you gain you lose something," and with that key-word comes the remembrance of a pine-bordered pasture on the hillside above the cultivated field, a pasture whose wide outlook and rugged *negligée* of rocks, boulders, wild berries, and ferns make it far richer in the diversity of its suggestion than any cultivated field.

The shrewd business man may be lured by advertisements of "level fields free from rocks and stones," but the eye of the dreamer is caught and held by a minor clause which mentions a "spring-watered" or "brook-watered pasture with woodland adjoining." For him the

Digitized by Google

very word "pasture" is rich in gentle and poetic associations, wholly unstirred by other words which apply to any other kind of land. Without the background of the pasture where David fed his flocks, should we ever have had the twenty-third psalm, or the pastoral notes that echo so tenderly through many another?

And what need a pasture mind if a field below it raise a thousand barrels of oats or corn, if on the pasture's hillside a shepherd-king harvested an immortal psalm which has refreshed the spiritually thirsty for nearly three thousand years?

All the other land of a farm is preoccupied with industries, like ploughing, harrowing, sowing, weeding, and harvesting. But a pasture offers leisure to meditate and entertain visions. This may have been one of the reasons why the wonderful tale of the Nativity was told to shepherds, who were apparently deemed prepared to hear so great tidings. One can hardly fancy an angel making such an announcement to a man whose business was so engrossing that his mind held no fair pasture-lands, where the flocks of fancy and imagination might wander and graze.

Something in the very furnishings of a pasture give the friendly invitation to tarry a while and muse and wonder. In other places, winding roads may lure you on and on with the promise of what lies beyond their next curves. But a pasture says gently but plainly, "sit awhile," offering you your choice of hundreds of rare seats, from pulpited boulders, lichen-covered rocks, low stone walls, moss-covered logs and stumps, or rustic divans made by wild apple-trees, which coquettishly thrust out their arms at right angles to their trunks. Lacking these, there is always the earth, the very lap of Nature, which is sure to hold you.

In a word, a pasture, like June, is "full of invitations sweet," and finely varied to meet your quest. If you are hungry, a pasture may offer you wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, or huckleberries, according to the season. Some even have grumpy but kindly old apple-trees hidden away in odd corners of their storerooms to tempt one to dare all that becomes a boy. Chestnuts, butternuts, beechnuts, and hazelnuts are also among the refreshments furnished by many a resourceful pasture.

If you are thirsty, a bubbling spring or brook will not only slake your thirst, but revive a score of fragrant memories, long parched perhaps by the drought of years.

Nor does the hospitality of a pasture cease with its offerings of creature comforts. Most pastures, being set on a hill, command a finer view than any other part of a farm. From one particularly versatile pasture known to the writer one gets a view of a continuous line of mountain peaks and slopes on nearly three-fourths of the horizon. Over these, from the reel of nights and days, pass the wonderful moving pictures of cloudland and starland, with foreglow and afterglow, which weave over the east and west royal crimson, rose, and gold draperies, well fit to be the very curtains of heaven. All these changing glories of dawn and sunset, and the ever-shifting mountain shadows, purple, blue, and gray, go with the freedom of the pasture. Then, knowing it is not good for man to keep his face continually skyward, Nature turns downs her celestial lights and makes a gray day, that man may look downward, where the little earth-lights shine. And of these, where may one find more in their wild native grace than in a pasture, which matches its democratic hospitality to man and beast in its catholic tolerance of all manner of lowly blossoms, plebeian weeds, and down-trodden shrubs, which are exiled from the rest of the farm because they "spoil the grass."

The outcast thistle, the slighted steeplebush, milkweed, mouse-ear, bracken, and mullein-stalk find the pasture a veritable Home for the Friendless of plantdom, and in its large and charitable air they flourish and weave for themselves such gracious garments of beauty that they seem no longer despised weeds, but as worthy of our wonder and admiration as the most pampered flower in our gardens. Where else so abundantly as in an equal suffrage pasture does a thistle show us the richest hues of its royal purple, and the silver-white down of its winged seeds? And where so advantageously as on some hillslope of such a kindly pasture may the mullein set hundreds of its blossom-lit candlesticks to piece out the waning light of summer?

Here, too, the sweetbriar rose, queen of all wildings, holds her rustic court, for her sake alone making any pasture worthy of a pilgrimage to it. A sweetbriar may now and then salute you from a roadside, but how can one have any privacy with her along the highway, with passers-by likely to interrupt the rarest secrets she may have for one's ear? No, indeed, it is only in a pasture that you may hold long and intimate communings with this shy divinity of flowerdom.

Such a privilege was once mine for weeks in New Hampshire country, where grew four most captivating sweetbriar bushes, whose dainty pale blossoms were so thoroughly protected by long stalwart thorns that to "love the wood-rose and leave it on its stalk" was less a virtue than the Falstaffian part of valor. In spite of its body-guard, however, the incense of the sweetbriar has greater power to attract than its thorns have to repel. One feels irresistibly drawn to get as near as possible to the very soul of a blossom whose breath is one of the most delicately sweet odors in all the world of petals.

As we seem to get closer to our friends by a hand-clasp, so we instinctively try to get nearer a fragrant blossom by holding it to our nostrils, or by pressing its leaves. To please a captious poet, we may be willing to leave all but one of the blossoms on its stalk, for, unlike many other plants with fragrant blossoms, the sweetbriar does not specialize its fragrance in its petals, but is sweet through and through, branch, leaf, and flower, so that one can get almost the same redolence by pressing the leaves of the sweetbriar as that exhaled by her petals. With this redolence, which is part of the evolved vocabulary of floral Esperanto, the blossoms manage to say as many different things and in as many different ways as the poets, from one-octave to eight-octave range. To learn Floralese one must adopt the same methods used in acquiring any other language, namely, daily association with those who speak it. Naturally, the closer and longer the association, the more perfect the mastery of the language. But a sweetbriar is such an inspired tutor that in a few weeks one may learn more from her than in months under the tuition of a stolid instructor like the rubber-plant. Like all great teachers, this Hypatia of the pasture gives instruction by giving herself, by the charm which is the radio-activity of her personality, chemically speaking.

After enough *causeries* with her to catch her code, one receives the suggestion that, if absolute purity, innocence, and gentleness could express themselves in redolent terms, their fragrance would be that of the sweetbriar. Other roses there are whose fragrance, texture, and multi-petaled beauty can "tease us out of all thought," but, compared with the exquisite simplicity and fragrance of the sweetbriar, their perfume hints of the sophistications of a hothouse.

Deep-tinted, matronly roses one fancies may thrive on plain rain-water and the fullest beams of the sun. But the petals of the pale sweetbriar, so ethereal in tint, texture, and fragrance, give one the impression that they have drunken only of the pure distillation of dewdrops,

Digitized by Google

and taken their color from the first damask glow of the dawn. This extremely virginal effect in the aura of the sweetbriar is heightened by her strong defensive armor of thorns. Touch me not or "Ich stecke dich," is as plainly the motto of her house as though written in all the annals of heraldry. Of all flowers, she seems the most "unspotted from the world," and we would always keep her so. To that end may all friendly pastures grant her on their hills entailed rights while grass shall grow and water run.

Having done obeisance, as is fitting, to the queen of the pasture, one may consider others among the least erected spirits to whom the pasture is a Cradle of Liberty. Chiefest of these is the sweet-fern, which deserves all the consolation it may draw from the definition of a weed, as "a plant whose virtues have not been discovered." Although some of its virtues have been discovered, few farmers can remember them, though they can be eloquent concerning its vices. Like a prophet in his own country, the sweet-fern is most appreciated by those who in their childhood have not been familiar with it. The camper knows that it is good for bedding and pillows, and the artist knows that its rich and varied autumnal coloring of old rose, buff, bronze, and wine makes one feel like drinking to it with one's eyes, while the psychologist discovers that its delightfully spicy odor furnishes an unduplicated key to enchanted doors of mystery.

The Dicksonia, or hay-scented fern, is another of the "best families" having one of its permanent residences in the pasture. Such a gracious, friendly little fern it is, snuggling up to any old Caliban of a boulder, or uncouth stone wall, as if it said, "I don't mind your hard, bony joints; I will cover some of them with my pale green draperies," which it does, running up hill and down with the stone wall and softening its rugged lines, as a smile may soften the asperity of an unpleasant truth.

Not only are there in almost every pasture hundreds of lowly plants and shrubs whose acquaintance is well worth making, but as many fascinating insects, worms, ants, beetles, moths, and butterflies, which share the honors of host and hostess to guests of the pasture. Squirrels, chipmunks, woodchucks (a name which is a pasture title-claim in itself), hedgehogs, and sometimes "wood-pussies," euphemistically speaking, and cows are also on the entertainment committee of the pasture, and each one has much strange and interesting lore to impart to those who have ears to hear.

The city man who thinks of a cow solely as a sedate four-cornered animal that gives milk will discover, on prolonged acquaintance, that a cow, while not a sprightly or vivacious animal like the squirrel, or temperamental like a cat, has other than copy-book virtues well worth the study of the most intelligent biped. On her native heath, the pasture, one sees how nobly simple, calm, and unaffected a cow can be and withal so sturdily independent in all her acts. Once in a great many moons men may remember "nothing is more vulgar than haste," but the cow daily lives up to that maxim, and, never having heard of Fletcher or Gladstone, she yet surpasses both in the prolonged and unwearied rhythm of her jaws.

One also learns in a pasture that cows are as different from each other in their moods and manners as are cats and dogs. While cows, as a rule, cannot be said to be highly imaginative, they are by no means unresponsive to the lure of the difficult and forbidden. While camping in the New Hampshire pasture I have mentioned, I once saw a cow, of Eve-like disposition, trying to reach an apple on a high bough over her head. There were several other apple-trees near, whose fruit was easily within her reach. But she would none of them. The difficult was the beautiful to her, and for several minutes she stretched her neck upward to its utmost accordion-capacity, at the same time curling out her tongue to bridge the distance between her and the elusive apple, which still escaped her by a paltry fraction of an inch. It was a hard, green apple, that might have set on edge the teeth of the cow's descendants, but she knew not how kind was Fate in her denial, and those of us who watched her reflected that, had only the forbidden fruit of Eden grown on a bough as far beyond the reach of Eve as was this apple beyond the reach of the cow, we might still — but, no; Eve would have coaxed Adam to climb the tree had she not been able to get the fruit herself.

Returning, however, to our cow, temporarily side-tracked by Eve, if one must speak all and truly,—a habit always attended by risks,—one learns by living in a pasture that the manners of a cow sometimes leave much to be desired. That delicate perception and consideration for the feelings of others which lie at the root of all good manners are wholly lacking in a cow. In other words, to the minor ethics of the second world of Not-Cow, psychologically speaking, this animal is totally oblivious.

Nevertheless, although this fact may have most discomforting illustrations, one cannot cherish unkindly feelings toward the cow, since her lack of tact grows out of her lack of imagination. Neither can one blame her for her innocent ignorance of property rights. When she devours a panful of apples carelessly placed on an unguarded camp-table, or eats a choice head of lettuce in a pail of water near the table, or swallows, cannibalistically, a pound of her own best brand of Jersey butter, one must remember that from the cow's point of view all these items on her bill of fare seem as naturally and pleasantly hers as the unforbidden grass under her feet.

Even when she benevolently assimilates half a cake of washing-soap, leaving on the other half of the cake the curved and authentic signature of her jaws, one's regret is tempered by the fancy that she may be unconsciously responding to modern antiseptic standards of living.

It would be ungracious, however, to close this bovine record by the mention of these less endearing idiosyncracies of a cow, when the permanent recollection of her and her mates is mellowed and idealized by distance. Forgetting all her little lapses, growing out of inability to define the limitation of her rights, one remembers her as the artists love to paint her, lying easefully under the trees, unvexed by the turmoil of the world, and giving to the landscape a vital touch which makes a connecting link between it and man.

Finally, no inventory of the assets of a pasture would be complete without some mention of the glamour of its "woodland adjoining" and the bo-peeping birds, blossoms, and ferns that live in it. From the adjoining woodland come to the ears of the cosmopolitan house-party in the pasture the rarer songs of rarer birds which seldom leave their wooded privacies. When the hermit thrush, the wood thrush, and veery give their choicest scores, morning, noon, and evening, they make any seat in a near-by pasture more valuable than a season Symphony ticket.

One might go on writing volumes on the entertainment offered by the natural residents of a pasture and the fugitive winged minstrels which flit through and around it. But enough, perhaps, has been said to show that a pasture often scorned by a farmer as the least of his possessions may be not only a veritable vineyard of visions, but a most livable, lovable spot, especially when shared with livable, lovable camp-comrades, with hearts for any fate.

In these days, when the noisy and noisome conquests of steam, electricity, and gasolene threaten to blot out so many of the still green places of the world, like a last hope seems a pasture, with its unspoiled margin of quiet

Digitized by Google

wildness. Many moods and moments we have when we need the greater voices of nature, vocal in towering mountains, sea and cataract, which call and respond to the deepest deeps within us; and these by their own compelling majesty have restrained the vandal hand of man. But we also need, for the more frequent and homely cravings of mind and heart, those humbler delectable regions of nature which are less stimulating in their demand. Then it is that one may find in a modest, friendly pasture many a well-spring of meditation and peace.

Laid out by its olden orthodox survey, heaven itself would be but a glittering exposition of glory, if one could not be assured that it held somewhere a vast background of pasture-land, where one might keep in immortal fragrance the tender memories of earth.

CONTOOCOOK, N.H.

Service.

Who serve have life: already they are dead
Who seek no task for hand, or heart, or head,
Who smooth no path that following feet may tread,
And, listless, dream when youthful years have fled
—*Clay MacCauley.*

The Pulpit.

The Essential Greatness of Man.

BY REV. RICHARD WILSON BOYNTON.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him but little lower than the angels, and crownest him with glory and honor. —PSALM viii. 3-5.

I.

The author of this eighth psalm was impressed both by the greatness and by the littleness of man. He is perhaps meditating by night alone. He looks up into the wide expanse of the moonlit and starlit heavens, and is filled with a sense of his own insignificance as compared with these. "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" But in a moment his thought goes deeper. He remembers the mind and the soul of man, and they suggest man's greatness. After all, God has "made him but little lower than the angels," and has "crowned him with glory and honor."

The splendid discoveries of astronomical science, which have all been made since the Psalmist wrote, give to us of to-day an even keener sense of the relative littleness of man. From the first chapter of Genesis we can gather approximately what an enlightened Hebrew, at a comparatively advanced stage in the history of his people, supposed to be the relations of the sun, moon, and stars to the earth. They were designed, so he thought, solely to distinguish man's day from his night. The whole creation was planned to minister to the needs of life upon this planet.

But now that we have acquired more exact knowledge of the actual relations of the heavenly bodies, all this is changed. Instead of being the greatest of the planets and fixed at the centre of creation, with the host of suns and stars revolving around it, our earth plays but a very humble part in the great whole. Our solar system, indeed, beyond whose outer boundary the wings of our imagination can scarcely carry us, is simply lost when we think of the vast ranges of starlit space. Other suns, as great or greater than our own, can be counted by hundreds on a clear night. Other planets, with as long a history and as various possibilities as our earth, may be there, unseen by us, but visible by thousands to the all-seeing Eye.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Compared with this familiar but magnificent spectacle of the heavens, he seems like a mite, an atom. Travellers tell us how our race swarms in tropical countries like China and India, where millions are born and live and die almost like insects. Of what significance can they be to the Creator? Indeed, how can even the wisest and most enlightened being upon this earth hope for recognition from the God in whose infinity all space and time lie like an island in the midst of the encircling ocean? What if one soul, or if all souls, were swept out of existence? Could it be anything to him?

This is the attitude of mind that feels how limited, how finite, we are. It is the Psalmist's first reflection made more definite by added knowledge. Some men of science, and others who have come under the influence of their way of thinking, habitually look at man from this point of view. They hold that there is no room for the exalted conceptions that he has cherished regarding himself. To them he is the product of his environment. He springs, like other animals, from the earth, a part of whose abounding life he is. He eats and sleeps, is well or sick, lives a long life or dies early from some weakness of organization, just as all other creatures do. He has no soul. What he thinks to be such is only a moving panorama of sensations, succeeding each other so as to produce the illusion of a continuous mental life. Of course, having no soul, man can have no immortality. When the life departs from the body, all that is left is simply the dust of the ground.

This materialistic creed is held by more people to-day than we are apt to suspect. It is based upon the one-sided thought of our littleness. It is a conception that can be easily grasped. We are likely, until we look into the matter, to be overwhelmed by the mere size of things. In this vast universe, what a tiny speck is a man! And yet, when we stop for a moment to reflect, is man so tiny? He can hold all this greatness in his single mind. He has learned not only to call these stars by name, but to judge of their weight, to measure their distance from himself and from one another, and to calculate their movements in the heavens. The whole universal scheme has come to be reproduced in his mind so accurately that he can look backwards and forwards over it. He can predict when Venus will again cross the sun's disc, as well as tell when she last did so. He can follow the seemingly erratic course of the greater comets, and foretell when and where they will swing into sight again. The sun and planets and stars do not, he knows to-day, exist solely to afford him light. Nevertheless, they do shed light and beauty on his way. They are there partly, at least, for his benefit. Their full significance is not apprehended until his delight in the glory of the sunset, and his awe in contemplating the skies at midnight, have been added to the account.

II.

"Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels" was the second thought of the Psalmist. It was his deeper insight that led him to perceive the greatness of man. This insight has been shared by thoughtful observers in all times. "Two things fill me with awe," said the German philosopher Kant, "the starry heavens above me, and the sense of duty within me"; and Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet this: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and

Digitized by Google

admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

The passage in our text that is commonly rendered "Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels" is translated in the Revised Version "but little lower than God." The word in the original Hebrew is "Elohim," as we learn from the margin of the newer version. It is one of the Hebrew names for God, of which there are several in the Old Testament. Its meaning is not certain. It may refer to the "shining ones" who brought God's messages to men, or it may mean, as some writers hold, "the Dreaded One" himself. In either case this much is true,—and it suggests our highest testimony to the greatness of man,—that in the Old Testament, and later in Christian thought, the angels are only glorified human beings; and God himself is always given the attributes of a man. This must be so, since in our human thought there is nothing higher to which we can compare him.

How can we truly conceive of God except in terms of humanity unless, indeed, we choose to magnify rock or tree or brute into our God? Men have done this, and worshipped what they themselves had made. But we could not. Men have deified the sun and worshipped the procession of the stars. But how all the vastness of the inanimate creation shrinks away the moment we recall the holiness and love that we must ascribe to God! And what are holiness and love but terms by which we define human conduct? We image the holiness and love of God from these qualities as we see them set forth in lives we know,—in fathers, mothers, children; in martyrs and saints of whom history and tradition tell us; in Jesus, and in other lights of the world, whose teachings a multitude of every name hold sacred. These teachings, even, and the commanding personalities that uttered them, we should have no possible means of comprehending if it were not for what we see and know around us. The love of a mother or a wife, the self-sacrifice of a brother or a father, give us the key with which to unlock the meaning of the four Gospels; while the pure loveliness of some unconscious saint in our little circle is the best revelation we can have of the divine beauty of holiness. This line of thought may help us to understand that saying in the First Epistle of John, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

God, as we are able to conceive him most clearly, is, then, the ideal of man. He is the best in us, we may say, raised to its highest power. His love transcends our love as the sky our housetops. His holiness, his mercy, his forgiveness, his fatherhood, infinitely outreach our own. But, as we can conceive them, what are they but our own transfigured and carried up into the Divine? Our ideal, we know, cannot fully compass his reality. Yet are we not bearing witness to the greatness of man when we find ourselves obliged to think of God in some sense after the human pattern?

We find many of his most devout worshippers to-day doing this even more spontaneously than we do. They can scarcely think of God except "in Christ," as Paul's phrase has taught them. Have you ever considered what meaning this expression has for those who use it? What does it mean, for example, when Dr. George A. Gordon of the Old South Church in Boston, in his eloquent book "The Christ of To-day," speaks of the necessity that "the supreme person in time" should be the mediator for us of "the supreme person beyond time"? By "the supreme person in time" Dr. Gordon means, of course, Jesus of Nazareth; only he means more than the historic figure so suggestively yet so imperfectly portrayed for us in the Gospels. In "the Christ of to-day" the writer has in mind an ideal conception, built up around the Jesus of the Gospels, but given also an added richness and splendor from the achievements of mankind since he walked the earth. "The Christ of to-day" is nothing more or less in his essence than the humanity of to-day permeated by the influence of Jesus and idealized into a personality of surpassing beauty and prophetic power. This ideal personality it is that Dr. Gordon makes the supreme person in time; and this personality—namely, man at his best and highest—he makes the revealer to us of God. His thought is essentially that of the greatness of man. It is essentially that of our Unitarian gospel of "the dignity of human nature," though differing from the form in which Channing and his followers proclaimed it. It is essentially the second and profounder thought of the old Hebrew poet. "Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels, and crownest him with glory and honor."

III.

We have all, I hope, enough outgrown the desire for theological controversy so that we can look sympathetically at the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, which Unitarians are usually charged with denying. If we do so look at it, with the desire to find out what is really implied in it, we shall discover that it is, at bottom, only another way of stating the essential greatness of man. As human nature is our surest guide to the nature of God, it follows that human nature must somehow partake of the divine nature. But many facts exist that make this view difficult. Human nature is imperfect. Above all, it is sinful. It is clearly at war, oftentimes, with what is best. How, then, can it be divine?

But suppose a man freed from all these limitations, especially from the greatest one, of sin. Suppose the impression which he left upon his associates and the age in which he lived to have been so exalted that it was easy afterwards to conceive of him as supernaturally endowed. Might he not be divine? The world, it seems, has had a passionate yearning to feel that some time its ideal had been realized in a life here on earth.

The whole long process by which the Nicene Creed of the fourth century grew out of the Gospel according to John of the second, as this in turn was clearly an outgrowth of the simpler synoptic Gospels of the first Christian century, is here foreshadowed. That highly elaborated creed defines Jesus as "very God of very God," "being of one essence with the Father." All that it could say, and all that the doctrine of the divinity of Christ can say, is that in Jesus man became God. But why, the Unitarian asks, are not all men in some sense divine? Why exalt Jesus so far above the others? The orthodox world singles out this greatest name among the sons of men, and teaches that all divinity, even that of God himself, is centred in Jesus. But do not the pages of even "secular" history, as it is mistakenly called, shine with the stories of great loves and sacrifices which not only make us think of his, but by their inherent quality prove themselves to be akin to his? "There are not two kinds of divinity," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "and cannot be. The divinity in man is not different from the divinity in Christ, because it is not different in kind from the divinity in God. Patience is divine, hope is divine, purity is divine, righteousness is divine, love is divine. There are not two kinds of patience, hope, purity, righteousness, love,—one of which is divine, the other human." If he carried this principle out to its logical conclusion, Dr. Abbott would find himself holding our position; but he stops just short of that. The Unitarian contention is that, wherever you find these qualities of patience, hope, purity, righteousness, love, you are coming upon so

Digitized by Google

much of the divine. Now experience shows us that they are well-nigh universal. We all share in some degree what I have been calling the greatness of man. God has made us but little lower than the angels, and crowned us with glory and honor. Is not this what we are to understand by that other saying of the First Epistle of John, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be"?

We do not feel worthy of such a heritage. This is perhaps the reason why many so easily assent to the belief that only one of the sons of men was also a son of God. It is evident that whole multitudes of people are not so endowed that they can work out their own salvation, here in this world at least, but seem to be suffering under continuous moral defeat. If the divine principle is within them, they are not strong enough to give it free play. Still worse, the adverse conditions against which they struggle only serve to illustrate over again the helpless and pathetic littleness of man.

We see men and women grappling with what seems a stern necessity in a losing fight, struggling with a relentless competition that may at any time crush them, striving against an inheritance of evil tendency which means that before they can make any headway in life for themselves they must first pay the debt owed to outraged nature by rebellious or ignorant progenitors. Such sights depress our spirits, and disturb our easy complacency. They bring a haunting doubt of God, and of his providence in the world. They make a serene faith in any greatness that can be said to belong alike to all men by the mere right of birth increasingly difficult to maintain.

Yet it is just this feeling of man's unworthiness in contrast with what he would be and what he feels he ought to be, that best reveals his greatness. If we were only creatures of the dust, conscience would never trouble us nor the thought of God arouse in us the sense of almost homesickness that we are so far removed from him. When the eager questioner of Jesus, who wanted to know how he might inherit eternal life, addressed him as "Good master," Jesus stopped him short with the inquiry, "Why callest thou me 'good'? There is one good; that is, God." Here, in a single saying preserved in Mark's Gospel, which we cannot doubt reflects his actual thought, we are shown how far from claiming exclusive divinity for himself was the man who has been called the only son of God. In comparison with God's goodness, his own, he felt, was but the goodness of a man.

It is this quality of cherishing an ideal perfection, towards which we strive however fitfully, that constitutes the true greatness of our human nature. Far above us though our ideals may be,

> "In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,"

nevertheless they do and will forever

> "With their mild persistence urge men's search
> To vaster issues."

The single soul, feeling its unworthiness in the presence of its own best thought of God and its highest ideal of man, must be worth more to God than all the weight of suns and constellations. It needs but time enough and it will make the full greatness of man its own.

We, too, are men and women. We, too, have been made at times to feel our littleness beneath the weight of this vast creation that hangs over us. Shall we not feel, as well, our greatness? It need not be presumptuous to feel this, for whatever greatness we may be conscious of is ours by virtue of our being human, and not by virtue of anything we may have done to achieve it. Few can have this second kind of greatness. All may share the kind of which the Psalmist wrote. In proportion as we make our own the high hopes and aims of the best men the world has held, in proportion as we shape our lives by their light and their example, will the true greatness of this human life be shown to us. We shall know that our birthright is from God. In deep humility we shall look up to him as our Father. In love and sympathy we shall seek to serve one another as brethren. In hope and joy we shall become sharers of the life that is eternal.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

To Fulfilment.

Our task as men and women will never be accomplished until all grow into the fulness of the stature of perfect manhood, as revealed to us in Jesus. The presence of God in the human soul, working in it both to will and to do his good pleasure, is a sufficient guarantee that the task will be accomplished. God's work cannot result in an anti-climax. The final goal of humanity must be worthy of its heritage. If from God we came, then to God we must go. If perfection is our goal, then perfection must be our destiny. This life becomes a sacred privilege when it is conceived of as a prelude to life eternal. Death is shorn of all its terror when it is realized that a change of habitation involves no change of state. The soul that goes through life with open eyes and clear vision, responsive to every prompting of the spirit within, and led by it into paths of righteousness and truth and love, is already living unto God. The soul that allows itself to be blinded by its passion here below, deaf to every call of duty, must retrace its steps in bitterness and pain before it can stand erect in the Father's presence. The way may be long and rough, or it may be short and easy, but the destination is ever the same. Every human soul must become one with God even as Jesus was one with God.—*Rev. A. P. Reccord.*

Spiritual Life.

Patient, hopeful waiting is hard work, when it is the only work possible to us in an emergency. But patient waiting is in its time the highest duty of a faithful soul. *H. C. Trumbull.*

Put a seal upon your lips, and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—*Professor Drummond.*

The twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but, oh, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Do we turn for satisfaction to our human relationships? They are among our most precious and holy helps. But our fitness to live with others, or to get the good of living with others, depends chiefly on our fitness to live alone. We must *be*, in order to do; we must have wisdom and love, in order to give them; we must be just before we can put rectitude into conduct. We cannot even speak the truth, as it deserves to be spoken, unless we are true. A wise pagan says, "How much sincere life the gods exact before we can speak a sincere word!"—*C. G. Ames.*

Digitized by Google

Twilight.

BY ALYS INGRAHAM.

The mystic twilight hour
My soul enthralls;
Dies out the din of day
And silence falls.

Soon turns the sunset sky
To jadest gold,
Out from the north there steals
A breath of cold.

The river glows—then fades,
And high and far
Above us shines serene
The evening star.

Rules of Warfare.

It seems that the thing we are going to learn next—most of us—is to fight beautifully and to love relentlessly. Every man who has a little self-respect or awe before his own life, loves himself relentlessly. He is going to try it on other people,—on his enemies, after this, and even on his friends. This is what is coming over the spirit of the world to-day about war between business men, between labor and capital, and between nations. It is a new kind of victory, now, that men are fighting for.

If I were asked by some kind inquiring person (somebody please ask me now!) what I would put down as the main considerations in fighting for victory, I would put down, I think, for the time being the following rules for victory:—

I would put it down as a first principle: War is not going to be cured by people who do not like to fight. It is only going to be cured by people who fight so well that nobody knows it's fighting,—that is, by people who can use smokeless or spiritual methods.

The way to fight a man to-day is to bewilder him with understanding him, to say something to him that makes him suddenly feel as he is going to hit you, that it's not you that's there and that he isn't there. He sees from what you say that he is somebody he didn't think he was and so are you. This is what might be called fighting. If a man proposes to hit you, see through him and make everybody standing by see through him, until he is afraid to hit you.

Victory in war consists (in the last analysis) in making a man believe you know more about what he wants than he does, and in picking out some expert practical consecutive way of getting him to believe it. Talk with him. Try to make him think. Let him edge over into an inquiring state of mind. When you have proved that you can make things for him that he wants, that you have worlds up your sleeve, he wants to fight with you instead of against you.

Fighting to-day is the manly art of so handling a big imagination that it can touch a small one and make it feel suddenly new and strange and happy, make the small imagination almost like a big one for a minute, one swift minute, so that it does not want the thing at all that it wanted when it began fighting.

One should not use any more of one's victory than one has to. It should be suggested rather than used. One should faithfully avoid spectators—at first—and bear in mind how uncomfortable it must be for an enemy not to feel superior. The best way to realize this is to keep up good steady habits of not feeling superior one's self. (There are plenty of conveniences for this.)

Finally, if one wants to put an enemy in an inquiring state of mind, one does it best by being there one's self. To put it briefly, nearly all of the qualities you think your enemy ought to have are ones that very largely will have to be caught by him from you while you are fighting him with them.

I find I can speak only for myself. I can only say what I look forward to as a fighter. I want to be so thorough when I fight that my enemy himself, before he gets through with my seeing through him, helps me. I want to make him see through himself. I have come to want, too, something a little different lately in the way of fighting to a finish. I want, if I can, before I get through, to pummel a man into loving me, and incidentally (so that he can manage to do it) I want to pummel myself into some sort of shape I could be loved in, into somebody that he or anybody would really like to be like.

Finally, as a parting shot, I rather dote, with an enemy, on suddenly loving him myself! There is a sense of getting something out of nothing when one is loving an enemy, a half-humble, half-proud feeling—well, those of us who have tried it, who have had a few flashes of it now and then, know that there is nothing like it. Five minutes of really loving down through into an enemy is as good as a whole lifetime of merely puttering along loving one's friends.

It makes one see so many things about the world and about people that one had been cheated out of before!—*Gerald Stanley Lee, in Mount Tom.*

Literature.

Nonconformist Church Architecture. An Essay. By Ronald P. Jones, architect. London: The Lindsey Press.—Mr. Jones's modest volume appears, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, most opportunely. It cannot have escaped the attention of thoughtful American Unitarians that certain tendencies toward modified ritual and intelligent adoption of architectural beauty of design have for some years been making themselves increasingly prominent in our churches. A conviction that, as a denomination, we have magnified the office of the sermon and minimized the element of worship has forced its way into notice, and among the results of this conviction may be detected here and there liturgical enrichment and fuller perception of the value of architecture as an aid to devotion. But the development of taste still leaves much to be desired, and Mr. Jones in his essay aims to direct this development into the proper channels, and, to use his own words, "reason out the problem of modern church design as it presents itself to that branch of nonconformity which, from its origin in the seventeenth century, has gradually developed into a group of Unitarian and kindred liberal Christian congregations." The question, as the author puts it, is as follows: "What should be the appropriate architectural treatment of a modern place of worship belonging to a Unitarian congregation?" He then proceeds to a brief survey of the history of Unitarianism in the matter, and the chapters on Nonconformist chapels in the eighteenth century, the Greek revival, and the Gothic revival (the two last running almost parallel with each other) will be very serviceable in clarifying the minds of Unitarian church people. Some fifteen pages devoted to "The Modern Church" then bring the essay to a close. The discussion is temperate in the extreme, though the author has very definite opinions of his own, and, if the reader is not always ready to agree with him, the essayist nevertheless will most probably succeed in impressing the writer with a deeper sense than before of the importance of his theme, a better conception of the relation between architecture and devotion. Although Mr Jones is primarily concerned with the English view of the subject, the book has a mission in America and we trust it will find its way to every Unitarian minister's library as well as to many a layman's. A dozen illustrations of English Unitarian churches add to the value of the work.

The Enlarging Conception of God. By Herbert Alden Youtz, professor of Christian theology, Auburn Theological Seminary. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.—The critic who seeks evidence of the still imperfect emancipation of what is called liberal orthodoxy might as well pass this book by. It is about as frank and fearless and up-to-date as anything recently published. One quotation about the Bible may be taken as indicating the temper and spirit which pervade all its pages. "An imperfectly atrophied paganism persists even in our best Christian efforts to worship in spirit and in truth. The evil which Luther and the reformers, with true spiritual insight, inveighed against in the worship of 'Holy Church' has insidiously returned in our treatment of the 'Holy Bible.' It is worth inquiring whether the very phrase 'Holy Bible' does not create a wrong mental attitude—an attitude of bibliolatry—toward a book whose whole effort is to fix our reverence upon the only One who is holy." In another chapter nothing could be stronger or clearer than the author's insistence upon the true humanity of Jesus. His is the kind of teaching, no doubt, which certain Churchmen have in mind when they say that Unitarianism is capturing the Church. We have no disposition to make any such claim. A truly enlightened Christianity is making its way in the Church with tremendous strides. It is glory enough for the Unitarians that they found this new path a little earlier than some others. But many are now walking there who are not likely to be frightened by the foolish charge that they are following the Unitarian lead. This book by Prof. Youtz is simply one of the fruits of the scientific method in theology. It is an indication of what we may expect when modern thought gets possession of the Church, and it makes an inspiring exhibit of what the best trained intelligence of the age can do in that field.

English Literary Miscellany. Second Series. By Theodore W. Hunt. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Company.—The first hundred pages of Prof. Hunt's literary miscellany aim to afford a survey of the theme from the condition of English letters at the death of Chaucer onward, while the remainder of the work is devoted to "Special Discussions," as the author entitles them. In the

Digitized by Google

first of these "The Elements of Shakespeare's Genius" are considered at some length, and this section is followed by "Shakespeareana-ana" and concerned with various details relating to the figure which bulks so largely in the world of letters. A third section discusses "The Epic Version of Milton." A fourth consists of an illuminative study of "The Poetry of John Keats." This, in its turn, is followed by other discussions of the poetry of Arnold, Robert and Mrs. Browning, and Swinburne. The temper in which these studies are conceived is admirable, since not only are the discussions calmly judicial in character, but the author never loses sight of the essential features of literary criticism. In the Swinburne article, or study, this careful handling of a subject is notable for its excellence, whether he is uttering praise or blame. "Melodious flow of verse which follows with unvarying regularity the accentual intervals of tone and syllable has never been carried to greater relative completeness." So resonant is the movement, that nearly all his lyrics might be called songs, observes Prof. Hunt in way of praise, while, on the other hand, he does not hesitate to point out as a serious blemish in Swinburnian verse "the undue presence of the sensual," and again, as a secondary fault, "the undue presence of a cheerless skepticism." "His verse," concludes our author, "is out of touch with his time, and cannot minister to us in the hours of our deepest needs."

HE WHO WON THE WORLD. A Poem of the Twentieth Century Christ. By Edward Payson Powell. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.—There is so much real excellence in this dramatic presentment of the life and earthly career of Jesus of Nazareth that we could wish Mr. Powell had bestowed more pains upon it, both as regards convincing outlining of character and in relation to the handling of the details of his craft. We cannot admire a line like this,—

"The first red touch of dawn fingers the ink of night";

but this stanza from "Working and Healing" makes some amends for various infelicities occasionally encountered,—

"'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!'
Such at noon was the joyous cry!
The children shouted, the old men run,
The mothers shaded their eyes from the sun.
Those who had broken themselves with sin—
The half without and the half within—
Hoping, yet doubting, ran to see
What this Nazareth prophet's power might be."

The atmosphere which surrounds Mr. Powell's drama is, it should be said, distinctly spiritual in its nature.

MEMORIES OF MINISTRY. By Alexander Webster. Essex Hall, London.—The author of this collection of sermons and addresses, more or less autobiographic, will not be all unknown to American Unitarians, since in 1907 he delivered at the International Congress of Religious Liberals held in Boston an address on the development of Scottish theology, which was listened to with great interest. Few Scottish clergymen have had a more active ministerial career than Rev. Mr. Webster, who has not only been resident minister in five different shires, preached and lectured in eighteen shires, but upheld the Unitarian faith in seventy-eight towns in Scotland, in lectures, public debates, and innumerable open-air meetings. Several articles by him have appeared in our columns in former years, as well as in other American Unitarian periodicals. After many years of service in the ministry Mr. Webster has retired from active service, but he assures us that since his retirement his pen has been constantly busy, while his loyalty to the Unitarian faith has become increasingly staunch, in spite of discouragements encountered in the progress of the years. The book is for sale at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

MUSIC AND THE FINE ARTS. A Psychology of Æsthetic. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co.—To the long list of his psychological works Prof. Snider now adds another, cast in the mould his successive volumes have made familiar to his rather limited audience. In the nearly six hundred pages which constitute this volume, one comes now and again upon details that catch the reader's attention and are well worth the saying, but the book is far too diffuse, the style hard and dry, and statement after this fashion much too common. We quote the closing paragraph: "We may use three ways of stating the round of the fine arts as they interlink their first and last: sculpture represents the God humanizing, while music represents the man divinizing; or, sculpture represents the universal becoming individual, while music represents the individual seeking universality; sculpture represents the All-self descending into the finite self, while music represents the finite self with its process (the psychosis) rising to unity with the All-self (panpsychosis)."

ARIADNE OF ALLAN WATER. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35.—Although the plot of this new novel by the author of *Truth Dexter* is rather lurid in spots, and the basic propositions upon which that plot depends are rather difficult for acceptance, yet the writer's charm of portraiture, her instinct for effective contrast, and her enjoyable delight in the natural setting of her scenes, make the book not only readable, but unforgettable. A foolish will, an equally foolish stepmother, and a terrible villain of an adventurer, render Ariadne's life for a time a complication of tragic possibilities, the evolution of which the reader follows with interest.

Magazines.

Pageants and the civic spirit they develop are featured in *The Survey* for July. Charlotte Rumbold, one of the moving spirits back of the great St. Louis pageant and masque, tells what it meant for the city. Enacted by 7,500 citizen-actors and witnessed by huge crowds which overflowed the 46,000 seats at each of several performances, the pageant was a "big show," but its great significance lay in the arousing of a whole city "to a sense of the possibility of infinite achievement under the spell of a unifying idealism." A "pageant of the melting-pot" and a "pageant of the prairies"—one in a congested New York neighborhood, and the other at the University of North Dakota, are also described. *The Survey's* vigorous discussion last month of the movement for safety at sea is followed up by an important article on the results of a study, by Thomas I. Parkinson, of Columbia University, into the liability laws for ship-owners. Dr. Edward T. Devine, writing on "The New Health," shows the wide range of the present movement to promote physical well-being. The ups and downs of a legislative fight are vividly told by Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon in another instalment of her narrative entitled "Beauty for Ashes."

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT
On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

The Season of 1914 will open July 1, and continue to September 19

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

A Bedtime Thought.

BY OLIVER PENMARK.

God and the stars guard me from there;
My mother lend me here
Sweet dreams with me the dark hours share.
So I have naught to fear,—
And stars will sing to me from high
In my dear mother's lullaby.

What Happened to Jacky.

BY RACHEL LEE GRINNELL.

Jacky sat by the nursery fire, kicking his heels against the fender. He didn't care if he dented the old thing; he rather hoped he would. He didn't care that it was growing dark. Oh, no; he didn't care if nobody came to give him his supper. He would probably starve to death (here he gave the fender an extra hard kick), and then they would be sorry, and they would have no little boy to kiss them, and no little boy to run around the house and make a noise, and no toys left around. Jacky felt very sorry for himself, and very sorry for his family; and he was sure his nurse would be very sorry she had locked him up all alone in the nursery, just because he wouldn't learn his lessons. He hated his lessons, horrid old things anyway! Horrid old spelling, horrid old geography!

Oh, how dark it was growing! He couldn't see across the room, and the shadows looked queer as the fire died down. Jacky shivered as they grew deeper and deeper. But, oh, no, he didn't mind! Bang went his heel on the fender!

What was that? Surely he heard something. He sat up stiffly and listened. There it was again, a very small faint rustle in one of the shadows, an odd little crackling rustle that grew a little louder and a little louder. Then there was another little crackle and rustle from another shadow, and another, and another, and another. They came from under the bed, and under the bookcase, and under the big chair, and the playhouse, and the bureau, and the table,—and suddenly a very loud crackle right behind him. Then he was sure he heard mutterings that grew into cross little voices. Pretty soon he could distinguish words, such as "horrid," "ashamed of himself," "push him," "stupid little boy," "pull his hair," "pinch him." Poor Jacky began to be terribly frightened. Oh, if only his mother would come, or his nurse! What were all the rustlings and the voices? Suddenly something pinched his toe, the fire flashed up, and all around him he saw books, and books, and books, all with legs and arms and eyes, all hopping around, and flapping their pages, and making faces at him. As he looked they all began to shout at the top of their lungs, "He doesn't like his lessons," "He won't learn his lessons," "He wants to grow up and be stupid"

"I don't, I don't! Who are you?" and Jacky began to cry.

"We are all your lesson-books," they cried in very cross voices, winking their eyes very fast. "Some of us you have never seen, but you will have to learn all that is in us. Some of us you have torn, and some of us you have spilled ink over."

"You tore out my very best map," cried a very big and fierce geography, "and I think I will pull your hair."

"You made spit-balls out of my leaves," and a small spelling-book hopped up and down furiously. "I think I will stick a pin in you."

"You threw me at a cat, and I fell in a puddle," wailed a very much battered history of the United States. "I will pinch you."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," cried Jacky. "I didn't know you were alive."

"Well, we are, we are," shouted all the books, furiously.

"I'm all dog-eared," wept a small, fat book of poetry. "I expect I shall soon begin to bark, and then I will bite you"; and it snapped its covers together.

"Oh, dear; oh, dear; I am so cold," whispered a book in a very hoarse voice, creeping up close to the fire and shivering. "That horrid Jacky boy tore off my cover, and now I have an awful cold, which I'm sure is turning into pneumonia. I shall give it to Jacky, and it will be worse than a stomach-ache, bur-r-r," and it shook with cold.

"I turned your cover into a boat and sailed it in the gutter," whimpered Jacky. "Oh, dear; oh, dear; I'm sorry. I wish I hadn't."

"I wish you hadn't, too," croaked the book, "for now I can't slap you as you deserve."

"Books, books," shouted the big geography, flapping up onto the table, "what shall we do to this naughty little Jacky boy for hurting us and not learning his lessons?"

"Slap him, slap him," cried all the books together, flapping their covers back and forth and making dreadful faces at Jacky.

"Come on," cried the geography, jumping down. With a wild shriek all the books caught hold of hands and rushed at Jacky, kicking and pinching him until—

"Why, Jacky, Jacky boy, what is the matter, why are you screaming so?" and he was in his mother's arms, being hugged and kissed. The nursery was brightly lighted, and nurse was just putting his supper on his own little round red table by the fire.

He looked all around for those dreadful books. There wasn't a sign of them.

"Jacky has been asleep and must have had a bad dream," said his mother, hugging him close. Jacky knew better, and he also knew that after this he would always be kind to his books.

Phyllis's First Letter.

Once upon a time there was a dear daughter, whose other name was Phyllis Ledlie. She was the only child of her papa and mamma, and they scarcely said "Phyllis" at all: it was "dear daughter" instead.

Phyllis's father was a lawyer, whose lawsuits often took him away from home. Once, when he was gone some time, Phyllis thought she would write him a letter. She could not really write yet, but she could print neatly.

She made it up all her own self, without asking mamma. Though it covered a whole page, it wasn't very long, because the print was pretty large. Then she took it to the post-office, where the man made her pay two cents to send it. By good luck, Phyllis had five cents with her; but she was glad it didn't take them all, for then she couldn't have rattled her purse very well.

The letter was given to her father when he sat at a hotel table with a number of other lawyers; and he was so proud of it he handed the printed envelope around for them to see what a dear daughter he had. How do you suppose the letter ended? It was this way:—

"Your Loving *Sister*,
"PHYLLIS."

Mr. Ledlie laughed a great deal over that ending, and the other lawyers thought there must be good news. When he went home, he told Phyllis how much the letter pleased him; and then he asked, "But why didn't you say, 'Your loving daughter'?"

"Oh," said Phyllis, "I didn't know how to spell 'daughter', and I thought 'sister' would do just as well. Mamma had a letter from Aunt Madge, and it said that."

It was so funny! And, from that time, Phyllis nearly lost the name of "dear daughter." They called her "little sister." *Churchman.*

The Quarrel Cure.

Nine days out of ten there were no better friends in the block than Molly and Mabel. They lived side by side, went to the same school, read the same stories, and wanted their best hats trimmed just exactly alike. But on the tenth day,—oh, dear, how everything was changed! Molly went to school on one side of the street, with never a glance across at Mabel, trudging disdainfully along on the other; and from breakfast to bedtime the day was out of joint for both. To be sure, the quarrels never lasted long; but they were serious matters while they did last.

In vain the mothers took counsel together. In vain they reasoned, each with her own particular little girl. Both Molly and Mabel protested that they loved each other, and never meant to quarrel; but still the quarrels would come, and make both miserable. And they arose over such trifling things! After the "making up," the two friends never could see how they came to "quarrel over a little thing like that!"

So things went on until Molly's Aunt Frances came to spend the winter with her sister. Now Aunt Frances was Molly's ideal of everything a young lady should be. So it was no wonder that her niece sang her praises morning, noon, and night. Neither was it any wonder that Mabel, who had a young-lady aunt of her own, grew tired, and on the fatal tenth day chanced to remark that, while Molly's Aunt Frances was very nice, her own Aunt Angie was nicer. This was the thin end of the wedge of dispute; but half an hour later Molly rushed into the house, declaring that she would never speak to Mabel again so long as she lived,—"so there!" The wedge had been driven deep, and friendship was split wide open.

Aunt Frances listened to the tale with a perfectly grave face, though her blue eyes were dancing merrily. When the story was ended, she said soothingly:—

"I wouldn't mind, Molly. I'm sure I don't care if Mabel likes her own auntie best; but I didn't come all the way from Texas to Minnesota to cause a coldness between friends, and I shall feel dreadfully if you and Mabel never speak to each other again."

"Well," said Molly, hesitating, "I s'pose I could speak to her,—just to 'blige you; but I'm sure I shall never like her any more."

Digitized by Google

But, when Mabel's kitten ran away that afternoon and all the children in the block were looking for it, Molly could not help looking, too, and when she found it in the coal-bin, —it had fallen through the cellar window,—of course she had to carry it home. Mabel was so delighted that she hugged both her and the kitten, and the quarrel was over then and there.

That night, after dinner, Aunt Frances called Molly to her, and showed her a small pink box, with a druggist's label on the outside.

"Molly," said she, "just look here! What do you suppose I've got in this box?"

"Not medicine?" questioned Molly, who looked with suspicion on pink boxes of that sort.

"Medicine, sure enough," responded Aunt Frances, cheerfully. "You shall be my first case. Molly, my dear, I will cure you; and my fame will spread through the length and breadth of the land." (I forgot to tell that Aunt Frances was studying to be a doctor.)

"But I'm not sick," protested Molly, drawing away.

"Oh, certainly not," agreed Aunt Frances. "But I want you to try the quarrel cure, dear. See! These are temper tablets, of the very best make."

She opened the box; and Molly saw the contents,—tablets about the size of a peppermint lozenge, and a lovely deep red. They did not look bad.

"Take one," said Aunt Frances. "My prescription would include 'one at bedtime.' So you might as well begin the treatment right away."

Molly obeyed. The temper tablet was sweet, and tasted of wintergreen.

"Don't try to bite it," cautioned the prescribing physician. "Let it dissolve in your mouth. And now, Nieceums," she continued with a very professional air, "when you feel a quarrel coming on, I want you to take one of these tablets. Don't crush it with your teeth,—just let it melt in your mouth; and be careful not to speak until it is all gone. Do you fully understand the directions?"

Molly nodded solemnly. The responsibility of being a first case rather awed her.

"Will you treat Mabel, too?" she asked.

"It won't be necessary," said Aunt Frances, gravely, "if you take the tablets as I prescribe; and, if I were you, I wouldn't tell anybody I was being treated."

The next morning Molly started for school with a temper tablet neatly wrapped in tin-foil in her small pocket. That day passed peacefully, so did several others; and Molly had all but forgotten that she was being treated, when suddenly one Saturday afternoon she felt a quarrel coming on. Mabel had made a dress for her doll. Molly didn't think it fitted very well, and said so. Mabel answered tartly that she guessed Molly couldn't do as well; and Molly had just opened her mouth to say something peppery, when she remembered the temper tablets.

Hastily laying her beloved Florimonda Isabelle face down on the floor, she ran out of the room. The temper tablet was at the very bottom of her pocket; but she picked it out, unwrapped the tin-foil, and popped it into her mouth. The rosy bit of sweetness tasted very nice; and she went back to her doll, feeling better already.

"Thought you'd gone home mad," remarked Mabel, with her small nose in the air. Never a word from Molly.

"I didn't care if you had," added Mabel, with a sniff.

Molly rolled the temper tablet under her tongue, and answered nothing at all.

"Well, you needn't talk if you don't want to," snapped Mabel; and she gave her entire attention to putting the new dress upon its owner, Evelyn Kathryn Olivia.

Little by little the temper tablet dissolved in Molly's mouth; and, strange to say, her anger melted with it. It was worn to wafer thinness, and Molly was wondering just what she should say when the treatment was over, when she heard a faint sound of music far down the street.

"O Mabel!" she cried excitedly, "there's a grind-organ, and maybe there's a monkey! Let's go and see!"

"Oh, let's!" answered Mabel, jumping up eagerly; and a moment later Florimonda Isabelle and Evelyn Kathryn Olivia were left to be company for each other while their respective mothers raced hand-in-hand down the street in search of the probable "grind-organ" and the possible monkey.

That night Molly told Aunt Frances the whole story, and that young lady listened with genuine professional pleasure. Her first case was doing remarkably well, she said; and the patient was advised to continue the use of the invaluable temper tablets in all similar emergencies. Molly followed the prescription faithfully, and before spring both she and Mabel were completely cured.

After a while Molly discovered the reason why the temper tablets had such a soothing effect in the first stages of a quarrel. I wonder if you have guessed it, too.—*Ida Reed Smith, in the Advance.*

The French Doll's Decision.

Dorrie was talking over certain things with her dolls. She had no brothers and sisters, so she had make-believe chats with her dolls; that is, she talked to them, and then talked back for an answer. Sometimes it was really more interesting than having a live playmate; for, you see, the dolls nearly always agreed with her. I say "nearly always," for there was one time when they did not.

It was just a few days before Dorrie was going away for a long delightful vacation at Grandpa's house on the seashore. She sat down with Angelina, her dearest old doll, who was still quite a fine-looking lady in spite of her years, and Geraldine Antoinette, the new French doll that Santa Claus had brought on his last visit.

"Now, children," she said impressively, "you know Mamma and I are going to the seashore next Tuesday, and Mamma says I may take one of you with me. Of course, you both remember little lame Jennie Wood, 'cause we've been to see her so often. Well, I have promised that one of you shall visit her all summer. She hasn't any dollies of her own, and she'll be so pleased to have you; and I'm sure you'll be well treated 'cause she's so kind and gentle. Now what we must decide is which shall go with me and which shall visit Jennie. Angelina, you are the oldest, so you may speak first."

There was a moment's pause, and then Angelina answered in a languid tone: "Really, it doesn't make the least bit of difference to me. Let Geraldine make her choice."

Geraldine was too polite to speak until her mamma gave her permission; and then she was so timid that she whispered, and had to be held up to Dorrie's ear.

"Why, Geraldine," exclaimed Dorrie, putting her down with a shocked expression, "do you really mean that you would rather stay with Jennie than go with me for that lovely journey? Just think! We are going on the cars, and you could wear your best Leghorn hat with violets on, and you could see the ocean every day."

"I don't care for journeys at all," said Geraldine. "I had so many before I came to live with you that I am tired of them. I think I would rather stay with Jennie, and rest this summer. Besides, Angelina never saw the ocean, so she ought to go. I've lived in Paris, you know; and I had to cross the ocean to come to you."

"Well," said Dorrie, with a little sigh, "if you wish to, of course I shall let you stay; but I had counted on taking you with me."

Then Dorrie went to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "I shall take Angelina with me. Geraldine wants to stay with Jennie Wood. So I think I will pack up her clothes, and take her over at once."

Mamma understood Dorrie's make-believe plays, so she smiled, and said,—

"What a kind-hearted doll Geraldine is, and how much pleasure she will give to Jennie this summer!"

"To be sure," said Dorrie, brightly. "I'm really glad she decided to stay; and, besides, I think the sea air will do Angelina a great deal of good."—*Zelia M. Walters, in Sunday School Times.*

A Wonderful Nest.

Sir Harry Bromley presented to a Mansfield museum a heron's nest, which is considered by naturalists to be the most wonderful nest in the world. Birds, as we all know, are fond of using all sorts of materials to make their nests. Lace, ribbons, string, cotton, and leather have all been used by these clever little architects; but this heron actually made its nest almost entirely of a long coil of wire.

Dorothy had never seen any pumpkin-pie until her first visit to the country; and, to her grandmother's asking her if she would have a piece, the little girl replied: "No, I thank you. I never eat pie without a roof on it."—*Judge.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Religious Work at State Universities.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

II.

Religious work at universities may be considered under two heads; namely, that which may be done by the universities themselves, and that which must be taken up by outside religious bodies. Let me briefly notice each separately.

Religious Work carried on by Universities.

Of course, State-supported universities cannot force religion in any form upon their students. They cannot even maintain religious chapel exercises or any kind of devotional services that are in any sense compulsory. Still less can they interest themselves in any sect propagandism. Probably they cannot safely teach anything that can properly be called theology or dogmatics, or even the polity or history of any religious denomination. Such teaching, however carefully guarded, may easily awaken serious and justifiable criticism,

All this, however, does not mean that these universities need be hostile to religion, or even indifferent. As a fact, religion has no truer friends than these institutions of higher learning. Again and again I have been happily surprised to find how earnest and wide-spread was the religious spirit in institutions where I had expected to find least of it. My observation confirms the statement made by a writer in *Religious Education*, that, "taken as a whole, our State universities stand up well with the Church colleges in the individual profession and practice of religion." I have almost invariably found the men at the head of these universities eager to encourage religious influences and activities among the students, in every way practicable within the limits of the law by which they were governed.

State universities can do much that is important to promote the cause of religion, without exposing themselves to criticism. For example:—

1. Encouragement may be given to students to establish Young Men's Christian Associations, Young Women's Christian Associations, and other religious organizations, only care must be taken not to favor one sect above another, or in any way foster a sectarian spirit.

2. Many State universities hold chapel services or services of devotion once a week, or oftener; but, of course, attendance is voluntary. This does not necessarily decrease their value, and is quite as likely to add thereto. If such services are kept brief, and are conducted by men able to impart to them a warm and earnest spirit, and especially if they are enriched by noble music, they usually attract a considerable body of students, and are found distinctly to elevate the moral and religious tone of the university. To guard against any suggestion of sectarianism, the plan is sometimes adopted, of having them conducted by members of the faculty or pastors of different denominations.

3. A considerable number of universities provided attractive preaching services, by bringing distinguished clergymen representing different denominations to preach Sunday afternoons or evenings. Such services usually attract large congregations of students. Several universities have gone so far as to arrange for these "university preachers" to assume also, in some degree, the function of university pastors,—at least to the extent of being present at some convenient place during certain hours of each week, for the purpose of conversing with students on personal religious subjects, or giving them helpful counsel.

4. To some extent State-supported universities have found it practicable to inaugurate as a part of their curriculum studies of a religious or semi-religious (but not sectarian) nature,—as, the Bible, Hebrew, New Testament Greek, Religious Psychology, Religious Education, the Philosophy of Religion, Comparative Religion.

5. In many universities the president, and a number of members of the faculty, are active workers in churches, who thus set an example of practical interest in religion.

University Religious Work carried on by Outside Agencies.

Here the field is large and the agencies many. Much as yet is only experimental; still, sufficient has been accomplished so that some instrumentalities and some methods of work may be regarded as having proved their worth.

Every church, of whatever denomination, situated in the neighborhood of a university, may well regard itself as charged with a special responsibility for the moral and religious welfare of the students. This means that the preaching and pastoral work of the minister, and the activities of the church generally, should be carried on with more or less direct reference to the needs of these young men and women whose lot is providentially cast near them, many of whom are away from home and among strangers. To them the church should extend ever a warm and generous hospitality, regarding it as a privilege to be of service to them, socially as well as religiously. All the activities of the church should be open to them. They should be welcomed to church membership and to all departments of church work.

Every denomination should understand that its churches located near universities have unusual opportunity for influence, and therefore should be furnished with pastors of exceptional ability and powers of inspiration and leadership.

If the university is large and the number of students great, the minister's duties are likely soon to get heavier than one man can possibly perform. This means that a second minister needs to be employed to take charge of the work related to the university, and to be a "pastor of students." The students' activities, if well organized and made thoroughly effective, soon outgrow also the accommodations of the ordinary church edifice, and, to remedy this, a special building, planned with special reference not only to the religious, but also the social and recreational needs of the students, soon becomes a necessity.

It is in these directions that student work in connection with our universities is developing fast, and seems likely to develop further still in the future. Already there are some sixty of these pastors of students, or "university pastors," maintained at various universities by many different denominations; and probably the number of buildings thus erected to accommodate the student work is larger still. It is easy to see that all this promises much for the religious safeguarding and training of the thousands of young men and women going out yearly from our great State-supported institutions of higher learning.

Theological Schools and Universities.

The great desirability has been urged of a closer connection between the churches of the land and all our universities; and certain ways have been pointed out in which this may be secured. I want now to suggest the practicability and desirableness of a closer connection, also, between our theological schools and our universities. Here is a matter, as I believe, of more moment than many persons realize.

Three years ago an effort was made by a number of influential ministers and laymen to bring about the removal of the theological school of our own denomination located in Meadville, Pa., to Chicago, and to secure its affiliation with the University in that city. The University was wholly sympathetic toward the plan, and offered various inducements of much importance. Some years earlier, during my ministry in Ann Arbor, an effort was made to bring the same school to that place, and to relate it in unofficial but helpful ways with the University of Michigan. Here, too, the authorities of the University were distinctly sympathetic. Recently the Unitarian churches of the Pacific Coast, in founding a school of training for the ministry for that section of the country, chose as its location Berkeley, the seat of the University of California, where relations of the most satisfactory nature have been established between the school and that university.

Several denominations have done more in the way of bringing divinity schools into touch with State universities than have Unitarians. Why should not the movement become general? Was not Dr. Angell, the president of the University of Michigan, right when he declared several years ago that, in his judgment, it would be greatly to the advantage of all concerned if every State university could have located in its near vicinity a group of theological schools belonging to various denominations? The theological schools, he urged, would turn out broader-minded and more efficient ministers, and the universities would receive distinct religious benefit.

The advantages from such affiliation are several. For one thing, great financial saving can be effected. More than half the studies that need to be pursued by young men fitting for the ministry are now taught in all first-class universities. This instruction, therefore, the theological schools could arrange to have their students receive practically without cost. Thus the number of professorial chairs could be reduced by fully one-half, and this with no loss to the students, but generally with positive gain, for they would be brought into contact with a larger number of minds and with new intellectual influences. If a theological school is situated by itself, the advantages which its students can enjoy in the way of libraries, laboratories, extra courses, and contact with men of culture and of influence, are limited, of course,

Digitized by Google

to such as the school is able to provide; but if it is affiliated with a great university, its students can participate in all the university affords. This is no unimportant matter.

There is a wide-spread feeling that the theological schools of all denominations, with a few exceptions, are not in touch as they ought to be with modern thought and modern interests. They are based on models of a past age; they are absorbed in studies many of which are losing their interest for modern men; they are shaped to fit their students rather for the ministry of half a century or a century ago than for the ministry of to-day. They are not giving to the world religious leaders of practical efficiency and power, to anything like the extent that the changed time demands. Plainly a reform is needed. What would do so much toward bringing it about as to get our theological schools of every denomination into close touch with such dynamic centres of living thought, knowledge, and intellectual activity as our great universities are coming to be? In the midst of such environments and influences, how the dead would awake! How soon would many moss-grown theological and Biblical studies begin to be sloughed off, and vital new ones, suggested by modern conditions and needs, begin to take their place!

OTTAWA, CANADA.

Reaching the Child.

The church of to-day is grappling with all the great problems that touch human life. It has come to realize that only by taking part in the struggle of mankind against social conditions that tend to destroy manhood and womanhood can it insure the growth of religious life; and, as it is easier to mould character and ideals in the child and youth than in the grown man, much of its best effort is expended in providing the young with wholesome interests and activities, and preparing them for the manifold demands made upon later life.

For many thousands of young people in this country, the old home life, with its religious training and atmosphere, and its simple, wholesome influences, scarcely longer exists. In the congested districts of our large cities, in particular, and among the great hordes of immigrants that huddle together in the seaboard cities, the church faces a problem that is often appalling in its magnitude.

For the mass of this un-American misery and ill-regulated living, the training of the child offers the solution and avenue of escape into a higher condition of life. In realizing this fact, the church institutions in large cities have made every effort to find new methods of approaching and holding the child.

One of the most successful of these efforts is that in the Methodist Episcopal Deaconess's Home, at 611 Vine Street, Philadelphia, —a centre of social work, situated in one of the most congested and wretched quarters of that city, — where the little girls of the neighborhood are gathered together once a week and given systematic instruction in the many activities of home-making. This kitchen-garden work might well have a better name, for, though it is the outgrowth of the system of home training first introduced by Miss Emily Huntingdon many years ago, it has quite outgrown its early form, and has a deeper aim than its purely utilitarian effect.

To inspire these little girls, ranging in age from seven or eight to twelve years, with the true spirit of home-making, is the basic idea. Many of the children know nothing of orderly home life, and for the majority there is no home training in any sense of the word. In the kitchen-garden, all the home activities are presented in the form of play, orderly and restrained to a certain extent, but still informal enough to offer scope for the child's own inventive spirit and love of action. The materials are toys of large size, quite practicable for real work, yet appealing to the child as a delightful game.

The little girls who come joyously to join in the game are all from poor homes, and many of them are of foreign birth. Gathered about the table with the teacher they sing of the work that awaits them, and their faces sparkle with anticipation as they sing. If to gain the child's interest is as valuable as psychologists aver, there is little doubt that the children's minds are in as receptive a state as an educator could wish.

After the songs, the games follow. The dishes are washed, tables set for meals, clothing is washed or ironed, beds are made, sweeping and dusting attended to, mending of clothing and the care and repair of household furnishings taught; and through it all, the spirit of love and service, courtesy, and an appreciation of all the finer side of home life is instilled into the minds of the little ones, by example, precept, and story-telling.

Does it work, or is this all a pretty, far-fetched theory that won't stand a practical test?

Come with me into the homes to which these children return after their game is ended. Let us see what message they carry there, and what effect the lessons unconsciously absorbed (for no one calls the game a lesson) have upon the child's behavior.

Anna is a pupil twelve years old. Only two years ago she was living in a Russian home, which the domestic animals—horses, cattle, sheep, and chickens—shared with the human inhabitants. In winter-time, Anna's garments were sewn firmly together, that they might not be removed until the season gave place to spring. Ignorance of every sanitary law, and utter disregard of all the amenities of civilized life, together with an almost total lack of education, mental and spiritual, was the child's inheritance.

Anna likes kitchen-garden. She has learned all its lessons eagerly and gladly, and, what is more to the point, she has taught them to her mother at home. "Teacher says so," is the unanswerable argument in favor of clean and orderly surroundings, sanitary care of food and dishes, and of the baby's bottles and milk. She does her share of home work happily and pleasantly; her big brother brings her his clothes to mend because "Anna does it so well"; her spirit of loving, intelligent, and willing service has had its effect upon the entire household. Already the home has twice been removed to better locations; more light, more air, more room—all these are becoming important to them.

Anna is one of a large number who have passed through this class during the years it has been an auxiliary in the work of the mission; its graduates are many of them in close and loving relations still with their teachers there, and in every instance it has been possible to point to a permanent improvement in their character and outlook upon life, their relation to their own and other homes, which had its inception in the influences of the kitchen-garden upon their plastic natures in childhood.

It pays to send these little messengers broadcast. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and every child who has learned the lessons taught in kitchen-garden has an influence, not only upon home life in particular, but upon the whole social fabric of which she makes a part. It is hardly too much to say that the wretched quarters of the cities could hardly exist in their present shameful form if every little girl, during her impressionable years, were to receive this form of instruction.

The Sage Foundation reports that about forty settlements throughout the country are using the kitchen-garden in their social work among the poor. In New York City, St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, Calvary, St. George's, City Missions Society, Chapel of the Comforter, and Ascension Church are a few of the churches which have found the method eminently useful. In Albany, Buffalo, Denver, Wilmington, Sioux City, Los Angeles, Detroit, Portland (Me.), Portland (Ore.), St. Paul, Tacoma, and in Philadelphia, churches of different denominations are using the method successfully. These are but a few of the many, although it is difficult to obtain complete lists of such church or mission schools, but there is certainly room for more such work in every church and mission centre.

Miss Mabel L. Keech, 611 Vine Street, Philadelphia, has put the system into book form, to facilitate its wide-spread introduction. She will gladly answer any inquiries addressed to her in regard to the work, and give such aid and advice as may be possible to any who consider its adoption.

Foreign Notes.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D D.

The American Unitarian Association has recently donated a number of its publications to the Theistic Endeavor Society of Madras, which labors in that city for the moral and spiritual upbuilding of young men and students by lectures, conferences, publications, religious exercises, and personal service, and the conduct of a library, all its undertakings being in the spirit of liberal religion.

The withdrawals from the churches in Germany, so widely commented upon, are not, it seems, confined to the Protestant body. In 1913, in the State of Baden, 808 Roman Catholics withdrew formally from that communion, while the number of Protestant secessions was 760. In 1912 the figures were 930 Catholics and 880 Protestants. These are the governmental statistics. We have no doubt that in the United States, if the figures could be obtained, the losses of the Catholic Church by entire or virtual withdrawal from her services and sacraments by those who have become indifferent or unbelieving would be found to exceed those of the Protestant churches.

We may add that in all Germany, as is

Digitized by Google

definitely established by government statistics, the annual number of Roman Catholics who become Protestants is eight times greater than the number of Protestants who become Roman Catholics. That the latter element is nevertheless increasing more rapidly than Protestantism in Germany is solely due to three causes: first, the incorporation into the empire of Catholic provinces like Alsace-Lorraine and Poland, secondly, the remarkable and growing influx of Catholic laborers from Bohemia, Austria, Italy, and other foreign countries; and lastly, the larger number of offspring belonging to these Catholic families.

The elementary schools in the city of Rome contain some fifty thousand children. It is a notable fact, that of all these there are only fourteen hundred whose parents have desired that they should receive religious education.

According to the latest returns quoted in the *Times*, the knowledge of English is spreading very rapidly in India, the total number of persons possessing it—1.7 million—being nearly 50 per cent. greater than at the beginning of the century. Among the influential Parsis of the Western Presidency, one person in every three knows the English language. In regard to general literacy, the level attained is not very high, naturally, and the disproportion between the two sexes is still enormous, for, while 106 out of every thousand of the male population are able to read and write, only 10 per thousand of the female population are able to do so.

London's new "School of Oriental Studies"—in Finsbury-circus, just backing against South-place Chapel—is to teach nine languages of Hindustan. In addition there will also be taught Japanese, Chinese, Malay, Persian, Arabic, Hausa, and Swahili.

A Brahmo Somaj journal cautions the more mystical members of its communion, whose devotion to their great leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, approaches adoration.—

"Those amongst us who, starting with the construction of a Christo-centric religion, are now hard at work in rendering it Keshub-centric, will do well to pause before they freely indulge in ideas and ideals represented by expressions like 'spirit Christ,' 'ideal Christ,' 'ideal Keshub,' 'spirit Keshub,' 'For me to live is Keshub,' 'God is Brahmamajanani' (God is the mother of Keshub). Keep in touch with facts as they have been in real life and history, and beware of unbridled idealization for extravagance has nowhere been known to go without its penalty."

A new and enlarged edition of the Life of Rammohun Roy by S. D. Collet, edited by Hem Chandra Sarkar, M.A., with portraits, is issued by the editor, at 92–3 Upper Circular Road, Calcutta. Cost, about $1, postpaid.

The increase of India's population since the first census in 1872 has been about 50 millions, or 19 per cent. This is considerably in excess of the Latin nations of Europe, but less than half the growth of the Teutonic races. The birth-rate in India is far higher than in any European country. It is the heavy mortality from plague and famine, and especially among infants, which checks the rate of increase.

Like its predecessors, the last census in India shows that Hinduism, comprising rather more than two-thirds of the total population, is relatively losing ground, though its losses by conversions to Christianity and Islam are counterbalanced by gains from the ranks of the Animists. The number of Hindus increased by 5 per cent., while that of Mohammedans, Sikhs, and Buddhists increased respectively by 7, 37, and 13 per cent. During the ten years Christianity grew by nearly one-third, and the number of native Christians has multiplied threefold since the first enumeration in 1872, and is now claimed to be two and a half millions. But this, in a population of 315 millions, and after a thousand years of effort, is not reassuring as to the results of Christian propagandism as heretofore conducted, especially as the converts are nearly all of the least educated or socially influential elements.

Mrs. J. H. Stannard, a Bahaist missionary, has recently held largely attended and successful meetings in India, especially among the Brahmos.

The Young Men's Christian Association has a flourishing society in Constantinople, with 481 members, belonging to 16 nations; only 50 are over thirty years of age.

In Alsace-Lorraine a new and *beautifully illustrated* hymn-book for church use has been issued.

Our British Unitarian fellow-believers are to be heartily congratulated on the splendid bit of denominational and religious work they have just brought to a triumphant close in raising some $250,000 as a sustentation fund. The purpose of this fund is to assure a substantial increase in ministerial stipends of Unitarian churches, bringing them up to a minimum which shall enable the pastor and his family to receive an adequate income. Also for the maintenance of Unitarian services in towns where the local self-help is for the time insufficient. For two or three years past the campaign for this fund has been going on, and various enterprises of our British co-religionists have had to be curtailed or delayed to give this larger undertaking the right of way. Its final consummation naturally causes great joy among the devoted and generous friends of our cause in that country. It is a fresh proof of the vitality and permanence of the Unitarian form of Christianity in the modern world.

The Massachusetts Federation of Churches.

The Federation reports to the city and township federations of the State several successful experiments in co-operation. A concerted exchange of pulpits was arranged in Quincy. A rally week, with noted speakers, has been held by the churches of Easthampton. There have been teacher-training classes by the federations of Kansas City, and Dover, N.H. Go-to-Church Day, February 8, doubled audiences in many places. A Christian Forum, modelled on Ford Hall, has been established by the Newton churches and the Stoneham Federation. The use of a page in daily papers each Saturday has been secured by the Philadelphia Federation. Valuable service to immigrants (see report of State Commission) has been performed by the Boston Federation. The appointment of city commissions on Sunday recreations has been secured by the Springfield and Worcester Federations. Social service has been done in all lines. Proper legislation has been furthered. The Co-operative Parish Plan has been developed by the Hyde Park and Fall River Federations.

At the office of the Massachusetts Federation, 53 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, one may find additional information, pamphlets, and a scrap-book; or send for speakers, to inform and inspire, singly or in teams.

Some local federations, recognizing that to insure their own success the State office must be adequately maintained, are raising funds to clear off a deficit, one pledging $25; another, $100. Church or individual gifts thus secured, if requested, are credited to donor's denomination. Rev. Samuel A. Eliot is first vice-president of the Federation, and a member of the Executive Committee.

A Hero.

BY LYMAN WARD.

One hardly knows whether his whole life or the final act in that brief drama were the more heroic. This is the story of a man who learned to read after he was twenty-one years of age. Countless other men have done the same thing you say. Yes, and they are all heroes! Why he finally came to himself and wanted an education, I do not know. It may have been due to the age in which he was living; it may have occurred to him that with an education he could earn more and perhaps be more useful; or it may have been Miss Ellen Crehore and Mrs. Peterson and Miss Abby Clapp, with their school at Shelter Neck, N.C. Perhaps it was the result of all these influences working together. I am sure that he once told me he could not get a job as locomotive engineer because an engineer must read his own orders. He could run the engine, but the orders—there was the rub. So he sat at the feet of these good women and learned his A B C's, and then came to Camp Hill, Ala.

He was an accomplished blacksmith, and the buggies and two-seaters we use at the school were made from old vehicles thrown away. He found them and made them good as new; so with the drays, and heavy trucks, and carts; so also with our farming implements, most of them. Then he was quick to pick up plumbing and our new water system, he did so much work on it; and in the erection of our buildings he was a finished carpenter. In all his work he preferred the hardest and most difficult job. He could scale any height and find joy in it. No day was ever too long for him, and, if a night-shift was needed, he would be the first to volunteer. Suppose it was a well that was being dug, and progress could be made only by digging night and day, because of the shifting caving sides. Into the yawning abyss this man would be found, leading and heartening the night-shift that was with him. In the morning at chapel service he would be found, his uniform spotless, and his linen immaculate. I never knew him to do a mean thing. His heart was pure, and his hands, delicate as any woman's, were clean. He was no shirk, and would sometimes say to me, that a boy who would steal time might as well steal money. He was not a tell-tale, as we use the term, but again and again he would come to me and tell me what was going on. For this reason he was not always popular, but, now that he

Digitized by Google

is gone, I know what the students of the school will say. How they will love him, and how extravagant their praises will be!

But it was difficult for him to master his books. He learned geography because his lessons were read to him from day to day. He had mastered most of his arithmetic and some algebra, but his reading—this was hard. His English and history had small message for him, therefore.

Many obstacles came in his way while at Camp Hill. He was always poor, and he had a long illness, but his spirit was never broken. After three or four years of trial, he decided to go to see his widowed mother and give up further effort in the school. This was last winter. After less than a month at home the old longing came back to him, and he appealed to be taken back this fall. He could not be satisfied; he must return to Camp Hill and try it again.

His appeals I had answered, and he was to be with us in the autumn. To earn money he was working in a logging-camp, and operated what is known as a skidder—a machine for hauling logs out of wet and swampy places. On June 29 something went wrong with the machine. Our hero saw that his helper was in danger of his life, and threw himself in his place. The helper will recover, but our boy is gone. Asa Sears will never be forgotten at Shelter Neck nor at Camp Hill. His education, at his going, was faulty; but he had what many of us have not, a character as upright and downright as that of any man that ever lived.

CAMP HILL, ALA.

Cities and Social Service.

The city of New York has just initiated a movement which might well be followed by all other cities in which tenement buildings have been or may be allowed to be built. For the instruction and enlightenment of the ignorant and unthinking among the city's poor, the Tenement House Department has printed a simple and well-illustrated pamphlet of some thirty pages, asking very pertinent and pointed questions, and indicating by pictures what the answers *ought* to be, if the citizen addressed wants to avoid the waste and misery of sickness and the perils of fire.

"Do you want to get sick?"

"Do you want to lose a day's pay?"

"Do you want to risk losing your job?"

"Do you want to pay doctors' and undertakers' bills?"

for instance, are queries which go right to the self-interest of the worker, and practically compel his attention, which will then be held by the following crisp demands, calculated to arouse in him (or her, especially *her*) some feeling of responsibility for the doings of the other dwellers in the building, and some interest in its general condition:—

"DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS?

"If a fire broke out in your house, what would you do?

"Do you know how to go down a fire-escape?

"Do you know how to get to the roof?

"Do you know whether you can get from your own roof to the next house?

"Are there clothes-lines, boxes, flower-pots, tubs, or anything else on the fire-escape which would hinder you?

"Do you know how to get from your yard to the street or the next yard?

"Do you know where the nearest fire-alarm box is, and how to ring it?

"Don't you think it is time for you to find out?"

Then, accompanying pictures of littered fire-escapes, filthy lavatories, choked stairways, and other usual sights of the tenement districts, are clear and clearly printed directions, more pictures,—of things as they ought to be, this time,—and emphatic recommendations not to rent rooms in any house in which these ideals are transgressed. These pamphlets are to be distributed by the hundred-thousand until the Commission feels satisfied that at least every tenement-dwelling family in the city has got one.

Commissioner John J. Murphy has detailed a special woman inspector to undertake this work during the summer months in the congested districts of the East Side. Block by block, house by house, door to door, she will go, visiting each family, explaining to the mother what the pamphlet is about and how it will help her. This is pioneer work, and a very good work, too.

New York's city government has had many hard words spoken of it in the past,—sometimes, no doubt, with justice,—but this is a very evident symptom that a new era of realization is dawning, in which, for communities in their corporate capacity, as much as for individuals, the obligation of service will be recognized, and the world-old, miserable excuse of "Am I my brother's keeper?" will no longer be held sufficient to justify a callous obliviousness of social responsibility and social duty.—*The Churchman.*

Summer Meetings at Andover.

Everybody who attended the meetings of the New Hampshire Conference held at Andover, N.H., during the week ending July the eleventh is enthusiastic. "Next year," predicted the wise ones of the Conference, "you will need tents to accommodate all who will wish to come."

Early in the week preceding the opening meetings visitors had sought the quietness of the "little white village" in New Hampshire's hills. The attractive home-like dormitories of Proctor Academy had been made ready for guests, with wild flowers and sweet ferns. From the first a spirit of hospitality seized the visitors, who, in turn, gladly welcomed each new arrival. Neighborliness was about in the highways, fields, and woods, and everybody seemed care-free.

There were five distinct elements in the make-up of the programme of the week. One element was the strong Sunday School Institute combination, Rev. William I. Lawrance and Professor E. D. Starbuck, Ph.D. A second was the nature-study feature represented by Rev. Manley B. Townsend of Nashua, N.H., and William R. Lord of Dover, Mass. Another was the lecture and sermon element represented by Rev. A. P. Record of Springfield, Mass., Rev. F. A. Powell of Manchester, N.H., Rev. C. E. Park of Boston, Rev. W. W. Fenn of Cambridge, Mass., and Rev. Sydney B. Snow of Boston. A fourth element was the social in which the people of Andover and its vicinity participated. Last, and perhaps the sweetest of all, was the devotional element present in the daily morning and evening services which were conducted by several of the visiting pastors, including Rev. H. S. Mitchell of Keene, N.H., Rev. John H. Wilson of Wilton, N.H., Rev. H. C. McDougall of Franklin, N.H., and others.

The Sunday School Institute was remarkably well attended notwithstanding the fact that the hour was unfavorable for many of the busy housewives of Andover. The attendance averaged about sixty persons at the morning meetings. Prof. Starbuck lectured on "A Child-centred Religious Education." The six lectures delivered by Prof. Starbuck enlisted the closest attention, and the increased numbers of listeners as the series progressed was evidence of the convincingness of the lecturer's message. In beautiful contrast to the psychological studies of Prof. Starbuck were the deeply devotional expositions of the Hebrew prophets by Rev. William I. Lawrance in a series of lectures entitled "Glimpses of Old Testament History." Mr. Lawrance's ability to read the Bible with interpretative power is well known to all who have ever listened to him. This twofold conduct of the Sunday School Institute left with all who attended a deep sense of enduring sweetness and strength.

The nature-study element in the programme was carried out not only at indoor sessions, but also in the woods and on a memorable ascent of Kearsarge Mountain. The versatility of Mr. Townsend in nature-lore and the delicate poetic feeling of Mr. Lord toward nature united in making this element in the programme impressive. A sympathy pervaded the nature-study lectures and discussions, which never failed to turn the minds of the listeners to those deeper mysteries of the God-life in the world of out-of-doors.

The preachers of the Institute sounded no uncertain gospel. All felt the straightforward vigor of the Christian message in Mr. Record's sermon. Mr. Powell, out of a rich experience of deep searching after truth, presented a positive message simply and directly. Mr. Park, with bell-like clearness, proclaimed a word of thoughtful optimism. Dean Fenn presented a most lucid exposition of Paul the apostle. Mr. Snow completed this series of noble addresses with a message of deep devotional earnestness.

Many shared in making the social life of the Institute successful. Friends from Potter Place and the Ladies' Industrial Society of Andover gave two amusing plays. Through the active generosity of Mr. C. E. Carr, one

Deaths.

MRS. FREELOVE FROST LEGGETT.

Mrs. Freelove Frost Leggett was born into the pure abundant life, Thursday, July 2, at the home of her daughter, Rev. Mary L. Leggett, pastor of the Unitarian church at Revere. Mrs. Leggett was the widow of Rev. William Leggett, and both were natives of New York State. At the close of her eighty-seven years she preserved every faculty, unclouded, of mind and body, and a remarkable assurance and serenity of religious faith. The inner Light never failed in her gentle and beautiful life. She loved and was beloved by all who knew her

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M. Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

of the vice-presidents of the American Unitarian Association, the comfort and pleasure of the guests was constantly secured. With rare skill and untiring kindness, Mrs. Smith, the matron of Proctor Academy, anticipated every desire and need of the visitors to the meetings. A marked feature of the Institute was the singing of Mr. Nye of Keene, N.H., who most willingly contributed to the joy of the meetings. A spirit of sociability made one the occasion, the residents, and the visitors.

Of lasting memory, too, were the devotional meetings called in the morning before the sessions of the Sunday School Institute. In the early evening the people gathered either in Cary House living-room or upon the ridge on the edge of the great pine woods. No one who attended these quiet times can fail to cherish enduringly those mountain-top glimpses of the great facts of the religious life.

The success of these meetings has been due in large measure to the untiring efforts of Rev. H. C. McDougall of Franklin, N.H. Ever since the idea was conceived last October, he has worked faithfully to insure a strong programme and a successful issue of the undertaking. All who had any part in the Institute are enthusiastic over the success of these meetings, and it is their earnest wish that these summer meetings be continued next year at Andover.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Summer Opportunities.

With the closing of our churches and our young people's societies, and the flitting of our people to other localities, the young people often wonder what they can do during these summer Sundays.

There really is a great deal that is worth while that will occur to any thoughtful young person. He may be passing his vacation days in a quiet village where there is a small but struggling Unitarian church. Let him attend service on a Sunday forenoon or afternoon; get acquainted with some of the worshippers; learn of their activities, their struggles, and their successes; become conversant with the young people's society; or, if there is none, possibly take some means to ascertain the reason and to bring one into being.

A fair may be in contemplation some coming August day. Show some degree of interest, solicit the co-operation of your friends and home people, and thus encourage by your warm, personal help and sympathy. Before you realize it a delightful vacation has been passed, and what was destined to be humdrum, to all outward appearances earlier in the season, has grown into the happiest of memories.

Should there prove to be no Unitarian church in the vicinity, attendance at public worship at any other church is to be recommended, as giving a fitting mental stimulus to one's thoughts for the week, besides doing much toward taking away from the general opinion that is prevalent in certain sections of our country, that Unitarians do not feel the need of being church-goers, at least during the vacation periods.

Instances may be cited where little groups of Unitarians and other liberal-minded folk have met on hotel piazzas and in private parlors, and read sermons written by our liberal thinkers, and discussed present-day religious thought and tendencies.

Eager and earnest young people will never feel dull in taking hold energetically of any one of these activities, or in embracing any one of hundreds of others that may present themselves to the mutual helpfulness of all concerned, thus intimately influencing quite a circle by their comradeship and example.

Mountain, country, and seaside resorts all have need that some period of a summer Sunday be consecrated to the deeper and higher things of life. The possibilities are numerous. Let our young people but remain alive to their summer opportunities and no one knows what growth and uplift may be recorded for the cause of liberal Christianity.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At King's Chapel, Boston, on Sunday, July 19, at 10.30 A.M., Rev. Sydney B. Snow, associate minister, will preach.

At the Arlington Street Church, Boston, Sunday morning, July 19, Rev. Richard W. Boynton will preach at the union services.

At Union Chapel, Little Boar's Head, N.H., Rev. Alfred R. Hussey of Baltimore, Md., will preach Sunday, July 19, at 11 A.M.

At the First Parish Church, Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, Mass., Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis, Ind., will preach at eleven o'clock, July 19.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Rev. John H. Lathrop of First Society, Brooklyn, L.I., will preach Sunday, July 19, at 11 A.M.

Churches.

PALO ALTO, CAL.—The Unitarian Church, Rev. Clarence Reed: The parish has started a three-thousand-dollar addition to the church building. The addition will be in the nature of an open-air pavilion, surrounded on two sides by a pergola, where the children can receive instruction in the out-of-doors. The building will be artistically constructed with the *al-fresco* element catered to almost entirely. The purpose of the addition is to provide a specially equipped room for the Sunday-school when the weather will not permit its sessions to be held out-doors, and a meeting-place for the social activities of the church. The Sunday evening lectures, which have often taxed the capacity of the present church, will be held in the new hall, as well as occasional dances by the young people. The addition will have a stage thirty-three feet wide and sixteen feet deep for dramatic performances by the Sunday-school and church.

Personals.

Rev. A. R. Shelander has been called to the church at Passaic, N.J.

On Sunday, July 5, Rev. Silas W. Sutton, a former pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Ellsworth, Me., baptized the infant daughter, Marguerite Theodora, of the present pastor, Rev. J. W. Tickle, and his wife. Mr. Tickle preached in West Gouldsboro on June 28, at 7 P.M., in the interests of Unitarianism. Services have also been arranged by him in Winter Harbor, Sullivan, and Lamoine.

Sunday evening, July 5, Rev. M. E. Muder held the first of a series of Sunday evening services in his home town of Saxonburg, Pa. The attendance was more than one hundred, and much interest was manifested. This was the first Unitarian service ever held in the neighborhood. Mr. Muder was formerly a Methodist minister, and is now a member of the Meadville Theological School. Saxonburg is a little resort village of less than five hundred people, twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh.

Summer Services in Lynn.

Union summer services will be held in the First Universalist Church, Lynn, under the auspices of the Unitarian, Central Congregational, and First Universalist Churches. The following announcements are made: July 19, Rev. Albert Lazenby of Lynn: July 26, Rev. Frederic W. Perkins, D.D., of Lynn; August 2, Rev. H. H. Tweedy, Ph.D., of Yale Divinity School; August 9, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D.D., of All Souls' Church, Washington, D.C.; August 16, Rev. Frank O. Hall, D.D., of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York; August 23, Rev. Harry P. Dewey, D.D., of Plymouth Congregational Church, Minneapolis; August 30, Rev. Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo.

Summer Services in New York.

Unitarian summer services for Greater New York will be held at the Church of the Messiah, 34th Street and Park Avenue, New York City, Sunday mornings at eleven o'clock. Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, D.D., Berkeley, Cal., dean of Pacific Unitarian School, and Rev. F. M. Bennett of New York City, field agent of the Middle States Conference preached on July 5 and 12 respectively. On July 19 and 26 Rev. W. W. Fenn, dean of Harvard Divinity School, will preach; also on August 2 Rev. George R. Gebauer of Duluth, Minn.; August 9, Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Buffalo, N.Y.; August 16, Rev. George Croswell Cressey, New Brighton, S.I., recently of London, Eng.; August 30 and September 6, Rev. George H. Badger, San Antonio, Tex.

During July the Unitarian Headquarters, 104 East 20th Street, will be open from 10

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1872. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

A.M. to 4 P.M., and during August from 10 to 12 A.M. The Unitarian minister will always be available for ministerial services through headquarters.

Lend-a-Hand Outings.

Dr. Hale was deeply interested in "Outings for Men," and many will recall his characteristic appeals in the *Outlook* and the Boston *Transcript*, to enable the Lend-a-Hand Society to carry on this branch of its work. The Society needs help for this purpose now. There are several men waiting. One is seventy-five years old, without relatives; three others are blind.

It was said of Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, founder of the ministry-at-large, that "he remembered the forgotten." Men are apt to be forgotten when it comes to "outings." One dollar will pay for a day of sunshine and rest, but "Ten Times One is Ten,"—which will cover two weeks.

Address Lend-a-Hand Society, Miss Annie F. Brown, Superintendent, 101 Tremont Street, Boston.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT,
President.

A Word about Salem.

Mrs. E. W. Jones, one of our workers in the First Church, Salem, is dispensing relief from her home to sufferers from the recent fire. These are self-respecting people who are known about. More clothing is desired. The gifts already received from Alliance members and friends have been much appreciated and are gratefully acknowledged. This notice is inserted in the *Register* because the report has gone out that nothing more is needed. Anything can be used, as the people have literally lost all. Send to Mrs. E. W. Jones, 29 Broad Street, Salem, Mass.

CAROLINE S. ATHERTON.

An Offer.

As my house is being wired for electric lighting, I should like to give away all my gas fixtures. There are three chandeliers, a front hall lantern, and many wall brackets. Any one who would like to have them may apply to Mrs. J. S. Howe, 26 Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.

In Hancock County, Maine.

The Hancock County Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches will be held in Ellsworth, Wednesday and Thursday, July 22 and 23. An important feature coincident with the meeting of the Conference will be the installation into the Unitarian ministry of Rev. J. W. Tickle, the new minister of the Ellsworth church. The Conference will be opened Wednesday afternoon, and addresses will be made. The Conference will reassemble on Thursday morning, and will close with a memorial service for the late president of the Conference, Irving Osgood.

A strong programme is being prepared. Rev. S. A. Eliot, D.D., president of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. H. H. Saunderson, Toronto, Canada, Rev. Oscar B. Hawes, Germantown, Pa., and Rev. D. M. Wilson, Kennebunk, will take part in the installation ceremony, which will be at 7.30 P.M., July 22.

As the boats and trains are especially convenient for the afternoon session, a large attendance is expected. All the meetings are open to the public, and a hearty invitation is extended to all. Supper will be served in the vestry.

A Dry Niagara.

It seems almost incredible that at one time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran dry. Nevertheless, it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29, 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara Falls. To appreciate thoroughly this astonishing phenomenon, it should be remembered that the estimated average amount of water passing over these falls is 502,500 tons per minute. The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and, bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara River, piled it up in a solid impenetrable wall. So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet of the lake was completely choked up, and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the falls, and the next morning the people residing in the neighborhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle. The roaring, tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold black rocks were visible in all directions. The news quickly spread, and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks on each side of the river being lined with people during the whole day. At last there came a break in the ice: it was released from its restraint, the pent-up wall of waters rushed downward, and Niagara was itself again.—*Exchange.*

Here and There.

The United States government has recognized the usefulness of small animals in the detection of poisonous gases in mines as well as in rescue work which calls for great care to prevent harmful consequences. An elaborate investigation has been made to determine the relative usefulness of various animals, and has found canaries and mice to be most suitable, the birds being the more sensitive of the two. They are easily obtainable, and become pets of the men.

The natives of Hawaii are singularly picturesque in their choice of names. Mr. Scissors, The Thief, The Ghost, The Fool, The Man Who Washes His Dimples, Mrs. Oyster, The Weary Lizard, The Husband of Kancia (a male god), The Great Kettle, The First Nose, The Atlantic Ocean, The Stomach, Poor Pussy, Mrs. Turkey, The Tenth Heaven, are all names that have appeared in the city directory.

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D.D., Roslindale, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 165 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents, Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Boston, Mass.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. William C. Brown, Boston, Mass.; Rev. George H. Badger, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1900, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, John Mason Little, Boston, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal., Mr. Cyril H. Burdett, New York City.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. W. M. Brundage, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Percy Dawson, Rev. E. S. Wiers, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. Arthur Weatherly, Rev. E. A. Rumball, Rev. A. H. Robinson, Rev. Horace Westwood, and Rev. George H. Badger.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Marian Dudley Richards, 147 Fisher Avenue, Brookline, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

A lad, asked what he understood by "celerity," answered, "Something to put hot plates down with."

A bore is a man who spends so much time talking about himself that you can't talk about *yourself.—Eli Perkins.*

"Will you kindly change this five dollar bill for me?" asked Mrs. Twickembury. "I always like to have plenty of specious currency on hand."

"Don't sit so close to the fire, Johnny; the weather isn't cold," said the boy's father. "But I wasn't heating the weather. I'm warming myself," answered Johnny, never moving from his comfortable seat.

He: "I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite." She (encouragingly): "Well, Mr. Duffer, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls right in this neighborhood."—*Art in Advertising.*

"How do you pronounce the word *fecit* that artists put on their pictures after their signatures?" asked Hawley. "It depends on the artist," replied Criticus. "With some men I should say, fee sit: with others, fake it."—*Truth.*

Snobley: "Aw—aw—it must be very unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by people—aw—whom you wouldn't ask to dinner!" American Belle: "Well, not more so, perhaps, than for you in England to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner!"

Brown: "Where's that fiver I laid on the table a moment ago?" Mrs. Brown: "You never expected to see that again, did you?" Brown: "And why not?" Mrs. Brown: "You told me that in Parliamentary practice, when a bill is laid on the table, it is seldom heard of again."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Recently a public school teacher wrote the sentence, "Them boys are sliding down hill," and requested some one in the school to "correct and why." One bright youngster held up his hand, and, on being asked, said, "Correction: *Those* boys are sliding down hill. Why: Because they can't slide up."—*Journal of Education.*

A New Yorker at a hotel in the Carolina mountains was aroused from sound slumber by a knocking. "What is it?" he shouted. "Telegram fo' you, boss," replied the darky. "Will you open the door?" The New Yorker was vexed. "Can't you slip it under the door?" he asked. "No, boss," was the response; "it's on a tray."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The English pupil-teacher was questioning the scholars on the peculiarities of British seaports, and at last pointed to Liverpool on the map, and asked, "Now, boys, why is the river at Liverpool always thick?" Dead silence. Then suddenly something popped into Willie Smith's bright mind, and his eyes twinkled. "Please," he said, "because the quality of the Mersey is not strained."—*Tit-Bits.*

The late Dr. Poindexter Smith Henson of Boston and Philadelphia perpetrated a witty absurdity that strongly suggests the humor of Artemus Ward. One of his best-known lectures was entitled "Fools," and he insisted upon having the tickets printed as follows:—

To-night at Hall
Dr. P. S. Henson will lecture on
"FOOLS"
This ticket admits one.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 FAYETTE STREET, LYNN, MASS.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 284 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904

AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President. EARL MORSE WILBUR, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
In a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Library of University C

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 30 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 697
The Greatest Kindness in the World 698
The Peace of God 699

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Special Commissions 700

CURRENT TOPICS 701

BREVITIES 702

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Unitarian Name 702

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Timothy and Clover, by Augusta Larned 703
The Word of the Flag; Church Decoration 705
Half-truths, by Dr. Warren A. Rodman 706
The Wide Prospect, by W. Hanson Pulsford 707
Prison Reform 710
The Church and the New International Order, by Charles R. Brown, D.D. 714
Reflections on Shipboard; Baroness Von Suttner . . 715
From the Isles of Shoals 716

SPIRITUAL LIFE 709

LITERATURE.
Joseph S. Auerbach's Essays 710
Books; Magazines; Miscellaneous 711

THE HOME.
Paddy, the Policeman, by Annie Balcomb Wheeler; Where a Little Boy lives 712
Grandfather's Rabbits; A Night in an Indian Camp . 713

POETRY.
A Sunset Prayer, by Theodore C. Williams 705
Ebb-tide, by Edith Willis Linn 706
An Æolian Harp 710
Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest . . . 712
Fulfilment 714

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Young People's Day at the Shoals 718

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 719

PLEASANTRIES 720

Editorial.

THE rock on which the best imaginable scheme of social reconstruction would split is the rock of faults in character. It is almost a pity that some one of these schemes cannot be put into operation so as to show their advocates how useless a machine is without character, and bring them to a fairer state of mind toward those who go to the root of social amelioration in character. The lazy, the shiftless, the improvident, the cheats, the parasites, the robbers, the lustful,—all the sorts of people who make the real hopelessness of social wrong would not have a change of heart with the change of society. Education itself would be as useful to the unscrupulous man as to the well-meaning. No ingenuity, no executive authority and force could avail to perfect so skilful and irresistible a moral and social cash register as to circumvent the wrong-doer. Churches do not seem to succeed, and they cannot yet get to all the places which need their gospel. They have still to devise methods of operation that will bring them into contact with the run of human nature now quite out of their sphere of influence. But the root of the matter is with them. The principle of their foundation is unassailable. The big task is theirs, the one closest to the evil, and the aim they cherish goes to the heart of the problem. The men who are quick to mark their defects of method should recognize the indispensableness of what the church insists on, and help make it effective rather than withdraw from its support.

IT is a common thing to hear people say, in regard to pictures and art, that they do not know anything about painting, but they know what they like. That is really the last thing people are likely to know,—what they like. They like a few things, indeed, but as for knowing what they like, nothing is further from probability. This is proved to us when we look into the world of art through the eyes of those who do know what they like and why it is to be liked. Some familiar picture, in which we have gained pleasure, becomes revealed in its true beauty and meaning when an artist explains its effects and shows the source of its power. A few elementary principles of light and shade and of color have the effect to open our eyes and our judgment so that we see more than we ever saw before, and know what to look for and how to observe. There are a few very simple facts, easily understood, which change one's vision and open a world hitherto

closed. To know what we like we have to know some of these principles. They alone give us a right to admire, and the powers of admiration. We might use the same idea for illustration in religion. Freedom of opinion does not mean absence of knowledge. It is not sure that every one has a right to his opinion. Few people can show their passports in every country of truth they travel in. We know what we think. But do we? When there comes the man who does know what he thinks, a good many people realize that they never really knew what they thought before. He reveals new stretches of vision, and he reveals them to themselves. The only way to be sure we know what we think is to take the guidance of the greatest thinking the world has known, to look through the lenses of thought, and to discipline the powers of thinking. Trying to know what we think shows how hard the attainment is. It is the antidote to bigotry.

One of the characteristic events in the life of a multi-millionaire, who lately left all he had, was that, on travelling abroad with his family, he heard in a Berlin hotel a stock-ticker, and became absorbed in its moving-picture show of things financial in America. His family continued their journey, but the capitalist was not to be seduced from his one pleasure in life. Nothing of what was glorious and beautiful and interesting had any attractions for him: he was in the grip of Mammon, the god of riches, whose sway has become more universal than that of any religion. We can imagine that his setting forth to see another world was his attempt to break away from his captor. But the habit of years was too much for him. It fatalized the rest of his career. Where his heart was, there was his treasure. Its passion had welded an inner cage from which the farthest journey could not deliver him. The prime justification of an education is not its vocational value, but its service in providing deliverance from what thus binds men hand and foot, and blinds them to the world in which they live. The man who has this secret of freedom in his heart can never quite sell his soul. There will always be for him the possibility of travel, the charm of other skies and times. That this very millionaire left a will which provides twenty-five millions for a medical school, is his testimonial to the greatest worth in the world; and it shows that Mammon cannot keep the whole of any man.

That perfectly respectable employments become somewhat less than respectable is due to the persons, either unscrupulous or unpossessed of scruples, whose tricky ways and slippery methods have become indissolubly associated with such employments. There is, for instance, no more honorable calling than that of an agent for books, but the book-agent, for various reasons, has come to be an undesirable visitor, and his business an undesirable business to enter into. Particularly forbidding is such a calling when it involves insidious deception, and skilful playing upon the natural humanities in such a way as to gain profit through their manipulation. We hear, from time to time, of systematic fraudulency, in which people of high character or name become more or less unconsciously involved. A man of some prominence is approached by a gentleman of good address who wishes his biography for a forthcoming publication of importance, and is assured that the contribution desired has nothing to do with his subscribing to the work. But if he does not subscribe, his valued biographical material suddenly loses value and is never used. Victims to similar methods of more flagrant degree naturally do not expose the criminals who have given themselves into their hands by their clumsy pretence and deception, because they dread to have their private affairs dragged into public view, and have not time or strength to carry through the prosecution that they feel at the same time is a public duty. So rascals escape, of low and high degree, who richly merit exposure. Now and then cases get into the courts; but by far the greater number never reach that stage. A worse feature of these ways that are dark is that persons allow themselves to get into complicity with illicit trade who would not do so if they knew its character; and, still worse, instincts become dulled, and eyes no longer single.

A leading theatrical manager has stated that Shakespeare has done well in America lately only on occasions when some actor has said farewell to him. "People go to see Shakespeare in America these days not because they want to, but because they think they ought." With this judgment is coupled the announcement that the tendency of the stage is, owing to the influence of dancing and the moving-picture shows, toward strong quick scenes,—plays with succession of scenes quickly over. That the stage will still compete successfully with the moving-picture plays is indicated by this change. It will have the rapid movement, the briskness, of the moving picture, with the added advantage of real people and real voices. "Real people and real voices,"—that is the essential thing. Nothing can take the place of life, not the cleverest imitation of it, not the most engaging simulation of it. It is this fact that gives hope in many directions. The perfect mechanical reproduction of singing or instrumental music has one fatal defect,—its perfection is fixed. It will always be just that reproduction and no other. It can be repeated indefinitely, but never in infinite repetition be another thing. Life does both. It can bring the technique and still be creative. The death of preaching has been successively prophesied with the advent of the newspaper, the telephone, the talking-machine. But, while human nature is human, people will seek preaching, the vital conveyance of truth and inspiration. They will seek it less because they think they ought than because they cannot help wanting it; and the little boy who, after hearing story-books read for a time, said, "I'm tired of these story-books; let's go back to Shakespeare" was a prophet of what will happen in the matter of preaching as well as with Shakespeare.

The Greatest Kindness in the World.

It will not seem kindness when we define it. It never does seem kindness to people who ought to exercise it. In fact, it seems the exact opposite of kindness. We cannot bear to endure it ourselves, and when we have to endure it, it is under protest and sometimes with rebellion and bitterness. When it is ahead of those we care for, we try to ward it off and devise substitutes for it. As we look over the world and see how universal it is, and how often terrible, we find it hard to answer those who say that the world must be made over and this necessity taken out of the world. The indictments of our social and economic structure are based less upon the remediable and wrong elements than upon this essential and unchangeable necessity. The chief change involved in the radical changes commended is the change from a condition where hardship is the inevitable condition of progress to a condition in which hardness has become expurgated. Yet, we repeat, the greatest kindness in the world is to let hardness stand, the fundamental good fortune of existence, and never to let the effort to abolish

Digitized by Google

hardnesses that ought not to stand lead us to the soft peril of taking away the hardness that it is good to have.

The love of God has no more exacting test than that it can be severe and yet be love. Not severe in a cruel and vindictive way, not severe in any such way as some old creeds express it, but severe in the way the best kindness has to be. Those who have had it their mission to purge religious belief from hate and cruelty, have it still their duty to preserve religious belief from cruel and misleading softness and weakness. They may take for the pattern of what they ought to keep in their religion the counsel that parents take to heart in the training of children. They must protect them from harmful influences. They must guard them from too heavy strain. They must give them the atmosphere in which childhood can best get the benefit of childhood. But with all this they must keep a real discipline, and see to it that privilege and opportunity is not preventive and denial of the best privilege and opportunity in life. This best privilege is growth and development, training and strengthening. It cannot be had without real hardship, the entire thing, with no Ariadne's thread to it, real risk with all the alternatives and strains of risk. The parent who fondly thinks he can shield his child from trouble, and tries to do so, and prepares things so that the strains others suffer, that he himself may have suffered, shall not afflict his offspring, is indulging a delusion, and he is trying to do the worst thing for the child that could possibly be done. It is a commonplace truth, yet very wise people are all the time trying to evade it. This is what makes it the best thing in the world for a boy, and it is coming to be seen that it is often good for the same reason for a girl, to get out of the home and fend for himself, and take life honestly on his own hands and with his own abilities. At a certain age, which varies according to circumstances, home is a Paradise which it is human nature's salvation to be expelled from, or somehow to be got away from. The better the home, the more likely it is to be good to get away from it. That college so often fails to do all that could be expected is due to the fact that college is so often artificially protected by an income or allowance, or knowledge that ultimate consequences can always be escaped. The trial is not real, and so men often fail to find themselves long after the normal time for discovery, because they have not been left to do it.

The best favoritism a man can show, and ever does show to a young man in whom he is specially interested, is not to let him have any special interest, to put him down in the dirt and toil, and try him out. The full allowance of hardship is what, theoretically, a young man wants, but he seldom wants it long; and, when he concludes he will not take it, his failure is made. The real kindness is to give him the chance, and just this kind of a chance. If he makes good, the merit is estimated in terms of what he underwent, of the hardship more than of the reward. This is what in truth changes a mere person into a real man; and nothing else will do it.

When it comes to life, we forget all this. We rush to a reform that promises to abolish all poverty when a good deal of it is the only way to teach some people how to abolish it. Socialistic schemes are alluring mostly for the reason that underneath their economic structure there is the covert expectation that by arranging the machinery everything will go on smoothly, and all hardship be transferred to such heavenly realms that it will lose all right to the name. Already the power is gained by organization to force from men as much for the undeserving as for the deserving, as much for the slow workman and stupid as for the quick and bright one, and it goes so far that the better workman is punished, and severely punished, if he goes ahead of the mark established by an average in which there is a preponderant inability.

It remains for religion to invent new ways to put its familiar lesson of tribulation as an attainment of the greatest blessing, of the greatest blessing as only won through self-subjection to suffering, in ways that will carry into it the confirmation of experience, and give it the force of indisputable and proper fact. We apologize too much for God in this matter. We try to explain and defend, when we should simply understand. Just as truly as the gods put a steep hill between men and virtue, and made it rough and stony, to Hesiod's thinking, so God puts the greatest kindness in the world in the form of earning and winning and attaining. We shall be still kept at it in every imaginable heaven. Not tiresomely, because all labor has alternations of rest, but inspiringly and vitally. Any other arrangement would send the angels tumbling down to the foot of the hill as certainly as any devil could fling them there. There is no condemnation more pitiful, and more open to all but the condemned, than that of the man who has stopped striking with his twelve. And heaven would be no better if it were not dynamic. Its top is not one of attainment, but of vision; and, as the man who climbs a mountain sees a wider world, and goes down to find it, so heaven will be the sight of glorious possibility, never the stopping it. So the greatest kindness any one can do in this world is to show those who shrink from the pain of it that the hurt is always convertible into good, and that the good won through pain is sweeter than any good known or imaginable.

The Peace of God.

We know what the peace of nature is. We have felt its deep tranquil pulses beating in our very souls. It is something more than the cheery tranquillity and sense of well-being that comes with breezy mornings when the clouds sail high, the birds sing loud and clear, and all the world sparkles and shimmers under the light of a new day. There are times of deep quietude, sending a fulness of life which is not excitement, but the perfection of rest and contentment. The sky broods softly, lovingly over the awakening earth. Humanity seems to partake of the blessing that makes the heavens stoop so caressingly above the young things of creation.

George Herbert embodied it in his hymn,—

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

A kindred peace of soul seems to come at times to those who strive to live near God, and are open to the indwelling of his spirit. To those who know not this peace it seems foolishness, fantasy, the work of the imagination; but even such an one may feel at moments the presence of a deep, quieting emotion, as if an angel had brushed the soul with the tip of its wing.

For one brief moment the terrors and agitations of the world are shut out. We are no longer petty beings, given up to worries and vexations of spirit. We have breathed in Elysium, and, could the mood but last and become perpetuated, no vision of a material heaven could equal the perfection and fulness of this life in God. Stevenson has some beautiful passages on the brief visitations of this temper, when every discord is hushed, every anxiety abolished, and a vivid perception of what life really means throngs in upon the soul.

We may be helped to this mood by those who have been steeped in it and have uttered some pregnant word that thrills through us like a throb of exquisite music. Poets and prophets have this power. Wonder, love, mystery,

Digitized by Google

and beauty are with us always in some form, only we get dull and callous. We need a new surprising thought to awaken us, or an old one that flashes new meaning. We need some higher soul than our own to say to us, Look up.

The Bible is first among those influences that shed a balm into the spirit. It seems sanctified by influences that have impregnated no other book through the ages. The comfort, the rest, the cheer it has imparted to generations of believers have in a manner been shed back upon its pages so that we find, in a little text of special import to all the needy and suffering, a peace that has the effect of a benediction. It is known to most of us mainly by these pertinent, significant passages that have a special bearing on man's dependence on God, and the help that comes in mysterious ways to those who earnestly seek for aid. What lies between these texts is mainly negligible to the most of us. The gems we gather; the less precious setting, that has no special bearing on our inward state, we pass by. Words fitly chosen are these brief, precious texts, like apples of gold in pictures of silver. They are deeply inwrought with our religious life, and have had a prodigious influence in bringing to myriads of souls the peace the world cannot give nor take away.

We need always to be reminded, thrilled, startled awake from our dull lethargy.—reminded that we, too, can rise above the warring elements of human nature and the turmoil of the world into a region where we may rest in the peace of God and the sunlight of his benediction. We can judge from the best and purest and holiest people we have known of the exalted and clarified nature that is almost sinless. In that state small distinctions pass away, and an all-embracing love is a sign of the indwelling spirit of peace. The higher we get, the less we notice dividing lines and shades of difference, until in heaven, we are told, there is no temple, no formal religion, because of the divineness that pervades and fills it.

There are natures so filled with the peace of God they seem fit for translation without passing through the change of death. Undoubtedly there are such among other than those of the Christian faith,—so filled with the God-consciousness that names and systems do not signify. Jesus, for their great love, would have greeted such of his time, of whatever race or color, as he greeted Nathanael, having discerned his nature afar off when he sat under the fig-tree, and pronounced him an Israelite without guile.

He had the perfect divination, that recognizes instantly its brother. We hear no more of Nathanael, nor do we need to hear more. His nature to its inmost depths is revealed to us by the divine discerner of spirits. In less perfectly spiritualized natures the peace of God may come in rare intervals in earnest prayer or deep meditation. Is it not true that in our deepest consciousness we must seek the Lord our God? that by neglect and indifference, even though we may believe there is a God, he seems to escape from our life, to leave us cold, until we are encrusted with the cares and interests of the world, and only some great loss or misfortune, some unexpected blow that kills our sense of security and well-being, can awake us to the needs of the neglected and impoverished soul?

We can shrink and wither spiritually just as we do mentally and morally. When we lose the key to the higher life, God whispers to us a secret, he gives us a talisman. We forget the secret, we lose the talisman. We grow dull on the higher sides of our nature. We perhaps scoff at things sacred. We drink at many brackish springs. We eat of much forbidden fruit. We rush from one excitement to another, and laugh loudly and long, and jest with all who will join us in "the good time"; but still there is a hunger and a longing. We accuse fate. We say the world was made on a bad and imperfect plan; that man is a poor creature, buffeted by all the winds of destiny and finally doomed to annihilation. Still there is the hunger and the longing for the peace of God,—the only thing that can lay blue devils and quench despair.

Then how blessed if we are pressed to our knees and find the divine arms of mercy and love close about us and all the bitterness of life washed away in tears of remorse and repentance, that soften the hard heart and show us there is no true peace but the peace of God.

American Unitarian Association.

The Special Commissions.

At the annual meeting of the Association on May 26 the president was authorized and instructed to appoint no less than four special commissions. Each of these commissions is to be intrusted with an important subject of investigation, and each is expected to report at or before the annual meeting in May, 1915. I have given careful and deliberate thought to the selection of the members of these commissions, and I am grateful for the hearty spirit with which distinguished members of our fellowship have responded to my request for their co-operation, and for their willingness to give of their time, their judgment, and their experience to the service of our cause.

I. I was first charged to appoint a commission of three "to investigate our methods of church accounting and book-keeping," and to report on "the best and simplest methods of keeping the accounts of churches and church organizations" and on "the methods of raising funds for current and special purposes." This commission will consist of Prof. Henry Wilder Foote, Prof. William Morse Cole, and Mr. Walter H. Clarke. Prof. Foote has served two parishes in the South and West, has been for several years the secretary of the Church Extension Department of the American Unitarian Association, and is now assistant professor of Preaching and Parish Administration in the Harvard Divinity School. Prof. Cole is assistant professor of Accounting in the School of Business Administration of Harvard University, and the treasurer of the First Parish in Cambridge. Mr. Clarke is in the auditing department of the General Electric Company, and the treasurer of the church in Schenectady. All three are conspicuously able to deal with the investigation intrusted to them, and their recommendations will carry weight in our churches.

II. I was next charged to appoint a commission, "to consist of both ministers and laymen, to consider and report upon the possible improvement of the methods of hearing candidates in our churches and selecting ministers for vacant pulpits." This commission will consist of Edwin M. Slocombe of Worcester; Charles W. Ames of St. Paul, Minn.; Edward Hale of Chestnut Hill; Henry T. Secrist of Meadville, Pa.; Norman L. Bassett of Augusta, Me.; Frederick H. Kent of Ottawa, Can.; Miss Anna M. Bancroft of Hopedale; Robert F. Leavens of Fitchburg; and Harry Lutz of Newton. These ladies and gentlemen have had experience in dealing with the perplexing and hampering conditions for which it is hoped that the commission can find some remedies. They represent the points of view both of self-respecting ministers and of responsible parish committees.

III. I was next instructed to appoint a special commission, "consisting of representatives of the Association, of the General Conference, of the theological schools, of the Ministerial Union, and of the churches at large, to consider and report upon the ways of recruiting the ministry." I have invited the following ladies and

Digitized by Google

gentlemen to serve on this commission, and favorable replies have been received from all but two, who have not yet been heard from: Earl M. Wilbur of Berkeley, Cal.; William W. Fenn of Cambridge; Cyrus W. Heizer of Ithaca, N.Y.; Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo, N.Y.; John H. Dietrich of Spokane, Wash.; George Kent of New Orleans, La.; Harold G. Arnold of West Roxbury; William I. Lawrance and Sydney B. Snow of Boston; and Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of Meadville, Pa. Dr. Wilbur is the president of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry; Dean Fenn represents the Harvard Divinity School; Mr. Boynton is the chairman of the Committee on Instruction of the Trustees of the Meadville Theological School; Mrs. Spencer is the Hackley Professor; Mr. Arnold is the secretary of the Ministerial Union; Mr. Lawrance is the secretary of the Department of Religious Education of the Association; Mr. Snow is a member of the Council of the General Conference; Mr. Heizer, Mr. Dietrich, and Mr. Kent represent the experience of parish ministers in parts of the country where our churches are few and isolated. The report of such a judicious and experienced commission ought to suggest practicable ways and means of solving our most urgent denominational problem.

IV. Finally, I was instructed to appoint a commission of ten persons "to report on the possibility and advisability of adopting a name more expressive of the actual purpose of our denomination than the name 'Unitarian.'" This important commission will be composed of Charles W. Eliot of Cambridge, president of the General Conference; Augustus M. Lord of Providence, formerly president of the Ministers' Institute; William H. Carruth of Palo Alto, Cal., formerly president of the Missouri Valley Conference; Miss Emma C. Low of Brooklyn, formerly president of the Women's Alliance; William Kent, formerly of Chicago, now a member of Congress from California; Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, the mover of the resolution; Minot Simons of Cleveland, chairman of the Council of the General Conference; Marcus P. Knowlton of Springfield, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Sanford Bates, president of the Young People's Religious Union; and Lewis G. Wilson, secretary of the Association. Several gentlemen to whom I made application felt obliged to decline to serve.

It will be at once perceived that this is a thoroughly representative commission. It represents all parts of the country, all types of mind in our body, our various official organizations, and the best character and wisdom of our communion. Some are veterans in the service of our cause, and others belong to the younger generations. While different points of view are represented, I have consciously and intentionally made this commission to consist chiefly of persons who have privately or publicly expressed their interest and sympathy in the proposal to discover "a name more expressive of the actual purpose of our denomination than the name 'Unitarian.'" I am not, indeed, acquainted with the predisposition of several of the members, knowing only that they will approach this subject with the desire to recommend whatever may appear to be just, expedient, and wise; but, so far as I am aware of the predilections of these ladies and gentlemen, I believe that most of them are in sympathy with the ideas expressed by the secretary of the Association in his Annual Report. I have adopted this course because it is well known that I have some decided opinions of my own about this proposal, and that, while my mind is open to any judicious suggestion or recommendation, I cannot now be counted among those who see any adequate reason for troubling ourselves with such a discussion. At the proper time and place I shall doubtless have opportunity to express my views on this subject. In the mean while, as I do not wish my own convictions or prejudices to count for more than their just influence, I have intentionally made the majority of the commission to consist of persons who are believed to favor a course of action which does not at this time command my own sympathy or support.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

THE first definite result of the policy of the national administration toward Mexico was accomplished on July 15, when Victoriano Huerta, since the assassination of Francisco I. Madero dictator in the capital of the republic, resigned the provisional presidency and was succeeded immediately by Francisco Carbajal. The withdrawal of Huerta, who sailed for Europe from Puerto, Mexico, last Sunday, with his family and some of his friends, was the first step in carrying out the agreement reached under the mediatory auspices of the envoys of Chile, Argentina, and Brazil at Niagara Falls a few days ago. In his message to the Mexican congress, in which he announced his resignation, the dictator made several bitter references to the United States. After referring to the "death blows" which he asserted had been dealt by his government to the "unjust power," Huerta added, "Later on stronger workers will come, using implements that undoubtedly will end that power which has done so much harm and committed so many outrages on this continent."

THE outcome of the next act in the drama which is being enacted in the city of Mexico City is causing anxiety in Washington and is attracting interest throughout the world. It is understood in Washington that, in accordance with the Niagara Falls protocol, Carbajal will proceed to hand over the reins of power to the Constitutionalists, who then will come into peaceful possession of the machinery of government throughout the republic, with the possible exception of Morelos, which is occupied by the recalcitrant Emilio Zapata. It is the manner of the actual occupation of the City of Mexico that is the basis of uncertainty. It is the wish of the government at Washington, not only to avert further fighting in the neighboring republic, but to obtain from the Constitutionalist commanders full guarantees that the lives and property of Federal adherents shall be respected by the incoming authority. These pledges, however, were not forthcoming at the beginning of the week, and it was feared that Villa intended to carry out his intention of giving over the city to slaughter and pillage.

IN the mean while, developments on the Caribbean Sea are stirring the United States to naval and diplomatic activity of an extraordinary scope. In the adjoining republics of Hayti and Santo Domingo the chronic revolutionary activities have reached a stage wherein foreign governments are taking a lively interest in behalf of their nationals, who are creditors of the unquiet states. Impressed by foreign demands for action, the administration at Washington already has despatched a dozen ships to waters adjacent to the island, and the naval forces at Guantanamo are being augmented materially with a view to the possibility of a naval demonstration to restore order in both Hayti and Santo Domingo. The interest of the United States in the situation at Port-au-Prince is based upon the proposal by Germany that joint action

Digitized by Google

be taken to prevent further disorder and depreciation of property. Such joint action the United States, in accordance with its time-honored policy, is not willing to encourage. In Santo Domingo the United States has been administering the national finances and paying the foreign creditors since 1906, and the present disorders have reduced the revenues to the vanishing point.

There is a distinct feeling in London, Berlin, and Paris that the situation in Hayti and Santo Domingo requires drastic action to conserve foreign interests. Informal pressure is said to be exerted in Washington from European sources to bring about the application of force by the United States, under the understood provisions of the Monroe Doctrine, to restore peace on the disturbed island, which is one of the richest and most productive in the world, but has been reduced to a deplorable condition by the chronic outbreaks of revolutions. Although the situation has not yet been put in concrete form, Germany is understood to have conveyed to the State Department at Washington its view that, unless the United States consents to assume the part of policeman, then Germany ought to be permitted to take adequate measures for the protection of the interests of its nationals. Hence the diplomatic and naval activities which the United States is developing in the waters of Hayti and Santo Domingo.

After energetic but unavailing protests against the operations of some phases of the new tariff law, which French public men and exporters have been denouncing as inquisitorial, the French Republic last week definitely decided to take part officially in the Panama-Pacific Exposition next year, and appropriated the sum of $400,000 for the purpose of a government exhibit. The attitude of the French government brings into sharp contrast the refusal of Great Britain and Germany to take part in the great event at San Francisco, which will signalize the opening of the Panama Canal, presumably upon the ground that grave injustice to the rest of the world was worked by America in the original law for the government of the canal, which provided for the exemption of American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls. In France the plan for government participation in the Exposition was opposed with determination by a considerable group of financial interests, who have been advancing the charge that some of the tariff regulations for a scrutiny upon the import trade into the United States imposed unfair burdens upon French commerce, and reflected unpleasantly upon French commercial honor.

While the two houses of Parliament are struggling with the Home Rule Bill in its amendment phase, reports from Ulster indicate that the tension brought about by the Irish problem is by no means abating. The Ulster Volunteers, who now number more than 100,000 men, are keeping up their organization and the work of training with an enthusiasm which the government at Westminster regards with apprehension. At the same time a somewhat larger Nationalist force is hurrying its organization to completion, and cargoes of arms are being landed in Ireland for both sides, despite a rigorous prohibition of such activities and the vigilance of the naval patrol, which is on duty in Irish waters to prevent "gun-running." The House of Lords, on July 14, sent the Home Rule back to the Commons so amended as to amount practically to its rejection, in the opinion of Lord Morley, the government leader in the chamber.

The vigorous prosecution of participants in corrupt practices in connection with the purchase of supplies for the navy is being pushed indefatigably by the new government in Japan. Several high officials of shipbuilding companies were sentenced last week to terms ranging from two years' to eighteen months' imprisonment. The specific charge in these cases was the forgery of documents, the bribery of naval officials, and the employment of other improper influences in the allotment of contracts. Among the four men convicted and sentenced to imprisonment on July 18 was Vice-Admiral Matsuo, retired, who took an effective, although not a dominant, part in the naval operations in the war with Russia. Among the recent convictions were those of several foreigners, including newspaper correspondents and representatives of European corporations, who had taken part in the gigantic conspiracy which the previous administration at Tokio unearthed, and which the liberal Okuma ministry is ferreting out to its utmost ramifications.

Brevities.

A Methodist preacher wishes to know how a man can support a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary.

If any work is a curse to the worker, there is something wrong about the work; but, if any worker is averse to work of any kind, then there is something wrong about the worker.

It is the testimony of well-qualified students of social problems that the major portion of juvenile delinquencies, and adult offences as well, flow from the suppressions or perversions of the "play instinct" inherent in all human nature. The phrase "the criminal type" should no longer be used. Wickedness is energy lacking a proper outlet for its exercise.

The exquisite moist odors of certain blossoms of swamp-growing shrubs suggest the delicate processes which are going on within, the result of a vital and subtle chemistry in the floral recesses of the plant's hidden life; but who can tell why these wild fragrances convey to the mind certain mental and poetic associations, which are indescribable and remain indelible in the memory?

Letters to the Editor.

The Unitarian Name.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

A recent letter in the *Register* refers to a tract on "The Unity of the Spirit," published by the American Unitarian Association, in which I explain that the Unitarian name was probably first used about three hundred and fifty years ago, but the writer of the letter forgets to quote my statement that this occurred in Hungary.

An edict by the national Diet secured toleration for all the reformed churches and encouraged a spirit of fellowship. The advocates of this fellowship between all these churches were called "Uniti" or "Unitarii," or, in English, "Unionists." But a few years later the more conservative churches refused to continue this fellowship, just as the conservative ministers in New England, a century ago, refused to exchange pulpits with the progressives. In Hungary the progressives retained the Unitarian name, because they alone maintained the principle of undogmatic fellowship, in contrast with the insistence by the conservatives that belief in certain dogmas must be a condition of Christian fellowship.

Digitized by Google

Channing and the other liberal leaders in New England objected at first to the Unitarian name because the Calvinist Congregationalists who gave it to them meant by it "anti-trinitarian," supposing that the liberals denied the dogma of the Trinity. But the progressives really cared very little for any such dogmatic question, and they preferred to be known as liberal Christians, because they favored the broadest liberty with regard to creeds. As Chadwick says in his life of Channing (p. 154), "it was of the very essence of the liberal movement to emphasize the ethical and spiritual and treat theological dogmas as negligible quantities." Dr. Frothingham, minister of the First Church in Boston, wrote in 1835, that "Unitarianism has made more account of the religious sentiment than of theological opinions" ("Boston Unitarianism," p. 67). In fact, the chief complaint of the conservatives against the liberals was not that the latter preached heresies, but that they were silent about dogmatic questions, so that their congregations gradually sympathized with liberalism. Consequently, a common charge of the Calvinists against the liberal ministers was that "they hid their heresies and stole their churches"; for the Calvinists, in their fanatical zeal for dogmas, could not understand how honest and religious men could be so silent about dogmas; and therefore they attributed this silence to deliberate trickery.

This undogmatic spirit was, and still is, the generally recognized meaning of "liberalism." What Channing said of Christianity, that it "is a spirit rather than a rigid doctrine," he would likewise say of liberalism. And therefore, because this was *then* our most distinctive Unitarian principle, he and the other liberals of his time were certainly justified, as we feel justified to-day, in keeping the Unitarian name as implying the belief in "the unity of the spirit,"—just as the Hungarians kept it.

In a sketch of our denominational history, the late Dr. Joseph Henry Allen, lecturer on church history in the Harvard School, describes the awaking of our Unitarian churches to a new life after the storm and stress of the Civil War, when under the magnetic leadership of Dr. Bellows our first National Conference met in New York City. He speaks of Dr. Bellows's "ardent confidence that our form of faith would give the type of the American religion of the future." "It must not signify, —it must not even hint,—a creed. Spiritual affinity and willingness to unite in the common work must be the only test. No lines of doctrine should be drawn to rule out any honest and willing mind. All should be embraced in *that Unitarianism* which is the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace" ("Modern Unitarianism," Lippincott, 1886, pp. 41–42). A glorious prophecy, already near complete fulfilment here in New England, where all Protestant denominations are fraternizing as never before and dogmatic differences are forgotten in accepting the undogmatic Christianity which Channing and many others faithfully taught.

Copious quotations might be given from the books of such men as President Schurman of Cornell, President King of Oberlin, President Hyde of Bowdoin, Prof. Hall of Union Theological Seminary, the late Dr. Munger of New Haven, and Dr. Gordon of Boston, to show how the real aim of our Unitarianism has become their aim.

One of the finest of their memorable sayings is a sentence of Dr. Gordon's, which seems to me to express the very heart of our Unitarianism: "I recognize a reality deeper than all words, which the Trinitarian may ignore while caressing its symbol, and in the strength of which the Unitarian may live though denying its name." For the great realities of the heart-life of religion are far more important than any dogmas or words.

A few months ago, at a meeting of the "Middlesex South Association" of Trinitarian Congregational ministers, to which the Unitarian ministers of South Middlesex County were invited and many came, I took great pleasure in quoting these words of Dr. Gordon, and saying, "You, brethren of the other wing of Congregationalism, are rapidly becoming Unitarianized," that is, are becoming undogmatic in your fellowship and are excepting Channing's teaching that "Christianity is a spirit rather than a rigid doctrine."

We, Unitarians, are Congregationalists in the original meaning of the word and have a legal right to the name. Some of our parishes are lawfully known as "the First Congregational" in this or that town.

And now, when true Unitarianism is widely accepted in other denominations, and soon will be everywhere recognized as the advance-guard of Christian progress, shall we renounce its name and trail its banner in the dust?

Shall we not rather strive to be more faithful to its glorious message and persistently defend it from misrepresentations, until it wins the allegiance of all true Christian hearts?

I will send to any address the tract on "The Unity of the Spirit." A pamphlet of forty-four pages, entitled "Our Unitarianism," which discusses various aspects of this question, is "recommended for Study Classes and Post-office Mission work" in the *Word and Work* for June, page 18, and will be sent by Miss Florence Everett, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Fifteen cents for a single copy, and twelve cents each copy for a parcel of ten or more copies.

CHARLES A. ALLEN.

WAVERLEY, MASS.

Timothy and Clover.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

Said an old farmer, surveying his wife's flower-garden, "How wonderfully them 'ere posies have bust out, but they ain't half as pooty as a hill of corn wavin' in the wind."

There are not many who will agree with the old farmer's point of view, but I must confess to having much sympathy with him, even from an æsthetic attitude. The ignorance of city dwellers about crops may pass as an accepted sign of superiority to such vulgar knowledge. How often I have been asked by urban friends the names of the commonest forest trees,—beech, birch, maple, ash, oak, chestnut,—all a curious puzzle! They have not learned the open inscription on leaf and bark of every tree, which you may read as in a book.

A charming city lady, whose accomplishments were all confined to paved streets and small back yards or park drives, said to a country friend who was driving her out: "Why are you always talking about crops? What do you see in crops?" "Oh, I see everything," the other cheerfully replied. "I see the world's bread and butter, and all the prosperity of the country, all the romance and beauty of life, as well. I see the great prairies waving with blonde wheat and glistening with the dark green banners of the corn. I see the irrigated countries and the broad and fertile valleys, and the little narrow field, as well, of the poor farmer. I seem to see the whole meaning and sustenance of life in what comes from the field to the breakfast-tables of the world, and furnishes the supper, and fills the mouths of innumerable multitudes of hungry children. I seem to see it all in a ray of sunshine or a drop of rain, or the voice of the wind as it

Digitized by Google

sweeps over the grain-field, whispering of fertility or barrenness, abundance or famine."

Frank Norris, in his fine novels, traced the destiny of the wheat crop from the vast golden miles of California to the wheat pit of Chicago, and, had he lived, would have extended the story to the peasants of a Russian village, the ultimate consumer, the real *raison d'être* of all this ferment in the bosom of the soil. So the sight of a wheat-field or a breadth of corn sets my imagination working at the great problems of life and destiny, the great economic and industrial questions of to-day, gives a peep into the cupboards and larders of all lands, the interaction of the life-stuff of the fields with human thoughts, and all the subtilities of the brain. Such problems, in the last analysis, come right down to the ground.

Did grass ever grow before as it has grown this year? We read of bursting barns, though we have never seen one explode from the weight of its stored riches, but, could such a phenomenon occur, it would be almost sure to happen this year. There is nothing more wonderful, and indeed more beautiful, than our cultivated grasses, to which the fragrant pink-tipped clover is allied. None of the species of new fodder science has evolved is half as delightful as timothy, our old and dear favorite. Can any sight be more noble and inspiring than a great field of this grass rolling to the base of wood-crowned hills, clean, without weeds, strong of stem, and with its long flowering tops many feet tall? How the wind plays and frolics with it, sheening and damaskeening its surface, as it sings a great song of prosperity and the riches of the earth!

I remember long years ago coming over a long, tiresome Swiss pass in a jolting *diligence*, and descending suddenly into a little valley hidden away among the vast snowy peaks and solemn glaciers. Belts of dark pines and firs rose to where the ice had set its seal of death, but in the very cup of the deep valley nestled a little farm. Bright streams and waterfalls flashed here and there down the steep foot-hills, where vineyards climbed on narrow shelves and dizzy footholds of soil. But down, down in the depths the sun shone on a little farmstead surrounded by orchards of plum and cherry, and a garden bright with flowers. Bees were humming round the straw hives, and the blackbird was singing as only the European blackbird can, carolling in the pure gladness of his heart and the summer splendor. There were little haying-fields perched on the steep slopes, or wedged between rocks and torrents, where young, neatly clad girls, as charming as some rural scene on the opera stage, were tossing the hay with their deft rakes.

What pictures memory paints of delicious scenes when the odor of new-mown hay is in the air! But our own home fields, as we remember them in the early days, are the best of all,—the clover waiting, not to be reaped, but spilling its fragrance freely as the wind stirs its rosy blossoms, while the bobolink, that delightful haunter of meadows, silenced all other birds by its braided strand of song, so bewitchingly merry and gay,—enough to shame a misanthrope into good behavior and love of his kind.

There are no such fields now as those of our youth. Machinery seems to have abolished them, or else age and practicality have rubbed the glamour from our eyes. Haying-time, though the hardest for the farmer, was the best for the child. What joy to frolic in the tumbled field, to lie under the great black-cherry-tree, a perfect tower of shade, planted in the midst, or under the majestic maple in the south corner, to watch the mowers and the horse-rake neatly turning the long windrows that laid the heavy grass in ridges! Under the great maple, snugly tucked in the cool grass, lay the switchel-jug, which had wisely taken the place of the one-time whiskey-jug. I wonder if now the hot and thirsty haymakers refresh themselves with long draughts of switchel, that concoction of ginger, vinegar, molasses, and water. Switchel, well shaken, was thought to be not so bad a drink. I notice in reading of the Roman emperor Julian that, when going to war with the Persians, he carried vinegar instead of wine to refresh his soldiers on their marches. So perhaps switchel was known and honored even in those far-off days.

How delightful was that particular south corner of the field, where the curdy white blossoms of the elderberry and the clustered pink blooms of the pride-of-the-meadow attracted bees in great numbers, whom it was pleasant to watch as they loaded their thighs with yellow pollen and flew off to their hives! The butterflies came in large numbers, and of rare beauty,—whole bevies of yellows, purples with crimson spots, and the splendid black and orange. The yellow ones came in little breezy flights and settled softly down on the elder-blows with the prettiest twitter of their wings.

Pillowed on the hay under the towering maple, what a place that south corner was for day-dreams and delicious idle meditations, as one gazed up through blue gulfs of sky at sailing white clouds, or peeped at the thrush's nest in a near-by bush! Perhaps the men would be making a stack in a distant part of the field on one of those gloriously hot days when the earth is giving forth her strongest essences and her giant strength in response to the downpour of fervent rays tempered lightly by a cooling breeze.

Slowly up from the underworld would come the black, threatening thunder-pile, lazily gashed by the far-off lightning flash. The heat intensified, and solemn stillness crept abroad, silencing the birds, and the merry crickets chirping in the undergrowth. The sun was blotted out, thunder bellowing nearer. What an excitement in the field to get in the last load, to spread the drying hay; and, as the first big drops came splashing down, what a mighty race and scamper to the barn for safety! Then, how the torrent beat upon the great barn roof, frightening the swallows under the eaves; and how one hid one's eyes from the lightning's glare as the mighty artillery of the heavens crashed down with destructive fury!

Oh, the idle, delicious, vagabond days when as a child you rode home on the load, swaying as on a moving mountain, and scattering wisps along the highway, then driving with the loud tramp of hoofs upon loose planks into the pleasant darkness of the interior, where the great mows were ready to be filled with the fragrant burden!

The love of the soil is a simple primal sentiment. It grew up when man lived closer to it than he does now, when he was almost as much rooted to the ground as an oak or a pine. Hence what is left of it is instructive and semi-religious. It is not eloquent of words, but is deep and genuine. To own a few acres of rather poor soil is a fortune to one who profits by his immaterial crops as well as by those he gathers from the top of the ground.

The old-fashioned mode of farming is now despised and discredited. We are told it was wasteful, not profitable, carried on by guesswork and rule of thumb rather than by some hard-and-fast economic system. But what a paradise it made for the children when their right to the benefits of the country were freely acknowledged; when gates were never locked, and fences were not made of cruel barbed wire, but of crazy rails easily climbed; when trout-streams were not preserved and watched, and all the nuts and wild fruits were their perquisites if they chose to gather them. The privilege was shared by tramps, loungers, lazy folk, poets, and dreamers; and the kind, generous, tolerant farmer took what was left of the products of his land. No great farm ordered on economic, scientific principles can ever look as lovely to

Digitized by Google

childish eyes as did the happy hunting-grounds of those old, easy, careless days, when all the children of the neighborhood shared the ownership of the land, and gathered its loveliest spoils.

SUMMIT, N.Y.

A Sunset Prayer.

BY THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

Departed is the golden sun,
The birds to shelter flee,
The hills grow darker one by one,
And night is on the sea.

Father, to whom the night and day
In equal glory shine,
Take darkness from my heart away
And show Thy light divine.

The shadows of all worlds by Thee
Are girt with endless light.
Help Thou my soul by faith to see
Beyond the bounds of night.

And when for me earth's golden day
Departs no more to rise,
Be Thou, O God, my glorious way
To other suns and skies.

The Word of the Flag.

The Flag Day speech of Secretary Franklin K. Lane deserves the wide recognition it is receiving. We print it in full. It was addressed "To the Makers of the Flag."

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say, "Good-morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "you are mistaken. I am not the President of the United States, nor the Vice-President, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho."

"No, I am not," I was forced to confess.

"Well, perhaps you are the one who discovered the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma."

"No, wrong again," I said.

"Well, you helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter, whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, feeling that I was being mocked, when the flag stopped me with these words:—

"You know, the world knows, that yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn-club prize this summer. Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska, but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag. Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics; yesterday, no doubt, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout from the flag.

"Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag, not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me,—nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute-makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street-sweep, cook, counsellor, and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of to-morrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you make me,—nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

Church Decoration.

It is surprising that church decoration displays sometimes so little "consideration" for the lily of the field! The beautiful red lily of July, for instance, growing at the roadside, is pulled by the hundred by ruthless hands, for the purpose of beautifying the church. Often the tiny bulb is dragged out of its sheltering crevice, and so is lost to all the summers to come. Picked thus, in great, tight bunches, and crowded into vases for altars or communion tables, it can hardly glorify God nor be enjoyed by man.

This method of decoration is not only not "considering the lily," but it is generally singularly unsatisfactory and ineffective. In fact, wild flowers are not useful for decorative purposes: they need, for their full beauty, the background of solitude; one red lily, or two, or three, with tall grass, or the greenness of briers and milkweed and scrub maples, may be very beautiful and suggestive; but in a mass the beauty and suggestiveness are almost always lost.

It is better, and far more effective, to use for church decoration a large simple treatment of branches, or long lines of vines, with here and there, perhaps, some deep, rich note of color such as garden flowers supply much better than the shy and single blossoms of the fields and woods. The story is told of some one who had zeal, not according to knowledge, who made a rope of crow-foot violets to decorate a pulpit, using of these delicate and perfect creatures hundreds of single blossoms. It was a slaughter of the innocents; and, furthermore, it was entirely ineffective as a decoration.

This effort to protect our native wild flowers may well begin in the church, taking as the text that we are to "consider the lily,"—not in large and meaningless bunches, not in the passing beauty of its violent death through careless human hands, but we are to consider the lily of the fields, *how it grows!*

MARGARET DELAND.

Digitized by Google

Ebb-Tide.

BY EDITH WILLIS LINN.

Far from life's restlessness I long to steal
As the sea leaves the murmurous, fretful shore,
The tangled weeds, the jagged rocks that tore
To foam and spindrift what the deeps conceal.
My soul, from stagnant pool and rotting keel,
Flotsam and jetsam that were loved of yore,
Ebbing towards mighty deeps unsensed before,
Is drawn responsive to the stars' appeal.
Yet evermore from alien shores the tide
Returns unquestioning; is lashed and rent
On rock and shoal, refreshing weed and shell
And crawling life:—of far-off worlds to tell,
Of stars to murmur:—thus, O soul, abide
God's high behest, spend ever and be spent!

Half-truths.

BY DR. WARREN A. RODMAN.

When we reach the climax in that dramatic story of Cain and Abel, we assume that the answer to Cain's very natural question must inevitably be an unqualified affirmative. Such an unwarranted and actually untrue assumption has undoubtedly exerted a most unwholesome, if not actually pernicious, influence on humanity, wherever the story is known. Follow the logic of the situation only a little way, and what is the result? If Cain is Abel's keeper, who was Cain's keeper? Why is not he just as reprehensible as was Cain for not performing his task more perfectly? The fact is that "no" is fully as true an answer to the vital question as is "yes." To answer "yes" is to shift the responsibility of one's acts to the shoulders of some one else. To answer "no" is to ignore that brotherhood which makes it a privilege as well as a duty to one's self to help another in every possible way. Cain undoubtedly found justification for his act in the unjust distinction made between his brother and himself.

The "brother's keeper" idea works out in practice in any effort to blame another, or circumstances, or luck, for that which is plainly one's own fault, or weakness, or vice. We say, "He made me angry," when, as a matter of fact, "he" had no possible power to do anything of the kind. Nobody can make me angry but myself. Or, in the words of Saint Bernard: "Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm I sustain I carry about with me, and am never a real sufferer but by my own fault." Celia Thaxter has put the same idea into beautiful poetic form:—

"Only thyself, thyself canst harm.
Forget it not, and, full of peace
As if the south wind whispered warm,
Wait thou till storm and tumult cease."

An old Persian proverb is also suggestive of the same idea,—

"Diving, and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean: the fault is in thee."

Another aspect of the application is this: If I am my brother's keeper, then I am responsible for him. If I am responsible for him, then, in anything like a just scheme of life, I must have complete power over him, which is manifestly never the case. My brother, with perfect right, claims freedom for himself, which automatically relieves me from responsibility. But it does not free me from love-prompted service if I have the opportunity of rendering such. A falsely conceived duty is transformed into a blessed privilege. I am my own keeper, and, if I succeed in keeping myself right toward myself and toward others, I have done my full duty. Most of us find the task of keeping ourselves right a rather arduous one, that demands the full use of all our powers.

Still another phase of the problem arises in connection with efforts to play, even in a small way, the part of brother's keeper. Mr. A, a well-to-do and generous man, finds B in a condition of sore need. Considering B a worthy case (what a pitiful expression!), A gives him a sum of money. B buys food for his family's immediate needs, fixes himself up a little, and, encouraged by the gift, applies for a position with confidence and success. This gift is the beginning of the rehabilitation of B. But A finds C in circumstances exactly like those of B. He gives C a like sum of money. C meets a friend and celebrates his good fortune by treating him to just one drink. Before they leave the bar C's money is all gone. When he regains his consciousness, he is so disgusted and ashamed that he rapidly sinks to the gutter. Curiously enough, there are many people who will loudly praise A for his act in the case of B, and quite as roundly condemn him for his act toward C. But in the two cases his motive, his method, and his acts were exactly alike in all respects. The result is very slightly affected by A's act. It rests almost wholly on the use which is made of the act by the recipient of it. In feeling, in action, and in outcome, Mr. A was just as much the keeper of one as of the other.

Another illustration will show the weakness of the "brother's keeper" idea still more strongly. A father, in a fit of anger, severely thrashes his sixteen-year-old son. The son, also in a fit of anger, runs away and comes to a pitifully sad end. The world says, with considerable unanimity and much heated emphasis, that the father was wholly responsible for the outcome. That might be true were there only one possible course for the son to take in the circumstances; but we know perfectly well that it was possible for the son to have made that experience the stepping-stone to great success in life, instead of disaster. The father did not keep himself aright, and his regret must have been very great and his suffering very keen; but the outcome rested wholly in the hands of the son, and, so far as he was concerned, he alone was to blame.

Intrinsically, there is no such thing as a good act or a bad act. Acts in themselves are wholly unmoral. An act may be excellent so far as the doer is concerned, and be very bad if abused by the receiver. The motive on the part of the doer, and the use of it made by the receiver, determine its ethical value to each of them. A man sees some one approaching whose favor he wishes to win. He knows the person to be charitably inclined. So he ostentatiously hands a bill to a beggar on the curb. What is the ethical value of an apparently good act used for a malign purpose?

The tendency of the "brother's keeper" attitude is to kill out that feeling of personal responsibility which is at the foundation of all strong characters. It stands squarely in the road of individual progress as a barrier to be overcome. No self-reliant person will ever dream of palliating his offence by the weak plea of another's attitude or influence. The only real responsibility we have is for ourselves, and that surely is enough of a burden for any being either human or divine. To live out, in thought and in practice, the life of love and service without too much hope of reward or fear of penalty, is the best that any human being can do. Such a life bears its burden intelligently, well knowing that it more often leads upward through steep and rugged pathways than through the pleasant and peaceful valleys. Its reward is a serene inner consciousness of duty done and of service rendered.

Digitized by Google

Let us be calmed and quieted by these considerations when judgments are harsh or gratitude seems grudgingly expressed. What the world needs is a larger sense of justice, which will recognize the fundamental kinship of all humanity as well as the freedom of each individual to shape his life as he will by his own responsibility. Meanwhile, it is our privilege so to live that others may use us to build for themselves stronger and nobler characters. "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string," says Emerson.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

The Wide Prospect.

BY W. HANSON PULSFORD.

Do you remember how Matthew Arnold speaks of Homer as "the clearest-souled of men," who, though old and blind, "saw the wide prospect and the Asian fen"? There seems to me a strange charm in the picture. Europe to Homer was the dim world which lay over the horizon in the realm of wonder and imagination. As I ponder over that, the very phrase suggests to me that the glory of the unknown that ever widens before us is the inspiration and joy of humanity. If we are not children of the ever-widening prospect, we have failed to catch the note of life.

It appeals to me continually as part of the unspeakable charm of that early Greek atmosphere. The word "Europe," which to us is only a title worn thin by use, was, to the old singer on the shore of the Ægean, not a name at all, but a living phrase for the vast beyond, the wide prospect of promise which reached out, apparently without limit, toward the ocean-river which was the far edge of the world.

I catch it again with unfailing delight in the story of the quest of the golden fleece. Jason and his fellow-adventurers exploring the European rivers, which are part of the old and well known to us, are heroes of a half-mythical journey out beyond the known world of men toward a world of mystery touching the outposts on the infinite. The Odyssey has for some of us more fascination than the Iliad just because it has more of this spirit. It reminds us that man is by nature a wanderer, always hungry for new experience, always reaching out to some fresh venture, tempted and drawn toward the wide prospect because in him lies the germ of the life which is never satisfied. His history is the history of an unending quest. "To seek, to strive, to find, and not to yield," is the unconscious motto of all that is noblest in the race.

How interesting it is to take our own wider outlook and to watch how it has unceasingly enlarged. To many of us Homer seems to stand far off toward the beginning of things. But he is only twenty-five hundred years distant, and that makes him one of the moderns to our range of vision. We say that he belongs to the dawn, or just beyond the dawn, of human history. But what we call history is only just the very latest thing to the man of the modern outlook, and those twenty-five hundred years are nothing. Away behind that lies the unwritten story of how through countless centuries pressure from without and hunger from within forced man to widen his reach and develop new faculty, to climb over the edge of his ancestral valley toward the unknown. We dream of the age-long infancy beyond our imaginings, where lie the roots of all that belongs to human life. There through the unrecorded aboriginal dark, slowly, generation after generation, life travelled the long, long distance from primitive, speechless, fireless man, twin-brother to the brutes, to the great blind singer, who seems so modern, and is indeed so near, though since his time a hundred of the little waves which we call generations have foamed up and broken on the beach and slipped back into the quiet of the sea.

Then I leave the vast ages of life's infancy and watch in relatively modern times those tiny streams of humanity surging out toward the sunset and the unknown. Slowly new civilizations come into being. Rome spreads out the skirts of empire toward the western ocean. We see before us the slow changing growth and expansion of what we call the Old World. Under our very eyes the European nations rise and develop their complex tissues of organization and industry, thought and morals and government, crowding one another within the too narrow limits of Homer's wide and unbounded prospect. We still catch the echoes of the shout of glee which, as it were only yesterday, welcomed the opening of the gates of a new world beyond the seas. The vast unknown of which the sightless singer dreamed and sang has shrunk before the vastness of the world we know. All Europe now is but a promontory of Asia. Asia is only a fraction of the habitable earth. The veiled, mysterious, distant East swims into our ken. The mighty continent south and west of the ancient Nile, Australia, and the islands of the Southern Seas, the huge domain of this western hemisphere, though much is still but half known, leave no new worlds to conquer within the narrow limits of this little globe. Yet only yesterday the eastern rim of Europe, such a tiny stretch of earth, dim-descried across a narrow strip of sea, was the wide prospect that tempted forth daring venturers toward an untravelled beyond.

The same process greets us wherever we turn. Every department of human life is the story of the widening of faculty with the widening of outlook on conditions. How clearly it lies before us in the growth of what we call social or political relations. We do not have to go very far into the past to reach a time when the widest prospect was a little clustering together or alliance of clans whose total membership might be any day added to or taken from Chicago without attracting attention. We hardly remember that those old dreams of widest concerted action embraced only comparatively insignificant groups. We require careful thought to enable us to bring home to ourselves the almost infinitesimal scale of the Greek commonwealths. We do not realize how actually small all the heroic action of the story of the Iliad is. We forget, in reading it, that we are dealing with a very tiny world. It was large to what went before. But to the present its wide prospect has grown small almost beyond belief.

We, to-day, when we look back, see how the little clan-group that called itself a people or a city, and fashioned for itself its own more or less adequate system of government, began to give way to larger confederations. We watch the slow welding into shape of the different European nations, and their varying social and political schemes. In all their forms they travel a long way from the old kingship idea, where the ablest and strongest man in the little aggregation was its nature-given leader and master. By venture after venture in relation to new and wider conditions, men modify that idea. They shift and change the centre of authority. They curb and balance it. They feel that "the divinity that doth hedge a king" is an untrustworthy divinity, especially when it arrogates to itself the claim that such kingly quality can be propagated from generation to generation along the royal line. Under various all-important curtailments it still lingers on, and the residue is still, in that sense, on trial. But a wider prospect has opened.

Can, in any form, the old despotisms, feudalisms,

Digitized by Google

monarchical systems, adapt themselves to fit service in the opening world of larger horizons? A new vision is dawning. The need of a different kind of more complex and finer organization is upon men. Already the utterly imperfect, unrealized dream of democracy is ours. It is an impossible scheme if you take it as meaning that every one shall have an equal and similar share in the government of the whole. But in it lies the promise of a new adjustment of human relationships. There may in time become possible an organic knitting, whereby each unit shall find its place in the common life, the place which shall be at once the place of its own highest welfare and the condition of its fittest contribution to the good of the whole. The dream arises of a real organism, the slow fashioning of a new and more perfect social order on a scale and of a character whose fulness and wealth of life lies still outside our ken.

Beyond our present industrial commercialism I catch the wide prospect of a real democracy. It is the great adventure of our nation and our time. When I try to think out the ways of its coming, and to fashion the form in which it shall be realized, I am staggered by the vastness of the task. On every hand it is fraught with difficulties which none of us yet can rightly apprehend, and filled with problems to which only the fool has an answer. But yet it is the prospect which, after the old fashion, draws the hearts of those whose desire is always for the life that is on the way, whose passion is for things unattained, because within them lies the insatiable hunger of the infinite.

We can trace the same process in the growth of the thought-world where man fashioned his gods. "As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been." How beautiful, interesting, amusing, that old story-world of the gods and heroes! There is indeed an epic grandeur in the Iliad's picture of the thoughts and struggles of men. But the epic grandeur of its events grows small to us when we remember what a petty brawl it was which to the men who sang of it was a drama where the great gods themselves played behind the scenes. To us the gods on Olympus must seem petty indeed to have been so mightily concerned with the conflicting issues fought out upon that tiny stage.

Yet in its very primitiveness there is a strange and fascinating beauty of promise. I like to go back and peep over the mountain edges into the little valley where under their close-enfolding heaven our ancestors used to live and dream. It is all so snug. Its few factors are so easily grasped. It is so pretty in its naive simplicity. The dear old interesting, picturesque, impossible gods of their belief haunt our imaginations. It is all like some enchanting fairy-tale that charmed our childhood long ago, and still holds its charm, although it has lost its truth.

The widest prospect of thought to those early days ended in the unseen world of the gods. Not yet had they come to the thought of destiny which lies behind. Olympus is not very far away, and thereon lived those jolly, companionable, sinful, "immortal" gods, just like themselves, only somewhat bigger, with whom those kinsfolk of ours peopled their unseen. What a quaint, interesting child's toy religion used to be, when the edge of the world was off not far beyond Gibraltar, and the solid firmament overhead was only a little higher than the tower men built in Babylon. The stars in their courses were interested in human affairs on the plain below. They fought against Sisera. To guide the wise men from the East to the birthplace of the coming king of the Jews, one of them came down and travelled before them till it halted by the village home where were Mary and Joseph and the child.

It is the interesting world of human childhood. But how changed to those who belong to the wider outlook! It is part of the far-off fairy-lore of a world that has vanished. It has the undying beauty of the far past, wherein lie the roots of all that we now know and dream. But that world-whole is not ours. The gods of the clan are no gods for us. The god of Israel is no god to take out into this vaster world to live by.

It seems strange, terribly strange, that even to-day there should linger along amongst us men who profess to borrow their religious ideas from the records of a tiny group of folk long ago by the edge of the Mediterranean, whose whole environment we could lay down here, along the shore of the lake, inside of the strip which belongs to this State of ours. Yet that idea of the god of a peculiar people, the god of a holy land and belonging specially to Israel, still persists, modified, it is true, but by no means wholly changed.. He is still the old god of Israel standing over against the other local god of the people of Moab across the sacred stream. It is interesting to read in the Louvre in Paris the inscription on the black stone of King Mesha, which tells us how he thought of and prayed to his god Kemosh just as his neighbor Omri thought of and prayed to the god of Israel. Interesting it is. But it is not interesting but sad to find still among us people who take as theirs ideas of God which were born of that old ignorance, who still hold to the god who may be persuaded by prayer, or appeased by a sacrifice on the cross, who favors those who serve him and has only unspeakable torment for those who decline. Has the vast living world which has opened to earnest human thought no meaning for them? Have they fossilized and treated as a final revelation truths which some hundred generations ago seemed adequate to the fairy-world where the children who are our ancestors used to live?

To those of us who belong to the wider prospect of to-day even that twenty-five hundred years is but a little narrow line on the scale whereby we measure the story of the earth, which dawns on us as we look beyond the limits of all history toward the dim beginnings of things. The earth to us is no longer a little round plain, the edge of which is not far away, and at whose centre is Jerusalem. We stand spinning on a tiny seed of the infinite, which blossoms under our very feet into all the expanse of human life and thought, and will open out further still into we know not what fuller wealth of expression. The whole earth on which we live is but as some tiny grain of sand in the vastness of space, catching some splendid brightness from the star round which she swings: and the whole little group of sun and planets, of which our world is so small a part, is, all of it, only one of the glistening diamond-spots in the limitless ether, myriads of which lie far outside our ken as we gaze into the deep vault of space when the passing shadow of earth has screened our eyes from the sunlight. No wonder that to the men of that outlook the gods of human infancy seem far and faint and unreal.

Did you ever by chance look into that deepest of all blacks, the utter soft black of the field of a spectroscope, and then have the dance of the atoms in the source of light flash up its message in those colored lines on the dark, which are as no other colors, so absolutely pure are they? Have you ever seen the lines in which one of those far stars thus writes its message on the sensitive plate, telling, to those who can read the message, the story of itself? When you hear that message from a star where our elements as yet are not, where only protohydrogen has come to birth; when you read in the lines it has written whether it is travelling closer to us, or moving away; when you know that the light that

Digitized by Google

brings that word, travelling with a speed that baffles our imagination, has taken centuries to cross the vast,—then it seems as though the whole close horizon of things had been lifted from you and let you, staggered, look out farther than your thought can travel. And you know that even then you are only on the edge of things. You are catching a glimpse of the wide prospect which is no longer Europe, but the infinite.

Hence there is no day in which I so like to live as to-day—unless it be to-morrow. Nothing, it seems to me, can so suffuse a man with enthusiasm of delight as to forget the pettiness of what lies right about him, and become at heart a child of the old singer who dreamed of the wide prospect, and rejoice in the thrill of the sense of the vaster opening life, about us and within, which day by day opens limitless horizons to its eager children.

The widening prospect which is death to the gods of the olden narrower world is the supreme factor in the creation of religion. In the presence of an outlook like that which I have just suggested, I can but bow my head in reverence and worship. To me, in that atmosphere irreligion is impossible. If I am to take any attitude toward this vaster vision which in any degree becomes significant, it must be the religious attitude. The response to this widest environment is my response. I am akin to it all. I am part of it. It is all of it speaking to me, speaking in a language which I am beginning to understand. Nay, rather, it is awakening something of mine own in me. It is something close-related to me, reminding me of what lies sleeping in my heart. The limitless prospect, the dream, the urge of it, all are part of me as I am part of it. I, infinitesimal as I seem, belong in every fibre of me to the thrill of that which that brother of mine the star said to me through the gateway of the eye when I read on the sensitive film the message which those lines of miraculous color spelled out for me in the dark.

To know a little of the range of that vaster life; to be its conscious child; to reach out and explore and begin to understand it, not in knowledge merely, but in inmost quality of life; to travel toward the wide prospect, when childishness shall give place to manhood, when the narrow claims of self shall have lost hold in the power of the selfless life, when that of which all that yet is is only a promise shall have come true; to feel something of the stir of it in my own dreams and struggles, hungers and aspirations,—that to me is religion.

That is the realm where, as Hegel tells us, flows the river of Lethe, of which the soul may drink and forget. There the things that have fretted and harried and spoiled life with their insistent claims and fears fall away and lose their hold. There the burning questions of opposing churches and creeds simply become impossible. The noisy clamor of the theologians outshouting one another over some particular opinion as to things whereof none of them knows anything, moves not even a smile, so faint and meaningless and unreal are they under the quiet of the stars. The call of the wide prospect summons me away from things like these, speaks to me of religion, not of religions, sets me in touch with an infinite life. The eager interests of the little self, its passions and tempestuous troubles, its narrow and foolish aims, grow dim and far away. For it comes to me that I may let the greatness of the whole to which I belong, which in such hours speaks to and appeals to me and claims me as its own, lift me and be within me part of the great swing of all that is, as it marches toward some ever-widening revelation of fuller life through the visions and aspirations and even through the failures and mistakes of men.

We may, if we will, do something to foster that religion. Every outreaching toward more vital response to the call of truth makes it possible. He who himself catches something of the delight of such larger fashion of living inevitably tempts others of his kind to join him in his stand, not for the outgrown tradition of yesterday, not for that which was the wide vision of long ago, as Europe was to the blind singer, but for the ever-widening outlook on that growing consciousness of reality which staggers me as I try to grasp it, and strikes me dumb with reverent, silent awe. Of each of us it may grow true that in the measure in which he uses his heritage aright its high worth may grow clear within him. Like a man he may bring his contribution of unfearing thought, and high ideals, and brave service toward that present to which he owes all that he is. So it is granted us for a little to catch the sense of God moving within us by many an unknown way toward that wider prospect which, even in our highest dream of it, is only a tiny thing, as Homer's is to us, compared with that future which ever must transcend any thought of it which is now possible to you and me.

It is good to be a dreamer, to let something of the infinite into life, to have spaces there where we can rest and wonder and trust. We need to win release oftener than we do from the sense of futility and difficulty and failure which are so close about us, and to watch God smile across the centuries at our fevered living as from beyond the farthest star he swings all that is, as he is waiting to swing us, toward the dawn of which all human experience is still only the faintest foreshadowing.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Spiritual Life.

Let not thy peace depend on the tongues of men.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Great battles are really won before they are actually fought. To control our passions, we must govern our habits and keep watch over ourselves in the small details of every-day life.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

Learn a wondrous secret,—that pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."—*Helen Hunt.*

We want religion, because without it a part of our nature—and that the highest—would be dormant. We want it, because it alone gives the meaning of experiences and feelings and capacities which are as truly ours as anything connected with our existence.—*Selected.*

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. They give light without meaning to shine. Their bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—*Frederick W. Faber.*

Many a man prays with his whole being, feels himself thrilled with the divine currents and going out in aspiration after the Eternal, and yet finds words forsake him when he attempts to put his devotion into speech. And yet is not this true prayer? For how can you translate aspiration into speech?—*W. D. Little.*

Digitized by Google

An Æolian Harp.

I set my wind-harp in the wind,
And a wind came out of the south;
Soft, soft it blew with a gentle coo,
Like words from a maiden's mouth.
Then like the stir of angels' wings
It gently touched the trembling strings;
And, oh, my harp gave back to me
A wondrous heavenly melody.

I set my wind-harp in the wind,
And a storm from the north blew loud.
From the icy north it hurried forth,
And dark grew sea and cloud.
It whistled down the mountain's height,
It smote the quivering chords with might;
But still my harp gave back to me
Its tender, heavenly melody.

Ah me! That such a heart were mine,
Responsive tuned and true,
When all was glad, when all was shine,
Or when storms of sorrow blew,
That so, 'mid all the fret and strife,
The jarring undertones of life,
My life might rise to God, and be
One long, harmonious symphony.

—*Frederick E. Weatherly.*

Prison Reform.

We hear a good deal, all over the country to-day, about prison reform, but at Sherborn, in Massachusetts, it can be seen at work. Since Jessie D. Hodder took charge of this institution over two years ago, a veritable revolution has been effected in the daily life of the inmates and in the attitude of the officers toward them. Formerly the women were not allowed even so much of God's out-of-doors as could be seen through a window; ground glass and bars prevented this. Now they work out of doors whenever the weather is favorable, play out of doors on holidays, and stroll out of doors, under proper supervision, every evening in summer.

All these things Mrs. Hodder accomplished before she had been long at Sherborn. But it took her some time to discover just the person needed to develop these women inmates by means of that most potent of all powers "to soothe the savage breast,"—music.

"Can't you help me to find some one who will just flood this place with music?" she asked the writer about two years ago. "I shall not feel as if I had done all that I might for these women until I have exposed them to the constant influence of good music. I believe music will do for them what nothing else can, and I shall not rest until I have given this conviction of mine a full and fair test."

The very person to carry this experiment to a successful issue was recently found in Mrs. Perle Wilkinson, a good musician who had already proved at Randall's Island the influences of music on women under restraint. On a recent June Saturday, the women of Sherborn, under Mrs. Wilkinson's direction, gave Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "The Pirates of Penzance," with such poetic feeling, musicianly power, and dramatic skill as I have seldom seen equalled in an amateur performance.

There were sixty women in the cast, including the choruses. All were absolutely raw material when rehearsals started, six months previously. Yet some of the solos were sung with real beauty, the quick and often difficult choruses were attacked with fine precision, and there was poetry throughout in the business of the play.

The scenery was designed and executed within the institution, the women made their own costumes, and in no essential particular did the performance differ from those given constantly by girl-students at our leading colleges for women.

How did Mrs. Wilkinson accomplish her difficult task? will be asked. And what has been the effect of this musical training upon the women themselves?

The answer to the first question is exceedingly interesting. Mrs. Wilkinson is an enthusiastic farmer as well as an accomplished musician. She owns a farm, had worked it herself, and so found the out-of-door work at Sherborn extremely congenial. She got on intimate terms with her opera-singers, working with them in the fields. When she had become friendly with the women, it was easy to interest them in her plans.

As to the effect of the project upon the women themselves: since the rehearsals began not one woman out of the three hundred inmates of the institution has been started on a period of punishment, so constantly has the thought of the place been focussed on intelligent activity and the desire to co-operate in the opera. The reform possibilities of such a social interest as the production of this opera have been found to be almost unlimited.

For even the women who had no part in the play had a share in the pleasant preparations for the big event. In the evenings, while rehearsals were going on, the women inmates brought their sewing and acted as an audience. At the dress-rehearsal they, with an invited company of probation officers, saw the opera in all its glory.

As for these probation officers,—men, mark you, who had already decided that the women now acting before them were not fit to be put on probation one more time,—they leaped to their feet at the end of the final chorus, and cheered the actresses to the echo. One man, more emotional than the rest, shouted at the top of his voice, "Let's put them all on parole!"

In the audience of two hundred invited guests who saw the final performance there were many social workers, all of whom congratulated Mrs. Hodder on what she had accomplished. The Massachusetts Prison Commission was represented by Chairman Randall and Mrs. James M. Carret; the bench by Judge McManus; the Lyman School by Mrs. Glendower Evans; and leading institutions for the feeble-minded by their most socially alert physicians.

The Police Department of Boston had showed itself most interested. It will be remembered that a chorus of policemen is an important part of the "Pirates"; and, though these Sherborn women are very clever at making things, they could not make policemen's helmets. Accordingly, Mrs. Hodder threw herself for this detail of properties on the generosity of Commissioner O'Meara, with the result that the Sherborn "policemen" were equipped with imposing headpieces which formerly crowned the charms of Boston's "finest."

For the dress-rehearsal all the invalids at the institution were taken off their beds, and all the people who were being disciplined for various offences were taken out of punishment. "We broke every rule of the place," said Mrs. Hodder, joyfully. And then she told me an incident which shows how shut in, even at best, are the lives of women in prison.

"Do you know," she said, "we had got as far as the dress-rehearsal without realizing that the major-general in the opera had no sword, and should have one. But the woman who was to take this part saved the situation. She reminded me that, two years before, a man who was preaching here on patriotism had spoken of the emotions which were always stirred in him by the sight of his father's sword hanging over the mantelpiece in his library. 'Don't you think he would lend us that sword?' she queried. I got busy with this last detail. That was the sword you saw her wearing."—*Mary C. Crawford, in The Survey.*

Literature.

Joseph S. Auerbach's Essays.*

The endorsement of Mr. Auerbach's pages by the former minister to the Court of St. James was not needed either to strengthen their arguments or enhance their attractiveness. It does not improve the trenchant edge, either, of the essay on "The Bible and Modern Life" or grace the beauty of the pages of the charming discourse in which the author describes "The Club" and illustrates the clubable character and the true uses and enjoyment of "an assembly of good fellows," to quote Dr. Johnson.

The charming company described in "The Club," with which the second volume is introduced, is not more true to literature than the instructive chapter on "English Style" is informing and illuminating in fact and in correcting the decline in our college habit of expression.

Mr. Auerbach is a distinguished lawyer in full practice of a profession which he adorns, and not the less that he has made a notable contribution to permanent literature, whether we regard the learning which his pages contain or the variety of their illustrations. He is a university graduate who has justified his serious training by his essay upon "Literature and the Practical World."

He has read Matthew Arnold to good purpose, and in a luminous essay exalts the reading of that master to undergraduates as a training in professional culture; for what can be done by a busy lawyer to "win his case" is here set forth and proved. Here is nothing dilettante or remote from exact training or the most practical uses of our common life.

These essays are scholarly and exact, while broad in spirit and wide in learning. They illustrate the saying of Martineau "a delicate thing is the equipoise," for they avoid the extremes of radical narrowness and the freedom which becomes the slave of its own liberty.

The author is always a scholar and at the same time wedded to the practical uses of learning. We have seldom found a book at once so instinct with vitality and so

*Essays and Miscellanies. 2 vols. By Joseph S. Auerbach. With Introductory Foreword by Joseph S. Choate. New York: Harper Brothers.

Digitized by Google

varied in its intimate and real touch with experience.

It is an admirable illustration of what can be accomplished by genuine culture and wide reading of the best authors. It is a vital book. T. R. S.

THE BUSINESS OF FARMING. By William C. Smith. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.25 net.—Few persons not familiar with modern methods of farming have any adequate conception of the farming business of to-day, and to such persons much that Mr. Smith has to say in his book will come with the force of a revelation. The book should circulate widely, not alone among those to whom its contents are more or less familiar, but should find room on the shelf where the farmer's working library stands, and where it will serve as a valuable summary of present agricultural conditions. The topics under discussion in Mr. Smith's pages are very many, and among the more important of these are: the menace of worn soils, the law of service and compensation as regards the restoration of worn soils, preparation of the soil, seed selection, by-products of the farm, religion and farming, and home-building. While Mr. Smith's pages are concerned mainly with Western farming conditions, Eastern farmers will find them profitable reading likewise, and we can heartily commend the work to the careful consideration of the liberal-minded farmer East or West.

DRIFTWOOD AND FAME. By Cary F. Jacob. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.—Mr. Jacob's collection of minor verse, while by no means remarkable for lyric excellence, nevertheless contains some lines that will incline the reader to lenient judgment. "The Burden of Conscience" seems to the critic one of the best in the little volume, and perhaps next it we should place the graceful lines entitled "A Valentine." The author is seen at his weakest in the longer poems, and "An Opium Dream" includes an unhappy line, "The eastern breeze breathes low," which seriously mars what would otherwise be accounted a really admirable lyric so far as melody is concerned.

HOW TO REST. By Grace Dawson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 50 cents net.—The aim of this little volume is sufficiently indicated by its title. The book itself includes eight suggestive essays on such themes as physical, mental, and spiritual tensions and other allied topics, and within its soft gray covers there is much useful advice, which should be duly heeded by persons who are prone to nervous worry and strain.

Magazines.

In the August *Woman's Home Companion* appear photographs of 17 babies who, out of 100,000 examined at the Better Babies contests, were the only ones marked 100 by the physicians in charge. All of these children were examined and graded according to the standard score-card. Other special contributions are: "Good Times that cost Next to Nothing"; "Queen Mary of England," an intimate personal account; "The Lived-in Garden," a practical, suggestive article by Frank A. Waugh, professor of landscape gardening; "Home-made Fireless Cookers," contributed by readers; and "A Brittany Summer Fair and Festival." Fiction and special art features are contributed by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Fannie Heaslip Lea, Margaret Busbee Shipp, Margarita Spalding Gerry, Mary Heaton Vorse, Henry Hutt, Charles C. Curran, and Maud Tousey Fangel.

With the first of July, magazines religious, theological, and philosophical come from Oxford in England, and from Cambridge, New York, and Chicago in the United States. There are at hand *The Hibbert Journal*, *The Harvard Theological Review*, *The International Journal of Ethics*, and *The Biblical World*. Whoever reads them all will get a comprehensive view of modern thought, doctrine, and speculation concerning the life that now is and that which is to come. Naturally, *The Hibbert Journal*, in these days of disestablishment, ritual changes, and scientific scrutiny of the grounds of faith, turns the attention of its readers to these subjects as they affect the religious institutions of Great Britain. *The Harvard Theological Review* has no question of ritual to consider, and, for the most part, contents itself with a survey of a few important religious movements, such as Bahaism, Jesuitism, and the situation in France. Of immediate application is an article on "Marriage and Social Control," by Mrs. Spencer, and one on "Contemporary Philosophies of Religion," by Prof. Perry. *The International Journal of Ethics* has three articles on ethics and one on Hindu philosophy. *The Biblical World* comes from the University of Chicago, and, although supposedly under Baptist auspices, is as far from any rigid conformity to Baptist doctrine as are the deliverances from Ford Hall in Boston. The article on "Modern Theology and the Preaching of the Gospel," by Prof. Brown of Union Theological School, represents very well the general attitude of the religious magazines that issue from Chicago, and may be characterized orthodoxy up to date.

Miscellaneous.

The Lure of the Open might almost be styled a Shakespearean puzzle-book, consisting, as it does, of hundreds and hundreds of quotations which the compiler, William Stowell Mills, "has," to use his own words, "made into something more than a list of quotations."

"The lines are Shakespeare's, word for word,
reset,
Translated from their placement in his page.
Take choice, and read quotations separate,
Or help the bond enrich where'er it may,
And in the reading mark the difference,
Nor charge conceit 'to gild refined gold.'"

From his selections Mr. Mills has constructed a not all unpleasing "Shakespearean Summer Idyl," as well as "A Pageant of Nature to enhance the Charm of Rural Life." That Mr. Mills enjoyed his self-appointed task is fully apparent as one glances through the beautifully printed pages before us, and we have a shrewd suspicion that many of his readers may find a curious pleasure therein, likewise. The Shakespearean scholar will appreciate the vast amount of labor the execution of Mr. Mills's plan implies, while the lover of Shakespeare, who makes no claim to scholarship, will as certainly welcome this whimsical product of the compiler's imagination.

Dr. E. B. Lowry has written several books on sex hygiene that have been well received and received commendation from high authority. In the new book, *Teaching Sex Hygiene in Public Schools*, she takes no extreme position, considering successively the necessity with the method and caution to be used, then the greater work of all-round moral training, and then the home relations and co-operation. Dr. Lowry has unusual qualifications for this kind of teaching. She taught many years in public schools, and she is a graduate nurse, a practising physician, and a medical college lecturer.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT
On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackerstein, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prise for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest.

Boy is building a castle tall,
Bronze curls are bobbing and blue eyes shine,
Fat hands steady the tottering wall:
Busy, so busy, this lazy of mine!

Presently comes a ring at the door.
Boy jumps up from his play at the sound;
Down go the blocks with a crash to the floor:
Boy's in the hall with a shout and a bound.

Brightly he welcomes the coming guest;
Says with a manner all hearts to win,
Smiling his broadest and bowing his best,
"Please walk right in, Mrs. Smif, walk in!"

Then back to his blocks and his castle tall,
Bronze curls bobbing and blue eyes ashine;
Fat hands building the mighty wall
Busy, so busy, this boy of mine!

Soon as the visitor rises to go,
Play is forgotten and Boy is at hand;
Rushes ahead to the door below,
Opens it wide and takes his stand.

Smiling as radiantly as before
Waving his hand with a merry shout,
As the visitor passes through the door,
"Please go right out, Mrs. Smif, go out!"

—*Ida S. Harrington, in the Churchman*

Paddy, the Policeman.

BY ANNIE BALCOMB WHEELER.

Paddy's beat is a two-hundred-acre farm. His duty is to catch or drive away all thieves and trespassers, and sometimes he has all he can do.

Bunny Rabbit and Billy Woodchuck often get lazy. They would rather steal than earn an honest living in the pastures. Master and the family might not get a taste of cabbage and cauliflower if it were not for Paddy, for both Bunny and Billy are extremely fond of them.

Billy and Mrs. Billy were gorging themselves one early morning when Master spied them. They saw him and scampered for their hole.

"Here, Paddy, Paddy, sic 'em," called Master.

"Whoof, whoof," answered Paddy, and was after them like a rocket. He knew where their new house was; he had watched at their front door for a half-hour the first day they went to housekeeping; and he only hoped he could get there first. But Billy and Mrs. Billy had too good a start; he was there just in time to see them slide in. Their door was altogether too small for Paddy. He dug frantically for a while, until he had piled up quite a little mountain, but he could not catch them. Then he sat down to wait until they came out again. Poor Paddy! He sat there nearly two hours before he discovered they had escaped by their back door.

Once he caught Mr. Billy with his mouth full of curly lettuce, a new kind. Master had sent to Washington for the seeds. Billy was too far from his hole, so bolted into a near-by wall. I guess he just sat there at first, laughing at Paddy, for Paddy was barking and whining, scratching the dirt and snuffing through the cracks. He could feel his hot breath, but he felt very safe because the wall was new and strong. However, Paddy made such a fuss that Master came out and took down some of the big stones. He'd have made it very easy for Paddy to catch him if Paddy had only been patient, but Paddy wasn't; he made a grab, and he and Billy clinched noses. Poor Paddy! his nose was sore for days.

One of the worst thieves is Mr. Hen Hawk. He is sly and quick, and, when Master and Paddy are at work away back in the woods, he swoops down and carries off a hen or chicken before they know he is around. If Mistress could shoot like Master she might have saved the hen for dinner, for Chanticleer shrilled his warning, but she couldn't. Sometimes it seems as if Paddy had a spy-glass with him, he can see a hawk from such a distance. With a "whoof, whoof," he is away, down the meadow, or up through the field, wherever the hawk is hovering, and then what a hubbub there is! As Paddy races as nearly under the thief as he can get, and barks and threatens, all the hens cluster in a frightened group and take up Paddy's alarm. They make such a clamor that Mr Chicken-thief is glad to wing himself away to the shelter of the woods. When he is safely gone, Paddy comes back well satisfied, old Chanty flaps his wings and crows with relief, and all the biddies go back to their scratching.

Paddy is guide and protector of berry-pickers. He loves to go berrying, and when any of the family take up a basket or pail he is crazy with delight, so crazy that he nearly knocks one over, jumping, then running back and forth, and barking furiously. He has business of his own at these times, dashing into the bushes after rabbits, or challenging the squirrels, who give him a great scolding for the noise he makes. He comes home wagging his tail very proudly, as though he were saying, "Just see how many berries we got." Paddy eats all his berries, and usually takes time to have a good wade in the brook to cool himself off after his racing.

Once Paddy didn't attend to his business, or rather he tried to attend to two things at once. He was in the berry-pasture looking out for his young mistress when he heard the miserable little dog that belongs to the tin-peddler. He never did have any use for that yellow dog, anyway, for he always chased old Min. Once he chased her up the butternut, and it was hours before she had courage to back down. He intended to stay only long enough to see that yellow dog safely down the road, but Mistress saw him under the wagon exchanging suspicious sniffs with the visitor, and said to him, "Paddy, aren't you ashamed of yourself, leaving Hattie all alone in the woods? Go right back to her, and don't you leave her again." Paddy gave Mistress a beseeching look, as if to say, "But you don't understand, that wretched little cur may chew up old Min," but then he hung his head, tucked his tail between his legs, and slunk away to the pasture without looking back once. It was the only time he ever deserted his post in berry-time.

The sorriest time for Paddy is when his young mistress goes back to the city after the summer vacation. When he sees her trunk or suitcase brought down he is greatly disturbed, for he has a chronic distrust of either, and he keeps right at her heels. When Master takes her away to the station, he sits at the corner of the house and waits. All day he watches, leaving his post scarcely long enough for meals. The next morning he takes up the same position, sometimes a third morning, until he is finally convinced she is not coming back. Once she cheated him. She had gone to town to do shopping, and took her suitcase to hold her parcels. When she returned at night, Paddy went into fits of delight.

"O Paddy-dog, did you think I'd gone for good? Here I am back again, old pard. We'll have lots of fun yet, hunting runaway calves, lost turkeys, and stolen hen's nests. Don't you worry; I've three whole weeks to stay yet."

Paddy has no opinion whatever of tramps, skunks, and porcupines. He has had most exciting experiences with all three, but it would take too long to tell about them. Instead, I will tell you how he plays with the swallows, for once in a while he takes a little vacation himself. There are flocks of them about the place, and they dip down in a most tantalizing, "catch-me-if-you-can" manner. Sometimes he almost catches one, then it will dart away, wheeling high in the air. Round and round they go, with Paddy in breathless pursuit, keeping up the romp until Paddy is so worn out he has to lie down and pant his breath back again.

Where a Little Boy lives.

The Little Boy was fast asleep, and the Clock struck twelve. The Piano began a scale, but stopped short. "Well, I can't get any further," it groaned; "that pin is still there. I shall have to be tuned! Twenty-nine times, without stopping, to-day, that Little Boy sang 'Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue,' and I had to bang out the most frightful discords each time!"

"We all heard you, and were sorry for you!" squeaked the little French Writing Desk. "As for me, my legs tremble under me every time he comes near and throws back my lid,—my poor, scratched lid!"

"You young people may have your mahogany scratched a little, but just think of me!" came from the tall Napoleon Desk between the windows. "Wait until you are one hundred years old, as I am! That Little Boy has no more respect for me than he has for his woolly dog! He tried his new penknife on me to-day!"

A muffled tone was heard from the floor. It was the Cashmere Rug speaking. "Half the bread and jelly he had to-day is daubed over in this corner. You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to have your face left sticky over night! And I am always left in a tumble, besides being trampled full of sharp bits of nutshells!"

"Do let's go to sleep now," sighed the soft, cushiony voice of the green Morris Chair. "He has jumped about on me so much to-day that I ache still! Good-night."

The next day two men came in and took up the Cashmere Rug. What a beating and shaking it did get! It was too much exhausted even to groan when, all clean and bright, it was once more spread on the floor.

Meanwhile, a white-capped maid was washing all the wood of the furniture in a sparkling soapsuds. Then with a queer dark oil she rubbed and rubbed it until she could see her face in every glossy surface.

Next came a man with a little black bag,

Digitized by Google

and took the Piano all apart: the dust and pins that had choked its voice were removed, and it sang sweetly under his fingers.

Then the Chairs and Desks and Tables and Sofas were put in place, and night came again.

"Well, how do you all feel now?" asked the Piano, as the Clock struck twelve. "I am not quite as happy myself as I expected to be. The Little Boy hasn't been near me all day; and, though I can sing now, somehow I don't feel like it."

"As for me," remarked the Napoleon Desk, "I confess that I, too, miss the Little Boy. Now that all his little finger-marks and the dents and scratches are polished away, I miss them. I have felt like a grandfather to that Little Boy, and I miss his little pats!"

"I should like to hold him in my arms for a minute or two, I confess," sighed the green Morris Chair. "They have pounded every crumb of his candy and cake from my cushions, and every little dusty heel-mark has vanished!"

"It's altogether too bare and dismal," said the Cashmere Rug. "They have carried out his horse and picked up his toys and all the picture-books!"

"Well, don't let us distress ourselves," observed the Piano, "for by to-morrow night we shall all have a brand-new lot of love-pats and grease-spots, and around us will be the same litter of his toys and things, and they will not clean house again until next fall!" —*Clara Marie Platt, in Little Folks.*

Grandfather's Rabbits.

Grandfather Brooks loved the wild things of the woods. Perhaps he loved them because he knew them. There were bears, timber-wolves, and an occasional catamount near Grandfather Brooks's home, but he never hunted them. He had watched mother bears and their cubs as they came to the pond to drink and bathe, and they seemed almost like friends to him.

If that is the way Grandfather Brooks felt about bears, you can imagine what he felt about such harmless little creatures as rabbits. One day his two small grandchildren, Harold and Helen, came from the city to visit him. They brought their dog, Duke, and the first thing they did was to go out into the newly made clearing, where Duke chased a young rabbit. The children thought that this was great fun and that Duke was a wonderful hunter. With great excitement they told their grandfather about it.

Grandfather Brooks was not pleased, but he did not scold his little visitors. He listened to their story, and then said, "Tell me, children, did this rabbit have a white tail?"

"Yes, but what of that, Grandpa?" asked Harold.

"Why, don't you want to protect Grandfather's precious white-tailed rabbits? Now I'll tell you how you can do it. If ever you see Duke chasing a bunny that shows you a white tail, you will know that bunny is showing a flag of truce. It is his signal that he belongs to Grandfather Brooks, and you must help him by calling off your dog."

Harold and Helen were glad to help grandfather. What do you think? They spent all the rest of their vacation looking for a rabbit without a white tail, and they never found one, not one! Every rabbit in the fields and woods appeared to belong to Grandfather Brooks. Frequently they would come across a brownish-gray ball, but the rabbit would sail away, hoisting a white flag of truce, as if to say, "I belong to Grandfather Brooks! '—*Edmund Vance Cooke, in Youth's Companion.*

A Night in an Indian Camp.

(A true story.)

Her name was Mary, and her home was near Toledo, in the long-ago days when Ohio was new. The house in which she lived was a log cabin which her father had built with help from the neighbors.

Mary was a happy child and loved the wilderness. She helped her mother in the cabin and helped her father on the farm. She couldn't do what the older children did, but it is surprising how busy even the smallest children were kept in pioneer times.

Big brothers and sisters did the hard work, but bringing the cows home at night was left for little Mary and her younger brother. That was considered an easy task. Every morning the cows were turned loose to find their pasture where they chose, and every afternoon Mary and her brother went after them.

One day in spring all the pioneers were clearing land by cutting down trees and brush, even the little children helping with the big bonfires. Mary and the small brother thought it great fun to hear the crackling of these fires and see the flames leaping high. So happy were they that spring day, carrying sticks and bits of dead branches for the older ones to heap on the blazing pile, that they forgot the cows until shadows were long in the forest.

"We must hurry," Mary said to her brother. It happened that day that the cows had wandered far from home. On and on and on the children walked, listening and longing for the sound of cow-bells. At last, when twilight filled the woods with gloom, they heard the tinkle of a familiar bell.

"Our cows are on the other side of this clearing!" exclaimed Mary. "Come!" she urged her small brother. "We must go in there and drive them back to the road."

Mary called the spot a clearing because the underbrush was gone, not because it was like a pioneer's clearing, ready for the plow. But the cows were farther back in the clearing than the children believed at first; and, before they had gone many steps into the wood, Mary saw something that frightened her, although she was a brave child.

"Look!" she whispered, pointing toward a maple-tree, and "O look, look, look!" she repeated, pointing toward another and another and another.

One glance, and the little brother understood. "Indians!" he whispered, cuddling close beside his sister. "We must hide!"

What the children saw were little cups of birch-bark attached to maple-trees. They were in an Indian camping-ground, where Indians were making maple sugar.

"The only thing to do is to run," advised Mary. "We'll take hold of hands and run until we get out of this. Then we'll drive the cows farther into the woods and get them back to the road after a while, down that way, nearer home."

But the young brother wouldn't run. "The only thing to do," he insisted, "is to stay right here all night and hide behind this big tree, or the Indians will get us. I won't go another step!"

And he didn't. Little Mary was obliged to stay in the woods with her brother all night, without supper or breakfast. It was the longest night she had ever spent. When darkness settled down the Indians built fires and the children could plainly see their dark forms moving about their wigwams, so many black figures outlined against the light.

The boy slept well, but little pioneer Mary was wide awake long after the Indian camp was dark and still. From time to time the cow-bells tinkled faintly.

At dawn Mary roused her brother. "Come," she commanded. "We must go now, before the Indians are up. The birch-bark cups are full and running over with maple sap. The Indians will soon be here to empty them."

At the mention of Indians little Mary's brother was soon wide awake. On tiptoe the two children crept away from camp, gathered the cows and made them run deeper into the wood. When at last they reached the highway with the surprised cows, neither child knew the way home.

However, a farmer, driving early in the morning to Toledo, turned their feet in the right direction. It was nine o'clock when the children reached their own cabin. They were tired and desperately hungry.

After she had heard their story and given them a good breakfast, what do you think that pioneer mother said?

"That was nothing," she remarked.—*Frances Margaret Fox, in the Continent.*

Little Bill came bringing a scratched finger for peroxide and consolation. "I cut it on the cat," he explained.—*Lippincott's.*

Grandma gave Ted a diary at Christmas. "I hope you will write in it every day until it is filled," she said. Early in February Ted carried it to her proudly, exclaiming, "I've written it all through, every page! See!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Harry had not lived in the country very long, but he was very much interested in everything that belonged to his new surroundings. "What kind of a cow is your papa's?" a visitor asked him one day. "Oh," said Harry, "it is part Jersey and part fresh."

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Fulfilment.

Who planted it I do not know,
Nor when, but hidden there
It must have lain through winter's cold,
Down in the darkness of the mould,
With God alone to care.

But on that morning in the spring,
The earth still winter-bound,
When first I saw the radiant flower,
Its perfume spilling like a shower,
My heart new courage found.

A thought grew in a prophet's heart—
Whence came it none may know;
It flourished in the dark and cold,
Through agony and grief untold—
God only saw it grow.

This thought-flower blossomed at its time,
And, when its leaves uncurled,
Its beauty vanquished doubt and pain,
Its fragrance flooded hearts of men
And vitalized a world.

—*Althea A. Ogden.*

The Church and the New International Order.*

BY REV. CHARLES R. BROWN, D.D.

The Church stands always for the higher method of sovereignty. "My kingdom is not of this world," the Master said, when he stood face to face with Pilate, the Roman official. "My kingdom is not of this world; if it were, my servants would fight." The men who represented Pilate's kingdom were accustomed to fight. He was king who could bring the largest battalion into the field and determine the issue. He might be Marcus Aurelius or Nero in personal character; if he were able to fight he won out. The servants in the kingdom were accustomed to fight. The pious farmers in many a province were compelled to beat their plowshares into swords. The brightest young men might be obliged to lay aside productive and take up destructive labor in order that some other province might be conquered in the fight. But the Master came to establish a kingdom and to pursue another and higher method of sovereignty. He stood there without weapons or wealth; he had no powerful army or organization at his back; he was willing to stake the whole future of his cause on instruction, persuasion, on moral appeal, and on the prevalence of certain ideals; he actually believed that by the gradual dominance of a finer type of public opinion, by the establishment of certain public principles of justice in men's hearts, and by the prevalence of certain nobler usages in international intercourse, there would emerge at last a kingdom in which the servants would not forever fight. Wherever that truth is taught, upward the star of empire takes its way, and we gradually witness the introduction of another and finer type of sovereignty.

In our day we are witnessing a great process of social co-ordination. In business, in commerce, individuals are organized into corporations, and corporations into trusts; in industrial work, men are organized into unions, where the question of wages and hours is not determined by individuals, but according to principles of collective bargaining; the small religions are absorbed into systems, and the small colleges into great universities; and in religious life there is a steady demand for larger denominational units and fewer and larger church units. I believe that principles of social co-ordination are to become world-wide in extent, to operate everywhere. Why not? Here under our own flag we have forty-eight separate and distinct States, each entirely free and independent, touching all those things that belong to its own local life, but so federalized that, when any question arises between State and State, or where there is interest that is common or inclusive, it may be referred to the federal tribunal before which all States bow alike. Massachusetts does not attempt to wage wars with South Carolina, nor California with New York. Why not have the family of nations on earth similarly federated, each remaining free, independent, touching all things that belong to its own individual life, and yet all federated, so that when any question of difference arises they might together submit the matters to international arbitration, to an international tribunal, rather than have one nation fighting against another. Why shouldn't the principle of social co-ordination extend until it includes all the nations of the earth? Then would arise that vaster kingdom in which nations would no longer fight, and there would come the fulfilment of our higher hopes, or the newer internationalism.

I believe the Church can aid in that important matter in these four ways: First, by making its protest against war more and more practical. It has said enough, perhaps, on the sentimental side; it can afford to tell a very plain, round, unvarnished tale now in making its protest against war. The cruelty and barbarity of war have been drawn in lines so accurate and painted in words so terrible everywhere that the world shudders at the idea of war. We have had enough protest from that side. But in our day the economic cost and waste, the political futility of it as a means of determining what is right and what ought to stand,—these are bringing in evidence against the practice of war that is even more damning. Let the Church say so; let the Church say that, with the present high cost of living, the close margins in business, thousands of our fellow-beings are struggling for a bare existence who can no longer believe that costly nonsense; let the Church speak out, and it will bring in an arraignment of war that can appeal to our more practical day and generation.

In the second place, the Church can aid in that matter, I believe, by indicating that we have at hand a substitute for that outgrown method of settling international disputes. At the Hague Conferences we have already made a splendid beginning looking toward a permanent international tribunal. The foundations have been laid. Now let the churches of every nation stimulate men of vision to build on that foundation until that structure shall have been built to its completeness. Let the Church make known everywhere the immense advance that has been made in the last twenty years in arbitration; let it make clear the increased sentiment on that fact all around the world.

The question was asked, "Suppose we had an international tribunal, how could the parties be brought into court?" They could be brought into court by the pressure of the commercial, political, moral, and, if need be, until a few of them had learned their lesson, by a great international police board, military pressure, until no nation would be able to stand out against the pressure of all the other nations who are not parties to that dispute for a single month. Suppose they all withdrew diplomatic relations or suspended their commerce with the recalcitrant nation. How long do you think it would be before the policeman would have that nation in court? Let the Church stand up and make these things clear, —that in the last ten years we have made immense advance, and have already at hand the materials to substitute, and newer and better methods than that of appealing to arms.

Now, in the third place, the Church can assist toward that high end by constantly contributing to the formation of a steadier and finer quality of public opinion. Every movement is ruled in the last analysis by public opinion. Here in our own country the government is not at Washington: the government is here, the government is there, the government is yonder, wherever the people are; and whatever the people want, and keep on wanting, the people will have. In the last analysis our government, as every government, is a government by public opinion, and the Church can contribute immensely by her teaching and influence in the formation of a steady and reliable opinion to which we must at last turn. What an immense gain in the last sixteen years, since the Spanish War! How much more steadily and with what finer self-respect has our government borne itself during the crisis with Mexico than in the days that immediately followed the destruction of the Maine! Thousands of people turn thoughtfully and prayerfully toward the deliberations in Niagara Falls, and the hope has been everywhere that they would issue forth with honor. Our God is marching on, and our God is a God of peace. We have made immense gains; we have advanced increasingly in our sentiment in the last sixteen years. Let the Church see that constantly by its teaching and by its influence it contributes to the formation and maintenance of right public opinion, and thus it will contribute greatly to the coming of that new internationalism.

Once more. In the first place, the Church can aid by painting the sky with a finer set of ideals. Let the Church draw its illustrations, not from the fifteen decisive battles of the world, but from the fifty or more decisive arbitrations of the world; they have had much more significance for the real progress of the race. When the Church comes to hold before the eyes and hearts of its aspiring youth these ideals toward which it would have them look, it should be those men who, in less dramatic but more constructive fashion than the fighters, have been working for this new sovereignty; for in the last analysis it will not be "Blessed are the war-makers," but "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the sons of God." The Church can accomplish much in bringing before the minds of its youth the right type of ideals.

As a clergyman I am sometimes told quite

*An address delivered by the dean of Yale Divinity School, under the auspices of the Church Peace Union, at the Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference, and reported in *The Christian Work and Evangelist*.

Digitized by Google

bluntly that the fighting instinct will not die; and I accept the statement as being absolutely sound. I think that is just as true as the statement that two and two make four. The fighting instinct will not die, and it ought not to die. Let the fighting instinct go on, but let it be the fighting instinct not of human against human; let it be a fighting instinct of the man against the beast, of the man against all that is hostile in the environment, that makes against his own progress and well-being; let it be war to the knife against the common enemies of hunger and of cold, of disease and of death. Let there be a stern warfare against these, and crime, and all injustice between man and man. Let there be the chivalrous crusade on behalf of the poor and blind and weak. We have enemies enough to fight, God knows, but let them not be enemies of our own kind. Let the human battle against that which is inhuman, and upon that warfare waged not to destroy men's lives, but to save men's lives, and upon them the high places of heaven will forever rest, and we shall see, as the result of that warfare, the kingdom wherein men do not fight,—the new internationalism come in with great power and glory!

Reflections on Shipboard.

[We take from the London *Christian World* extracts from one of the last articles written by the late Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.P., the Congregational minister of London, well known to many American friends. He was described in the English *Who's Who* as an "impenitent Radical, and advocate of Modern Puritanism."]

I come to realize that much of the patience and courage that won the miraculous triumphs of early Christianity were due to the fact that the disciples were seafaring men, and had grown tough and agile in their war against wind and wave. Personally, I felt on Sunday that, for any man who had sailed a ship through a tempest, it must have been comparatively easy to face Nero. Then again one's thoughts go back to the hero mariners who crossed this inhospitable ocean—Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers. The ship I am now on is a small liner, as modern Atlantic liners go, but she is a very monster leviathan in comparison with the Mayflower, which, nevertheless, carried a hundred souls across these waters. On one bitter day of head-winds we struggled to the side of the ship to gaze at a small sailing-vessel, with a single sail up, beating her way westward, and fighting her unequal battle with desperate pluck. She flew no signals of distress. Probably she did not concern herself much with our more triumphant progress. "The liner, she's a lady"; but this was one of the little "cargo-boats," with men on board whose daily contact with danger had driven from their minds even the thought that in their hardships and perils there lay anything heroic. They were not defying the Atlantic weather to establish "freedom to worship God." Their sail was not filled by the breath of any higher inspiration than that of doing their duty and earning meagre money to keep poverty from the door of the cottage where wife and children dwell. Now and then a mast and some scattered spars tell a passing vessel that one of these cargo-schooners has foundered in mid-ocean; and somewhere in England or America a widow and her orphan children hear the news, and know that no such outburst of public generosity as made life possible for the relatives of the seamen of the Titanic will lift or even lighten the burden they must bear.

This was borne in upon us even more poignantly on the Wednesday when we ran into a real Atlantic gale, and for four and twenty hours were reduced to our lowest terms. I remember lying through the dark hours wondering, if a photographer could photograph us, what portion of our anatomy was uppermost. I had the feeling that most of the night I lay uncomfortably on the ceiling, and was then flung unceremoniously to the floor. Of course, I cannot prove this, or swear to it in a court of law. But were ever miserable hours so interminable? Yet all the while the tramp of sailors' feet, and their occasional shouts, reached one; and it saved one from utter self-pity to reflect that men one did not know, and on whom one had no sort of claim, were fighting for our lives and safety, and enduring the wrath of the storm that they might stand between us and danger.

Another meditation of the night concerned the unseen heroes of the engine-room. One has the idea that they are a silent or laconic race, and that they do not much relish talk about heroism. They are a supremely practical tribe. They are in this fight against wind and sea like a securely entrenched force pouring deadly shot against the foe. It matters not to them whether it is night or day, and whether the ship be pitching or rolling, and whether the sea be smooth or rough. Their business is to hurl our ship's bulk of twelve thousand tons, with all its living freight, against the utmost power of sky and ocean, the leagued battalions of air and sea. Grimly they stick to their post. It must have gone to their hearts when they had orders from the bridge to reduce speed; but the giant rollers were breaking over us and pouring countless tons of water on our decks, and we had no alternative but to go slow. But as soon as the risk could be taken, McAndrew was singing his paean again, or making his engines sing it. And verily, verily they did blaze a track through the storm, and pursue the same unhasting, unresting course in smoother waters.

The sea is no place for statesmen. There can be no smooth compromises here. The policy of the sea, and the only policy, is that of banging through, for we are at war with uncompromising elements, and they will drive us under if we do not ride over them in triumph. We have set ourselves to assert man's mastery over these elements,—to subdue them, and have dominion over them, according to our declared destiny in the Book of Genesis. We must therefore fight it out and win through. A little more of the sea policy would perhaps not be amiss where statesmen have to assert themselves against the turbulence of human passions, and the bitter winds of prejudice, for the lesson of the sea is as to the merit of firm and resolute government according to a righteous will, and to make a desired and desirable haven. Your readers will make what application of this bit of philosophizing they like, but there is no encouragement of compromise here.

On Thursday the storm did begin to abate, and we were in calm seas, with the terrors of fog substituted for those of tempest. This, I am told, is Newfoundland's fault. Some people talk learnedly about that most mysterious of all natural phenomena—the Gulf Stream. Even the captain gives up the Gulf Stream. He admits it; but he does not find any adequate explanation of it. The Gulf Stream is credited with many virtues. It has even had to bear the responsibility for the English climate,—a responsibility that would have long ago killed any less persistent and cheerful creation. But, as we all know, those people who are most intent on good works do at times affect the world chillingly. The Gulf Stream in its well-meant effort to warm everybody up, does, in its contact with the less genial society of the Atlantic proper, produce walls of mist and fog. This is to be regretted, and should not be remembered against it as permanently discrediting its character. But all the same, it means that this energetic element, bent on ameliorating life wherever its influence carries, produces as a subordinate effect trouble for seamen, and hours of melancholy sounding of hooters across its track. Thus let the reader moralize that our best-intentioned efforts are prone to produce some evil with the good. This, doubtless, is to save us from the vanity of self-righteousness.

Baroness Von Suttner.

The death of Baroness Bertha von Suttner removes one of the most striking figures from the world of politics and reform in Europe. Her life was a remarkable instance of how much one woman can do in the world when possessed of an ideal and a passionate devotion to it. To be sure, she possessed genius to some extent, but after all it was by the tireless pursuit of a certain end that she did her work and achieved her greatness. There are a thousand women in Europe who could do what she did, were they simply consecrated.

Her life was full of romance. Her Memoirs, recently published in two large volumes, are much stranger than fiction, and much fuller of dramatic event than the average novel. In her girlhood she lived in almost every country in Europe, and studied for the operatic stage both in Germany and in France. She had a voice of great promise, and would probably have become a distinguished singer were it not that just at the beginning of her career she fell in love with two things,—a man and an ideal. Her courtship and marriage, as told in her Memoirs, were exciting events. She was governess in the beautiful home of one of the Austrian nobles. The son of the noble and the heir of the estate knew a good woman when he saw her, and did not wait for his family to do his courting for him, as is the custom in those countries, but took it into his own hands and promptly proceeded to engage himself to Fraulein Von Suttner. The family would not consent to the marriage, so the young man threw up home, title, estate, and future prospects, and eloped with this young governess. For many years they were very poor but very happy.

They eloped as far as they could get, and for the next nine years we find them living in the Caucasus, where "My Own," as she

Digitized by Google

always calls her husband in the book, acted as agent in the construction of buildings on the estate of Prince Achille Murat. These nine years were a perpetual honeymoon, and read like a chapter from a love-story. But at last the reconciliation with the family came. They returned to the husband's home and were cordially welcomed, and in time she became "Baroness" Von Suttner.

Immediately after her return to the old home at Harmannsdorf she began her literary activities, and soon published the two books "The Romance of an Author" and "The Age of Machinery." Meantime her acquaintance with Alfred Nobel had begun, and they carried on a correspondence which lasted till the time of his death. Also at this time she began to grow interested in the movement for international peace. Her interest took its rise from several sources. First of all, her immediate experience of the effect of wars. She saw the flower of Austria's youth brought home either dead or mutilated; she saw the suffering of wives, mothers, and little children; she saw that, as a general thing, these wars all arose out of petty disputes, and that very rarely any great principle was at stake. Another thing that aroused her indignation against militarism was the fact that, in all the conversation which she heard in court circles, war was treated simply as a great game. The officers spoke of it in the most heartless way, and considered the peasantry of Austria as nothing but pawns and machines to be used for their winning of the game. She also saw how war continually destroyed all the civilization that years had gained, so that the world was simply going around in a circle. It built up a beautiful structure of mind, soul, and material things during the years of peace, and then proceeded to knock it all down again. There then began to come to her a vision of a new order for the nation. It was simply the already old order in which individuals lived. Individuals no longer went to war over their disputes; they settled them by judicial methods. There was no reason why nations should not do the same. In her mind she conceived the idea of a court for nations similar to that which existed for men.

At this time she learned that there existed in London a society devoted to this very end, the International Peace and Arbitration Association. She began to wonder how she could give most help to the cause, and a novel took shape in her mind. It was the history of a young woman whose sad fate was closely involved with the wars being fought in her own day. The result was "Die Waffen Nieder" or, as it is called in the English translation, "Lay down your Arms!" It is hard to believe that in 1890 it was almost impossible to find a publisher in Austria who dared print a book having anything to do with the peace movement. Finally a publisher was found, and he never regretted his venture, for the novel soon leaped into a circulation of hundreds of thousands and has since been translated into all civilized languages. One of the most remarkable results of the novel was that it converted many statesmen who had been sceptical of the whole movement. The most interesting letter of all, perhaps, was the one which she received from Alfred Nobel.

She was now among the leaders in the peace movement, and all the rest of her life was devoted to assisting the different countries of Europe to organize the peace societies, in helping to create the different branches of the Interparliamentary Union, in furthering the Hague Conferences, and in organizing international congresses yearly in the various states of Europe.

My own acquaintance with the baroness began in Munich ten years ago. One evening I sat beside her in one of the German homes at tea. It was interesting to hear her converse with the different guests, each in his own tongue. She could speak German, English, French, and Italian, each with equal ease and fluency (nothing unusual in an educated man or woman in Germany). There were several distinguished men at the table, but all were glad to listen to her. She told us about her early experiences with the peace movement in Austria. It was the same old story, many ready to believe and act after some one else had acted before them. The great trouble was to get five prominent Austrians to join the peace society. After that it was easy to get fifty.

The next time I met Baroness Von Suttner was at the Peace Congress in London in 1898. Curiously enough, the funeral of Sir William Randall Cremer was held on the very day on which the Peace Congress opened. He had been one of the most ardent workers in the peace movement, and was really the founder of the Interparliamentary Union. Almost every one who had come to the Congress from the various countries of Europe was his friend, so that at his funeral in Whitefield Chapel two or three hundred men from all parts of the world, who could not otherwise have come, were there to do him reverence. I happened to be one of the speakers at the opening session of the peace conference in Caxton Hall, and, when I had finished, the baroness was one of the first to greet me. We sat down and talked about Cremer. His story had as much romance in it as did hers, but he had come up out of the working-classes, while she had moved in the highest social circles from her birth; but they were the warmest of friends, and had worked together for many years. There are no friendships like those which are born out of common service for a great cause. One of the things the baroness emphasized several times was that she supposed her time to go would come soon, but that she was glad that both she and Cremer had lived to see the Hague Conferences, for which both of them had worked all their lives, and which marked the beginning of a new world-order. I heard only the other day how happy she was over the mediation at Niagara Falls. It was one of those great fruits which the Hague Conferences are yearly producing.

Two years ago Baroness Von Suttner came to this country and lectured in many cities, going as far west as the Pacific Coast. It was a triumphal procession. She was greeted by great crowds wherever she went. Although seventy years of age, she seemed as vigorous as ever. I met her several times in New York. In one of these last conversations she said to me: "After all, how much finer type of men John Bright and Richard Cobden were than either Bismarck or von Moltke. The first two loved the people: the other two loved empire, and cared nothing for the people."—*Frederick Lynch, in Christian Work.*

From the Isles of Shoals.

With seven hundred members enrolled, the meetings of this year may well be called gratifying. Both hotels are filled with guests, and many improvements to the property, including electric lights at the Oceanic and a rejuvenating touch to the chapel, make those enchanted islands more delightful than ever. There is the same friendliness, the cordial welcome to friends and strangers as they arrive, and the programme of meetings has included many speakers whose message has been on a high spiritual plane. The social features have been numerous, and an unusual number of young people have made merry in ways which meant happy hours for themselves and entertainment for their elders.

The central figure at all these gatherings is Mr. Thomas H. Elliott, honorary president of the association, who views with quiet satisfaction the growth of this laymen's movement, started eighteen years ago. When Rev. William I. Lawrance arrived at the Oceanic on Friday evening, all the friends lined up at the head of the piazza steps and gave him such a hearty greeting as almost to embarrass that good man, who was walking leisurely up from the Juliette, with Mrs. Lawrance, blissfully unconscious of what was being concocted in the way of a reception. William H. Sayward, one of the vice-presidents, left a gap when he departed. There is no more enthusiastic lover of the Shoals than he, and his spirit shows itself in numberless ways of hospitality and cheer. More than this, Mr. Sayward is an entertainer of remarkable versatility.

So diversified is the programme for this season that it is far from easy to choose from among the good things offered.

It is a well-balanced programme with no apparent effort to emphasize any one feature, and yet the candle-light service, simple as it is, is the time which almost no one will miss. To the little stone chapel hundreds wend their way and, in absolute silence except for words from the printed page, gain in repose and spiritual strength as from a time of real consecration. The sound of the waves dashing against the rocks, the starlit sky, seeming so near, the feeling of a closeness to nature and the nearness of kindred spirits,—all combine to make these brief meetings very wonderful in their influence.

Rev. John Carroll Perkins, D.D., Rev. Palfrey Perkins, Rev. M. F. Ham, Rev. Henry T. Secrist, Rev. Edward B. Maglathlin, and Rev. Alva R. Scott have conducted this week's morning service of prayer. Rev. A. M. Rihbany, on Saturday, chose the nineteenth Psalm for an illuminating talk on this poem written by a peasant poet in a far-away time with such sublimity of thought that it is regarded as one of the noblest bits of literature known to humanity.

Mr. Rihbany's address on "Wise Men from the East and Wise Men from the West" brought out the differences between the Oriental and the Occidental characteristics, the former passive, mystical, and submissive; the latter aggressive, fearless, conquering. The dominant word in the vocabulary of the modern business man, said Mr. Rihbany, is "Business." He has very little time for his home, his friends, his church; very little time to enter into the mystic shadows of spiritual contemplation, detach himself from his ma-

Digitized by Google

terial interests, and put himself in tune with the Infinite.

"May we not hope," said Mr. Rihbany, "that, through the sifting and overturning of nations which goes on to-day, through the vast readjustments of human relations, the Occidental and Oriental minds will form a higher unity by which the Oriental might learn from his Occidental brother to be more aggressive, a greater lover of freedom and law, and a champion of human and not merely clannish rights; the Occidental learn from his Oriental brother to seek through spiritual contemplation greater inward peace, to acquire the feeling of the immediacy of the living God; and thus of the twain a new type of man might appear on the earth that shall be conqueror and possessor of both the inner and outer worlds."

The address was punctuated with anecdotes and incidents which were very amusing.

Among the morning addresses of the early week, that of Rev. Frederick R. Griffin of Montreal brought out much favorable comment. His subject was Rabindranath Tagore, whose message of peace and good will to the world was shown in the scholarly paper, and numerous quotations from "Gitanjali," which won the Nobel prize, "Sadhana" ("The Realization of Life"), and other collected writings of the Bengali poet.

On the day in charge of the Department of Foreign Relations of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., took for his subject the motive, message, and methods of missions, and the problems which now confront them as the result of great changes in religious opinion in Christian and non-Christian communities. The address brought out the idea that present-day requirements call for a transformation of missionary work.

The old-time attitude of contempt and hostility toward the other religions of the world must now be exchanged for a cordial recognition of their equal right, their many excellences, and eminent services to mankind. They must be studied in a scientific and critical, but also in an appreciative and sympathetic manner. The non-Christian peoples themselves, their racial and temperamental characteristics, their physical environment, ethical standards, social and domestic institutions, will need to be taken more into account. When this is done in a large and kindly way, we shall discover the impossibility of imposing a Western system of doctrine and worship upon an Eastern mind, upon individuals or nations without any regard to their religious and psychological history.

Dr. Wendte spoke of the growth of Islamism, and the main reason for its success, which is that it practically overcomes the conflict of races. "This does not, of course, justify the belief that Mahometanism is a better belief than Christianity, or that it is destined ultimately to control the African and Oriental world," he said. "The question may fairly be asked, however, whether it is not a distinct improvement on existing religious, moral, and social conditions among the negro races, replacing their animistic, polytheistic worship and low morality with a higher system of faith and ethics. This opens a field for speculation and controversy which we may not enter here. But one thing is certain: that the growth of Islam should bring the Christian missionary world to a realization of its own defects in the presentation of the religion of Jesus, teach it to simplify its doctrine, solidify its forces, improve its methods, and become a worthier representative of Christ's cause on earth. It is evident that, if Christian missions are to succeed in commending the religion and ethics of Jesus to the Oriental mind, they must themselves undergo a change of heart and adopt a more rational policy. The sects must sink their petty differences and rival ambitions. Unity must precede universality.

"A true and spiritual Christianity should seek to permeate, not to supplant, the great non-Christian religions of the world, to be not their arrogant rival, but their loving friend and helper. It should seek to develop in its own and other religions the universal and permanent elements of truth, character, love, and service which are contained in them."

The lecturer closed by showing that this is attempted at least in the three liberal Christian missions in Japan,—the Unitarian, Universalist, and Liberal German,—whose resources and results may be humble, but whose aims and methods are in line with modern science, culture, and civilization, with universal religion and ethics, and world brotherhood.

Rev. William E. Barton, D.D., a visitor to the Shoals during the first year of these meetings, and Rev. Rolfe Cobleigh, assistant editor of *The Congregationalist*, each spoke briefly on the outlook in the missionary field from the standpoint of their own denomination. Dr. Barton also conducted a candle-light service during his stay.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., described some of the experiences in the Orient during his recent trip as a Billings lecturer, and spoke of the eager interest among the peoples of Japan, China, Ceylon, and India to hear more of the liberal faith. He referred to the parliament of religions held in Chicago twenty-one years ago, where, for the first time in their lives, thousands heard the mighty call of world-wide brotherhood. The six international congresses, in as many cities, were referred to as a result of the effort to carry out the suggestion of that notable gathering, and Dr. Sunderland outlined the plan for the one next year. A party will go from New York to London, and from there, joined by others of like spirit, will go to Budapest for a brief congress, then to Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, where, if political conditions permit, it is intended to hold congresses in Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo. In December the pilgrims will proceed to India, Ceylon, China, and Japan, where preparations are well under way by the people themselves for the most important meetings of the series.

The speaker said that this congress in the Orient hopes to promote closer acquaintance between the religions of the world. This will remove much of the jealousy and antagonism, and create a feeling of friendliness and confidence. The congress, like the others, will stand for the universal elements in all religions, and put the supreme emphasis on these in all that is said and done. Then, men of seemingly different creeds will see how much they have in common.

But most important of all will be the endeavor to create in all a conviction that they have a great work to do together for the moral uplift of the world. Religion ought to be the world's greatest power for the moral regeneration of men and society. It would be, if all religious faiths would subordinate the local, the peculiar, the relatively unimportant elements which separate them, and place their emphasis upon the great moral and spiritual elements which they possess in common and in which their real life consists. If all the great religions of

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 78-78-76
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address. "Undertaker, Boston."

Marriages.

At Winchester, Mass., July 11, 1914, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, Dana J. P. Wingate and Miss Mildred Mansfield.

Deaths.

In Roxbury, Mass., July 17, Rev. George M. Bodge, aged seventy-three years. Services were held on Monday, July 20 conducted by Rev. George F. Pratt. The burial was at Leominster.

WILLIAM R. WARNER.

William R. Warner, a lifelong Unitarian, and one of the most prominent business men of Fall River, passed away in that city on July 15, aged seventy-two years. Mr. Warner was born in Walpole, N.H., but his early years were passed in Westboro, Mass. He was educated in the schools of Westboro and in Philadelphia, Pa. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War the deceased enlisted in the Union army, in the Thirteenth Mass. Regiment, and saw much of hard fighting, culminating in the battle of Gettysburg. He rose to the rank of first lieutenant. He remained to the close of his useful and busy life deeply interested in the history of the Civil War, frequently visiting the battle-fields. He was an active member of the Grand Army and Loyal Legion.

Since 1874 Mr. Warner has lived in Fall River, and until a few years ago was the manager of the interests of the Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Company in that city. He was active in many matters of good citizenship: had held numerous and responsible directorships and public trusts. His warm sympathies quickly responded to calls for helpfulness. An ardent lover of books, he had gathered probably the finest private library in Fall River. An active and generous member of the Fall River Unitarian Society, he will be greatly missed by the other members of that organization. His funeral was held at his beautiful residence, on Friday, July 17, his pastor, Rev. John B. W. Day, officiating; and his body was taken to Westboro and laid in the family lot beside his parents.

The deceased leaves a widow, whose maiden name was Ellen Henry, of Westboro, and two sons, Charles H. Warner of Fall River and George H. Warner of New York City.

Mr. Warner was a fine type of the citizen-soldier, the honorable and successful business man, the warm-hearted friend. He had travelled extensively in this country and in Europe. In addition to his immediate family he leaves a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Warner Prickitt of Farmingdale, N.J., whose husband, Capt. William A. Prickitt, has lately completed a term of eight years as U.S. Consul-General at Auckland, New Zealand.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M. Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

mankind would do this, would overlook their minor differences, rise above their enmities, and unite their efforts for the one supreme end of curing the world's evils and lifting the nations up to righteousness, justice, brotherhood, and peace, nothing could withstand them. Wars would cease; crime would well-nigh disappear; prisons would become mainly things of the past; the dark streams of suffering and sorrow which now flow over all lands would for the most part be dried up, and the earth would become a very real heaven.

Frederick May Eliot, assistant to Dr. Crothers in the First Parish Church, Cambridge, delivered the morning address on the day devoted to the interests of the Young People's Religious Union. His topic was "The Duties of Young People in a Free Church." Mr. Eliot contended that young people are not very different from old people, and their interests are, or ought to be, very much the same. There is a mistake, he declared, in the assumption that only the older people have the true interests of the church at heart. The interest which every one should have in going to church is that of worship, with all that worship implies,—nothing else. This is what the church stands for; this is its sole purpose, its only end. Worship is natural for young people, but they are far keener than their elders in detecting a false note of cant and sentimentality. A service of sincere, frank, unpretentious worship, a religion that is virile, strong, commanding, heroic, will attract young people inevitably.

"I hope I may not be misunderstood," said Mr. Eliot, "for I do not wish to seem ungracious in my criticism—a very youthful criticism, you must remember; but what I want to suggest is that the lack of interest which many of our young people display toward church services may possibly be due less to their indifference and waywardness than to some lack in the service itself. The church has no body of critics who are keener to see through shams and makeshifts or detect inefficiency and disheartened decay than its own young people. One measure of the efficiency and vitality of the church is its confidence in its young people and its willingness to help them. The young people need the encouragement of the church, its moral and its financial support, and, unless the church is generous in granting these, it cannot expect to receive their approval or their loyalty."

Mrs. Margaret J. Stannard's presentation of "Education for Home-making" gave added emphasis to her statement that the making of a home is a profession, not merely a group of trades, and not merely a business, although it has an important economic function. It is a profession with a well-defined social and educational aim. More than that, it is the most important of all professions in which men and women must co-operate intelligently not only for the individual home, but for the preservation and elevation of home standards in the whole country. How can we trust these homes to the guess-work of our boys and girls?

The educational lack is recognized, but only slowly supplied. Society is so busy curing ills that it seems to have neither time nor money for prevention. Cooking and sewing are only laboratory work in the subjects of food and clothing, and as such are not dangerous to academic standards, while food and clothing themselves are only parts of a larger whole. Mrs. Stannard outlined the work of the Garland School, which aims at the development of initiative and a sense of responsibility, and in this lies the means to a larger purpose,—the education of its own and other communities to demand and to provide training for the profession of home-making.

There was much of interest and thoughtfulness in the address by Rev. A. R. Scott on "The Moral Purpose of Goethe's 'Faust,'" which, the speaker said, ranks with the Iliad, the book of Job, and Hamlet, the four greatest productions in all literature. The entire story was outlined, and special attention given to Margaret, the victim of combined forces of evil. With Faust the problem is different. He was always conscious that he was in some sense in the image of God. Mr. Scott considered several theories regarding an undesirable past, and said, "We look to the lessening of evil in the world through methods of recovery and reclamation, but never through that education which avoids failure and tragedy."

Richard Watson Gilder was considered as a "citizen poet" at an evening lecture by Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks, and Philip W. Ayres gave an illustrated lecture on the preservation of New Hampshire forests. Miss Anna M. Bancroft, president of the Alliance, presided at a meeting which attracted a large number of members on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. William B. Nichols of Quincy told of Cheerful Letter work; Mrs. Wendte, of Rev. G. Conté and his Society of Free Believers in Italy; Miss Harriet Spalding of Dallas, what is being done there to spread the gospel of the liberal faith; and Rev. J. C. Duncan of Houston spoke hopefully of what that section affords in the way of opportunity. Mrs. Donald Mitchell of Pittsburgh was another speaker who rejoiced in difficulties as well as successes. Mrs. Abby A. Peterson and Rev. Lyman Ward outlined the work in the South, and Miss Elizabeth Marquand made suggestions for the Alliance to raise some money next season at the Shoals. Miss Mary Howland and Mrs. C. S. Fisk arranged the meeting. Mrs. Peterson held a piazza meeting another afternoon, at which pictures of her dear people in the South were shown, and much of their handicraft, including bead chains, which met with a ready sale.

There was a wonderfully impressive sunrise service, attended by about sixty. It was a perfect morning, and Rev. John H. Wilson, who led the service, chose Scriptural songs and hymns which made the occasion very impressive. That night a different scene was enacted. There was an exceedingly fine concert by the singers who have done so much toward the entertainment of guests, and the usual candle-light service. Visitors from the Appledore started for the steamer Juliette, when, behold! a dense fog had crept over the island. Nothing remained for Mr. Harrington and Mr. Wetherell to do but invite these 125 friends to stay for the night, which they did. Mr. Wetherell feels that his reputation for truth and veracity will be doubted hereafter, as he had avowed that very afternoon that he could not find a place for another soul beneath the roof; but the Oceanic proved elastic, and almost every one found a place, if not a bed, to sleep. There was an exciting time changing rooms, borrowing blankets and pillows, setting up cots in corridors and bath-rooms, and getting clergymen who had given up their rooms comfortably fixed on billiard tables. Not a word of complaint was heard, and the whole affair seemed like a party rather than an awkward predicament. Hot coffee, crackers, and fruit were served at midnight, and toward morning the house was still. Later in the week the Appledore guests showed their appreciation by sending over their thanks in the form of verses, which were heartily applauded.

The piano recitals by Mrs. Anna Diller Starbuck have proved very delightful. A philosopher and poet as well as a musician of great versatility, Mrs. Starbuck plays as one who feels the harmony of music, the emotions of the human heart and of Nature. Her interpretation of Beethoven numbers, also a concert-lecture on Russian music, and another evening with a programme made up of German composers, showed that much of her success as a performer is born out of the depths of a rare personality. S. M. B.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Young People's Day at the Shoals.

Never was there a more beautiful sunrise to a more glorious Young People's Day at the Shoals Summer Meetings.

Rev. John H. Wilson of Wilton, N.H., conducted the service, and seldom has the simple service, with its accompanying hymn, sunk deeper into the soul than when entered into at that early morning hour as some fifty-four people joined together in this service of worship.

Rev. Henry T. Secrist of Meadville, Pa., led the morning service in the stone meeting-house, taking for his lesson those eloquent words beginning "Lay not up for yourselves treasures in heaven," then passing on to consider the characteristics that mark the religion of young people. Mr. Secrist laid special emphasis on these three points: their venturesomeness, their activity, and their spirit of abandon.

At eleven o'clock the general forenoon session was presided over by a former director, Rev. John H. Wilson, who introduced as the speaker of the occasion Mr. Frederick M. Eliot of Cambridge, one of the vice-presidents, and at present assistant to the minister of the First Parish, Cambridge, Mr. Eliot's subject being "The Duties of Young People in a Free Church." He was listened to with deep

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

interest by an audience that about taxed the seating capacity of the hall.

In the beginning Mr. Eliot made clear that any service of sincere, frank, unpretentious worship will attract young people, defining a free church as one made up of men and women who voluntarily unite for the worship of God, drawn together by no dominating impulse, but uniting freely, being of one mind and spirit, maintaining the aim of such to be to teach its members to think for themselves, and then to join that church which best satisfied their ideals.

He then proceeded to elaborate the duties of the church toward its young men and young women, as well as the function of a young people's society, which he deemed should be educational in its nature.

In closing, he declared his purpose had been to raise a question and to make the question so compelling that others would set to work to answer it.

An interesting discussion followed, and much illumination thereby was thrown upon our young people's work, all of which cannot help bearing fruit for the future welfare of our organization.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Rev. Abbot Peterson, associate minister of the First Parish, Brookline, will preach Sunday, July 26, at 11 A.M.

At King's Chapel, corner Tremont and School Streets, Boston, the preacher on Sunday, July 26, at 10.30 A.M., will be Rev. Charles Edwards Park of the First Church in Boston. The church is open daily from 9 to 12 A.M.

Rev. Daniel Moses Welch of Harvard Divinity School, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted July 9, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

Rev. Francis Treadway Clayton of the Presbyterian ministry, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted July 9, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

Churches.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—First Congregational Church, Rev. George A. Thayer: Rev. John H. Wilson of Wilton, N.H., has accepted the invitation of the people to become an associate minister with Mr. Thayer, his services to begin at the opening of the church after the summer vacation, in the latter part of September.

DIGHTON, MASS.—Pedobaptist Congregational Society, Rev. Judson A. Rich, pastor emeritus; Rev. Stephen G. Palmer: The various departments of the church reported a successful year, at the annual society business meeting recently held. Reports from all the departments were read, and officers were elected for the ensuing year. In the trustees' report of the financial condition of the church and society, which was read by the clerk, Dwight F. Lane, an increased balance of funds in the treasury was shown. Mrs. Winnie L. Pierce reported for the Ladies' Industrial Society, showing that society's activity for the past year, and Mrs. Emma Horton gave the treasurer's statement, showing all bills paid, with a balance on hand. The meetings and work of the branch Alliance were given by Miss Josephine Thaxter, who told of the subjects discussed during the year, and also read the treasurer's account, showing no indebtedness, and money in the treasury. Fred W. Talbot, superintendent of the Sunday-school, spoke of the school's very successful year, mentioning the entertainments given, also the impressive exercise given on Children's Day (the last Sunday in June), and a remarkable regularity of attendance, with the highest average of any recent year. The treasurer's account stated a neat sum on hand, with all accounts settled. In the minister's annual report it was shown that the past year had maintained the highest average attendance at the regular Sunday services of any year during his pastorate of nearly four years. The annual meeting as a whole showed gratifying conditions of the society. A sum of money was appropriated by vote of the trustees, for the purpose of refurnishing the room formerly used as a library, in Memorial Hall, for a ladies' parlor. The services of the church will be discontinued, for the summer vacation, after July 12, until the second Sunday in September.

Personals.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes will preach at the Unitarian church, Kennebunk, Me., next Sunday, at 10.30. On July 5 Mr. Holmes preached at the opening of the summer services at Kennebunk Beach. These services have been a feature of the life at this beach for more than twenty-five years. The average attendance at these services last summer was 160. The preaching is done by Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, and Unitarian ministers, most of whom are summer residents there.

Here and There.

Plans completely to restock all trout streams and lakes throughout the national forests of Colorado, Wyoming, and South Dakota within a period of nine years are well under way, the shipments of fry to be directed to railroad stations nearest the waters to be stocked so that as many streams as possible may be supplied from a central point. The planting will be performed by forest officers, who will keep close check on the results of the work.

Convincing proof that tuberculosis sanatoria or hospitals are not a menace to the health nor a detriment to the property of those living near such institutions is given in a pamphlet just issued by The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In an extended study of the subject the Association has not been able to find a single instance where a tuberculosis sanatorium has had an injurious effect on the health of any one living near it, nor where it has had any lasting effect upon property values, nor does residence in the neighborhood of a sanatorium constitute an adverse factor in life insurance.

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D.D., Roslindale, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1865. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind; Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Boston, Mass.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. William C. Brown, Boston, Mass., Rev. George H. Badger, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, John Mason Little, Boston, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Cyril H. Burdett, New York City.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. W. M. Brundage, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Percy Dawson, Rev. E. S. Wiers, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. Arthur Weatherly, Rev. E. A. Rumball, Rev. A. H. Robinson, Rev. Horace Westwood, and Rev. George H. Badger.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Marian Dudley Richards, 247 Fisher Avenue, Brookline, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

First Visitor (at realistic wax-figure show): "Are you wax?" Second Visitor: "No. Are you?"—*New York Weekly.*

Mr. Crisscross: "Pass me the butter, please." Miss Featherbone: "With all my heart." Mr. Crisscross: "Only the butter, please."—*Puck.*

"My youngest son," said Mrs. Twickembury, "can write with his left hand just as well as with his right. In fact, all my children are more or less amphibious."

Mr. Grumpps: "What idiotic things they do print on the women's page of this newspaper!" Mrs. Grumpps: "Yes, I wish they would discharge the fellow, and put a woman in charge of it."—*New York Weekly.*

"Let me see," said the editor to a new acquisition, a graduate of the College of Journalism. "I hardly know what to put you at." "Until you decide," replied the man, "I'll sit down and write a few leading editorials."—*Life.*

Not Reciprocal. Mrs. Della Crème (wearily): "I know everything we eat is adulterated; but what can we do, Reginald? We *must* trust our grocer." Mr. Reginald Crème (drearily): "Ah, yes, Della! Very true! But, if—oh, if—our grocer would only trust us!"

The *Christian World* says: "Here are two little-known puns of Oliver Wendell Holmes. 'The young lady is in evening dress,' said a friend, one evening, referring to a rather overdressed damsel. 'The close of the day, my dear sir,' remarked the witty doctor. 'That is Holmes-pun,' retorted the friend. 'I'm worsted,' rejoined the doctor."

Here is an actual leaf from the experience of a teacher of civil government in the Boston public schools. In a written examination, to the question, "How are the Senators elected?" the answer was, "They are elected from bath-houses." On inquiry as to what suggested such an answer, the teacher found that in the precinct where the pupil lived caucuses were held in a bath-house.—*Lowell Courier.*

The esteemed Weather Bureau has sprung a new one. It is the word "smog," and it means smoke and fog. The Bureau considers the new word a great idea. Very well! "Smog" let it be, but why end there? Let's call a mixture of snow and mud "smud," a mixture of snow and hail "snail," and a mixture of snow and soot "snoot." Thus we might have a weather forecast like this: "Snail to-day, turning to snoot to-night; to-morrow, smoggy with smud."—*Kokomo Tribune.*

Referring to the "heresy hunt" started after Bishop Colenso, the Manchester *Guardian* says: "In the beginning of it the bishops, wishing to avoid rows, unanimously begged Colenso to resign, and he politely declined. Longley was Archbishop of Canterbury at the time, and he wrote, on behalf of the bishops:—

"'My dear Colenso,—With regret,
We hierarchs in conclave met,
Beseech you—most disturbing writer—
To give up your Colonial mitre.
This course we urge upon you strongly,
Believe me, yours sincerely, LONGLEY.'

"To which Colenso replied:—

"'My dear Archbishop,—To resign
This Zulu diocese of mine,
And own myself a heathen dark,
Because I've doubts of Noah's Ark,
And think it right to tell all men so,
Is not the course for yours, COLENSO.'"

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.

Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
85 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogues address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University U

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 31 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 721
Individual Effort 722
The Free Churches 723

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Schools 724

CURRENT TOPICS 725

BREVITIES 726

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Dr. Barton at the Isles of Shoals 726

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Our Kindergarten Pioneer, by Aubertine Woodward Moore 727
Leaking at the Top; Church Democracy, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones 729
Idealism or Progressivism, by Ralph Barton Perry . . 731
Prayer 733
The Conduct of the Balkan Wars; Health and Civilization; Race Co-operation 734
An Apology for Puritans; A Visit to a Practical School, by S. Elizabeth Stoever 738
From Colorado Springs, by Thomas Salter Robjent . . 739
Isles of Shoals 740
A Letter from Maine 742
Dullness; The Negro's Opportunity 743

LITERATURE.
Books 734
Magazines; Miscellaneous 735

THE HOME.
The Grass Party, by Pauline Carrington Bouvé . . . 736
Bobby's "Keep Off"; A Dandelion Story 737

POETRY.
Serene 729
The Feather of a Bird 734
Conceit 736
Progress, by Caroline H. Burgess 738

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 743

HERE AND THERE 743

PLEASANTRIES 744

Editorial.

THE demand of the day is reconstruction in every department of life and thought. Every creed must be revised, the constitution of every church must be overhauled, and all methods of education, religious and secular, must pass the ordeal of criticism. But it is a sad mistake to think that the call of the hour is peculiar to this year of grace or to this generation of thinkers and workers. The demand is as instant and universal as the need of constant renewal of the physical forces that crave their daily sustenance. Every day is a new day, and every morning cheerful workers lay in their store of energy to meet the new demands of the new day. Long ago our fathers learned that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. About once in the lifetime of a generation slowly moving causes come to a crisis, and then all the world becomes conscious that something is going on that makes a change of conditions inevitable. They who are alert rejoice in it, and they who are backward submit or give place to those who are alive and with gladness of heart face the morning.

THE substitution of machinery for individual effort has wrought a mighty change in the social conditions of the whole world. It has made the individual seem less important, and forced the gathering of workers of every kind into great masses in which individual initiative seems to be lost. That, however, is only a temporary effect of these world-wide changes; gradually the individual is coming back into his place, and the need of personal initiative is quite as urgent as it ever was. A similar change has come over the social, ethical, and religious activities of all nations. For a time it seemed as if the individual would count for so little that institutions must be formed to take up the work which single-handed no one could perform; but it becomes more and more evident with every passing year that more than ever the individual will rise out of the ruck of social movements to new influence and greater power.

THE best charity cannot be organized, cannot, indeed, be called charity, in the usual sense of the word. Some of the men whose gifts in various public directions have been most munificent are in themselves not generous men, and some whose gifts are never heard of are the most generous men in the world. To do the most good

in the best directions one would need to be much more than wealthy; one would need to be wise, widely acquainted, ubiquitous, and invisible. The rich man who will stand highest in the world's esteem will be he who devises some way of reaching, by direct and quite unmechanized ways, the lives, not counted among the needy, to whom special gifts for benefits of high worth would bring to themselves and others the greatest blessings. We should like to have a secret service for bringing good to those who will never get it otherwise. An unknown board with unknown agents to distribute pianos to persons who desire to play them rather than to have them played, college training to those who will go to college to get it rather than everything but training, and trips to Europe for school-teachers and ministers to whom and through whom they will bring considerable heaven to earth, would be the world's first best charity.

Institutions, brotherhoods, associations, and organizations of many kinds are doing brave work for the uplift of human endeavor and the improvement of the race; but often, when considering the needs of the hour, there come to mind some of the old-style philanthropists, who wrought mightily in their day. Often their operations were as steady and silent as the trade-winds or the tides, but they made their mark in their day and generation, and we inherit the fruit of their labors. Such a man, for instance, was the late Samuel H. Winkley, minister-at-large in Boston; in his own person he represented every kind of a religious and charitable organization, and he carried the virtue of them into personal contact with every man, woman, and child who came within the range of his personal influence. The work that such a man could do in reforming drunkards, in giving courage to the unfortunate, in directing the education and training of boys and girls, was of a value literally incalculable.

After looking over a thousand or more college-bred men last month an impression began to shape itself as to the physical condition of the older men. Among the younger men there was to be noted, as might be expected, a distinct gain in physical well-being, but, thinking of the older men, and the oldest of them, no one came to mind who was marked by the "scholarly stoop" which was once so conspicuous, but also there was an almost complete absence of the spinal curvature and shambling gait that once marked and advertised the oldest living graduate. It was not evident at a glance whether a man was seventy, eighty, or ninety. Cartilages shrink and bones harden as the decades pass, but students have learned that it is just as easy to grow stiff standing erect as it is to meet the advancing years with bowed head and shoulders bent as if for burden-bearing. What marks the physical improvement of men is true also of women who are graduated at our colleges. From among them old women are fast disappearing, not because they die early, but because they never grow old.

It is said that good men often decline to enter into political contests because of the impertinent inspection of their private affairs, the insinuations and even slanders they would have to endure. The good side of the matter, compared with which this disadvantage is of slight weight, is that the standards of action to which public men are held are constantly growing more exacting, and that behavior permissible in other men is not tolerable from them. Complicity with jobbery, association with questionable business, and any sort of relation with trickery, even though the man may himself be innocent of corruption, when it comes to light, finishes, or should finish, any man's public career. We may have what sympathy we will with his personal misfortune, but we cannot on that account condone errors of judgment, or moral astigmatism, when the good name of a high cause is infected with such fault. So far from being open to all the condemnation visited upon politics as a vocation, in this respect it furnishes high example. The more exalted a calling the stricter should be its requirements, the clearer its representatives from suspicion. The extension of this principle so that men in all positions of responsibility shall be subject to it calls for all courage, fearlessness, and resolution.

The grandeur of the language used by the ancient psalm-writers and prophets is sometimes startling. There is a majesty in the movement of their thought and expression which is quite as marked and inimitable as the art of the ancient Greek. There were in Athens examples of physical perfection, and sculptors who knew how to suggest that perfection in lifeless marble forms, which remain the envy and despair of all modern artists. There was a similar elevation of thought and feeling in a class of ancient Hebrews that no modern writer or thinker can imitate or rival. The wonder of it and the comfort of it, however, lie in the fact that these were, after all, natural manifestations of human nature, and, although grand beyond expression, are based in our human constitution like those heaven-kissing mountain peaks which in Asia rise above the clouds and claim companionship with the stars, and yet rest solidly upon the surface of the same globe which elsewhere is diversified by prairies and sand-hills.

Consideration of the immigration problem, whether in books or in the public press or on the lecture platform, should be subject to one plain condition. Observation and inspection at Ellis Island should be the first test of a right to treat of immigration. The student finds there indispensable materials for information and judgment, and the visitor will carry away impressions of kindness, infinite carefulness, and wonderful management which will deepen and substantiate his patriotism. He will see also the real nature of the problem of immigration, and be led to follow its study further rather than be content with extemporaneous opinions and merely sensational impressions and reports.

Individual Effort.

Public service, social service, united action, associated charities, union for good works, organization for reforms of various kinds, pulpit appeals, and many such modern devices for human betterment are working well and furnish abundant opportunity for usefulness to all who are inclined that way; but all these movements and instrumentalities fail unless willing workers carry them into effect by personal service. Medical societies and hospitals abound, but the life-saving operation and the healing ministration come from the personal contact of the surgeon who performs the operation, and the soothing touch of the nurse who gently leads the afflicted patient up from the borders of the valley where the shadows fall. All medical education and hospital training have for their end the putting of the right man and the right woman in the place where they are needed at a critical moment in the career of some fellow-creature.

Colleges and divinity schools work together to the end that sometime, somewhere, a man or woman, well trained, sympathetic, and capable, may bring the water of life

Digitized by Google

to some thirsty soul, weary and worn with toil and doubt. What anointed prophets can do, and have done, without the help of school and college, the builders of institutions would fain make easy for less gifted souls, warmed by the divine fire of the enthusiasm of humanity. Often the most useful and best loved man in town or city is some one to whom the gift of eloquence has not been granted, but who has been "to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony" or "the sweet presence of a good diffused" to give comfort and strength to those who need it.

It is easy to believe the reports of those who claim that sudden and lasting reforms of outcast men and women are effected at places where enthusiastic zeal meets the denizens of the lowest world with offers of good fellowship and the uplifting hand. The methods of our own communion are less spectacular, but not less effective. There is no community where some son or daughter has not fallen out of the ancestral nest and come to disgrace and shame, and there is no one of our ministers of long service, who has put his heart into what is called pastoral work, who cannot look back on successes such as make glad the heart of any lover of his kind. Riding with Gen. Armstrong one day over the Tête Noire in Switzerland, the writer asked him questions concerning his method of dealing with young Indians fresh from the conditions of savage life, such as this,—did he attempt to convert him, or to bring about a change of heart after the orthodox custom? He replied, "When a young Indian is brought to me, I immediately start on a hunt for a human soul, the most fascinating pursuit in the world." The sole object of those who knew their business was to bring Gen. Armstrong and the men and women who shared his inspiration into vital contact with the outcast races who needed help.

The reason that so many organizations are nothing but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals is that they miss this full-blooded humanity that is not satisfied until, entering any valley of dry bones, it breathes into them the breath of life. Edward Everett Hale, listening to a young woman expounding doctrines of education with fluency and eager interest, soliloquized in a whisper to the writer, "Such zeal for the system and so little love for the children." Among the teachers sent to teach the freedman soon after the Civil War there was one woman who knew little about the rules of English grammar and was not exceedingly proficient as a writer of the English language, and yet she was one of the most successful of the teachers, because of her eager interest in her pupils. She knew enough more than they did to give them the rudiments of knowledge, and they were not wise enough to detect her deficiencies or suffer on account of them.

The letters of that woman who became a "homesteader" in the West reveal, in a wonderful way, the value of personal contact with the problems of social organization in a new country, a lesson not without value for dwellers in older communities where social well-being depends on social good will, and is promoted most effectively by those who take a romantic interest in human life and rejoice in solving its problems. Sitting once, a stranger in a strange church, we opened a hymn-book and read upon a fly-leaf this record which, as we happened to know, was suggested by the first appearance in the pulpit of a brilliant new pastor: "I like this man. He preaches well; I wonder if I shall ever feel his heart beat."

At the large end of all great movements are the people who make laws, conduct campaigns, and move with irresistible force toward great achievements; but at the small end, often forgotten, yet always necessary, are the individuals who make the movement successful. The poor wise man who saved the city and was not remembered was not an imaginary character. The writer of the book of Ecclesiastes was a wise man, and if he were here now he would find many poor wise men who, unknown to the multitude, are working out the salvation of the people. Great movements begin and good laws are made to the end that somewhere in time of need a just judge may be on the bench, a wise counsellor at the bar, and twelve honest men in the jury box. Much law-making and great movements of reform are signs, not of communal health, but of disease and decadence. Happy the city or the commonwealth that is so rich in common honesty, in neighborly good will, in self-help and mutual helpfulness, that life goes on in orderly ways, poor wise men abound, and no man succeeds to the harm of his fellow-men. G. B.

The Free Churches.

"Our free churches" is an expression that instinctively comes to the lips of an increasing number of people. This was the mode of speech of three different men, one of them Dr. Vernon of the Congregational church, on the day of the annual meeting of the Unitarian Association. We like this name, because it suggests a new and larger form of union than any sectarian name can possibly do. Let those who love their sectarian names continue to use them,—Baptists, or Universalists, or "Orthodox," or Unitarians, or any of the numerous bodies which still prefer to think in terms of exclusiveness. Why should there not be an alternate name to express a very important new fact, namely, that there are many churches which can best be described as free? Thus, all the Baptists and all Congregationalists are quite free in their polity; and among these groups of churches there are some as free in their thought, if not altogether as advanced, as most Unitarian churches have ever been.

Of course no honest man wishes to get rid of a name, provided it is a truly descriptive name, for fear of bearing opprobrium. The name "Unitarian," however, is not descriptive in any important way. Grant that it covers splendid implications of the divine unity and of human brotherhood; grant, also, that it has certain noble traditions; the plain truth remains, that in its history and in ordinary thought it stands for an almost forgotten theological controversy. Most of us would not go across the street to try to convert a Trinitarian to Unitarian thought. We should take more pleasure in showing him that we and he are one, as regards the contents of our thought of God. Being interested in a vast range of subjects closer and more practical than this old dogmatic issue, we become very tired of using a name that constantly needs to be explained and reinterpreted, or otherwise it misrepresents us.

Moreover, with all the high traditions of the Unitarian churches, they naturally but unfortunately fell into the usual sectarian tendency to a one-sided emphasis upon correct thinking (their own kind of "orthodoxy"). Did they forget that it is the business of a church to preach a gospel? Too often they seemed not to have a gospel. A man could be "a good Unitarian" if he paid "one hundred cents on a dollar" and took his turn in serving on the parish committee. Loyalty to your group or church is good, but even Prof. Royce tells us that something more than this is needed.

Meantime, a grander view of the church is coming into sight. It is related to the thought of the life of God abroad in the world under the form of the good will. In every department of human enterprise, in social life, in industry and business, in politics, in every interna-

Digitized by Google

tional relation, the immense need is of men of determined good will. We begin to see that the presence of good will anywhere is the presence of God. We seem to be dealing with a new power, always indeed present in the world, but never before, except in individual instances, apprehended or studied or applied. You may call it by what name you please,—love, or the Christ-spirit, or humanity,—the fact is the same, that without it no man is truly himself, that without it no valid or effective circulation of the great social life of the world can take place. The fact is, too, that we men never create this highest form of life. It comes to us from the everlasting fountains. As the old writers would have said, it is "of the grace of God." We only need to open our hearts and attune our wills to its coming, and, lo! it takes us up in its motion. Something like this is the gospel of the modern church. The one work of the church henceforth is to keep men in touch with the divine life of the good will, through which, as fast as it comes, men see their delight in every form of daily useful service, and indeed become incapable of doing injustice to any one. In short, they catch the idea of living here and now as children of the Eternal.

Let no one say that churches have ever yet been busy with the purpose of making good will prevail in the world. Say rather that churches of every name have thought least of this end, practical and spiritual as it is. They have really taught that this is a most distant and well-nigh impossible end, that it is too difficult for man, and not indeed normal to expect of him. They have taught that one only has ever lived this normal human life, and that true life is to be looked for in another world. With noble exceptions this has been the weight of the teaching of the historic church. The call to-day is for a type of church such as hardly yet has existed. Give us a church, men begin to cry, that shall bring faith, hope, love to bear upon common life, that shall abolish injustice and war, create human welfare, and show the secret of happiness to common men.

Now the interesting thing to-day is that this very gospel is being apprehended and preached and applied here and there in churches of every name. Unitarians have no monopoly of it. Christians, as such, have no monopoly of it. There are noble rabbis who are teaching it, and Roman Catholics also. There is coming to be a real, though as yet invisible, brotherhood of all who hold to this faith. It is a faith that tends pre-eminently to make men free. Its natural mode of organization will be in free churches. The bond of a strong good will is the strongest bond that human beings can have. Already, wherever there are free churches in polity, the tendency shows itself to become free altogether,—free in thought, in open-mindedness, in breadth of sympathy, in the disappearance of prejudice and caste or class feeling, in the largeness of outlook and generous activity. The Unitarian churches, as having come to a considerable degree and variety of freedom, enjoy to-day a great opportunity to put separateness and divisiveness aside, and to see the bigness of the new work of religion into which they and others, more than they probably realize, are called to enter.

It is impossible, however, even if it were desirable, that others who come to this new view of the nature and function of religion should ever care to take our sectarian name. This name and all other sect names must lapse in due time, the sooner the better, simply by virtue of the gradual use of a more truthful and comprehensive name. Thus, as fast as earnest-minded Baptists come to see that the winning and the prevalence of the life of good will is the principal thing, that it is the noblest and simplest form of communion with God, and therefore the essence of religion on both the mystic and practical side, that it is what Jesus and all the great teachers have sought to set forth, they will care little about the mode of baptism. So with all of us. Long ago, notable leaders of the Unitarian churches, like Channing and Martineau, confessed their sorrow that good men should divide from one another over questions of the metaphysics of the divine nature. In this age of the world especially, no large number of people may be expected to take to themselves any name that has been ever associated with sectarianism or dogma.

On the other hand, each and all may take the name of the free churches as often as we please without colliding with old prejudices, or setting aside altogether and immediately familiar denominational terms. To say "our free churches" is descriptive of a larger and more comprehensive unity than has ever yet come. The name is no worse for the fact that it looks to the future. It will develop its proper subsidiary names as they are needed. Its friends will hold a conference of all America one of these days, but its meetings will never be named or dominated by a single group, and they will be exclusive of no church or synagogue or temple which has sympathy with its master purpose. C. F. D.

American Unitarian Association.

The Schools.

The president of the Association has the pleasure of serving on a number of boards of trustees or directors which have charge of educational enterprises under Unitarian auspices. It has been his custom each summer briefly to review the endeavors and prospects of some of these schools.

I. The Hackley School at Tarrytown, N.Y., has had another highly successful year. No marked events have taken place, and no new buildings have been constructed, but the School has had the largest attendance in its history, maintained its high standards, and graduated an excellent class in June. It is a testimony to the cosmopolitan character of the School that the twelve boys of the graduating class have entered no less than six different colleges. The will of Mrs. Hackley, which carries an endowment for the School, has been, after some contest, admitted to probate, though the bequests will not be paid until the expiration of the time allowed for appeal to be taken under the laws of New York. Hackley, under the efficient direction of Mr. Gage, and his loyal and experienced associates, has now an established place in the highest class of American preparatory schools. It has a splendid equipment, the best of teachers, a fine school spirit and tradition, and a rapidly growing and devoted body of graduates.

II. Proctor Academy, at Andover, N.H., has been undergoing, during the last two years, the enlargement of its plant, the broadening and deepening of its work, and the steady raising of its educational standards. This development has been chiefly due to the enlightened efforts of the new principal, Mr. Clayton, backed by judicious and generous neighbors and friends. Eighty-one boys and girls have been enrolled as students during the past year, and the scholarship record has been remarkably good. The work is carried on in four courses: Academic, Agricultural, Commercial, and Domestic Arts. In the Practical Arts courses the students contribute to the repair and equipment of the school property, and in the Domestic Arts courses they contribute in the preparation of the food and the care of the buildings. Miss Whiting of Newton has made to the school the most acceptable

gift of a new house for the principal. The school is in need of a new academic building and of contributions for the running expenses, and in great need of an endowment which will make unnecessary the effort to raise these annual contributions.

III. The Tuckerman School for Parish Assistants in Boston has had an enrolment of seventeen students, seven in the regular courses and the remainder in special courses. There has also been an attendance of thirty to eighty at the Saturday lectures in Channing Hall. A hundred or more different persons, mostly Sunday-school teachers and social workers, must therefore have been in attendance during the year. There have been presented five courses of study continually through the year, namely, (1) The Life of Paul, by Mrs. Guild; (2) The Life of Jesus, by Miss Johnson; (3) The Study of the Voice in English Expression, by Miss Hardwicke; (4) Hygiene, by Dr. Stiles; (5) Social Welfare, by a number of different lecturers. To each subject one period a week has been given. Shorter courses have been given in Sociology by Prof. Spencer; Sanitation, by Prof. Dunn; Philanthropic Problems, by Dr. Brackett and Miss Smith; Unitarian History, by Dr. Crooker; Psychology of Religion, by Dr. Starbuck; Hebrew Prophecies, by Mr. Lawrance; Parish Problems, by Mrs. Guild; Recreation, by Miss Hoyle; and on special subjects by a number of lecturers. All the students have had experience during the year in teaching classes or superintending Sunday-schools, and each member has also had experience in social work, either in connection with the Associated Charities or with some church. This field work is always reported on and discussed in class. The School has enjoyed close co-operation with the Department of Religious Education and the Department of Social and Public Service of the Association, and with the School for Social Workers.

IV. The Carolina Industrial School carries on its work in two branches. At the school at Shelter Neck sixty pupils have been enrolled in the Academic and Industrial courses. The Emmerton School at Swansboro started with but thirty scholars, as an epidemic of diphtheria prevailed in the village. When this danger was over, the number of pupils increased to seventy, the largest in the history of the School. A night school was carried on for pupils who were at work in the daytime, and a boys' club was also successfully conducted. The two ministers of the Carolina circuit, Mr. Key at Shelter Neck and Mr. Robinson at Swansboro, render valuable assistance to the work of the schools. Many gifts by Northern friends have added to the equipment. Among these may be mentioned a large clock for the schoolhouse at Shelter Neck; table linen, knives and forks for the table at the same school; an upright piano, blankets and rugs, a sewing machine, and a portable stereopticon. A Boston friend has also provided Dix House at Shelter Neck with an excellent range and a fifteen-gallon water-tank. A much needed addition has been made to Salem Cottage at Swansboro by building on two rooms and a pantry. In both schools the farms have contributed very much to the comfort of the teachers and the scholars. The recognition of the Carolina Industrial School by the educational authorities of North Carolina as a valuable influence and aid in the general work of the State, and the cordial co-operation and interest of the State Department of Education have been an encouragement.

These schools are absolutely unsectarian in method and spirit, but they were founded and are chiefly maintained by Unitarians. The president of the American Unitarian Association is the president of the trustees of three of these schools, and in the fourth a member of the Board. Hackley is a first-class boarding-school, fitting boys for the best colleges. Proctor is a less expensive boarding and day school for both boys and girls. Carolina is an elementary and industrial school for the white children of two communities in Eastern North Carolina. Tuckerman is a vocational school, preparing young women for educational and philanthropic work in connection with churches. All four schools deserve the hearty interest and co-operation of the ministers and people of our free churches.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

THE Mexican situation entered upon a new and hopeful phase last week, when Carranza, the chief of the Constitutionalists, with Villa and his friends, on the one hand, and Francisco Carbajal, provisional president of the Mexican Republic, reached a complete agreement to suspend hostilities throughout the field of operations. This suspension of hostilities was the preliminary step to the surrender of the capital to Carranza and the retirement of the man who succeeded Huerta as chief executive under the provisions of the protocol signed by the mediating powers at Niagara Falls, Ont. In the official announcement making the public terms of the armistice, Gen. Iturbide, governor of the Federal District, indicated that a tentative agreement had been reached upon all main issues by the Federals and the Constitutionalists, and that the rights and safety of all concerned would be scrupulously safeguarded by both sides in the course of their future activities for the restoration of complete order in the country.

THE European horizon became suddenly overcast with the portentous shadow of grave events last week, when Austria-Hungary delivered an ultimatum to Servia, demanding a disavowal of the anti-Austrian agitation in the little kingdom which culminated recently in the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand by a Servian in Sarayevo, the capital of Bosnia. On Saturday evening, when the time for the apologies and pledges specified in the ultimatum had expired, it became apparent that the question was very far from solution, and that its various phases are so far-spreading that the controversy may well involve all the great powers and the Balkan states in the course of its sinister developments. At the outset the Servian attitude of partial resistance was ascribed to the support which the government at Belgrade had received from St. Petersburg. How far Russia is willing to maintain the recalcitrancy of its Balkan *protégé*, and the position of the rest of Europe on the issue, were questions to which the answer may mean a grave violation of the peace of Europe, and perhaps an international war involving a dozen countries in actual or potential hostilities.

IT appears to be a fixed conviction in Vienna that the anti-Austrian campaign in Servia is not only connived at, but actually encouraged by Russia, which is anxious to destroy the prestige of Austria-Hungary in the countries of Southeastern Europe. In this connection it is recalled at Vienna that the comments of the official press at the time of the assassination of the archduke were not only hostile to Austria, but openly expressed approval of the crime of Sarayevo, and threatened the Austrian imperial house with further acts of violence in the event of the continuation of its anti-Servian methods in Bosnia and Herzegovina. When the crisis came last week, it

was confidently expected at the Ballplatz that Russia's hand would soon appear in the tense situation. These expectations were fully justified by Russia's prompt proceeding in suggesting at Vienna a delay in the demand against the Russian *protégé* in the Balkans.

At the same time, the indications that the Austro-Servian crisis was destined to become a test of strength between the Triple Alliance, of which Austria-Hungary is a member, and the Triple Entente, in which Russia is a partner, became marked in the initial moments of the controversy. The press quickly conveyed unofficial assurances from Berlin that Austria's course had the hearty approval, although not the previous knowledge, of the German government. The popular feeling in Germany on the general question of Russia's position in European affairs was plainly shown by a series of anti-Russian demonstrations in several cities upon the publication of the news that Russia, by its support of clamorous Servia, had challenged the power of the Triple Alliance. The temper of the German people at the moment may be better understood when it is remembered that for several months the German press has been engaged in a campaign of denunciation against Russia in resentment of a succession of petty acts of severity which Germans have been disposed to think were designed to emphasize Russia's official contempt for Germany since the second Balkan war.

The attitude of the various Balkan states outside of Servia toward the alignment of forces in the new problem is another grave element in an extremely disquieting situation. It is believed in Europe that the allies of Servia in the second Balkan war will stand by that country in its present difficulty. On the other hand, it is expected confidently that Bulgaria, which naturally would have been Servia's ally in any action involving the peril of a military movement by Austria, will now stand aside awaiting the opportune moment for a recovery of part of the Macedonian territory which logically belonged to Bulgaria, but which Servia seized by force of arms in the second Balkan war, in contravention of its solemn treaty pledges. Russia evidently relies upon Roumania and Greece to insure Bulgaria's neutrality while Servia is dealing with Austria. But the ability of Roumania to cooperate with Greece may be set down as uncertain in view of the marked coolness that has arisen recently between the two countries as a result of Greek excesses upon Roumanians in Macedonia.

Austria-Hungary, it is evident, has chosen for its campaign against Slavic agitations a moment which it considers opportune in its international aspect. Great Britain is facing the peril of civil war in Ulster. Russia is suppressing a great industrial strike, which has betrayed a marked revolutionary character. France is dragging itself through a national scandal of peculiarly unsavory nature in the trial of Mme. Caillaux, the wife of the former premier, for the murder of Gaston Calmette, the editor of *Figaro*. Thus all three members of the Triple Entente are preoccupied more or less with problems that require their earnest attention at home. In addition, Russia is suffering from an unusually wide-spread economic crisis. On the other hand, the members of the Triple Alliance are in fairly good condition for action. Germany is in an especially favorable position in an economic and a military sense. Italy is not more than usually in a troubled frame of mind. In Austria and Hungary the economic and military situation is normal.

Brevities.

The practical difference between a fool and a wise man is that the fool continues to repeat the same mistake, while the wise man only makes it once.

While the physical development of man may reach its utmost limit, it is certain that no limit can be placed to the possible intellectual, moral, and spiritual evolution of man's nature.

Summer schools and social service meetings of all kinds are now being held in college grounds as never before, thus bringing the educational advantages of these higher institutions into close touch with the needs of the youth and people of our land.

The essence of the vacation season is change,—a change of environment, the greater the better; a change of people, scenery, and occupation, of the habitual ideas and feelings, from work to play, from tension to release. Blessed vacation! Who does not need and welcome it?

In the *Christian Register* of July 2, a short article entitled "Anarchy in the Church" was wrongly credited. It was the close of a sermon on "The Spirit of Anarchy," by Rev. William Safford Jones of Newport, and it may be had in printed form. We are glad to call to it the attention of our readers.

The numbers of young American Jews not familiar with Yiddish, and altogether out of sympathy with the peculiar diction of the old ritual, are constantly larger. Dr. Samuel Schechter, president of the United Synagogue of America, says, "The sermon must be in English if traditional Judaism is to become intelligible to the younger generation of Jews in this country."

A recent book, entitled "The Tragedy of Education," is suggestive of an acknowledged present disparity between the highest ideal of education and that system and method with which we are most familiar. All the critics of our modern educational methods may not be justified, but their number and earnestness would seem to suggest a growing demand for something better, some nearer approach to the ideal education.

Letters to the Editor.

Dr. Barton at the Isles of Shoals.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I wish all our Unitarian people might be informed of the testimony borne by Dr. William E. Barton, at the Isles of Shoals, as to the influence of contributions to foreign missions in quickening home churches.

Dr. Barton is an eminent Congregationalist preacher and writer. For some time past he has been pastor of a large church in Oak Park (Chicago), and editor of *The Advance*, the Chicago organ of Western Congregationalism. He was at the Isles of Shoals on July 14, and heard Dr. Wendte's able paper on "Present Missionary Problems and Possibilities in the Orient," pointing out the difference between the old idea of foreign missions and the new, and showing the wide-open door that exists for Liberal Christian Missions in Japan, China, and India. Being called upon, Dr. Barton followed Dr. Wendte's paper with a cordial and unequivocal endorsement of its spirit and positions, and also gave some interesting testimony of his own. His Oak Park church supports two American missionaries (of course, of the advanced

type) in Turkey, and raises for the same the sum of $4,000 annually. This contribution for foreign work, he told us, not only accomplishes results of great value abroad, but is also the most fruitful for good at home of any money raised by his church. It opens to his people, as nothing else does, a world vision. It gives them a sense of doing something large, generous, unselfish, for humanity as a whole, and thus it inspires them with a feeling of enthusiasm and joy such as they get from no other religious effort that they put forth. If he knew that the $4,000 which they raise in any given year would be lost in the sea and thus not reach the men for whom it was intended, he still would feel that it had been more than worth while to raise it, because of the good which the act of giving it had done to the people of his church from whom it came. He declared that always the more his people give for work abroad, the more enthusiasm they manifest for work at home. Nothing else so opens their hearts, enlarges their ideas, destroys their selfishness, and lifts them out of the narrowness and pettiness of living for themselves, as does this work for others far away who can make them no return. His church had been making very large financial expenditures at home, and were planning still others to come. The church had increased its membership by 130 during the past year. This home prosperity and rapid home growth he felt would have been impossible without the moral enthusiasm and religious consecration created by their foreign-mission activity.

Is not here a lesson which all our Unitarian churches will do well to take to heart?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

NEW YORK, N.Y.

Our Kindergarten Pioneer.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

In a letter from Lenox, Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, once wrote: "As I sit and look on these mountains, so grand and flowing in the illimitable blue, beyond and over, I seem to realize with peculiar force that bountiful fathomless heart of Elizabeth, forever disappointed, but forever believing; sorely baffled, yet never bitter; robbed day by day, yet giving again from an endless store; more sweet, more tender, more serene, as the hours pass over her, though they may drop gall instead of flowers on this unguarded heart."

This noble tribute of a sister is full of meaning to the friends of this wonderful Elizabeth, the kindergarten pioneer Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, and especially to those who knew her in her mellow, beautiful later years. Few people have possessed so gracious a power as she of giving themselves to a cherished cause or individual, without thought of recompense, without other consideration than the benefit of the object or person for whom the sacrifice was made.

It was my good fortune to enjoy more than a decade of intimate intercourse with her. I was introduced to her, in the summer of 1873, by that delightful member of the Brook Farm family, Miss Fanny L. Macdaniel, whose acquaintance I had made two years earlier at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ontario, where we were summer boarders together. Miss Fanny, then past the three-score milestone, was light of step, graceful of carriage, and youthful in spirit, and I, who was but half her age, wistfully hoped that if I ever reached her years I might be swayed by as lofty ideals, as glowing enthusiasms as hers.

A new revelation was vouchsafed me when I met Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who was at the time in her seventieth year. Such limitless energy as hers, such boundless trust in God and in man, such enthusiastic passion for every good purpose, has rarely been known. Eternal youth seemed to be hers, and she soon held me captive.

For several years I passed some time in her society each summer or autumn, now in Boston, now in Cambridge or Concord, and always with profit and joy. Those were proud moments when I appeared in the streets with her hanging heavily on my arm, and often, while making me some precious confidence, compelling me to stand still while she emphasized her remarks by gesticulating excitedly with her disengaged hand. When we were in some crowded thoroughfare, it required no little ingenuity to avoid a catastrophe.

In the hospitable Cambridge home of her sister Mary, Mrs. Horace Mann, sitting beside me on a sofa and holding my hand, Miss Elizabeth told me about the first time Hawthorne had found courage to call at the Peabody house after the long period of retirement that had followed his graduation at Harvard and return to his early home. It was in Salem, one rainy evening, and she sat at a table, absorbed in Flaxman's "Dante," that had just arrived from the publisher. Suddenly she became conscious of a presence that seemed to fill the room. Looking up she beheld, on the threshold of the door leading to the hall, a young man, handsome as a radiant Apollo, with the glowing eyes of an inspired poet. It was Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was the shyest of men, but she quickly put him at his ease. In the long walks and talks that resulted from this beginning, and prior to his love-romance with Sophia, she did much to stimulate his confidence in his own gifts.

Among my choice possessions are many letters from this dear Miss Elizabeth, testifying to her loving heart, her tireless activity, and her lack of order as well, for only two of them are dated. They betray, too, my own carelessness for having destroyed the envelopes without transferring from them the postmark dates. Luckily, there are various events that indicate the periods to which the precious missives belong. In the earliest days of our acquaintance they begin "My dear Miss Woodward," later, "My dear friend" and "My dear Auber,"—this from "Auber Forestier," the pen-name I then used.

In one of my earliest letters from her, acknowledging the receipt of my translation from the German, published late in 1873, of Robert Byr's "Struggle for Existence," she wrote: "I read it at one sitting, finishing it at half-past two in the morning. It is very spirited and refreshing. I was glad the 'struggle for life' ended in the 'communion of love,' which is the true life of the human being."

She was pleased with any little attention paid her. In a Christmas letter, after I had sent her my "Echoes from Mist Land: The Nibelungen Lay revealed to Lovers of Romance and Chivalry," which appeared in 1877, she wrote: "I have never sufficiently thanked you for your book, which I lend my grandnephews to read, and shall leave in my will to my little splendid Francis Hawthorne Lathrop. His mother, my darling Rose, is here at Concord, at the old Hawthorne homestead,—the Wayside,—which is a very lovely place. I wish you could see it. Why cannot you?"

This idolized little Francis, in whom his great-aunt found a strong resemblance to his grandfather Hawthorne, did not inherit the book. In a later letter are these words: "I have been intending to write, but have been much absorbed in my niece Rose's angel child, whom I felt to be an angel while he was here, as much as I do now when he is in the bosom of God. He died the 6th of February, and I have felt as much bereaved as if it were an adult friend, though he was but four years old. Emerson describes him, in all particulars, in the 'Threnody' he wrote over his son."

Digitized by Google

During the Centennial of 1876 Miss Peabody was in Philadelphia, in behalf of the kindergarten, and was much at my father's home. I had a message at the time from Rose Lathrop, who begged me to see that Aunt Elizabeth was suitably attired when she appeared among the people, and, above all, to be sure that the pretty lace cap Rose herself had made was not awry, with its flowers in the wrong place.

While she was in Philadelphia Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, sought her advice about introducing the kindergarten into his kingdom. In quest of her he rang my father's door-bell one day,—a quiet, unpretending, unattended gentleman, as the maid who responded described him. None of the family were at home, nor was Miss Peabody within. It was at a neighbor's that the desired interview took place. Thus the house of Woodward lost its opportunity of entertaining royalty.

Believing devoutly in the mission of the kindergarten, Miss Elizabeth was most zealous in her efforts for it. When well advanced in years, she made appeals for it at three consecutive sessions, in one day, of an educational convention at Pittsburgh, besides pouring out betweenwhiles to willing listeners an unbroken stream of words. About ten o'clock in the evening she became very faint, and it transpired that she had not eaten a morsel the entire day. She looked up guilelessly at the friend who promptly provided her with food, and said, "It is strange how the spirit, as well as the body, is revived by a little material nourishment."

A group of her former pupils, most of them women of means, once invested a sum of money in her name, so arranging it that she could draw the interest only. Speaking to me of this gift, at a time when she wanted money to aid one of her many *protégées*, she said, "The girls meant well, but think what good I could do if I had a slice of the principal now." She was sure the money would have been returned, for she always had faith in those who interested her, no matter how often that faith was abused.

In her youth intellectual women were not expected to pay attention to personal attire, and she acquired a colossal disregard for dress. When she was about to make her first European trip, her friends purchased a suitable outfit for her, that she might appear properly clad before her distinguished correspondents. From the moment she beheld herself in a long mirror, wearing a handsome black silk gown with a costly black lace shawl draped about her, after the fashion of the time, and a suitable bonnet on her head, she seemed to experience a change of heart, and tried to be more particular, although her attempts were often sorry ones. Lamenting to me one day that her nieces were disinclined to heed her counsel in regard to their children, she suddenly exclaimed: "Dear, never be careless about your toilette. It will weaken your influence if you are. Had I given more thought to my clothes, many things might have been different for me. I was ignorant of all this once. Now, I know."

The golden days I passed with her in Concord, after the Summer School of Philosophy of 1880, led to a new departure in my life. At her solicitation I then gave my initial musical lecture-recital, which was followed, in the autumn of 1881, by appearances before the Boston New England Woman's Club, the Anagnos Institution for the Blind, the New York Sorosis, and elsewhere, all due to her unwearied endeavors. She set aside my ardent thanks, in one of her few dated letters, Jan. 3, 1882, as follows: "I am quite taken aback by your expressions of gratitude to me, as I consider that you were the benefactor, and I the recipient."

Sending me once an English circular that announced an examination conducted by the Froebel Society for the Promotion of the Kindergarten System in London, she wrote: "It shows how seriously they are now doing the work in England. When I was there in 1872, I found no interest there. Now, there are two training schools,—one in London and one in Manchester. It takes old England long to get on fire, but when it burns it burns hot, and America will blaze as soon as it touches the train that is laid. Could you but see my correspondence! I have a dozen letters a day, and all ask for English books."

She was constantly busy. "I am in a mosaic of engagements," one letter states; another, "I am still on the rampage to find the $10,000 for Dr. Barnard"; and another, "I have yet to write 160 postal cards full of matter to as many members of the Froebel Association." When she thought those for whom she cared were trampled upon, her usually unperturbed mind could rise to towering heights of righteous indignation. "I am in the greatest rage," she begins a letter informing me that Schemerhorn, who had engaged to publish her English translation of the Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow's "Education by Work," proposed to shorten it to suit an American public by "blotting out the very pith of the work." She had ordered the MS. returned at once, and enclosed a letter for me to carry to Lippincott in its behalf, begging of me, "Please dot my i's and cross my t's, for I have no time."

She might have said, "Because I cannot easily read it over myself," for her eyesight was beginning to fail sadly. A letter from Vinemont, Berks County, Pa., where she spent part of a summer about this time, says: "Here am I staying on this mountain for another month among new friends, with the memories of more than seventy years to be meditated upon. I cannot read much, but I have read Miss Cobbe's admirable book on the duties of women, the foundation of their rights, and a firm, an all-enveloping one."

Although she was more than thirty-seven years my senior, she and I enjoyed close comradeship. She told me her reminiscences of people and events, and of the days when she had kept a Boston book-shop, where brainy and talented men and women congregated. Whenever she became side-tracked in her discursive rambles, the touch of my hand on her arm and a few words would bring her back to the main road. This led her to invite me to pass a winter with her in Boston and act as her amanuensis in the preparation of her long-planned Memoirs. "You could keep me to the point," she said, "as no one else could. Please come." Tempting to me as was this offer I declined it, for, my health being poor at the time, I knew my family would object. Miss Peabody's Memoirs remained unwritten, and rare pictures of New England life and character died with her. It has always been with me a matter of profound regret that I failed her, and lost an experience that would have been of priceless value to myself and others.

Growing up in a home atmosphere of culture and good literature, where the widest range of topics were discussed, Elizabeth Peabody had early opportunities of broadening her mind and acquiring studious habits. She had ten languages at her command, including Latin and Greek, and when she was past sixty learned Polish with only grammar and dictionary for her guides. A rare facility for grasping the gist of any book or subject with which she dealt as student or teacher was hers, and she clung to the idea, often put by her into words, that "education should have character for its first aim, and knowledge for its second."

Her earliest spiritual guide was Dr. Channing, and she told me he had "remained a prevailing influence in

all her intellectual and religious experiences." In whatever spiritual fields she might wander she retained an abiding faith in the goodness of God and the thought of immortality. Writing to me of the death of her brother Nathaniel, whom she described as the kindest and most unselfish of mortals, she said, "Death must be to him a glad surprise, for he was not of hopeful imagination." She was; and a living hope and faith sustained her as she went down to the dark valley. Her eyesight had been cloudy for a number of years when she died, at Jamaica Plain, Jan. 3, 1894, in the ninetieth year of her age, with her mind as clear, her spirit as serene, as joyful, as unselfish as ever.

MADISON, WIS.

Serene.

This crystal sapphire of the sky
Is saner far than you and I,
Who in our passions and our dreams
Run evermore to wild extremes.

The pure perfection of the sea
Lies not in mirth and tragedy,
But, like the silence of the snows,
In breadth of beauty and repose.

God give one moment, ere we die,
As crystal clear as the blue sky,
Serene as ocean, white as snow,
And glowing as the heavens glow.

—*Philip Henry Savage.*

Leaking at the Top.

The foreword of the *Biblical World* for June, which we print below, seems to us a striking and beautiful example of the new spirit that is coming into institutions technically "orthodox." The University of Chicago, under Baptist auspices, is doing brave work for the removal of some of the prejudices that have heretofore obstructed the free course of the Christian religion. The editor says:—

Ships leak at the bottom. Institutions leak at the top. With them the best rises and tends to escape unless properly conserved. The modern church as an institution is subject to this danger. It is losing young and vicarious idealists who are ready to sacrifice for the cause of Jesus, but who believe that his cause can better be served in some other institution than the church. And yet they are also children of a mother who, they feel, cannot wisely employ them. They are our social workers, our playground directors, our municipal reformers, and practically all other leaders in the struggle for larger social good.

Ask these young men and women why they are not identified with some church and they will answer you frankly. They believe they can do more good in organizations which have more definitely practical purposes and demand no profession of religious belief.

This answer is not a protest against orthodoxy. Such men and women are found no more universally in "liberal" churches than in orthodox. Their self-imposed ostracism is born of something deeper than the unwillingness to subscribe to creeds. Their impulses are Christian, but theologically they are agnostics.

Why is the church losing these men and women?

Partly because they have been told by preachers that they cannot accept science and be Christians.

Partly because the churches with which some of them are acquainted have been controlled by men without knowledge or sympathy with education, who prefer preachers who are theologically as narrow-minded as themselves.

Partly because they have never been taught to think their religion in terms of their best thinking. Therefore, they believe themselves to be more out of touch with the church than they really are. They despair of its future because they do not understand its present.

Partly, one might almost say largely, because they are themselves spiritually indifferent. In many cases they are altruistic materialists. Religion they hold to be a survival of primitive days and to be subordinate to ethics. They hold that it is useless to preach the gospel to men with empty stomachs, and therefore prefer to help people get good housing and good jobs rather than a sustaining faith in God and immortality.

But whatever may be the reasons for the loss of these efficient workers, the churches should at least be as much interested in them as in the leaders across the seas. It has a mission at home to those that are neither dependent, defective, nor delinquent. Why should the church be indifferent to men and women simply because they are strong and influential? A religion or any phase of a religion which cannot satisfy the intellectual life of its time is as surely doomed as a religion which cannot master the conscience of its time. One does not need to know much history to see this.

What shall the church do to prevent the loss of these modern men and women?

For one thing, its teachers and preachers must live in to-day's thinking. Homiletical cleverness, oratorical persuasiveness, ecclesiastical authority, will not avail with men and women whose eyes have once been used in a methodical search for truth. Such honesty may bring its possessor bitter experiences, misrepresentation, loss of position, but the honesty quite as truly as the blood of martyrs has been the seed of the living church.

Either Christianity will compel the assent of honest men of modern training or it is doomed to become in America what it is in Europe,—the patron and protégée of ignorance.

Great causes can be hindered by little men. In its zeal to save the world, let the church not forget to save its own saviors.

Church Democracy.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The church service rests on the fundamental biological fact that man is a social animal. Indeed, long, long before life reached the human branch it began to develop the tree communities. The individual began to bind and reinforce itself by co-operation. Only the predatory animals are solitary. The vicious birds of prey, the dangerous brutes that destroy life, wander alone through the forests, menacing the lives of others and quarrelling among themselves. Darwin has called our attention to the fact that all the higher developments of animal life are social; that way down on some of the lower branches of the tree of life the bee, the ant, the elephant, and the beaver have developed a highly organized community life. The life of the individual everywhere is imperfect and inadequate, it is helpless; but where it makes common cause with its fellows it becomes triumphant, aggressive, and holds its place on the ladder of life.

So the social needs of the soul make the church a necessity; the Sunday service is in a very real sense a training-school of society, a drill-ground of the community, a family circle in a growing commonwealth. The social benediction is born out of the democratic necessity of life, and this necessity is no exceptional, sentimental reach of a few dreamers. It is not the last resource of the poet and the prophet, but it is based on the scientific

Digitized by Google

fact that "we are all members of one body," that perforce "we are our brother's keeper," that it is as true of the man as it is of the bee that his individual life is fractional, imperfect, inadequate, and unsatisfactory.

My first great claim for the morning service is that, partial, inadequate, and narrow as it is, rimmed round about by dogmatism and pride, exclusive and sanctimonious as it is in its conceits, yet it is still the most democratic thing going, the most inclusive and comprehensive fellowship reached by man. The narrowest church has broader lines than the broadest club ever organized. The most dogmatic church has a more inclusive fellowship than the most triumphant lodge ever attempted. Take the best of the clubs, lodges, secret societies, fraternities, sororities, political, commercial, and labor organizations,—every one of them is bound round about by the barbed wire fences of constitutions, by-laws, committees, blackballs, and whatnot. Even in the highest and finest realization, the home, there is confessedly a boundary line that runs through, dividing young from old, and oftentimes a most ungracious boundary line that divides mother from father, brother from sister, parent from child. So democracy, driven to its last resort, finds its lodgment in the house of religion, where, to a degree, the age line is eliminated, where surely the sex line is ignored, and where, more successfully than in any other compact in the world, social lines disappear and society demarcations are obliterated. Stop a while and realize how life is bisected and dissected by lines which exist only in the conceits and fictions of organized society. Says Emerson:—

> "Line in Nature is not found,
> Unit and universe are round."

Yet almost all of the social forces outside of the religions assume the fact that there cannot be, outside the home, any social compact where all ages, social distinctions, and sex lines disappear.

The democracy of the church is vindicated by the very periodicity of it, the routine of it. It is not only "line upon line and precept upon precept" in scripture, prayer, and hymn, but it is face to face, neighbor to neighbor, handshake to handshake, week after week, which lays the foundations of a comradeship more real, more genuine, and more lasting than any other yet achieved by man. I make this claim for all organized religion, from the great Mother Church of us all, where peasant and prince, queen and vagrant enter freely through the same portal and find a common level on their knees in the presence of instituted religion. This is no fanciful picture. Were all the other claims of the Catholic Church to fade and fall, its magnificent democracy holds. In so far as it is better able to obliterate lines than any of its children churches, in so far is its place in human society secure, and its mission in the future, as in the past, certain.

This claim for the church is no poetic stretch of the imagination; it is the experience of commonplace human nature. It is not the need or the achievement of saints. Take any two human beings, strip them of their clothes, whether the clothes be dry goods or dogmas, strip them of their conventional peculiarities, dip them into the great ocean of reality, and they look very much alike, and they will recognize each other as brothers. If you go deeper than the dry goods of it, you will find that the community is clothed through and through with theological draperies. If you and I do not agree about deep water baptism, we break as we enter the church across the way. If you and I do not agree about the metaphysics of the Trinity, we must separate at the vestibule of the neighboring church. If you and I are not familiar with and are unwilling to submit to certain symbols and signs, if we cannot conscientiously dip our hand into the "holy water," and kneel and pray in the proper places, we must separate over there. But there are great vicissitudes and experiences of life wherein all this trumpery of ecclesiastical formulas and theological distinctions are stripped off, and, in the recognition of a deeper kinship, we know each other as brothers and sisters.

Let us look at some of these grand fundamental unities of human nature.

First, there comes the unity of sin, of wickedness. "There goes Richard Baxter were it not for the grace of God," said an old Puritan father when he saw a man on the way to the gallows,—and he spoke the last cold word of science. Why is it that judges on the bench and doctors, whose business it is to know the dark and seamy side of life, to acquaint themselves first-hand with the crimes and weaknesses of human nature, are the most benignant in their judgments of the weak and vicious? The judges of America are the expositors of the science we call criminology. They contribute the facts to those who would revise our court practice and rearrange our delinquency laws. Yesterday I talked with the chief justice of our municipal court, and was first entertained, then thrilled with his story of this new thing they are introducing into the courts, this psychotherapy, this inquiry into the physical and psychical condition of the prisoner at the bar. And he reminded me that since this scientific method has been in operation in his courts 40 per cent. of delinquents have been found to be mentally defective, and that what they needed was not punishment, but treatment. They are not sinful, but sick mentally, spiritually, and physically. We are all more or less sick. We are all insane on some point or another. It is only a question of degree. So at last we come to the great democracy of weakness, brooded over by the divine angel of shame.

Then, again, we come into the common democracy of pain, with all its attendant ills and sorrows. By the side of the open grave we are all brothers and sisters. We all know the pangs one way or another of orphanage, the agony that comes through death. Into this profound democracy of sorrow the church welcomes us, and guards and guides us in it.

But we are brothers and sisters not only by virtue of our weakness, our pains and sorrows. Sin and crime are not the greatest levellers. The conception of a Church of All Saints is fine, but the conception of a Church of All Souls is finer. We are democratized by our virtues, by the sublime ideals that move us, by the dreams that lure us upward. In fact it is our virtues and not our vices that make us most democratic. It is our loves and not our hates that lie at the foundation of communion and organization. It is a poor sociology that places the strength of a nation in its soldiers, or upon its battle armament. Society did not begin, as the old text-books used to say, on the battlefield. It was not the man on horseback, not the patriarch that could marshal the greatest number of husky sons, that laid the foundation of civilized society, but it was the loves of the fireside, the affections of the home. The only conception of the State that will stand the test of progress is that which considers it as the larger home, the wider family circle.

Thus the church becomes the larger sitting-room, the extension of the parlor,—a place of talking, as the word implies. It is when we come into the realm of the ideal, the sanctification of loves, that we grow democratic and come into a fellowship which the church typifies. And this is the condition of all progress and life.

Thus the social benediction of all churches, imperfect

Digitized by Google

as churches are, is a benediction that reconsecrates those who come within its gates to the fellowship of ideas and ideals. It enlists the individual in a campaign for virtue. It augments the poor vacillating will of the weak ones, those with inadequate resisting power, with the strength that comes from the touch of elbows, the momentum of a moving column or a line travelling abreast. The social benediction is that which gives us courage to tackle jobs that are worth while, which otherwise would drive us to despair, from which we run away in dismay.—*Unity.*

Idealism or Progressivism.*

BY RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Under the label of "idealism" I have here loosely grouped not only tendencies that are ordinarily so termed, but also tendencies that would usually be labelled pragmatism, mysticism, or absolutism. The common ground among these tendencies is the ontological status of the religious ideal. There is an important difference of method and argument between the version which would assert that "the ideal is the real" and the version which would assert that "the real is the ideal." The exponents of the former version would contend that ideals have ontological validity in proportion to the degree of satisfaction they afford. The very fact that an idea does express desire, aspiration, or hope would be taken as giving it a certain guarantee of truth. The exponents of the latter version would propose rather to render the ideal consonant with reality in its ultimate metaphysical aspect, or would find the ideal and the real in one deeper experience of the ideal-real. Thus Prof. Hocking would mean by reality "that which first is, and afterward is in accord with our purposes," by which he means, if I mistake him not, that reality prescribes our purposes. For reality to be independent of man means that man is dependent on reality. Although I shall be dealing immediately with this latter version, I shall have in mind the fundamental contention common to both versions—the contention, namely, that the supreme reality and the supreme ideal are one and the same thing.

Prof. Hocking thus records his acceptance of reality as the proper locus of religious values: "I believe, with McTaggart, that men have no right to the satisfactions which their religion affords them except as they earn that right by successful metaphysical thought. We cannot pass at once from our needs to the satisfaction thereof, without considering what that reality is from which we must obtain satisfaction. 'What people want,' says McTaggart, 'is a religion they can believe to be true'; than which nothing could be better said. . . . God can be of any worth to man only in so far as he is a *known* God."

In what sense then is God known? Hocking's fundamental argument runs somewhat as follows: To know at all is to know socially. In knowing nature I share the content of other minds, and am acquainted with other minds as fellow-knowers. As our author expresses it, "we look at nature through the eyes of a social world." "This present world of nature *is* known by me as being, in just this sense, a common world: it seems to me, indeed, that it is *not otherwise known*—that is, that a knowledge of Other Knower is an integral part of the simplest knowledge of Nature itself." God, I take it, appears upon the scene at the point at which Other Mind is capitalized; which is the point at which cognitive companionship is correlated with the permanent and orderly system of nature.

But to be God in the religious sense this absolute and unfailing Other Mind must reconcile me unqualifiedly to my world. It must enable me to find perfection in things as they are, to find the most real also the most good. "We must find some worth in God," says Hocking, "that we cannot find in the forward look of evolution. . . . We must be free to open ourselves, wholly, in imagination and in fact, if need be, to the *whole* of human experience." In short, though we know all that there is to be known, we must have no regrets. But how does the existence of a Knower of the cosmic order make this possible? There is only one clear answer that I can gather from our text. "The presence of a companion Mind, standing outside the arena of human effort with its contrasts of good and evil, may be found in experience to transmute evil into good." "That pain which is taken in common, like effort which is carried on in common, is found through the association to lose its hardness." In other words, whatever be the misery of existence or the tragedy of the spectacle it affords, God and I can endure it together. Like bereaved parents, we may extract a last consolation from the fact that we have each other.

In addition to this bare presence, gratifying to my social instincts, God is said to possess a certain moral value or "justice" in his impartiality, "a justice which so strongly resembles an indifferent treatment of the righteous and the unrighteous." How this detachment and impartiality is distinguished from the indifference of fate or mechanism is not clear. Even granting the author's doubtful claim that the essential morality of man is "that he make himself universal," one does not see that man is brought to this escape from his "self-enclosedness" any more effectually by the idea of a being that contemplates "the contrasts of good and evil" from above, than by such an idea of these contrasts as might be afforded by any secular generalization. And here, except for those who are privileged to enter into the mystical consciousness, the account of religious values ends. God is "an Other Mind," an individual Subject, wholly active," "the Eternal Substance . . . known as such," "the Eternal Order of things," "that which does whatever substance is found to do." The net advantage which accrues to man from the existence or knowledge of such a being is, apart from the immediate cognitive value itself, the moralizing value of detachment and the social value of a companion in misery. For the rest, one is left to acquire a taste for things as they are, or a poise of mind that shall enable one to face the facts without flinching. Except for the social value itself, these values are simply the values which man may manage to earn *whatever be the specific nature of the world;* and the social nature, as here defined, guarantees nothing whatsoever except a social relation as such. Its value would be great only in case of great extremity, or in case love could be so exclusively bestowed upon this abstract object as to make all other losses negligible.

We are told, whoever, that God has a "responsiveness of his own," a superlative lovableness, I take it, in which all values are somehow caught up and preserved, and that "herein lies the immediate experience of the personality of God." But here again we are doomed to disappointment, as I fear must always be the case when we look to the report of the mystical consciousness. "I shall always be more certain *that* God is, than *what* he is." "Man knows well that he is not alone; he does not know so well in what companionship he is." "May it be that the mystic is more sure *that* he is sure than of *what* he is sure—except that he is sure of God and of his own relation to God?" I gather from the balance of the text as well as from these admissions, that the mystical experience is essentially an experience of conviction. For some reason

* These extracts are taken from an article in the July number of the *Harvard Theological Review*, entitled "Contemporary Philosophies of Religion."

our author holds that "in these matters, the *that* actually precedes the *what*, both in time and in importance." Why there should be any importance whatsoever in intensity of conviction so long as there is doubt as to its object, is difficult to see, unless indeed one falls back upon the hygienic value of the state itself. In any case, the mere existence of a peculiarly intense state of conviction which may attach itself to different objects cannot be regarded as evidence for any of these objects, and irresistibly suggests a subjective explanation.

There is the best of authority, as well as of evidence, for regarding mysticism as a type of emotionality, a subjective form of conviction, in which any content may be presented or any object judged. Mysticism may, as James has pointed out, be ascetic or self-indulgent, dualistic or monistic, personal or impersonal, naturalistic as with Walt Whitman, or supernaturalistic as with Saint Augustine or Bunyan. "The fact is," concludes James, "that the mystical feeling of enlargement, union, and emancipation has no specific intellectual content whatever of its own. It is capable of forming matrimonial alliance with material furnished by the most diverse philosophies and theologies, provided only they can find a place in their framework for its peculiar emotional mood." The ideas precipitated by mystical experiences re-echo the normal experiences or thoughts of the time. Their importance or truth may be realized for the first time, but they are not original. "Generally speaking," says Höffding, "they have their source in the circle of traditional ideas with which the subject was already familiar, but which he had previously disregarded." Thus Bunyan says of his Christian inspiration: "This made a strange seizure on my spirit; it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow and make a hideous noise within me. It showed me that Jesus Christ had not quite forsaken and cast off my soul." Can one doubt that Bunyan in another age and environment and with another dogmatic tradition, would have interpreted the same experience in other terms?

The conviction itself is more simply accounted for than by the reality of the object which it reports. Is there any one who has not had an inspirational or ecstatic dream, from which he has, alas, awakened; or a flash of insight that has felt profound only to turn stale or commonplace upon reflection? Can any one distinguish such illusory experiences from veridical insight except by the rationalizing consciousness? If the mystical experience is to be regarded as cognitive, it must be tested in sober moments of observation and analysis. Taken in its immediacy, it is equivocal and variable. That religious beliefs should assume a mystical intensity and vividness is well, *provided they be true.* There is a bathos in clearness and articulation, but there is no other purge from the confusion and error to which moods of inspiration are otherwise liable. The objection to an appeal to the mystical experience lies not only in the doubtfulness or emptiness of its report, but in its discrediting of the critical consciousness, so hardly won and so incomparably important.

In leaving this type of religious philosophy, let me restate in a word what seems to me to be its characteristic defect. We are to identify the consummation of hope with the totality of things as they are. But to accomplish this unnatural union, it proves necessary either to cultivate an acquiescence in things as they are, an acquiescence that may be tinged with a sort of sublimated love, provided reality be conceived as content of a universal mind; or to abandon the ordinary canons and tests of thought and acquire a mood of ecstatic conviction to which one imputes the maximum both of truth and value. In the first case, one adjusts hope to reality, which is always possible theoretically and even psychologically in the worst of worlds. Such an equilibrium is gained by the abandonment of all values save one's personal peace of mind. In the second case, one loses sight both of reality and of values, or at least of all values save the sensuous value of the ecstatic state itself. This type of religious philosophy, no less than the last, is a counsel of desperation, a last resort. I will not say that it is unjustifiable, but only that it is to be held in reserve until another possibility has been canvassed. This other possibility is the responsiveness of the cosmic reality to our concrete empirical preferences. I say "responsiveness" because I take it to be self-evident that our empirical interests are not already realized in the existing nature of things. But is there ground for believing that cosmic reality will eventually let us have our way; or that our interests may be efficacious and in the long run triumphant? Whatever be the answer, of one thing I feel certain, namely, that a favorable answer would be the best news that philosophy could report.

By "progressivism," I mean a philosophy of religion that justifies the naïve and daily practical hope that we may some day have those particular things which we want, such as wisdom, power, harmony, long life, virtue, friends, universal happiness, together with the removal of fear, pain, sin, death, and all the innumerable miseries that now beset us. If it could be shown that some hope of this empirical and differential kind is well founded, there would be so much the less need of the consolations of religion, or these consolations could be reserved to offset the residual misgivings that would abundantly remain.

Hobhouse's "Development and Purpose" is an inspiring example of patient philosophical research. Some twenty-six years ago, dissatisfied with what he took to be the theoretically premature and morally confusing spiritual philosophy of the Anglo-Hegelians, the author set to work to study the actual course of natural evolution, with special reference to the development of mind in animals and man, and the development of the human mind and will as exhibited in the history of society. The results of these investigations he published in two works: "Mind in Evolution" (1901), and "Morals in Evolution" (1906). In 1896 he had already published the result of his examination of fundamental concepts ("Theory of Knowledge"), especially as to the nature of mechanical causation and organism. He now gives us the larger generalizations which he believes the results of his previous special studies to justify. He presents his conclusion, he says, "not as something which is to satisfy all emotional cravings or end all intellectual doubts, not because it is artistically complete or even because it is proved with demonstrative certainty, but merely on the humble and prosaic ground that, on a complete and impartial review of a vast mass of evidence, it is shown to be probably true."

The conclusion falls into two parts, that based more strictly on "a comprehensive review of experience," and that attained by the analysis of the conception of causality. The review of experience establishes, in the author's judgment, the central place of self-conscious mind in natural evolution. The first stage is the development *of* mind, and the second the development *by* mind. Blind struggle and natural selection may have been the chief factors in bringing about the existence of man, but, once established and enabled to function in its own characteristic manner, the human mind has introduced a new principle of correlation and harmony. The guarantee of the permanence of achievements of this

type lies in the mind's power to assimilate and regulate those very forces which would otherwise disint grate and annul it. "Only if mind should once reach the point at which it could control all the conditions of its life, could this danger be permanently averted. Now it seemed to me that it is precisely on this line that modern civilization has made its chief advance, that through science it is beginning to control the physical conditions of life, and that on the side of ethics and religion it is forming those ideas of the unity of the race, and of the subordination of law, morals, and social constitutions generally to the needs of human development, which are the conditions of the control that is required."

The transition from this empirical generalization of history to the more fundamental or metaphysical view is made by an analysis of the conception of mechanism and teleology. An examination of the action of the organism reveals a determination of part by whole, and of present by future. In life, action is determined not merely *a tergo* and indifferently, but by its tendency to produce specific effects upon co-ordinate processes. We thus reach the definition of a purpose as "a cause conditioned in its operation by its own tendency," and of an organic unity as a group of such causes governed by "the tendency of their combination towards a certain result." This same *modus operandi* is characteristic of mind and of society. Is it also characteristic of the cosmic process as a whole? Hobhouse concludes that the larger synthetic operations of nature cannot otherwise be explained. I cannot here enter into the merits of the argument. He concludes that "the evolutionary process can be best understood as the effect of a purpose slowly working itself out under limiting conditions which it brings successively under control." Both the empirical and the analytical arguments lead us "to conceive the world-process as a development of organic harmony through the extension of control by Mind operating under mechanical conditions which it comes by degrees to master." I shall not attempt to argue the strictly philosophical questions. Let me say only that a more careful, well-reasoned, and convincing examination of the question of purposiveness and progress it would be difficult to find. But what shall be said of the religious value of this type of philosophy?

First, as to its results. It attributes to the cosmic reality an actual working tendency in a forward direction coincident with man's hopes of first intent. It promises the fulfilment, through the complicity of the cosmic order, of those ends for which men are actually exerting themselves. It does not promise something else, or offer consolation for inevitable failure, or teach renunciation, but encourages the belief that the enterprise of civilization in which men are actually engaged, civilization with its concrete and specific values, will *succeed* in that historical future towards which its efforts are directed. It not only defines reality as friendly to man, but as friendly to man's actual interests. Furthermore, it endows man himself with power to make his way. Instead of teaching man's dependence on a power to whom he should be grateful for small favors, whom he should love as the dog licks the hand of the master that beats him, it teaches that the masterful will moves in him, giving assurance to his hopes and strength to his hands.

This philosophy confirms not only the hopes of man, but also his moral judgment. Man is not asked to adjust his ideals to reality, but to persist in his ideals. He is encouraged to pursue with better heart and with a broader cosmic outlook the same end that moves him to earn his living, support his family, make much of himself, and exert himself to improve the state of mankind. These secular motives are taken up into what Chesterton calls "the oldest and the best of all causes, the cause of creation against destruction, the cause of yes against no, the cause of the seed against the stony earth, and the star against the abyss." The religion which here finds justification is that religion of *service* which received its classic formulation a generation ago in the essays of John Stuart Mill. "A virtuous human being," he said, "assumes in this theory the exalted character of a fellow-laborer with the Highest, a fellow-combatant in the great strife; contributing his little, which by the aggregation of many like himself becomes much, towards that ascendency and ultimately complete triumph of good over evil."

A word, finally, as to the method of religious philosophy which is represented by this work of Hobhouse. Its great merit, quite apart from the correctness of its results, lies in its clear recognition of comparative values. The values of reality itself, as these bear upon the actual human interest at stake, are of first and most momentous importance. And second in importance is correct knowledge of this reality, in order that man may guide his action aright. The subjective and imaginative values must not be allowed to obscure the importance of the values of reality and true belief. Not that I would for a moment wish to discredit the values of fancy and subjectivity, or, for that matter, rob man of any atom of comfort which his faculties may enable him to extract from his lot. But it would be fatuous to seek consolation so long as, or wherever, it is possible to remove the need for it. If the spectacle of existence and destiny be unendurable, by all means let the lights be turned low; but man should see things in a *dim* religious light only, if need be, after he has seen them clearly. He should be satisfied to regard life as a predicament only after he is sure that it is not an opportunity. It is possible both to seek the best and be prepared for the worst. Discipline is justified because total success is impossible. Compensation is justified when failure is inevitable. If sober and vigorous thought does not justify hope, then man may well fall back upon his imagination, and nourish illusions that shall be flattering in proportion to their unreality. But this will take care of itself. The optimistic bias of the imagination is the one religious source that will never fail. It should be the part of a philosophy of religion to scan the cosmic horizon for signs that shall be as hopeful as possible but that shall first of all be trustworthy; so that if there be any chance of *really reaching the haven originally desired*, it shall not be lost from a too hasty resignation or abandonment to soothing distraction. A philosophy of religion, in short, should devote itself to the construction, not of the most hopeful belief, but of the most credible hope.

Prayer.

O Thou who hast compassed all the pathway of our lives: we thank Thee that Thy providence abides through every change. Thou dost cheer the loneliest lot with the comfort of Thy presence, and we bless Thee for Thine unfailing care. Into Thine own eternity Thou hast called us, and set us in the midst of purposes we cannot measure; but we would thank Thee for the good we know, and pray that Thou wilt teach us patience till Thou send more light. Waken our hearts to gratitude, O God, for mercies which have flowed upon us, day by day, in joy and sorrow, in health and sickness, in labor and repose. Give us grace to serve Thee with our whole lives, that all manner of darkness and evil may be driven from our hearts, and that we may walk with joy in the way of thy commandment to love Thee with our whole heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

The Feather of a Bird.

In Nature's workshop but a shaving,
Of her poem but a word,
But a tint brushed from her palette,
This feather of a bird!
Yet set it in the sun-glance,
Display it in the shine,
Take graver's lens, explore it,
Note filament and line,
Mark amethyst to sapphire,
And sapphire to gold,
And gold to emerald changing
The archetype unfold!
Tone, tint, thread, tissue, texture,
Through every atom scan,
Conforming still, developing,
Obedient to plan.
This but to form a pattern
On the garment of a bird!
What then must be the poem,
This but its lightest word!
Sit before it, ponder o'er it,
'Twill thy mind advantage more
Than a treatise, than a sermon,
Than a library of lore.

—*Alfred R. Wallace.*

The Conduct of the Balkan Wars.

The report of the International Commission To Inquire into the Causes and Conduct of the Balkan Wars is publication number four of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Much criticism has been directed toward the Commission, and much ill-will excited in the Balkan states, by this committee of honorable men and women, appointed in the interest of peace to show to the world the causes and deplorable effects of war. In the southwest of Europe and on the borders of Turkey, war, we know, will be carried on without any of the ameliorations which, in our country, for instance, extract from the combatants much of the spirit of personal hostility and from the after effects of a battle everything that is the result of barbaric rage and cruelty. In the southeast of Europe it is quite otherwise. There the feuds of generations excite men to rage, and the opportunity offered by a battle and a campaign is made the occasion for the gratification of every barbaric instinct and passion. This is not to say that the ruling classes in any of the Balkan states are savages or that they prefer to have war carried on in the savage way in which it has been raged in the southeast of Europe. It has been claimed that the report of the Commission was exaggerated, that many things by them set down and attested by letters, affidavits, and personal testimony did not occur; it is claimed that the slanders invented by combatants to disgrace each other have been accepted without due investigation and verification. Making every abatement possible there still remains a body of facts, well attested, that show outbreaks of savagery which we had supposed were now impossible even in the most benighted lands. Nothing in the Mexican War begins to equal in horror the accumulation of crimes proved upon some officers and many common soldiers in the various armies. If only one-tenth of the outrages testified to really occurred, that one-tenth, realized in the imagination, is enough to horrify the whole civilized world. Let us suppose that only twenty villages of non-combatants were burned, and the inhabitants put to the sword; that only a few score of prisoners of war were crucified, tortured, and burned; that by officers and men only a hundred mothers and maidens were dishonored; that only a few dozen babies and small children were killed in sport; that not great numbers of dignified officers in church and state were insulted, tormented, and killed,—let only so much as this be admitted and the indictment of this war is complete. To prevent another such outbreak all the great powers of Europe should unite to keep the peace and to save the semi-savages of the Balkan mountains from similar opportunities. The names of the persons composing the Commission are: Austria, Dr. Josef Redlich, professor of Public Law in the University of Vienna; France, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Senator M. Justin Godart, lawyer and member of the Chamber of Deputies; Germany, Dr. Walther Schücking, professor of Law at the University of Marburg; Great Britain, Francis W. Hirst, Esq., editor of *The Economist*, and Dr. H. N. Brailsford, journalist; Russia, Prof. Paul Milioukov, member of the Douma; and United States, Dr. Samuel T. Dutton, professor in Teachers College, Columbia University.

It proved to be impossible for Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Mr. Hirst, and Prof. Redlich, owing to other and pressing personal engagements, to accompany the Commission to the Balkans. These gentlemen all participated, however, in planning the work, and they share the responsibility for the report which has been submitted. Prof. Schucking was unavoidably delayed in starting, and when he reached Belgrade the Commission had gone on to Salonika. While waiting at Belgrade, Prof. Schucking was misled by an erroneous report that the Commission had given up its work and disbanded. He, therefore, greatly to the regret of his colleagues, returned home without joining the Commission in Greece.

Health and Civilization.

The prime characteristic of the new health is that it is social, not self-centred; to be won all together by corporate effort; to be enjoyed contemporaneously by brain workers and capital workers and manual workers; to be built up by positive additions from patient science; from mutual co-operation; from many a happy accident, intelligently appropriated; from rational eugenic policies; from equally rational social work directed toward environmental reforms; from wise decisions by learned courts; from laws enacted in the public interest; from rising standards in the practice of medicine and rising standards of living of the people; from social insurance against sickness; from increased prosperity, higher incomes, the more equitable distribution and the more rational use of wealth.

The new health is thus an index of our civilization, a composite result of all our well-being, and a tremendous asset for the advancement of that well-being.

Health is economic. Sound men cannot be exploited; and for that reason, if for no other, I greet with enthusiasm the advent of the new health.

Health is moral. Sound men will not be unjust, and for that reason I salute the era of the new health.

Health is civic. Sound men will eliminate poverty, and that of itself should make us all sanitarians. Sound men will learn to do without jails, recognizing that so-called criminals are, properly speaking, candidates either for an educational reformatory or for a custodial hospital, and therefore again I turn gladly toward the dawn of the new health. Sound men, speaking generically of course, male and female, will rise at last above the tragedies of the sex relation,—the agelong sin and shame of it, the misunderstanding and abuse of it,—will learn that friendship, companionship, comradeship, are incompatible with lust.

And on this high ground, for this greatest of all its victories—the victory over vice in every repulsive or seductive form—I multiply hosannas to the great cause—the cause of the new health—the health in which there is no shadow of turning.—*Edward T. Devine, in The Survey.*

Race Co-operation.

Robert R. Moton, who is commandant of cadets at Hampton Institute, and a safe race-leader, speaks frankly in the *Southern Workman:*—

It is frequently asserted by careless and thoughtless speakers and writers that all Negroes are lazy, shiftless, and inefficient; but the people who say this are not only out of accord with the facts of the case, but they often do not believe what they themselves are saying.

What they mean to say is that *some* Negroes in every community are lazy, shiftless, and inefficient; but in practically every district where Negroes are employed, whether as farm laborers or as mechanical laborers, the verdict is that the large majority of Negro workers are reliable, many of them are skilful and very efficient, and not a few are almost indispensable. There are very few places in the South where the employer would be willing to dispense with the services of his Negro employees.

The South has made marvellous strides in industries within the past forty years, but this would have been well-nigh impossible without its docile, cheerful, and willing Negro population. Notwithstanding the much discouraging talk, and the more discouraging not to say unfair and unjust legislation, there cannot be found, even where the ruling and the laboring classes are both of the same race, as much real, helpful sympathy and co-operation as exist at the present time between the Negro and the Southern white man.

Literature.

The New Politics, and Other Papers. By William Garratt Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.—No preface is furnished to this collection of papers; but there is a tribute from the pen of Lord Bryce in the advertisement of the volume, which indicates that it is designed to be a memorial of the author. A very striking portrait of him makes an effective frontispiece. The papers are certainly remarkable for the great force and beauty of their literary style. "Lord, how good it is," said Dickens, "to read a man who can write." And this man could write. As to subject-matter, they have to do almost exclusively with American politics, and are variously dated from 1904 to 1913. There is one paper on the situation of the negro, written after a tour of the South. This situation the

author did not find very hopeful, though he appears to have been without prejudice against the negro. Another paper deals with the advance of prohibition at the South, curiously enough crediting that advance very largely to the influence of Methodist and Baptist preachers. The other papers deal, in a large way, with the politics of the country, and with the task that confronts democracy amid the complications of the present age. They are evidently the work of an unusually profound student of that subject, and they display great penetration of insight as to the meaning of contemporary events. Mr. Brown was no prophet of "smooth" things. It is somewhat appalling to think what this present and the next generation must wrestle with, as he indicates what these problems are like to be. One recalls Carlyle's warning that America had yet her fight to make with "pythons and mud demons." Emersonian disciples used to dispose of Carlyle's forebodings by attributing them to dyspepsia. But they are coming true in quite a remarkable way, if this political writer saw straight. The book is dedicated to the memory of Grover Cleveland, which fact, no doubt, is a sufficient sign of warning to some and of invitation to others. But it should help anybody to a better understanding of the world in which he lives.

Magazines.

In the August *American Magazine* Jerry Travers, present amateur golf champion of the United States, writes an article full of stories and good advice, entitled "Wonder Shots that Won Golf Championships." Ray Stannard Baker tells "How Uncle Sam Spends Your Income Tax Dollar." He went to Washington, made an investigation, and reports penny for penny what becomes of a dollar when Uncle Sam gets it—63 cents for this, 17 cents for that, etc. His article is full of surprises. Mary Garden, the celebrated opera singer, writes an article entitled "The Opera Singer and the Public," which is full of the frankest statements—such, for example, as her poor opinion of the English in musical matters. Will Irwin tells a true dog story; Walter Prichard Eaton tells a love story; Stephen Leacock writes of "Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich"; Number 6606, a convict in a western penitentiary, writes another Boston Blackie story entitled "The Story of Dad Morgan"; Alice Hegan Rice writes a story of a Kentucky mountaineer called "Pop"; Marjorie Benton Cooke goes on with "Bamby"; a husband with twenty-five years' experience in matrimony writes of the discoveries and experiences of middle age; and the Interesting People department contains intimate accounts of five remarkable characters.

The August *Atlantic* opens with a story, "In the Pasha's Garden," the second of the Stamboul Nights' Entertainments by H. G. Dwight. His twentieth-century Turk caught in the web of ancestral custom and emotion is a subtle study. The other stories in this number are also by well-known contributors. "The Boy," by Anna Fuller, tells of young romance; Margaret Prescott Montague adds to her list of stories of deaf and blind children a tender little sketch called "Something Big, Like Red Bird"; and Virginia Baker, in "The Afternoon Ride of Paul Revere Columbus Dobbs," surpasses herself in rollicking humor. The essays are not less notable. Among the lighter ones are: "The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord," by Samuel McChord Crothers, a whimsical and altogether sound plea for the unscientific enjoyment of history; "The Game," by Simeon Strunsky, a plea equally sound, and with a twinkle in it, for the unscientific enjoyment of sport, in particular baseball; and a merry little disquisition by Lucy Elliot Keeler, "On Noses." The serious essays include Annie Winsor Allen's "Victorian Hypocrisy," which analyzes certain tendencies of the nineteenth century and ably defends mid-Victorian reticence; Albert Jay Nock's paper on "Motherhood and the State"; and a plea for tree-farming, by J. Russell Smith, in an essay whose agreeable title is "The Agriculture of the Garden of Eden." Gamaliel Bradford contributes the second of his Union portraits, "George H. Thomas," and Frederick Trevor Hill, the third of his Adventures in American Diplomacy, "The Treaty of Ghent." Zephine Humphrey gives a sympathetic character-study of a clergyman, and incidentally his reaction upon his own temperament; Margaret Sherwood sketches "Our Nearest, and Our Farthest, Neighbors," the birds; and Randolph S. Bourne, in "An Hour in Chartres," paints a swift impression of the unforgettable old French city. Among the poets are Fannie Stearns Davis Gifford, Amy Lowell, and an anonymous writer who touches the mysteries with brave simplicity. The longest of the poems is "The Modernist," by O. W. Firkins, a refreshing bit of intellectual fooling.

Miscellaneous.

Common Sense in Law, a new volume in the Home University Library Series, has been prepared by Paul Vinogradoff, who explains as briefly and simply as possible the main principles which underlie legal arrangements. Jurisprudence, like political economy, is developed from simple general principles which require a great deal of special knowledge when it comes to particulars and details; but, as the writer truly says, one need not be a barrister or a member of a legislative body in order to feel an interest in the laws by which he is governed. This book is small in size, but it may give readers more sensible views of legal rights and duties than most of us now possess. The series is published by Henry Holt & Co. (50 cents.)

A Far Journey, by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, is the story of a Syrian lad who became pastor of a famous American church, and it is a record of intellectual and spiritual adventure that is radiant with belief in the possibilities of the New World. Some twenty years ago a young Syrian slipped through the door of Ellis Island, with nine cents in his pocket, to seek his fortune in the New World. To-day he is an American clergyman, occupying the pulpit made famous by James Freeman Clarke. Abraham Rihbany was brought up in a Syrian village, where life and customs are the same to-day as were the life and customs of Nazareth two thousand years ago. The "Far Journey" takes him to a land the very antithesis of the one he has known, and henceforth his story is of spiritual growth and enfranchisement. Just as Mary Antin's life is the record of a mind's development, Mr. Rihbany's story is an autobiography of conscience and of spirit. Entirely aside from its significance, the circumstances of Mr. Rihbany's life make a narrative at once original and of striking interest, while the revelation of what America can offer to her adopted children will be a splendid inspiration to every reader. *A Far Journey* will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company in the autumn of 1914. Portions of Mr. Rihbany's story have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, but much new material and many illustrations will be added.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 10, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Conceit.

A little dog barked at the big round moon
That smiled in the evening sky.
And the neighbors smote him with rocks and shoon,
But still he continued his rageful tune;
And he barked till his throat was dry.

The little dog bounced like a rubber ball,
For his anger quite drove him wild;
And he said, "I'm a terror, although I'm small;
And I dare you, you impudent fellow, to fall."
But the moon only smiled and smiled.

Then the little dog barked at a terrible rate,
But he challenged the moon in vain.
For, as calmly and slow as the workings of fate,
The moon moved along in a manner sedate,
And he smiled at the dog in disdain;

But soon 'neath a hill that obstructed the west
The moon sank out of sight,
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under the crest;
And the little dog said, as he lay down to rest,
"Well, I scared it away all right."

—*Buffalo News*

The Grass Party.

BY PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVÉ.

Everybody in Chesterfield called Miss Abigail Fenton "Aunt Abbie," and the Gresham children, who were boarding in the old Vermont village during the summer months, fell into the habit easily.

Aunt Abbie used to treat them to hot gingerbread and lemonade sometimes when they stopped to call at the little white cottage on their way to and from the post-office. She called them her "gingerbread-and-lemonade nephews and nieces," and told them a great many interesting things about the trees and plants and flowers that she loved and about which she knew much.

Charlotte, Agnes, Bob, and their cousin Jimmy Spooner had come from Boston, and they found life in Chesterfield full of delightful interest.

Miss Abigail used to talk to them about their studies, and, when Bob said learning things in vacation was unfair, and Jimmy declared that boys who thought that driving mules to the station with vegetables was more fun than roller-skating were just "hay-eaters," the little old lady looked at them over her glasses in a very uncomfortable sort of way. "Hay-eaters," she repeated, and then she said, "I wonder if any one of you know what you eat every day. I wonder if you know the difference between asparagus and watercress and parsley, for instance."

"Oh, of course; those are vegetables everybody knows about," answered Charlotte. "Parsley is just to make things look pretty, but"—

"Parsley!" interrupted Jimmy. "Who eats grass?" and he pulled a handful of the tender spears and thrust it through the bars of the fence where old Dobbin was nibbling, "except horses and cows and sheep," he added, as Dobbin began to munch the grass he had put within his reach.

"People aren't like horses and cattle, Aunt Abbie," remarked Agnes.

"Oh! Aren't they?" said Aunt Abbie "Well, I admit some of them are a little less useful than my cow Bess, or old Dobbin here, who makes my garden for me and who carries me about; a few are less obstinate and set in their own notions than the mules that take Farmer Seavey's corn to the mill, and a still smaller number of them give the coats from their backs to keep us warm."

This was the first time Aunt Abbie had talked in this fashion, and the children were both interested and puzzled.

"You mean the sheep, don't you, Aunt Abbie?" said little Agnes, clapping her hands, and all the children begged her to tell them some stories about the animals; but Aunt Abbie shook her head.

"You will have to learn a great deal about the other grass-eaters before you will like the best sort of stories about the animals," she said.

"Are there any grass-eating *people*, Aunt Abbie?" asked Charlotte and Jimmy in a breath.

Aunt Abbie replied rather vaguely, they thought, when she said, "Dear me! more than half the people in the world have very little else for food"; and she added, "I don't think much of the way they teach children botany in the schools these days."

Several days after their visit the Rural Free Delivery man dropped four letters at the Seavey farm addressed to the Gresham children, and each letter was the same. This was what they read:—

"You are cordially invited to a Grass Party on Friday evening at six o'clock. If convenient, please wear green cravats and ribbons. Dobbin has agreed to carry you home. Affectionately yours, 'Aunt Abbie.'"

"What can a 'grass party' be?" said Charlotte, and Mr. Gresham laughed as he answered, "You may be sure Aunt Abbie's party will be original, and one you won't forget. Perhaps she remembers that I told her I had brought you to the country 'to graze'; she thought I was disrespectful to her four-footed friends, maybe. Domestic animals are her particular and abiding hobby."

What an interesting thing it was to be invited to such a curious entertainment as a grass party! The children could talk of nothing else, and each had a different solution of the mystery.

When the eventful Friday afternoon arrived, they were arrayed in their best clothes, and each had some adornment in the way of a green ribbon. Charlotte wore a green sash, and carried her mother's green silk parasol; Agnes had a very large Nile-green bow on the top of her golden head; Jimmy and Bob wore streaming ties of green and a bit of the same color in their buttonholes. So gay did they look as they filed down the dusty road that old Mrs. Ryan left the wash-tub to watch the procession. "Sure an' they look like Saint Patrick's Day in August!" she murmured as they disappeared from view.

They were in a flutter when at last, after wiping their dusty shoes on the grass, they knocked at Aunt Abbie's door.

A cheery "Come in!" answered their rap, and in a moment they were in the coolest, most delightfully refreshing of parlors, where Aunt Abbie, in a black silk gown and a cap adorned with green ribbon bows, seemed to be a presiding goddess over a table loaded with odd things. There were pieces of sugar-cane, little sheaves of wheat and barley and rye, some ears of corn, two or three spikes of asparagus, and a queer glass case which held some little plants they did not recognize. Feathery asparagus sprays filled in the empty fireplace, and long grasses stood in old-fashioned flower-vases on the mantel and on several small tables.

"Thank you for being prompt, and wearing the color of nature," she said smilingly; "and now we will have a look at the new baby calf and some chicks that have hatched since you were here. Come to the barn and see Dobbin, who is in party dress too."

Eagerly they followed her out, and a shout went up from four happy children as the gentle old horse thrust out his head from the stall, for it was crowned with an immense wreath of grass and daisies, while a garland encircled his neck.

Then they admired the sleek, red calf and the downy little chicks, and proposed names for all of the newly-come residents of Aunt Abbie's farm, until Aunt Abbie said they must come in and have supper.

The children expected to see more grass decorations, and had decided that the "party" would be an affair of curious edibles, so they were surprised to see loaves of brown bread, snowy white biscuits, a great platter of asparagus-tips on toast, a corn pudding that looked like a giant baked custard, and a dish of stewed chicken surrounded by rice balls, each of which bore a tiny tree of parsley in the middle. Around the glass tub of butter balls stood a circle of barley sugar cows, horses, sheep, and donkeys, with tiny cards, each bearing the name of one of Aunt Abbie's guests, attached to them by green ribbons.

"I was afraid," said Aunt Abbie, "that you would have a very scant supper with nothing but chicken, grass-fed chicken at that, so I had rather a large dish, as you are not 'grass-eaters,'" and she looked around quizzically.

"Oh, but I like corn pudding. It's a Southern dish we used to have last summer when we went down to Virginia to see our Southern relations," said Charlotte.

"And you like it? Dear me, that's strange! you know it's made of grass!"

"I'll take some rice," said Bob and Jimmy.

"And some asparagus," said little Agnes.

"But they are all *grass*," said Aunt Abbie. "Everything here is made from grass—some of the grass family, I mean—except the chicken which was fed on corn"—

"Corn's not grass," said Jimmy.

"Oh, yes; and the milk and butter come from eating grass, and the sugar animals are made from barley and sugar-cane,—all of the grass family. It is a pity! There is dessert, too, of the same kind,—griddle-cakes with golden syrup,—not our own Vermont maple syrup this time. What shall we do about it?" Aunt Abbie looked about rather forlornly, until little Agnes cried:—

"I'll tell you! We'll all be 'grass-eaters' and eat all the good things!"

Everybody laughed, and then, as this seemed a good idea, they all began to eat the "good things," with keen appetites.

After supper Aunt Abbie took the piece of sugar-cane, the spears of asparagus, and the other things from the table and showed them how they all resembled each other in construction.

"See the joints in the sugar-cane," she said. "Now examine the grasses, the asparagus, the corn-stalks, and see if you do not see a likeness."

Four heads bent down over the different things she had enumerated, and there was silence for several minutes.

"I know! Some are alike in the seeds, some in the leaves, some in the—the"—

"Fruit," ended Aunt Abbie. "I see Bob has a keen eye."

"My! the grasses and the corn-stalks and the asparagus stems all have joints," cried Charlotte; "and look, Aunt Abbie, the joints are all hollow!"

"That is another point of resemblance that makes all of these things grasses. Is there anything else?"

"The way the leaves shoot near the base of the stem, as in this blade of grass!" exclaimed Jimmy. "See, the corn does it, too; and what is that Agnes is watching in that glass thing?" he broke off to question.

"That's rice. I got a little from a sea-captain who was here not long ago," said Aunt Abbie.

"I see something too," said little Agnes, proudly. "The little hard things all have little coats around them."

The children laughed, but Aunt Abbie said kindly:—

"Coats is a very good name for them, my dear. They are husks, and they show the kinship of rice and corn and wheat and barley. It is a big family, isn't it?"

"And we are all of us grass-eaters, after all, just as much as Dobbin," said Jimmy, thoughtfully.

"Yes," replied Aunt Abbie. "The grass family feeds most of the people in the world either wholly or partly. In China it is the general food in the form of rice. Here we have it in breads of various sorts and in oatmeal and other cereals."

"I always thought eating grass was a sign of stupidity," said Bob, "because the cows and sheep and horses eat it. Whew!"

"They are clever in the uses they put their grass to, too," said Aunt Abbie.

"How?" asked all her visitors together.

"The horse turns it into hair, the sheep into wool, and the cow into milk. I consider that very clever indeed, don't you?"

They all agreed that it was; and when they went home in the carryall, drawn by patient Dobbin, they declared it was a fine thing to be a grass-eater, and no party had been nicer than Aunt Abbie's Grass Party.

Bobby's "Keep Off."

Bobby Brown hurried home very fast. He had thought of a fine plan and was quite anxious to carry it out. He had just spied the "Keep Off the Grass" signs that Mr. Tyler had placed on his lawn, and these signs printed in big black letters had suggested the plan.

When Bobby reached home, he hunted around in the cellar until he found a little can of red paint, a small brush, and some brand new shingles; then he went to work. It was harder than he had thought, for the letters would run up hill in spite of all he could do, and he never could make a very good K. But he was through at last, and several "Keep Off" signs, printed in big red letters, were placed in the sun to dry.

"There," Bobby said as he looked at his work, "now I guess Billy Dix and the other boys won't be borrowing my things any more. It's no fun having to divide with everybody else." And Bobby felt quite proud of his little plan. He went to bed that night to dream of a new bicycle that was all his own, and a cart that no one ever dared to borrow. And the very next morning his dream began to come true. Billy Dix came hurrying into the Brown yard just after Bobby had gone to school.

"O Mrs. Brown," he asked breathlessly, "do you s'pose I could borrow Bobby's cart to carry the clothes to Mrs. Raynor in? There's a big basketful this morning, and my cart's broke."

"Why, of course you can take it, Billy; just help yourself. I guess you'll find it right there in the cellar."

Mrs. Brown was very busy just then, and she soon forgot all about Billy and the cart.

Yes, Billy had found it in the very darkest corner of the cellar. He drew it to the light and then stopped and stared. There on the seat was a big "Keep Off" sign printed in crooked red letters. What could it mean? He and Bobby had always shared their things before. But Billy didn't wait in the cellar very long. He hurried out of the door and behind the lilac bushes and home. Then he and his mother spent two whole hours trying to mend his old cart so he could use it for carrying the clothes to be washed. And Billy's little brother, who had been promised a ride in Bobby's cart, cried and cried because he couldn't have it.

Billy had been gone only a few minutes when Roland, Bobby's brother, came in from school saying that he had to go on an errand for his teacher, so he guessed he would borrow Bobby's wheel; but he didn't. When he saw the big "Keep Off" sign in front of it, he turned away in disgust and went off down the road on the run. He could think of many a time when Bobby had borrowed his things. And it took him three times as long to do the errand as it would if he could have ridden somebody's bicycle. He was even late for dinner.

That night and the next night Bobby wondered and wondered why Billy didn't come over to play ball with him. For some reason there didn't seem to be anybody who had much time to play. Of course he could ride his new bicycle up and down the street, but there wasn't much of any fun in that when there was no one to be glad that you had it.

The third morning after the signs had been put up, Father Brown, whose hoe Bobby himself had broken, went into the cellar intending to borrow Bobby's small hoe for a few minutes. But he didn't touch it; he just shook his head soberly when he saw the "Keep Off" sign tied to its handle, and came out without it.

Yes, Bobby's fine plan had worked, and he had everything to himself. But he wasn't happy, no, not a bit, and he wandered about the yard wishing that some one would come and play with him. But no one came, so he went and sat down on the bench under the old red apple-tree and began to think and think.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed, "I guess signs aren't so nice after all, unless it's on lawns. It's more fun to have an old bicycle that's all worn out and let the boys take turns in riding it than a new one that nobody praises at all." Then he came to a sudden decision. "I'll burn those old signs up," he declared as he jumped up from his seat. Five minutes later the "Keep Off" signs had all found their way into the kitchen stove, and Bobby was half way across the back yard in search of Billy Dix.

"O Billy," he called out from the orchard gate, "come on over and try my new wheel. It's a dandy. Then we'll take the cart and go after your clothes. It's lots more fun to share things; don't you think so?"

"Sure I do, Bobby. Mother says the best fun we have is what we share with somebody else. Here's some Indian arrows I've been saving for you."

"Say, Billy, you're a brick!" Bobby Brown cried joyfully. And two small boys ran a race to the new bicycle in the cellar. *Alice Annette Larkin, in Sunday School Times.*

A Dandelion Story.

Once upon a time in a tiny green camp by the roadside lived a soldier all alone. He had travelled a long way from a dark underground country, bent on seeing the world. The first thing he saw was a broad field, full of waving banners; and he thought, "What a beautiful place I have discovered!" and pitched his tent among the green grasses.

The raindrop elves saw how tired and dirty he was from his long journey northward, and soothed him with stories and refreshed him with a shower-bath. Through the clouds came the sunbeam fairies, bringing him a handsome uniform of green and gold and a quiver of golden arrows. Then the soldier was very happy, and smiled out at passers-by, cheering many a weary traveller with a glimpse of his sunny face.

By and by spring went away over the hill-tops. The birds had finished building their nests, and the butterflies and grasshoppers came to herald summer. Then the soldier began to feel tired, and knew he was growing old. His gay uniform had faded, and the golden arrows had turned to silver, and the wind brownies shot them far away. So the soldier crept down among the green grasses, and his little camp was left empty. Everywhere his silver arrows fell there blossomed bright golden flowers,—"dandelions," children called them.—*Presbyterian.*

During a sudden thunder-storm a little four-year-old came running into the kindergarten, crying as if her heart would break. When the kindergartner asked the cause of her trouble, she said, "O Miss R., the sky barked at me."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Progress.

BY CAROLINE H. BURGESS.

The light is dim, I cannot see the road;
And yet I know it stretches on before.
Behind, forever, lies what I have trod.
I must press on and on forevermore.

If I should linger, crouched upon the ground,
Waiting the coming of a day more bright,
I might hold back the steps of those around;
So I must journey steadfast through the night.

What if the road is dark, the way unknown?
What though my faith be weak, my footsteps slow?
It will not help to linger here alone—
The path lies there before me, I must go!

An Apology for Puritans.

It is difficult in these days to take exception to even the meanest-moralled picture or book or music-hall turn without being reproached with the name of Puritan. It is as if even to be suspected of Puritanism ought to overwhelm one with shame and to send one into hiding as a sinner against the arts. Puritanism, I admit, is not an easy charge against which to defend oneself. But that is not because it is so terrible, but because it is so vague, a charge. Some men, when they call you a Puritan, mean that you keep the Sabbath, and speak through your nose, and do not allow your children to read fairy-tales. Other men regard you as a Puritan if you venture to criticise the home life of Bluebeard. Puritanism may mean anything from the most fanatical teetotalism to the mildest disapproval of Nero. Roughly, however, it may be regarded as a kind of censorship of pleasures—not censorship of other people's pleasures necessarily, but a censorship of one's own. It is an assertion of the belief that the right to pleasure is only a right within limits, which may easily degenerate into the right of a man to be a pig. Personally, I think that there is a good deal to be said for the right of a man to be a pig without interference from the police provided he does not set about turning the world at large into a sty; but I hold—and this is where I differ from most of the anti-Puritans I have known—that to other people must equally be conceded the right of dissent from his ideals. To dissent from a man on moral grounds seems to many anti-Puritans to be an inartistic relic of seventeenth-century intolerance. But this usually means that they themselves are intolerant of any disagreement with their own moral code of eating, drinking, and general merriment.

A great deal of the anti-Puritanism of to-day, indeed, is merely intolerance (in an ugly phrase) "up to date." You have only to hear the ordinary anti-Puritan pronounce the word "Non-conformist" to appreciate this. Anti-Puritanism at its best, however, is concerned not with attacking this or that form of religion, but with the defence of the arts. It is an affirmation that beauty is the supreme law of life, and a denial of the right of the moralist or the vestryman to criticise beauty in accordance with his own irrelevant standards. It demands that, if a poem be beautifully written or a picture beautifully painted, we shall be silent with everything but our praise. This is a point of view for which there is something to be said. One wonders at times whether there is not, after all, a morality of good writing and good painting which, even from the Puritan standpoint, makes a poem by Baudelaire a chaster piece of work than a badly written novelette. It is usually, however, in regard to some inessential work of art or literature that the anti-Puritans raise the banner of their ideal. They are less likely to quarrel with the Puritans about "Hamlet" or Sir Thomas Browne than about Oscar Wilde's "Salome" or Nijinsky's dancing. They are more likely still to attack the Puritans on the score of some book or drawing which is deliberately intended to shock, like Mr. George Moore's "Hail and Farewell!" or some of those distorted anatomies which pass for works of art among the Futurists and their followers. The Puritan contends that art, like every other human activity, should have its decencies, and that exhibitionism is a disease and not a conceivable artistic ideal. The anti-Puritan replies that the artist must have perfect liberty to choose his own subject and to treat it in his own way without reference to other people's ideas of decency and morals. One would not mind this very much if one could trust the artist to treat his subject with a divine indifference as to its moral or immoral significance. But artists are only human, and if they choose indecent subjects it is ten to one that they do so not because they are splendidly impartial, but because they are apostles and propagandists of indecency. They are as fervent moralists as anybody; only their morality is phallic rather than Puritanical.

They preach a sexualism which seems to me to be the enemy both of life and of art. It is a sexualism the logic of which is seen in the Lock Hospital and in the aesthetics of decadence. Great art can arise only through the defeat of the endless missionaries of sexualism. Shakespeare, though he was obviously no Puritan in the every-day sense of the word, simply could not have written his plays as we know them if he had taken the same view of chastity as the Restoration dramatists did. It was, one is told, during two centuries of passionate Puritanism that the Hebrews produced their great prophetic literature. The relationship between Puritanism and great art could not be better suggested, I think, than by such a fact as that Savonarola of the Bonfire of Vanities had as his devoted followers men like Michelangelo and Botticelli. Personally, I think that Savonarola's Bonfire of Vanities was an infinitely more beautiful thing than any picture or jewel that was destroyed in it.

Puritanism, then, is not the enemy of beauty, as is commonly supposed. In its extreme form it may be a theory of salvation through negation—negation of love and wine and song. It may look on virtue as mainly a matter of groans. But I cannot help suspecting that the groaning kind of Puritan would have made as miserable a job of it, no matter what his creed had been. After all, the anti-Puritans are not such a cheerful crowd that they can afford to boast. I have heard it said that martyrs being burned at the stake were a far merrier-looking company than the anti-Puritan gamblers of Monte Carlo. As a matter of fact, when the anti-Puritan wants to make a strong case against the Puritans he usually does so not on the ground that their Puritanism is wrong, but on the ground that their Puritanism is only a pretence. He accuses them of secret drinking, of gluttony, of making eyes at their neighbors' wives. He denounces them not for their ideal, but for their failure to live up to it. Hypocrisy, of course, is fair game for the satirist, and so is the blighting sort of virtue. In regard to the former, however, there is as much Pharisaism of vice as of virtue in these days, and Puritanism does not involve the abolition, but merely the subordination and selection, of pleasures.

Puritans, I believe, are perfectly right in their theory that abstinence of a sort is necessary to the sort of happiness most worth having. One cannot be drunk with beer and with art at the same time; one cannot be drunk with beer and with any spiritual thing at the same time. Puritanism is abstinence from the ecstasies of the sensations as a means of making possible the ecstasies of the spirit. It is not a more dangerous form of abstinence than the abstinence of the anti-Puritans, who abstain so freely from the decencies and the graces. It is a glorious fastidiousness, a preference of the natural to the artificial, an acceptance of Nature with all her modesties. It has more regard for the technique of conduct than for the technique of the drawing-school—and I think this is good even for the drawing-school. It is the view that only out of serious life can the greatest art spring, and that art which is not an expression of serious living is prone to be mere ornament and of no more imaginative significance than lilies in a hearse.—*Robert Lynd, in The New Weekly.*

A Visit to a Practical School.

BY S. ELIZABETH STOEVER.

A double errand carried the traveller to Tuskegee,—to see and understand this educational centre, and to secure, if possible, entrance for a worthy lad of the race.

It was a warm afternoon in May when the train reached the station. Tuskegee is an old Alabama town, with a population of liberal, cultured people. A fellow-traveller, whose dress and manner showed clearly her position as one of the aristocracy, pleasantly entered into conversation and spoke kindly of the educational work close by.

Informed by the polite conductor that the train would go out to the school grounds, two passengers remained in the car. One proved to be a native of Denmark, trained in gymnastics, and in charge of a social centre in Chicago, as well as a lecturer at the University there. Coming to lecture at Birmingham, Ala., she had made this detour to see one of America's unique educational experiments.

Orderlies were waiting at the school landing, and the visitors were escorted to White Hall, the newest, finely equipped dormitory for girls, and also the home of the dean of women. The principal, Dr. Washington, was absent at the time, obliged as he is to travel in the interests of the school. Miss Porter courteously received the visitors and assigned them to commodious quarters in Douglass Hall, a few yards away. They were the guests of the school, to be treated royally.

It was indeed interesting to be set down in this model community, a little city, patrolled by the uniformed boys, with hundreds of young people going about their daily tasks, learning not only to use the English

language, to calculate, to become familiar with the great names and events of the world, but also to use eyes, brain, and hands in many useful industries, to be trained in moral perception and habit, to be led into wholesome recreation and helpful companionship. The pupils, over sixteen hundred in number, represent thirty-three States and territories and eighteen foreign countries. Add to these the members of the Children's House, of the Agricultural Short Course, and of the Summer School, and the number reaches nearly twenty-four hundred.

As one is driven about, out to the farm where the most improved methods are used, and sees for the first time a machine which sets the young plant, presses the earth about the tender root and waters it, and hears of the crops raised and the fruits gathered; as one is taken through building after building in which the various industries are pursued; when one hears that this is a community sufficient unto itself, making all the material, drawing the plans, building the fine structures, supplying its own table with flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruits, baked products, butter, milk and cream, performing all its own service, doing the work after approved, up-to-date methods, and this a race scarcely more than fifty years removed from slavery, and this a school organized by a Negro, and manned entirely by the same race,—is it any wonder that one is breathless until able to exclaim, "The half has not been told!"

It was nearing Commencement, and two musicals were given during the brief visit,—one by a graduate in music, the daughter of the chaplain; the other by selected pupils. Both programmes exhibited marked musical taste in the execution as well as in the selection.

From a gallery in Tompkins Memorial Hall the spectator may look down upon the pupils assembling for their meal. Boys and girls sit at the same tables. Other students wait upon them. In the same building is the commodious dining-room for the teachers. Here the guests were seated at the dean's table with Dr. Park of Boston, who was there for the purpose of sociological study, and with members of the Tuskegee faculty. In the same building is the large assembly-hall, seating twenty-five hundred persons.

The Collis P. Huntington Memorial Building is the home of the academic work. The John A. Andrew Memorial Hospital is the latest structure, a model in design, furnishing, and appliances, given by a Boston woman in memory of her grandfather, the war governor of Massachusetts.

There are also the Bible Training School, the Trades Building for boys, Dorothy Hall, where the girls are trained for many useful callings, the Children's House, the Carnegie Library, and commodious dormitories for the young men and for the young women. Literary societies and religious organizations develop the mental, moral, and religious powers of the pupils.

Three school publications are sent out from the Tuskegee printing plant reaching graduates, former students, outside persons interested in the work, and the farming community, the members of which in this way gain instruction in their line of work. Gymnastics, sports, and military training all have their place. The cadets are on duty at the buildings and in various parts of the grounds, act as messengers, are organized for fire protection, and add to the dignity and orderly arrangement of the enclosure.

By service pupils are able to defray part of their expenses. At the age of sixteen, selected pupils are admitted who may work their way through the Institute. They are engaged during the day on the farm or at some other industry, and attend school for two hours at night, five nights in the week. Certain of these pupils are allowed to choose their trade and work at it while in night-school. Weekly meetings are held by the dean for the girls and by the commandant for the boys, in order to discuss the reciprocal duties of the Institute and the student, to correct errors, and stimulate the sense of loyalty to the discipline of the school.

The limit of this article forbids the enumeration of the many industries in which these young people may be trained. One is reminded of the remark once made by a well-known New York man about Hampton. It was to this effect, that he could not obtain any such education in any school for his own son were he to pay annually one thousand dollars.

In addition to the wonderful work done within the limits of Tuskegee Institute there is the department of School Extension. Negro conferences have been established to change public opinion and help the race to better things, educating the people on the soil, encouraging improved methods, and leading the children to remain on the farm. Then follow the farmers' institute, the short course in agriculture, the Negro county fair, and the demonstration farming experiment, by which these Negroes in the South are brought into communication with the Agricultural Department at Washington, D.C. A novel enterprise is an Agricultural School on Wheels. The Jesup Agricultural Wagon, designed and built by the students, goes directly to the farmer to show him improved machinery and progressive methods, under the direction of a competent teacher.

An especially interesting experiment is a Plantation Settlement, an original attempt of Mrs. Booker T. Washington to adapt the methods of the university settlement to the need of people still living under primitive conditions in the Black Belt. The school is really a home in which the household industries are taught as well as the "three R's." The pupils, too, learn to make gardens and raise various kinds of vegetables.

Mrs. Washington has also established mothers' meetings in Tuskegee, from which the good influence has extended to other communities, so that now there are twenty such centres, reaching two thousand women on the farm.

As far as possible Tuskegee Institute continues its influence over those once its students, and a number of graduates have established schools in Alabama and other States. Circulating library boxes are sent out to rural schools, remaining at one place about a month.

After this brief stay at Tuskegee the writer went among educational institutions for the Anglo-Saxon, some of them bearing much more pretentious titles. In no case did the equipment and curriculum, except in literary lines, exhibit such breadth and value. At Tuskegee there is the impression of progress, of wonderful organization, of immensity. Executive ability stamps the enterprise, each department with its head trained and competent. In the attitude to the guest there was marked thoughtful service and constant courtesy. For the stranger, who had stepped aside from the through railroad line for the visit, and was bewildered by the maze of routes and connections, everything was arranged. Telephone, ticket-agent, were taken over; route, hours of trains, points of change, time of detention, price of ticket, all submitted in typewritten copy; then, the route having been selected, the ticket was ordered and telegram sent to destination. When the time came, carriage and courteous captain were waiting to render most easy the departure. Unusual kindness to an entire stranger. Thus it is at Tuskegee. "The half has not been told."

From Colorado Springs.

BY THOMAS SALTER ROBJENT.

Rev. W. A. Sunday has come and gone. His coming was widely heralded for weeks before his arrival; his name, autobiography, and picture—in every attitude and contortion of body—filled many columns of the local press. All the churches in the city, with the exception of the Episcopal, First Congregational, Universalist, Christian Science, Lutheran, Catholic, and Unitarian, formed themselves into a great body for the coming revival.

Prayer-meetings were held three times a week in every section of the city; ministers preached laudatory sermons; a voluntary choir of over five hundred voices was put in rehearsal; a tabernacle seating eight thousand was erected on one of the finest and most central locations in the city. Under this waving of evangelistic banners, Mr. Sunday came for a campaign.

For five weeks great crowds attended the services, held twice a day and three times on Sundays. The first week of the campaign was given up to what might be called figuring Mr. Sunday in the rôle of a vaudeville actor or acrobat. Religion was hardly mentioned in his addresses, and the general impression that he made was that of a "jolly good fellow." From the second week to the close "hell" was his one theme. Unbelievers, and especially Unitarians, were gloatingly sent to the pit. At times Mr. Sunday's attack seemed almost to border on incentive to violence, as when, one night, he sprang to the top of his pulpit, waving his hands, and crying, "Away with this 'damnable doctrine'; away with it into hell!" and the crowd applauded him to the echo.

Mr. Sunday's going was equally spectacular; thousands thronged the station, frantically waving him farewell; many eagerly sought for souvenirs; one woman hysterically snatched a newspaper from a man's hand because Mr. Sunday had "touched" it.

When we come to results, they are difficult to estimate. Opinions are as wide apart as the poles, and the people of the city are practically divided into great warring camps. Thousands treasure the memory of the evangelist's visit as almost akin to the coming of a god; others frankly regard his visit as nothing less than a pestilence, and assert that the city will not, for many months to come, recover from the blow dealt at

Christian charity and tolerance. The message proclaimed belongs wholly to centuries past, and has not borne a single tinge of modern scientific philosophy. It has been couched in language so full of slang and vulgarity that many people have regarded it as nothing less than an insult to the ordinary courtesies of speech. These vulgarities have been clearly assumed, for at several drawing-room meetings which Mr. Sunday addressed he divested himself of vulgarity, and on one occasion took as his text Edward Everett Hale's "The Man without a Country," carefully forgetting to mention that Dr. Hale was a Unitarian.

The conversions reported are about 4,000, and of these some 1,200 were "reconsecrations," and included most of the ministers of the city. Of the balance the vast majority were children, and young people between the ages of ten and fifteen. Very few cases of the conversion of notorious evil-doers are reported, and it is a very open question how much material gain for the churches has been really won.

As to the effect of the revival upon our own faith, there is no difference in opinion either inside or outside our borders. It has been an unmixed blessing. From the moment of the initial discussion in the local Ministerial Association in regard to the question of inviting Mr. Sunday to the city, I made up my mind definitely that, "conservative" as the community is, and bitter as the personal attack would inevitably be upon myself, the one and only step to take was a clear-cut protest, and a square defence of our faith. I withdrew from the Ministerial Association and published my letter of resignation, stating fairly my reason for so doing, based upon the record of the evangelist in other cities, his known vulgarities, the mercenary side of his campaign, and his constant and violent attack upon the faith which I represent. From that position I never moved an inch.

The large tabernacle was erected a few blocks from our church, and it was predicted that our congregation would be depleted from the opening of the campaign. The first Sunday of the revival our church was well filled, and this continued until the last two weeks, when we had to bring in chairs. Up to date, sixty-seven have joined our ranks, every one of mature age, representing nearly every orthodox community in town, as well as others who were non-attendants at church services but have been drawn in from the desire to show their colors and to stand for decency and tolerance and for the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

One Sunday evening, protesting citizens arranged for a mass meeting in the Princess Theatre, when I lectured on "Why I protest against Mr. Sunday's Theology." The theatre was packed, and there was great enthusiasm. There have been many requests that similar services should be held Sunday evenings next fall, in the same theatre, and I have promised to deliver a course of lectures on rational religion.

Our church has never witnessed such a revival of interest and enthusiasm as at this moment. All we have gained has been through the definiteness of the message with which we have met the evangelist's attack. Our services were well advertised through the press, although we could obtain no free space, while full reports of Mr. Sunday's sermons were published. Our literature was distributed throughout the city, and about six thousand tracts were placed in the homes, as well as sent through the mail to selected names.

Every community has, of course, its peculiar atmosphere, but the experience taught me by this campaign is that fearlessness is its own reward, and that, if we expect our liberal faith to win triumphs, it will be only as we show to the world that we are not ashamed of our gospel, and not afraid to fight for it when occasion requires.

This revivalist seems to find a large part of his success through terrorizing communities. During the five weeks of his campaign, business men of this city have told me in confidence that they dared not even whisper a protest. We have had some splendid examples of heroism in this respect, but I feel that the burden lies upon the ministers of our faith (who are expected to be leaders, and who, at least from a professional standpoint, have nothing to fear from attacks upon their faith and character) to let their voices ring out, clear and distinct and without a quiver, for common fairness and justice, as well as for liberality in religion, in the communities in which this man and others exhibit all the tyranny and intolerance of ages that are past.

Isles of Shoals.

Looking back upon the second week of the summer meetings at the Isles of Shoals, devoted to the Sunday School Institute, many things stand out clearly which will no doubt be interpreted into more constructive work in ways of religious education during the coming winter. Never before has there been such a large attendance, and the occasion proved the wisdom of the scholarship plan which interested many parishes, Alliances, and schools to send representatives to the number of 77, bringing the total registration up to 7,566. A fine spirit of genuine enthusiasm pervaded the atmosphere, and this was noted especially by those who were here for the first time.

Rev. William I. Lawrance had the programme in charge and conducted the daily conferences. At the closing one he expressed the hope that all this ardor be not allowed to evaporate, but that the winter's work and plans for next year be carried on in dead earnest with the confident feeling that there is absolutely no other agency so fraught with possibilities as these gatherings. The question of how to make the work of eighteen years grow into something permanent should be in the heart of every one.

That the meetings were successful from every point of view was due to a combination of happy circumstances as well as the devotion of those who bore the burden of the programme planning. Only one rainy day; some wonderful sunsets, with impressive services on the Western piazza, and Celia Thaxter's "Good-bye, Sweet Day," to which Kate Vannah set an inspired melody, and the candle-light services in the old chapel gave a picturesque background for the more prosaic yet hardly less stimulating meetings in the assembly hall with addresses by speakers of note.

Prof. Clayton R. Bowen in a series of six lectures considered some of the greatest themes which the history of Christianity presents to the scholar. The Lord's Supper, he

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1883. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D.D., Roslindale, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Boston, Mass.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. William C. Brown, Boston, Mass.; Rev. George H. Badger, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, John Mason Little, Boston, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Cyril H. Burdett, New York City.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. W. M. Brundage, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Percy Dawson, Rev. E. S. Wiers, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. Arthur Weatherly, Rev. E. A. Rumball, Rev. A. H. Robinson, Rev. Horace Westwood, and Rev. George H. Badger.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Marian Dudley Richards, 247 Fisher Avenue, Brookline, Mass.

said, is the most prominent and notable function of the Christian Church. There are some differences of theory about it, but many consider it as expressive of the central mystery and the central operation of Christianity. Dr. Bowen said the occasion thus commemorated was the evening meal, not the feast of the Passover.

Feeling sure that Jesus' words consecrated the breaking of the bread and the pouring of the wine as symbols of his own imminent martyr-death, the Scriptural words are full of the deepest significance to him. "I repeat them," he said, "with reverence, and the humble scene where they were uttered becomes sacred. The repetition of the scene has high values; it connects me directly with Jesus himself as few things in our church life do; it quickens in me holy desires; it stirs in me the longing to have the spirit which was in Jesus; it sums up the meaning of his heroic life and sublime death which have been to countless souls truly redemptive. I cherish the Supper not because I believe Jesus bade its repetition (it is very clear that he did not), not because in the bread and wine is conveyed to me some mystic and subtle heavenly good, not because I eat and drink,—I prefer not to,—but because I am best in touch with the noblest soul in history, and recalled anew from all superficiality of life to a consciousness of the divine meaning and value of self-sacrifice.

"One ray of light is thrown on the ancient world-riddle, and I sense something of the sweetness that lies at the heart of pain. I believe that, rightly understood and thoughtfully administered, with the material and sacramental aspects eliminated and the memorial and fellowship aspects emphasized, rationally and devoutly received, it may still be an invaluable means of quickening the religious lives of people in our churches. I should be sorry to lose it entirely, for its origin and centuries of usage have given it a sanctity we cannot lightly disregard, but the sacramented eucharist, with theological presuppositions and limits, the church of to-day must find an ever-increasing burden and hindrance. At least in the life of the free church it can play no part. There may be changes in the form of observing the Supper. I like the service that is truest to what I believe the original scene and its meaning,—where the elements are not partaken of, but are broken and poured and left on the table as symbols. This is historically true; it may be religiously sincere. The important thing is that Jesus be remembered, that the unswerving faith, the sure hope, the boundless love, that made him our supreme Master may somehow be kindled in us, also, through this simple act that we do in remembrance of him."

Regarding the symbol of the cross, Dr. Bowen said that if Jesus had been a little less outspoken and more cautious he might have lived for years. Why should he go to certain death for people who didn't care, wouldn't listen, and couldn't appreciate? "Was it worth while?" the speaker inquired. "Thank God! those words never stained his lips. That is the mark of the beast on much modern thinking, teaching, and practice. The crucifixion was a tragedy, it was anguish and humiliation; but it was also supreme exaltation. To recall that moving story it should be realized as illustrating the most sublime aspect of human life,—the giving of one's self utterly in service, even to giving life, if the call comes, as a ransom for others."

Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck attracted all the guests on both islands to his morning lectures delivered in characteristic style, inspiring to heart and mind, and yet so deeply philosophical as to be the despair of the one who tries to set them down in brief, conventional phrases. He said the chief task of a teacher who takes Sunday-school work seriously is to influence lives so as to make them full and rich and strong. He showed how the delicate organism of nerve and muscle is sensitive to infinitesimal things; that much which is hidden from the wise is understood by babes; and that intuition, far from being a thing to toss overboard, is the deep wisdom of the heart. He would have the Sunday-school so equipped that the child finds himself in an atmosphere which will induce clear thinking. What a teacher says is important; what she really is, is more so. An honest desire to be a good teacher is a prayer which is pretty certain to find fulfilment if one keeps constantly on the quest for the true, the beautiful, and the good. No life can live unto itself. The good we cannot utter even to ourselves will somehow find expression.

How impressions which mould life are taken in "through the pores of one's mental skin" were set forth through descriptions of laboratory experiments. Dr. Starbuck would not have teachers try to make children think theologically. 'Twere a pity to be anatomists instead of artists. Life is not controlled by a series of set ideas, but in such ways as a plant is sustained, sending its roots into the soil in search of that which will mean most to leaf and fruit and flower. Tell children stories that are pulsing with beauty and nobility, but do not dissect them to death. The children can see through you so easily! Trust them, and do not pull the plum out of the moral pudding for fear it will give them indigestion.

Speaking on knowledge and reticence in matters of sex, Dr. Starbuck said each has its claim to be considered, but he would not see this subject degraded to common conversation lest violence be done to something very sacred. Nature is wondrous wise in keeping children innocent so long; it is a gross blunder to introduce this into mixed classes or day-schools. Teachers have gone mad over group instruction, especially in matters which concern the personal life. This is for individual teaching, for serious study on the part of parents, in classes, perhaps. Institutions have encroached too much on the home. This will not be right until the family life is seen to be the foundation of all good things. Matters of sex should be approached from the higher side; the child made to realize that it is not to choose between a high and a low plane, but to go from high to higher experiences and so on to the God-life. If the Unitarian Sunday-school exists for anything, it is to show that all phases of life are to be exalted and glorified.

There were some powerful utterances regarding the organization of the personality; to feel the sense that Nature has found her way from the jellyfish to the central nervous system of man and its power of conscious volition. Human history was compared to a great stream with mountain peaks towering along its banks,—Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, and Jesus of Nazareth, the highest of all. Shall we tell children that God appeared on earth once and spoke to one chosen race?

Deaths.

DR. FRANCIS B. HARRINGTON.

A TRIBUTE.

We often hear the phrase "An *ideal* minister," "an *ideal* doctor," and know that it is only a phrase. But now and again a preacher comes into the world who, by his Christ-like earnestness and tongue of flame, so stirs our sluggish souls, and inspires our higher selves, that we recognise the spiritual life as the one true life.

Or there arises among us a physician who is, in every sense, an ideal doctor, a healer of sick bodies and sick souls, bringing to the exercise of his profession not only knowledge and skill, but self-sacrifice and an ardent love of his kind. Such a minister was Phillips Brooks, and such a physician Dr. Francis B. Harrington, who has just left us.

So many friends and patients love him, so many mourn his loss, that it would seem almost presumption to speak of one's personal grief, were it not that, together with the individual experiences dear to each one of us, there were memories common to all which must awaken a thrill in every aching heart.

Who that has been under his care can ever forget the radiant smile, the keen eye with just a twinkle of humor, the kindly voice, the tender touch? His presence in a sick-room was as if he brought the sunshine with him, and when he appeared on the threshold one thought involuntarily of the words, "With healing on his wings."

It was not only his wonderful insight, his power of inspiring absolute trust in his skill, and courage to undergo whatever he might decree. It went deeper than that. It was because he thought of the *little things* beneath the surface that his patients loved him so.

"We want her to be *happy*," he said of one who, pitifully ignorant of illness in her own person, had come under his care; and that was the key-note of his ministry to all. He thought not only of the immediate needs of his patients, but of their future, of their surroundings, and the bright or dark outlook that awaited them when they should leave his care. His profession was the joy of his life, not for the fame or the fees that it might bring, but because it gave him the high privilege of service to his fellow-creatures. "Nothing like it! Nothing like it!" he said earnestly to one who was asking what she could do for consolation in a private sorrow. He made himself truly "our servant for Jesus' sake."

But even that was not all. He *never* forgot his patients. To meet him was to feel that he remembered all about you, that you found him just where you left him, and that in him you had for life a strong rock of dependence.

Like Phillips Brooks, he was full of the joy of living:—

"How good is this life—the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart, and the mind, and the senses forever in joy!"

Like him, too, he counted it no sacrifice to lay down his life for his fellow-men.

May we not find comfort in the thought that somewhere in the world of our faith and hope that radiant spirit is still ministering to the needs of his weaker brethren?

MARY G. DARLING.

THREE LECTURES ON MODERN POETRY
OFFERED BY
MARGUERITE WILKINSON
AUTHOR OF
"IN VIVID GARDENS."
Democratic Ideals of Contemporary Poets.
The Woman Revelation in Modern Poetry.
California Poetry.
For terms and dates address MRS. MARGUERITE WILKINSON, Coronado, Cal.

WANTED.—Permanent free home in Massachusetts for attractive girl of 3½ years. Family must be excellent in character. Apply New Bedford Children's Aid Society, 12 Market Street.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M. Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Will it not help toward a sense of what is needed in the way of good citizenship if they are made to feel that the present is the time when the God-life also speaks and America must heed the call? Twice in the history of the world has life been really lived, serenely and beautifully,—by Plato in Athens and by Jesus in Judea. A study of these and other divine heroes will tend to develop the whole-mindedness such as made perfect the Master's life.

Dr. David Snedden gave two evening lectures which presented some eminently practical matters as worked out in the mind of an educator of advanced views. Recent developments in the knowledge of teaching were portrayed by this expert, who said that the "faculty psychology," so-called, is unsound, and the resulting theories of mental discipline as applied in education without substantial foundation. It is generally believed now that a person highly trained in one kind of attention is not necessarily trained at all in another, nor is he more ready to acquire skilled powers of observation in an unrelated field. Similarly, there is reason for believing that even so complex a power as judgment can be trained with one set of data without thereby improving in the slightest degree a similar power required in other kinds of data. People who consider the meaning of words no longer speak about training a child to be thorough, Dr. Snedden said. Rather they say he is being trained to be thorough in penmanship, gardening, arithmetic, or, in moral fields where we have been accustomed to speak of honor, courage, truthfulness, or punctuality, we now recognize that these generalizations as to training these so-called qualities have been exceedingly loose and based on "hasty reasoning by analogy."

In concluding his second lecture, Dr. Snedden said: "We must rely less in moral education upon precept, dogma, and the abstract study of ethical principles, rules of government, and the like, and must wax strong on the side of school self-government, concrete community civics, and the development of ideals of 'fair play' in school and community. In the reorganized education the order must be 'concrete experience first, then reading and talking to interpret and evolute the principles of experience.'"

Miss Lucy Wheelock, announced to speak at an evening meeting, on "The Little Children in the Sunday-school," spoke also in the afternoon, and presented, with all the grace and charm which marks her utterances, her idea that the kindergarten plan might well be utilized in the hour set apart for distinctly religious instruction. The circle, the morning greeting, the prayer, the encouragement to speak of the "news" in the child life,—all tend to a feeling of democracy, a genuine interest in others. The greatest teacher who ever walked the earth spoke in parables, and in the story Miss Wheelock finds a powerful agency. But the true teacher will not spoil the effect by using too many objects and illustrations nor by making too much effort to drive home the moral.

Pictures, and what they do in helping little folks to understand the relationships of the world about them, and songs, the language of childhood and spirituality, were shown to be important parts in the programme of influencing the inner life. Miss Wheelock said she would like to see a wider use of churches as social centres. She approved the idea of having children at church to take part in the opening service, that they may feel, although unconsciously, the power of worship. In her evening talk, at which Miss Florence Buck presided, there was given a comparison of Froebel and Montessori. Unitarians, she said, have led in the movement to make the teaching and training of the Sunday-school conform to the discoveries of modern psychology. A notable contribution in this direction is the establishment of training-classes for teachers. The next step is to secure trained teachers for every class in the Sunday-school. "The best we can do for a child's religion," she said, "is to preserve the spirit of wonder, for imagination leads to many things which we need in our lives."

There was a helpful conference at which Mr. Lawrance presided, when the new text-books were considered and an outline of the new course presented, which showed it to be the outcome of an immense amount of work.

Mr. James O. Fagan told of the course he has followed, which brought out the real, personal, human element in his teaching. He was, he said, at one time a perfunctory Unitarian, a sort of every-day philosopher intellectually, perhaps, but not very sympathetically nor intimately in touch with his religious surroundings. When the opportunity came he "got in line," and was invited to take a class in Sunday-school.

"Although imparting information to young people, instructing them in ethics or behavior, was foreign to my experience," said Mr. Fagan, "I determined to make the experiment for the simple reason that I thought it would do me a lot of good, personally." He then told of his way of "getting acquainted" with the pupils, and how absorbed he became in ferreting out details of their life, their interests, and activities. There was no apparent effort on the part of the children to learn anything, and not the slightest attempt to preach or teach on his, and yet every Sunday seemed to bring them nearer together in a sympathetic understanding. Mr. Fagan said he began to think quicker and step more briskly as he acquired the fascinating consciousness that he was again becoming in a small way "one of the boys."

Mr. Fagan told of the inspiration which came to him through the inspiration of eager listeners. He has made it a point of presenting to the class every Sunday some experience or phase of life in which he had been interested during the week. One of his topics was "The Ethics of Amusements," and this, with visits to plays together, was a happy experience. "Apart from this atmosphere and this state of mind," said Mr. Fagan, "I have no results to chronicle," and yet every one who listened to his narrative felt that here was a teacher with the true spirit of the Sunday-school which, Mr. Lawrance said, if it could be put into one phrase would be, "Teacher, love your pupils."

The social side of the meetings was thoroughly delightful. A group of young ladies from the Appledore repeated an entertainment they had previously given there, and raised a goodly sum for a scholarship at Camp Hill and Shelter Neck, which will cheer Mrs. Peterson and all who are concerned with the Southern circuit work. There was a tennis tournament, and the winner, Miss Minnie Packard of Quincy, was rewarded by a seat on the platform at the entertainment, which brought the week to a close. How those young people ever contrived to get up such a good show without apparent effort was astonishing to those who saw it. Miss Caroline L. Carter was chairman of the committee, and her original rhymes and local hits were highly amusing. There was a motion picture depicting the scene in the hotel on "The Isles of Shawls," when more than one hundred visitors were fog-bound; a chorus relating many incidents of the two weeks, set to a tune from "The Prince of Pilsen"; a solo dance by Miss Margaret Hale, a grand-daughter of Dr. Hale; a reading by Miss Margaret Sayward; a clever presentation by "The Light Hop Company," in which the ever-present turkeys and grasshoppers figured; and other features. Mr. Carl B. Wetherell, in a Parisian gown, representing a lady of distinction, made a great hit in his monologue.

As the Juliette bore crowds away on the closing days, those who remained cheered them on their way and sang the song of friendship and hope for another year.

A Letter from Maine.

The churches in Maine are mostly closed during the summer months. The church at Belfast has been open during July, but will close at the end of the month. With its closing Rev. Charles B. Ames, who has been minister of the church since 1911, will close his ministry in Belfast to undertake work in some new field. We regret to have this break come in the ranks of our Maine churches, and we extend to Mr. Ames our good wishes for success in whatever new work he may undertake.

Rev. Hosmer McKoon, minister of the historic old church at Castine, has been camping near Orland, Me., during the first part of the summer. The church at Augusta has purchased a fine old house in a very pleasant part of the city for a parsonage. The house and grounds are being put in first-class condition, and when all is done the church will have a most desirable and attractive home for its minister. Early in the fall the new tablet in memory of Rev. Sylvester Judd, minister of the church from 1840 to 1853, will be placed upon the walls of the church and dedicated. The tablet is a beautiful bronze of simple but graceful design, made to harmonize with the newly

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

decorated interior of the church. It bears the following inscription: "In loving memory of Sylvester Judd. Born in Westhampton, Mass., July 23, 1813. Graduated from Yale College, 1836. From Harvard Divinity School, 1840. Ordained here October 1, 1840. Minister of this church until his death, January 26, 1853. Loyal Citizen. Distinguished Author. Herald of the Birthright Church. Beloved Shepherd of this People."

At Farmington, matters have been going well under the leadership of Rev. Robert P. Doremus. The church is closed at present, and the minister is spending his vacation in Michigan. In May the local Alliance held their nineteenth annual fair, which cleared $373, of which $75 was the proceeds of a play, entitled "The Mollusc," given by the young people of the church. The church was reorganized this spring, adopting as its Covenant, or Bond of Union, that in use by the Unitarian church at Rochester, N.Y. A number of adults signed this Covenant at a meeting of the church, and five young people joined publicly on April 5. On Sunday evenings during the spring, Mr. Doremus gave a series of dramatic readings, which were well attended. Among other things he read "The Servant in the House," "The Terrible Meek," and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." On June 14 Mr. Doremus gave the baccalaureate sermon at New Sharon Academy. Since his departure from Maine for the summer, Mr. Doremus's friends have heard with joy the announcement of his engagement to Mrs. Eleanor Hinckley of Barnstable and Newton.

The Portland church is thriving under the wise ministry of Rev. Charles R. Joy. This last spring an exhibition of Sunday-school work was held in the parish house, including methods of organization, conduct of services, plans for graded instruction, social service work, illustrative materials (maps, pictures, stereographs), teachers' library, children's library, kindergarten, Boy Scout work, etc. This exhibit proved of much interest to the parish. It is a source of pride to the Portland parish that Miss Buck, who saw the exhibit, said that the First Parish Sunday-school was one of three in the whole country which had attained the highest possible rank on the standard of excellence issued by the Department of Religious Education.

Another fact of great interest as regards the Portland parish is that the effort to provide vocational guidance for the students of the public schools, which was begun in the parish a year ago, has been taken over by the School Committee of Portland, at the urgent solicitation of the parish, and has proved a complete success in all the schools of the city.

The church tower is now undergoing extensive repairs for the purpose of strengthening and preserving, and during August the church itself will be closed for the complete renovation of the interior. The walls are to be retinted, the pews upholstered, and the floors recarpeted, and the whole property put into first-class condition. The society is looking forward to the resumption of its active work in the fall with enthusiasm and hope, and during the vacation hopes to gather strength for a year of aggressive and devoted work.

During July Mr. Joy dropped his ministerial labors ashore to assume for a time the responsibilities of "sky pilot" to a crowd of his Boy Scouts on the good schooner-yacht, Nikkao. The cruise was a great success, and all had a splendid time and gained a good deal of experience concerning boats and practical navigation. P. S. P.

Dullness.

What! dull, when you do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of color to the violet, its fragrance to the rose; when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder, any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove! What! dull, when earth, air, and water are all alike mysteries to you, and when as you stretch out your hand you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered; while all the time Nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to subdue her, and to be blessed by her! Go away, man; learn something, do something, understand something, and let me hear no more of your dullness.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

The Negro's Opportunity.

After my experience at Hampton and after studying the North and the South, it seems to me that, while the North has apparently been the more fortunate section for a number of decades, it is the South now that has a definite future before it which it can work out; and it is the North which is struggling amid changed and chaotic conditions, the future tendency of which is uncertain.

With the natural tendencies of the Negro, with his natural desire to be a farmer, with land easily within his reach, with the economic freedom that he has, with great opportunity for mechanical trades in country surroundings, with a definite goal before him, undisturbed by social theories, unaffected by political change or disturbance, taught that the labor of his hand is the most honorable thing that he can do, there is not anything that he cannot accomplish for his people by increasing their wealth and their economic importance, which are stepping-stones to the other rights to which they aspire.

Meantime, they will achieve real happiness, and, under the influence of wisely ordered lives and the inspiration of religion, they will justify all the sacrifices and labor of men of their own and other races for their elevation.—*William Howard Taft, in the Southern Workman.*

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the First Parish, Milton, Mass., on Sunday, August 2, Rev. Henry T. Secrist of Meadville, Pa., will preach at 11 A.M.

At Union Chapel, Little Boar's Head, N.H., Rev. William W. Fenn, D.D., Cambridge, Mass., will preach Sunday, August 2, at 11 A.M.

At the First Parish Church in Dorchester, Meeting-house Hill, Sunday, August 2, Rev. Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo, N.Y., will preach at 11 A.M.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Sunday, August 2, at 11 A.M., Rev. Charles E. Park of First Church, Boston, will preach. Communion after service.

At King's Chapel, Boston, on Sunday, August 2, at 10.30 A.M., Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., minister of the Chapel, will preach. The church is open on week-days from 9 to 12.

Union summer services of the Unitarian churches of Greater New York will be held at the Church of the Messiah. On August 2 Rev. George R. Gebauer of Duluth, Minn., will preach at 11 A.M.

Dr. R. S. MacArthur, summer supply at Tremont Temple for several years, will address a union ministers' meeting in Pilgrim Hall, on Monday morning, August 3, at eleven o'clock. All ministers, of every name, are most fraternally invited; the public are cordially welcome.

Churches.

BOSTON, MASS.—Church of the Messiah, Rev. Powhatan Bagnall: Members and friends of the Alliance branch, with their minister, Mr. Bagnall, were entertained on the afternoon of July 16 at the home of the late Mrs. Emily A. Fifield in Milton. They were addressed by Mrs. George Saville of Quincy, one of the Alliance directors, on the work and opportunities of the *Cheerful Letter*, and by Mrs. Frank L. Young of Dorchester upon civic and social service for Boston. A visit was made to the memorial tree planted in honor of Mrs. Fifield last year in Milton.

CONCORD, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. Loren B. Macdonald: The following preachers will supply the pulpit during the absence of the minister: August 2, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley; August 9, Rev. William S. Jones; August 16, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D.; August 23, Rev. Richard W. Boynton; August 30, Rev. E. D. Johnson. The service is at 10.45 A.M. Visitors will be cordially welcomed.

Here and There.

A memorial building to perpetuate the memory of the late President William McKinley, at his birthplace, Niles, Ohio, is to be erected at a cost of $200,000, according to a recent decision of the National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association. A suitable prize is to be offered, through a committee of the American Institute of Architects, for the best competitive plans and drawings for the memorial. The city of Niles has given about five acres of ground as a site for the building. Cash amounting to nearly the original cost has been obtained, and an additional $50,000 as a permanent endowment will be raised by a general popular subscription of small amounts. For a contribution of $1 or more the giver will be made a life member. In addition, each contributor will receive a handsomely bound book, giving a brief but comprehensive sketch of the life of McKinley, with his portrait, which Supreme Court Justice McKenna characterized as the best portrait extant.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

Teacher: "A mole eats daily as much as it weighs." Pupil: "But how does it know how much it weighs?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Normandie: "Can you dress within your income?" Bartram: "Yes, but it's like dressing in an upper berth."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D.D."
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury. "It's a great relief to have Mrs. Gillishaw move away. She was a dreadful gossip, and some of the things she said about the neighbors were absolutely garrulous."

Schoolmaster: "Now, if your mother gave you a large apple and a small one, and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?" Johnny: "D'you mean my big brother or my little brother?"—*Tit-Bits.*

"Faith is belief in what can't happen, hope is belief in what won't happen, and charity is belief in what does happen." Does not this sound like an example of the new humor? It is, in reality, a genuine answer culled from an examiner's note-book.

A barber in one of the suburbs of Boston recently distributed circulars to announce thus the opening of his new shop: "I promise to give the best work by being a mechanic for the last ten years and at reasonable prices. All style children's hair cuts 15 cents. Yours truly."

From a composition on "Harmful Insects" a teacher gleaned the following information: "The chief insects harmful to man is the fly, mosquito, and caterpillow. To destroy them get them all and step on them or otherwise destroy their breathing places."—*New York Evening Post.*

"How is the law made?" asked the instructor in United States history. "Oh," replied the maiden, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it; and then the President has to—has to veto it; and then the House of Representatives has to"—she hesitated for a moment, and knit her pretty forehead. "Oh, yes! I remember now," she said. "The House of Representatives has to adjourn until the next session!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Of Sumner's literalness some amusing anecdotes have been told. At an official ball in Washington he remarked to a young lady, "We are fortunate in having these places: we shall see the first entrance of the new English and French ministers into Washington society." The young girl replied: "I am glad to hear it. I like to see lions break the ice." Sumner was silent for a few minutes, but presently said, "Miss ——, in the country where lions live, there is no ice."

The *Youth's Companion* tells of a Georgia woman who, after moving to the city, sent for her old colored servant. The mammy arrived just as the lady was leaving town for a visit, and had barely time to be made acquainted with city conveniences before she was left in charge. Two weeks later the lady returned and received this report: "I got along fine, Miss Flo'ence; had no trouble at all. And oh, dat gas stove,—my, dat's de best stove made. Why, do you know, Miss Flo'ence, dat fire you lighted ain't gone out yit!"

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, LYNN, MASS.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904
AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President. EARL MORSE WILBUR, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
113 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The Meadville Theological School
MEADVILLE, PA.
(Founded 1844)
Is a modern, undogmatic training school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students. For catalogue address the President.
F. C. SOUTHWORTH.

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 32 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 745
- The Third Birth 746
- Post-mortem Proprieties 747

CURRENT TOPICS 748

BREVITIES 749

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- An International Congress of Social Christianity; Knowledge and Righteousness as Allies 749
- Are the "Obstacles Removed"? 750
- A Conception of God 751

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- Futile Feints, by Percy F. Bicknell 751
- Church-going in Germany 752
- Faces; Grass 753
- The Unitarian Name and Principles, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 754
- Prayer 757
- A Pioneer; The Tonic Effect of Sympathy 758
- On Books 759
- The Monk Rasputin and the Czar; The Power of Vision; Summer Days, by Joseph Fort Newton 762
- A Thought of God, by Sarah E. Burton 763
- Woman in the Anglican Church; Children on Sunday . 764
- Hancock County Conference; The Francis David Memorial 765
- Acknowledgments; Books Offered; Modern Travel; "Blessed is He who has Found his Work" 767

LITERATURE.
- Books; Miscellaneous 759

THE HOME.
- The Rushing Feet, by Adelaide Nichols 760
- The New Parlor-maid; Seen in Squirrel-land; Lewis Carroll's Child Friends; The Bishop's Swans . . . 761

POETRY.
- Midsummer Musing, by Henry C. Spaulding 758
- Two Points of View 760
- The Better Way 762

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS 763

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- The Summer Institutes in Retrospect 766

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 766

PLEASANTRIES 768

Editorial.

WILLIAM JAMES spoke at a collation at the Peace Congress held in Boston some years ago. He was not optimistic concerning the outlook for universal peace, because he had some doubts whether human nature had been sufficiently educated and trained to submit willingly to the restraints of reason, humanity, and common-sense. We have been saying since that time that a great European war would henceforth be impossible. We see now that the possibility of resorting to the arts of murder and devastation for the solution of national problems is not yet eliminated from what we call civilized life. The one most evident fact in the present situation in Europe is that preparation for war makes war more probable; indeed, the remark has been made that, having spent billions of money on preparation for war, it seems desirable now to make some use of this vast expenditure and clear up the problems and complications which make Europe one vast breeding-ground for suspicion and international hostility. The proud boast of the German kaiser is that thus far during his six and twenty years of kingcraft he has carried his points in diplomacy while he has saved Europe from an outbreak of war. He claims to be the great peacemaker of the century. Sir Edward Grey in England has established a good reputation as one who would disarm the nations and bring in the era of universal peace so long desired and prophesied by poets and seers.

WHEN the foregoing note was written, war had not been declared. Since then the hell-hounds have been let loose, and the greatest disaster that has ever threatened modern civilization seems to be imminent. The causes of the first outbreak are to be found in national prejudices and racial antagonisms. The Serb and the Slav hate each other with a deadly hatred, and the assassination of the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, like the blowing up of the Maine, raised a battle-cry of fearful potency. That the other nations involved should declare war upon one another is to be explained by the sympathy of Slavic Russia with the Slavs in the Balkan Peninsula and also by the mutual antagonisms of Russia, France, and Germany. Lust of power, the desire to hold the first place among the nations of Europe, together with the personal ambitions of rulers and statesmen, have combined to bring about a clash long prepared for. That vast preparation for war had been made under the pretence of keeping the peace

Digitized by Google

made war inevitable. When immense armaments confront each other in a state of unequal equilibrium, a slight jar may bring about unspeakable catastrophes. Were there no great armies and no powerful navies ready for war, there could now be no wars waged on a great scale. Preparedness for war is not a guarantee of peace. As some of our statesmen proclaim with earnestness and with a show of plausibility, the carrying of deadly weapons is forbidden in civilized communities because the opportunity furnishes a temptation which would not assail unarmed men.

In the summer days, when Lowell's lines come to mind,—

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,"

there are also reminders of the limits of the prodigality. "For the asking" is the important point. People go through much of heaven in this life without getting any of it, because they do not know how to ask for it. If we took our walks with John Burroughs, we should see much more that is beautiful in them than ever enters our mind. Many an American in Paris would starve to death if his eating depended on his ability to read the bill of fare or to ask for what he wanted. It is sorrowful to think how much foreign travel consists of carrying one's world along as an impenetrable enclosure and never catching a bit of the world one is going through. It would be so with heaven itself if the old ideas of special privilege were true. The man who thinks he wins heaven by an atonement other than his own will not enjoy any heaven thus opened to him. He will have to learn its language, or visiting it will do him no good.

The discussion which has so far appeared in regard to the word "Unitarian" has been of great value chiefly because it has brought out a fact which without it could have been little more than an opinion. It has shown how vitally the name has become incorporated into our faith. There might be a vote somewhere to change it, or some committee might suggest an alteration that would meet with favor, but the name itself is wrought into the texture of our denominational being. Too many loyal hearts love it and make it beloved, too many strong hands hold to it, for any substitution or amendment. Undue agitation of the subject would be unfortunate, and to make a policy of the proposition would be disastrous. No government could insist upon a measure which has brought out such weighty protests.

There are two kinds of would-be reformers whose work does not tend to the upbuilding of good character in the life of a community. One class consists of those who are young, unacquainted with the ways of the world, unfamiliar with the records of social life, and incited to action by an impetuous desire to make a speedy end to the evil things they have discovered in the world around them. They take it for granted that the knowledge they have acquired is peculiar to themselves, and they are moved with a holy desire to take the rest of the world into their confidence and start a crusade against vice and crime. They are the material out of which good servants of the public will be made when they have been sufficiently trained by experience. The other class is less desirable. It consists of those who see that publicity and notoriety may be quickly obtained by any one who sets up to be a guardian of the public virtue, and who announces with an air of authority the principles of a new campaign in the interest of religion and virtue. Unhappily for the good name of the church, some of these ambitious seekers for notoriety are sometimes to be found in pulpits, and not infrequently in the corps of writers who make reform their specialty.

Suspicion is no proper ground for action when facts are not at hand to substantiate the suspicions that may be aroused in a jealous mind. That there is a vast amount of chicanery, cheating, lying, stealing, and vicious practices of many kinds is a commonplace judgment familiar to all whose business it is to look underneath the surface of society and bring to light things which are reprehensible and put an end to practices which are unlawful and injurious; but it is safe to say that the popular imagination more than half the time wastes itself upon things that aren't so, while remaining in ignorance of, or even favoring, practices which are injurious to society. Untold millions of dollars go into the pockets of men and women whose business it is to play upon the susceptibilities of those who consult them, and by lying and deceit delude them to their own detriment and to the advantage of those who prey upon the public. While indifferent to such things or even promoting them by patronage, suspicions are let loose against other people and things about which they have no knowledge.

The Third Birth.

Theologians have had much to do with the first two births. They have debated about man's first estate, whether it is fallen, and, if so, what will redeem it. They have been interested in the second birth as still more critical, and have discussed its signs and tests. But man's third estate has not until lately received its share of appreciation. Yet for a long time people have got more out of it than out of both the other two. Without it, the once-born would be idiots, and the twice-born ineffectual angels. Through it, infancy has become important in proportion not to its happening, but to its duration. Through it, saints have their calling and election made sure, and their quality stamped. In this birth, heredity is a mere spectator. What one's ancestors did is suddenly insignificant. It is not what they did for us, but what we are going to do with it that is the point. Even the second birth, with its operation of the holy spirit, becomes an incident in comparison with the third birth. There is a phrase that adds itself to the saying "Ye must be born again," and it is the phrase "and yet again." But the third time the process is different. It is not sudden, nor quickly over. No birthdays can be fixed. No age limit can be placed. No certified results can be promised. The christening has to be indefinitely postponed.

The third birth is the spiritual parturition which is called life. Its pains are the hardships and sorrows and disappointments and difficulties we have to go through with. Its travail is the toil of experience. Its marvel is the spirit wrought out of it. Its progeny makes an assemblage beside which the first-born in heaven are in number as a congregation to a population. The first-born are made up of those who have merely begun to live. The twice-born are a family of fine and influential standing. But the thrice-born count all who have lived.

Some experiences are connected with the periods in which they are most emphatic and frequent, and, after they have been gone through with, we naturally think that we are done with them. Temptations are associated with the formative time, when dealing with them is most critical. Youth being past, we draw a breath of relief, and feel that the hard time is over. But there is some value in the testimony of a man of sixty who said

Digitized by Google

that the temptations of the last twenty years of his life had been harder than those of the first twenty years. The third birth is a long one. No one can claim to be fully alive by virtue of a certain amount of life. There are people of long and rich experience who show that they have not yet been born into some of the things most essential to life. They know so much of what they know that they become insensible to the meanings palpitating outside their range. A long life sometimes leaves people unborn.

The fact of a third birth gives, therefore, an interest in life which neutralizes the effect of length of days. If it is mere length that makes life, no one can be blamed for getting tired of it rather early, and of dreading it a little in anticipation. The thought of immortality, it is more often felt than said, makes people lack desire for it because of the monotony involved. But life, as we know it, is monotonous not for its length, but on account of mechanism. A mile's walk would be intolerable if we estimated it by the number of the steps we take. Any length of life would be intolerable in the same way if we approached it in this calculating disposition. The third birth relieves us of any such fear. It is always bringing forth contingencies, dramatic possibilities, invigorating challenges. Few people undertake to learn a language in later years. They avoid the humiliations involved, and the chagrins; but they miss, too, exquisite sensations of snatching in their age sweetnesses belonging to early years. The fact that we are in a third birth forces these renewals upon us where of our own will we should not have the sense or courage to choose them. The search for the fountain of youth has been given up. The abandonment is a resignation of what life is all the time trying to give us. To keep young one has only to live, live genuinely, and from the realities of self, not from the appearances outside. One may sometimes see quite young persons who seem old. They have had some of the strains of life prematurely, so that seriousness has been forced upon them; or they are taking life too seriously, so that they force seriousness upon themselves. They even scorn those much older than themselves who have never felt the fact, who insist on treating life as alive, not as dead like a clock-face, and they hold themselves above all such flippancy as keeping young seems to involve. But they are infantile, and never were more so in their baby days than in these days of wisdom when all things grow effete, and the imputation of things yet to learn is insulting. It is noticeable that school-songs are often sad. "Lead, Kindly Light" is a strange favorite for a girls' school, and minor chords of sated wearisomeness, unnatural to the dispositions we connect with girlhood. But a wise woman would correct us. She would say that these mournful sentiments are just what girls at a certain age love most; and then we see that it must be so, for they have not yet lived. They have got to the old-age period of one world and have not yet entered the childhood of the real world.

The most inspiring thing about the third birth is that it is universal and inevitable. Everybody is bound in its bundle of life. It gives wisdom to the unschooled, piety to the unchurched, sympathy to the self-willed, a chance to every condition. In spite of themselves, the learned will get erudition missed in the still air of delightful studies. They too must suffer, and see others suffer; they too must face the simple questions that no victor in academic contests can despise, nor find himself thereby qualified in; they too must show whether they have mastered themselves; they too must go unrobed before the judgment-seat of God. It is not the delusions of the rich as to what makes life that are most misleading: it is the delusions of the wise and prudent that seduce yet more insidiously.

But none need die before they have begun to live. If the first birth leads to its end, and the second birth is for but few, the third birth is here; it is life for all, and there is no end to it. When what we were born to be in the flesh has gone its way, there is the birth which has come out of that course. It is composed of elements for which there is no equivalent in the things that die. It must live, because it is itself life.

Post-mortem Proprieties.

Among the preparations every one would wish to have made before the end of this life are surely the obituary preparations. When we compare what we read of other people in newspaper notices, funeral addresses, and biographies with what we knew of them ourselves, we must be thankful on their behalf that immortality is not likely to be of the sort that will compel backward attention. But, though they have escaped obituary awareness, our observation leaves us some inevitable thoughts about ourselves. They incline us to wish that we could revise the proofs of that article in which the newspaper will have regard to our friends and say what is more proper for their pride than fitting to our deserts, and could get from the kind-hearted minister a pledge that he will omit from his remarks the things we can assure him would make us glad to die rather than have heard. We are helpless in the matter, and it adds a sadness to death to think how helpless we are.

One remedy, which is coming more and more to be used, is that of the impersonal notice. In the case of persons whose life gives reason for public notice of their death, it is becoming customary to give a simple statement of their services without reference to anything further. If this custom could be strictly observed, the result would give great comfort to all concerned. Two lines of this sort are really more consoling than two dozen lines obviously inspired with a desire to be consoling. The certainty of nothing more lifts a great burden from the mind before death, and the fact of nothing more is wonderfully satisfactory to those who remain alive. They are left to undisturbed remembrances and reflections. The essential material is there, and each can gather his own memories and impressions.

The omission of remarks from funeral services is a response to the same protest, more often felt than expressed. The prohibition is a protection against well-meaning excess of praise, and it preserves the minister from ghastly, but blameless, mistakes. It will be objected that such funeral services would seem cold, but we have felt colder after the warmer kind. Nothing is more calculated to chill the heart than profuse or ill-judged praise, and if it is praise merely conventional, rendered because it is expected, it is colder than none. Whether a service is cold or not depends on the spirit of the one who conducts it. Who has not felt in the dignity, the simplicity, the noble tone and high sympathy of a finely ordered service such fitness to the occasion as to leave nothing to be desired? The Scriptures are full of what is at once impersonal (in lifting the mind into the largest range) and personal (in fitness to the particular instance). What is worthy in the life that is departed is called up by these great sentences, and from what may have been unworthy we are withdrawn by their noble guidance. In our recollection the services that have brought the greatest personal comfort have been those in which there was the least personal reference.

To get rid of what is objectionable in post-mortem speech and literature, people must agree to act together. A general custom must displace the mixed ways of the

Digitized by Google

present. For this, some preferences will have to be foregone. If the truth were known, they are fewer than is supposed. Ministers would alter their ways of eulogy if they knew how often people hesitate to ask for the omission of the address at funerals because they fear the minister will feel slighted. People would make the request oftener if they knew how often the minister would feel relieved rather than slighted by the suggestion. Reform in this matter could go quickly forward if more people would be candid.

The best way, however, to get at the matter is to attend to it ourselves. Those who feel that the principle of saying nothing but good of the dead has led to the saying of too much that is good, should let it be known. Their most emphatic will and testament should be such expression of preference as would be binding on those who may survive. To be sure, sometimes such wishes are disregarded, even when they have been imperatively expressed. We cannot always have our own way, even after we are dead. But disobedience of this kind is rare, and takes place for exceptional reasons. In general, the knowledge of directions left behind them brings to the dead the gratefulness of those who are charged with their fulfilment. They save many perplexities, they bring added comfort by reason of their origin, and they simplify a reform which without them would be next to impossible. To feel confident that such wishes would be carried out would give more satisfaction to many persons than all imagined eulogies, and to give sincerity, restraint, and dignity to the last offices to the dead would make the worthiest tribute of the living. Not least among the advantages of such preparation would be its tendency to remove a morbid shrinking from all mention of death, and to give the fact a naturalness, and even grace, in anticipation.

Current Topics.

Events have moved with overwhelming swiftness since July 23, in the prologue of what promises to be the greatest world-tragedy in history. The struggle, which has already assumed the proportions of a European war, began on Thursday, July 23, when Austria-Hungary delivered in Belgrade an ultimatum demanding that the Servian government disavow complicity in the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his morganatic wife, the Countess Hohenberg, and dissolve the Servian nationalist organizations to which the ultimate authorship of that tragedy has been ascribed. Before the Servian government had replied to the ultimatum, which designated the following Sunday, at 6 P.M., as the limit of time, the Russian government announced that it could not regard with unconcern "any attempt to deprive a Slavic nation of its sovereign rights." On Sunday, before the expiration of the designated time, Servia informed the Austro-Hungarian government that it would accept all the terms laid down except the stipulation that the inquiry into the Austrian grievances be carried on with the participation of representatives of Austria-Hungary.

Hardly had the cable brought the news of Servia's virtual defiance—or what the Austrian government pronounced a defiance—of the wishes of the Ballplatz, than it was announced from St. Petersburg that the czar had ordered a partial mobilization of the Russian army, and that the mobilization would be hastened forthwith. Although no official explanation of the military activities of Russia was forthcoming, the St. Petersburg press plainly indicated the intention of the czar to unsheath the sword in defence of the Servians. In the mean while Austria acted without delay in carrying out the implied alternative of the ultimatum of July 23. The military movement toward the Servian frontier began almost instantly upon the final diplomatic action of the Servian government. The first objective of the Austrian advance appeared to be Belgrade, the Servian capital, which before Thursday of last week had been repeatedly declared to be in Austrian hands.

At this stage of the terrible nightmare that had come upon Europe, diplomacy bestirred itself energetically in an attempt to find a peaceful issue out of an ominous problem. Sir Edward Grey, the British minister of foreign affairs, made the proposal, to all the governments immediately interested, that the Austro-Servian controversy be submitted to a conference of the powers. To this advance Kaiser Wilhelm replied in behalf of himself and the emperor-king of Austria-Hungary that Austria was not a Balkan state, and that no such method of adjusting the situation could be thought of. Inasmuch as Austria-Hungary regarded the Servian quarrel as involving the honor and dignity of the empire, this rejection of Sir Edward Grey's suggestion was not received by the world with any degree of surprise. In fact, Sir Edward Grey was widely made the object of accusations of insincerity and of having made a cunning attempt to stultify Austria-Hungary by bringing a vital issue in which that country was involved under the adjudication of a conference of the powers, as might have happened in the case of a minor state.

After the failure of Sir Edward's peace plan, events of the most sinister importance crowded upon one another in a way which would have been inconceivable only ten days earlier. Kaiser Wilhelm became a dominant factor in the controversy on Thursday, July 30, when he informed Russia that the mobilization of the Russian army was causing universal apprehension, and invited the czar to discontinue military preparations within the next twenty-four hours in token of his pacific intentions. At this stage of the international proceedings it began to appear that the great struggle which Europe had long been regarding with incredulous dread, was actually on the point of breaking out under the rancor and hatred of the tense hour. The only response which the kaiser received from St. Petersburg, if the narratives of the affair which have been transmitted to America are accurate, was the intimation that Russia was continuing her warlike measure with the greatest despatch and upon a general scale.

While these futile negotiations were going on, the continent was resounding with the clash of arms. Not only Germany, France, Great Britain, and Russia were making hurried preparations for a general struggle, but smaller states, such as Holland and Belgium, began calling out the reserves to the colors and preparing to enforce the neutrality of their respective territories. In the Balkans, the storm-centre of the new struggle, which has come much quicker than any man would have dared to predict, the various powers were grouping themselves for the portentous events which were overshadowing the European sky. Roumania announced that it would hold itself ready for eventualities—which means, in all probability, that the Roumanian army will be placed at the disposal of Russia in case of necessity. Bulgaria, wearied by the losses of two wars, the last of which ended only a year ago, declared its neutrality. Greece, anxious to assume the largest possible proportions in world events, gave it to be under-

stood that she would immediately send an army of 100,000 men to aid Servia. Montenegro threw in its lot at the outset with the sister state now at war.

The indications that Europe was on the eve of Armageddon became almost conclusive last Saturday evening, when the cable brought the appalling news that the German kaiser, having failed in his attempts to prevent a conflict, and convinced that Russia's warlike activities were aimed ultimately at Germany, had declared war upon Russia. That act aligned two powers of the Triple Alliance against one of the Triple Entente. The attitude of Italy as a member of the Triple Alliance, and of Great Britain as a member of the Triple Entente, became a matter of the utmost importance. France, it was assumed, had already been put on the defensive by the kaiser's stern inquiry as to the purpose of the mobilization of French troops on the Franco-German frontier. Great Britain's fleet was said to be in the Baltic Sea, in a position to strike immediately at the German navy, practically all of which was assembled in the Cattegat. Italy announced her neutrality pending further developments in the frightful drama.

The disastrous effects of a general struggle, not only upon the belligerents but upon the entire world, was indicated in ominous fashion by the fact that a universal financial and industrial decline began on the day when it was announced that Russia was mobilizing. By the end of last week every great stock exchange in the world had been closed; many financial institutions in Europe had suspended all large operations, and the financial and industrial systems of two continents were awaiting the decree of sovereigns and statesmen as to the scope and extent of the hostilities upon which Europe was entering. There was hardly a hopeful sign that the most optimistic eye could descry. The portents of an unparalleled struggle that would set the human race back five centuries, that would destroy at the first roar of the guns much that has been wrought since the dark ages in the painful struggle toward civilization, appeared but too convincing. In all the capitals the cries of hate and bloodlust were the dominant sounds.

Brevities.

The sleeping sickness in South Africa is said to be caused by a microbe. Does this microbe haunt unventilated churches on Sunday morning?

The tramp may have been driven to vagabondage by the tyranny of employers or he may have been tempted to vagabondage by the sympathy of unwise friends. The result in both cases is the ruin of a man.

The ethical and final condemnation of all sin and wrong-doing is that they never satisfy us, and we always regret their occurrence. They are followed by remorse, and all the powers of our composite human nature rise in indignant protest against them.

The time of entrance upon that dreaded experience known as old age has been gradually extended until now it is supposed to be somewhere between seventy and eighty years, with the possibility of protest against that period as too early. If not a wholly preventable disease, old age can be much longer deferred and enjoyed than has been heretofore believed. Dr. Gilman, the president of Johns Hopkins University, says, "If I were to draw a map of life, I should mark the age of seventy as the Cape of Good Hope, and, for the cheer of those who are doubling this cape, I would show that it leads to a Pacific Sea within whose bounds are the Fortunate Isles."

Prof. Rudolf Eucken believes that Christians not only can, but must, remain Christian when they come to regard Christianity as "a progressive historical movement still in the making, that can be shaken free from the numbing influence of ecclesiasticism and placed upon a broader foundation."

To seek to do only the easy things of life is a foolish and suicidal choice, for anybody, even a nonentity, can do these things. Let us care, rather, to do hard things, the overcoming of which will bring to us moral strength, a tested fortitude, and a wider experience of the deeper meanings of human life.

We need more of the spirit of adventure. Few great things are realized by constantly dwelling in the same familiar environment. We are by nature explorers and discoverers, and the progress of the race is measured by the brave spirits who have gone forth beyond the familiar headlands of conformity and knowledge to the far seas of vision and faith.

It is stupid ignorance to shut up in prison a man who has committed a misdemeanor, and to keep him there in idleness, compelling the State or community to support his family possibly for years. He is made no better, and his family suffers. Sometime our treatment of violators of the law will be more rational, humane, and economically just, and then we shall look back upon the present system as crudely inefficient and morally barbaric.

Letters to the Editor.

An International Congress of Social Christianity.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I am asked by those who are arranging the "International Congress of Social Christianity," to be held in Bâle, Switzerland, September 27–30, to call the attention of Americans to this interesting meeting. Many of the most important leaders among "Social Christians" and "Christian Socialists," from all countries of Western Europe, will be present, and there will be papers in three languages on the subjects discussed. Daily worship, daily gatherings of social entertainment, and an official banquet will be provided. The occasion is one which is likely to prove instructive and inspiring, and American travellers in Europe this summer who care for the social applications of religion should be encouraged to be present.

Francis G. Peabody.

Cambridge, Mass.

Knowledge and Righteousness as Allies.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In his address at the dedication of the American University, President Wilson remarked that "scholarship has usually been most fruitful when associated with religion." His further remark, that, so far as he could at the moment recall, scholarship had never been associated with any religion except the religion of Jesus Christ, drew forth on behalf of the Jews a protest, whose justice the President was prompt to recognize; and his disclaimer of any intention to discriminate against Judaism would probably have been extended with almost equal freedom to honest agnosticism.

Digitized by Google

But, while the language used in the President's extempore remarks lacked the elaboration necessary to the precise expression of his thought, Christians, Jews, and I think even agnostics, will agree with him as to the eminent desirability of a close association between scholarship and religion, if by scholarship we may understand a wide acquaintance with the most important truths known to man. Religion will be at its best when most enlightened, and knowledge will contribute most to human welfare when placed at the command of men and women who "hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Knowledge is power, and it is vitally important to society that the power which knowledge gives shall, as far as possible, be lodged in good hands. It is therefore vitally important that knowledge should advance as fast as possible among the spiritually and ethically minded. For this reason it is highly desirable that religion be freed from all narrowness and obscurantism, that debatable points of doctrine be kept in the background, and that religious men and women be among the foremost seekers after truth and the most active disseminators of all knowledge whereby human conditions can be ameliorated and practical goodness promoted.

Edward T. Peters.

Washington, D.C.

Are the "Obstacles Removed"?

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The editorial "Obstacles Removed" by the reverend and honored "G. B.," in your issue of July 15, is, to one who has been nearly twenty years "on the firing line" in the missionary fields, both amusing and disconcerting. To one who has long lived in the small, and for many the almost forgotten, corner of our country which is known as New England, the "obstacles" may seem to be removed. Especially may it seem so if he has been a diligent reader of certain modern magazines, both religious and otherwise. I know that the writer has made occasional journeys west of the Hudson River, but I suspect he has not remained long enough to find out what the religious life of those parts really is. A longer residence might modify his opinion. Besides he would find that there are other prominent publications than those he has seen, read by many thousands, of a quite different temper and outlook. Moreover, while it is true that the prominent journals of the country do express advanced and modern views of religion, there is a very large proportion of the population, more or less intelligent, which does not see or read those journals. So to those who know the facts concerning the obstacles in other parts of this very large country the conclusions of this writer do not seem to be warranted. Permit me to say also that it is the frequent publication of such optimistic and unwarranted opinions by the *Register* which makes it a source of amusement and ridicule among large numbers of people who know the facts to be different.

The truth is, that in large parts of this country and in great centres of population, in many powerful religious institutions, the doctrines of total depravity, eternal punishment, vicarious atonement, and the teaching that certain beliefs are essential to salvation, are persistently assumed and strenuously taught. The personal second coming of Christ, the doctrine of an eternal hell, a real devil, and all the other doctrines which go with these in the "system of salvation" have not "passed out of the consciousness of the younger generation," simply because they have by no means "been put aside by the elders." Indeed there is reason to believe that there is more and better organized effort to teach such doctrines than the world has ever before witnessed. There are many thousands of children growing up in this country, and many thousands of people of childlike minds, who have no other religious teaching and who will have no chance for any other. If the old things have passed away, more than half of our population have not discovered it. If "the executioner has cut off the head" of "orthodoxy" of this type, he has certainly forgotten or neglected to give it the "pinch of snuff." The head is still on, and is very active and effective in the propagation of the doctrines. Indeed it would seem that many strong leaders of orthodoxy have become convinced that, without the doctrine of original sin, and of all the system that is founded on this assumption, their power must wane, and they do not mean to let it go.

On sober second thought, the writer of your editorial cannot but be aware that the system of Roman Catholic theology is largely founded on this assumption, and that orthodox Protestantism has inherited most of it; that the only ground of difference between them is in the sources of authority, in the polity of the churches, and in the assumed methods of getting rid of the "original sin." There is not evident any disposition to do away with the underlying Augustinianism of the Roman and the orthodox Protestant branches of the Church, and these branches dominate still a large proportion of those called "Christians." Modern enlightenment and the movements of democracy are doing something to change these teachings, and perhaps it is inevitable that they must be outlived before they will be forgotten and neglected. It is our privilege to hasten the day when they will be both neglected and forgotten, but the time is not yet. There is work yet to do.

I dislike to argue from particular instances, but one or two of many may be in point: Within a month I have had a discussion with a lawyer who has the reputation of being one of the brainiest and most progressive men in a city of nearly fifty thousand people. He made strenuous argument for all the doctrines I have mentioned, and affirmed belief in special creation of species in order to uphold what he deemed the necessity of accepting the stories of creation and fall related in Genesis. He declared that all theories of evolution of the forms of life have been disproved by the best scientific thinkers, and that the time would soon come when they would not be allowed to be taught in the schools of the land. In this same city the editors and owners of the newspapers were converted by Billy Sunday, and gave space and editorial writing to uphold his teachings. It is but a few years since the chaplain of Tuskegee Institute told me that "without the devil he could do nothing with his people." A lady recently told me, after one of my sermons, that she believed what I said with the exception that I had denied the reality of the devil, in whom she ardently believed. These are but a few of the instances which I could indefinitely multiply.

The great point of our attitude and belief is to bear witness to the truth of the divinity of man, to the worth and the possibilities of human nature, and the consequent possibility and necessity, without the aid of mediation or priesthood, of personal victory over sin and temptation. Our gospel for this and for all other worlds depends upon this truth. If those who think that the great work of the liberal branch of the Church is to effect "a total reconstruction of social and economic theory and practice" could but realize the first necessity of striking at the root of our modern troubles by doing away with the obstacles which follow the persistent assumption that man is a "natural sinner," they would doubtless be more effective in their programmes, and possess more enthusiasm for the gospel.

Digitized by Google

We must indeed rejoice with those who see that the new order is being ushered in in certain quarters, but we must not be deluded into thinking that those quarters are larger than they are. We glory in the visions which the seers see, but we sometimes wish that they might camp on the trail of the "Reverend Billy" Sunday, and others of his stamp, for about six months of the year. They would certainly have visions of another kind, and gain a truer estimate of the actual religious conditions. For those who have a missionary spirit, there await experiences which will quickly do away with some of the complacency found east of the Hudson. If some of our workers would dare to take more of the risks and obligations of liberal religion they would quickly discover that we still have the greatest gospel to proclaim to a very large part of the world, the gospel of the divinity and the divine possibilities of human life. F. M. BENNETT.

HINGHAM, MASS.

[The editor of the *Christian Register* has kindly given me an opportunity to reply to the comments made in the letter printed above. I have nothing to say in reply except to suggest that Mr. Bennett did not read my editorial with sufficient care. Every word that I wrote I stand to as true of the classes described. I am not so blind to facts as to ignore the existence of Billy Sunday and the multitudes who accept the doctrines he preaches. All I insist upon is that certain most desirable steps of progress have been taken since the Civil War, affecting the beliefs and the happiness of—we will say—at least a million people in the United States.

What Mr. Bennett says about the writer is "both amusing and disconcerting." He is probably too young to remember that G. B. lived three years in Chicago and does not know that in making missionary journeys he has at least passed through forty-four of the States of the Union, most of them lying west of the Hudson River. G. B.]

A Conception of God.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Your correspondent William Page Andrews, in the *Christian Register* of July 2, apparently asks me to tell him where to find a clear conception of God. He quotes with approval some words of mine: "There can be no worship where there is no clearly defined conception of God. No man can worship that which he knows not," and he proceeds to describe that as a statement of "incontrovertible fact." Then he asks, "Has sectarianism given us a clearly defined conception of God?"

Mr. Andrews really supplies his own answer when he says that "it is the glory of Unitarianism that it has proclaimed the omnipresence and omnipotence of the Creative Love," for here we have a sect, a denomination of people cut off by their form of faith from communion with orthodox Christians, proclaiming Unitarianism, which includes a clearly defined conception of God as an omnipotent and omnipresent Being who is Creative Love. But this is not all. Mr. Andrews writes of "the Good God" as if he has that conception of the Deity and believes in him as such. Is not that a clear conception? Does not the word "good" define it? He makes the matter all the more plain by stating that "we Unitarians have at least not insulted God by calling him vengeful," "we have swept out . . . the phantom devil of a futile theology," so that the Unitarian conception is still more clearly defined by the assertion that God is not "vengeful," and that his goodness leaves no room for a "devil." Mr. Andrews, as an "old Unitarian," explains away "the enigma of evil" by suggesting that "God must be present in what we call the evil," and that "apparent evils" have "beneficial effects" in "clearing the Lord's pathway." Thus we are told that the Good God is one who turns all that we call evil to good uses, making it subserve the good, in whose providence, therefore, no absolute evil exists, but only that which is partial and relative. This is a grand conception of God. It is clear and defined, and is given to the world by the Unitarian sect, which has learned it from Jesus of Nazareth, who taught that the Good God loves his enemies.

It is evident that Mr. Andrews has this conception of God, that he believes in it, and that he worships in accordance therewith. The fact that he is an avowed Unitarian worshipper who agrees that "there can be no worship where there is no clearly defined conception of God" is itself a proof that he has a conception sufficiently clear and definite as to satisfy the requirements of his worship.

No man can completely define God, for no part can include nor comprehend the whole. But every man forms his own conception of what God is, and, however poor that may be, even though it be expressed in the shape of a wooden image, it may be clear and definite so far as it goes, and suffice for a form of worship. A mental concept is just an image of God, but the image is not God. No religious sect can give a complete definition of the Deity, but it can give what it knows, as all sects have done, in a clear and definite form.

My point was just this: that worship depends upon knowledge; that we cannot worship what we have no knowledge of; and that we can promote any form of worship only by proclaiming abroad the knowledge of God upon which it is based. This must be the work of the sect which has that knowledge. But the dissolving of all sects into one body in which sectarianism should be unknown and non-existent would result in vagueness, lack of knowledge and understanding; and with the resulting ignorance would come the decline of worship and the paralysis of religious life. Hence the necessity of proclaiming differences of view and of promoting sectarian zeal and its propaganda.

H. BODELL SMITH.

BLACKPOOL, ENGLAND.

Futile Feints.

BY PERCY F. BICKNELL.

In that notable fifty-third chapter of "Vanity Fair," the chapter in which Rawdon Crawley, letting himself into his house with his latch-key late one night unexpectedly to Becky, interrupts a little festivity to which he had not been invited, the usually clever Rebecca for once so far forgets herself as to gasp out, almost before any one has said a word, "I am innocent, Rawdon; before God, I am innocent," thus illustrating once more the truth of Shakespeare's lines,—

> "So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
> It spills itself in fearing to be spilt."

There are many moral and mental states, hardly to be described as guilt, that show the same fatal tendency to betray themselves, often in ways that are amusing. To be one thing and to seem another is the difficult achievement attempted by some of us all our lives, and probably by all of us at some time in our lives.

The shop-keeper who marks all his goods with two prices, one considerably higher than the other and crossed out, or with a tag bearing the words "below cost," tries to make the public believe that here is a chance to get something for about half what it is worth; but he convinces few or none that he is really the altruist his show-

Digitized by Google

window seems to proclaim him to be, and his methods do not recommend him to the judicious buyer. Books that are advertised in terms of extravagant praise, bolstered up with bits of highly laudatory critical opinion severed from their modifying connection, never get very far on the strength of such obvious tactics. At very rare intervals a publisher may surprise the world by showing the courage to quote both the best and the worst that the reviewers are saying of his products; and this exhibition of honesty and fearlessness ought to win him many purchasers. One wishes it could be said with certainty that it does. At any rate, an established reputation for such truthfulness in business must be an asset of incalculable value.

Among the more or less innocent futilities practised by men and women in their daily comings and goings in a world largely ruled by convention, a few of an illustrative character may here be briefly touched upon. It has probably happened to all of us to be avoided on the street by an acquaintance or even friend who, from some more or less whimsical or unaccountable motive, chooses to feign not to see us, and who, at the moment of our meeting, is perhaps in the act of turning to inspect a display of neckties in a shop window, or is lost in seeming abstraction, or gazing fixedly at the sky line, or in some other studiedly casual way manifesting an appearance of utter unawareness that we are within a thousand miles of the spot. Why is it that no one, except possibly the actor himself,—and we too, on occasion, have played the part, very cleverly, we think,—is ever likely to be deceived by this elaborate bit of play-acting? Perhaps because, like lying in general, it is almost sure to be overdone. The really absent-minded, who go dreaming on their way through the crowded streets with no answering nod of greeting to their closest friends, never give offence by their amiable abstraction, which is in no danger of being mistaken for intentional rudeness. But the man of deliberately fugitive ways does not endear himself to the person avoided. Perhaps he once betrayed himself in that person's presence, or did him a wrong, and now thinks to save his face, as the Chinese would say, by an artful pretence of pre-occupation or myopia, or of absorption in some readjustment of wearing apparel.

Another futile feint is the time-honored one practised by the briefless barrister or other young professional man with an undesired abundance of leisure who, upon our entering his office, is found apparently up to his ears in the preparation of an important case, or engaged in some other matter of urgency, but who, it flashes upon us with unaccountable vividness and certainty, has just shoved a French novel or an illustrated magazine into a convenient drawer of his desk, and has not for some time had anything more pressing to occupy his attention than the view from his sixteenth-story window or the fictive trials and tribulations of his favorite author's latest heroine. It chanced recently, in the course of the present writer's comings and goings, that he visited the shop of a newly established tailor; and it came to the visitor's consciousness, as clearly as if he had witnessed the act, that at the first turn of the door-knob the man of shears and tape-measure had flown to his cutting-board, thrown open a roll of cloth, and assumed that industrious air which he so ostentatiously wore when, at the end of this preparatory instant, he met the view. His bit of pantomime was perfectly natural and not unjustifiable, and perhaps we like him the better for it; but such pretences seldom deceive, and he may be bright enough to know it. Why then adopt the petty subterfuge? Probably because it is deemed more decorous, more conducive to self-respect, than the naked exposure of one's need of and eagerness for custom, and on the chance that it may indicate some such pressure of business as is supposed to be the best magnet to attract still more business.

Many and obvious are the conversational and the epistolary feints to which most of us are in some measure addicted. An abrupt change of subject, a pretended forgetfulness of what we were about to say, an attempted transformation of a laugh into a cough, a vehement protestation that we did not mean what we most certainly did mean, a fancied concealment of thought under a profusion of words,—who is not familiar with these and a hundred other futilities? When in conversation or in a letter occur the words "Now I don't want to be disagreeable, but"— we always know that something particularly disagreeable and, what is more, probably disagreeable by design, is to follow. "To be quite frank with you" may preface the most artful avoidance of frankness and fairness. "I fear you will find yourself sadly mistaken" is likely to veil, thinly enough, a malicious glee at your error, with nothing in the least resembling alarm on the speaker's or writer's part.

There was formerly known to the writer of this a pedantic gentleman who had a number of rather obvious affectations, among which was a habit of clearing the throat after a would-be impressive or unusually stilted utterance. This action of the larynx had doubtless become more or less involuntary, but it seemed to serve the purpose of a mark of punctuation and also to be a means of relieving the embarrassment of a too sudden transition from things erudite to things commonplace and practical. No suggestion of any sort of throat trouble was ever conveyed by this futile feint of hoarseness, and its real though unintentional function, to the discerning, was that of advertising the gentleman's lack of thorough genuineness. It was depended on as an aid to ease and grace of manner by one who had little of the real ease and grace that accompany freedom from artificiality.

Indulgence in the futile feints of our conventionalized civilization is human; a successful avoidance of them without violence to the social amenities is perhaps worthy of being accounted little short of divine.

Church-going in Germany.

No English or American visitor to Germany fails to be struck by the scanty attendance at the Sunday services in nearly all the Protestant churches, an attendance even scantier than in those of France. Thus in the city of Lubeck I found that only one in every three hundred of the population is at church on an average Sunday. Many hastily attribute this apathy to the heterodox doctrines of the German theologians. Others, looking deeper, attribute it to that close identification of Church and State, which makes all ecclesiastical work a mere department of governmental organization, and so destroys all zeal, or even interest, on the part of the laity. Harnack in one of the volumes "Aus Wissenschaft und Leben," which he published a couple of years ago, gives emphatic testimony on this subject.

"In Germany," he says, if we may translate from him, "all the Protestant state-churches are only Catholic churches of a new kind, while the Protestant churches of Holland and France and Switzerland broke away from Catholicism at their very origin. Their churches may be ever so closely akin to us in doctrine, in religious emotion, in political or intellectual attitude; but they are utterly dissimilar from us in their ecclesiastical organization. For our German churches remain, just as before the days of Luther, an organization of ecclesiastics, in which the laity leave all church-activities to the clergy, and regard their own religious liberty as dependent on the fact that they have nothing to do with church affairs. A German

Digitized by Google

Protestant, even when a sincere supporter of the church, considers his own personal relations with her to be limited to letting her baptize, catechize, confirm, marry, and bury him, and to attending Sunday morning service once or twice or perhaps three times a year during his adult life. All this done, he regards himself as in other respects a free man, free to pursue his spiritual edification in whatever way he thinks best, and to accept as much or as little of the church's doctrines as he may see fit. No one will blame him at all for taking up that position. If any pastors happen to be molested for heresy, he is annoyed for the moment; but he pays no serious heed to the persecution, unless he is a relation or a personal friend of one of the sufferers, for he knows that with himself no ecclesiastical authority will dream of meddling.

"Nor do I altogether regret that our church is organized in this Catholicizing way. To the freedom it secures we owe Lessing, Kant, Schiller, and Goethe; nay, even Herder and Schleiermacher. Ours is the only church in which laymen enjoy such freedom of thought. A layman in an American congregation is in an utterly different position; for our laymen, without exception, are truly and really free, though it is at the cost of leaving their pastors chain-bound. (The University theologians, however, have got pretty far out of all chains.)

"One of our best laymen recently gave a religious address at a church gathering in Marburg. Yet when I asked him if on other occasions he took part in church matters, he stared at me and treated it as obvious that he would not do so. For German laymen regard all matters connected with the church as being either something professional, which concerns only the theologians and the pastors, or as being something rather unreal,—or as being both! I see this even in our earnest Christian-Socialist movement, utterly unecclesiastical though it is."—*London Christian Life.*

Faces.

Nowhere else in the heavens or the earth have we so vivid a picture as is offered us in the human face. In those few inches of surface what a concentration of power, what a mingling of matter and of mind! The face is the soul's window, through which it looks out on the world; through which the world, in its turn, reads the soul's own secret. Think of the collection of faculty massed in that tiny oval! Underneath, in chest and limbs, is the machinery of life; here, on the countenance, is life itself. Its flesh is charged with spirit. The eye, which gives us the universe, to farthest worlds; the ear, with all that music means, with all that spoken language means; the mouth, the gateway of our food and drink, of the air we breathe, the organ of speech; our sense of smell, and the whole world of scents and perfumes,—all this and so much more built into that one tiny bit of space! Every inch of it is a revelation. What volumes the eye tells! The nose, the mouth, the chin, all deciders of destiny. You will see a nose that tells everything: a conquering nose, that of a Cæsar, a Wellington, that will crash through a world; the weak, boneless one, sign of the nothing the man is. And so with a mouth, a chin. All we are, all we have been, and all we have done, carries itself here in a thousand subtle lines, a myriad touches of the artist who is painting us. Odd, is it not, that, while we so carefully shield the rest of our body, by a whole strata of clothing, from the cold and damp, this part of us, infinitely the most delicate and sensitive of all, with nerves so immeasurably finer, nerves whose exquisite texture record every minutest change and shade of expression,—that this, the body's supreme nerve-centre, should be left open by us to every wind that blows! Clothing, after all, is largely a convention. The best bit of us does without it.

Face architecture is an old art, one of the oldest in the world. Babylon and Egypt were proficient in it. There is a curious chapter in Clement of Alexandria, where he describes the manner of "making up" amongst the Alexandrian ladies of his time. Evidently the second century could, in these mysteries, give points to the twentieth. But, alas! nature does not smile on these methods; or, if she does, her smile has too much sarcasm in it. She regards them as a peddling trade. What worth they are, how far they go, is known to the lady's maid, who visits her mistress in the morning.

Nature has a face architecture of another kind—august, venerable, sometimes terrible. Her instruments are time and the will, the events that happen to a man, the million million volitions which spring from and react on the character. The great graving tool is the soul itself. The other day it fell to the writer to meet some friends of his boyhood, once familiar figures, whom he had not seen for fifty years. Here, indeed, was genuine work, fateful work. What a product of time and the hours! The once lithe forms bowed and stiffened; the once smooth, eager faces covered with wrinkles; eye, speech, expression, how changed, transformed! All the varied scenes of life, all the experiences gone through—the lifting joys, the poignant sorrow, all the secret thoughts of the heart, had left here each their mark; all had wrought on the plastic material and made this new, strange, unrecognizable picture. "I should not have known you!" was, on each side, the startled expression. One felt here the solemnity, the tragedy of living,—how each of us is adrift on the current that carries us all away.

Yet the study of the face is not wholly a sombre one. It offers one of the greatest of revelations. It shows us the profound spirituality of nature. We see here how it conquers and refines matter, how it transfuses it with the highest things of the soul. Look into the face of some noble character, some inspired leader of men. Observe its strength, its beauty, its sweetness. It was not always like that. The new-born child was a mere pulpy mass, from which you could divine nothing. But through the years, since the soul awoke, since character began to form and to make its great decisions, the inner wealth of the spirit has been flowing out upon the features, moulding, transforming them, pouring into their flesh and blood all the beauty of its secret life. Here thought has materialized, and matter has been spiritualized. In this action of the soul upon the face, do we not catch a glimpse of what is going on in the universe? Have we not here in this selected bit of matter an image, a prophecy, of what the whole world, nature's utmost realm, is yet to become? The cosmos is also being spiritualized; its rude chaotic mass is being wrought on from within, and is yet to be the triumph of thought, through its utmost borders to be made beautiful by the soul that is within it!—*The London Christian World.*

Grass.

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and the dandelions, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead. Grass is the forgivingness of Nature,—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is for-

Digitized by Google

gotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of the winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle agriculture of the elements, which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outlines of the world. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.—*John J. Ingalls.*

The Unitarian Name and Principles.*

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The religious fellowship to which we belong is called, and calls itself, "Unitarian." This is not a name which we assumed ourselves; it is one which was bestowed upon us by our theological opponents. When it was first applied to our spiritual fathers they strenuously resisted the appellation, for the doctrine of the Trinity, which the term "Unitarian" seems especially to antagonize, is in reality the least objectionable to us of the five points of Calvinism. We emphasize far more our opposition to other leading doctrines of orthodoxy—such as the total depravity of human nature, the scheme of vicarious redemption, the infallibility of the Scriptures, and the endless character of future retribution. Yet, since our opponents have so insisted on calling us "Unitarians" we have adopted the name. We must have some designation, and this term "Unitarian," bestowed upon us in reproach, has become endeared to us, not only from its associations for nearly three hundred years past in Europe and America, but still more by the fact that in the development of human thought and scientific knowledge during the past fifty years the word "Unitarian" has grown in intellectual and moral values far beyond its original significance. It is to-day, as I shall hope to show, the most suggestive, rich, and truly representative name borne by any sect in Christendom. The names of the other Protestant bodies are in some cases derived from a church polity, as "Congregational," "Presbyterian," "Episcopalian"; or they are called after a person, as "Lutheran" or "Swedenborgian"; or they have reference to an ecclesiastical rite, as the "Baptists"; or a denominational peculiarity, as the "Methodists."

It seems to be reserved for the liberal sects to inscribe on their banners words that represent great ideas and stand for lofty principles of faith and action. In this sense "Universalism" is a glorious name for a church. To include all, to save all, to restore and sanctify all mankind, to vindicate the all-wise, all-loving character of our Father in heaven,—surely, this is a noble mission for a church!

The name "Unitarian" would seem to contain even more—to be still grander in its suggestion and sweep. It not only includes all men in its loving thought and prayer; it also seeks to unite, to unify them. This unity it would not accomplish by insisting on uniformity of belief or conformity in religious rites and practices, but by oneness of moral purpose, by making piety, righteousness, and love the bonds that unite its members amidst large varieties of thought.

Unitarianism, therefore, while it stands for many important things, stands pre-eminently for this great principle of unity. This principle has made great headway and received many new applications during the past century. If each generation may be said to have its controlling sentiment, the leading thought of this age is certainly "unity." We see this in modern science, in which the prevailing tendency is to carry back the multiplicity of phenomena, as we behold them, to a few simple principles, and to resolve the various natural forces with which we are acquainted into one underlying, dynamic, and persistent force, the fountain and source of all forms of energy. In politics the same tendency is manifested in the closer union of States, the gradual absorption of smaller nationalities into larger ones, and the concentration of authority in a few hands. In business life it discloses itself in gigantic mergers of capital and enterprise, and the combination of both employers and employed in their respective interests, as well as in that new method of co-operation which is destined, it may be, to become the remedy for many of the economic difficulties of our time. In society at large we may trace the working of the same principle in the improved disposition of men toward each other, uniting them as never before in the bonds of mutual interest and amity as well as in the social readjustments of our time. Especially do we find it displayed in that world-movement for international peace, which is one of the noblest fruits of modern civilization. Finally, it is discernible no less in the sphere of the distinctly religious, in the great decrease of dogmatism and intolerance among the churches, and the increasing attempts to harmonize theological and ecclesiastical differences and find some common ground of Christian union. On a still loftier plane of thought and sentiment we find the representatives of advanced ideas seeking for a larger synthesis, which shall include and unite all the great world-faiths in a universal religion and a world-brotherhood. Such are a few of the manifold testimonies from all departments of thought and life which show us that unity is the controlling idea, the watchword of our century.

It is this which gives to our denominational name a philosophical and moral value far beyond its original meaning, and makes it indicative of the ripest thought, the most advanced scholarship, the broadest culture, and largest humanity of our time, thus vindicating its right to be the distinctive appellation of a body of free, rational, and liberal believers, the advocates of a religion of liberty, holiness, and love.

I. The Unity of God.

This will become still more apparent as we proceed to examine in detail some of the more striking and important of the implications which are contained in the word "Unitarian."

To begin with, first in the history of its theological development Unitarianism stands for the Unity of God in opposition to the current and orthodox dogma of the Trinity. The early Unitarians based their opposition to the church doctrine of the tripersonality of God on the ground that Scripture, reason, and history are all against it. The Scriptures, both the Old and the New Testament, clearly teach the Unity of God. If the Trinity were a true and vital doctrine of Christianity, why is it not clearly laid down in the Bible? Why does not Christ say plainly, "I am God." But, instead of this, we find him everywhere inculcating his subordination to the Father. It is only by the most forced construction and sophistical reasoning that the deity of Christ can be read into the Scripture. There is not a single instance in the New Testament where the word "God" means three persons, or a passage which unequivocally teaches the deity of Christ.

* A paper read at the Isles of Shoals Unitarian meetings, July 19, 1914, and printed by request.

Digitized by Google

In the second place, the direct, unimpeachable testimony of history shows that the early apostolic Church, with all its magnifying of Jesus, was yet Unitarian in its doctrine of God, and remained so down to the third century of our era, at which time the dogma of the Trinity first made its formal appearance from Greek sources, as a reconciling article of faith intended to unite the Jewish and pagan elements in the Christian Church.

Third, we deny the doctrine of the tripersonality of God because it cannot justify itself to the human reason. It is impossible to frame any intelligible statement of it, or to find any proof, or even analogy, for it in the nature of things. For how can we conceive of three distinct and equal persons in the Godhead, with three different consciousnesses, three different wills, and three different perceptions, each performing different acts,—and yet one. Such a conception contradicts and destroys itself in the very statement. That orthodox theologians have felt the logical difficulties involved in their position is shown by the great variety of interpretations and definitions which they have given this dogma, from Athanasius down to the liberal orthodoxy of our own day. The latter, while professing to uphold the Trinity, practically surrenders it, and assumes ground concerning the divinity of Christ (not his deity) which the Unitarian body once held but is now generally outgrowing in favor of his simple and ideal humanity. The Unitarian controversy has settled the question of the Trinity for all independent and advanced minds, showing it to be untenable on all grounds of Scripture, reason, and history. It was true and sacred to former generations, and doubtless fulfilled a useful office in the Christian Church. But, having fulfilled its mission, to free-thinking and emancipated minds, at least, it should be relegated to the lumber-room of outworn and venerable beliefs, an object of curious and respectful regard, but no longer a vital principle of faith. As, however, it still retains its place in the official creeds of Christendom, and is still accepted as true by the vast majority of Christians, it is, and will long remain, our duty to maintain the opposite principle of the Unity of the Godhead.

For these reasons, therefore, reasons which obviously can be only outlined in this brief statement, but which we stand ready to justify to any honest seeker, Unitarians stand first of all, in their religious outlook, for the Unity of God, a doctrine which is fundamental to a pure Christianity and all true religion, and needs to be emphasized to-day and for a long time to come.

II. Unity of the Divine Plan and Method.

But this leads inevitably to a second vital principle of Unitarian faith, our belief in the unity of the divine plan and method in the universe. The religious philosophy of former generations was utterly unconscious of this oneness of God's operations in the material and spiritual world. From the primitive point of view there was no such thing as unity in nature. This world was a scene of chance and change, and life an incessant battle between innumerable forces, all at cross-purposes with each other, and without any common aim or inner harmony. Early man's attitude toward the Higher Power which the universe manifests to even savage minds was one of bewilderment and distrust. This confused and crude conception of the world-government persisted even when the race attained to larger knowledge and experience. The Hebrew people were in advance of their contemporaries in ethical and religious matters, yet they had no such idea of the unity of nature's operations as in our day forms the alphabet of science and the bulwark of theism. In the Old Testament the Deity is represented as ever at cross-purposes with himself, as continually suspending the laws he has made for the government of the world, arresting, or setting aside altogether, the established order of things in order to carry out some after-thought or amended purpose of his own, or to meet some unexpected emergency.

In Christian theology this inharmony and confusion of counsels persists. The miraculous has an even larger place, and transforms the history of mankind into a scene of constant supernatural interposition. The writers of the New Testament give an account of some miracles; the early Church fathers record many more; the mediæval Church produced them with marvellous fecundity; the present Church is not without them.

With some modifications this ancient idea of God as ruling the universe by caprice and change, special providences and miracles, still holds its own in the various theologies and sects of Christendom. The single exception, perhaps, is the Unitarian body. Unitarians stand for the unity of the divine plan in the world. They hold that one perfect, all-sufficient purpose was originally conceived, one method framed, and one divine order established in both the material and spiritual realms. Through countless ages there has been a steady, gradual, normal unfolding of the infinite intent of the Creator. This evolution of the divine purpose is still going on without break or spasm or hindrance. In the divine plan there is no arrest, no jar, no amendment, no "act supplementary to an act." Nothing has been left to chance; all contingencies were foreseen; all were adequately provided for; all speak the divine constancy, order, intelligence, and beneficence. There is no need and no room for miraculous intervention. Miracles exist only in the brain of the beholder. Truly, this gives us an adequate, inspiring view of the unity and harmony of God's creation. It does not lessen, it vastly increases our religious awe and unfaltering trust in the Eternal life which quickens all and rises to its highest manifestation in the reason and conscience of man. God is no longer to us, as he was to our fathers, an arbitrary sovereign dwelling in awful isolation apart from the world, ruling it from impulse or caprice, and by his continual intervention alone insuring the stability of his divine experiment. To us he is an indwelling and immanent God, whose pulsing life inspires and sustains the various ranks and orders of creation, from the lowest to the highest, from atom to angel: it is he of whom we sing with the poet:—

"God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from thee
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
While from creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

To which we may add the thought of one of our own hymn-writers,—

"But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold
Thine image and thyself are there:—
The Indwelling God proclaimed of old."

III. The Unity of Life.

This belief in the unity of the divine plan in governing the world leads irresistibly to a third great principle of Unitarian faith; namely, our belief in the oneness of life, both in this world and in all worlds—past, present, or to come.

The old philosophy of the universe never clearly arrived at this basic truth of modern science and modern religion. It distinguished, indeed, various kinds of life on this planet. It divided off the organic from the inorganic world, and set aside the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, with their innumerable subdivisions. But between each of these divisions it fixed an impassable gulf. It had not yet arrived at the grand conception of the essential

Digitized by Google

unity of all forms of life; that all life, everywhere and eternally, in monad as in man, in the sand-grain on the shore and the glittering meteor of the midnight heavens, in the tiny Infusoria that circle in a drop of water, and the harmonies that surge through the soul of a Beethoven, "in Plato's brain and Lord Christ's heart,"—all these forms of energy, however various and seemingly distinct, are equally a part of "that great organism which lives and grows eternally, and which we call the universe."

Among religious bodies, Unitarians were the first to accept as the basis of their religious philosophy that new and grand conception of the unity of life which modern science reveals. There may be those among us who will not call themselves evolutionists, for ours is a free fellowship, and we do not demand uniformity in scientific any more than in religious beliefs; but the vastly preponderating majority of Unitarians are believers in that new philosophy of the universe whose general outline Charles Darwin, the scion of a leading Unitarian family in England, published to the world. This philosophy teaches us that all forms of life are intimately correlated, and pass through the same or similar processes of development. In all parts of God's infinite dominion all life is one. To him who accepts this established scientific teaching of our time it imparts a sense of security, a feeling of confidence in the integrity and eternity of the world-order. The belief in man's future and eternal progress also acquires a new illumination. Back to the dawnings of sentient being on our planet we trace the gradual ascent of life, from crude beginnings to its present most-developed conditions in man. Shall this progress cease when the human form and intelligence are attained? Shall this toilsome journey from the lower to the higher end with the partial attainments of this life? Not so! The instinct of growth within us, fortified by the rational conclusions of the mind, points and prompts us ever upward and onward. Like Jacob of old we behold, as in a vision, the ladder of creation, whose base is grounded on earth, whose successive rounds may represent to us the genera and species of the kingdoms of nature, whose topmost reach is hidden from our sight, but not from our faith, for, like the patriarch of old, we believe that "the top of it reaches to heaven."

IV. The Unity of Man.

All life on this planet, we said, is one. This carries with it another central belief of Unitarianism— the unity of man.

It is an open question as yet among anthropologists whether the different races of men now existing may be considered as distinct species, or whether they are derived from a single original type. Prof. Agassiz held that there were originally eight different races; the anthropologist Pickering distinguished eleven. Mr. Darwin and his school generally hold that the great variety of types now existing have descended from one species, and that their present great differences in structure may be satisfactorily accounted for on natural grounds as a gradual divergence from the one original type. In so far Darwin and the book of Genesis are in agreement.

But no such uncertainty attends the doctrine of the spiritual unity of mankind. "Under all the diversities of government, custom, color, clime, which divide the nations, there is a unity deeper than all these. The humanity of each nation is older and deeper than all its traditions, than institutions, language, race." This is a relation more vital than the ties of blood. It is the cornerstone of the Christian religion; it is the condition of social order and progress; it is the characteristic feature of the civilization of our century. The doctrine of the common brotherhood of all men, so nobly uttered by a pagan writer, "I am a man, and I count nothing human foreign to myself," so nobly affirmed by the Apostle Paul, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," is beginning to be felt as never before in human society. In all directions we see improved relations between man and man. In politics and economics, in social and business life, and in the church, fraternity and equality are ever on the increase. It may not always seem to be so. Still there are wars and fightings among men, and hatreds and antagonisms of race, color, and class disturb the world's harmony and progress. But these are only the foam and fury which ruffle the surface of the great outpour of humanity down the rock-strewn course of the ages; beneath it the calm and powerful current sweeps on, and ever on, to its final destination in the great ocean of universal brotherhood and peace.

The doctrine of the unity of man teaches that all men everywhere are closely united in their duties and destinies. "We are all members one of another; and if one member suffer, all suffer with it, and if one member rejoice, all rejoice with it." Every purely selfish impulse, every infraction of right, every deed of cruelty, is not only a violation of the divine law established for the good of the world, but takes its revenge upon our individual natures, lowers the moral tone of the community, arrests the progress of civilization, and jars the moral order of the universe. Conversely, too, every act of justice, every deed of self-sacrifice, every lofty sentiment, every holy prayer, purifies the moral atmosphere of society, lifts the heavy burdens from the shoulders of the weak, unlooses the bonds of wickedness, opens the prison doors of captive souls, and brings down the blessing of heaven upon the children of men.

For these reasons, therefore, and with such incentives to cheer us, Unitarians believe that, amidst all diversities of color, race, education, and social position, mankind is one—one in its origin and nature, one in its spiritual constitution, and one in its ultimate destiny.

V. The Unity of Religion.

We must pass by other suggestive interpretations and ask attention to a final thought,—the unity of religions in religion.

The old idea of all religions except the Jewish and Christian was that they were utterly bad, superstitious, corrupt, and cruel. While Judaism and Christianity had been revealed, Brahminism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and, in fact, all other world-faiths, had been invented. Christianity alone was true; all other religions were false. They were natural; Christianity was supernatural, and hence alone among them all divinely authoritative and trustworthy. Such a view was derived chiefly from the prevailing ignorance concerning the other great religions of the world. Their traditions were still unknown; their Scriptures had not yet been read; their doctrines and development had not been studied. But, thanks to the researches of eminent scholars, we are arriving at a juster estimate of the part played by the non-Christian religions in the regeneration of mankind. We have come to see that they all have their root in the same soil of human feeling and thought which gave birth to the Jewish and Christian faiths. Deep in human nature lie the instincts, the intuitions, the moral and spiritual capacities to which all great religious teachers appeal, and out of which spring the various philosophies and forms of religion. These were all useful to their day and generation, and expressed the degree of ethical insight to which their followers had attained. Christianity is not generically distinct from these. She is their younger sister, differing from them mainly in environment and the degree of development attained, but sharing with them a common

origin and fulfilling a common mission,—to interpret to man the facts of his own spiritual nature and the moral order of the universe; to teach him to look up and away from matter and sense to the spiritual life that is in God. From this point of view, while religions are many, religion is one—a conclusion which is destined to exercise a vast influence on the religious life of the world, particularly in the conduct of foreign missions.

Conclusion.

Thus in the oneness of God, the oneness of the divine plan in governing the world, the oneness of life, of mankind, and of religion, we have traced the same law and discovered the same fundamental truth which our denominational name so well expresses,—the great principle of unity. For these reasons, and others of a similar nature, we call ourselves "Unitarians."

We believe that no other name could so well represent our attitude toward scientific truth, toward religion, toward man, and toward God. We are aware that there exists in the religious community a deep-seated prejudice against the name, but, like the Apostle Paul, we are not ashamed to confess that "after the way men call heresy so worship we the God of our fathers." We agree with Dr. Channing when he said, "I cheerfully take the name of a Unitarian, because unwearied attempts are made to raise against it a popular cry"; and with O. B. Frothingham when he says: "The new Unitarianism . . . calls itself Unitarian simply because that name suggests freedom and breadth and progress and elasticity and joy. . . . No other name would be so impressive or, on the whole, so honorable."

A suggestive commentary on this statement may be found in the various names which at times have been suggested to take the place of the term "Unitarian," names which seem greatly lacking in definiteness, conciseness, historical appropriateness, philosophical and religious significance, and popular appeal. And if a colorless name, such as "free" or "liberal," were adopted, how long would it be until that too were felt by restless or expansive natures to be sectarian and inadequate? It is not the name, but the spirit behind it which is the important matter.

It is sometimes maintained that by giving up the name "Unitarian" we should excite less prejudice in the religious community and win a larger hearing for our principles. But this is more plausible than convincing. In the long run we should lose far more by such a course than we might gain. We should lose the recognized, conspicuous, and honorable place we now occupy in the religious world and the historic development of Christianity. Our spiritual fathers bore faithful, heroic testimony to the truth they bequeathed to us. They were persecuted, suffered, and often died for it. It would be disloyalty to them if we now, from denominational expediency or the sentimental longing for a wider fellowship, disowned their name and example. The discouragement and pain we should inflict upon our Unitarian coreligionists in Hungary, Great Britain, and other lands might also well cause us to abstain from such a repudiation.

We should not advance the cause of truth by it, but only make concessions to that unclearness of thinking and insincere speech on theological topics which are the bane of the existing church. Denominationally we should relapse into insignificance, and lose much of our power for bearing honest and fearless testimony to the truth. Nobody would be deceived by our change of name, least of all our orthodox neighbors. The voice might sound to them like Jacob's, but they would know the hands to be Esau's still. We are told that the Chinese, when a patient is ill unto death, summon a family council, and solemnly change the name of the stricken man, hoping thus to bewilder and baffle the demons in pursuit of him. But our theological opponents are not so foolish and easily outwitted, nor are we as a religious fellowship in any such moribund condition. As a matter of fact, we were never more alive, more united, better equipped, more prosperous, or more hopeful than now. With the forces of modern science and civilization fighting on our side, what occasion have we for discouragement? We have only to "learn to labor and to wait." It is not our name we need to change, but our heart. We need to be spiritually reborn, to feel and display a larger faith, a more invincible optimism, a more self-sacrificing devotion to our principles, a more ardent missionary zeal in their extension.

No body of believers ever had less reason for such a change as is suggested. We are Congregationalists in our church polity, and no one can dispute our right to add that distinctive appellation to our title, if we so desire, or to enter into closer relations with the great body of churches known by that name, if they are agreed. But this need require no sacrifice of our own honored name or principles. Perhaps in some far-away era of theological and ecclesiastical reconciliation Unitarians may be included in a larger synthesis, which shall comprise all churches holding the Congregational principle or the Christian name. But it is not for our small body to presume to initiate such a movement. We would be more likely to delay it.

Men surrender names and doctrines when these are no longer representative of their thought. They leave denominations when they have consciously outgrown their spirit and methods, or when they are forced out by ecclesiastical tyranny. None of these causes exist for us. It does not become us, therefore, to break with the honorable and venerated traditions of our past from mere motives of policy, or a timid shrinking before misrepresentation and intolerance. The best way to overcome unreason and prejudice is not to compromise with, but to convert them; not to flank, but to face and down them. It was thus that the term "Christian," originally bestowed in reproach and contempt, became, through the heroic testimony of apostles and martyrs, "a name above every other name."

So long, therefore, as the term "Unitarian" has in it such representative thought and moral quality, and is so widely applicable to the facts of nature and life as they confront us to-day, so long as the denomination which bears it is liberally disposed, inclusive, and progressive, loyal to truth and charity, we shall doubtless continue to call ourselves "Unitarians." In so doing our chief concern should be to make this name one of the most significant and honorable in the annals of Christendom.

To this religious fellowship, at once rational and reverent, free and devout, we invite all seekers for religious truth and guidance, that they, with us, may know "the glorious liberty of the sons of God," and attain the last and crowning grace implied in the name of our church,—to keep the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

Prayer.

O God, the protector of all who put their trust in thee: we pray for the good estate of this our beloved land, that it may please thee to preserve to us the blessings of an equal and impartial freedom. Unite in mutual understanding men of alien race and faith; revive in all hearts a spirit of devotion to the public good, that strife and tumult may be appeased and justice and truth be exalted. Enable us and all thy people faithfully to discharge the duties of our different spheres, that so the kingdom of brotherhood and peace may be hastened upon the earth, and thy will be done even as now it is done in heaven. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

Midsummer Musing.

BY HENRY G. SPAULDING.

All round about me stand the stately trees
Grandly majestic in their foliage green
And, gently stirred by the midsummer breeze,
Most dazzling look, clad in their gorgeous sheen;

While, near my perch, I note the many flowers —
Roses, nasturtiums, phlox, and pansies fair —
That with their fragrance sweeten all the hours
And beautify the earth with blossoms rare.

Among the trees' green branches flit and sing
The many birds that come to see me here.
At times they fly in flocks upon the wing,
Again they perch beside me without fear.

And so these summer hours I while away
In heedless idleness beneath the skies,
Until, its cares all ended, the long day
In clouds of crimson glory slowly dies.

A Pioneer.

A three-year-old child was standing outside a shop window in Liverpool, England, while her nurse made a purchase within. If the gypsy woman who seized her and ran down the street had not been successfully pursued and overtaken by a passer-by, the next paragraph would have remained unwritten. It appeared in the Aberdeen *Daily Press*, April 8, 1899: "The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on Miss Anna Swanwick, distinguished in two departments of literature, for her service to letters and also for raising the standard of female education in England." This was the little girl who came perilously near being raised to a Romany life.

Heaven gave Anna Swanwick good parentage, a joyous temperament, keen intellectual vigor, and a loving heart—an equipment with which to meet any kind of a world; to this was added the educative friendship of the philosopher and author James Martineau.

Without thought of future publication, and only to compensate herself for the loss of companionship of her sister, who had married and left home, and with only an ordinary knowledge of the language, Anna began a translation of Goethe, with the result that her translations are classics in all good libraries. With an entirely spiritual motive, — to be able to read her New Testament in the original, — she began the study of Greek. The writer will never forget the day when, in a much-loved college library, she came on "A. Swanwick's" beautiful translation of Æschylus, that for several years she supposed was done by a Mr. Swanwick. Even so thought many a Greek scholar in England, and rich were the praises lavished on the new work by such "Grecians" as Plumptre, Gladstone, Robert Browning, and Richard Jebb.

To achieve eminent scholarship on the part of a woman a generation before the day of Girton, Newnham, or Mary Somerville Hall, had not been without effort. Miss Swanwick's desire for proficiency had led her to undertake a long and lonely journey to Berlin from London. Here she became the pupil of Prof. Zumpt, and in the family of this renowned scholar she did in a year the work of three years, not only pursuing her favorite studies, but dipping deep into the works of Kant, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Herder, Heine, Richter, and minor philosophers, while she read endless pages of classical Greek.

It will be recalled that in the early forties Carlyle had aroused an almost frenzied interest in the German writers. The young girl who had sat day after day under the trees in her garden, busy with her German grammar, lexicon, and the works of Goethe, who had braved a solitary year in a foreign land to perfect herself in a language she already knew fairly well, on her return, with the sole object of interesting other young English girls in a study that gave her so great pleasure, ventured a modest little volume of extracts from German poets That chief of editors of translations, Bohn, whose leaden-blue covered books are in all our libraries, chanced on this tiny book and immediately discovered in Anna Swanwick an asset to his great enterprise. He secured her services at once, and she soon became known to all good scholars through her renderings of "Jungfrau von Orleans," "Egmont," "Iphigenia," "Faust," and "Tasso," that followed each other in rapid succession.

Superior work draws to one superior minds, and soon Baron Bunsen, then German ambassador to England, proposed to her the translation of the "Trilogy of Æschylus," and for many months she dwelt in the atmosphere of the blue Greek seas, living a life of broad spaces never after abandoned. Between hours given to allotted tasks of translation Miss Swanwick found time for several pieces of original work, as "The Utopian Dream," "Evolution and the Religion of the Future," and "Poets the Interpreters of their Age." It was this last-named volume that lay open on Tennyson's library table when he turned from it to read earthly books no more.

Miss Swanwick now found herself environed by those in the foremost ranks of art, science, literature, and politics, receiving and offering generous hospitality. Her *salon* became another Holland House, drawing to it all the good thinkers and writers of her day. At her beautiful home in Regent's Park, she dispensed a mental and spiritual hospitality that drew to her the best of London, Cambridge, and Oxford. Miss Swanwick was wont to say, "One may know Greek and Latin and may understand the mysteries of higher mathematics, but, if she have not charity, it profiteth nothing"; and it was the spirit of charity that pervaded her *salon*.

The secret of Anna Swanwick's intellectual vigor lay largely in the fact that no claim of humanity found her heart cold. Never would she allow her personal interests to keep her apart from the whole. Her London home offered ample opportunity for her philanthropic proclivities. She rented a hall for a "Working Girls' Social Evening School," a genuine settlement idea carried out long before the modern settlement was evolved by Jane Addams and similar spirits. It became so significant that it was finally taken over by the London School Board.

In maturer years honors fell thick and fast on this modest and profound scholar, this lover of her kind. In 1858 she was made one of the first lady members of the Royal Institute, where Faraday, Huxley, and Tyndall became her fast friends. She would listen seriously to their discussions on the negative side of faith, and then, out of her assurance, her true witness of the Spirit, say to them calmly, "Nevertheless, I know God hears and answers prayer."

She was nearly eighty when Aberdeen University conferred on her the degree of LL.D., which reminds Americans of the similar degree given by Brown University to our own Julia Ward Howe at a yet more advanced age. In beauty and strength such a woman would grow old. "The mission of life is to love," she often said. A lessening consideration of self and a growing consideration of others from youth to age opened wider vistas of life. At another time she remarked, "If this life is the be-all and end-all, our aspirations are out of all proportion with the realities of existence. God and the spiritual must be true." And God and his will concerning her seemed to her all that was worth while.

"The world may be divided into light-givers, light-reflectors, and light-absorbers," says a philosopher. Anna Swanwick was a light-giver, and at the end of a century from her birth, her far-reaching rays still shine down the age that is succeeding her. —*Louise M. Hodgkins, in Zion's Herald.*

The Tonic Effect of Sympathy.

Some years ago there appeared in the newspapers an open letter in which a suffering and helpless woman asked aid in securing a law to permit invalids pronounced incurable after a medical consultation to be painlessly put to death. Naturally, the letter attracted attention and reawakened the old question whether or not physicians are ever justified in shortening life. It is of interest, then, to note that the writer of the letter now rejoices at the non-fulfilment of her wish. She has lived to experience how much life may hold even in the face of bodily helplessness, and how greatly hope brightens prospects which seem at first so unfavorable. She tells of having received thousands of letters from all over the world containing messages of sympathy and approbation for her daring attempt to secure a modification of present-day laws protective of life. Some of these invalids, she says, have since written her of their cure, and of their gladness that conservatism and old-fashioned legislation had intervened between themselves and their impatience. One of these correspondents, who was sure that hope was dead for her and who eagerly desired the "finis" at the end of the chapter, has written of her complete recovery and how much more life now means to her since she has "passed through the shadow of the valley of desolation."

This correspondence has proved, as might well be expected, a stimulant and a tonic to the invalid. She feels that not only her contact with others has given them a renewed interest in life, but also that even her mistaken suggestion of a revolutionary change in law has not been without its good effect, since it has drawn together, in bonds of deep human sympathy, invalids who felt their helplessness, yet were helped by the knowledge of their common lot. It was the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin—and kind, says *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Probably nothing is more stimulating and genuinely tonic to sufferers, especially those with chronic ailments, than the feeling that in spite of their own helplessness they themselves can still be helpful to others. The Shut-in Society in this country has made life more bearable for many persons who are con-

Digitized by Google

fined to their rooms or their houses. Nothing disturbs a certain class of patients so much as to be constantly in contact with those who are in good health and strength, and whom they can scarcely help envying. To be brought into touch with those for whom they themselves can feel is a precious source of consolation and uplift. Pity is a luxury to be enjoyed, but no human being likes to be pitied or to feel that he is an object of pity. To be conscious of some advantage in one's situation over that of others is of itself an alleviation for many sicknesses.

On Books.

A guest recently in an historic rectory, I browsed among the books of my illustrious host, meeting many old friends, some with whom I have a bowing acquaintance only, and others that I don't know at all, as was natural. But one book-case delighted me, as showing a kindred spirit; it was filled with hair-raising, blood-curdling tales of adventure, detective stories, war novels, romances of travel in savage lands, ingenious diplomatic plots of the Phillips Oppenheim variety,—all as remote as possible from the purple-bound sermons and half-calf divinity of the other side of the library. When I spoke of it sympathetically, my host laughed and explained. He, too, is prone to insomnia; and stories like these, taking his imagination utterly outside the usual course of his own serene daily life, bring refreshment and sleep when all else fails. Why excitement of that sort should be soothing is a problem for psychologists; but so it is.

When Louis Joseph Vance publishes a new story, it is a red-letter day for some of us who never yet drew sword or fired at a living target; Talbot Mundy's stirring romances of India rejoice us; we follow the trail of the Navajoes and Apaches with Captain King; we do not despise Arsène Lupin, though we prefer Raffles or even Charles Captain; Louis Tracy's *Wings of the Morning* is unmixed delight; and Joseph Conrad is a familiar friend. Nay, I go further, and acknowledge a debt of gratitude to that admirable fifteen-cent magazine *Adventure*, such as the *Hibbert Journal* and the *Atlantic* have never inspired. (I confess this the more shamelessly when I remember that Bishop Stubbs of Oxford used to devour such tales by the dozen as he journeyed on the branch lines across his diocese.) If any student of classical literature faults us, what is the Odyssey but a tale of adventure?—*Presbyter Ignotus, in The Living Church.*

Literature.

The Human Nature of the Saints. By George Hodges. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.—Who but Dean Hodges could have thought of illustrating the feeling of Jesus toward rich men by citing the attitude of insurance companies toward those who work in powder-mills? "The companies have no personal dislike to these men. They do not by any means assert that such men will certainly be blown to pieces. But they know that a powder-mill did explode the other day, and that other powder-mills have exploded before, and they decline to take the risk." It is a real stroke of genius thus to light up the whole field of a great dispute with a telling illustration. Every one can then see just why Jesus thought that it would be hard for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven. The faculty to do this is perhaps one secret of the unfailing charm and vitality of the Dean's preaching. Another of his gifts is the power to translate great thoughts into the vernacular of common life and experience without sacrifice of dignity. We used to be instructed that it was the height of dramatic art to suggest the supernatural by an effect of remoteness from common things. But this, of course, produces a feeling of unreality. Religion has suffered wofully from this removal of its ideas into a cloudland which has little contact with real life. A preacher like Dean Hodges does us great service in getting these ideas back to earth where we can understand them. This present volume is mostly about people who figure in the New Testament narrative, and, like other of the same author's books, it abounds in flashes of insight, keen intelligence, and mother-wit.

The Twelve-gemmed Crown. By Samuel Judson Porter. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.20.—This crown is placed on the head of the Christ—not the Christ of the Gospels nor of Paul's theology, but the Christ of the Book of Hebrews. The author finds twelve great characters ascribed to Christ. These twelve are in six groups of two each, and these groups make the titles of the six chapters: 1, "Son and Heir"; 2, "Effulgence and Image"; 3, "Apostle and High Priest"; 4, "Mediator and Minister"; 5, "Author and Perfecter of Faith"; 6, "Forerunner and Shepherd." There is a spiritual ingenuity in the use that is made of Bible passages. Many readers will feel that, while the author is entitled to his opinion, the exegesis is often merely his opinion, and undertakes to prove too much from small evidence. There is an enthusiastic orthodoxy in the book,—to the author Jesus was God and no one less. A light of mysticism glows in the pages.

When Sainthood was in Flower. By H. G. Henderson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.25.—There are seven good sermons between the covers of this book. They are character studies; Daniel, Rebecca, Joseph, Ruth, Jonah, Samson, Esther are made vivid. There is a generous use of Biblical language in retelling these stories and in analyzing the characters. Indeed, to one who reads this book the Biblical passages cited will ever afterward be more real. The literary style of this book is obviously that of spoken address. Alert and vigorous, one almost fancies he hears the sentences fall from the lips of a speaker. At times there are phrases which need to be read aloud, that their full literary force be felt. The book is saturated with practical wisdom.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Harriet T. Comstock's new book, *The Place Beyond the Winds*, will be brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co. about October 1. It is beautifully illustrated by Harry S. Potter, with five full-page illustrations, one in color. The scenes are laid back in the woods on Georgian Bay and in New York City. The central theme is the woman's view and the man's view of the physician's oath of silence. Mrs. Comstock's earlier book, *Janet of the Dunes*, is succeeding in moving pictures, and its new edition is selling extremely well.

THREE LECTURES ON MODERN POETRY

OFFERED BY

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF

"IN VIVID GARDENS."

Democratic Ideals of Contemporary Poets.
The Woman Revelation in Modern Poetry.
California Poetry.

For terms and dates address Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, Coronado, Cal.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT

On the banks of the Wisconsin River, Iowa County, Wisconsin

A quiet place for the refreshment of body and mind. A good place to get acquainted with yourself, with a few congenial friends, and a few good books.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Director

will open July 19, and close August 15. Mr. Jones's morning lectures will interpret the literature of the Apocrypha, or, "The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments"—Greek thought meeting Hebrew inspiration.

Evening excursions into current poetry with recent poets. An open programme, with ample time for sleep, walks, nature-studies, etc.

For terms and further particulars apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. After July 1, address Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 Park Street, Boston

The Home.

Two Points of View.

THE CHILD'S.

The policeman in the park is big and fierce and strong.
He stands upon the corner whenever I go by,
And looks right straight at me, just as if I'd done some wrong.
Oh, I'm very much afraid, although I can't tell why!

Once, when I was playing all alone beneath a tree,
He came so close to me that I couldn't help but cry.
When I'm a grown-up man, if he looks that way at me,
I'll walk close up to him, and I'll ask the reason why.

THE POLICEMAN'S.

I like to watch the children who come here every day
They look up sideways at me, then quickly hurry by;
And, when I come close to them, they always stop their play,—
They seem to be afraid, although I can't tell why.

Once I saw a little boy alone beneath a tree;
But, when I came to him, he at once began to cry
I feared that he was lost, and only went to see.
Oh, they should not be afraid, for there's no reason why!

—Grace Wickham Curran, in Little Folks

The Rushing Feet.

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS.

Now you must know, dearest of all, that you have a fairy godmother, whether you have ever seen her or not. Every little child in the world has a fairy godmother, working miracles for him in some disguise or other. Just watch for the miracles to happen, and you will see if it is not true.

Peter had a fairy godmother too, but, like some of you, he did not know it. He thought fairy godmothers were only for princes long ago, and for Cinderella-ladies; and he was only an every-day little boy, living in the middle of a great, dark forest, in a little hut with his father and mother. He was very lonely, for his father cut wood in the forest all day, and his mother sat ever at her wheel, working and working, and Peter, with no work to do and no one to play with, grew very unhappy. In his loneliness and unhappiness he built a wish in his heart, adding to it day after day, but never hoping that it would come true.

Wishing so hard and being so lonely made him very restless and cross, and his mother grew tired of hearing him complain.

"What can I play, Mother; what can I play?"

So she shook her head, and said impatiently:—

"You should know that best, yourself. Run to your playing, and leave me to my working."

Peter turned sadly away and walked out to his favorite oak-tree in the woods, and, cuddling down between its roots, he fell to wishing his great wish once more.

Then suddenly there came his fairy godmother! He knew her at once, she was so beautiful. Her face was wrinkled into the dearest of smiles, and wreathed with white, nodding curls, and her eyes were blue, like the blue velvet hood that covered her head and the long cloak that fell to her feet, and she bent just a little, not as if she were lame, but as if she were bending over to take care of things.

"Fairy godmother!" whispered Peter.

"Oh, ho!" she chuckled, "you know me, do you? Yet you have never given me a thought before now, and I shouldn't be here this moment if I had not seen a full-blown wish ready to be granted."

"A wish! Oh!" whispered Peter again.

"Yes, out with it!" said the fairy. "I am dying to grant a good wish, so don't disappoint me. What were you wishing just now, my Peter-boy?"

Peter's eyes looked straight into the blue eyes of the fairy godmother.

"I was wishing," he said rather shyly, "that I lived in a beautiful big house with hundreds of little boys and girls and singing jesters and minstrels. I would sit in my room and hear feet rushing to my door, more always coming, and my door would burst open, and they would all come in and play with me; and I would never be lonely any more."

The fairy godmother bent just a little more in that caring-for-things sort of way.

"Dear little Peter, so you have been lonely," she said. "Well, you shall have your wish, if you will help to gain it yourself. Take the path that lies straight toward the sunrise, and, when you reach the edge of the woods, the big, beautiful house will be there. Enter its gate, and you will find your room waiting for you, and there will be hundreds of other rooms, full of boys and girls and jesters and minstrels. This much I can give you; the rest you must do for yourself." Then she shivered like a puff of blue smoke in the wind, and was gone. Peter sat still to wonder only one minute, and then he rose to his feet and sped over the path toward the rising sun.

On and on he ran, till the woods grew thin and the light of the world glimmered between the tree trunks; till the tall forest became low undergrowth; till the undergrowth became smooth gardens; and then he stood before the big, beautiful house. He entered into the doorway and found himself in a long hall, quite empty, but ringing with laughter and songs, which seemed to come from behind the hundreds of closed doors which he saw along the hall. Only one door was opened, a white door, into a little white room, and on the door was written in gold letters, "Peter."

Peter laughed with glee. It was all just as he had wished. He ran into the room and sat on the little white chairs, and touched the white cushions on the bed, and ate an apple from the basket on the white table, and then he sat down to wait for the rush of feet which should bring the boys and girls and minstrels to his door. For a while he heard only the echoes of laughter in the hall, and then a door opened somewhere, and a voice called,—

"Here I come!"

Peter's heart gave a glad little bound, while he wondered if a boy or a girl or a singing jester might be coming. Footsteps drew nearer and nearer—and then to Peter's horror they passed his door! His heart, that had bounded, sank again. All day long rushing feet sounded through the hall, and all day long Peter hoped they were coming to his door, but they always went by.

"Perhaps," he thought, "they don't know I am here." So he opened his door wide, and sat down again to wait. Very soon a sound of piping came down the hall, and a minstrel came by with a train of boys and girls following after, but they all passed Peter's open door, some without looking that way, and some with a curious glance; and Peter was more lonely than he had ever been before.

He rose and tiptoed to the door. The hall was empty again, for the merry company had passed into some other room. He walked softly down the corridor, and at last he came to the door where the minstrel and the children had entered. To his great surprise it was open, and within sat the minstrel and the children. Peter looked in wistfully, and, as he looked, he noticed that this room was not white and bare like his own, but the walls were painted with pictures of flowers and birds, and there were curtains of painted silk at the windows.

He turned away and went back along the hall. As he went he passed more open doors, and he saw that every room was made beautiful in some way. Some had carvings on the chairs, and some had embroidered coverlets on the beds, and some had gay cushions by the window. Beside these beautiful rooms his own looked very cold and bare, and he wondered what he could do to make it lovelier. Perhaps his fairy godmother was with him again, for he thought of a beautiful way.

He went out to the edge of the woods and broke smooth, beautiful twigs of birch-bark, and wove them into a basket. In the basket he put earth, and filled it with the roots of ferns, and long, trailing ground-pine, and fragrant May-flowers. When he got back to his room he hung the basket in his window, where the wind and sun might make the flowers grow. Then he picked more ground-pine and festooned it in garlands all about his wall. When it was done it looked so lovely that Peter could have shouted for joy. He felt he must tell some one. He ran to the door and out into the hall, and into the very arms of the minstrel, whose footsteps he had never heard in the excitement of making his room lovely.

"Well, well," cried the minstrel, "whom have we here? Can you tell me where I smell those divine May-flowers? Some one has captured the spring!"

"Oh, they're in here, Mr. Minstrel!" cried Peter, in his excitement pulling the visitor into his room. The minstrel sat down in Peter's little white chair, and drew a long breath of joy. Then he pulled out his pipe and began making the most beautiful May-flower song that Peter had ever heard. Suddenly, above the song of the minstrel, Peter heard a flinging open of doors, and a rush of feet—all, all toward his door, and then, as in his wish, the door burst open, and boys and girls and singing jesters and minstrels crowded into his room.

"Oh, the lovely song!" they were all crying, and "Oh, the lovely room! Who lives here?" Peter, feeling very proud and happy, said that he did.

That night, when the children were all gone and Peter was curled up in his little white bed, he thanked his fairy godmother in his heart for the beautiful day; and suddenly the little blue-cloaked lady was by his side.

"Ah, but you did it yourself, you know," she said. "You made your room beautiful, and the rushing feet came to your door. It is always so. Do you understand?"

Peter, very happy indeed, said, "Yes, I understand."

And so, dearest of all, Peter's fairy god-

mother helped him to his great wish. When Peter grew older, he went back to his mother in the little house in the woods; and, such was the miracle, she never noticed that he had been away at all. She knew only that he was always bright and cheerful now when he worked and played, for he had learned the great secret, that happiness comes with rushing feet to the heart that has beautiful thoughts; and you, dearest of all, have learned the secret, too.

The New Parlor-maid.

"I'll wait on the door, Grandmother," said Elinor; for Mary, the neat little servant who usually did that, was away on a vacation. So grandmother went upstairs after luncheon, as usual, to take her nap. Elinor hunted for a white cap like Mary's, but, as she could not find it, she put on a bright red sweeping-cap instead. Then she got a very large japanned tray from the pantry for the cards, for she could not find the small silver one that Mary used.

She sat down on the floor in the wide, old-fashioned hall and finally her head went down on the rug. Just as she was drowsily forgetting some things and remembering others, there came a knock on the old-fashioned blind door. The inside doors were open, fortunately; and Elinor sprang up in haste and tried hard to open the blinds, but they were too much for her to manage. So she opened the slats to see who it was, and was delighted to find that it was her friend the minister, who looked smilingly in at her.

"Can you climb in the parlor window?" she asked.

The minister looked at it a moment. Then, putting his hands on the sill, he vaulted lightly in, where he was met by the very small parlor-maid, with a red cap much on one side, and bearing an enormous tray, which suggested tea much more than cards.

However, after explanations Elinor disappeared to get her grandmother. She came in again without her tray and cap, and sat close beside the minister, and serenely ate the caramels he brought her, which was not usual for a parlor-maid to do. But then, she was not a usual parlor-maid, you see; and grandmother did not know how the minister got in.—*L. E. Chittenden.*

Seen in Squirrel-land.

On a very pleasant night in April, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, two or three ladies were walking in the streets of Omaha, Neb., when they noticed a very interesting conversation going on between two gray squirrels, one on the top of a three-story house, the other in the branches of a large maple-tree in front of it. The trees were just budding out so the branches were quite bare, and the movements of the squirrels were very plainly to be seen.

The large squirrel, evidently the mother, was trying to train up the baby "in the way it should go," giving it a lesson in athletics. It would chatter and sputter as squirrels do, saying so plainly to the baby, "Now see me jump"; and it would straightway give a flying leap from the house to the tree and back again. The baby squirrel would say, "Oh, I want to do that too!" Then it would go out to the end of a branch, try a little trapeze work on a bough of the tree, get an attack of heart failure, and run back again. The mother continued giving examples in flying leaps. (These were not flying squirrels, but the ordinary gray species with long bushy tails.)

Finally the baby screwed up its courage, ventured out to the end of a branch, and gave a jump. But the distance was too great; it fell to the ground fully thirty feet, completely stunned for a few moments. Then it recovered itself enough to run around to the side of the house and try to get up a smaller tree. The mother, as soon as she saw what happened to her baby, with a switch of her tail, and in much less time than I can tell it, ran over the top of the house, jumped to the smaller and lower tree, came down the trunk and with her little paws smoothed the little baby's head, as much as to say, "Poor little baby! You did the best you could. Mother is so sorry. Come with me and we will bathe the baby's head and make it all well."

But baby was too much hurt to try. It managed to get up a little higher but could try no more leaps. Finally, in desperation, the mother came down and helped it up to a higher branch, when she took it in her mouth, got a good start, and jumped from the tree to the house again, with the baby in her mouth. Though the roofs of the house on the side were slanting and much lower than in front, it was a very remarkable performance and a very unusual illustration of the mother instinct and love and care for her little one.

In Omaha the squirrels have been treated very kindly, and have became tame, so tame they will come in the house, take nuts from one's hand, and even run around in the pantry, if they get a chance, and taste of food.—*S. E. Hill, in Our Dumb Animals.*

Lewis Carroll's Child Friends.

Mr. Charles Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, often spoke of "the hundred or so child friends who have brightened my life." The following letter was written to one of them:—

My dear Gertrude,—This really will *not* do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post: the parcel gets so heavy, it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. "Two pounds to pay, sir!" he said. "*Extra weight*, sir!" (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay two *pounds*, when I think it should be *pence*.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman," I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a postman: it's a very pretty sight), "do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!"

"Only from a little girl!" he growled. "What are little girls made of?" "'Sugar and spice,'" I began to say, "'and all that's ni'—" But he interrupted me. "No! I don't mean *that*. I mean, what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?" "Well, they're not *much* good, certainly," I said rather sadly.

"Mind you don't get any more such letters," he said. "At least, not from that particular little girl. *I know her well, and she's a regular bad one!*"

That's not true, is it? I don't believe he ever saw you; and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him we would send each other *very* few more letters. "Only two thousand four hundred and seventy or so," I said. "Oh," he said, "a little number like *that* doesn't signify. What I meant is you mustn't send *many*."

So, you see, we must keep count now; and, when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we mustn't write any more, unless the postman gives us leave.

I sometimes wish I was back on the shore at Sandown, don't you?

Your loving friend,
Lewis Carroll.

Christ Ch., Oxford, Dec. 9, 1875.

The Bishop's Swans.

There is a pretty little story that is often told about the swans in the moat of the palace of the bishop of Wells, England. The old gate-house, with its gray, ivy-grown walls, still stands, and the swans sail up and down the dark waters of the moat or deep ditch around the castle, which centuries ago was its defence.

The peculiar thing about these swans is that they ring a dinner-bell whenever they are hungry, and expect to have it answered at once. A long string hangs out of the gate-house window, and, as the story is told, when the swans are hungry the leader swims gravely up to the bellrope, pulls at it, and then waits quietly for the lodge-keeper's wife to bring out her basket of bread.

It is said that fifty years ago the daughter of the bishop who lived there then taught the swans this trick with great patience and care. The swans that have come since then have apparently in turn learned the secret of the bellrope, so that one which seems to understand the connection between the pulling of the string and the appearing of the bread-basket has always been among them. That the swans communicate their demand for bread to their leader, which is always the one to ring the bell, is evident from the fact that after the black swans were introduced into the moat the ringing became so frequent that the housekeeper had to take the string in to secure herself a little peace. Evidently the newcomers were hearty eaters.—*The Child's Hour.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

President, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
Vice-President, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
Clerk, Rev. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
Treasurer, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

Directors: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, General Secretary,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

The Better Way.

Grumble? No; what's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit—
Not it.

Laugh? Yes, why not?
'Tis better than crying, a lot;
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.

Sing? Why, yes, to be sure;
We shall better endure
If the heart's full of song
All day long.

Love? Yes; unceasingly
Ever increasingly,
Friends' burdens bearing,
Their sorrows sharing,
Their happiness making;
For pattern taking
The One above
Who is Love.

—*Jean Somerset.*

The Monk Rasputin and the Czar.

In the Correspondence of the Associated Press we find the following account of the monk who exerts such a malign influence over the Czar of Russia, who has had the power to involve all Europe in needless warfare.

The mystic peasant-born Russian monk, Gregory Rasputin, on whom a murderous attack was made by a woman while he was visiting his home in a Siberian village recently, is described by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* as "the absolute master of the Russias." It is certain that no great European court to-day is under such a mystic sway as that which Rasputin has been reputed to have over Emperor Nicholas of Russia and the whole imperial household. It has been the concern of Russia for three years back.

The rise of Rasputin has been an enigma to all the nobles of the court who have not fallen under his influence. His absence from St. Petersburg, during which the attack upon him came, was hoped to mean that he had fallen into disgrace, but just previous to the news of his being stabbed the announcement was made that he had been recalled to the emperor's palace.

This modern Richelieu is the son of a fairly wealthy peasant of Tobolsk. He had but little schooling and led an uneventful life until about thirty years old, when he developed religious fervor, became a lay monk, and went on a pilgrimage. At the monasteries he visited he picked up some learning and also managed to receive a letter of introduction to Bishop Theofan at St. Petersburg. This was in 1900. Through the influence of the bishop, the peasant began to meet the influential people of the city and court. His mystic philosophy created interest, and he had the gift of repartee and polite conversation.

At first Rasputin stuck to his peasant garb, in which he made a picturesque figure. But soon he took up an elegant style of dressing and living, which excited the envy of Bishop Theofan. The bishop obtained an order to exile Rasputin to Siberia. But not only did Rasputin's appeal to the czar save him, but caused the bishop to be dismissed to Poltowa without even time to see his dying father.

Other powerful officials tried to check the advance of Rasputin, only to find themselves in disfavor. Rasputin became the intimate of the royal family, gave orders to the ministers, and conducted himself as the supreme power. The only successful attempt to induce the court to send Rasputin away resulted disastrously for the plotters. Before leaving, Rasputin warned the empress that misfortune was sure to follow. When the heir to the throne fell ill the frightened empress recalled the favorite in haste.

Since his return Rasputin's power has continued to grow. His counsel is called for in deciding every question of importance. It is said on high authority that he brought about the ministerial change last year that saved Russia from a war with Austria. He lives as a prince, with a magnificent villa at Yalta, in Crimea. One of his daughters by his peasant wife is being educated in an aristocratic girls' college in St. Petersburg and is chief companion of the emperor's daughters. Rasputin is even reported to address the czar as "thou" and "thee," a freedom denied even the grand dukes.

A month ago Rasputin was ordained a priest by a minor bishop of his native district. This act had roused the antagonism of the powerful heads of the church. It is with these big ecclesiastics that Rasputin will now have to deal in holding his position.

The Power of Vision.

It is the power of vision, this ability to foresee what in harmony with nature's law can be and ought to be, that makes the far-seeing business man successful in business, the general of an army successful on a field of battle, the statesman successful in the halls of diplomacy, and the prophet the true leader of the people in spiritual things.

Take this power of vision out of business, and you rob it of enterprise. Take it out of the mind of the patriotic warrior, and a battle becomes a mere human slaughter. Take it out of the mind of the statesman, and he becomes merely a politician. Take the vision of the spirit out of religion, and you rob the world of its dream of Heaven.

The vision of what may be and ought to be is fundamental to all movement and all life in the world. It is the essential condition of all progress. Rob youth of its inherent hope, its vision, and its dream, and it becomes discouraged and indifferent to life. It is just this inherent hopefulness that gives to youth its perennial charm. "Let no man despise thy youth." I can think of no calamity that can possibly befall a young man so great, so awful in its consequences upon character, as that which will rob him of the visions of his soul—rob him of desire to be anything or anybody other than a drifting idler, dissipating his life away.

I know it is the custom of many people old enough to know better to frown upon youthful enthusiasms, and even ridicule youthful ambitions to make something of themselves not dreamed of in the parental philosophy; yet youth will oft-times succeed where both wisdom and experience will fail, because wisdom and experience, seeing all the possible difficulties in the way and making mountains out of molehills, will sometimes erect barriers, making progress impossible. The youth, seeing only his vision splendid, is led up and on by it to surmount each difficulty as he comes to it, not seeing the rest, and gaining such inspiration from each victory that he will at last challenge the world and plant his banner on the very pinnacle of success. What is true of youth may and ought to be true of every period of life, and by association and sympathy with youthful ideals it is possible for all of us to make of life an eternal progress onward and upward forever.

They have most moved and helped the world who have had least care for its emoluments, while those whose ideas of success and happiness have been confined to the world and the things of the world have almost invariably found life a miserable disappointment. To my mind there never was a time in the history of the world when the horizon of life was so rosy with hope as it is to-day, never so much to challenge the ambitions of youth to go forth into the world's broad field of battle and be a hero in the strife. If, as the proverb writer said, "Where there is no vision, the people perish," how much more is it likely to be true of the individual!

If the youth of this land is launched forth into the world from its various schools, inspired with great and noble visions of truth, duty, and usefulness, we need have no fear as to the future of either our country or the world. It is of the very nature of every normal, healthy, unspoiled, pure-minded youth to dream of and yearn for perfection, not only in personal character, but also in his chosen profession or calling in life. To achieve perfection he must strive for it without ceasing. It is a psychological law that an ideal must function in action, else it falls back dead. Hence the moment we give over striving for perfection, desire ceases, hope passes, vision fails, and then, alas! we sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. To keep striving we depend upon the will, but the will acts only as inspired by the attention; and, to keep up a perpetual motor activity of the will and escape all backlash and side-pull from temptations along the way of life, the attention must be fixed upon an eternal ideal. Here comes in religion. You cannot have permanent success or lasting joy in life and at the same time flout the spiritual side of your nature.—*Rev. Thomas Jay Horner.*

Summer Days.

BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

Surely it ought to be easy for all men to have faith in God in the summer-time. There is something in "these broad majestic days" that bespeaks not only the splendor of his power, but the richness and gentleness of his spirit. The attributes of summer are light, beauty, and a prodigal profusion of life,—a cup brimming full of sparkling, multi-colored life; and these are also the attributes of God. Such a season is one long apocalypse, and it is no wonder that we are moved by a feeling so deep that it defies analysis, that here is the handiwork of the Eternal.

When the grass covers the earth like a soft robe; when the flowers, faithful to their tryst, meet us in shady forest or sunny field; when the birds chant a chorus of song at the coming of dawn, as if in very glee to be alive; when the trees cover the hills like the shadow of God,—aye, in days such as

these "the earth is crammed with heaven," and all the bright hours are one lovely revelation.

No one doubts that God made the summer, but there is the winter with its ice and snow, its sleet and slush, and its winds that cut like knives. What of its chill days and grim bareness? Ages ago men held that the world is ruled by two rival deities, always at war, and they read the changing seasons as tokens of their enmity. Only so could they explain the sharp antagonisms of nature, and the contrasts amid which they lived. Not so the wise old Bible, with its vision of the unity of the world, and its faith in the God who made summer and winter, light and darkness, life and death.

Yet how strangely that old dualism haunts us, equally in the moods of the heart and, apparently, in the facts of life. There are moods so mystic in their beauty, so exalting and revealing, so heaven-lit and luminous that we know they must have come from the very hand of God, while on other days the earth seems drab, dismal, and dingy, sicklied over with the pale cast of care, and swept clean of every footstep of Divinity. What a summer-time of prosperity the patriarch Job enjoyed, with health, wealth, and happiness! Then came the winter blast, and he was left desolate and deadly cold, but Job knew that the same God who had given had taken away, and that he rules both winter and summer.

How can one best use the summer for the health alike of soul and body? If it be for him a time of rest and recreation, he may very wisely not try to improve it at all, but let it improve him. Just to let go the hard task for a spell, while the annual renascence of wonder works its miracle of renewal in us, baptizing us with its beauty, is the wisest way. Going forth into a new season, Thoreau wrote in his diary these words, which are worthy of being framed and hung up in the heart to remember:—

"I go forth to make new demands on life. I wish to begin this summer well; to do something worthy and wise; to transcend my daily routine; *to have my immortality now.* I pray that this life of this summer may be fair in my memory. May I dare as I have never done. May I purify myself anew as with fire and water, soul and body. May I guide myself to be a hunter of the beautiful, that nothing escape me. I am eager to report the glory of the universe. May I be worthy to do it; to have gotten through with regarding human values, so as not to be distracted from regarding divine values. It is reasonable that a man should be something worthier at the end of the year than at the beginning."

To escape the increasing and inevitable contraction of our powers which modern life demands we need the freedom of the summer. Routine, no matter how noble and necessary, has also its subtle perils both to body and spirit, for we forget how big the world is if we are always doing one thing. Leaving the hot city street and losing ourselves in the woods, we learn that, if we had no other proof of God than the mystery of beauty, it is enough. We can analyze a sunset and tell all the elements of which it is composed. But when, in the hush of eventide, the western sky is touched with an old-gold mellowness of beauty, and the soft light falls over the familiar scene, it is as if the door of another and fairer world had been opened for a moment—and we forget our analysis as the vista unfolds.

"Yet, once more, I cried, ye stars and waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew,
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

Keats concluded that there is more beauty in the world than is needed for its own end; so also Plato. They felt that God has embosomed us in beauty the better to entangle us in divine meditations. Truly, nature is the net set by the Fisher of men, the lure spread by the eternal soul-winner. God give us eyes to see, minds to know, and hearts to respond to the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty.

There have been better men than Ernest Henley, but none ever had a braver heart as he went limping through his days, albeit he was not lame of soul. Despite much of winter in his life, he kept always the sunny heart of summer. Right cheerily he bids us give our souls in royal greeting to

"These glad, these great, these goodly days,
Bewildering hope, outrunning praise,
The earth, renewed by the great sun's longing,
Utters her joy in a million ways.

"What is there left, sweet soul and true—
What for us and our dream to do?
What but to take this mighty Summer
As it were made for me and you?"

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

A Thought of God.

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

Has there ever been a time in the history of the race when more serious questions were urged, concerning the being and attributes of God, than those we read and hear to-day? Thinking men and women can no longer depend wholly upon the revelations of the Bible or the testimony of saints and martyrs. They seek conviction of a personal nature; they desire to see truth by the inner light, to feel its monitions in the deepest fibre of their souls. Nor is this to be deplored, but to be accepted as evidence of true spiritual progress.

When, some years ago, one of our best-known ministers quoted in a sermon Tennyson's lines,—

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet,—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet,"

a thrill ran through the audience that is remembered to this day. There were those who had never read the lines, and others who had not read thinkingly, receptively; but in connection with the inspired words of the preacher the full meaning entered their souls, never to be forgotten. A few moments ever after given to this thought, even in the busiest hour, was to exalt the meanest duty and find strength for its performance, however repulsive it might be. God so near, so intimate with every-day life! No longer a crowned king surrounded by adoring throngs remote, removed; but a friend and helper in all life's experiences!

They who have known sudden loss and sorrow, when the very foundations of life seemed to be overthrown, have found the consciousness of that brooding spirit saving them from utter despair. They have had proof in the darkest hour that "God is Love," that "His tender mercies are over all the works of His hands," that the Everlasting Arms are about them, and sorrow and trial become consecrated. As Martineau says, "We cannot stand where the musings of the Eternal Mind do not murmur around us," and so all life-experiences become not only endurable, but valuable through a daily thought of God.

POMONA, N.C.

Spirit of the Press.

An interesting discussion that makes for clarity of thought and statement has been going on in the *Watchman-Examiner* lately. Dr. Felix Adler had complained to the editor that in an assembly of Christian professors and preachers no two agreed on a definition of the word "Christian." The editor said:—

Probably the chief difficulty in framing a clear definition of Christianity is the attempt to include in it too much. Most of the definitions of Christianity would apply equally well to many who do not profess to be Christians, and even to some who never heard of Christianity. Take that definition which is perhaps the most common, that "Christianity is love to God and love to men." That is true of such persons as Dr. Adler and Rabbi Wise, who cannot be classed as Christians. The same may be said of many other definitions of Christianity. But if we are to have a clear, scientific definition of Christianity it must evidently be one that cannot include the faith of any who do not wish to be considered Christians, and who, as a matter of fact, are not Christians. It is evident, if we are to have any scientific and distinctive definition of Christianity, we must exclude every feature of human life and thought that can be fairly claimed by any other form of religion; and find a definition that is true of Christianity, and true of Christianity alone.

The conclusion of the editor, accepted by Dr. Adler as entirely satisfactory, was, "A Christian is one who worships Jesus Christ as God."

"Presbyter Ignotus," writing in the *Living Church*, quotes approvingly the definition of Christianity given by the editor of the *Watchman*, and adds:—

This is in startling contrast to the statement made in the *Christian Register* recently, by Dr. Edward Cummings: "The supreme act of paganism was the deification of Jesus, after the ancient pagan manner of deifying great leaders and religious teachers." Ghastly as this blasphemy sounds, it follows naturally from what Dr. S. A. Eliot, president of the Unitarian Association, said some years ago: "Unitarians have no personal relation to Jesus Christ." To them He is a good dead man; to us He is God over all, blessed forevermore; and it has been well said, "The searching test of a Christian is, 'Do you pray to Jesus Christ?'" I quote again from the good Baptist editor. "The supreme element in the faith of Christians is personal relation to the living, loving Lord Jesus Christ, who hears them when they pray. To worship a Jesus who is dead would indeed be 'a supreme act of paganism.' But to worship the Jesus Christ of the Christian faith is the supreme antithesis of paganism. It has nothing in common with paganism. The worship of paganism is the deification of a material, visible, external, and unrelated object. The worship of Christianity is of a spiritual Person of infinite attributes, with whom the

Digitized by Google

worshipper comes into vital, intimate, and loving relations. The Jesus of Unitarianism, as presented by Mr. Cummings and Mr. Eliot, merely introduces us to God. The Jesus of Christianity presents God to us in His own person, and brings us into living relation to Himself, who lives and reigns forevermore."

The *Churchman* and the Chicago *Advance* have been discussing the proposal for a world-conference in the interests of church unity. The *Advance*, after bearing earnest testimony to the value of its contemporary as a sincerely religious paper, which represents the element in the Episcopalian church that most truly desires fellowship with other Christian communions, has this to say:—

Let us consider what our good friends of the *Churchman* propose. They ask us to accept an invitation to a feast with them, but to leave wholly open the question whether we are to sit in the parlor with them, or to eat with the heathen in the kitchen, and they want us to come, and to settle the matter after we arrive. We submit that this is not a question for us to settle. Let the Episcopalians settle it themselves and put it into the invitation. . . . As for our positions, they are well known to Episcopal students, and as for most of them, we can secure high authority among Episcopal scholars of the first rank, who nevertheless are still loyal Episcopalians. We care for no stronger testimonies to the essential truth of the Congregational, or rather non-Episcopal, claim than we can readily compile from Episcopal authorities. What is the use of our telling this to the Episcopalians, or of their telling us why they still are Episcopalians? They intend to continue to be Episcopalians, and we intend to continue to be Congregationalists or Methodists or Presbyterians till there appears a valid reason in the providential evolution of modern life that clearly indicates the call of God for some change. The conference will not convince and convert any of the denominations participating in it. But it may do something far better. It may show them how they can live and work together as members of one body, and in that closer co-ordination of effort may be revealed, as time goes on, the will of God for a closer, and perhaps in time an organic union. . . . We do not want organic union with the Episcopal Church under any form or constitution that shall sacrifice the principles for which the great Protestant world has stood and still stands. With a great price our fathers obtained this freedom, and we were born free. Bad as is a divided Christendom, it is not so bad as it was when it was organically a united Christendom.

Woman in the Anglican Church.

The Representative Council of the Anglican Church has decided by a large majority that women may vote in the election of Church councils and may also sit on parochial councils. This marks a considerable advance toward that equality of the sexes in all the relations of life which so many women are pushing forward. In all churches it is faithful and earnest women on whom falls the chief burden of church work. In America it is the women and not the men who run the churches. That is not a condition of things to be desired, but rather friendly and equal co-operation. In our free churches women have for many years now sat on their boards of management, and worked side by side with men in all church affairs. The Anglican Communion has so far lagged behind, but the tendency of the times can no longer be resisted, although, strange to say, the greatest amount of opposition at the combined council of bishops, clergy, and laity came from the laity. The figures of the division are not a little interesting. The constitution of the Council provides that no resolution shall be deemed to have passed unless it receives a majority assent of each of these three sections or estates. The figures in the division were 22 bishops for the admission of women, 3 against; 90 clergy for, 15 against; 76 laymen for, 62 against. One would have expected the bishops and clergy to be more conservative in such a matter than the laity. But bishops and clergy know, as laymen do not, the immense services rendered to the Church by women and their administrative capacity. We may yet live to see women in Anglican pulpits!

The most interesting speech of an interesting debate was that of the Archbishop of York, who put it to the chivalry of the Council whether it was not true that women all over the country were more educated in the history and services of the Church than men. The difficulty was the number of Church-women, and he asked them whether it was a generous position to take up towards those who had borne a larger part of the work of the Church, to say that they admitted women's qualifications but were afraid of their numbers. It was a very democratic sentiment he gave utterance to at the close: When he advocated the granting of the franchise to women, he was not thinking of young ladies of twenty-one, who played tennis and cultivated the society of the unbeneficed clergy, but of the hundreds and thousands of factory girls and mill girls in the East End of London, in Yorkshire, and in Lancashire, who were examples of what women as well as Christian women ought to be.—*The London Inquirer.*

Children on Sunday.

One of the most potent causes [for the falling off of church attendance] is the new liberty given to children as to how they shall spend their Sunday. "The little dears! How cruel to force them to go to church when they want to play in the garden! I don't believe in making religion compulsory," cries the fond mother; and she conjures up some dreadful picture of a Puritan Sunday with its gloom and restrictions, by which she appears to suggest she herself suffered in childhood, and declares that *her* children shall not be set against religion in that way.

I came of a Puritan stock, was brought up in a Puritan atmosphere, had experience of the Puritan Sunday, and yet I bear witness to a happy childhood and to a host of happy Sundays. We had family prayers morning and evening; we went to Sunday-school twice in the day and twice to church: we should no more have thought of not going to church on Sunday than of not having our breakfast on Sunday. It all came in quite simply and naturally and as a matter of course. It is true, church and Sunday-school and family prayers were not as hilarious as a romping game of tennis; the services were long and often dull, the music would not satisfy a cathedral organist, the doctrine was atrocious; and yet we looked forward to Sunday with interest and always gave it a welcome.

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William L. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D.D., Roslindale, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Boston, Mass.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. William C. Brown, Boston, Mass.; Rev. George H. Badger, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, John Mason Little, Boston, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Cyril H. Burdett, New York City.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. W. M. Brundage, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Percy Dawson, Rev. E. S. Wiers, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. Arthur Weatherly, Rev. E. A. Rumball, Rev. A. H. Robinson, Rev. Horace Westwood, and Rev. George H. Badger.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Marian Dudley Richards, 247 Fisher Avenue, Brookline, Mass.

Certain Sundays spent each summer in the country come back to me in memory like the delicate scent of faded rose leaves—the walk across the corn-fields to the little white-washed chapel, the old-fashioned clerk with his pitch-pipe, the old-fashioned tunes, the white-haired minister, the open windows through which came the rustle of poplar-trees, the cooing of doves and "the murmur of innumerable bees,"—these things return upon us with a benediction. The doctrine, again, was atrocious, but it did me no harm, and at a very early age I began to throw it off; but I have never regretted the drill and discipline of that early religious experience. Nor can I understand the frame of mind which, while it insists on drill and discipline for mental training in childhood, thinks that drill and discipline are not needed for moral and spiritual training. Parents would not dream of allowing their children to stay away from school just whenever they pleased. Yet the moral faculties require just as careful and constant training as the mental.—*The London Inquirer.*

Hancock County Conference.

The conference was opened with devotional services conducted by Rev. J. W. Tickle, after which the first vice-president, Rev. H. H. Saunderson of Toronto, called this twenty-fifth annual meeting of the conference to order. In performing this duty Mr. Saunderson expressed the common sorrow in the death of the president, Mr. Irving Osgood. From him would have come an address of welcome. That is to be omitted, or perceived in the silence of the moment.

Rev. Hosmer McKoon of Castine was introduced to speak upon "Intellectual Honesty in Pulpit and Pew." Simplicity and practicability must be expressed in the services of the church, but to these are to be added sincerity and truth. Self-respect and religion itself depend upon the sincerity of the minister. He must be himself, and give his soul to learning more and more of God's truth. His message will thus be accepted by all seeking a living religion. The method of communicating a religion of sincerity and truth should be sympathetic with the spirit and striving of worshippers, and not one of mere antagonism with the views of others.

Rev. George D. Latimer of Boston was introduced as one who had journeyed 'round the world and would now endeavor to have the congregation see that world through his eyes. Mr. Latimer said he would concentrate the attention of the people upon the religious aspects of the modern world. That which first attracts one is the extent of the missionary movements of the combined Christian church. On board the steamship you are struck with the number of missionaries; you meet them on your travel by land and in the numerous stations. Everywhere they are to be met with in their world-wide enterprise. There are nearly 20,000 American missionaries, and they are assisted by native converts, totalling 100,000. They have 6,000,000 converts and 1,500,000 students in their stations. The amount expended is over $22,000,000. There are four aspects under which the work is carried on: 1st, conversion; 2d, medical work; 3d, educational; 4th, "setting up" of standards of Western civilization. We liberal Christians cannot be much interested in the conversion aspect of the missionary work, but the other aspects command the interest and commendation of all. As to the sacrifice of the missionary, it is not more than that of the ordinary minister of the country parish in America. The missionary has fair wage, is well housed, takes time for recreation, and really undergoes scarcely more hardship than the average minister anywhere, unless we except the separation of the children of the missionary for education in the home lands. Mr. Latimer ended by saying that he took more satisfaction and more pride in this world-wide missionary movement than he had thought he would cherish.

While waiting for the arrival of the next speaker, the chairman called upon Dr. William H. Lyon to utter the thoughts which the place and the occasion might awaken. Dr. Lyon responded in a very feeling expression of his deep affection for this church of his first pastorate, of the regard in which he held those who labored with him, their loyalty and their devotion, and of the effect upon his own life of his services in this small community.

Dr. J. Madison Taylor was then introduced. He said that the medical man came in contact with so many phases of life that things relative to such a subject as primary education were often under observation. One of the postulates he would present is that the human being is in its highest degree of efficiency, biologically, between the ages of two and three years. It would follow that, the educability of the child being greatest in that period, the most important part of its education would be received in the nursery, from the mother. Next it would need to be realized that in our educational institutions our young people should be taught to be efficient parents. Biology is one of the most important things to be taught,—parenthood especially. When we regard the education of the individual child, perception is the most vital faculty. So we are emphasizing nature study. The powers of observation must be stimulated. If parents and clergymen would only bear in mind that the child needs its most minute, most wise care in the period so often slighted! The child's mind should not be permitted to lie fallow. No child that is normal can hurt itself by study unless forced by competition. Unconscious absorption in the young child fills a large space. The farm is the ideal school.

The discussion of the thoughts presented was taken up by Rev. Oscar B. Hawes of Germantown, Pa. He pointed out how these thoughts were confirmed by the best teaching in schools and churches.

At six o'clock a supper was served by the Ellsworth society to members of the parish and visitors to the conference.

Wednesday evening was given up to services of installation of Rev. J. W. Tickle as pastor of the Ellsworth church. This was in fact an ordination of Mr. Tickle as a Unitarian pastor, as he has come to the Ellsworth church recently from a Methodist pulpit.

After the Scripture lesson by Mr. Saunderson and congregational singing, Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, Mass., delivered the sermon. The installation prayer, by Rev. George D. Latimer, was followed by the charge to the minister, by Rev. Oscar B. Hawes. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. Daniel M. Wilson of Kennebunk, and the address to the people by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association. The address of welcome to the city by Rev. R. B. Mathews, of the Congregational church, was cordial and eloquent.

The closing session of the conference was held Thursday forenoon. The speakers were Dr. Dole and Rev. Horace Westwood of Winnipeg, Manitoba. At the business session, officers were elected as follows: Fred A. Noyes, Sullivan, president; Rev. H. H. Saunderson, Toronto, first vice-president; Mrs. Stan Wilson, Sullivan, second vice-president; Rev. J. W. Tickle, Ellsworth, secretary; Henry C. Copp, Bar Harbor, treasurer.

The conference closed with a memorial service for the late president, Irving Osgood, of Ellsworth, so long an active and loyal member of the conference. The service was conducted by Dr. Wilson, who spoke reminiscently of his first pastorate in the Ellsworth church, and paid feeling tribute to Mr. Osgood. The music of the memorial service included a solo by Mrs. Howard A. Walker and congregational singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Francis David Memorial.

Report rendered Aug. 1, 1914:—

Previously acknowledged	$437.35
Miss Gammons	5.00
J. E. W.	1.00
H. G. A.	2.00
Rev. C. W. Wendte	25.00
Mrs. A. P. Godfrey	5.00
C. G. Arnold	1.00
Rev. F. L. Hosmer	10.00
Mrs. N. B. Stow	5.00
Rev. T. L. Eliot	10.00
Mrs. J. S. Howe	5.00
Ellen E. Langdon	1.00
Lilian Freeman Clarke	5.00
Elizabeth H. Bartol	25.00
Rev. Francis G. Peabody	25.00
Mrs. D. M. Gilbert	1.00
Sarah D. Clifton	1.00
Mrs. Tweedy	50.00
Miss May Tweedy	10.00
Albert G. Osborn	5.00
Mrs. Maud A. Conway	2.00
	$631.35

Total desired as America's share in a just memorial, $5,000.

Charles E. St. John, *Treasurer*,
32 South 21st Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Marriages.

At Brookfield, on the 27th of July, by Rev. William L. Walsh, Roslyn H. E. Fairbanks and Abbie Emma Boynton, both of Brookfield, Mass.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 78-78-76
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. References, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

The Summer Institutes in Retrospect.

The three Summer Institutes for Religious Education that have recently come to a close have been in every respect the most successful that we have ever held. It seems worth while, notwithstanding the full reports that have appeared concerning them, to recall and record some of their leading features, in order that their true significance may be understood. To many who have been active participants in these meetings from the start, they seem of vital importance to our denominational movement. A few leading facts concerning them will help to explain why this feeling is entertained.

I. The attendance this year has been a marked increase upon that in the past. At Meadville this attendance rose from 38 last year, which was considered large, to 60 this year. These came from Erie, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Dayton, Pittsburgh, Meadville, and Washington, D.C.

At Andover a comparison with previous years is difficult, for the reason that this is the first to be held in the buildings of Proctor Academy. Compared, however, with previous gatherings at the Weirs, the attendance has been even more largely an increase than in the case of Meadville. There were between 25 and 30 in residence throughout the week. Many came from adjoining towns, 17 coming from Manchester on one day. The average attendance at the regular lectures of the Institute was about 60, and at the evening services in the church something more than 100. Those present came in considerable numbers from the town of Andover, but many of the cities and towns in Central New Hampshire were represented.

At the Isles of Shoals the increase was also most pronounced. A record of attendance for the seven years the Shoals Institute has been in progress is of interest. Beginning with 1908, that attendance, as evidenced by paid certificates, has been 102, 131, 126, 133, 127, 151, and 230, the last being for the Institute just closed. This gathering draws from a larger number of our churches than any other, including this year members from places so far away as Cincinnati, Ohio, and Dallas, Texas. This enlarged attendance means, of course, increased interest on the part of the churches, and at the same time that enthusiasm which comes from the working together of a considerable group of people in a common cause.

II. A marked feature of the attendance at these meetings this year has been the number who have come on scholarships. By a "scholarship" is meant a payment by a church, a Sunday school, an Alliance, or interested individuals covering all or part of the expenses of those who attend the Institute. During the preceding year there was sent out from this office a direct suggestion to our ministers and other workers that they recognize the excellent, and usually unpaid, service of the Sunday-school teachers and officers by sending them to the most convenient summer institute. We provided, at the same time, blanks to facilitate this purpose. The response was immediate and decided. To the Meadville Institute Cincinnati sent 11 such scholarship members, Pittsburgh 5, Cleveland 4, Columbus 3, Dayton and Buffalo 2 each, and Washington, D.C., 1. At the Isles of Shoals scholarship members were in attendance in still larger numbers; 6 came from Cohasset, 3 from Salem, 2 each from Berlin, Brockton, Concord, N.H., Fitchburg, Hopedale, Lexington, Leominster, Littleton, Manchester, Portland, Roxbury, Springfield, and Taunton, and one each from Andover, N.H., Belmont, Cambridge, Clinton, Dorchester, Kennebunk, Montclair, N.J., Nashua, Ware, Waverley, Wellesley Hills, and Worcester. There were, in other words, 28 scholarships at Meadville and 47 at the Isles of Shoals, a total of 75, representing 36 of our churches that have thus recognized the value of the teaching force to their church work. This feature of the attendance on the one hand increases the seriousness with which the work is undertaken by those who come. It has also what may be a greater value in that it at once impresses upon our churches the central importance of this work and illustrates the rapid awakening of our people to the real situation. If the time should come when practically every one in attendance would be thus sent by the various churches and Sunday schools and on scholarships, it would mean far more than that those in attendance were aided in carrying out so good a purpose, for it would signify that the work of religious education in our body is at last upon a firm basis.

III. A feature of all these Institutes perhaps more marked than any other is difficult to record and impossible to tabulate, viz.: the earnestness with which the work is undertaken by those in attendance, and perhaps best of all the spirit of intense religious fervor that was felt throughout. At Meadville the students were expected to listen to lectures that made no compromise with weather or weariness, but required the closest attention for four hours every day, and perhaps half the time for five hours. Not only were all in attendance at every lecture, but between times the speakers were expected to hold personal interviews with inquirers, while the exhibit of material was regularly consulted by persons anxiously studying the various manuals and other aids there shown. The same spirit was measurably evident in the other Institutes. In all three again there was a spirit of devotion most pronounced. In every instance the day's meetings began with prayer and closed with devotional services of peculiar tenderness. At Meadville a good-night service, prepared for the occasion, was used every night under the stars. The scene thus nightly enacted, usually upon the steps of Divinity Hall, was one those participating in will never forget. At Andover the wonderful sunset service upon the ridge overlooking the beautiful valley with the mountain range beyond, while the sun was going down in its glory, made a deep impression. At the Isles of Shoals the usual sunset service was held almost every evening, while the candle-light service, so widely famed for its impressiveness, closed each day. Where people are thus thrown together for a considerable period, studying profound themes, taking counsel together concerning serious work, and engaging in spontaneous acts of worship, they become bound together by close and lasting ties and inspired to noble endeavor.

Perhaps one who has attended all three of these Institutes, who has been responsible for every feature of each one, and has attended nearly every lecture, sermon, conference, or other exercise in them all, may be permitted to give it as his judgment that not only have the meetings just closed been the most successful in every particular that have so far been held, but are of so important a nature that they promise a new spiritual vitality to our common cause. So long as we can hold such meetings as these, our future cannot be otherwise than full of hope.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the union service, Arlington Street Church, Boston, August 9, Rev. Henry T. Secrist of Meadville, Pa., will preach.

At the First Parish, Milton, Mass., on Sunday, August 9, Rev. George R. Gebauer of Duluth, Minn., will preach at 11 A.M.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany of Church of the Disciples, Boston, will preach Sunday, August 9.

At the union summer services held at the Church of the Messiah, New York, Rev. Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo, N.Y., will preach on Sunday, August 9.

At King's Chapel, Boston, on Sunday, August 9, at 10.30 A.M., the preacher will be Rev. Sydney B. Snow, associate minister. The church is open every week-day from 9 to 12.

Rev. Edward Perry Daniels of the Meadville Theological School, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted July 31, 1914. Committee, Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

Churches.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.—All Souls' Unitarian Church, Rev. Thomas Salter Robjent: The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robjent recently presented a beautiful appearance, when they entertained at a lawn party for the members of the congregation, including the large numbers of lately acquired members. Two hundred guests enjoyed the delightful sum-

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

mer evening on the spacious lawn and porches, which were softly lighted by myriads of Japanese lanterns and electric lights. Many features of amusement were afforded the guests. Mr. Robjent's study was transformed into a miniature museum for the occasion, many rare curios being loaned by friends. Newspapers two hundred years old were on display, and other heirlooms. Miss Kamber gave two violin solos, and readings were given by Mrs. Benson. The house was beautified by quantities of fragrant summer blossoms in pink and white. Refreshments were served by the young ladies of the church.

Duxbury, Mass.—First Congregational (Unitarian) Church, Rev. Andrew Hahn: Rev. Abbot Peterson of Brookline preached on Sunday, August 2.

Lincoln, Mass.—Unitarian Congregational Society: Services are held every Sunday at 3.30 P.M. from June to September. The August calendar announces: August 2, Rev. H. T. Secrist of Meadville; August 9, Rev. W. S. Jones of Newport; August 16, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., of Roxbury; August 23, Rev. R. W. Boynton of Buffalo; August 30, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., of Roxbury.

Pembroke, Mass.—First Church: A pleasant service marked the final Sunday before vacation. It was with mingled feelings of regret and hopefulness that an unusually large congregation listened to a notable farewell sermon preached by Mr. Charles H. Lyttle, who has ministered with devotion and success to the parish for two and a half years. The text was from Ephesians v. 27: "A glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." It admirably presented the position and mission of the church in this historic rural community. During the time of Mr. Lyttle's pastorate, besides his valuable spiritual ministry, he has inspired and aided the parish in beautifying the church edifice and grounds, especially in converting the ancient choir-gallery into a parish room, a memorial to past members. Mr Lyttle has been called to the pastorate of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. Mr. Leonard Cushman of the Harvard Divinity School, who has been auspiciously introduced to the parish as the close friend of his predecessor, will take up the duties at the Pembroke church the first of September.

Newburyport, Mass.—First Religious Society, Rev. Laurence Hayward: The clergymen on duty for morning service during August are as follows: August 9, Rev. Walter F. Greenman of Milwaukee, Wis.; August 16, Rev. C. A. Henderson of Hopedale, Mass.; August 23, Rev. William H. Branigan of Wayland, Mass.; August 30, Rev. Abbot Peterson of Brookline, Mass.; September 6, Mr. Hayward.

West Gouldsboro, Me.—Services have been arranged for the month of August in the Union Chapel with the following preachers: Prof. Henry Wilder Foote, Rev. John W. Tickle, Rev. H. H. Saunderson, Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D., and Rev. D. M. Wilson.

Windsor, Vt.—All Souls' Church (Unitarian), Rev. Percy Emmons Lyndon: The preachers for August are. August 2, Rev. Lee S. McCollester, dean of Crane Theological School (Universalist), Tufts College, Medford, Mass.; August 9, Rev. Frank Carleton Doan, Summit, N.J.; August 16, Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, Montreal, Canada; August 23, Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell, Boston, Mass.; August 30, Rev. William Channing Brown, Field Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

Personals.

An interesting personality, the London *Christian Life* says, is Rev. T. Van Ness, a leading American Unitarian minister who is just now sojourning in this country, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Van Ness. He is minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Boston, and has travelled extensively in America and on the Continent, preaching and lecturing on behalf of our body. By descent, Mr Van Ness is from the land of the Danes. During this month Mr. Van Ness is occupying the pulpit of the Unitarian chapel at Warwick, and is drawing good congregations. He will preach at Nottingham on two or three Sundays during August, concluding his vacation with two Sundays in London. This is his eighth or ninth visit to this country; and, questioned by a newspaper man as to his impressions of church life in England, Mr. Van Ness said he thought we were not so progressive in the way of advertising our church services as they are in America.

Acknowledgments of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$6,553 85
July 2	Braintree, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	10 00
6	Sunday School, Bolton, Mass.	5 20
11	Society in Greenfield, Mass.	20 00
17	Mrs. Lovisa E. Hawley, Cortland, N.Y.	50 00
31	Associate members	11 00
	RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.	
July 2	Society in Lynn, Mass.	22 00
	ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.	
July 1	Income Hollis Street Church Fund (No. 1).	10 00
2	Indianapolis, Ind., Branch Women's Alliance	10 00
3	First Parish, Cambridge, Mass.	50 00
		$6,748 05

Henry M. Williams, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Books Offered.

I have a complete bound set of *The Index*, published by Francis E. Abbott, in Boston, several years ago, which I should be glad to send to a library, or to any readers of the *Christian Register*, where it might be of value. Please address before August 20, Mrs. Annie T. Hyde, 33 Harris Street, Waltham, Mass.

Modern Travel.

In an interview recently the veteran Lord Wemyss, who for more than half a century has been the Grand Old Man of the House of Lords and is now in his ninety-fifth year, speaking on the great strides made in all modes of travelling, said:—

"As a young man, when I wanted to go home from London I hied myself into a box drawn by four horses, and travelled forty-eight hours, every minute of which meant bodily discomfort, shaking up, bad air, and often unpleasant company into the bargain. Now I get into a private compartment as cozy as my sitting-room, though not so large, at 1.30 P.M. and get home before 11 P.M., and my house is fourteen miles from Edinburgh; and I have all the comforts of home while the journey lasts."

"Your lordship must have seen the first railway in England," suggested the interviewer."

"I did, of course, and I believe I travelled on one of our first trains. We have a picture of it in my home in Scotland, but I really don't recollect much about it; travel has seen so many radical changes and improvements since then."

Lord Wemyss thought a little while, then added, with a hearty laugh: "Those first railway cars—they were no better than stables and cattle trucks, and passengers were herded therein like cattle. They didn't even have roofs, and in rainy weather or in winter we got soaked or snowed in. As to those airmen, they are simply splendid. Owing to forbidding weather, I have been to Hendon only once, but I shall go again very soon, I hope. Meanwhile, Lady Wemyss is good enough to motor out frequently and tell me about the new and interesting things developing there. Possibly some day London may be lit up by smearing St. Paul's dome with radium."

"Blessed is He who has Found his Work."

One day the passengers on an outbound Harvard Square car in Boston, saw the beginning of a career. A little colored boy of ginger hue sat in one corner, his face fine with the expression of an occupied and happy mind. He was tidy and well-behaved, but had the habit of busy little boys of squirming his legs together, sitting in an unstable position.

So intent was he with his joy that he was startled when the conductor touched him on the knee; but he turned a pocket wrong side out, and shook forth his nickel. From time to time he grinned as he sat watching something hidden beside his leg and in his hand; then he would shove both hands into the slits of his coat-front, and, pulling them out empty, would chuckle quietly to himself, gazing far out the window past the motorman.

Once he opened his overcoat button by button, then deliberately unfastened his little coat, and brought out from away down somewhere in a secret pocket a neat, clean envelope which seemed to bear a newspaper trade-mark. The little black boy did not take out its contents, but, peeking in from time to time to prompt himself, whispered its message. Then he put the paper back deep down somewhere in an inner pocket, carefully buttoned it over, and from his front pocket slipped out something that gave a gleam of bright nickel. He covered it in his mittens to all but himself, and sat there snuggling pleasure right before the curious passengers.

At last, after patient watching, we caught his secret,—a newsboy's badge, new and shiny.—*Garland Ferrell, in American Boy.*

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

Mrs. Huff: "What shall I do with this picture of my Christian Science friend?" Mr. Huff: "Buy a frame of mind for it."—*Judge.*

It is sad to see family relics sold at auction, but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb-nail.—*Tit-Bits.*

Farmer A: "How much did you get for yer 'taters?" Farmer B: "Wal, I didn't get as much as I expected; and I didn't cal'late I would."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"I am convinced," said Mrs. Twickembury, "that we should save largely on dentist's bills if we should buy each of the children one of those new pyrotechnic toothbrushes."

Emma: "What's that noise? It sounds as though they were pounding beefsteak." Jane: "You guessed right; but we always speak of the performance here as 'tendering a banquet.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Precise Boarding-mistress: "Mr. Blunt, shall I tender you some more of the chicken?" Mr. Blunt: "No, thank you! But, if you can tender this piece you have already served me, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

Aunt Ethel: "Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?" Beatrice: "Yes, Auntie, I was." Aunt Ethel: "Then there's the half-crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you." Beatrice: "He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!"—*Punch.*

Messrs. Doolan and Rafferty were examining a fine public building with much interest. "Doolan," said Rafferty, pointing to an inscription cut in a huge stone, "phwat does thim litters 'M D C C C X C V I I' mane?" "Thot," replied Mr. Doolan, "manes eighteen hoondred an' noinety-sivin." "Doolan," said Mr. Rafferty, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez t'ink they're overdoin' this shpellin' reform a bit?"—*Exchange.*

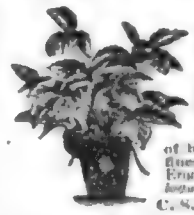
Nearsighted Prof. Studley went to the barber's, took off his glasses, and was shaved. When the artist was done, he did not move. Other customers arrived and the chair was needed. The head barber, suspecting that his learned patron had fallen asleep, asked his boy to wake him. The professor overheard. "No, my good man," he said, "I am not asleep. The fact is, I am frightfully near-sighted. When I took my glasses off just now, I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror opposite. Naturally, I supposed I had already gone home."—*New York Evening Post.*

James G. Blaine used to tell a story showing the contrast between senatorial dignity and presidential simplicity. He was a member of a joint committee to wait upon the President. Senator Foot of Vermont, one of the most dignified of men, was chairman. On being ushered into the presence of President Lincoln, Mr. Foot involuntarily struck an attitude, and said in his stateliest manner: "Mr. President, we have been appointed a committee on the part of the two houses of Congress to apprise you that they have met and organized, and are ready to receive any communication which it may be your pleasure to make to them." Mr. Lincoln stepped up, and, taking him familiarly by one button, said: "Now, look here, Foot, if it is a matter of life and death with you, I can send my message in to-day; but, if it isn't, I should like to keep it till to-morrow, to slick it up a little."

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.



Pot-Grown
Strawberry Plants

as shown in the cut are much the best. The roots are all there — and good roots, too. If set out in August and September will produce a crop of berries next June. I have the finest stock of plants in the New England States. *Send for Catalogue and Price List*
C. S. PRATT, Reading, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

Training School for the Liberal Ministry
INCLUDING Special Courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday-school Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements, and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal Scholarship provisions, including
TWO SUMMER SESSIONS AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY
Travelling Fellowship yielding $810. Apply to F. C. Southworth, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

The Phillips Exeter Academy
Unusual opportunities for boys of exceptional character and ability. 134th year opens Sept. 16, 1914. Catalogue and views. Address The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, tennis and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 33 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 769
War 770
The Religious Woman 771

CURRENT TOPICS 772

BREVITIES 773

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Modern Volunteers, by Charles H. Lyttle 773
Wanted: Better Democracy, by Rev. Charles F. Dole, D.D. 774
The Universal Church 776
When the Wild Grape Blossoms, by Augusta Larned . 777
Religion and Theology, by Dr. Charles Carroll Everett, 778
The Leadership of the Church, by Howard A. Bridgman, 779
In Sunshiny Weather, by Samuel M. Crothers; The Cheerful Letter Exchange, by Lilian Freeman Clarke, 782
From the Isles of Shoals; Rev. George M. Bodge . . . 786
Foreign Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 787
The Ministry of John Tucke 788
Lend-a-Hand Society Outings 790
Notes from Beacon Hill; Chicago Associate Alliance . . 791

SPIRITUAL LIFE 775

LITERATURE.
Books 782
Miscellaneous 783

THE HOME.
The Sawing Match; Lincoln and the Sentry 784
Billie Fairfield's Promise; The Learner; Faithful Bird Messengers 785

POETRY.
An August Wish, by Pemberton H. Cressey 777
Where Did It Go? 779
The Butterfly, by M. Genoa Morris 781
In August 782
Tabby's Kits 784
The Robin, by Alys Ingraham 786

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
The Duties of Young People in a Free Church 788

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 791

HERE AND THERE 791

PLEASANTRIES 792

Editorial.

THE sympathy for the chief magistrate of the United States in his loneliness and sorrow is wide-spread and profound. It is greatly to be desired that, with renewed physical strength and a fresh impulse of devotion to the higher interests of mankind, he may, in the troublous times that are now upon us, uphold the noblest ideals of the national life to the end that we may help the distracted nations of Europe to regain their sanity and all the world to rise up against the awful delusion that war is the handmaid of peace. The problems that confront us in America are many and vast. President Wilson and his dearly beloved wife have set an example of domestic purity and peace that may well teach the world that the family is, and must always be, the centre and source of all that is best in national life. He now, in his solitary life and labors, may, by consecration to new ideals of service, lift the nation with himself to new levels of patriotism and world-wide movements for the establishment of universal liberty, justice, and mutual good-will. Much has been lost in the clash of arms, but, underneath the clouds of war, the hearts of the people are sound and true and, when the delirium of war has passed, will impel them to seek with passion to rebuild the highways of progress and again cause the deserts of social and political life to blossom like the rose.

WHAT we have said briefly and casually concerning preparedness for war as a security for peace we wish now to say again, with deliberation and emphasis. The ancient doctrine that preparation for war is the safeguard of peace has corrupted the minds of great men in all ages, and has kept alive the traditions of savagery in the heart of civilization. Yet now, with the most glaring examples before us, writers of high reputation, representing influential journals, say with deliberation that the lesson for us of this outbreak in Europe is that in a time of peace we must prepare for war. It is said, for instance, that the time will come when the United States and Japan will contend with each other for the control of the Pacific Ocean. In preparation for that struggle it is said that we must have a strong navy and adequate army. This brutal doctrine, which is simply an echo of the old savagery, instead of being a safeguard against war is a direct incentive to war. If the United States and Japan are as civilized as they claim to be, they can

Digitized by Google

find ways to pool their interests and work together in all friendship to plant civilization with all its refinement on all the shores of this mighty ocean.

The Irish leaders in the British Parliament have set a splendid example of patriotism and love not only of Great Britain but also of love and pride for Ireland. All great-hearted Irishmen on this side of the Atlantic applaud their generous support of the government and are loyal to the commanders of the British army and navy, who are both Irishmen. The outbreak of war in Europe, and the hostilities which have aroused all classes of citizens, are much complicated and aggravated by the uprising of national hopes and ambitions. Fragments of what were once great nations, like Poland and Servia, have not forgotten their ancient glories and have long cherished in silence the hope that some day a great deliverer would come, and they would be set free from the tryanny of the great nations. What will come out of the conflict nobody can foresee or predict with assurance. That national boundaries will be readjusted is certain, and that some stalwart remnants of ancient nationalities will regain fresh privileges seems to be probable.

There are two ways in which the United States may attempt to make gain through the losses and misfortunes of all the other nations of the Eastern continents. One way is noble, and the other ignoble; the latter way is to make gain of others' misfortunes in building up business and snatching financial advantages from those who are embarrassed by the commotions and losses which are the inevitable result of all outbreaks of war. In the long run nobody gains, and everybody loses, by such calamities as now afflict the nations of Europe; but greedy and selfish men may sometimes enrich themselves at the expense of their neighbors. This may be better than burglary and highway robbery, but it is really no more respectable. The scandals that followed our own Civil War illustrate this point sufficiently. The other and better method is to fall back upon the high principles of justice, liberty, mutual helpfulness, national and personal honor, and efficiency as a mediator and example of righteousness to all the nations. Now is our great opportunity, and high-bred Americans and great-hearted statesmen will avail themselves of it.

The writer has always been greatly interested in the temperance reform, but has long believed that the only effective antidote and defence against intemperance is education, and the surest means of reforming a drunkard must be personal sympathy and helpfulness on the part of neighbors and friends. Having also had signal success in several cases in reforming drunkards, he has been somewhat indifferent to statistics and legal efforts to protect the community from the wiles of the tempter. He has therefore been puzzled and helpless before what seemed to be the unquestionable fact that, while prohibition was making strides throughout the country, the drink bill of the country was also increasing in the same proportion. To our relief now comes Dr. Crooker, the expert statistician of the temperance cause, and admits the fact, for which he offers a probable explanation, namely, that prohibition succeeds and drinking decreases in the rural districts, but in the cities that are "wet" there is a great increase in the use of alcohol; moreover, incidentally he says there is a steady movement from the country to the city. This raises another question, Does a prohibitory law draw or drive from the country to the city those who are inclined to use alcohol as a beverage?

Arts, sciences, literature, the sentiments, and conventionalities of the gentle life will all suffer loss and lose influence during the interregnum of civilization that is now upon us. There will be quiet nooks in which far from war's alarums men and women will meditate and seek to reveal and expound the secrets of nature and human life. There are in the world to-day more human minds than ever before that have been trained to follow after truth in the higher reaches of study and investigation, and when the outburst of savagery is over these gentle souls, let us hope, will come to their own again as the prophets, poets, and pioneers of a new civilization which shall pass the bound of nationalities and aim at universality. Even in hell the devils in Milton's poem claimed that all was not lost. Much more we, in a world not yet given over to satanic dominion, may dream and hope and make ready for a new kindling of hope and courage.

War.

Any one who reads foreign and domestic magazine articles concerning the late war in the Balkans, and the attitude of the great nations, must have an acute perception of the futility of all prophecies and forecasts concerning the fate of nations and the probabilities of war. The best-informed laymen in all countries are almost totally ignorant of what is going on in the chancelleries or Europe, and the best-informed statesmen in all countries are almost as helpless as ordinary laymen when they begin to lay plans for a distant future. There is a story of some seamen adrift upon a vast ice-field, who were rapidly making their way toward the North, while the ice-field still more rapidly was drifting towards the South. Something like this seems to have been the experience of all the great nations of Europe. It is folly to say that what has now happened was foreseen and provided for by the governments that have now declared war.

It is well known that Germany, France, and England have been looking over their national boundaries with suspicion and with ill-concealed plans, on the part of both Germany and France, to strike for revenge and readjustment of national boundaries, whenever opportunity came. That England and Germany have been steadily increasing their naval armaments without concealment of their rivalry, with a prospect of war on the high seas, has long been a commonplace of the daily news; but that war should come in the way it has was something that nobody could predict. It is suspected that the German Kaiser incited Austria to attack Servia in the hope that, in the confusion of war, Germany might make some further advance toward the Mediterranean.

Apparently, however, the great underlying fact, not conspicuous, and by us on this side of the Atlantic scarcely suspected, was the undying hatred, rivalry, and the preparation for war between the Slav and the Teuton. In '48 Austria was threatened with dismemberment when Hungary rebelled under the leadership of Kossuth. All our older readers remember the hatred of Austria and its youthful emperor, Francis Joseph, with Haynau whipping women, and Kossuth with his magical eloquence stirring the heart of youth throughout the world. Kossuth, rescued by an American warship, came to this country and shared with Jenny Lind, the Swedish singer, the applause and popularity excited wherever they appeared. Austria conquered and the Austro-Hungarian empire was established. Gradually, under the leadership of the great Deak (who by the way was a Hungarian Unitarian), Hungary assumed a prominent place in the empire, but the end was not yet. The many discordant

elements in the Hungarian part of the empire were never wholly assimilated and never settled down to a stable equilibrium and permanent peace with each other. Turkey in Europe was the next neighbor, and when, by the uprising of the nationalities in the Balkan Peninsula, Turkey was forced back toward Constantinople, the discontent of Slavic elements in the Austrian Empire was aggravated by sympathy with the Slavic elements in the Balkans. Just how much provocation was given to Austria by Slavic intrigues, nobody on this side of the Atlantic can know. Francis Joseph had come in the course of years to be not only a dignified figure in Europe, but also, to a considerable extent, an object of admiration and reverence. The sins of his youth had been forgotten, and it was with a shock of surprise that we in America heard that he had declared war on a little kingdom lying just east of the Danube. After this declaration, Russia began to move, and then Germany began to threaten, and soon France and England were involved, and the most awful catastrophe which has threatened civilization since the fall of Greece and Rome has become imminent.

It is useless now to talk about peace congresses, arbitration, and mediation. The American representatives of the churches who have gone to Europe to hold a peace congress have met in Switzerland only to find themselves practically prisoners of war, and will, with difficulty, return to their native land. In Switzerland the writer saw a village far up on a mountain side with a church on the upper side built with strong walls flanking it, like wings. Curiosity was excited by it, and asking the villagers the meaning of this peculiar arrangement, the answer was that the church was built in that way and in that place to protect the village against the falling of an avalanche. The appeal has often been made to the church in its various divisions in England and Germany to serve something after this manner as a protection against an avalanche of war, but thus far the church has proved as helpless as the peace societies to ward off the awful calamity of war. Still, no good effort ever fails. The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine. We must remember that the peace movement, while exceedingly slow, does make headway. It is true that the sayings of the prophet Isaiah are still quoted as the most eloquent and convincing proclamations of the era of peace, which some day is to dawn upon a weary world; but that these prophecies of peace have not been forgotten is an encouraging sign of the times. More than that, while the declarations of the Hebrew prophet were not commonly accepted in their time, and were probably received by only a few hundred of their contemporaries in that little country on the east of the Mediterranean Sea, now they are published throughout the civilized world and are hailed by many thousands in all lands as truths not to be forgotten nor ignored in making social industrial and political plans.

What may happen after the nations have fought themselves to a standstill nobody knows, and prediction would be folly. The stubborn fact remains that there will be more than a hundred million Slavs to be reckoned with, and that being in the aggregate only half-civilized they will block the wheels of progress indefinitely. It is certain also that hatreds between Germany, England, and France will be intensified and will last as long, for instance, as the time that has elapsed since the battle of Waterloo. Other elements, which nobody can estimate, are to be found in the thirty million Mohammedans in the British Empire, with their fellow-religionists, numbering many millions, in Asia and Africa. Japan, China, and India, containing one-quarter of the whole human race, will certainly have some voice in the controversies and possibly some influential part to play in the final settlement. "Asia for the Asiatics" is a cry that has been heard, and that may become the wide-spread defiance of vociferous nationalities, long conscious of wrong inflicted upon them by the white races, and only lately beginning to see the possibilities of resistance to their arrogant overlords. Even we in America may find our far-flung national influence and power a snare to our feet and a source of entanglements with the forces of war which are soon to be active, as we already see, in all the waters that engirdle the continents. In the case of Belgium we see that treaties guaranteeing neutrality to non-combatants are waste paper, and we may find that those we are now negotiating with foreign nations have little more efficacy as peace-makers.

The advice of our President is admirable. Let us keep cool. Let us try to reduce within our borders all the racial antagonisms and prejudices which are sure to make discord, and do all in our power to strengthen the spirit of loyalty to our national government, to the ideals of the Republic, and to the sentiments which are stirred in all hearts of Americans abroad when the Stars and Stripes are thrown to the breeze anywhere around the circle of the earth. G. B.

The Religious Woman.

It is often affirmed that the church of the present day is largely maintained by the women of the community. Without the signal aid of women, how, we are asked, could the ordinances of religion be sustained? It is claimed that religion is more essential for the woman than for the man. In the family there should be at least one praying, worshipping member, — the wife and mother, — one person who attends church regularly on Sunday, to keep up the respectability of the family, while the father is playing golf and the sons and daughters are motoring or visiting their friends. The opinion that an irreligious woman, especially a wife and mother, is an unnatural, condemnable being is very deeply ingrained. If a woman goes wrong, her fall is very apt to be attributed to the agnostic, pagan tendencies of the age.

A suspicion, however, has been infused into the public mind that women, after all, are not so instinctively prone to spirituality as has been believed; that religion is not an ingrained, self-developed part of her nature, but the result largely of soul-culture, environment, early influences, and all that goes to form character.

It is even announced in books and in the public prints that certain classes of women are distinctly irreligious, and have no more decided bent toward godliness than men have under the same conditions. Male observers see in the decay of religious faith among women a cause for some of the deplorable facts of our time, which lead to lives filled with fevered excitement, the loss of modesty and moral restraint in the pursuit of dangerous sensations, the disruption of families, the scorn of home making and keeping, the assertion of absolute freedom in intimate relations, and the right to sunder all ties that have been held sacred. The note of alarm has been sounded from more than one direction, and we are told that a revival of religion on a great scale is the only means by which women can be brought back to a sense of their duties and obligations.

The men who deliver burning testimony against the sins of women are doubtless earnest and sincere. They see a menace to society in present conditions, and they turn to what they believe to be the cause of these evils, the delinquencies of women. But to lay the blame of decadence on a class or select portion of society is to take a shallow view of conditions underlying the surface.

If there has been a marked decline in religious faith and observance, the causes are not so partial and circumscribed as some may think. The day has passed when the believing mother or wife is thought potent enough in prayer and supplication to save the unbelieving husband or son. The deep conviction of personal religion does away with the hope of a vicarious redemption. We are all bound up one with another, and the distinction of the sheep and the goats every day loses more and more of the sharpness of outline.

We cannot believe that a vast revival of religion of the ancient type will save society. The old methods and appeals are now ineffective for millions of souls. They have lost their interest, and the first requisite is a vivid soul-stirring renewal of interest in religious things. Dogma is denuded of its force, and the creeds, many of them, as the poet says, are outworn. Billy Sunday may terrify a certain class of hearers by his vivid description of the torments of the nether regions, but intelligent men and women are no longer moved by lurid portrayals of God's wrath and vengeance.

It may be that the typical woman's nature is more prone to religious fervor and devotion, to self-sacrifice and abnegation, but she is a child of her century and her time as truly as is man, and, like him, comes as often to the cross-roads of doubt, where she knows not what to believe, or believes doubtingly and questioningly concerning the great themes that occupy the serious mind.

Like the whole world she is waiting for a new religion, or a new and more vital translation of the old religion, purified and freed from the dead and dying parts it is now carrying, like a corpse attached to a living body. As far as can be discerned, this new faith will be the religion of service to humanity, and it can be said with perfect truth that more good women are enlisted in this faith to-day than have ever before proclaimed their allegiance and pledged their lives to God and his suffering and benighted children.

We cannot gloss over the many disquieting signs of the times, nor cover with flattering words and cheerful songs the growlings and mutterings of the tempest. It is a world-movement that we face. The newspapers and the novelists are so deeply concerned with a small class that they seem to miss the general trend of things. Irreligious women, defiant of human and divine laws, are a small class. Their enormities make good copy for the reporters, and thus they come into a conspicuity that makes them outclass in interest the millions of good women who are working in obscure but pertinent ways to make the world a better place to live in.

We have not discerned as yet the drift of the great current that is hurrying us on to new social conditions. The woman's part in this change is undoubtedly large. Sometimes it seems almost appalling, but from another point of view it must in the end be beneficent, a gain to the whole race. The pietistic, visionary, emotional woman, prone to ecstacy or morbidity, once found in considerable numbers in insane asylums, is bound to disappear as sentimentality is worked out of the religious life. Women will not spend their lives brooding over the unpardonable sin, or the horrors to which unbaptized infants are consigned in the other world. They will find too many live interests, too many pressing problems, to engage heart and brain. The world is crying for their help and guidance in all the tongues of the world's races; and the great impulses of the religion of humanity, through the inspiration and the teachings of Jesus Christ, are beating in the hearts of the women of the new age, who are acquiring the faith, steadiness, and courage to meet the creed of the world in the strength of an enlarged and ennobled womanhood.

Current Topics.

Amid the clash of arms on the European continent, a great bereavement came upon President Wilson on August 6, when his wife died in the White House. A circumstance which attracted national sympathy to the desolated fireside of the chief magistrate of the nation, and added to the sincerity of the universal regret for the life that had gone out, was the fact that the illness which bereft Mr. Wilson had been brought on in a large measure by Mrs. Wilson's labors for the uplift of the poor of Washington. This phase of the activities of the first lady of the land, combined with her duties as hostess at the White House, had brought Mrs. Wilson to a state of precarious health wherein she was unable to recover completely from an injury which she had sustained from a fall last winter. The presence of death in the White House elicited a large number of expressions of regret from Americans who had learned to regard with sympathy and admiration the beautiful life of Mrs. Wilson, both as an American matron and as the sharer of the burdens of the President of the United States.

The conflict which has plunged Europe into the terror of universal war is continuing with scarcely a promise of an early cessation, and with every indication of a further extension of the zone of hostilities, which at the beginning of the week involved seven nations and promised to involve at least four more in the vast vortex of destruction. The war between France, Russia, and Servia on the one hand, and Austria-Hungary on the other, became a universal European conflict on August 4, when Great Britain began a hostile movement against Germany. The immediate occasion of the termination of Great Britain's neutrality was the advance of a German army into Belgian territory for the purpose of effecting a flank attack upon the French fortifications guarding the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine. As Belgium's neutrality was guaranteed in 1870 by a treaty of which Great Britain was one of the signatories, the new development became a matter of immediate interest to Great Britain. The British declaration of war against Germany, however, did not include Germany's partner in the dual alliance, Austria-Hungary.

The entrance of Great Britain into the conflict aligned more than three-fourths of the peoples and territory of Europe in the conflict which had begun because Servia had declined to accede to the Austrian demand for the suppression of the activities of Servian nationalist societies on Austrian soil, in a manner to grant the full satisfaction specified by the Austro-Hungarian government. Against Austria-Hungary and her ally, Germany, were ranged Great Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, and Servia. Italy, at the beginning of the week, was awaiting the psychological moment for a declaration of war against her former partner in the Triple Alliance, Austria-Hungary, for the liberation of that part of Austria which is inhabited mostly by Italians, and which the Italians designate as "Italia Irredenta." South and east of Europe, a new complication was developing, in the form of a movement by Turkey, probably in an understanding with Bulgaria, against Greece and her ally, Servia, already at war with Austria on her northern frontier. The attitude of Roumania toward this new move was undefined.

The fortunes of war in its first phase did not appear to favor the dual alliance. The theory had grown up

Digitized by Google

among military men for the past quarter of a century that the German army might well be the deciding factor in any future war involving a large part of Europe. It had been assumed that, because of its superior mobility and its excellent training, the German army would be enabled to indicate the ultimate outcome of the general campaign by a series of rapid and overwhelming blows upon its enemies in the first few days of the conflict. This prediction did not seem to be borne out by the actual developments on the field in the opening phase of the struggle. On the contrary, the indications were that the plan of campaign worked out on paper by the general staff in Berlin was in danger of a partial breakdown because of the unexpected strength of the resistance offered to the German forces by the Belgian army in the fighting about Liege, which lasted throughout last week and was renewed with energy last Monday, after the Germans had taken the Belgian city.

The Russian mobilization went on with slow progress during the first fortnight of the war. The deliberation of Russia's movements had been relied upon to give Germany an opportunity to deliver two or three stunning blows at the French before the Russians entered the conflict in force, and then to turn around with victorious armies and deal with the Russian host of about 6,000,000 men. The expectations of the German and Austrian general staffs were justified, so far, at least, as their confidence in the delay of Russian mobilization was concerned. Although Russia had considerable forces on the Austrian and German frontiers, these troops up to the beginning of this week had not undertaken any inroad into the enemy's country. On the contrary, it appeared that Germany and Austria were preparing an invasion of Russia on a large scale. With such a movement in view, Austria had withdrawn her main forces from the Danube, leaving only sufficient troops to repel a possible Servian invasion, and was massing a million men or more upon the Carpathian and Polish frontiers of the neighbor whose interference in the quarrel between Austria and Servia had brought on the extension of the zone of hostilities to continental proportions.

The neutrality of Italy was an interesting and important phase of the international situation. It had been expected, in Berlin and Vienna, that Italy, as a member of the Triple Alliance, would consider its participation in the war in behalf of its allies as an imperative duty. No such view of its obligation in the circumstances was taken by the Italian government, however. At the beginning of actual hostilities, Italy indicated its probable refusal to co-operate with the Triple Alliance. When the moment for decision came, at the end of last week, the government at Rome justified previous surmises as to its probable action by announcing its neutrality. It explained its non-participation in the war of its allies by pointing out that the provisions of the treaty between Italy and Germany stipulated Italian aid for Germany and Austria-Hungary only in the event of an attack upon either of those countries. Such was not the event of the present, the Roman statesmen affirmed. Therefore, Italy would lie upon its arms and await developments for the present.

The part which Japan will play in the war of the nations is an interesting subject for speculation. It is becoming increasingly apparent that the Japanese government is on the eve of positive action in conjunction with England against German interests in the Far East. There can be no doubt that in the event of an ultimate defeat of Germany, that empire will be stripped of its Chinese possessions, probably by joint Anglo-Japanese forces. Germany's four colonies in Africa also appear to be in imminent danger of seizure and permanent retention by Great Britain and France. The news at the end of last week, of the invasion of Togoland by French and British forces acting in concert, was an incident that indicated the purposes of the Triple Entente with regard to the German possessions in Africa. German Southwest Africa, German East Africa, and the Kameruns are evidently destined to go as Togoland had gone, and the German dominions in Africa probably will be partitioned without the firing of a shot.

Brevities.

We sit listening to the organ music on Sunday morning, and catch glimpses through the open window of the beauty outside. Then the organ softly ceases and there comes through the silence the clear, sweet melody of the song-sparrow. It all merges into one harmonious mood of worship.

Thinking, worthy of the name, is laborious and exacting, and we find few people who habitually and willingly engage in it. They find it more convenient to let others do their thinking for them, and then, accepting this thinking, call it their own. But the only beliefs and conclusions which are really one's own are those which have been reached by personal, painstaking, logical consideration.

Prof. Mendel and Dr. Osborne of Yale University have recently conducted experiments which reveal the superior nutritive value of butter over any other form of food fats, it being especially promotive of growth in the young animal or child, another proof that what the animal economy calls for is really what the physical organism needs. A bread-and-butter diet is one of nature's instinctive foods for the growing child.

It is stated on what seems good statistical authority that more ministers throughout the United States receive under six hundred dollars a year salary than over, and yet Americans cannot generally be charged with being ungenerous or stingy in matters of vital importance. George Creel believes this is due, in part, because the people feel they are not getting a sufficient return for their money, and hence he advocates a change in the operating methods of the church.

Modern Volunteers.

BY CHARLES H. LYTTLE.

Scattered throughout the older States of the Union are many family "burying-grounds," long out of use, but undisturbed even in their sad abandonment. One of them I recall very distinctly,—a half overgrown enclosure upon a slight knoll in a wide meadow, far removed from highway or railway or house. Two of the graves are those of young patriots of the Civil War, brothers who enlisted in the same regiment, died in the same battle, and lie together under the blue sky, surrounded by all the tender loneliness of nature. It has always seemed to me more wondrous than sad that these two young fellows, born and reared among these very fields and woods, drawing their ruddy vigor from this unchanged earth and air, finding their sport in this nearby meandering creek, should have gleamed through the highest planes of moral life with such evident and cheerful

Digitized by Google

readiness, attained life's highest privilege, and then, their duty done, hither returned again. Vigor abundant, then renunciation, then the solemn and tranquil beatitude, "He died for his country." *Thus nature vindicates herself in humanity.*

The heroism of soldiering and its martyrdom have been of late a bit discounted, in the minds of many, by pension exploitation and the pacificist propaganda. To discourage war, it would seem to be a good policy to deplore the sentimentalism of war,—especially its somewhat grandiose hero-worship. Hung be the soldiers' and sailors' monuments with black rather than wreaths! The extraordinary thing is, however, that most of those same soldiers and sailors, if alive to-day, would be quite as vehement as any pacificist in denouncing war and its glittering incitements and its garish hero-worship. Take, for instance, the records of such opinions preserved for us in the two exquisite volumes, "Harvard Memorial Biographies," compiled in 1867, from biographical sketches furnished by chums, room-mates, comrades, relatives, of the dead soldiers. (The volumes are surcharged with the passion for altruistic devotion to principle. They are an imposing commentary in blood and tears upon Luke iv, 16-29). In one of the letters of Goodwin Atkins Stone of Newburyport is this passage: "We come face to face with the excesses and horrors of war, with its misery . . . which are but *the dust on the banner.* I consider this war a sacred duty to me. . . . Our cause is worthy of all the sacrifice which a mysterious Providence calls upon us to make." Another volunteer,—a tutor in mathematics in the college,—Leonard Case Alden, wrote: "A man is not completely a man until he is strong enough to lay down his life with composure and contentment."

"The dust on the banner!" What a striking phrase to express the beauty and grandeur of a principle over every selfish consideration,—creating manhood by commanding manhood to lay down life itself with contentment, if in fidelity to a truth! Therein is the truth clear that William James expressed in the words, "We must find a moral equivalent for war." This would be the strongest argument against the peace propaganda, and indeed, the only one, if in truth it were an argument at all. The reformers may argue that the stature of a nation's manhood decreases after a war; that its healthiest life goes to enrich the ground for daisies and wild-flowers. All this is very true. But one thing, it is certain, war does emphasize and that worthfully, that our human life must be as so much kindling-wood for the holy fire of a noble principle, should that fire be in danger of extinction.

If there is one evil more than another that now needs rectifying, it is this, that the divine impulse of self-giving in youth is, for ten precious years, diverted toward the passive absorption of vocational technique; and, talk as we will of human service in one's daily tasks, so long as the romantic element is lacking in this service and these tasks, philanthropy will be a business policy and not a soul passion to them. Once find "a moral equivalent for war" and it will forthwith "certify to earth a new imperial race."

Why not have a Volunteer Civil Service in our government? Why not seek through the agencies of government and in the varied needs of a nation to afford an opportunity for youthful and romantic altruism to give and to receive strength. This volunteer service might be performed, as a devoted regiment of workers, in the wilds of Alaska, or on the wharves of New York City, or in the mountains of Tennessee at low pay and with simple comforts. But I believe that these latter would be as dust on the banner; that the fervent consciousness of working together with earnest comrades for the common good would be an inestimably valuable education for head and heart and hand. It would afford self-reliance, a degree of useful technique, physical and moral growth immeasurable. These our modern volunteers

> "would come transfigured back,
> Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
> Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
> Of morn on their white shields of expectation."

Wanted: Better Democracy.

BY REV. CHARLES F. DOLE, D.D.

Many thoughtful people are scared about the success of democratic government. Certain dangerous tendencies are seen working toward immense extravagance, waste, and even oppression. If the common saying, that "the cure of democracy is more democracy," means merely the making of more voters, or even compelling people to vote, it offers little promise of help. We ought to say "the cure of democracy is better democracy."

The truth is, we scarcely yet see real democracy, but a feeble approach toward it. Actual democracy is essentially a co-operative order and management of affairs. It is as truly co-operative as a church ought to be. When occasionally, under some common stress, as, for example, at the secession of the Southern States, people put aside for a while faction and partisanship, and unite for a great cause, you see democracy in action. At its best it is the working of the spirit of humanity; it is indeed a kind of religion, and never could exist in a country which had lost its religion.

We see so little of this type of real democracy that many do not believe that it exists, and do not even care to look for it. Our democracy is largely a crude "tug of war" between opposite parties. It is like what is said of our courts. The prevailing idea is to see who will win, not to do justice. So in politics the common idea is not to serve the public good, but to take part in a fight, or to look on and see who will win. Is not this so to a ridiculous extent? And whose business is it to look out for the public good, while the party men are lining up against each other, or, again, log-rolling with each other over private issues?

Perhaps the most serious menace in all democracies is the unintelligent worship of brute majorities. Can you obtain a bare majority for a given measure? The thing is at once supposed to become right. There may be no more intelligence behind it than in the whim of a despot. It may be a retrogressive measure, creating a class with special privileges, like city laborers or the Spanish War veterans, and therefore tending to undermine real democracy, and yet the hasty rush of a majority straightway hardens the thing into law. It may not even be the work of a *bona fide* majority, but of an urgent minority, while the body of the people stand mute, inert, and indifferent. Thus, a few of the people, or some special and selfish interest, by the mere show of a majority, may thoughtlessly lay vast burdens upon their fellows and on future generations, as if the reasoned remonstrance or protest of the most earnest minority existed for no other purpose than to be overwhelmed by a roll-call. Does any one think so ill of democratic government as to suppose it to involve a blind disregard of the opinions of its minorities? What ground is there for respect for the laws, the tax laws, for instance, unless they are framed out of consideration of the conscience and the best judgment of the people,—of the few who think about such things as well as the many who do not think about them at all?

We have a fashion just now to attach a referendum to

Digitized by Google

pretty nearly everything in which legislators wish to avoid the responsibility for the use of their judgment and courage. No doubt the referendum is a good piece of the machinery of government. Along with the initiative, it seems to have a legitimate place, as a means of bringing undemocratic legislatures, too slow to sense healthy public opinion, to do the will of the people. The chief reason why we need these appliances is because we are only children in knowing how to get democratic service from our legislators. In a civilized commonwealth there would hardly be any call for the use of these instruments for the defence of the people from their own representatives. But such use of the referendum as is now thrust so often upon us is rarely the working of democratic principles. Do the legislators show their trust in the people by this frequent use of the referendum, or, rather, a lazy and even cowardly shirking of their duty as representatives? There can be no question but that they are bringing representative government into contempt all over the world. What a cumbersome and unrepresentative method of procedure it is!

Much comment is made upon the frequent use of the referendum in Oregon. It looks as if betrayal of the interests of the people by their legislators in the past had driven the people of that State to desperation. Perhaps, also, the partisanship of the earlier period has wrought its perfect work in making independence, courage, and public-spirited leadership scarce commodities in political life. But whatever the faults of the referendum in Oregon (and they can hardly be greater than the blunders and sins of legislatures), they at least do one thing out there which most hastily conceived referendum measures, for example, in Massachusetts, fail altogether to do. They give the people information on the subjects referred for their votes. We are given no information. Thus, the citizens of Boston and Hyde Park only a little while ago were asked to say whether they wished to enter the bonds of municipal matrimony. Perhaps the Hyde Park people knew why they said Yes, but it is certain that most of the citizens of Boston had not the information needful to make up their minds on this rather important enterprise. The democrats of the school of Abraham Lincoln have plenty of trust in the people, but they are not so foolish as to trust people who are given no time nor means of informing themselves upon the questions at issue. Why, if legislatures insist upon making the people decide their questions for them, will they not make provision for all the voters to know briefly the reasons pro and con for the vote required? This would at least secure a little discipline of the intelligence of the voters, in place of the present expression either of unthinking sentiment or a vacant mind.

More important yet seems to be some limitation upon the caprice of hasty majorities. This plea is not in the name of a timorous conservatism, but of genuine and fair-minded democracy. If democracy is essentially the common action of a humane people who wish to act together, and not a conflict of classes or parties to defeat one another, ought not all important votes generally be required to win a substantial majority, say two thirds of the votes, thus expressing the prevailing and honest public opinion of the time? Lacking this kind of support, is it not better public policy to wait till the people care enough to give the needful pressure of votes? Some one will think at once of our local option upon the saloon question. Is it righteous, by bare majority vote to establish a crime in the face of nearly half the people, whom we have not taken the time to convert to agree with us? Would it not be better democracy, and better morality, likewise, to wait a little longer and work harder, so as to have back of our law a strong public opinion, in which case the majorities would not shuffle back and forth over the line as they do now?

Another cure of our present hasty and negligent use of the referendum at once suggests itself. If the matter is of importance enough to be referred to the people at all, why not require for its passage at least a majority of the qualified voters of the municipality or the State? Would it not, indeed, be in the interest of true democracy if bills passed by the legislature, in the face of any considerable remonstrance, and without the referendum, were given only a limited life, say three years, after which time they must be reconsidered? The body politic seems to need safeguards against a flood of legislation, at best merely tentative or temporary. Even when passed, we ought to be able to get rid of some of it automatically, without too much strain on the system!

May I say a word to those who are always disposed to rail against the referendum, and to give to the representative system praise more conventional than deserved? Why will they not do something to help perfect our legislatures in the line of good democracy? Many of us for years are hardly represented at all in the legislature. Rarely do we have a chance to make our votes effective. Thousands of votes are thrown away at every election. There are enough of these wasted votes to elect a considerable percentage of each legislature. Men of sterling courage and intelligence would be among the representatives who would be elected by any fair plan of effective voting. Every class in every commonwealth would be represented. There would be a constant pressure upon the representatives, no longer dependent upon party favor, to co-operate for the public good. Proportional representation is just and democratic. The want of any provision for it is at the root of much social discontent. Why will not our friends who admire the representative features of our democracy help to perfect that system, and so to give actual enfranchisement to a multitude of their fellow-citizens?

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Spiritual Life.

No man's hope will ever outlast God's hope. No man's love or dream of love shall ever approach in purity and splendor the passion which is central and circumferential with God.—*Thomas K. Beecher.*

Sorrow must be made an opportunity for service. They who comfort others shall themselves be comforted. Unto those who minister to others shall the Father himself minister.—*George Hodges, D.D.*

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.—*Canon Farrar.*

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience,—patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses,—he has an every-day greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chanted in cathedrals.—*Dr. Deavey.*

Each soul has its own faculty; it can help in some way to make the world more cheerful and more beautiful. This it is which makes life worth living. If we are living only

Digitized by Google

for ourselves, our own amusement, luxury, advancement, life is not worth living.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

I am sorry for the man, for the woman, who does not know that life is a battle, who does not know what price of toil and sacrifice is paid for everything that we use or enjoy. Not to know this, not to be bearing one's share of the world's task, is a kind of cowardice and treachery.—*Theodore C. Williams.*

When we think of the eternity of goodness and its conquest, the soul exults, even the blood stirs with joy. Life puts on its noble aspect. All work is dignified and great. Things seem worth the doing, thoughts worth thinking, endeavors worth perseverance, temptations worth resisting, trials worth the toil of conquering them, life—even the commonest—worth living nobly to the end.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

The Universal Church.

If a new title could be grafted on, without supplanting, so old and persistent a title as ours, would not this serve us well? The Universal Church. Here is a name to ponder.

It presents a legitimate hope. Catholicity is a true aim for a church. It is the monopoly of none, and the achievement of none. We should not be supposed to be so presuming as to claim, through such a name, to be the one holy and catholic religious organization. People would feel in it not a claim of possession, but a standard of purpose and aim. It would attract to our cause all who love wide horizons and large prospects. It would represent the hospitality to truth, and goodness, and reverence, which has always characterized our spirit. It would carry the most distinctive purpose of Christianity, and it would open the door, and keep it wide open, to all of every name and affiliation who for any reason are searching for congenial fellowship. With such a basis for church unity, we should furnish the most available platform for religious union that could be made. We should be universal, not in offering what we bring freely to everybody, which is the favorite method of churches which call themselves universal, but in having what we offer of a sort likely to appeal to everybody. The principles of our faith are just those principles that underlie all faith. They are what every one in every church accepts. They make a man who expresses them strongly seem to belong to any church in which he happens to proclaim them. Churches which already claim to be catholic do so on quite other grounds than the intrinsic catholicities of religion. They claim to be *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, on grounds of history, extent, and numbers. There is a higher ground, yet unoccupied, for a church which shall rest its right to catholicity on its adoption of the quality of catholicity, and face toward the universality of truth, advancing knowledge, brotherhood, and the commanding reverences.

Such a name would not lack distinctiveness, in spite of its largeness. Its root would be unmistakable. The word "church" is a Christian word. It could have no other religious ancestry. However widely applied, and applicable, its use in religion began with Christianity, and instantly carries the mind to Christianity. It is entirely serviceable as the vehicle of those teachings which give Christianity its wide adaptability, and justify its place as a universal religion. Those who believe that Christianity is the absolute religion would accept such a title. And those who have been driven by narrow teaching and claims to abjure Christianity would find in such a name an avenue of approach to the things in Christianity that have not been rejected.

To take so large a word as the word "Universal" for the title of a church or denomination seems presumptuous; but it is not unprecedented, and the presumptuous seeming would vanish with acquaintance. The Christian Church is at once the title of the whole body of churches called Christian and of one particular denomination, and there is no confusion in such double use of this title. There would be none in our use of the title, "The Universal Church." When it was seen that we were sincerely and faithfully presenting those truths best calculated to make religion and Christianity most acceptable to men and women of every opinion, and striving to unite all in the simple verities of faith, then the name would grow into our consciousness and present to others a distinct picture of our movement. Our right to the name would be found in our spirit of welcome expressing the brotherhood of man, in our openness of mind expressing the growth of truth, in our worship expressing the Fatherhood of God, and in our spirituality expressing the life eternal. To try to build up a church universal, and to exhibit the principles and purposes which tend to make such a church, would qualify a church to the title, "The Universal Church."

It may be objected that this name is too closely similar to that of the Universalist denomination. We might then be called "Universalists." This is no objection. We should be glad to be called Universalists, and the name would have a fresh connotation; and, if our Universalist friends will allow us the hope, the connotation would bring to their faith in universal salvation hereafter a still larger significance of universality. If the use of the name would promote the union of the churches now forming the Universalist and the Unitarian denominations, this possibility and tendency constitute a most winning persuasiveness. If the offer of a title so much in harmony with their own would compensate our Universalist brethren for handing back their creedal forms to the churches preferring to use them without requirement of denominational use, we could meet their magnanimity with some surrenders of our own. We have a good many creeds which we could contribute: creeds extemporaneous, individual; creeds long and short; creeds which are the pride of their makers and the profit of printers; creeds which, though written in reproach of creeds, are creeds none the less. They never would be missed. Their offering would be a happy sacrifice on the altar of simplicity, clearness, and force; and if the Universalists did not find their own name in the new one, they would find one near enough to it to give peculiar satisfaction to them. We might find ourselves called "Universals," or the word hitherto held by philosophy might jump over into religion and we be called "Realists."

The appropriateness of this name for our movement and aim chiefly appears in the need among us for emphasis on things of larger inclusiveness. We are called too intellectual. We must admit that there are many excuses for the misunderstanding. When many people find an atmosphere too prevailingly intellectual, and bare of other sympathies as human and more inspiring, there must be something in their impression worth our heeding. Some aspects of religion, legitimate, respectable, and even indispensable, are not yet fairly appreciated among us. There is room for improvement at home as well as abroad, in our household of faith as well as in those opposite us. If we took the name "Universal," we should have to fulfil our vows, and dedicate ourselves to a larger understanding of man and a richer knowledge of God.

An August Wish.

BY PEMBERTON H. CRESSEY.

Would that the lyres quickly strung
To sound the praise of June
Might linger for the things unsung,
And yield an August tune,

Might leave the green and sheltered bowers,
The roses dew-impearled,
And tell of dusty roadside flowers
Which cheer the travelled world!

And would that half the songs that swell
The praises of man's youth
Might catch the deeper notes which well
From later fonts of truth;

Might tell how shining orbs of tears
Mix rainbows with the sod,
And blossoms, freighted with the years,
Smile on the path to God!

When the Wild Grape Blossoms.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

When the adventurous Northmen approached our coasts, long before Columbus navigated the seas, they found a country covered with the luxuriant wild grape, and they called it Vinland. The wild grape of Vinland is still wild, and though driven from many parts of the country by cultivation, it still maintains itself in quiet nooks and corners.

It is not the grape Bacchus brought from India, with the juice of which he intoxicated the world, but a homely American product, native to the soil. It cannot be named as an enlivener of feasts, and bacchanals have never been celebrated in its honor. It does not even furnish the innocuous grape juice, and its highest mission is to serve as jelly or "sauce," the indispensable sweetener of rural life.

And yet to me it furnishes the best symbol of midsummer —a mystic plant that steals into a thickly embowered world, absorbing from the earth the quintessence of the fervid, passionate, full-grown season. It is a little plain flower the lady of the woods and fields wears upon her breast, because it enchants her senses with its rich and peculiar odor. There are not so many wild flowers when the world has the greatest breadth and amplitude of shade.

If you search in a dell of pines and firs that have made the ground barren, save for their own sheddings, you may find the Indian-pipe, that curious fungus organized in form of a flower, or, if you are wondrous lucky, may chance upon the lady's-slipper, perhaps more than one variety, as a reminder of the richness and glory of floral bloom that once filled our woods, but has now nearly disappeared. The Clethra, on high and dry ground, will send you its fruity odor, and in the marshy places or along river-banks the cardinal may blaze out like a gleam of fire. Solomon's-seal, too, may hold up its spiky white blossom, and the marsh mallow, the American variety, will, perchance, unfold its broad pink blossom to the sun. The wild rose is growing in fence corners and along hilly roadsides, and the meadow lily hangs its scarlet and yellow bells among the grasses. The Rudbeckia has begun to open its yellow star with purple centre, and the very first sprays of goldenrod are balancing in the wind.

But none of these sum up for me the whole mystery and wonder of fully developed summer like the little, pale, insignificant wild grape bloom, for it seems to have a soul diffused through its breath, a lovely treasure of perfume that has been denied to richer blossoms. The senses minister to us each in its own way, but it is the power of an odor to evoke memory with the greatest vividness. The scent of burning leaves in autumn, the rich ground smell of the newly ploughed field, the first fresh breath of the new grass, can recreate scenes of the past with marvellous vividness. So the scent of the wild grape blossom is not a passing breath of fragrance, it seems to be some intimate portion of life once lived; wherever the wild grape is hidden in the green bowers of summer, it reveals itself by what may be called its inherent virtue. It reminds one of the rarest people and the most genuine, who make no display, are destitute of all showy graces, whose modest flower of life is pale and insignificant apparently, and yet how pure, how true, how fragrant of goodness, love, and fidelity!

Hidden virtue is the very essence of goodness that redeems the world, and keeps it sweet and wholesome. It is the breath of innocence and purity, symbolized in the loveliest things of nature, that come not, we may be sure, by chance out of the dark recesses of the earth, but are special benefactions corresponding in their being to the spiritual gifts that render human nature sacred.

The great mystical philosopher who created the doctrine of correspondences looked with a revealing eye on the external world, seeing there a unity that threw not out from the soul history of man the largest sun blazing in the heavens, or the smallest leaf or flower growing upon the earth. We are forever feeling the significance of things by hints and intimations that leave us enchanted but bewildered, that flit by like birds upon the wing, in the half dusk of evening; so it is in the power of an odor to evoke sentiments that seem to hark back to some pre-existent state of being.

Two months or more ago, in our late spring, how bare was the old world, how weary and worn it looked after the winter's buffeting, yet down in its chemical laboratories it was preparing wonders, all the essences and odors, the colors and flavors and marvellous diversity of beautiful things, each distinct and separate down to the tint of the least little flower that hides in the grass.

A great naturalist tells us there is nothing nature hates like uniformity. It will make no two leaves just alike upon the tree; it is seeking ever to differentiate its creations and to give a slight sense of originality to its handiwork. Even the common kinds of garden vegetables will continue in pristine excellence only for a certain time. We say the old varieties have run out, because of a partial reversion to type, or perhaps because the old dame so loves to experiment she turns her back on what is old and tried and tested, and would try a new design. I can no longer find the variety of apples that tasted so sweet and toothsome in my childhood; the potatoes are not quite the same, nor the peas and green corn. They are not to be found in the market, or if others of the same name appear, they have not the same flavor. She must ever contrive, invent, and turn out something a little different from what she has produced in the past. Her great apprentice Burbank, it is said, can make potatoes grow under ground and tomatoes on the same vines above. He is so deep in her secrets the natural processes look miraculous.

The orchard and kitchen garden have become of prime importance in these days, when the diminishing herds of cattle and sheep and the correspondingly high price of meat have forced thousands of people to live mainly on vegetables and the products of the grain-fields, who formerly made flesh and fowl the mainstay of their tables. The marvellous change in the American breakfast-table is one of the vital though practically unobserved signs of the time. From heavy carnivorous feeders we are gradually changing into at least partial vegetarians. Cereals, bread-stuffs, and fruit have taken in large degree the place of beefsteak, potato in some form,

Digitized by Google

hot cakes, doughnuts, and other solid comestibles, even to pie.

Only a few years ago the vegetarian was looked upon as rather a limp and harmless crank. But time and necessity have vindicated his theories, and the doctor has joined forces with the one-time fanatic by condemning a heavy meat diet and preaching the virtues of the products of the soil. One is led to ask what will be the effect upon the race when we become largely a nation of vegetarians, toward which we now seem to be tending. Will there be a loss in muscle and brawn, a diminution of the heavy weights for a smaller and perhaps weaker type? Or will the physical powers somewhat diminish in force in favor of a brainier, more intellectually alert variety of human being when body and mind are unclogged by overfeeding?

But this is wandering far away from the wild grapevine bowers along hilly roadsides, where it creeps entwined with the morning-glory, goldenrod, sumach, milkweed, motherwort, and the starry blossoms of pennyroyal. Such charming tangles growing in freedom seem dearer to us than the splendid blooms of great gardens about rich men's houses.

These are the vagrants of the open country, the floral tramps that cannot be cultivated, or, were it possible, would lose their charm. They ask no favors of the world, only to be allowed to beautify places where nothing else will grow, which with childlike eagerness they proceed to decorate and adorn in their own delightful way.

The humble things please us best when they have a touch of ideal loveliness like the wild grape blossom. Then we feel an impulse of gratitude for these uncovenanted blessings when they meet us like a friend with hand outstretched and smiling face on the dusty roads of life.

God seems to have been thinking good thoughts toward his creatures when he put so many rare delightful gifts within reach of us all. These things are not aristocratic, they are not exclusive, they live not behind stone walls, but, like sparrows and robins in the hedge, part of their charm is their freedom. They have a welcome for beggar and child and vagrant. They give a draught of pure water from the spring, a handful of berries from the bush, delicious scents from the gadding vines. "Come feast, take your ease," they seem to say. "This is God's country, where all his children are at home."

Religion and Theology.

BY DR. CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT.

There is one religion in the world, and one only; one faith, and one only. But to reach this thought we must move carefully. We must have our conception of religion clear. We should know just what we mean by the words we use. We must, in the first place, separate in our mind religion from theology. When we speak of religion we are very apt to mean theology, and when we think of religion we are very apt to think of theology. Religion is one, but there are many theologies. Religion is everywhere the same: theology is everywhere different.

I may perhaps best make this truth clear by comparing the relation of religion to theology with that of the air to the atmosphere. In our common speech we use very often the words "air" and "atmosphere" as if they meant the same thing. Or, rather, perhaps I should say that, while we rarely use the word "atmosphere," we use in its stead the word "air." Thus we say that the air is heavy or light. We say that in such a place the air is healthy, in such another it is unhealthy. We speak of mountain air, of sea air, of country air. It would perhaps surprise many to be told that *the air* is everywhere the same, that it may be indeed denser or rarer, that it may be more pure or less pure, but that the air, as such, is absolutely invariable. By night and by day, by the seashore or in the region of swamps, in the city and in the country, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and far out in the midst of the almost boundless reaches of the ocean, the air is everywhere the same. It has its fixed chemical combination. It contains here and everywhere eight parts of oxygen by weight to twenty-eight of nitrogen. This combination of these elements in this proportion never changes. It is as fixed, as permanent, and as equal as any other chemical product. But, on the other hand, *the atmosphere* is always changing. It is different in the night from what it is in the daytime. It is different on one day from what it was on another, in one region from what it is in another. The atmosphere is the air together with whatever exhalations from the earth are mingled with it. The atmosphere takes up everything: it takes the vapor from the sea, it takes the malaria from the swamps. The air may form sometimes only a small part of the atmosphere. Sometimes it may be almost excluded by it. Gases and vapors and smoke may take its place and banish it.

Now precisely like this relation of the air to the atmosphere is the relation of religion to theology. Religion is often spoken of when we mean theology, just as we often speak of the air when we mean the atmosphere. But, like the air, *religion is everywhere the same*, and has always been the same from the beginning. It may be more or less pure, but the difference is only between more and less. There is one religion and one faith. On the other hand, *theology is continually changing*. It is different in one region from what it is in another. It is different in one time from what it is in another.

What makes the difference between theology and religion is precisely that which makes the difference between the atmosphere and the air. Theology, also, is full of exhalations from the world. It takes up the faults, the prejudices, the imperfections, of our lower life. It is made foul by human passion. It takes up into itself the malarious breath of old traditions that have been left like pools or swamps after the living waters that have brought them have passed away and they remain stagnant and corrupt.

Analyze the theology of a time or community, and you will find the traditions, the prejudices, that prevail there mingled with more or less religion. But analyze religion, and it is everywhere the same.

Theology, like the atmosphere, may be sometimes health-giving, or it may breed even death. Religion, like the air, can bring only life. For *religion is the natural and simple trust of the soul in a power of good over it and about it, and its right relation to this;* and *theology is the reasoning, the theories, the systems, the conjectures, the traditions, that have gathered about this*, sometimes making it clear, sometimes making it obscure.

When I say that there is but one religion, I mean that there is but *one central religious truth*, and this finds itself expressed with more or less clearness, with more or less purity, with more or less contradiction, in all forms of religion that are worthy of the name. This one religious truth is *the goodness of God and the confidence that man may place in this for life and for death*. There is no form of religion, there is no theology worthy of the name, that does not express this with more or less consistency or contradiction. *This truth is the utterance of religious faith.* It is the one faith that is common to all religious souls. Theology is the result of human reason, of human invention, of human prejudice, of human superstition, or of human tradition. It may contain things that are utterly at variance with a true religious faith. It may say with religion that God is good, and then it may go on to affirm

Digitized by Google

things in regard to him which are inconsistent with all possible goodness. One theology makes one such scheme, and another theology another. Thus theologies differ, they contend, they excite hatreds and enmities; but religion is always one, is always at peace. Thus while there are many theologies, there is but one religion and one faith.

I have said that the one religious faith affirms the goodness of God and the trust that men may put in it for life and for death. We should have in our minds and hearts the knowledge and the feeling that *the word "faith" when applied to religion can mean nothing else than this.* The word "faith" has its meaning like every other word, and in every-day life we always use it in this one sense and in no other. The theologies play with the word. They twist it and force it to their own ends. But the word "faith" on simple lips has one simple meaning. The meaning of the word "faith" is *confidence,* and no man can imagine himself as using the word in any simple human relation in any other sense. You say that you have faith in a man's honesty, but you could not say that you have faith in his dishonesty. You may believe that he is dishonest, but that belief you would not express by the word "faith." If a friend is sick, you may have faith that he will recover. You could not say that you have faith that he will not recover, however much you might fear it, or however strongly you might believe it. So in a storm at sea you might have faith in the strength of your vessel: you could not have faith in its weakness.

Now the theologies of the world affirm many things that *cannot be objects of faith.* They may be believed, but the word "faith" could not properly be used with reference to them. One may have faith in the authority that teaches them, but the doctrines themselves cannot be held as matters of faith. The doctrine of total depravity cannot be an object of faith. One may believe it, but *"faith" is not the word by which this belief could properly be expressed.* One may have faith in God's justice, but the doctrines that make an awful caricature of this justice cannot be objects of *faith.* As the word "gospel" means good news, and no bad news can be called gospel, so faith means belief in the good, and no belief in anything that is not good can be called faith; for, I repeat, the word "faith" means *confidence.* It will be a great help to us if we can naturally, spontaneously, almost instinctively, attach this meaning to the word *"faith"* whenever we hear it and whenever we use it. It would be a thread to guide us through many a labyrinth of speculation, through many a maze of doctrine. Thus the word *"faith"* implies a wholeness, a healthfulness, an elasticity, a confidence, a hope. Thus we understand how *there is and can be only one faith in the world;* and if there is but one faith, there is, corresponding with this, *but one religion.* This religion is faith in the good God, and love of him, and obedience to him, and love of his children.

I once saw an old volume which occurs to me as representing better than anything I can think of the contradiction that often exists between theology and religion. It was a book describing the sufferings of the lost. Each sense had a chapter given it to show how each sense would have its torments. The tortures which Nero and other cruel tyrants inflicted were described with terrible minuteness; but these, the book said, were nothing to the sufferings of the lost, for these tyrants were finite, but God is Infinite. But each chapter was followed by a prayer, a prayer to the Infinite Love,—a prayer full of faith and sweetness and tenderness. It seemed impossible that the two forms of utterance should stand in one book, should be the expression of one man. But in one *the head spoke,* and in the other *the heart;* in the one theology, and in the other religion.

Where Did It Go?

Where did yesterday's sunset go,
When it faded down the hills so slow,
And the gold grew dim, and the purple light
Like an army with banners passed from sight?
Will its flush go into the goldenrod,
Its thrill to the purple aster's nod,
Its crimson fleck the maple bough,
And the autumn-glory begin from now?

Deeper than flower-fields sank the glow
Of the silent pageant passing slow.

It flushed all night in many a dream,
It thrilled in the folding hush of prayer,
It glided into a poet's song,
It is setting still in a picture rare;
It changed by a miracle none can see
To the shifting lights of a symphony,
And in resurrection of faith and hope
The glory died on the shining slope.

For it left its light on the hills and seas
That rim a thousand memories.

—*William C. Gannett.*

The Leadership of the Church.*

BY HOWARD A. BRIDGMAN.

The prevailing note in current discussions of the church is a doleful one. Anybody with his eyes half open can assume the rôle of a prophet of despair, and chant his little dirge over the decline of the ancient and venerated institution. It is a patent fact that people do not go to church as they themselves used to, or as their parents did. Recently in London a daily newspaper, intending to take a careful census of attendants upon all the churches on a certain Sunday, was dissuaded from doing so by certain Free Church leaders, who felt that the revelations could be but disheartening from the point of view of the church. As I write, comes this private letter from an editor of the leading religious paper in Great Britain, in which he writes: "Again our membership and Sunday-school figures are down. Worse than all, the churches are listless and lifeless." Moreover, while, in this country, church membership shows fairly good increase from decade to decade, as compared with the growth of population, much of it is nominal; and to-day, outside even of that rather enigmatic relationship which classifies as adherents all the brothers-in-law of the church—the summer boarders and the men and women who attend on Easter Sunday only, there remain at least twenty million persons not connected with the church by even such slender ties as these. That means that the number of persons totally unreached, and so far as we can say unaffected, by the church in its organized life, is as large as the entire population of this country in 1845.

One might dwell, too, upon the dwindling and decadent prayer meetings, the decline in candidates for the ministry, the hesitancy of the church to discern and defy wrongs, the absence of a clear message and carefully thought out programme, the chronic indifference of multitudes, the calm disdain with which they pass by on the other side, the fiery indignation with which certain associations of men and women denounce the church for its inconsistencies and weaknesses.

Now what about such an outburst of pessimism? Shall we of the churches dispute its substantial accuracy, or shall we present as persuasively as we can a number of counter considerations that offset to a considerable degree the savage indictment? I for one am tired of diagnosis. Let us proceed with a positive programme. Whatever the merits or demerits of the church, its look

* This paper, written by the editor of the *Congregationalist*, appeared in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for July.

Digitized by Google

must always be forward. If in three particulars the church can mount to a high level, it will gain in prestige and power.

First, the righteousness and efficiency with which a church administers its corporate affairs determines, to a considerable degree, its hold upon the consciences and intellects of the world. The church is a buyer of goods, an employer of labor, a business concern. It should set a high standard of fairness, thoroughness, and promptness. Before it can influence the vast and ceaseless operations of business on change, in stores, factories, foundries, and mines, it must pay its minister and sexton a living wage and pay it punctually. Before it can help to improve the external appearance of the village, town, city, where it is, it must see that its own property is in good repair and that its immediate surroundings carry no suggestion of untidiness or neglect. Before it can consistently demand that the municipality keep its accounts with exactness and raise and administer the common revenues through methods that can endure testing of the strictest efficiency expert, it must handle its own finances and apportion its gifts for benevolences with wisdom and energy.

But the church is not simply a business organization. It offers to the world a basis of association, the terms of which ought, from time to time, to be carefully studied, with a view to adjusting them to existing conditions. A creed which represented the consensus of Christian belief a century or even half a century ago may not be, in all its details, a creed to which the thinking man of to-day should be asked to subscribe. A thoroughgoing revision of their creeds would do much to re-establish some churches in the confidence of men and women who have some idea of the movement of thought in scientific and philosophical circles, who are aware of the flood of light which has fallen on the Old Testament and the New Testament records during the past fifty years, who have come to see that the least that Jesus requires in obedience and personal devotion in order to admit men to his companionship is the least which the church which calls itself by his name can require in those who would matriculate in his earthly school.

This is not reducing faith to a minimum. It is giving faith room enough in which to breathe and grow, and bear fruit. Simplify and Christianize our creeds. Let us pass them through the alembic of to-day's Christian experiences. They will come out shorter, shorn of their antiquated phraseology and their dogmatic elaborations; but when they emerge from the revising process they will have gained in reality, grip, and power. It is not the length of a creed that saves us, but its vitality. As Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst well says, "If a man really believes in the first clause of the Apostles' Creed, it is charged with sufficient motive to tear him to pieces." We can do no one thing which will help more to maintain the intellectual and moral leadership of a group of churches which have historically stood for courage, honesty, and the forward look than to adjust our creedal basis to the Christian thinking and experiences of the twentieth century.

In still another field of the church's corporate life there is call for the display of those qualities which make for leadership. A local church is not a separate entity. It is one of a great sisterhood. It should be constantly studying its resources and its opportunities, to determine how its particular contribution to the kingdom may fit in with those of the other churches. When, after careful study of the situation, it is clear that through federation or coalition it may accomplish more than by pursuing its solitary way, then without delay the step toward a temporary or permanent merging of forces should be taken, even though it involve sacrifice of precious associations and an historical name. The plain call of duty should be looked upon as a challenge of Christ, and a chance to test his own promise, "He who loseth his life shall save it."

Another way to vindicate the leadership of the churches is through co-operation with the forces of the modern world that are affecting the life of multitudes. The church has to compete for the interest and attention of men with institutions that possess much inherent strength and many acquired resources. As the world grows more complex and the pace of life increases, these counter attractions become more alluring. The church ought to have a definite policy toward them; so that when any new force or movement emerges, the church should neither shut itself up in its shell and refuse to have any relations to it, nor confine itself to a policy of denunciation and repression. It may properly cry "No quarter" to such entrenched evils as the liquor and gambling business; but to other activities, neither wholly good nor wholly bad, fraught with many possibilities of harm and perhaps as many possibilities of good, the attitude should be one of discrimination.

The church's instinct, for example, with reference to education has always been true and strong. It has provided schools and colleges where they were lacking. At times it has sought to control their administration. Always it has recognized that education was the handmaid to religion. In the field of literature the instinct of the church has not invariably been so unerring. Fiction has sometimes been tabooed; and young people, instead of being trained to appreciate the better and the best stories, have been advised to confine themselves to studying biographies, histories, and missionary textbooks. This attitude of the church no longer prevails, throughout the country; but in the field of amusement we see the old-time tendency to choose the easier path, that of total abstinence and denunciation, rather than the more difficult yet wiser course of discrimination.

But the church is coming to see that as man has a soul to be saved and a mind to be informed and trained, so also he is born with a desire to be amused, and that what man and youth in the ceaseless strain of modern life need is relaxation. The essential thing is that the diversions should be wholesome and really re-creating. It is probably not the business of one church in fifty to go into the picture-show business; but it is the business of all the churches to put its purifying touch upon the amusements of a city or a town, and now and then, in rare cases, as in Pawtucket, R.I., recently, in connection with the Civic Theatre, to institute the right kind of facilities for entertaining and at the same time instructing the mobile, volatile, impressionable men and women of many nations, and the boys and girls, that throng the streets of our great manufacturing cities.

This same thought applies to other forces that enlist the interest and energy of the world to-day,—to the newspaper press, daily and Sunday, to big and little business, to politics, international relationships, and to the rise of such movements within organized Christianity as the Immanuel Movement. The church should know about and care about all these and kindred forces that take powerful hold of contemporaneous life. It should demand that they be their best, and that they do their best for those who come under their influence.

One more way in which the church can maintain and extend its influence is by specializing on religion. Each of the great institutions of society has its particular work to do. If it fails in that, no matter how many other good things it may do, it has no reason for continued existence, and sooner or later will be supplanted by a more efficient agency. The one great objective of the church is to make men aware of God, to bring them into conscious,

Digitized by Google

filial relationship with him and into the genuine discipleship and the effective service of Jesus Christ. It must be doing that all the time, and with more success as the years go by. This objective gives dignity and worth to the hours of morning and evening worship, the instruction of the Sunday-school, the assemblies for conferences and prayer, the ministry of the Word, the passing of the message from lip to lip, the expression of the gospel in terms of practical helpfulness. Through this and kindred indispensable instrumentalities the world may be brought into the presence of unseen realities, and its latent hunger for God aroused and satisfied.

A hard task this is in an age seemingly content with things seen and temporal; but unless the church gladly assumes and bravely discharges this its main task, it will forfeit the respect of thinking men and disappoint reformers and social workers at a time when the most discerning among them are realizing that ethical maxims and educational processes need the powerful assistance of religion. The reason why so much betterment work fails to produce the desired changes in individuals is that there is no background in the way of parental example and teaching on which settlement workers and public and private school teachers can count. The children and young people for whom such noble and self-denying efforts are put forth go back to homes where there is no religious atmosphere and few of the sterling virtues induced by household religion of a genuine type.

The church, if it did but realize the fact, has the goods the world wants and needs. The church can convey what no settlement or hospital or associated charities can give,—the grace and mercy of God, the teaching, the companionship, the saviourship of Christ. To dabble in a thousand and one venturesome devices in the hope of catching the multitude and at the same time to neglect or disesteem the great salvation and the great commission is to invite disaster.

Recognizing the justice of the challenge to the church to save society, and fully sympathizing with many new methods and experiments, I would register my conviction that the church, whatever methods it adopts, must cling to its central message and its spiritual aims. It must mediate and distribute the pardon, the peace, the comfort, the hope, the warning, the incentive, which go with the disclosure of the compassion of the infinite God.

Who are the men and women who make up the modern world whose respect we of the church desire? Walk with me in imagination up a little village street with which I am familiar. We pass first between two houses in one of which lives a lonely old man, his wife and children gone, fighting his battle with tuberculosis, in the other of which have lived for years those who, whenever the law relaxes its vigilance, would pander to the appetite for liquor. A few steps further on is a home in which the only son not long ago brought sorrow and shame upon his parents. We pass other houses which are abodes of pain where those long shut in from their fellow-men wonder why God prostrates them with no prospect of relief, and homes out of which the father and bread-winner has gone leaving children far from self-support and needing not only education but wise parental influence, and homes out of which children have gone into the wide world leaving aged parents to long for the years of happy family life that are no more and only half hoping and believing that there may be another world in which lives sundered here may come together again. This is not an exceptional village street.

We can go up and down the lanes and highways of our country and find on every side suffering, sorrow, loneliness, sin, neighborhood animosities and bickerings, domestic discord, a limited mental horizon, low moral standard, and little faith in God or love for man. We can find, too, if we are looking for it, no small measure of fidelity, self-sacrifice, and brotherly love. As a rule, wherever these graces are found, they are due to some touch of the Christian church and the Christian gospel, either upon the present generation or its forbears. At any rate, the world of men as we know it to-day is a world in which the sweetening and uplifting influences which the Christian religion alone supplies are needed, and are capable of effecting marvellous results in the way of transforming and beautifying character. Men want shorter hours, higher wages, and better dwellings — of course they do — but deep down in their hearts they want, still more, peace with God and an assurance of the life immortal. They not only appreciate the gospel when it is brought to them in its winsomeness and power, but the gospel is still powerful to effect mighty results. Quietly, patiently, persistently, to bring to bear upon this and that and the other man such redeeming influence is our bounden duty, and our unspeakable privilege.

The Butterfly.

BY M. GENOA MORRIS.

Child of the summer sun! whose days
  Of transient glory seem
  An evanescent gleam
  In pleasure's merry maze!
Pray unto me thy life unfold —
    A secret old
  Which but the wise may know!
See how the saucy elf doth poise
  Light on the swinging flower!
  True despot of his hour:
  He Nature's good enjoys
In simple faith, unknowing fear
    Or sorrow's tear
  Or guilt's despairing woe.

A tale from him I ask in vain
  Naught doth he ken or care
  Of that dim When or Where
  He joined the fairy train
From 'mongst wee, lowly creeping things,
    When, finding wings,
  He soared in ecstasy!
But I his story guess, and see
  A meaning that may dwell
  Therein; and this I tell
  To mortals, who should be
With earth content, nor vainly sigh
    For worlds on high
  And endless liberty.

How helpless he, an humble worm,
  Fast in his cradle lay,
  That changing Night and Day
  His cycle might perform!
When lo! the Miracle was done!
    He saw the sun!—
  In rapture sought the sky!
In no appointed time or place
  The cosmic System fails,
  And order aye prevails
  To fashion Nature's face;
While every bud that forms a flower
    Obeys the Power
  Which creeps that it may fly.

So sleeps the Soul in dark cocoon,
  Her eager strivings bound
  By mysteries profound,
  Lest she awake too soon;
Until, a creature of the light,
    She springs to sight,
  Fit for her high estate!
O Psyche of the Butterflies!
  Love shall awaken thee,
  And Truth shall set thee free
  When her bright Sun doth rise!
Still keep thy dream: this loom of dust
    Man holds in trust
  To weave thy glorious fate!

Digitized by Google

In August.

Beside the country road with truant grace
Wild carrot lifts its circles of white lace.
From vines whose interwoven branches drape
The old stone walls come pungent scents of grape.
The sumach torches burn; the hardhack glows;
From off the pines a healing fragrance blows;
The pallid Indian pipe of ghostly kin
Listens in vain for stealthy moccasin.
In pensive mood a faded robin sings,
A butterfly with dusky, gold flecked wings
Holds court for plumy dandelion seed
And thistledown, on throne of fireweed.

The road goes loitering on, till it hath missed
Its way in goldenrod, to keep a tryst
Beyond the mosses and the ferns that veil
The last faint lines of its forgotten trail,
With Lonely Lake, so crystal clear that one
May see its bottom sparkling in the sun
With many-colored stones. The only stir
On its green banks is of the kingfisher
Dipping for prey; but oft, these haunted nights,
That mirror shivers into dazzling lights,
Cleft by a falling star, a messenger
From some bright battle lost, Excalibur
—*Katharine Lee Bates, in Christian Endeavor World.*

In Sunshiny Weather.

BY SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.

"For he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits."

This quaint observation of Bunyan, interjected into the account of the terrible Giant Despair, does much to enliven the spirits of the sympathetic reader. Christian and Hopeful were in a very sad plight. Doubting Castle was a gloomy stronghold. Its iron gates were heavy; and, as Christian afterward discovered, "the lock went damnable hard." In fact, there seemed no way of escape from the clutches of the surly, old giant. That which first made them pluck up courage was the chance discovery that, grim and big as he was, he was subject to a constitutional weakness. The fact was that Giant Despair had fits.

Now a giant who has fits, however vigilant he may be, cannot make a good jailer. It would be strange if, with their stout hearts and clear heads, they could not outwit their epileptic keeper. "Let us consider," said Hopeful, "that all the law is not with Giant Despair. Who knows but that he may in a short time have another of his fits, and may lose the use of his limbs? and, if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool I did not try to do it before."

The sun which shines on the just and the unjust shone also on Doubting Castle, investing it with a radiance like that of the Delectable Mountains. There were perfect days, now and then, when the sky was so blue and the air so full of life that it was very hard to maintain a consistent gloom. Even giants can't stand everything: there's a limit to their endurance. There was a period of sunshiny weather that was too much for Giant Despair. He felt his strength suddenly failing him, and he fell to the ground in an uncontrollable fit of cheerfulness.

Poor old Giant Despair! What availed his castle and his stout club and all the conveniences for unmitigated despondency? His gloom-producing devices were of the most approved construction. But, alas! there were moments when the hand that controlled them lost its cunning. At such times, in spite of the utmost effort of his will, he could not take himself quite seriously, and the world did not seem more than half bad. There was danger in these "often infirmities." What if he should catch sight of his own face in a glass, and find his grimaces more amusing than terrifying, and should laugh outright as he discovered what an old humbug he was! Then it would be all up with Giant Despair, and Doubting Castle would vanish instantly.

It was humiliating that, with all his huge bulk, he should be the victim of the "cosmic weather,"—and good weather at that! His philosophy had been the result of much painful ratiocination. He had proved by a variety of syllogisms that this is the worst possible world, and that the chief end of man is to find out how bad it is, and so make himself miserable forever. So long as he stayed indoors, this philosophy seemed unassailable; and, when he went down into the dungeon of Doubting Castle, it seemed the last word of wisdom. Not a fact could he there find to contradict it. But, when he went out into the sunshine, he could hear Nature shrieking with laughter against his creed. A plague on the sunshiny weather!

The Cheerful Letter Exchange.

BY LILIAN FREEMAN CLARKE.

The work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange has gone on so quietly for many years that it seems time to say a word about it in the *Christian Register*, that those who are not engaged in it or in the way of hearing about it may learn something of the great good it is accomplishing in fields not yet covered. When we began the work more than twenty years ago, we ourselves had no idea of the opportunities and possibilities that were open to us. It seems to me as if there were no work where so small an outlay of time and money could produce such large returns. Many illustrations of this might be given. Here is one. A member of one of our branches sent to a Western correspondent John Fiske's little book, "The Idea of God." It came back in rather a ragged condition, with the apology that the borrower hoped that the condition of the book would be excused for it had been read by four hundred men in a mining camp.

When we began to give and lend books, we thought that our correspondents would care chiefly for novels. There was an almost immediate demand for school-books, then for Bibles in legible print, so that one of our branches made a point of supplying these.

One of my first correspondents was a young wife, twenty-two years old, with four little children, living alone upon a homestead claim; without neighbors; without church, without schools; no doctor near in case of illness; her husband obliged to live at a distance in order to earn the bread of the family. We found that there was a whole population of these young mothers scattered about on ranches and prairies, and the lives of many of these have been changed and brightened by the Cheerful Letter Exchange. The gratitude they express for letters and reading-matter has been very touching.

Our work is not exactly like the Book Missions, because it does not consist of merely sending literature to those that need it, but results in personal friendly relations between the giver and the sender.

"Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare."

It is the practical side of Unitarianism, the Brotherhood of Man.

Although at the beginning our intention was entirely practical—to cheer and comfort the lonely and afflicted, it was inevitable that it should do good to the Unitarian cause in a way that we did not foresee. I once received a letter from Texas in which this sentence occurs: "I never heard of Unitarians before, but I think they are the best Christians I ever heard of." Many of us could give quotations to the same effect from letters received.

For some years the Alliance gave us a little financial aid, but now the Cheerful Letter Exchange is self-supporting. But we have a long waiting list (about two hundred persons) anxious to receive *The Cheerful Letter*, which is our medium of communication. If friends would send subscriptions for the paper (fifty cents a year), it would do a great deal of good. Sometimes when we ask for these subscriptions, the answer is, "I have not time to read any more papers." Will our friends kindly note that we do not ask them to receive the paper, but merely to send to our headquarters fifty cents (or for two copies, one dollar), which would enable us to send the paper to some one who would receive it with eager gratitude, and to whom it may bring education for the children of the neighborhood, comfort and encouragement in dark hours, a cheerful form of religion unmixed with theological dogma, and other blessings and benefits too numerous to mention?

Address all communications and all subscriptions to The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Literature.

The Question of Alcohol. By Edward Huntington Williams. New York: The Goodhue Company. 75 cents. The Goodhue Company is publishing a series of small books under the general title of The Personal Question Series, of which this is one. Dr. Williams was formerly professor of pathology in the State University of Iowa and assistant physician in the New York State Hospital Service. The papers which he here presents are the result of an investigation undertaken for the *Medical Record*; and one chapter appeared in the *Survey*. The concluding chapter contains the salient portions of an address delivered at the National Conference for Race Betterment last January, by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, who shared in the investigations of his brother. After a consideration of the facts concerning the drug habit menace, Dr. Williams reviews temperance instruction as it has been given in the public schools. The chapter on "Liquor Legislation and Insanity" presents some features of an investigation which concludes that Kansas and her sister States have general conditions to thank, rather than any special form of liquor legis-

lation, for their relatively small insane population. The closing chapter states the reasons for regarding certain proposed measures of repression, looking to country-wide prohibition, as Utopian, and outlines an evolutionary programme for the amelioration of existing conditions and the ultimate solution of the liquor problem. The first step in such a programme is the provision of rational treatment for the dipsomaniac. The liquor problem is pre-eminently, however, a problem of adolescence. The immature nervous system is peculiarly susceptible to the effects of alcohol, and as to this there is no difference of opinion among authorities. No reform movement can be effective which does not take for one of its guiding principles the ideal of keeping alcohol from the youth and developing self-control in the individual. The saloons should be under strict regulations, and substitutes therefor should be provided by the co-operation of all bodies organized for educative or philanthropic purposes. The need of such rational handling of this enormous evil was never so urgent in America as it is to-day, and "the way in which we treat the adolescents of to-day will largely determine the character of the civilization of the America of to-morrow." We welcome every contribution to such sane and serious study of this question.

SEASIDE SCENES AND THOUGHTS. By Walter Wilder. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.—Walter Wilder must not hope to conceal his identity under any alliterative pseudonym so long as he allows an excellent picture of his face, well known near Boston, at least, to appear in the front of his book; nor is it clear why the pseudonym is necessary. These pages, written as a diary, appeared first in the columns of the *Springfield Republican*, where they attracted interest enough to suggest their publication in more permanent form. "They contain only," the writer says modestly, "the reports and thoughts of an old man who is keenly sympathetic with his fellow-men, especially with the juvenile portion of them. It is all plain and easy reading, of just what he saw, made a note of, and thought about." It is a record of a summer by the sea, a summer with no startling events or sudden surprises, but with constant appreciation of the beauty of the universe and the joy of human companionship. The writer comments on the passing show about him, easily stirred to reflection or reminiscence. He is sometimes assertive in statements that compel the reader to dissent from his conclusions, but his good nature and general fair-mindedness allow this without a loss of good temper. One may wish occasionally to answer back, but it is hardly worth while unless one could share the stroll along the beach and make the "answer" as incidental as the comment. It is a great thing when an octogenarian keeps, in spite of deafness or other infirmity, the warm, eager interest in his fellow creatures, the desire for justice and brotherhood in the world, and the alertness of mind that characterize this diary.

THE ETHICAL ASPECTS OF EVOLUTION. By John C. Kimball. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.25; by mail, $1.36.—A multitude of ministers have, especially in the last years of the nineteenth century, done their work under the shadow of a great apprehension—the fear of the effect of the doctrine of evolution as that doctrine established itself more and more firmly in the "secular" thought of men. But an ever-growing number of ministers have had no such apprehension, but instead a great joy as they have found evolution and religion not enemies, but friends and allies. Of the latter number was the author of this interesting volume. It is a distinct addition to the literature of evolutionary religion. It is the second of companion volumes, and continues through seven chapters the author's thought on this line. An appendix contains six excellent sermons.

GOOD FORM FOR ALL OCCASIONS. By Florence Howe Hall. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.00 net.—Mrs. Hall bases her social requirements on good sense and thoughtfulness for others, the only correct basis, of course, for that agreeable association with others which is the aim and object of week-end visits, teas, receptions, and the like. She makes it evident what correct usage demands, of both hostess and guests, what a *débutante* or a bride may properly expect of her friends, what especial opportunities and obligations are supplied by such functions as the public dinner, or an automobile trip, and, particularly, what one may and may not do in public places as hotel, restaurant, or theatre. Mrs. Hall has long been an authority on social usage, and her little book has the stamp of justified correctness.

THE PRICE OF LOVE. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.35 net.—This is one of the novels that gains much by appearance in book form, so much so, indeed, that it is well worth the while of any reader who followed its course as a serial to reread it at one or two sittings. Mr. Bennett's consistent, realistic character study is thereby brought out, and the unity of the development is emphasized. Rachel is a true woman, and her experience, which taught her the mother love, ever side by side with the wife love in a woman's heart, is typical in so far as the effects produced are concerned. Mr. Bennett has not fallen below his previous work. The book has been honored with a special limited edition, with sixteen illustrations, many of them in color, which is sold for $2.

Miscellaneous.

In his new book, *Memorials of Eminent Yale Men*, Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes includes the biography of James Fenimore Cooper, who was for three years a member of the Class of Yale, 1806, until his expulsion from college for some too boisterous prank. That the discipline of the college authorities did not rankle with him in after life is shown in a letter to Prof. Benjamin Silliman at the height of his popularity. He writes: "I could wish you to mention me to Mr. Day and Mr. Kingsley; I dare say I should say Dr. Kingsley, but of this I am in the dark. I remember the latter with affection. He did his duty, and more than his duty by me; and could I have been reclaimed to study by kindness, he would have done it. My misfortune was extreme youth. I was not sixteen when you expelled me. I had been early and highly educated for a boy,—so much so as to be far beyond most of my classmates in Latin; and this enabled me to play—a boy of thirteen!—all the first year. I dare say Mr. Kingsley never suspected me of knowing too much, but there can be no great danger now in telling him the truth. So well was I grounded in the Latin that I scarce ever looked at my Horace or Tully until I was in his fearful presence; and if he recollects, although he had a trick of trotting me about the pages in order to get me mired, he may remember that I generally came off pretty well. There is one of my college adventures which tickles me, even to this day." Then the great novelist goes on to describe with almost undergraduate enthusiasm a successful "bluff" in a Homer recitation.

THREE LECTURES ON MODERN POETRY

OFFERED BY

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF

"IN VIVID GARDENS."

Democratic Ideals of Contemporary Poets.
The Woman Revelation in Modern Poetry.
California Poetry.

For terms and dates address Mrs. MARGUERITE WILKINSON, Coronado, Cal.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Tabby's Kits.

Old Tabby took her kits to walk,
  They were a pretty show:
Young Mustard Pot, and Old King Cole,
  And little Spit o' Snow.
"If dogs we meet," said mother Puss,
  "See, hump your back and spit!"
Exactly as his mother did
  Did every little kit.

They strolled about the poultry yard,
  They peeped in every pen,
For Tabby knew the gander'd gone
  To swim with goslings ten.
They saw the horses and the cows,
  They saw the chicks at play,
And then came back upon the lawn,
  To frolic in the hay.

But there, dear me! a dog they spied—
  Each furry back went high,
And "s' s' p' t" each kitten said
  As fierce as he could cry.
"Meow, meow," laughed mother Cat;
  "Why get in such a fright?
That's Baby's little wooden dog,
  He cannot bark nor bite."

Then Old King Cole looked quite ashamed,
  And Mustard Pot said "Mew!"
But little Spit o' Snow, he laughed,
  And then the rest laughed, too,
And when a real, live dog they saw
  They all forgot to spit,
But ran and helped him lap his milk,
  Tabby and every kit.

—*Annie M. L. Hawes, in the Churchman.*

The Sawing Match.

In one corner of the old academy playground a group had gathered about two boys, Sandy Jardine and Max Guerney. Sandy was a tall, strong, large-featured chap, as opposite as the poles to the little, lithe, dark youth who stood near him, looking up in his face with laughing black eyes.

They were leaders, these two, each of his particular clan; and respecting their popularity the school was nearly equally divided. A strong rivalry existed between them, good-natured enough, for the most part, though sometimes verging toward unfriendliness. Just now Sandy was evidently excited, almost angry. In a foot-race the preceding Saturday Max had beaten him, gaining a supremacy which he possibly might hold.

"Yes, you did whip me, fast enough," Sandy was saying, while a dull red mounted to his cheek. "But, all the same, I'll whip you to pay for it, and any day you've a mind to set."

"The track was too short," cried one of Sandy's champions. "That's what's the matter. By the time Sandy got under headway, he had to turn. The walk was laid out for little fellows."

Considerable laughter followed this sally; and the "little fellow," Max, joined in it heartily.

"Come, I'll match you in any way you like!" continued Sandy. "Come now,—rowing, riding, running, wrestling,—which shall it be? Come! I dare you, Max Guerney!" A little murmur of approval ran around the group, and the boys waited for Max's reply. Well they knew he would never refuse a dare. "I, as the challenged party, have a right to choose the weapons?" interrogated Max, with a side glance from his laughing black eyes. "Well, then, I'll neither ride nor row nor run nor wrestle. But I'll saw wood with you, Sandy; and you may beat me, if you can.

"I'll tell you." Max's voice rose clear above the tumult. "I'm in earnest enough. There's old Uncle Nathan Blines and his wife, poorer than double distilled poverty; and nobody to do a hand's turn for 'em since 'Siah died. I saw Uncle Nathan out chewing at his woodpile. You know they hauled him some cord-wood last winter,—your father, Sandy, and mine. There's pretty near five cords of wood, I guess; and we'll have somebody divide and measure it for us. Then we'll saw to win; and, if you whip me in it, Sandy, the next Saturday I'll match you in splitting and housing it for him. What do you say?"

Sandy joined in the cheers and laughter with the utmost good nature.

"Done!" nodded he. "I'll do it."

Up spoke a slim, wiry little fellow at his elbow. "You shan't do the whole of it. Say, Charlie Bugbee, I'll split for Sandy, and you for Max."

"Agreed!" said Charlie.

"And we'll wheel in for you two, Art Humphrey and I," declared Sandy's brother Jack. "Won't we, Art?"

"Whew! What a fine thing we are going to make out of it!" laughed Max. "I'll tell you, boys, we might have the match in Uncle Nathan's back yard. Charge fifteen cents or so admission, and give Uncle Nathan the money."

"Hooray!" shouted Reub Story. "My brother Bob works in the Clarendon *Star* office, and I'll get him to print our hand-bills. He owes me ten cents, anyway."

"Good for you, Reub!" cried Max. "'Grand sawing match! Ditto splitting! Ditto wheeling! Fifteen cents' admission. Children full price. Gate open from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.'"

Next day the prospective sawing match was noised about the town, and a day or two later the hand-bills were out. It made a great deal of talk, both sportive and serious, in the little village.

"It's a good idee,—a fust-rate idee!" That was Captain Winty Coolidge, you might know. "It larns the boys that mixin' kindness to other folks with their fun don't hurt nothin'. It's wuth a quarter, and I'm a-goin' to pay it."

There was every indication that the sawing match would be a success financially.

"I don't believe the back yard will hold 'em all," laughed Max to the half-dozen boys who with him were taking their homeward way after school Friday night. "Have you got the tickets, Reub?"

"Yes, a hundred and fifty of 'em."

"Good! Now all we want is a fair day."

Hazy clouds veiled the burning face of the sun, and there was a cool breeze blowing. The sawing was to begin at nine o'clock, and before that time the board benches ranged along the back-yard fence were filled with merry lookers-on.

At precisely the same instant the first two logs across the saw-horses fell in twain.

How everybody cheered, sending little tingles of excitement thrilling along every boyish nerve!

The hours wore on. The crowd came and went, surging in and out of the back yard with jolly chat and laughter. The saws shrieked, the axes flashed in air, the wheelbarrows trundled from woodpile to woodshed. Peleg, who had been engaged to make music for the occasion, fiddled through and through his repertory of tunes, from "Yankee Doodle" to "Money Musk"; and at length came high noon, with twenty minutes for refreshments.

In the afternoon the excitement waxed stronger. The boys sawed steadily on, with scarcely any symptoms of fatigue.

Everybody was laughing and talking of the sport. Even Mrs. Colonel Grosvenor, the great lady of the village, drove up to the back-yard gate in her carriage, bringing a demijohn of delicious iced lemonade for the young sawyers and their friends. Captain Winty Coolidge walked around, rubbing his pudgy hands together, and sprinkling in encouraging remarks between the shrieks of the saws and the squeaks of the fiddle.

"It's a good thing to strengthen the muscles,—the muscles. A long chalk sensibler than walking ten hours to the stretch,—so 'tis, so 'tis! Good boys! Doing well, all on ye!"

How earnest every one became, to be sure, when the sticks in each woodpile might be counted!

"You never saw anything like it," said Max to his mother, between huge mouthfuls of bread and jam, at the tea table that night. "Everybody who had a handkerchief shook it, I know; and Aunt Nabby waved her big checked apron. They were all singing out, 'Go it!' and 'Good!' till a fellow couldn't hear himself think. Uncle Nathan sat in the door, trotting his foot and wiping his eyes; though what for I can't imagine. Oh, 'twas great! And, when we counted up the money, there were $29.60 clean cash for Uncle Nathan.

"Oh, yes'm, Sandy beat by twenty-four seconds; and Sandy's cap'n again at the school. And, of course, Dickey Bird beat Charlie, because Charlie couldn't split my last stick till I sawed it; for they kept right on our heels the whole time. But Art Humphrey beat Jack Jardine. For Art caught up the wood in his arms, quick as Charlie split it, and ran into the shed with it and out, while Jack was unloading his wheelbarrow. It gives a fellow an appetite," concluded Max, with a sidelong glance from his laughing eyes, as he reached for his third helping of jam. "But it's a little hard on the arms."—*Boston Traveller.*

Lincoln and the Sentry.

Foreign visitors are surprised to find that there are no sentries at the White House. During the war a solitary soldier mounted guard, and on one occasion had an amusing colloquy with President Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over, as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection; for he was on his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight despatches from the field.

As the blast struck him, he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said:—

"Young man, you've got a cold job to-night. Step inside, and stand guard there."

"My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied.

"Yes," said the President, in his argumentative tone. "But your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in."

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again. "It occurs to me that I am Commander-in-chief of the Army, and I *order* you to go inside!"

Billie Fairfield's Promise.

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Selden one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night, he said "Yes'm" promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

"Well, I can't take it now," said Billie; but he could not go to sleep, though he turned and tossed and twisted till he was tired. At last he went to the head of the stairs, and shouted, "Mother!"

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle and stretched a stocking with a big hole in it over her hand. She said, "Oh, dear!" but she went to see what Billie wanted.

"You'll have to go now," she said quietly, when he had told her.

"Oh, mother! I can't go away up there alone." Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie was never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed downstairs with the baby; and, if they waked him, baby would wake, too. So Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said: "We'll see. I'll have the milk ready when you come down."

When Billie got into the kitchen, his mother stood at the door with her hat and shawl on. Billie began to feel ashamed. He wished he dared to go alone; but he did not, for it was a lonesome road. He took the milk, and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word. The wind blew in their faces, and Billie's ears were cold; but he had the milk-can in one hand, and pulled his sled with the other, so there was no way to warm them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk.

Mrs. Selden exclaimed when she opened the door: "Why, what made you come away up here to-night? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield. It's too bad! I could have got along somehow without the milk."

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered. And Billie wished nobody would look at him.

"'Twasn't any matter, she said, mother," he urged, when they had started for home again.

The wind was in their backs now, and Billie's ears were warm.

"Buy the truth, and sell it not," said his mother. "The matter was your promise, Billie. Would you sell the truth just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Selden's!"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again.

Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed; but she was a small woman, and she tucked herself up on the front of the sled, while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skilfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled, but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal-stove in the sitting-room. "I b'lieve I'd feel better to have a good whipping."

His mother smiled at him.

"'Twould be pretty hard work for me to whip such a big boy as you are. Don't you want to help instead of making me do more? I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she continued. "It's too late to finish mending these stockings to-night, so I shall mend them to-morrow when I was going to make a cottage pudding, and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

Cottage pudding was Billie's favorite dessert, and this was a blow that he laid to heart.

He and his father would say "cottage pudding" to each other for a long time afterward, if anything was in danger of being neglected or forgotten. And when Billie had grown to be a man, and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word: that's all I want," Billie would smile, and say, "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."—*A. M. L. Hawes, in Sunday School Times.*

The Learner.

Years and years ago, in the sixteenth century, a street in Italy was enlivened by the passing of a cardinal. As all wise children know, a cardinal is a kind of extraordinarily important minister, and in the days of this story cardinals were far more important than they are to-day.

As this particular cardinal walked through the streets, all the men took off their hats, and some of the women knelt in the road and asked him to give them his blessing. The cardinal responded kindly, and smiled as he passed on through a respectful people.

As he walked he met an old man with a particularly noble face; and when the old man did him reverence, he surprised those who watched by stopping to speak to him.

"Whither goest thou?" asked he.

"My lord," was the respectful reply of the old man, "I go to the school of sculpture."

The cardinal smiled, to show he was interested in the answer. Then he asked again,—

"Wherefore goest thou to the school of sculpture?"

"My lord," was the reply of the noble old man, "I go to the school of sculpture to learn."

With that he bowed, as one who waited the cardinal's permission to say farewell. Soon they had parted, and the old man went his way to the school of sculpture to learn.

Among those who watched and overheard was a mother with her boy, and when both the cardinal and the noble old man were out of earshot, the mother said,—

"Son of mine, didst thou hear what the old gentleman said?"

"I heard, mother of mine," answered the boy. "The noble old man said, 'I go to the school of sculpture to learn.' It seems to me strange that so old a man should want to learn."

"Child," said his mother, "it is even stranger than you think, for knowest thou not the name of the noble old gentleman? I see thou knowest not. His name is Michel Angelo."

"What!" said the boy, excitedly, "Michel Angelo, the great sculptor?"

His mother nodded.

"The sculptor," went on the boy, "who, father says, is the greatest sculptor Italy has ever seen; who is perhaps, I heard him say, the greatest sculptor the world will ever see?"

"That is so," answered the boy's mother, gravely. "Michel Angelo, who goes to the school of sculpture to learn, is perhaps the greatest sculptor of all time; and, old as he is, he is still learning."

The boy was thoughtful for a time, and so much did he think that he even forgot to notice a working-man who was carrying about for sale two tame birds perched on an outstretched finger.

His mother noticed and smiled, for most mothers are rather happy when their boys are thinking. She smiled again when her boy spoke, for what do you think he said?

"Mother mine," said the boy, "if a noble and famous old gentleman like Michel Angelo still keeps on learning, I think I ought to work a little harder at my lessons."

Quickly the boy's mother looked serious.

"You are right, my son," she said, "and there is something more. Michel Angelo learnt much from a great servant of God whose name was Savonarola, and, though he is now very old, Michel Angelo is still learning to be good."—*J. G. Stevenson, in the Christian World.*

Faithful Bird Messengers.

A wonderful little bird is the carrier pigeon. When one of them is sent on an errand it keeps about its business and nothing can tempt it to turn aside. Straight home it goes. A group of them were let loose in Rome some time ago for a seven days' trip over the Alps. Some of them reached home safely, though very tired.

A man says that one carrier pigeon, sent on a different journey, stopped to rest on his window-sill a few moments, and the little silver band on its foot showed that it was bound for New York. The man tried all sorts of dainties to coax the little creature to stay awhile, but it was of no use. It seemed to know it was on important business and must not play or dawdle.

The teacher in a Boston kindergarten asked, "Where do the birds go in winter?" A little four-year-old piped up, "South Boston."

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
179 Tremont Street, Boston.

The Robin.

BY ALYS INGRAHAM.

O little prophet of the coming rain,
Whose happy notes are carolled o'er and o'er,
When the sun-loving songsters sing no more,
Intent, we listen to thy sweet refrain!
Think not thy song is warbled all in vain!
Perchance some soul has heard thee and is glad,
If tones so pure have made one heart less sad,
Sing on, rain-loving bird, and sing again!
Oft in my childhood, when thy notes I heard,
When in my sky the sun was overcast,
"Take heart!" one said, "the rain will soon be past;
'Cheer up! Cheer up!' so sings the brave rain-bird."
Bird of the orchard, to me ever dear,
Gladly I listen to thy song of cheer!

From the Isles of Shoals.

Mr. R. Cobleigh, one of the editors of the *Congregationalist*, sends to that paper the following report of his vacation. One may hope that some happy year Mr. Cobleigh will spend a fortnight on Star Island, not to desert Appledore, but to discover for his own surprise and delight the charms of its neighboring island, unrestricted in outlook, unique in a beauty that differentiates it from the many other beautiful places all along this wonderful Maine coast, and unspoiled by cottages and other buildings. Star Island never reveals itself to the visitor of half a day. One must have lived on both islands to understand the difference in the quality of their charm.

One of the most rewarding vacations that I have ever enjoyed has just been passed on the Isles of Shoals. I went there because I had found through previous experience that it is one of the best places in all the world for a tired man to rest. I was not disappointed either in the islands or in the effect of a two weeks' stay there. Many vacations prove unsatisfactory because the vacationist tires himself out as fast as he gets rested or perhaps faster, and upon his return he may need to devise some means of recovering from the effects of the vacation. A satisfactory vacation, for me, includes a complete change of locality, interests, atmosphere and companionship and that which is just as important, such contacts with nature as will bring refreshment and inspiration. I am fond of the country and the mountains, but my most satisfactory vacations have always been upon the rugged shores of the sea. There is abundant satisfaction in the surf and cliffs and caves of the Isles of Shoals, and the other conditions that I sought also were there.

I wonder that more people do not go to the Isles of Shoals for their vacations. Years ago, in the days when Oscar Laighton and his brother, the late Cedric Laighton, were in their prime, being known as the "sea kings," and conducted the hotels, it was an exceedingly popular resort; but in recent years it seems to have been almost forgotten by many people who at heart really desire such a place for their summer vacation. However, it has never ceased to attract a considerable number. Fortunately the prospect is good for the islands to become a religious conference Mecca. It would be deplorable should they be made a really popular resort with noisy amusement places and crowds of amusement-seekers, and I hope that they will not be spoiled by too many cottages or other buildings. But for conferences they are ideal. They are far removed from noise, distractions and heat; the grandeur and charm of the sea is a constant inspiration; and a restful vacation may be combined with attendance at conference sessions.

Only one of the islands is really beautiful and that is Appledore. The others are barren and rocky. They are attractive in their frames of lashing waves and high-tossed spray, and there is much of historic interest in them. The latter is especially true of Star Island, which is the headquarters of the conferences. Star Island was the site of the fishing village of Gosport, which many years ago had a population of about 600. The little old burying ground is a suggestion of the departed population. A striking memorial of the first settled minister of the island parish, Rev. John Tucke, has just been erected in the form of a towering monument. Another monument which is soon to be restored from its present dilapidated condition is in memory of the fact that Capt. John Smith discovered these islands and named them Smith's Isles in 1614—just three hundred years ago. Still another landmark is the outlook which marks the site of an old fort on a headland, and other points of interest are to be noted which remind one of heroic and tragic incidents of the early colonial days.

Probably the most interesting bond between the early settlers upon Star Island and present-day visitors is the old stone church which is kept in perfect condition and is used during religious conferences for candle light services each evening. I happened to be upon the Isles of Shoals during a part of the Unitarian summer meetings and I was interested to learn from Mr Thomas H. Elliott of Lowell, Mass., the founder and leading spirit through the eighteen years that the meetings have been held, that it might not have been possible to continue them had it not been for the old church. It is a picturesque sight when the conference crowd comes out of the Oceanic Hotel auditorium after an evening session and silently files up the winding, rocky path to the church, the way being lighted by candle lanterns, which those who carried them hung upon hooks arranged around the walls inside the church, always observing the tradition of silence except to participate in the simple but impressive service. Unnumbered congregations thus have found spiritual inspiration that made a lasting impression upon those present and has communicated a vital element to conferences I could not fail to note the reverence with which those who have formed the habit of attending these summer conferences referred to the little old stone church. I am glad that the candle-light services are to be continued during our own Congregational conference each evening at the close of its programme.

On the attractions of Appledore Island I am an enthusiast. There is a good, broad path which winds its way some two miles around the shores of the island—thanks to the good "sea-kings." At every turn and upon every little hilltop a beautiful vista or new impression of the broad sweep of sea and sky, in ever-changing colors, comes into view. The rugged interior of the island with close-grown thickets repels exploration, except in the beaten paths, but it is beautiful to look upon, adorned by many flowers, including a profusion of wild roses and in moist hollows slender blue flag and pink convolvulus, and close to the rocks the bright bluets and dainty pimpernels.

But oh, those grand old rocks and cliffs! and what comforting assurance of power and purpose in the constant motion of the mighty sea which dashes upon their feet and is resisted by them! What refreshment in those breezes, which seem to be always blowing over the Isles of Shoals! And the wonderful changing colors of sunset and after-glow!

I met and heartily enjoyed the companionship of kindred spirits who shared my enthusiasm for Appledore. Of course there was "Uncle Oscar" Laighton, brother of the far-famed Appledore poetess, Celia Thaxter, and himself a poet, who is a rare old boatman overflowing with fascinating lore of the island as he takes us around the islands in his fleet little motor boat. Then there is Arthur Taft Chase of Haverhill, Mass., who entertains and instructs the hotel guests with his big telescope and wonder-revealing microscope and knows all about the islands as well as many other things worth while. I heartily enjoyed the companionship of that refined, witty and wise architect and designer of churches, Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., of Boston, and in the brief periods when I turned from the sea and the shore to people at the hotel I touched elbows with other men and women who added much to the pleasure and permanent gain of the days on Appledore.

Rev. George M. Bodge.

On Saturday, July 18, at his home, 131 Temple Street, West Roxbury, Mass., occurred the death of Rev. George M. Bodge, long prominent in the Unitarian ministry, and one of the best-known historical and genealogical authorities in New England.

The funeral was held on Monday, July 20, Rev. George F. Pratt of Dorchester officiating, and his service was followed by the ritual of the Knights Templar of William Parkman Commandery.

Mr. Bodge was born on Feb. 14, 1841, at South Windham, Me., the son of Rev. John and Esther Bodge. He was fitted for college at Bridgton Academy, paying his way by teaching. In 1861 he enlisted for the Civil War as fife-major in the Seventh Maine Regiment, serving one year, when he was honorably discharged on account of ill-health. He graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of '68, and then for ten years taught successively at Bethel Academy, Gorham Seminary, and Westbrook Seminary, all Maine schools.

After a course at Harvard Divinity School, he was ordained to the Unitarian ministry in 1878, and his first pastorate was with the Third Religious Society, Dorchester. In 1884 he began an eight years' pastorate at the Church of Our Father in East Boston. Later he was for six years minister of the First Parish Church, Leominster, and for seven years had charge of a church at Westwood, Mass.

He retired in 1905, but had done considerable literary work since. He published "The Churchill Family in America" and "Soldiers in King Philip's War." For years he maintained Unitarian summer preaching in Naples, Me., where part of his boyhood was spent while his father was settled there.

Mr. Bodge belonged to Joseph Hooker Post

Digitized by Google

23, G. A. R., of East Boston; was honorable prelate of William Parkman Commandery, K. T., and formerly was chaplain of the Grand Lodge, K. of P. He also belonged to the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the American Revolution, the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and the Pisataqua Pioneers. He was a man of energy and force of character, public-spirited, scholarly, genial and lovable.

Mr. Bodge is survived by his wife, who was Miss Margaret Wentworth of Brunswick, Me., and by two daughters, Mrs. Russell H. Damon of Leominster, and Mrs. George A. Littlefield of West Roxbury, Mass.

G. F. P.

Foreign Notes.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The series of Oriental Conferences of Religious Unity, whose organization has occupied the attention of the Department of Foreign Relations of the American Unitarian Association and the committee of the International Congress of Free and Progressive Christianity for some time past, has necessarily been postponed until next year. It is hoped that our liberal friends in the East may be able to carry over their enthusiasm and extensive preparations for the reception of the American and European delegates to a more propitious season, undisturbed by war, and that a longer period of preparation for the meetings in Japan, China, and India may permit a larger and more widely representative delegation than would have been possible this year.

From Cairo we receive a greeting from the recently formed Egyptian Unitarian Association, whose organizer and leader, Mr. Ibrahim Zaky, is professor of Arabic literature in the English Government School. He is already in touch with the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, which has sent him fifty copies of a hymn-book for the religious services he conducts under the shadow of the Pyramids. "We have three services," he writes; "the first especially for students, the second for work-people, the third for families." The singing of hymns, preaching or reading from a religious book, and silent prayer constitute the order of worship. Strange that while we in this country are discussing the surrender of the name "Unitarian" other peoples in increased numbers are adopting it.

Interesting letters from the Unitarian churches in Shillong, Assam, India, and from prominent Mahometan and Hindu scholars have recently reached us. The American Unitarian Association has made a grant of fifty books and numerous pamphlets to the Rammohun Roy Memorial Library, recently opened in Calcutta.

A noble deed has been performed by the eminent Theistic scholar and leader, Pundit Sivenath N. Sastri, who has placed in the hands of the Executive Committee of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj fifty-one thousand five hundred rupees left to him by the late Damodordas Sukhudwalla of Bombay, with the injunction that the interest alone of the same is to be used for the promotion of all-India Brahmo mission work. A new Unitarian church edifice has just been dedicated in Johannesburg, South Africa. Its minister is Rev. R. J. Hall, M.A.

The recent death in Paris of Mr. C. H. Harding, for many years a correspondent of English and American newspapers and a contributor to journalistic literature, deprives the liberal cause of a true sympathizer and friend. During the Sixth International Liberal Congress at Paris he represented the *London Mail* and *Christian Commonwealth*, and his daily reports were both accurate and sympathetic. A courteous gentleman, his loss will be sincerely deplored on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Swedish liberal scholar, Prof. Olaf J. Soderblom, who two years since accepted a call to a chair in the theological faculty at the University of Leipzig, has now been recalled to his native country and been created Archbishop of Upsala and Pro-chancellor of the university in that city.

J. H. Maronier, a recent writer in a Dutch Remonstrant publication, in contrasting Sebastian Castellion with John Calvin, raises the question whether, if Castellion is to be considered much above the general average of opinion in his day on the subject of religious tolerance, John Calvin may not with equal justice be held to have been below it.

For a second time Prof. Edward Montet of the University of Geneva has been sent by the French government on a scholarly and scientific mission to Morocco. He will remain in Fez and the surrounding country during the present summer, engaged in researches for which his knowledge of Semitic literatures, peoples, and religions admirably qualifies him.

The most important news from Germany which we have to chronicle is that Prof. Dr. Ernst Troeltsch of the University of Heidelberg, perhaps the most gifted and influential of a younger generation of theological teachers, has accepted a call to become a member of the philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin. He will lecture on the philosophy of human culture, the history of philosophy, social philosophy, religious philosophy, and the history of the Christian religion. This is a step forward into freedom and progress on which the University of Berlin is to be congratulated. Since Pfleiderer's day no such religious force has been added to its faculty. For years past, the more liberal theological elements have been hoping for this preferment to come to a man who so ably and courageously represents the modern spirit in religion and society. They regret that the appointment could not have been to the more congenial theological faculty, which is charged with the preparation of ministers. But this was perhaps asking too much of the Prussian government. Once more, therefore, recourse was had to the philosophical faculty as a safe environment for the progressive thinker and heretic. May his new sphere of duty only enlarge the opportunity and influence of this eminent scholar and brave witness to the truth!

Rev. Mr. Radecke, a leading liberal preacher in Cologne, Germany, has contributed to the *Protestantenblatt* a series of three articles on the modern conception of God, in which incidentally the Unitarian position is ably vindicated and upheld.

Rev. Hans Haupt, a liberal German-American minister settled over a congregation in Pittsburgh, communicates to the *Christliche Welt* of Marburg a well-informed article on "Efforts at a Union of Churches in North America." He sympathetically describes to German readers the nature and aims of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, whose central significance he finds to be the growing desire for an undogmatic Christianity. He does not fail to note the weaknesses and dangers of this movement, and thinks its present emphasis on social-ethical endeavors is, in no small degree, due to its dread of the result if it should earnestly attempt to bring about a doctrinal or ecclesiastical unity among the churches. Dr. Haupt thinks that the exclusion of the Unitarians and other liberal bodies from the Federal Council should lead the former to take a deeper interest in the National Federation of Religious Liberals, which was created to meet this need. This leads us to say that the next convention of this liberal federation will probably be held in Philadelphia, in the autumn of the present year, and, as at its first meeting, in the Meeting-house of the Society of Liberal Friends on Spruce Street.

Rev. Gertrude von Petzold has contributed to the German Encyclopedia "Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart," a six-column article on Unitarianism, which Rev. V. D. Davis commends as excellent and adequate, making at the same time some minor criticisms. Miss von Petzold is minister of Small Heath Church in Birmingham.

Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple has had another nervous breakdown and is ordered away for rest and recuperation. When one reflects upon the tremendous strain upon his vitality and intellectual powers made by his two Sunday and one week-day preaching services, his many outside speaking engagements, literary work, correspondence, and pastoral duties, it is a wonder that his sensitive and delicately organized constitution should have endured so long and produced such fruits.

A Church of England clergyman writes us: "We have just had a most successful and inspiring conference of our liberal Churchmen's Union and others in sympathy with its aims at Ripon. It was the first gathering of its kind, and it was greatly appreciated by all who were present. Several waverers were struck by the evidences of a positive religious message and joined the Union forthwith. Prof. Kirsopp Lake is a speaker of rare power of appeal, not only to the head but to the heart. He came out in this, to us, new light at the conference. We look forward to seeing you in 1916."

Rev. Charles Strong, D.D., pastor of the Independent Church of Melbourne, Australia, who for many years has borne noble testimony to the truths of liberal Christianity, and who has been prominent in all local and international reform and progress, has been given a leave of absence by his congregation, and is now sojourning, with his family, in England, his native country. He will probably visit the Continent somewhat later, and then return to his lonely but important post of duty, and resume the editorship of his journal, *The Commonweal*, of Melbourne.

Prof. Eucken expected to leave Jena in early August for a three-month journey to Asia, having accepted an invitation to deliver courses of lectures at the universities of Tokio and Kioto, in Japan, and at Shanghai and other points in China. He was to be accompanied by Mrs. Eucken and travel to Japan by way of the Siberian Railway, returning

Digitized by Google

by sea. Probably the present war will make impossible the realization of these plans for the present.

Concerning the impending retirement of Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, D.D., from the principalship of our theological seminary in Oxford, the annual report of Manchester College, Oxford, says: "There will be great and serious changes in the College staff in the near future. Dr. Carpenter has signified his decision to retire from the principalship and from his chair of New Testament and Divinity at the end of the next session, 1915. This is not the time for the committee to express to Dr. Carpenter its feelings of what the College owes to him as principal and teacher for his devoted labors, and for the affection and sympathy and constant care which he has bestowed on so many successive generations of students. It will be the duty of the committee in the next annual report to refer to these things and to take a sorrowful farewell of Dr. Carpenter."

An event of more than usual interest to our coreligionists in England was the recent death of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Descended from a Unitarian stock, Mr. Chamberlain remained faithful to his church to the end. In his earlier days he was a Sunday-school teacher, both in Carter Lane Mission, London, and the Church of the Messiah in Birmingham. The latter he supported generously and was particularly interested in its flourishing mission among the humbler classes. In the Church of the Messiah his funeral service was conducted by Rev. L. P. Jacks, D.D., the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*. His widow, who was a Miss Endicott and former attendant of King's Chapel, Boston, is also of Unitarian faith. The interment in Westminster Abbey having been declined, the burial took place in a local cemetery. *The London Inquirer*, the long-established organ of our liberal Christian cause in Great Britain, has contained particularly interesting notes and editorials on Mr. Chamberlain's career, and prints also an admirable and eloquent sermon upon him delivered in the Old Meeting by Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

The First International New Thought Convention has just concluded its session in London. It was well attended and enthusiastic. This is not a phase of "Christian Science," but strongly opposed to Mrs. Eddy and her school. Aside from its doctrine of deep breathing as a source of physical and mental re-invigoration, the official statement of the convention gives its principles as follows: "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; indwelling presence as a source of supply, health, and inspiration; principles of Christ as every-day rules of life; physical, moral, and spiritual integrity; peace, prosperity, and liberty for all within the law." But, as a kindly critic remarks, this has been the common creed of Christendom for centuries. Why claim the name "New Thought" for it, and why seek to create a new sect to proclaim it?

We are requested by the committee in charge of the Second International Congress of Social Christianity, to be held at Basel, Switzerland, September 27 to 30, to call the attention of American visitors in Europe this summer to its aims and proceedings. Its aim is "to bring into closer connection with each other all those Christians of different countries and denominations who consider it as one of the most important, if not the most important, task of our time, to unite the cause of Christ with the social movement of to-day." Among the English members of the committee are Percy Alden, M.P., Rev. Dr. Carlyle, Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, Rev. Dr. Deaner, Albert Dawson, Rev. Samuel Horton, Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer, Arnold Rountree, M.P., Rev. Rhondda Williams, the bishops of Birmingham, Lichfield, Lincoln, and Winchester. Among other Europeans active in the movement are A. de Morsier, president, Geneva; Elie Gounelle, Paris; Mlle. M. Reinhardt, Paris; Prof. Ragaz, Zurich; Pastor Liechtenhan (secretary), Basel; Raoul Allier, Paris; Revs. Wilfred Monod, J. Emile Roberty, Louis Comte, Paul Passy, and Charles Wagner of Paris; Profs. Baumgarten, Eucken, Franke, C. R Gregory, Rade, Seeberg, Titius, A. Wagner, and E. Troeltsch, Friederich Naumann, M.P., and Gottfried Traub, all of Germany, also Rev. Bakker of Holland, and Profs. Rauschenbusch and F. G. Peabody of the United States.

It will be seen that these Continental members are largely the same men that are the supporters of our International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals. Some of the distinctive features of our congresses are repeated in these meetings. Papers will be read in three languages at each session, on such topics as "Christianity and the New Order of Society," "Why are Christianity and Socialism mutually necessary?", "Our Attitude toward Organized Socialism," "Christianity and Universal Peace." There will be three sermons, in German, French, and English, respectively.

The Ministry of John Tucke.

He was only twenty-one when he graduated from Harvard, and doubtless he cherished ambitions for a great career; but he found his field of labor on the Isles of Shoals, and there he lived, labored, and died. Bleak and desolate then as now, those islands, now practically uninhabited, sustained a population of over a thousand souls. They were rough, profane, and ignorant people for the most part, if we are to trust either the reports to the missionary societies or the later sketches of Celia Thaxter, and a ministry among them can never have been replete with pleasant intellectual companionships for a college-bred man. The men were notoriously given to drink; the women were violent scolds. It was said that no community in New England consumed so much rum in proportion to its population as that on the Isles of Shoals. Yet among these people John Tucke, Master of Arts, lived and wrought and suffered and died.

Twenty-one was he when he left college; seventy-one when he died; and the earth of Star Island yielded grudging room for a shallow grave for his remains.

And to what end was it all?

The population, driven out by the war of 1812, never returned in sufficient numbers to re-establish the precarious prosperity of former days; the little church declined in membership and finally disappeared; the little stone meeting-house stood empty and silent as the grave of John Tucke. What had been the use of it all?

To have given one's life with this result, that a thousand rough and otherwise unshepherded people became a little less rough, a little less besotted, a little less brutal, was something, surely. To have left behind a record of righteousness and constant Christian helpfulness, was a thing worth while. But this was not all. For eighteen summers now there has been held annually on the Isles of Shoals a notable religious assembly, and one of its daily features is the morning and evening services of devotion in the bare, little old church, in which the name and work of John Tucke are often mentioned with examples of fidelity, earnestness, and Christian zeal.

More than one hundred years ago a slab was erected above his grave bearing this testimony:—

"He was affable and polite in his manner, amiable in his disposition, of great piety and integrity, given to hospitality, diligent and faithful in his pastoral office, well learned in history and geography, and a careful physician both to the bodies and the souls of his people."

A century the inscription stood, and was replaced when the storms had worn it to illegibility; and in 1914 a massive granite monument was erected visible far out to sea, and on it was copied the old inscription.

Thus is preserved the name of a man of ability and learning, who served God and his own generation in a humble place, but whose memory is treasured as an inspiration to countless thousands.—*The Chicago Advance.*

The Young People's Religious Union.

The Duties of Young People in a Free Church.*

Now, however modest I may be about the importance of what I have to say, and however much your opinion on that point may differ from mine, this much is surely clear,—that the subject which I have rather rashly set out to handle is of the utmost importance. One measure of its importance is the amount of discussion that is now going on about it.

The first mistake which people make is their assumption that "young people" are somehow—but just how they are not sure, and will usually refer you to books on psychology—different from older people. There may be a certain amount of truth in this statement, provided you choose your specimens for purposes of comparison with sufficient care. In all the important respects people are very much more alike than they are different.

Out of this first mistake that a great many people make in talking about young people in the churches, arises another. Since young people are different from the rest of us, and since our churches are organized to appeal to the older people, we must adopt special methods to entice the young people into the churches. We carry this idea pretty far, most of us. We provide special young people's societies; we allow the young people to have social gatherings by themselves; we let them have plays and entertainments and dances; we do anything within our power, and within reason, to make the church attractive to them. We lay a trap for them, so to speak, and we bait it with the dainties that

* An address delivered by Mr. Frederick M. Eliot at the Young People's Day at the Shoals, July 15, 1914.

Digitized by Google

seem to us ought to appeal to young people. A good deal of the time we do all this without very much thought as to its purpose or value. When we do stop to think, we placate any qualms of distrust that may begin to disturb us by saying that it is a good thing to have the young people in the church—or the parish house, which is really a part of the church—even if they come only to have a good time; and perhaps we have a sneaking idea that somehow the influence of the church will steal in upon their youthful minds, and in a year or two they will begin to attend morning service, influenced unconsciously by the church atmosphere breathed in while they were dancing in the parish house.

The fact is that because young people are not, after all, very different from older people, their interests are, or ought to be, very much the same. I say that they "ought to be" the same, because in too many cases the interests of the older people in the church are as far away from the normal, natural interests as they imagine the young people's to be. And this brings me to the third mistake which is frequently made in discussing this "young people's" problem; namely, the assumption that the interests of the older people in the church are necessarily the best, and only true, interests; and that, therefore, the young people must be "educated up" to the point where these interests will appeal to them.

I venture to think that young people, those who do go to church, are less likely to be attracted away from the true purpose of church-going than their elders. (This is one of the differences between young people and older people that must be admitted, though it is not of great importance.) And I believe that one very important reason why the young people who do not go to church remain away is because in so many cases the true purpose of a church service is forgotten, not only by the congregation but also by the minister.

Worship is as natural for young people as for anybody; but young people are far keener than older people at detecting the false notes of cant and sentimentality. A service of sincere, frank, unpretentious worship—a religion that is virile, strong, commanding, heroic—will attract young people inevitably. And that is the only sort of religion and worship that there ought to be, is it not? But what I want to suggest is simply this: that the lack of interest which many of our young people display toward our church services may possibly be due less to their indifference and headstrong waywardness than to some lack in the church service itself.

I want to turn now to the more important considerations of what the duties are which may reasonably be laid upon the younger members of our free churches, and then how we may go to work to make the call of these duties more imperative.

Several times, already, I have made use of the term "free churches," a term long honored by our denomination, but one that has of late been given new emphasis by Mr. Sullivan and others among our prophets; and in this term lies the key to our problem to-day. What is the essential thing in a free church? Why, is it not this: that a free church is made up of a company of men and women who voluntarily unite for the worship of God, drawn together by no constraining authority, no outward compulsion, no dominating impulse of fear or terror, but uniting freely, because they find that in the essential things they are of one mind and of one spirit? This is what we mean by a free church; and the implications of that definition as applied to each generation as it comes along is clear. If a free church is to maintain itself, if it is not to die as its members die, there must be a continual succession of new-comers, mostly belonging to the rising generation, who will join it in the same freedom of mind and spirit as their fathers. The point of absolute necessity is that the new members shall take their places in the church in full consciousness of what they are doing, pledging their loyal support to the institution in entire freedom of will, because they find that in the essential matters they are of one mind with the church they join.

Now it is impossible to say that it is the duty of any young person, brought up in a free church, to support that church; for duty implies obligation, and the basis of a free church is something other than obligation. If a free church is true to itself, it might be that it would gradually destroy itself; for it will first of all teach its young people to think for themselves, and the result of that free-thinking might be that they would go elsewhere for their religion, or find their religion outside any organized church. That is the great risk which a free church runs,—a risk which we believe is worth running, but nevertheless a risk which we must not forget. The aim of a free church is to teach its members to think for themselves, whatever the result may be; and that gives us the first great duty of the young people of a free church,—to think for themselves, whatever the results of their thinking may be.

Perhaps that seems so obvious that it is not worth saying; but when it is carried out, and when it results in something other than the result we had hoped for, we are apt to rebel against it. A young man, in a Unitarian church, thinks for himself and decides to join the Episcopal Church; we may question his thinking ability, we may disagree with his conclusions, but we cannot find fault either with him or with the church which he leaves, if he has really thought the question out for himself. Rather, we should applaud him, and congratulate the church which has so successfully taught the importance of free thought. For it is far better that he should have come to his own conclusions, and acted upon them, than that he should have remained in a church because of habit, or training, without thinking.

It is not easy for us young people to do this thinking for ourselves. It is many times much easier to follow the line of least resistance, and accept what is handed out, thoughtlessly; but that is what we must not do. This, then, is our first duty, as young people of a free church. We *must think!*

This does not mean, of course, that we must settle all the problems of religion and philosophy before we can join a church. Far from it!

But this duty of thinking for one's self has as its corollary the second duty of definitely allying one's self with the church if it seems to one to be the right kind of church for him; and this also is chiefly a duty for young people. To think for himself, to decide in all sincerity which church, if any, most nearly satisfies his ideal, and then to give to that church his strong and steadfast support—this sums up, I think, the duties of the young person toward the church. That is the first half of our duty, but it is only half. It must be followed by loyal service to the church which we believe in, by devoted and unremitting work for it.

Jacob Riis tells somewhere of the first time he came into contact with Theodore Roosevelt. He was living in one of the tenement houses which he had described in the book "How the Other Half Lives," which he had just published. Roosevelt, who was at the time police commissioner, was tremendously stirred by the book, and went to the place where Jacob Riis was living to see him. But the reporter was not at home when Roosevelt called, and so the commissioner left his card, with this inscription: "I have read the book, and I have come to help."

That is just the combination that is needed. That is just what the duties of us young people are. We must "read the book"; that is, we must make up our own minds whether the church is deserving of our support; we must think for ourselves. We must learn all the facts we can, and then, when we have decided where we wish to stand, we must "come to help." If we believe in the things for which the Unitarian Church stands, if it seems to us that there is more of truth and more of freedom, and more of religion, in this church than in any other, we must give ourselves to the church, we must take our places in the ranks, we must openly and sincerely come to help.

Let me summarize, briefly, what I have been trying to say thus far: The duties of young people in a free church are not essentially different from those of the rest of the members. They are, first, to be intelligent members of the church, to belong to it because they are really convinced that it is an institution worthy of their support, because it can give them the strength and inspiration that they need, because it offers them a chance to worship the God in whom they believe in fellowship with other men and women who are in agreement on the essential things. Secondly, to be loyal and faithful members of that church, loyal to its primary aim—the worship of God; faithful to its central dogma—the freedom of every individual to think for himself.

Those are the duties of every member of a free church. They are the duties, therefore, of the young people. But it is not enough for the church to acknowledge that these are the duties which it places upon its members. The church, as an institution, must recognize that it has a missionary duty, that if it is to continue its existence, if it is to grow, it must persuade others who are not now members to become members; and first of all it must do missionary work among the young people who are closest at hand It must win to its support each generation as it reaches the point where it can intelligently choose to become part of the church-body. This is a duty which the church itself cannot neglect, or it will die.

Yet how is the church to go to work to

Marriages.

August 5, by the Rev. John F. Locke, David Lowe of Strome Ferry, Scotland, to Helen L. Bronsdon of Dorchester, Mass.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

gain these new members? We have seen that the basic principle of a free church is that each individual shall freely think for himself, and choose for himself. The church, therefore, cannot, without being untrue to itself, use either force or persuasion, bribes or threats, to gather to itself the young people. Any measure that tends to cloud the real issue, any attempt to secure the membership of young people by indirect means, to ally them to the church by giving them "good times," by merely winning their gratitude or affection, is entirely out of place. Such things in themselves may be good—I should be the last to deny that. But to use them in any way to bring about the great end of the church, to try to "rope in" the young people by any such methods, seems to me not only futile but altogether false to our ideals.

It seems to me that there are two things which the church can do, without departing from the great principles which give it vitality and worth; and these two things correspond to the two duties of its members. It can help the young people to think for themselves; and it can keep its principal purpose so clearly in view that young people will see that it is worthy of their support. The church may help its young people to think for themselves. That, as I see it, is the one great justification of young people's societies, of federations, of a national young people's union.

Part of this may be done in the Sunday sermons, but not all of it. For there are many things which are "an old story" to the older members of the church—things which they have been familiar with for years, which they do not care to hear discussed again in the pulpit, but which are not familiar to the newer members. The simple, basic propositions of our Unitarian faith—the elementary problems of religion—these are new questions, and vitally important questions, to young people.

Questions like these are not discussed in our pulpits—at least, not in terms that young people understand. To the older members of the church they are old questions, and they are interested only in the more advanced aspects of them. But to young people, such problems—in their naked simplicity—are of tremendous interest.

That is where the young people's society comes in—or might come in—as a place where the elementary, fundamental questions of religion may be discussed, where the young people may think of these problems, may talk them over, may question, may doubt and argue. Such a young people's society seems to me necessary in any free church. It is the centre, really, of such a church. It will be its most effective recruiting station. And what about worship? what about service? Have you forgotten that the motto of the Young People's Religious Union has three parts,—Truth, yes; but also Worship and Service? What I suggest is that the only real aim of "young people is work" is to teach the young people to think on the problems of religion and the church.

Thus far I have avoided the word "educational" because it is a word that is, perhaps, unfortunate in its connotations, but it is the only word that fits the requirements. Our young people's work, I think, must be definitely, and consciously, educational. The function of a young people's society in a local church is educational; the function of a federation is educational; the function of the national body is educational. Or ought I say "should be" rather than "is"?

One measure of the efficiency and vitality of the church is its confidence in its young people, and its willingness to help them. The young people need the backing of the church, not only its moral support, but its financial support as well; and unless the church is generous in granting its help to its young people, it cannot expect to receive their approval or their loyalty.

It seems to be a tendency of all human institutions to succumb to the power of inertia, to continue moving in the same direction, with gradually diminishing speed, until finally movement ceases altogether. Now this tendency is not in itself a bad thing, provided we take it into account and make proper allowances for it; for it is this tendency to keep on going in the same direction that is the conserving and balancing power. Without it, there would be very little solid or lasting achievement. But the danger is that we shall trust too much to its guidance, allowing ourselves to be carried along by momentum, and failing to notice that the rate at which we are moving is constantly growing less. We keep on doing the things that we have always done, in pretty much the same old way, jogging along the same old road, because that seems to be the easiest thing to do. It sometimes seems as though laziness were the besetting sin of the vast majority of men—the laziness, that is, that refuses to do anything new, anything that has never been done before, that will not consider the possibility of getting out of the rut in which it has been running so long, even at the risk of getting into another rut.

Fortunately, however, there are some persons who make themselves public nuisances by coming to us and asking disquieting questions, for without these people who come to disturb us with their "Why's" and "Why not's," we should all of us continue happily in the same old road that leads—nowhere.

Now it is in the capacity of one of these interrupters of the smooth current of events—in the capacity, if you will, of an interrogation point—that I am here. My purpose has been to raise a question, and, if possible, to make that question so compelling that others, who know far more than I do, will set to work to answer it. Anybody can question, I know; but not everybody does. It so happens that I have been given this chance to ask my question—and I have taken full advantage, as I think you will admit, of my opportunity.

Lend-a-Hand Society Outings.

The president of the Lend-a-Hand Society, Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, made an appeal in the *Christian Register* of July 16 for "Outings for Men," and in response we have received several contributions from your readers which we should like to acknowledge. Personal acknowledgment has been made when possible.

Friend of Rev. Edward E. Hale ...	$1.00
Mrs. W. W. Blackmar	10.00
L. K. D. Banister	2.00
M. P. B. } In memory of our mother,	5.00
J. W. B. }	
Mrs. J. E. B.	2.00
Anonymous	100.00
	$120.00

Not being sure whether our "Anonymous" friend responded to the appeal in the *Transcript* or to that in the *Christian Register*, we acknowledge it in both papers.

Those interested in this department of our work may like to read the following account.

Two old men, one seventy-six, the other seventy-eight, were asked to call at our office at two o'clock the other day for their railroad tickets to take them into the country for a stay of two weeks. The train was to leave at about four o'clock, so we thought we had allowed ample time for their halting gait and possible delays en route.

About two hours before the appointed time the elder appeared with coat and suitcase, his face aglow with anticipation of fourteen days in a *home* in the *country*. Since we were too busy to take more than a few minutes of the two hours remaining before our other old friend was due, we suggested to Mr. Seventy-eight that he find a shady seat on the Common near by, and return at two o'clock.

Scarcely had he departed when Mr. Seventy-six arrived, carrying a neatly tied box containing his wardrobe. As eager in his childlike pleasure as our first old friend, he had started in "good season," without food, that he might not miss his train. He, too, was sent to wait in the great breathing-place which Boston gives her people in the heart of the city.

Almost as the clock struck two, Mr. Seventy-eight appeared, and just one elevator's distance behind came Mr. Seventy-six. They were glad to meet, and hobbled away together happy as two children, though, as one of them said, they were "a pair of old cripples." Much had they in common,—not only the present anticipation of two weeks' vacation, but all the joys and sorrows of the past three quarters of a century. Both have known the blessing of a good home and family, but now they are alone in the world. Each has a room in an inexpensive lodging-house, and Mr. Seventy-eight takes his meals in restaurants.

Now they will be children again for the two weeks they are away, free from all care. No wonder Mr. Seventy-eight writes a day or two after his arrival: "It is quite a change for me to eat here as the food is good and fresh, and plenty of it. There is no noise here and I can have a good sleep each night." Mr. Seventy-six expressed his appreciation in the following words: "That nice woman Mrs. —— is kind and pleasant. I am much better already. Since I came here my appetite is better. If it only continues I shall be glad, for we get something good to eat here."

We would like to tell of other people who have been benefited by the Outing Fund.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 387 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

There is the gentlewoman of sixty-eight, who formerly had her own home and carriage, now widowed and reduced to eking out a living by plain sewing and mending. Quite in contrast is the energetic mother of five children, who has worn herself out in hard work to make a living for them. We hope two weeks of rest, while the children are cared for, will give her new courage and strength. Three blind men are to be sent into the country during August for two weeks each, and an old blind colored woman who spends her days here in an attic room, the bareness of which she fortunately cannot see, will have the fares provided to take her to some relatives in the country for the month of August.

Last year forty-nine of just such needy and deserving people without the means of opportunity for a vacation were given outings. While the demand on this department is greater during the summer months, the work is carried on all through the year. December and February were the only two months last year when we had no appeal.

The founder of our Society, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, started this department of "Outings for Men." While for men, especially old men, it has been extended to include some women. Dr. Hale used to say "men are expected, and should be expected, to provide for themselves. But while this is true as a rule, there are men, old and young, who are exceptions to the rule." Many are tired out, others are invalids, convalescents, or cripples. At one time, in a party of four sent the same week, there were seven arms and four legs.

These are the people we wish to send for a rest, to breathe in the pure air of the country, to obtain nourishing food, and, as a result, return with renewed courage to live. Many more stories might be told, but these illustrations will give an idea of the work in this department of our Society and may, we trust, enlist the interest of your readers.

Annie F. Brown, *Superintendent.*

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the Church of the Messiah, New York, August 16, Rev. George Croswell Cressey will preach.

At the First Parish Church, Milton, Mass., Sunday morning, August 16, Rev. Richard N. Boynton of Buffalo will preach at 11 A.M.

At the First Parish Church, Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, Sunday, August 16, Rev. George E. MacIlwain will preach at 11 A.M.

At the union service at Arlington Street Church, Boston, Sunday, August 16, Rev. Alfred Rodman Hussey of Baltimore, Md., will preach.

At Union Chapel, Little Boar's Head, N.H., Sunday, August 16, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., of Roxbury, Mass., will preach at 11 A.M.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce of Washington, D.C., will preach Sunday, August 16, at 11 A.M.

At King's Chapel, Sunday, August 16, Rev. Charles Edward Park of the First Church, Boston, will preach at 10.30 A.M. Church open every week day from 9 to 12.

Churches.

Rockland, Mass.—First Unitarian Church: The members of this society deeply regret the resignation of their pastor, Rev. Louis A. Walker, who has accepted a call to the Unitarian church in Middleboro. Mr. Walker has been here a little less than two years, but during that time he has done excellent work, especially among the young people. A heating plant has been recently installed in the church building, and the auditorium has been newly carpeted. Improvements have also been made in other parts of the building, the whole aggregating nearly $1,600. All but about $250 of this amount has been raised and expended. The Unity Club, composed of the young women of the society, has been very active, and has contributed not a little to the social life of the community, as well as to the financial aid of the church. Last winter it conducted dancing classes, which were attended by 150 people, a sister of one of the members, Miss Blackman, being the teacher. Constructive work has been done along educational lines, in the Sunday-school, Young People's Union, and Teachers' Training Class, the latter being especially effective. During the past two years, eight members have been added to the church, all young people.

Personals.

Rev. George F. Pratt, for the past ten years minister of Christ Church of Dorchester, has resigned to accept a call to the Unitarian church of Sanford, Me.

Notes from Beacon Hill.

The Unitarian Building in Boston is not much frequented in midsummer, yet its activities continue, though with a reduced force, owing to vacations. Among the ministers who have been visitors during the early days of August are Rev. William H. Pulsford of Chicago, Frank S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis, Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo, Frederick W. Griffin of Montreal, Sydney B. Snow of Boston, Prof. H. W. Foote of Cambridge, John Haynes Holmes of New York, Alfred R. Hussey of Baltimore, Minot Simons of Cleveland, George R. Gebauer of Duluth, Walter F. Greenman of Milwaukee, Henry T. Secrist and Prof. C. R. Bowen of Meadville, Maxwell Savage of Louisville, Paul D. Dansingberg of St. Cloud, U. G. B. Pierce of Washington—what a galaxy of gifted young preachers! Many of the foregoing have been heard in city or suburban pulpits. A meeting of the Executive Committee of the General Unitarian Conference was held August 8, to consider the San Francisco meeting of 1915.

Secretary Wilson and Department Secretaries Wendte, Lawrence, and Forbes are at their desks most of the time.

The noise and dust involved in erecting the new wing of the State House, across the street from the Unitarian Building, are not conducive to office work of any kind.

Chicago Associate Alliance.

During the year 1913–14 the Chicago Associate Alliance has met with each of the branches, making six meetings in all, with an average attendance of about sixty-five. It has given practical assistance to the Abby A. Peterson Settlement at Watha, N.C., and has sent a box of books to Mr. McHale to be used in his work at Marianna, Fla.

With the exception of the meeting at Hinsdale, where Miss Wilcox read a paper on "Tendencies of Present-day Verse," the Alliance programme for the past year has been occupied with the part that woman has taken in the world's work. It has discussed "The Women of the Old Testament," "The Service of Woman in International Peace," "Woman in the Ministry," "Woman in Industry," "Work of Notable Women," and other topics.

The Alliance programme for the year 1913–14 has thus been most timely, as the spirit of woman has been abroad, and her work, her ideals, and accomplishments have been given the most important places on the programmes of all the leading clubs in Chicago and elsewhere.

While the different branches engage in practical work, the work of the Associate Alliance has, in the main, been mostly educative. It has approached present-day problems from the culture side, which assuredly has its value.

Eleanor Johnson Lynn, *Secretary.*

Here and There.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., tells of a friend who once tried to find out how many things he could buy in the streets of London for a penny. In a few weeks his penny museum was quite full, with articles ranging from a pair of shoe-strings to a miniature Bible, and from a jumping-jack to a second-hand copy of Burns.

Some leaders of thought in India urge the establishment in that land of a common platform on which people of all castes, creeds, and colors can co-operate for the better government of the country. A great struggle between the bureaucracy and the people of India, due to the marked antagonism between the ruling and the other classes, is believed to be imminent.

The living of man in houses is an acquired habit, and he has not yet learned how to do it so as not to injure his health. He does it mainly for his comfort, for shelter from a too rigorous climate, but he thereby deprives himself of fresh air and sunshine and the tonic of outdoor life. Sleeping in bedrooms with open windows does not begin to make good the advantages of open-air living.

The several nations most interested in the development of the aëroplane and the hydro-aëroplane are now passing laws restricting their flight. Usually aëroplanes from one country are prohibited from landing on the contiguous territory of any adjoining country. Great Britain has indicated certain small areas on her coast as the only allowable landing-places. One court has decided, however, that the air above any land area could not be privately owned and was absolutely free.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "after the game my son received an innovation."

"What sort of a chap is Johnson?" "Well, if you ever see two men in this club in a corner and one looks bored to death, the other is Johnson."—*London Tatler.*

Tenor (singing): "'Oh, 'appy, 'appy, 'appy be thy dreams!'" Professor: "Stop! stop! Why don't you sound the 'H'?" Tenor: "It don't go no 'igher than 'G'!"—*Punch.*

"No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."—*Good Housekeeping.*

Mother: "Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!" Johnny: "Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it." Mother: "Then don't play with him: he's no fit companion for you."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Your wife used to like to sing and play the piano. Now we don't hear her at all. How's that?" "She hasn't the time. We have two children." "Well, well! After all, children are a blessing!"

The art of bathos is tolerably well illustrated by the exclamation of a French critic before an English artist's canvas: "C'est superbe! C'est magnifique! C'est pretty well!"—*Household Words.*

The street-car conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully, and said meekly: "This here transfer expired an hour ago, lady." The lady, digging in her purse after a coin, replied: "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car!"—*Puck.*

Here is a genuine Mrs. Twickembury, taken from a New Hampshire paper: "The new whistle on the fire station sounded its first real fire alarm on Monday afternoon, owing to a fire on the roof of the house on Factory street occupied by Ernest Dube. The flames were distinguished before any great amount of damage was done."

When W. D. Howells was editing a magazine, a young man called to offer him a poem. Mr. Howells thought it was good, but somehow it seemed rather familiar. "Did you write this unaided?" he asked. "I did," replied the youthful poet. "I wrote every line of it." "Then I am very glad to meet you, Lord Byron," said Mr. Howells. "I was under the impression that you had died some years ago!"—*Continent.*

Dr. Oliver W. Holmes was small in stature. Upon one occasion he was present at a meeting which happened to be attended by large men, thus making his diminutive size rather conspicuous in contrast. One of these men—doubtless wishing to make him feel at ease—came up to him and said: "Well, Dr. Holmes, I should think you would feel rather small among all these fellows." "I do," replied the doctor. "I feel like a three-cent piece among a lot of pennies."

Wife of Young Literary Man: "Why, George! A hundred dollars for that magazine story! How long did it take you to write it?" Young Husband (nonchalantly): "Oh, I don't know. A couple of days, I suppose." Wife (exultantly): "Fifty dollars a day! That's three hundred dollars a week and twelve hundred a month. Twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four,—fourteen thousand four hundred dollars a year! Why, George, we can keep a carriage and horses just as well as not!"—*Bazar.*

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot; closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 164 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

Training School for the Liberal Ministry

INCLUDING Special Courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday-school Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements, and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal Scholarship provisions, including

TWO SUMMER SESSIONS AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

Travelling Fellowship yielding $810. Apply to F. C. Southworth, President

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
FOUNDED 1904

AIMS at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other Divinity Schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 18, 1914. Write for the Register and complete information to the President. Earl Morse Wilbur, D.D.,
Pacific Unitarian School, Berkeley, California

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
85 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 34 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 793
Superstition 794
Happy Forgetfulness 795

CURRENT TOPICS 796

BREVITIES 797

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Unitarian Name in the Orient 797
Obstacles Removed; American Contribution to Modernism 798

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Destiny of the Universalist Church, by Frank O. Hall, D.D. 799
The Last Place God Made, by Edwin and Catherine Rumball 800
Stop, Look, Listen! by H. E. Latham 802
Music, Art, Poetry, and Religion, by James G. Townsend, D.D. 803
The Recovery of Papyri; The Consolations of Comparison 806
Pro and Con 810
Rev. John Snyder 811
A Pioneer Minister 812
Rev. Abram Wyman 814
Brotherhood 815

POETRY.
Ordination Hymn, by John D. Long 804
Excelsior 806
The Pebbles' Lesson 808

THE PULPIT.
The Possibilities of a Real Life, by George Batchelor, D.D. 804

LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines 807

THE HOME.
The Bad Quarter; Dick's Tally Stick 808
Grumble Day; The Speckled Hen 809

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS 811

FOREIGN NOTES 813

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 814

PLEASANTRIES 816

Editorial.

ONE of the most pressing needs of the hour is now, as it has been for the last half-century, the restoration of our merchant marine to its place on the high seas. We say this not because it would benefit New England, as it would, but because it would be a blessing to the whole country. Ever since the Civil War, when our ships that had once been the pride of the nation were driven from the ocean, narrow political and sectional animosities and prejudices have conspired to prevent the return of the ships once alienated, or the building of others to take their place. In consequence thereof the nation in all its parts now bewails our poverty, and legislators are inventing various makeshifts to save us from the consequences of our folly. The part of patriotism is now clearly defined. Let those who have the power call in the experts who know what we have lost and how we may now retrieve our losses, and then, with no plan or purpose except to serve the needs of the whole country, legislate for the common good. It would be a blessed sight to see American flags at the masthead of thousands of vessels in all seas and oceans, a symbol of liberty and justice, and a token of helpfulness to all nations and races.

IT is very difficult in these days of toil and trouble to think or talk of anything but the overwhelming catastrophe that has suddenly overwhelmed the nations, near and far; and yet the sources of life, health, and gladness are all around us as abundant as ever, and they will best serve their generation who are able to keep on the sunny side of life, and draw healing and strength from the permanent springs of virtue and blessedness. The late storms of winter and early spring are often the most severe. Even after the buds begin to swell and the earth is full of upward-pushing bulbs and sprouting seeds the storms may come back and cover everything with a blanket of desolation. And yet the poet can sing of "frost and snow, and stormy wind fulfilling his word." The world has never yet been without seedtime and harvest, and in some unknown way the most delicate growths are provided for and survive. When we think of everything with the patience of hope, we see that when the worst is over some things that ought not to be will have been condemned and cast aside forever. That which is in danger is not the high virtues of national and political righteousness, but the ugly outgrowths of despotism and unjustified overlordism.

Digitized by Google

The term "the best people" is one of the terms least often well applied. Those who read the words here will think of the social layers that have the plums of respectability, culture, wealth, and social opportunity most thickly distributed. But to get the best use of the word we have to take people who are suddenly removed from their ordinary groupings and thrown together in new association. The experiences of early settlers sifted out the best people. A crowd drawn together unpreparedly by some unusual event shows who are the best people. They are not so apt to be found in the first-class section of ocean steamers as in the second-class division; and perhaps, if the truth were known, the steerage would supply an astonishingly large number. They are the people who show that they have character, and self-respect, and habits which would bring only good if everybody acquired them.

There is a very subtle and elusive infection which vitiates many a generous attempt to be helpful to others. It has its classic, and gross, expression in the condescension and superior meddlesomeness of titled philanthropy in the England of earlier accounts. It still has such expression on the part of those who seek the path of social service for reasons in another sense social, or out of curiosity, or innate pleasure in managing other affairs than their own. But we deceive ourselves when we think the matter cleared in such examples. With sharper eyes we might find it much nearer home. To attempt to do good to others is the greatest presumption in the world without a sure examination as to motives, temperament, and tact. Howells put his finger on the fault when he made Kitty say of Arbuthnot, "He seems to consider it something that's due to himself as a gentleman to treat people well; and it isn't in the least as if he cared for *them*." Perhaps class hatred is as often accounted for by the benefactions of the upper classes as by their oppressions.

To one who calmly estimates the tides that ebb and flow in human society, the instability of the human mind and the untrustworthiness of its impulses are plainly revealed. Once at least in every generation there is a great popular uprising against intemperance; it lasts from one to three years and then subsides and is forgotten. Rather more frequently than that there is an outburst of wrath against the panders and procurers who tempt to their destruction young men and women. The latest outbreak of sensibility in regard to the vices of the underworld takes the name of a campaign against white slavery. It broke out with an excess of sensibility about three years ago, and is already passing into the limbo of oblivion. Some facts were discovered and revealed, and based on them was erected an enormous superstructure of suspicion, which is gradually dissolving, and we are returning, with a little more knowledge of the facts than we had before, to a sane contemplation of the weaknesses and sins of our fellow-men. Meanwhile, steadfast men and women are working calmly and wisely to uproot vice and establish virtue.

There came once under our observation a case which illustrates some popular delusions and shows how some of the evils they generate may be avoided. In a sermon on heredity the plea that many drunkards cannot help giving way to their appetite because they are the victims of hereditary influences was discussed and shown to be a substitute for lack of self-control. A lady who heard it reported it to a cousin who pleaded the popular excuse for his occasional intoxication; then she told him that the excuse was not valid and she should laugh him out of his delusion. After that, every time she met him for some months she greeted him with the cheerful question, "Well, Jim, how's your hereditary devil to-day?" The result was that he became ashamed of himself and stopped drinking. Reform of the individual comes not from theories and influences exerted from a distance, but from personal contact and appeals made directly to the honor and conscience which, latent or awake, are to be found in every man.

There are two ways to do missionary work in districts where Unitarianism is a novelty. One is to base the work in all its parts, so far as possible, on the foundation of absolute truth. This will be a sufficient novelty to most people to attract attention and set thought in motion. The other method is to attack the absurdities of doctrines that are commonly accepted in the community. This will not be a novelty, because it will be the method of the agnostic and the infidel, so called, who are always to be found in any rustic community and are commonly regarded as scoffers who sit in the seat of the scornful. Superstitions and absurdities can seldom be disposed of by argument, but when they are brought to judgment in the presence of truths that are essential to all rational thought and wholesome living, they fade away and vanish; or become picturesque bits of folk-lore, which add to the gayety of the social circle. The missionary who spends all his life carrying out an aggressive policy may in the end find that he has been fighting windmills, when, had he kept himself down to the eternal verities, he might have been adding a living stone to the rising temple of a redeemed humanity.

Superstition.

We commonly boast ourselves upon our st[illegible] the early colonists of New England, who ga[illegible] divers superstitions in their conduct of the affairs of state and church and so fell into grievous errors of conduct which make them objects of scorn in these days of enlightenment. But a careful study of the facts in the case may show us that we are not so superior to our ancestors and predecessors in America as we imagine.

Take, for instance, Salem witchcraft, with all its horrors, and seek for the efficient causes of that outbreak. We find that the force that lifted all the superstitions of the time into activity was belief in the presence and activity of a personal devil. That belief has now faded from the religious consciousness of the world to such a degree that it is difficult to make it seem to represent a reality. There are millions of people in this country who after a fashion hold to the doctrine, but they are few who hold that the devil now takes possession of the minds and bodies of willing men and women and makes them the agents of his wicked designs, giving them for that purpose supernatural power over the lives and fortunes of their fellowmen.

Let that malign belief once return in full force, and we have at hand all the superstitions that would be necessary to start a reign of terror. Even Mrs. Eddy's notion that a "malicious animal magnetism" might be exerted by one person to the injury of another, if it had been accepted by the general public, as it was by a few of her terror-stricken followers, might have led to disastrous consequences. When in court she affirmed her belief in such an influence and sought to make it the basis of a charge against one of her opponents, the judge made reply, "Mrs. Eddy, we do not live in the time of the Salem witchcraft."

More wide-spread than this superstition are many relics of once active beliefs that still survive under the varnish of our culture. In the back settlements of New England, even belief in witchcraft still survives, and belief in a personal devil, who may appear now and then, is not yet eradicated from the minds of the people. Let the writer set down a few of the superstitions that have come to his own knowledge in personal intercourse with fairly intelligent people. Everybody is familiar with the notion that Friday is an unlucky day, and that Friday the 13th is still more to be regarded as a day of evil omen. Thirteen at the table is to be guarded against. On an ocean steamer where the tables in the dining saloon were arranged for fourteen, when twelve had taken their seats it was a common practice for the thirteenth to wait until another one came, or some one had arisen to break the force of the evil omen.

In a village in New England the writer heard an aged man repeat the tales which he heard from his father. One of them was to this effect. A man asked a neighbor to lend him a horse for use in his farm work. The neighbor replied that he wished to use the horse himself and therefore could not lend him. The would-be borrower went away with a threat of evil things to happen as a consequence of the refusal. The owner of the horse hitched up a span and began to plough. Very soon the horse that the neighbor wanted to borrow began to be intractable and vicious; finding that the horse would not work, he gave it an unmerciful beating, and then put up his horses and called upon his neighbor, whom he found, as he expected, in bed with some sore distemper. In this case nothing was said about the devil, and the advantage was not all on the side of the wizard. About the same time a boy reported that a witch might be killed with a gun loaded with a silver sixpence. The son of a judge was fishing on the bank of a river and accidentally the writer discovered that he was carrying a New Testament in his pocket. There had been rumors of a satanic appearance to certain evil-doers who indulged too much in New England rum. The boy said the devil would not appear to him if he carried the Testament. It was a matter of common belief among boys within the writer's knowledge, that if one should put one hand on the top of his head, and the other under the sole of his foot, and then say "All between my two hands belongs to the devil," he would appear. No doubt such beliefs still linger, for even in the enlightened city which is the seat of Harvard University there has been, not long since, a minister who solemnly warned the people at a prayer meeting that the devil was standing at their elbows and that he liked nothing better than to have them disbelieve in his existence, for then they would be off their guard against his machinations. But enough of this.

There are many other notions quite as antiquated that still survive, some of them possibly among the readers of this article. For a lady, enlightened enough to be the librarian of a famous institution, told us in all seriousness that a sore throat might be cured in this manner: "Take a spider, put him in a thimble, wrap it up in flannel and bury it, when the spider dies the throat will be well." Many people believe that if a wart be rubbed with a piece of meat and the meat buried, when the meat rots the wart will depart.

We shall run up against a very active belief when we join with the Apostle James in the assertion: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." It would be useless to argue against the belief of many of the most intelligent members of the educated classes and the greater multitudes of those who pour out their money like water for the fortune tellers who foretell future events. Let it suffice to say that he who holds to such things must surrender all belief in free will, human spontaneity, the ability to make up one's mind to do something to-morrow, and then change it when to-morrow comes. For if anybody can know to-day what will happen to-morrow, then that thing must happen, God and man to the contrary, notwithstanding.

These are only a few of what we call superstitions; the stock exchange, a race course, or a mining camp would be a happy hunting ground for the collector of omens, signs, and wonders which have no good reason to be in an enlightened community.

Some one will say, "What difference does it make?" Take one fearful example: the Czar of Russia, upon whose word has depended the fate of nations, is a superstitious creature dominated by the monk Rasputin.

G. B.

Happy Forgetfulness.

A great part of our mentality is taken up with remembering. The value of this exercise is undisputed, but sometimes forgetting is a still more useful exercise. It is happy if we can forget that we belong to anything small and limited, and to feel the breadth and freedom of universal relations.

Sectarianism is belittling, and a sense of belonging to the whole body of saints, prophets, and apostles, all the good and pure souls that have ever lived, is joy and gladness. When we enter a great cathedral, we forget its accidental possessors. We say this is a world temple, and we cannot be barred out from our share in it. It makes us at once at home in our religious sentiments. It is a place where all men may pray and come nearer to the Infinite.

The members of a little sect perhaps over-emphasize their differences more than others,—think more of what divides than of what unites. We look for some shibboleth that will make us broader, while in fact all breadth, except the physical, resides in the point of view.

If we feel united to all good people of whatever name or creed, nothing can hinder our participation with the great body of the truly religious in that spiritual sacrament that renews the being by the fact of a generous forgetfulness of all dividing lines. When asked to which church you belong, you may have answered "To the Christian Church," to be met with the remark, "I thought you were a Unitarian."

No one can bar us from the Christian Church. The very term gives a sense of freedom no other church name can give. No name is broad enough to express the deepest meaning of any faith. It is only to be found in a spiritual relation. Without the generous forgetfulness that sinks differences in enlarged love and charity, though formulas came to us direct from heaven, they would be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

To forget there is a difference is almost to do away with it. Human nature is more generous than we give it credit for being. Suspicion and prejudice melt away in that large charity and tolerance that looks directly to essentials. You are never argued out of your prepossessions and misunderstandings, but you are sometimes loved out of them.

In times of great danger and disaster it is not creedal but human sympathy that comes in play: we are then all of one church. A generous forgetfulness has wiped away the dividing lines that at other times seem such stiff barriers. Reconciliation in family or neighborhood quarrels is apt to be a simple forgetting, based on mutual need and dependence. Explanations seldom explain. It is a sinking of differences that composes most of the quarrels of the world. There is often a residuum of the unex-

Digitized by Google

plainable left behind, unless it is all dropped into the well of oblivion.

Our narrowness is often pitiful, our incapacity for seeing the breadth of earth and sky, the extended areas of life and destiny that underlie the petty details that bind us down to a circumscribed existence. What touches us is all we know or care for. We love and hate on a petty plan. We remember the things we should forget, and forget the things we should remember. It is only by forgetting differences, the harsh outlines of traditional creeds and beliefs, that the great united Church of God can appear on earth. There are even now innumerable hosts of good people, the friends and allies of those who would live by the spirit, who, however scattered among the races of men, form an invisible, unrecognized church, the only one to which Jesus Christ would ally himself, were he to appear now on earth.

In this unformulated church, the elements of which may some day come together to redeem the world, names and symbols count for little or nothing. The spiritual relation, the real unity, will be recognized under all differences. Our orthodox neighbor, when we come to know him, is just like our own people. He is all through human, and perhaps lovable. If he has crotchets and prejudices, it is our duty to dispel them by holding up a standard of life he cannot fail to respect. His confession of faith, like ours, is, after all, a form of words, which, unfortunately, we both sometimes forget, while the life-stuff woven into faith and practice is never forgotten. The prejudice is, after all, flimsy. It cannot outlast one good deed, one unselfish, loving impulse. It melts and vanishes before the warm glow of brotherhood, the spontaneous attraction that lies deeper than all conventionalities, all misunderstandings a form of words has engendered.

We should try to get rid of the painful consciousness that we are different and practically stand alone. How good it is to know that nothing can shut us out of the great conventicle whose temple is of unmeasured immensity, raising its dome to the eternal calm of the heavens, and embracing all those who love God and their fellowmen, whose reverence and humility and self-forgetfulness are the means by which a new name is written upon the forehead, the only name by which the great brotherhood can recognize each other. Nothing can keep us out of Christian fellowship if we are pledged to forget all it is unprofitable to remember, and are ever ready to unite with others on the higher planes of the religious life.

Current Topics.

President Wilson's tentative offer of friendly offices in the direction of the restoration of peace among the nations of Europe who are now at war has not yet elicited a reply from any of the powers to whom it was addressed, to warrant the belief that it will be availed of immediately. The diplomatic and military situation throughout the zone of hostilities, which includes four-fifths of Europe, is such that no nation has seen its way to any more definite action on the President's initiative than an appreciative acknowledgment of the note addressed to it by the American executive. In spite of the failure of any of the belligerents to respond to Mr. Wilson's pacific suggestion in positive terms, however, it is recognized by friends of peace the world over that the President's standing offer to embattled Europe may prove a valuable medium for interchanges aimed at the restoration of peace when the psychological moment for such action shall arrive. And there are not lacking men of keen sight in Europe who hold that that moment may not be so far off as the present tense situation would indicate.

The most serious and significant diplomatic development in the world-wide struggle during the week has been the injection of Japan as an active force in the struggle. It was announced officially in Tokio last Sunday that on the preceding Saturday the Japanese government, acting under the provisions of its treaty with Great Britain, had issued an ultimatum to Germany, demanding the evacuation of Kiao-Chou and the withdrawal of all German warships from the waters of the Orient. The time designated in the ultimatum expires next Sunday. In the event of the failure of Germany to accede to Japan's wishes, the Japanese government announces its intention in the ultimatum to employ force to enforce the terms of a document which in effect introduces an Asiatic power as an active factor in European affairs. The attitude of Japan is arousing special interest in Washington, despite the assurances of the Japanese government that the integrity of China will be respected by Japan.

In the European fields of battle the operations are going on with increasingly widening zones of action. The preliminary fighting in Belgium up to last Monday had resulted in the steady advance of the German army of invasion, despite several reverses which it suffered at the hands of the Belgian defenders, reinforced, in the second line, by large bodies of French and British troops. The unexpected strength of the opposition which Belgium offered to the German advance upon France through Belgian territory appears to have deranged somewhat the plans of campaign elaborated by the German general staff. Whether this derangement is serious enough to affect the main issue—the invasion of France at its most weakly defended points—remains to be seen. Official statements emanating from Berlin give the impression that the German general staff had gauged correctly the Belgians' powers of resistance, and that the sacrifices and delays which have developed had been counted upon in advance by those who are directing the operations of the German army.

The actual entrance of Russia into the situation as an aggressive military factor became an event of the immediate future at the beginning of the week, when it was announced at St. Petersburg that the mobilization of more than two million men had been completed, and that this vast force was ready for offensive action on the frontiers of Germany and Austria-Hungary. When the entire Russian fighting armament is under the colors, it will count approximately seven million men of all arms—a force never before placed upon the field by any power. As to the efficiency of this vast army as a fighting machine, there appears to be a wide difference of opinion among experts. A general reorganization of the military power of Russia has been going on—on paper, at least—since the crushing defeat of the Russian Empire at the hands of Japan. How much of this reorganization and rearmament is theoretical and how much actual, will be demonstrated, very probably, in the activities on the German and Austrian frontiers in the immediate future.

It appears to be a certainty that, thus early in the struggle, the Triple Entente has established its mastery of the sea-routes of the world, and the governments of Great Britain and France are already making complete arrangements for the resumption of normal traffic over the Atlantic. In the Mediterranean, despite the naval power which Austria-Hungary has been building up in the past dozen years, the commerce of the Triple Entente

is resuming its movements with slight signs of interference by the enemy. For the purposes of the present war, at least, the Mediterranean may well be regarded as a French lake. In addition to the unmistakable preponderance of France and Great Britain in the waters which were the centre of the classic world, Russia is understood to be making vigorous efforts to obtain the suspension of that clause of the treaty of Paris which makes it incumbent upon Turkey to keep the straits of Constantinople closed to the warships of foreign powers, and especially of Russia. It is extremely doubtful, however, if these attempts will succeed.

GRAVE events, which may well result in the extension of the area of hostilities to include the entire Balkan Peninsula, are taking place in the Near East. The versions of the activities of the Balkan states and Turkey differ radically. The reports from Belgrade are that successful negotiations are being carried on for the reconstitution of the Balkan League, to include Bulgaria and Roumania. The purposes of the *pourparlers* are represented in Servian quarters as aimed at the suppression of any Turkish warlike intentions in the interests of the dual alliance, and the maintenance of the *status quo* on the peninsula. On the other hand, reports from Constantinople and Sofia indicate that there is an understanding between Turkey and Bulgaria for hostile action against Greece and Servia. The attitude of Roumania is shrouded in uncertainty. Persistent reports from Bucharest *via* channels controlled by the dual alliance, give ground for the belief that Germany has done its best to involve the Roumanians in support of the dual alliance, but without success.

AMONG the dramatic developments of the war of the nations in its initial phase is the issuance, by the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, as commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, of a proclamation promising the unification of Poland, under an autonomous government as a part of the Russian Empire, if the Poles will aid Russia in the present crisis. This proclamation, besides its direct appeal to the patriotism of the Russian part of Poland, is undoubtedly designed to inflame the discontent of the Poles of Posen, who have been subjected to rigorous measures under Prussian rules. The Prussian administration of Poland, however, is probably less oppressive than the order of things to which the Poles are subjected under the Russian flag. In Galicia, the Austrian part of Poland, the grand duke's pledges will have little likely effect, as the Austrian government has treated its Polish subjects with great liberality. The Russian plan for the unification of Poland, under the present critical circumstances, may be regarded as an important and profoundly significant event, of possibly far-reaching effect upon the future history of the European continent.

Brevities.

Every fact, however poor, mean, and insignificant it may seem to be, is inherently sacred, to be accepted at full face value wherever found. Said Agassiz, "A physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle."

Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors boasted of being "free-necked men," that is, they wore no collars. The collar was originally the badge of servitude, and in hot weather these stiff, uncomfortable, cervical corsets truly hold men in bondage.

A statue has been erected at Neuilly, France, to commemorate the demonstration, made by M. Antoine Augustin many years ago, that the potato could be profitably grown in that country, thus securing the common people against the possibility of wide-spread famine.

The use of simple, familiar words is productive of a clear and forceful style. While using words of Latin derivation when needed, yet Emerson's noted epigrams were always so written. Ex-President Eliot uses the same effective choice, while Robert Collyer's charm as a speaker and writer was due, to a large degree, to what he termed his "lifelong instinct for the use of simple Saxon words and sentences."

The sun is still the best time-keeper for all of us. It cannot be set back, and it is, in its various motions, always on time. A writer says, "City dwellers rarely know when the sun rises, and not always when it sets, but the nearer they can get their hours of sleep and waking to correspond with those of darkness and light the better for their health and morals." This rule would hardly do for the winter months.

Letters to the Editor.

The Unitarian Name in the Orient.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Among the many persons who have discussed the Unitarian name in your columns I think no one has considered its standing among non-Christian peoples, and therefore its value in the propagation of our liberal faith in such important countries as Japan, China, and India.

In my travels in the Orient I have repeatedly been impressed by the deference which I have found almost everywhere shown to the name of Jesus and to the name "Unitarian," and at the same time by the widespread want of deference exhibited to the Christian name. At first this somewhat puzzled me, but later I learned the reason.

The name "Christian" has been brought into serious disfavor in the Orient because of its association there with so much tyranny, arrogance, injustice, and evil. Nearly half of Asia has been at one time or another seized by the so-called Christian powers of Europe, and is now held in subjection by those powers. This alone causes millions to hate the Christian name. But this is not all. It was a Christian nation that forced opium on China at the cannon's mouth. It was armies calling themselves Christian that looted Pekin, Tien-Tsin, and other cities of China at the time of the Boxer uprising. It is men from Christian lands who have forced the sale of intoxicating liquors upon nearly all parts of Asia, so that it has come to be not uncommon for saloons to be spoken of as "Christian saloons." It is so-called Christians from Europe and America who draw the color line and the race line in Asia and make the peoples of that continent feel that they are looked down upon and despised. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the Christian name lacks very much of being held in universal honor among Oriental peoples.

On the other hand, the name of Jesus seems to be generally respected and honored, at least among the intelligent. He seems to be little associated in the minds of the people with the evil deeds referred to above. He is given a place apart. The people recognize and gladly confess his greatness and his goodness. They speak of him with much the same respect and reverence that they accord to the great religious teachers of their own faiths.

Digitized by Google

To my surprise and gratification I found something of the same kind of regard paid to the Unitarian name. Of course, our name is not known so generally as is the great name of Jesus. But where it is known (and knowledge of it is steadily spreading), it seems almost universally to be held in honor. To be sure, it is associated with Christianity, but it is regarded as representing a peculiar kind of Christianity, different from the ordinary,—more reasonable, more liberal and large minded, nearer to the teachings of Jesus, and clear of many of the evils which so darken the character of many of the Christian nations. Leading minds in the Orient look with peculiar favor upon Unitarianism for two reasons: first, because it seems to them more rational and more in harmony with the teaching of modern science than any other form of Christianity, and, secondly, because it comes to them in a fraternal and sympathetic spirit, not seeking, as all other forms of Christianity do, to destroy the great and venerable historic faiths of the Orient, but extending to them the hand of brotherly fellowship, gladly recognizing the truth they contain, and desiring to co-operate with them in good works. I think I am quite within the truth when I say that among Buddhists, Confucians, and Hindus generally Unitarianism is held in higher respect and regard than any other form of Christianity, while among Mohammedans the respect that is entertained for it is out of all proportion to that felt toward any other Christian faith.

I call attention to these facts because they seem to me worth bearing in mind in our discussions in this country as to the value of the Unitarian name, and the wisdom of trying to find some other to be employed, if not as our sole, at least as our chief, banner word before the world. It is not as "Congregationalists," or as "Humanitarians," or as "Free Religionists," or as "Independents," or even as "Free Christians" or "Liberal Christians" that we have attained the place of respect and honor which we hold among so many intelligent minds in the Orient to-day; but it is as "Unitarians," or, if the name "Christian" is used at all, it is as distinctly *Unitarian* Christian. If it would be a calamity to our cause here in America (as I think it would) for us to abandon or to obscure a name which has come to stand for so great things in the religious world, I believe that the calamity to our cause in foreign lands, especially in the Orient, would be more serious still.

J. T. Sunderland.

Obstacles Removed.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The recent editorial, "Obstacles Removed," by B. B., and Mr. Bennett's letter in this week's *Register*, impel me to narrate an incident occurring in the Presbyterian community where I have my summer home, believing it will be of interest to all Unitarians.

The community I refer to is that of old Yorktown, situated in upper Westchester County of New York State, and is almost entirely agricultural. The church was organized one hundred and seventy-five years ago, and, although three miles from the nearest village, has always had a large and devoted congregation. Its second pastor was the Rev. Silas Constant, whose diary has been privately published and contains much of interest. Among these he mentions that at a certain meeting of the church in 1801 the question was debated whether it were right to assist a needy person with the church funds who was not a member, and it was decided that it was not. The contrast between that position and that taken by the present pastor, whose invitation to the Table includes any person, even if he be a member of no church, who feels he would be benefited by the communion, is certainly heartening to those of us who long for that acceptable day when the Spirit shall be made *fully* manifest through all forms of ecclesiasticism. That these devout people should make it possible for an avowed Unitarian to go with them into their holy of holies is to me a striking manifestation of the power of the Spirit of Jesus to triumph over all intellectual interpretations thereof, our own included.

F. A. Bristol.

New York.

American Contribution to Modernism.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

That movement within the Roman Catholic Church in Italy which questions traditional faith, and which has managed to find some considerable pleasure in the use of the name of "Modernism," is receiving contributive support from the United States in a peculiar but increasing way. Standing for a thoroughgoing liberalism, Modernism stands as well for a rational conservatism, and the old-time *modus vivendi* between conservatism in religion and liberalism in theology is broken down; and in the process of demolition no unimportant part is played by American factorship—and by a 'prentice hand.

The Vatican, with acerbity, and the Protestant observers, with growing emphasis, have agreed with Tyrrell, Loisy, and Baron von Hugel that the movement has made its growth in the Catholic Church among the clergy, the seminarists, and the close students, and has not permeated the laity to any such extent. Luzzi, than whom there is no better observer, has laid particular stress on this fact, and the Vatican authorities have been as generous with their asseverations, using as a foundation the clean-cut definition which was formulated by Pope Pius X. himself.

Latterly, however, the contact with the laymen has been notable, if not conspicuous. A Modernist feeling has suffused an element outside the body of theologians, and extraneous to the cultured liberals. The rank and file of the laity has moved forward, wondering, here and there, and strenuously refusing to be held in check. A writer in the *Hibbert Journal* says that great things are preparing underground, and that "from the catacombs" a new Christianity, a post-Modernism, is arising, or will soon issue, and all because a rational account of faith is being taken by the laity.

The reason (to use the Protestant word), or the fault (according to Roman Catholic opinion), is derived from across-seas. The distinction given the movement, or, more properly, the tendency, is "Americanism," an expressive if not a fit term. The Italian who has been in the United States or Canada for a time, and who has returned to his native country for a visit or for permanent residence, is gifted with Americanism, which, being interpreted, is Modernism where it is placed in relation to the Church. Although he may not indulge in the name, he is, according to the word, a Modernist.

He who returns may be a Roman Catholic, a Protestant, or unchurched and more or less infidel. He who has been in America for any length of time returns a different person religiously than when he left Italy. If, consistent with the faith of his fathers, he has so worshipped, he approaches the sacraments when he is again on Italian soil critically. He may be as reverent, and not infrequently is more reverent, than when he went away; but the politic American principle of liberty of opinion nerves his soul, and his worship is no longer in accord with aught savoring of mediævalism.

He must move forward. No longer can he give assent to the perversion or obscuring of spiritual things by any conventional embodiments that came out of the darkness of long ago. He from America is no mossback. He has grown. Romanism may be "the same everywhere," but his worship is different. The half-light of traditionalism does not suit one who has enjoyed the leucodescent rays, and he who has worshipped in the Catholic churches of our country dissents from finding any delight in the borderland of mingled reality and fable, where a musty smell pervades everything.

The Italian Protestant from America occupies a Christian position which may not be properly described as Modernist, inasmuch as Modernism is in the Catholic Church and he is not. But he is Modernist in questioning traditional beliefs, quite as much as if he were in the Catholic fold. The whole content of his experience is that of a child. The Protestant faith, as he has come to know it, is curiously like that which Christ himself held and taught. His distance from traditionalism is antipodal. Tradition is not to him "of equal value with the printed Word of Scripture."

He has the Gospel in his hand as well as in his heart, and he knows thereby that Jesus and his disciples minimized the authority and value of Jewish traditions. So in the same way he would treat the traditionalism of the Latin Church, bringing it to the ethical standards of a true love of God. He never heard of the Mishnah or the Haggadhah, but he has the Bible, the possession of which has been interdicted by Rome, and, though "only laymen," he and his neighbor in the Catholic Church who is also from America make contribution to the progress and success of Modernism.

W. H. Morse, M.D.

Hartford, Conn.

The Destiny of the Universalist Church.*

BY REV. FRANK O. HALL, D.D.

Universalism has come to mean to-day something vastly larger than merely the doctrine of universal salvation. Universalism means to-day the religion of the universal,—the Universal Fatherhood of God; the Universal Brotherhood of Man; the Universality of the Moral Law; Universal Religion; Universal Revelation; Universal Truth; and, as the culmination of it all, the "one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves," the Universal Harmony of all souls with God.

The branch of the Congregational church known as the Universalist has long felt itself in close sympathy with the other branch of the Congregational church known as Unitarian. Each of these churches started as a protest. For that matter, almost every church that I know anything about started as a protest. The Congregational church was a protest against the tyranny of ecclesiasticism. Protestantism was a protest, as its name indicates. Christianity itself was a protest against the narrowness and exclusivism of Judaism. So Universalism was a protest against the hideous and cruel conception of God as proclaimed a century ago, and its younger Unitarianism was a protest against the tyranny of creeds. These two movements started far apart. Most of the early Unitarians were not Universalists, and most of the early Universalists were not Unitarians, while it is perfectly true that Hosea Ballou in his "Treatise on the Atonement" had written himself down a Unitarian while Channing was an undergraduate at Harvard College. But in the course of a century of evolution the two churches have come to stand for the same great fundamental principles, though they arrived at them by different routes. It is easy to see why this should be so, because, as Dr. Sunderland has pointed out, the great Unities are the great Universals.

The Universal Fatherhood of God, say we; ONE God and Father of all, say they. The Universal Brotherhood of man, say we; one family, of which all are members, say they. Religion, the Universal outreaching of man after God, say we; religions many, religion ONE, say they. The Universal triumph of righteousness, truth, and love in every human soul and in every corner of the universe, say we; ONE far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves, say they.

So the great Universals are the great Unities, and the great Unities are the great Universals. The difference between us is almost entirely a difference of emphasis. You will recall the witticism of Starr King, which I mention because it is more than a witticism. It is extremely wise. Starr King was a Universalist minister, son of a Universalist minister, and remained in our fellowship to the last, although he died the heroic pastor of a Unitarian church. Some one asked him what was the difference between a Unitarian and a Universalist, and he replied, "A Universalist is one who believes that God is too good to damn a human soul, and a Unitarian is one who believes that a human soul is too good to be damned." Then he added, "I believe both."

Now that is more than a quip; it is a real distinction. It was given to the Unitarians to emphasize what Channing called the dignity of human nature. Their great contribution, for which we owe them all honor and affection, was to emphasize the infinite value of the human soul. It was given to the Universalist church to emphasize the infinite goodness of God. We claim your respect and even your gratitude as champions of God's love against all those who would have made him anything less than the Father of all humanity. Now I stand here to assert that this is the largest and noblest interpretation of religion that has ever been struck out by the mind of man. I am not here to criticise any other church under heaven. I have dear friends in them all, and believe that each has had and has to-day its special work to do in the world.

We have tried to take the good which we found in other denominations and weave it into our fabric. We have tried to keep our minds wide open for the incoming of truth, let it come from whatever source it would, old or new. "Before the foundation of the world was laid," say the Presbyterians, "God did predestine and foreordain"—"Amen!" we interrupt. "We believe that." Before the foundation of the world was laid, God in his infinite love did predestine and foreordain good to come out of evil, and right to triumph over wrong. It is only when our Presbyterian friends begin to say that God predestined and foreordained a portion of his children to perpetual evil and everlasting misery that we say, "Wait; we cannot go with you there." "Thousands of years ago God selected a peculiar people and revealed himself to them, and we have the record of that revelation preserved for us and all mankind in the Bible," say the evangelical Christians. "Amen!" say we. "We believe that also. God has from the beginning of time been revealing himself to any man or nation capable of apprehending the revelation." It is only when men begin to say that God reveals himself only in the Bible, and that all the rest of the world outside a territory the size of New Hampshire was left to wander in utter darkness, that we say, "Wait a moment; we cannot go with you there."

"Revelation is not sealed or closed," cry the Roman

*This is the closing part of an address given on Interdenominational Day of the New England Congregational Congress, Aug. 9, 1914.

Digitized by Google

Catholics. "We still have means for communicating with God. God reveals his will to council and pope." "Amen!" say we. "We believe that council and pope are able to see God and know his will if they but put themselves into right relationship to him." It is only when they begin to talk about theirs being the *one* true church, and all others being false and antichrist, that we say, "Wait a moment; we cannot go with you there." So when the Quakers affirm that any one who will sit in silence may hear God's voice, that there is a light which lighteneth every man who cometh into the world, we cry, "Amen!" Only when they begin to say that fine music and beautiful architecture are a hindrance to the revelation of God, we cry, "Wait a moment; we cannot go with you there." "God is a very present help in time of trouble," cry the Christian Scientists. "He forgiveth all our iniquities. He healeth all our diseases." "Amen!" answer we. "We believe that also." Only when they begin to deny the reality of the material world, and say that sin is a delusion of mortal mind, we say, "Wait a moment; we cannot go with you there." So we might go through the churches of the world and select the great affirmations, and find that all these we have undertaken to graft upon our philosophy. "Men are generally right in what they affirm, and wrong in what they deny," said Emerson. It is sometimes said that Universalism is negative, and we have been criticised much for denying much. Why, ours is the great affirmation of all the ages. It is only when others deny that we deny their denials, in order that two negatives may make an affirmative.

Now what is to be the destiny of the Universalist church? Frankly, I do not know. I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet. There was a time when I expected that ours would become one of the great, I hoped the greatest denomination in Christendom, but in the thirty years of my ministry I have not seen the denomination increase. I have seen the great principles for which our fathers contended taken up and proclaimed by other churches. I was talking not long ago with an aged and beloved clergyman of our church, as noble a servant of Christ as ever lived. He was balancing his account and getting ready to depart. Said he, "I have never preached to large congregations, I have never received any great honor, and certainly I have never possessed much of what the world calls goods; but I remember that fifty years ago I was proclaiming, and was condemned for proclaiming, what I have lived to hear preached from every progressive pulpit and taught in every progressive theological school in America, and that is honor enough." It is honor enough. God bless his memory and increase his tribe.

It may be that it is the destiny of the Universalist church to be reabsorbed into the older church out of which it came. If the Congregational church had stood a hundred years ago upon the platform which it adopted at Kansas City, there would never have beena Universalist church. We did not leave the old church willingly, but reluctantly. We were Congregationalists in the beginning. We have remained Congregationalists to the present moment, in spite of all attempts to impose upon us ecclesiastical organization. Now that the spirit of fellowship has so increased, if that spirit should result in a great reorganization of Congregational forces, if the difficulties of trust funds and incorporated organizations could be overcome so that all Congregationalists could get together in one great reunited army, I, for one, would thank God and take new courage. I look for something of this kind to take place sooner or later, and I hope that it may come in my time. I am tired of being separated from my brethren, and if it shall happen that the Universalist church is to be absorbed into the larger body, which will swing its doors wide open generously to receive us, with flags flying and our principles unmodified, I should rejoice with all my heart. Such an event would be not a proclamation of failure, but of the noblest success. When the Republican Party widened its doors so as to take in the noble Abolition Party which had fought so good a fight, Phillips and Higginson did not sit down and weep. They rejoiced, rather, that the principles for which they had contended had so far triumphed. God speed the Congregational church in all its branches, the church of liberty, equality, and fraternity, in which we all take pride, and of which we are all a part.

The Last Place God Made.

BY EDWIN AND CATHERINE RUMBALL.

In the Privy Purse accounts of the English king, Henry VII., to-day carefully guarded in the British Museum, there may be seen to the date of August 10, 1497, the following entry: "To hym that found the New Isle . . . Ten Pounds."

History's explanation of this royal memorandum is, that a certain John Cabot, a Venetian, and his English-born son, Sebastian, received a patent "to seek out, subdue, and occupy at their own charges, any regions that before had been unknown to all Christians." They had set forth from Bristol in The Matthew, and after a wild Atlantic voyage discovered "the New Isle" on St. John's Day, 1497.

There has always been some dispute whether this new isle was Newfoundland or Nova Scotia; but this need not trouble us. We can be content with the tradition which some of its inhabitants have preserved, that it is the "last place that God made"; that when he had created the world he had a few old rocks to spare for which he had no use, so he threw them down by the Labrador as if that part of the Atlantic might be a kind of ocean dump.

Once upon a time we travelled from London to a little cove on the Newfoundland coast in seven days. This was much too quick, it ought to take at least a year. It may be all right to travel from London to New York in that time or even less. The modern American city demands little adaptation from the arriving Britisher, but to travel from either of these cities to an obscure little harbor on the coast of Newfoundland, "that no one had ever heard of," was to travel an ocean of time as well as water. So far as that little harbor was concerned, it meant leaving the age of the steamship for the age of the schooner; it meant travelling from the state road to the ancient trail; it meant turning our backs on the electric light to face the old-time candle.

After arrival it took a long time to convince us that letters could come, at their quickest, only once in seven days, instead of seven times in one day as in London; that, however anxious we might be for provisions, the nearest store was fifty miles by sea and one hundred by land, that only bears and caribou travelled. But after a time, all these things came to be matters of course, even to living in a house without any sanitary arrangements inside or out. To draw our water, winter and summer, ice or flow, in buckets from a brook a quarter of a mile up a slippery mountainside, which often illustrated the story of Jack and Jill, soon became a well-understood fact, of which we never complained and often enjoyed.

Like every one who goes to live for any length of time in little known lands, we had many things to unlearn. Not only had we heard of the stranger who, before closing his eyes for his first Newfoundland sleep, was unable

to blow out his candle because it was frozen to the flame, but many other yarns more probable had been digested before we planted foot ashore. For example, we were not able to find any Eskimo, and, except in one bay, no Indians, and that meant the unlearning of many romantic ideas that we had formed of the island. Most of the men and women whom we were to count our fellow beings for the two years we were to stay were the children of the sturdy fishermen of the west of England and Ireland. Except for a dialect a little strange to the London born, every "skipper" and "ole 'ooman," every "gaffer" and "maid," was right in calling the British Isles "the home country." Instead of finding a barren land,—"the rocks that God had left over from the Creation,"—we found wooded hillsides and rushing, singing streams.

The area of the island is 42,200 square miles; that is, a little larger than the State of Tennessee or Ohio. It is not so far north as our imaginations are apt to place it. England is more of a Northland than Newfoundland. Contrary to our common associations with its ice-bound shores, we find within the same latitude in Europe such cities as Paris and Geneva. The Liverpool liner that goes to Newfoundland ports travels south.

One- ourth of the island is occupied with lakes, ponds, and rivers, but fully seven thousand square miles is available for settlement. Mostly because fishing is the chief industry, farming has not been developed, only some eighty thousand acres being under cultivation. It is true that the mercury can be very friendly with thirty degrees below zero, as we saw miles of frozen seas often testify. But it is also true that the sun could during four beautiful summer months make life far more enjoyable than in New York at the same period. As for the Newfoundland fogs, of which most transatlantic passengers complain, they are hardly worth the mention. Any one long experienced with London fogs would hesitate to give the name of fog to these mists of the fishing banks. They hang only about the southern shores; a few miles to the north they are practically unknown.

However the island came to be, whoever or whatever "dumped it down" off the Labrador, it has come to be the much-loved home of some two hundred thousand people. Newfoundlanders resent strenuously the ignorance of the foreigner who speaks of the place as a part of the Dominion of Canada. When one only considers that on these rocks began the great British Empire, that this little island can boast to its motherland of being what India, Australia, South Africa, and Canada can never claim,—"England's Most Ancient Colony,"—it is surely proper that its government should be independent of the control of the mainland.

The first early attempt to colonize the island was not made until nearly a hundred years had passed since Cabot's discovery. The story of its tragic and heroic failure has often been told, but we tell it again. Hundreds of years hence men will deem no apology needful to tell it again and again.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a far-seeing Devon knight and half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, had made such a study of the new fisheries in which some of his countrymen were engaged, that he declared the only way to make them successful was to settle English people on the island, to make homes there, and cease the long annual trips across the stormy Atlantic. He laid his views before Queen Elizabeth, and she gave him the first charter for colonization. A little squadron of five ships was collected, and four of them reached St John's safely. On landing he assembled the fishermen of the many nations there at toil, read his patent, and formally took possession of the island for England. Then with three of his small ships he sailed farther south to make further discoveries. The story is soon told: one vessel was wrecked, and winter coming on and his provisions running short, he was forced to change his course to England. But the little ten-ton vessel, with all on board, sank in the next tempest. From the deck of the other vessel this brave old man of the sea was heard to hail his comrades: "Courage, my lads! we are as near to heaven by sea as by land"; and then "one of the noblest spirits of the age," as the historian John Richard Green calls him, sank into the ocean.

That was a strange voyage, that trip of ours across the ocean of time and wave! After we arrived there was a train trip of ninety miles, which took all day. It seemed that trees were the railway stations at times, for no one could be seen at these queer stopping-places. Every little while would come lengthy stops beside forest-ponds, from which water was pumped into our engine. Then came an all-night rocking in the cradle of a poky little bay steamer. Weird waits at gloomy harbors in the rocks, to leave mail and freight, everywhere the smell of fish, silent weather-beaten men and women on the wharves, little wooden shells of houses perched like eagles' nests everywhere; no galloping horses, no brilliant lights, no showy store windows, no hum of business, but only dog-bark and oar-dip, creaking rigging and breaks of sailor-song, it was all so unreal—that night on the bay. In the gray morning we came to our landing place, and freight, mail, and passengers were all lowered into the dory alongside, that soon touched the slaty landwash of shore. Then came our first Liveyere breakfast: rolled oats, boiled long and "piled on," condensed milk, stewed tea with "long sweetening" (molasses), and bread.

We yet had about twenty miles to walk, so we hired two guides to show the way and carry our freight on their shoulders; so with our feet soon on the overland trail and eye and ear open and revolver ready for the bear that did not appear, we started our first Newfoundland tramp. After much climbing and winding on the trail we reached the ocean again by seven o'clock in the evening, and saw in the new harbor the twinkling of lights in the scattered homes of the fishers. On the landwash a few old fishers were waiting, wondering, and smoking, ready to guide the three of us to one small bed in a six by ten bedroom, thankful that it was a cold night. We had indeed journeyed over many years in these few days. Our grandfathers had not yet been born. And yet the kindly welcome and plentiful rough fare, glad voice and horny-handgrip, was very quickly peopling the new-found land of the far-back years with friends that it seemed we had always known. Robert Burns could only say that it was

> "some place far abroad,
> Where sailors gang to fish for cod";

we had come to its doors and entered in, and in the far-away land we were slowly coming to be "at home."

No one knows why the fishers who live in the small settlements on the coast are called Liveyeres. In Newfoundland the name seems to be a synonym for inhabitant. The origin of the word seems to be lost; the nearest guess would connect it with the "people who live here." The residents of St. John's frequently protest that they are not Liveyeres, and we think that their protest has reason in it. While we say, Who would not be a viking, every one does not wish to have all the attributes of a Liveyere in order to be a viking. To the Liveyere the city of St. John's is "Great," and the adventures on its streets more fascinating than the fiercest Atlantic storm. We remember one brave fisher of our acquaintance, over six feet high, who never thought of danger on the ocean,

finding that a buggy-ride through the streets of St. John's was too much for his nerves. He tremblingly held on to the sides, and when the nervous strain of wondering what would happen if one of the wheels came off was too great, he jumped off, glad to be clear of such craft. How brave we all are in the elements that we are all used to! The Liveyeres, that is the fishers "up the bays," the "crowds" who man the "bankers," have all the primitive vices from dirt to superstition, and all the primitive virtues from blood-revenge to laying down their lives for their mates. "I allus takes a bath once a year," said a virtuous Liveyere to us once, with ill-concealed superiority to the rest of the unwashed. "Of course," he added, "I'se don't want yer to think I get right in. We 'as a half-pork barrel in der house, an' I stands in un and jest washes down, an' it's wunnerful, zur, how good I feels for weeks after!"

The every-day life in the settlements is full of little heroisms and kindnesses which, while not wasted on the desert air, will remain unsung. The heavy sou'wester shades a weather-beaten tender face, and beneath the oil-skins there beats one of the warmest of hearts. Their care for each other is like the care of the poor for the poor everywhere. "Us no mind losing rest," said a woman who had already spent two nights with a sick neighbor and done most of her work. "I takes naara a cent from a sick person, zur," said an old trader, as I offered to pay for three partridges being bought for some one sick. It was never a difficult thing, even on black, stormy nights, to gather a crew to go out the forty-miles for "de ole doctor." There are no orphan asylums in Liveyeredom, for the neighbors are always ready to add to their over-large families, and tyrant step-mothers are very rare. A fisher who had thoughtlessly allowed a ne'er-do-well neighbor to go to the woods without his breakfast, which was really the harvest of his laziness, overlooked his laziness and went to the minister to say that by his neglect he had committed "der wust zin in my life, zur."

Considering the ignorance and overcrowded living conditions, the home life and its ideals are well preserved. Early marriages are quite frequent, but hard work and full hours give little time for idle passions. The place of the wife and mother is sadly behind the times. She is the slave of the men in a manner harder to bear because it is taken for granted by the men. That some of the women, also, accept the place is also true, but we have met with those who felt otherwise. Mother of many children, tiller of the soil, carer of the sheep, spinner of the wool, maker of the clothes, dryer of the fish, and the performer of all the regular home tasks,—this must every woman be in Liveyeredom. It should be said to the credit of the younger men, that, while the duties of the woman are still many and heavy, they have begun to make some things easier for their wives. Every whit as heroic, the fisher-wife is the equal of her husband in character and often also in physical strength.

The question is often asked by those who do not think of the strength of the home anchors, why the Liveyeres do not come to a kindlier clime and an easier task? But will not the answer occur to all after a little reflection? The failure of a fishery or so no more moves them to some other task than an earthquake or two drives the people of San Francisco away from their city. And when one considers their regular poverty, frequent indebtedness, many children, and ignorance of all work but the grand work of the sea, many answers to the question are born. His house may let the snow in; his stove may fail to keep the cold out; he may walk miles into the forest for his fuel; he may live on only bread, pork, fish, tea, and molasses, his children may die for want of a doctor; his wife, by hard work, may look twice as old as she really is; he may see no hope of ever being able to read or write; he may see only long hard days and years of toil on the waves, till his uncut hair is white and his hand can no more move the oar, but he will not of his own will trim his sails for another land. Who would thunder and crash out for him the anthems of the sea? Who would fill his empty heart with a thrill like its unresting challenge? Where could he find a fellowship like the great brotherhood of the sea? Who would give him what nature gave him at his birth, his rocky shores, his icy "scrapes," his hunt on land, his catch on sea, his nest on the rocks, ay, his home again?

Rochester, N.Y.

Stop, Look, Listen!

BY H. R. LATHAM.

I have read somewhere that Pythagoras, an ancient seer, demanded of men they remain silent for five years and reflect upon the moral life before he admitted them as members of his order. In certain monasteries in this country and over-seas a similar rule holds sway, and the quietness of the monks' simple lives is broken only by the sound of hymn, prayer, and fraternal salutation.

While not a special pleader for this type of life, I am a confirmed believer in the value of silence and quiet meditation for rationalizing our impulses and deepening and clarifying our religious and social life. Only in such a mood and environment can we pray:—

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways'
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace."

The peace and quietness of a perfect trust and happiness such as one images in the faces of the "Angelus" and feels must have possessed the souls of

"The workers in the field, that stay
Their toils to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at mid-day
The Angelus they hear."

When Paul said, "When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I thought as a man and put away childish things," he had reached that mental and religious state by much spiritual and physical anguish. His youthful thoughtless enthusiasm and activities had brought him many bitter experiences and uncomfortable regrets. In the quietness of confinement and reflection and the sober second thought of mature life he saw the value of seeing through the glass of existence clearly.

The writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes would have seen a bright and joyous, instead of a sad and cheerless, world had he not been in haste to make concrete his youthful follies. "The words of wise men are heard in quiet" was his summary of life. "I said in my haste, all men are liars," we read in one of the psalms, and the writer of that sentence was afterward filled with remorse for the pessimistic generalization of mankind he had made in a hurry. We can only regret these men were not more thoughtful earlier in their careers, and hope that we may profit by their experience. To state that we are not profiting by their mistakes is only trite and commonplace, for a similar haste or immoderation is one of our many present-day faults.

There is an old saying, "Haste makes waste," and we need to commit it again to memory. Haste makes waste because there is no thought, reflection, prayer, or devotion in it. Besides making waste it makes sin and wickedness; for it is the mob that lynches, usually the wrong victim,—the mob that knows no law or order, and obeys only its childish passions and emotions. The multitude lynched Jesus, and, when they dispersed and became individuals clothed in their right minds, they saw in their prayers and devotions their crucified Christ.

A similar noisy anarchy is stalking through our land to-day. Noisy, garrulous, machine-minded and machine-loving men and women never know their Christs, seers, sages, poets, and dreamers; and men and women obsessed with the notion that success in life consists of flamboyant and notorious advertising of themselves and their wares, and after their death, in ugly, costly, useless monuments to inform the world they are dead, will never produce ideas or ideals. Things will always use them and they not things. The physical will rule as king, and religion be a slave.

The hour of devotion ought to teach us by its quiet and its thought the real values of human living, to control the world and not let the world control us. He that masters his life is the master of the universe. We do not control ourselves or our feelings, because in our haste we do not take time to know ourselves. When the spirit of religion struggles within us for expression, our ignorance of ourselves makes us children and imitators. Hence our rush into all kinds of fussiness and make-beliefs. We have lost the power of being really somebodies. So, to make up for this loss, we form make-belief religious secret societies and associations, dress ourselves in tawdry tinsel, and play at being knights, nobles, scouts, and somebodies. Our desire is to attract the attention of others to ourselves, while our real need is to attract our own attention to ourselves. When time is taken to know ourselves we see the folly of paying our good money and spending our time and strength worshipping at the altars of cheap and noisy gods.

When the prodigal son came to himself and resolved to leave the swine and husks, it was because, out in the midst of the silent field with the Over-Soul brooding over him, the influence of the Over-Soul was received by his receptive mind and heart. This receptive attitude was born and a new motive came to his mind when he, the prodigal, ceased to live on the surface and began to reflect and to seek for the meaning and the purpose of his life. So, in the larger life of the human organizations and associations, the secret of the religious and devotional life and of a proper civilization is below the surface and beyond the environment of society. Life is not so simple as some good and well-meaning reformers would have us think. Men need a good motive for a good life, and a big good motive for a good big life. If you could bring the North End of Boston, with its muck, poverty, and its disreputableness, up to the complacent luxury and prosperity of Beacon Street, think you that would change the thoughts, the longings, the motives of those people? Some of the most miserable, disreputable people in the world are surfeited with beauty, riches, and banquets. To change the environment of men, redistribute the wealth and opportunities of mankind, and then believe that by these simple shiftings we can create in men clean hearts and renew a right spirit within them, is simply cheap and easy thought. To place a man old in sin in a new house does not make a new and holy man of him. One might as well clothe a boy in a man's suit and expect him to be a man as to hope to solve our social ills in so simple a way. A better way is to teach men to worship the Lord, and themselves, with all their minds, hearts, and souls.

A church that thinks religion and devotion consist in doing for people what they ought to do for themselves will never be more than an infant, an infant in soul, mind, and body. Such a church virtually says, Come unto me, all ye who are lazy-minded, who must be coddled and entertained, ye who are too shiftless to work out your own salvation, and I will encourage you in your indolence and sin. Men who are waiting to be saved by a Saviour, or wait for other men to save them, are not of much value to themselves or others; they cannot be lifted up until they want and are willing to climb themselves.

To-day's popular thought and work for social and religious reform, for the introduction into our troubled civilization of a perfect heaven, is but a scratching of the ground. Ministers who think to make themselves errand-boys of department-store churches with department-store activities will never be prophets. They are as far from their work and office as men who are slaves to clocks, things, and machines. The social revolution most needed is not external, but internal, in the minds and hearts of men. We need not more or better laws; we need more and better men. The laws now on our book of statutes are better than the mental and physical statures of our men. In realms where the best specialists are perplexed, confused, overwhelmed by the complexities and the moral confusions, what call is there for fools in these matters to rush in? The wisest minister, from the very nature of his training and his office, can never be more than a bungler in business, industrial, and political realms.

In the quiet hour of prayer and devotion we hear the still small voice of the Over-Soul of God saying to us, Calm yourselves. Why this forgetting of my love and justice? Would ye do the work of prophets? Would ye be saviors? Teach my people, then, that the best weapons for their ills are not carnal, but spiritual. Teach them the meaning of thought, prayer, service, and devotion.

The best and most vital forces are unseen; they are the soul's mystery. Out of the silence and unseen we were born; into the silence and unseen we shall go. The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal.

Farmington, Me.

Music, Art, Poetry, and Religion.

By James G. Townsend, D.D.

Because there are feelings, emotions, hopes, ideals, visions, dreams, in music, poetry, art, and religion, impossible to the intellect, it does not follow that they are not aided and augmented by intelligence. The great artists and the great religious teachers were men of intellectual power, for example, Socrates, Plato, Buddha, Jesus Christ, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Goethe, Spinoza, and Beethoven.

Music, art, poetry, and religion are not a certain doctrine or formula of belief, but a spirit and a perfect form. They touch the imagination, they clarify the emotions, they make vibrate the "innermost chords" of our being. Their instruments or qualities are melody, color, grace, beauty, prayer, profound and splendid ideals and aspirations; but they do not give us positive knowledge or teach us what is true. Truth is the fruit of intellectual labor, is matter of science and philosophy. Music, art, poetry, and religion are matter of the imagination, the emotions, the affections, and the will.

We cannot do without science or philosophy, for we must have exact truth; and we shall always need the highest music, art, poetry, and religion (that is, the music, art, and poetry, which are religious, and the religion which

is beautiful), for we must have consolation, recreation, guidance, and inspiration, and something that will free us from the growing and imperious demand for luxury.

Ordination Hymn.

BY JOHN D. LONG.

O Father, let thy spirit wake,
  Thy flame inspire his soul we pray,
Who here the bread of life shall break,
  And point to us thy truth and way.
Our shepherd who shall lead, be he,
  To pastures green by waters still;
Thy staff to comfort us so we,
  Through shadows walking, fear no ill.

A prophet sitting by thy well,
  Let him its living water draw,
Interpreter to wisely tell
  In spirit and in truth thy law
Be with him that he lift thy rod,
  With us that we stay up his hand,
So we with him and all with God
  Move onward to the promised land.

The Pulpit.

The Possibilities of a Real Life.

BY GEORGE BATCHELOR, D.D.

Your life is hid with Christ in God.—Col. iii. 3.

Your life is hid with Christ in God. A lady once said to her minister, "You often repeat that saying as if you understood it, but to me it has no meaning." It is sometimes the fate of the most profound sayings to pass current for centuries without sinking into the real life of the people. The saying seems to be too wise to throw away, and yet it does not reveal itself in a way to touch common life. This saying is one of that kind. It has all the elements of wisdom. It is true. It is deep, and it is great, and yet it is unheeded. Your life is hid. The wisdom of all the ages has never shown to you what is life in its inner quality and essence. Your life is a mystery even to yourself. But turn also to the greatest life, the most famous, the most widely known, and that also is a mystery. The life of Jesus is hidden from us, and, in spite of every explanation, still remains the mystery of the ages. But the life of Christ is hidden in God. With that thought comes a slowly dawning light. God is the infinite deep, in which all things are hidden, in which all things are revealed. If the life of Christ is hidden in God, our lives also have their being in that infinite mystery.

That does not explain life, but it illuminates it. The first thing it suggests is that every life, no matter how insignificant it may seem, has a meaning. It has connection with hidden greatness. It follows that if any human being will live simply and truly, doing in the best way the best he finds to do, that human creature will from stores of infinite power draw the elements of power in character and life. We are not intended to be merely ciphers. If we are all alike, like pebbles on the beach, it is because we are living merely external lives. The real life within us and behind us is not showing itself.

Every soul is a distinct creation, having its own character and purpose. We all have wants in common. We have the business of the world to do. The external cares of life press upon us and overwhelm us, but no one is so poor, or so burdened with the cares of life, that he may not show his proper quality and live his proper life. Whoever does that begins to show a rare beauty, strength, and richness of character. His fellows begin to say that he is not like other men. They think he is of different material, but he is not. He has simply begun to draw upon the infinite store of supplies which is at the disposal of every one who asks.

But are there not impassable barriers? Are not some human beings great by nature and others small? Yes, some are great and others small. Can we say, then, that a man of small capacity may become as extraordinary as one who is endowed by nature with great intellectual powers, and to whom have been given exceptional opportunities? I think that is precisely what I do mean to say. The result of such experience as I have had comes to just that conviction. The difference between great and small, vast as it seems, is really insignificant compared with the greatness which any human being may attain who lives his whole life. No one can watch the stream of human life with sympathy without seeing how prodigious is the waste of ability of every kind. Brilliant gifts of mind and heart are to be found in any gutter or refuse heap of humanity. That which is evident in the case of those who plainly show their lost opportunity is true also of the multitude who have ever shown to themselves or to others any sign of superiority.

This statement would lead us to the conclusion that remarkable gifts are not necessary for a remarkable career. That I believe to be the simple truth. The statement is suggested by that which might seem to contradict it, namely, observation of the many great men who during this generation have passed out of our sight. Go over the list and you can easily see how any one of them might have missed that which he won. When you ask what made their great gifts effectual, you see that always it was some commonplace quality within the reach of every one. It was patience, perseverance, unselfishness, singleness of purpose, steadiness of aim, some homely virtue raised to its highest power.

The world is slow to believe that these homely virtues so exercised will make any average human life illustrious, but that is the great inspiring fact of human experience. The mistake the world makes is to suppose that because one star differs from another in glory of position and evident splendor, there is an essential difference in the stars themselves. Another mistake which the world makes is to direct its efforts altogether to the attainment of the external signs of power and not to the simple uses of the power itself. Of what are called prizes of success there may be only one to a thousand or a million. The world is right when it says that the multitude will strive in vain for the prizes of greatness. But the world is very slow to learn the other truth, that real greatness is within the capacity of every one who knows enough to desire it and to seek it in the right way.

This statement would lead us directly to that glaring absurdity, the assertion that there are all about us, unknown, undistinguished, commonplace individuals who might be as good and great as any who attract the public notice. It is this seeming absurdity which I assert. It was this absurd and incredible thing which Jesus of Nazareth asserted and proved. His doctrine of God was not so new and strange to the world as his thought concerning man. He believed and asserted that the men and women around him, just as they were, wise and ignorant, good and bad, children, middle-aged, and old, were all of them capable of an astonishing development.

In this he differed from all who had gone before him, whether they were leaders in religion or teachers of philosophy. They had believed that only exceptional men and women, whether prophets or philosophers, might show the glory of the divine wisdom. They had seen something gleaming in the selected lives which they supposed were specially appointed of God to show forth his glory. They had seen that it was possible for God to call from the un-

Digitized by Google

distinguished multitude some one who would become wise or good or great beyond his fellows.

The peculiarity of the teaching of Jesus was that he said to all men, This call is for you. He came of the common people, from a simple Galilean home. His associates were peasants, farmers, fishermen, and mechanics. There is no indication in the story that he had ever even spoken to a great man of high rank. He, apparently, did not know the rulers of his country, and, excepting the interview with the doctors in the temple, seems never to have met its scholars.

No one can explain how it came to him. But there did come this thought concerning the possibilities of those who should live their real lives, which is now, at last, shaping the civi ization of the world. Seeing what has happened since, one might imagine Him as saying in words what he did say in action: My business in this world is to show how great a simple human creature can be. To show this will be to begin a movement which before it is finished will overturn every unjust government in the world, every imperfect institution of religion, every form of human oppression and wrong-doing. Beginning now, in small things, unnoticed, it will grow and spread and at last fill the world with happy human beings, each living his real and wholesome life. To do this I will take for my helpers men and women who are unknown, not great in capacity, not learned, not gifted beyond their fellows. I will take a dozen farmers, fishermen, and public servants of low degree, and I will raise them to such eminence of service to their fellow-men that in after ages the world shall confer upon them its most distinguished honors. I will take James and John and Peter and Thomas. By their names shall be called magnificent churches, great schools of learning and orders of knighthood. Their names, crests, crosses, and symbols shall be marks of nobility, badges of honorable distinction, and the jewelled adornment of womanhood. These men shall be chosen as the patron saints of nations, and in their name the foremost nations of the world sha'l go forward to renown. In their name also, at last, all the artificial and unnatural inequalities of human life shall give place to the Commonwealth of Humanity. With these men also, he might have said: I will associate others who, because I speak their names, shall become known throughout the world. The widow who gives a farthing in the temple, the traveller who shows mercy to a stranger, the man who asks a question at night, the woman who washes my feet, even the man who shall betray my trust; all these scattered fragments of human nature will I pick up as I find them, and I will make them illustrious for all time. They shall become types of humanity.

If the thought I have stated be true, and if Jesus proved its truth, why is it not received? Why does not this thought work its miracles to-day? In the first place, it is received to some extent, and so far is it creating the new world in which we live. In the second place, this thought does not have the full power because of our unbelief. It was said of Jesus in a certain place: He could not there do many mighty works because they did not believe him. In our time they who believe him are doing his work and finding their rewards. Those who do not believe are living the life of commonplace, which is appointed for unbelievers. Just here is the line which separates hell and heaven. From the commonplace life of faithless souls degrees of humanity are to be traced all the way downward to that awful bottomless pit of human degradation, which, alas, is never far out of sight. From this line of the commonplace also degrees of humanity are to be traced all the way upward to that heaven which is a ways in sight for any happy human soul.

For any one of us we all admit the possibility of falling. We see how much below his present level one may sink. We shudder as we note how in the hell of human possibility one circle opens below another. Let that downward possibility be our measure. Let us then remember that for every human soul heights are as lofty as the gulfs are deep.

Some of us may ask if this is not a doctrine for the young alone. Is it not for those whose natures are fresh and flexible, for those who have not become fixed in their station and fortune? Why talk to us who have had our day? Our work is cut out for us. Our opportunity is limited. We have reached middle age. Some of us are old. Why talk to us about that which has gone by? The only effect, some will say, is to discourage us, to cause vain regrets, to make us see when it is too late what we have missed, and what we might have been or might have done. If there were any truth in such reply, it would be cruel and foolish to state such a doctrine. But that which I most firmly believe and have seen many times illustrated in real life, is that this possibility is never lost. You cannot outlive it. It is impossible to outgrow it. You cannot throw it away. You cannot destroy it. There is not a period of life, from ten years to eighty, in which we have not seen illustrations of this expanding power of the human soul when it comes to its real life and begins to live for its own sake. Some of the most beautiful blossoms of thought, feeling, and character are to be seen in the old age of men and women who late in life have come to some awakening experience.

There are two classes of things: one which lies within our power; one which may or may not come within our power. In the class of things which we can certainly control and win are good character in all its forms, modesty, simplicity, truthfulness, fidelity, perseverance, industry, honor, and benevolence. That is to say, the real things which are certainly attainable are virtue, dignity, self-respect, the respect of others, and a steady progress toward the most admirable things in character and culture. Whoever will put these things first, seek them always, and trust them forever, will certainly advance toward distinction. He can no more be hidden than any other light. In another class are prizes, honors, privileges, and gifts which men greatly desire, which are good in themselves, which, serve the purposes of all who rightly use them, but which are not certainly attainable. These good things are money, official distinction, and peculiar opportunities to perform memorable deeds. These things are likely to come in the most honorable way to those who seek the real things which deserve them. But they who make these the sole prizes for which they strive, and who neglect the real things to win them, fail.

They who engage in pursuits of the first class summon all their nobler powers to their common tasks and therefore are drawn toward greatness. Those who engage wholly in pursuits of the second class neglect their nobler powers. Hence the wide-spread scepticism of the world concerning the fundamental truth of the Christian religion. To any one who denies this truth and brings the testimony of his own experience to refute it, we may confidently say: You have never tried the experiment, or if you have tried it, you have made it a side issue, an incidental pursuit, or a minor interest. The life of God is boundless, the roots of your being are in that life, the stores upon which you may draw are infinite and eternal. If you have failed to find them, you have never tried. If you would win, you have only to trust, to take courage, and to go forward. If you will seek the best things, the best things will seek you; for, seeking the best things, you explore your own hidden life, that part of you which is hidden in the life of God. There are wonderful discoveries to be made there. Seek first, said Jesus the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you.

Digitized by Google

Excelsior.

(From the Spanish of Gaspar Nuñez de Arce. Rendered into English verse by Alice Stone Blackwell.)

Why do hearts of baser temper,
Why do spirits mean and low
In life's fierce and painful conflicts
Firm resistance never show?

Human souls become more constant
As to greater heights they rise.
God put mire on plains low lying,
Rocks on mountains near the skies

White snows in the deep, low valleys
Quickly thaw and fade away;
On the lofty mountain summits
Changeless evermore they stay.

Chilmark, Mass.

The Recovery of Papyri.

We are indebted to the *Times* for an excellent report of Mr. Johnson's recent lecture on the recovery of papyri in Egypt in connection with the exhibition of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. The earliest Greek papyrus they had found was a marriage contract of the date 311-310 B.C., and the latest dated from 710 A.D. There were various methods of obtaining papyri. They were found in rubbish mounds pure and simple which covered in buildings. They were found in buildings which were partly filled up with rubbish, and they were also found in buildings which had never been used as places for rubbish but which had simply collapsed. Some valuable discoveries had been made in cemeteries, since it was often the custom to bury with the dead copies of the works of their favorite authors. It was in this way that the Bodley Homer was discovered. It was the custom of the Egyptians in early times to convert the dead body into a kind of portrait statue, but in the Ptolemaic age more attention was paid to the decorations of the coverings of the corpse. Of these there were five sections, and at first only cloth was used. In the third century before Christ, however, it became the custom to use strips of papyrus for the purpose. Several strips of used papyrus were glued together, and a solid surface was obtained to receive the paint. They had been able to remove the paint, and had revealed the writing underneath. By that means they had recovered valuable additions to the history and literature of the country. The earliest complete papyrus recovered by this method was a contract for the sale of wheat dated 300 B.C. The latest belonged to the time of Augustus.

One of the most interesting items at the exhibition, which is being held in the rooms of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, is a parchment bearing a fragment of Theocritus, which was fully described in the *Times* a couple of months ago. There are many other MSS., which cover a very wide area of subjects. There is, for example, a fragment some 3 in. square inscribed with some lines from the Second Epistle of St. John; this is, with the exception of that in the Vatican, the oldest of such MSS. known to exist. Close by it may be seen an extract from the symposium of Xenophon belonging to the third century and a page from a medical work by Hippocrates, and a therapeutic medical charm of the sixth century. There are pages, too, from the Psalms, from the Book of Job, and the Book of Kings. The exhibition is also rich in objects throwing light upon the domestic life of the early centuries in Egypt. There are cotton and woollen socks with a toe-division to admit of the fastening of the sandal-strap. Beside these is shown the full equipment of a shoemaker, and close at hand are bobbins for spinning and specimens of sewing and embroidery. There are also many relics of the nursery, dolls of leather and rag, and others in wood with movable legs and arms, toy whips and whistles, and carved counters for draughts.—*The London Inquirer.*

The Consolations of Comparison.

We are always being told that the sense of contrast is a source of discontent. We compare our lot with that of our more fortunate neighbor, and are thereby made unhappy. This is a widely received dogma, but we doubt whether there is much truth in it, in this country at any rate. There is certainly an opposite and much more important truth which is forced upon our notice at every turn. It is not only discontent which is bred by comparison. The consolations of comparison are endless. Self-congratulation is a far more wide-spread feeling than envy, and it is particularly potent among the poor. It is a fact that the vast majority of people find a momentary relief from trouble in hearing of some one else who is worse off. All primitive natures feel this sudden involuntary sense of consolation—in fact, we believe that almost every one feels it, though certain very superior people may declare that they do not. How often does one hear a poor woman in trouble actually blame herself for not feeling thankful when she hears of another person in worse plight. From a cold in the head to a cruel bereavement, this theory holds good. "My colds do not serve me half so bad as So-and-so's do her," is a thought with which the working-woman suffering from catarrh frequently and successfully doses herself all through the winter. "I have a long way to walk to my work, but not so far as So-and-so, and he is an older man than me," is a reflection which shortens a weary distance, and, indeed, there is no trouble so great that the thought of greater does not seem to palliate it, no pain so sharp that some allusion is not made to something less easy to endure suffered by a neighbor or a relation or some one whom somebody knows.

The difference between the educated and uneducated in this matter of consolation is not so great as it appears outwardly. We are a little ashamed of our instinctive feeling, and hide it and argue with it, and perhaps people in whom every irritation or trouble engenders a sense of revolt do not feel it. They are determined to add every pain they feel or hear of to the account they are casting up against Providence. Little distinction exists for them between their own suffering and the suffering of the world. Both alike swell the sum of their resentment. They feel something akin to pleasure as the indictment becomes more and more awful. But that sense of revolt is confined almost entirely to the sophisticated. Few people would deny that, if they lost, say, a tenth of their fortune in a bank failure, they would feel less self pity if they knew that they were among the least, not among the greatest, sufferers, and this though the fact made no difference to the sum which they must henceforth do without, or to their capacity to do without it. The Joneses lose a thousand pounds with less distress because the Smiths have lost two thousand. The lesser loser may be truly sorry for the greater loser, and yet feel this strange sense of relief. The same thing holds good when we regret folly instead of misfortune. For instance, shyness is a very common and painful complaint. It very often leads a man or a woman to say or do some very awkward or unwittingly impolite or ridiculous thing. Unfortunately shyness is as a rule accompanied by a sufficient sensitiveness to make its victim suffer exaggerated vexation. Is it not a certain relief to hear of some other shy person who has done and said something much worse? Does it not often take the poignancy out of the disagreeable recollection of the last social blunder we realized ourselves to have committed? In this case the feeling is not perhaps a good one—but it is not altogether bad. We do not for one second blame or condemn the victim of his own awkwardness. We do not set his words or his actions for one moment to his discredit. All the same, we are glad that he did worse than we. Something of the same kind is true in the moral as well as in the social domain. The consolations of comparison affect the conscience very powerfully. The fires of great remorse are not quenched by them, but pricks which are sufficient to make the average man very uncomfortable are allayed, and even stopped altogether, by the observation of worse deeds. That is one reason why it is so dangerous for the young to keep bad company. Again, we cannot forget that the sense of mere physical enjoyment is occasionally heightened by the thought that it is not shared by all. We do not want our luxuries to become too common. No sooner are they regarded as necessaries than we seek others. As we sit by a good fire in a bad storm and think of those whose work is taking them into the open or on to the sea it is not wholly compassion which we feel as we think of them. There is a tinge of something which we are a little ashamed of in our feeling, and we are apt to turn away from our own self-condemnation to think pleasantly of worse people who have far more ill-natured feelings of the same kind—for instance, of the wonderful old man in Mr. Bensusan's book about East Anglian laborers ("A Countryside Chronicle)," who used to reflect that few men of his standing had so warm a fire to sit by as he, and would even gloat over the fact that some had none at all, adding, with the irrelevance of ill-natured senility, "unless it's 'ell fire—and well, they deserves it." That is a more ill-natured thought than most of us have ever harbored. We feel we could forgive ourselves our most unamiable instinct in the face of that story.

But, cynicism apart, is there not a very good side to the queer instinct we have been discussing? We must confess at once that it is not wholly good. It is related—not closely, but it is related—to that hateful and uncontrollable sense of pleasure which exciting and startling news, even when it is bad, gives to most of us, so long as it does not concern ourselves or those we love best. It is a feeling for which every decent man hates himself the second after he has experienced it. We cannot trace it to our animal ancestry, or father it on to our savage forebears, or get rid of it anyhow. We cannot help it;

Digitized by Google

the only thing is to forget it. But setting aside this strange diabolical taint, the desire to find consolation in comparison is human and good. The effort to be thankful belongs to the natural conscience. It is difficult to argue that thankfulness is a duty. It is presumptuous to urge it upon those who suffer. But the best natures feel it to be a duty, and they will take means, however illogical, to arouse the feeling in themselves. Then there is a side of sympathy which the literal meaning of the word does not express. There is a pleasure in offering compassion, and it is a fine instinct which makes a man forget himself in thinking of some one else. An effort after distraction is a natural and healthy instinct in the sick, who know that it is best for them to turn their minds from themselves, and who try to fix their minds on others, even though it be for their own relief. It is often impossible without comparison to arrive at a true sense of proportion, a fact which is at the root of the shy man's pleasure in another man's social blunder, and even goes far to account for the refusal of conscience to maintain a positive attitude in face of consoling comparisons.

But we are sure some readers will deny that the instinct we have been discussing is anything like universal. Civilization, they will say, is fast stamping it out. It remains enshrined in certain phrases and habits of speech, but has now little reality. But could the best and most sympathetic and civilized among us endure to live in a world in which we were the worst off, in which every one was happier than we were, in which we alone were subject to what is at present the average lot? There must be somewhere some man more unhappy than any one else, but [illegible]ly he does not know it. Who could [illegible] to know it and live? Surely such a position bereft of all the consolations of comparison would be unendurable.—*The Spectator.*

Literature.

Religion and Drink. By Rev. E. A. Wasson, Ph.D., Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Newark, N.J. New York: Burr Printing House.—More than half this book appears to be the monument of what was probably a vast amount of useless labor. It is a comprehensive and painstaking examination of the text of the Bible to ascertain the true intent of its teachings with regard to the use of alcohol. This work appears to have been undertaken with the idea that at least all who profess allegiance to the Bible must accept such teachings, when their scope and purpose have been made clear. That, however, is an idea which experience does not well support. People come to the Bible a great deal with their preconceived opinions, to find there confirmation of what they want to believe. The author of this book himself, one suspects, would quite innocently do that same thing in a debate about his theological beliefs. So far then as the testimony of the Bible is concerned, what he has set forth about the drink question, and the way to handle it, is not likely to weigh very much in anybody's mind. They who do not agree with him, but still profess to be guided by that sacred book, will simply prefer their reading to his. But the latter part of this book contains as much good sense as will easily be found within the compass of an equal number of pages. The author's great point is the folly of trying to cure intemperance by law. Especially to be commended is the chapter on "Religion and Law," which is extremely well done and has a much broader application to life than is here given it. So wide-spread is the illusion that law is the one great remedy for all wrong, and so slight has become the general dependence on those ideals which religion has to offer, that any gleam in literature of returning sanity on this point is most welcome. What Mr. Wasson has to say about it is well worth everybody's reading. One somewhat humorous illustration that he uses in the chapter on "Character and Coddling" may serve to indicate the position that he undertakes to defend. He quotes from a newspaper a letter to the editor, in which a mother asks what law she can apply to a dealer who sells her seven-year-old boy cinnamon cigarettes. The editor in reply advises her to complain to the court. Our author comments on the sad helplessness of a mother whose discipline is so poor that she cannot prevent a boy seven years old from entering a forbidden store without help of the police. What, he asks, will she do when the boy is fourteen? "She will have to call out the militia."

Where rolls the Oregon. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1914. $1.25.—For all lovers of wild life, or of the life of birds and animals whether domestic or untamed, this is sure to be a delightful book. A visit to the country of the Oregon was the pretext for writing it, and what it contains about that visit is all interesting; but this is only a fractional part of the book. For example, there was a climb to the top of Mt. Hood, about which we are told something, enough to get an impression of what that climb is like, but when we arrive at the summit we find ourselves mainly engaged in a study of butterflies. We are indeed briefly introduced to the wonderful view, but the great thing is a swarm of butterflies. What are they doing there? The author's conjecture is that they are there for purposes of recreation, which leads to a quite charming dissertation on birds and beasts at play. This is really the more important part of the chapter, and that is a hint of the plan on which all the chapters are built. Something is told us about the wild life seen on federal reservations in Oregon, but this is always the text for a larger essay on the ways of animals in general. The author plainly writes out of wide reading and observation on this theme, and has many interesting illustrations to give of the conclusions he has formed. His sympathy with the world of feathered and four-footed things is wide and perhaps a trifle indiscriminate, for there is good and bad (or at least better and worse) there, as in our human world. When all is said, it is difficult to awaken in the mind of the farmer much enthusiasm about crows. He freely grants the wonderful intelligence of that remarkable bird, but it borders too closely on the satanic to be altogether to his liking. However, the book abounds in lessons that it behooves man, for his own sake, to be cautious about upsetting by wanton destruction of lower forms of life that balance which nature has established; and the most hard-hearted of hunters ought to be touched by its spirit of kindly regard for the whole of nature's progeny. The man with a gun does sometimes revolt at sight of the mischief he has caused. Such books are well designed to increase his sense of shame.

Magazines.

In the September *Woman's Home Companion* is the first of a series of articles reporting a minister's experiences with women. The first article is an account of a woman who went to her pastor when she was in serious trouble, and reveals the immense responsibility and opportunities of ministers for service in their communities. Another article is an account of what has been done at Freiburg, Germany, toward making painless childbirth possible by the use of two drugs which are not injurious. Other special articles are: "What is Youth?—What After Youth?" by Ralph Waldo Trine; "Better Babies," by Anna Steese Richardson; and "Capitalizing Common Sense," by Edmund Stover. Fiction is contributed by Mary Stewart Cutting, Frederick M. Smith, Fannie Heaslip Lea, Florence Edwards Trevor, Mary Heaton Vorse, and Margarita Spalding Gerry. The regular departments are full of new ideas and suggestions.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 Park Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Pebbles' Lesson.

How smooth the sea beach pebbles are!
But, do you know,
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so.

And once I saw a little girl
Sit down and cry
Because she could not cure a fault
With one small "try"!

—*Exchange.*

The Bad Quarter.

"I'm afraid, Irene, you'll have to take my place to-day."

Irene Gage turned briskly from the window.

"Of course, Leona, I will," she said after swallowing once or twice. "If you stay at home and let mother doctor your cold, you will be all right by Monday."

Just then the gentle little mother brought in the coffee, and they took their places at the breakfast table. Leona was twenty-one, and for a year she had had a small stock of fancy work materials for sale in the book and stationery store of a friend. In addition to selling these goods, she did embroidery for others. Her mother and sister helped.

Irene was fourteen and a tenth-grade pupil in the high school. There was an especial reason for interest in the store. In two months the small mortgage on their home was due. Mr. Gage had been a partial invalid, but had now regained health and was working at a fair salary. He would be able to pay the debt all but one hundred dollars. His wife and daughters were working hard, hoping to be able to surprise him by the needed sum.

So Irene cheerfully gave up her holiday, and listened to Leona's directions.

On reaching her sister's place of business, she proceeded to arrange the small stock of goods in the most attractive manner possible. There were several customers, then she sat down to work at the pretty linen photograph frame her sister had commenced to embroider with scarlet carnations.

She had just finished her mid-day lunch when a man entered and called for a paper of needles. He threw down a silver dollar. Irene brought the change, but he handed her back one of the quarters.

"I don't want that. It's no good," he said harshly.

Irene examined it closely. It was worn and defaced, and the stamp was different.

"Are you sure it is not good?" she asked.

"I'm sure you can't pass it off on me. I'm in a hurry," was his uncourteous reply.

The girl's cheeks flushed. She brought another quarter of a dollar without a word.

"I don't know where I got it, but it will have to be thrown away," she thought. "The loss will eat up the profits on the sales I have made this morning. Just when we are so anxious to earn money, too. It may be good, after all."

She stood a moment irresolute. Then she went to the cash drawer, put the quarter in, and went back to her work.

Customers were plentiful that afternoon. There was no opportunity of disposing of the quarter, however, until the short winter day was drawing to a close. Mrs. Van Dorn, a wealthy but eccentric old lady, entered and asked for ribbon.

"Let me see some of your work that is finished," she said after selecting a yard and a quarter of ribbon. "I want to have some embroidery done, if I can find some one who will do it well."

Irene deftly spread before her the few pieces of work Leona had on hand. Mrs. Van Dorn scrutinized them closely and asked many questions. The haunting coin was forgotten until Mrs. Van Dorn said, taking a half-dollar from her purse to pay for the ribbon,—

"I'll see about the work after I come back from Detroit next week."

Irene was disappointed. The order would have been such a help. As she opened the drawer to get Mrs. Van Dorn's change, the suspected quarter caught her eye.

"I'll give it to her," she thought. "She is so rich, she will never feel the loss of twenty-five cents."

She gave herself no time for thought. Mrs. Van Dorn dropped the piece of money in her purse without looking at it, and started for the door.

"It's done," Irene said to herself, "and I'm so glad; for"—

She stopped abruptly. What had she done? An overwhelming sense of wrong-doing smote her. Mrs. Van Dorn was closing the door from the outside when her name was called.

"Come back, please, Mrs. Van Dorn," Irene said, opening the door. "Your change is not right."

"There was a bad quarter in the drawer," she went on as Mrs. Van Dorn re-entered the room, "and I gave it to you. I will get another."

In silence the lady extracted from her plethoric purse the coin given her by Irene. When she had received another in its place, she spoke.—

"Queer you should make such a mistake when you knew it was there." The gray eyes shot a keen glance at the girl's agitated face. "Was it a mistake?"

Irene's scarlet lips trembled.

"It was not a mistake. The coin was given me, and I tried to make myself believe it would not be wrong to pass it on, but"—

Her voice failed her. Mrs. Van Dorn showed no mercy.

"What made you call me back?"

"Because I saw, all in a moment, how wrong it was," Irene said faintly.

Mrs. Van Dorn went away. Irene bent over the box of ribbons to hide her tears. Then a customer entered, and she was obliged to give her attention to business.

The store closed at six. Irene found Leona was better and resting in the big, sleepy hollow chair before the parlor grate. Mrs. Gage was busy over the seven o'clock dinner.

It was so home-like. Sitting down on the hearth rug, she told her sister all. Leona's eyes filled with a tender light.

"You poor little thing, I ought to have told you about that quarter. Mr. Wilkins gave it to me two weeks ago. He found it when he made up the cash, and he told me perhaps I could sell it to Cousin Bert. You know he is an enthusiastic collector of old and curious coins. So, you see, you did not take the quarter in change."

"But I tried to cheat Mrs. Van Dorn. I've lost you the order for her work, too. O Leona!"

On Monday Leona resumed her duties. Thursday after school, Irene stopped in the store on her way home. The flush of excitement on her sister's face told her at once that something had happened.

"It's Mrs. Van Dorn," Leona cried, dropping in her lap the brown linen cushion she was embroidering with sweet-peas.

Irene sank into a chair. "Well," was all she could say.

Leona nodded her golden head. "She's a dear. She has ordered a whole set of table linen embroidered in cowslips. I—we, rather, for you and mother must help, are to have twenty-five dollars for the work. Then the commission on the materials, which she buys here, will amount to five dollars more."

Irene gave a little gasp. "Oh, papa will surely have the hundred dollars now."

"You haven't heard it all. Mrs. Van Dorn said 'Tell your sister that she is the bravest girl I know. The sense of right that enables one to face again and conquer a temptation is of God.'"

A month later Leona entered the parlor one evening, and held up a crisp five-dollar bill. "See, Cousin Bert gave it to me for the bad quarter."

"For what?" Irene cried. "Oh, is it possible it wasn't bad, after all?"

Leona laughed gleefully. "It proved to be valuable because of its scarcity. Bert has been looking for one to add to his collection for a long time."

Irene looked thoughtfully out across the snow-covered street. It had indeed been a valuable quarter to her.—*Anna Johnson, in the New York Observer.*

Dick's Tally Stick.

"You're a regular cry-baby!" said Dick, scornfully. He was fond of Margaretta. She was his sister, and helped him make his kites, and sewed the sails of his ship for him, being a willing-hearted small girl. But there was no denying that Margaretta cried at the least excuse, and Dick despised crying. "What if you did cut your finger a little teenty bit! Why, I nearly had my thumb taken off with Jim Barnes's knife last week; but I wouldn't have disgraced myself cryin' for that! You haven't any pluck at all, Margaretta."

"I—can't help it!" whimpered Margaretta. "It—hurts!" And she sobbed, and dug her handkerchief into her eyes.

"Well, I tell you what I'm goin' to do," said Dick, magisterially, as he felt became an elder brother. He paused impressively.

"Wha-at?" sobbed Margaretta, uncovering one eye to look at him, but not forgetting her woes.

"I'm goin' to keep a tally stick, like the trappers and the Indians used to do," announced Dick, "just a short stick of wood, and cut a notch on it every time you cry. If that doesn't make you ashamed of bein' a cry-baby, I don't know!" With this parting remark, Dick vanished in the direction of the wood-shed.

After luncheon he held the new tally stick up solemnly before Margaretta's eyes, and brought angry tears into them at once.

Digitized by Google

"You're real mean," she wailed. "I'll never help you with your kites again. So there!"

Dick took out his knife and cut notch number one, without a word. Then he put stick and knife in his pocket, and went off to play with the boys, while Margaretta retired to her dolls, with a sense of being ill-used. It was a pity, for Margaretta was a very nice child when she smiled and took life happily.

That week was anything but happy, though, according to the tally stick. Fourteen times before Saturday noon had Margaretta dissolved in tears according to its accusing notches. The very sense that it was lying in wait, so to speak, in her brother's pocket, predisposed her to woe. She cried over her lessons, over the tangles in her hair, over the sick kitten, over her lost overshoe, over the rainy afternoon when she couldn't go to the party, over anything and everything. Dick, who was really very fond of his sister, was at his wits' end over the failure of his little scheme, when a new thought occurred to him; namely, that girls were not boys, and that what would have cured any boy of his acquaintance was entirely unsuited to girlish needs. Whereupon Dick evolved another idea.

The next day the kitten died. Of course, this was an occasion for tears; and Margaretta cried. Dick did not scold her this time. Indeed, he helped to conduct the funeral; and it was only after Admiral Dewey (as the kitten had been named, in spite of a feline aversion to the water) had been duly buried in the back garden, and the children were back in the sitting-room, that the tally stick once more appeared. This time Dick's tone was entirely altered.

"I say, Margaretta," he began, holding the obnoxious record well behind his back, "you don't want to grow up and look as sour and ugly as old Miss Sims, do you?" Miss Sims was the most ill-tempered and grumbling of old women. So Dick felt that this would make an impression. "I don't want my sister to grow up like Miss Sims."

"I'm not going to," said Margaretta through her handkerchief.

"You just look like her when you cry, all the same," said Dick.

Margaretta's handkerchief came down, and she looked across at the glass on the wall. The tear-stained and melancholy reflection was not reassuring. Dick followed up his advantage.

"I tell you what let's do," he suggested. "Every time you want to cry, and don't, I'll cross a mark off the tally stick. If they all get crossed off without your crying once—unless there's good reason—and I say you can" (Dick thought it best to leave this loophole for Margaretta's emotions), "I'll give you something nice, Margaretta,—honor bright, I will."

Margaretta was captured. Between the bugbear of resembling Miss Sims on the one hand and the unknown reward on the other, cheerfulness became at a premium. The first day saw a few convulsive sobs over a stubbed toe, but not a tear. The next crossed off two notches bravely, though she missed a lesson, and broke her second-best doll. By the fourth, Dick went to gaze at the shop window where his selected prize for Margaretta reposed. It cost Dick several marbles and a baseball bat to get that prize; but, as has been said before, Dick was really very fond of his sister, and a generous boy, besides.

Monday morning dawned bright and clear. Fourteen times in the last ten days had Margaretta firmly resisted the ready tears of woe even when she had been kept in at school, fallen off her bicycle, or had to take medicine. Cheerfulness was beginning to shine permanently in her face; but it was changed to rapturous curiosity when she found beside her plate, at breakfast, a little parcel, addressed to her in Dick's handwriting. Inside was the tally stick, with every notch crossed off, and (oh, bliss!) a tiny, glittering gold ring.

"It's real," said Dick, proudly. "You can wear it all your life, Margaretta." Though Margaretta has entirely outgrown her cry-baby tears since then, and is a very cheerful little girl, indeed,—for that was two years ago,—she still wears the ring; and a single look at it is enough, as she confided to Dick the other day, to stiffen her courage against even the dentist.—*Barbara Griffiths, in Morning Star.*

Grumble Day.

"No salt in the oatmeal," growled Ned.

"Flatter than sawdust," sighed Gertrude.

"Of course," said mother, quietly. "What else did you expect on Grumble Day?"

"Grumble Day!" exclaimed both children at the same time.

"Yes, Grumble Day. I have decided to observe it as often as there is a demand for it."

"What do you mean?" asked Gertrude.

"We have Thanksgiving Day," replied mother. "Then we count up our blessings. On that day we have an unusual number of temporal blessings. We rest, and feast, and have a good time. Grumble Day is just the opposite. If we feel like grumbling when we get out of bed, we start a Grumble Day. On such a day we shall have only the most necessary things to eat, the plainest food, and the hardest work."

Gertrude and Ned looked at each other in dismay. "Will just one grumble mean that we shall observe Grumble Day?" asked Ned.

"One grumble is enough," said mother, "when we have so much to be thankful for."

"Does everybody have to go without because one person grumbles?" asked Gertrude.

"Do you think it would be polite for part of us to eat more and have a greater variety than the others, even if we deserved more?" asked mother.

"This is excellent toast," said Ned, without waiting for Gertrude to reply.

"Yes, too good for Grumble Day," said father, as he slyly slipped another piece on Ned's plate.

At dinner they had only one or two substantial dishes, with no dessert, and for supper brown bread and milk; and the children made no complaint. They knew that mother could be relied on to carry out what she undertook. That night Ned and Gertrude made a vow not to make one word of complaint ever again.

Next morning Ned, being in a hurry, took a large spoonful of hot cereal in his mouth.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, "that oatmeal is"—here Gertrude kicked him under the table—"is lovely and hot!" he added, and the family laughed.

They both remembered after that, and for three or four days no complaint was heard in the family. They were both sure that they were completely cured of grumbling.

"Bread rolls!" whined Gertrude. "I'm sick of them; why don't we ever have waffles?" Then she clapped her hand over her mouth. Ned was looking inexpressibly disgusted.

"But the bread rolls are lovely and light," she added cheerfully.

"Too late," said mother, and they had another Grumble Day.

That night mother talked it over with them. "I want to give you just what you like best," she said, "provided it is food for you. I try very hard to plan to have you suggest things that you would like. But when everything is served, and it is impossible to change it for anything different, complaint does no good, and it certainly does the complainer harm."

Three or four Grumble Days completely cured Ned and Gertrude, and now Gertrude says that they have Thanksgiving Day every day in the year.—*The Christian Guardian.*

The Speckled Hen.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

And the Speckled Hen cocked her head on one side, and listened, listened, listened.

Peep! Peep! Peep!

The Speckled Hen ruffled up her feathers, and began to cluck, not loudly, but softly, like a mother crooning a lullaby.

Peep! Peep! Peep!

Ah! she could feel something soft and warm pushing along the feathers of her breast. She doubled her clucking, and her bright eyes watched closely at the feathers beneath her wings. How excited she looked! Something surely was about to happen!

Peep! Peep! Peep!

The tiny voice grew louder, nearer. The feathers beneath the wings moved, a pretty ivory bill appeared, a soft downy head, two bright eyes; and then out popped a live little chick, the prettiest, softest, downiest, warmest little chick that ever delighted a mother-hen's eyes.

Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! The mother-heart was nearly bursting with pride and joy. The Speckled Hen stood up carefully on her feet, shook out her feathers, and looked.

And behold! Wonderful to tell! Not one, but ten dear little cunning chicks went tumbling over each other.—*Everett McNeil, in Little Folks.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Pro and Con.

The New York *Evening Post* has printed the following editorial in reply to German readers who have protested against the paper's attitude in the war:—

From a number of German sympathizers among our readers have come criticisms or appeals. Cannot the *Evening Post*, which has invariably urged fair play for Germany as against the attempts, for instance, to stir up strife between her and England, come to her defence without reservation now? The *Evening Post* of Carl Schurz and Henry Villard, it is asserted, is in duty bound to stand by the Germans. One of our German contemporaries even goes so far as to call upon its readers to burn every copy of this newspaper they happen to run across. We are assured that this is a holy war into which Germany has been forced against her will; that she is the only bulwark between the rising tide of Slavism and the endangered civilization of Western Europe, and therefore enlightened sentiment the world over should side with her as against the aggressions of the powers, like England and France, whose real motives are jealousy and envy of the wonderful commercial growth of the Kaiser's empire.

To this we reply that the *Evening Post's* loyalty to the Germany of which it has so often expressed admiration has never for a moment wavered, but that this has not been the Germany of the Kaiser. We never have believed, and cannot now, that in this day and generation a noble people should be in the hand of king or emperor, enlightened though he may be, or however ardent a guardian of peace during a long period of years. Never have we upheld the Germany of the mailed fist, of the autocracy of militarism; against its claims, its excesses, its encroachments upon civil rights, its assertion that it constitutes a sacrosanct caste superior to any other, we have protested in season and out of season. We have long seen in this swash-buckling, overbearing attitude of the militarists, and particularly in the activities of such a body as the German Navy League,—we are cursed with one of our own,—a grave menace to the peace of Europe; and it has now brought the very worst to pass that the human imagination can conceive. We have never taken the slightest stock in a Kaiser who vows that he rules by divine right and not by popular consent; and we cannot now uphold a form of government which denies to masses of its population the right to one vote to every man.

It is another Germany which we have been proud to recognize and acclaim—the Germany of high aspirations and noble ideals, the Germany of intellectual freedom, the Germany to whose spiritual leadership every nation the world over is deeply in debt. Its flag has meant to us the flag of scientific knowledge planted farthest north in more fields of mental and governmental activity than is perhaps any other. It is the country of Fichte, Kant and Hegel, of Schiller and Goethe, of Korner and his fellow-champions of German liberty in the wars for freedom just a century ago; of Carl Schurz and Sigel and Kinkel and their revolutionary comrades of 1848; of Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner; of Lessing, of Mommsen, of Helmholtz and Siemens and all the rest of the intellectual heroes who have been and are the real glories of the Germany for which we have entertained such profound respect. We have realized, too, the splendid qualities which have made of Germany a foremost truding nation and have watched with amazement, like all the world, her rapid commercial conquest of the seas and the four quarters of the globe. Yet, after all, it is to the Germany that has done more for our own university life and our intellectual and artistic development than any other nation that hosts of Americans have been so profoundly attached.

Against this Germany the war into which it has been so recklessly plunged is nothing short of a crime. Whether victory or national disaster come out of it all, the intellectual and spiritual growth of the nation is checked for no one knows how long. The fine flower of its youth is to be immolated by a ruler whose signature to a single order signed their death-warrant—without even asking the consent of the people's Parliament or taking time for angry passions to cool. In war every evil passion is let loose, as every pain and torture known to man is inflicted on men and women and children alike; out of this war can come only another heritage of hatred and bitterness, of sorrow and suffering. The mighty commercial edifice erected by German enterprise and toil is already crashing to the ground. Ruin already claims tens of thousands. Germany's merchant fleet is being swept off the ocean. Her internal development is at an end; her schools and universities are idle; the whole nation is being brutalized and, through the hot haste of the Kaiser, Russia and France and Belgium as well. From now on its whole thought must be to shoot and kill people with whom ten days ago the country was at complete peace. It is to be for years to come the most hated nation in Europe.

Is it any wonder that true friends of Germany cry out against all this from the depths of their affection for it? That they protest against the sophisms of a Muensterberg and of all those who would suddenly see in this horrible slaughtering of the true Germany a new crusade against the heathen? For ourselves, we can only say that to us the one consolation in it all is that, if humanity is not to retrograde unspeakably, absolutism must pay for this denial of Christianity. In place of the kingdoms there must arise the republics of Europe; out of the ashes must come a new Germany in which pure democracy shall rule, in which no one man and no group of professional man-killers shall have the power to plunge the whole world into mourning. If this be treason to Germany, our readers must make the most of it. To our minds, it is of profound significance that so many Americans are saying to-day, "We wish that the Kaiser might be beaten and the German people win."

Prof. Muensterberg's Reply.

Your much reprinted editorial called "The Real Crime Against Germany" is the most eloquent expression of the American upper class opinion of the second week of war. In the first week the rush was simply straight against Germany. Then came the reaction: everybody felt the absurdity, and a subtle discrimination began. The indignation is now not against Germany, the highly civilized nation with its idealistic citizens, but against Germany, the imperial, militaristic state. The Germany of the emperor must be crushed in order to liberate the better Germany of "Fichte, Kant, and Hegel."

As Fichte and Kant and Hegel can no longer express their views on the question, and as I am the only living man you draw into the dispute, I beg permission to restate the issue as I see it. You say: "Is it any wonder that true friends of Germany cry out against all this from the depths of their affection for it? That they protest against the sophisms of a Muensterberg and of all those who would suddenly see in this horrible slaughter of the true Germany a new crusade against the heathen?" I cannot speak for "all those," but for my own part I can say with certainty that I never spoke of anything like a crusade against the heathen, because a crusade suggests an attack, while the only meaning of all my utterances was that this war of Germany is a war of defence. The Slavic attack which was signalized by the Russian mobilization threatened to become crushing, inasmuch as Russia was able to rely on the willingness of France to take revenge. As soon as it was evident that both felt ready to risk the long-delayed blow against Germany it was the duty of the emperor to save the country from certain defeat by making the first movement quickly and by declaring war before the slow-moving Russian troops were assembled.

Now, it is entirely possible that the emperor was mistaken in believing that Russia really meant war this time, and not only bluff. But it is certain that this perhaps mistaken judgment was shared by the overwhelming majority of the nation. In the last few days, as travellers have returned and letters and papers have come in, we know better than a week ago. In every home and wherever two Germans met lived the one conviction: Russia wants war; France is ready, too; if Germany waits some weeks more, its best chance will be lost; the quick declaration of war is unavoidable if the nation is not to be thrown to the ground. The fiction that the true nation wanted peace and the government war is a bold construction which is utterly refuted by the evident facts. The cultured people and the emperor alike wanted and worked for peace as long as there seemed any hope, but all of them demanded war when they felt convinced that it was the only possible protection against a Slavic onrush.

This inner unity of people and imperial government in matters of militarism was not confined to this hour of danger after the murder of the Austrian archduke, but it has been the backbone of German politics for the last forty years. Those men who have achieved the marvellous progress of German civilization have done it in the conviction that the military spirit is a splendid training for cultural efficiency, and that anyhow Germany, in its geographical position between rivals, has no other way open but to prepare for fight. The German university professors whom you praise have always been the most enthusiastic defenders of the system. You hear nowhere in Germany more sneering at the peace and disarmament movements than among the university professors. And are they really disloyal to Fichte and Kant and the rest? Was the need of Germany's armor ever more passionately pro-

claimed than in Fichte's "Orations to the German Nation"? If Germany had been made a republic twenty years ago, and the lawyers and captains of industry, the farmers and the workingmen and, as would be probable, the professors had the say, not one soldier and not one cannon less would stand to-day at the French and the Russian border. Yes, it is a fact that repeatedly in the emperor's reign of twenty-five years the people would have pushed toward war if the government had not kept a restraining influence. It may be said even of the whole of Europe that the governments have been cooler and more pacific than the peoples.

The historic state forms have hardly any influence on this war spirit. Has America forgotten how quickly the troops began firing in Vera Cruz, and how suddenly a large part of the people wanted to fight until the whole of Mexico was conquered? And yet the "crime" of Tampico was hardly the assassination of Serajewo. No; the fighting spirit is the same the world over, under presidents as under emperors. And if Europe turned republican, the United States of Europe would have to prepare the greater battle with the United States of Asia or all the Americas. But at present it hardly looks as if Europe would go republican. It seems to me that there is more chance that the only great republic will become monarchical. I was in Paris at the Boulanger time. Paris clamors to make the victorious war hero king. Hence those who are over-anxious for the area of republicanism may be on the safer side if they pray for the victory of the German army.

HUGO MUENSTERBERG.

Spirit of the Press.

The New York *Times* believes that, through the sense of vital interests menaced and destroyed by war, and this world-wide demonstration of war's uselessness as well as savagery, the forces that make for peace will eventually prevail. It says:—

The general war is the direct and apparently the inevitable result of competitive armament. Such armament has been dictated in large part by ruling classes, who are least exposed to the terrible consequences of war, and who have conceived or inherited ambitions, animosities, appetites, in which the common people do not consciously share. With a war such as has now begun, the tremendous cost of this system will be proved to every human being capable of even the shortest foresight proved by the direct hardship, privation, and agony endured. It is not at all beyond the limits of reasonable speculation to infer that by this lesson the general mind of the world may be so deeply revolted that war and the armament that compels war may be effectually banned. Nor is it beyond the range of possibility that the political systems in Europe that have left the precious welfare of the common people to a class that do not share the common burdens may be cast off and the destinies of toiling millions shall not be in the keeping of a Hohenzollern, a Hapsburg, or a Romanoff. Undoubtedly the ordinary course of changes in social order moves slowly and with much complexity along the lines of evolution. But catastrophes do not occur. The forces of progress are long checked, as by the competitive armament that brought on the present war. But they are not destroyed. They are but damned, and when they work through the obstruction their movement is more nearly irresistible than before. In this crisis there is one plain duty for sensible minds. It is not to give way to despair, not to accept the notion that the world has suddenly and hopelessly fallen back to barbarism, but to remember that the advancement already achieved has been made against continual resistance, with terrible relapses, but that it has been achieved and is our valid warrant for hope and faith in the ultimate future.

Zion's Herald sees in the world war the final clash of two great ideas:—

The struggle is, in its basic relation, one for nationality, a struggle of democracy against autocracy—a struggle, in fine, to use the kaiser's own words, "for a place in the sun" on the part of the peoples of Europe. . . . America is one. She is democratic. She mourns to-day with Europe, mourns over the thousands slain, mourns with broken-hearted mothers and wives, mourns with children left fatherless and widows left to beg the bread of charity. In her better self, she has no sympathy for those who are talking of financial benefit to come to this country from the war. There can be none. Sober judgment says so. No economist, well versed in the inter-relation of nations, maintains such an absurd position for a single moment. The war is bad—nothing but bad, for all, the planet over. But through it all, the call is for calm, loving solicitude on the part of the American nation, and confidence in God, that in some way He will make justice to triumph, so that when this war is over, great standing armies will no more be possible, and democracy, the will of the people, and not autocracy, will rule.

The *Churchman* believes that out of destruction, with much suffering shall come forth brotherhood. It believes that the people of Germany hate the people of France no more than the people of England hate the people of Austria, and that, when princes and war cabinets and high-power explosives have demonstrated their incapacity to promote international unity, the people will take the matter into their own hands. It says:—

It is very certain that any sudden or immediate suppression of the vast and pestilent sore of mutual hate and suspicion which has thus broken out into open eruption would possibly result in a yet more deep-seated and incurable canker being formed within the body of European civilization. This war, which is at last visible, has been really proceeding for at least a generation. The continual piling up of armaments, the building of frontier fortresses, the mortgaging of future industry to pay for vast and untried fleets, the buying and selling of secret official plans and memoranda, the capturing of spies, the underhand influencing of the press—all these are the fruit and evidence of a perpetual war which has been none the less war because it has been sardonically presented to the world in the guise of a guarantee of peace. This monstrous growth of militarism must fall if civilization is to endure. It is falling now, and the more complete and costly its death-throes, and the more of dynastic jealousies and "divine" rights it pulls down and buries with it, the freer will the field be for the growth of a real peace which can have its roots only in the brotherhood of man. Peace we want, but it must be a peace, not a mere absence of actual hostilities covering a seething depth of suspicion, hatred, envy, and fear. If by some miracle the marching hosts could be turned back to-day; if the hunting ships of prey could be drawn home to their own coasts; if theem perors who have claimed divine sanction for their appeals to force could be suddenly brought to countermand their wanton orders for death and destruction, it remains a miserable certainty that the state of armed tension would yet exist, the garrisons on international boundaries would not be reduced, the making of guns and explosives would not cease, the toil of the farmer and the mechanic would still be taxed more and more heavily for the upkeep of these monstrous armies and gold-braided general staffs, and the tension would simply continue to grow—with an added cause of distrust in the recently demonstrated futility of international guarantees or national promises. Peace, yes!—but not a peace which bears within its bosom the seeds of perpetual war, whether hidden or open. Peace, again yes! but no a peace which is simply the ingenious balancing on the point of the bayonet a soap-bubble which is bound to burst.

Rev. John Snyder.

John Snyder died in Nantucket, Mass., August 12 last. He was born in Philadelphia, June 14, 1842; studied at the Meadville Theological School, from which he graduated in 1869. Immediately afterward, on August 8, he was settled over the Third Congregational (Unitarian) Church at Hingham, Mass., and was ordained there Jan. 20, 1870. He resigned on Dec. 31, 1872, and on Jan. 1, 1873, was installed over the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, Mo., where Rev. Dr. William G. Eliot had ministered for many years. Mr. Snyder held this position for twenty-six years, resigning July 1, 1899. On November 1 of that year he accepted a call of the First Unitarian Church at Wellesley Hills, Mass., where he remained nearly ten years, to Feb. 1, 1909. On that date his ministry at the Second Congregational Church of Nantucket began, and continued for over five years, his resignation being compelled this summer (1914) by severe and fatal sickness.

Mr. Snyder was one of our ablest preachers, and his unusual elocutionary gifts made him always exceedingly interesting to listen to. Graphic without being sensational, striking and original in his treatment of religious themes, he always held the close attention of his hearers. No man among us had a keener sense of humor, and his rare wit and wonderful gift at story-telling often held a group of friends as pleased listeners by the hour, and served to give keenness and point to his remarks on various occasions. And yet the writer of this notice, who has often listened to his preaching, never knew him wanting in good taste in this regard in his sermons. His public services were devout and refined. I have spoken of his elocutionary gifts. His remarkably successful and amusing rendering of selections from Dickens and others here in North Easton over forty years ago, are still referred to, as well as the admirable sermons he used to preach here.

He was very bright and able as a writer, always treating topics in a keen and vigorous manner. It is not generally known that some of the editorials of the Boston *Herald* were written anonymously by him. The *Herald*

of to-day (August 14) speaks of him as follows:—

"One of the long-time contributors to the *Herald* whose communications will be missed by many of our readers—the Rev. John Snyder of Nantucket—passed away Wednesday. Possessed of varied learning, and a vigorous and original style of expression, he proved an able advocate of any cause which enlisted his interest."

Mr. Snyder is best known perhaps to the public as the author of the play called "As Ye Sow." He told me that his motive for writing it was because he had noticed that playwrights had usually represented the ministers in their plays as either knaves or fools, and he wanted to put a minister on the stage who was a real man, and would command respect. Besides this play he had written many booklets and brochures, of which I will only mention "The Storm Baby," "The Wind Forest," "The Lost Angel," "The Minister's Strike," and there are others.

There is much more I would, were there space for it, like to add concerning this dear friend of mine whom I influenced to study for the ministry nearly fifty years ago. He was one of the warmest hearted, friendliest men I ever met, and we have maintained through this fifty years the warmest affection for each other.

At Meadville, in 1869, he married Miss Margaret Kinniff, and they have had nine children, six of whom are now living.

William L. Chaffin.

A Pioneer Minister.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, well known as minister of All Souls' Church, Chicago, and head of Abraham Lincoln Centre, once told the story that preceded his preparation for the Unitarian ministry. A portrait of him had been presented to Lincoln Centre, and Mr. Jones, replying to speeches of grateful affection, said:—

am tempted to tell a story I have never told before. May I give you a hint of where this Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of whom you have spoken so many nice things, came from? Sixty-five and more years ago two brothers, partners, were engaged as country hatters on a far-off Welsh hilltop. They pieced out their craft by working in summer-time a little farm of ten acres. It supported one horse and one cow. The hats they made in the winter-time they sold at the neighboring fairs during the summer. Sometimes business was so prosperous that they hired two journeymen to help them in the business. One of the brothers was married and was the proud father of seven children. The other brother, unmarried, accepted into his heart the brother's family, so it became a family with two fathers.

Into the brain and heart of these hatters came the radical spirit that in the 'forties bloomed all over Europe into prophetic expectations. Across the Atlantic came the tidings of a new land blooming into new opportunities. There children might grow into privileges impossible in the home land. The cozy home, the prosperous little business, were abandoned, and the bachelor-father said to the father-brother, "You stay with the wife and children another year. I will go in advance and find a place to house the flock, and a year hence you may bring the babies." So the bachelor-brother went ahead. Next year the father and wife and seven children, one of them a baby, followed.

They secured one hundred and twenty acres of government land in the heavy woods of Jefferson County, Wisconsin, at $1.25 per acre. In their ignorance they dared not trust themselves to the open prairies that were so available and so fertile, and so they founded a home in the wilderness where the trees had to be cut in order to catch a glimpse of the sky. The log house was reared and for the first six months covered with basswood bark, for they had to acquire the skill of the axe and the drawknife before they could make the shingles to properly cover it.

When the seven children found lodgment inside these four walls of logs the bachelor-father again said, "You stay with the children, work away in the woods; I will go and find work that will bring the ready money that will sustain the babies until we get something out of the land"; for when the one hundred and twenty acres were paid for, a yoke of oxen and two cows bought, there was left in the father's hand just one round gold sovereign. The bachelor-father found employment in a pioneer sawmill in the woods, and in less than six months after they had arrived word came that he was sick unto death. His body was brought through the woods, where there were no roads, and the partner-brother, priest in his own household, broke the silence of the woods by singing in Welsh the old hymn of consolation, read the Scripture, made the prayer, and then fell unconscious on his own threshold, remaining so for hours. The stalwart fir-tree had broken, but the gentle mother nursed back the broken father to life, and the two went on with their pioneering.

In order to make the story complete, I must weave in another strand. These partner-brothers had an uncle who was president of a little Welsh college on the Cardigan shore. This president of an heretical school was smitten with the heresies of Socinus before the word "Unitarian" was born. When he learned that these cousins were to break the old ties, he came over the hills on horseback to see the father. He said:—"Richard, I am glad you are going to America. It is a brave thing to do, and America has a great future; but you will see many hardships, and perchance you will never realize what you now hope to secure, but your children will. You have two boys, twelve and fourteen. Leave me one of the boys. Let him stay with me. I will give him a college training, and if it is in him I will prepare him for the Unitarian ministry, and when he is grown up I will send him to you, and he perhaps will be the first to preach your faith in the new land."

It was a fair proposition and it brought sleepless nights to father and mother; but the divine claim of parenthood held the two boys, and the family came to America complete.

In the solitudes of the settlement, the isolation of the religion which was theirs, the offer of the college president haunted the conscience of the stalwart father and the gentle mother, and they wondered if they had done rightly; and when the babe that was at the mother's breast on the high seas grew larger, the father would put his hand upon the head of the little boy, and say:

"I guess I shall have to send Jenkin back to his uncle Dave Lloyd to study at Carmarthen College, and maybe he will make a Unitarian minister of him." I never knew the time when I did not feel more or less consciously that dedication.

But the vicissitudes of a pioneer's home put far away my dreams of a college course, and when the war came on it wiped off the last hope of such a possibility. With the foolishness of youth, I was sure that three years of service had put my study days far behind.

So, having survived the war, I accepted, as I thought, the destiny that was mine, and took my place between the horns of the plough, and grasped the hoe and the pitchfork. Thus I labored one year after the war. Then one hot harvest day the elder brother was cradling and I binding after him, when he stopped to whet his scythe. By some sort of spiritual explosion, unpremeditated and unexpected, I said:—

"Thomas, how do you think father would get along if I were to leave?" A clap of thunder from the clear sky would not have astonished the brother more.

"Why, I don't see how he can get along. John and I are setting up for ourselves. The farm is not yet paid for, and father is getting old, you know. Why, what is the matter with you? I thought you were content."

"Thomas, I think I must go to school."

"Well, I wish you could go to school, and perhaps you may be able to do so in two or three years, when the mortgage is lessened. But why, what has put it into your head? What do you want to do?"

"Thomas, I feel as though I must try to be a Unitarian minister."

"Well, if you will go and be a minister, and a good one, father will get along all right, because John and I will take care of him."

In three weeks I was off for Meadville.

Now all of this palaver of yours, as far as it is merited, must be passed backward to that fir-tree and that rose-bush that brought from Wales the aspirations of the broader faith and the higher thought. He whose name I bear was the Uncle Jenkin whose grave was dug under the great elms in the woods, and whose funeral service was conducted by his brother, the father and priest of his household. Now that little burying-ground has grown populous, and on a humble slab is carved in the Welsh tongue the words, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." At the foot of the hill thunder daily great transcontinental trains, interurban cars hourly pass, and the perpetual hum of the automobile is heard. Chicago millionaires make their homes on the banks of what was then Mill Pond, but is now Oconomowoc Lake. Where the homes of the luxurious now are was the sawmill in which the uncle from whom I am named breathed his last.

Dear friends, if you seek the proper screen upon which to throw your gratitude, go back to that clearing in the woods, back to the home where the hatters made hats for peasant people, go back to where the original Jenkin Jones, in whose line I am the third to preach heresy, preached his first heretical sermon in his mother's garden because the open door had been slammed

in his face the Sunday before by the rector's wife, who could not stand such heresies in the old church. That is where your thoughts ought to go.

Foreign Notes.

An international committee has been found to erect a monument at Geneva, Switzerland, to the memory of Père Hyacinthe Loyson. It will be modest in character, consisting probably of a bronze portrait medallion attached to a granite shaft. The city authorities have granted a location for it in one of the beautiful squares not far from the University and St. Peter's Cathedral. Among the committee are Madame E. Zola, Messrs. F. Buisson, Wilfred Monod, J. Emile Roberty, Charles Wagner, Romolo Murri, E. Bignami, Revs. William Sullivan and Charles W. Wendte. The president of the committee is Prof. E. Montet. The secretary is A. De Morsier, 12 Tour-Maîtresse, Geneva, to whom subscriptions may be sent.

The preacher at Highgate Unitarian Church, London, on a recent Sunday morning was Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, B.A., LL. B., the Mahometan leader at the mosque in Woking, and editor of the *Islamic Review*.

Mr. W. E. Richards, a British civil servant now stationed in India, and a Unitarian lay preacher, wrote some time since to the effect that, while it was well to sustain the religious work of the Brahmo Somaj, or Association of Hindu Theists, in that country, it was even more advisable to maintain a distinctive Unitarian mission in Calcutta.

He now writes again from Mayneyo, Burmah, whither he has been sent, that he has begun open-air Unitarian Christian services in English, and hopes to gather around him some English-speaking Indians and [illegible] who will be able to preach the gospel to the people in their own tongues."

And yet we say that Unitarians are without interest in foreign missions.

Rev. Mr. Conte writes us, concerning his movement in Italy, that Hon. Romolo Murri has united himself with his Association and has begun religious meetings in Rome, with a regular attendance of 30 or 40 persons. He came to Florence for a directors' meeting. A reception given him was well attended by Italians and Americans. Mrs. Le Giulio Benso has undertaken the formation of women's leagues in connection with the movement. She issues a monthly circular, and has already quite a correspondence. At Florence the group is in full activity. The Trifoglio Club has given two entertainments. It has 40 members. Two important people recently added are Prof. Piccinini of Florence and Prof. Chiecchia of San Severo. Mrs. J. Hutchett of Boston has been made a member of the executive committee, and is at the office daily to give her kind assistance to the work. Fifteen thousand circulars have been printed recently. A stenographer and typewriter greatly aids in the routine labors.

A curious episode in the recent history of the nearer East is narrated by a correspondent in the columns of the *Christian Commonwealth*, the well-known British journal devoted to the interests of liberal Christianity, and representing more particularly the New Theology Movement.

"During the last few years suffrage ideas have been spreading quietly behind in the harems. The men were ignorant of it; everybody was ignorant of it; and now suddenly the flood-gate is opened and the men of Constantinople have thought it necessary to resort to drastic measures. Suffrage clubs have been organized, intelligent memorials incorporating the women's demands have been drafted and circulated; women's journals and magazines have sprung up, publishing excellent articles; and public meetings were held. Then one day the members of these clubs—400 of them—cast away their veils. The staid, fossilized class of society were shocked, the good Mussulmans were alarmed, and the government forced into action. These four hundred liberty-loving women were divided into several groups. One group composed of forty have been exiled to Acca, Syria, and will arrive in a few days. Everybody is talking about it, and it is really surprising to see how numerous are those in favor of removing the veils from the faces of the women. Many men with whom I have talked think the custom not only archaic, but thought-stifling. The Turkish authorities, thinking to extinguish this light of liberty, have greatly added to its flame, and their high-handed action has materially assisted the creation of a wider public opinion and a better understanding of this crucial problem."

The British Unitarian organ, *The Christian Life*, has a department "Notes of the Week," from which we are often tempted to make excerpts, so bright and interesting are its

Deaths.

MRS. ELIZA L. HOMANS.

Mrs. Homans was a many-sided woman. I can speak only of her great public and semi-public service. She came into the prison work at a time when large plans had been made for the improvement of the system, and for several years she gave to the work freely of her time and strength. She had (she was) a remarkable combination of head and heart, of intellect and emotions, and she brought both to the solution of the problems of the prisons. No member of the board of prison commissioners had a clearer vision of the then existing evils, and of the best method of remedying them.

One of the most important things requiring attention was the selection of a superintendent of the new Reformatory at Concord. There was no standard then, as there is now, of personal qualities, and there was no standard system, for Massachusetts was one of the first States to establish a reformatory, and Mr. Brockway was then practically the only superintendent.

Col. Gardiner Tufts was known to the most of the members of the board. He was at that time the superintendent of the State Primary School at Monson,—a school for children in the care of the State, and in time to be placed out in families.

Mrs. Homans, with two others, went to the school to see Col. Tufts in his work. He was a good administrator, and we were very favorably impressed by all parts of the institution, especially by his relations with the children as he met them in various places. But it was the chapel service which made Col. Tufts the first superintendent of the Reformatory. It was his custom to gather the children daily for a very simple service which he conducted. Just a few words, a few children's religious songs, a brief prayer. He was an excellent singer, and led the children in their songs. The one impression left was that of his fatherliness. Mrs. Homans was not demonstratively emotional, but I saw the tears in her eyes as the service progressed. Col. Tufts became superintendent, inaugurated the work in his own way, which was a unique one and conducted it successfully. The working-out of the plans, the development of the system, received the best efforts of Mrs. Homans.

Reformatory systems have changed greatly since then, but the men who served sentences under Col. Tufts never failed to speak in the highest terms of what he did for them. At a meeting of "graduates" which I attended shortly after his death, the tributes paid to him were such as would be given to few superintendents.

During Mrs. Homans's term of service many progressive measures were adopted and much improvement in the methods of dealing with prisoners was made, to all of which Mrs. Homans contributed her full share.

Her interest in prison matters was not localized; it was not in Massachusetts prisons merely, but wherever she went (and she travelled very widely) she made it her business to see the prisons, to learn and also to teach—to disseminate information.

Many penologists are interested only in prison systems and methods. Mrs. Homans was interested in individual prisoners. She knew many of them personally in prison and after their discharge, and she was very influential with them. Many are alive who knew her when they were in prison more than a score of years ago, and whenever I see them they always speak of her in the highest terms.

A few months ago a man who knew her when he was in the Reformatory, who afterward served a term in our State prison and later in a Western penetentiary, called to see me. After the last sentence he changed his course, and for years has led a law-abiding, reputable life. He spoke of four persons who had influenced him for good, years ago, though he did not respond until long after. Three of them were Col. Tufts, Mrs. Homans, and Chaplain Barnes of State prison.

Her experience as a member of the prison commission convinced her that there was great need of a change in public sentiment regarding lawbreakers and their treatment by the State, and in the attitude of the community toward the discharged prisoner, leading to a recognition of responsibility for the readjustment of the offender at the close of his punishment.

This conviction led her to call together a large group of people whom she knew were interested in charity movements. Two or three meetings were held in her home. At one of them Judge Francis Wayland, dean of the Yale Law School, was present and told of the work in Connecticut. As a result of these meetings the Massachusetts Prison Association was formed. For nearly twenty-five years it has had a prominent place in educating public opinion regarding crime problems, in aiding discharged prisoners, and in formulating and securing the enactment of most of the progressive legislation of that period.

Mrs. Homans never grew old. She never hesitated to do new things, and gave her cordial support to whatever gave promise of a more intelligent treatment of lawbreakers. She never lost her interest in the work of the Association, whose founding was due to her efforts more than to those of any other one person. In the last letter I received from her, a few weeks before her death, she expressed the hope (never realized) that she might be able to have me come and tell her of all that had been happening in recent months in the prison field.

She lived to see the accomplishment of many of the reforms in which she was a pioneer, and to recognize the development of a public sentiment which will compel further changes in the system of dealing with the offender-class.

WARREN T. SPALDING.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1059 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

contents. Thus we read in a recent number:

"Romanist doctrines and practices make way in the Established Church with a vehemence that would have amazed the bishops and archbishops of a couple of generations ago, who used to boast of their church as 'the bulwark of Protestantism.' This very month Thaxted Church in Essex was the scene of a festival in praise of God and the Catholic Faith, and in honor of Our Lady and the Saints to whom our forefathers built shrines in Thaxted Church. A long procession, with banners, censers, candles, and a small figure of Our Lady, and headed by a crucifix, passed to the church, singing hymns. A solemn evensong was held in the church, and after the 'Ave Maria' Rev. H. Symonds unveiled a carved wooden figure of the Mother and the Child. The Vicar preached on 'Our Lady.'"

"A picture of the Holy Family, by a prominent Russian painter Wereschagin, has been recently exhibited at Vienna. The local Catholic papers have expressed great horror at seeing introduced into it not merely, as usual, Joseph and Mary and Jesus and the future Baptist, but the unexpected figures of younger children of Mary's. The protests have been so warm that the painter has had to defend himself publicly. 'I belong,' he writes, 'to the Eastern Church, the most ancient of the Churches of Christendom. It has always taught that Joseph and Mary had children, four half-brothers and some half-sisters to Jesus. Moreover, the New Testament teaches the like: see Matthew xiii. 55; Mark vi. 3; John vii. 3; I. Corinthians ix. 5.'"

"Some stirring centennials are about to be celebrated by Protestants in Continental countries. In August of 1915 the Protestants of France are intending to commemorate the bicentennial of that first 'Synod of the Desert' which reassembled the persecuted Huguenots after their sufferings in the struggles in the Cévennes; and thus enabled Antoine Court, who presided over that Synod, to reorganize the churches that seemed destroyed forever. Next, in 1917, the Protestants of Switzerland will celebrate the quater-centennial of the Swiss Reformation, to revive the patriotic memories of Zwingli, Calvin, Bucer, and Farel—the sixteenth-century spiritual and intellectual leaders of the mountain Fatherland."

Rev. Abram Wyman.

Rev. Abram Wyman, until recently the associate minister of the Ames Memorial Church in North Easton, Mass., died at Newton Highlands, Mass., August 6. His illness had obliged him to resign his charge last November. It was a relief to his friends to know that his long and brave struggle was at an end. Burial was from the church in North Easton, on Sunday, August 9.

He was born in Skowhegan, Me., May 25, 1865, where he passed his childhood and youth. His father died when he was young, and his mother had the care of his early education. He graduated from Colby College, Maine, now Colby University, with the degree of A.B., in 1889. He also won the honor of election to Phi Beta Kappa. Before leaving college he had shown decided literary ability and had done some preaching. Shortly after his graduation he entered Harvard Divinity School, from which he graduated S.T.B. in 1893. While at the school he served it as proctor, spent at least one summer as preacher at West Gouldsboro, Me., took charge of the work in Willow Place Chapel at Brooklyn, N.Y., for a short period one winter, and served as superintendent of the Sunday-school and as occasional preacher at King's Chapel in Boston.

In October, 1893, he became the minister of the Unitarian church in Topeka, Kan., where he was regularly ordained Feb. 14, 1894. For a period of nearly thirteen years he worked in this city, of which he became very fond, and was much beloved, not only in his church, but by the people of the whole community. It was a most difficult situation. During the first year of his settlement seventeen families from his church moved from the city, owing to the economic distress of that year. He built up at least three congregations in a church which suffered greatly from the continual shifting of the population. He was especially helpful to children and young people, and won an enviable record in his work with them in the Sunday-school and church. He was the leader of two well-known literary clubs, and was the only minister who became a member of the rather famous "Saturday Night Club" in Topeka. He was much sought after, because of his scholarly and literary ability and because he was at all times a delightful companion. In the disastrous flood time of 1903 he rendered distinguished service, but with characteristic modesty refused to take any credit for what he did.

Dec. 10, 1905, he became the associate minister with Rev. W. L. Chaffin in the church in North Easton, in which capacity he served until compelled to resign by failing health. Here he was much respected and loved by all, especially by the young people and by the men of the community, whom he helped to come together in a club.

His cheerfulness, his humor, his sympathy and helpfulness in hardship and sorrow, his love of childhood and his capacity for play, his peculiar familiarity with good literature, with the great thoughts and sentiments of the world, his fine art of selection of the best in life, made him an ideal companion and friend. There were flashes of the sayings and doings of his boyhood days coming to light in almost every conversation. They pointed his stories and lightened his manners. As guest in the home and as host he was always delightful. Here he fully entered into the lives of others.

The life-giving power of play, which so many have forgotten or have never learned, became for him a good part of the real game of life. He never flinched at the rules of the game, and ran the race with right good will to the end.

As a preacher and as a leader of public worship he realized his privileges and glorified his office. His intimacy with spiritual realities made him a source of strength and refreshment for needy souls. His rare ability for expression clothed his thought in beautiful forms. His strength of character caused him to give strong utterance to great convictions. His prayer was natural, simple, helpful, and of such quality that it made others truly pray. His faith in the possible worth of human life and in the Eternal Goodness made others wish to be faithful and good.

In him we knew one who largely entered into the realities by which men really live. "Work and play, love and worship" were meat and drink to him. These he shared with a fine largeness. He gave himself without stint and with no thought of reward. For him "the reward was in the doing."

He denied himself the privilege of marriage because early in his ministry his physician warned him that he would not live long (he lived much longer than his physician imagined), but he worked ahead with few of the outer rewards which some men claim. With entire self-forgetfulness he met his privileges and his duties, and reaped the success of service and character which no one questions and all must admire. A life triumphant, unconquered in defeat, upborne by constant faith and hope and love, this in him we have witnessed and must cherish. It is a rare privilege to have known such a spirit.

F. M. B.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the First Parish Church, Milton, Mass., Sunday, August 23, Rev. F. S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis will preach at 11 A.M.

At the Church of the Messiah, New York City, Rev. G. Croswell Cressey, D.D., will preach at 11 A.M. Sunday, August 23.

At the union service at Arlington Street Church, Boston, Sunday, August 23, Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly of Lincoln, Neb., will preach.

At the First Parish Church, Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, Sunday, August 23, Rev. Frank A. Powell of Manchester, N.H., will preach at 11 A.M.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Rev. Sydney B. Snow, associate minister of King's Chapel, will preach Sunday, August 23.

At King's Chapel, Boston, Sunday, August 23, at 10.30 A.M., Rev. Charles Edwards Park of the First Church in Boston will preach. The church is open every week-day morning from 9 to 12.

Churches.

TIMARU, NEW ZEALAND.—The Unitarian Society, Rev. J. H. G. Chapple: The subjects of lectures announced by Mr. Chapple for July, August, and September are: "The

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

History of Freedom of Thought"; "The Defects of Journalism, and the Ideal Newspaper"; "The Life of Shelley, and his Philosophy"; "False Patriotism: my Country, Right or Wrong"; "True Patriotism: Loyalty to the Human Race"; "The Sanctification of Doubt"; "The Re-birth of Religion"; "Reason in Prison"; "Oscar Wilde"; "What is a Living Wage"; "Should Workers share in Profits?"; "Have All a right to the Land?"; "Are Trusts Good or Bad?" The following indicates the lines on which church work is carried along: "The recent book from the pen of Mr. J. McCabe, 'The Religion of Sir Oliver Lodge,' opens up again the interminable and profitless dispute of idealism *versus* materialism. To those who have travelled the fruitless rounds it is mind-wearying, but it suggests the query as to whether materialism and idealism are not two ways of looking at the same thing. The champions of both try to deduce the universe from the single principle, and are monistic in that sense, only the materialist employs matter and forces, while the idealist uses spirit and ideas. Spencer said the wrangle is a mere 'wrangle of words, each thinking he understands that which is impossible for any man to understand.' If we must choose, we find rest of mind in the underlying reality of spirit, for the materialist soon lands in the absurdity expressed by Feuerbach, 'We are what we eat.' Even Huxley in his later and wiser moments admitted 'Life is the cause, not the consequence of organization.' There you have it, but what is the use of it? Was not Comte right when making sociology the final and supreme science? Did he not rightly say that both materialism and spiritualism were alike obstacles to progress? Let us then apply the mind to the final science of humanism. This takes precedence, for it must be logically and scientifically supreme. The others are blind roads, but this is the true line of progress. To be allured from sociology by Lodge, Bergson, Eucken, or even McCabe, into the realms of metaphysics is putting the clock back."

Personals.

Mr. Charles A. Murdock, one of the pillars of our cause on the Pacific Coast, and editor as well as founder and publisher of the *Pacific Unitarian*, recently commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the Pilgrim Sunday-school attached to the First Unitarian Church in San Francisco. He has thought it best to withdraw from its superintendency, which h has held for most of that time. This anniversary was made the occasion of a delightful celebration in the parish house, a surprise to the central figure n it, who had to listen to laudatory speeches, the performance of one of his own playlets, and to accept a gift of money to be expended for a vacation. It was an expression of gratitude and affection on the part of his old-time pupils and friends which any man might have cherished. Mr. Murdock has just returned from a happy vacation visit to the Hawaiian Islands, in company with his daughter. In good health, actively employed in the printing business he has so long conducted in San Francisco, a valuable member of the City Council and of many charitable and literary associations, the genial editor of a singularly bright and readable denominational journal, surrounded by children and grandchildren and hosts of friends, Mr. Murdock has had a singularly happy and useful career, and is entering upon its sunset hour with undimmed serenity and faith. His colleague in Unitarian and public service in San Francisco, Hon. Horace Davis, son of ex-Governor John Davis of Massachusetts, and nephew of the historian George Bancroft, himself an ex-United States Congressman and ex-president of the University of California, has reached the age of eighty-three, but is as vigorous and firm as ever. He keeps up his business and public engagements; every day he lunches at the University Club; never misses his monthly attendance on the Chit-Chat (literary) Club; and delights especially to gather a few friends around his table to dine with him, to show them the Shakespearean and other treasures of his library, and discuss with them literary or other topics. Mr. Davis has been unceasing in his attendance at the Unitarian church on Sunday, for sixty or more years has been connected with its Sunday-school as teacher of its adult class (a service he still renders), and has been one of the founders and munificent patrons of the Unitarian Theological School at Berkeley. His late wife was the daughter of Rev. Thomas Starr King. With such laymen to sustain it, it is no wonder that our church in that city is prosperous.

Rev. Arthur H. Sargent, who has been conducting a mission in North Bend, Ore., for several months, will leave that field about the first of September, with a view to settling in one of the departments east of the Rocky Mountains.

Brotherhood.

In an interview in the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell describes this incident of Fredericksburg:—

"One of my brother-chaplains in the brigade was a Catholic priest, a fine fellow, Father Joseph O'Hegan. We were great friends, and once, when we had leave of absence together, he visited with me at my father's home in Southington. I remember the night of the battle of Fredericksburg. We had been active for hours, and at midnight both of us simply had to have sleep. We went off to one side of the camp and lay down under the blue skies. Each had a blanket. After a while he called to me and asked if I was asleep.

"'No,' I answered; 'it's so cold I can't get to sleep.'

"'Neither can I,' said he. 'Lets's club our blankets,' and we did, lying side by side with the two blankets instead of one apiece. Suddenly I felt him shaking, and asked what was the matter.

"'I'm laughing at this scene.' I couldn't see anything in the scene to laugh at, for there were hundreds of dead and wounded soldiers within an acre of ground.

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'I'm laughing at this scene—me a Jesuit priest and you a Puritan parson snuggled up here side by side, under the same blankets,' he replied, and a moment later he looked up at the sky and said, in a low voice, 'But I shouldn't wonder if the angels rather like to look at it.'"

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.

The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.

Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.

Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.

President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.

Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.

Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.

Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.

Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."

Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.

The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.

Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.

President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.

Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.

General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.

Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."

Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.

President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.

Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Hersey, Montreal, Can.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Field Secretary, Samuel B. Noble, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."

President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.

Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.

Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 1039 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Pleasantries.

"My oldest son," said Mrs. Twickembury, "speaks several languages quite flippantly."

Examiner: "Now speak up, boy. Do you know what nasal organ means?" Boy: "No, sir." Examiner: "Correct!"—*London Opinion.*

A library subscriber was uncertain as to whether the book she wanted was "The Stickit Minister," by Crocket, or "The Crockett Minister," by Stickitt.

Cholly: "When I was a boy, you know, the doctor said if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes I would become feeble-minded." Miss Keen: "Well, why didn't you stop?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"I've got a cold or something in my 'ead," said a soft-spoken "chappie" at the seashore. And the summer girl answered, "Oh, it must be a cold, I'm sure!"—*New York Tribune.*

Talker: "I was but a little lad when I started in business." Walker: "That's been the foundation of many a business man's success." Talker: "What has?" Walker: "A little ad."

A small girl interested in snakes and eager to know what John Burroughs thought of them wrote to the famous naturalist, and showed herself more considerate than many of his correspondents by concluding her letter as follows: "Inclosed you will find a stamp, for I know it must be fearfully expensive and inconvenient to be a celebrity."

Judge Wilson of Ohio was noted for his wit. One evening several prominent lawyers assembled in his office. One said: "Judge, I have made a comfortable fortune at the bar; and now I think of retiring and devoting the remainder of my years to the study of those things that I have neglected. What would you advise me to begin on?" "Law," promptly replied the judge.

The Circumspect Grasshopper.

These lines were inspired by the host of these acrobatic gentry on the way to the little stone church at the Isles of Shoals:—

If I were a hopper residing in the grass,
I'd hop aside politely to let a lady pass.
I'd never, *never*, NEVER hop upon her skirt or hose;
Such conduct is unseemly, as everybody knows.

But if she tried to catch me and stick me with a pin,
I'd certainly retaliate,—in that there'd be no sin,—
I would, I'd be so awful mad I'd jump right down her back,
And there I'd scratch and tickle, despite each angry whack;

I'd scratch and kick and tickle until she gasped for breath,
And if she would not then behave, I'd tickle her to death.
Now this may be a happy way to leave this world of pain,
But when I tickle folks like that I'm apt to leave a stain.

If I were a hopper residing in the grass,
I'd hop aside politely to let a lady pass.
'Tis said that e'en a worm will turn, I think no doubt 'tis true,—
The point I wish to make is this, a hopper will turn too.

Edwin J. Lewis.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors. Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free. C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "[illegible]" [illegible] DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 367 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Educational.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.

PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

Training School for the Liberal Ministry
INCLUDING SPECIAL COURSES to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday-school Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements, and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. LIBERAL SCHOLARSHIP PROVISIONS, including
TWO SUMMER SESSIONS AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY
Travelling Fellowship yielding $810. Apply to F. C. SOUTHWORTH, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 35 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Library of Divinity

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 817
The Basis of Christianity 818
If Isaiah came to Europe 819

CURRENT TOPICS 820

BREVITIES 821

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Obstacles Not Removed 821
The Greatest Kindness in the World 822

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Unitarian Name, by Charles G. Ames, D.D.; Reduction of Armaments, by A. Irvine Innes 823
The World's Need of Statesmen, by J. T. Sunderland . 824
The Responsibility of the Day; August, 1914, by Augusta Larned 825
Our Grounds of Hope, by Charles E. St. John 826
Congregationalism, by Prof. C. M. Clark 828
The Heritage and Destiny of Three New England Denominations, by William H. Sayward; Prayer . . 829
A Florida Letter, by E. P. Powell 830
The Conference of Liberal Churchmen, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 834
The International Peace Conference; The Collapse of Militarism 835
The Unitarian Sunday School Institute at Oxford . . 836
The Red Cross Appeal; Rest by the Way; That they All may be One 837
Books Wanted 838
The Party, by Mary Milton 839

SPIRITUAL LIFE 824

LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines 831

THE HOME.
Harold's Squirrel, by L. H.; Keeping his Promise . . . 832
What Frightened Dorothy's Chickens; The Spider in the Helmet; A Spoonful of Sunshine 833

POETRY.
Gifts 823
When I Remember 830
After the Shower, by Blanche Ingersoll Chapin 832
The Comfort of the Stars 834

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 838

HERE AND THERE 839

PLEASANTRIES 840

Editorial.

THE editors of the *Christian Register* have individually and collectively been criticised for not adopting what is described as an aggressive policy in its treatment of orthodoxy. It is a fact deplored by some now for nearly a hundred years, that no editor of our paper has felt called upon to engage in a crusade against the absurdities of the popular belief. In the early days of the Unitarian church in Buffalo, there were gathered in some frontiers-men whose pioneer work had been of the rough-and-tumble order. At one time Dr. Parkman of Boston, a Unitarian gentleman of the old school, went out to supply the pulpit for a few weeks. The good doctor was somewhat puzzled by a demand made on him by one of the pioneers, who said, "What we need in Buffalo is some of the ra'al old sarcastic preaching." We have had some great-hearted men in our ministry, who have come to us from churches of other denominations and have wrought valiantly for the building up of character and the increase of righteousness in the community. One marked characteristic of them all has been their abstinence from denunciation of the churches from which they migrated on their way to the promised land. Let us mention Collyer and Ames among the dead, Calthrop and Sullivan among the living. The present writer has known scores of ministers whose chief stock in trade was denunciation of orthodoxy, Catholic or Protestant. One by one they have passed away, leaving a record writ in water. Occasionally a successful minister has allowed himself to fall into a bitter mood and to denounce orthodoxy in an aggressive manner, but without adding to his own success or serviceability.

IT is difficult to see how the Czar can fulfil the promises which, it is reported, are in his name made to the Jews of the various Russian provinces. Nowhere on the face of the earth does the Christian religion play such a brutal part in the case of the Jews as it does in Russia. Poland was the home of many Jews when Russia laid its heavy hand on the state and absorbed this great Hebrew population. The Russian Church has no sympathy with any other form of Christianity, and the bigoted heads of the church are more powerful in Russia than even the Czar upon the throne. He seems to be a mighty ruler over a gigantic nation. He probably has less freedom of initiative and less power to fulfil any promises he makes than the President of the United States has always had. We

Digitized by Google

in America have become so accustomed to the presence of our Hebrew neighbors, in many cases our Hebrew friends, that we have lost the consciousness of that invincible barrier which once separated the Jew and the Christian. "The Christ-killing Jew" was an object of scorn so that it is not long since that even the boys in the streets applied to them epithets of opprobrium and did not hesitate to assault them in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus. The hatred of the Jew and efforts to limit his activity decrease just in proportion to the distance from the Russian frontier to the Atlantic Ocean. Even in Rome a Jew has been elected to the mayoralty, which in London would not be a novelty.

One ray of light breaks through the darkness which envelops the nations of Europe. Poland, so long a bone of contention among the nations and an irritant for the three powers that have divided it among themselves, now seems to have a chance to reassert itself. For a hundred years, since the fall of Kosciusko, Poles have cherished their national hopes and ideals, in spite of a constantly increasing pressure from the northern rulers on either side of them. The Poles, being Catholics, have not found the rule of Austria so burdensome as that of the other powers, but still Poles have their traditions, their heroes, their romantic hopes which now seem to have been cherished not in vain. It would be a partial compensation for the war clouds that now sweep over the land if, when peace is proclaimed, Poland should emerge from the strife united, autonomous, and free to speak its own language and cherish its own literary and national ideals.

One cause for congratulation as we contemplate the onset of the great powers, and the Czar, the Kaiser, and the King-emperor, who are brought under the electric light, is that there is no ground for any criticism of these men in their private and domestic capacities. They are all relatives of Queen Victoria, and they all have exemplified in their lives something of the puritanism which is sometimes scornfully characterized as "mid-Victorian." George and William are first cousins, and Nicholas is the nephew of the queen-mother, Alexandra. King George has had a wide experience as a sailor, and, although he has not escaped calumny, his record has been cleared of anything that would give color to the charge of immorality. The Kaiser at the head of his large family is a stern disciplinarian, and he and they are models of the deportment which befits domestic and public life. Nicholas, less fortunate than his royal relatives, suffers from attacks of melancholia, his wife is a nervous invalid, and the heir to the throne lacks the virility which once characterized men in the Romanoff line. The moral atmosphere of the European courts is rapidly clearing itself since the death of the late king of Belgium and the purification of some of the minor Italian courts, like, for instance, that of Naples under King Bomba.

From the point of view of Upton Sinclair there is no excuse or apology for the state of things in the coal fields of Colorado. From the point of view of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., there is no ground whatever for the contention of Sinclair and his fellow-sympathizers. We have been studying the various reports that come from the seat of war in Colorado. We have found our sympathies swinging to the side of the miners and their families, and then going over to the side of the citizens of Colorado, who were helpless in the presence of a war that threatened all their social and political interests and the good name of the State; and between these two we have tried to put ourselves in the place of the operators. The result of all this withholding of judgment and guarding against excessive sympathy for one side or the other has been the coming out of a clear conviction that the whole story has not been wholly and fairly told, and that nobody east of the Mississippi River can be an infallible judge of the merits of the case. One thing seems to be established as a matter of fact. The coal miners are, almost to a man, immigrants from the southeast of Europe, who do not speak the English language, and have no knowledge of our social and political institutions. Furthermore, it appears to be a fact that the strike was organized not by these miners, but by men who do not work in the mines but make it a business to organize the workers and to cause strikes when, in their opinion, the interests of the labor unions make it necessary. We stand by the poor man every time, and recognize the fact that now, as of old, "on the side of the oppressors there was power." But we have learned enough to justify, we think, a suspension of the verdict on the part of our readers in the East until they can master all the facts and decide for themselves what they would do if they were in the place of the operators and the disinterested citizens of Colorado outside the mines.

The Basis of Christianity.

It was stated not long since in our editorial columns that orthodox Christianity in America was dead, although it still had the semblance of life. This statement evoked sharp criticism and denial. It would be idle to repeat the original statement, because, although it is a commonplace of thought in all the higher ranges of orthodoxy, it is not susceptible of proof to a Unitarian missionary whose attention is fixed only on the survivals of orthodoxy that confront him. We go, therefore, to unmistakable authority as vested in the World Missionary Conference which met in Edinburgh four years ago. Prof. Mackintosh of Yale University, in a series of articles in *The American Journal of Theology*, is condensing the testimony of intelligent missionaries and other experts. He ends his first paragraph with these words: "The world situation is such, however, that the older Christianity, borne down by its traditional *impedimenta*, no longer has even a fighting chance."

This is not a vague general statement. The writer goes on to criticise in detail "the irrational and unscientific element so intricately involved in the Christian message, as it is commonly presented by the missionary." As authority for his statements he takes the testimony of the more intelligent missionaries, one of whom reports that among educated Japanese "the impression prevails that the missionary is behind the times with his reading and studies, and that the Christianity which he preaches is no longer believed in the West." He does not limit his discussion to generalities, but in specific terms indicates the difficulties which attend missionary work, and the way in which relief is to be had. For instance, he says that Goldwin Smith once described the Old Testament as a millstone around the neck of Christianity, but now he says, "Thanks to the higher criticism, this is no longer the case." He says it has been "frankly reported by leading missionaries in large numbers" that "it is not the Old Testament that is the millstone about the neck of Christianity, but the old supernaturalism, the old evangelicalism, and the old orthodoxy."

Such miracles as the story of the feeding of the five thousand and the cursing of the barren fig-tree are to be explained away. The old doctrine of the vicarious atonement must be laid aside, and, instead of insisting, as some

Digitized by Google

belated missionary boards do, that candidates for missionary work must accept the doctrine of vicarious punishment, he would recommend that they reject as "*disqualified* for missionary service" any who, because of lack of intellect and moral sensibility, can see no reason for revising the doctrine. But much deeper than this go the objections of intelligent missionaries. Speaking in behalf of those who object to old-fashioned orthodoxy, but with all due reverence and appreciation of the unique function and value of the Christ, he says, "We would unhesitatingly pronounce it intellectually and religiously absurd that the historic person, Jesus, who worshipped and recognized his dependence upon the one and only true God, was, or is, himself God." He says that the doctrine of the Trinity was an ingenious makeshift, "historically serviceable," but now a hindrance to the advance of Christianity in the Far East.

Prof. Mackintosh bases his statements and arguments on the reports of John R. Mott, "that well-known statesman-general of militant Christianity the world over, indorsed by his nineteen distinguished fellow-commissioners." Interpreting their message in general, he declares that the same causes that have alienated multitudes from the older Christianity are active among non-Christian peoples, and says: "China and Japan, with their hunger and thirst after the results and method of modern science, will never be converted to the older Christian supernaturalism. India, with her genius for rational speculation, will never be converted to the older Christian evangelicalism. The followers of Mohammed, with their zeal for monotheistic faith, will never, as a body, nor even in considerable numbers, be converted to the older Christian orthodoxy. Nor is it rational to work for such conversions."

All over the world new problems are rising up to confront the intellect of what we call civilization, and the awful wars now in progress will increase the number of these problems, and will leave all the continents of the eastern hemisphere in a state of unstable equilibrium. Even those nations that keep outside of the war zone will find their multitudes restless and eager for change. Even China, waking up from her long sleep, will join India and Japan in the expression of new aspirations. The old religions are shaken to their foundations, and on these foundations must arise new superstructures of theology, philosophy, morality, and religion. American missionaries, who have heretofore found themselves confronted by static conditions and venerable systems of philosophy, will now find themselves in the presence of nationalities, races, tribes, and religious systems that are in motion. To meet the new demands of the awakened nations, missionaries will need to be alert, well-instructed, and at least as well versed in the science and philosophy of the Western world as are the native scholars of the Far East.

Happily for the future of Christian missions in the Far East, there are missionaries in the field, and executive officers in America to handle them, who are moved by the enthusiasm for humanity and are capable of meeting so-called heathen men of ability and fine character on the ground of their common humanity. The writer, for instance, heard Rev. Arthur J. Brown, a Presbyterian official of high rank, speak of a journey in the Far East. In substance, he said that in all his travels at home and abroad the three men who had given him the highest idea of human greatness were the king of Siam, who was not a Christian, an East Indian who was a Christian, and Yuan Shi Kai, since then made president of China. He laid down, as fundamental principles upon which missionary work should be based, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Something like this must be the simple creed of those who are to approach open-minded men in all nations in the attempt to bring them into a republic of humanity, which must be established before we proceed to the federation of the world.

Great movements are on foot; the stars in their courses are fighting for human liberty; and, although under the serene heavens satanic forces are engaged in the work of destruction, the real things will abide, and they who are brave enough to trust themselves to the things not seen, but eternal, which are wrought into the warp and woof of the fabric of human life, will see their work survive. The indestructible temple of gold, silver, and precious stones is surrounded by the hovels built of wood, hay, and stubble, but the fire shall try the work of every man and nation, "of what sort it is," and the right sort will endure.

If Isaiah came to Europe.

Isaiah's exalted vision of universal peace, when "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow into it," implies that the great seer of Israel beheld that beatific time to be not so far away. Not many generations were to pass away before the nations of the earth were to come up to the mountain of the Lord, learn of his ways, and walk in his paths. Then they "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Were Isaiah to appear in Europe at the present time, what surprises would jar his hopeful soul and sadly convince him that the prophet is a "forthteller," and not a "foreteller"! What shocks would his faith in a speedy universal peace experience if he could know that, after the flight of more than twenty-five centuries from the time he beheld his glorious vision, the nations have advanced the methods of warfare into an "exact science," are still learning war to an extent which his own generation never dreamed of, and that one modern machine gun can hurl more men to death in one hour than could the weapons of all Israel and Moab in a month of constant warfare. Arise, Isaiah! and we will show you that in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fourteen more than two hundred million souls are aflame with the passions of vengeance and war, the ploughshares and pruning-hooks are beaten into rifles and bayonets, the schools and cathedrals are converted into barracks, the arteries of peaceful trade and commerce are cut and bleeding, and converging streams of mothers' tears are flowing from the steppes of Russia to the mountains of Wales!

The present condition of Europe and the interests and purposes of its open and secret "alliances" force upon the mind the questions, "Has Christianity really had a profound influence on the course of human evolution? Has the command of Jesus, 'Love your enemies,' had any different effect upon his followers than the command of Mohammed, 'Allabo Akber! arise ye, the swift and the slow of you, and fight in the way of God!' had upon his followers?" Two thousand years this side of Calvary we are still taught by eminent educators, jurists, and theologians that "war is the best cure for war," and that "heavy armaments are the best guarantee of peace." The love of Christ does not seem strong enough in the hearts of the rulers of the nations to "constrain," and the pious designation "the Prince of Peace" appears in the "understandings" and "ententes" of Christian nations to be utterly irrelevant. And it is indeed of painful significance that Austria, the loyal daughter of

Digitized by Google

the Roman Catholic Church, and Germany, the mother of the Protestant Reformation, should be the two nations which are directly responsible for the present and unprecedented European upheaval. What trifling effect, if any, have the "real presence," the "confessional," and the "solemn high mass" of Catholicism, and the "immediacy of God in Christ," "salvation by faith," and "the individual and his conscience" of Protestantism, had upon those soldier-ridden nations? Would not an alien to our faith, judging it by its fruits in the lives of our Christian nations, and noting our cruel sectarian quarrels, be justified in saying to us, "Friends, I can't see that you have a religion worth quarrelling about."

Of course, Christianity cannot be pronounced a failure, while in reality "it never has been tried." Whenever it has conflicted with racial instincts and national prejudices in the counsels of peoples, the gospel of Christ has been assigned a subordinate place. The "Fatherland" has been generally believed to comprise all the Father's land, and national geography has been taught by far more faithfully and devoutly than the gospel of human brotherhood. Racial instincts antedate by untold millenniums the universal elements in any religion, and the roots of selfishness and the lust for power and dominion still pump an abundant supply of life from the brackish subsoil of the primitive human.

Yet, whether it is true or not that Christianity has not as yet affected profoundly the course of human evolution, it is no doubt true that the upward curves of this evolution point in the direction of the sunny heights which the gospel of Christ reveals. Through afflictions, pains, and sorrows, as well as by the revelations of modern science and philosophy, the peoples of the world (the opinions of a noted Harvard professor to the contrary notwithstanding) are beginning to see that so long as the ideas of Slav and Teuton, Latin and Saxon, Asiatic and European, are allowed to nourish the lower passion of men, so long will the achievements of peace remain at the mercy of the sword. If the testimony of the whole history of our race is of worth, then we must believe that war is not the best cure for war, nor heavy armaments a guarantee of peace. The safe guides of the nations are their prophets, and not their generals; and the eternal years of God are on the side of the colorless garb of the Nazarene, and not the flaming purple of a Cæsar.

"O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,

. . . . . .

We look to Thee: Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day."

A. M. R.

Current Topics.

A Plea from the President to citizens of the United States to refrain from taking sides in the world-wide verbal controversy which is an accompaniment of the war of the nations, attracted international attention on August 18. Mr. Wilson wrote in part: "The effect of the war upon the United States will depend upon what American citizens say and do. Every man who really loves America will act and speak in the true spirit of neutrality and fairness and friendliness to all concerned. The spirit of the nation in this critical matter will be determined largely by what individuals and society and those gathered in public meetings do and say, upon what newspapers and magazines contain, upon what our ministers utter in their pulpits and men proclaim as their opinions on the streets. . . . I venture, therefore, my fellow-countrymen, to speak a solemn word of warning to you against that deepest, most subtle, most essential breach of neutrality which may spring out of partisanship, out of passionately taking sides."

The termination o the Mexican crisis, so far as the United States was concerned, and the probable restoration of complete peace in Mexico were practically assured on Thursday of last week, when Venustiano Carranza, supreme chief of the Constitutionalist armies, made his triumphal entry into the Mexican capital. The transferrence of power to Carranza by Carbajal, the provisional president after the resignation of Huerta, was carried out in accordance with the agreement reached at the peace conference at Niagara Falls for the solution of the Mexican problem. The Constitutionalist forces were welcomed in the City of Mexico with a demonstration of enthusiasm which at least indicated the ardent desire of the population for the resumption of peaceful pursuits. Although Villa, the great military leader of the revolution, shows a disposition to hold himself aloof from the new administration, it is hoped in the Mexican capital that a way will be found to meet his demands and to avert another outbreak of disorder after the long convulsion through which the country has passed.

The intervention of Japan in the war of the nations became a fact last Sunday, when the German government had failed to reply to the Japanese ultimatum demanding the immediate surrender of Kiao-Chou to the Japanese and the withdrawal of the German forces, naval and military, from Far Eastern waters. The imperial rescript declaring war upon Germany was issued at Tokio promptly upon the expiration of the period designated in the ultimatum sent to Berlin a week ago. This document points out that the operations against the Germans are undertaken "for the protection of the general interests contemplated in the agreement of alliance" with Great Britain. The land and sea forces of Japan are ordered, therefore, to "attain the national aim by all means within the limits of the law of nations." Military preparations had been carried on energetically in Tokio pending the consideration of the ultimatum, and an immediate attack upon Germany by a new and formidable enemy, in her distant possession in the Far East, was expected at the beginning of the week.

The activities of the Japanese government against Germany attracted active interest at Washington, where the treaty guaranteeing the integrity of China had its inception when John Hay was Secretary of State. The United States was assured, at the beginning of the Japanese aggression against Germany, that Japan had no purposes of conquest in its contemplated action against a great European power, but that the intention of the Mikado's government was eventually to restore Kiao-Chou to its original owner, China. To this arrangement the Chinese foreign office did not assent with enthusiasm, and suggested that Kiao-Chou be surrendered to the United States instead of to Japan, and that the United States then restore the territory to Chinese sovereignty. Although the state department did not welcome this suggestion from Pekin, it nevertheless presented at Tokio its understanding that Japan has no territorial ambitions in the present operations; that Kiao-Chou will be restored to China, and that the operations will not be carried beyond Kiao-Chou without consultation with the United States.

Digitized by Google

The military operations between the dual alliance and the Triple Entente and its allies were continued with relentless energy on all sides last week. Despite the vigorous opposition offered by the Belgian army and its fortifications, the Germans made steady progress in the general direction of the French frontier, presumably defended by the French and British forces. The fall of Brussels last Friday was accompanied by the announcement, from Anglo-French sources, that the German commander had imposed a war contribution of $40,000,000 upon the surrendered Belgian capital. The Belgian army, at the beginning of the week, had concentrated upon Antwerp, which it apparently was prepared to defend to the last shot. On the other hand, German advance posts had already arrived before Antwerp, and the supposition was that the German plan of campaign contemplated the capture of Antwerp, to be used as the base of naval operations on a small scale, such as attacks by submarines, on shipping along the British coast. On the Alsatian front the French were apparently successful in retaking and holding Mülhausen, but Paris admitted the retreat of the French from Lorraine.

But the movements in Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine were already being overshadowed at the beginning of the week by the interest in the Russian advance into Austrian and Prussian territory. The Russian army had taken a long time to mobilize, but there was every reason to believe that this process was well on toward completion and that the long-expected offensive against the frontiers of the German race had begun in considerable force. If Russian sources of information are to be credited at their face value, the Russian advance into Austria and Eastern Prussia is a formidable undertaking, which might well cause anxiety in the war councils of the dual alliance. The preliminary victories of the Russian forces, under the personal command of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, seemed to foreshadow a difficult military problem for the Austrians, attacked upon two fronts, and the Germans, operating along a line four or five hundred miles in extent. The information came from Berlin, however, that the Russian operations were well in hand at that stage.

Brevities.

In September the centenary of the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is to be celebrated. How many can recite it correctly? American patriots are not, as a rule, good memorizers of their own national songs.

The disorganizing and destructive power of fright is a fact well known to the medical profession and to all observers of mental phenomena. To be afraid is to open the doors wide for the incoming of the feared and dreaded enemy. "Do not fear" is half the battle of life.

The Nippur Babylonian tablets owned by the University of Pennsylvania have been translated by Prof. Stephen Langdon of London. These tablets give pre-Semitic accounts of the fall of man and the deluge. The latter, he says, is clearly the original of the story preserved in the book of Genesis.

In this busy life how numerous are the things which tend to distract us! There is the roar of the street, the ring of the telephone, the rattle of the typewriters, the fire alarms, bands of music, men waiting for an interview, the plan for the day's work and its interruptions, anxiety for certain results,—how all these things pound upon the mental consciousness and demand attention, and yet we must shut them out and learn to concentrate our thoughts on the one thing we are engaged in doing.

It is stated that every ten minutes a $5,000 home, or $5,000 worth of home property, is destroyed by fire in the United States. Ninety per cent. of these fires are discovered in their incipiency or in the first vital five minutes, but, owing to the absence of extinguishers, or ignorance of how to use them, they become destructive of great property values.

Discontent on the part of employees is one of the causes which keeps them and their employers distant in sympathy and mutual interest. To meet this obstacle to full and hearty co-operation a complaint committee, to whom all dissatisfied laborers could go and get a hearing, has been found efficient. A discontented employee is a poor and disagreeable workman.

A Michigan correspondent of *The Independent* writes: "The rural church is dying out, nor do I look for any improvement. In Illinois alone 1,700 churches are without pastors, 800 in Kansas. Within eight miles from where I write are ten churches without pastors, and there is no effort to obtain them; only four make any attempt to maintain an occasional religious service." These are hard and significant facts.

Letters to the Editor.

Obstacles Not Removed.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

It will be difficult for many of us to disagree with Mr. Bennett's letter in the *Register* of August 6, in spite of "G. B.'s" explanation. Missionary tours among new churches give the visitor very little understanding of conditions. I have spent fourteen years "west of the Hudson," and two-thirds of it in the West, and am by no means ready to take the optimistic views of liberalism entertained by "C. G." In fact, I am ready to declare that the East itself, and Massachusetts in particular, has not reached that state of mind where "obstacles are removed."

The statement that "total depravity, eternal punishment, vicarious atonement, and the teaching that certain beliefs are essential to salvation have passed out of the consciousness of the younger generation because they have been put aside by the elders," is a view more promising than is justified by facts. The following is taken from teachings used in Massachusetts within a few minutes' walk of two Unitarian churches, and which is forced on a body of young people numbering about three thousand, and is the text of practically all the sermons and lectures given in that "liberal" centre:—

"Should you die unsaved, all your sins will be brought to your memory at the Great White Throne. You will then be in the presence of the righteous judge. The books will be opened and your life works exposed by Him who cannot lie, and as you hear your sentence you will be speechless as the words shall fall upon your ear, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels,' and then your doom will be fixed forever. How terrible the thought to be damned for all eternity! No chance of any change in that dark damned abode of the lost. No peace, no rest, no hope, no water to cool your tongue. The flame connot be quenched. No matter how vile or helpless or sinful you may be, God loves you and wants your soul saved from eternal fire."

Digitized by Google

This does not sound very "liberal," and yet it is taught daily in Massachusetts, in a place where Unitarianism has held forth for years, and where the minister says to-day, "This is a hotbed of orthodoxy here, but they do not fight us, but ignore us."

In the church calendar of the largest orthodox church of its denomination in the entire Southwest is an editorial:—

"With its perversions of Scripture, and its wilful misreading of facts in the life of Jesus, modern Unitarianism is an insult to Christian history, a travesty on Bible truth, and a farce as a saving force in the world of sin. Unitarianism deliberately, calculatingly, with brutal design, brands Jesus Christ as the most stupendous fraud that ever trod this planet. No sort of juggling with Scripture or logic can save Unitarianism from the supreme contradiction and damning heresy. No one can read the New Testament with his heart open toward God, and his mind open toward truth, and come to the Unitarian's conclusion that our Great Redeemer was a moral monster. If he was not what he claimed to be, He was nothing less than a monster. Let Unitarianism square itself with this Scripture, 'Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?'"

It is doubtful if "G. B," regardless of age, found in Chicago or on any of his journeys the bigotry and narrowness that the average missionary worker of the church finds to-day. Personally, I have had ministers wait on the editor of the daily paper and protest in the name of the churches against the Unitarian sermon being published with theirs. In many places, experienced by many of us, every artful device is resorted to to hurt the Unitarian minister and his influence. I have been attacked within a few months by methods dishonorable and unfair by men who stand in the largest churches. A minister advertised that he would answer forever the Unitarian position. That night, as he did so, his senior deacon sat in the pew of my Unitarian church, declared that he too was liberal, did not stand for the narrow doctrines his pastor taught. Many such men are among us calling themselves "liberal" when it would be more sensible if they called themselves "hypocrites." A leading evangelical minister declared, "I am a Unitarian." He does not leave his church because, he says, "There is no chance for a Unitarian minister."

Many of the oldtime obstacles have been removed, no doubt, and it is safe to say there are "a million" honest believers in the United States. No one doubts that such a number exists, but many of us do doubt seriously the general impression of the editorial in question and agree with Mr. Bennett most decidedly. If I believed the obstacles were removed, I would retire, instead of living in isolation as I have to, never seeing a Unitarian minister, and for nine years with only three exceptions never attending a Unitarian gathering.

To-day the Unitarian missionary needs the blood and grit of a Servetus, and the courage of Parker and Emerson. It is fight to-day with many of us, but the battle *is not in the open*, which makes matters worse. We are not publicly burned any more, merely frozen; but we have not lost hope. The conditions to-day in new centres are a mighty challenge for consecration and devotion, and I dare say no denomination has a mightier and more unselfish body of workers than the Unitarian church has in its missionaries scattered in isolated centres throughout our country. Their battles are severe and trying, and the visitor from headquarters, coming to our fields for a few days, gets no idea of the tasks and difficulties involved in a continuous life at the front. One reason why Mr. Bennett's article demands great consideration, even though he is young, is because he for years has been on the firing line at the front, not as a visitor, but as a permanent soldier, and one year's experience as such is better than ten years' of visiting.

But, as I said before, the hottest type of conservatism I have observed during the past few months is right in the old Bay State.

Clarence J. Harris.

Oklahoma City.

[Nevertheless and notwithstanding, something has happened in the orthodox denominations, and they are finding it out, even if we are not. See editorial on this subject. —Editor.]

The Greatest Kindness in the World.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I read with deep interest the editorial in the *Register* of July 23, on the theme "The Greatest Kindness in the World." Its salient ideas, put in clear and eloquent phrase, have given an intense delight and illumination to a large number. Dr. Dole wrote me that the idea of it appealed to him most powerfully, and this is praise from one who has himself written wisely and tenderly on the same great theme.

It is self-evident that our bodies must have their daily food; therefore we must sow and plant. Our bodies should be strong and beautiful; therefore we must have exercise and labor. Our minds grow only with use; therefore we must study. Truth comes not of itself; even the multiplication table must be mastered. Our hearts and souls come to their perfect flower in the service of those about us. Goodness is for so many an earned increment. In this sense hardship, difficulty, will always stand; life is a ceaseless experimenting and struggle.

But God did not excogitate these conditions, any more than he did the multiplication table, or Time and Space,—they are natural phenomena.

Now here is where, to be true to myself, I must dissent from the main idea of this editorial. It implies that where life is meanest, hardest, poorest, there are the noblest, strongest, bravest natures. But I maintain that as a rule in these conditions the meanest, the basest, the weakest, and the most timid men and women are found. Do not good food, good clothes, good houses, good fathers and mothers (the Susanna Wesleys), give us the good children?

Then it should be our object to make life free, sane, kind, and beautiful! It may be, as the editorial says, that a certain amount of hardship, discipline, severity, is "the inevitable condition of all progress," but not inequality, injustice, ugliness, and poverty; and the problem of evil stands just where it did before.

Young men and women go wrong because they do not know. Read that strong and brilliant writer, Thomas Hardy. Read "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Poor Tess lost her innocency not for reasons in herself, but because of the hard conditions in which she was placed.

Those who can make an end to things, those who reach out for the great truths, must teach, teach, teach. Let all who have strength and vision preach, not the gospel of severity, but the gospel of beauty, because beauty in the form of poetry, music, painting, and the drama, whose wonderful resources, now so "wantonly squandered," as G. Louis Dickinson truthfully says, shall become the most potent force in the regeneration of mankind.

The greatest kindness in the world is, to me, the possibility of the free spirit, of intellectual emancipation to that man who can, unfettered, throw the golden chain of his thought around the farthest star.

James G. Townsend.

Digitized by Google

Gifts.

"O World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street
His priests were gods; his spice-balmed kings, enshrined,
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed channels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day, and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep

"O World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine-race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"O World-God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride,
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed code;
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"O Godhead, give me Truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted. He became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged, with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him; and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth, and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour:
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

—*Emma Lazarus.*

The Unitarian Name.

BY CHARLES G. AMES, D.D.

I cannot say that I ever took the Unitarian name, rather it took me. It has been said, "There is something fatal about a name; other people give it to you always in infancy, sometimes afterward, whether you will or no." As days and years went on, I found myself working in happy harmony with this body of ministers and churches; I found myself gradually welcomed, and I found that outsiders rated me by the company I was keeping; and best of all, I found among Unitarians those three great blessings which I had coveted,—freedom, fellowship, and opportunity.

What did the name matter? It seemed honorable to wear it along with such men and women as had belonged to this communion. I sympathized with Channing, who cared little for denominationalism, but rejoiced to be called a Unitarian when for truth's sake it became a term of reproach. It was a name of very broad interpretation as a symbol of the unity of God and man and of the unity of all forms of truth and good; or, as Dr. Bellows expressed it, of the "unitary sweep of all things human into relation with all things divine." Why might we not rally round the flag of an unsectarian sect? If some Unitarians were narrow, illiberal, and bigoted, it might be due to temperament and personal limitation. They certainly failed to comprehend the spirit and principles of their own movement. In general, I saw with great satisfaction that the Unitarian people were working and worshipping together without cramping or crowding each other; that every one, minister or layman, was left perfectly free to form and re-form his doctrines and guide his life without any required subscription or ecclesiastical pressure, without calling any man master, yet with the large help of individual counsel and a large share of spiritual comradeship.

So when I found that the label "Unitarian" had somehow become attached to me, I no longer tried to get rid of it, though I never felt that it covered me all over, nor that I was shut up in or bound by it. My allegiance was not due to the name or the sect, but to the divine Cause and Kingdom.

If you define "Unitarian" narrowly so as to include one theological doctrine, namely, the belief that God is one person and not three, the term properly describes a part of my faith. My little finger is Unitarian, perhaps, and it works in harmony with my whole hand and arm and body, but it is not the whole of me.

But if Unitarianism be defined very broadly, so as to cover the whole circle of religious thought and life in its freest and best aspects—if it is made to mean our oneness with God, nature, humanity, and heaven, then it becomes identical with Christianity as the universal religion which continually gathers into itself all light and love and life, and leads us along the broad highways of sonship, service, and progress. But then Unitarianism ceases to be distinctive; it merges itself in the sweep of all things human, into relation with all things divine to which every living church contributes. Exactly! I became reconciled to the Unitarian movement because it seemed to permit and favor this high inclusive and truly catholic tendency. For I desired to learn and teach the religion of reality and to cherish its very terms with all possible amplitude and richness of meaning.

Thus I got launched among Unitarians by reason of their good will, their freedom, and my small share in work which they approved. My return to the West had given me a fair chance to try and test my new tools and my new interpretation of religion. The three years at Bloomington, though shadowed by a vast bereavement, were years of growing illumination, self-possession, and heart-content; and I think they bore good fruit in the improved life of men, women, and children, though one can never speak of such work without a fresh feeling of its poorness, of difficulty, and smallness of result.

Reduction of Armaments.

BY A. IRVINE INNES.

Grimmest irony seems to mark the course of events when at this time there comes before us the final programme of the Twenty-first Universal Peace Congress, to be held in Vienna from September 15 to 19. This peace organization dates the attainment of its "majority" in the midst of a war that affects all the continents of the earth. The very name of the projected gathering appears to be derided by the shouts of the battling nations. Among the subjects set down for discussion are several that have vanished from the vision of the practical world since the moment the Austrians fired the first shot at Belgrade. One of the topics is "The Reduction of Armaments." That is a form of words that we heard in a past which has all at once become remote. "The economic reactions of armaments upon commerce and industry,"—that also had been brought to the attention of many of us in the "piping times of peace"—the times of the piping hot manufacture of armaments on the occult theory of preserving peace by preparing for war. Among the marks of honor arranged for the members of the Congress were a reception by the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and a gala perform-

Digitized by Google

ance at the opera. It would be interesting now to hear Count Berchtold speak on international peace and show how earnestly he endeavored to maintain it by means of his ultimatum to Servia. That performance would surpass anything operatic.

But is the cause of world peace dead? This war may seem to have killed it. Yet it is perfectly possible that the war is killing war. Hitherto the term "war against war" has been used metaphorically. We may see it gain expression in actuality, and move on to victory, not through the purpose of the belligerents, but greatly to their astonishment. Having long denied, with apparent sincerity, that their weapons of war were made for war, they are proving now the folly of their denial. In the torrid political atmosphere the heavily loaded guns have "gone off." They are being used for shooting, which happens to be really what they were made for; and the infatuated fighters see nothing to do but continue reloading and firing as long as the ammunition lasts and the guns hold together and there are men to handle them. But that cannot be long. The waste of life and of all the means of living is proceeding so fast that the shadow of coming famine may be seen approaching devastated cities and desert fields.

Human destinies are moulded in mysterious ways, and to-day we see that the great armaments of great nations are being reduced more effectually by the fiercest demonstrations of enmity than they might have been by any friendly agreement. As the war goes on the horrible slaughter will more and more decrease the contending forces, and the last reserves will finally be exhausted. Each army will be but a skeleton of what it was. The powerful artillery will be disabled. Battleships will be sunk to the bottom of the sea or battered into rubbish for the junk-pile. Exhaustion will be king over the poor remains of men and horses, forts and ships, homes and families, industry and commerce, and all the treasure that was gathered in the years of peace. Watch how the armaments go. The process is that of reduction by destruction. It is not the process we should have preferred, but possibly through its operation the armies and navies may be limited to the dimensions and elevated to the character of a peaceful world's international police.

Spiritual Life.

The old hope rises . . . that this sorrow, which at this hour seems more than I can bear, may dwell with me always as greatness from which my life may take its tone. *Ellen Watson.*

God grant that you may so conquer your temptations by the power of God that they may not leave you as you were, but fill you with the consciousness of God, with the consciousness of yourself, and with deep sympathy with your brothers.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Moral energy grows with the obstacles against which it is measured; and the putting forth of moral energy as the purpose of our lives is the highest exemplification of humanity. When we put forth the highest moral energy, then we touch the stars of life.—*Felix Adler.*

It is the pure in heart who see God and his will most clearly. Trifle with the adjustments of a field-glass and the picture becomes blurred, and just so far as we trifle with the spiritual laws of life, just so far as we live lives of self-indulgence, our eyes become so blinded that we can no longer see clearly where to put our faith when the storms come. The greatest faith is always found with the highest living.—*Minot Osgood Simons.*

It is a grand thing to find joy in one's work. If you have found that, you have found the heart of life. Glad service is better than great service, unless that be glad, too.—*James Buckham.*

The World's Need of Statesmen.

BY J. T. SUNDERLAND.

If during the past thirty years Germany had been guided in her national development by an intelligent statesmanship of peace instead of by the ambitions of a war lord and his military companions, in other words, if she had been wise enough to spend the enormous amount of money which she has worse than wasted on her army and navy in improving the condition of her people and in educating them not only in science and the arts, but also in ethics, good citizenship, and the principles of peace and good will to all nations, how different would have been her case to-day! Instead of being confronted by a world in arms, with hardly a friend among the nations, feared by all and hated by many, she would not have had an enemy in the world, and therefore she would have been the safest nation in the world. No one would have dared to attack her; no one would have wished to attack her. More than that, she would have been at the head of the world, the most prosperous, respected, honored, admired, and influential nation on the earth—the pattern which every other nation would have desired to follow, and which, sooner or later, every one would have been compelled to follow or else be left hopelessly behind as regards prosperity, wealth, and civilization, as well as safety. The productivity of her agriculture would have been greatly increased, and her manufactures and commerce would have been doubled, because the capital, skill, and human effort which now through her military ambition she has wasted would have been available for agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial use. Her wealth would have been enormously augmented. Long before now her people, who are among the most gifted in the world, would have so far outdistanced in scientific knowledge, training, and skill all army and navy burdened peoples that all those nations would have been compelled to send to her for teachers and experts. Not least in significance, she would have been able to forge ahead, far beyond all her burdened and crippled neighbors, in literature and all the fine arts.

In one direction the German Kaiser has shown considerable wisdom. Everybody gladly confesses that to a commendable degree he has fostered intellectual education and scientific and industrial development, and thus has carried Germany ahead far on that road. But what has this availed? For, unfortunately, he has offset, and much more than offset, it all by his blind militarism. The wealth which Germany has created by virtue of her education and science has been swallowed up in battleships and armies, instruments of pure destruction. Thus he has limited the educational advance of Germany to one-half of what it might have been, largely thrown away the results of what advance has been made, and crushed almost to death the common people with burdens; at the same time, he has made half the world Germany's enemy, when the opposite policy would have made all the world her friend. He has educated for war instead of peace, and so he has got war instead of peace.

The Kaiser has thought his policy one of statesman-

Digitized by Google

ship. There was no statesmanship in it. He and the men who have agreed with him have simply been obsessed and blinded by the ideals of a barbarous past, —a past so ignorant as to believe that civilization can rest on a foundation of bayonets, hate, and national enmity.

What Germany needs, and what the whole world needs, above everything else, is real statesmanship; that is, statesmanship enlightened enough to understand that hate—alike individual hate and national hate—is weakness, always was and always will be; that enmity never yet gave anything good to the world, and never can; that not the clenched fist of war and of preparation for war, but only the open hand of industrial peace and international good will is strong enough to lay enduring foundations for any state. May Heaven have mercy on Germany and all the rest of our war-cursed earth, and give us for the guidance of the world's national and international affairs no longer rulers obsessed by the outgrown ideals of our ignorant and savage past, but enlightened statesmen, abreast of the knowledge and ideals of the twentieth century, statesmen wise enough to understand that the safety and prosperity of nations lies not in educating for war, but in educating for peace!

The Responsibility of the Day.

There rests upon the Unitarian ministry and laity of this generation a large responsibility. We have inherited a great faith, and a certain material equipment for the spread of that faith. We are the administrators of a large trust. It is pertinent to ask what we are doing with it. It is no exaggeration to say that our fathers shed their blood to establish this gospel, which is now being generally adopted by other churches. They are adopting it because of its merits, because they see its truth, and realize its value as a workable faith.

Assuming that the battle of our forefathers is practically won, we are face to face with the question, What are we going to do with the victory? This is a question which is actually at the present time being forced to a crisis in our denomination, nor can it be long before the issue will be drawn and a line-up on the grounds of conscience, service, and efficiency will be made. It is not a time for timid and time-serving thinking; we must face this big responsibility, and face it soon. No sentimental dilly-dallying will do; we must think and act in the heroic spirit of our fathers. For if any church has a work to do, ours certainly has; if any church has reason for growing, ours can and should grow—strong, healthy, and active.

It is inevitable that those who work in great centres should realize the need for social reform, for the sweating wage and unequal conditions of labor are only too apparent Supposing, however, that these social wrongs were righted, would that as if by a magic wand put the whole world right? Would the world be right because every one earned and received a decent wage and lived in a decent house? We know men living in mansions who are immoral and unhappy; we know men living a clean and happy life, brightly and dutifully for God and humanity, in the slums. Experience has shown that to change an individual's environment is not necessarily to change his character.

The message of religion to men to-day is to remember that they are not merely of the earth, earthy; it calls upon men and women to bear witness that God is in the world. Let the man of business be reminded that he is the servant of God, and called to be just in all his dealings; let the workman think not merely of his wages, but also of those opportunities and privileges for spiritual and intellectual culture which now more than ever before lie within his reach. To many a poor woman made desolate by the death of her husband, slaving day and night, week in and week out, to keep herself and her children, the thought that God is near and knows all is ever a message of encouragement and cheer. What is needed to-day is more time to think. In the rush with railways, motor cars, the telegraph, the telephone, and the aëroplane, thinking has become a lost art. There is now no time for thought. Yet there never was an age when we required more time to think, as a nation and as individual Christian men and women.—*Christian Life.*

August, 1914.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

When Cromwell, as a young man, walked in his garden, thinking on the fate of England, he saw spots of blood on the leaves of his hedge-rows. To-day in vision we too may see tokens of the carnage going on overseas. Standing on some high point overlooking the Atlantic, we may, with an ear attentive to the suggestions of the wind and the breaking waves, seem to hear the thunder of cannon, the hiss of mighty projectiles, of a great sea-fight.

Never has the summer, the great holiday-time, been more rudely interrupted by a conflict so universal among forces so mighty. What were other wars, even the greatest, in comparison with this? How came it all about? we ask in despair of ever knowing the truth of the upheaval so appallingly sudden and unexpected. A few weeks ago the world seemed profoundly peaceful, and now nearly all Europe is in arms.

How tranquil the sky looked the day before it was sprung upon us, how golden the sunlight, how good and fructifying was the mild summer rain!—nature going on in her gentle, orderly course without a hint of world-wide disaster, not a token that this August would prove exceptional, standing out lurid and red against the background of years.

How tranquilly the nights folded down over the earth, with white stars blossoming, and the moon gleaming on still waters, the crystalline clear sky, the fleece of clouds in the west, the reaped fields lying as if asleep under the last golden suffusion from the sunset! Reflections built like magic cities in quiet streams! The mountains folded blue on blue, purple on purple, enclosed in great barriers of forest dense in foliage, and wide-spread branches untorn by tempests, unrusted by frost and decay!

It is all as perfect now as then, but the poetry and the peace have departed. Sadly they went away in the course of a few hours, when the musketry and artillery began to play on the fields of Belgium, and we know not when they will return. We wonder that nature is so unfeeling, that all the earth is steeped in a dream of golden peace when, humanly speaking, the sunset should wear the color of blood, black trailing clouds like mourning vestments should cover the heavens, and the winds breathe out a funereal dirge.

But, though the sun still continues to shine and waters refuse to clothe themselves in ashen gray, still everything is changed. The birds are silent, not because of wars or rumors of wars, but because it is their time to refrain from song. Crickets chirp slowly in the grass, and keep company with the stars and the owls at night, and the katydid punctuates the darkness with its friendly little note. Nature can transfer to human thought and feeling its own moods. We say the morning laughs, the landscape smiles. But there is a reflex action by which the

Digitized by Google

human mood is thrown back upon all we see. Music turns to a dead march, and the world even on bright days seems hung with crape, and the most beautiful scene is tinged with sadness.

Yes, there are days even here, three thousand miles away from the seat of the great conflict, when one dead seems laid at every door. Everything is blurred and confused before its immensity. For, wherever we begin the day, we soon come round to the helpless feeling of astonishment that such a thing could have been sprung upon us just when the trumpets and sackbuts and hautboys of the world's peacemakers were acclaiming the beating of swords into pruning-hooks, and the lying down of the lion with the lamb.

Who could have imagined a month ago, when thousands upon thousands of our country-people were wandering about Europe, enjoying all the lovely sights of that storied world, its art, its palaces, churches, and noble cities, that in a short time cannon would be beating down some of those grand monuments, and the holiday-makers fleeing toward home as from the wrath to come? We can but think that this month will be known in time to come as one of the most tragic in history.

Wherever you go on the street, in the train, in the shop, there is the rustle of newspapers eagerly turned, the low, earnest tones of people, talking of only one thing, the world war,—the wonder and horror of it, that has upset all preconceived ideas, and is too great a thing for the ordinary mind to grasp at once. All other interests have suddenly sunk like a stone into a bottomless sea. Can the world ever be the same again after months or years of locked and interlocked struggle, the deadly grip of the most advanced nations of the earth? What does civilization mean when in a few days these highly polished countries can become as dangerous to foreign exiles and sojourners as once the North American forests were, filled with savage red men on the warpath?

It is impossible to-day not to lose faith in man's progress, and the toning down and humanizing of his savage instincts. Is he not still much the same hunter and slayer of his brother that he was in the fifteenth or any previous century?

The folly and wickedness of this war is like a nightmare intensified by the fact that the combatants are each and all calling upon the Almighty to show himself favorable to their side. Were it not better to leave God out of the question, when such invocations seem blasphemous? The wide-spread misery, the anguish, tears, and blood seem to overspread the world. Te Deums sung in the churches, Dead Marches played in the streets, the blare of trumpets proclaiming victory, cannot cover the solemn undertone of grief and despair that rises from the hearts of the lowly and obscure, the victims of the carnage.

Then turn to the field hospitals and the shattered towns and burning villages filled with dead and dying men, who know not why they were forced to fight, and render up their lives, not for any grand, just, and righteous cause for which men die gladly, but for greed, and ambition, and jealousy, and hatred. So sadness, dread, and fear at the sudden reversal and wiping away of all common interests fill the world. Suddenly joy and innocent gladness seem to have withered. The poetry of life has fled. What place for the Muses, and Apollo and his lyre, when millions of men are struggling together in the game of war, on a scale so gigantic that no war in the past surpassed it in extent, or in the issues that hang on its results?

A little more than one hundred and one years ago the earth of that old Flemish land shook under the tread of great armies, and the rumble of artillery. History may repeat herself, only on a vaster scale. Who that has visited the battle-field of Waterloo has failed to note its points of view where the eye sweeps over the whole tragic scene, dotted with monuments to the dead, erected by the allied nations and even by France?

The wheat was ripe and standing thick in the fields on that bodeful 18th of June, 1815. It has doubtless all been reaped by this time. When I saw it, the roads to Charleroi and Paris stretched peacefully through the unfenced plain, and over the rolling land, as if dreaming in their loneliness of all quiet rural scenes. No voice from the turf arose from the dead where so many thousands lay buried, as in Rostand's vivid play of "L'Aiglon" where the mournful sound comes up so solemnly from the field of Wagram. There is nothing to speak of war except the monuments until you come to the terrible old ruin of Hougomont where all the wounds and scars upon the buildings, and upon the very earth itself, are ineffaceable. The avenue of trees, the old orchard where thousands fell amid the apple-trees, the pierced wall, the well filled with the dead, the old chapel broken and defaced, where only a half-ruined head of Christ still looks out with unutterable pathos from the mutilated wall. How terrible to imagine another and a far greater conflict on that haunted ground! That scene of history that once insured a space of peaceful life to Europe may again become the arbiter of its fate.

What is to come after this tragic August? Who can answer the question? If the great war changes the map of Europe, may it not also change men's tempers and feelings by the monstrous sacrifices it exacts, until war will become abhorrent and impossible for all time to come? And, meantime, the days pass glowing, silent, filled with massive verdure kept fresh and shining by the great summer rains,—marshalling still and perfect nights as the earth wheels and great constellations sink to the western sea. The hills grow small and gray as the mist draws its mantle around their shoulders, while the waters reflect the young moon in their mirror.

Our Grounds of Hope.

BY REV. CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

The Unitarian church aims to be a leader and sharer in the best life of the world. We shall be leaders if we are strong. We shall join in all good things if we have a mighty hope. Strength and hopefulness are indissolubly linked together. Neither can be held in full nobleness without the other. In the realms of art it is the man of trusting, upward-looking soul, the man who looks out into the brightness of a new life for mankind, who builds the noble cathedral, paints the inspired canvas, and makes marble throb with life. In the political life of the world all the best work is done by men who have the hopeful spirit, the fire of earnest leadership in their natures. In all places the men of high hope are the men of toil. They march in every perilous campaign. They fight at every post of uncertainty. Where difficulties accumulate and uncertainties increase, there crowd in the men of joyous heart. Let others do the easy work: they who trust the future will undertake what is arduous, will face the discouragements, will lead every forlorn hope in the day of battle for human rights or the redemption of souls from their sin; and, what is more instructive, they will *succeed*. The proof of this can be seen in the pulpits of every sect. The ministers who lack hopefulness, who have no deep confidence in their own strength, no firm belief in the cause they seem to serve, do always minister to decreasing congregations; while the preachers

Digitized by Google

of valiant hope always obtain some fine success, in spite of whatever defects they may be hampered by.

Hopelessness is the more fatal in the pulpit for the reason that hope grows, naturally and necessarily, from all pure religion. The hopeless preacher has not a deep religion. The hopeless church has no excuse for existence. Especially in the Unitarian cause is any despair fatal; for, God be thanked, our church stands in the very front of the ranks of hope.

Let us consider briefly our grounds of hope. No church has a clearer outline to its thought, none a body of truth more available for the uplifting of man, none a brighter outlook into things not yet achieved. That brave outlook is justified by our twofold faith,—our faith in man, and our faith in God. We have unbounded confidence in human nature. There are in human life many weaknesses, many sins that shame us, many sorrows that terrify us. Innumerable souls do evil wilfully, and every soul blunders more or less in the search for good. Nevertheless, every mind that observes life with the full wisdom of our Unitarian faith can see that the great movements of human souls are forward ones, and that the actual strength of humanity is goodness and noble purpose. The simple Christian teaching that the way to reclaim a fallen soul is not to threaten, but to love him, rested in the mind of Jesus upon confidence in human nature; and our Unitarian religious work all rests still upon the same faith in man. We build our churches, organize our works, preach our gospel without fear, because we know there lies about us a nobly receptive world of growing human souls. Whatever seed we sow will assuredly take root, so rich is the soil we work upon. This is our faith in man. All the studies of the scholars, all the toilings of the philanthropists, all the passionate struggles of the impatient among us, do but serve to enlarge the scope of this faith. The challenges and questionings that may destroy a childish faith make ours to glow with a whiter heat. We know that man has an eternal life in him, deathless capacities for good; and we shall go on through storm and sunshine with our words and deeds of love to man. No man can enter into the full spirit of our glorious church until he has a glad conviction that life is an inestimable blessing, and that life has its root and its growth in goodness.

The other part of our twofold faith and most important ground of hope is faith in God. With all our heart and mind and strength and soul we believe in the good God. We know that love and righteous power reach their perfection in him. God is the guarantee, then, that love and goodness have no end; that truth, once seen, is never lost. Moreover, God is our guarantee of eternal life for all human souls. Believing as we do in human nature, we see there a vast deal that is too good to perish, and many undeveloped merits that strenuously foretell a future limitless career. But the sins and the slowness of advance perplex us, and over the gap of death we cannot see. Very essential to Unitarian hopefulness, then, is our mighty reliance upon God. Our knowledge of the Almighty bridges that gap of death, and steadies our judgment in the presence of all the evils of this life. Whatsoever is good the good God preserves. Whatsoever is a mystery in the toiling way of man can await its explanation till we are lifted up to read the record of the whole divine sweep of the creative thought of God. All things, all events, all sorrows, are links in something God has breathed growth into. A baby does not understand the polysyllables I use. The ills and delays of human and physical life are the long words of God.

Now trust in man involves royal confidence in yourself; and we believe in ourselves as having a great work to do, and as possessing powers that enable us at least to give our lives in the attempt to carry it out. When a man who has this fine self-reliance goes to work with a jubilant conviction that God is with him, that he can work with God, then good *must* come to pass. There is nothing that can check the rush of such a Christlike life as that. See, then, what fine grounds of hope we have in ourselves. We have mental training, often of a high degree; we have moral faculties, some of them glorious in their strength, all of them capable of ceaseless growth; and we have time and opportunity for exerting all our inner forces. Our scope of action is fairly bewildering in its calls upon us. Our time is simply endless. Therefore, both our faculties and our opportunities ought to give us an ever-increasing hope. What good thing we do not accomplish to-day we may do to-morrow. Missed to-morrow, it shall yield to us in the days beyond. The deeds to which our valor aspires shall be made real in good time. This no Unitarian can doubt. We cannot foretell the time or place of their achievement. We do not know how rapidly the kingdom of heaven is going to deepen around us. But we do know the trend of man's advance; we know the blessed outcome of all brave endeavor. So, through all paths of hardship, delay, suffering, and darkness, our steady hope leads us on. Upon our power to quicken the things that are slow, upon our immortality, upon the ultimate victory of all good, we rely in serenest assurance. Such is our faith in man and in God. In all the range of human thought these are the broadest, bravest, truest thoughts I ever yet have met.

It is the noble privilege of our church to bring this matchless faith to bear upon the struggling world for its enlightenment and its peace. In a street-car the other day I saw a woman's face that has haunted me ever since,—so despairing, so forlorn, so bitter with the sense of wrong, so weary and scornful with having endured the repeated insults of evil-minded men, so utterly sad it was. I thought then, and I firmly believe, that the one thing that hard-pressed young woman needed more than all else—even more than true friends and happiness—was a sense of God, and a knowledge of the possibilities of her life, strong enough to lift her into the spirit of hope. Hope would be her salvation. She needed exactly what a church like ours is intended to bring to such as she. In every city and village of our land there are uncounted people like her, who, for one reason or another, need to hear and trust our ringing words of unquenchable hope. So let us take a firmer hold upon our ideals, and believe more hopefully than ever in their saving power.

When we want to touch the nerves of life, there is no other human power equal to the power of religion, which gives us the Eternal for the guarantee of our assertions and our work. Were our Unitarian theology to be proven false; our Biblical scholarship, our theories of church government, our ideas concerning worship, our scientific theories, our systems of social order, all to be swept away in the advance of knowledge,—we should still have left the power of our religion—our faith in man and in God, our unconquerable hope.

So God be praised for our hope, and God help us to keep on the alert. The bare hint that there may have to be changes in our theology, our science, our social organism, is enough to show us that our work as a Unitarian church is merely begun. There is glorious work before us. Our opportunities are broader and clearer now than ever. We can point to city after city and soul upon soul where our gospel alone will come in as a word of God.

Let us be faithful, then. Let us trust our hope. Let us rejoice in the indescribable magnitude of the work demanded of us, and let us thank God for our commissions as champions of hope for mankind. For our high

Digitized by Google

beliefs, for our noble opportunities, for our generous hopes, let us thank Him who has bestowed these blessed things upon us.

The key-note of all our prayers and the tender accompaniment of all our efforts should be the happy feeling of gratitude to Almighty God. For one, I thank God for the problems that tax my understanding, and for the thorny ways of life that force me to be wise. I thank God that for all the best things of my life I have had to struggle with all my might. I thank God that it is never easy to accomplish excellent things, and that, on the other hand, no strenuous moral endeavor ever fails to bless the soul that makes it. I thank God that life is exactly what it is,—an advance wherein men are planting most noble moral strength upon a past of most perplexing failures and mishaps, and also developing beautiful serenity and wisdom by their bold watching for openings of duty into the dark cloud of the future. I thank God for this helpful toil of the ages. I thank him for the discipline of our waiting for light. I thank him that we cannot see into the future. Yet our most heroic joy is in facing this non-committal future of ours. All that is strong, valiant, and true within our natures points exultantly out to the unknown days that we are to know only one by one. Our bravest hopes rise to face the grimmest uncertainties. Over every other thanksgiving rises the full tone of our gratitude for the deeds of honor and of brotherhood we shall do out there in the darkness. For my hopes, then,—for the sublime hopes of the Unitarian cause,—more than for anything else, I give praise to Almighty God.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Congregationalism.*

BY PROF. C. M. CLARK.

For some years now there has been much discussion in the church historical circles of Germany over the continuity of German Protestantism. How much of the Old Protestantism of Luther and the Epigones of the Reformation is now left in the New Protestantism arisen since the days of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution? The advocates of the New assure us that even Luther was more mediæval than modern. The protagonists for the Old assert that Luther was a modern in principle and tendency; that, despite his confessedly many points of contact with mediæval religion, with him begins the modern age of the church. Probably the latter are nearer right than the former. At any rate the burden of proof is on the supporters of the New Protestantism, whose assertions are contrary to the general consensus of opinion (in the case of not only ecclesiastical, but secular historians as well).

In regard to our own body there can scarcely be a doubt that, as regards the fundamentals, there has been a continuity to our Protestantism down to a generation ago. It was substantially the faith of the Pilgrims that was reconfessed about Plymouth Rock in 1865. Except for a single, and that not a major, point, the same may be said in respect of the Creed of 1883. But, suppose we ascend, instead of descend, from the period of the Reformation, over the pathway of religious belief, just as in the case of Luther, so in the case of our forefathers, the fundamentals of their faith can be traced back of the Reformation, back of the Middle Ages, to the great formative period of Christian doctrine. Our thesis will stand that the fathers left us the heritage of the Catholic faith of the church intact, complete. Of course, there has been a "collapse of Calvinism," but only as for Protestants there had been a collapse of Thomist speculation, or of much of Augustinianism, and of many another fine-spun and well-wrought system of doctrine. These systems "have had their day, have had their day and ceased to be," but through and in them all have been preserved the great fundamentals, not only of Christian faith, but of Christian doctrine, down to within a generation at least. No student of the history of doctrine, whatever his own views now may be, but must confess that throughout the whole course there is more of likeness than of unlikeness, more of unity than of diversity. Irenæus, Origen, Augustine, Bernard, Thomas, Luther, Calvin, Edwards, Bushnell, could all unite in their profound conviction of the great fundamentals of the Catholic faith.

What of to-day and to-morrow in our Congregational faith? The great mass of Congregationalists to-day are in the line of continuity. It may be because this is not a time pre-eminently marked for profound theological thought (we have among us to-day no great theologians) that the most of our people are simply holding fast to the heritage of the fathers; but no candid observer of Congregationalists, east and west, of not the clergy only, but of the laity (and we must remember our fundamental democracy), but must confess that they are holding fast to their Catholic heritage. And to-morrow? Well, the average student of history, whatever his personal convictions, is inclined to conservatism in his judgments. The student of history knows only too well how what seem at the time great sweeping divergences prove only swiftly moving eddies, while the great central stream flows on in magnificent continuity with the past.

There is a final item in this summary of the main points of our Congregational heritage to which I would direct your attention. It is a matter so subtle that one scarcely knows how to term it,—our spirit, our mood, our temper, our temperament. It may be called tolerance, or breadth, or catholicity, or comprehensiveness.

The fathers were accused of intolerance toward Roger Williams and the early Baptists, and yet within less than two generations they were helping ordain and welcome a Baptist minister in Boston. They have it thrown up to them that they were not very tender with Quakers, but the Quakers of Massachusetts Bay Colony were not the mild-mannered, sane-tempered Friends of our day. They had a little brush with witches, but that episode was but a bagatelle compared with the wholesale executions of the motherland, of Scotland, and especially of the Continent. Within the time of the men who visited the death penalty, the entire colony had done public penance. A century ago we were just entering on the most prolonged, vigorous, and bitter contest we ever waged with antagonists, but it was not fifty years before the two churches, once forming a single church, were living in peace, if not in unity of conviction.

"We are not sectarian nor exclusive. We dwell more upon the points on which we agree than upon the points on which we differ. . . . We have no quarrels with anybody. Claiming the right to worship God in our own way, and to do our work as seemeth to us best, we give to every body of Christians the rights we claim for ourselves. . . .

"We deny to no man the freedom with which Christ has set us free. . . . While we do not believe in the uniformity of the church, we do believe most heartily in its unity, and our constant aim is to keep 'the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' With all true Christians everywhere we join with Christ in his high-priestly prayer that all his followers may be one. We believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of the saints." (C. E. Jefferson, "Congregationalism.")

*These paragraphs are taken from the leading address given on Interdenominational Day of the New England Congregational Congress, Isles of Shoals, Aug. 9, 1914.

Digitized by Google

Stress may be laid upon the distinction drawn in this quotation between uniformity and unity. There have been great efforts made in recent years for union with Free Baptists, with Christians, with Methodist Protestants, with United Brethren. It is doubtful whether very soon again there will be any like attempts. The work done at Kansas City last fall in reorganizing our body, in compacting its members, in giving it a centre and a circumference, in establishing a denominational consciousness, if continued and increased, has perhaps postponed to a far, indefinite future any likelihood that we shall attempt to make union out of unity. There can never be uniformity. There may perhaps be union. There must be the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

Bangor Theological School.

The Heritage and Destiny of Three New England Denominations.*

BY WILLIAM H. SAYWARD.

"Now Isaac dwelt in the valley of Gerar. And he waxed great and grew more and more, till the Philistines envied him. . . . And he digged wells as his father Abraham did. . . . Now it came to pass when Isaac's servants had digged in the valley, and found there a well of springing water, that the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, This water is ours. So Isaac called the name of that well Esek, which by interpretation is Contention: because there they contended with him. Therefore is it called to this day, the Well of Contention. And they digged another well, and they strove for that also: wherefore he called the name of it Sitnah, which by interpretation is Enmity, and so is it called to this day. And Isaac removed from thence and digged another well: and for that they strove not. And he called the name of that well Rehoboth, which by interpretation is A Broad Place. For, said Isaac, the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land."

There are inheritances that we do not value, inheritances that seem evil and which we would gladly escape if we could, but the inheritance comprehended in our topic cannot be of that type. It must be in the nature of wealth of some kind, and of a kind we consider valuable.

The word "wealth" is built upon the old Saxon word "wela" or "well," and signifies a condition where there is abundance of that which makes for welfare.

Heritages that we value are of that nature, and instrumentalities that bring us such heritages are entitled to our gratitude.

I am expected perhaps to record the heritage which the Unitarian denomination has received from the fathers of that faith, but in the first place I am not sufficiently informed to offer an inventory of the achievements of that denomination, and secondly it seems to me more appropriate to speak of the wonderful heritage that has come to all three of these New England denominations out of the mighty past, and to indicate how the divinity which shapes our ends, in spite of our clumsy hewing, has been using us all with purpose so large and comprehensive, that our microscopic differentiations have faded already into insignificance, and will eventually merge us in one great movement, with one common aim, one purpose, one destiny!

Out of the wonderful past, then, we see emerging a heritage which excites the three great forces by which we live,—our admiration, our hope, our love.

Our admiration is excited because we see that this heritage has been gained by a struggle toward perfection, and that its value depends upon its use.

Our hope is excited because we wish to share in this heritage which offers such splendid opportunity to add our service to that of the earnest souls in all ages in that upward movement which began in the clod and is to end in the stars.

Our reverent love is excited because we begin at last to comprehend that we are all absolutely needed, that complete perfection cannot in any event be attained without our contribution.

Admiration, hope, and love lead us up to heights where we can clearly see the route the pioneers of our faith have followed and we can understand what it cost them to gain these things of value which are now passed on to us. The leaf out of Jewish tradition which I have taken as my text suggests the character of the heritage that comes down to us from these pioneers. Isaac sought for water in the narrow valley, but the Philistines took the wells from him, and it was not till Isaac dug a well away from the valleys and in a broad place that he was safe, and grew and prospered. So our pioneers sought for the eternal springs in many a narrow and restricted place, but were compelled to push away from these limitations out from the shadow of the mountains of superstition, and they have urged their way until at last they have found all their divergent paths coming together in a Broad Place, and this Rehoboth which they have gained is the heritage they pass on to us.

This heritage is free from all encumbrance; it is not simply a collection of relics, neither is there any dead hand of vestments and candles and banners and incense and genuflections and whispered prayers imposed upon it. Thanks be to God, this heritage is religion, and not a system. System always indicates fixed boundaries. Religion cannot be bound! It must have broad spaces in which to stretch out its mighty arms to embrace all humanity and make it ever more and more divine.

This, then, is our heritage, a condition whose chief attribute is opportunity, and our destiny is outlined in our heritage. Our destiny is service, service with an unparalleled equipment and a range that reaches from centre to circumference, a service which finds equal significance in simple friendliness of heart to heart, or in wide magnificence of effort which blends Occident and Orient into complete harmony.

It is our happy destiny to pass this constantly broadening faith on and on, this faith which embraces all mankind as manifestation of that Wonder which in our highest range of thought we call God!

*Given on Interdenominational Day, New England Congregational Congress, April 9, 1914.

Prayer.

Thou who art the Providence of the World, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift: let thy blessing now rest upon us as a people. Enable every race which thou hast drawn hither by thy guiding spirit to dedicate its noblest gifts to the common good. Grant us wisdom to make the homes of our land abodes of comfort; grant us knowledge to lead all children in the right way. Inspire us with a new sense of sympathy for those who are in sorrow, need, or any other adversity, and for those who are worn with excessive toil. Hasten the day when the sense of kinship shall be firm and strong. Increase in us the manifold gifts of thy spirit, that through thy counsel and might we may do those works which glorify thee and gladden and uplift human lives. So, as co-workers with thee, shall we help to establish good-will upon the earth, and to bring thy kingdom to every heart. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

When I Remember.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout,
It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn,—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

—*Jean Ingelow*

A Florida Letter.

BY E. P. POWELL.

Florida has acquired unrivalled reputation for her almost frostless winters, and a climate perfumed with pine, oranges, and roses in midwinter. The State is made up, in fact, of two coasts, each one hundred miles in diameter, and all the way from Fernandina clear around to Pensacola fanned by the cooling winds of the Atlantic from the east and the Gulf of Mexico from the west. These play overhead every day in the year, and make a grand display of threatening clouds that equalize the atmosphere quite as much in June as in January. During the dry season, which is winter, there are very few showers, sometimes not nearly enough; yet the orange pickers go on with their work in January as comfortably as the apple-pickers in a New York orchard in October.

Our winter gardens are full of vegetables, from the cabbages of Christmas, and the lettuce and celery that soon follow, to the peas and corn of February, and the egg-plant of March. It is winter, to be sure, and fireplaces are not at all out of order during perhaps at least one hundred days. Deciduous leaves have fallen, and even the wild grasses have stopped growing; nor will they start again until some time in February. Yet there are loquats in January and mulberry-trees loaded in March. It is no wonder that tourists pour down upon us in an unending tide, and that the more fragile folk of the North consider Florida "a winter resort."

When I first came to Florida it was to avoid the grippe, which was undermining my life, and to escape zero weather, which at seventy I could no longer endure. In the course of two winters a vicious catarrh entirely vanished, while I had not even seen a flake of snow. Light frosts had, however, occasionally whitened the roofs, and once or twice had burned the cheeks of the roses. Just once the thermometer had dropped to twenty-seven above zero, and the weather was pronounced intolerable.

My purpose had been to become a peripatetic farmer, spending the colder months in Florida, but going North early enough in April to make garden and cultivate my orchards. It did not occur to me that a permanent home in Florida would be tolerable. Yet it was on my first visit that President Blackman of Rollins College said to me, "It will be a foolish thing to trail back and forth, for what you get done in the way of home-making while here will be mostly undone while you are gone." And Mrs. Blackman added, "I have been in Florida fifteen years, and all winter am longing for summer to come." Some one added, "Sunstroke is not known in Florida."

Ah, well! I heard what was said without comprehending it. It did not occur to me as possible that any one could spend the midsummer days here, with the thermometer at ninety or ninety five, sometimes over one hundred, by the week, and yet be comfortable. On the contrary, I tried the migratory system for four years, spending about half of the time in my Northern fruit orchards, and the other half under the pines in Florida. This worked very well at the Northern end, for soon after the first of November I could close out my apple crop, rent out my horse and cow for the winter, close up my house, save my coal bills, and get away before severest winter had closed in. I had already built a comfortable Southern house on Lake Lucy, which, with surrounding land, I personally owned; and, going back and forth by sea voyage, the annual episode was enlivening, to say the least

Only this, that vegetation develops so rapidly here in the South that I found my hands and saw were needed in my orchard every day in the year. In the North we put our tools away as winter comes on, and our cellars have in storage what here we leave on the trees or in the ground. Here in Florida we run our cultivators every day in the year, and the pruning-knife is just as busy in January as in June. Our sweet potatoes we do not dig until we need them for the table, and then one bushel at a time We pick our oranges from the first of November until the last of May; and there is some new sort of fruit ready for gathering and marketing each month of the twelve. I found this out during my four years of peripatetic life, and then I concluded to be a Floridian in fact.

I had also found that Florida is by no means the flat and marshy tract of land such as the tourist discovers when he comes to view tropic scenery; for, high and dry, up and down the centre of the State there is a splendid backbone of land running from Palatka down almost to Tampa. It lifts on its shoulders several counties, and is the heart of the orange-growing enterprise. It is not very high land, but much of it is nearly or quite two hundred feet above sea level, and most of it is covered with magnificent pine forests, the yellow pine of commerce. If we did not have the perfume of oranges and thousands of wild flowers, we should at least have the odor of pine balsam. This high pine land borders out irregularly everywhere into the low, rather marshy, and palm-growing coast reaches.

By the merest accident I had secured Lake Lucy and its surrounding bluffs and delightful slopes, with a broad and deep bay-head as part of my Florida homestead. This lake is half a mile in diameter, and stocked fairly well with fish. The early comers into the State, before the day of the great freeze, had cut clearings everywhere in the pine woods, planting orange groves and building cheap houses and plain school-houses. Roads compared fairly well with those in the North, only they consisted mainly of trails through the woods. Very few of them were flanked with fences, and stock laws were notably lacking. The lakes averaged fifteen feet in depth, filling every hollow, and many of them were linked together by what might be taken for brooks. If they were not well stocked with fish, the government assisted the owners, and supplied perch and bass. The razorback, or wild hog, was so abounding as to make a garden nearly impossible; and the wild cattle, which were fattened in summer on fresh grasses, in winter became so near starved as to be the most shameful property ever owned by man.

During my four years of experimental life these wild cattle were greatly on the decrease, and the razorback had nearly disappeared. Of the two classes of Northern visitors, that is, the tourists (or sight-seers) and the home-seekers, the latter was decidedly on the increase. It was plain enough that Florida was to be filled with a new sort of population. As a winter resort it certainly could never cease to be pre-eminent. There is glorious fishing everywhere, and all around the coast fringe one could enjoy sport of this sort as long as his funds held out. President Flagler had built a chain of superb hotels along the coast towns; but it was much better to know that in this peninsular State we could grow the very finest melons as well as oranges, and with our potatoes could reach the Northern markets without rivals. The more I studied Florida the more I gloried in it. It was the natural resort of those who could not any longer endure the climatic conditions of Massachusetts and Michigan.

But mark you, not only were we to escape grippe and sunstroke, but in the centre of the State, in our charming lake region and among the hills, we knew nothing of the malaria of the flat sections, and we had next to no mosquitoes. It took some time to really comprehend the State, and what it was good for. I built cottages and rented them for five or six winter months. Last spring a lady in Kansas wrote me: "Have you a cottage that you will rent me from the first of July until the first of September? My residence here is the hottest place in the United States. The thermometer averages between ninety and one hundred for weeks at a time. I have formed a curious conviction that Florida is the place for me to go during the summer. I have been into Wisconsin and into Maine, and have suffered from heat until I have formed a habit of staying at home. What have you to say of Florida's summer weather? Am I correct in believing that it is a good summer resort?"

Why not? I sat on my veranda yesterday with the thermometer at ninety-six, and was never more comfortable in my life. Of course we dress lightly here, and we form a habit of remaining under cover during the middle of the day. The nights are invariably cool, requiring extra covering toward morning. During the whole rainy season, that is, from the first of June, we have showers every day, with rare exceptions. But it is these delicious and aromatic winds that come through the pine woods, from the Atlantic Ocean on the one side, and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, that make the weather not only comfortable, but delicious. I have now spent my fifth summer here, and have no desire whatever to seek more comfortable midsummer quarters. My home in Central New York is still mine, and my love for the old Oriskany valley and those orchard-covered hills is unshaken; but I cannot find there or in Maine or Michigan such entire freedom from exhaustive heat as I find in Florida.

A change in the character of our visitors has been apparent for some years, but, for

Digitized by Google

the first time this summer, the passenger lists of steamers going north and of those going south during June have very nearly tallied. The Lenape, going north last week, carried but two more than the Apache brought southward to meet her in mid-ocean. This recalled the conductor's dictum when I was on my first trip to Florida. Looking at my ticket, he said, "Florida is played out. It could do nothing but grow oranges, and they are frozen. They will freeze again, and what will you do with your Southern Alaska? It is good for nothing else —not even clams." This extravagant description of the State had its apology at the time. To-day we find that Florida can not only safely plant citrus fruits of all sorts, but that it is the home of nearly all the fruits that we grow at the North, besides a long list imported from every quarter.

Religiously, Florida is also changing more rapidly than any other of the Southern States; that is, there is a great decrease of orthodox influence in social life. Last winter, Dr. Crooker, while visiting here, gave a sermon in our public hall; and he was met by a crowded house. The people were evidently just in a mood to accept a liberal talk, especially when graciously uttered. A prominent Baptist lady said, "I listened carefully and accept every word of the preacher, and if that is Unitarianism I am ready to endorse it." However, there are no indications of any organic movement favoring liberalism. What will go on, and is going on, will be an evolution inside the standard churches. There will be a steady movement away from preaching sect and creed, and a very strong tendency toward co-operative work for the common good. Only this, the people of Florida must be counted on as rapidly liberalizing in sentiment and visioning a broader kind of Christian work.

Literature.

America's Conquest of Europe. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1913. 60 cents.—At first thought, the two essays published under this title may seem quite out of date. We read (p. 11): "The days of Bismarck are almost as far away in the perspective of history as are those of his great prototype, the Hun, Attila." Or again (p. 62): "The war scares of Germany and England seem to the outside spectator the idlest of superstitions." "No civilized nation of to-day could afford to attack another, not only on account of the cost piled high upon its debts of the past, but rather on account of the shock to civilization." This was good sense till a few days ago; but now we see that Bismarck is not so very far away, and that all the bulwarks thus far builded against war are weaker than sand. And yet, on second thought, this is a very good time to read any of Mr. Jordan's books in which he has set forth the enormity and the stupidity of war. Each day's newspaper now adds point to all the accusations he has made against this madness to which nations are still subject. He may have erred in thinking that the date of earth's deliverance from it is close at hand, or in overlooking too much the change that has to be wrought in human nature before peace can be securely established. But in all that he tells us of the evils that follow in the train of war, and of what might be, would men put war forever behind them, he is not mistaken. His is altogether the rational view of human life, and the other view, that men must needs fight, is sheer insanity. The example that he holds up of Canada and the United States living side by side without any fortified border between them is most impressive. So all nations might live, and will live when their inhabitants become reasonable human beings. It is a good time to read such books and thus to fortify one's sense that war is nothing but a hideous nightmare from which our race must at last awake.

Socialism and Motherhood. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 60 cents.—The rising tide of socialism seems to many people to be a menace to our finest human institutions. To many people, also, it brings bewilderment, for they ask themselves what the conditions of individual life shall be in the socialistic state, if that state be ushered in. This confusion and apprehension arise largely because so many people identify the individual opinions of some socialists with the wide public movement toward socialism. Indeed, one of the best things which Mr. Spargo does in this timely volume is to show that socialism does not aim to abolish private property nor to establish communism, hence does not remove the foundations of the institution of the human family. He hopes for more wholesome conditions for motherhood through socialism.

Nature and Cognition of Space and Time. By Rev. Johnston Estep Walter. West Newton, Pa.: Johnston & Penney. Postpaid, $1.35.—The non-philosophical reader will doubtless be surprised, not with this answer to a problem, but that there is such a problem to answer. Events in time and objects in space are so characteristic of what the average mind deals with that few people uninstructed in philosophy know that the reality of space and time is questioned. Such a person, if he will carefully peruse this volume, will find it a wicket-gate into the field of philosophy. He will learn what it is to philosophically distrust one's senses, and will also learn upon what ground philosophic assertion rests.

Religio Doctoris. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net; postage, 10 cents.—The anonymous author is disclosed only as "a retired college president," but Dr. G. Stanley Hall writes the introduction. The book is dedicated to Dr. Charles W. Eliot. The book is a series of ethical and philosophical essays addressed to the every-day man. The author believes in "the sanity of the lay mind." He also believes that plain people are capable of straightforward and profound thinking. These essays are primarily not academic, but personal, for they were the outcome of the author's own personal faith, his human needs, and the answer to those needs. They are essentially wholesome and constructive.

Francis David. By William C. Gannett. London: The Lindsey Press, 5 Essex Street, Strand W. C.—We welcome every extension of Dr. Gannett's interesting study of the founder and martyr of Unitarianism in Hungary, written with vivid description and the author's well-known conscientious care for exact truthfulness. The account of the trial of David has probably never been printed in English before. Recent letters from Dr. Boros have made it possible to correct in this English edition several errors made in the study as originally printed.

Magazines.

There is great variety in the September *Century*, with no less than nine short stories, the scenes of which are laid in places as far apart as ancient Paris and modern Mexico. Hilaire Belloc starts a series of six flashlight scenes from the French Revolution, upon which he is an authority. Arnold Bennett and Albert Bigelow Paine continue their travel series "From the Log of the Velsa" and "The Car that went Abroad." William Winter gives the history of the various representations of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," and Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross writes on "The Hebrews of Eastern Europe in America." Arthur Christopher Benson and Robert Haven Schauffler furnish essays upon new artists, literature, and life in general. Judith Cladel gives more of Rodin's Notebook, with pictures from his sculpture, and James Oppenheim strikes a new note in American poetry with his "Songs for the New Age."

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 Park Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

When I Remember.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad.
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn, —but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

A Florida Letter.

BY E. P. POWELL.

Florida has acquired unrivalled reputation for her almost frostless winters, and a climate perfumed with pine, oranges, and roses in midwinter. The State is made up, in fact, of two coasts, each one hundred miles in diameter, and all the way from Fernandina clear around to Pensacola fanned by the cooling winds of the Atlantic from the east and the Gulf of Mexico from the west. These play overhead every day in the year, and make a grand display of threatening clouds that equalize the atmosphere quite as much in June as in January. During the dry season, which is winter, there are very few showers, sometimes not nearly enough; yet the orange pickers go on with their work in January as comfortably as the apple-pickers in a New York orchard in October.

Our winter gardens are full of vegetables, from the cabbages of Christmas, and the lettuce and celery that soon follow, to the peas and corn of February, and the egg-plant of March. It is winter, to be sure, and fireplaces are not at all out of order during perhaps at least one hundred days. Deciduous leaves have fallen, and even the wild grasses have stopped growing; nor will they start again until some time in February. Yet there are loquats in January and mulberry-trees loaded in March. It is no wonder that tourists pour down upon us in an unending tide, and that the more fragile folk of the North consider Florida "a winter resort."

When I first came to Florida it was to avoid the grippe, which was undermining my life, and to escape zero weather, which at seventy I could no longer endure. In the course of two winters a vicious catarrh entirely vanished, while I had not even seen a flake of snow. Light frosts had, however, occasionally whitened the roofs, and once or twice had burned the cheeks of the roses. Just once the thermometer had dropped to twenty-seven above zero, and the weather was pronounced intolerable.

My purpose had been to become a peripatetic farmer, spending the colder months in Florida, but going North early enough in April to make garden and cultivate my orchards. It did not occur to me that a permanent home in Florida would be tolerable. Yet it was on my first visit that President Blackman of Rollins College said to me, "It will be a foolish thing to trail back and forth, for what you get done in the way of home-making while here will be mostly undone while you are gone." And Mrs. Blackman added, "I have been in Florida fifteen years, and all winter am longing for summer to come." Some one added, "Sunstroke is not known in Florida."

Ah, well! I heard what was said without comprehending it. It did not occur to me as possible that any one could spend the midsummer days here, with the thermometer at ninety or ninety five, sometimes over one hundred, by the week, and yet be comfortable. On the contrary, I tried the migratory system for four years, spending about half of the time in my Northern fruit orchards, and the other half under the pines in Florida. This worked very well at the Northern end, for soon after the first of November I could close out my apple crop, rent out my horse and cow for the winter, close up my house, save my coal bills, and get away before severest winter had closed in. I had already built a comfortable Southern house on Lake Lucy, which, with surrounding land, I personally owned; and, going back and forth by sea voyage, the annual episode was enlivening, to say the least.

Only this, that vegetation develops so rapidly here in the South that I found my hands and saw were needed in my orchard every day in the year. In the North we put our tools away as winter comes on, and our cellars have in storage what here we leave on the trees or in the ground. Here in Florida we run our cultivators every day in the year, and the pruning-knife is just as busy in January as in June. Our sweet potatoes we do not dig until we need them for the table, and then one bushel at a time. We pick our oranges from the first of November until the last of May; and there is some new sort of fruit ready for gathering and marketing each month of the twelve. I found this out during my four years of peripatetic life, and then I concluded to be a Floridian in fact.

I had also found that Florida is by no means the flat and marshy tract of land such as the tourist discovers when he comes to view tropic scenery; for, high and dry, up and down the centre of the State there is a splendid backbone of land running from Palatka down almost to Tampa. It lifts on its shoulders several counties, and is the heart of the orange-growing enterprise. It is not very high land, but much of it is nearly or quite two hundred feet above sea level, and most of it is covered with magnificent pine forests, the yellow pine of commerce. If we did not have the perfume of oranges and thousands of wild flowers, we should at least have the odor of pine balsam. This high pine land borders out irregularly everywhere into the low, rather marshy, and palm-growing coast reaches.

By the merest accident I had secured Lake Lucy and its surrounding bluffs and delightful slopes, with a broad and deep bay-head as part of my Florida homestead. This lake is half a mile in diameter, and stocked fairly well with fish. The early comers into the State, before the day of the great freeze, had cut clearings everywhere in the pine woods, planting orange groves and building cheap houses and plain school-houses. Roads compared fairly well with those in the North, only they consisted mainly of trails through the woods. Very few of them were flanked with fences, and stock laws were notably lacking. The lakes averaged fifteen feet in depth, filling every hollow; and many of them were linked together by what might be taken for brooks. If they were not well stocked with fish, the government assisted the owners, and supplied perch and bass. The razorback, or wild hog, was so abounding as to make a garden nearly impossible; and the wild cattle, which were fattened in summer on fresh grasses, in winter became so near starved as to be the most shameful property ever owned by man.

During my four years of experimental life these wild cattle were greatly on the decrease, and the razorback had nearly disappeared. Of the two classes of Northern visitors, that is, the tourists (or sight seers) and the home-seekers, the latter was decidedly on the increase. It was plain enough that Florida was to be filled with a new sort of population. As a winter resort it certainly could never cease to be pre-eminent. There is glorious fishing everywhere, and all around the coast fringe one could enjoy sport of this sort as long as his funds held out. President Flagler had built a chain of superb hotels along the coast towns; but it was much better to know that in this peninsular State we could grow the very finest melons as well as oranges, and with our potatoes could reach the Northern markets without rivals. The more I studied Florida the more I gloried in it. It was the natural resort of those who could not any longer endure the climatic conditions of Massachusetts and Michigan.

But mark you, not only were we to escape grippe and sunstroke, but in the centre of the State, in our charming lake region and among the hills, we knew nothing of the malaria of the flat sections, and we had next to no mosquitoes. It took some time to really comprehend the State, and what it was good for. I built cottages and rented them for five or six winter months. Last spring a lady in Kansas wrote me: "Have you a cottage that you will rent me from the first of July until the first of September? My residence here is the hottest place in the United States. The thermometer averages between ninety and one hundred for weeks at a time. I have formed a curious conviction that Florida is the place for me to go during the summer. I have been into Wisconsin and into Maine, and have suffered from heat until I have formed a habit of staying at home. What have you to say of Florida's summer weather? Am I correct in believing that it is a good summer resort?"

Why not? I sat on my veranda yesterday with the thermometer at ninety-six, and was never more comfortable in my life. Of course we dress lightly here, and we form a habit of remaining under cover during the middle of the day. The nights are invariably cool, requiring extra covering toward morning. During the whole rainy season, that is, from the first of June, we have showers every day, with rare exceptions. But it is these delicious and aromatic winds that come through the pine woods, from the Atlantic Ocean on the one side, and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, that make the weather not only comfortable, but delicious. I have now spent my fifth summer here, and have no desire whatever to seek more comfortable midsummer quarters. My home in Central New York is still mine, and my love for the old Oriskany valley and those orchard-covered hills is unshaken; but I cannot find there or in Maine or Michigan such entire freedom from exhaustive heat as I find in Florida.

A change in the character of our visitors has been apparent for some years, but, for

Digitized by Google

the first time this summer, the passenger lists of steamers going north and of those going south during June have very nearly tallied. The Lenape, going north last week, carried but two more than the Apache brought southward to meet her in mid-ocean. This recalled the conductor's dictum when I was on my first trip to Florida. Looking at my ticket, he said, "Florida is played out. It could do nothing but grow oranges, and they are frozen. They will freeze again, and what will you do with your Southern Alaska? It is good for nothing else—not even clams." This extravagant description of the State had its apology at the time. To-day we find that Florida can not only safely plant citrus fruits of all sorts, but that it is the home of nearly all the fruits that we grow at the North, besides a long list imported from every quarter.

Religiously, Florida is also changing more rapidly than any other of the Southern States; that is, there is a great decrease of orthodox influence in social life. Last winter, Dr. Crooker, while visiting here, gave a sermon in our public hall; and he was met by a crowded house. The people were evidently just in a mood to accept a liberal talk, especially when graciously uttered. A prominent Baptist lady said, "I listened carefully and accept every word of the preacher, and if that is Unitarianism I am ready to endorse it." However, there are no indications of any organic movement favoring liberalism. What will go on, and is going on, will be an evolution inside the standard churches. There will be a steady movement away from preaching sect and creed, and a very strong tendency toward co-operative work for the common good. Only this, the people of Florida must be counted on as rapidly liberalizing in sentiment and visioning a broader kind of Christian work.

Literature.

AMERICA'S CONQUEST OF EUROPE. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1913. 60 cents.—At first thought, the two essays published under this title may seem quite out of date. We read (p. 11): "The days of Bismarck are almost as far away in the perspective of history as are those of his great prototype, the Hun, Attila." Or again (p. 62): "The war scares of Germany and England seem to the outside spectator the idlest of superstitions." "No civilized nation of to-day could afford to attack another, not only on account of the cost piled high upon its debts of the past, but rather on account of the shock to civilization." This was good sense till a few days ago; but now we see that Bismarck is not so very far away, and that all the bulwarks thus far builded against war are weaker than sand. And yet, on second thought, this is a very good time to read any of Mr. Jordan's books in which he has set forth the enormity and the stupidity of war. Each day's newspaper now adds point to all the accusations he has made against this madness to which nations are still subject. He may have erred in thinking that the date of earth's deliverance from it is close at hand, or in overlooking too much the change that has to be wrought in human nature before peace can be securely established. But in all that he tells us of the evils that follow in the train of war, and of what might be, would men put war forever behind them, he is not mistaken. His is altogether the rational view of human life, and the other view, that men must needs fight, is sheer insanity. The example that he holds up of Canada and the United States living side by side without any fortified border between them is most impressive. So all nations might live, and will live when their inhabitants become reasonable human beings. It is a good time to read such books and thus to fortify one's sense that war is nothing but a hideous nightmare from which our race must at last awake.

SOCIALISM AND MOTHERHOOD. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 60 cents.—The rising tide of socialism seems to many people to be a menace to our finest human institutions. To many people, also, it brings bewilderment, for they ask themselves what the conditions of individual life shall be in the socialistic state, if that state be ushered in. This confusion and apprehension arise largely because so many people identify the individual opinions of some socialists with the wide public movement toward socialism. Indeed, one of the best things which Mr. Spargo does in this timely volume is to show that socialism does not aim to abolish private property nor to establish communism, hence does not remove the foundations of the institution of the human family. He hopes for more wholesome conditions for motherhood through socialism.

NATURE AND COGNITION OF SPACE AND TIME. By Rev. Johnston Estep Walter. West Newton, Pa.: Johnston & Penney. Postpaid, $1.35.—The non-philosophical reader will doubtless be surprised, not with this answer to a problem, but that there is such a problem to answer. Events in time and objects in space are so characteristic of what the average mind deals with that few people uninstructed in philosophy know that the reality of space and time is questioned. Such a person, if he will carefully peruse this volume, will find it a wicket-gate into the field of philosophy. He will learn what it is to philosophically distrust one's senses, and will also learn upon what ground philosophic assertion rests.

RELIGIO DOCTORIS. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net; postage, 10 cents.—The anonymous author is disclosed only as "a retired college president," but Dr. G. Stanley Hall writes the introduction. The book is dedicated to Dr. Charles W. Eliot. The book is a series of ethical and philosophical essays addressed to the every-day man. The author believes in "the sanity of the lay mind." He also believes that plain people are capable of straightforward and profound thinking. These essays are primarily not academic, but personal, for they were the outcome of the author's own personal faith, his human needs, and the answer to those needs. They are essentially wholesome and constructive.

FRANCIS DAVID. By William C. Gannett. London: The Lindsey Press, 5 Essex Street, Strand W. C.—We welcome every extension of Dr. Gannett's interesting study of the founder and martyr of Unitarianism in Hungary, written with vivid description and the author's well-known conscientious care for exact truthfulness. The account of the trial of David has probably never been printed in English before. Recent letters from Dr. Boros have made it possible to correct in this English edition several errors made in the study as originally printed.

Magazines.

There is great variety in the September *Century*, with no less than nine short stories, the scenes of which are laid in places as far apart as ancient Paris and modern Mexico. Hilaire Belloc starts a series of six flashlight scenes from the French Revolution, upon which he is an authority. Arnold Bennett and Albert Bigelow Paine continue their travel series "From the Log of the Velsa" and "The Car that went Abroad." William Winter gives the history of the various representations of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," and Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross writes on "The Hebrews of Eastern Europe in America." Arthur Christopher Benson and Robert Haven Schauffler furnish essays upon new artists, literature, and life in general. Judith Cladel gives more of Rodin's Notebook, with pictures from his sculpture, and James Oppenheim strikes a new note in American poetry with his "Songs for the New Age."

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript*.

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

When I Remember.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout,
It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn,—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

—*Jean Ingelow*

A Florida Letter.

BY E. P. POWELL.

Florida has acquired unrivalled reputation for her almost frostless winters, and a climate perfumed with pine, oranges, and roses in midwinter. The State is made up, in fact, of two coasts, each one hundred miles in diameter, and all the way from Fernandina clear around to Pensacola fanned by the cooling winds of the Atlantic from the east and the Gulf of Mexico from the west. These play overhead every day in the year, and make a grand display of threatening clouds that equalize the atmosphere quite as much in June as in January. During the dry season, which is winter, there are very few showers, sometimes not nearly enough; yet the orange pickers go on with their work in January as comfortably as the apple-pickers in a New York orchard in October.

Our winter gardens are full of vegetables, from the cabbages of Christmas, and the lettuce and celery that soon follow, to the peas and corn of February, and the egg-plant of March. It is winter, to be sure, and fireplaces are not at all out of order during perhaps at least one hundred days. Deciduous leaves have fallen, and even the wild grasses have stopped growing; nor will they start again until some time in February. Yet there are loquats in January and mulberry-trees loaded in March. It is no wonder that tourists pour down upon us in an unending tide, and that the more fragile folk of the North consider Florida "a winter resort."

When I first came to Florida it was to avoid the grippe, which was undermining my life, and to escape zero weather, which at seventy I could no longer endure. In the course of two winters a vicious catarrh entirely vanished, while I had not even seen a flake of snow. Light frosts had, however, occasionally whitened the roofs, and once or twice had burned the cheeks of the roses. Just once the thermometer had dropped to twenty-seven above zero, and the weather was pronounced intolerable.

My purpose had been to become a peripatetic farmer, spending the colder months in Florida, but going North early enough in April to make garden and cultivate my orchards. It did not occur to me that a permanent home in Florida would be tolerable. Yet it was on my first visit that President Blackman of Rollins College said to me, "It will be a foolish thing to trail back and forth, for what you get done in the way of home-making while here will be mostly undone while you are gone." And Mrs. Blackman added, "I have been in Florida fifteen years, and all winter am longing for summer to come." Some one added, "Sunstroke is not known in Florida."

Ah, well! I heard what was said without comprehending it. It did not occur to me as possible that any one could spend the mid-summer days here, with the thermometer at ninety or ninety-five, sometimes over one hundred, by the week, and yet be comfortable. On the contrary, I tried the migratory system for four years, spending about half of the time in my Northern fruit orchards, and the other half under the pines in Florida. This worked very well at the Northern end, for soon after the first of November I could close out my apple crop, rent out my horse and cow for the winter, close up my house, save my coal bills, and get away before severest winter had closed in. I had already built a comfortable Southern house on Lake Lucy, which, with surrounding land, I personally owned; and, going back and forth by sea voyage, the annual episode was enlivening, to say the least.

Only this, that vegetation develops so rapidly here in the South that I found my hands and saw were needed in my orchard every day in the year. In the North we put our tools away as winter comes on, and our cellars have in storage what here we leave on the trees or in the ground. Here in Florida we run our cultivators every day in the year, and the pruning-knife is just as busy in January as in June. Our sweet potatoes we do not dig until we need them for the table, and then one bushel at a time. We pick our oranges from the first of November until the last of May; and there is some new sort of fruit ready for gathering and marketing each month of the twelve. I found this out during my four years of peripatetic life, and then I concluded to be a Floridian in fact.

I had also found that Florida is by no means the flat and marshy tract of land such as the tourist discovers when he comes to view tropic scenery; for, high and dry, up and down the centre of the State there is a splendid backbone of land running from Palatka down almost to Tampa. It lifts on its shoulders several counties, and is the heart of the orange-growing enterprise. It is not very high land, but much of it is nearly or quite two hundred feet above sea level, and most of it is covered with magnificent pine forests, the yellow pine of commerce. If we did not have the perfume of oranges and thousands of wild flowers, we should at least have the odor of pine balsam. This high pine land borders out irregularly everywhere into the low, rather marshy, and palm-growing coast reaches.

By the merest accident I had secured Lake Lucy and its surrounding bluffs and delightful slopes, with a broad and deep bay-head as part of my Florida homestead. This lake is half a mile in diameter, and stocked fairly well with fish. The early comers into the State, before the day of the great freeze, had cut clearings everywhere in the pine woods, planting orange groves and building cheap houses and plain school-houses. Roads compared fairly well with those in the North, only they consisted mainly of trails through the woods. Very few of them were flanked with fences, and stock laws were notably lacking. The lakes averaged fifteen feet in depth, filling every hollow, and many of them were linked together by what might be taken for brooks. If they were not well stocked with fish, the government assisted the owners, and supplied perch and bass. The razorback, or wild hog, was so abounding as to make a garden nearly impossible; and the wild cattle, which were fattened in summer on fresh grasses, in winter became so near starved as to be the most shameful property ever owned by man.

During my four years of experimental life these wild cattle were greatly on the decrease, and the razorback had nearly disappeared. Of the two classes of Northern visitors, that is, the tourists (or sight-seers) and the home-seekers, the latter was decidedly on the increase. It was plain enough that Florida was to be filled with a new sort of population. As a winter resort it certainly could never cease to be pre-eminent. There is glorious fishing everywhere, and all around the coast fringe one could enjoy sport of this sort as long as his funds held out. President Flagler had built a chain of superb hotels along the coast towns; but it was much better to know that in this peninsular State we could grow the very finest melons as well as oranges, and with our potatoes could reach the Northern markets without rivals. The more I studied Florida the more I gloried in it. It was the natural resort of those who could not any longer endure the climatic conditions of Massachusetts and Michigan.

But mark you, not only were we to escape grippe and sunstroke, but in the centre of the State, in our charming lake region and among the hills, we knew nothing of the malaria of the flat sections, and we had next to no mosquitoes. It took some time to really comprehend the State, and what it was good for. I built cottages and rented them for five or six winter months. Last spring a lady in Kansas wrote me: "Have you a cottage that you will rent me from the first of July until the first of September? My residence here is the hottest place in the United States. The thermometer averages between ninety and one hundred for weeks at a time. I have formed a curious conviction that Florida is the place for me to go during the summer. I have been into Wisconsin and into Maine, and have suffered from heat until I have formed a habit of staying at home. What have you to say of Florida's summer weather? Am I correct in believing that it is a good summer resort?"

Why not? I sat on my veranda yesterday with the thermometer at ninety-six, and was never more comfortable in my life. Of course we dress lightly here, and we form a habit of remaining under cover during the middle of the day. The nights are invariably cool, requiring extra covering toward morning. During the whole rainy season, that is, from the first of June, we have showers every day, with rare exceptions. But it is these delicious and aromatic winds that come through the pine woods, from the Atlantic Ocean on the one side, and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, that make the weather not only comfortable, but delicious. I have now spent my fifth summer here, and have no desire whatever to seek more comfortable midsummer quarters. My home in Central New York is still mine, and my love for the old Oriskany valley and those orchard-covered hills is unshaken; but I cannot find there or in Maine or Michigan such entire freedom from exhaustive heat as I find in Florida.

A change in the character of our visitors has been apparent for some years, but, for

Digitized by Google

the first time this summer, the passenger lists of steamers going north and of those going south during June have very nearly tallied. The Lenape, going north last week, carried but two more than the Apache brought southward to meet her in mid-ocean. This recalled the conductor's dictum when I was on my first trip to Florida. Looking at my ticket, he said, "Florida is played out. It could do nothing but grow oranges, and they are frozen. They will freeze again, and what will you do with your Southern Alaska? It is good for nothing else —not even clams." This extravagant description of the State had its apology at the time. To-day we find that Florida can not only safely plant citrus fruits of all sorts, but that it is the home of nearly all the fruits that we grow at the North, besides a long list imported from every quarter.

Religiously, Florida is also changing more rapidly than any other of the Southern States; that is, there is a great decrease of orthodox influence in social life. Last winter, Dr. Crooker, while visiting here, gave a sermon in our public hall; and he was met by a crowded house. The people were evidently just in a mood to accept a liberal talk, especially when graciously uttered. A prominent Baptist lady said, "I listened carefully and accept every word of the preacher, and if that is Unitarianism I am ready to endorse it." However, there are no indications of any organic movement favoring liberalism. What will go on, and is going on, will be an evolution inside the standard churches. There will be a steady movement away from preaching sect and creed, and a very strong tendency toward co-operative work for the common good. Only this, the people of Florida must be counted on as rapidly liberalizing in sentiment and visioning a broader kind of Christian work.

Literature.

America's Conquest of Europe. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1913. 60 cents.—At first thought, the two essays published under this title may seem quite out of date. We read (p. 11): "The days of Bismarck are almost as far away in the perspective of history as are those of his great prototype, the Hun, Attila." Or again (p. 62): "The war scares of Germany and England seem to the outside spectator the idlest of superstitions." "No civilized nation of to-day could afford to attack another, not only on account of the cost piled high upon its debts of the past, but rather on account of the shock to civilization." This was good sense till a few days ago; but now we see that Bismarck is not so very far away, and that all the bulwarks thus far builded against war are weaker than sand. And yet, on second thought, this is a very good time to read any of Mr. Jordan's books in which he has set forth the enormity and the stupidity of war. Each day's newspaper now adds point to all the accusations he has made against this madness to which nations are still subject. He may have erred in thinking that the date of earth's deliverance from it is close at hand, or in overlooking too much the change that has to be wrought in human nature before peace can be securely established. But in all that he tells us of the evils that follow in the train of war, and of what might be, would men put war forever behind them, he is not mistaken. His is altogether the rational view of human life, and the other view, that men must needs fight, is sheer insanity. The example that he holds up of Canada and the United States living side by side without any fortified border between them is most impressive. So all nations might live, and will live when their inhabitants become reasonable human beings. It is a good time to read such books and thus to fortify one's sense that war is nothing but a hideous nightmare from which our race must at last awake.

Socialism and Motherhood. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 60 cents.—The rising tide of socialism seems to many people to be a menace to our finest human institutions. To many people, also, it brings bewilderment, for they ask themselves what the conditions of individual life shall be in the socialistic state, if that state be ushered in. This confusion and apprehension arise largely because so many people identify the individual opinions of some socialists with the wide public movement toward socialism. Indeed, one of the best things which Mr. Spargo does in this timely volume is to show that socialism does not aim to abolish private property nor to establish communism, hence does not remove the foundations of the institution of the human family. He hopes for more wholesome conditions for motherhood through socialism.

Nature and Cognition of Space and Time. By Rev. Johnston Estep Walter. West Newton, Pa.: Johnston & Penney. Postpaid, $1.35.—The non-philosophical reader will doubtless be surprised, not with this answer to a problem, but that there is such a problem to answer. Events in time and objects in space are so characteristic of what the average mind deals with that few people uninstructed in philosophy know that the reality of space and time is questioned. Such a person, if he will carefully peruse this volume, will find it a wicket-gate into the field of philosophy. He will learn what it is to philosophically distrust one's senses, and will also learn upon what ground philosophic assertion rests.

Religio Doctoris. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net; postage, 10 cents.—The anonymous author is disclosed only as "a retired college president," but Dr. G. Stanley Hall writes the introduction. The book is dedicated to Dr. Charles W. Eliot. The book is a series of ethical and philosophical essays addressed to the every-day man. The author believes in "the sanity of the lay mind." He also believes that plain people are capable of straightforward and profound thinking. These essays are primarily not academic, but personal, for they were the outcome of the author's own personal faith, his human needs, and the answer to those needs. They are essentially wholesome and constructive.

Francis David. By William C. Gannett. London: The Lindsey Press, 5 Essex Street, Strand W. C.—We welcome every extension of Dr. Gannett's interesting study of the founder and martyr of Unitarianism in Hungary, written with vivid description and the author's well-known conscientious care for exact truthfulness. The account of the trial of David has probably never been printed in English before. Recent letters from Dr Boros have made it possible to correct in this English edition several errors made in the study as originally printed.

Magazines.

There is great variety in the September *Century*, with no less than nine short stories, the scenes of which are laid in places as far apart as ancient Paris and modern Mexico. Hilaire Belloc starts a series of six flashlight scenes from the French Revolution, upon which he is an authority. Arnold Bennett and Albert Bigelow Paine continue their travel series "From the Log of the Velsa" and "The Car that went Abroad." William Winter gives the history of the various representations of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," and Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross writes on "The Hebrews of Eastern Europe in America." Arthur Christopher Benson and Robert Haven Schauffler furnish essays upon new artists, literature, and life in general. Judith Cladel gives more of Rodin's Notebook, with pictures from his sculpture, and James Oppenheim strikes a new note in American poetry with his "Songs for the New Age."

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 Park Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

After the Shower.

BY BLANCHE INGERSOLL CHAPIN.

Red rose, red rose,
Nodding in the wind
Deep within thy glowing heart
Is mystery enshrined.
You gladden all the landscape
As you bend and sway
Against the misty background
Of the gray, wet day

Harebell, harebell,
On thy slender stem,
The blue of all the summer skies
Forms thy diadem!
Bending low, so shyly,
To let the South Wind pass,
As he stoops to woo you
In the sweet, wet grass.

Lily, lily,
Innocent and pure,
Thy unsullied loveliness
Ever shall endure!
Emblem through the ages,
In cloistered aisles of prayer,
Of the soul's deep purity,
So true, white, fair!

Buttercup, buttercup,
In thy chalice gold
Is all the summer sunshine
Thy little heart can hold!
And some goes brimming over
To gladden other flowers,
That star with gold the highway
Through the long, bright hours.

Pansy, pansy,
Lift thy velvet cheek,
'Twas made for soft caressing,
And tender thoughts that seek
The secret of thy sweetness.
Dear, now tell me true,—
Softly came the answer,
"'Tis just for you!"

Harold's Squirrel.

BY L. H.

Harold has been trying to tame the squirrels. Four of the beautiful gray creatures live in a great tree on the lawn; and they have made themselves quite at home there, often coming on the piazza for nuts the boys scatter for them. One is much bolder than the others. When he sees Harold curled up in the big window-seat, he sits down in front of the window, holding up his front paws before him exactly as if he were begging for some more nuts; and Harold is never able to disregard the mute appeal.

Lately, however, Harold has spent much time and patience in teaching the little creature to trust himself within reach of his hand, and even to come inside the house. One morning he sat nearly motionless for twenty minutes, holding out a big nut, in the hope that Redtop would take it from his hand. Nearer and nearer came the little fellow, making sudden rushes back, and then drawing stealthily nearer again, his bright eyes ever on the lookout for some sudden movement of Harold's. Then a noise would startle him, and off he would whisk, scampering half-way up the tree, and chattering. In a few minutes more, down he would come and try it again, apparently a trifle confused because Harold always took advantage of the flight to change the nut into the other hand. At last Harold's persistence was rewarded. Redtop made a snatch at the nut, and then carried it off in triumph.

When he has taken a nut, he carries it off for a little distance, pushes it down into the ground, pats it down, and sometimes puts a dried leaf over it just as if he meant to conceal it from all wayfarers. Harold thinks that if you mark the place carefully and go there the next day, you will find that the squirrel has taken it away, doubtless to hide it in his winter storehouse; but that is work that he always does in the early morning, when he thinks no one is looking.

After that first time Redtop never kept Harold waiting so long again. He keeps a sharp watch for stray dogs or cats; but, whenever the coast is absolutely clear, he will take the nuts from Harold's hand as fast as he can hide them away.

The next step was to bring the shy little creature into the house. The library window was left open; and nuts were placed at proper intervals on the sill, then on the window-seat cushion, and then on the back of the lounge. The squirrel came again and again, carrying off one nut at a time, seemingly unmindful of Harold and his mother, who sat, muffled in shawls, watching the proceedings. Two or three days passed when the weather was too stormy or too cold to have the window left open; but every morning a dozen nuts or more were placed outside on the sill, and Harold's mother greeted him from the inside, accustoming him even more to the sight of her.

As soon as the weather moderated again, the nuts were placed on the library table. Gradually the squirrel learned to hunt for them behind the books or under Harold's cap or in the embroidery bag, and many a good frolic he and Harold have had together. Harold has never tried to pick him up, although he has ventured once or twice to stroke the soft, furry back; and he hopes much from their continued intimacy.

Redtop knows at once if a nut is bad, even when there is no outward sign of the decay; and he has a clever little trick of dropping all the bad ones in a certain corner behind one of the sofa cushions. Fortunately, the cushion has a stout linen cover; for he pulls at it with his strong little paws in a way that would have made sad work of the red satin one in the other corner.

The other day Harold's teacher asked the class to write down a list of things that one may learn from pet animals. Some of the children did not see how one can learn much from them, and thought that a very funny question. One little girl said that she could learn from her cat that she ought to have her face washed; and one of the boys thought he had learned not to be stingy, because his dog Rollo acted so foolishly about hiding the bones he didn't want.

Harold thought a minute, and then wrote out the following composition: "You can learn many things from a squirrel. First, to be brave. My squirrel dared to go right into a room where big giants were, who might have closed the window on him in a minute. Then you learn to be prudent; for the squirrel saves all his nuts and gets all he can without stopping to fool, and that is being industrious, too, which makes three things. Then you can learn to be polite, for my squirrel sits up, and begs with his front paws crossed just as if he were saying, 'Please.' Then you can learn how to take a joke, for my squirrel never gets mad when I give him a bad nut to see what he will do. Then you can learn to be patient; for you have got to be, if you wish to tame them. And I guess you can learn to be wise, for, if a squirrel wasn't wise, he couldn't remember where he puts his nuts. That is all I can think of now."

The teacher thought he had remembered very well, and so do I.

Keeping his Promise.

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon in spring. Harry was playing in the yard with his new express wagon when mamma called him.

"I want you to take this parcel to Aunt Kate," she said.

"I'll put it in my wagon and take it," answered Harry, and started off.

On his way down the road he passed the house where Jamie Lane lived. And there was Jamie sitting on the front steps with his gray kitten in his arms. He was a very small, thin little boy, and lame.

"O Harry," he called out, "have you a new wagon?"

"Yes, isn't it a beauty?" said Harry, coming to Jamie's gate.

"I wish you would stay and play with me," and Jamie looked wistfully at the new wagon.

"Why, yes; I will. I have to take this parcel to Aunt Kate; then I'll hurry back."

Harry soon reached his aunt's house. He gave her the note, and was going away when she said: "Your uncle is getting the carriage ready to drive me to town. Don't you want to go with us?"

"Oh, I guess I do!" exclaimed Harry, eagerly.

"Well, then, run home and tell your mother, because we won't be back until late."

"I'll go as quickly as I can, so you won't have to wait for me," and Harry was off like a flash.

He was quite excited, for going to town with Uncle and Aunt meant ice-cream and cake, and lots of nice things.

He was so busy thinking of them that he would have gone past Jamie on the steps if the little fellow had not called out, "Oh, I'm so glad you are back!"

Harry suddenly stood still. He had forgotten all about Jamie. But of course he couldn't play with him now!

Jamie had gently put down his kitty and was hobbling out to the gate.

"My, that's a splendid wagon," he said.

"Say—I"— began Harry, but the words he wanted to say wouldn't come. As he looked at Jamie's poor little thin face, he felt suddenly ashamed. How could he have been so mean as to forget his promise to play with him.

He swallowed hard. It wasn't easy to give up that trip to town.

"Say, Jamie, I've got to go back and tell Aunt Kate something I ought to have told her when I was there. I'll not be long, and I'll leave my wagon here till I come back."

"Of course," said Aunt Kate, after Harry had explained about Jamie. "You must keep your promise to play with him. I would take him with us, too, but he is not strong enough to stand such a long drive."

Digitized by Google

Harry tried not to mind very much when, a half-hour later, he saw his uncle and aunt drive down the road. His aunt waved her hand to them.

But he did not think of them very long, for he got so interested in making his friend have a good time. And when it was time for him to go home, he was very happy when Jamie's mamma said: "My! You must be a good playfellow. I haven't seen Jamie look so bright for a long time."

"I'm coming to play with him often. You see, I can easily wheel him about in this wagon."

When Mamma asked him where he had been all afternoon, he told her that he had been playing with Jamie, but he did not say anything about Aunt Kate having invited him to drive to town.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

What Frightened Dorothy's Chickens.

Once upon a time there lived in Cedar Canyon of the San Bernardino Mountains, in Southern California, a beautiful little girl whose name was Dorothy Pohlman. Her home was a logging-camp, where her father was commissary agent and timekeeper. That means that he had charge of the lumber company's little store and kept account of the hours each man worked.

The logging-camp was ten miles back in the mountains from Fredalba. At Fredalba, at the top of the mountains, a mile up in the air, was the sawmill. Logs were taken on what is called a narrow gauge railway to the sawmill, where they were made into boards or lumber. The lumber was then loaded on wagons and drawn by mules down the long trail to the box-factory in the valley.

It cost a great deal of money to have anything brought from the nearest town in the valley, all the way to the logging-camp in Cedar Canyon. That may be one reason why there were no hens in camp, and why the camp cook thought hens a great luxury. A luxury is something you can get along without. Hens were an uncommon luxury, the cook told Dorothy's mother; but Dorothy's mother would have it that hens are a necessity. A necessity is something one must have. When Dorothy's mother insisted that hens are a necessity, Dorothy's father straightway sent down into the valley for twelve spring chickens.

Up the long trail, then, came a dozen plump, clucking chickens in a box. Around and around the rose and purple peaks of the mountains those chickens journeyed on the narrow gauge railway from Fredalba, and at last, down, down into Cedar Canyon. To be sure, they asked questions and quawk-quawked and cut-cutted all the way up the trail, and between times, while they were being whisked around the rose and purple peaks, but they were not scared.

On reaching camp, the hens were put in a henhouse Mr. Pohlman had made of grocery boxes. The twelve had never lived in such a house before, but they were not afraid. Dorothy saw them by lantern light after they had tucked their heads under their wings and had gone to sleep that first night of their lives in camp.

After a few days, Dorothy was allowed to leave the henhouse door open and let the chickens walk out. That very day they learned that Dorothy and her father and mother lived in a tent and a cooking-shack, and that Dorothy was their particular friend. They also learned that the big cookhouse was a good place to go at dinner-time, when, after seventy men had dined, Mrs. Pohlman's chickens were welcome to a feast of scraps.

So the chickens grew and thrived, and were never afraid. If wildcats howled round the rim of the canyon at night, and foxes barked, the chickens were not worried, because they slept so well in the pure mountain air that they didn't so much as dream of danger. Soon they began to lay eggs, and Dorothy's mother gathered fresh eggs every day for her family. Besides that, twelve fine, plump hens made a pretty picture walking around camp, scratching among the long, brown pine needles that covered the mountains.

There were huge cones on the sugar pines, and the cones had a way of falling from the tall trees, bump, bump, bang! here, there, and everywhere in the forest. But let them fall where they would, the chickens were not afraid. They often looked up when a cone fell, and said to Dorothy, "Quawk-quawk! Cut-cut!" and winked fast, perhaps, but that was all.

You would hardly believe it, but the thing that finally scared those hens of Cedar Canyon was rain. Never in their lives had the twelve young hens heard the gentle rain falling pitter-pitter, patter-patter, because in California it seldom rains, even in the mountains, during the summer months.

In late September the nights and mornings were so cold that Mr. Pohlman moved his family into a new shack which had been built for one of the engineers. For some reason, the engineer's family didn't go to the mountains that summer, and the shack had remained without a tenant. When the tent was gone, the hens soon learned that Dorothy lived in the shack.

It was October when the first storm came. Down fell the rain, pitter-patter, pitter-patter, patter-patter-patter, fast and faster. Then thunder sounded boom-boom-boom! in the canyon. It was only a baby thunderstorm, but it frightened little Dorothy—until she happened to look through the window of the shack and saw the chickens. Then she laughed until she cried, and her mother laughed until tears rolled down her cheeks.

You see, those chickens were frightened out of their senses. Instead of running for shelter, as all properly brought up chickens should run, there they stood out in the open, dancing straight up and down, up and down. When the thunder spoke, they jumped a little higher,—twelve scared chickens performing a sort of rain dance.

Out rushed Mr. Pohlman, gathered the chickens up one by one and ran with them to the leaking henhouse.

Dorothy forgot her terror, and, anyway, the shower was soon over. And when those hens came out into the sunshine, every feather dripping, Dorothy and her father and her mother laughed again, and laughed and laughed, because it seemed to them as if they never saw a funnier sight. I was there myself, and I laughed, too. But the hens, probably thinking their feathers ruined, looked as if they might never smile again! However, California sunshine is warm, and the twelve chickens were soon dry from comb to toe.

Whether the chickens ever forgot that shower or not, of course I don't know. But this much is certain: Whenever Dorothy, or her mother, or I ever see a little boy or girl frightened in a boom-boom-bang thunderstorm, when the rain comes down in sheets, we tell about the scared and dancing hens of Cedar Canyon. That makes them laugh, and they forget all about the thunder.—*By Frances Margaret Fox, in the Continent.*

The Spider in the Helmet.

Major Lawrie was an officer who fought bravely in the Soudan War. One day, before the battle of Atbara, he found a spider in the ventilator of his helmet, and watched it with some interest. The spider used to come out in the evening, and, having had its supper of flies, would return to the helmet for sleep and rest.

Major Lawrie allowed the spider to remain in its strange hiding-place, and even went into battle carrying his friend in his helmet. Major Lawrie escaped without a scratch; and the same good fortune attended him at Omdurman, where the spider again accompanied him.

When the war was over, Major Lawrie packed up his things to be sent home, and among them the helmet; and not till it was too late did he remember that the spider had been sent with the helmet. It must die on the road; for how could it find anything to eat in a tin packing-case? The major was sorry. He had taken a great interest in the spider, and it was sad to have condemned it to a lingering death.

The first thing he did on arriving in London was to open the helmet-box, expecting, of course, to find the spider dead; but not only was the spider alive and well, but it was the happy mother of two young spiders.

A Spoonful of Sunshine.

Little Kate was eating her breakfast one day. She had a spoonful of oatmeal, and was just about to raise it to her mouth when the sun shone across it, making it look yellow and warm. "O Mamma," said Kate, "think what I have just swallowed!"

"What was it, dear?" said her mother.

"A whole spoonful of sunshine!"—*Selected.*

In an approving mood, Catherine said, "You are the very finest mudder in the world; there is no more best than you."

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mare S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
370 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

The Comfort of the Stars.

When I am overmatched by petty cares,
And things of earth loom large and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night and feel the airs

Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
Where swim the stately planets, such as these
Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal.

I muse on what Life may stir among
Those spaces knowing naught of metes nor bars;
Undreamed-of dramas played in outmost stars,
And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.

I grow familiar with the solar tunes,
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth,
Ringed Saturn, Mars, whose fashion apes the earth,
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons;

Then, dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by Vast on Vast, my puny heart
Is greatened for its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love

—*Richard Burton.*

The Conference of Liberal Churchmen.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The Modern Churchman, "a monthly magazine to maintain the cause of Truth, Freedom, and Progress in the National Church [of England]," devoted its July number to the proceedings and papers of the late Conference of Liberal Churchmen at Ripon.

One who is not familiar with the progressive movement in the English Church would be surprised at the radicalism, the courage, and the la geness of spirit disclosed in these utterances. The leading articles—"Our Problems and Policy," by Canon F. Y. Foakes Jackson; "The Doctrine of Christ," by Prof. Percy Gardner; "The Society of the Logos," by Prof. Kirsopp Lake; "The Creeds," by Canon Rashdall; "What is the Church of England?" by Canon Fremantle—disclose a method and temper, and for the most part also arrive at results, very much akin to those of the scholars of our own denomination. Yet these worthy men, perhaps conscious of this, are careful to disclaim any such identity. Says Prof. Gardner, "To the twelve their Master must have appeared at first as a Jewish prophet; later they came to think of Him as the Messiah; and after the crucifixion they began to realize that what they had witnessed was really the crowning revelation of God to man," etc. Yet, in summing up his discussion, he maintains: "We have to steer our way between Unitarianism on one side and Polytheism on the other. . . . The early Church was always thus steering between erroneous extremes, between Judaizers on one side and Gnostics on the other, between Arians on one side and Monophysites on the other. But the modern spirit cares more for life than for logic, for facts than for consistency. The disputes between branches of the Church will be finally decided, not by an appeal to antiquity, but by practical efficiency in the world."

Similarly, Canon Rashdall thinks it "quite clear" that the doctrine of Christ's divinity "was never taught by our Lord Himself—we cannot treat the discourses of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel as His *ipsissima verba* or anything like *ipsissima verba*. And in the Synoptic Gospels our Lord makes no such claim. In all probability (we cannot, I think, put it higher than that) He did—before the end of His career—claim to be the Messiah, and in that sense the Son of God. It is not easy to define exactly the degree or kind of conscious divine mission, of inspiration, of exceptional union or communion with God which that claim to Messiahship implied; but certainly no sort of actual identification of Himself with God, or claim to divine honors, ever entered into the discourses or the mind of Jesus. 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but God.' The author or editor of the First Gospel rewrote these words because he did not like them. Many of our orthodox critics would do the same if they dared, but there they are in St. Mark and St. Luke, and the whole tenor of our Lord's well-attested teaching is in conformity with the view of Himself which they imply."

This admission, Canon Rashdall thinks, leads to the real origin of the doctrine of Christ's "divinity." "It was the general consciousness of the Church which proclaimed Christ divine, which interpreted the Divine Lordship which He claimed into a claim which He never did make for Himself." The reason for this was not his miracles, or even on account of his resurrection. "The gradual evolution of the belief is to be accounted for by processes of reasoning which do not appeal to us." "But at bottom, behind all these immediate causes or occasions of the belief, was the moral and spiritual appeal which Christ made to the mind of the early Church. Christ, His teaching both about God and about human deity, His character, seemed to them the fullest revelation of Deity which they had received or could conceive themselves receiving."

In this appeal to reason and conscience on the spiritual nature of man, Canon Rashdall finds "the really valid ground for the embodiment in the language of Greek metaphysic of their belief that Christ was the fullest—in some sense the final—Revealer of God. That is the one line of argument which can appeal to us now, and which can justify us in continuing to use the metaphysical language in which this belief was embodied."

Prof. Rashdall incidentally refers to "the more constructive Unitarians," such as Dr. Drummond, whose book "The Way, the Truth, and the Life" he thinks profoundly Christian.

Prof. Kirsopp Lake, who is soon to begin his duties as a teacher in the Harvard Divinity School, opened his discussion of the first session with some considerations on "The Lord as the Spirit," which he declared to be the centre of the religious life of Christendom in modern as in ancient times. The task of the liberal Christian is "not to go back upon the inherited Catholic doctrines of the Church, but to apply and to expand them, because we see that in the end they are true so long as you do not limit them. That is why we are not Unitarians, because we are doing exactly the reverse of what Unitarians are doing, or rather of what they used to do. They tried to say 'Jesus is a man, and therefore He is not God.' We have realized that the heresy—that is to say the untruth—in that statement is not in the first clause; it is not in the statement 'Jesus is man,' but it is in the statement that 'therefore He was not God.' When we think of God it seems to me that we conceive of as a person that which we have really experienced of God in our lives, in that divine element in human life. . . .

"To come back to the two elements in our life, they are both of them *us*, the divine element is *us* quite as much as the human element is. They are separate, yet always together. We cannot divide them if we would, and the trouble is to avoid confusing them. This is the doctrine of the two natures in Christ taken out of the past and put into our own experience of life. And in saying this we are not really saying anything new, we are simply bringing up again to the surface that old doctrine of Saint Paul that 'as many as are led by the spirit of God they are the sons of God—sons of God and joint heirs with Christ.'"

In citing these passages, it is not for the purpose of claiming that the free Churchmen of England are unconscious or concealed Unitarians. We do not believe they are, or they would certainly not be so concerned to preserve, by reinterpreting, one way or another, ancient traditions and dogmas which are rapidly losing their vital significance for the modern world. Possibly if Unitarians had the same ecclesiastical environment as the English Churchmen they might feel the same constraint and necessity to uphold, by reshaping, the ancient standards of the Church. But as spiritual freemen they are at liberty to form their own creeds and express them in the unequivocal language of to-day. The Unitarian finds in the New Testament sufficient disproof of the validity of the Church's Doctrine that Jesus of Nazareth was God. Jesus himself disclaimed it. But even if he had not, even if the Bible affirmed it as fact and history, it would not therefore become true to minds imbued with the modern scientific knowledge and spirit.

Again, to say that Jesus' revelation of spiritual truth and moral duty proves his divinity puts the discussion on a higher plane, but is not an adequate support for so stupendous a claim. We really know but little about Jesus and his gospel. What he taught about God and the religious life is paralleled by Old Testament utterances and the teachings of so-called ethnic scriptures, as well as by sages and saviors contemporaneous with and earlier than Jesus. The ethical validity of some of the doctrines attributed to Christ in the New Testament is questioned by the very Churchmen we are citing. Christ's embodiment of moral and religious duty may be considered as the highest and best the world has known, yet is not so exceptional and unique as to call for his deification.

To say that all men have in them a divine as well as a human element surrenders the exceptional divinity of Jesus which the creeds teach and were intended to teach, and makes him simply typical of the universality of divine inspiration, a title and office he must share with other spiritual leaders of the race. All this is said with a full appreciation of the scholarship, the intellectual acumen, the nobility of spirit and profound religiousness of these representatives of the modern spirit in the ancient Church of England.

An interesting feature to us in the whole discussion is the constant reference by the

Digitized by Google

different speakers to the Unitarian name and attitude, although usually in deprecation. But we are willing to be cited as a bad example, *if only we are cited*, if, like the early Christians, the heresy by which we worship the God of our fathers is making its impression on the higher mind and conscience of our time, and helping to bring about a gradual revolution in the creed of Christendom. This throws a side-light upon the discussion we ourselves are waging on the value of the name "Unitarian" in our religious propagandism. Surely it would be a distinct loss to surrender a term so generally understood, so widely quoted, and so representative, both historically and philosophically, of our beliefs and aims.

The International Peace Conference.

The London *Inquirer* of August 8 tells the story of the Peace Conference which was really held in Constance, in spite of the threatening circumstances and surroundings. The British delegates felt that they must go unless they were literally turned back, and they made their way by wearisome stages to Basel and Constance. Until they were actually in the station they did not know whether or not they would be permitted to enter Germany, but the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, sister of the Emperor Frederick, is an ardent friend of peace, deeply interested in all efforts to sustain friendly relations between Germany and England. Through her intervention special permission was granted for the meetings, and the police authorities were instructed to give the delegates all facilities and any protection that might be needed. Delegates from Austria and Italy had not been able to come, but representatives from France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Norway, and Sweden were present, together with a large party of Americans.

The Conference met on Sunday morning and again in the afternoon, although by the original programme the sessions were to have been held Monday and Tuesday. By Sunday evening it became clear that if the delegates were to reach home in reasonable safety it would be necessary to start at once. Especial protection and strict police supervision took the party safely through Germany on their way home.

The Sunday sessions were impressively serious, and an earnest letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury was read. The *Inquirer* says:—

"There was opportunity in the course of the service for the free utterance of prayer, and it was deeply touching to hear successive voices in English, German, and French blended in a common supplication for guidance and strength in the darkness and under the heavy burden of the dreadful catastrophe that overshadowed all alike. Yet it was not despair that spoke. Dr. Clifford's word, in spite of the appalling shock to all high ideals, was, 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength'; and out of our darkness many of us in silent prayer lifted up our hearts to the Eternal Light, and asked to be shown what our prayer in utter surrender and submission under this awful trial must be, and how the strength of the Eternal and His Righteousness and Love, still over all, may yet hold us up. It was in the spirit of renewed consecration to the ideal of peace and brotherly love that the Conference met, and spoke its word, and sought the help of the Highest.

"Under the circumstances no discussion on the lines laid down in the programme was possible, but the necessary business was done, and the Conference was established as a working force, even under conditions the most depressing and discouraging, on the side of peace and human brotherhood.

"A series of resolutions, unanimously adopted, laid down the lines on which it is intended to work. The first was as follows:—

"'That, inasmuch as the work of conciliation and the promotion of amity is essentially a Christian task, it is expedient that the churches in all lands should use their influence with the peoples, parliaments, and governments of the world to bring about good and friendly relationships between the nations, so that, along the path of peaceful civilization, they may reach that universal good will which Christianity has taught mankind to aspire after.'

"And the subsequent resolutions urged that all sections of the Church of Christ should act in concert to that end and steps should be taken in every country to form councils (denominational or inter-denominational, as the case might require) 'to enlist the churches in their corporate capacity, in a joint endeavor to achieve the promotion of international friendship and the avoidance of war,' and that a central bureau should be established for facilitating correspondence between such councils, collecting and distributing information and generally co-ordinating the work connected with the movement.

"When the British and American delegates reached London they held a further meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel, when pledges of faithfulness to the ideal were again exchanged and counsel as to future activity was taken."

Frederick Lynch, editor of the *Christian Work and Evangelist*, was one of the delegates to the Peace Conference in Constance. We add to the account given above his recent word in his own paper:—

"Right on the eve of war, while all Europe was mobilizing its troops, with the sound of German soldiers marching off to war, eighty men, including Germans, English, French, Swiss, Scandinavians, and Americans, sat together in the parlors of the Insel Hotel, praying, while the other citizens of the country were preparing to fight. . . . No power in heaven or earth could have involved the French and German delegates at Constance in a war. They had passed beyond the war stage into the kingdom of God. The sessions of the Peace Conference of the Churches went right on while the war clouds gathered, the war giving only intensity to their purpose to work harder to persuade the nations of their folly. German, French, and English delegates all pledged lasting friendship to one another, and declared that when this nightmare of the nations should pass they would come together in the same old bonds. Perhaps the only solution of this awful curse of nations is to be the increase of these men of good will to be the majority in each nation.

"This trip across Germany on the *eve* of war was full of indication of what real war would soon be. We were under the special protection of the Kaiser and had two special cars put at our disposal. After a long journey of all day and all night we were dropped at the Dutch border (Goock) on the way to Flushing. But what a day! How it wrung one's heart! How it made our American delegates sick of the very thought of war forever! We saw all the young men and boys driven like sheep into pens to be sent off to kill men they did not know and against whom they had no quarrel. We saw mothers and wives weeping at the departure of the men, and little children crying, although they knew nothing of what it was all about. We saw men go crazy at this parting and have to be put in cords and held. We saw great crowds drunk with brandy, and howling 'To hell with Germany,' or 'To hell with France.' We saw French soldiers try to pull a German out of a train window, while he clung to his two little babies which he was trying to get into Switzerland. We saw Germans yank a Russian and his wife out of a train, and so frighten the wife that her little baby could not nurse for two days. We saw swarms of Germans trying to get out of France with their poor wives and babies, with no one to help and with French soldiers jeering at them and threatening them. Some of our party saw the Germans stand four Servians up against a wall and shoot them right down because they refused to assume German arms. We saw industry stopped, and carfuls of mere boys packed into freight-cars with horses, and bundled off to the frontier. It was all prophetic of the awful suffering which was to come."

The Collapse of Militarism.

The [Providence] *Journal* in some of its excellent editorials since the outbreak of the present European war has pertinently asked what the Christian Church has been doing that it has not prevented this supreme calamity, and has mentioned the fact that all the parties to the terrible conflict are appealing to the Deity for justification and support, and has alluded to the sorry plight in which the advocates of international peace and universal brotherhood now find themselves, with their shattered hopes. Permit me to offer a few reflections on these and kindred ideas, although I do not care to moralize very much; there will be time enough for moralizing after the horrible strife is over. But it is not too early to see in outline at least one momentous truth.

It is indeed pertinent to ask what the Christian Church has been doing. For all these warring nations are ostensibly Christian nations, and Christianity has been promulgated among them for fifteen hundred years or more. Is Christianity a religion of strife? If not, how has it failed to get itself effectually established? Where is the trouble?

I think the answer is to be found in the fact that what we are witnessing is the collapse of a civilization that has been built up on the basis of power, a civilization whose dream has been dominion, whose spirit has been ambition, and whose method has been competition; and institutionalized, ecclesiastical, denominational, dogmatic Christianity has been shot through and through with the self-same false conception and motive. Instead of the spirit of the Master, who was meek and lowly in heart, and who inculcated

Digitized by Google

the great principle of mutual service, co-operation, brotherly love, we have had an age-long cultivation of national patriotism, narrowly conceived racial antipathies, religious bigotries and strifes, and the whole mistaken ideal of the glory of supremacy in Church and State. Jesus said to his disciples, "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister: and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Because the Christian Church itself has failed so largely to learn and practise this lesson, it has not been able to teach it to the nations; and the nations have gone on building up the fabric of power and dominion, each seeking to outstrip the other instead of helping the other, and ever and anon fighting one another instead of serving one another. And now the whole huge fabric collapses from its own weight, and may completely destroy itself.

It is impossible to imagine a more disastrous war than this will be if it goes on, and never was a great war more needless or unjustifiable. The hopes of the advocates of peace are indeed demolished for the time being, and they may sit in sackcloth and ashes. But could there possibly be a more complete refutation than we are now having of the long-accepted idea that the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war? How diligently this idea has been propagated in our own country in recent years! Behold all Europe an armed camp, ever increasing its military and naval equipment! And now, just because of such preparation, it has been impossible to prevent the appalling conflict, and a trifling act was sufficient to touch the match to the stupendous powder magazine! The very worst thing that the most thoughtful men have feared for the last quarter of a century has come to pass "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." To be prepared for war—is it not to invite war, or at least to make war inevitable?

It is too early yet to apportion justly the blame for this most dire calamity. I do not wonder that cultivated Germans feel hurt to see public sentiment turning so strongly against their country. But it is not the German people as a whole who are condemned, rather are they profoundly honored for their sturdiness, their industry, their intelligence, their great contributions to the world's scholarship, wealth, and progress; but it is because their rulers have taken the lead and set the pace in all this business of building up an empire on the basis of military power and glory, nursing this false ambition, and seeming to think all their neighbors round about were their jealous enemies,—it is for this reason that popular sympathy is not with Germany now. Perhaps it was too much to expect that Germany, with the historical antecedents lying within and around her, and with her precarious situation in Central Europe, should do otherwise than she has done; but even so, the pity of the whole gigantic, mistaken policy remains undiminished.

The present conflict may be thought to be, in the last analysis, a strife between Slav and Teuton for the mastery of Europe. No; in the "last" analysis it is a war that comes out of a wrong spirit in the hearts of the people, out of a love of power and dominion, out of suspicion, distrust, and dislike, out of ambition, competition, and vainglory. When the frightful carnage is ended and the vast fabric of a military civilization is utterly destroyed, the task will remain of building upon the ruins a new type of civilization based on the old simple principle of good will, mutual service, co-operation, brotherly love, which Jesus Christ has been trying for two thousand years to make men understand. And when that great task shall be undertaken, in Church and State, in industry and commerce, it will be found that "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." *Willard C. Selleck, in the Providence Journal.*

The Unitarian Sunday School Institute at Oxford.

When we went from London to Oxford the prospect of war was a mere speck upon the European horizon. In three days the black clouds had overspread the sky. When we left, August 7, the lurid lightnings of fierce battles were flashing about Liége, so suddenly and unexpectedly had the crisis fallen upon the nations.

For some days before we left, the quiet colleges, such as Keble, Balliol, Christchurch, were full of young soldiers: the government had called the "Territoriuls" to arms. There was, however, no noise, no excitement, no disorder; nothing like the bustle of term-time. A sudden solemnity fell upon the ancient academic town; no wild cheering, no boastful songs, not even any martial music by night or day. One could see on all faces the evidences of deep feeling and grim determination. One could feel the stress and strain of anxious preparation for momentous affairs. But the people spoke in quiet tones, and soldiers went about their military duties in the methodical manner of business men. The two outstanding impressions made upon the American visitor were these,—the calm seriousness with which the people in general faced the prospects of war, and the clean, strong faces of the young men in the rank and file of these citizen-soldiers. These things gave one a keen sense of pride in the quality of our English cousins across the sea.

Other equally favorable impressions were made by the behavior of all those who composed the Summer School, from the youngest teachers to the oldest lecturers. Everywhere a deep sense of the terrible horrors of war and a clear appreciation of the incalculable injury which it would do to civilization. These feelings came to expression in all the public prayers offered (the only place in all the exercises of the Institute where references to the impending war were made); no anger, no fear, no denunciation, no boastfulness, no trace of self-righteousness, but earnest petitions that, if possible, the cup of poison pass, and manly pleadings for strength and guidance if the calamities of bloodshed must come. These qualities were more especially noteworthy in the chapel services conducted by the two students of the college, Mr. Horseley and Mr. Philipson, men of great promise, who worked wisely and diligently to make the Institute a success. There were no jingoes among us, all were apostles of peace; but all were loyal English people with a high sense of national honor and world obligation. The remark was often heard: The evils of war are awful, but there are times when they must be faced as the stern discipline of Providence, too inscrutable to be understood, but too serious to be shirked. Whoever is at fault, we must now do our duty; but the shame and folly and pity of it, fighting Christians!

The Institute was a great success, however, in spite of the shadow of war that rested upon us,—the most successful ever held, it was said. It is a biennial meeting (this the ninth session), and this year it was again held in the spacious and beautiful buildings of Manchester College. A score of officers, speakers, and guests were sheltered in the ancient residence of the college, a part of which was built as early as 1450. Nearly a hundred members of the Institute, gathered from all parts of Great Britain, found entertainment in homes and hotels in the neighborhood. But all lunched together in the college daily at one o'clock.

The majority of the Sunday-school teachers present were women, many of them young women,—several girls who did not look more than sixteen or seventeen years old. The matron of the residence, Miss Titford of London, is still an active teacher after a service of over fifty years. But there were a goodly number of men. Three young teachers (brothers) from Hull, and a patriarch of eighty, who is still an active teacher, a prominent business man of London. There were also quite a number of men past middle life.

The Institute was formally opened by a religious service on Friday morning, August 1, in the college chapel (its windows by Sir E. Burne-Jones are very beautiful), by Principal J. Estlin Carpenter, who made an address of great felicity and power on "The Task of the Sunday-school Teacher," speaking, as we always expect this far-famed scholar to speak, with words of spiritual insight and quickening inspiration.

The early morning lectures, running through the week, were as follows: "The Educational Power of Music in the Life of the Child," by Rev. Dr. Cary Bonner, secretary of the World's Sunday School Union, an eminent Baptist, whose address will never be forgotten by those who listened; two lectures by Dr. Crooker on "The Modern Uses of the Bible"; Miss Pelton (a Congregationalist), a prominent professor in a large training-school for Sunday-school teachers at Birmingham, helpfully described how to secure "The Right Atmosphere in the Sunday-school"; Rev. Lucking Tavener (Aberdeen) held his hearers spellbound by his fine interpretation of the paintings of G. F. Watts; and then a lecture by Prof. T. Raymont, at the head of a large normal school in London, on "Lesson Illustrations," full of helpful suggestions.

The second hours of the morning sessions were given to a variety of topics: two lectures on "Hints on Bible Teaching," by Rev. A. W. Fox, M.A. (minister for sixteen years at Todmorden, Lancashire, when Brooke Herford began his ministry), who spoke wisely out of an abundant acquaintance with modern Biblical scholarships and also out of a wide experience as a teacher; "Health and the Sunday-school" was luminously treated by Dr. George Jessel, a leading authority on tuberculosis; "The Use of Biography" was helpfully described by Rev. Albert Thornhill, M.A., who has

Digitized by Google

written a valuable handbook on the subject; "Graded Lessons" was discussed by Mr. Louis Lloyd; from Bedford College (for women), London, came one of its professors, Miss D. Tarrant, M.A., who told us many charming things about "The Ways of Children." This series of morning addresses was brought to a fitting close on a high level by a lecture on "Poetry is Power," by Mr. T. M. Chalmers, M.A., the efficient secretary of the Sunday School Association, to whose wise planning the success of the Institute was largely due. All these topics were discussed with spiritual insight and practical suggestion. I wish that space permitted a fuller description.

Two admirable sermons were preached on Sunday during the Institute: one in the morning, by Rev. Dr. J. Edwin Odgers, for many years a professor in Manchester College; and the other on Sunday evening, by Rev. W. G. Tarrant, who has had a long and notable pastorate (over thirty years) at Wandsworth, London. During the evenings, besides social gatherings and conferences on the practical work of the Sunday-school, two very interesting lectures were given: one by Rev. E. Savell Hicks, M.A. (Unitarian church in Dublin), on the "Evolution of the Bible,"—a most helpful survey of Old Testament scholarship (illustrated by the stereopticon); and "The Structure and Art of the Bee," by Rev. H. M. Livens, who spoke with the grace and authority of one who has had long and intimate acquaintance with these wonderful creatures.

The afternoons were set apart for visits to the Oxford Colleges (full of perennial interest), to excursions on the rivers, and to a drive to Blenheim,—all delightful affairs. In this way provision was made for recreation, for social intercourse, and for the more informal interchange of ideas and experiences which are often more valuable than the academic addresses.

The churches and ministers in Great Britain of Unitarian faith (I cannot pass judgment upon other denominations) work much harder than we in America. The minister preaches twice on Sunday, and as a rule, in addition, he teaches a Bible class. Churches are never closed, and ministers have short "holidays," as vacations are here called. The Sunday-school of a church has two sessions (some three),—one before the morning service, and the other in the afternoon about two or three o'clock. A larger proportion of the children come from families outside the parish than with us. These and other features remind us of the early days when Sunday-schools were very largely devoted to secular instruction.

The earnestness of the Sunday-school teachers in these Unitarian churches in Great Britain and the thoroughness of their work are most commendable. The manuals published by the Sunday School Association are numerous and valuable, probably among the very best to be found anywhere in the world. The interest in this work is not decadent, but vigorous and growing. The statement was repeatedly made during this Institute: We must give to our Sunday-schools better methods and better materials; facilities and teachers equal, if not superior, to those enjoyed by the children in the secular schools. And one of the most significant things heard at this Institute was the remark (most heartily cheered), that we are not at the end of Sunday-school work, but its day is just beginning,—one of the many fine statements made by Rev. J. Arthur Pearson of London.

Keen regret was felt that Rev. J. J. Wright (long prominent in the affairs of the Association) was compelled by frail health to be absent. It was, however, encouraging to hear of his steady improvement.

I cannot close this imperfect account of this Institute without paying most cordial tribute to the gracious hospitality, the wise oversight of innumerable details, the unfailing friendliness, and the enthusiastic loyalty to high ideals of Sunday-school work shown by the president, Mr. Ion Pritchard of London, so modest, so genial, so thoughtful of others,—a man universally esteemed by Unitarians in the British Isles, and known and honored by many Americans.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

The Red Cross Appeal.

The American Red Cross is greatly in need of funds for the war relief work. It is planning to send a ship to Europe with some of its corps of surgeons and trained nurses, and surgical equipment and hospital supplies. We have appeals coming to us from there for all this aid, that is so greatly needed.

There are thousands of sick and wounded men, and there soon will be tens of thousands—perhaps hundreds of thousands—in this terrible war. The part that America will play in it will be the part of human brotherhood—to save, and not to destroy.

Those who wish to aid in this great work for humanity may send contributions to the American Red Cross, Washington, D.C., or to local Red Cross treasurers. Donors may designate, if they so desire, the country for which they wish their contributions used. The Red Cross appeals for the aid of all. Every dollar will mitigate the suffering of some poor man.

MABEL T. BOARDMAN.

Rest by the Way.

The Traveller and his daughter were coming down Beacon Street after a busy morning in the city (Boston). They were on their way to luncheon, and the girl was tired and hungry. They stopped, looked, and listened at the entrance to King's Chapel. The organ was playing, and Prof. Francis G. Peabody was to speak for twenty minutes. The Traveller was attracted by the speaker, the high-school girl by the old, historic church. We went in and sat in a pew with a retired doctor of divinity. As we listened to the organ, a feeling of repose and reverence made us forget the noise and bustle just outside.

The organ stopped. The professor arose and repeated the passage, "Ask and it shall be given unto you," and then we were really led in prayer and ready to join in "Our Father." The Scripture from Deuteronomy had the short but abundant text, "Choose Life." But life and death seem beyond choice; we come into the world without being consulted, and go out of it without choice. So began the preacher and then he showed how all life was a matter of choice. In a series of flash-lights he showed us life,—the theme of the Book from beginning to end. The rewards of life are not fame, fortune, position, power, or money,—just more life. He that is faithful all his life—until death—shall receive a crown of life.

The tired faces grew intent and rested as he spoke. The cares of the world lost their grip as the folk listened. They went out, smart business men, women shopping, and some wayfarers from the country as we were, and felt that life was worth living.

The Traveller tried to tell the high-school girl how great and good a man they had been listening to. The girl said, "Anyway it was restful." And Professor Peabody would have enjoyed the way she said it.—*The Congregationalist.*

That they All may be One.

A word is desired respecting a recent meeting in King's Chapel, Boston. Such a word may have some suggestion for any readers who are specially moved by the prayer of Jesus for the unity of his followers.

Was ever another request made by any human being in its circumstances more pathetic and at the same time more sublimely simple than the prayer of Jesus for the oneness of all disciples?

This meeting was held in the belief that to call together in one place divergent people, even the mutually inimical or unfriendly, that they may consider together some worthy theme, and pray together, and sing together, is to draw those toward one another who so meet. There is a power in such a meeting, however small or however large, however humble or however heralded, that tends, irresistibly and always, to quicken mutual regard.

Some think, no doubt, that Christian unity is a long way off, and hopeless at present. The organic unity, so called, of all the denominations may be far away, and even undesirable now. But a larger unity in good will is infinitely desirable at this moment, and is entirely practicable in our own day.

This meeting was the twentieth annual summer meeting similar. It came about in the simplest way. A few country minister neighbors felt moved to invite all ministers around them, of every name, to come together, as friends and brothers, for conference together respecting any such things as might deeply concern them, and especially to pray together, and sing together. They asked no identity of creed or uniformity of opinion. They asked no man to give up anything he held dear. Any bargain, in the way of a compromise, was not thought of. "Love your neighbor and respect his beliefs" was a motto with them. Conference on great themes, and prayer and song were their reliance.

Their first meeting was a success that surprised them; so much so that they have been calling similar meetings ever since then, as opportunity and convenience suggested, now these twenty years. And those who have known most of these meetings bear witness that never in all this period have they so met but that some, perhaps many,

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1099 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

have believed themselves conscious of the witness of the Good Spirit in their hearts; that they were brought somewhat nearer to that unity for which Jesus prayed.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE GROUP.

The fact, already stated, that those who organized these meetings were country ministers is essential to my purpose in this reporting. Perhaps it will be more clear if a few names are called, and it may also be made clear that, even if some of their names are unknown to a single reader of the *Advance*, they were men of high character. These mentioned have all of them now finished their earthly work.

There was Dr. Joshua Young, then of Groton, Mass., who, in his early ministry, in the severity of the winter, travelling in an open sleigh all the night as well as by day, after much exposure and some suffering reached the Adirondack home of John Brown in season to read some Scripture and offer a prayer at the funeral, and for doing so suffered obloquy from many good people, and lost his pulpit, and perhaps for a time lost his livelihood also. But such a prayer as that man offered at the first of these meetings is not often heard.

There was George S. Shaw, one of the most sincerely loyal to his denomination of all Unitarians, who held one parish during almost all his ministerial life, up on the Ashby hilltop, in Worcester County, and, after thirty years or more of service as a good old-fashioned New England pastor, died while still in active service, honored and beloved by his congregation, and by all the community, and by multitudes in all the surrounding towns.

There was also the Rev. Fr. McKenna, Catholic priest of the large parish in Marlboro, who came heartily among us and labored with us zealously, not long, but until his death.

There was Rev. William Brown of Tyngsboro, a most lovable and faithful man, to whom was given the great joy of seeing his son coming into the same ministry with himself,—the Rev. W. Channing Brown, now usefully connected with the Unitarian House, 25 Beacon Street.

There was Dr. Babbidge, who reached ninety years or thereabouts, in great honor in the old Pepperell church. There was Rev. J. E. B. Jewett, who kept his good health, but also his evangelical enthusiasm, until he was nearly eighty-seven. There was Rev. Mr. Hudson of Ayer, who, after such trials as many faithful ministers know in different parishes, was made rich by good sisters who had appreciated him as their pastor long before, and, dying, left him their united fortunes, and really illuminated his later years by their gift. Such as these were co-workers in those early meetings.

Besides those whom I have spoken of as country ministers, others from the city afterward joined in the work. There was Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the first citizen of Boston, perhaps of New England, perhaps more when he died, who gave the meetings great support. There was Dr. L. B. Bates, father of our Massachusetts magistrate, good Gov. Bates, he the great-hearted of East Boston, known to tens of thousands of Methodists of his day. There was Bishop Mallalieu, also of the Methodist church, and there were others.

These early workers never deemed themselves a merely local body; they were as truly a world-wide body as the hay-stack prayer-meeting was a hundred years before. From time to time they chose eminent men, widely known, without regard to residence, whom they would honor and love as president, or patron, or adviser, or whatever he might be called. Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, and Canon Henson of London, and Dr. Charles Wagner of Paris, and others, kindly consented so to serve them. Some years ago they asked the privilege of nominating one of the American Catholic Cardinals for their president. He declined, but in such courteous manner as left their sincere esteem for him unbroken.

At this last meeting the principal address was given by Rev. Austin Rice of Wakefield, Mass., "The Gospel Ideal of Personal Responsibility." Rev. L. G. Wilson, secretary of the Unitarian national body, presided in the absence of the president, Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, Ohio. Rev. Edson Reifsnider read the Scripture from 1 Cor. 12, and Rev. Mr. Parker, senior pastor of all Woburn, led in the first prayer.

This twentieth summer meeting, although not so large as some, was well sustained, and further work was organized, and the principle already reported was restated much as follows: Against the power of a well-sustained meeting for the consideration together of the deep things of life, and for prayer and song together, nothing that is human can stand absolutely and always unmoved.

A great deal has been accomplished for Christian unity during the last twenty years. Countless grand influences have been co-working for it, and above all our human effort, doubtless, a Divine Providence has been using influences too great for us immediately to recognize them; but, if we could imagine these humble meetings to have been all there was, even they alone, by the divine blessing, should have moved the world—a little.

The constitution of these meetings has remained without amendment for twenty years:—

Article I. This organization shall be known as the Ministers' Union.

Article II. This Union seeks to promote the oneness of all believers, especially by cherishing the largest good will among all ministers.

Article III. All ministers shall be considered, in full and equally, members of the Union while they attend its meetings.

Article IV. The officers shall be such as the Union may find it natural and convenient to appoint.

Article V. No action of the Union shall be final which is not taken with substantial unanimity.—*Chicago Advance.*

Books Wanted.

I have a Post-office Mission correspondent who has been on my list for years. He is doing very remarkable work in a Western State, and is in need of some books for his Bible classes. Some books can, of course, be borrowed from our Alliance Library, but others, needed for constant reference, it is necessary to own.

The three that he needs most are "Smith's Bible Dictionary," or any good Bible dictionary, a "History of the Christian Church," and an "American Standard Revised Bible" (clear type), edition of 1900.

I think perhaps some readers may have copies of these books, second hand and in good condition. If so, please address me as below, and I will send the name and address of the minister. I do not give the minister's name here because that always leads to several copies of the books being sent to one person, and other ministers would be glad to have the duplicates.

(Miss) L. Freeman Clarke.

Coolidge Point, Magnolia, Mass.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the union service at Arlington Street Church, Boston, Sunday, August 30, Rev. Edward Cummings will preach.

At the First Parish Church, Milton, Mass., Sunday, August 30, Rev. W. W. Fenn, D.D., dean of the Harvard Divinity School, will preach at 11 A.M.

At the First Parish Church, Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, Sunday, August 30, Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly of All Souls' Church, Lincoln, Neb., will preach at 11 A.M.

At Manchester-by-the-Sea, First Unitarian Church, Rev. Lee S. McCollester, dean of the Crane Theological School, Tufts College, will preach Sunday, August 30.

At King's Chapel, Boston, Sunday, August 30, at 10.30 A.M., Rev. Sydney B. Snow, associate minister of the Chapel, will preach. The church is open every week-day morning from 9 to 12.

There will be a union ministers' meeting in Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple, Boston, Monday, August 31, at eleven o'clock A.M. (the Pilgrim Hall meeting of August 3 adjourned). A review of "The Great Illusion" is assigned. All ministers of every name are cordially invited. The public is welcome.

Churches.

Gratz, Ky.—Eight lectures on Liberal Religion are being delivered by Curtis W. Reese, in the Opera House, during the week of August 23 to August 30, inclusive. The series began with an address on "The Modern Awakening," and will close with a discussion of "World Religion."

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Personals.

A letter from Dr. Joseph H. Crooker, in Liverpool, says: "We wish we were at home, but we shall not try to sail while ships are so crowded. We have engagements in Liverpool, Sheffield, London, etc., which extend into November next. However, if the door suddenly opens for our escape across the sea, we shall start at once." He adds: "The conduct of the people, in this awful crisis of horrible war, has so far been most admirable; nothing of the unseemly wildness which flamed up during the Boer War some years ago."

The Party.

BY MARY MILTON.

It was very hot and very lonesome that Sunday afternoon. The street was deserted, and almost every house closed, with curtains down. By fashion's dictum every one was away. Lawns were burned red with the fierce July sun; the gardens drooped. The shrill of the locust was in the air. Even the incessant stream of motorists on the adjacent boulevard showed no really happy faces, for the race for pleasure was too tense and rapid, the dust too thick, the breeze too lifeless for comfort. It was hot.

She was alone in the big house,—more lonely than usual in the fainting garden and in the silent rooms which a recent grief had filled with sad memories. The day had seemed endless.

Suddenly she heard again the beloved voice saying in the old, sensible, practical way, "Don't mope; that doesn't help. Go and do something for somebody." To try to obey was second nature; but what was there to do in the heat, and every one gone?

Alone in the street? Why, no! Come to think of it, there were the two Dear Ladies, just beyond, both widowed, who were lonely too; and, yes, there was the Teacher with the Pretty Eyes, just come back, over the way; and surely that nice Friendly Cat! Why not have a piazza party and tell the Cheerful Letter correspondent about it afterward, and the gentle invalid around the corner, who never left her bed, but delighted in other folks' good times? What an excellent idea! Of all things, there was the old Night-blooming Cereus plant just ready to open its wonderful bloom that very evening! A Night-blooming Cereus party would be something entirely new. Quickly the invitations went out, all three of them, and were as quickly accepted. Delightful! Other people were lonesome too. Even the Friendly Cat would come, and another not quite so friendly,—sceptical of friendship since his family had left him. In the pleasant business of preparation she was no longer lonely.

On the rail of the piazza overlooking the garden, now beginning to cool off in the late afternoon shadows, "a staff she set," not to demonstrate, like Barbara Frietchie, "that one heart was loyal yet," but to bear up a big and gorgeous Japanese umbrella to shield one of the Dear Ladies from the westering sun. Behind came the largest screen, to keep any possible draught from the other Dear Lady, who would be snug in the old Windsor chair. Then out came the antique gate-legged table, whose first owner was in the French and Indian War and told over it tales of the siege of Louisburg, and whose next used it the night of the real Tea Party in Boston Harbor. How well it fitted the piazza corner, spread with a Liberty cloth from London, and grandmother's precious rose lustre china, with real Apostle spoons and the Queen Anne silver pitcher!

The Teacher with the Pretty Eyes helped toss the salad, and pour the tea from the lustre teapot, and cut the modest cake, and the Friendly Cat had his share in bits of soft cheese under the Windsor chair, with the less friendly one growing more trustful, while on a table near by stood the mysterious cactus with its strange, beautiful bud swelling visibly as it waited for the last streak of day before unfolding.

Loneliness was forgotten as the Party sat quietly in the twilight, in pleasant chat or in the silence which real friends enjoy. One almost heard the lost cheery voice, that all remembered, saying, "Now isn't this pleasanter than moping alone? The way to live is to do."

Duller and less distinct grew the colors in the garden, the Nicotiana alone standing out with its white stars. The dust and heat were gone. There were fluttering, melodious birds among the trees, but the Friendly Cat only purred drowsily under the chair. The evening breeze just moved the apple leaves, and the moon came up especially to grace the Party.

Then, with a tiny snap, the great bud of the Night-blooming Cereus slowly opened its fairy petals, wider and wider, pouring out its fountain of intoxicating perfume, and extending its delicate network of stamens like living fingers asking a caress,—so pure, so fragile, so altogether marvellous,—the climax of the Party. One brief hour of enjoyment and it was over, and night came into the quiet street.

It was really nothing at all, nothing to speak about. Reduced to lowest terms it was just a cup of tea and a cactus on a piazza, but it made for friendliness among neighbors, and that counted. Only those of the simplest, most innocent tastes would have enjoyed it or found healing; but to her who was lonesome and saw with misty eyes it repaid many times the slight trouble of arranging, especially when the two Dear Ladies said next day, "We had *such* a nice time!" and the Teacher with the Pretty Eyes called it "just a lovely party."

Here and There.

It is stated in a French newspaper that a number of documents has been discovered tending to prove the Corsican origin of Columbus.

On Sunday, August 9, after morning service, the following resolution was passed unanimously by the congregation of the Free Religious Movement, meeting in the Foresters' Large Hall, Dundee: "The Free Religious Movement of Dundee, in meeting assembled, records the fervent prayer that the war struggle in Europe may be the death-throe of military imperialism and feudal ascendency, and extends sympathy to the peoples whose homes and countries are being desolated."

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Heney, Montreal, Can.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.
Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 1039 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "I consider her a very edible match."

"Martha, my soup plate is damp!" "Hush, my dear, they serve very small portions at these fashionable dinners."—*Exchange.*

"How's vacation, Johnnie?" "Bully! Fell off a shed, most got drownded, tipped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spindles licked me twice, an' I got two stone bruises an' a stiff neck!"—*Zion's Herald.*

An old conundrum has been propounded more than once by readers of the Boston *Transcript* and of the Springfield *Republican*—doubtless by readers of other favorite papers as well: "Why is this paper like a porous plaster?" "Because it's good for a week back."

A doctor was accosted by a woman whom he remembered to have seen, but whose name he did not know. "I suppose," said the woman, "that yer gettin' a good fee, sir, for attendin' the little Smith boy?" "Well, yes, pretty good, but why?" "Well, I 'ope yer won't forget that my little Algy threw the brick that 'it 'im!"—*London Opinion.*

A little Boston girl, who had been taught to masticate her food, was taken by an uncle to the Zoo. She watched the camels earnestly as they munched huge bunches of grass, and then turned to her uncle. "Uncle," said she, "what a treat it would be for father and mother and Professor Fletcher to see those camels chewing all day!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Butter, butter, butter!" reiterated Mrs Bessey, rising to go. "In Africa it isn't perfumed, and they don't have to pay a dollar for it; but, speaking personally, Amanda, I'd as lief be an innocent buttered heathen in the wilds as a walking advertisement on Main Street of civilized empty-headedness and Madame Some-One-or-Other's cream!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A story told by Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, in "The Story of Harvard," goes to show that Emerson's musical efforts were unappreciated. Singing in the yard was a popular diversion, and early in his freshman year, Emerson, wishing to have a share in the fun, went to the singing-master, who said to him, "Chord." "So I made some kind of a noise," said Emerson, "and the singing-master said, 'That will do, sir; you need not come again.'"

Secretary Garrison of the War Department boarded a horse-car in New York. He had no change, and gave the conductor a five-dollar bill. The conductor took the bill, walked to the front end of the car, and stood there. "My change?" suggested Garrison. "I can't change no five-dollar bill," the conductor replied. "Then give me back my bill," demanded Garrison. "Can't do that either, boss," the conductor replied; "but if you'll stay on the car until we get to the barn you can have the horses."

A curate, anxious to bring himself to the notice of Archbishop Temple, informed His Grace that he had recently seen a wonderful example of the ways of Providence. "My aunt," said the curate, "intended taking a railway journey, but missed the train, owing to her cab being held up. That very train met with an accident, and many passengers were killed and injured. Was not that a wonderful intervention of Providence?" The archbishop looked at the curate, and, after pausing a moment, simply said, "I didn't know your aunt."

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 FAYRAY STREET, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston

BY

JAMES H. STARK

"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."

LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID

For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

The Christian Register

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

GENERAL LIBRARY
SEP 5 1914
Librarian of University U
OF MICH.

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 36 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 841
Labels 842
The Ground-floor 843

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Shadow of War 844

CURRENT TOPICS 844

BREVITIES 845

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
All for Good 845
Our Name "Unitarian", by W. C. Gannett 846
A Plea for the Superior Person, by Samuel M. Crothers, 848
The Dead Pan, by H. M. Selby 849
To Men and Women of Good Will 850
Emma D. E. N. Southworth, by Oscar Fay Adams . . 851
Spirit and Reality 852
The Tiniest Republic in the World; All about a Name, 854
The Only Solution; War and Peace, by A. W. Littlefield, 858
In Peace and War, by Paul Revere Frothingham . . . 859
From the President of the American Peace Society . . 860
The European Crisis; Federation; President Wilson's Message 861
A Memorial Service; Foreign Magazines, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 862
The Ministers' Institute; A Definition of Civilization; Wanted—Men! 863

SPIRITUAL LIFE 853

LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines 855

THE HOME.
The Postman's Vacation, by Lucy Pratt; The Naughtiness of Molly Muff, by L. H. 856
Jonas Hanway's Pluck; Ha! Ha! Ha!; A Make-believe Bee 857

POETRY.
Progress, by Mary P. Sears 846
Tokens, by Katharine H. Austin 848
The Little Streets 856

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 862

PLEASANTRIES 864

Editorial.

THE test of a man's optimism is in the hour of extreme trial and real crisis. The optimism which fails then has lost its great opportunity. Those who have thought civilization beyond the reach of such awful horrors as war is now bringing upon the world, have themselves to blame if their faith fails. The *Spectator* puts it none too strongly in saying that the talk of civilization being destroyed by the present war is rubbish. Such a war is indeed evidence that they have been deluded who reposed in the assurance that civilization was complete. But to think that this war, or any war, can destroy it, is to betray a blindness to what civilization has become, and what it is sure to hold. The world will be more civilized, not less, after peace is won.

MEN who think the world has outgrown the need of churches should consider what happens in great crises of personal or public character. An hour before the hour of service the largest church but four in the world was lately crowded, and in that hour as many more failed to gain admission. The reason was that the Bishop of London was to preach before joining his regiment at the front. London is a city of which it has been said that every street has a church, but there were not churches enough on the first Sunday of the war. There is no other sufficiency for courage but the faith that God is in the field; and when human nature is most tried, that reliance is most sought—and it is always found.

IT is very difficult to understand outbreaks of superstition, passion, or prejudice, even in our own time, close at hand. It is almost impossible to put ourselves in the place of those who were guilty of tyranny, cruelty, or sectarian passion one, two, or three hundred years ago. The case of the inhabitants of Salem who in the early days persecuted Baptists and Quakers is often cited now to show the nature of Puritan tyranny and injustice in the early days of the Massachusetts colony. Let it be remembered, however, that the inhabitants of Salem were lovers of Roger Williams and admirers of Anne Hutchinson; that it was not they, but the magistrates of Boston, who drove Roger Williams to Rhode Island and Anne Hutchinson into the hands of the Indians in Connecticut. Thinking that time had somewhat ameliorated the wrath against the Puritans of Salem, we once

made a cheerful remark concerning Cassandra Southwick to one of her descendants. To our surprise, the blood flew into her cheeks and fire was kindled in her eyes as she thought of her ancestress, condemned by the magistrates of Salem to be sent to the Barbadoes with her family and sold as slaves. The wrath against the magistrates who permitted themselves to pass such an absurd and cruel decree was entirely justifiable and in order, but not enough has been made of the other facts,—that the action of the magistrates did not commend itself to their townspeople, and that, among all the many shipmasters trading in the West Indies, not one would receive as passengers Cassandra Southwick and her children. The edict of the magistrates, therefore, became a dead letter, and the descendant referred to above came in a peaceful and prosperous line from a worthy ancestor.

A curious anomaly of the peace cause was exhibited in Paris when the people opposed to war measures formed a mob which successfully resisted police control. The next evening the boulevards at critical points had lines of cavalry down the centre, and at every corner were troops prepared for extreme measures. On account of this same agitation, the closing of the sidewalks to the cafés closely followed; and finally Jaurès was assassinated, because he favored three years of war-service, by a man who stood for the more pacific law of two years. We have ourselves heard peace advocates manifest a more vindictive and provocative spirit than is characteristic of war captains. All of which shows that the kingdom of peace is within, and must first be established in the hearts of men. Without this, great wars are as liable as ever to happen in spite of all organization against them.

The Boy Scouts Association is now an officially recognized force in England. It numbers 200,000 boys from eleven years to twenty, and a great proportion of these are now in active service. Along the East Coast 1,200 Scouts are assisting the coastguardsmen, and in three counties nearly 5,000 are on duty guarding bridges, culverts, telephone and telegraph lines, railway stations, reservoirs, and open streams of water used for drinking purposes. None of the Scouts are permitted to carry arms, and therefore it is a non-combatant force whose members are entitled, in case of capture, to the same protection as police officers in like circumstances. The Scouts in our own country have demonstrated their usefulness and the value of their training. In a large outdoor audience of 100,000 people they once served as ushers. One little fellow went up to a man who was talking during the performance and told him he must stop disturbing people. The man defied him, ridiculed and threatened him. The boy jumped upon the bully, threw his arms about his neck, and gave the Scout call for help. In a moment the man was surrounded by boys, who ejected him from the enclosure, a wiser if sorer man. Scouts are good not only for the boys, but also for the community.

In Dr. Bentley's diaries there is a brief record of a curious outbreak of superstition in Salem, Mass., which indicates that even a hundred years after the Salem witchcraft (at which time, by the way, witches were not burned) the ancient superstition survived in full force. A girl came from Boston to Salem, suffering from some distemper, and claimed that she had been bewitched. The news spread in the neighborhood, and it was not long before the house was surrounded by a thousand people. Fortunately, there was no one to lead a crusade against witches, the excitement died out, and the better judgment of the citizens asserted itself. We have recently called attention to the survival of superstition down even to our own time, and we have in mind the existence of virulent superstitions in Eastern Europe, which are likely to break out during this time of intense excitement. The human mind is a strange receptacle for thoughts, sentiments, and passions, some lying near the surface in the light of day, and others lurking in deep, dark places below the limits of consciousness. In times of tension and turmoil the great deeps of human nature are stirred, and strange things come to the surface. Under impulses of hatred, fear, or selfish ambition there may, in times of excitement, be outbreaks which will astonish even those who are swept away by their passions. There will be in Europe innumerable things which, when the war cloud passes, no one will be proud or willing to remember.

People who have not taken up the study of genealogy do not remember the fact that ancestors increase with great rapidity as we go back in time. They double in every generation, so that ten generations back every one has two thousand ancestors. In the part of any country where the population is somewhat stationary, lines of ancestry during these ten generations must repeatedly cross each other. If we go back far enough we find that everybody is related to everybody else. This bears on the claim of royal ancestry, often set up by those who have made a study of the generations, to the confusion of those who can boast of only recent and ingloriou men and women from whom they are descended. But the fact is almost a mathematical certainty that in England, for instance, or among people of English descent, every line of ancestry will somewhere in the past run into a royal line. If the human race is descended from one pair, it is evident enough that, if we go back far enough in the course of time, we shall find not only that all the inhabitants of a district are blood relations, but that all nations have a common origin, and, finally, we must admit that black and white, Jew and Gentile, savage and civilized, are of one blood and of one family.

Labels.

In some connections labels seem quite undesirable, almost disgraceful. What scorn and contempt are sometimes visited upon their use! We have heard them spoken of in such a way as to stir a pity for those unfortunate persons who are compelled to use them. We have been inflamed with zeal for a noble independence of any such mean, ignoble signs when we have listened to some denunciations of them and to the exaltation of entire freedom from subserviency to them. How glorious the rebellion, how precious the emancipation from the sway of the label!

Yet the morning after the meeting where so many labels were torn to pieces we find ourselves shopping and marketing, and looking for the labels of things. The labels are what we know them by, and our goods are satisfactory according to the label they bear. Have the preserved pineapples that certain label, as interesting personally as it is assuring gastronomically? Then we look no further. Is there the proper pharmaceutical name on what the physician directed us to buy? Then we know that it is pure and safe. Is our satisfaction with the hat we wear quite independent of the name the maker stamps on it; does the Consumers' League label perform a useless office; and dare our grocer or butcher ignore our demand that the card of the Pure Food Committee shall hang on his

Digitized by Google

wall? Diplomas are negligible, but are they negligible before we get them? Is there, as a matter of fact, any direction in life that is not indicated by a label, with a perspective of labels all along the way?

The confusion in which we are plunged by the close incompatibility between what the speaker said last night about labels and what we find all day to be actually true of them is cleared up when we consider what he meant, or ought to have meant, to say. He meant that labels and contents ought to agree, and that when they do not agree the label ought to be torn off and the contents carefully looked into. He meant to make us scornful not of labels, but of labels that were not labels, that merely pretended to be labels. His contempt was directed toward labels that were not labels, but lies.

We doubt if there are so many of these counterfeits in the world as to justify any one in assuming that the word "label" belongs to the false thing rather than the real thing. We question the fairness of labelling labels as their critics commonly do. To our minds theirs are libellous labels. But the main question is what to do about the counterfeiting.

There are two main lines of effort: one is to make the label describe the contents accurately; the other is to make the contents such as will justify full publication. To change the label might satisfy many people. The popular way to reform evils is to make laws against them. But to make laws which stamp evils and to do nothing to stamp the evils out is to make bad matters worse. To put the right name to a thing which is not itself what the name describes is to invite contempt.

At bottom there is but one thing to do, and that is to make the contents what they should be. Label and content are one thing, not two. If a good label is true, we have no fault to find. It is indispensable. If it is not true, it quickly becomes useless. The one concern our reformers ought to have at heart and keep clear in mind is reform in *things*, not in *names*. If there is a good name, the only concern is the quality that shall keep it good. If there is good quality, the name it has earned will never mislead. The good label that is true will never be despised; and it is likely to be the case with spiritual commodities as with others, that a good name is better than many riches and that much gain will not pay for a bad one.

The Ground-floor.

"Getting on the ground-floor" is the colloquial way of expressing the idea of advantage or privilege. It is used with reference to those who have seen more quickly than others the value of an invention or of properties, and have invested heavily before the price reached the normal level. One fact generally connected with getting on the ground-floor is, however, quite often overlooked. The name comes into use after the value has been established and everybody recognizes the worth of the things concerned. People wish they could have such goodly possession, which once could be had at so low a price, and sometimes they are "let in," as the saying is, and allowed to share the advantage others discovered.

The fact overlooked is that there was a time when those who knew, or had faith in, the value of what they held were counted fools for their faith, and fanatics for their confidence. They found it hard to make any one believe that what was hidden in their field was really a pearl of great price. They were called credulous, and were pitied, even ridiculed, for spending all they had for worthless lands. They had to wait, and toil, and perhaps almost starve before any one would admit that there was anything in their claim. When the worth was demonstrated, of course all the world longed to get it; but when it was perceived by but few, no one else tried in the least to gain a share. Being on the ground-floor then was far from enviable. It was like living in a cellar.

This preliminary chapter in the history of most great possessions, generally skipped in the desire to know the main fact, is the chapter most worth pondering. If it could be inseparably fixed in the story of every progress, many delusions would be prevented. It is rare that anyone gets on the ground-floor without paying a great price for the advantage. Almost always there was a long time when the ground-floor was thought most undesirable. The elements of the value afterward realized were not made of accident. They consisted of foresight, laborious calculation, of much sacrifice, patience, endurance, and high courage. They were made of persistence in the face of indifference, and of unresting vigor in the midst of torpid waiting. The names of men of this sort are inscribed in many of the great achievements of the world. They made the ground-floor what it became. Theirs was its solidity, its increment, its afterward pricelessness. The glory of great men consisted in their valuing things at their real worth before others knew enough to do so.

We do not wish to dwell on the parable. One application of it deserves more notice than it commonly gains. We think our work in the religious life of our time is of this sort. It consists of holding to the real values in spite of things reckoned more worth getting. We think the time to appreciate what we have is now rather than when more people appreciate it. We are on the ground-floor in religion. It is true there is no great press our way. The strong and mighty among religious organizations do not recognize our existence. It is to no great advantage to have our property. But this is not the point to consider. The point to consider is the quality of the truths we choose for ours and the inherent value of what we possess. If the value is there, nothing can keep it down. If we hold the property at our valuation, disregarding the market, and put into it the powers which develop and demonstrate such values, we can well afford to disregard the quotations in the ecclesiastical Bourse.

This prescription we commend for certain sorts of nervousness with regard to our future. It is a simple prescription and has no pretentious quackery about it. It is no nostrum, no clever device to conceal with activity a radical despair, no high-sounding substitute for reality. Our prescription is something like that of the famous physician who advised his patient to live on a shilling a day, and earn it. We counsel more attention to the things we have, and less worry about the things that are most commonly thought worth having. Our kingdom of heaven will not come with observation, with saying, lo, here, and lo, there. There is no special call for ingenuity and change. Artificial expedients are not what the occasion demands. New signs, fresh paint, and the latest improvements will not do our work for us. All we need is to see where our values lie and devote ourselves to them. The world needs churches just like ours, and a faith just like ours. No churches are more needed than churches with a clear religion and a vigorous expression of it in words understood of wayfaring men and in deeds consistent with them. There is no foundation stronger than this. There is none more desirable.

It is human nature to think that what we do not possess would perhaps be a little more worth having than what we have. Successes not ours seem to be an indictment of us for not having them. The successes we rather ought to work for are our own. Why we have not yet got them it is idle to inquire. That we may win them, and that they

Digitized by Google

are of the kind most nobly worth winning, it is high time that we should realize. The ground-floor in religion will one day be found about where we live; and it will be wondered why we did not seem to know it ourselves.

American Unitarian Association.

The Shadow of War.

The war cloud grows darker and darker, and settles with ever increasing fatality over the nations of the civilized world. It seems incredible that the greatest war in history should scourge the earth nearly two thousand years after the Prince of Peace proclaimed his gospel of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. A letter to Dr. Eliot from the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association is more than pathetic. It speaks of Europe as being "in flames" and represents the general situation as being too dreadful to write about. Enclosed in this letter is a circular entitled "The War: Appeal for Distress Fund," which reads as follows:—

"Amid the anxiety and suffering that already abound and will rapidly increase, those of us who are living in safety and comfort at home must set to work to do what we can to alleviate the misery of others. The president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association warmly approves of making Essex Hall one small centre for such humane service as can be devised. Here are a few things that may be done at once with the aid of money and helpers: (1) assist American and English Unitarians, who on their return from the Continent are stranded in London, to reach their homes; (2) look after Germans, Hungarians, and others in distress who are associated with the liberal religious movement in Europe until aid from their own friends is forthcoming; (3) make Essex Hall a depot for receiving and storing useful clothing, and distributing the same to the poor through the agency of our churches and missions whenever the need arises; (4) organize a staff for cutting out materials for ladies to work at their own homes and return to Essex Hall when completed; (5) keep Essex Hall open as an information office, where people may learn where to go and what to do in order, if possible, to surmount their difficulties. I shall make it my business personally to superintend whatever work it is possible to do, as opportunities and needs present themselves. Careful accounts will be kept; all services rendered will be voluntary, so that every penny sent to the Distress Fund will be devoted to the alleviation of genuine suffering." This appeal is signed by Rev. W. Copeland Bowie.

This prompt and considerate effort on the part of our fellow-workers in England is deeply appreciated. American Unitarians who wish to aid our British friends in these good works may send their contributions to the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. They should be designated for the Distress Fund, and will be promptly transmitted to London.

What the future has in store no one can say. Only this is certain, that not only all the nations of Europe must make appalling sacrifices, but Americans must sooner or later share in the burdens. The conditions of Germany, Belgium, France, and England, whoever gains the horrible results called "victory," will be pitiable to the last degree. If it seems expedient later on for the people of the United States to act the Good Samaritan on a scale never known before, and if this country really rises to the demands of the situation, it may be the one expression of true Christianity connected with the vast calamity. Meanwhile, let the Unitarians of America express their sympathy for the Unitarians abroad with a high-minded sense of their obligations as practical Christians and with due gratitude that they live in a country that has been spared this holocaust of bloodshed and ruin.

Lewis G. Wilson.

Current Topics.

With wonderful efficiency, the German fighting machine has been continuing its progress through Belgium and into France since the initial check which the invaders suffered at the hands of the Belgians in the preliminary stage of the war. At the beginning of the week, after a series of engagements which proved costly to both sides, the Germans had forced their Anglo-French opponents to a point only seventy miles from Paris, and the French capital was taking heroic measures to resist a siege. A feature of the history of this month of fighting, which for the percentage of losses will probably contribute a new chapter to the annals of war, was the apparent inability of strongly fortified cities to offer even effective resistance to the destructive power of modern artillery. For instance, Lille, the second most strongly fortified city in France, fell to the Germans without a blow. Namur, in Belgium, was taken without serious loss of time. On the other hand, Liège, if the Belgian reports are to be credited, has not yet wholly been beaten down, as two or three of the fortresses are still holding out.

The shadow of a *jehad*, or holy war, is being cast over the world by the activities of the Ottoman government, which evidently is taking energetic steps for an active participation in the war of the nations. From German sources, at the beginning of the week, came the prediction that in a few days Turkey would be found on the side of the dual alliance. The first result of such a step, it was announced in Berlin, would be the declaration of a holy war against the Christian throughout the Moslem world, and especially in India, where a Moslem agitation against British rule is one of the portentous things of yesterday. In London, the semi-official admission was made last Sunday that the diplomatic resources of the Triple Entente had been employed to the full in an attempt to insure the neutrality of Turkey, but without satisfactory results, and it was intimated that the participation of the Ottoman empire in this war would "seal the doom" of the empire itself.

The progress of the Russian hosts is the diversion upon which both the French and the British war offices count to simplify their problem in the long line of operations in advance of Paris. The Czar is credited with the announcement of a determination to continue the augmentation of his forces until twenty million men are under the colors, if such a force should be found necessary for the crushing of Germany. There is little doubt that the autocrat of all the Russias would be able, not only to place such a colossal host in the field, but to equip and arm it. Certainly there has been no moment in Russian history, since the struggle which Peter the Great carried on to crush the Swedish power, when official Russia has demonstrated so intense a desire to conquer a foreign foe as it is indicating now. This warlike ardor is not without grave significance even to the allies who now are fighting side by side with Russia.

Heavy sacrifices in lives and treasure, in the course of a war which might well last longer than three years, were predicted in the House of Commons by Lord Kitch-

Digitized by Google

ener, British minister of war, on August 25. After informing Parliament that his term of office would be for the duration of the war, "or for three years if the war should last longer than that," Lord Kitchener produced a powerful impression by adding: "There will be serious conflicts which undoubtedly will strain the resources of our empire, and undoubtedly considerable sacrifices to our people will be entailed. These will willingly be borne for our honor and for the preservation of our position in the world, and they will be shared by our dominions, who now are sending contingents and giving assistance of every kind to the mother country." The recruiting of troops throughout the United Kingdom continues on a scale which already must have placed at least 250,000 men under the colors for immediate duty on the continent, in addition to the force of 100,000 men who were hurried to Belgium at the opening of the hostilities.

ITALY'S announced determination to maintain an attitude of neutrality in the conflict that has embroiled three-quarters of Europe was being subjected at the beginning of the week to a strain of popular clamor which augured ill for the ability of the government at Rome to carry out its pacific purpose. It cannot be doubted that, since the issuance of the original declaration of neutrality at Rome, much pressure has been exerted by Germany and Austria-Hungary to induce the Italians to adhere to the Austro-German interpretation of the terms of the defunct Triple Alliance, and cast in their lot with the nations that had been their political partners for a generation. The arguments advanced by Berlin and Vienna, however, failed of their purpose at the Quirinal. On the other hand, a strong undercurrent of public sentiment was slowly forcing the government in the direction of an open breach with its former allies and a declaration of war against Austria for the recovery of the Italian-speaking sections of the empire.

ONE of the incidents of the war which has produced a shock throughout the world — including, doubtless, Germany—is the destruction of Louvain by the German invaders. The burning of this historic Belgian city, it is explained officially by the German war office, was an act of reprisal against the inhabitants, who had fired upon the advancing Germans. Throughout their progress in Belgium the German forces had been subjected to great annoyance by the activities of civilian "snipers," and it is pointed out by the German government that it was necessary to adopt energetic measures to put a stop to a demoralizing situation. It was announced by the German commanders at the beginning of the invasion that they would tolerate no "sniping," and that civilians who should be caught in the act of attacking the invaders would be severely dealt with. This warning, it is maintained by the government in Berlin, was disregarded by the citizens of Louvain in a degree which warranted the destruction and sacking of their city as a military measure.

Brevities.

Four States—Ohio, Kansas, Pennsylvania, and California—have official censorship of moving picture films, as have a number of cities. A bill before Congress proposes the establishment of a Federal Motion Picture Commission, which "shall license every film submitted to it and intended for entrance into interstate commerce unless it finds such film is obscene, indecent, immoral," or of such a character as would tend to corrupt the morals of children or incite adults to crime.

A fixed plan and a definite purpose are necessary in early life if creditable results are to be desired. Huxley wrote in his diary when a young man, "I must adopt a fixed plan of study, for unless this is done I find that time slips away without knowing it"; and he added, "This is about the only resolution I have stuck to."

Competent authority asserts that 47 per cent. of all diseases are preventable. At a recent Western conference the recommendation for a corps of community doctors who should be held responsible for the continuous good health of the whole community, instead of aiming simply to cure the prevailing diseases, was favorably considered and acted upon. Prevention is the watchword of medical progress for to-day.

A new factor in political life has appeared in the National Voters' League, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. It proposes to give, for the information of all the voters, a current accounting of the stewardship of all members of Congress. The Congressional Record does not do this with any fulness or accuracy, and it is this information which the Voters' League proposes to collect and disseminate to the people upon personal application.

Simple, spontaneous laughter is not only one of the signs of a normal and healthy nature, but it is also a wonderful aid to the sanity of the human spirit and the healthful balance of the various moods and temperaments of our composite being. The hymn-writer realized this when he gave thanks for

> "Human tears and human laughter,
> And the depth of human love."

All for Good.

There are wise tracts or provinces of our nature which have remained uncultivated or given over hopelessly to evil occupancy We are discovering that these also belong to the true kingdom, and must be brought under culture and tribute. The whole of man belongs to man; and nothing that pertains to his constitution is to remain profane or unclean. The new life claims and consecrates all.

It is only in recent times that men have realized that humor is one of the good gifts of God,—a lubricant for daily friction and a cheery light along the dull paths. There is a notable increase of the genial, kindly tolerance that finds pleasure in human imperfections and peculiarities,—a pleasure that is mainly innocent because it is unmalicious and free from the belittling habit of telling the left hand what the right hand is doing.

There is a legend of the city of St. Ino, that one day the people saw a stately lady moving along the street, bearing in one hand a blazing torch and in the other a bucket of water. "What are you going to do?" asked the astonished citizens. She answered, "I am going to burn heaven and quench hell, that men may learn to love God for himself alone."

Our selfish hopes and selfish fears have their proper place in our course of tuition and discipline; but, like other childish experiences, they fall into a second place, and are gradually outgrown and shed off, as higher interests and finer affections take possession of the heart and mind. Is not this the life more abundant, which lifts us to the heavenly seats as heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ, and partakers of the divine nature?—*Charles G. Ames.*

Digitized by Google

Progress.

(In War Time.)

BY MARY P. SEARS.

We dreamed that peace upon the earth should be,—
Dreamed among men peace and good will should grow,
But war doth like a blood-red current flow,
Rolling its wave of death from sea to sea,
Staining the sunrise and the sunset's glow,
Flooding the world with terror and with woe,
Making men slaves who for a day were free;
The brute in man slays man's humanity.
But now as never yet in war a cry
Measureless, many-voiced o'er the din
Rises imploring that peace may not die,
Rises grief-laden with the sense of sin,
Rises from out the world-heart like a prayer,—
All men are brothers. Oh, my brother spare!

Our Name "Unitarian."

WHEN DID IT FIRST APPEAR, AND WHAT DID IT MEAN?

BY W. C. GANNETT.

In the lulls of our questioning whether to change our "Unitarian" name,—as if, though we may like to supplement it, we either would give it up if we could, or could if we would,—it may be wise use of a moment to consider what is in strong probability a pure mistake concerning its origin. The claim that Edward Everett Hale, his big heart set on "togetherness," was so fond of making, that in the beginning the name had to do with *Uniti*, and that ideas of religious fellowship and brotherhood instead of theology lay underneath it, is becoming a fixed and wide-spread belief among us in America,—nowhere else, I believe. Prof. Allen's "History of Unitarianism," to which one naturally looks for authoritative statements, is largely responsible for it, though in his second edition he tried, by revising his plates and adding a footnote, somewhat to mend his account. Mr. Mott's "Short History" seems to sanction it. President Cary of Meadville adopted it. Two of the A. U. A. tracts repeat and make much of it, one with undoubting assurance, the other with a proviso, "if we may trust," and a footnote implying that it might be well not to. And during the recent discussion in the *Register* concerning the name-change at least two of the writers, I think, have cited the claim in the course of their arguments. As I fell before this *Uniti* temptation myself some thirty years ago, in preparing a Sunday-school manual on "Channing,"—with a precautionary "it is said," to be sure, yet with one or two extra mistakes to offset that sagacity,—it becomes an act of reparation, not merely of criticism, to tell what is better known now.

The belief, traced to its source, appears to rest solely on a statement made by the Calvinist Peter Bod in his "Ecclesiastical History of the Hungarians," published in 1756. Speaking of certain decrees of the Transylvanian Diet in 1557, 1563, and 1568, securing equal rights to the Roman Catholic and Protestant faiths, Bod says: "Besides this, the various religions formed a union together that they would not on the ground of religion trouble and persecute each other with mutual hate. From this union they were called the *Uniti*, or *Unitarii*. The name was retained by those who confessed the Father alone as the true and eternal One, and was voluntarily adopted by them; while those who assert three persons in one essence were, contrariwise, termed *Trinitarii*." As Bod spent twenty-four years on his work he must have been a painstaker; but his pains, it is said, did not save him from numerous errors. Was this idea about the after-meaning of the *Uniti* one of them? Prof. George Boros of Kolozsvár, Transylvania, is sure that it is. He writes: "Peter Bod's explanation of the origin of the name 'Unitarian' is not supported by any historical fact, and it is contrary to the general meaning of the word, which originated in contradistinction from the name 'Trinitarian.' . . . All the Unitarian historians object to the explanation. . . . I showed this letter to Bishop Ferencz, and he says he has nothing to add to it." Higher authority on this point than Prof. Boros and Bishop Ferencz, the heads of the Hungarian Unitarian Church, there can hardly be.

This question of our name's meaning is wrapt up with those of the date when and the land where it first made its appearance. The birth-land is known for a certainty to have been Transylvania, where Francis David as early as 1568 gathered his fellow-believers into a Church,—a Church for a long time without any definite name. The Transylvanian Unitarians are the oldest group of Unitarian Christians in the world. They are our "martyr Church." For nearly three hundred and fifty years, most of them years of repression and persecution, this little group, now consisting of seventy to eighty thousand souls, the larger part farmers and miners, has steadfastly held to its Unitarian faith in the midst of a Roman Catholic land. It is their early history that holds the secrets we wish to uncover. The Prof. Boros just named is the chief secretary of these Hungarian Unitarian churches and dean of their theological college, and he has carefully investigated these very subjects. From a letter which he wrote to Prof. Allen in January, 1894, and which the latter allowed me to copy, and from longer letters which Mr. Boros has written to me this last year or two with permission to print, I put together, compressing somewhat certain, passages of considerable length. They bear on our questions, When did the name "Unitarian" first appear, and What did it mean at its advent?

"First of all," says our friend, "I must sadly confess that, though I have tried with my best power to find traces of the Latin form of our present name (*Unitarius*) before the date 1600, I could not find any. It is met with the first time in the first article of the Diet held at Lécfalva in the month of October, 1600, as the distinctive name of the fourth of the *receptæ religiones* (the legalized religions),—'Religio Romana Catholica, Lutherana, Calviniana et *Unitaria*.' Being thus used officially, it is not probable that it originated at the Diet, but must have been used by non-Unitarians before. Of the Unitarian historians, Alexis Jakab, Prof. D. Simén and Bishop Alexander Szekely seem to have been convinced that the word was used already in 1568, if not by our forefathers themselves, by their opponents, whom they named 'Trinitarians.' These writers suggest that Meliŭs and his friends (Francis David's Calvinist opponents) used the word in response to the word 'Trinitarian.' Well, then it would be something of a nickname, and it ought to be found in the several contemporary works which are published *verbatim*. The work of Meliŭs to which David and his friends replied is wholly lost, but David quotes long passages in which the word never occurs. So we can only say, Its use is not unlikely, but it is not certain; there is no written proof of it. From anything I have found up to the present time (1912), it is quite doubtful if it were used at all in David's time. (David died in prison, 1579.) We have the text of the 1568 and the 1571 Diets; we have some works of Meliŭs; we have quite a number of David's works, which he published himself; we have letters of his which he circulated as bishop of the fourth legalized religion, in which he never calls himself superintendent of the 'Unitarian' churches. It nowhere occurs in them. Francis David has on his seal the initials

Digitized by Google

S T U M. F. D., which Mr. Alexis Jakab explains thus,—*Sigillum Transylvanorum Unitariorum Ministrorum*, but this is a mistake; it has to be read thus,—*Sigillum Transylvanorum et Ungarorum Ministrorum*. I have seen a lot of books and letters in which this name is used, but none at all which uses the name 'Unitarian.'"

What, then, are the terms found?

"The very first name used by the early Unitarians was *Ecclesiae consentientes:* 'Ministri et seniores ecclesiarum consentientium in Transylvania'; also 'Ecclesiae consentientes in Sarmatia (Poland) et Transylvania." This consensus certainly means a dogmatic agreement, *not between the 'various' religions*, but as over against those who stand by the Athanasian doctrine. The Transylvanian looked up to the Polish Unitarians with much respect, because they were older and had many rich and well-equipped literary men, and one of their own Transylvanian leaders, Blandrata, came from among them.

"There were a great many other titles and expressions. Sometimes they called themselves simply *Christians*, while all the rest they called 'sects.' Of *Evangelicus* they were fond: Francis David now and then calls himself, 'Superintendens Evangelicorum,' and his Church is 'Ecclesia Evangelica.' The Jesuit Narrators also tell us, 'They call themselves Evangelici.' *Catholic* is found a few times. But much more universally used is the phrase, 'Unum Deum profitentes,' either alone or with other words. The longest title yet found is, 'Superintendens ecclesiarum passim in Transylvania unum verum Deum viventem, et filium ejus Dominum nostrum Jesus Christian mediatorem unicum puro et sincero pectore in spiritu et veritate profitentium.' Not only in the sixteenth century, but later, after the official name 'Unitarian' had been adopted, they preferred to use the Magyar form of the above expression, *Egy talent hivok, i.e., Unum Deum credentes; or Egy talent vallok, i.e., Unum Deum profitentes;* later still, *Egyseghivok, i.e., Unitatem credentes;* and sometimes they were even officially called thus." (Hungarians are allowed to smile at my spellings.) "The usual inscriptions on their churches read, 'To the worship of the One God,' or 'To the worship of the One True God.' That at Kolozsvár is, 'In honorem Solius Dei.'"

As for names given by others, "In the sixteenth century they were often called 'Arians,' and later 'Socinian' and 'Anti-Trinitarian' were common." Of nicknames of obloquy there is a choice collection: "Heretici, Servetici (from Servetus) and Servetici *Canes*, Sutores ('Cobblers,' referring to Francis David's father being a shoemaker), Mahomedani, Alcorani defensores, Christi barbam vellicantes, Idolatres (because the Christ they worship is but an idol), Novatores and Innovatores, Ethnici, Veram religionem non habentes," and so on.

So far Prof. Boros; and I shall still be quoting him, though less directly. To the believers themselves the name "Unitarian" seems to have been an unwelcome one, perhaps because it clinched an already inevitable and ominous association with Islam. In the very beginning of the movement, at the public disputation held in 1569 before Prince Sigismund, the Prince, who favored the new faith, said that one of his reasons for calling the Conference was his "wish to prove the falsity of the name by which we are called in foreign lands, as if we were Turks"; and among the epithets listed above are two that point to this Mohammedan peril. Gibbon's History and Wesley's hymn ("Unitarian fiend") show how long the connection of the term with Islam lingered in English literature. But the day came in 1638 when, welcome or not, the believers *had* to accept it as the official title of their organized Church, in order to escape a peril, not from Islam, but from Judaism. These Transylvanian forefathers of ours, David himself no less than his followers, were extreme Bible literalists, and in their literalism some of the group became Sabbatarians. This exposed them all to attack as "Judaizers," and under a bitter Calvinist prince they had to surrender to Calvinists sixty or more of their churches. Peace was at last secured in 1638 by an agreement at Dées, the *Complanatio Deesiana*, whereby the Unitarians pledged themselves anew to the "worship" of Christ; and a formal Confession of Faith was adopted,—"Confessio receptae *Unitariae Religionis* in Transylvania, per honorabilem Danielem Beke, superintendentem ejusdem receptae *Unitariae Religionis*." The original copy of this Confession still exists in the archives of the Unitarian church at Kolozsvár. Why will not Prof. Boros sometime print it, that we may know the rock out of which we are hewn? As Prof. Alexander Gordon reminds us, this one year, 1638, served for the doom of the Unitarian Church in Poland and for the establishment of the Unitarian Church in Transylvania,—both doom and establishment being results of persecution.

But not for a long time after 1638 was the name freely and acceptably used by the Transylvanian Unitarians. Their seventeenth-century catechisms and hymn-books almost always avoid it. The Polish Unitarians showed similar reluctance. In Poland itself never would they have it, nor, with their own good will, even the exiled Poles of Amsterdam. *Quos Unitarios vocant*, "whom they call Unitarians," says the title-page of the great folios of their Bibliotheca Fratrum Polonorum (1665); but the preface contends for simple *Christians* or *Catholic Christians* as their only true designation.

In English, according to Prof. Gordon, the name "Unitarian" first appears in a manuscript "Epistle" of 1682 (it is also found as "Unyterian" in a parish register of the same year), and arrives at print in Nye's "Brief History of the Unitarians, called also Socinians," 1687. Both words, "Unitarian" and "Trinitarian," were slow in reaching the dictionaries. Earl Wilbur of Berkeley, Cal., a man who knows books, writes me that he cannot find "Trinitarius" in any dictionary of mediæval and late Latin. "Unitarian" is said to be in the second edition of Bailey's English dictionary of 1719, but Dr. Johnson did not admit it to his even in 1773. Possibly one reason of this slowness is a curious mix-up between the two names. To most of us it comes as news to learn that among the early terms of our Unitarian obloquy is—"*Trinitarian!*" That is the name by which the Jesuit Narrators often describe us,—they whose letters from Transylvania of the Francis David period are just now being published for the first time: when we were not "Arians" to them, we were "Trinitarians,"—the name being used to denote those who, separating the persons of the Trinity, denied them equality. "Trinitaria (religio) est introducta circa annum Domini 1560 per Georgium Blandratal" etc. It is said that "Trinitarian" in the modern sense was first employed by Servetus, and that it was among the capital charges on which he was convicted and put to death at the stake that he had applied this term "Trinitarian" to believers in the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity! If we may believe it, in Papal Bulls down to the middle of the eighteenth century it is still *we* who are "Trinitarians,"—and the Pope ought to know. So too (from Wilbur, again) we are in the French dictionaries of the early part of that century,—for instance, in one of 1734: "Trinitaire,—Hérétique qui a des sentimens sur le mystère de la Trinité contraire à la croyance de l'Église. On confond quelquefois les Trinitaires avec les Unitaires." It is indeed a fine confusion, and a fine chance for some young scholar to earn his Ph.D. by unravelling this whole skein, the name-

Digitized by Google

story of Unitarianism, of which we are trying to pull out a few threads.

And now to go back to Peter Bod and his *Uniti* origin of the name. I have quoted above what he says of it. The term *unio* was applied in that time to compacts either political or religious. One such "unio" was made in 1556 between Lutherans and Calvinists concerning the method of celebrating the Lord's Supper; but it lasted only five years, being over and done with while David was still a Calvinist, and six years before there was any sign of a Unitarian party in the land. We need hardly suppose that Bod could have made the mistake of referring to *this* "unio." Prof. Boros in one of his letters to me—if I understand him aright, but I am not sure that I do—speaks as if there had been a later and more general "unio" confirming the equal rights of the four legalized religions, and this would exactly agree with the first clause of Bod's statement; but Boros calls Bod's further explanation "quite a mistaken one," "one to which we must not attach any importance," and, as we have seen, says that all the Unitarian historians reject it. What he evidently means is that there is nowhere to be found in the contemporaneous or subsequent history any ground for such explanation. If no one had ever thought of connecting our Unitarian name with any "unio" until Bod, two centuries after the event, discovered or invented connection, it almost settles the question. I may add that Prof. Alexander Gordon of England, a minutely careful scholar and *the* English authority on our Unitarian history, and one who has studied these Transylvanian problems on the spot, entirely agrees with Prof. Boros on all three points,—the "1600" and "1638" dates, and that Bod was mistaken.

If we call it mistake, wonder begins how Bod came to make it. It is but conjecture, but there is no harm in hazarding one. In Bod's time Socinianism and toleration in religion had long been almost synonymous heresies, equally hated. Both Socinus himself and Francis David had been apostles of fellowship in religion. The latter had left a personal tradition as a reconciler and uniter. And Bod knew something about the old "unios." Moreover, that very first term for the unnamed new believers, "Ecclesiae *consentientes* in Transylvania," though it referred to Churches agreeing, not differing, in doctrine, may have added a bit of suggestion. Putting all this together, and given a little imagination with a healthy disposition to trust it,—not uncommon possessions even in historians,—and what more natural than to conceive that *Uniti* and *Unitarii* had something to do with each other?

After all, it's small loss to surrender this etymological connection. For, even if Dr. Hale would have had to give up his beloved "Uniti," he could have clung to his conviction that unity, union, "togetherness" in religion, lies, even historically, at the heart of Unitarianism. That identification of Socinianism and toleration from the very beginning of our history is a laurel that no one can take from our brows. For two centuries it was a crown of thorns that few wanted to borrow.

One little word further it may be well to add to prevent some one's possible puzzle. Prof. Allen (page 63 of his History) explicitly states, "Under the date of 1568 the name 'Unitarian' appears for the first time as the recognized title of a religious body," and (page 64) "The name occurs in a narrative of David's controversy of this year 1568, with Peter Melius." Boros and Gordon would certainly be acquainted with whatever there is to be known of such narratives,—and we have heard their opinion. The facts are better known now than when Prof. Allen was writing about them. My conjecture is that he was citing a statement of Elek Jakab, later discredited,—and doubted at last by Prof. Allen himself, since he wrote me in 1895 that, if the "1600" date were correct, the document and the narrative he referred to must, of course, have been written later than 1568.

Others can judge as well as I of the weight to be given the opinion of men like Boros and Bishop Ferencz and Gordon concerning these matters, and of the trend of the facts that have been outlined above. To me it all sums up in this way: The name "Unitarian," whenever first used, is, so far, first *found* in 1600, and then only in adjective form, *religio Unitaria*. Its official use in a public decree at that time makes it probable, not certain, that it had been used before; while the fact that it is not found among the many names and nicknames applied to the new faith suggests that, at most, it was only *beginning* to come into use at that date. To the Unitarians themselves it was a name for a long time disliked and avoided; yet in 1638 it was adopted by them, under compulsion, as the official name of their Church. As to its meaning, the idea of the eighteenth-century Bod that it had to do with *Uniti*, a union of those holding differing beliefs, seems to have been wholly an idea of his own, without support either in facts or, till he broached it, in others' belief; and the terms preferred by the early Unitarians themselves strongly indicate the purely theologic origin of our name.

Rochester, N.Y.

Tokens.

BY KATHARINE H. AUSTIN.

The crest of a wave—the sweep of a wing—
The perfume of summer—the joy of the race—
The thrill of a thought—the light of a face:
Shall the heralds avail not? Lift hearts to the King!

A Plea for the Superior Person.

BY SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.

There has been such a development of philanthropic activity that there are well-disposed people ready to relieve almost any kind of affliction. There are helpers for the poor, the sick, the overworked, and for those who are "shut in" by physical disability. It is strange, therefore, that the attention of the sympathetic has not been called to those who are shut in by the consciousness of their own excellences. No persons are more isolated than those who have unfortunately developed a feeling of superiority to their fellow-men.

It is not always possible to tell how this feeling arose; but, however obscure the cause, the effect is palpable enough. The victim is prevented from meeting his neighbors on the plane of equality. The superior man is conscious of a difference, which he may regret, but which he cannot avoid. He cannot express an opinion without being didactic. He cannot venture on a pleasantry without being slightly supercilious. He cannot do a kindness without condescension. Other men give offence through their faults. He offends because of his obtrusive virtues. The better he is, the less people like him. As for his intelligence, that irritates the average man to the last degree.

The superior person cannot understand all this. Why should he? It is not his fault that he has better manners, better taste, and a better conscience than his neighbors. He doesn't blame them for being inferior: he simply perceives the fact. It isn't that he wants to be superior: he cannot help it.

In a democracy one who is handicapped by the consciousness of superiority has no chance. Every man's

Digitized by Google

hand is against him. If he be a conservative, he incites his neighbors to iconoclasm. If he be a reformer, the case is worse. A reformer who counts himself as one of the crowd is likely to have followers; but a reformer who from a safe eminence points the finger of scorn at his fellow-men is likely to have a hard time.

We have heard advanced thinkers criticise what they were pleased to call "the popular religion" with such a lofty air that every one within hearing resolved henceforth to be as superstitious as possible. If an enterprising merchant wished to dispose of a cargo of hair-shirts, thumb-screws, and wooden shoes, he couldn't do better than to hire a superior person to deliver a lecture on "Progress."

It is when reproving national sins and shortcomings that the superior person makes himself most obnoxious. What he says is often very true; but, unfortunately, he says "you," and not "we," and that mistake is fatal. He gives the impression of being an enlightened and highly moral "man without a country." After listening to sermons or reading editorials written in this vein, one sees a new meaning in Dr. Johnson's definition of patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." There is a good deal of human nature even in scoundrels; and perhaps the poor fellows, in resorting to patriotism, think they have reached a safe retreat, where the superior persons are not likely to follow them.

The superior person is peculiarly helpless. His self-esteem is the vulnerable point which the enemy always finds out. Malvolio was a faithful steward; and he was only doing his plain duty when he insisted that there should be quiet and order in the household, and a decent respect for "place, persons, and times." But, the moment he appears, we are all against him; and, when Sir Toby asks, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" we all join in the rude, uproarious laugh. It isn't because we are opposed to virtue that we laugh, but because we are ready for anything to beat Malvolio. We agree with Maria that "the vice in him" is that he is "so crammed, as he thinks, with virtues."

Now all this is Malvolio's misfortune. Had he been of a different nature, had his virtue been genial and human instead of being primly self-conscious, he might have restored order, and flung Sir Toby and Sir Andrew out of doors, amid the applause of the spectators. He might have taken the initiative, and said: "Sir Toby, dost thou think, because thou hast had more than enough of the cakes and ale, there shall be no virtue in this household? Let us see, Sir Toby."

But all this was impossible to Malvolio. Poor fellow! His limitations were of the kind for which the world has no mercy. "Sick of self-love, Malvolio!" The disease is a serious one, but one that usually awakens little sympathy.

We trust that we may draw the attention of the tender-hearted to an unfortunate class in every community. We are sure that much of the indifference to their condition has arisen from the fact that they have been accused of what is called "the affectation of superiority." This accusation is unjust. Those whom we have known have been incapable of affectation. They have held the belief in their own superiority with a sad sincerity. They take themselves so seriously that it is cruel to treat them with levity.

We do not advocate any elaborate organization in their behalf, though the first natural impulse, when one's pity is aroused, is to appoint a committee. The superior person is sensitive, and does not like to be treated as if he belongs to a class. He does not like to meet other people on the basis of his infirmities. Indeed, we have known two very superior persons to live in the same block without being aware of each other's superiority. Each had learned to suffer in silence. The friendly visitor must be a person of great tact. He must come as an individual, and not as the agent of any society for the amelioration of superiority. In this natural and simple manner, without obtrusiveness and without any undue expression of solicitude, he may accomplish much. When the superior person finds himself surrounded by an atmosphere of kindly tolerance, some of his worst symptoms begin to abate. It is even possible that he may make a complete recovery, and begin to make mistakes.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Dead Pan.

BY H. M. SELBY.

A good deal of scorn has been poured of late years on the system of interpretation of mythology known as the "Disease of Language Theory," *i.e.*, the theory (with which the name of Max Müller is generally associated) that many myths arose out of a misunderstanding of words of different meanings which had the same or similar form; *e.g.*, Max Müller held not only that the story of the pursuit of Daphne by Apollo was a description of the apparent pursuit of the Dawn by the Sun, which view is probably right, but also that the final incident in the story (the transformation of Daphne into a laurel) was due to a confusion of two similar words, which indicated, respectively, "laurel" and "dawn." Now, though this misunderstanding *may* account for the transformation of Daphne into a *laurel* rather than into any other tree, it cannot be accepted as an explanation of the whole incident, because such a misunderstanding could only arise among speakers of Aryan languages, and stories of the transformation of people into trees are found among all races. The same objection applies to other interpretations, made both by Max Müller himself and by other mythologists of the same school. Moreover, the members of this school overwork their theory just as members of other schools overwork the anthropological and the cult theory.

But because a theory is wrongly applied, it does not follow that it is erroneous in itself. No one who observes his fellow-men can fail to notice the general propensity to pervert an unfamiliar word into a familiar one. Who has not heard of the gardener who called asphalt "ashes spilt," or been told by his landlady that things are "*ill*-convenient? To prove that such perversions have had a permanent effect on our language we need only mention such words as "beef-eater" (*buffetier*), "crayfish" (Old French *escrevisse*), "pickaxe" (*pickeys*). This being so, it would be strange if mythology showed no traces of the influence of the propensity in question. In fact, it is not, as a rule, mythological scholars who scorn the Disease of Language Theory, but *littérateurs* who are led by their brilliancy and humor to sacrifice discrimination to wit, or superficial readers who have caught up from magazine articles a few of the results of modern scholarship and think to prove themselves "up-to-date" by throwing contempt on older *savants*. Prof. Farnell, one of the leading mythologists of the day, frequently explains myths as the result of a misunderstanding of words, and students of Jewish angelology also have recourse to this explanation; *e.g.*, it is generally agreed that the connection of the archangel Raphael with healing is due to the interpretation as "God's healer" of a proper name which resembled the Hebrew for this phrase, but had really no connection with it.

Digitized by Google

But perhaps the most curious instance of the propensity in question is the exaltation of the minor divinity Pan, not only into a "great god," but into a sort of abstraction of Greek paganism, in which capacity he stands, in Christian literature, as the vanquished foe of Christ. This idea evidently originated in the erroneous derivation of the god's name from πᾶς (*pas*), "all," of which πᾶν (*pan*) is the neuter form, whereas the name is really a contraction of πάων (*paōn*), a "feeder" or "shepherd." It was natural to fall into such an error because τὸ πᾶν (*to pan*), "the all," was used in Greek to denote the universe, and the god of the woods, *i.e.*, wild nature, might easily be conceived as the spirit of all nature.

But the error was substantiated by a curious story which, as there is reason to suppose, arose out of another misunderstanding of language, a story which, as may be remarked *en passant*, suggested Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem "The Dead Pan." According to Plutarch, a certain Epitherses (from whose son the historian heard the story) once "embarked for Italy in a ship carrying merchandise and several passengers. One evening, when they were near the Echinades, the breeze died away and the ship drifted near Paxae. Most of the people on board were awake, and many were still drinking after supper, when suddenly, to their astonishment, a voice was heard from the island calling Thammuz. Now Thammuz was an Egyptian pilot, not known by name to many of those on board. After being twice called, he replied to the one who was calling him, and the latter, raising his voice, said: 'When you arrive at Palodes, announce that great Pan is dead.' Many heard this with amazement. . . . And, when they came near Palodes, Thammuz, looking from the prow towards the land, repeated what he had heard: 'Great Pan is dead.' And scarcely had he spoken than there was a loud lamentation, not of one, but of many, mixed with astonishment. And, as many were present, the report spread rapidly in Rome and Thammuz was sent for to Tiberius Cæsar. Tiberius put such faith in the story that he made inquiries about Pan, about whom he received information from learned men at his court." ("De Defectu Oraculorum," xvi. 17.)

As this occurrence belongs to the reign of Tiberius, in which reign the Crucifixion took place, it is not surprising that Christians should have interpreted it as referring to the overthrow of paganism by Christianity, for it must be remembered that the early Christians—or most of them—regarded the "heathen" gods as evil spirits, so that it was quite natural they should hear in the shouting the wail of vanquished demons.

In later times various explanations of this narrative have been suggested; *e.g.*, Roscher thought the words addressed to the pilot must have referred to the sacred ram at Mendes, with which Pan (the goatlike god) was identified, but, as Reinach points out, this leaves unexplained the address to the pilot *by name*. Reinach adds that, in this case, the incident would not have been regarded as anything wonderful, especially by an Egyptian, and so no rumor of it would have reached the emperor's ears. Reinach himself suggests an explanation, which is thus summarized by Prof. Farnell in "The Year's Work in Classical Studies," 1907 [To understand the quotation it is necessary to keep in mind that yearly festivals were held, lamenting the death of the young sun-god, and that at these festivals loud wailings were uttered]:—

"A number of suggestive articles [says Prof. Farnell] have recently appeared by M. Salomon Reinach. Special attention may be called to his article in the *Bulletin de Correspondance Hellénique*, 1907 (pp. 1–19), on 'La Mort du Grand Pan.' The solution that he offers for that curious puzzle is most attractive and intrinsically probable. He suggests that the voice heard from the isle of Paxae which so astonished the ship's crew and the Roman world was: Θαμοῦς, Θαμοῦς, Θαμοῦς (*thrice repeated*), παμμέγας (or πανμέγας) τέθνηκεν ("Thammuz, Thammuz, Thammuz, pammegas [or panmegas] tethneken")—*i.e.*, 'Thammuz, all-great [*cf.* almighty], is dead,' and that this was merely the lament for the great Thammuz, or Adonis, uttered by Syrian votaries; and that the coincidence of the ship's pilot bearing the same name and the misunderstanding of πανμέγας (*panmegas*) or παμμέγας (*pammegas*) gave rise to the curious fiction about the death of Pan, for there is no evidence that the Greek Pan ever died, in ritual or myth."

Certainly, if Reinach's explanation be correct, Disease of Language has made a considerable contribution to Christian legend.

London, England

To Men and Women of Good Will.*

We find ourselves to-day in the midst of what may prove to be the fiercest conflict in the history of the human race. Whatever may be our view of the processes which have led to its inception, we have now to face the fact that war is proceeding upon a terrific scale and that our own country is involved in it.

We recognize that our government has made most strenuous efforts to preserve peace, and has entered into the war under a grave sense of duty to a smaller state toward which we had moral and treaty obligations. While, as a society, we stand firmly to the belief that the method of force is no solution of any question, we hold that the present moment is not one for criticism, but for devoted service to our nation.

What is to be the attitude of Christian men and women and of all who believe in the brotherhood of humanity? In the distress and perplexity of this new situation, many are so stunned as scarcely to be able to discern the path of duty. In the sight of God we should seek to get back to first principles, and to determine on a course of action which shall prove us to be worthy citizens of his kingdom. In making this effort let us remember those groups of men and women, in all the other nations concerned, who will be animated by a similar spirit, and who believe with us that the fundamental unity of men in the family of God is the one enduring reality, even when we are forced into an apparent denial of it.

Although it would be premature to make any pronouncement upon many aspects of the situation on which we have no sufficient data for a reliable judgment, we can, and do, call ourselves and you to a consideration of certain principles which may safely be enunciated:

1. The conditions which have made this catastrophe possible must be regarded by us as essentially unchristian. This war spells the bankruptcy of much that we too lightly call Christian. No nation, no church, no individual, can be wholly exonerated. We have all participated to some extent in these conditions. We have been content, or too little discontented, with them. If we apportion blame, let us not fail first to blame ourselves, and to seek the forgiveness of Almighty God.

2. In the hour of darkest night it is not for us to lose heart. Never was there greater need for men of faith. To many will come the temptation to deny God, and to turn away with despair from the Christianity which seems to be identified with bloodshed on so gigantic a scale. Christ is crucified afresh to-day. If some forsake him and flee, let it be more clear that there are others who take their stand with him, come what may.

* This message to men and women in the British Empire was sent out from the Religious Society of Friends.

Digitized by Google

3. This we may do by continuing to show the spirit of love to all. For those whose conscience forbids them to take up arms there are other ways of serving, and definite plans are already being made to enable them to take their full share in helping their country at this crisis. In pity and helpfulness toward the suffering and stricken in our own country we shall all share. If we stop at this, "what do we more than others"? Our Master bids us to pray for and love our enemies. May we be saved from forgetting that they too are the children of our Father. May we think of them with love and pity. May we banish thoughts of bitterness, harsh judgments, the revengeful spirit. To do this is in no sense unpatriotic. We may find ourselves the subjects of misunderstanding. But our duty is clear,—to be courageous in the cause of love and in the hate of hate. May we prepare ourselves even now for the day when once more we shall stand shoulder to shoulder with those with whom we are now at war, in seeking to bring in the kingdom of God.

4. It is not too soon to begin to think out the new situation which will arise at the close of the war. We are being compelled to face the fact that the human race has been guilty of a gigantic folly. We have built up a culture, a civilization, and even a religious life, surpassing in many respects that of any previous age, and we have been content to rest it all upon a foundation of sand. Such a state of society cannot endure so long as the last word in human affairs is brute force. Sooner or later it was bound to crumble. At the close of this war we shall be faced with a stupendous task of reconstruction. In some ways it will be rendered supremely difficult by the legacy of ill-will, by the destruction of human life, by the tax upon all in meeting the barest wants of the millions who will have suffered through the war. But in other ways it will be easier. We shall be able to make a new start, and to make it all together. From this point of view we may even see a ground of comfort in the fact that our own nation is involved. No country will be in a position which will compel others to struggle again to achieve the inflated standard of military power existing before the war. We shall have an opportunity of reconstructing European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation—mutual trust and good will. Such a reconstruction would not only secure the future of European civilization, but would save the world from the threatened catastrophe of seeing the great nations of the East building their new social order also upon the sand, and thus turning the thought and wealth needed for their education and development into that which could only be a fetter to themselves and a menace to the West. Is it too much to hope for that we shall, when this time comes, be able as brethren together to lay down far-reaching principles for the future of mankind such as will insure us forever against a repetition of this gigantic folly? If this is to be accomplished it will need the united and persistent pressure of all who believe in such a future for mankind. There will still be multitudes who can see no good in the culture of other nations, and who are unable to believe in any genuine brotherhood among those of different races. Already those who think otherwise must begin to think and plan for such a future, if the supreme opportunity of the final peace is not to be lost, and if we are to be saved from being again sucked down into the whirlpool of military aggrandizement and rivalry. In time of peace all the nations have been preparing for war. In the time of war let all men of good will prepare for peace. The Christian conscience must be awakened to the magnitude of the issues. The great friendly democracies in each country must be ready to make their influence felt. Now is the time to speak of this thing, to work for it, to pray for it.

5. If this is to happen, it seems to us of vital importance that the war should not be carried on in any vindictive spirit, and that it should be brought to a close at the earliest possible moment. We should have it clearly before our minds from the beginning that we are not going into it in order to crush and humiliate any nation. The conduct of negotiations has taught us the necessity of prompt action in international affairs. Should the opportunity offer, we, in this nation, should be ready to act with promptitude in demanding that the terms suggested are of a kind which it will be possible for all parties to accept, and that the negotiations be entered upon in the right spirit.

6. We believe in God. Human free will gives us power to hinder the fulfilment of his loving purposes. It also means that we may actively co-operate with him. If it is given to us to see something of a glorious possible future, after all the desolation and sorrow that lie before us, let us be sure that sight has been given us by him. No day should close without our putting up our prayer to him that he will lead his family into a new and better day. At a time when so severe a blow is being struck at the great causes of moral, social, and religious reform for which so many have struggled, we need to look with expectation and confidence to him whose cause they are, and find a fresh inspiration in the certainty of his victory.

Emma D. E. N. Southworth.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

1819–99.

The third quarter of the nineteenth century, in the United States at least, was distinguished by the almost universal presence in middle-class homes of the weekly story-paper. There were very many publications of this character, and the most popular of them all, it is quite safe to say, was the New York *Ledger*, the owner and manager of which was Robert Bonner. The cultured classes seldom gave it much attention except when some especial feature was promised, such, for example, as the issue in weekly instalments of Henry Ward Beecher's novel of "Norwood"; but it was a warmly welcomed visitor in the homes of the unexacting lover of fiction, who might be, and most frequently was, one of the great army of workers, whether in factory, machine shop, or upon the farm. It furnished the greater portion of his literary pabulum, and the long hours of bodily toil were sweetened by the expectation of what the next issue of the *Ledger* might contain.

In these latter days it is customary to underestimate the influence rendered by this weekly visitant, but nothing can be more unjust. The *Ledger* was sensational, to be sure, but it was not unhealthily such, while, if we compare the moral tone of the serials with which it was filled with that of the mass of erotic fiction that even reputable publishers are now not unwilling to put forth, the advantage of the comparison will be found to lie with the *Ledger* romances rather than with the bulk of the novels of the last decade.

The regular contributors to the *Ledger* included many writers once famous, but the one most nearly associated with its fortunes was Mrs. Emma Southworth, who for a long period received from Mr. Bonner $5,000 yearly in payment for three serials furnished him by agreement every twelvemonth, a phenomenal rate of remuneration for those days. The history of the rise and progress of the *Ledger* is an exceedingly interesting one, but may not be told here save in one's allusion to its relations with some of its most widely known contributors.

Digitized by Google

The daughter of Capt. Charles Nevitt of Alexandria, Va., she was born in Washington, D.C., Dec. 26, 1819, and was carefully educated by her stepfather in his school at Washington. Leaving school in 1835, she was married five years later to Frederick H. Southworth of Utica, N.Y. The union was brief, however, and she was presently thrown upon her own resources. From 1844 to 1849 she taught in the Washington public schools, and after a time resorted to story-writing to help in defraying domestic expenses, her small salary as teacher proving all too inadequate for the support of herself and infant son.

The tide turned in her favor in 1849, when her first novel, "Retribution," was appearing in the columns of the *National Era*. Begun when its author was almost in the depths of despair, it was hardly completed ere, to use her own words, "friends crowded around me, offers for contributions poured in upon me. And I, who six months had been poor, found myself born, as it were, into a new life, found independence and an occupation in which I could delight. All this came very suddenly, as after a terrible storm a sunburst."

In 1853 the now famous novelist purchased Prospect Cottage at Potomac Heights in the suburbs of Washington, and this continued to be her home, with the exception of three years passed in London and some seasons spent in Yonkers, N.Y., where she went in 1876. At Prospect Cottage the larger number of her sixty romances were written, and there she died on the 29th of June, 1899.

It is somewhat the custom to deny to Mrs. Southworth's many romances the possession of literary quality, but if one examines her work without prejudice he will not be quite so sure that it is entirely absent from her pages.

Among Mrs. Southworth's favorites, where her own books were considered, were "The Avenger, or the Missing Bride," "Miriam," and "The Hidden Hand, or Capitola, the Madcap," the last-named written when her sister was dying, her son an invalid, and herself seriously ill. This story was republished in England in the London *Guide*, and her English publishers then made her an advantageous offer to go to London and write therefor. This she accepted, remaining abroad from the spring of 1859 to that of 1862.

Countless copies of "Capitola" were issued, the tale proving even more popular in England than in the author's own land. Boats on the Thames were named "Capitola" and "Black Donald," and ladies' bonnets were similarly called. The book's popularity extended to the stage, "Capitola" being dramatized in five long acts and well acted at two London theatres, the Strand and the Grecian Temple. At the latter theatre Wilkes Booth assumed the rôle of Black Donald.

Mrs. Southworth's literary fame was not confined to England and America, for many of her novels in the heyday of her popularity were translated into French, German, Spanish, and other tongues, and new editions frequently appeared in London, Paris, Leipsic, Madrid, and Montreal.

It will not be denied that Mrs. Southworth's novels are in most cases sensational rather than the reverse. Indeed sensationalism is implied in such titles as "The Changed Brides," "How He Won Her," "The Fatal Marriage," "The Curse of Clifton," to choose a few names only for mention, but, as we have before intimated, there are more undesirable features discoverable in fiction than sensationalism pure and simple.

Mrs. Southworth and a few other writers of her type furnished her admirers with the literary food they desired through a long series of years, and their books must be judged, if judged at all, by the tone everywhere prevailing throughout their pages, and this tone is certainly wholesome. Their works may and do lack literary polish, but they are infinitely preferable to the bulk of detective and sensual fiction which ever flows like a muddy river from out the gaping mouth of the press.

Boston, Mass.

Spirit and Reality.

As a general rule, the human heart may be trusted to *want* the real treasure, the real victories and rewards of life. It is largely a question of his powers of discrimination whether he finds them or not. They are there, in all their wealth and genuineness, before everybody. They are hidden in the offering which life presents to every soul, if only we had the understanding heart to recognize them when they are presented to us. What are these realities like? What is their nature and quality? How shall we know them? By what marks are we to recognize them? One of the most universal characteristics of life's realities, and the one by which we most commonly define them, is their permanence, their durability. Isaiah says that the word of the Lord shall stand forever. The fact that it stands forever indicates that it is the word of the Lord. Its reality is betrayed by its durability. Emerson says, "What is excellent as God lives is permanent." If it were not permanent, it would not be excellent. Its excellence is revealed by its permanence. The prime characteristic of reality is durability.

When we apply that test to human history we make a rather significant discovery. We find that the commodities which have endured from the past into this present are not the practical or the tangible commodities, but the intellectual, the moral, the spiritual commodities. It is not the bridges men have built, the palaces and fortresses they have constructed, that have lasted over from ancient times into modern, and that have successfully withstood the decay and corrosion of the years, but rather the songs of fervent aspiration they have sung, the laws of right living they have discovered, the prayers of hope and trust they have whispered, the graces of human nobility they have established, the examples of sympathy and human charitableness and helpfulness they have produced, and the visions of God's holiness and purity they have seen. Such are the enduring products of the past which have survived the attacks of time and decay and have come down to later ages as fresh and strong and deathless as ever. As one of our favorite hymns puts it, "All the good the past hath had remains to make our own time glad." The material achievements of the past have gone or are going the way of all perishable matter. The Seven Wonders of the World are no more. The Colossus of Rhodes has long since tumbled into the harbor whose mouth it once defiantly bestrode. The Pharos of Alexandria has long since crumbled into dust. Diana's temple at Ephesus is pictured to our imaginations to-day by nothing more reliable than the conjectures of antiquarians. The Roman Forum is a scene of desolation, and the Appian Way is bereft of its villas. Even the Pyramids of Egypt are showing unmistakable signs of the wear and tear of time. It is not among such achievements as these that we must look for the *enduring* products of human living.

We are forced to make the same observation regarding human sins and errors and violences and weaknesses. It is not among *them* that we may find that which endures. One of the most significant facts that comes to our notice is the very palpable fact that humanity refuses to take its blunders seriously—as though realizing by some unerring intuition that its blunders were of a merely temporary substance, and that its sins were not real. It is

Digitized by Google

little short of inspiriting to consider how the tragedies of the past quickly lose their gory aspect, quickly bleach out, under the passage of the years, into innocuous myths and legends of the present. The sins of yesterday soon change their character and become the jokes of to-day, and Nero fiddling while Rome burned is speedily relegated to our nurseries to regale our children with his antics. If permanence be the prime characteristic of reality, then we may search in vain through the records of human greed and passion and violence and malice for reality. For these things are not permanent. They pass and fade and are forgotten. The words of our hymn are well chosen. It is only the *good* the past hath had that remains to make our own time glad.

These considerations bring squarely before our minds the words which Paul wrote to his Corinthians, and clothe those words with a fresher meaning, "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." If the real things of life must be sought among the permanent things, then we must turn our gaze toward those bright accumulations of a purely spiritual nature, the hopes and cravings, the aspirations and penitences, the visions, ideals, and prayers, the glimpses of holiness and cravings after righteousness, in short, the thoughts and voices of God which have received some partial expression from the life of past ages, which constitute the indestructible residuum of all past effort and experience, and which have come down to us—the unimpeachable testimony of all history to the reality of God, and to the reality of the spiritual life.

It is safe to say that Mozart's piano has long since outlived its usefulness. If it still exists anywhere, it is merely as an interesting relic, a sentimental antique. Perhaps it has ceased to exist. Perhaps its cords and keys have been reduced again to the primal matter of which they were first formed. Its functionality is gone, and its existence has ceased; but Mozart's Requiem still lives, and will ever live, for it is composed of the imperishable stuff of the spirit. Mozart's piano was but the medium, the tool, through which and by means of which was created this deathless product of the spirit. That is a rather luminous little parallel. The relationship which the piano bore to the Requiem is but a type of the relationship which our world of forces and matter and practical accessory and tangible objectivity bears to the real things of life. It is but the instrument upon which the undying anthem is played. It is but the medium, the tool, by which and through which the real products of our living are wrought out.

There are so many people in the world about us to-day who lack just that discernment of the understanding heart, who do not see that the real things in life are the spiritual attainments and victories of the soul,—character, self-control, trust, sincerity, prayerfulness, love, and joy, everything that comes of a vivid consciousness of God and an intimate participation in his wondrous life, everything that is awakened by a first-hand acquaintance with deity, and everything that is prompted by love to God. Those are life's permanences. There are so many people who fail to recognize them, who fail to comprehend that the world of outward form and tangible matter, with its specious, practical allurements, bears the same relation to these realities that the piano bore to the Requiem, merely the instrument through which those realities may be attained, merely the temporal and practical medium by which those real treasures of life may be discovered and possessed. Working in that blindness of ignorance, we see them devoting their strength and thought and skill to what we call worldly ambitions and pursuits, wealth and power, and culture, and fame, and good repute, with no thought of the higher and holier and infinitely truer ideals of life for which these things are only the preparation and the means. That is a very common mistake. It may be found in all hearts. It lurks in all ages. We see its unmistakable presence in our life and in our age,—men and women who throw away the pearl of great price and hoard up instead the mere shells in which the pearl was hidden, who, like the Prodigal Son, forget the warmth and the welcome of the Father's love, and are fain to fill themselves with the husks which the swine did eat, who overlook the real purpose of life and strive instead to cultivate the mere technique of living, who satisfy themselves with these baptisms of preparation, these baptisms with water, and who fail to glorify their lives by that further baptism, the supreme baptism into the holy spirit of God, into the cleansing and purifying fire of his power and his love. Human hearts have always needed to be spiritualized, for it is only in that process of spiritualization that life's realities are found. It is only in that process that these blank forms of our life are countersigned and are given their final validation of reality and power and immortality. That need is just as great to-day as it ever was. There is no work more worth doing than this. There is no task more imperative than this.—*Extracts from the Baccalaureate Sermon of Rev. Charles E. Park, preached at Meadville, June*, 1914.

Spiritual Life.

As a simple naturalism takes the place of the old pessimistic supernaturalism, the faith of the world—that in every man which helps him realize his aspirations—has an optimistic glow.—*E. E. Newbert.*

Religion has not primarily nor mainly come to man by deliberate ratiocination, but by spontaneous experience. It is the whole of man responding to the whole of God. Human nature has not thought out, it has experienced religion.—*John White Chadwick.*

Scepticism in moral matters is an active ally of immorality. Who is not for is against. The universe will have no neutrals in these questions. In theory as in practice, dodge or hedge, or talk as we like about a wise scepticism, we are really doing volunteer military service for one side or the other.—*William James.*

The course of life is a thousand trifles, then some crisis; nothing but green leaves under common sun and shadow, and then a storm or a rare June day. And far more than the storm or the perfect day the common sun and common shadow do to make the autumn rich. It is the "every days" that count. They must be made to tell, or the years have failed.—*William C. Gannett.*

Everywhere we look we find our life encompassed by limitations. God has "beset us behind and before, and laid his hand upon us." We see, also, that this limitation of life is not the source of weakness, but of man's highest power and fame. It is not only for little men in little things, but for human life at its best and greatest. The strong man, the great man, whether hero or artist, poet, thinker, or saint, is not one who bursts the bonds of law and casts obedience away, but rather one who walks a narrower, severer path than weaker men are able to keep.—*Theodore C. Williams.*

Digitized by Google

The Tiniest Republic in the World.

My wanderings over the face of the earth at the call of Christian Endeavor have taken me to every State in our own republic and to most of the other republics of the world; to staunch and sturdy little Switzerland; to the uneasy republics of South America, with their interminable revolutions; to the vast republic of China, the newest and hugest of all; and to the now extinct republics of South Africa, —the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. But the smallest of all republics, though by no means the least interesting, is the one I have last seen,—the minute state of San Marino, which lies in the very heart of Italy, on a spur of the Apennines.

It is difficult for an American to conceive of its smallness. When we think of a country with a president and a legislature, with coinage and stamps of its own, with its own weights and measures, with its consuls in foreign countries and all the paraphernalia of government, we are likely to imagine that it must have some thousands of square miles of territory, and at least some hundreds of thousands of inhabitants.

But here is a country only thirty-two square miles in area; a republic that a good walker could go around in half a day and a bicyclist could wheel around before breakfast; a country whose whole circumference is almost exactly the length of the Marathon run from Ashland to Boston, which the champions have negotiated, if I mistake not, in a little more than two hours. And yet for fifteen hundred years this small nation has maintained its independence through all the turbulent days of the Middle Ages and the later struggles of Europe, during which the big fish have swallowed so many of the little ones.

Italy has had a dozen different kinds of government during these fifteen hundred years. It has been ruled by kings and emperors and popes; it has been a republic and a monarchy and an empire. The Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the Bourbons and the house of Savoy, have contended for the mastery; but the little republic of San Marino has gone on its way undaunted and undismayed, secure in its own limitations, so small that conquerors have not thought it worth while to fight for it, and secure also because, until recent years at least, its mountain fortress, where its capital is situated, made it almost impregnable, especially when the stout hearts of its citizens and their undying love of independence are considered.

Long, long ago, when Christianity was very young, a certain stone-cutter, named Marinus, who lived in Dalmatia, on the other side of the Adriatic, was driven from his home, because he was a Christian, by that bitter persecutor Diocletian. He sailed across the narrow sea to the Italian shore, and, making his way inland a dozen miles or so, came to an uninhabited wilderness, in the centre of which rose a steep and rocky mountain, whose almost precipitous sides faced the sea. This mountain, it seemed, belonged to a lady named Felicita, whom Marinus had converted to Christianity. In gratitude for his good offices, Felicita made him a present of this mountain. Here came some of his followers, and here in these inaccessible wilds dominated by this stern and rugged mountain a new state was born —a state that has continued free and independent from that day to this.

The romantic story is not unlike that of the Pilgrim Fathers, who crossed not the narrow Adriatic, but the broad Atlantic, in order that they might find "freedom to worship God." But, while the republic of the Pilgrims in less than three hundred years has expanded into a mighty nation with a hundred millions of people, the republic of Marinus, now called Saint Marinus, still numbers barely eleven thousand souls according to the last census.

We started from the ancient town of Rimini in Italy, on the seacoast, perhaps near the very spot where Saint Marinus landed fifteen hundred years ago, when he fled from the persecutions of Diocletian. There is no railway or tramway, and only one rough carriage-road, by which the traveller can approach this tiny republic.

For about eight miles we travelled over level country within the kingdom of Italy, with smiling fields of wheat and alfalfa on either side, divided from each other often by vineyards and olive groves. A stone post in the middle of a bridge over a dry river-bed tells us that we have passed from the kingdom of Italy into the republic of San Marino; but there is no other sign of the transition from monarchy to republicanism, no custom-house, no fortress, no soldier-guard.

But now the road begins to ascend, gradually but continuously, the steep and seemingly inaccessible rocks of Monte Titano ever in view, until at last, after many zigzags, we reach the summit, where is situated the principal town, the capitol building, and the seat of government of the republic of San Marino.

I think it is Mark Twain who wrote about the former kingdom of Hawaii before it became a republic, when it was ruled by Queen Liliuokalani and her court, that it seemed to him like packing a man-of-war into a sardine-box. Mr. Clemens's simile occurred to me when I entered the governors' palace in San Marino and was told by our loquacious guide that the republic had two presidents, and that they elected their two presidents every six months, and that the legislature consists of sixty members, twenty of whom must be nobles, twenty citizens from the little town of San Marino, and twenty from the farm population which surrounds the mountain.

To show that the Sanmarinese, as they call themselves, take their politics seriously, it is necessary only to tell how the presidents are chosen.

Once in six months twelve nominators, or councillors, are drawn by lot. Of these twelve, the council of sixty votes for six; and then the six are arranged in couples, a noble and a commoner, a noble and a commoner, a noble and a commoner. One of these couples is chosen by lot in the *chiesa maggiore*, or cathedral, and they are then proclaimed regents, or presidents. This ceremony, which always takes place in the early hours of the night, begins with a characteristic torchlight procession, in which, besides the authorities of the state, many of the people take part. Immediately after the election the bells of all the churches of the republic peal their loudest; and the military band, followed by the crowd, go to the houses of the future regents, where all meet to offer their congratulations.

The governors' palace, or State House, as perhaps we should call it, is a truly fine building, and is perched on the very topmost peak of Monte Titano, the highest point in the republic, and nearly twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. It is a modern building, and is adorned with busts of Italian patriots like Garibaldi and Mazzini, as well as those of King Victor Emmanuel II. and Queen Margherita, for the republic is on excellent terms with the kingdom of Italy, which surrounds it on all sides.

Some gorgeously arrayed guards in blue and gold, with flamboyant hats surmounted by red plumes, guard the entrance to the palace; but they do not offer any resistance to our peaceful entrance, and we make our way through the corridors and up the fine marble stairway until we come to the legislative chamber.

There stand two great chairs for the two presidents, and sixty humbler seats for the nobles, the *cittadini*, and the countrymen, who advise them. Whether there is any wrangling or any graft deponent saith not, for our Italian was not equal to the strain of finding out from our guide, who proudly proclaimed himself a *cittadino*.

The streets of the little town are fairly clean. The stone houses are gloomy and massive, and a life spent in San Marino would doubtless be somewhat circumscribed. But two things we greatly admired: first, the magnificent view of the Apennines on one side and the Adriatic on the other, a view equalled, perhaps, by no other capital in the world; and, secondly, the undying love of independence, which finds itself embodied in the one word which we see everywhere, on the city's coat of arms, on her walls, over her gateways, and on her public buildings, —"LIBERTAS!"—*Rev. Francis E. Clark, in the Christian Endeavor World.*

All about a Name.

Once upon a time I was minister of a "First Unitarian Church." It so happened that a new era in our career was opened, and to celebrate it we decided to give to our organization a new name,—the most inclusive, most generous, and most satisfying name any of us could think of,—"All Souls." We were not intending to condemn or even to discredit the historic title that our church had borne for more than fifty years, but, it is fact, we did hope to prove to the world that we had a hospitable home for all who were seeking "to live the life of the spirit," and that there was not even an appearance of sectarian narrowness within our borders. But thereby hangeth this reminiscence.

One evening, after our beautiful new church had been dedicated, I was sitting at a window in my home opposite, enjoying our sanctuary's grace, when I heard voices from the sidewalk below:—

"Wha' church is dat?"

"Why, dat's de All Souls' Church."

"Wha'?"

"De All Souls' Church."

"Yaas!—Oh, Yaas! Huh! So, dat's de Onbelievin' Church!"

And thereupon, after all our earnest proclamations of faith and hope and charity, and our most generous efforts by word and deed to win all souls to the inspirations we cherished, I learned that we were nothing more to this man on the street, and to hosts like him, than "de Onbelievin' Church."

I very much fear that, so long as history is written and the prejudice that "Orthodoxy is

Digitized by Google

my doxy" prevails, no assumption of any new name will free any of our churches from that which historically it stands for to the community around it, who—believe me—think very little of our "anti-Trinitarianism," but who think much of us as "de onbelievers" in the "deity of Christ," in "the blood atonement," in "eternal damnation," in "the infallible inspiration of the Bible," and, in fact, in the whole round of the orthodox creed.

Do not let us comfort ourselves with any illusion.

We may blot or may alter our name, as we will,
But the taint of our heresy 'll cling round us still.

It is an unavoidable natural fact that, though

A rose may bear another name,
Its thorns stay prickly, just the same.

So let us "thank God, take courage, and go forward," consoling our solicitous souls with the counsel,—

Honor and shame do not from names arise;
Serve well your faith, there all your honor lies.

If we must have a new name, I commend to our Name Committee the name that my sidewalk critic gave to our "All Souls' Church,"—"The Onbelievin' Church." We should thereby, ourselves, express our real purpose of faith and progress, as *On Believers*, ever onward. At the same time we should gratuitously enable our enemies to lay their charge of our "lack of faith and progress," as did our colored brother when he charged us with being the "Onbelievin' Church."

A UNITARIAN (*In Partibus*).

TOKYO, JAPAN.

Literature.

WHAT IS IT TO BE EDUCATED? By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.—One reads the preface of this book and turns to the following pages with much expectancy. It is written for parents and teachers (chiefly for parents) by one who has already spoken in print on the themes of which it treats, to the edification of a large number of readers. He has had experience; he impresses one from the start as being honest and intelligent; and he writes with due appreciation of the importance of his subject, for he thinks that children ought to get the best of their education from their fathers and mothers. Moreover, he would have education founded on religion as one of its chief corner-stones. As many parents of the present day are exceedingly puzzled to know what to do about religious instruction, should this book fall under their eye they are likely to seize upon it with some eagerness. Just what help they would get from it in this respect it is hard to predict. The author does not follow traditional lines, and his views are quite plainly all his own. He is not afraid, for one thing, to avow himself something of a polytheist, though what he has to say abut this need not frighten anybody who has ceased to be scared by names. His advice about this part of a child's training is quite general in terms, and can scarcely be depended upon for more than the main course to follow and the ultimate ideal to be kept in view. The other chief support of education he thinks should be economics, the bread-and-butter question. And here his "counsel of perfection" would probably be quite generally regarded as Utopian. Briefly, he would have the young mind taught to estimate success not by what one is able to get, but by what he is able to give. When we remember the age of chivalry, this is not so impractical as it may at first seem. But, practical or not, it is a work that has to be done before many dreams of social welfare now cherished can come true. From this foundation the book goes on to deal with various branches of education with some detail. In a chapter called "Years of Grace" there is an interesting account of the daily routine of a boys' camp in New Hampshire, from which one may get a fairly good idea of the way the author's theories work out in practice. Altogether it is a stimulating and suggestive book; and not the least of its interest is to see how a well-trained mind, being set free from thraldom to ancient traditions, reacts against the conditions of the modern world. In this work it is original and sane, but not revolutionary. One derives from it an impression of hopefulness that, big as our modern problems are (and perhaps none is bigger than the educational problem), our race will find the ability to think and work them through.

Magazines.

The September *St. Nicholas* is very much of a vacation number, with an account of the fun of "Aquaplane Riding," as they try it on Lake George, by Dr. E. J. Morris; Billy Evans's discussion of "The Heroes of the World's Series and the 'Goats'"; more chapters of Grace Tabor's "Garden Making" and of "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs"; and several stories of summer good times and adventures. Hildegarde Hawthorne's department of Books and Reading deals this month with "The Great Imaginer," Robert Louis Stevenson; and J. L. Harbour's "The Story of the Star-Spangled Banner," gives a patriotic flavor to the number.

The *Atlantic* for September strikes the social note in its opening essay, "Philanthropy with Strings," in which Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross sets forth with succinct frankness the disadvantages to social settlements, Christian Associations, and other social and religious philanthropies of donations from the influential rich. Illustrations of the hampering and deteriorating effects of this sort of benevolent subsidizing are presented with relentless candor. The second paper, "Syndicalism and the General Strike in Italy," by George B. McClellan, formerly mayor of New York, is a valuable presentation of the political situation in Italy. The causes of the general strike of June in the present year, and its menacing results, are given with refreshing clearness, and the various strands of the confusing political and industrial tangle are characterized and labelled for the enlightenment of the American reader. "The Decadence of Human Heredity," by S. J. Holmes, and "Eugenics and Common Sense," by H. Fielding-Hall are two interesting papers discussing the same subject from two entirely different points of view. In the third of his Union Portraits, Gamaliel Bradford has given us a brilliant sketch of Gen. Sherman. Another biographical article in this number gives us "Some Early Letters of George William Curtis," addressed to Mrs. Whitman, and edited for the *Atlantic* by Caroline Ticknor. "The Critics of the College" are carefully reviewed, with their criticisms, in the essay of that name by Henry S. Pritchett. "Pagan Morals" is a defence of Greek morality, by Emily James Putnam; "Arthur Symons and Impressionism," a study in decadence, by Wilbur Marshall Urban; and "Maurice Barrès and the Youth of France," an illuminating presentation of modern French idealism, by Randolph S. Bourne. "The Useless Virtues," by Ralph Barton Perry, and "The Flavor of Things," one of Robert M. Gay's pleasant papers, complete the list of essays. The poets of the month are Katharine Fullerton Gerould and Margaret P. Montague. Amy Wentworth Stone draws the picture of a naughtily attractive child, in "Possessing Prudence"; and we have the attractively good little girl in Florence Gilmore's sketch, "A Little Mother."

NEW QUESTION BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS
FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.
By JAMES E. ODLIN.
I have used "Forty Lessons on the Psalms" in the advanced class of our Sunday School this season and have found them of great value. While popular in their style they are in harmony with advanced thought on the subject and open the way to many side issues of interest. ALFRED MANCHESTER,
Pastor of the Second Church, Salem, Mass., May 16, 1914.
Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print. 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price 10c. each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY
ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Little Streets.

"To-morrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
"I will by and by," says Seth;
"Not now,—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says little Beth.

O dear little people, remember
That, true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of To-morrow,
Pretty-soon, and By-and-by,
Lead, one and all,
As straight, they say,
As the King's Highway,
To the city of *Not at All*.

—*Annie Hamilton Donnell.*

The Postman's Vacation.

BY LUCY PRATT.

I have lived in many places in the course of my life, and I have received my mail from all sorts and kinds of postmen, but among them all there is one who stands out in a vivid, particular light of his own. To tell the truth, I find myself occasionally wondering what has finally become of him. As I look back now on the quiet street in the quiet suburb where he used to make his rounds, it seems to me that his daily arrivals were the only events that ever made any real impression on the neighborhood; and every one of these arrivals made an impression distinct and clear.

It was a street where numbers of children played in small, front door-yards, played usually without varying incident or excitement of any kind until a certain familiar figure was seen approaching in the distance. Then a shout would go up from the fortunate young person who had made the discovery.

"The postman! The postman's coming!"

It was a signal for everything else to stop, for all minor amusements to be temporarily suspended. From the small door-yards the children would come bouncing out to the sidewalk, and then they would all break into a joyous canter in the direction of the approaching figure. Then his voice would come ringing down the street. It had a peculiar, resonant quality, and I used to hear it distinctly from behind closed windows.

"Hul-lo!" it would echo. "Well, how *are* you? Hul-*lo!*" Then his laugh would come ringing out, too, as they danced up to him and fell in with quick little steps beside him as he went tramping on with his huge bag of mail.

It was always the same, morning and afternoon. First they spied him in the distance, then they bounced to the sidewalk, and then they bore down on him in a joyous, welcoming body.

But one morning something tragic and unexpected happened. They were playing in the little green yards as usual, when there came a voice that they had been waiting for many minutes.

"The postman! The postman's coming!"

In a moment they were on the sidewalk, down the walk they were rushing, the approaching figure was coming nearer—nearer, and they were charging straight on to meet him. But what was the matter? They were stopping. One by one they were stopping and drawing back. The figure was coming on, but dismay and disappointment were written all over their small faces.

It wasn't their postman!

I received my mail with surprise that morning because I hadn't *heard* the postman outside with the children. For two weeks it was the same each morning. There were no joyous sounds of welcome; the new postman made his rounds silently, grimly; and the children stood back as silently, with troubled, wondering faces, and watched him pass. But one morning as they stood watching the distantly approaching figure with the same troubled, wondering faces, something else happened. One of them ran forward quickly, his eyes straining tensely down the walk, and then there was a vibrating cry:—

"It's the postman! *It's our postman!*"

For a moment they only stood there, gazing unbelievingly—and then there was a wild rush. They were charging down on him just as they used to! Straight down on him! Happier than they had been for two long weeks, and his voice was ringing out again just as it used to.

"Hul-lo! Well, how *are* you? Hul-*lo!*" Then came his old laugh.

As I sat in my window and looked out at him and at all the happy, radiating little faces around him, I felt very much as if the sun had flushed out beautifully, unexpectedly, in the sky, after a long season of cloud and gloom.

The Naughtiness of Molly Muff.

BY L. H.

Molly Muff is a beautiful gray kitten with thick, long fur and a big, bushy tail, which she waves around, sometimes as a banner of defiance and sometimes as a terror to small dogs. She is the prettiest cat I know, and also the most self-willed. She has been petted so much that she thinks she must always have her own way, whether that agrees with her mistress's way or not.

Her mistress is Rose Maitland; and Rose once said to me plaintively: "Really, I don't know whether I own Molly Muff or Molly Muff owns me. I don't mind Molly's walking all over my bed, if only her paws are clean; but she will not let me touch her basket, even to shake up her cushion, without giving a cross little 'micou' over it. I never say anything if she jumps up in mamma's lap or teases papa for her ball instead of me; but if I try to pet Helen's dog when she brings it here, Molly Muff growls as if she would fly out of her skin, and worries over it for a long time."

Molly Muff's last performance, however, surpassed everything she has ever done before. A month ago Rose had a bad cold, which she called the grip, and perhaps it was. Certainly, it fulfilled one condition of that disagreeable trouble, for it was after she grew better that she felt the worst, and finally Papa and Mamma Maitland decided to take her away for a fortnight, and see what the change and a bit of fun would do for her. Mrs. Davis, Helen's mother, said she would be very happy to have Molly stay with her while they were away; and, since she and Rollo Davis, Helen's dog, were the best of friends whenever Mollie wasn't jealous of Rose's attentions to him, the invitation was accepted. The Maitlands planned to stay a week in New York, and then go on to Washington.

Papa Maitland undertook to take Molly Muff over to the Davises. The wilful little thing seemed to know perfectly well what was going on; and she hid in Rose's closet, so that there was a long delay before she could be found. She objected to the covered basket; and all the way over she clawed and scratched, mewing pitifully, as if she were in utter misery. The journey was accomplished, however, Molly was shut up for the night, and, as the Maitlands were to start early the next morning, the matter seemed to be settled.

Pretty Molly enjoyed a good supper of chicken and cream, evidently making the best of the situation, but perhaps also watching her opportunity. She looked up resentfully when she heard the cook say that it was "a sin and a shame entirely to be after givin' such an insignificant little baste the best of the land"; but she resumed her supper complacently as Bridget added, "But she has that takin' way with her, ye can't deny her nothin'."

The next morning, when Bridget opened the kitchen door, she was greeted affectionately, even effusively, by Molly Muff, who had slept all night on the soft cushion in Bridget's rocking-chair. Not ten minutes later, however, when Bridget went to the outside door to take in the milk, a tiny gray ball of fur and fluff seemed to push itself between her feet; and all her dazed eyes could see, as she looked after it, was "the cratur goin' like a streak of lightnin', I give ye my word," as Molly Muff sped toward home. "An' me a-belavin' ivery word she said!"

Nobody can tell just what Molly Muff did after that. None of the Maitlands saw her as they put the few last things in the trunk and then went down to their early breakfast. The maid brought their umbrellas, Mr. Maitland's hat-box, the bunch of violets that Rose wished to take with her, and Mrs. Maitland's small hand-bag, placing them in the hall until the man should come with the carriage.

Not long after that they started, and half an hour later they were comfortably settled in the parlor-car, their trunk safely stowed in the baggage-car of the train, and their other belongings near them piled up by the helpful hands of the porter.

Suddenly Rose sighed. "Oh, dear; I do wish I knew whether Molly Muff is contented or not. I keep thinking about her, and I even imagined just now that I heard her mew."

"That is strange," said Mrs. Maitland, "for I have thought that very thing myself since we have been sitting here."

They were silent a moment, when clear and distinct came an unmistakable, a plaintive, an impatient mew, as who should say, "Oh, do hurry up now. Oh, won't you *please* let me out now, just as quick as you can?"

All three of the Maitlands jumped and looked at each other in blank amazement.

"Why, it *is* Molly Muff!" exclaimed Rose.

"She's in my hat-box," declared Papa Maitland, with sudden inspiration. "Don't you remember how the porter said that was the heaviest hat-box he ever carried? I thought it was a joke, suggesting a larger fee."

In half a minute the hat-box was opened, and there, curled up inside Mr. Maitland's Sunday hat, was Molly Muff, looking wild-

eyed and nervous, not yet able to enjoy her triumph.

All the passengers in the car were greatly interested, and they came up to see the clever cat. She went on with the others to New York, and I have never heard that all the scoldings Rose gave her ever did a bit of good. No one could ever guess how she managed the affair nor how much she understood of what she was doing; but, if her object was to gain the polish that travel is said to give, we may assume she succeeded, for she certainly went both to New York and Washington before returning home.

How do you suppose it happened? Did Molly Muff push the cover open just wide enough to squeeze through, in which case it would have fallen by itself? Was it good luck or good sense which made her choose a box in which she had plenty of breathing-space and openings for fresh air? How could she know that the cover left open spaces on each side even after the strap was fastened? And do you think it is true that cats like places better than they like people? I am sure I do not think that, at least.

Jonas Hanway's Pluck.

It was in London many years ago—no, more than that; many, many years ago—well, perhaps a hundred and fifty, that he did it.

It really was very strange that he should have done it. You see, no one had ever done it before—at least, not in the city, not in broad daylight. But he made up his mind that it would be a capital thing to do, and he said, "I am going to do it."

His sister, who kept house for him, said, when he went out prepared to do it, "I do wish you wouldn't be so silly!"

And his little niece exclaimed, "O Uncle, they will make fun of you if you do!"

But he just put on one of those "don't talk to me, I've made up my mind" looks, and then he kissed his sister and her little girl, and went away intending to do it.

"Poor thing!" his sister exclaimed, as she looked out of the window, and hoped it wouldn't be too wet. And his little slip of a niece hoped so, too. Because, you see, if it kept fine, he wouldn't have to do it.

But about twelve o'clock the weather changed its mind, and determined to make everybody wet. And it did. And people got crosser and crosser, until they happened to catch sight of him; then they nearly doubled over laughing. For, in spite of all his sister and her little girl had said, he had actually done it!

He had been walking with a friend, but when he told his friend what he was going to do, his friend said, "I don't think I would. You will look so foolish."

But he began to do it at once. So his friend went up a side street in Cheapside, muttering something about "silly business."

But he did it all the same. And the people kept on laughing.

One year passed by, and then two men might have been seen doing it. It was still very funny, but the people grew used to seeing them in Cheapside, and only strangers laughed. But if ever the first man went out to Lancaster Gate, or Forest Hill, or Hampstead, or Greenwich, to get a bit of country air, then everybody laughed again. And his poor sister used to get red in the face with embarrassment, and the girlie didn't like it at all. But the man did it all the same.

Several years went by, and now quite a number of people did it, for they saw it was a sensible thing to do; it only needed some one to begin it. And at last, after thirty years had gone by, everybody did it. And shops were opened and children went to them to buy birthday presents for their fathers to help them do it, too, and nobody laughed any more.

Now we laugh if any one is out in the rain and doesn't do what Jonas Hanway did long years ago for the first time,—carry an umbrella.

It took lots of pluck to carry that first umbrella. But Jonas Hanway had the best kind of courage. He didn't mind being laughed at—not at all! And he didn't mind being talked about—not a bit!

I don't wonder he started saving the little chimney-sweeps who had to climb chimneys, and sometimes broke their legs; nor that he started training-ships for rough boys, and a lot of other things. A man who could start carrying an umbrella had pluck enough for anything.—*Continent.*

Ha! Ha! Ha!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little Hyena.

"What are you laughing at now?" asked his sister Stripes, running up.

"I was thinking of the old Hyena, Mr. Gloomy, you were telling me about, who never laughs. How funny! Ha! ha! ha!" he answered.

"I don't think it's very funny! He must be either very unhappy or very cross," cried Stripes.

For a minute or two the little Hyena looked grave. Then he laughed again. "Ha! ha! ha! I've thought of such a lovely plan," he cried. "I'll go and make Mr. Gloomy laugh."

"You can't. Don't be so silly. Why, he'd eat you all up. Besides, I'm sure mother would not like it," said Stripes.

"Yes, she would. she's always telling us to be kind to other people," cried the little Hyena, kicking his heels in the air. As soon as it grew dark, he set off to find Mr. Gloomy.

The old Hyena lived in a very dark cave, but the little Hyena trotted boldly in, and marched up to Mr. Gloomy, who was gnawing a bone, and looked very cross.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little Hyena.

. . . . . .

The night passed on; and, as the little Hyena did not return, his mother called Stripes to her.

"Do you know where your brother is?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," answered Stripes: "he said he was going to make Mr. Gloomy laugh."

"What nonsense! Why, he may be killed by this time!" cried Mr. Hyena; and, followed by Stripes and her mother, away he went to the cave where Mr. Gloomy lived.

As they came near the cave, they stooped and looked at each other in surprise. Surely that was the little Hyena's voice, and surely that was Mr. Gloomy laughing with him. "Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! He! he! he!" they went.

Stripes ran in, father and mother quickly followed; and there was her little brother sitting on Mr. Gloomy's knee, and both laughing away with all their might.

"I'm so glad you've come," said the little Hyena. "Do you know what we've been doing?"

"No. What?" asked Stripes.

"We've been making riddles," said the little Hyena. "Here's one. Why do we all laugh at nothing?"

"We give it up," they all cried.

"Because there's nothing to laugh at," answered Mr. Gloomy.

"Ho! ho! ho!" chuckled Mr. Hyena.

"He! he! he!" said Mrs. Hyena.

"Haw! haw! haw!" shouted Mr. Gloomy.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Stripes, and "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little Hyena.—*Cassell's Little Folks.*

A Make-believe Bee.

Lady Henry Somerset once told how her attention was first called to the work of relieving the sufferings of poor city children.

"It was this way," she said. "I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most; and, in seeking it, I grew into that work. I was in a hospital on visiting day, while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held a crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful, I was told. Yet, to my surprise, the little sufferer neither stirred nor winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth. After the doctors left, I said to him,—

"'How could you possibly stand it?'

"'That's nothin',' he answered. 'Why, I just made believe that a bee was stingin' me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin', because I was afraid I'd forget about it's being a bee if I didn't.'"

Little Barbara had been sick, but was convalescent

"Are you my doctor?" she said, waking up suddenly and finding a strange lady at her bedside.

"No, dear," said the strange lady, "I am your trained nurse."

"Ah, that's better," exclaimed the little girl. "I shall like you very much. Trained nurse," she continued, pointing to a cage hanging near the window, "let me introduce you to my trained canary."—*St. Paul Globe.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mario S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY.
270 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

The Only Solution.

The thought of God illuminates the notion of human progress. Against progress as a merely physical or economical movement, arising out of a world of change and flux, you can raise the most tremendous pessimistic doubt. Material evolution by itself promises nothing but meaningless rise and fall. Why should any one, comfortable and well fed, go to the cross for reform, for liberty, for democracy, on behalf of vast backward populations, in a world where no reason exists for either faith or enthusiasm?

That brotherhood, democracy, freedom, peace on earth, are valid without any religion is a baseless assumption. All these ideas have sprung out of a spiritual conception of the worth of human life. They imply faith that the things which unite men of all races and classes lie deeper than the forces that antagonize them, faith in the practical working force of ideals, faith that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," faith that you can "overcome evil with good," and dull, backward, and selfish men by justice and good will,—in short, faith in God, guaranteeing your visions of progress. Progress whither, if you drift on a raft in a meaningless world?

But suppose that the way of reform, of democracy, of progress, of whatever "socialism" is good for man, is the way of the universe-life; that we share in the majestic purpose; that every one of us has his place in the beautiful order, and each life counts for good,—what will not man do in this faith? What enthusiasm flames up in him to do the will of the eternal! What can make us weary or afraid with this faith to hearten us? "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

The face of evil now changes. If God is, then no lasting evil can be. Grant that this is, and must continue to be, a matter of faith But it is a reasonable faith, like the faith of the engineer or the aviator. Nothing is more notable than the procession of noble lives who have experimented with this faith in the presence of every kind of evil, as if "the everlasting arms were under them." They have wrought out the miracle of changing evil to good; they have annexed new territories to the realm of order. The fact is, evil only seems evil to creatures on a certain brutal plane; on that plane it is self-limiting. In the spiritual realm, where alone we are masters of fate, we are lifted above evil. Pain does no real harm to a man, once conceived as a child of God. Who would dare to be exempt from suffering! It is in the nature of the universe-life, as a deep law of spiritual cost, whereby all high values are brought to light.

Again, if God is, prayer or communion must be also. We do not mean the childish petition of greed or selfishness. Why should the sons of God will or wish anything that is not also the good will that is, whatever is best? Movements of action and reaction are always taking place. Thoughts, insight, power, affection, will, surge ever and anon through our spirits and urge us to answer back with trust and gladness. It is not so much for us to make petition as it is to wait and listen, to give free course to these motions of life, and to do what they bid. These things are true, if God is.

Again, we face the wonderful thought and hope of the immortal life. If God is, this hope simply cannot be kept back. It behaves like a life function, whenever we realize God. If God is (Himself the very ground and source of all science), nothing has ever been or can be discovered by science to hurt this hope. It does not come to us as a matter of demonstration, like a chain of argument, no stronger than its weakest link, but rather as a network of reasonable considerations, rising out of the highest experiences of man as thinker and lover; it is at times so persuasive and overwhelming that we say, "It must be so." The facts out of which it arises, are simply inexplicable, except in the thought of a spiritual universe.

I am reminded that we are shut in by vast mysteries. But if God is, we look out into the mysteries of being as into a mystery of light, and no longer of darkness. We would not have it otherwise, seeing there is that in us which rests content with no finite value.

My plea is for a frank, thorough, and radical treatment of our religion both in thought and conduct. We are either citizens of a spiritual universe or we are not. Our religion is wholly true, if it is anything at all. In a word, the world is either actually adjusted to urge and to aid us in co-operating with one another in a divine type of life, or there is no such thing as spiritual adjustment or lasting civilization. As there is no middle ground between the supreme fact of God and the alternative of hopeless atheism, so there can be no forceful, happy, complete life for a man midway between faith and unbelief.

Vast problems confront the world, problems of the toiling millions, problems of the oppressed or barbarous or backward peoples, problems of vice and crime, and of new, orderly serviceable government, the everlasting problems of the human soul with its sorrows, its wearying ambitions, its personal defeats, its tragedies, its solemn march toward the grave, its aspirations and hopes. If God is not, no solution exists for these problems, or any rational answer to the ceaseless human questions; let us make no pretence of faith or hope. If God is, we have reason, answers, solutions, incitement to action, ground for enthusiasm, vital union here and now with the soul of the world.—*Charles F. Dole.*

War and Peace.

BY REV. A. W. LITTLEFIELD.

"In time of war prepare for peace!"—such is the very significant reversal of the olden saying; it appeared in a recent issue of a prominent publication.

It would lead us to ask, What is the preparation for peace among men? Simply this,—good will. From the time when the poet-soul conceived the Gloria in Excelsis to this day nothing so remedial of the horrors of war has been offered to the world! One of our ministers has laid repeated emphasis, the last few years, upon this principle; and the liberal faith can do no better than to join him in this emphasis.

In these times of awful and horrid war, when the preparations of peace are being laid,—as silently, but as surely, as Mother Earth prepares the soil for the verdure of the spring, even though the storm-winds rage with destructive force above,—it is the imperative business of each child of God to cultivate within the spirit of good will; for then, and only then, can peace come among men.

But, seriously, must we not admit that struggle will never end, the constitution of organic life being what it is? It is the very necessity of youth to contend and struggle, and to manifest the warlike and competitive functions upon which development of all early organic life absolutely depends, while manhood, developed and self-controlled, ceases strife and contention, warfare and competition, and gives itself wholly to the "arts of peace," *i.e.*, co-operation and productiveness. Youth is naturally competitive, warlike, destructive; manhood, co-operative and peaceful and creative.

May we apply these principles to the present European struggle? Very well. An old bull-dog of Europe, Austria, was much annoyed by the young war-dogs in the Balkan states, particularly Servia. The young dog had the sharper teeth, if not the larger and maturer bulk. So the old war-dog called in the young imperial blood-hound Germany, that had been growing its lusty young life near at hand. Then the older hounds France, Russia, and England joined in the fray, as dogs will; and thus once more upon the peaceful earth was "let loose the dogs of war."

It is interesting to note that the aggressors are the younger members of the European states. Servia, fresh from a bloody, tooth-gnashing fray in the Balkan kennel, destroys a member of the ancient house of Hapsburg; old Austria growls and shows its decaying teeth, and beckons, as such will, to the gigantic young bull-dog German imperialism, who rushes into the fight with all the energy and vitality characteristic of youth and good nurturing. Again it is interesting to see that Germany, strong and belligerent as are all young organisms (the new German Empire is less than half a century old,—very young in the life-span of empires, as a rule), attacks another relatively young organism, the French Republic, which, quite the contrary of ancient Austria, has called in the help of the sturdy and mature English mastiff and the fang-strong and full-grown Russian wolf-hound, with the result that the sharp young teeth of Servia are lacerating the Austrian flesh, as the others are trying to get a strangle-hold of each other. Still another young war-dog, United Italy, is with difficulty holding itself in leash, wishing mightily to take a piece out of its old enemy Austria. Meanwhile, certain retriever breeds are lying low over safely secured bones, watching the fray—notably America. Incidentally, it might be well for America to take note of the threatening growls directed against her by the young Teutonic imperialism,—for the youthful transatlantic republic has picked up some trade-bones very exciting to imperial envy! Always the older organisms must watch out against the attacks of younger organisms,—e.g., did not the young and lean Confederacy spring, full-fanged, at the older federal nation, which was quietly and contentedly slumbering, tooth-sheathed, complacent, comfortable, amidst abundance and the fruits of liberty and peace?

From this point of view, then, this awful war is but another illustration that youth is aggressive, full of fight, and ruthlessly destructive; while maturity extends the helping hand, is harmoniously co-operative, becoming creatively productive. Competition

Digitized by Google

for development; co-operation for productiveness,—such is the law. Forever it is the new against the old, the young against the mature. This war will result probably—as usual, heretofore—in maturity losing some of its breath and its holdings, while youth will get trimmed into shape. Then peace will obtain once more in the household of nations, good will supplant hatred, and larger federation replace segregating and strife-breeding provincialism.

"In time of war prepare for peace!" That preparation consists in growing up from youth to maturity, and in cultivating, "without hurry and without rest," the spirit of good will, not only among individual persons, but also individual nations. Iron chancellors are mighty forces; but the gentle and creative sons and daughters of God, if they retain their energy and vitality, are mightier. Whoso taketh the sword perishes by it; the meek inherit the earth!

NEEDHAM, MASS.

In Peace and War.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM.

The first International Church Conference for promoting friendly relations between the various countries of the world met in Constance, Germany, on August 1. Nearly one hundred delegates greeted one another on the appointed day with more than ordinary eagerness and fervor. The meeting had carefully been planned. Representatives of various Christian churches, denominations, and religious movements in Europe, England, and America were expected to be present. They were to come from Sweden and Norway, Holland and Denmark, on the North, from Italy and Austria on the South. France was to send a dozen delegates and Germany at least a score. A body of thirty representative men and women were to come from England, and American official delegates numbered more than fifty. A quiet Sunday was to be passed together, and then for two ensuing days informal conferences were to be held for the purpose of considering what the various Christian communions of the world could do in the cause of furthering international good will.

The place of meeting was the Hotel Insel, which is situated on a little island in the lovely lake of Constance. The hotel had formerly been a Dominican monastery, and much of the monastic atmosphere remains. There are the shaded cloisters thick with flowers and luxurious plants, the large refectory, which is now the hotel dining-room, the quiet garden, and the peaceful paths with vistas of the neighboring lake and of snow-capped mountains far beyond, —paths where monks in previous centuries had walked and pondered on eternal truths. The town itself is interesting. It was the meeting-place of the great Church Council in 1415, at which Johann Huss, the religious reformer, was tried, found guilty of false doctrine, and condemned to death. In a quiet field outside the little city a huge boulder covered with thick ivy marks the spot where Huss and Jerome of Prague were burned. No better place in Europe could seemingly have been chosen for considering the cause of friendship between nations and the obligations of the churches to promote it.

As the time drew near, however, for the congress to assemble, the war clouds gathered ominously in Europe. Austria-Hungary suddenly forced an ultimatum upon Servia, Russia soon began to mobilize her troops; but it was not until Friday, the day before most of us had planned to arrive in Constance, that Germany began to prepare for action. Still, the Kaiser had announced that mobilization was not war; and, in any event, it seemed faint-hearted to turn back. It was certainly an indication of the earnest spirit which impelled them, that two-thirds of the delegates appeared at the appointed place. Others would have come had they been able. Two, however,—both Americans,—were arrested by German officials on the way and put in jail for venturing to photograph an airship. Others still were detained at the frontier. The German delegates could hardly have been expected, under the circumstances, to report. A few only of the French appeared, but there were a few. On Friday, the very day on which orders for German mobilization were issued, a party of English delegates set out from London, made their way through France and Switzerland, and arrived in Constance on Saturday evening, headed by J. Allen Baker, Esq., M.P., and the Rt. Hon. W. H. Dickinson, M.P., member of the Privy Council, and accompanied by the Bishop of Winchester, Canon Grane, and others.

There was some doubt at the outset as to whether our Conference would be permitted to proceed. Peace meetings had recently been ruthlessly broken up by military authorities in other parts of Germany. The Grand Duchess of Baden, however, a sister of the Emperor Frederick, and an aunt, therefore, of the Kaiser, was interested in the cause, and, through her intercession and good will, the Constance city authorities were instructed to permit us to assemble, and to grant us all protection. For this, and for more substantial favors later, we were indebted to the influential presence of Herr Pastor Siegmund-Schultze of Berlin, who was in close touch with the emperor, and at one time had been settled over the Kaiser's Berlin church. From the first, therefore, as will be seen, we were assured of imperial protection.

A preliminary meeting was held at once on Saturday evening, when we decided to proceed with our programme as though no disturbing forces were at work. Sunday morning, August 2, dawned clear and calm. All nature was at peace. A delicate mist lay drawn across the profile of the far Swiss mountains. Scarcely a ripple broke the mirror-like appearance of the lake. The outward world seemed doing what was possible to calm the warlike mood of man. It was evident enough, however, that the lesson would remain unheeded. Troops were gathering. The railways were patrolled, and soldiers guarded stations, bridges, and all tunnels. The banks had closed their doors. Servants began to leave the hotel in response to mobilization orders. The manager himself was called away. Six cooks went out of the kitchen. An air of gloom and uncertainty prevailed. Nevertheless we were assured there was no danger. We were advised, however, to stay on our island and not go into the town.

Accordingly, on Sunday morning we came together for religious services, and no one who was present can soon forget the spirit which pervaded all—the hope expressed that the worst might not actually happen. A business meeting was held in the afternoon, and from that time on the situation rapidly grew worse.

On Sunday evening it was announced that, unless we were prepared to remain in Germany for an indefinite period, we must leave the next morning. After that no further trains would be available for ordinary passengers. Here it was that Herr Pastor Siegmund-Schultze came to our assistance. Through his influence the promise of a special train was secured. With this comforting assurance, the Conference calmly proceeded to transact all necessary business with the greatest possible dispatch. Various resolutions were passed. A committee was appointed to devise machinery for future meetings and a definite organization. Nothing was left undone that could possibly be attended to at such a time. Prayers were spoken, plans were laid for adjourned meetings to be held at once in London, or, if possible, at The Hague. Then ensued a most unusual and interesting scene.

The question of finance had to be considered. Had we money enough to get away? Letters of credit and American express cheques counted for nothing. English bank-notes would not be accepted. The hotel proprietor was considerate enough to say that he would wait for payment, but railway tickets must be bought and baggage transportation paid for. Some of the delegates had hardly any money in hand at all. Others had varying amounts. The roll accordingly was called and each one told the state of his finances. The sum total of our wealth (or poverty) was quickly learned. Together we could just manage to pay our way to England, and a common treasury was formed. It suggested apostolic times, when, according to the Book of Acts, "as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." No Ananiases or Sapphiras were detected. Henceforward, till the journey's end, all things were in common.

At four minutes past nine on the morning of Monday, August 3, the train drew out of the Constance station,—the last through train on which there was any possibility of getting out of Germany and back to England; and even that was more or less uncertain. All passenger service was to cease that day at midnight. We must reach, if possible, the neutral Dutch frontier before that hour. We must go to Flushing where the line to Queenborough was still running, but the railway officials would guarantee nothing further than Cologne. Two carriages, instead of a special train, were reserved for members of the Conference, and proved utterly inadequate for comfort. Some of us stood in the corridors, or sat on bags and valises that were piled up against the windows. Luncheon baskets had been prepared at the hotel, but they went astray in the confusion, and were probably enjoyed by hungry German soldiers. Nevertheless it was a cheerful, uncomplaining party. No word of fault-finding anywhere was heard.

The tedium of the long, slow journey was relieved in part by the beauty of the scenery. We made our way at first through the glories of the great Black Forest on a magnificent stretch of railway engineering. After that

came the glories of the Rhine, and all the way there were indications of preparations for approaching war. For luncheon and dinner we depended upon sandwiches and biscuits which could be secured at stations on the way. We were under military supervision from the first. Soldiers were stationed everywhere along the line. When we came to the famous bridge across the Rhine at Mainz the train was stopped. Lights were turned on in all the compartments, and at the same time a guard came through and ordered all windows to be closed. It was thought at first that we had come to a tunnel. One delegate—for the day was hot—ventured to lower a window for a little air. Whereupon a guard rushed in, and threatened to empty the entire train unless orders strictly were obeyed. It was feared, as we learned afterward, that some spy might be of our number who would hurl a bomb and blow up the important bridge.

We were late at Cologne, where the station presented the appearance of a barrack-room. The regular connection had been missed. By a special permit, however, with the imperial passport which had been secured, we were allowed to make our way toward the Dutch frontier. Angry officials at every stop seemed most unwilling to let the train proceed. At three o'clock in the morning, however, to our great relief, we reached the Dutch frontier, and were hurried into a waiting train that was headed for Flushing. Most of us found refuge in fourth-class carriages, and made the rest of the journey sitting or lying upon wooden benches. When the morning broke we found ourselves beside the Channel steamer. After that it was plain sailing, and by ten in the evening we glided peacefully into London. We had been thirty-six hours on the journey, without sleep to speak of, with very little food, and possessed of only such clothing as we had upon our backs and could carry in our handbags.

In London, final meetings of the Conference were held, and statements by the English and American delegates respectively were drawn up for the press. England declared war upon Germany the night of our arrival, and London in war time is an interesting and exciting place. Proclamations appear on every hand. Troops are marching through the crowded streets whistling, in many instances, The Marseillaise. Horses are tethered in St. James's Park. Squads of recruits are being drilled in retired squares. War extras are cried out day and night. The atmosphere is charged with electricity. German spies apparently are numerous. A few days since, in the hope of diverting my mind, I went to Letchworth, the famous Garden City, to see what was being accomplished in the way of better houses for the people. I had heard much of the model conditions which prevail there,—the well-planned streets, the open spaces for park and recreation purposes. Before I had been in the town half an hour, finding my way about with a map in hand, I was confronted by a policeman who wished to know my business. It appears that I had been reported to the authorities as a suspicious character, and was taken for a German spy. Papers of identification were asked for, and I was directed to police headquarters, where I was cross-questioned and only with considerable difficulty was able to establish my identity as an American. No rudeness, however was offered, such as so many tourists have experienced in Germany. The utmost courtesy was shown, and entire consideration given.

Indeed, the English all through this appalling crisis are giving an extraordinary account of themselves. Nothing could exceed their dignity and self-control. There is no indication either of depression or of exultation. There is neither weeping nor cheering No handkerchiefs are seen either to wave adieus or wipe away a tear,—only stern and resolute determination to pursue the right, and discharge a duty, and see a hard thing done with thoroughness and courage. Calmness everywhere prevails and hopefulness is preached. Two days after war was declared a taxicab appeared running through the streets covered with large placards which read, "Don't worry," "Cheer up," "We must win; England's fleet is still the finest in the world." To a marvellous degree the people have kept their heads, and to a still more marvellous degree they are opening their hands. The Prince of Wales Fund already amounts to £1,315,000. Organizations of relief are rapidly being formed. A Red Cross flag floats above the familiar residence of the Duke of Devonshire in Piccadilly. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies has opened headquarters in Parliament Street, and issues a call for volunteer workers in the cause of king and country. It would be magnificent if it were not so depressing; it *is* magnificent even though the cause is war.

So far as the church peace congress is concerned, though it came in one sense to so little and seemed almost a farce, in another sense it may prove the prophecy for better things to come. Those of us who ventured into Germany as she was arming herself for battle, and who bade her borders a glad good-bye as she was rushing her soldiers to the front, were enabled to see something of the devastation and calamity of war. When the dread event was drawing near, the country was cast down in the deepest gloom. People were everywhere depressed. Crowds that were absolutely silent thronged through the streets and pressed up to read the latest dispatches that were posted here and there. Universal sadness was apparent. The porter who took my bags at the railway station in Heidelberg turned away and burst into tears when I showed him the head-lines in the morning newspaper. The Kaiser and the Prussian war party may have wanted war, but there can be no doubt whatever of the peacea ble inclinations of the German people. Had the German government been less of a military despotism and autocracy, the war would not have come. The Socialist party was violently opposed to it, faithful always to the cause of international good will, but their meetings, which were called in protest, were forbidden, and in many places broken up. When all is over, one result will doubtless be a more republican Germany, in which the people have more voice. Then, too, besides the gloom of the people there was the sudden paralysis of business and all trade. The shops were closed. Factories shut down Hotels were stripped of servants and of guests. All the ordinary affairs of life were suddenly put out of joint. The amenities of civilization ceased to exist. The streets of Germany as we saw the last of them had all the appearance of streets on Sunday, only utterly bereft of any gaiety.

We must not therefore weakly lose all heart. This colossal war is destined to be the most forceful lesson that the world has ever had in the cause of peace. It has done away at once and forever the weak delusion that great armaments are calculated to preserve the peace. Germany has been the greatest and most persistent offender in this respect, forcing all other nations to keep pace with her; and at the door of German military autocracy and insolence—not at the door of the German people—must be laid the responsibility for what has happened. "In time of peace," it has foolishly been said, "prepare for war." With greater wisdom we may now begin to say, "In time of war prepare for peace," and when peace comes the great thing to be kept in mind and worked for is a limitation of armaments.

Sometime in the future, therefore, another church congress will be held for promoting friendly relations among the nations, a congress which will not be darkened and dispersed by signs of war and bloodshed. The first church congress for promoting peace was not a failure. It was an index finger rather, pointing clearly to a brighter, happier day to come. It will be looked back upon as having something of historic value, as establishing an interesting background, for to the credit of the churches be it said that, when the nations of Europe were being swept away to war, and the teachings of Christianity were openly defied, a little band of people with a vision came together in the face of serious difficulties and held a new church council in the town of Constance.

From the President of the American Peace Society.

The present contest has its origin in the enormous military and naval armaments which have been long maintained in the larger European nations. With but slight provocation or excuse, people and nations as well are bound to enter any contest in preparation for which they have devoted years of endeavor and fortunes of money. This war comes as an irrefutable answer to the argument which we have so often heard advanced, even in the United States, that the best way in which to maintain peace is to be prepared for war. Men who are unarmed do not commit murder, nor do nations without vast standing armies and enormous fleets of Dreadnoughts seek to do battle.

For years there has been an abiding conviction among the people of Europe that war could be no worse than the frightful financial and economic burden of maintaining enormous fleets and standing armies, saddling the nations with crushing taxes and enormous national debts. Even in time of universal peace the civilized nations of the world have been spending approximately two billion, five hundred million dollars a year in preparation for war. Out of these expenditures and the purposes for which they have been disbursed have grown the animosities, the jingoisms, the ambitions, and the jealousies which create war. Though in the fields of battle one side or the other must win, the fact remains that in a greater sense both the winners and the losers will be crushed.

Digitized by Google

The burdens and the miseries which will be the heritage of the war will be borne by generations yet of the future. Such utter exhaustion will ensue among the contending nations, coupled with so acute a realization of the horrors of war, that for a generation and perhaps for all time peace will be assured, if not through a realization of the brotherhood of mankind, then through a feeling that no hostilities can be justified when the cost in lives and property is so cruel. From these sentiments, seared by sufferings into their souls, the people of the world will demand that for the future the controversies of nations shall be settled by some form of judicial procedure as we now adjudicate the quarrels of individuals.—*Hon. Theodore E Burton, in the Congregationalist.*

The European Crisis.

A Message to our People.

In this hour of terrible trial for the nations of Europe we shall do well to encourage and strengthen one another in cleaving to that which is good. Two great temptations beset us: one, to lose the higher spirit in anger (not altogether unrighteous anger) against those who have dragged the nations into this fearful calamity, and in bitter feelings toward those who are now our enemies; the other, to lose faith in the eternal supremacy of justice and love, when we think of millions of men who have no grudge against one another being driven to mutual carnage by small groups of statesmen.

In regard to the first, let us remember that anger cannot judge justly, and the time for judgment is not yet. The Christian law of love extends to enemies—a height which it is very hard to reach; but we can slay the enemy in our own hearts through prayer, and preserve a holy calm, which may shed its healing influence when the time comes.

The temptation to despair may be diminished if we remember the signs of degeneracy which have made many of us anxious during recent years, and reflect that some great shock may have been needed to teach us that life is more than ease and pleasure, and consists not in the abundance of the things that we possess. We have often asked ourselves how much Christianity was left in so-called Christendom, and when the politicians of the world would have any faith in the Christ whom they professed to worship. As in the evil days when the light of Christianity first rose upon the world, may we not hope that, when these horrors are past, there will be a new coming of the Son of Man, seen in the advent of a true kingdom of humanity, when the nations will recognize that all are children of God, and those who are appointed to rule will feel the solemnity of their high calling as servants of the Prince of Peace?

It is for us to watch and pray and labor for the coming of that time, and to cherish in ourselves that Holy Spirit without which all is war and confusion. When Europe has been deluged with blood, some sort of settlement must come and the voice of reason and justice be listened to, if only owing to the exhaustion of evil passion. Then let us be ready to help in reconstituting society on a more Christian basis, and providing some more powerful and united expression of the sense of brotherhood, so that the masses of the people may be able to assert the higher will, and never again be the helpless slaves of violence and greed. Let the Lord's Prayer, so often uttered, become the real burden of our hearts, and, with a depth of meaning unfelt before, let us pray that God's kingdom may come and his will be done on earth, and that we may have grace to forgive as we have been forgiven.

No words are needed to urge each and all to do what in them lies to serve their country in the present crisis; for charity and duty are living and active among us, and will not fail us in the day of need. May God send us a more exalted faith, and a love which is constant, even unto death.

J. F. L. Brunner,
President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

Hugh R. Rathbone,
President of the National Triennial Conference.

Ion Pritchard,
President of the Sunday School Association, London.

Federation.

I believe that out of the ashes of the present war the phœnix of peace will rise and sing its song again with sweeter, stronger note.

The idea of any kind of federation between the great European powers may be scouted as an impossible one, but in the progress of history and the providence of God the impossible has before now taken place, and we set no limits to the mind and power of man. There is a German proverb which says, "Man can what he will,"—it is only the *will* we have to create, and the desire for the ideal, and it is bound sooner or later to come, if it rests with humanity at all.

In the midst, then, of our present conflict let us not forget this hidden unity which the future in its time will bring forth—a unity in which each nation of Christendom will realize that it does not live to itself alone, and that it can only attain to its fullest and best life in harmony and co-operation with its neighbors—a unity whose next concrete embodiment in international relations must be the setting up of an international tribunal for the settlement of causes of quarrel, backed by the united conscience and sentiment and force of the united powers—a unity in which it will be impossible for the ambition and rashness of two comparatively unimportant powers to involve Europe in war over matters which concern themselves alone. It is the cry for the law of right instead of the law of might, at any rate as the first, if not the last, court of appeal in modern Christendom; it is the same cry as Mazzini sent vibrating through his day—the cry for a real association of the nations who are made of one blood, inherit one culture, drink of one faith, honor one Christ, worship one God,—"a Europe, associated in the completeness of all its faculties and all its forces, under the indispensable conditions of liberty and fraternity, for the realization of a common aim, and the discovery and progressive application of its law of life."

This is the unseen and eternal to which we look, and by which we steady our minds and moderate our passions in the midst of the seen, which enables us to keep a hold of the true Christian spirit even under the stress of war. When the present cloud has passed, and the lightnings died away and the thunders ceased, the sun will shine forth again and the sky become clear, and we shall see bolder and less unmistakable than ever the fabric of our dream, eternal, in the heavens.

Our efforts are frustrated, our hopes postponed, perhaps, but that is all; let us not faint or fail, but, even while men fight and kill, and women weep, and children become fatherless, let us be as the saints who, trusting God, in every age—

> Saw distant gates of Eden gleam
> And did not dream it was a dream,
> But heard, by secret transport led
> Even in the charnels of the dead,
> The murmur of the fountain head.

—*R. Nicoll Cross, in the London Inquirer.*

President Wilson's Message.

My fellow-countrymen:—

I suppose that every thoughtful man in America has asked himself during the last troubled weeks what influence the European war may exert upon the United States; and I take the liberty of addressing a few words to you in order to point out that it is entirely within our own choice what its effects upon us will be, and to urge very earnestly upon you the sort of speech and conduct which will best safeguard the nation against distress and disaster.

The effect of the war upon the United States will depend upon what American citizens say and do. Every man who really loves America will act and speak in the true spirit of neutrality, which is the spirit of impartiality and fairness and friendliness to all concerned.

The spirit of the nation in this critical matter will be determined largely by what

Marriages.

At Cambridge, August 25, by Rev. William I Lawrance, Ralph Waldo Hazelton and Josephine H. Torrey.

Deaths.

HUMPHREYS—At his summer home, Mt. Philo, Vt, August 27, James Henry Humphreys, 64 years 5 months 21 days. Funeral services were held Monday at 3 P.M., at 59 Humphreys Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

came the glories of the Rhine, and all the way there were indications of preparations for approaching war. For luncheon and dinner we depended upon sandwiches and biscuits which could be secured at stations on the way. We were under military supervision from the first. Soldiers were stationed everywhere along the line. When we came to the famous bridge across the Rhine at Mainz the train was stopped. Lights were turned on in all the compartments, and at the same time a guard came through and ordered all windows to be closed. It was thought at first that we had come to a tunnel. One delegate—for the day was hot—ventured to lower a window for a little air. Whereupon a guard rushed in, and threatened to empty the entire train unless orders strictly were obeyed. It was feared, as we learned afterward, that some spy might be of our number who would hurl a bomb and blow up the important bridge.

We were late at Cologne, where the station presented the appearance of a barrack-room. The regular connection had been missed. By a special permit, however, with the imperial passport which had been secured, we were allowed to make our way toward the Dutch frontier. Angry officials at every stop seemed most unwilling to let the train proceed. At three o'clock in the morning, however, to our great relief, we reached the Dutch frontier, and were hurried into a waiting train that was headed for Flushing. Most of us found refuge in fourth-class carriages, and made the rest of the journey sitting or lying upon wooden benches. When the morning broke we found ourselves beside the Channel steamer. After that it was plain sailing, and by ten in the evening we glided peacefully into London. We had been thirty-six hours on the journey, without sleep to speak of, with very little food, and possessed of only such clothing as we had upon our backs and could carry in our handbags.

In London, final meetings of the Conference were held, and statements by the English and American delegates respectively were drawn up for the press. England declared war upon Germany the night of our arrival, and London in war time is an interesting and exciting place. Proclamations appear on every hand. Troops are marching through the crowded streets whistling, in many instances, The Marseillaise. Horses are tethered in St. James's Park. Squads of recruits are being drilled in retired squares. War extras are cried out day and night. The atmosphere is charged with electricity. German spies apparently are numerous. A few days since, in the hope of diverting my mind, I went to Letchworth, the famous Garden City, to see what was being accomplished in the way of better houses for the people. I had heard much of the model conditions which prevail there,—the well-planned streets, the open spaces for park and recreation purposes. Before I had been in the town half an hour, finding my way about with a map in hand, I was confronted by a policeman who wished to know my business. It appears that I had been reported to the authorities as a suspicious character, and was taken for a German spy. Papers of identification were asked for, and I was directed to police headquarters, where I was cross-questioned and only with considerable difficulty was able to establish my identity as an American. No rudeness, however was offered, such as so many tourists have experienced in Germany. The utmost courtesy was shown, and entire consideration given.

Indeed, the English all through this appalling crisis are giving an extraordinary account of themselves. Nothing could exceed their dignity and self-control. There is no indication either of depression or of exultation. There is neither weeping nor cheering. No handkerchiefs are seen either to wave adieus or wipe away a tear,—only stern and resolute determination to pursue the right, and discharge a duty, and see a hard thing done with thoroughness and courage. Calmness everywhere prevails and hopefulness is preached. Two days after war was declared a taxicab appeared running through the streets covered with large placards which read, "Don't worry," "Cheer up," "We must win; England's fleet is still the finest in the world." To a marvellous degree the people have kept their heads, and to a still more marvellous degree they are opening their hands. The Prince of Wales Fund already amounts to £1,315,000. Organizations of relief are rapidly being formed. A Red Cross flag floats above the familiar residence of the Duke of Devonshire in Piccadilly. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies has opened headquarters in Parliament Street, and issues a call for volunteer workers in the cause of king and country. It would be magnificent if it were not so depressing, it *is* magnificent even though the cause is war.

So far as the church peace congress is concerned, though it came in one sense to so little and seemed almost a farce, in another sense it may prove the prophecy for better things to come. Those of us who ventured into Germany as she was arming herself for battle, and who bade her borders a glad good-bye as she was rushing her soldiers to the front, were enabled to see something of the devastation and calamity of war. When the dread event was drawing near, the country was cast down in the deepest gloom. People were everywhere depressed. Crowds that were absolutely silent thronged through the streets and pressed up to read the latest dispatches that were posted here and there. Universal sadness was apparent. The porter who took my bags at the railway station in Heidelberg turned away and burst into tears when I showed him the head-lines in the morning newspaper. The Kaiser and the Prussian war party may have wanted war, but there can be no doubt whatever of the peaceable inclinations of the German people. Had the German government been less of a military despotism and autocracy, the war would not have come. The Socialist party was violently opposed to it, faithful always to the cause of international good will, but their meetings, which were called in protest, were forbidden, and in many places broken up. When all is over, one result will doubtless be a more republican Germany, in which the people have more voice. Then, too, besides the gloom of the people there was the sudden paralysis of business and all trade. The shops were closed. Factories shut down. Hotels were stripped of servants and of guests. All the ordinary affairs of life were suddenly put out of joint. The amenities of civilization ceased to exist. The streets of Germany as we saw the last of them had all the appearance of streets on Sunday, only utterly bereft of any gaiety.

We must not therefore weakly lose all heart. This colossal war is destined to be the most forceful lesson that the world has ever had in the cause of peace. It has done away at once and forever the weak delusion that great armaments are calculated to preserve the peace. Germany has been the greatest and most persistent offender in this respect, forcing all other nations to keep pace with her; and at the door of German military autocracy and insolence—not at the door of the German people—must be laid the responsibility for what has happened. "In time of peace," it has foolishly been said, "prepare for war." With greater wisdom we may now begin to say, "In time of war prepare for peace," and when peace comes the great thing to be kept in mind and worked for is a limitation of armaments.

Sometime in the future, therefore, another church congress will be held for promoting friendly relations among the nations, a congress which will not be darkened and dispersed by signs of war and bloodshed. The first church congress for promoting peace was not a failure. It was an index finger rather, pointing clearly to a brighter, happier day to come. It will be looked back upon as having something of historic value, as establishing an interesting background, for to the credit of the churches be it said that, when the nations of Europe were being swept away to war, and the teachings of Christianity were openly defied, a little band of people with a vision came together in the face of serious difficulties and held a new church council in the town of Constance.

From the President of the American Peace Society.

The present contest has its origin in the enormous military and naval armaments which have been long maintained in the larger European nations. With but slight provocation or excuse, people and nations as well are bound to enter any contest in preparation for which they have devoted years of endeavor and fortunes of money. This war comes as an irrefutable answer to the argument which we have so often heard advanced, even in the United States, that the best way in which to maintain peace is to be prepared for war. Men who are unarmed do not commit murder, nor do nations without vast standing armies and enormous fleets of Dreadnoughts seek to do battle.

For years there has been an abiding conviction among the people of Europe that war could be no worse than the frightful financial and economic burden of maintaining enormous fleets and standing armies, saddling the nations with crushing taxes and enormous national debts. Even in time of universal peace the civilized nations of the world have been spending approximately two billion, five hundred million dollars a year in preparation for war. Out of these expenditures and the purposes for which they have been disbursed have grown the animosities, the jingoisms, the ambitions, and the jealousies which create war. Though in the fields of battle one side or the other must win, the fact remains that in a greater sense both the winners and the losers will be crushed.

Digitized by Google

The burdens and the miseries which will be the heritage of the war will be borne by generations yet of the future. Such utter exhaustion will ensue among the contending nations, coupled with so acute a realization of the horrors of war, that for a generation and perhaps for all time peace will be assured, if not through a realization of the brotherhood of mankind, then through a feeling that no hostilities can be justified when the cost in lives and property is so cruel. From these sentiments, seared by sufferings into their souls, the people of the world will demand that for the future the controversies of nations shall be settled by some form of judicial procedure as we now adjudicate the quarrels of individuals.—*Hon. Theodore E. Burton, in the Congregationalist.*

The European Crisis.

A MESSAGE TO OUR PEOPLE.

In this hour of terrible trial for the nations of Europe we shall do well to encourage and strengthen one another in cleaving to that which is good. Two great temptations beset us: one, to lose the higher spirit in anger (not altogether unrighteous anger) against those who have dragged the nations into this fearful calamity, and in bitter feelings toward those who are now our enemies; the other, to lose faith in the eternal supremacy of justice and love, when we think of millions of men who have no grudge against one another being driven to mutual carnage by small groups of statesmen.

In regard to the first, let us remember that anger cannot judge justly, and the time for judgment is not yet. The Christian law of love extends to enemies—a height which it is very hard to reach; but we can slay the enemy in our own hearts through prayer, and preserve a holy calm, which may shed its healing influence when the time comes.

The temptation to despair may be diminished if we remember the signs of degeneracy which have made many of us anxious during recent years, and reflect that some great shock may have been needed to teach us that life is more than ease and pleasure, and consists not in the abundance of the things that we possess. We have often asked ourselves how much Christianity was left in so-called Christendom, and when the politicians of the world would have any faith in the Christ whom they professed to worship. As in the evil days when the light of Christianity first rose upon the world, may we not hope that, when these horrors are past, there will be a new coming of the Son of Man, seen in the advent of a true kingdom of humanity, when the nations will recognize that all are children of God, and those who are appointed to rule will feel the solemnity of their high calling as servants of the Prince of Peace?

It is for us to watch and pray and labor for the coming of that time, and to cherish in ourselves that Holy Spirit without which all is war and confusion. When Europe has been deluged with blood, some sort of settlement must come and the voice of reason and justice be listened to, if only owing to the exhaustion of evil passion. Then let us be ready to help in reconstituting society on a more Christian basis, and providing some more powerful and united expression of the sense of brotherhood, so that the masses of the people may be able to assert the higher will, and never again be the helpless slaves of violence and greed. Let the Lord's Prayer, so often uttered, become the real burden of our hearts, and, with a depth of meaning unfelt before, let us pray that God's kingdom may come and his will be done on earth, and that we may have grace to forgive as we have been forgiven.

No words are needed to urge each and all to do what in them lies to serve their country in the present crisis; for charity and duty are living and active among us, and will not fail us in the day of need. May God send us a more exalted faith, and a love which is constant, even unto death.

J. F. L. BRUNNER,
President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

HUGH R. RATHBONE,
President of the National Triennial Conference.

ION PRITCHARD,
President of the Sunday School Association, London.

Federation.

I believe that out of the ashes of the present war the phœnix of peace will rise and sing its song again with sweeter, stronger note.

The idea of any kind of federation between the great European powers may be scouted as an impossible one, but in the progress of history and the providence of God the impossible has before now taken place, and we set no limits to the mind and power of man. There is a German proverb which says, "Man can what he will,"—it is only the *will* we have to create, and the desire for the ideal, and it is bound sooner or later to come, if it rests with humanity at all.

In the midst, then, of our present conflict let us not forget this hidden unity which the future in its time will bring forth—a unity in which each nation of Christendom will realize that it does not live to itself alone, and that it can only attain to its fullest and best life in harmony and co-operation with its neighbors—a unity whose next concrete embodiment in international relations must be the setting up of an international tribunal for the settlement of causes of quarrel, backed by the united conscience and sentiment and force of the united powers—a unity in which it will be impossible for the ambition and rashness of two comparatively unimportant powers to involve Europe in war over matters which concern themselves alone. It is the cry for the law of right instead of the law of might, at any rate as the first, if not the last, court of appeal in modern Christendom; it is the same cry as Mazzini sent vibrating through his day—the cry for a real association of the nations who are made of one blood, inherit one culture, drink of one faith, honor one Christ, worship one God,—"a Europe, associated in the completeness of all its faculties and all its forces, under the indispensable conditions of liberty and fraternity, for the realization of a common aim, and the discovery and progressive application of its law of life."

This is the unseen and eternal to which we look, and by which we steady our minds and moderate our passions in the midst of the seen, which enables us to keep a hold of the true Christian spirit even under the stress of war. When the present cloud has passed, and the lightnings died away and the thunders ceased, the sun will shine forth again and the sky become clear, and we shall see bolder and less unmistakable than ever the fabric of our dream, eternal, in the heavens.

Our efforts are frustrated, our hopes postponed, perhaps, but that is all; let us not faint or fail, but, even while men fight and kill, and women weep, and children become fatherless, let us be as the saints who, trusting God, in every age—

> Saw distant gates of Eden gleam
> And did not dream it was a dream,
> But heard, by secret transport led
> Even in the charnels of the dead,
> The murmur of the fountain head.

—*R. Nicoll Cross, in the London Inquirer.*

President Wilson's Message.

My fellow-countrymen:—

I suppose that every thoughtful man in America has asked himself during the last troubled weeks what influence the European war may exert upon the United States; and I take the liberty of addressing a few words to you in order to point out that it is entirely within our own choice what its effects upon us will be, and to urge very earnestly upon you the sort of speech and conduct which will best safeguard the nation against distress and disaster.

The effect of the war upon the United States will depend upon what American citizens say and do. Every man who really loves America will act and speak in the true spirit of neutrality, which is the spirit of impartiality and fairness and friendliness to all concerned.

The spirit of the nation in this critical matter will be determined largely by what

Marriages.

At Cambridge August 25, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, Ralph Waldo Hazelton and Josephine H. Torrey.

Deaths.

HUMPHREYS—At his summer home, Mt. Philo, Vt., August 27, James Henry Humphreys, 64 years 5 months 21 days. Funeral services were held Monday at 3 P.M., at 50 Humphreys Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 78-78-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

individuals and society and those gathered in public meetings do and say; upon what newspapers and magazines contain; upon what our ministers utter in their pulpits, and men proclaim as their opinions on the streets.

The people of the United States are drawn from many nations and chiefly from the nations now at war. It is natural and inevitable that there should be the utmost variety of sympathy with regard to the issues and circumstances of the conflict. Some will wish one nation, others another, to succeed in the momentous struggle.

It will be easy to excite passion, and difficult to allay it. Those responsible for exciting it will assume a heavy responsibility; responsibility for no less a thing than that the people of the United States, whose love of their country and whose loyalty to its government should unite them as Americans, all bound in honor and affection to think first of her and her interests, may be divided in camps of hostile opinions, hot against each other, involved in the war itself in impulse and opinion, if not in action.

Such diversions amongst us would be fatal to our peace of mind and might seriously stand in the way of the proper performance of our duty as the one great nation at peace, the one people holding itself ready to play a part of impartial mediation and speak the counsels of peace and accommodation, not as a partisan, but as a friend.

I venture, therefore, my fellow-countrymen, to speak a solemn word of warning to you against that deepest, most subtle, most essential breach of neutrality which may spring out of partisanship, out of passionately taking sides.

The United States must be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a reference of one party to the struggle before another. My thought is of America. I am speaking, I feel sure, the earnest wish and purpose of every thoughtful American that this great country of ours, which is, of course, the first in our thoughts and in our hearts, should show herself in this time of peculiar trial a nation fit beyond others to exhibit the fine poise of undisturbed judgment, the dignity of self-control, the efficiency of dispassionate action; a nation that neither sits in judgment upon others nor is disturbed by her own counsels, and which keeps herself fit and free to do what is honest and disinterested and truly serviceable for the peace of the world.

Shall we not resolve to put upon ourselves the restraint which will bring to our people the happiness and the great lasting influence for peace we covet for them?

WOODROW WILSON.

A Memorial Service.

On Thursday afternoon, August 27, a beautiful and appropriate service was held near Birchbay, the summer camp of Prof. Henry R. Mussey and his wife, Mabel Hay Barrows Mussey, at Lake Memphremagog in Canada, when the ashes of Isabel C. Barrows were committed to rest beside those of her husband, Dr. Samuel June Barrows. On a high hill, part of that Cedar Lodge domain so dear in memory to many among us, a circle of stones has been laid. In the centre a granite shaft bears the names and dates of death of those whose remains rest within the circle. On top the shaft stands a sundial, with the inscription,—

"The shadows fly, light remains."

The simple but peculiarly impressive and appropriate service was conducted by Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, for many years a camp neighbor and close friend of Dr. and Mrs. Barrows. A group of old friends and neighbors stood under the shade of the great maples, Canada's own tree, with the daughter and her husband, while Mr. Eliot read selections from the Psalms, the "virtuous woman" from Proverbs (so descriptive of Mrs. Barrows), and part of John xiv. Then all sang one of Mrs. Barrows's favorite hymns,—

"O God, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give."

Mr. Eliot spoke briefly but beautifully of Mrs. Barrows, recalling her life of wide interests and far-reaching philanthropy, her spirit of love and helpfulness to all with whom she came in contact, closing with prayer. Then came "ashes to ashes," and then the place was covered with great masses of ferns and flowers, and plants were set around to bloom next summer.

Through the maples on one side shone the waters of Lake Memphremagog; across the wide sweep of fields and lake to the south rose grandly Owl's Head and Mt. Elephantis; overhead was the blue sky with a few fleecy white clouds drifting peacefully across. It seemed fitting that our friends should rest here, amidst the wonderful surrounding beauty of scenes long dear to them, and ever to be associated with their loved memory.

M. P. W. S.

Foreign Magazines.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The Coenobium, a religious review published in the Italian and French tongues at Lugano (Switzerland) and Milan, and now in its eighth year is a handsomely printed monthly of a hundred pages, exceedingly well edited by M. Bignami and his associates, who, while still claiming loyalty to the Church of Rome, display the largest hospitality to modern thought and the scientific methods in religion, and represent what is noblest and most enduring in the great movement known as Modernism. The editors were represented at the late Paris International Congress of Religious Progress, and printed nearly a score of the papers read at its sessions. Besides a number of scholarly papers, each issue contains information from the larger religious world, notes on art and the drama among Latin nations, critical notices of books and reviews, an open tribune for discussion, and citations from the more advanced writers of the time. The business address of the review is Milano, Italy, Casella Postale 912. A sample copy will be sent for one franc, 50 centimes. For one familiar with the two languages named, this publication offers much of interest.

La Riforma Italiana, bulletin of the Italian Association of Free Believers, Rev. Gaetano Conte's modest but virile and progressive organ, now in its third year, is of particular interest to such of our liberal fellowship as sympathize with the movement to present to the Italian people a form of Christianity which meets their moral and spiritual needs while not affronting their reason or endangering the social and political future of their country.

Its name, from a theological point of view, affirms the historical truth that the liberal movement we call Unitarianism originated mainly among Italian free thinkers in the sixteenth century, such as the two Socini, Bernardo Ochino, Gentilis, Biandrata, etc., making it truly an Italian reform which is now again presented to them. The spirit in which it is presented is that of Mazzini, the political and spiritual liberator of his fellow-countrymen.

This magazine is not intended primarily for scholars, although eminent Italian teachers contribute to it, but for the people, the great middle class especially. It aims to do an emancipating even if at times an elementary work. Thus late numbers have contained a series of articles on the Old and New Testaments, on the present moral condition of the Italian people; sociological notes dealing with night work and children's work, the duty of the Church in social reforms; the religion of Christ and the prevailing Christianity. A woman's department under the care of Madame Benso has recently been added. Still more important is the accession of Romolo Murri, the ex-priest and popular leader, who contributes regularly to its columns. Book reviews and comments on passing events, and the business of the Association, complete the contents of this useful adjunct of our cause in Italy. Americans familiar with Italian, or who desire to bring the influence of liberal Christianity to bear on Italians in this country, may become subscribers by sending six francs to Rev. G. Conte, Viale Vittoria 44, Florence, Italy.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the First Parish Church, Milton, Mass., Sunday, September 6, Rev. Calvin Stebbins of Framingham will preach at 11 A.M.

Rev. George H. Badger of San Antonio, Tex., will preach at the Church of the Messiah, New York, on Sunday, September 6.

At the union service at Arlington Street Church, Boston, Sunday, September 6, Rev. John C. Perkins of Cambridge will preach.

At Union Chapel, Little Boar's Head, N.H., Sunday, September 6, Rev. Augustus M.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 379 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Lord, D.D., Providence, R.I., will preach at 11 A.M.

At Manchester-by-the-Sea, First Unitarian Church, Rev. Samuel Maxwell of Second Church, Boston, will preach Sunday, September 6.

At the First Parish Church, Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, Mass., on Sunday, September 6, Rev. Charles B. Elder, D.D., Church of the Unity, Worcester, will preach at 11 A.M.

At King's Chapel, Boston, the preacher on Sunday, September 6, at 10.30 A.M., will be Rev. Sydney B. Snow, associate minister of the Chapel. The Church is open every week day morning from 9 to 12.

The Ministers' Institute.

The Ministers' Institute will be held at Newport, R.I., Sept. 21–24, 1914.

On Monday, September 21, at 8 P.M., the opening address by President Southworth will be followed by an address by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University, on "Religion and Literature."

On Tuesday, September 22, the devotional service will be conducted by Rev. Sydney B. Snow, and "The Relation of Modern Physical Speculations to Religion" will be presented by Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Winchester, Mass., and "The Theory of Religious Knowledge," by Prof. Francis A. Christie, D.D., of Meadville. It is hoped that the subject of an address by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt may be announced later. In the afternoon, "A Religion for To-day" will be the general subject: "Its Ethics," by Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer; "Its Theology," by Rev. Sidney S. Robins of Kingston, Mass.; "Its Worship," by Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D. In the evening there will be an address by Prof. Kirsopp Lake, D.D., of Harvard University, and later a reception to the ministers by the people of Channing Memorial Church.

On Wednesday, September 23, the devotional service will be conducted by Rev. John H. Lathrop of Brooklyn, N.Y. Prof. Henry W. Foote and Rev. S. M. Crothers, D.D., will speak on "The Strength and Weakness of our Theological Schools," and Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., on "Immortality." The subject of an address by Dr. Felix Adler will be announced. The following addresses on "Church Efficiency" will be given in the afternoon: "The Place of the Church in the Community," Rev. John H. Applebee of Syracuse, N.Y.; "Organization of the Congregation," Mr. W. H. Sayward of Boston; "Church Publicity," Rev. Edgar S. Wiers of Montclair, N.J. Prof. W. W. Fenn, D.D., will give an address in the evening.

On Thursday, September 24, the devotional service will be conducted by Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge of Billerica, Mass., and there will be addresses on "The Lloyd George Policy in England," by Rev. Edmund H. Reeman of Lancaster, Pa., and Rev. C. A. Wing of Concord, N.H., and on "Political Liberalism in England and America," by Rev. George Croswell Cressey, Ph.D., D.D.

The excellence of the programme, the reasonable rates of the New Cliffs Hotel, the attractions of Newport, and the opportunity of getting together for the deeper things ought to bring a large number of our ministers to this meeting. The Institute needs money for its expenses, and every minister is asked to join the Institute by sending his membership fee of one dollar to Rev. Frederic J. Gauld, Treasurer, Leominster, Mass.

The evening meetings will be held in the Channing Memorial Church, all others in the parish house.

The price of rooms *with* board will be: "Two persons in one room, with bath, $3 per day, each person; two persons in one room, without bath, $2.50 per day, each person." Not all the rooms have two beds, and one should apply early to Mr. Joseph V. Jordan, New Cliffs Hotel, Catherine Street, Newport, R.I. The hotel is about ten minutes' walk from the station and very near Channing Memorial Church.

Arrangements have also been made for entertaining a limited number of ministers in private houses, or otherwise, without expense to them. Ministers wishing to avail themselves of this arrangement are requested to write at once to Rev. William S. Jones, 29 Kay Street, Newport.

A list of helpful books, prepared by a special committee, will be given to each person attending.

A Definition of Civilization.

This definition of Christianity was given by Baron Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England, in an address before the American Bar Association in 1896:—

"Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice. Civilization in its true, its highest sense must make for peace."

What a wide difference between the ideal, as herein expressed, and the real, as seen to-day in the frightful war which is now being waged between several of the older nations of the world! A. A. B.

Wanted—Men!

W. M. Thayer relates how Agassiz learned that Cuvier was preparing a work on the same plan as his own, and he knew that if Cuvier's was given to the public there would be no sale for his. While he was lamenting the misfortune to himself if Cuvier should publish his work, the latter sent for him and showed the material which he had collected for his book.

"I have examined your material," he said, "since you placed it in my hands, and it is so excellent and your work so much further advanced than mine that I deem it more than right to put my material at your disposal, hoping that you will be eminently successful in your efforts."

That is the sort of men the world needs,—big men, big inside, big above the shoulder-blades. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

Romanism is making great efforts to re-conquer Switzerland,—efforts which are aided by the steady immigration of well-to-do French pleasure-seekers and of poor Italian laborers.

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 205 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Hersey, Montreal, Can.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.
Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 1039 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"I understand," said Mrs. Twickembury, "that all the war news is to be censured."

Heard at the Salem relief headquarters: "Oh, Mr. P., can you talk Polish enough to tell this man to 'wait'?" "No, I can only tell him to 'come again.'"

Little Dick: "Papa, didn't you tell Mother we must economize?" Papa: "I did, my son." Little Dick: "Well, I was thinkin' that mebby if you'd get me a pony I wouldn't wear out so many shoes."—*Good News.*

Milly declared one day, apropos of the subject of her history lesson, that her dear father was "just as great and good a man as George Washington. To be sure," she added, "he is not *quite* as *well known*, and so he is not so *popular*."

"O my friends, there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sells 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience, who is always mislaying her glasses.—*Tit-Bits.*

An American clergyman was once holding a service near an Indian village camp. His belongings were scattered about, and he asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while he went to the village to hold a service. "Yes," the chief answered, "quite safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!"—*Boston Post.*

A certain politician desired a diplomatic appointment. A friend, in surprise, said to him, "But you don't even speak the language of the country!" "Well," replied the determined applicant, "a man isn't nearly so likely to make indiscreet remarks if he has to get a lexicon and look up the meaning of every word he utters."—*Washington Star.*

Old Mr. Blank, who was the guest of a gay grandniece at Newport, had watched her on her social round for a month. One day, unexpectedly, she said to him, "Well, Uncle Dan, what do you think of it all?" "My dear," he said, after a delicate pause, "I am constantly reminded of the sage saying of a clever Frenchman, 'Life would be quite bearable if it were not for its pleasures.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

The class-room of a certain famous professor of Greek at one time in Glasgow College was directly under that of the professor of logic, and the energy of the gestures and actions of this latter professor caused little bits of plaster to fall on the Greek professor's desk. The Greek professor paused in his lecture to observe, "Prof. ——'s [naming the logic professor] conclusions are bringing down my premises."—*Selected.*

"When I was first married," says Rev. Dr. Lorimer, once pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, "I had strict ideas about Sunday observance. Mrs. Lorimer had a colored aunty for cook; and on the first Saturday I went into the kitchen and told her I did not want any Sunday work, so she could prepare all meals for that day beforehand. She didn't say one word while I was talking. Then she looked up, and, pointing to the door, exclaimed, 'Now look hyar, Marse George, you jest go in dar and 'tend to your Christianity, and leave me 'tend to mah kitchen!' I went; and, as near as I can remember, she had hot dinners Sundays as long as she stayed with us."—*New York Tribune.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price ... mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circular.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 37 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 865
- America's Greater Mission 866
- What ought not to Be 867

CURRENT TOPICS 868

BREVITIES 869

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- The Ministers' Institute; The Wrath of God 869
- Our Attitude toward Orthodoxy; Religion and Truth . 870

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- Three Paradoxes, by Charles H. Lyttle 871
- Despairing of No Man, by Dr. Warren A. Rodman . . 872
- Life and the Formulas 873
- A Calm Evening, by Augusta Larned 875
- Realities and Views, by Charles A. Allen 876
- Congregationalism and Episcopalianism; Standardized Civilization 878
- Liberty: Medieval and Modern 882
- European Testimonies on the Present War; The Church Influence 883
- The Opportunity of America 884
- Mrs. Judith W. Andrews 885
- Request from Jamaica; A Changed Address; An Alliance Sale 886
- A Tuberculosis Census; Comparative Abundance of Birds, by Abbott H. Thayer; A Valuable Collection of Buttons 887

SPIRITUAL LIFE 877

LITERATURE.
- Books 879

THE HOME.
- One Summer Day 880
- The Chickens' Foster Mother; Tom and Bush; Fools-cap 881

POETRY.
- Dreams 871
- This Unintelligible World, by Augustus Mendon Lord . 875
- Rather Hard 880
- Invocation, by Leila Peabody 882

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS 884

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- Dr. Starbuck 885

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 886

HERE AND THERE 887

PLEASANTRIES 888

Editorial.

WE join with our Catholic friends and with all magnanimous Protestants in doing honor to the noble character and attractive personal traits of the late "Holy Father at Rome." We need not say, for everybody knows, that we did not approve of the exceedingly narrow ecclesiastical policy that was made prominent in the attack on Modernism and similar outgrowths of the scientific spirit and the higher criticism; but for this we never held Pius X. personally responsible. He had behind him the College of Cardinals and the official interpreters of Catholic doctrine and policy. To their dictates he bowed with the same humility with which, as a parish priest, he would have received the decree "Rome has spoken." For the rest he was the deeply religious and sympathetic Father of all those who acknowledged his supremacy, and would gladly have gathered us all under his affectionate guardianship. When Austria called on him to bless his Austrian subjects engaged in war, he gently declined, saying that he could not give his blessing to any one party in the fratricidal strife, because his children were on all sides in the war that is going on. His heart was broken by the awful plunge made by so many nations at the very time when there seemed to be a well-founded hope that universal peace would be declared. He was a peace-lover, and he would not have consented to the torture and death of even the heretics who rejected his gentle sway and shut him off from what he considered to be his rightful inheritance as a temporal ruler in the papal states.

WHATEVER governments may do or may not do, let us make manifest to all the world that at heart all intelligent and loyal Americans cherish with sympathy and deep respect the masses of the people in every nation and in every continent. We have shown in many ways our affectionate regard for Frenchmen and our interest in the character and successes of the German people. If circumstances would permit, we should gladly be in relations of quick and warm friendship with the subjects of the Emperor, the Kaiser, and the Czar. When the war cloud passes, we hope for a great uprising of humanitarian sentiment in all parts of the world. In our own happy land most of the bitterness of strife has passed, and some of the warmest friends to-day are the families of those whose husbands and fathers stood over against each other on the battle-field, sometimes with sad hearts

and sometimes with bitter animosity. Men who practised sharp-shooting against each other now meet and recall the old days with a cordial hand-clasp and a jolly reference to the times when they recognized each other on the battle-field. A similar experience on a vaster, wider scale, let us hope, will follow when the people speak for themselves after international war has ceased.

In accordance with and in the spirit of President Wilson's appeal to his countrymen to avoid everything like partisanship and everything which may tend to stir up national prejudices and antagonisms in this country, it is certainly pertinent to suggest that our government should, in the purchase of ships, do nothing whatever to increase, even by a feather's weight, the burdens of any of the nations engaged in war. Perfect neutrality requires us to be the open-handed friend of all nations, ready whenever opportunity offers to mediate between contending parties. To this end it is necessary to show all men everywhere that without prejudice or partiality we are willing and qualified to act not as judges, but as friendly mediators. This is a time when we ought to be able with confidence to appeal to all our legislators in all parts of the country to lay aside their sectional prejudices and unite heartily in all lawful measures to increase our merchant marine and bring back the peaceful glories of that time when the American flag floated over American ships, carrying American cargoes, and bringing from every port in the world products to increase comfort and luxury for all our citizens.

Wise second thought in England is leading its people back to watering-places, travel, places of amusement, and their usual expenditures of well-being. The first reaction of economy and stress in face of war gives way to common-sense regard to all sides of the subject. Actors wisely remind the public that the daily bread of a large number of persons depends on patronage of theatres, and from all sides come such reminders that the sinews of the nation are not strengthened by the saving that entails new and wide-spread distress. The kind of retrenchment which really conserves is indicated by the closing of saloons at an early hour in all the coast-towns. There are enough wasteful and harmful expenses to curtail without beginning with the beneficial ones. Stranded Americans in London with not enough cash in sight to pay their board went, nevertheless, to the theatre, and did not make stingy contributions at church. The lesson is needed now at home. The stringency of the times will lead to giving up church pews or lessening contributions. Let men rather begin to economize with their vices than with their virtues. Tobacco and liquor interests can better afford to be ill-paid than churches. The common welfare lies in keeping all good energies up to the mark.

The heaviest burdens laid on the general public by the warfare now raging in different parts of the world will be laid on the poorest classes. That multitude of men, women, and children who live with the possibility and often the probability of want will now find their resources curtailed at both ends. It will cost more to live, and the resources on which they can depend for the earning of their livelihood will be restricted. In all European countries the conduct of the well-to-do classes in making sacrifices for the benefit of refugees and those who are suffering from wounds and disease is most admirable, and shows that, underneath the surface of fashion and aristocratic self-consciousness, human hearts are beating warmly, and queens and peasants are brought into close and sympathetic relations. In America the same causes are not at work and the occasions that excite sympathy are not so manifest, but all men and women who are independent of the revenues from business and personal effort may do now a vast amount of good by keeping in mind the condition of those who are not so fortunate as they and whose comforts are greatly abridged, even if want does not cross the threshold of the humble home. By doing everything within their power to keep the wheels of business in motion and using every effort to prevent the raising of prices and the scarcity of money by hoarding, much can be done in this land of plenty to ward off everything that threatens famine or even the loss of comfort.

America's Greater Mission.

In his recent stirring and illuminating book, "America's Conquest of Europe," David Starr Jordan makes an earnest appeal to his fellow-Americans in regard to their unique relation to Europe and its problems. He says: "I wish them to think earnestly of the part American influence must play in the world history of our century. It is for us to help cure the accumulated evils of the older civilization. Those men in Europe who look furthest into the future hope for the salvation of Europe through ideals brought back from practical service in America."

He spoke better than he knew or could have known at that time. In the few months that have elapsed since the words were written, there has been a complete transformation of the situation in Europe. The war spirit has swept over the nations like a prairie flame. Chaos replaces order, and customary regulations and ideals have been ruthlessly brushed aside by the rough hand of war. Conflict has created a state of disorder and anarchy such as the world has probably never before seen on so huge a scale, and which will probably never again be seen.

But the new situation that has arisen in Europe and the world has made much more clear the unique mission of America among the nations. In a world at war, this country stands as an exemplification of those ideals of fraternity and internationalism which must more than ever be regarded as the surest basis as well as the highest result of world peace. America is to-day the oasis in the desert of war. It is the one place where racial divisions do not divide into warring classes, and where the suspicions of Old World nationalism are subordinated to the greater fact of American unity. It is the one country where is possible such a gathering as met in Boston on a recent Sunday evening, when members of a trade union, Germans, English, French, Russian, sang their different national anthems without causing rancor, and winning applause of all. It was a case of the spirit of American internationalism standing the severest test to which it could be put.

Europe will indeed be saved only through ideals. Somehow the spirit of fraternity must permeate the war-clad frontiers as the breath of the springtime creeps irresistibly into the chill snowbanks of winter. The spirit of America must conquer. The reality of half a hundred States living in peace together, with never a thought of frontier and never a dread of war, must inevitably win its way to belief and acceptance by the Europe that is being blood-shocked into the realization of the futility of force and the dangers of division; and in America this reality finds adequate expression, and constitutes the basis of its modern mission.

But it is also true, and more subtly vital, that America must play its unique part in supplying those religious ideals that are fundamental to all national progress and

Digitized by Google

world peace. The old forms of religious faith and custom have wholly failed to conquer the war spirit of Europe. Christianity as an organized ecclesiasticism has collapsed as a counterforce to the spirit of militarism and racial hatred. After centuries of idolatry of the Nazarene whose message was that of peace and good will, all that Europe has to show to-day is the red record of hatred to the death. After centuries of missions and pious propaganda there is witnessed the appalling spectacle of black tribes being imported to aid one "Christian" to kill another, while the kaisers, czars, kings, and chaplains invoke the blessing of the Father of the gentle teacher of Nazareth upon their murderous repudiation of his teachings.

Something is wrong, and wrong at the very source. It can mean only that there is needed a new statement of religious ideals, that will grip the modern conscience and be forceful in deciding the destinies of the nations. It is recognized that democracy is the force which must be developed to give peace and safety to the world, and slowly it is being recognized also that democracy is but one expression of religion. All growth and progress are from the heart and centre, and it is with these that religion has to do.

It is not hard to discover the fact that in liberal religion are to be found the principles which work out into democracy. Religion, to be vital, must find its roots in the soil of the present. It must be more than an echo from the past, more than the perpetuation of ancient conceptions. The religion of America must be self-perceived and home-grown. It must be no more an importation than was the spirit of independence that gave being and permanence to these States. In this splendid task of interpreting the religion of democracy, and in thus making more permanent what must be considered as the democracy of religion, will be found the greater mission of America in bringing the blessing of peace and international amity to the war-cursed Europe of to-day.

What ought not to Be.

It seems easy already, in view of the great war in Europe, to say what ought not to have been. The great armaments ought not to have been. They made no nation safe; they were like combustibles piled up to invite and spread conflagration.

The idea of "the balance of power" among European nations likewise ought never to have been. History shows that it has been a constant provocation to terrible wars. It merely sought to make artificial equilibrium without any foundation in justice or true international friendship. The war alliances also ought not to have been. What good have they done to the peoples whose governments brought them about, either secretly or without asking the consent of their parliaments? France, the republic, ought never to have been tied up with the Russian autocracy. Worse yet, Great Britain, the home of liberty, ought not to have been bound to the cruel oppressor of Poland and Finland. The only respectable alliances would pledge the nations entering upon them never to make war upon one another.

They talk of the racial antagonisms of Teutons and Slavs, or Germans and Frenchmen. We in the United States and in Canada know that all these nationalities can live quite at peace with each other if only they are treated with justice. What ought not to have been was the bullying of Poles and Alsatians by Prussian militarism, and the abominable and irritating oppression of Slavic people in Austria-Hungary. If Servians were conspiring, Austrian arrogance had directly provoked conspiracy.

We see now better than ever that Germany ought not to have taken Alsace-Lorraine, and Austria ought not to have annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, like an act of robbery, without taking a vote of the people in these provinces.

We might say that England ought not to be in the barbarous war, were it not that the wretched traditions of the balance of power, and her entangling alliances, and her tremendous navy, pointed at Germany, and her ideas of maintaining imperial glory abroad, while her poor people suffered at home, had acted like a fatal gravitation to drag her statesmen where they could not escape. England had prepared herself to fight and not to keep the peace. Both England and France, on the side of their war offices, had helped to give excuse for German armaments. France had lent huge loans to arm Russia against Germany. Both France and England ought to have been able to assure the German people that they were, and always would be, their friends. But the war loans and the unnatural war alliances forbade such assurance.

The beginning of the horrid war ought not to have been possible. It was because Austria assumed the right to punish little Servia. The time ought to have passed long ago, in the march of "Christian" centuries, when any nation could arrogate to herself to be in one and the same act complainant and constable and jury and judge over any other people. Because of ages of ignorance and oppression and international meddlesomeness and social contempt and pride, reinforced by a pagan philosophy, worshipping force, and a religion, strong in superstitious ceremony but weak in humanity, the war inevitably came.

Why should we grieve so much over what ought never to have been and yet is? We do well to grieve in order to get our costly lesson, in order to see with clearness what ought not now or forever after to be suffered, in order to establish a personal and national purpose to stop in advance and at once what ought not to be.

Thus, we see that the preparation for war means almost a certainty of war, as we might well expect, among nations as between individuals. Let us do our utmost henceforth to stop the preparations for war, for instance, to reduce our navy to what they call "police duty." If we had possessed no war-ships, we should never have run the awful risk of fighting England over a strip of wilderness in Venezuela; we should never have precipitated a needless war with Spain; we should not now be holding a port in Mexico. Every one of these incidents added momentum to the latent militarist fever which has now broken out in Europe.

We see how futile an instrument the theory of balance of power has been. It trips up every nation that touches it. So precisely are we coming to find out in regard to our American "Monroe Doctrine." It has grown to be an instrument of meddlesomeness. So far from making us strong, it restrains our freedom of action and constitutes a constant and subtle peril. The sooner we agree that it is none of our business to set ourselves up to guard South America from European aggression, the sooner we dismiss from our minds fear and suspicion of Germany or any other nation as wishing to do us injustice, the more solidly shall we help to forbid aggression and establish the peace of the world. The fact is that no Spanish-American people asks us to be a Lord-Protector over them.

We see what impatience and precipitancy of passion—the savage idea of "a word and a blow"—do to bring on a world catastrophe. Is it possible that the human intelligence can find no safeguards against such stupidity? A single month, by way of *moratorium*, would have probably stopped this awful war.

We see everywhere over the world how dangerous and

Digitized by Google

impractical it is to try to enforce the will of any nation, even the strongest, over another people. Indeed, no nation is strong which rules over unwilling, discontented, or alien populations. Turkey is going to pieces before our eyes for this reason. Russia is obliged at least to hold out the hope of an autonomous Poland. Wherever a people has to be held by force of arms, there is a centre of danger. Here is our lesson as to our treatment of Mexico, of Santo Domingo, of the Philippine Islands. The moment we venture to compel our influence or our advice or even our friendly purposes at the point of the bayonet, the moment we begin to kill people for our assumed love of law and order, then resentment, hate, suspicion, fear on both sides bring their inevitable toll of renewed barbarism. We know that meddlesomeness, however well meant, is the most irritating of faults between neighbors. Let us agree that it is equally mischievous between nations. Let us confess that we Americans are prone to be meddlesome, and let us set up a self-denying ordinance against it. There are effective ways of helping other peoples, if we really love them well enough to help them at all.

Finally, we are seeing the terrible evil of all aristocratic pretence, and of the pride that despises others and surely "goes before a fall." The most pathetic sight in the world is race and class antagonism. We have multitudes of people in the United States who look on the rich with jealous and hostile eyes; we have suspicion and fear among men and women who ought to know better than to fear; we have millions of colored folk who fail lamentably as yet of getting our boasted Anglo-Saxon "fair play." War simply grows out of such roots. Let us hack away by all means at the occasions that make war; let us keep the instruments of war out of passionate men's hands; let us bind over our public men to keep the peace of the world and never to be hurried into hostile action over false and petty questions of markets, or the "open door," or exaggerated insults to the flag; let us press on the new treaties, as peace alliances, with every nation in the world; but let us even more insist upon the habitual attitude of humanity, friendliness, and sympathy with all men of every race or color. As sure as God is, or righteousness is in the structure of the universe, this kind of conduct will never bring the individual or the nation who follows it into real harm. Whoever is true to this line of conduct will hold the key to the rule of the world. C. F. D.

Current Topics.

The war of the nations entered upon its second phase last Thursday, when the French government, facing an apparently inevitable investment of Paris, removed the machinery of administration to Bordeaux, leaving the old capital in the hands of the army of defence. At the end of the week it was the universal assumption that Paris would offer little if any opposition to the advancing invader after he should have taken two or three of the outstanding fortifications. In the mean while, the utterances of both the British and the French military authorities continued reasonably optimistic in spite of the continued retirement of the allied forces, and the war offices of both nations insistently reiterated their declarations that the armies of defence were intact and that they would maintain their opposition to the efficient machine of war that confronted them, pressing toward Paris and carrying out with apparent prospects of success its plan to beat back the left wing of the long line of the allies with a view to an eventual break in the continuity of the Franco-British forces.

An interesting development of the strategic situation was an apparent movement of Russian forces on British transports from Archangel to the field of operations on the right flank of the German armies. That the allies would attempt some such tactical move was a foregone conclusion at the opening of the conflict. Although there was no authentic confirmation at the beginning of the week that such a movement of forces on a large scale was actually in progress, it was apparent that it was in immediate prospect. The defensive resources of the French Republic had been mustered to their full strength, and the exertions of the defending armies still appeared to be unable to offer decisive resistance to the enemy. The employment, therefore, of Russian forces on the western front of the operations was the logical solution of a difficult problem. Great Britain was concentrating a large part of her available steamships for the transportation of fresh forces to the scene of the desperate conflict.

That the British nation has not the remotest intention of abandoning the contest, no matter how unfortunate from the viewpoint of the allies may be the outcome of its present phase, was indicated in emphatic fashion by Prime Minister Asquith at an impressive meeting in Guildhall last Friday. Speaking before a great gathering in which the leaders of all political parties were present, Mr. Asquith pointed out that the struggle between Germany and the allies was really a conflict to the death between imperialism and democracy, and pledged the power of England to a continuance of the war until democracy should emerge triumphant. After denouncing in bitter terms the destruction of Louvain by the German conquerors, the prime minister went on, "Sooner than stand aside now, we would see this country of ours blotted out from the pages of history." The unanimity of sentiment in Great Britain on the issues of the war was emphasized by Bonar Law, leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, and Lord Balfour, former premier, both of whom without qualification indorsed the position of the government in power.

While Great Britain is mustering fresh forces to augment her armies now participating in the campaign in France to a probable maximum of half a million men, Russia is pushing the invasion of Austria-Hungary with a degree of success which promises to interfere seriously, perhaps decisively, with the continuance of the German march into France. The Austro-Hungarian forces in the borderlands of Galicia are apparently being overcome with comparative ease by the many hundreds of thousands of men—estimated at a million and a half—whom the Czar is pouring upon the German race on the east front of the lines of battle. The outcome of the fighting at that point of contact so far points to the conclusion that, if the German general staff counted upon the Austrian army to guard its own frontiers from invasion and based its plan of campaign upon that assumption, Berlin will soon face the necessity of a radical change of calculations, made necessary by a partial breakdown of the Austrian powers of resistance.

The Austrian army, there is every reason to believe, has not justified the expectations of its own commanders as well as the hopes of the German war office, although it has fought with gallantry, and at the beginning of the operations inflicted some heavy though indecisive blows upon the enemy. The fall of Lemberg into the hands of the Russians last week, after a long engagement in which the losses were heavy on both sides, was a serious reverse

Digitized by Google

for the Austrians. The loss of that fortress, however, was not the most significant outcome of the struggle up to that point. The real significance of the battle of Lemberg lay in the fact that it disclosed what are apparently radical weaknesses in the Austrian defence,—weaknesses which probably are inseparable from the racial makeup of the forces of the dual monarchy, a composite unit welded out of half the race stocks of Europe. It is probably not true, as the Russian war office alleges, that the forces of Austria-Hungary have been paralyzed by mutinies of Slavs, because many of the Slavs in Austria realize the liberalism of Austrian rule. Nevertheless, it seems to be a fact that the polyglot character of the Austrian army has not made for strength.

IN the Balkan Peninsula, events are shaping themselves for a fresh trial of strength between irreconcilable races. The Ottoman government in the course of last week made repeated admissions of the truth of the allegations in London, that mobilization was being carried on in Constantinople on a general scale. The Ottoman embassy in Washington took occasion to announce last week that the operations contemplated by Turkey in certain eventualities would not be aimed at Greece, and there were indications of a probable attempt by Turkey, in the event of an abandonment of its attitude of neutrality, to raise the banner of the Prophet against England in Egypt and to undertake a campaign against Russia by way of the Caucasus. The position of Roumania remained undefined at the beginning of the week, and the purpose of Bulgaria to maintain the neutrality of Bulgarian soil was reported from Athens last Saturday.

Brevities.

We are sometimes disturbed by surface changes in religious thought, but these are rarely, if ever, destructive. Only when the deep-lying fundamentals of religious faith are assailed need we fear for the results.

To do one's own thinking in religious matters is yet the greatest feat to be accomplished among the common people. We can scarcely call that religious faith ours which we have not to some degree investigated and tested.

Sympathy is the first step to genuine understanding. It is impossible to be fair with anybody or any nation if our attitude of inquiry is prejudiced and severely critical. We must be open-minded if we desire to render just judgment.

We should always bear in mind that nothing in life is success unless it has resulted in building up a noble integrity of manhood or womanhood. No experience of life can be truly accounted a success unless it does this, while if this has been done there has been no failure.

The American people may be extra efficient in the business world, and yet money in itself is not their main aim. Money to them is, oftener than we allow, a means to a larger and fuller life, even to a nobler idealism of American citizenship, and the support of education, philanthropy, and social welfare.

The phrase "Christ-like" suggests at once the essential nature and practice of Jesus, while the word "Christian" is suggestive of so many false and contradictory implications that it becomes truly misleading and undescriptive. Mozoomdar wrote, "To be Christ-like is to find perpetually the divinity, the God-likeness, in man."

At a conference for rural betterment lately held at Louisville, Ky., Dr. Warren H. Wilson said that there cannot be a good country church where there are poor farms, and that a country minister should be able to enter into the problems of his farm parish. When this is the case, the country church is able to advance the gospel of fertile farms, good roads, efficient schools, pure water, wholesome food, and sociable neighbors.

The Ministers' Institute.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I earnestly hope that a great many of our ministers are planning to attend the Ministers' Institute at Newport, R.I., which opens Monday evening, September 21, and closes Thursday noon, September 24. Newport is beautiful at any time of the year, but especially so in late September. Summer lingers here for a long time. Apart from the interesting and stimulating addresses and papers to be given, there is much to draw the brethren to this historic city. Here William Ellery Channing was born, and the house in which he was born in 1780 is still standing, though transformed into the Children's Home. Here Charles T. Brooks, scholar and poet, installed by Channing, ministered from 1837 to 1873, a long and fruitful settlement. Here Julia Ward Howe, ever loyal to the faith that makes faithful, spent long summers. And the sessions of the Institute will be held in the parish house and church of the Channing Memorial, which Mr. Brooks did so much to make possible, and which Mrs. Howe loved so dearly. This is one of the most beautiful churches in our communion, rich in memorials, among them two La Farge windows and a Saint-Gaudens tablet.

Tuesday afternoon the members of the Institute who are good walkers will be invited to take the famous Cliff Walk, from Easton's Beach to Bailey's, one of the loveliest shore-paths in the world. Tuesday evening the people of my parish will give an informal reception to the visiting ministers. Wednesday afternoon I expect to borrow automobiles enough to take all the men (and their wives, if present) around the Ocean and Cottage Drives, which open up the most glorious prospects on land and sea.

Let every minister of our faith make a special effort to come to the Institute.

WILLIAM SAFFORD JONES.

CHANNING MEMORIAL CHURCH, NEWPORT, R.I.

The Wrath of God.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Among the causes named to account for the terrible war now devastating Europe is one which might have been widely accepted in the Middle Ages, but which seems an obsolete cause in these days of twentieth-century enlightenment.

At Chautauqua, on the night of August 27, a prayer service for peace was held in the great Amphitheatre, presided over by Rev. John Timothy Stone, D.D., of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, recently moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

This service was attended by a multitude of earnest and devout people, gathered from all parts of the United States and Canada. The atmosphere of the meeting and the temper of the congregation were deeply impressive, and we were heartily in sympathy with the purpose of the meeting. We were astonished and pained, however, to hear from the lips of Dr. Stone the assertion that Almighty God had probably sent this great war upon Europe to punish her for her sins, and also that in

Digitized by Google

so far as we Americans suffered from the war the cause was probably the same.

Is this the cause? Does "the God of Battles" still, as in the time of Moses, punish the sins of his children by the sword and the bayonet and the deadly bomb?

It looks as if Unitarian theology might still find a field for Christian endeavor.

What kind of a God would he be who should drench a continent in blood to punish the sins of men?

Frank L. Phalen.

Chautauqua, N.Y.

Our Attitude toward Orthodoxy.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In an article appearing in last week's *Register* you complain of criticisms made in regard to your attitude toward orthodoxy and the general policy of your paper. May I suggest that you fail entirely to read the minds of many of your readers, and that, if your hand is upon the pulse of our denominational thought, you fail to read it correctly as it is registered, at least in the West?

In saying this, I want to pay my sincere tribute to the literary merit of the *Register*. It far transcends any religious publication in the high tone and merit of its articles and general character. I want, however, to be very frank, and to say that the criticisms are not few and isolated. They are not based upon the fact of your refusal to attack orthodoxy, but upon the apparent lack of knowledge and sympathy with the struggle which so many outside of New England are face to face with, in their efforts to spread our Unitarian gospel.

The article to which Mr. Bennett and others have referred may have been well meant, its meaning may be clear to the mind of the writer, but it has been construed, to my personal knowledge, by scores of people as a dogmatic statement, coming from the chief citadel of Unitarianism, that the battle of freedom has practically been already won, and that, if there is a struggle still going on at our outposts, —which, let me say, comprises the entire West,—it is because of the pugnacious tendency on the part of those who are fighting the battle,—a battle which, let me say, is very real.

I have been asked the question more than once, "Are such articles written from some quiet haven where the sound of war never penetrates, or is the battle in which we seem to be engaged a fancied dream?"

I have been wondering, during the last few weeks, what the feelings of Boston laymen—business and professional men—would be if they had to face, as such men have had to face here, ostracism, boycott, and loss of trade in the fight for religious freedom, and what would be the attitude of G. B. if "Billy Sunday" invaded Boston and, as the result, he was personally bombarded by communications (as I have been bombarded), with threats of violence, and every phase and form of insult.

Your article in last week's *Register* selects from Unitarian saints, living and dead, the names of four who worked, or are working, along lines of least resistance. We know and revere them for their sweetness of disposition, character and life, but it is manifestly unfair to omit others. What about Theodore Parker? Did he work along the lines of the least resistance in his valiant fight for freedom, religious and social? There is one man whose sermons have had a greater influence, I think, than any man in our denomination,—I refer to Minot J. Savage.

We all know the lines along which he worked. And as you mention the names of men still active in our ministry, why omit such men as Merle St. Croix Wright, John Haynes Holmes, and our young brother Maxwell Savage?

Boston and New England are fair regions, and contain men of scholarly and masterful ability, but outside of New England is another America, just as real.

I rejoice to think that the officials of the American Unitarian Association are vividly alive to this fact, and, as one of those engaged in fighting the real battle of Unitarianism (and a somewhat lonely battle at that), I urge the recognition of this fact by our leading denominational paper.

Thomas S. Robjent.

Colorado Springs, Col.

[It is impossible that our readers should not understand something of the warm, sympathetic interest which the *Register* has always taken in our Western missionary work. We have never slighted the whole-hearted energy or the invaluable service of devoted men who are working in the difficult places and standing for the much-needed extension of our Unitarian faith. G. B. discussed temperately recent utterances of leading orthodox theologians, without attempting to apply his conclusions to the people in that part of the country where such utterances are unknown; and it is beside the question to read into his article "lack of knowledge and sympathy with the struggle" on the part of the *Christian Register*. It is too late in our history, however, for the *Register* to need to assert its loyalty to all parts of the country alike, or to repeat the open welcome of its columns to the exponents of all phases of our common work.—Editor.]

Religion and Truth.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Unitarianism has been distinguished by a number of great men, men of big brain and loving hearts. These men contended there was an elemental, an eternal distinction between religion and theology.

Religion is an earnest posture of the soul in the presence of the Scheme of Things in which we find ourselves. Theology implies an opinion about this Scheme of Things, an intellectual content, a truth.

Religion cannot give us a definition or teach us truth. Even so careful a definition of religion as that of Dean Everett's must be rejected, because it is theological: "*For religion is the natural and simple trust of the soul in a power of good over it and about it, and its right relation to this power.*"

Religion is the flower, the fruit, of the emotions,—imagination and the will. Truth is the flower, the fruit, of the intellect,—a matter of experience, philosophy, and science.

Religion, if I may be permitted a definition, is, in its noblest form, a reaction of our thought, feeling, and imagination upon life and the world as they have been revealed to us by philosophy and science, and in the experience of great religious souls like Buddha, Jesus, and Saint Francis,—a posture of the soul, a high and noble posture, a deep apprehension from the summit of our ideals of the general situation in which we find ourselves.

Religion, then, is not a special organ of truth, cannot give us knowledge. There is but one way of knowledge, that of thought, study, experience, perception, and inference,—the use of the intellect. And there is a growing number, who care both for religion and truth, who see that we must have the aspirations, the ideals, the enthusiasms of religion, and we must also have exact thought, or truth. It is a poor religion that rests upon an untruth. Religion is a divine impulse, but from the intellect it receives all its truth, and the more willingly it receives all that the instructed intellect can communicate, the more worthy, the more beautiful, will our religion be.

James G. Townsend.

Jamestown, N.Y.

Digitized by Google

Dreams.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
Truths that out-face the burning sun:
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
Outside the world's great Commonweal.

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power:
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray;
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry,—
Through all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher.
Make straight that highway for our God

—*Alfred Noyes.*

Three Paradoxes.

BY CHARLES H. LYTTLE.

In paradoxes there is strength. When an idea or a phrase is able successfully to baffle the reason in proportion as it fires the imagination, it is invincible. Paradoxical phrases in particular are good spark-plugs. They start action, and action overcomes resistance. Here are three paradoxes, with explanation and application:—

CATHEDRALS OF THE MIND.

Now and again we hear pleadings that our Unitarian churches should have more of the cathedral about them, in architecture, music, liturgy,—"cathedrals of the soul." Yet, after all, did not the Colonial divines make the plain, unembellished meeting-house of their day another sort of cathedral,—a cathedral of the mind? In these times of vague conceptions, hop-skip-and-jump reasoning, have we not a need for temples to the intellect as well as to the imagination? A sonorous anthem, a prayer chanted afar off, may be a power for righteousness; but is not a great idea a far more trenchant inspiration? My belief is that, if a modern preacher were to enunciate with striking analogy, pertinent language, and wide vision Emerson's mighty phrase, "The largest is always the truest sentiment," it would be worth two pontifical high masses. It is only moral comprehension that creates character, not æsthetic impressions. Would that we could hear again the music of resonant, precise, and vivid speech, could worship again within a rock-bound structure of rational truth, and feel again that mystic aspiration for brave, keen, intellectual freedom which is the true worship of the thinking man.

BIGOTED LIBERALISM.

Is this, in reality, a paradox at all? Not as much so as would be promiscuous liberalism, or latitudinarian liberalism, or anything that lacks firm integrity and is effusively inclusive. Liberalism is born of the conviction that bigotry is wrong. Therefore liberalism in politics means patriotism without personal rancor or interest. Liberalism in religion means human brotherhood without sectarian jealousy, and the Divine Fatherhood without mortal definition. Men may be liberal because they fervently desire the human brotherhood above all else, and know the ubiquity of truth, or, as William Sullivan has it in "The Priest," because they are quite indifferent to all religion. In either case, liberalism means freedom. It is a vital principle based on the experience that men cannot be compelled to believe. The fruit of compulsion is either insincerity or sheer cynicism. "I will acknowledge four persons in the Trinity," cried a mediæval scholar, "if only I may study in peace." Better, at any rate, a bigoted liberal than a bigoted cynic.

Is all this a welter of outworn truisms? In the July number of a famous American magazine of culture one finds this preposterous statement: "Tolerance is a destructive force." The writer bases his conclusions upon the fall of Rome (through Stoic indifference!) and the decay of France to the Revolution (because of deism!), as well as a supposititious moral decay in this age owing to wide-spread tolerance! Of course, it requires little acumen to detect both his ignorance of history and his lack of logic. The modern scepticism that he deplores (that is, our liberalism) is not the result of tolerance, but a reaction against bigotry. It is bigotry turned sour, and to accuse deism of disintegrating France is like accusing Christian Science of moving-picture immorality!

The writer is, in fact, pleading for firm moral convictions, and nonchalantly disregards the fact that the prime insistence and shining fruit of liberalism have been moral character. So chaotic, however, is his thought that he finally arrives at the assertion, "Better even that in religion a man should live and die believing with all his soul in a lie than that he should merely exist believing in nothing." (Since when was blind belief more than a Jesuitical virtue?) Finally the cloak is thrown off in the words, "Better the Inquisition and the rack than the drugging of those who else might seek for God." (Who in the world has been drugging such excellent people?) This lapse into sheer inchoateness justifies our phrase, and our appeal for a bigoted liberalism to resent such mediæval assaults.

THE NEW PURITANISM.

The following words are quoted from a circular sent broadcast throughout the West: "There is something more damnable even than commercialized vice: it is commercialized religion. Its practitioners who trade shamelessly upon the spiritual instincts of man, as certain other practitioners upon their animal instincts, have been slowly supplanting our real clergy. We need a national Liberty Day, when we may call upon our preachers to return to their duty, which is to preach God's word and not meddle in the affairs of Cæsar. Under whatsoever colors they may sail, whether as Purity Leagues, Moral Uplift Societies, Prohibition Party, or Anti-Saloon League, they are one and all traceable to one well-defined group of religious denominations which, under one guise or another, are aiming to force their religious and moral conceptions upon the community as a whole. We all know their name, but we rarely mention it above a whisper."

So the pamphlet charges along through ten pages of heroic indignation. What in the world is it all about? one asks. What wretches they must be, who thus commercialize religion! What excuse has this group of scheming denominations to offer? Be it known, therefore, that this cavalier diatribe is levelled at the Prohibitionists by a paid haranguer of the Personal Liberty League, and that he is exhausting the resources of English and assailing Heaven with his patriotic cries in order to arouse his hearers to the peril which threatens their freedom to get drunk. The "well-defined group" consists in the Protestant denominations back of the League, and the "moral and religious conceptions" are our own traditions of Puritanism. Puritanism has not been customarily so closely connected with prohibition as this.

Digitized by Google

But if it is to be used as a synonym for every enlightened campaign of reform, let us have a new, vigorous Puritanism, which, to use the peroration of the paid saloon haranguer, "will kindle a fire in this land that will sweep with withering might over the hosts of fanaticism and intolerance that have invaded it." We have been apologizing for the splendid moral restraint of our forefathers quite long enough. We have condoned the use of the term "Puritan" as synonym for impossible bigotry until, out of sheer promiscuity, it has become attached to really worthful reform! This, too, is a paradox. Why not make a fact of it?

Despairing of No Man.

BY DR. WARREN A. RODMAN.

Hanging on the wall before me, framed in a single mat, are four portraits,—Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier. As I study the fine faces of this noble quartet of poet-philosopher-reformers the question arises as to how they would rank, purely as human beings, with Edison, Hoe, Wright, Marconi, whose genius manifested itself along entirely different yet equally original lines, or with Mann, Harris, Wilson, Eliot, whose work has so strongly influenced the development of educational systems. How would they compare with Carnegie, Rockefeller, Morgan, Vanderbilt, great masters of finance, just as men, as types of the most desirable human qualities, as standards of comparison for the rating of all other men, as models for emulation by the aspiring youth of to-day? In what relation with these would stand brawny Tom, Mike, Hans, Luigi, wielders of the heavy implements of labor?

We rather carelessly classify this man as worthy, the other as unworthy, in an arbitrary and final sort of way as if we had searched the innermost recesses of their souls and knew the exact quality of every thought and emotion that had animated them, but sweep away the mere externals, the appearances, that which seems obvious, and back of the mask we might find a reality that would amaze us. Probably no saint is as pure as he is painted nor any sinner as black. "No man is a hero to his valet," and no man wholly lacks redeeming traits. "Despairing of no man," said Jesus. Stripped of the extraneous, the non-essential, men differ much less than we imagine. In other words, there is a vast twilight zone in which all humanity lives, with immense reaches of darkness outgrown and equally great worlds of light to be lived up to.

The hewer of wood and the drawer of water furnish the necessities of physical existence; the artisan supplies the comforts and conveniences of ordinary living; the poet and artist inspire us with visions of the larger life; the philosopher opens up to our comprehension the broad view that makes the mind serene and shows us that, in the midst of all turmoil and confusion, "the soul lies stretched in smiling repose." Each contributes his appointed part to the completeness of life. The inventor is the developed artisan. The educator is the leader into the lofty realms of poetry, art, philosophy, and the professions. The controller of industries organizes labor to the point of highest efficiency. Each makes his valuable contribution to the world processes.

It is very suggestive to note that, on the physical plane, man can subsist a few weeks without food, a few days without water, a few minutes without air. Even on this plane the grosser material supply is of the least vital and immediate importance. On the higher planes the same law maintains. Mentally one can only vegetate on the coarse husks of the crudely obvious, while he soon suffocates morally outside the ozone-laden air of the ideal. The moulding forces of life are potent though subtle. So the man or woman drudging long days in the dirty ditch, or the dismal mine, or the benumbing monotony of the factory, is simply swimming stolidly in a veritable Styx with not even a Charon to ferry him on his way. But the drudgery must be done, and, in reasonable fairness to the individual and the race, the duller and more monotonous the toil the shorter should be the daily service. In our ignorance we have reversed the order in the past, but a flood of new light is being poured on this problem with most gratifying results. For his own development every man needs hard physical work occasionally, social and intellectual stimuli frequently, the uplift of the spirit constantly.

Eugenics places strong emphasis on heredity as the most powerful factor in shaping the character of the individual as well as in the development of a higher civilization. The notorious Jukes family is cited as the terrible example *par excellence*. But suppose that half of the offspring of a given generation had been removed from its debasing environment, had been given a fair chance in life from its earliest infancy, what would probably have been the result? Undoubtedly there would have been two distinct lines of descent, as widely different from each other as day is from night. Holmes has said that the training of a child should begin with its grandmother. There is unquestionably an element of truth and value in this idea, but the strain of truth is just sufficient to seem to justify us in not making the greatest possible effort for the development of the child as we find him. A very large proportion of the influence now credited to heredity is actually due to environment, especially that intimate and almost compelling environment, the home. The deviations from this rule, the "sports" that seem to demonstrate the power of heredity, are only occasional, and follow no well-determined law.

Stolid Luigi, who can neither read nor write even in his native tongue, has a daughter that leads her classes all through her school courses. Mike, who digs in the ditch, is the father of the governor of a great State. The poet's or artist's son may be an imbecile; the financier's son a ne'er-do-well; the philosopher's, a dullard. Heredity gives little hint of the quality of the succession. In three generations the descendants of millionaire and ditch-digger may change places. The apparently unpromising child may become a man of power. How, then, can we know what inheres in a man until we have used every possible endeavor to bring out the best there is in him. "Despairing of no man."

What is the fundamental difference between lofty-minded Emerson and the shorn, hyena-striped felon atrophying behind prison bars? At first glance there appears no least point of contact, no reasonable basis of comparison. To most people it would seem almost sacrilegious to mention them even by way of contrast. To compare them seems the acme of absurdity. Yet both are *men*. One had the advantage of high-bred ancestors and, through them, of a beneficent and stimulating environment. The other was probably seriously handicapped by the opposite conditions. Do we, in forming our judgments, give honest considerations to these handicaps in the game of life? Had the convict, in his early life, been surrounded by the same sort of influences that helped to mould the character of Emerson, what might have been the possible outcome? This is a profoundly practical question. Its considered answer involves an arraignment of our whole economic, educational, moral, and religious systems. Of how many immensely worthy and valuable citizens are we robbing the world by our short-sighted economic policies? How many felons are we an-

Digitized by Google

nually creating by the harsh, unwise and unjust treatment and the deplorable neglect of those whose start in life was under hampering conditions?

Is it to be supposed that any of the great men whose names I have mentioned lived out their beneficent lives without transgressing some of the multitudinous moral or man-made laws? It is hardly conceivable that they should have done so. Many a convict has been, on the whole, a highly moral man. The distinction then, at its worst, is one of degree only and not one of kind, and, though the gulf dividing them may be vastly broad and deep, it is by no means impassable in either direction. The vital point in the discussion is just this: to what extent would it be possible, in a civilization by no means yet ideal, to drain the reeking swamps of illiteracy and immorality and convert them into clean, wholesome, and productive fields of intelligence and high morality; in other words, to make the opportunities of men, by means of the square deal, more nearly equal for substantial educational and moral development if not for the higher ranges of the fine arts and the sciences?

The baby born in the hovel may be potentially a great leader in the affairs of his time. Give him equal opportunities and equal incentives through moral training, and he will compare favorably with the child cradled in luxury. By our present lack of intelligent and systematic control we are allowing vast physical resources to run rapidly to needless waste; but this loss, huge as it is, is of trifling importance when compared with the reckless waste of life-energy and soul-power through lack of nurture and of discipline of the immeasurable store of rich raw material which is supplied in unceasing abundance. "Despairing of no man."

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

Life and the Formulas.

"I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, Templar. God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and to get abroad into the world to come!" Thus writes the genial, home-loving Lamb, shivering to his soul as he thinks of being stripped of his warm earthly wrappages and standing unclothed in the waste infinite. One does not like to feel naked here or elsewhere. But there is such a thing as being overclad. Lamb has mentioned only a bit of his clothing. We find ourselves so mentally trussed and wrapped, with so huge a collection of bindings and integuments fitted on to us, that the wonder is we can move at all. One has a sense at times of their cumbrousness. Here, for instance, is your man, your Englishman. There he is, some six feet more or less of him, a warm, living creature, with abundant strength and capability, with warm affections, with all manner of possibilities lurking in his eager vitality. A free man, we say; but *is* he free? As we watch him we find him covered with adhesive labels, thickly encased in formulas. You describe him not in terms of free will, but of half a dozen abstractions. He is, you say, a Tory, a High Churchman, a Tariff Reformer, an Imperialist, an aristocrat. This other man, on the other side of the hedge, is a Radical, a Dissenter, a Free Trader. Another man you describe as a Romanist, or a Jew, or an alien, a foreigner; and these abstractions penetrate and fill men's minds, govern their likes and dislikes, dictate their definitions of character. To the Tory High Churchman the Dissenter is an objectionable person. The Dissenter, in his turn, has a horror of the priest, the sacramentalist. Both of them unite in their distrust of the foreigner. It is a curious state of things. Are these separate men all contained in these definitions? Have we got at them as realities when we have used these words about them?

There was a time, in the far, far past, when men were without formulas. They were just men, and that was all. The separate theories about life, out of which these labels were formed, were non-existent. Their one preoccupation was as to where they would find their next meal, or the cave which would shelter them for the night; and they did very well. Nature, which in the mean time had her own theory, looked after their simple existence, made it possible, and, we may believe, sufficiently pleasant.

But life moved on. Things happened. Men multiplied and grew thick on the ground. Swarms of them moved off in search of food and space. They wandered far, and there came thus the great separations. Meanwhile the soul grew—grew into thought, into imagination, into conscience. Men began to study the problems of life, of their whence and whither. So came religion; and the far separations which had taken place in the tribes of men, their isolation from each other, secured that these religions should have their distinctive type—should be, as it were, indigenous to the soil. We are apt to ask why it is that, if there be one true religion, it should not have been from the beginning a universal religion,—one in which all men saw the same truth, had the same quality of spiritual life? You may puzzle over that as long as you please; the simple fact is that it was not so, and evidently was not meant to be so. Greece produces one faith, Palestine another. While Judæa is developing her Bible, India is creating her Vedas, Persia her Zend-Avesta. China has her prophets, her Confucius, her Lao-Tse, who settle her faith for ages. Buddha arises, and his formula captures hundreds of millions. Centuries after Christianity, Mohammed appears in Arabia and establishes, even in regions which had once been Christian, his vast and enduring spiritual empire. These faiths not only are markedly distinct from the others; they each proclaim themselves the only true religion, and ban all others. Their authorities are infallible. The Brahmins uphold the verbal inspiration of the Vedas; the Koran is held by Mohammedans to be inerrant; Christianity has had its own stoutly upheld doctrine of the absolute inerrancy of its Scriptures; and we know the Catholic dictum: "Outside the Church there is no salvation." The splits that have occurred in these communities have in no wise diminished their separate exclusiveness. They have all had their splits. Buddhism was a break off from Brahmanism. Mohammedanism has its Sunnites and its Shiites. Christianity is divided into Catholic and Protestant, each denouncing the other. In our England every town, every village has its separations, each with its formula. There they stand, our churches and chapels, each in itself a formula, as clear, as hard, as the stones into which it is built.

All this, let us well remember, is the work of nature, of life, at a certain stage of its evolution. Man has not arranged himself in this way for the mere fun of the thing. His religions are not a whim. Their very separateness, their exclusiveness form an integral part of the life-movement. They were wrought by him and in him by a certain necessity. Life was working here through him in its own way and toward its own ends. It was thus and thus only that, at the stage he had reached, certain elements essential to his self-consciousness, to his completed humanization, could be born and nurtured. That countless millions of our fellows have lived and died in these faiths, have ventured their all on them, have found in them their inner strength, their hope and consolation,—do we think this could have been an accident, a blunder, an evidence simply of human badness? Who can believe that, who believes in any sort of guidance for the world?

But we are now in another stage. The evolution that has brought us so far has taken another step forward,

Digitized by Google

and in doing so has opened up an immense new prospect. The period of separations, with all they have wrought in the human spirit, is closing. We have ceased to be unknown to each other. The world has become vastly smaller and closer together. The railway, the steamship, the telegraph, the press, are making us familiar with one another. The East is in the West, and the West in the East. We are studying each other's literatures, each other's religions. We are getting behind our formulas and looking each other in the face. And we are only beginning to understand what the result of this will be, what an immense result it must be. It will be, for one thing, a great revision of our formulas. They were good enough for the time they served. Nature here is so strict an economist: she gives us enough, and just enough, to be going on with. She holds back her higher formula till it is wanted. It is so in science. Up to a few years ago, science held to its doctrine of the atom as indivisible, indestructible, the one ultimate monad; and it served our science well. But when nature, listening behind our British Association meetings, at gatherings of the *élite*, heard their confident declarations of this doctrine, she smiled; she knew a little more. She let her disciples proclaim their formula till one fine day they struck on radium, and their formula was dead! We can imagine her, in like manner, standing behind the Church Councils as they drew up their dogmas and proclaimed their several infallibilities. She encouraged them at their work, supplied them with board and lodging, kept their hearts beating, their brains at work. It was good work for the time, for certain great human purposes; and yet the smile was on her face. Her formula was a bigger one than theirs; and we are now, with wonder and some confusion, beginning to discover how much bigger it is.

Life, the sheer experience of it, the fuller knowledge of it, is compelling us to revise our formulas. We can no longer say, with our fathers, that all was truth that was given in Judæa, and all false that was believed outside; that God spoke in Hebrew and Palestinian Greek, and that the devil was preceptor in all other languages. Humanity has had a benigner history than that. We turn, for instance, to the Dhamanapada of Buddha and find this: "For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time. Hatred ceases by love. This is an old rule. Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth." Can such teaching have any evil, any diabolic origin? Can it be less than a ray of that Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world? Let us come nearer home. We fight for our Protestantism as a precious development of Christian liberty, a rediscovery of the simplicity of Christ. But we read this, which Baron von Hügel, in his book on "Eternal Life," from personal acquaintance, testifies of a Catholic priest. It is of the Abbé Huvelin, who died in 1910: "A gentleman by birth and breeding, a distinguished Hellenist, who could have been a great editor, or interpreter of Greek philosophy . . . he occupied for thirty-five years an unpaid post in a large Paris parish. There, suffering from gout in the eyes and brain, and usually lying prone in a darkened room, he served souls with the supreme authority of self-oblivious love, and brought light and peace to countless souls." Does any religious formula we have learned keep us out of sympathy and admiration for such a life? keep us from calling it a truly Christian life? Then be sure the formula is a bad one. We need continually to get behind our formulas. Your Tory is so much more than Toryism, your Catholic than Romanism.

Our formulas have much to answer for. Our age has witnessed nothing more tragic—and this in some of the finest minds—than the destruction of faith in the revolt against a too restricted, a too inelastic formula. This has been the case especially in France. The French mind is so severely logical; it must have its definition, its clear-cut thinking, on one side or the other. And so, in religion, if it finds the definition in which it has been brought up to be defective, unable to bear the strain of facts, its reaction is tremendous, and has meant, in a multitude of noble souls, the complete catastrophe of faith. Take the case of Edmond Scherer, the ripe scholar, the consummate critic. Scherer was of Swiss origin, but he was educated in Paris, and spent his best years there. His mind was essentially French. Brought up in early life under Protestant influences, the subject of deep religious impressions, he becomes a professor in the Free Divinity School of Geneva. He is there as a champion of the strictest Calvinistic orthodoxy, and holds with conviction the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Bible. His students must not choose passages in the Bible as more evidently inspired than others. His faith is absolute in this as the only truth. He begins his morning lectures with the prayer: "O God, Thou art the God of truth. We are seeking truth. Thou alone canst make it known to us. Amen." But then comes the tragedy. With truth as his one object, he is faced by the problems of modern Biblical criticism. Under it his formula breaks down. He ends by giving up orthodoxy, by giving up Protestantism, by giving up Christianity, by giving up faith in God. He becomes henceforth the Stoic, unable to see any Divine direction, any great hope for man; unable to reach any higher point than a passive resignation in face of a purposeless world.

Here was a leap from one formula to another, and neither of them a good one. The scientific materialism which leaves the soul no room for hope, for faith, for the ideal, for the instinct of prayer, for the ineffable joys of the religious life, is, we are sure, as wide of the ultimate secret as is the grossest superstition. The formula which excludes these is again too small a formula. We distrust its reason from the very fact that it makes reasoning —our thin logic-chopping—the final verdict-giver, the only thing in us to listen to. And all the while there is such a bigger reasoning going on inside us than our mere brain-work! It is the reasoning of our total life, too big to be put into syllogisms, to be expressed in words; the reasoning that lies deep in the felt necessities of the soul; the reasoning that lives in the heart, that compels it to love the good, to adore the holy, to thirst for living waters, to find its belief deepest when the world shows at its worst. Deep in the heart life whispers its secret and bids us hope. Life, which has pushed its upward way from plant to animal, from animal to man, from brute instinct to noblest aspiration, has not done with us yet. Its final formula goes beyond time, will take an eternity to unroll.

What is science teaching us? Always that the universe is bigger than we thought. The atom! We thought it just an atom. Now we find it to be a sort of planetary system, a centre of force, with electrons whirling round it at inconceivable velocities. In every direction where we penetrate we find wonders upon wonders; in the commonest things hid treasures of beauty and delight. If this be so in the physical world, by what law are we condemned to reverse all this in the world of thought and feeling, of conscience and the spiritual life? If analogy is worth anything, shall we not say that this realm also may be more than we thought; that our formula errs by being too narrow instead of too wide? If the power of the universe is beyond imagination, may not we believe the love in it, the final goodness, is on a similar scale? If infinite power, why not infinite love? Shall we not trust our

Digitized by Google

highest moments here rather than our lowest? The love in our hearts; the glimpses we get of what holiness may be; the passionate thirst for a highest we dimly see,—may we not trust these as touching a reality which is vaster? The real formula of life is beyond us here.—*J. Brierley, in the London Christian World.*

This Unintelligible World.

BY AUGUSTUS MENDON LORD.

Here, perfect days of summer's golden close,
Green fields, still waters, skies without a stain;
There, nations locked in fiercest battle-throes,
Black, smoking wastes, the flower of manhood slain!

A Calm Evening.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

After all the harrowing events of the day—the bustle and conflict, the heat and dust, the fatigue and worry—we have come at last to the setting of the sun. The soul has sorrowed for others; it has sorrowed for itself. It has been grieved by retrospect; it has been afflicted by dread of the future. It has come to the point where it can review its mistakes, its illusions, its failures, its sins. Passion and excitement have cleared away; the pulse beats calmly; the tingling nerves are stilled.

It is a serene half-hour, the time that ought to be sacred every day of life for contemplation, for retrospection, for communion with the invisible,—the time that takes us away from all the small eating cares of life, and purifies the inner chambers of heart and mind. It takes us from all that has planted furrows in our cheeks, wrinkles about our eyes, has faded the hair, and dulled the sight, and stolen away bloom and brightness. It is the precious half-hour in the calm of evening when we may give ourselves to the perfect peace that comes when the soul frees itself from all material bonds and enters into the highest and holiest relations. Such a mood is prayerful, but may utter no distinct prayer. When we get high enough in our spiritual relations, such prayer as we know how to breathe in words to the Divine ear seems poor and shallow. The need of prayer is immense, but the thoughts, emotions, doubts, set round prayer as barriers, are great and obstructive. How often we fear that our best prayers fail to free themselves from all that chains them to earth, are hypocritical, made for effect, the result of habit, poor and lame, tinged too often with doubts of their efficacy!

But there is aspiration, longing, desire to get nearer to the source of love and goodness and see a golden light in which we bathe, such purified light as comes from the material sun in the calm of evening when the fiery star casts a diffused transfiguring radiance, as its parting gift, and a holy hush forbids the movement of the smallest leaf upon the tree, the faintest sigh of evening breeze a disturbing breath upon the pure glass of the sky, while the day dies solemnly, and yet with hope and promise in its suffused radiance that quivers like magnetic rays through the calm air, the delicate transparent shadows.

Thus after the good life, the rich, abundant, full life, in the half-hour before the night comes, the day is seen in retrospect, all lost but mellow loveliness, the sky blushing and delicately radiant with spiritual beauty that comes only at this hour of deepest calm. The storms are past. The great blackness will not again billow up from below, rent with ragged gashes of lightning. The tempestuous season is over. Nature's balance is readjusted. She has again found poise. The great underlying peace of perfect motion has asserted itself, the quietude that lies in the secret of the world, stability. We enter into the sanctuary of silence in which the deepest things are revealed, and we may rejoice that after the roughest day of tempest and storm this reconciling hour will come.

So in old age, in spite of all the things that have dropped away and left us stripped, things the world has prized, and praised, and valued us for, still the calm evening hour is left us, when we may see many things not as in a glass darkly, but in truer outlines and proportions. The day of work and striving has gone, so, too, the day of passionate grief for those who are leaving us, for soon we too shall be journeying the same way, and in hope of a speedy reunion. Why should we mourn loudly and long? It was different years ago when those we loved well slipped away with a smile on the lips, a word of farewell, a mute pressure of the hand, and left behind the cold clay, vacuum, emptiness, where once was joy of life, splendid hopes, ardent devotion,—beautiful, holy natures, who have passed on and left us still on the threshold before the closed door.

Strangely old age has stolen in like an unbidden guest to the feast of life, a stranger from Nowhere whose acquaintance when we were young we never thought of making. Whoever thinks in the heyday of life he may sometime be old, or imagines what old age is? "What, shall I ever become like that old man or woman with bent back, shambling feet, and mumbling lips? Never, never!" But life has glided away like a gently flowing stream, and has brought us to the land we never thought to visit, the land of Old Age. The days brought us rich gifts, but they also robbed us of many things we thought precious. We reach empty arms toward youth flown away, like Thorwaldsen's old man who seeks imploringly to grasp again the little laughing loves who are flying joyously away.

Why did we not watch and guard against the unwelcome intruder? It was while we slept that he came and touched us with his wand. We were just busy living on the old lines, thinking every day we would try to live better, make the opportunity rich and profitable to garner a harvest for this very time that has stolen upon us unawares and finds us unprovided. It is like "preparing for death" the pious people talk about, but who was ever prepared for death, and who has ever ceased to look ahead for a little more time to complete those plans of improvement that are to secure a happy admission to the other life, and to garner the harvest, the full golden sheaf, to offer to the lord of the harvest?

Our dreams of great improvement, high purpose, and noble endeavor find us at the gate of old age and even of death with so much undone,—not clothed in the rich robes of high accomplishment, but probably in the rags and tatters of unfulfilled purposes. We were too busy about little things to get hold of the great things of life, too much given to doubting to be grandly trustful, too sceptical of human nature to be supremely loving and charitable.

We forgot to rejoice in our great heritage as children of our Heavenly Father, and to sing songs of praise and adoration to the Lord of Life. And the days just slipped by while we went on sleeping, waking, regretting, repenting, striving, and failing in the old way, and behold, life is behind us, and our souls—what about our souls; are they saved? How shall we determine the amount of merit that shall save a soul? Surely we do not believe we are lost. We humbly trust our endeavor and desire, however feeble, will count for something; and in fact we do not know what it means to be lost and saved. Why should

Digitized by Google

we worry about those things that are held among the secrets of God?

Curiously enough, we can never get used to being old. Youth beats in us yet like the new spring in the dry-looking twigs on the oak-tree when April comes round. Now and again the fact jogs us, "Can it be possible we are as old as the record in the old family Bible declares?" We feel as young as twenty—almost. It isn't possible old age is really here. A little sprite behind the looking-glass laughs gleefully, "Oh, the funny illusions of the old!"

If there are moments of pain and resistance to the inevitable, there are hours of reconciliation. What a joy that the soul is still young, feels existing in itself the well-spring of hope and love, the craving for truth, sympathy for all progress, goodness, advance in every quarter, sensitive to all that thrill the world with heroism, noble action, and great thoughts!

Here is the wondrous compensation: the old body may become a clog, a mere tatter of what it once was, but still the soul is young. Nothing can quench its fire and ardor.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,"

says Rabbi Ben Ezra.

The best is the half-hour of gloaming between the sunsetting and the dark. The evening has come upon us with happy gradations of light and shade, of heat and coolness. There are a few liquid bird-notes, and the soothing hum of insect life. The half moon swims in a rosy sea, and the tender velvety dark broods over all things. It is as good and beautiful as any other blessed hour of life, and, if it prove to be the last, what a precious translation to the state where the young soul shall find all things young!

Summit, N.J.

Realities and Views.

BY CHARLES A. ALLEN.

Mount Mansfield, in Northern Vermont, part of the Green Mountain range, commands a magnificent prospect. On the west is Lake Champlain, and beyond the lake is the Adirondack range; and on the east are the Connecticut River valley and the White Mountain range. Whether we climb it from the west or from the east through the forests that mantle its sides and over the bare rocks near the top, we look around and see always the same superb prospect and the same massive mountain.

But, when it is seen from a lower level or from a distance, *the point of view* makes a striking difference. In different pictures of it, we often seem to see two different mountains. From the western side and from Lake Champlain it looks like a crouching lion, and the first French explorers so named it; while from the east, as we view it from the Stowe valley at its foot or from some of the lower hilltops, it looks like a recumbent human head, and the chin, the lips, the nose, the forehead, are all wonderfully distinct. Yet, if we have ever explored the mountain, climbing it on one side and descending it on the other and thus studying it from different points of view, we know perfectly well that the different photographs of it are all pictures of one and the same mountain. Then further, these different views of the mountain are varied when we change our position up or down the valleys, or the clouds throw their shadows over the mountain, or the morning and the evening light illuminate it differently.

Now all these different views and aspects of the mountain are not solid and permanent *realities;* for they exist in our eyes and brain only, or in the pictures. But when we climb the mountain and become familiar with it, we find that it is the one reality among all these mere views and pictures.

This vividly illustrates a very important distinction between *the spiritual truths* or *faiths* which are the great realities of our spiritual life, and with which we become directly acquainted by our personal experiences that bring us into immediate contact with these truths, and, on the other hand, *the opinions* or *doctrines* which the intellect forms when it tries to apprehend these realities from different points of view. The great reality, the spiritual truth, we know to be everlasting and changeless; it is God's life revealed in our own souls. But our views about this truth are constantly changing. We may even lose them altogether, if we drift away from the great reality that our spiritual vision had once apprehended; or, on the other hand, we can make our spiritual home with this great reality, dwelling with it constantly in our spiritual life, as the traveller may make his home on the mountain-top and become familiar with its beauty and grandeur; then we shall more and more clearly see that other people's different views are only *the various apprehensions of one central reality;* as, for instance, the worship of a Heavenly Father, the deification of Jesus, and the adoration of Mary are really different apprehensions of that faith in a Supreme Love which is central and vital in Christianity, a faith in a Divine Reality which we apprehend and trust, not by means of any reasonings, but by the insight given us in our own experiences of human love; for, as the Apostle says, "he that loveth, knoweth God," but "he that loveth not, knoweth not God."

The phrase "*religious* truth" to many persons means mere opinion or intellectual conviction *about* religion; and therefore they naturally say that religious truths are apprehended intellectually, by mere reasonings, which is perfectly true of mere opinions. But the phrase is ambiguous and confusing, because to many others it means "*spiritual* truth," the conviction that is awakened in us spiritually, "through the human experiences of the conscience and affections," as Martineau says ("Seat of Authority," p. 17), in which "the Living God comes to apprehension and communion with us." This is what Paul means in saying that "the things of the Spirit of God," that is, the realities of the Divine character, "are spiritually discerned," that is, are appreciated by the response of our own character, so that the good man believes in a Divine Love but the evil man cannot. With the same meaning Emerson says that "character is higher than intellect," and therefore character apprehends exalted truths which intellect cannot apprehend.

"*Faith*" also to many persons means opinion or doctrine, as, for instance, when we talk of "our Unitarian faiths," and really mean "our Unitarian opinions." But Martineau says that "nothing so marks the degradation of our modern Christianity as the notion that faith is only opinion"; for in the New Testament faith, in its religious sense, is the response of our conscience and heart to any ethical or spiritual appeal, or the spiritual truth that is apprehended by this response, or the spiritual life that grows out of it.

Thus we can pretty clearly understand why people differ in their theologies, though they show the same Christian spirit and really hold the same faiths. In most cases, the arguments by which they try to justify their theologies are mere after-thoughts; and very seldom do religious people change their views in consequence of the arguments that others may urge. There is great wisdom in the remark of the English philosopher John Locke, that "you can never argue a man out of a thing which he was

Digitized by Google

never argued into." For most people are predestined to accept certain views about religion by their peculiar inborn ways of looking at things. With equal honesty one will become a rationalist and another a Romanist, as the two brothers Newman did, who were trained in early life under Church of England influences.

One instance of a difference in predestined tendency is the difference between the *poetic* nature and the *prosaic* or *rationalistic* nature. For most people are "incapable of apprehending spiritual ideas," says Dr. Hedge, "that are not embodied in a sensuous type," that is to say, in some picture-thought which appeals to our bodily senses; as, for instance, the notion of a throne in heaven on which God sits, pictures by an appeal to our eyesight the majesty and power of God.

Martineau says that such people are "baffled by the spiritual," if they have "no pictures to help" them. And John Caird, a Scotch Presbyterian, acknowledges that "any other than a merely pictorial representation is *impossible to the ordinary consciousness.*"

But why do such people transform these pictorial representations into intellectual dogmas and systems of theology? Because, as Pfleiderer says, the dogma is "the transparent veil of the spiritual" and they cannot distinguish the two; so that, as Edward Caird explains, the symbolizing is unconscious, and, as Dr. Estlin Carpenter says, "for many minds thinking is conducted by a succession of pictures."

This explains why it is hopeless to expect that Unitarians will ever be more than a small minority. Most Christian people are entirely indifferent to the question of reasonableness in religion, and President C. W. Eliot's confident prophecy, that "the coming religion" will be rational, entirely misunderstands the imperative spiritual need, which most Christians will always feel, of an irrational religion, because by its picture-conceptions it makes more vividly real the great faiths of Christianity. Thus, as Emerson says, "the Unitarian church forgets that men are poets," that is to say, it forgets that the vast majority must apprehend religious truth by picture-conceptions.

George Macdonald describes this class of very genuine Christians in saying of one, that "his opinions were vague, half-monstrous embodiments of truth; and yet they helped to give him a consciousness of an inner life that sprang from a deeper source than his opinions could reach."

These symbolic suggestions of spiritual realities are "perhaps logically false," says Martineau, "and yet divinely true" because they kindle in receptive hearts a vivid apprehension of these spiritual realities, such as no rational statements of these realities could possibly awaken.

Therefore, Emerson advises us to trust these symbolic suggestions rather than the intellect's dry theories and frigid opinions. "When the devout motions of the soul come," he says, "yield to them heart and life, even though they clothe God with form and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee."

Yet it is the missionary opportunity of our Unitarianism, to teach the great realities of Christian faith in a language which many people will accept, who will not listen to the more picturesque language which other denominations are compelled to use in order to present Christian truth impressively and effectively to the multitudes whom they can reach.

But, whatsoever its theology may be, "the one supreme work of the Church," says Dr. Dole, is, not to teach mere views or opinions, but "to bring home to men the consciousness of the reality of the living God.

The disposition to recognize that a heart-faith, a spiritual reality, may vitalize powerfully many an irrational dogma, is what we mean by *liberalism.* Channing advises it in saying: "Under the disguises of Papal and Protestant creeds, let us learn to recognize the lovely aspect of Christianity,"—meaning not merely the Christian spirit, but the Christian truth that is really at the heart of many an irrational dogma. And Martineau says: "You understand Christianity as a divine agency in history, when, amid its versatile manifestations, you can trace the fibres of a *common spiritual life* pervading all."

We Unitarians, in our eagerness to rationalize the faith of Christendom, are liable to forget that rational opinions have no practical value unless they are vitalized by the great realities of the soul's life and then awaken in others a vivid consciousness of these realities. For, as our own Dr. Everett has said, "spiritual truths are chiefly taught by stimulating the spiritual life" through personal influence, and Dr. Estlin Carpenter, our foremost English Unitarian scholar, has said: "What God is, we know by His self-disclosure in the holiest souls, in proportion as we can repeat their experience through its quickening power upon our own" souls. If our rational opinions have no such quickening power, our churches will wither away, to make room for other churches, whose superstitions, as perhaps we may call their creeds, are somehow more vitalized with a consciousness of the spiritual realities of Christian faith. But Dr. Gordon intimates that in his own fellowship of churches the ancient creeds may sometimes lose their vitality; and evidently the important thing to him, as it should be to us, is the spiritual reality, not the theological names and statements, nor the symbols or picture-conceptions. "I recognize a reality deeper than all words," he says, "which the Trinitarian may ignore, while caressing its symbol, and in the strength of which the Unitarian may live, though denying its name." The important question about our religion is not whether it is rational, but whether it is real and vital.

WAVERLEY, MASS.

Spiritual Life.

For why should God bid us pray, Deliver us from all evil, if he did not intend to help us? He, therefore, that doubts of the remission of his sins denies God's mercies and doeth him injury.—*Robert Burton.*

No one can cherish an ideal, and devote himself to its realization from year to year, and strive and struggle and make sacrifices for its attainment, without undergoing a certain gracious transformation, of which the highest powers must be aware and men can hardly miss.—*John White Chadwick.*

The calm sea says more to the thoughtful soul than the same sea in storm and tumult. But we need the understanding of eternal things and the sentiment of the infinite to be able to feel this. The divine state is that of silence and repose, because all speech and all actions are in themselves limited and fugitive.—*Amiel's Journal.*

To love God and man proves to be not enough: there are other creatures to be taken account of. As it now appears, goodness and gentleness cannot stop at the line that separates human from other life. The heart that has attained to the highest sympathy will manifest its quality toward every creature it has to do with.—*Newton M. Mann.*

Digitized by Google

Congregationalism and Episcopalianism.

If a summer resident in rock-adorned La Jolla had stumbled into the Congregational church last Sunday, he would have seen a sight to amaze. Three shining clergymen, in all the vestments and regalia of an Episcopal evening prayer, were occupying the platform ordinarily attuned to a less conspicuous color scheme. One of the three white-gowned clergy was Rev. David Gilmore, summer supply of the Episcopal church in La Jolla. Another of the trio was Rev. Shelton Bissell, Congregational minister of the entertaining church. For one presumably unpractised in the art of wearing the liturgical millinery of our Anglican friends, Mr. Bissell filled the rôle gracefully. The third of the three clergymen was the excuse and reason for the union vesper service that brought about this unwonted spectacle.

Dean George Hodges, head of the Episcopal Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass., author of a dozen volumes, frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, specialist in Bible stories for children, expert in religious education, popular as university preacher and leader in the Broad Church wing of the Episcopal communion, a typical and significant figure in the present age of religious development in the United States, was the preacher of the afternoon. To do him honor the Congregational church of La Jolla had mildly Anglicized itself for the time being, and a large audience had gathered to hear the dean's message. He was the guest for several days of Rev. and Mrs. Shelton Bissell, the latter of whom was a former parishoner and a valued friend. During these days it was my privilege to be with Dean Hodges more or less, conversing with him at leisure, and acting as his chauffeur on trips to Old Mexico, Madame Tingley's Theosophical Institute at Point Loma, and elsewhere. The experience was so illuminating and altogether delightful that I am moved to pass on some of the harvest of good things I reaped from his abundant intellectual fertility.

Dean Hodges is a business man's man. He is short of stature, brusk and direct in his personal contacts, possessed of a warm sense of humor, a fearless critic of mere form and by the same token a bold worshipper of reality, just the sort of Episcopalian that our Congregational moderator, Charles R. Brown, would become, if by any miracle he became an Episcopalian at all. Incidentally, his style of preaching resembles that of Dean Brown, so highly esteemed and so frequently imitated here on the Coast. His sentences are terse and quick, like revolver shots. His style exhibits the angularity of an unconcealed logical structure. The sense of the droll flits across his paragraph occasionally, like a shaft of sunshine surprising the face of the ocean on a day of high fog. He thinks in terms that you and I—not Paul and Calvin—are wont to use. And over his spirit breathes a fine tolerance, broad as the far horizons of our California mesas.

"Is the movement in the Episcopal church noticeably toward Broad Church ideals?" I inquired. "Yes," was the answer. "The democratic spirit of the age demands it. And then, too, the great modern word 'efficiency' is obliterating some of the issues that used to separate High Church and Broad Church. For example, there are not a few churches to-day that use wafer bread in the Sacrament. A few years ago that fact would have meant Catholic tendencies. Now it merely means that wafer bread is more convenient and satisfactory for the ritual. The churches that adopt it do so quite without any liturgical implications."

"How about church unity?" I asked further, as we spun along one morning on an eighty-mile auto trip that carried us as far as the bull-ring of Tia Juana, Mexico. "Will you Episcopalians ever interpret your apostolic succession and your sacerdotal programme so that we liberty-loving, free churchmen can join in with you?"

"We are so interpreting it even now, many of us," he answered to my surprise. "Apostolic succession? We are defining that nowadays in terms of efficiency, not supernatural grace. We hold to ordination by bishops, not because this makes the only valid ministry, but because it is the most convenient and workable form of perpetuating the church idea. I have just been holding a summer conference at West Newport with a number of our clergy, and we discussed this matter in a way that seemed to startle some of them. 'There is a great difference between a valid ministry and a regular ministry,' I told them in our meetings up there. 'Judged by Episcopal standards, a ministry is not regular unless there was the laying on of the bishops' hands. But without this ceremonial many a ministry has undoubtedly been valid, for validity is tested not by historic form, but by spiritual productiveness. "By their fruits ye shall know them."'

"Now the main point in the position some of us are holding to-day with regard to our form of church administration is that it will give better results than any other form. It has the historical tradition of the church behind it. It has the ecclesiastical tendencies of the present day in its favor. Your Amory Bradford and your Nehemiah Boynton were in reality archbishops of the Congregational church, only you were afraid of the name. Most people in organized religion, however, unlike you Puritans, have an affection for the ancient names. Many a man, we have found, will go into some difficult missionary field if we appoint him a bishop, who would not go there if we called him a general missionary. In the long run, the easiest foundation on which to erect a unified Protestantism is that portrayed in the New Testament and the practice of early church. We invite you all to join us in it, not because it is the supernatural authorized programme, but because it is the programme that is most likely to work."

Thus defined by the common sense of Dean Hodges, the Episcopal system loses some of those divisive characteristics which have made it an object of suspicious and unappreciative comment among many Congregationalists. Perhaps if we all were to read his little volume entitled "The Episcopal Church," we all might lay it down with the same unalarmed comment that was made recently by Dr. S. M. Crothers, the minister of the First Unitarian Church in Cambridge, Mass. He had read it to his wife, and as they finished the little book he said, "Why not?"

A churchman not claiming omniscience or divine favoritism, properly equipped with worldly wisdom, an altogether natural Christian, Dean Hodges is uniquely fitted to lead and teach young men and women. The life-purpose he evidently has set to himself is the restoration of religion to its place of power in the common life of humanity. Hence his emphasis on religious education, his "Bible Stories Retold for Children" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, his editing of a series of readers for the surreptitious moral training of day-school pupils. Hence his delightful volume, "Everyman's Religion." Hence this story related by him with deep and appreciative zest:—

"In the autobiography of Anatole France which I was reading lately, he describes a period in his boyhood when he was eager to acquire some of those surpassing moral glories achieved by the saints of the church. After canvassing all the holy men of the calendar he decided that Saint Simeon Stylites came the nearest to being the sort of a saint he wanted to be, and that therefore Saint Simeon of the pillar was the worthiest of imitation. Hunting around for a pillar upon which he might establish himself, it seemed that the kitchen table was the most convenient place for a real martyr's column. He climbed upon the table and was about to achieve saintly glory by long abiding there and by much fasting, when the household pounced down upon him, the cook cleared the table for action, and he, poor lad! was dragged ignominiously off to the nursery. Whereupon he added to his boyish philosophy of life this article, not untrue to the experience of many an adult,—

"'It is always very hard to be a saint in the midst of one's family.'"—*Rev. Herbert A. Jump, in The Pacific.*

Standardized Civilization.

Visitors from the old countries travelling through America soon discover that, although there is almost as much variety in the scenery as there is in Europe, the cities are terribly alike, and there is an extraordinary sameness about the dress, occupations, and habits of their inhabitants which seems all the more curious when we remember how many nationalities have contributed to the vast population. Perhaps the sameness is only superficial, and certainly there is no lack of individuality among American men and women; but a correspondent from Washington writing to the *Times* is probably quite correct in attributing the love of travelling in European countries, which infects them all, less to a genuine love of what is old and picturesque than to the desire to escape from the monotony of American civilization.

This monotony is by no means the result of stagnation, but of large-scale production and progressive efficiency reacting upon a people who care very little about the traditional way of doing things and a great deal about the effective and easy way. The national characteristics of those of other races who adopt the United States as their home tend to be obliterated in a most extraordinary way in the second and third generation, and it is America's proud boast that she not only "absorbs" them, but fires them with her own ideals to such an extent that they very shortly become more proud of being called her citizens than of any other distinction.

Digitized by Google

All this may seem to increase the tendency to standardization, but we may be consoled by the thought that a new race is said to be springing up of quite a different type to the American even of to-day, a race with larger ideals, more attractive personalities, and finer physique, from which much may be expected in the future. It should be remembered, also, that modern commercialism tends to produce a deadly sameness of character and interests—to say nothing of social problems—in every large city in the world. We shall all suffer from it soon if the race for wealth goes on unchecked.—*The London Inquirer.*

Literature.

THE LARGER LIFE. By John Dendy. London: The Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand. W. C. 2s. 6d. net.—There is an account of the world which is given by scholarly men, an account by men of traditional religion, and a world also in which the plain man lives and takes things for the most part at their face value. Even the plain man has times, however, when he suspects there is a richer world than that of his senses, and he desires to know it. And religious teachers are very sure that the plain man ought to have a different view of reality from his own. But the plain man often resents the unreality of the world which the teacher of traditional religion urges upon him. But the world which scholarship discovers, if it be illuminated by a man scholarly but also spiritually minded, is a world of large meaning. Such a world has a wonderful fascination for plain men whose minds have awakened. Such a world is the world of this admirable book, and the author is the spiritually-minded man who sympathetically reinterprets the scientific world to the men who seek his leadership.

THE BELIEF IN PERSONAL IMMORTALITY. By E. S. P. Haynes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The author believes that the value of the belief in personal immortality is vastly overestimated, and that the money spent in the perpetuation and propagation of the Christian religion would do more good if devoted to the promotion of public health; that if every one could live to be a hundred, and die a natural death from old age, there would be little grief over death and little desire for a life beyond the grave. He examines the belief extensively, beginning with the idea of the soul in savage races; he carries the examination through the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman religions, the Christianity of Europe to Kant and the philosophy of modern times. Then he examines the evidence from science, psychical research, and other new developments of human thought, reaching the conclusion, not only that the belief rests on no sure foundation, but that it has not produced more happiness than unhappiness. Careful readers of the book are likely to regard it as superficial in its treatment of some important points, and some readers will probably judge it as flippant in places.

THE INTERREGNUM. By R. A. P. Hill, B.A., M.D. Cambridge: The University Press. $1.45.—The title of this book is at first sight puzzling, but the author, in the first paragraph of the introduction, makes clear the meaning, and at the same time shows that it is an important subject with which he proposes to deal: "By 'The Interregnum' I mean that stage in a man's mental development when the old beliefs and sanctions of childhood are lost and he has not yet had time to form new views of his own." He makes a strong plea to young men who are passing through this stage to continue their Christian associations even while doubts are many, and he also makes a strong argument for the truth of Christianity. The book is of use not only to young men in this transition period, but to those who have to deal with such young men. It faces the problems frankly and deals with them profoundly. No young man need feel that the author belittles the intellect of his readers.

CLAY AND FIRE. By Loyton Crippen. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—The author believes that the progress of civilization has been attended with a costly, though not irreparable, loss. We have gone, as we imagine, forward; but our course has been also downward, if it be charted on the basis of what is really worth while. Scientific knowledge holds out hopes, but these are barren. To go the course toward the ideal we must go backward to the attitude of mind which men long ago took toward the world, when imagination and responsiveness to beauty were dominant, and the romantic spirit lived in a world of rare marvels. "He who knows not beauty can have no fellowship with wisdom."

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE. By M. V. B. Knox. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.—The whole range of time from the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons and the worship of Woden down to Mrs. Eddy and the Christian Science "Mother Church" in Boston is covered in this thick volume. Though more than five hundred pages, the book is essentially sketchy. Its excellence is in being a storehouse of facts rather than in tracing the flowing of the deep spiritual current in the life of the English people. The continuity from chapter to chapter is chronological rather than a tracing of spiritual forces producing results. The style is lucid, and the material is presented in an interesting manner

THREE LECTURES ON MODERN POETRY

OFFERED BY

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF

"IN VIVID GARDENS."

Democratic Ideals of Contemporary Poets.
The Woman Revelation in Modern Poetry.
California Poetry.

For terms and dates address MRS. MARGUERITE WILKINSON, Coronado, Cal.

NEW QUESTION BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

FORTY LESSONS ON THE PSALMS.

By JAMES E. ODLIN.

I have used "**Forty Lessons on the Psalms**" in the advanced class of our Sunday School this season and have found them of great value. While popular in their style they are in harmony with advanced thought on the subject and open the way to many side-issues of interest. ALFRED MANCHESTER, Pastor of the Second Church, Salem, Mass., May 16, 1914.

Sent postpaid by Unitarian Print, 10 Central Square, Lynn, Mass. Price 10c. each.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready September 1

[No. 276]

The Other Side of the Street

By

EDWIN M. SLOCOMBE

In this forceful and clear-cut interpretation of the parable of the Good Samaritan the principle of personal responsibility is given a wide interpretation. It is shown that not alone are the poor, the ignorant, and the unfortunate objects of Christian sympathy, but that "the needs of those who live on the other side of the street are as obvious as they are numerous," — the needs of the *owners* of unsanitary tenements, the needs of the women who spend whole afternoons in card-playing, the needs of those who receive profits which they have not earned, and the needs of childless homes, all are included in the large programme of organized Christian activity.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

AS TRACT No. 276

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Rather Hard.

They gave him whistle and a drum,
Two big tin tops that buzz and hum,
A ninepin set, some squeaking toys;
Then said, "Now, Tom, don't make a noise!"

They gave her paints, a sewing-box,
Four dolls and stuff to make their frocks,
A set of books with pictures gay;
Then said, "Now, Madge, run out and play."

—*St. Nicholas.*

One Summer Day.

For all practical purposes Lucy Bennett and Arthur Wilde were the only children in the big farm-house that summer. Lucy's big sister was nineteen, so, of course, she didn't count; though she unbent on occasion and was really very good fun when she chose. The Hollis baby wasn't big enough even to be amusing. He couldn't talk and he couldn't walk; and Lucy and Arthur agreed that the more he slept, the better they liked his company. Not that they had much of it, though; for they made the most of their freedom to go where they liked and do substantially what they pleased. Naturally, the two were constantly together, and had as much fun as if they had a wider choice of companions.

One lovely morning they went down to the brook to play. There was never a more fascinating place than this same brook for the building of dams and the construction of harbors and the sailing of ships. Sometimes, it is true, Arthur hinted that he had heard his father say it is a great improvement to a brook to have some water in it, but that was only after a prolonged drought. Ordinarily, there was quite enough, and yet not too much; that is, there was enough to keep an active current in the middle of the stream and to send the water over the stones in miniature cataracts here and there, and yet not too much but that delightful little pools were left on the sides, and one might easily cross the stream on the stones in certain places.

Arthur and Lucy had each a harbor, with a fleet of ships, some intended for crossing to other ports with loads of freight (usually the deserted homes of the caddis-worms), and others built for voyages of discovery that implied danger and possible shipwreck.

The children were in excellent spirits. They ran along the top of the high stone wall that skirted the road under the pine-trees, and Arthur stumped Lucy to jump from its top down into the soft matted needles below. She hesitated; but, when he added reflectively, "Girls are 'most always 'fraid-cats'!" she flung herself down, relieved to find herself uninjured.

"You're a trump," said Arthur, approvingly; and Lucy glowed with satisfaction.

"Girls are just as brave as boys," she rejoined.

"Oh, no, they're not," came the quick reply. "Why, I'm not afraid of anything 'most. I wouldn't be afraid of a lion in the pathway right now."

"Oh, my!" applauded Lucy, admiringly. "Oh, what's that?"

A sudden roar—or was it a roar?—broke the silence; and both children halted breathless, ready for a run. "Oh, that's nothing but one of the cows over in the pasture," said Arthur, bravely, after a second. "We wouldn't have noticed it at all if we hadn't been talking about lions."

So they proceeded, rather proud of themselves for not having been frightened, to the brook, where they sailed their boats and strengthened the harbors and improved the waterways and added a little to the height of the largest dam. At last they sat down, rather tired, on a big stone by the edge, with their feet hanging over the water; and they ate the raspberry wafers with which Arthur had considerately provided himself.

Everything was still around them except for the murmur of the wind through the trees and the plashing of the brook at their feet. The sky was flecked with fleecy clouds; in the pasture beyond the trees that fringed the other side of the brook the cows were placidly munching the grass or lying in the shade: and beyond the pasture rose the hills, not so clearly outlined as sometimes, but misty with a tender haze that suggested the coming autumn.

"Say, it's mighty pretty here, somehow," said Arthur.

"Yes," responded Lucy, eagerly; "and it is all so quiet. No bothers like lessons or dancing-school, and no errands to run."

"That's so. The only trouble is waiting for supper and going to bed; but I don't mind that either so much as I do at home."

The brook had left piles of small stones here and there along its course,—remembrances, perhaps, of the springtime when its flood ran higher. Arthur began tossing them idly into the stream below. "See if you can hit that rock in the pool below the third dam, Lucy." And they tried two or three times before giving it up. "See if you can throw as far as I can there, right through that opening in the trees." Lucy tried once, rather languidly; but her stone fell several feet short of Arthur's.

"I'm not going to throw stones. It's too hot," she said, preparing to settle back again.

"Well, just once more! Now brace up and put some life into it. We'll throw together."

They threw; but, alas! as the stones left their hands, Bessie Bell, their favorite cow, started up from the grass, her head turned in their direction, just in time to receive the full force of a blow.

"Now we've done it," cried Lucy, conscience-stricken, as poor Bessie gave a bellow of anguish and began running round the field like a mad creature. "A stone hit her square in the eye."

Arthur turned a despairing face to Lucy. "Good gracious, Mr. Johnson will have a fit if we've put out Bessie's eye. And I know we have. Just look at her!"

They watched the crazy performances of the cow for about half a minute, then turned with one consent, scrambled up the bank, and fled for home. Just before reaching the barn on the way to the house, Lucy caught her breath and timidly asked:—

"Are you going to tell Mr. Johnson before dinner or after? I don't know whether it was my stone or yours, do you? Or both of them?"

"Oh, of course it was mine," said Arthur, gruffly; "it's just my luck. I was making you throw anyway."

"No, I threw as much as you did," confessed Lucy, loyally, but with a deep sigh. "I wish we hadn't, though."

"I suppose we needn't tell at all, if we don't choose," ventured Arthur, tentatively. "Mr. Johnson would never know how she got hurt."

Lucy hesitated. "I just hate to tell him," she said in a low voice.

"All right. Let's wait till after dinner, anyway." Arthur spoke rather hurriedly, as he saw Mr. Johnson approaching, and they scampered off to the house without stopping to speak to him.

"Hullo, what's the matter with them?" thought the good farmer. "Perhaps they have been quarrelling, they look so sober." But he went on his way to the barn, saying nothing.

They didn't have one bit of fun all that afternoon, but loitered around the house disconsolately. Their mothers assured them that Arthur was not to take any more luncheons off in the morning, if they couldn't eat dinner when they came back; and Lucy's big sister declared that they must have been eating something they ought not, and inquired, suspiciously, if they had been down to the green-apple-tree.

About the middle of the afternoon the Hollis baby waked up and began to cry. The Hollises fed their baby on time; and, as Arthur and Lucy knew it had a good half-hour to cry in before it could have a drink of milk, they left the house, as their elders had done already, and went up to a lookout bench behind the barn, where they sat down dejectedly.

"Well," said Lucy, after a while, "we needn't have talked this morning about not having any trouble up here. We've got enough of it now."

"Yes," groaned Arthur. "And I've been thinking that probably the cow is dead by this time, for I read in a book that the way to kill an alligator is to hit it in the eye. That does something to the brain, I suppose; and I guess we've done it to the cow, for I'm sure she acted crazy enough."

"I've been thinking, though," said Lucy, "that if I were as brave as you are—not afraid even of lions—I'd tell Mr. Johnson myself. It would be better."

Arthur glanced up sharply to see if she were sarcastic. But no, she wasn't.

"That's different from lions," he said shamefacedly.

"Well, I don't think I'm very brave; but I guess I'm going to tell Mr. Johnson, somehow. I shall feel better inside if I do."

The children talked it over, and finally concluded to make the confession. Fortunately for the strength of their resolution, Mr. Johnson came in sight just at the right time.

"Hullo, children!" cried he, as soon as he caught sight of them. "Want to go after the cows with me to-night? I'm going early, so that I can harness up after supper and go over to Melville for some grain. And I'll take you two along if you don't mind riding in the old wagon."

"But, Mr. Johnson," said Lucy, tremulously, "we've got something to tell you. It is very sad. Bessie Bell is dead, or anyway she's crazy, or anyway she's had her eye put out."

"Bless my heart," gasped the farmer, "when did all that happen?"

"We did it this morning"— Arthur took up the sorrowful tale: "We threw stones in the pasture,—just four, Mr. Johnson,—and we killed the cow."

Digitized by Google

Mr. Johnson threw back his head, and broke into hearty laughter. "Is that how she got that scratch on her nose? Well, I thought it was queer how she could hurt herself like that. It's a great long mark." Then he remembered the trembling culprits before him. "But you were very naughty, very naughty, indeed, to throw stones in my pasture. Don't you know, I've spent thirty-five years trying to get stones out of my land, and here you put them in and hurt my poor cow into the bargain! But I'll have to forgive you this time, seeing as you owned up about it. Now hustle; and we'll tell Hannah to give us our supper early, before the others, so we can get started. Now hurry up!"

Arthur gave a whoop, and Lucy began to cry for pure relief. But they ran down to the pasture with lighter hearts than they had had, and that night Lucy kissed Bessie on the poor scratched nose, and promised her never to throw stones in the pasture again.

The Chickens' Foster Mother.

(*A true story.*)

There were no little folks for Dido-dog to play with. She and the goat were not on good terms, and there wasn't as much as a kitten to amuse herself with. The chickens were fun, to be sure, but they always cackled and fluttered so that her mistress was sure to run out and scold.

One day when Dido lay half asleep on the back porch she was roused by a great racket in the barnyard. She pricked up her ears. Her mistress had just taken a newly hatched brood from the nest, and the young mother, who disliked her babies, was flying here and there, squawking wildly and trying to get out.

"I might have known you wouldn't do for a mother," said Mrs. Oakley. "Even a half Leghorn's good only to lay eggs. Look at that!" The hen had made one mighty effort, cleared the fence and ran toward the woods. Mrs. Oakley carried the chickens into the house, bundled them up in flannel and put them on the hearth. The dog followed.

"Don't you hurt these chickens, Dido. Hear?"

Dido seemed to understand. She went quietly to the bundle and lay down beside it. Through the rest of the day she spent much of her time lying there. When Mr. Oakley and his wife came out after supper, Dido was curled up in the corner by the chickens.

"I must get a basket for them in the morning. They'll begin to run about and might get in the fire." Mrs. Oakley was unwrapping the bundle. "Why, there are only three here!" She shook the cloth. "Where can the other one be?"

Dido lifted her head. There, between her forelegs, was a little chicken. She was mothering it! She looked from master to mistress, as if to see how they liked it.

"That's the largest one. I reckon it crept out of the cloth. Let's see what she will do with these," and Mrs. Oakley put the others down near Dido.

The dog gently moved her right foot and drew one of the chicks up against the left leg, where the first one lay. Then she drew another biddie to her, and still another. After they were settled, she softly laid her head down over them and closed her eyes. They were all snug for the night.

For days Dido kept careful watch around the hearth, caring for her adopted little ones as tenderly as a mother could have done. When they had grown stronger, Mrs. Oakley took them out on the back porch to get the sunshine. Dido stood guard there, also, but the chicks ran about and put themselves in danger from the heels of the goat as it frisked on the porch.

One day Dido came to her master with a piece of rope between her teeth, laid it at his feet and looked up in his face.

"What does she want?" Mr. Oakley called to his wife.

Mrs. Oakley came to the kitchen door. "Why, don't you see Dido's chickens there on the porch? She wants you to tie the goat. I just now chased him off the porch, because he seemed to worry her."

When Mr. Oakley had tied Billy, the dog seemed satisfied. She kept careful watch over the chickens for weeks, and after they were large enough to run in the lot she still knew them from the other chickens and mothered them.—*Metta Folger Townsend, in the Continent.*

Tom and Bush.

Tom was a large gray cat, and Bush was a little gray squirrel. Perhaps their color had something to do with their friendliness; for, when Bush and Tom were curled up beside each other in a cage, they looked very much alike.

Of course, the cage belonged to Bush; but one day Helen's father took the squirrel down to the store with him. The cage stood upon the piazza, and the door was open. Tom walked back and forth in front of the cage several times, and at last decided to step in. He was too big and clumsy and, I must confess, too lazy to spin around upon the wheel which afforded Bush so much amusement. So he only touched it with his nose once or twice, and then curled up in the bottom of the cage and took a nap.

In the mean time, Bush was enjoying himself in Helen's father's coat-pocket. This was the way he always travelled when he went down-town: it was a very safe way for a gray squirrel to travel. He usually found a nut or two in the pocket, which kept him busy for a time; and then he generally curled up and went to sleep.

Now Bush never mistrusted that he had a visitor at home; and Tom, being fast asleep, hadn't any idea of what was going to happen. He was greatly astonished, therefore, to awaken from his nap and find Bush snuggled up beside him in the most friendly manner.

Tom stretched out his sleepy eyes and sniffed Bush all over, from his little warm nose to the tip of his large bushy tail. And then a very sensible idea must have entered his wise head, for he put his great paw around Bush and began to kiss him and fondle him, just as if he had been a kitten. After a while Bush sprang into his wheel and proceeded to entertain Tom by his gymnastics. This was a little more than the cat could stand, and he walked leisurely out of the cage.

After this, whenever Tom found the cage door open, he always walked in. And sometimes, when it was not open, he would put his paw between the wires and play with the squirrel. Sometimes he would mew softly, as if saying, "May I come in?"

Bush would answer by a queer little squirrel chirp, which means, of course, "I should be delighted to have you!"

Then Helen, if she were near, would open the door; and Tom and Bush would have a frolic, which generally ended in a nap together.

It was very amusing to see the squirrel try to induce the cat to dine with him. Nuts were beyond Tom's appreciation, except as playthings; but he would sit and blink admiringly when Bush, after vainly trying to persuade him to partake of his food, took the nut between his paws and cracked it with his little sharp teeth, all the while chattering to Tom about its sweetness.

One day Tom thought it was about time for him to offer Bush a taste of the food he liked. So when the squirrel returned from one of his down-town trips, he found Tom in his cage with a little mouse held tightly between his paws. After many persuasive mews, Tom found that Bush liked nuts better than mice, and never after was he known to take a mouse into the cage.—*Helen M. Richardson, in Household.*

Foolscap.

Every one knows what foolscap paper is, but not every one knows why it was so called. An exchange ventures to remark that not one in a hundred that daily use it can answer the question. The following will tell you how the term originated:—

"When Oliver Cromwell became protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for despatches, some of this government paper was brought to him.

"On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it; and, on being told, he said,—

"'Take it away: I have nothing to do with a fool's cap!'

"The term 'foolscap' has since been applied to a certain size of glazed writing-paper."—*Morning Star.*

A month-old Jersey calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard. Bessie, who was from the city, eyed it thoughtfully a moment. "Does it really pay," she said at last, "to keep as small a cow as that?"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Bliss, Mary S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Invocation.

BY LEILA PEABODY.

This voyage of life often seems futile,
The harbor a lovely mirage;
The strong and well-manned ships have passed me
With a careless and gay "bon voyage."

Thou knowest, O God of the Waters,
My timbers no longer are strong,
My rudder veers hither and thither,
And often my compass points wrong.

My progress is slow and uncertain;
I strive 'gainst the heaviest odds;
But perhaps e'en the strife counts for something
Since justice belongs to the gods

So onward through storm or through sunshine,
With fogs hanging low, or clear sky,
In the hope that the God of the Waters
Will guide me to port by and by!

And when the long voyage is over
And ended the toil of the sea,
Then grant, O Thou God of the Waters,
The home lights be shining for me!

Liberty: Medieval and Modern.

The crimes mankind has committed in the name of liberty have been hardly less brutal than the wars it has waged in the name of religion; and it is melancholy to reflect that two such ideals should have been the occasion or the excuse for so much bloodshed. That liberty should have been the cause of crime, or religion the cause of war, is not, of course, conceivable; in so far as a creed has been the cause of war it has ceased to be religion, and the liberty that produces crime is not liberty at all. The sinister connection between liberty and crime, between religion and war, is due to man's habitual confusion of religion with *his* religion, and of liberty with *his* liberty. "When I speak of religion," said the frank but reverend Mr. Thwackum, "I mean the Christian religion; and when I speak of the Christian religion, I mean the Protestant religion; and when I speak of the Protestant religion, I mean the religion of the Established Church of England. Orthodoxy is my doxy: heterodoxy is other people's. We have a Catholic Truth Society, and perhaps a Protestant Truth Society; and there is a difference that is by no means subtle between Catholic or Protestant truth and truth without any qualification, just as there is between history pure and simple and history that is patriotic and imperial. We are painfully familiar with the fact that religion signifies to each man little more than his own particular brand, and that therefore religious wars, religious crimes, and religious falsehoods are the most natural things in human evolution; but we might escape some of the intolerable nonsense that is talked of liberty, if we realized a little more clearly that liberty has meant a thousand different things to as many different individuals, and that every age has had its own interpretation of what is meant by freedom.

Nothing, therefore, is or has been more elusive. Time after time men have defined it more or less to their own satisfaction; but they have never satisfied their descendants. The English barons defined their liberties in Magna Carta, and some people still regard that definition as almost ideal. But it did not preclude the necessity of further definitions by the Long Parliament and the Convention of 1688. The liberties which men thought secured in 1215 had to be fortified afresh in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The American people had to fight a war of independence to secure their rights; and then, having enshrined and embalmed their liberties in what has been called "the greatest constitution God has ever made," found it necessary to fight another war for liberty seventy-five years later. Even that momentous struggle did not end the matter, and to-day they are still debating the need for a "new freedom." Nor will the victory of its champions, however complete it may seem to contemporaries, be more final than those of their predecessors; every new age will demand a new freedom until men have exhausted the potentialities of human evolution. Liberty will always be meaning something new, something which it did not mean to the men of old.

This incessant change in man's conceptions is the greatest problem of history. If only we knew exactly what men meant by the words they used, our difficulty in comprehending their actions would largely disappear; but it is surely obvious that the worst way of seeking an approach to that understanding is to assume that words meant in the past what they mean to-day. The veriest tyro in historical study knows how fatal that assumption is, and what havoc is wrought in his mind by the impression that the Germany of the Hohenstaufen was the Germany of the Hohenzollern, or the France of Hugh Capet conterminous with the France of the Bourbon dynasty. Yet it is simplicity itself to grasp the change in geographical signification compared with the mental effort required to realize the development of men's abstract ideas. The dangers of ignoring this development lie about the path of every teacher in every subject. Nor is this sort of confusion confined to juvenile minds. Adult students of history are always reading their abstract notions of religion and liberty into the more concrete conceptions of the Middle Ages. From this cause, quite an eminent archivist once fell into a ludicrous error about King John's attitude toward religion. He had discovered among the records of that king's reign a royal license to some one *condere novam religionem*, to found a new religion, as he translated it; and he argued that this indicated a singular liberality of mind in that much-abused monarch. He had forgotten that in King John's reign the word *religio* meant a religious order or rather a still more concrete and material thing, a religious house; and all that this royal license amounted to was a dispensation permitting a tenant-in-chief to alienate into mortmain certain lands for the endowment of a monastery. The error by which a royal dispensation from mortmain was converted into a license to found a new religion was similar in character to that by which the same king's charter of mediæval franchises has been converted into the foundation of modern liberty. . . .

The liberty of man must always be conditional, and it must be equalized. The Whigs of the Revolution of 1688 talked much of liberty, but never dreamed of equal liberties for all. The Crown had enjoyed too much, and the balance was to be redressed by giving too much liberty to Parliament. But parliamentary liberties were the privilege of the few; and even the vote was restricted to an infinitesimal fraction of the population. The revolutionaries of 1649 had scorned the notion of giving votes to serving-men; the elector must be free and independent. After the Restoration, the county voter had again to be a freeholder; leasehold and copyhold did not insure sufficient independence; and when the Whigs toasted "Civil and Religious Liberty" they did not think of votes, and they passed no franchise acts. They had realized that parliamentary liberties were worthless without parliamentary control over the Crown; but they were the last people to see that popular liberties were worth little more without popular control over Parliament. A franchise might be a portion of sovereign authority in the hands of a subject; but the Whigs were not prepared to distribute these portions as votes among the mass of the people. They held that men might be free without political power, just as many of us to-day think (presumably) that women are free without a vote. Generally, however, the opinion is held that freedom is incomplete unless political is added to civil and religious liberty.

But political liberty, even when it is equalized by the grant of a vote to every one and the denial to every one of more than a single vote, does not complete the edifice. "Show me the difference," cried Ireton in 1647, "between the right to a vote and the right to subsistence." "We know," declared the Levellers a few years later, "that England cannot be a free commonwealth unless all the poor commons have a free use and benefit of the land." Two and a half centuries have elapsed, and we are still—in England, at any rate—convulsed with the problem of the land and the people, while in newer countries there are still the questions: What is the value of political, divorced from economic, liberty? What is liberty without a livelihood? Indeed, how much political liberty is a man likely to enjoy so long as he is subject to economic control? Again, one man's food seems another man's poison; one man's liberty, another's dependence. The workman's liberty involves supremacy over the employer, and the employer's liberty mastery over his workmen; and there is no tyranny like that which dictates the price of a people's food and the terms upon which they shall eke out subsistence.

Thus we see that liberty has been as multifarious as the crimes committed in its name; but, whatever its form, it cannot be treated from the individual's point of view, because the individual belongs to society, and his liberty affects his fellows. The only rational basis of liberty is also the basis of morality: there should be to each individual a liberty to do unto others as he would that they should do unto him—but no more. It is a question not so much of the rights of man as of his duty to his neighbor; and we should be nearer the solution of some of our social problems if we talked less of the rights of man and more of his responsibilities. Men will not be judged by the extent of the rights they assert for themselves, but by the extent of the good and faithful service they render to others. Unwilling service may be servitude: the remedy is not to abolish service, but to destroy the lack of will. The proudest of the titles assumed by the Roman pontiff is *servus servorum Dei*, and the highest ambition

Digitized by Google

of an Englishman is to become prime minister, the chief servant of the people. There is little loss of liberty in that service, and the better educated the community, the greater the liberty in its service; for the nearer we get to a perfect master, the nearer does our service approach to perfect freedom.—*Extracts from an article by A. F. Pollard, in the Yale Review.*

European Testimonies on the Present War.

One of the most prominent advocates in Europe of the cause of international peace and good will is Principal J. Estlin Carpenter, D.D., of Manchester College, Oxford. He was one of the signers of the protest against war with Germany issued by a number of eminent scholars and public men of England on the eve of the struggle, a protest which bore eloquent testimony of the appreciation and friendly sentiments of the higher minds of Great Britain toward the German people and their science and civilization. This document will take its place among the most cherished memorials of the present struggle, and cannot fail to exercise a reconciling influence between the two nations when peace shall be restored.

Prof. Carpenter writes us under date of August 24:—

"The entanglement of England in this fearful struggle is a bitter grief to those of us who have sought to cherish good will to Germany, and who believed in the sincerity of the Kaiser's desire to maintain European peace. And the suffering and loss entailed on so many, the combatants on both sides, the hapless Belgians and French countryfolk, is an inexpressible sorrow. The specific cause of the war was the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. The wretched and criminal murder of the arch-duke and his consort by a half-madman sprang out of hatred generated by Austria's greed in annexing Bosnia and Herzgovina in 1908, after solemn declarations that she never would do so. But Servia accepted eight of the ten conditions she imposed, and offered to submit the other two to The Hague. She humbled herself to the uttermost, and had good reason in seeking an outside verdict, for in a dispute four years back the evidence was founded on documents which even an Austrian court had to admit were forged in the Austrian legation at Belgrade! Austria deliberately forced on the war with Servia, and Germany supported her, or did not restrain her, the German ambassador at Vienna (it is said) being anxious for war. When Germany declared war on Russia, I knew France must be involved, but I signed a protest in favor of British neutrality, believing that Germany would respect Belgium, and not knowing of the support promised (in honor, though not in written form) to assist France. But the harsh ultimatum of Germany to Belgium, and the recital of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons, convinced me that we must fight. Belgium—absolutely innocent of anything except the expectation that Prussia, which was one of the guarantors of her safety, would respect her territory, as France had promised to do—has suffered cruelly. The incidents of the German advance have been heart-breaking. To-day comes news of the defeats and retreat of the allies, and we know not what may follow. I have no fear of an invasion of this country; our fleet will take care of that. Even if the Germans advance into France, they cannot take Paris without a long siege. And in the mean time Russia advances from the east. But I cannot myself believe that even Germany can stand the strain of a long war. She called up her *Landsturm* at the beginning. Her mercantile marine is practically swept from the seas. Her trade is much more seriously crippled than ours. We had hopes at the outset that Kaiserism and Kruppism—the imperial and commercial supports of militarism—might receive such a check that another European war on this scale would be impossible. Now, none can foresee the issue. But we shall certainly fight on to the end. The liberties of Europe are at stake.

"I have received with great interest the editorial of the New York *Evening Post* on the European crisis. It is a very powerful plea. The sympathy of 'educated America' is a very helpful moral support. . . . I hope America will not be misled into supposing that England has been in any way the aggressor. It is a real grief to us to see that our revered friend Eucken charges us and our ambition with being the real cause of the war! Had we ever desired to engage Germany we should long ago have adopted Lord Roberts's scheme of compulsory service. Our whole aim (as was demonstrated throughout the Balkan difficulties) was to maintain the peace of Europe."

Another strong advocate of peace between the nations, and a particularly warm friend of Germany, with whose people he is united by ties of blood and many cherished associations, is Prof. Dr. Gaston Bonet-Maury, until recently a member of the Free Faculty of Protestant Theology in Paris, and one of the most widely known and honored scholars of the Huguenot churches of France. Writing under date of August 20, he says:—

"It is in days of sorrow and anguish that our true friends disclose themselves. . . . You know what have been my sentiments with respect to Germany, and that since fifteen years I have made, and many of my friends with me (such as d'Estournelle de Constant and Prof. Charles Richet), the greatest efforts to bring the two countries into intellectual, moral, and religious reconciliation. At the end of April last in Hannover, at the conferences for *Gemeinde Arbeit*, my friend Pastor Charles Wagner and myself made addresses in this sense, and were applauded by our German auditors.

"The brutal ultimatum of Austria to Servia, supported by the German emperor, and this declaration of war, destroyed all pacific efforts and let loose this murderous tempest upon us. The responsibility for so many deaths and so much misery falls upon the two sovereigns, who, instead of submitting the misunderstanding to the arbitration of the Hague Court, or to the friendly offices of the United States, for example, as they were obligated to do by an article signed by their representatives at the last Conference at The Hague, before recurring to force of arms, with deliberate purpose drew the sword.

"The great majority of Frenchmen did not desire the war, and for fifteen years past had endured many vexations and quarrels put upon them by Germany, especially in the affair of Morocco, rather than break the peace. But the latest insolences of the Germans, and regard for our ally Russia, have compelled us also to appeal to the sword.

"That which consoles me this time is that we fight for the violated rights of men and the liberty of the peoples of the earth.

"As it concerns myself, I have only one son serving under the colors, in the neighborhood of Paris. But if the war lasts till October, a grandson Jean, who will then be twenty, will, without doubt, also leave us to take part in the defence—which adds to our grave disquietude. When I came with my family, on July 24, to this picturesque village in Brittany, the volume of the proceedings and papers of our Sixth International Congress of Religious Progress at Paris was nearly printed, and M. Fargues, secretary of its editor, Prof. Viénot, assured me that it would appear in the month of August."

We await with deep interest letters from our German and other fellow-workers for religious freedom and progress, giving their view-point of the terrible struggle in which Europe is now involved. C. W. W.

The Church Influence.

No better work can be done by the churches in this fever heat of war than to minister to the calmness and sanity of the nation. In Belgium the soldiers and the people generally, it is reported, have been flocking to the churches for prayer. Even in France thousands who until the great testing time came never dreamt of entering churches, and had come to look on churches as quite outside the necessaries of their life, have had their hearts "strangely warmed," to use John Wesley's phrase, and have sought calm, comfort, and fortitude in the churches. So it is happening and will happen in Protestant Great Britain. Already, in what is usually the deadest season of the year, preachers are facing growing congregations. Such sermons as those by Dr. Clifford, Dr. Campbell Morgan, Canon Wilberforce, and Rev. John MacNeill of Toronto, show that preachers are conscious of a great function to fulfil, of great messages to deliver. None can read these sermons without warming of the heart, moistening of the eyes, and the feeling that "God is not dumb that he should speak no more," but that, in the words of Dr. Morgan's sermon, "The Lord reigneth," that he is speaking through the cannon thunder and revealing himself through the war cloud, and that for Christian men at this time, in the words of Dr. Clifford's text, "In confidence and in quietness shall be their strength." There have been times—times quite recent—when preachers have used the pulpit to fan the flame of passion. Their most blessed function now will be to speak to the troubled heart, to raise the drooping spirits, to help relax the tension of nerves, to purge the thought and utterance of the nation of all jingoism and all unholy hatred of the peoples with whom we have been forced into war.

If ever we had reason to value Sunday as the rest day and the worship day, it is now. Seven days a week of the awful strain of the last three weeks, of the swift succession of "Latest War Editions," of the sight of men drilling, and detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery marching to railway station or coast, would be unbearable, not to speak of seven days a week of the harassment of the

Digitized by Google

business or profession menaced with ruin. It is Sunday, more than anything else, that will save our sanity. How good to find ourselves on Sunday, "so cool, so calm, so bright," in the healing atmosphere of the church! We let hearts and voices have their fling in the singing of a cheery praise song, and at once we feel ourselves purged of much perilous stuff. We bow ourselves during prayer, and indorse the petitions with our mental "Amens"; or, if we are Methodists, and have not quite chilled down "the old fire," we let our "Amens" be heard.

Some years ago a great specialist in mental diseases told the British Medical Association that he knew of no antidote so effective against the causes of mental alienation as the calming and steadying influence of the habit of prayer. In the collective prayer of the service of worship it is a great gain, in this time of general agitation, when we are all storm-tossed on billows of emotion, to feel the "great calm," and to hear, on the weekly rest-day, the Voice that speaks peace. Let those who select the hymns just now not be too eager to force the militant note. We who worship are having more than enough of the militant note in the daily press, in the sights and sounds of the streets. We would rather, on Sunday, for a time bathe our spirits in the cooling waters of such hymns as "Dear Lord and Father of mankind," with its

O Sabbath rest by Galilee;
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

The churches have a great chance to keep the nation in the mental mood in which it will be able to carry on "business as usual." Let the churches carry on their own business as usual, with the solemnizing sense that this is one of the great crises in history when the shaping of the world's future for good or evil depends most of all on the clearness of the church's vision, the cleanness of the church's heart, the sincerity and sacrificial devotion of the church's service to the people who look through the dust of warfare to the standard it keeps flying from the mast.—*The Christian World.*

The Opportunity of America.

This generation of American citizens has never had such an opportunity to become conscious of its blessings as it has now. While the Old World is rocking with the shock of war, while many of the nations involved have to face not only the foe from without, but alienated, unassimilated subjects, who will either refuse to fight or give but half-hearted support to their rulers, the United States of America has never been more united, more vitally one, than now.

It has two possible foes to face—neither of them from without, both of them from within. One of them is the struggle between capital and labor, with its sharpening of class consciousness until it may become a two-edged sword liable to hurt not only the contending forces, but the vital life of the nation. The other is the growth of race prejudice, which may be strengthened rather than weakened by the present conflict in Europe.

We have a Monroe Doctrine, which justly excludes foreign powers from getting a foothold upon this continent. We also have a Christ Doctrine, which includes humanity, as the other excludes governments. The sympathy of the American people must be with the people—with all the people who have been suddenly hurled from twentieth-century civilization into primitive barbarism, from peaceful labors into deadly conflict, from severe struggle into deeper poverty.

Victory or defeat for one or the other of the contending armies will bring little or no blessing to the people who suffer, bleed, and die, except as it may open the eyes of those who survive to the brutality of war, its waste, its uselessness.

It is now time to emphasize our American unity in spite of our diversity, to glory in it; to be careful not to transplant and propagate the Old World hate upon this newer continent; to realize that the United States must become a world server, and the Stars and Stripes in some form a world flag. We must also realize that the men who are to carry this gospel of unity are working in the mines and shops, and that the hands which are to hold up that flag are consecrated to hard and dangerous toil in our midst. As we deal with them, we deal with the world, we deal with humanity.

Now is the most auspicious moment to begin a holy war against war, and this is the one country in which may be forged the strongest weapon against it—*a consciousness of our common likeness—a realization of our Brotherhood.—Edward A. Steiner, in the Congregationalist.*

Spirit of the Press.

The *Congregationalist and Christian World* makes the following declaration of its position amid the terrible events that challenge the faith and hopefulness of nations:—

We believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men of all nations.

We believe that the gospel of peace on earth and good will among men brings the best development of national life, and the only sure guaranty of international safety and justice.

We believe that Christian civilization has not failed in Europe or in any land, but that rulers betraying Christianity have maintained pagan governments which now approach their doom.

We believe that the United States has taken a wise and Christian course in maintaining neutrality, that American influence should be in behalf of early and righteous peace, while rendering liberal aid to those who are the victims of the war.

We believe that the condemnation of the world should be declared against broken treaties and violated rights of neutral nations and against all cruelty and wickedness inflicted on innocent people, of which any one may be proved guilty, but that we should not pronounce judgment at this time against any man or nation as responsible for the war. All nations have sinned that have made such a war possible by fostering greed and hate, and by colossal preparations to commit wholesale slaughter and destruction.

We believe that we of America should make the United States truly a Christian nation, that in our cosmopolitan citizenship we

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 705 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the Kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton P. Hersey, Montreal, Can.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.
Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 1039 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Digitized by Google

should constantly create and conserve the spirit of inter-racial brotherhood, solidarity and democracy—loving one another, serving one another.

We believe that to-day America has the opportunity to lead and serve the world in righteousness.

We press forward most earnestly to work and prayer and preparation for the abolition of war by the establishment of international tribunals through which all nations shall be pledged to secure justice without recourse to arms, striving as never before to upbuild the kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

The Denver *News* has no use for foolish talk about ingrained race hatreds. It believes that it is the high privilege and responsibility of America to continue its fundamental assertion that the various races of men can live together in mutual respect and genuine friendship:—

The appeal to race feeling is the hypocrisy of world politics. In order to preserve the prestige upon which thrones stand, the sentiment of racial antipathy is sedulously cultivated. It has been kept alive by king craft and militarism long after all other influences of enlightenment were engaged in destroying it. Science, art, music, literature, and even commerce—and the last to a larger degree than many imagine—have been working together for the welding of races in a common interest, intellectual and economic, while kings and armies wrought to keep aglow the embers of inter-racial hatred. Let the multitudes of the Old World turn their eyes to America that they may learn the truth. Let them observe the miracle of the melting-pot. Where men are free they find that the tie of a common humanity is stronger than traditional jealousies.

Christian Work and Evangelist pictures the effect of the war on education:—

Nowhere is the effect of the war more immediately felt than in the schools and colleges. The first thing Germany did when war was declared was to order every public school closed and the children put into the fields to do the work of the men called into military service. France will no doubt do the same thing. This means not only will the boys and girls of Europe have to do men's work and break their little backs with heavy burdens and tire their unformed limbs with weary hours, but that for a year, two years, three years—no one knows how long—they will have to go without schooling or education of any sort. This means depleted universities five and ten years hence. It also means a more ignorant generation of men and women after the war.

Another effect is seen in the universities. Already the famous German universities are depleted of students. The German students are at the front. But the foreign students make up a considerable part of the large numbers at these famous institutions, and they have all been compelled to flee to their homes in different countries. In some instances they will have to bear arms against fellow-students who have become dearest friends and comrades. Thus the whole university system of Europe will be broken up.

Europe is full of students of art and music from America. Dresden, Berlin, Leipzig, Paris, Rome, has hundreds of these young men and women. Their studies have been rudely broken in upon and they are on their way back to America. There have also been a good many American boys and girls in French and German schools, put there that they may learn the modern languages. They must also leave their schools.

The moral damage of this war to the school child will be inculculable. It fills his head with daily stories of bloodshed, fightings, passions, revenge. Religion is so overshadowed by the daily story of Christians blowing each other's brains out that it is hard to make it even a reality to him, and as to human brotherhood—there is no such word in our vocabulary at present except as we Americans can exemplify it.

Mrs. Judith W. Andrews.

Mrs. Judith Walker Andrews died Saturday, August 29, at 36 Rutland Square, Boston, the house which had been her home for nearly fifty years. She was born April 26, 1826, at Fryeburg, Me., the daughter of Peter and Abigail (Swan) Walker. She was married to Gen. Joseph Andrews at Boston in 1856. They lived for a time in Salem, but in 1863 removed to Boston, and in 1864 bought the house in Rutland Square. Gen. Andrews died in 1869. He had been mayor of Salem, and a brigadier-general in the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and was in command at Fort Warren when the Civil War opened.

After Mrs. Andrews' removal to Boston with her family she became a member of the South Congregational Church, of which Edward Everett Hale was minister, and soon took a leading part in its activities. As president for thirty years of its Friendly Society, her influence was felt not only in the general neighborhood work and the special work at the South End Industrial School, which the church helped to support, but most of all in the countless kindly offices of the Friendly Society, which bound together all who were connected with the church in relations that were exceptionally close and sympathetic. In 1886 she was made president of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, and continued to hold this office until 1890, when the Auxiliary Conference was reorganized as the National Alliance, and she was elected for the year 1890–91 as its first president. Meanwhile, the Pundita Ramabai had come to this country for assistance in meeting the needs of the child widows of India, and it was chiefly through Mrs. Andrews' influence and powers of organization that the Ramabai Association was formed, with a membership representing many denominations. For a long time she was the chairman of the Executive Committee of this Association, and, when some of the methods of the school in India were in question, and difficulties had arisen through local opposition, Mrs. Andrews spent the winter of 1893–94 in a visit to the school, and overcame these difficulties, which others who had made the attempt previously had failed to remove.

Her distinguished presence and persuasive speech no doubt helped in bringing her the large measure of success which she achieved in whatever she undertook. But the secret of her influence and effectiveness was to be found chiefly in her indefatigable perseverance and energy, and in the peculiar warmth and sincerity and loyalty of the sympathies and affections which inspired and sustained her. Only so could she have served the community as she did in public ways, and at the same time have made many and many a life grateful for an intimate, personal helpfulness that was as generous as it was unfailing.

Of her three sons two survive: Clement Walker Andrews, librarian of the John Crerar Library, Chicago; and Joseph Andrews, cashier of the Bank of New York in the city of New York. The third son, Horace D. Andrews, a mining engineer, died in 1910. A brother, Dr. Clement A. Walker, was well known as a physician in Boston; and another brother, Galen C. Walker, was for six years deputy warden of the State Prison in Charlestown. R. H.

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

Dr. Starbuck.

Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck, after two years' association with our staff, has returned to the University of Iowa, where he resumes his work as professor of philosophy. When we solicited his help two years ago, seeking him out as the one among religious educators apparently most suited to lead us in the important work we had then in hand, we were fortunate in finding him just entering upon his sabbatical year and so at liberty to join us. At the end of the first year the task in which we were engaged was at such a stage that it seemed unwise to interrupt the teamwork then going on. We therefore requested from the University of Iowa a second year's leave of absence for Dr. Starbuck. This was granted, and he continued with us the full two years.

The work Dr. Starbuck was especially charged to do was the formulating of a course of study in religion for Unitarian Sunday schools. For all the excellent work our denomination had already done, it was felt that the time had arrived for issuing a new series of manuals, that should be more comprehensive than any so far produced, and that should conform on the one hand to the most modern ideas in pedagogy and on the other hand to our liberal views. This is a task of no ordinary difficulty. To formulate the general scheme; to adapt topics to the changing needs of developing life; to secure authors who are pre-eminently fitted to prepare the various books; to bring about the close co-operation of these authors and assimilate their various contributions into one systematic whole; to edit their manuals, providing in many instances other books for teachers and in every instance helps for both teachers and pupils, and finally to embody all these into actual books, with due consideration to binding, paper, type, pictures, and maps,—all this is a task of no common magnitude. That it must be done by persons engaged at the same time in travelling, lecturing, preaching, editing, and holding unnumbered interviews, personal and by correspondence, adds to the difficulty.

The secretary and the associate secretary of the Department have been from the first in the closest co-operation with Dr. Starbuck, and a committee on manuals, composed of persons of marked ability and self-sacrificing devotion, has done a large amount of work. But all have looked to Dr. Starbuck as the initiator of plans and the final judge in mat-

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

ters considered. While there has been no blind following, no sluggish acceptance of any one's dictum, all have willingly accepted his leadership and gladly recognized his genius. Although his connection with the work has now ceased, the new course, when it appears, will bear the impress of his mind and heart to a degree that will be fully known only by those who have stood nearest to him during these initial years.

Dr. Starbuck has also entered largely into other branches of our work, preaching in many pulpits, lecturing before many audiences, and giving courses at the Tuckerman School and at the Institutes at Meadville, Andover, and the Isles of Shoals. Everywhere his commanding presence, his choice diction, his extended knowledge, and his profound spiritual insight have impressed themselves not only upon the memories, but upon the lives of his hearers. Returning to what is his chosen life-work, he carries the good will and heartiest wishes for continued success of all who have been associated with him.

Work on the new course goes on without interruption. Authors are writing, and materials for teachers' and pupils' use are accumulating. The members of the office staff and of the committee on manuals now take the initiative, and look forward to a prolonged period of intensely interesting activity. Other helpers are being summoned, the Association has extended a generous support, helpful suggestions are coming from every quarter, and the constituency is patiently awaiting results. An unmatched opportunity is to be met with a firm and eager purpose. Within a year, we think, our schools will be able to begin using a considerable part of the new course.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the union service held in Arlington Street Church, Boston, Sunday, September 13, Rev. Edward Cummings will preach.

At the First Parish Church, Meetinghouse Hill, Dorchester, Sunday, September 13, Rev. James De Normandie will preach at 11 A.M.

At the service in King's Chapel, Boston, on Sunday morning, September 13, at 10.30, Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., minister of the Chapel, will preach.

At the First Unitarian Church, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, will preach Sunday, September 13.

A ministers' union meeting on Monday, September 14, will be held in Channing Hall, at eleven o'clock. Subject, "The interpretation and application of President Wilson's appeal to his fellow-countrymen for the neutral bearing at the present time."

Churches.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Unitarian Chapel, Rev. Fred Alban Weil: The morning subjects for September, 1914, will be "Religion and the Bible," "Religion and the Jesus," "Religion and the God," "Religion and the Life."

GREEN HARBOR, MASS.—Grace Chapel, Rev. George L. Mason: The annual meeting was held August 4, and the present minister chosen for another year, his annual term now beginning with the fiscal year in August instead of February, the month in which began the pastorate in 1909. The annual fair, held August 5 and 6, was attended by fewer people than in previous years. The receipts, nevertheless, were a little over two hundred dollars above expenses, within about seventy dollars of last year. A sale held later in the month, thanks to the loyal aid of some summer friends, resulted in an addition of fifty dollars to the receipts of the fair. A united and loyal spirit prevails. Two new members were admitted at the annual meeting. A parsonage repair fund has been started and placed on interest. When the fund is large enough, the needed repairs and enlargement will begin. At present no cellar is beneath the house, there is no heating apparatus except the primitive method of coal and wood fires, and the minister possesses no study. The housewife thinks of the adequate dining-room which exists only on paper. The church building and parish house are kept in a neat and trim condition. The society has no debts, no permanent funds. Services are maintained the year round with aid of the Alliance and American Unitarian Association. The Sunday-school is maintained from September to June, inclusive. This is a missionary enterprise on a watery frontier of historic interest. It is a small society, but there are those who love her.

LINCOLN, MASS.—Unitarian Church: The September calendar announces: September 6, Rev. Walter F. Greenman of Milwaukee; September 13, Rev. Albert Lazenby of Lynn; September 20, Mr. Otto Lyding of Roxbury; September 27, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., of Roxbury.

ROXBURY, MASS.—All Souls' Church, Rev. Sheed Anderson: Morning service will be resumed at 10.30, and Sunday-school will commence on September 20 at 12 o'clock.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Chester A. Drummond: The past year has been most encouraging. The attendance, by actual count, has averaged 154. The Alliance, apart from its usual generous response to appeals both within and without the church and community, has paid for the whole time of a parish assistant. The Sunday-school is thoroughly graded, with a carefully prepared course of lessons selected in part from the Beacon Series. The kindergarten meets at the time of the morning service, under the direction of a trained teacher. Besides the monthly parties held under the auspices of the various classes, the social life of the Sunday-school finds large expression in the Blue Birds, Lend-a-Hand, Boy Scouts, and the three Camp Fire organizations. In several ways the school has been of social service. The church has appointed an educational committee to co-operate with the teachers of the school. The Social Service Committee of the church, appointed a year ago, reports that effective work has been done. They have been in touch with all the social welfare organizations of the city, seeking to find out how they might best serve as a church. Many ways were found in which members of the congregation have been urged to render service. To be a friend to the stranger is a Christian privilege and duty. Attractive cards have been printed, framed, and signed by the minister and placed in all the theatres of the city. These cards read: "To the Players in this House of Entertainment. The First Church of Somerville extends to you its friendly greeting. If at any time, collectively or individually, its members may be of service to you in any way, please notify the minister of the church. In the love of truth and the spirit of Jesus we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." Cordial letters of appreciation have been received in reply. A civic forum and a physical training class for the girls of the community are under way. In all these as well as other ways the church is steadily growing in a community where the changing character of population is tending to weaken many of the churches so near to Boston.

Request from Jamaica.

Rev. E. Ethelred Brown, of 69½ Church Street, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., requests all Unitarians who intend to visit Jamaica this year to note that there is now a Unitarian church in the city of Kingston, holding regular Sunday services. The services are held in a fine hall suitably furnished and situated at No. 16 Smith Lane. Mr. Brown also requests Unitarian ministers or laymen who will be in Kingston, and who would like to help him by preaching or lecturing, to be kind enough to inform him beforehand of the date of their visit and the probable length of their stay.

A Changed Address.

Rev. W. A. Alleyn, whose request for histories, etc., appeared in the September number of the *Cheerful Letter*, writes us that the post-office at Ross, Ind., has been discontinued, and that his present address is Griffith, Ind., Route 1, Box 13.

Mr. Alleyn is in exactly the same place himself. He has not moved, but, the post-office at Ross having been taken away, he is obliged to use the post-office at Griffith.

L. FREEMAN CLARKE.

MAGNOLIA, MASS.

An Alliance Sale.

The Sudbury (Mass.) Alliance will hold its annual sale and dinner on October 12, and will be grateful for assistance from other Alliances, as has been given in the past.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1906.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 383 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

A Tuberculosis Census.

A tuberculosis census of thousands of churches in various parts of the country will be taken in September and October, under the direction of The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The census will be part of the preparation for the Fifth Annual Tuberculosis Day, to be observed during the week of November 29.

The ministers of several thousand churches are being asked to answer the following questions:—

1. How many persons are under your pastoral charge?

2. At how many funerals did you or your assistants officiate during the year ending Aug. 31, 1914?

3. How many of these deaths for the year ending Aug. 31, 1914, were from tuberculosis?

4. How many living cases of tuberculosis were under your pastoral supervision on Sept. 1, 1914?

These figures will be made the basis of an educational campaign, which will culminate in the Tuberculosis Day movement, for which occasion sermon and lecture outlines and other forms of tuberculosis literature will be distributed free to ministers.

Pastors who can give this information for their churches are requested to send it at once to The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East 22nd Street, New York.

Comparative Abundance of Birds.*

BY ABBOTT H. THAYER.

Having long believed that our common birds are not widely diminishing, except in certain special cases where circumstances of civilization have ceased to sustain them at an artificial abundance (as in the case of Swifts and Barn Swallows), I asked Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, the Harvard Professor of Psychology, to corroborate my belief that circular question-lists sent about to gather the public opinion on this subject are dangerous and misleading, because of the very psychological reason that he gives in the accompanying letter.

His answer sent you herewith should influence all the local Audubon Societies who publish such dismal announcements. These societies will swiftly diminish their own credit by such an unscientific position.

Let me here say that I go annually over my boyhood stamping-ground around Keene, N.H., a small city of ten thousand inhabitants, now about twice the size it was fifty years ago when I knew every foot of its surroundings. Every meadow has still its Meadow-larks and, close by the town, one of the principal meadows has still its Upland Plovers; although I do not, of course, class this species with the rest. Bobolinks are everywhere that they ever were; hundreds of them, young and old, crowd the fences, the grass, and the tops of the neighboring groves, when the year's generation is accomplished. Every wet place has its Redwings; the elms their Orioles and Grackles; the river its Spotted Sand-pipers and Wood-Ducks. Bluebirds are just now scarce hereabouts, but I saw three or four pairs last week in Keene, and, to my great joy, Nighthawks seem to be picking up. There, again, they build on the tops of the stores about the centre of the town. It is true, I saw only one individual there, the other day, but it was the first for several years; we have seen four in all, hereabouts, this year. In this region Hermit Thrushes still seem less numerous than up to 1912, and in Dublin I have seen no Bluebirds this season; but, taking the whole region together, its bird fauna is, in my belief, unabated. Its Robins, Bobolinks, Catbirds, Kingbirds, Flickers, Orioles, Warblers, Swallows, Flycatchers, its three kinds of Vireo, its Meadow-larks, Spotted Sand-pipers, and many other species, are all at their posts, and this, in my belief, is all there ever were. Of course, all species fluctuate, and the Hermits and Bluebirds will doubtless abound again.

PROF. MÜNSTERBERG'S LETTER.

My dear Sir,—You raise the interesting question of whether the testimony of those who claim that many species of bird are to-day less common than formerly is reliable. I should say that such testimony underlies all the well-known illusions which are to-day familiar to the psychologist through recent experimental studies concerning the value of evidence on the witness stand. The illusions of perception, of memory, of suggestion, of attention, play an important rôle there.

In this particular case, it may be taken as probable that, looking backward, the imagination exaggerates the pleasure received from such birds in the past in comparison with the present experience. If the feelings were different, if it were the question of dangerous birds, or of birds disliked for any other reason, the suggestive illusion would probably be the opposite. The observers would have the impression that there are more birds to-day than formerly, because displeasures of the past are easily underestimated as compared with present displeasures. I should not trust such impressionistic records at all.

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

*A letter to the editor of *Bird-Lore*.

A Valuable Collection of Buttons.

The heir of a man who recently died in Ghent, Belgium, received the mass of his fortune in a collection of buttons valued at $40,000.

This collection is interesting, for the buttons from all the regiments that have existed in France, from the archers of Charles VII. to the Alpine chasseurs. The collection began with a button from the robe of Charlemagne, and ended with one taken from the uniform of Napoleon, and includes buttons of wood, glass, bone, ivory, lead, brass, zinc, silver, gold, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds.—*Exchange.*

Here and There.

Ginseng is worth looking for, and in September or October, when its red berries are conspicuous against the landscape, is a good time to search the woodlands, especially among old-growth ash and maple. One important suggestion is that great care must be taken not to cut or break the root. Such an injury impairs its medicinal virtue, the Chinese think.

The frame that encloses the "Virgin and Child" at the Milan Cathedral is said to be the finest in the world. Some idea of its value may be gained when it is stated that the frame is eight feet long and six feet wide, formed of hammered gold with an inner moulding of lapis-lazuli. At the corners are hearts designed in large pearls and precious stones. This picture frame is probably worth upward of $100,000.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

There is no other country in the world in which the means of transportation are so economically and effectively established as in Germany. Germany affords the model for our advocates of internal water-ways in its system of canals and navigable streams which are utilized, not incompetition with the railways, but in harmony and co-ordination with the land lines for the movement of freights in which speed is not an essential requirement.

Get Your Name in the New Telephone Directory

If you want to make any change in your telephone service, our force will be able to do the work in time to get your number in the next directory if you will order it NOW.

Why not order an extension set when you have your telephone moved?

Contracts taken at 119 Milk Street or 165 Tremont Street, Boston, or by telephoning Fort Hill 12000—the Commercial Department.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

W. R. DRIVER, Jr., General Manager

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"That rich Mr. Smith is going to build a home that will cost $3,000,000." "That looks as if the plumbing was included."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Where are we going, Papa?" asked a little five-year-old. "To Copp's Hill Burying-ground." "Is that where all the policemen are buried?"—*Youth's Companion.*

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the teacher of her Brooklyn class. "It fell!" cried the pupil. "And what became of Nineveh?" "It was destroyed." "And what of Tyre?" "Punctured."—*Exchange.*

"How do you like your new music master?" "He is a very nice, polite young man. When I made a mistake yesterday, he said, 'Pray, Mademoiselle, why do you take so much pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"—*Le Figaro.*

First Artist: "Well, old man, how's business?" Second Artist: "Oh, splendid! Got a commission from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly." First Artist (pleasantly): "Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job."—*Life.*

When Mrs. Twickembury attended a dramatic festival, it disturbed her sense of fitness that the people who represented pioneers entered in a body. "That's no way for those pioneers to come in," she exclaimed, "they ought to come stranglin' in."

"Did your playmate enjoy her visit?" said a mother to her small daughter, who had just bidden adieu to a little friend. "Why, yes, Mother, I think she did," replied the child. "I called her 'my dear' very often, in that *dressy tone* you use when you have company."—*Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. X. relates that while in London she inquired in a shop if they had any fresh eggs. "Yes, mum, plenty," said the clerk; "them with a hen on 'em are fresh." "I don't see any with a hen on them," said Mrs. X., looking around for a nest. "The letter 'hen,' mum, not the bird. 'Hen' stands for 'noo-laid,' mum."—*Boston Transcript.*

"True Mrs. Twickemburys" come often to the *Register* office. One of the best is an advertisement which appeared last week in a newspaper clipping sent from Canada. It was under "Situations wanted": "Young woman past 35, having lost own home, would like position as housekeeper for elderly man of unapproachable character; protestant; wages $5 per week."

A sign which was productive of much discussion was read by the patrons of a small laundry establishment in a Massachusetts town. It was printed in large letters, on a piece of brown paper, and pinned to the door of the shop. It ran thus: "Closed on account of sickness till next Monday, or possibly Wednesday. I am not expected to live. Shall be unable to deliver goods for at least a week, in any case."—*Youth's Companion.*

Two gentlemen were driving in a wagonette, when a spark from a cigar set fire to some straw at the bottom of the carriage. The flames soon drove them from their seats. A countryman, who had been following them on horseback, alighted to assist. "I have been watching the smoke for some time," said he. "Why, then, did you not give us notice?" asked the astonished travellers. "Well," responded the man, "there are so many new-fangled notions nowadays, I thought you were going by steam."—*Boston Herald.*

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co.
By mail, 50 cents | 272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.
The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.
The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.
The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*
"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.
COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—
"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."
From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—
"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."
From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—
"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."
From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—
"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."
Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 40 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON | 17 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

The Phillips Exeter Academy
Unusual opportunities for boys of exceptional character and ability. 134th year opens Sept. 16, 1914. Catalogue and views. Address The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University D

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 38 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 889
- Progress 890
- Giant Despair 891

CURRENT TOPICS 892

BREVITIES 893

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- The Difference 893

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The Study of Autobiography, by Charles H. Lyttle . . 893
- The Unity of Churches 895
- The Clock and the Watch; The Specific Gravity of Humor, by Ellen Burns Sherman 896
- What's in a Name? by Pauline Carrington Bouvé . . 902
- Prayer at the Peace Conference in Constance; The Mission at Gratz, Kentucky, by Curtis Williford Reese 906
- The Ministers' Institute; A Letter from Prof. Eucken; The Francis David Memorial; The Alliance . . . 907
- American Unitarian Association 908
- The Reindeer; National League of Unitarian Laymen . 911

SPIRITUAL LIFE 895

THE PULPIT.
- The Task and Test of the Christian Church, by Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr. 899

LITERATURE.
- Books 903

THE HOME.
- A Letter to my Grandchildren, by G. B.; Dorothy's Mistake; The Doll that Talked 904
- A Little Girl's Story of a Custard Pie, by Elizabeth Benedict; The Crow that wasn't Afraid; Full Day for Mr. Beaver 905

POETRY.
- Judas Iscariot, by Charlotte C. Eliot 896
- Blind 902
- The Grown-up Me 904
- Teddy's Query 905

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- Lists of Absent Young People 909

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 910

HERE AND THERE 911

PLEASANTRIES 912

Editorial.

THE German war strategist believes that everything depends upon a good beginning. Better, and less liable to unhappy results in neutrality affairs, is the adoption of the principle in regard to the church's war this season against indifference, ignorance, sin, and the battalions of unrighteousness against which it must wage battle. A good start means much in the year's campaign. September services will send their influence through all the months of Sundays ahead. For fullest fruition, September seed is to be recommended. When one realizes the possible contribution to a service of one person or of one person extra, there would seem to be no further need of injunction to make contribution to a good start by being on hand September Sunday mornings, and always it must be remembered that it exceeds the limit of reasonable expectation to look for a sermon that will be much better than the congregation gathered to hear it.

WE should go further than mere reckoning of the influence of armaments in bringing on war, for, admitting no mitigation of that influence, we have to ask what produces the armaments. To abolish them, if that were possible, would not reach the root of the matter, for they would at once begin to grow again with every necessity to enforce among nations the decree of one, many, or all nations. While among nations, as among individuals, carrying weapons makes their use more likely, there are circumstances when the knowledge that weapons are available and sufficient has instant and surprising tranquillizing power. The agreement to dispense with them must of course be unanimous, or it would be futile, and would, moreover, lay the highest civilization at the feet of the lowest. What would become of courts if they were not backed by the whole power of a people? In estimating the influence of armaments we must distinguish between their influence in subordination to enlightened aims and their dominance over those aims.

IF we were told how many persons on one continent alone died every day, after prolonged anguish, of preventable diseases, the number would stupefy our sympathies and strike us dumb with horror. The appalling loss of life in war, real and awful as it is, should not be thought of as though war alone were responsible for such

Digitized by Google

loss, or as though death in battle were, in fact, more terrible than death from other causes. The vast numbers of those who are being killed every day in Europe show the butchery of war, but they show also what it is in human nature to endure and give. Distance from the scene and purpose of conflict isolates loss of life in our thought. Closer contact with the situation brings nobler things than the dread of death. Men believe that some things are worth more than life, and enter battle in defence of those things. While race antipathies and hatreds are to be reckoned, we must give full value to the assertion of national integrity, good faith, and self-preservation.

Whoever read President Woodrow Wilson's statement giving reason why he would not take part in Democratic political campaign activities must have felt that the highest executive officer of these United States has a proper appreciation of both the dignity and the duty of that position. In fact, it is a sermon which cannot fail to accomplish much in moulding public opinion in regard to patriotism at its highest and best. "Parties will fare well enough without nursing if the men who make them up and the men who lead them forget themselves to serve a cause and set a great people forward on the path of liberty and peace." It would appear that in the world crisis which brings to this republic such greatness of task and responsibility, and in the providences of God in anticipation of such a mission, President Wilson meets the requirements of the hour. All political preferences aside, the American people are to be congratulated on having a leader who is at once sane in his judgments and strong in his convictions concerning that which he holds true.

One of the most striking results of the war has been the overthrowal of the idea that the large Socialist element in the German nation would effectually prevent just such a struggle as is now going on. It has been repeatedly said that the growing recognition of class unity would act in preventing the workingmen of one nation going to war with those of another. That this consciousness is a large and growing factor in the ultimate achievement of making war impossible is not to be doubted, but that it will achieve that result of itself was never more doubtful than now. It has become more clear than ever during the last two months that, even after the social and industrial factors in peace progress have been given their full credit, it is by the development of individual life and character that the major influence will come. So viewed, one is better able to realize the supreme importance of just such work as that which is being done by the liberal churches of the world. Not only do they profess principles of world brotherhood, but they lay stress upon the one adequate process whereby world brotherhood shall become rooted in reality.

In an editorial leader, one of the more thoughtful of Boston dailies recently stated in plain terms the great problem being thrust forward by the situation caused by the war in Europe, and the lack of any satisfactory solution at present in evidence. After showing the inadequacy of democracy, socialism, commercial relations, and other factors which many have believed were leading to ultimate world peace and universal progress, it concluded by the melancholy statement that "religion does not answer." Surely the writer has been listening at the wrong door, or else has been deaf to the voice of religion that finds expression in modern truth and task and privilege. Possibly his use of the terms "democracy" and "socialism" in such a general way may suggest the possibility that he has never taken the pains to differentiate between religion as an ancient form and religion as a present living force. Until he has done so he will doubtless, in company with many other "thoughtless thinkers," fail to see that in religion is to be found the only adequate solution of the age-old problem of world strife. Dead forms and ancient tradition represent the survival in religious guise of that mediævalism to which monarchialism and militarism belong; but from a religion that is the modern expression of life at its largest and best, one may reasonably hope to hear a satisfying response.

Progress.

We are learning the awful lesson taught in the Latin proverb "*Inter arma silent leges.*" Not only are the laws silent when war is on foot, but all other fruits and tokens of progress in the arts of civilization are swept aside by rude and careless hands, and yet civilization is not doomed to perish. It may be that, as in the days of Ahab, king of Israel, they who do justly and love mercy will be driven into retreat and, like the seven thousand that had not bowed the knee to Baal, become the silent custodians of justice and liberty; but their day will come, and the real things that abide will shine with all the more lustre because the splendors of virtue outshine all the glories of war and conquest.

While no man knows what is the measure of a full-grown manhood, we may know when we are approaching it or moving away from it, and no knowledge is more valuable than that. What, then, is progress, moral, intellectual, social, and political? To put it in the fewest possible words, progress is the passage from the things that we can get enough of, and which perish in the using, to those things that are imperishable, and of which we can never get enough. The whole process of evolution, whether for the individual or the race, consists in this mode of motion, simple as it is.

There are some things that we want, and want very much, but of which we quickly reach the limits of satisfaction: they are food, drink, warmth, all the appetites, passions, and hungers that we have in common with our poor relations, the plants and animals. All experience teaches the fleeting nature of the pleasures that are derived from the use of the senses, which serve us loyally and wonderfully when they are disciplined and controlled, but which betray us and turn us over to calamity and sorrow when we trust them altogether. The well-known course of experience gives to men and animals desire, pleasure, satisfaction, satiety, disgust. The upper ranges of savagery and the lower ranges of civilization are identical. Even with furious beasts and savage men the high-bred races have much in common, and when in war time the civilized man lets himself go, the danger always is that from righteous indignation the warrior may descend to the level of the insensate brute or the brutal savage, a fact amply illustrated during the last twelvemonth of devastating warfare. No argument is needed to prove that progress consists in the passage from this plane of existence in the direction of experiences and pleasures that do not quickly cloy and disgust.

There are other and higher pleasures that depend upon the use of the mind, and take no tribute from the physical senses. Some of these are selfish and trivial, and some noble and dignified, but they all have their limits which soon or late are found with consequent dissatisfaction, unrest, and oftentimes disgust. Of these things that pass in the using are all forms of selfish pleasure, everything that satisfies our vanity, our love of display, personal

Digitized by Google

pride, love of power, ambition to succeed and excel to the detriment of others, and all the combative instincts that flourish in the field of the intellect. All such things enjoyed and cherished as motives and ends of endeavor soon or late also become, like Barmecide feasts and Dead Sea apples, mere vanity and vexation of spirit; and these are the ends of action in most of the warfare that is now setting back the wheels of progress by centuries.

The better class of satisfactions are found in the exercise of the intellect, as an organ of research, as a pleasurable form of activity, as an instrument to be used for the creation of art, literature, science, and as a preparation for the mighty warfare that goes on between man and the insensate forces of nature that must be held in subjection if civilization is to hold its own against hunger and thirst, cold, war, and death. Intellectual satisfactions bring into common life grace and beauty; they drive away the fears and superstitions that haunt the days of the savage and fill his nights with terrors. To such pursuits all the beauty and polish of civilization are due, and such satisfactions and the fruits of them the Christian nations of Europe are now with fierce and savage hatred wantonly destroying. Even at their best these joys of the intellect are strictly limited. They come to their best estate only when they are subsidized by still nobler faculties of the kind that have no limits, attainable or conceivable.

Here the pursuits of the intellectual life are taken up and glorified, for love of knowledge and love of truth can have no limits in time or eternity. They come to their own only when they open up into wonder, awe, and reverence, only when friendship, love, and an enthusiasm for good works waken in the soul the instincts of benevolence and heroism. Once directed upward and outward toward the infinite and eternal satisfactions, all the lower instincts and aptitudes fall into their proper place to furnish forth what an ancient writer described as a "full-grown man."

This definition of progress gives us, what moralists are always seeking, a standard of right and wrong which every one can apply for himself at any moment of his life. Right is the upward course toward satisfactions that are unlimited, because no human soul can ever get too much of them; wrong is the sacrifice of these upper-class humanities for the sake of lower delights. When one is called upon to make the choice between two forms of vital activity he needs only to stop long enough to consider, and the way before his feet will be so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Let every man and nation, in these times of sore distress, stop long enough to ask, Which way am I going—up or down, forward or back? G. B.

Giant Despair.

Old Giant Despair sat in his castle by the wayside, and threw a long shadow over the road of life. Those who came within that shadow felt an awful chill at the heart. Faith dropped off like a rejected garment; hope withered suddenly like an uprooted plant thrown aside to die; and trust left its seat in the soul.

Giant Despair was a cruel and vindictive being, and perhaps would have murdered all passers-by if he had not occasionally had fits, when he became powerless, and some of his victims escaped.

Doubt is as old as the world. There was never a time since the creation when it did not cast its black shadow over human souls. Only the strongest, the bravest, the most resistant against the obvious horrors and disquietudes of life can free themselves altogether from the influence of the shadow that falls, black and threatening, across the path. These few we call heroes and saviors. We trace them all down the path of history; we name them reverently, lovingly; we strive to warm our fainting spirits by the fervor of their faith and the assurance they give that light is still beaming behind the clouds. Even Christ had his moments of despair on the cross, but we know it was the agony of dissolution that drew the cry from his lips, and not the eclipse of his faith.

Religion in calm and sunny periods, when the prospect is fair and smiling, speaks to us with its consoling, reassuring voice. It tells us it has civilized and humanized the world; has rectified and ennobled man's nature; has partly, at least, killed the beast in him "red in tooth and claw"; and it emphasizes what Christianized man can be warranted to become. It speaks of the bonds of love and brotherhood between nations, of a new philanthropy, new obedience to the spirit of the Master. The pulpits have resounded with the reconciling power that shall subdue the evil passions and the cruel instincts of man. But, alas! in a moment all this is swept away by the terrible logic of facts. The truth stares us in the face. Man is a creature of divers hatreds, furious impulsions, and a savage thirst for blood. Giant Despair is still alive, though he is said to have died by the hand of Greatheart, and his grim castle, full of dead men's bones, still stands beside the road of life.

Where is faith now in the day of darkness? Like the star of hope, it is quenched in the sea. The battle-god is up and doing, and slaughtered thousands only whet his appetite for carnage. Religion, though its professors are ever so loud and vociferous, has not checked for one moment the terrible onset. Old Despair rears his crest and says, If religion can do nothing in this crisis, when will it be of avail in quelling the murderous passions of men? After nearly two thousand centuries of Christianity we have come back to the barbarous usages of savage races. The shadow of Giant Despair is so enormous it blots out the light of suns and stars. A heavy thundercloud at noonday brings the darkness of midnight. We wait for the reconciling voices of sages and seers, but they do not come. The prophets are silent. They have no light to cast on what is to come after the conflict.

But the light will come back some day. The sun will not always be hidden behind the giant's huge bulk. When it comes, we shall look upon a devastated world. Ruin will show the scattered remains of what once was smiling peace and prosperity. Thousands who lived by honest, humble toil will be lying dead in the trenches. The young, strong, valiant men who carried old people, women, and babies on their shoulders will be dead. The world will be left to the feeble, the decrepit, and the immature. Thousands of bread-winners will have disappeared. The fires of fierce passions will flicker out, and ruined and exhausted lands and decimated peoples will survive along with the maimed and broken in the great war.

It is said that the fierce fires of hatred, smouldering so long under the surface, have burst out with volcanic violence. What is left after such an eruption in nature? Slag, ashes, scoriæ, and lava, all unprofitable to sustain life until after long years they gain a covering of soil. We need not hope that the effects of this terrible convulsion will be soon effaced.

Sociologists and 'ologists of all kinds will doubtless tell us of the great benefits the convulsion may cause: as a tornado sweeps away the rubbish and débris of old towns, it will sweep away the effete and deadening products of the past, political and social. Much will be said about the beneficence of earthquakes and the happy consequences of great fires. The destruction of an old and rich civilization, built at such enormous cost, will doubtless be hailed by some with joy, who would turn and overturn until nothing is left but chaos.

Digitized by Google

For the sufferers, the victims, nothing remains but simple, dumb endurance. Doubtless, thousands of them will never fully grasp the causes that have brought destruction upon them. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to die or to survive as best they may. And what will religion have to say to them in explanation of this cosmic outbreak of hatred, revenge, savage brutality, and absolute indifference to human rights? It can hardly speak to them of retribution, of judgment for sin, of the wrath of God. The day has passed for such futile explanations of man's wickedness. It can but bind up the wounds of the sufferers with pity and tears, and, when the devastators have done their work, come in with its demonstrations of pity and love. The good priest, the humane doctor, the Red Cross nurse,—these are God's messengers to the afflicted and broken-hearted.

The time has passed when great men of religion—a John Knox, a Savonarola, a Luther, a Calvin—can turn the scales in the affairs of state. It has its gentle, pacifying, consoling words, its words of rebuke, of warning and reprobation, but in a time like this it would seem to hang its head, perhaps to weep silently and long at a kind of impotence that has fallen upon its power to grapple with the situation.

We have for long now called the age reckless, perverse, uneasy, without ideals or stable principles, all things revolving in a dizzy whirl of change, unrest, and discontent. Perhaps when the mighty upheaval is over a new time may dawn better for those who are left to share its benefits; perhaps the convulsion will at last bring some of the demented to their senses through grief and loss, and through a reversal of old bad systems a new star of hope may arise and send its long golden rays into the den of old Giant Despair. It may be the terrible tempest that sweeps the air clean of miasma and contagion, and shows the foundations of things still strong in truth, justice, and righteousness, the realities of life revealed, the falsity and fever swept away, more clarity of vision, more strength in high purpose, the meretricious fleeing like the rack of black clouds before the renovating wind of God.

Current Topics.

While the world war is raging at its fiercest all along the far-flung battle-line, a definite attempt to bring it to an end by the consent of all the belligerents is being made by President Wilson, it became known at the beginning of the week. The preliminary steps toward a possible cessation of hostilities have taken the form of diplomatic inquiries at the several capitals to ascertain the state of mind in the two belligerent camps. The chief quarter where these inquiries have been carried on is the German embassy in Washington, and the progress of events there has been the subject of consideration at London, Paris, and St. Petersburg. The informal conferences, it is explained in Washington, have approached the stage where certain broad agreements have been tentatively reached upon such important features of the international situation as the payment of compensation to Belgium. The present movement undertaken by the President is a distinct advance upon his general offer of good offices to all the belligerents at the beginning of the conflict.

There is a general impression at Washington that the time for a definite proposal of negotiations in the direction of peace has arrived, in view of the succession of reverses to German armies on both sides of the region of conflict in the course of last week. There is every reason to suppose that the forward movement upon Paris has been definitely checked by the combined forces of France, Great Britain, and Belgium on the western line of battle. At the beginning of the week official reports on the operations from both London and Bordeaux, the temporary capital of France, pointed to the conclusion that the offensive power of Germany had begun to show unmistakable signs of breaking down. The German retreat all along the line is probably to be explained by the presence, in the rear of the German line, of a large force of Russian troops, brought over from Archangel by sea and thrown out across Belgium to cut off the invaders from their base of supplies. Certainly, the German armies betrayed a degree of demoralization which could be explained on no other ground.

The Russian operations on the Galician and East Prussian side of the vast field of conflict are placing both Germany and Austria-Hungary in a position of disadvantage which in the case of the Austro-Hungarian forces may well be characterized as acute. Although the Austrians have not entirely been driven out of Russian Poland, it was evident by the end of the week that their capacity for aggressive action had been gravely impaired, if not completely destroyed, by the continued successes of the Russian armies. The Russian cavalry especially seems to have performed feats of effective valor against the retreating Austrians. If Russian official reports are to be credited at their face value, the Slavic invaders have been received with demonstrations of welcome by the Ruthenians and the Poles of the Dual Monarchy wherever the Russian invasion has penetrated into either Austrian or German Poland. Henryk Sienkiewicz, the great Polish author, in a recent pronouncement to his people urges them to identify themselves with the Russian cause.

The intention of the allies to refrain from individual negotiations for peace with Germany was published to the world in specific form last week by the issuance of the text of a tripartite agreement, signed by Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and by the French and Russian ambassadors to Great Britain, pledging the signatory powers to act as a unit until the purposes of the war have been attained to the complete satisfaction of every one of them. The issuance of this document disposed of the possibility, hinted at in dispatches from Berlin, of Germany coming to an agreement with France and thus being left free to deal with Russia at an advantage. In reply to this indication of the purposes of the Triple Entente, the foreign office at Berlin made the announcement a day or two later that Germany and Austria, before the beginning of the war, had signed a similar agreement to stand or fall together. This announcement furnished a denial to the rumors that the allies contemplated, with a prospect of success, the detachment of Austria-Hungary from Germany.

A significant outcome of the chaotic state of Europe was the declaration by the Ottoman government last Friday that it had peremptorily abrogated the series of treaties with European nations known as the Capitulations, which secured extra-territorial rights to European subjects living in Turkey. It will be remembered that similar privileges accorded to aliens living in Japan were abolished only after due negotiations, in the course of which the powers concerned expressed their willingness to trust the interests of their nationals to the workings of Japanese justice. In explaining the sudden action

Digitized by Google

taken by the Turkish government, A. Rustem Bey, Ottoman ambassador to the United States, said in an interview that Turkey saw in the present war its long-hoped-for opportunity and took prompt advantage of it. The unexpected manœuvre of the Ottoman foreign office, in abolishing with a stroke of the pen well-defined rights which the subjects of the great powers had enjoyed in Turkey for centuries, created a lively impression throughout the world.

THERE is every indication that the great powers—or at least those of them whose resources have not been entirely absorbed in the pending world conflict—will not assent to the plan of readjustment initiated by the Ottoman government. On the day after the announcement of the abrogation of the treaties was made in Constantinople, several of the powers—evidently Great Britain, Russia, and France—presented an identical note at the Ottoman foreign office, protesting against the summary method adopted by Turkey in dealing with long-established rights and privileges. It was apparent, however, that the Young Turk party now in power at the Turkish capital was not disposed to submit to anything that might seem like an attempt at the continuance of European control, unless that attempt were backed by force. Such means of making their displeasure felt, the European powers probably are not disposed to employ at the present moment, because of the fear of injecting further complications into an already sufficiently complicated international situation. What may happen to Turkey after the end of the war, however, is quite another matter.

SOME competent observers of world affairs see in the defiant attitude of the Ottoman government a forerunner of an outbreak of hostilities against the Triple Entente, a phase of the great uprising of the Moslem hosts throughout the parts of the three continents inhabited by them. The selection of the present moment as the time for the long-awaited declaration of independence from European dictation by the greatest Moslem-governed power of our time is ascribed to the desire at Constantinople to create a concrete cause and a specific rallying cry for the Moslems under the rule of Christians everywhere. To this view of the trend of affairs are opposed several salient events in the news of the day. Among them is the loyalty which the Moslem princes of India have demonstrated for the cause of the British Empire in the current crisis. Certainly, if there was any thought at Constantinople that the time when the British Empire is in a death-grip with a powerful foe would bring the anti-British sentiment in India to the focus of action, such an impression must have been quickly and thoroughly dispelled by the manner in which India has rallied to the crown.

Brevities.

Can any one ever again imagine there can be such a thing as "civilized warfare"?

Not what we suffer and experience in life counts for most, but what we thereby become. Everything else seems of little importance if these have aided in the growth of a noble and sympathetic character.

The exact place of the origin of the human race and its earliest directions of travel have been much-mooted questions. Now Prof. John L. Myers, in his "Dawn of History," shows that civilization began in the grasslands of Northern Arabia and Southern Russia, and was forced into further development by lack of rain. The famished tribes had to get out, and made their way to the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and to the islands of the Ægean Sea. There they met new conditions, and grew in strength and wisdom by contending with them and conforming to them.

A larger and more enlightened point of view is taken in the ethical study and appreciation of the composite national and business life of to-day. George E. Roberts of the United States Mint says on this subject, "Ignorant selfishness changes to enlightened selfishness; enlightened selfishness leads to a knowledge of mutual interests; and mutual interests develop the sense of mutual obligations."

Letters to the Editor.

The Difference.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

The principal difference between my younger friends who criticise my position seems to be that they insist that it is midnight in the religious world while with gladness of heart I hold that it is really four o'clock in the morning. I commend to them Lowell's poem "Above and Below," beginning "O dwellers in the valley-land."

G. B.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Study of Autobiography.

BY CHARLES H. LYTTLE.

The recent appearance of Miss Burr's "Religious Confessions and Confessants" recalls by iteration the merit of her earlier study on "Autobiography." A strong conviction of the value of the authentic personal record, both for comparative literature and for general psychology, led Miss Burr to publish in 1909 the first weighty treatment of the autobiography accessible to the English-reading public. French and German writers (notably Georg Misch, "Geschichte der Autobiographen") have adventured the field before her, but their works have not been translated.

On its appearance in 1909 her study was not accorded the literary attention which it deserved. Especially is this true in the case of those for whom the book has a religious aspect. It is certainly worth while, therefore, to recur to her "Autobiography" in a few brief lines.

Miss Burr offered in it, besides exhaustive bibliographical lists, a series of essays written in a facile and engaging style, crammed with anecdotes of her researches, and treating of the salient phases of the great mass of such material. The essays were entitled "Work," "Genius," "Love" (to mention but a few), and, in addition, an introductory chapter defends the veracity both of the autobiographical impulse and of the consequent records of lives. Why are self-studies written at all? This Miss Burr answers in a table of statistics, which show that the sheer fascination of introspection and retrospection supplies the dominant motive.

The later work, on "Religious Confessions," in a way supplements the former. The introspective tendency, the investigator found, was grounded in religious humility or penitence or the consciousness of moral victory. In this present work the impulse of confession is discussed with obvious dependence upon Henry C. Lea's "History of Auricular Confession." Beginning with the congregational confession of sin required in earliest times, the development proceeds past Origen, who heartily encour-

Digitized by Google

aged confession to a friend or a priest, to Innocent III., who made confession to a priest obligatory. Therefore, the written religious confession is, according to our writer, in one sense the issue of the early conventicle practice. This in turn is traceable to the pre-Christian rite of certain Greek shrines. But the instinct to unburden the heart of its wrong-doing by open acknowledgment, contrition and atonement is primitive and fundamental. It is primarily responsible for such vastly influential self-exposures as those of Augustine and Rousseau, and even such involuntary self-indictments as that of Catharine of Russia.

Again in this work Miss Burr resorts to the essay form of presenting her materials, and in a series of chapters seeks to analyze a wide range of religious apologies. Perhaps her most pungent chapter is that on mysticism, in which she tilts with Miss Underhill and Rufus Jones. She boldly claims that a close study of the actual religious confessions of most of the mystics will betray neurasthenic conditions or abnormal egoism, which with advancing health or age develop into insanity or disappear altogether; and the visions decline in the same ratio. Gardner's definition of mystic communion as "the flight of the Alone to the Alone" comes in for an ample measure of ridicule, and Angela Da Foligno's pride over the assurance from Christ himself that he loved her more than any other woman in the Vale of Spoleto looks petty and queer in the glare of Miss Burr's searchlight.

A fact of particular significance, and one which should be better appreciated, is that the introspective temper characteristic of the Stoicism which preceded and fertilized the soil for Christianity was the *milieu* of the autobiographical impulse. From Marcus Aurelius to Paulinus to Augustine is an easy modulation. Subsequently each revival of philosophic or pietistic introspection has stimulated a fresh crop of autobiographies. The Quaker Group of the 17th century, the Italian of the late Renaissance, and the Deist and Romanticist of the 18th and 19th centuries are ample proof of this statement. Many self-studies cannot, of course, be so easily accounted for; but the general validity of the theory is sure. Recall those records, well-known to our own circles, of Franklin and Harriet Martineau.

Apart from its interest as *belles-lettres* or psychological data, the autobiography has an immense moral value, and acquaintance with it is a rare means of self-enrichment. Cries Giuseppe Caponsacchi in "The Ring and the Book,"—

> "Priests
> Should study passion; how else cure mankind?"

Some didactic soul might to-day translate this to mean, ministers should study autobiographies. We lose ourselves in dilettante enterprise in the domain of philosophy, sociology, and poetry; we fail to mine in the antique continent of historic self-study, rich with human experience.

A great book is a master spirit's lifeblood; what of the deep revelations and sage conclusions upon life which the master himself presents us - Herbert Spencer as a casual instance? The great book is the expression of the soul through the ink of the pen; the master's autobiography is by the same medium the soul's Bertillon imprint. Josephus exclaimed, "These are my deeds; by them judge me." Spencer tried to write a natural history of himself. Arcana of personal experience, sacred, intimate, and therefore inspiring, lie open to our entrance and appropriation. An obscure frequenter of a public reading-room, through the medium of autobiography, may become father-confessor to the great hearts and minds of the past who by this solemn confidence enfeoff our pity, reverence, and love.

To be more specific: what actual values are proffered us in the perusal of great self-studies?

Pre-eminently, an acquaintance with the anterior springs of human motives. No cant—time, sorrow, wither it; no egoism—the battle is over and the sentries can exchange friendly greetings, human once again. Of this radical sincerity, so well verified by Miss Burr, we possess, perhaps, no better instance than Huxley's letter to Kingsley: "I tasted every sin; but for long years I have been painfully struggling toward better things. What have been the agents of my redemption? Not religion, but love, work, science, responsibility." Such an acknowledgment, though nugatory for pietism, is strong for humanism. On the other hand, we learn that Benjamin Franklin was even as decent as he was because more "errata" (to use his own suave term) would have entailed inconvenience, expense, and danger.

To read an autobiography may prove a moral stimulus, a spur to our lagging will. There is none more inspiring than that of Harriet Martineau—a processional of triumph, until from a hysterical and shrinking childhood she had become a "free rover on the broad, bright, breezy common of the universe." Less poignant perhaps, but not less instructive, is that of Miss Alcott, with its long record of struggle to give "Marmee" a good home, with a furnace and no worry. Once as she trudged over Concord Bridge to Boston she was tempted to throw herself into the deep, cool waters. Once while dining on a squash pie in a garret room an offer of a hundred dollars for a story came to her door. Her brusk little journal entries have in the reading given many a throat lump, but they are moral tonics.

Then there is companionship, close and stimulating, to be gained from the study of autobiographies. What a friend Mrs. Oliphant can be, through her journal, to the hard-pressed widow and mother! There is so much humor and by that quality lenient rebuke of our own follies. We cannot read Charles Darwin's admission without a twinge of conscience, "I tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me!"

One may graduate into autobiographical study from the love of biography, or attempt the latter field from the frontiers of the former. One thing, however, straightway begins to cloy the taste. The biographer rarely fails to eulogize. It stands in reason that to be perpetuated in a "Life" one must have been pretty well thought of by survivors. There are, of course, many biographers who have valued their subject's humanness above a factitious heroism, and thus linked truth with art. Wilfrid Ward's "Newman" is a case in point. As an example of unplausible panegyric, take the "Lee" of Thomas Nelson Page. The "Cavour" of Thayer is candid, though a bit too heavy with political and economic details to reveal the inner man; while the new "St. Francis" of Cuthbert is saccharine, unjust, and indefensible. Biography, after all, is like the organ, for so much depends upon the interpreter, upon the stops he uses, upon the quality of the pipes. The connoisseur in human records loves better the autobiography, because, like the violin, while less impressive it is more spontaneous. The quizzical self-revelations, the tell-tale signs of bizarre vanity, the indications also of sublime aspiration and the severer grandeur of self-realization,—they are first as well as last, and biography is relegated to the realm of the second-best. In writing upon the latter several years ago, I termed the world's treasure of biography a "Fifth Gospel." Autobiography is yet more than that—it is the echo of the incarnate Word. It is the titanic self-portraiture of our whole humanity unto itself, with a thousand vistas out toward the Mys-

Digitized by Google

tery from which our life derives. To all who would be master-knowers of the human heart it is summons, strength, and light.

"Just as a drudging student trims his lamp,
Opens his Plutarch, puts him in the place
Of Roman, Grecian; draws the patched gown close,
Then smilingly, contentedly, awakes
To the old solitary nothingness.
So I, from such communion, pass content."
—*Browning, "The Ring and the Book."*

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

The Unity of Churches.

If there is to be any healing of our "unhappy divisions," it must proceed from the position on which there is properly no disagreement at all. One of the chief reasons why this seems to be so far off at present is that the church as a whole cares so little for her great sacrifice of obedience to God, and so much for other matters which are honestly intended to help that sacrifice but really hinder its due celebration. As the Headmaster of Repton has said, "It has been partly through forgetfulness of the immensity of its task that the visible church has had so fatal a tendency to take its eyes off the oneness of the Spirit and to quarrel about the diversity of gifts and methods till it broke into little pieces." For "partly," it would not be unsafe to read "mainly."

Can this forgetfulness be denied? Read the denominational papers, the reports of church assemblies. Note the interest in distinctive denominational positions, the traditions of denominational history, "what the church stands for." These are emphasized and reiterated until we seem to assert, and are ready to believe, that unless men recognize adult baptism, or the necessity of a conscious conversion, or episcopal orders, or the independence of separate congregations, or the supremacy of the Pope, they cannot be in communion with God or enjoy the love of Christ—propositions which we really know to be false.. No wonder if we lament that men neither listen to the teachings of the church nor tremble at her rebukes.

Such is the nemesis that awaits our neglect of the heart of our religion. Not that these matters, so dear to our denominational loyalty, are to be expelled from our affections or allegiance. Let us be quite explicit on this point. It would be useless—it ought to be useless—to ask any convinced Anglican or Presbyterian or Friend to surrender the distinctive note of his own religious body. To do this would argue as sorry an ignorance of history as of psychology. Whatever has inspired men to courage and self-sacrifice and faith in the past has abiding worth, whether it be adult baptism, the doctrine of the inward witness, or the omission of the "*filioque*." To question the value of what some man holds sacred is to deepen his reverence and sharpen his resolve to be true, at all costs, to the banner that is being flouted.

But, after all, the flag that we reverence is one thing, the position that we have to capture is another. We are sent not to preserve our denominational system intact, but to destroy the works of the devil. "Whatever it is of distinctive truth as we see it [the words are Bishop Gore's] which justifies to our conscience our existence in separate communities, it is this, and nothing less than this, that is to make us resolute to combat sweating and insist on better housing." Can we imagine a day when these distinctive messages will take their true place in our counsels and schemes, as so many regimental orders and loyalties created for a greater purpose than their own existence, and limited by it alone,—the redemption of the world by love?

We must go further. If we are to save our life, we must lose it. The price of life, that is, is self-denial or, rather, self-effacement. We agree, in theory, that this is true of individuals. How do we know that it is not also true of denominations and separate churches? To insist on our special portion of the truth of the gospel, to push it into the forefront, to command others to recognize it and bow down before it, is to cultivate the spirit of self-assertion, which is fatal to the Christian character. No loyalty to the faith of our fathers can compensate for the sacrifice of humility. Let any religious body put its own traditional standards and war-cries before the salvation of the world, and it is lost. "*Que mon nom soit flétri, mais que la France soit libre!*"

It is one thing, in fact, to emphasize the denominational principle: it is another thing to regard as of primary importance the tenets of any one denomination. Inclusiveness must be the rule if we are to approximate to a common point. We may in time come to welcome each other's presence, as fellow-Christians, and even as guides, at our meetings for worship and counsel; we shall be wise to respect the forms which those meetings through the development of centuries have slowly assumed.

Inclusiveness, however, is possible only if there is a bond of union, a single enthusiasm or aim. Without it, opposing doctrines make any real alliance hopeless: with it, they become complementary principles. "I cannot give up the rite of absolution," says one. "I cannot cease insisting on the witness of the spirit," says another. But let both fix their thoughts on the great mission of the church, and both will find, when allowed to keep these precious and holy things, that they can use all that is thus given for that splendid task, and feel that every one else is the richer for it. The Unitarian needs all the confidence born of the sense of historical continuity which the Anglican can bring to the struggle against the common foe; and the Catholic needs all the resolution that springs in the heart of the man whose solemn and adult pledge to his Maker was sealed at his baptism. The denominational deposit is now no longer a shibboleth; it is a covenant.—*Extracts from an essay by W. F. Lofthouse, in the Constructive Quarterly.*

Spiritual Life.

The glory of a life is in the quantity of devotedness to God, in the fidelity with which the simplest thing is done, in the quantity of the higher life that can be thrown into the lowliest duty or the humblest position.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of life, and making the struggle and darkness narrower.—*George Eliot.*

Once let a man be sure that he has no other wish but to know the truth, whatever it may be, and he will find that he has taken a position impregnable to the assaults of doubt and fear. For herein is the abandonment of man to God,— an act of perfect trust.—*John W. Chadwick.*

We may set it down as a great truth, I think, that the sense of monotony and drudgery in our work generally shows that we have come to put our emphasis in the wrong place,—that we have become concerned more in getting our work done and off our hands than in the way we are doing it. Change the emphasis to the latter, and

Digitized by Google

the situation will be mastered. The sense of drudgery will vanish, and the life and the work will have another aspect.—*Minot Osgood Simons.*

So long as a clouded life is touched now and again by some clear gleam of sunshine, that may suffice; for it proves that the sun is still shining in the heavens. Once out of the cloud comes the gladness of the perfect day.—*Richard Rothe.*

To get good is animal, to do good is human, to be good is divine. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work is to show us what he is. The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves.—*James Martineau.*

However the ideal is made manifest, and by whatever name it is called,—father, mother, sister, brother, friend, lover, Jesus, Mary, Buddha, Brahma, God,—let us be glad that its compelling beauty ever rises on our hearts, ever soliciting our loyalty, and that, if we are not disobedient to the heavenly vision, some ray of it will be each day inwoven in the texture of our lives, to be a part of them forever.—*John W. Chadwick.*

The Clock and the Watch.

A canny Scotchman was changing his place of abode. Being of a thrifty disposition, he resolved to carry as many of his goods as possible in his own strong hands. When he came to his grandfather's clock he determined to attempt even it. Removing the heavy weights, he placed the big case on his broad shoulders. As he was staggering through the town a witty neighbor called to him through the window, "Donald, man, would ye not be doing better with a *watch*!" Indeed he would; for a handy, convenient timepiece, a little watch in the fob is much better than a grandfather's clock upon the back.

We were reminded of this story in reading our daily newspaper, the New York *Tribune*, which has printed for some days comments upon the examination of Union Seminary students by the New York Presbytery. It is the old and familiar story: the Church staggering along under its burden of old traditions, doubtful dogmas, forms, and ceremonies, resulting in endless controversies, till the condition seems hopeless. All the time on a convenient nail quite within reach hangs the beautiful little watch, skilful product of the master-jeweller and fully commended by himself to our use. He has said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To this he added one instruction repeated over and over again, "Follow thou me."

Let the troubled, burdened Church obey its master; let it eagerly, positively announce to all men of all the earth with a sound like the voice of a trumpet: "There are many matters of greater or less interest worthy of full and free discussion,—the fall of man in Eden, the authorship of the Pentateuch, Balaam's ass and Jonah's whale, infant or adult baptism, one or three orders of the ministry, the virgin birth, and miracles; but know all men that these *are not Christianity*. And know all men further that *this is Christianity*,—to love God with all your heart, to love your neighbor as yourself, and to follow Jesus Christ." Let the Church persistently, determinedly utter this one voice. It will be again as when the Master rose in the little boat amid the raging waters and said, "Peace be still." *And there was a great calm.—The Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Judas Iscariot.

BY CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

They cried out: "Away with him, away with him, crucify him."—ST. JOHN xix. 15.
He cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself.—MATTHEW xxvii. 5.

Betrayed! And I accursèd did the deed.
They bound him, and I heard the angry cry
Of many voices, shouting, "Crucify!"
Then I who sold my Master, in my greed,
Quick to the temple hastened with all speed,
There to Christ's innocence to testify.
Alas! the priests and elders gave no heed.
Too late! too late! He whom I sold must die.

Is there no mercy left in heaven for me?
He might forgive, whom even now they slay.
Yet what is done, is done. Where'er I flee
Remembered guilt must follow. Let the day
Behold my face no more, that none may see
With scorn the wretch who could his Lord betray.

The Specific Gravity of Humor.

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

For rivers, lakes, and seas the Creator made ripples and the iridescent play of light, and for the heavens the fugitive shimmer of clouds. Even so for the faces of men did he make flickering smiles and the prismatic tints of humor. Nor less varied than the multicolored clouds and their ever-changing forms are the multicolored lights of humor, as we now know it. For upon this faculty, as upon all others, evolution has paralleled the history written in the bewildering variety of tints and shades which appear in every fabric known to merchandise.

To our great-grandmothers red was generally a fiery cochineal, while blue was commonly thought of in only two or three shades. But now all the colors have been to college and specialized. As a result, we may hardly recognize the evolved descendents of red in their subtle chromatic variation now known as begonia, old rose, wild rose, Jack rose, claret, Burgundy, radish, grenat, manon, cyclamen, Bacchante, simone, begale, Isabella, rollier, golf red, chromo, corail, garnet, mahogany, and ashes of roses.

Nor a tint behind its sister colors in reflecting the refinements of evolution is blue, which reappears, under the cross-fertilization of the dyer, as marine, Copenhagen, Atlantic, Mediterranean, ciel, amethyst, smoke, heliotrope, turquoise, steel, electric, Persian and French blue, gentian, wistaria, beige, mistral, matelot, royal, comet, girofle, swallow-tail, elderberry, blueberry, periwinkle, canard, Alice, Wilhelmina, and Edison; and this by no means exhausts the list of blue shades, not to mention the chromatic niceties of all the other colors.

It is thus evident that an æsthetically evolved woman may match her spiritual tints in her apparel which far more minutely proclaims her than it possibly could in an age when the range of choice was comparatively meagre.

In similar fashion, the myriad shades of the modern illustrations of humor have widely different proclaiming values full of significance to the discerning. For what a chasm of culture lies between a garish crimson-colored jest of the Middle Ages and the subtle mountain-blue tints of the humor of Dr. Crothers. Witness the soft Indian summer shade that tones the statement that we would not have Dogberry put off the watch in favor of some one who could pass the civil service examinations. In this captivating whimsey we recognize a clerical de-

Digitized by Google

scendent of a jest of Sydney Smith's. To a Mrs. Partington, who had been speaking of Abraham and Isaac as "those old partridges," the Reverend Sydney gently protested, "My dear madam, you shouldn't make game of the patriarchs."

While it might be a somewhat difficult task to trace the lineage of all our latter-day jests, or to find the psychological shade of humor which corresponds to mauve, reseda, or taupe in the world of fabrics, yet we have them all, and many of them are easily matched. Compare with the royal purple of Job's irony, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you," its mauve-tinted descendant, a dramatic criticism of a certain production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The dogs in the play were well supported."

Edged though it was with sarcasm, Job's humor has unusual interest for us inasmuch as it is the only instance which the Bible records of a fourth dimension among all the myriad characters whose doings and sayings it chronicles. Possibly Samson might also stand out as another lonely candidate for the decoration of motley, on the strength of his retort to the Philistines who had pumped his secret from Mrs. Samson, "If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle."

Again, one feels a grim latency of humor in Solomon's proposal to the two women who wished him to settle their respective claims to the infant belonging to one of them. But these are solitary exceptions in a book which has preserved the sayings of hundreds of men and women. We are therefore led into wonderment over the difference between the two greatest books in the world, for one (Shakespeare) has more humor, of every kind, than any other book in the world, and the other has almost none.

The Old Testament abounds in sentences which record "hot displeasure" or the acts of some one whose "wrath was kindled." We also read of many occasions when somebody "lifted up his voice and wept," or "kept a solemn feast," but of smiles and laughter there is never a word. One queries, then, whether our dear old Biblical friends never saw a situation through the bifocal lenses of humor, or whether their biographers carefully expurgated in their history all the passages which may have been illuminated by humor. One inclines to the latter theory, since it is the transcendent gift of humor to make its own circumstances. So that even forty years in the wilderness must have met its humorous conqueror who wrought out of it an anvil to make the sparks fly while his character was being hammered out.

It is indeed to its marvellous adjusting power that humor owes its chief value and infinite variety. Like oxygen, it can combine with almost everything. In the pathos of poverty it fills the empty flour-barrel by joking about it as Hood did. Again, combined with an ethical warning, it makes an excellent remedy for the ingrowing complacency of the unco guid. Witness Mark Twain's powerful little literary capsule, "A man may have no bad habits and have worse." Anon, humor finds a man suffering from the flatulency of too great temporal prosperity, and writes upon the wall of his feasting-room the lament of *Life's* rooster, "What's the use; yesterday an egg, and to-morrow a feather duster."

How neatly, too, albeit so gently, did Artemus Ward prick the bubble of pedantic controversy over the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. "The plays were not written by Shakespeare," said Artemus, "but by another man of the same name."

With ignorance, inadvertence, pedantry, *gaucherie*, *naïveté*, and tragedy, humor shakes hands, and always with a Midas touch. Even in the presence of death it courageously waves its bright banner as it was waved in the last quip of Charles the Second.

Not only by fusion with the million phases of outer experience does humor effect its diversity, but each individual who possesses it gives to it his own peculiar psychological tinge. From no other head in the universe could we have had the stately movement of the inspired nonsense of the Jabberwock. Neither will there be another who can duplicate for us the comforting absurdities of Edward Lear and Hashimura Togo.

We thus discover that what the egg is to cookery, combining with hundreds of other ingredients, and always adding lightness and wholesomeness, humor is to all thinking and to our general reaction on life as a whole. Many a man's cake would have been dough but for his sense of humor, which made it rise in the oven of adversity.

As an ingredient of a soft answer, nothing is more efficacious than a judicious pinch of humor, and, mixed with an unpalatable truth, it often changes acidity to pleasant pungency.

Despite the many uses and benefits of humor known to the world, its real essence is as elusive as that of electricity. The world has named them both, but it does not know what they are. Both give light, but whence that light cometh no man knoweth. Like electricity, wit and humor flash their messages, which are recorded at the receiving and transmitting stations of the eye and mouth. But sometimes, alas, there is no receiving station for a poor funbeam, and it is wafted into the void; and very sad this is, especially when a man would like to twinkle a little euphugram to his wife or sweetheart, and she does not understand the code.

Some day, perhaps, a psychological genius will be able to find a common denominator of understanding between two people in one of whom the sense of humor is lacking, but at present the problem is an interminable study in surds and the incommensurable. Consequently, what passes as a pleasant peptonizing jest between two people endowed with a fourth dimension will produce violent *mal-de-mer* when taken by a man or woman with only two or three dimensions; and, as a large share of the world's current valuations and misvaluations has been made by men and women of two or three dimensions, humor has never yet been justified save of her own children. Fortunately, however, she has more children than she used to have, for the world has begun to learn that humor is a spiritual quality and exceedingly strong circumstantial evidence of adjoining territories of wisdom and grace. Like certain metals that are generally found in combination with gold, the presence of humor is almost always the sign of the presence of a fine quality of mental and spiritual ore. It was the author of the Gettysburg Address who could hardly get through an hour without a jest, and it was the poet who wrote the "One Hoss Shay" who was also the author of the "Chambered Nautilus," and one of the most inspired hymns—"Lord of all being, throned afar"—in use in our churches.

In one of his letters to Mrs. Jenkins, Stevenson admitted his instinctive habit of covering his deepest impulses and convictions with the shimmer of funshine, if one may coin a much-needed word. "You know," he wrote, "I think when a serious thing is your own that you keep a saner man by laughing at it and yourself as you go." The same habit to which Stevenson confessed is common to all true humorists, who know how to make a literary rainbow by refracting the light of a smile through a tear. In a word, the humorist is always a philosopher who makes the best of things, getting hold of the big end and ignoring the little end invariably seized by the man of little mind.

"Genuine wit and true humor," wrote Landor, "require a sound and capacious mind which is always a

Digitized by Google

grave one." But to those "whose seriousness is an incurable malady" humor simply leads into a blind alley. "Nothing," wrote Mr. Bagshot, "is so boring to swine as a diet of pearls," which is only a paraphase of Ruskin's statement that a man is appreciated only by his equals or superiors. Obviously, no man who is destitute of humor is qualified to measure its value. We do not look for musical appreciation from a man who is deaf. But if the number of our comic weeklies and the number of columns of twinkles in our newspapers may be taken as evidence, the world is learning what medicinal springs are the sources of smiles and laughter.

Even from the grave sociologist we have it that nearly all criminals are conspicuously lacking in the sense of humor. Alongside of this fact, consider the fearful crimes of the ages of religious persecution, an age in which religion was a kill-joy faith, unlighted and unsunned by a smile. Nor are we wholly emancipated from the influences of those earlier Procrustean beliefs. Despite the fact that a sense of humor gives a most effective lure to any man's religion,—not to mention its greater comfort to himself,—the world is still so shackled by the old association of piety and solemnity that many would raise half-protesting hands at the idea that the Almighty has a sense of humor. Yet we have the most reasonable grounds for such an inference, for how could a Being, himself destitute of humor, endow man so freely with it?

Not only man, but many of the lower animals as well, support this theory with their humorous capers. Watch a pair of frisking kittens as they cuff and bite each other "just for fun." What a column of jesting fancies is written in every curve of their tails and the sham tiger crouch of their bodies! Every make-believe bite and cuff is a chortling practical joke, a study in feline repartee, understood and enjoyed both by the youngest kitten and the oldest stiff-backed tabby who looks on and purrs, "Ah! just as I used to do when I was their age."

In a state of nature, most animals have this margin of frisk and frolic which borders on the humorous, saving them from the lock-step of a purely utilitarian gait. Lambs frisk, seals and dolphins play, and even the unwieldy whale may be suspected of something more than a purely pragmatic intent, when he indulges in a particularly well-directed spout.

It is his margin of exuberant friskiness that chiefly differentiates the race-horse from the hack, in literature or on the track. The same play of animal spirits, duplicated on the plane of human intellect, in one of its phases, takes the form of humorous clarity and wit. When we say a man is coltish, we are unconsciously recognizing the humorous link that binds man to his dumb brethren. Let out to grass, the mirthful colt kicks up his heels and snorts his *joie de vivre* with the same abandon exhibited by the jester who capers with his mind. So the exercise of humor might be called the letting of the mind out to grass or its loosing from the narrow, musty stalls of fact, where it is sometimes forced to crunch intellectual hay.

Yet, even among the lower animals, the same wide differences are found in humorous capacity as well as in the more subtle variations in the quality of humor. Here, as among men, there are brains apparently insulated from the genial current in question. The oyster, clam, the sportless hen and owl, so far as we know, never jest or otherwise give evidence of mirthful capacity. In the case of the owl, this theory finds support not only in the sepulchral quality of its tones, but from the fact that he chooses the night as their fitting background, while humor is a comrade of sunshine and light. One may reasonably suspect that the owl would pronounce the vocal caricatures of the parrot utter gibberish, unbecoming in a bird which might devote all its powers to owlish profundities if it only chose.

In addition to such testimony on the subject as is given to us by the volitional pranks of the lower animals, we may also find suggestions of humorous intent in the grotesque caricatures found among beasts, birds, and fishes who are sometimes nearly all mouth or bill, according to their kind. Even the flowers of the fields—notably many of the orchids—seem to wear cap and bells when they mimic the shapes and forms found outside of their own kingdom.

We therefore have a right to conclude that, as the Creator is supposed to possess in an infinite degree every faculty vouchsafed to man, his sense of humor must also be infinitely greater than man's. But it has taken centuries to dislodge the old conception of the Almighty as a God of wrath. It may take centuries more to conceive of him as a being endowed with an infinite sense of humor. The notion is sure to shock some one, but, if embraced, such a belief would go a long way toward establishing an *entente cordiale* between the infinite and the finite. Would there not be solace for us in the thought that even our worst faults and blunders are viewed by Omniscience with much the same tolerant amusement felt by a teacher who examines school papers, brightened by those choice misapprehensions which sometimes bloom in the unirrigated mind of a boy?

A touch of human nature is said to make the whole world kin. But a touch of humor narrows the relationship to a still closer kinship between all those who share it. By spiritual bonds they are true brothers, whatever may be their more material and physical pedigree. Whatever their vocation, too, by avocation they are all designers and weavers of silver linings for the clouds of life.

Though we may not be able to define humor (with all our appreciation of it), yet we may test it by the old adage, and know it by the company it keeps. The world's greatest thinker was its greatest humorist. Two of our greatest men, Lincoln and Beecher, dialed a large share of their hours with the sunshine of humor, and several of our greatest living American clergymen (whose modesty warns me to withhold their names) are as mellowed by humor as a ripe peach is with sunshine.

A long list of other great names might be given to strengthen our claim. Then there are always Mark Twain and Dooley, who could help one prove almost anything worth proving, for both of these authors illustrate most clearly the vital values and methods of humor. Where the prolix author would use the literary equivalent of fifty one-dollar bills to circulate his idea, Mark Twain and Dooley would put the same idea into a rhetorical fifty-dollar gold piece, possessing artistic as well as monetary value. Or, to translate the illustration to the field of physics, the specific gravity of humor, computed as a ratio between literary weights, is greater than in any other form of expression to be found outside the best kind of poetry.

Taking an aqueous platitude as an obvious literary parallel of the physical basis of measurement of specific gravity, which is rain-water, it will be found that the ratio between the weight of a humorous maxim and the weight of an aqueous platitude is about one hundred to one, the proportion of course varying according to the quality of the humorous maxim and the platitude in question.

Yet again, if humor might be subjected to a psychical test corresponding to those of chemistry, the analysis would show a large percentage of sweetness and light among its ingredients, for humor gives reasonableness and a sense of proportion. It is a pledge of sanity and

Digitized by Google

belongs almost always to a man with a friendly hand and a guileless heart In homely phrase, it is good "housing-stuff." In fine, funshine is to the intellectual world what sunshine is to the physical,—it lights and warms, and it has an antiseptic quality.

So, taking careful note of those who have humor and those who have it not, one is disposed to give most hearty assent to the dictum of melancholy Jaques, "Motley's the only wear."

CONTOOCOOK, N.H.

The Pulpit.

The Task and Test of the Christian Church.

BY REV. WILLIAM G. ELIOT, JR.

From the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.—ROMANS viii. 21.

The supreme and general task of the Christian Church is truly to discern and truthfully and effectively to meet the deepest necessities of the human soul, and the surest test is simply the degree of success attained in the performance of this task. A church is true, final, catholic in the degree that it meets this test in its worship, its word, and its work. It follows, then, that the test is not in numbers, not in length of years, geographical extent, material wealth, political power. These are not the final tests. Again, and more specifically, whatever may be said for the possibilities of Modernism, ultramontanism as such cannot meet the test. Every system of compulsion falls short. On the other hand also, sectarian exclusiveness, including our own, if we have any, comes short of meeting this final test. The different Protestant sects of Christendom, until they make amends and correct themselves, and only in the degree that they do so, bear in themselves the narrowness and defects due to the wrenchings and twists of their origin and of their history.

If no churches have fully met the test, it is something at least to see clearly what the test is, and that it is a common test for all the churches. If we admit that this is the true test of all the churches, then the primal test for our own Unitarian churches is found, not in the degree to which we justify to the world our separate existence, but in the degree to which we justify our existence. If we submit to this test, and in just the measure that we do submit to this common and catholic test of all the churches, we shall be all the more loyal to the characteristic doctrines of our own faith and at the same time be ready for change and for growth in any direction where these shall prove necessary, in order the better to discern the fundamental necessities of the human soul and the better to face these necessities.

The deepest necessities of the human soul which we and all churches must meet, if we would be final and catholic and do our full duty, inhere in the fact that the human soul is congenitally entangled and captive in the spatial, the biologic, the cosmic order. And with this fundamental fact are closely associated the tragedies of sin and the absurdity of death. Herein is found the deepest necessity of the human soul. Just here indeed we find a possible point of reconciliation with our orthodox friends. Our Unitarian movement began in protest against the doctrine of the total depravity of human nature. I think the doctrinal history of other churches proves that we did well, but have we not erred to just the extent that we failed fully to discern what that doctrine, that cruel and dreadful doctrine, was driving at? We countered with the affirmation of the divinity of man. Have we not erred wherever we have permitted it to be inferred that we believed that every human child was born endowed with all the moral attributes of the Supreme Being? Is not the truth and the fact intermediate between the bald doctrine of total depravity and of total divinity? Every human child is born abnormal. Nearly a quarter of a century in the Christian ministry, with rather a varied experience with all sorts and conditions of men, has convinced me that normality is not a congenital endowment, but a moral achievement. Every child is born abnormal; that is to say, every child, by virtue of the fact that it is both an animal and a moral being with ideas, is born with tendencies which, uncorrected, uneducated, unconverted, or unredeemed, however you wish to put it—which, unchanged, will lead that child as it grows older into greed, selfishness, sexual incontinence or perversion, and every possibility of jealousy, antipathy, fear, or despair. In that fact lies the soul's supreme necessity, and in the measure that that supreme necessity is discerned and met is our church, or any church, true and final and catholic.

The human soul is at the cross-roads. Christianity is at the cross-roads, civilization is at the cross-roads, because the human soul is at the cross-roads. Which road leads to a "dead end," and which road leads to eternal life? Out of the entanglement, out of the fatalities, out of everything that tends to separate and alienate, over-individualize, and pervert, which road leads to eternal life?

The process by which the soul is delivered at cost to God and man is the process of redemption, redemption because it costs God and man,—is the greatest of all historic processes, as it is the greatest of all human experiences. Its part in that process is the work of the church, and ought it not to be in these days peculiarly the work of our own churches? for that work must be based upon our fundamental faith in the reality and potency of the human soul. I suppose we must still vindicate the native worth and the essential dignity of the human soul against some of the old foes. We still must do that here and there; but in this present age there is a summons to meet other foes which in the name of all our history and all our martyrdoms and all our heroisms challenge us especially, and offer the peculiar test and special test that we as Unitarian churches must meet. In this present age, I say, we have not only the old foes to fight, but the new foes, and they are subtle foes. They are the children of the soul itself threatening to betray and destroy their own parentage. I will speak of them one by one.

Material discovery and invention are the children of the soul of man. I would not gainsay what they have done for the physical comfort and physical health of our race, nor is there anything but praise for what they have done in a very large way for our happiness in abridging distance and facilitating intercommunication, in spreading information, and so binding our race closer together. But when you have summed up all the achievements of discovery and invention and have indicated all points in which they have been true children of the soul, you have also to reckon with those things in which they have not been true children of the soul, but have threatened its dignity and worth. Whole regions of society are tainted with materialism and sordidness, and we are all obsessed with material wealth and its problems. We think we are playing the game, but the game is playing us; and so much has the economic question seemed the only question, that there are many of us in the world to-day who believe that all other problems,—physical health, education, self-control, family life,—everything, can wait until this problem is settled, and that when it is settled every other problem will take care of itself. Instead of

Digitized by Google

being a vital question, which it is, it is the only vital question, everything else relegated, side-tracked. While we are victimized on the one hand with sordidness and worldliness and social racing and luxury and effeminacy, on the other hand, and in reaction to this, we are assuming that the economic problem is the only problem, as if material wealth is all that there is for people to be selfish about at all, and as if all evil and all good are determined by economic conditions.

Civil and ecclesiastical freedom is a child of the soul of man, and what an epoch it has made in human history! What a glorious thing it has been to have the shackles broken! But such freedom without obedience, without the immanence of moral law pervading it, has brought a brood of social ills,—*laissez-faire*, exploitation, social anarchy, license, liberty unchartered and uncharted. Such freedom unassociated with obedience has taught us that it is one thing to have liberty, another thing to use it. The man who is not voluntarily in submission to something will involuntarily be the victim of anything. We need to learn whenever we are glorifying liberty,—to see to it that it does not get away from the obedience which makes it a positive and a glorious thing. Without submission to transcendent forces, freedom threatens the central consecrations and dignities of the human soul.

Modern science is a child of the soul, glorious—what need is there for me in this place to extol all that science has done? But science, or something masking under the name of science, is teaching to-day everywhere that the final test and criterion of truth and value is the physical survival of the group, and that the goal of social effort is an equilibrium of social interests with nothing said about the level at which this equilibrium is to obtain. There is pretty nearly an equilibrium of social interests in a beehive or ant-hill! Science is putting biology first, and biography second, and relegating the really tragic and the really glorious facts of the central soul—relegating those deepest necessities which inhere in the problems of the affections and of conscience, and, if it touches them at all, not interpreting them by ideal ends and meanings, but attempting at most to explain them in the things that it finds with the microscope and the test tube, and with the study of animals, and with the history of blind group movements. Unless science worships, unless it submits to facts instead if demanding that facts shall submit to it,—submits to facts, even if it must sometimes admit that the facts are too much for it,—and until science worships, until it confesses the reality, the sovereignty, the immediacy, the practice-ability of a transcendent order, it will betray the human soul. It is like the elm-beetle in the elm-tree. We do not know it is there until the tree shows signs of death. Let us be on our guard, I say, lest in all our facile compliance and agreement, in all our undiscriminating adulation of science, the soul of man be not betrayed.

Philosophy, too! If I even touch the greatest of present-day controversies, I know that some wise people will smile and say that I am jumping from the monistic frying-pan into the dualistic or pluralistic fire, or vice versa, but there is no trifling with that controversy. There are popular monisms or pantheisms to-day, seedling philosophies, that are vitiating the value of the human soul simply because they are taking all reality out of the moral struggle. They are making God a constant on both sides of the moral equation and therefore cancellable in all moral issues. They are making of man a puppet, a chessman, an automaton, instead of showing that the human soul in at least the one fact of indefeasible personal and individual reality is the peer of God. They are mechanizing the human soul and mechanizing its problems. Making all proper concessions to monistic philosophies, yet practically speaking, no monism can hold water which does not somehow include within itself a genuine and wholesome dualism, a real contrast between right and wrong, ugly and beautiful, treacherous and loyal.

Lastly, democracy, puissant and marvellous progeny of the soul of man! Again, as in every instance thus far cited, a true church must stand guard. A democracy, any democracy, will betray the soul of man to just the extent that such democracy worships itself as an end in itself and refuses to subordinate itself consecratedly to the reality, the immediacy, the sovereignty, and practice-ability of a transcendent presence. The voice of the people is not the voice of God unless the people are right; and they will not be right, except by accident, unless they have ideals and subserve ideals, unless they embody the purpose of God for the happiness, the true and unselfish happiness, of man. Unless democracy does that, even democracy will threaten the soul and disown its own parentage. Even to the extent that we suppose that the vast social movements (and I abate nothing of their importance),—to the extent that we suppose that they can solve all our problems and take from us the necessity of individual self-control and the sanctions that make for self-sacrifice, especially with reference to true home life, we err. Social movements may help, but they cannot take the place of those indispensable forces which attempt to discern and meet the deepest necessities of the moral nature.

I must associate with all these children of the soul which threaten the soul some of those movements which are reactionary against these very movements which I have mentioned. I refer to the score or more of pseudo-spiritual movements,—to some extent commercialized mysticisms and spiritual charlatanries,—popular pantheisms, which paint a road in perspective on a canvas and call it the way of peace; which paint the inside of the prison cell sky-color and tell us that the walls are not there; which offer a redemption by vocabulary,—a redemption failing to discern the reality of concrete pains and joys and thus bereaving us of the power to sacramentalize them through the creative force of affection and of the inner life of the soul, offering a quasi-, a pseudo-redemption of the spirit, of the hindered, entangled, captive spirit of man!

Have not our churches a peculiar and proper place in this new battle with subtle and treacherous forces in our age that threaten the life of the human soul? Is it not part and parcel of our congenital prophetic spirit to speak clearly on these issues? Is it not part and parcel of our native gospel to plead once again and to plead over again and perpetually the reality, the native worth, the essential dignity of the human soul, however it may find itself at the start of its human experience captive and entangled in the spatial order, in the world of biology and of cosmology?

Let us all beware a little bit of nature worship. We may sacramentalize nature but never submit to it except in those accommodations that are necessary and legitimate for a *modus vivendi*. While we are here we shall have to battle with nature and with natural instincts just as much as to comply, if we are to be something more than normal animals, if we are to be normal human beings in a spiritual society. It is only one side of the truth, perhaps, but I find myself insurgent against any longer being bluffed by the mere spatial bigness and mere physical force of a three-dimension cosmos. The remotest star is made of the same stuff as the macadam on the street or the hot vomit from a volcano! I refuse any longer really to be scared by the sheer bigness and fatality of things that cannot touch my soul. They may kill my body; they may involve me in things that it is hard

Digitized by Google

for me to battle with; they may pull me down; but they shall not victimize me!

We have found out that the true way to discern the great power of the human soul is not through telling what big things we have done and seen and heard in this world, but, on the contrary, by discerning very clearly the paradox of human limitations. All that any man can accomplish in this world is but a faint intimation of what he might accomplish if unhampered. Our body is a system of receiving and giving signals. All we know and do comes and goes through apertures in walls that shut out and shut off infinitely more than the apertures reveal or permit. All that we accomplish is by means of tools that hinder more than they help. None of us, for instance, has ever seen the other. We live in a system of signals. It is a mercy that heart ever can touch heart in such arbitrary and strangely evolved signals of throat and hand and eye; and how can we permanently confuse the living and invisible and immortal agent within, or identify it with anything that can happen to our bodies? Physically speaking, cosmically speaking, we are on thin ice all the time; but spiritually speaking, the foundations are infinitely deep. Physically speaking, our work is limited by our nervous system; but spiritually speaking, your pity and my pity would save the world if any of us had the nervous system to stand it, and to embody it, and to carry it as far as that loving pity would go to save and redeem our fellow-men.

There are values in the human soul (and we bring this fact in battle against all foes old and new),—there are values in the human soul whose reality and perdurance do not depend upon the accidents that may happen in five minutes' time now, in you or me, to the plumbing in the brain. There are ultra-dimensional and ultra-temporal values and meanings in human history whose vindication does not depend solely on the perpetuation of this particular planet, liable as it is at any time to cosmic disaster.

These transcendent facts of God and man, without which the deepest necessities of the soul cannot be met, —their truth does not depend upon anything physical whatsoever. They are transcendent. Just as surely as the three angles of a triangle equalled two right angles long before Euclid was born,— yes, when this earth was a hot ball in space,—long ago, and for ever and for ever,— so there are several other things of infinitely greater importance and preciousness that have always been and that always will be true. Whatever may be said for the doctrine of the immanency of God must be balanced by a fresh realization that when we are talking of the immanence of God we are talking about the immanence of *God*—the immanence of something transcendent; and it is the practice of that presence, it is the practicability of that transcendent order, it is the actually putting into practice, which is gradually to embody the soliciting and helping and pitying God into our lives and hearts and bring the kingdom of God into our human world. There is the supreme task and test of the church!

This is a work to be done (I must say this before I close) not for church people alone, but for all the world. The background against which we work is not the good people in our pews alone, but the great multitude in this and in other lands who are as yet more or less the victims of their captivities and their entanglements.

Every redemption is of God, and every kind of redemption is necessary that helps in the great task of the churches and helps the churches to meet their supreme task. Shall we strive the less for better physical and racial life? Shall we strive the less for social justice? Shall we strive the less for better schools and less illiteracy? Shall we strive the less for sexual continence and the strength and integrity of our homes? Shall we strive the less for international peace? Shall we strive the less for greater democracy? No, but these movements must have a soul. They will be sublimed and intensified by a true subordination to still higher issues. Otherwise they are simply letting people out from the prison cell into the prison yard; they are partial steps, parts of a larger process. What is getting out of the prison cell into the prison yard compared with the wide-open gate!

In 1869 for the first time in my life I crossed the plains from the Pacific Ocean to what we used to call "back in the States." I have just crossed the plains this last week for the thirty-seventh time. It has been an experience which has increasingly appealed to my imagination. I have seen a black swarm of bison on the horizon, and I have seen flocks of antelope fly over the plains. I have seen these things replaced by barbed wire and beef cattle. I have seen solitary red station-houses on the prairies changed into thriving cities. I have seen what were not more than small frontier villages and towns transformed into important cities, to be reckoned with in the history of the world. I have seen the beginning of a Pacific world, to take its place in history in its turn with the worlds of the Persian Gulf, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Atlantic. It appeals to the imagination, and over and over again it has helped me to feel the bigness of our country, and with latter years the bigness of its problems, domestic and international. But the appeal of such things to the imagination and to our churches and to any church is not complete until we have multiplied the total social problem by as many times as there are human souls, for only in the settlement of the problems that touch the central necessities of the soul and of all souls, shall we find the great task of the church, and in its performance the supreme test. It opens a new vision, and makes a new and inspiring appeal to the least and to the greatest of our fidelities.

The time has been too short to make clear my position in all its important bearings, and here and there I have cut across corners with terms too abstract. But may I at least leave with you a vivid sense of the contrast I have had in mind between two quite opposite world-views. I leave with you two vivid pictures illustrative of the contrast, as a kind of memorandum of the difference between a world-order governed by fatality and an order which opens into eternal things. Do you not remember in Livingstone's story how after a long journey with a group of savage people he reached the sea-coast and his savage followers were panic-stricken? They said, "Our fathers and our fathers' fathers have told us that the earth had no end; and now the earth says to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'" Compare that with the marvellous chapter in Xenophon's Anabasis, where the Greek soldiers after their long march, the vanguard of them, came to the crest of the sacred mountain, and the cry went up from rank to rank, "Thalatta! thalatta!" ("The sea! the sea!"); and the great body of the army, weary and disheartened and fearing treachery, hastened forward and gradually caught the meaning of the tumult. Soldiers and officers fell upon each others' necks and wept with joy. To them the sea was not the token of the end of the earth, but the sign and symbol of home!

My friends, may we all, in the power of such a truth vividly apprehended, try more clearly to discern the soul's deepest necessities and to measure all other movements in the light of that clear discernment, and, having so discerned, strive by ourselves and with others to meet the supreme test, doing our part with the saints and sages, apostles and martyrs, who have striven to redeem mankind from any bondage of any corruption into the real liberty of all that is glorious in our human nature!

PORTLAND, ORE.

Digitized by Google

Blind.

The Spring blew trumpets of color;
Her Green sang in my brain.
I heard a blind man groping
"Tap-tap" with his cane.

I pitied him his blindness;
But can I boast "I see"?
Perhaps there walks a spirit
Close by who pities me,—

A spirit who hears me tapping
The five-sensed cane of mind
Amid such unguessed glories
That I am worse than blind!

—Harry Kemp, in the Independent.

What's in a Name?

BY PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVÉ.

To the question "What's in a name?" it might be truthfully replied, that, since no names are the records of the development of spoken language and of the characteristics of a people, there is a large portion of national heritage in a name. For this reason, our Christian and surnames hold little histories in them, which unfold in a most interesting and curious fashion when one begins to study their ancestry and belongings.

In physical nature names are very nearly imperishable, mountains, valleys, rivers, and streams holding with astonishing tenacity to the appellations first bestowed on them and keeping their roots intact even in the case of gradual changes of inflection or terminology. Personal names, on the contrary, in the early stages of our racial development were transitory. They were not handed down in those days as they are now, but lasted, as Bardsley, the authority on the etymology of names, remarks, "only during the lives of the human beings upon whom they were bestowed." They became hereditary when the family life rather than the clan affiliation grew into strength and dignity. The period of hereditary naming began in the eleventh century, and was therefore coeval with chivalry, which held certain ideals of loyalty and the family life that have been lost in our modern ideals of progress.

Second, names or surnames grew out of necessity, as most of the things we possess to-day were acquired. In the earlier periods of our history, one name was enough. Adam and Eve and their immediate descendants were in no danger of getting their identity confused. Later on, when the Israelites were crowded together in the wilderness or coming in contact with other nations, they were obliged to use patronymic names, though the Jewish clan or family system made identification less difficult than it was to other antique nations. From the patronymic it was but a step to the local, and from the local just one more easy step to the descriptive element.

Greece and Rome, pagan but polished, were doing the same thing that the Judæan patriarchs were doing, identifying their individuals by a double name which described him or suggested his calling, as "Dionysius the tyrant," or "Socrates the wise." This system was lost when the Western Empire was overthrown, and with the barbarian conquerors the appellative alone was used.

Hereditary nicknames were in vogue with both the Saxons and Normans, for the aptitude to call a man what he suggests himself to be, either physically or mentally, belongs to the human family universally. It is astonishing to find these nicknames come down to us in such sober fashion. Our Grants and Grands are the descendants of their Norman progenitors Le Grands, and our later-day Fairfaxes and Lightfoots, Heavisides and Slows,—names found in English and American directories to-day,—are merely far-off offspring of the Harfagres, Harefoots, Ironsides, and Unreadys which dot the Doomsday Book and the Parliamentary Rolls. Sobriquets changed with the caprice of the moment, however, and a son might very naturally possess some peculiarity which gave rise to a descriptive title different to that worn by his father.

Individualization grew out of increased population and increased commerce. There must be some mark by which a man and his family might be distinguished. The sobriquet which described him became now a fixed part of him and passed down to his immediate offspring. This was the beginning of hereditary names, and as these sobriquets, or nicknames, were either the designation of property (as in the case of Norman barons) or were some local peculiarity, or name of the craft followed, or the title of rank or office held, they furnish a history of those who bore them, as far as rank, office, or vocation is concerned. This movement started in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, simultaneously with the interchange of travel and commerce.

Every surname in Europe, it is said, belongs under one of the five divisions—personal (or baptismal), local, official, occupative, and sobriquets (or nicknames).

The sympathies of a nation find expression at the baptismal font, and here we trace the ideals and prejudices of each century. The crusades made a strong impression on the names of Anglo-Normans, for instance Bible names became fashionable when the Templars returned from the lands of Christ and the apostles. Even stronger than this influence were the periods of the Conquest and the Reformation.

Under the Norman rule Saxon names went out of fashion until the Normans conceived the idea that it would be better policy to revive some of the names dear to the conquered ones, and in this way allay jealousy and bitterness. This accounts for the naming of Edward I. and his younger brother Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, and for the resuscitation of the famous name of Arthur in the person of the unhappy nephew of Cœur de Lion, who was assassinated by John Lackland's orders.

Those names that were popular in Great Britain before the Norman invasion have come down unaltered. Our Goodyears, for instance, hark back to Teutonic mythology, when the primary root "god" or "good" was familiarized as a chief component in a great many names which are still among us to-day.

The name Kettle or Chetill (as it is set down in Doomsday), or Cetyl, Ketel, or Cattle (as it severally appears in the Hundred Rolls), is reminiscent of the sacrificial cauldron of the Norse gods, and the English and American Kettells, Chettles, and Cattles may look back into the mists of pagan rites when they trace the history of their name, one whose quiet, domestic connection with hearths and crickets to-day has, notwithstanding, a pedigree of fearsome significance.

A happier meaning may be traced in the line of Godeberds, Gotebedded, and Gottobedde,—all of which go back to the beautiful Saxon Godbert, while our surnames of Goodluck and Goodlake and personal names of Geoffrey and Godfrey are descendants of Guthlac, a familiar cognomen in early pre-Norman days.

It is odd and amusing how far away from the original significance our names have travelled. In this connection there are some old lines that fit the case:—

"Mr. Barker's as mute as the fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-past three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney."

Os is a root word suggesting deity, and our Osbornes, Oswalds, Oswins, and Osmund long ago had, no doubt, something to do with heathen worship.

The popular name of Howard is not a form of Hogward, as has been unpleasantly suggested, but is only another form of Herewa, like our Harvard, closely affiliated with the highest ideals of education and culture.

For a great many of our names we claim direct Norman descent. Among these, Searles and Serles are notable. Emery, a name familiar in New England, though forgotten as a personal or Christian name, is a surname which was once upon a time important in its significance, being the same name under another form as the Italian Amerigo. The surnames this one bequeathed us are numerous, the Amorys, Emerys, Embersons, and, last but not least, the Emersons all being forms of the ancient word.

Sometimes a name of Danish origin became Normanized by the diminutives "et" and "on." Our American Brysons were originally from Denmark, and spelled their name Brice. The name of Payne was synonymous with Pagant of a period when the gospel had made its way into the cities, but had not reached the remote parts of the country, and when peasant and pagan were interchangeable words.

This use of pet names, or diminutives, caused great changes in the garb of names. Thus, from the old personal name of Ralph we have our Rawlins, Rawlinsons, and Rollins, besides all the Rawsons and Randalls.

The name of Hammon or Hamon is the progenitor of our Hammonds and Hamundsons and their kindred tribes, while the Norman-French diminutive Hamonet, corrupted Hamnet, became very soon a baptismal favorite. This name Hamnet was often spelled Hamlet, and as Shakespeare's son was christened Hamlet, after a baker of Stratford who was a great friend of the poet, it becomes an interesting speculation as to whether or not the infant Hamlet in the Stratford nursery may not have suggested the title of the famous play.

The popularity of the name John began at the time of the Crusades. Every palmer brought back from the Holy Land a leathern bottle of water from the river Jordan, and the name of John and Jordan became immediately the fashion. Our names of Ellice, Eliot, and Ellis are but forms of the Bible name of Elias.

With the Wycliffe Bible came another rush of Bible names. How eagerly did the people read that book of books when it was

Digitized by Google

posted up for all to read, and how they began to take names from its pages for their children! Then came the Reformation with its influences, when the names of saints fell into disgrace, and abstract qualities and prominent words from the Scriptures, and even familiar sentences, were used to represent Christian names. We are all familiar with Morefruit, Tribulation, Reformation, Free-gift, Delivery, and The-Lord-is-Near, and the famous Praise-God Barebone, but this individual brother took on a name which is not so well known, styling himself "If-Christ-had-not-died-for me-you-had-been-damned Barebone." It is not altogether strange that his friends and acquaintances found it convenient to abbreviate this appellation to *Damned Barebone*, by which he was known generally to both Roundheads and Cavaliers, to the Cavaliers' delight, no doubt.

Many of the names in our directories today are compounds of the old Welsh prefix *ap*, equivalent of the English word "son," and Saxon names and names of other origins. When this *ap* came before a word beginning with a vowel, it became incorporated. Ap-Hugh in this way became Pugh; Ap-Rice, Price; Ap-Richard, Pritchard; Ap-Rosser, Prosser; and so on. The Norman prefix *fitz* made the name longer instead of shorter, as did the Saxon suffix *son*. Names which still retain evidence of having been acquired from their *locale* are very numerous. The Brookes, Ashleys, Oakleys, Greenes, Atwoods, Leighs, Lees, and Leas have local ancestry behind them.

Names of occupation and title or rank are equally interesting, establishing as they do the earliest predilections and station of those who acquired them. Families bearing the name of Day, Daye, Deye, Daymon, or Demon are connected with the dairy. Our Winners and Boulters and Butlers, no matter what they be doing now, first were known by these several cognomens because they separated the flour from the grain, while our Wainwrights, Cartwrights, Carters, and Wheelers were so called from the crafts they followed, and important personages they were in those times. The tribes of Smiths were a most necessary part of the community, looking out as they did for the security of house and cupboard, castle and hall.

Double or hyphenated names like Burdett-Coutts, of monetary fame, are by no means peculiarly modern. There is a story of a certain gentleman whose name was Colley, who left a considerable amount of money to a friend by the name of Mellen, on condition that the legatee add his benefactor's name to his own. The heir to this estate, after due consideration, refused the bequest, as he could not bring himself to go about the world as Mr. "Mellen-Colley," which goes to show there are some men who put name before wealth.

"What's in a name?" Why the history of mankind and its fancies, follies, its faiths, its hates, its loves, are wrapped up in its names!

BOSTON, MASS.

Literature.

THE ART OF BEING ALIVE. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1 net.—These chapters on mental success and the way to make life what it ought to be for every one have been selected by the writer as including her most helpful and stimulating work. She wants people to be useful and happy, and she gives them the mental tonic that will put them in a position to see for themselves what they lack and how the lack may be remedied. That our outlook on life is important, that happiness is from within, and that training for the best things insures its proper reward is a doctrine cheerfully recommended and amply illustrated. "There is nothing the matter with the world, with life, with destiny. Everything we desire or want or need waits our claiming." It is the old, old rule that endures, that forms of expression change with each generation: "Love, trust, work, pray."

RELIGION AS A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE. By William Milton Brundage. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 50 cents.—Liberal religion is often presented as an intellectual system—indeed, it is so held by many of its followers. Less frequent is the presentation of a real spiritual life, which is inward and mystical, as the real core of liberal religion. This rare and valuable service is rendered by Dr. Brundage's book. It is crystal-clear in its theology,—there is no fogging there; but it is inspiring and persuasive in its presentation of religious experience. It makes real the God who is not so much apprehended by the reason as discovered by first-hand experience. The little book is a treasure.

PLATO: MORAL AND POLITICAL IDEALS. By Adela Marion Adam. ENGLISH MONASTERIES. By A. Hamilton Thompson. Cambridge: The University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cents net each.—These two little volumes are Nos. 68 and 69 of the series of "Cambridge Manuals," a notable series of condensed scholarship. They contain about one hundred and fifty pages each, and are delightful little volumes of a convenient size for a man's coat pocket,—the kind of man who has a receptive mind and capacious pockets. A distinct service to thoughtful people is rendered by these volumes.

THAT AFFAIR AT PORTSTEAD MANOR. By Gladys Edson Locke. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.—A mystery begins with the loss of a necklace, deepens with a murder, and is explained only after suspicion has had free course and lighted on one individual after another of those within personal knowledge of the occurrences. The author provides a humorous element in the endeavors of an amateur detective to solve the various complications.

THREE LECTURES ON MODERN POETRY

OFFERED BY

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF

"IN VIVID GARDENS."

Democratic Ideals of Contemporary Poets.
The Woman Revelation in Modern Poetry.
California Poetry.

For terms and dates address MRS. MARGUERITE WILKINSON, Coronado, Cal.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Ready September 1

[No. 276]

The Other Side of the Street

By

EDWIN M. SLOCOMBE

In this forceful and clear-cut interpretation of the parable of the Good Samaritan the principle of personal responsibility is given a wide interpretation. It is shown that not alone are the poor, the ignorant, and the unfortunate objects of Christian sympathy, but that "the needs of those who live on the other side of the street are as obvious as they are numerous,"—the needs of the *owners* of unsanitary tenements, the needs of the women who spend whole afternoons in card-playing, the needs of those who receive profits which they have not earned, and the needs of childless homes, all are included in the large programme of organised Christian activity.

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION AS TRACT No. 276

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Grown-up Me.

I do so wish that I could see
The grown-up girl that will be me,
Such heaps of things I want to know,
And she could tell me if they're so:

If they let her stay up till late,
And not go off to bed at eight,
And how it feels, way off in then,
To stay down-stairs awake till ten.

And if she ever wants to cry—
The grown-up me in by and by—
(But I don't think she could, do you?
If all the things I want come true.)

But when she's here, grown up and tall,
There'll be no "little me" at all;
So I shall never, never see
The grown-up girl who will be me!

—*Margaret Widdemer, in St. Nicholas.*

A Letter to my Grandchildren.

BY G. B.

This letter is addressed to E., G., C., and H.,—oh, well, to anybody who doesn't want to read it. It is all about pigeon-toed snakes, black-eyed muskrats, and four-legged pigeons that do not roost on the front steps at 11 Traill Street. At midnight the pigeon-toed snakes don't want the eggs of the four-legged pigeons, so they don't come thumping up to the front door and make a terrific noise, growling and howling as if the dogs were after them. This is because the black-eyed muskrats are too many for them. As they are not there, of course the pigeon-toed snakes are afraid of them; and when we don't get up at midnight and throw towels and stockings and all such hard things at them, they don't know what to make of it, and so they don't make anything.

The four-legged pigeons are quite different,—that is, they are not the same,—for how could a four-legged pigeon be like a pigeon-toed snake, when there wasn't such a thing as a four-legged pigeon or a pigeon-toed snake? These were very exciting times when we lay in bed sound asleep and didn't hear a thing from the poor beasts that weren't there.

But one night something didn't happen. The black-eyed muskrats didn't have anything to eat, poor things, because there weren't any black-eyed muskrats to eat it, if there had been anything to eat, as there wasn't. So what did they do but get into the dreams of a boy who wasn't there, because he was lying on his left side with his mouth wide open, which is something that can't be done by a boy who isn't there; so these dreams with the black-eyed muskrats in them went rattling around like corn in a sand-box when the east wind b'lows in a southerly direction. This caused the gaff of the sail-boat Aspinette to get tangled in the hair of the whistling buoy so that shrieks could be heard half a mile up and down the flagstaff.

Now every word of this story is true, or else it isn't; and it doesn't make any difference which way you turn it, but some think inside out is the best, because then you know where you are unless you are somewhere else, which sometimes happens when the fog-horn blows on a clear day just before midnight at one o'clock in the morning.

All the facts Rudyard Kipling put into the story of the "Secret Garden", which was written by Howard Pyle in Sherwood Forest.

Dorothy's Mistake.

Dorothy had a long talk with Mother as to what she should wear. Mother suggested a pretty new gingham as being dainty and suitable, if they should want to play games—

"But, Mother," said Dorothy, "Marian's friend is from Boston, and her father is a m-m"—

"Millionaire?" suggested Mother.

"Yes, Mother; and they live in a grand house, and have a cottage at the seashore, and —and— Do you think she would play rough games, as we do? O Mother, I would like to wear my pink silk!"

Mother smiled. She knew that Boston little girls were very much like other little girls; but it was hard to resist her daughter's pleading eyes, and it was better for her to learn some things for herself. So Mother helped her on with the pink silk. It was a pretty dress, of the soft pinky tint one sees in the inside of a seashell, and it was kept for very, very grand occasions.

Dorothy felt very fine, indeed, as she ascended the steps of Marian's house with Marjorie Marie in her arms. Marjorie was a wonderful doll who was also kept for state occasions.

Smiling, Marian opened the door. For an instant there was a blank look in her eyes; but it melted into a smile as she helped Dorothy take off her hat, and led her into the parlor to meet the little guest. Dorothy fancied that little Miss Boston also looked troubled for an instant, but she smiled very pleasantly.

Dorothy noticed at once that both little girls were plainly clad, and it made her feel quite over-dressed; but Marian ran upstairs for her dolls, and the little girls were soon seated on the sofa, admiring Marjorie and chatting merrily.

Suddenly Marian's brother Rob burst into the room in such a startling costume! It was not a baseball rig, and yet it was something like one,—bright red and yellow and curiously puffed and slashed.

"Come on, girls!" he cried impatiently. "It's after two, and we're all ready. Harry Lee's brought his trick monkey," he added with a delighted grin.

Marian gasped, and Miss Boston's upper lip trembled a little; but they were brave little girls, and very polite. They exchanged looks. It would never do to take that silk dress to the barn.

"Not this time, Rob," said Marian, quietly, giving him a warning glance; for she saw a troubled look on Dorothy's face. But Rob was so stupid!

"Aw! why?" he cried. "When you've been talkin' about it all day? What's got the matter with you?"

"We're not going, Rob" said Marian, firmly, with a little spark in her eyes.

Rob turned and stamped down the hall and slammed the door. The pleasure was gone from his afternoon; for he, too, had counted on dazzling Miss Boston with his trapeze performance.

While Marian was trying desperately to think of something to say, the troubled look on dear little Dor's face deepened. Suddenly all the visiting dignity disappeared, and she buried her head in Marjorie Marie's ruffled skirt with wild sobs.

"Oh, I wish I had my gingham dress on!" she wailed.

Then the other girls burst into tears. They crept as close to Dorothy as they could, but did not dare to put their arms around her on account of the pink silk. How Dorothy hated it!

All at once Marian sprang to her feet.

"Come upstairs and put on one of mine!" she cried excitedly.

Up the broad stairs the three little girls tore wildly, leaving that elegant French lady doll with her waxen smile buried in the fur rug in front of the sofa.

"Hurry, hurry!" cried Marian, as they struggled with the fastenings of the gingham, which was a trifle small for plump Dor. "We'll be in time, after all."

A moment later Marian was pounding on the barn door. Rob thrust his head out. He grinned broadly before he thought, then he took in the smile and put on an injured look.

"I dunno whether I'm going to let you in or not," he growled.

But he did at last, although he continued to look glum until Marian took him aside and whispered something in his ear. After that he beamed again. He fairly outdid himself in his trapeze performance, and felt fully repaid when he heard Miss Boston say with a chirp of delight, "Why, he's like a real showman!"

Then there was a trick dog, then other boys performed, and last of all the trick monkey brought down the house with his funny antics. Then followed a glorious romp in the barn, and a delicious lunch of apple turnovers and gingersnaps. "I never had such a good time in all my life before," said Dorothy, as she smoothed her tangled locks and donned the pink dress again.

"I never did, either," said Miss Boston. "That is the beautifullest dress I ever saw," she added. "I mean to ask my mother to buy me one just like it."

Dorothy smiled blissfully. Wise little Miss Boston! She knew how to draw the one wee thorn from Dor's happy afternoon. —*Mary Marshall Parks, in Sunday School Times.*

The Doll that Talked.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me!" she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep!"

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib, and opened her blue eyes wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you *can* talk!" cried Dollikins, joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice. "And you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I didn't have anything but mashed potato for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann.

Digitized by Google

"I don't like mashed potato. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

Dollikins's cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't have to. I wish"—

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more. It makes my head ache!"

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann, and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins. "I am very glad you do not know how to talk, my dear; for then you might be a sore trial to your mother!"—*Margaret Johnson in Babyland.*

A Little Girl's Story of a Custard Pie.

BY ELIZABETH BENEDICT.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Jenny Wood. Jenny was a good little girl, on the whole.

One day her mother made two nice custard pies, and then set one of them in the pantry to cool and put the other in the cellar.

Presently a little boy knocked at the door.

"Please, ma'am, my sister is sick with the croup, and ma's away. Won't you come over to my house and see what you can do?"

Mrs. Wood immediately put on her bonnet and shawl and hurried off after many charges to her little daughter not to allow the teakettle to boil over and not to let any one in; but in her hurry she forgot the pie in the pantry. After she had walked down the path and through the garden gate, she suddenly remembered that she had not told Jenny what to have for dinner. She quickly retraced her steps and told Jenny to heat up the stew that was in the cellar-way, which would be a simple dinner for a little girl of eight to get.

Jenny did as she was told, and heated the stew. She then said to herself, "I'll go into the pantry and see if I can find a doughnut for dessert." She accordingly did so, and her eyes fell on the pie the minute she entered the pantry. Oh, how good that pie looked! Jenny was fond of custard pie. She picked it up immediately, for she was afraid her conscience would say a loud "No!" if she stopped to reason with it.

She ate very little stew, but turned almost immediately to the pie. When she had finished, the plate was completely empty.

Jenny then washed up the dishes and sat down on the window-seat to read.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Wood returned. She looked at the clock and saw that it was time to get supper.

"Did you wash the dishes," she asked the silent Jenny, "when you got through?"

Jenny, who was pretending to read, was startled and stammered, blushing, "I—I—I—I ate it."

"Jenny, you should pay attention. I did not ask you about the stew; I asked you about the dishes. *Did* you wash the dishes?"

"Ye-es."

Mrs. Wood then said to herself,—

"Jenny has been a very good little girl, and, as she is fond of sweet things, I will have one of the pies for supper."

She went into the pantry and saw the bare shelf. She was sorry, but she said nothing about it, and went down cellar for the other pie.

Imagine Jenny's surprise when she saw the other pie on the table.

The supper was a silent one. Jenny was not hungry and did not eat any pie.

As Jenny trotted off to bed Mrs. Wood said to herself, "A confession is best when made willingly, even though it is a long time coming."

That night Jenny felt ill. Her mother went into Jenny's room and found the child weeping.

"What is the matter, dear? I heard you calling," she asked, soothingly.

"I ate the whole custard pie," she sobbed. "I thought I'd better 'fess 'fore I died."

"I'm sorry that my little girl ate the pie without permission, but I'm not sorry because the pie is gone, and I'm glad that you owned up. I'll not let you die."

Jenny soon recovered from her sickness, a wiser little girl.

Teddy's Query.

One brother was tall and slim,
The other chubby and short.
Teddy sat looking at them one night,
Apparently lost in thought.

"Mamma," he asked at length,
"Which would you like the best,
For me to grow north and south, like Tom,
Or, like Willie, from east to west?"

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Crow that wasn't Afraid.

A story of some crows that bothered Farmer Grandpa by digging up his corn is told in *Primary Education.*

"I believe they laugh at my scarecrow," grandpa said.

"Yes, they do,—I heard 'em!" Perley cried. "They got together in a regular conflagration [Perley meant congregation], and laughed out loud,—oh, very loud! 'Caw! caw! caw!'—if that isn't their way of saying 'haw! haw! haw!' then I'm mistaken."

Grandpa smiled.

But it got to be no smiling matter at all. Things began to look serious indeed out in the corn-patch. At last grandpa hit upon a device. He came in to breakfast one morning looking quite satisfied and happy.

"I've got 'em now," he said complacently.

"Got who, David?" dear old grandma asked.

"The crows,—every mother's son of 'em! Let 'em dig up my corn-rows now if they want to! I've spread that enormous blue umbrella that the whole family used to go to meeting under when I was a boy. I've got it out there in the middle of my corn-patch, looking like a giant mushroom."

"Or a circus tent," put in Perley, gleefully. He had been walking all around the corn-patch in a triumphant procession of his own.

"I guess they'll laugh o' the inside of their mouths now!" he exulted.

But that noon, at dinner-time, Perley came in out of the blazing sunlight with his little red, moist face drawn down lengthily. He waited till after grandpa asked the blessing and filled all the plates. It was hard work to "break it" to grandpa; but when you had a thing to do, you had better do it before you began on your mashed potatoes and chicken. It was good reasoning, and Perley straightened in his chair.

"Grandpa," he said solemnly, "there's a crow sitting under that umbrella down in the corn-patch. I saw him. He looked real cool and comfortable, out o' the sun."

Full Day for Mr. Beaver.

If you would like to know just what it means to be "busy as a beaver," read what Harper's *Weekly* has to say about how one little brown fellow put in a day in a London park:—

"A young beaver was once placed at work on a tree twelve feet long and two feet six inches thick just as the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the tree a foot above the ground.

"That done, he attacked the wood. He worked hard, now working, now dipping in his bathing-pond. He bathed and labored alternately until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he ate his supper of bread and carrots, and paddled about in his pond until 5.30.

"Ten minutes later, when only one inch of the tree's diameter remained intact, he went back to his work and the tree fell. Before it fell the beaver ran as men run when they have fired a blast. Then as the tree lay on the ground he measured it off mentally and again began to gnaw.

"He worked at intervals all night, cut the log into three parts, rolled two of the portions into the water, and reserved the other third for his permanent shelter. The work done, he took a bath."

Mother: "You know what a party is, don't you, dear?" Doris, aged four: "Yes, mamma; a party is where you go and stay a little while and pass your saucer back for some more and stay another little while and go home."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Come, sir," said the teacher to the boy at the foot of his class, "how do you pronounce 's-t-i-n-g-y'?"

The boy at the foot answered thoughtfully, "It depends on whether the word is applied to a human being or to a bee."—C. V. M.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Prayer at the Peace Conference in Constance.

Before the prayers, Bishop Nuelsen of Zürich reminded the delegates that they were not praying alone that morning, that in thousands of churches and from millions of hearts of men and women prayers were now ascending to the throne of God that this conflict of the nations might be avoided. Let us remember that these wars were not begun by the people. He had just come from two great international gatherings, where members of all nations had been sitting about the Lord's table together. These were not the men who made war. They with us were lamenting these dark days. Even though this war came, and lasted long, after it was over the real Christians of all lands would again get together and plan for a time when Christian brotherhood should supplant war.

Then came the time of prayer. If ever the meeting in the Upper Room has been repeated in history, it was in that hour. Outside Germans, French, and English were going out to fight one another; here Germans, French, and English were kneeling in prayer. Outside the people were calling for blood; here representatives of twelve peoples were praying for increased love for one another. Outside the Germans, French, and English were hurling epithets of hatred and revenge at each other; here they were pledging themselves in new ties of brotherhood in Christ's kingdom of good will. Representatives of five nations were called upon for prayer. First, I was asked to pray as representing America. I have prayed for public gatherings perhaps five thousand times in my life, but never before this morning did I realize what it was to voice the cry of the people before me, and of the world. I had no conception of what I should say when I arose—I have no idea now of what I said. I only know that my heart was bleeding for the sins of the world, and I saw a vision of millions of little children who were soon to roam the devastated cities hungry, cold, fatherless. I saw the mad orgy of lust, vice, drunkenness, hatred, cruelty that was to be loosed, and I felt for once something of what Christ felt in Gethsemane. I could only beseech God over and over again to spare us this thing, and to teach men that Christ's test of discipleship was that they should love one another.

After I had finished praying Dr. Siegmund-Schultze, as representing Germany, prayed, and Dr. John Clifford from England. Then Dr. Marius Dumesnil from France, and Dr. K. Böhringen from Switzerland. It is too bad these great prayers could not have been printed and distributed by the millions among the nations. It is too bad the governments who were waging war against each other could not have heard Germans praying for God's blessings on France and England; English and French praying for God's blessing upon Germany. Still kneeling we remained a time in silence. Then those who had sufficient control of themselves to utter words continued to lift our hearts unto the Lord. As I sat there it came over me when the peace of the world should come. It would be when the peoples of the various nations felt toward one another as we in that room felt toward one another. I looked up once and there before me I saw a German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman kneeling so close together that their arms touched. Nothing in heaven or earth could have made those kneeling disciples of the Lord fight one another.

I believe there are many people in every nation who have reached this stage of real Christianity. I believe this feeling is spreading among the people. I find it among working-men in Europe. It found expression in the streets of Paris. It would have found considerable expression among the working-men of Germany had not the Kaiser prohibited all assemblies of the people. I have increasingly found it among the pastors of the churches, especially in America and England. It is growing everywhere. The pity of it is that it has not reached the dignitaries of either state or church in two or three nations. Had every Protestant pastor in Germany reached the point of real Christianity that those Germans kneeling beside the English at Constance had reached, and had the Roman Catholic priests in Austria reached the point that those priests of the various nations have reached who were to have knelt side by side in prayer the week after our Constance meeting—in that very city of Liège which now lies in dust and ashes—in a conference similar to ours, this war would not have been. This is all there is to the peace movement—to bring the leaders of the church, the nation, the trades unions, the social democracy, to the point of Christian brotherhood those kneeling disciples had reached in that quiet chamber of the Lord at Constance. It is all so simple, so easy, so near, but so seemingly impossible, so hard, so far off.—*Rev. Frederick Lynch, in the Christian Work and Evangelist.*

The Mission at Gratz, Kentucky.

BY CURTIS WILLIFORD REESE.

Gratz is a small village on the Kentucky River, nineteen miles from a railroad. It has three churches, and is rampant in its orthodoxy. Close communion, alien-immersion, final preservation of the saints, sanctification, the unpardonable sin, the exact size of heaven, and literal hell-fire are "vital" questions. The old joke about a Baptist church singing, "Will there be any stars in my crown?" while a Methodist church across the street sang, "No, not one, no, not one," is said to have originated in Gratz. This joke is certainly true to truth, if not true to fact.

I was once student-pastor of the "Baptist Church of God" at Gratz and at the same time pastor of the "Baptist Church of Jesus Christ," three miles from Gratz. These two churches had a membership of four hundred and employed me for half time. Great was their surprise upon learning that their former pastor had "become a Unitarian," "fallen from grace," "forsaken the faith," "become an infidel," "denied the authority of the Bible," "turned his back upon Jesus," and "committed the unpardonable sin." But greater still was their surprise upon hearing that this same former pastor had contracted for the Opera House, and would lecture eight evenings on Liberal Religion.

Any fear that I may have had as to the size of my audiences vanished when I was told that the local pastors had advised their members to stay away. "When a man talks about you, put him on your pay-roll; no matter what he says, just so he talks." Leading church members openly declared that I "ought to be hanged," while others, less æsthetic, suggested "eggs." I distributed posters for miles around, and these, together with community gossip, thoroughly advertised the lectures.

On the day announced to begin, Sunday, Aug. 23, 1914, the manager of the Opera House left town, no one could find the keys, and the private dynamo was out of repair. This state of affairs was known to me only about forty minutes before time to begin. I got a boy to climb in a window and open the house from the inside, we then borrowed coal oil lamps, and, notwithstanding two conflicting church services, between seventy-five and one hundred people were present, some of whom had come nine miles. After stating that the Constitution of the United States provides for freedom of speech, and that my own constitution demands the same, I spoke on "The Modern Awakening." Monday evening the audience was double that of Sunday. I secured a rough box for a pulpit, and spoke on "The Unitarian Fundamental: Character"; Tuesday, "God: The World Capacity for Good"; Wednesday, "Rationality in Religion"; Thursday and Friday, "The Bible the Fallible Word of Man, not the Infallible Word of God." These two addresses on the Bible caused considerable stir. Friday evening several came for miles through one of the hardest rains I have ever witnessed. Saturday I spoke on "The Deity of Jesus," and standing-room was at a premium. As to my belief in Jesus every conceivable rumor had gone abroad, hence the large crowd. Sunday, the closing evening, I reviewed the previous addresses, answered some wild rumors, and spoke on "World Religion." Extra seats were brought in, and the Opera House was packed to its utmost capacity. More than twenty-five men and boys rode horseback for from six to nine miles, in order to attend this last lecture.

All through the series the interest was intense. Never have I seen men more anxious to catch every word from the speaker, and, as the week drew to a close, I heard from every direction of young folks, and many older people, who were saying that they "believed like Brother Reese." Young people whose parents had been styled "infidels" for half a century, openly affirmed their belief in the faith of their fathers. One family revealed the fact that their deceased father, a noted physician, who for fifty years had been called an "infidel" and "atheist," was a Unitarian, and members of this family attended every lecture, in order to learn what their father had believed.

I asked for no "joiners," took no collection, and had no one solicit funds, paying for the Opera House myself, except $1.15 voluntarily contributed by two men more thoughtful than the rest. I have contracted for the same Opera House for Aug. 29, 1915, and hope to be able to induce some conference, association, or individual to back me in similar missions elsewhere. Only an infinitesimal per cent. of the county seats of the South have ever heard an address on either liberal or world religion, and to the inhabitants of these towns and cities Unitarianism is the supreme heresy of the ages. Surely this is a call big enough to challenge and

Digitized by Google

arouse all that is progressive in Unitarianism, Universalism, and all that calls itself liberal religion.

ALTON, ILL.

The Ministers' Institute.

A programme has been sent to every minister of our fellowship, and it reveals a strength which equals, if not exceeds, the very best programmes of the Institute of the past. Of the new men Prof. Schmidt of Cornell will bring two stirring messages that we cannot afford to miss, and Prof. Kirsopp Lake is sure to make us grateful for his coming. The other speakers tried and true, and, for the most part, well known, are very deserving of our coming to hear them.

The directors have tried to include in the programme all types of thought, believing that the highest stimulus comes from honest differences of opinion freely expressed, and that friction of minds means the development of strength. The programme ranges from theological topics to such practical ones as "The Strength and Weakness of our Theological Schools" and "Church Efficiency," while social questions are by no means neglected. In the Lloyd George movement we are face to face with a very vital problem and one that may have far-reaching consequences in our day.

Every minister will surely be benefited by this meeting, and we expect a record-breaking attendance. If you have not already secured a room, write at once to Mr. J. W. Jordan, New Cliffs Hotel, Catherine Street, Newport, R.I. Please remember the date, September 21–24.

The Ministers' Institute will be held at Newport, R.I., Sept. 21–24. The programme is as follows:—

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

8 P.M. Opening address by President Southworth, followed by an address by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University, on "Religion and Literature."

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

9 A.M. Devotional service conducted by Rev. Sydney B. Snow of Boston.

9.30 A.M. "The Relation of Modern Physical Speculations to Religion," Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Winchester, Mass.

10.15 A.M. "The Theory of Religious Knowledge," Prof. Francis A. Christie, D.D., of Meadville.

11 A.M. Recess.

11.15 A.M. Address by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, "Recent Tendencies of Religious Thoughts."

2.30 P.M. "A Religion for To-day": "Its Ethics," Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer; "Its Theology," Rev. Sidney S. Robins of Kingston, Mass.; "Its Faith," Rev. Albert Lazenby of Lynn.

4.15 P.M. Cliff Walk.

8 P.M. Address by Prof. Kirsopp Lake, D.D., of Harvard University. Subject to be announced.

9.30 P.M. Reception to the ministers by the people of Channing Memorial Church.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

9 A.M. Devotional service conducted by Rev. John H. Lathrop of Brooklyn, N.Y.

9.30 A.M. "The Strength and Weakness of our Theological Schools," Prof. Henry W. Foote and Rev. S. M. Crothers, D.D.

11 A.M. Recess.

11.15 A.M. "Immortality," Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D.

2.30 P.M. "Church Efficiency": "The Place of the Church in the Community," Rev. John H. Applebee of Syracuse, N.Y.; "Organization of the Congregation," Mr. W. H. Sayward of Boston; "Church Publicity," Rev. Edgar S. Wiers of Montclair, N.J.

4.15 P.M. Automobile ride.

8 P.M. Address by Prof. W. W. Fenn, D.D., "The Use of Experience in Theology."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

9 A.M. Devotional service conducted by Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge of Cambridge, Mass.

9.30 A.M. "The Lloyd George Policy in England," Rev. Edmund H. Reeman of Lancaster, Pa., and Rev. C. A. Wing of Concord, N.H.

10 45 A.M. "Political Liberalism in England and America," Rev. George Croswell Cressey, Ph.D., D.D.

11.30 A.M. Adjournment.

The excellence of the programme, the reasonable rates of the New Cliffs Hotel, the attractions of Newport, and the opportunity of getting together for the deeper things ought to bring a large number of our ministers to this meeting. The Institute needs money for its expenses, and every minister is asked to join the Institute by sending his membership fee of one dollar to Rev. Frederic J. Gauld, Treasurer, Leominister, Mass.

The evening meetings will be held in the Channing Memorial Church, all others in the parish house.

The price of rooms *with* board will be: "Two persons in one room, with bath, $3 per day, each person; two persons in one room, without bath, $2.50 per day, each person." Apply early to Mr. Joseph V. Jordan, New Cliffs Hotel, Catherine Street, Newport, R.I. The hotel is about ten minutes' walk from the station and very near Channing Memorial Church

Arrangements have also been made for entertaining a limited number of ministers in private houses, or otherwise, without expense to them. Ministers wishing to avail themselves of this arrangement are requested to write at once to Rev. William S. Jones, 29 Kay Street, Newport.

A Letter from Prof. Eucken.

From one of the greatest and largest-minded of the German race Dr. Wendte received the following letter. It should give us food for reflection, and kindle our sympathy, whatever our present judgment may be.

It was written from Jena, August 17.

"Our plans for travel have been destroyed by the world war. We had arranged for our journey to Japan, and had secured passage on the Siberian Railway for the beginning of September, but now comes suddenly the great overturn and transforms Europe into an armed camp. But there is something great and uplifting in the unity, firmness, and assurance of victory which Germany displays in this state of affairs. Certainly never in its history was Germany so united and so great. Our two sons also have gone to the war, and the youngest is probably already in the midst of battle. All men competent for military service present themselves. Everything presses forward to take up arms. The feeling of embitterment is strongest against England. It will hereafter always be counted our worst enemy, and our intellectual work together will be ended for an incalculable time. The more, however, do we hope for a close and friendly relation with America.

(Signed) RUDOLPH EUCKEN."

The Francis David Memorial.

Report to Sept. 10, 1914:—

Previously acknowledged	$632.35
Rev. Earl M. Wilbur	10.00
David Rowen	10.00
Bernard R. Rose	1.00
Miss F. C. Damon	1.00
George H. Nutting	10.00
First Unitarian Church, Cleveland, Ohio, through the A. U. A.	169.82
Total	$834.17

This money has been placed on interest at the Western Saving Fund Society of Philadelphia. The war will put an end to this project for a long time. Our brethren in Hungary will have little heart or money for a monument to an ancient prophet while their youth are dying on the battlefield. But some time we shall take the matter up again. If that should be only after many years, then our fund will have grown to be large enough to assure the success of the enterprise. Additions may still be made to it.

CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.
WILLIAM C. GANNETT.
CHARLES W. WENDTE.

The Alliance.

The meeting of the Executive Board was held September 11. Miss Bancroft presiding. It was a pleasure to have present visiting Alliance women from New York, Texas, and Victoria, B.C.

The Junior Fellowship Committee urged that the question of the young people be made of prime importance the coming year, and that work in this direction be done systematically. It suggests that local conditions be studied to find out what kind of an organization is best suited to the locality. Then that the most magnetic personality available be brought forward to start enthusiasm for a Junior Alliance, a Camp Fire group, a dancing class, or whatever seems to be the need of the hour,—leaving the development of such work to an inspired group of local members. The Board voted to lay special emphasis this year on the interests of the young people in our various societies.

The Committee on College Centres asks that names of students who go out from home at this time be sent to the minister or Alliance president of the college town to which they go, or to the central committee.

The Southern Circuit Committee reported a busy summer in North Carolina and Florida. Open air concerts at Swansboro have been successful and inspiring. Mr. Key at Shelter Neck has given great assistance in the canning of fruit, an industry that the State has undertaken to develop. Mr. McHale has new opportunities to speak. The work at Marianna is prospering. The library is much

Digitized by Google

appreciated. Will those who send books to Mr. McHale kindly forward by freight? Some heavy express charges have had to be met. It is a great help when the transportation rates are paid by the sender.

There is no present need of old clothing at Dix House. Money is needed. Fifty dollars is the amount of a full scholarship in the Carolina Industrial School. Ten dollars will serve for a pupil who lives at home. And there is always the opportunity to contribute to the settlement work carried on in North Carolina.

The three regular appeals are renewed, for Green Harbor, Mass., the Meadville and Pacific Schools for the Ministry.

The catalogue of the enlarged lending-library is printed and may be had on application to the librarian, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. The General Theological Library does not lend books out of New England, and the librarian there is glad to be able to refer such applicants to our well-filled shelves.

Two deaths of life members were reported: Mrs. E. N. Bell, once director for New Jersey; and Mrs. Judith W. Andrews, first president of the National Alliance.

The following directors have been elected: Mrs. Lillian B. Gates of Westboro, Mass.; Mrs. W. Arthur Cairns of West Hartford, Conn.; Miss Elizabeth Eschenburg of Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. John A. Love of Bellingham, Wash.; Mrs. Florence G. Bale of Winnipeg, to represent Western Canada; Mrs. David P. Hueston of Hinsdale, Ill.

Mrs. E. L. Osgood of Boston is elected chairman of the Post-office Mission Committee.

The Social Service Committee consists of Mrs. Alva Roy Scott, Bangor, Me., chairman; Mrs. Hubert Arrowsmith, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss Lilla Newhall Breed, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. John W. Day, St. Louis Mo.; Mrs. Caleb S. S. Dutton, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. George H. Root, Winchester, Mass.; Mrs. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.

Mrs. Claude U. Gilson has been made editor of the Alliance department of *Word and Work*.

The women's society at Marlboro, Mass., has become a branch of the Alliance.

Miss Spalding of Dallas brought greetings from the South. Mrs. Harding, formerly director for New Jersey, reinforced the appeal for interest in the young people. Mrs. Cross spoke of the large work of the Washington, D.C., branch for social service for young people, and their successful efforts in raising money for the new church. Mrs. Lovekin told of the little group of eleven women in the branch at Victoria, B.C., now looking forward to the coming of a minister from England to carry on the good work begun by Mr. Pratt.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer made an earnest plea for co-operation with Meadville, Mrs. Guild for the same with the Tuckerman School, to make it possible for lay women to fit themselves to be parish workers and to help the churches in this way to meet the needs of the world to-day. The call is for the trained lay worker who is eager to save the world through the church. The Social Service Committee of the Alliance will take the matter under consideration.

The next meeting, October 9, will be Directors' Day, when each director will present in writing suggestions for the strengthening of our work.

American Unitarian Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1914, at 2 P.M. Present: Messrs. Atherton, Carr, Fox, Howe, Little, Pierce, Richardson, Robinson, Williams, Wilson, Miss Bancroft, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Dinsmoor, and Mrs. Loud. In the absence of the president, the vice-president, Mr. Carr, presided.

The treasurer presented the following report:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand May 1, 1914	$36,144.13
From donations	6,782.49
British and Foreign Unitarian Association, for missionary work in Canada	406.03
Bequest of Mrs. Mehitable Calef Coppenhagen Wilson of Cambridge, Mass., additional	3,680.00
Bequest of William Augustus Rust of Boston, additional and final payment	600.00
Bequest of Mrs. Caroline B. Allen of Dorchester, Mass., to create the Caroline B. Allen Fund	10,000.00
Bequest of Samuel P. Gates of Bridgewater, Mass., to create the Pearly and Mary Burr Gates Fund	10,000.00
Bequest of Samuel P. Gates of Bridgewater, Mass., to create the Samuel P. Gates Fund	2,000.00
Gift of Miss Helen F. Kimball of Brookline, Mass., to create the Moses Kimball Memorial Fund	5,000.00
Bequest of Miss Mary S. Curtis of Brookline, Mass., to create the Mary S. Curtis Fund, on account	5,000.00
Foreign Relations, gifts	143.35
Interest	145.38
Income of invested funds	53,607.29
Reimbursements for advances on Unitarian Building Account	48.03
Reimbursement for advances on General Missionary Work Account	75.00
Reimbursement for advances on Reserve Fund Account	388.39
Investments, received for reinvestment	11,962.50
Unitarian Service Pension Society, interest	7.94
Unitarian Service Pension Society Permanent Fund, gift	40.00
Church Building Loan Fund, interest	392.56
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, repaid on loans	4,930.00
Publication Department	2,000.00
	$122,943.07

PAYMENTS.

For missionary purposes (societies, etc)	$25,425.11
Salaries and other missionary expenses	6,072.61
Expenses of Unitarian Building	1,567.04
Payments on account of sundry trust funds	19,741.00
Church Building Loan Fund, sundries	4.03
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, loans	8,500.00
Unitarian Service Pension Society, pensions	3,517.92
Investments	32,000.00
Publication Department	5,050.00
Cash on hand Sept. 1, 1914	20,465.36
	$122,943.07

Upon recommendation of the Finance Committee, the following votes were passed:—

Whereas, Miss Helen F. Kimball of Brookline has given to the American Unitarian Association five thousand dollars to be known as the Moses Kimball Memorial Fund, to be held on certain trusts for the benefit of the school at Shelter Neck, N.C., maintained by the Carolina Industrial School Board, or otherwise as hereinafter set forth.

Now, therefore, at a meeting of the directors of the American Unitarian Association on Sept. 8, 1914, it was

Voted, That the American Unitarian Association accept the generous gift of Miss Helen F. Kimball of five thousand dollars to be known as the Moses Kimball Memorial Fund, the principal to be invested and the income only to be used for the benefit of the said school at Shelter Neck, N.C., maintained by the Carolina Industrial School in whatever way seems wisest to the trustees of said School;

And in case the said School at Shelter Neck, N.C., should cease to exist, then to use the income for the purposes of the American Unitarian Association.

Voted, To transfer $230 from the Reserve Fund to the Church Investment Fund, and to appropriate the same for the payment of certain work on and improvements to the real estate in Eureka, Cal.

Voted, That the president, Samuel A. Eliot, and the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, be and hereby are authorized to execute an agreement in behalf of the American Unitarian Association, dated Sept. 8, 1914, with the First Unitarian Church of Dayton, Ohio, relating to the use by that church of the church property at Neal and Salem Avenues, Dayton, providing for a transfer of said real estate to said First Unitarian Society of Dayton upon the payment of certain sums of money as therein set forth.

Voted, To ratify and confirm the act of the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, in guaranteeing the estate of Mary S. Curtis, late of Brookline, from any damage because of the prepayment in part of the specific legacy of $10,000 to the American Unitarian Association.

Upon report of the treasurer and the Executive Committee, it was

Voted, To approve the sale of the property at Santa Rosa, Cal., and to authorize, with the proceeds of the sale, the purchase of a new lot and the building on it of a convenient chapel.

Voted, That the president, Samuel A. Eliot, and the treasurer, Henry M. Williams, be and hereby are authorized in behalf of the American Unitarian Association to execute a deed, dated Aug. 18, 1914, of the real estate in Santa Rosa, Cal., now owned by this Association to C. Louis Kopf.

Voted, To ratify and confirm the acts of the Publication Department and of Henry M. Williams and F. Stanley Howe, acting for and in behalf of the American Unitarian Association, with C. Chester Lane, in creating the Beacon Press, a corporation organized under the laws of Massachusetts, and of all acts heretofore done by them or either of them in connection therewith.

Voted, To authorize the transfer by the publication agent of $750 in cash of the funds of that Department to the account of the Beacon Press, Inc., to be used for the general purposes of the corporation.

The Committee on Church Building Loan Fund reported, through the treasurer, the following loans made since the last meeting of the Board:—

Gloucester, Mass.	$3,500.00
Rutherford, N.J.	1,000.00
New Orleans, La.	4,000.00
	$8,500.00

The following votes, passed by the Executive Committee at its sessions on June 19 and July 15, were ratified by the Board:—

Voted, To authorize the sale of the property at Long Beach, Cal., and to endorse and approve the request of the society at Long Beach that the proceeds of this sale be invested in the purchase of another property designated by the officers of the society, the equity in the sale to be restored to the capital of the Greene Fund.

Voted, To approve the plans for the chapel at Highland Springs, Va., and to recommend an appropriation from the Greene Fund of a sum not to exceed $1,000 with the understanding, in accordance with the suggestion of the society, that the adjoining lot will be purchased and the title to the whole property transferred to the Association.

Voted, To approve the plans and specifications for the new church in Atlanta, Ga., and to authorise the letting of contracts not to exceed $15,000.

Voted, That a sum not to exceed $100 be put at the disposal of the president for the cataloguing of the library.

Voted, To appropriate $50 additional for the salary of the minister at Iowa City, Ia., payable Feb. 1, 1915, on condition that the Society will give an equal sum.

Voted, To appropriate from the appropriation for contingencies in the New England Budget $100 in aid of the First Unitarian Church in Stoneham, Mass., for the present fiscal year, payable in the usual quarterly instalments.

Voted, To present to the Meadville Theological School thirty copies of "The New Hymn and Tune Book," with services, for use in the chapel of the School.

Voted, To authorize the publication agent to print a selection of hymns and services from "The New Hymn and Tune Book," as a pamphlet to be used at missionary meetings, etc., the selection to be made by the Committee on the Hymn Book.

Voted, To appropriate from the Reserve Fund a sum not to exceed $1,600 as compensation for authors of

Digitized by Google

manuals to be written for the new Beacon Course of Religious Education, as authorized in the following vote:—

Voted, To invite the following persons to prepare manuals for the new Beacon Course: Miss Lillian B. Poor, "Young Children of the Father"; Rev. Albert R. Vail, "The Heroic Life"; Prof. Clayton R. Bowen, "The Story of Jesus"; Prof. Francis A. Christie, "The Building of the New Testament"; Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, "Our Religious Heritage"; Rev. Thomas Van Ness, "Choosing and Having"; Rev. William L. Sullivan, "How Christianity Began"; Miss Frances M. Dadman, "Living Together."

Voted, That a sum not to exceed $200 be authorized as the compensation of each of the authors above named, payable upon the publication of the manual.

Voted, That these appropriations shall continue on the books until called for, and shall not be cancelled at the close of the fiscal year.

Voted, To appropriate $400 from the appropriation for contingencies in the Department of Church Extension, and to pay the same to Rev. Henry T. Secrist of Meadville in accordance with the request of the trustees of the Brookes Fund.

Voted, To appropriate from the Contingent Account in the Department of Church Extension $700 for the salary of the minister at Hackensack, N.J., for the eight months beginning Sept. 1, 1914, and $20 for the travelling expenses of Rev. Julian R. Pennington in carrying on work at Roanoke, Va.

Voted, That, if the proposed transcontinental excursion to the meeting of the General Conference at San Francisco in 1915 be arranged for, the Association will undertake to pay the expenses of not over six persons, including the delegates of the Association, who will be available as speakers at the meetings to be held across the continent.

The Publication Committee reported the following votes, which were adopted:—

Voted, To discontinue tract number 85 ("The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles").

Voted, That the policy of issuing a new tract each month be abandoned for the present, and that the number of new tracts to be published during the present year be left to the discretion of the Publication Committee.

Under miscellaneous business it was

Voted, To appropriate the sum of $300 to the First Unitarian Society of Hood River, Ore., for the eight months from September 1.

Voted, To appropriate the sum of $350 to the First Unitarian Church of Santa Rosa, Cal., for the nine months beginning August 1.

Voted, To appropriate a sum not to exceed $500 to be available, at the discretion of the president, for the expenses of the several special commissions created at the last annual meeting.

Voted, To appropriate the sum of $360 remaining in the Budget for Foreign Relations for the use of the International Institute of China, at the discretion of Dr. Wendte.

An appeal from the Society in Francestown, Mass., was referred to the National Alliance.

The meeting adjourned at 5 P.M.

LEWIS G. WILSON,
Secretary.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Lists of Absent Young People.

Now that many of the youth of our churches are going out to distant schools and colleges or leaving the home environment for wider opportunities in business and professional circles, it behooves every member of our parishes to take a mental inventory of these young people and to make a list of them to send to headquarters. What more fitting place than to mail such a list to the Young People's headquarters, Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.?

We must not lose sight of a single one of these young men and young women. Those who are most keenly alive to our Unitarian opportunities have come to realize more and more how important is this very fact; our Alliance women are doing all in their power to enlist the younger women for the church of the future.

Especially are we anxious to have the names and addresses of young people in the immediate vicinity of Boston. Several of the Boston churches have placed pews at the disposal of these new-comers and have special committees to welcome and call upon these strangers. King's Chapel has for a year past employed regularly a competent young woman as a student secretary, who goes about as the need comes, calling upon students and others, meeting them at stations, advising as to rooms and boarding-places, and on the whole making herself generally helpful. This student secretary keeps a tabulated list of all such students, and is eager to get in touch with every Unitarian young person in the city of Boston. Ministers, parish assistants, and others interested are urged to bear in mind that the student secretary, Miss Katharine Williams, has begun her duties for the season, and will be glad to look after the interests of any of our young Unitarian friends.

Should any reader chance to know of any young person who is to be absent from his home church this winter, kindly make yourself a committee of one to send his or her

Marriages.

At Boston, on the 11th of September, by Rev. Julian Ruffin Pennington, Harold Martin Davis of Brookline and Louise Evangeline Foster of Boston.

At the Unitarian Church, Barnstable, Mass., August 29, by Rev. Frederic A. Hinckley of Wilmington, Del., and Rev. Ralph M. Harper of Boston, Rev. Robert P. Doremus of Farmington, Me., and Mrs. Eleanor Barnard Hinckley of West Newton and Barnstable, Mass.

Deaths.

MRS. HENRY G. BELL

The Rutherford, N.J., Alliance mourns the irreparable loss of a wise, capable leader. On August 19, at the age of seventy-eight, this heroic woman entered into rest after weeks of suffering patiently borne. Her loyal, consistent, religious nature, her charitable thoughts for others, and her high interest in her home town made her a superior woman. The debt of gratitude to her felt by those who have labored intimately with her in the Unitarian church and the Alliance can never be forgotten. The office of president was hers as long as she would consent to serve. For several years she was Alliance director for New Jersey, an honorary member of the New York League, a trustee of the Rutherford Unitarian church and treasurer of its Sunday-school. As one of Rutherford's foremost citizens she was respected and appreciated by her fellow townsmen, being a trustee of the Public Library and a forceful personage in the Town Improvement Association. All charities met with her hearty co-operation. The memory of her example and bravery is a precious legacy to the Branch Alliance of Rutherford.

CORA WELD PEABODY.

There are many ministers of our fellowship and former members of the Harvard Divinity School who will hear with sorrow of the death of Mrs. Francis G. Peabody, the wife of the beloved professor who was so long dean of the School. One of the most lasting benefits of life at the School was the glimpse which successive classes enjoyed of the happy and united family life at Dr. Peabody's house. Mrs. Peabody had the rare gift of sympathy. Her genuine friendliness, her quiet courtesy, her gracious hospitality, bound many hearts to her in loving allegiance. She was, as befitted her Quaker descent, perfectly simple and sincere, and her charity was as abundant as her nature was kindly. Her considerate spirit and reliable good sense encouraged and guided many a timid young minister. She devoted herself with unwearied patience and delight to the best work given any one to do in this narrow span of years,—the making and maintaining of a cheerful and contented home, where self-forgetfulness and reverence and high ideals were natural and inevitable. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." S.

MRS. PRISCILLA CUSHING BATCHELOR.

A RECOLLECTION.

Among friends of fifty years ago, when Meadville was a family town, and the Theological School a social as well as an educational centre, President Oliver Stearns's younger daughter is one to be always pleasantly remembered. In that charmed and charming circle of ladies to the manner born who surrounded the School with their intelligent and kindly love and keeping,—Huidekopers, Shippens, Cullums, and the professors' wives and daughters,—Priscilla Stearns was a striking member. Her youth did not prevent her prominence, because even then she had a pronounced individuality and original expressiveness of look and speech, which distinguished her from her companions and invited inquiry and rewarded acquaintance. Although half a century has passed with few opportunities for personal intercourse, I dare to say that she has kept, during all these years, the likeness to her early self,—a scholar by heredity, and one of Joshua Kendall's elect pupils; a lady by home nurture and friendly association; an abolitionist, like her father, who stormed so mightily against slavery that all who came under his influence were whirled into sympathy with his irascible humanity; a discerner of spirits, at least of such as were embodied in theological students and subjected to her decisive scrutiny; a lover of the sincere and true, a hater of shams; radical in thought, conservative in taste; always in the opposition when the speaker went too far or the voice began to scream, but staunch and true to facts and theories as she knew them; logical in her conclusions, but careful of her premises; a blending of whim and wisdom in her teasing and comforting, mischief-loving and considerate pity, no and yes; a womanly woman, not too good for human nature's daily food. "Her children and their children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

The most sedate and level-headed of young theologues in the old day asked no warmer task on a cold winter's day than to put on her skates or to share his plaid with her on a moonlight sleigh-ride. May the recollection of it all keep his heart warm after fifty years of scholarly labor, ecclesiastical service in pulpit, pew, and editorial chair, all done patiently, thoroughly, and well with her loving companionship, criticism, and appreciation. G. L. C.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 79-78-76
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address. "Undertaker, Boston."

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.
Two bright, sunny rooms with board, with a small adult family. Fine location, convenient to steam and electric cars. References exchanged. Mrs. George H. Swasey, 525 Highland Avenue, Malden, Mass. Tel. 1365 W.

POSITION wanted by reliable woman to care for elderly person or semi-invalid. Country preferred. Call at 24 Worcester Square, Boston, on Monday or Tuesday afternoons, or on Thursday or Friday.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

full name, with home town and new address, to Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and some home missionary work will be the result. You may consider this strictly the minister's work. Do not hesitate because of this; he may have been so busy and hurried since September came that he has had no good opportunity to send on these names of his absent young people. Neither hold back for fear some one else has already attended to the detail. No matter if the name be duplicated. Better that than to hear months afterward that "Miss Blank has been in Boston several months and has not met a single Unitarian."

The importance of these names should thus be self-evident. For the past year or two Mr. Foote has sent out letters to the ministers, urging the importance of this duty at the beginning of the church year. In some cases the lists came in good season. Whether this method is to be pursued this year or not is uncertain; but that it is a necessary part of the yearly routine is true, whether it be done by minister, parish assistant, or parent. In any case, "Do it now!"

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the union service at Arlington Street Church, Sunday, September 20, Rev. Edward Cummings will preach.

At the service in King's Chapel, Boston, on Sunday, September 20, at 10.30 o'clock, Rev. Sydney B. Snow, associate minister of the Chapel, will preach.

At the First Church, Eliot Square, Roxbury, Rev. James De Normandie will resume his pulpit duties next Sunday at eleven o'clock. He will preach upon "The Thunder Storm of War," and "The Bow in the Cloud."

Rev. Edward R. Coldwill, formerly of the Methodist church in Ontario and at Vancouver, B.C., has applied for admission to fellowship in the Unitarian ministry. Thomas L. Eliot, Benjamin F. Goodridge, Earl M. Wilbur, Committee.

At the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the Church of the Messiah, New York, will preach Sunday morning, September 20, at 10.45. All are cordially invited. Mr. Holmes's subject will be, "Good out of Evil: a Survey of the War."

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada will be held at Syracuse, N.Y., in the May Memorial Church on November 9, 10, and 11. The Conference will open with a sermon by Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, D.D., of New York City.

Rev. Paul Jordan Smith, formerly minister of the Hiram W. Thomas Memorial Church (Congregational) of Chicago, having satisfied the Pacific States Committee, has been admitted to fellowship, and is recommended to the consideration of our churches and ministers. Thomas L. Eliot, Benjamin F. Goodridge, Earl M. Wilbur, Committee.

The annual conference of the Iowa Unitarian Association will be held at Cedar Rapids, Ia., October 7, 8, and 9. The opening session will be on Tuesday evening, the 6th, with an address by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. The conference is held jointly with the Universalists of Iowa. Unitarian congregations should elect their delegates according to the rules set forth in Article 2, sections 1 to 4, inclusive, and send the names of such delegates to the secretary, Rev. R. DeEstein Van Tassel, 410 10th Street, Sioux City, Ia., at least one week in advance of the time of the conference.

Churches.

Flushing, N.Y.—First Unitarian Church: The first services in the new church edifice will be held in the latter part of October. Early in the year, although there were not enough funds in hand to complete the entire building, a contract was entered into for the construction of the exterior and providing for the subsequent authorization of further work as additional funds came in. The plans were drawn by Messrs. Bates & How, architects, of New York City, who designed the Hotel Gramatin, Christ Church, and other buildings at Bronxville, N.Y. They provide for a decidedly pleasing exterior. The dimensions of the main auditorium are 55 x 27 feet, while the lower hall, or Sunday-school room, is 30 x 26 feet clear space, without any supporting pillars. The lower floor also has an office, kitchen, toilet rooms, and steam heating plant. As the work progressed additional subscriptions were received, which permitted the trustees to authorize considerable work on the interior of the building. When it became evident last month that the entire building could not be completed for use this fall, every effort was made toward making the lower hall available for services in October. The amount lacking to complete this work was about $450, which sum several of the trustees, although they had already contributed liberally to the building fund, undertook to guarantee, realizing the importance of getting into the building. The completion of the main auditorium, which lacks lath and plaster, interior trim, and a finished floor, will cost about $1,200 more, and it is toward securing this that the efforts of the congregation will be directed during the coming winter. Thanks and gratitude are due to those individuals and organizations of the liberal faith whose generous assistance has made this progress possible.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The Northside Unitarian Church, Rev. Charles E. Snyder: The new organ was dedicated at the first evening service, on September 6, with Mr. S. Dwight Smith at the keyboard. It adds greatly to the appearance of the interior of the church. It was expeditiously installed after its arrival on August 12. The congregation are to be earnestly congratulated upon this acquisition to their resources without debt.

St. Louis, Mo.—Church of the Unity, Rev. George R. Dodson: The Sunday-school will meet on September 13, and services will be resumed in the church on September 20. A series of five sermons beginning Sunday, October 4, will treat the following themes:—

October 4: Plotting the curve of humanity's thought, from the superstition of the savage to the sacramental view of the world. Primitive ideas everywhere substantially the same. This unity of undeveloped thought is lost when the great national religions and divergent civilizations arise. In the highest stages of development a counter movement sets in, and thought and feeling begin to converge toward a new unity on the heights of life. The outcome of India's religious development is Vedantism. Has this philosophical mysticism any contribution to make to our spiritual life? October 11: Gautama, the Buddha, "The Light of Asia." The pessimistic presuppositions. Buddhist ethics. Theistic development. Needs of the human heart in India, China, and Japan, in virtue of which the world's greatest teacher of atheism came in time to be an object of worship. Influence of Gautama on the West through Schopenhauer. October 18: The religion of ancient Egypt and its profound significance for us. Efforts of noble thinkers toward monotheism, and why they failed. "The Egyptians, like the Chinese, paid the penalty of prematurely attaining a very high civilization. They looked back to the golden age till they fixed the habit. The Egyptians of later ages could learn but not forget—the most fatal of all disqualifications for progress." October 25: The religion of Greece. Comparison with the prophets of Israel. Unlike the religions of Rome and Japan, whose development was arrested, Greek religion comes to fruit and flower. The priceless contribution of Greek religion to Christianity. November 1: Effect of these studies upon our own spiritual life. They help us to think in terms of the human race, and tend to render the mind generous, catholic, and free. Do they also make for a truer appreciation of the value of our Hebrew-Christian and Greek spiritual inheritance? Fallacy of the view that all religions are of equal value, that because undeveloped religious conceptions were good once they are good for us now.

To those who have learned by experience that they cannot successfully cultivate their spiritual life in isolation apart from a church and religious fellowship, and who realize also the failure of an unrevised Christianity to meet their needs, the Church of the Unity offers an interpretation of Christianity as a living spiritual movement, still growing, and constantly leaving behind obsolete views of man and the world which are no necessary part of it, intellectually hospitable to science and all truth, incorporating freely the finest products of the thought and aspiration of all humanity, and aspiring to be synonymous with universal ethics and universal religion.

Westford, Mass.—First Congregational Parish: The ordination of Rev. Julian R.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pennington, formerly of Lynchburg, Va., took place on Sunday, September 6. Rev. Benjamin R. Bailey, a former pastor, gave the prayer, and Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, preached the ordination sermon.

WINNISQUAM, N.H.—Independent Religious Society, Rev. George L. Thompson: Work has been carried on in this parish with considerable success during the past year. Services have been held every Sunday afternoon in the old farm-house which serves as a chapel. The attendance has been excellent, averaging much larger than the year before. During the vacation of the pastor, Rev. H. C. McDougall of Franklin supplied the first two Sundays. Plans had been made to close the church the latter part of July and August, but there seemed to be a demand to have services, and so the work has been carried on during every Sunday this summer. The first site which was selected for a church having been found to be unsuitable, another lot was presented by Mr. James A. Reid, and on July 4 excavation was begun for the foundations of the new chapel. As this stage of the work is done by volunteer labor, not a great deal was accomplished during the season when the men of the neighborhood were busy with their summer farm work. Work has now been resumed, and an effort is made to get the walls up and the roof on before the cold weather. The new site is on rising ground overlooking Lake Winnisquam and commanding a splendid view across the lake, the Sandwich Range of mountains over thirty miles away being plainly visible. During the year the ladies have held several sales and suppers and thereby realized a considerable sum of money toward furnishing their kitchen and parlor when the building is completed.

Personals.

Rev. Martin A. Schermerhorn and his daughter Elizabeth, who have been for several months in Germany, have escaped in safety to Geneva, with only a trunk left hopelessly behind, and now hope to secure safe passage through France and England, and thence to return to their home in Cambridge during September or October.

The Reindeer.

While we are trying to save a few hundred buffalo out of the millions whose hoof-beats used to shake our Western plains, we have a more cheerful spectacle in Alaska. There the Bureau of Education has made a thriving addition to the fauna of the country and created the solid beginnings of a vast new industry. The reindeer experiment, which at first was laughed at as a ridiculous fad, has become a solid achievement. There are now 12,000 reindeer where fifteen years ago there were none. They are doubling every four years, which means that at the same rate of increase there would be 2,000,000 in thirty years. Before the reindeer came the natives of Alaska were facing apparently sure starvation. The white men have made it impossible for them to make their living in the old ways. Now they have an industry that promises them not only food, but comfort. Through the reindeer the mosses of the boundless tundra can be transformed into food, clothing, and shelter. When the herds have multiplied a few times more, famine will be a forgotten spectre. And while the Indians are living in independent comfort themselves, they are preparing the country for white settlement. With reindeer at hand by the thousands, furnishing milk, cheese, and meat, as well as swift transportation in the depth of winter, there will be no more starving miners, and no more rich mining fields left untouched, because it is impossible to carry food enough to reach them. In time there may even be a thriving industry in the export of reindeer products. The government never entered upon a philanthropic entertainment that promised to turn out more profitably than this one does.—*The Presbyterian Banner.*

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

The League is the national organization of the Unitarian men's clubs in America. It desires to see a club in every Unitarian church, and every club affiliated with the League. The field secretary, Mr. S. B. Nobbs, will be glad to meet the men of any church which has no men's organization, to explain the advantages of a club. He is also now making engagements to address men's clubs in the coming season. No more forceful speaker will be heard this winter, and to fail to have him on the programme will be a blunder.

For appointments, address the secretary of the League, Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Here and There.

During the last thirty years, eight new Catholic churches have been erected in and around the city of Geneva. During the last ten years the Canton of Vaud has seen its Catholic population increase by over forty per cent.

We wear out words, said ex-Speaker Reed, and shed them as we do clothes. The philological fact saves the language from being permanently degraded by slang terms and phrases, for, although some new words do not wear out, yet the shedding process never stops, and the lovers of undefiled English are unceasingly grateful that it does not.

Golf and football seem to have been prohibited in Scotland by James II. and by James III. in the middle and in the end of the fifteenth century, the former king issuing a statute that these amusements "be utterly cried down," as interfering with the more serious and the more useful practice of archery. They might kill an Englishman with an arrow: they could only win a medal from him with "a putter" or a "spoon."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Of all the national hymns, that of Austria, composed by Haydn, and the theme also of his most famous movement for string quartet, is the most beautiful. The most terrible is the Russian, sung in our churches as "Moscow." It is big enough and solemn enough for ten million men to march to it. To such a tune they cannot hurry, as to the rhetorical "Marseillaise," with its revolutionary fervor, but neither is an army marching to such a tune easy to stop.

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter P. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 23, 1900, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Amee, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Hersey, Montreal, Can.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.
Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadman, 1030 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"What's veal, Benny?" "Oh, it's the part of the cow we eat before she grows up." *Sacred Heart Review.*

"I tell you what, sir," said a Yankee of his opponent, "that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic. Add him up, and there is nothing to carry!"

The Microbe War: "We are going to give up having Johnny get an education." "For what reason?" "Well, we can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Wealthy: "Are your berries fresh, little one?" Margaret (experiencing for the first time the trials of a berry-vender): "Yes, ma'am. Our bushes don't raise anything but fresh ones."

Here is a witticism of Lord Rosebery's, told by a woman who heard him say it at a dinner: "Memory," said Lord Rosebery, "is a feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friend's original stories."

Mrs. Twickembury runs the gamut of malapropism very entertainingly, but she has a competitor in the Boston newspaper which says that a certain theatre "runs the gauntlet of popular entertainment."

At the meeting of the Institutional Church League, Rev. Floyd Tomkins cited the case of a church over the entrance to which, in large letters, was the inscription, "I am the door of the sheep." Below it was a placard, saying, "Go around to the other door."

A physician writes to the London *Spectator* that he was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition, and greeted him with the words, "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"

An amateur photographer stopped one morning at a Kansas farmhouse and inquired for the farmer. "I want to trespass on your premises," he said, "long enough to take a picture of that cornfield. It's the most magnificent one I ever saw." "That's all right," responded the farmer. "But you'll have to take it instantaneous—it's growing so fast."

Mark Twain once addressed an audience in the interest of his fellow-townsman, Gen. Joseph Hawley, who was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, and said, in the course of a droll address: "Gen. Hawley deserves your support, although he has about as much influence in purifying the Senate as a bunch of flowers would have in sweetening a glue factory. But he's all right: he never would turn any poor beggar away from his door empty-handed. He always gives them something,—almost without exception a letter of introduction to me, urging me to help them."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Dante Gabriel Rossetti once showed Whistler a sketch. "It has good points, Rossetti," said Whistler. "Go on with it by all means." Later he inquired about it. "All right," answered Rossetti, cheerfully. "I've ordered a stunning frame for it." In due time the canvas appeared at Rossetti's house beautifully framed. "You've done nothing to it since I saw it, have you?" said Whistler. "No-o," replied Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject, if you'd like to hear it." He recited some lines of peculiar tenderness. "Rossetti," said Whistler, "take out the picture and frame the sonnet."

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Piles. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 FAYTAR STREET, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University U

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 39 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 913
The Red Cross Ship 914
The Bankruptcy of the Conventional Christianity . . 915

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Present Opportunity 916

CURRENT TOPICS 917

BREVITIES 918

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Some Unappreciated Shakespearian Characters, by H. M. Selby 919
The Moral Ultimatum; To-Day 921
The Church is Dead; Long Live the Church! by E. A. Coil 922
The New Necessaries 926
Peace Hymn; Co-operating Theological Seminaries of Different Denominations; Testimonies of Prominent Religious Liberals on the European War, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 930
Boston Letter; Considering the War 932
John Fiske Memorial at Petersham 934

SPIRITUAL LIFE 920

LITERATURE.
Books 926

THE HOME.
Sweet Marjorie's Revenge, by Mary Davis 928
The Lemonade-stand; Comrades; Spelling a Cow's Moo, 929

POETRY.
In His Own Country, by Willard A. Wattles 918
My Riches 922
California Poppies 928

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Dr. Weigle 933

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Committee for 1914–15 933

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 933

HERE AND THERE 935

PLEASANTRIES 936

Editorial.

CHURCHES will resume their work this fall with such a solemn burden upon them as they have never before known. The very globe shudders with the reverberations of unprecedented war. The European war concerns not only the nations engaged, nor the continent, but the entire civilized world. The conscience and the hope of humanity stagger under the shock. Dismay, grief, and despair blacken the horizon. It rests upon the churches to hold the minds of men true. They should not dally with insipid apologies, and load the crimes of nations upon the will of God, but they should vindicate the will of God above the wicked subversions of it. They should take the prophet's outlook, and keep unswerving the confidence that in the end the highest hopes of humanity will conquer. As in nations resistance to tyranny has won the people's liberty, so among nations the contest against arrogant and unscrupulous might will win a wider freedom throughout the world.

SUPERIORITIES are sometimes dear in proportion as they are unattainable. It is in human nature to enjoy the contemplation of rank more than the possession of it. The hold aristocracy has, and always will have, is less the hope of possessing it than the delight in looking on it. An English lady, speaking of seeing members of the nobility leading troops departing for war, said that as she looked a pink mist came over her eyes and hid them from her sight. The titled young men fighting for their country, however, showed their highest nobility in doing simply what men of every station did. Thus democracy comes through the highest and rarest qualities in human nature even more convincingly than through the commonest.

A QUOTATION from French military regulations says: "Battles are, above all, conflicts of spirit. Defeat is inevitable from the moment when the hope of conquering fails. Success comes, therefore, not to him who has suffered the least loss, but to him whose will is strongest and whose spirit has the finest temper." This is a good definition of sufficient optimism. Men's faith is strained by their trials, sorrows, and, still more, by the sufferings and evils around them. They doubt how a religion can be sincere when such fates are in the world. Their despair can hardly be answered on its own level, but,

Digitized by Google

meanwhile, it is being answered by the living of those who keep a good heart, who light their inner fires in hostile weathers and make them burn the brighter for the cold without, and who in all vicissitudes keep an unchanging spirit. Ingersoll, after a savage indictment of creation for its diseases and pain, exclaimed: "Is there a God? I don't know." That spirit never won a battle, and it never could be expected to feel a God. Paul asked, on the other hand, "What shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Success in eternal life comes, too, "not to him who has suffered the least loss, but to him whose will is strongest and whose spirit has the finest temper."

The main characteristic of force is its stupidity. Accustomed to no other authority, it is unaware of higher control and so rushes to its undoing. In the despair that settles on many minds now that hopes of peace are met by war, in shape and bigness unknown in history, this is the anchor of deliverance—that no material force in the long run is ever superior to intellectual and moral force. That God is on the side of the strongest battalions because they are physically strongest is a false and foolish belief. The real strength of any battalion is its confidence of being in the right. That this is true is shown on both sides of any conflict. The combatants always appeal to the justice of their cause. If an appeal does not ring true to this, or if its claim is counterfeit, no support of arms will finally avail. To rouse ardor by saying, "We will show our enemies what it is to provoke us," or even by calling on patriotic protection, and leave a question as to where the right of the matter lies is to neglect the main point of defence. A good guide to sympathy is the moral tone. The measure of superiority is not arms, but the man.

People who say what for one reason or another they ought to keep to themselves are quite apt to excuse their brutal frankness on the plea of honesty. "It is best to be honest," they say. But they hide a fallacy in their excuse. The honesty of an opinion is no permission to avow it. The expression of the opinion, not its honesty, is in question. Many a sundered tie of friendship, the intimacy of many an affection, has been strained by the presumption that anything may be said so long as it is honestly believed. It may be as honestly believed and yet kept for the right occasion instead of being blurted out on the first occasion. The injuries honestly given are none the less to be resented. One may honestly reject what another honestly offers. To have peace we must sometimes muzzle honest people,—not for their honesty, but for their cruelty.

If the psalmist was right in saying that the real measure of life is not its length, and if all the preachers who have comforted their fellows in the loss of the young with this assurance are to stand by their faith, the sight of young men going to wars, or joining organizations which mean war in certain contingencies, cannot be wholly depressing or mean a useless waste. One who remembers in what spirit young men turn from their vocations to train their arms to fight and to steel their hearts for conflict, and who rightly estimates human nature, will not finish the subject in the usual easy way. The writer has seen church-yards, law-courts, and parks in London, college grounds and field on field in the country, filled with the youth of England, the finest of youth, who are drilling for the enactment of their country's decree. Without them no justice between nations could be assured against any nation who for its own benefit chose to assert its will in defiance of law. Past the window thousands and thousands of splendid youths are tramping, singing as they march, "We go away, we go, we go," and singing to the tune of "Horsley." They in sober earnest, and the people in solemn silence, show that if religion is ever to sanctify sacrifice, it sanctions theirs.

The Red Cross Ship.

No sign so significant of our attitude toward the war in Europe has appeared as the ship which recently lay in the North River, New York, with an illuminated red cross upon its side. It was bound on a humane crusade to all the countries at war, fully stocked with surgical appliances, and carrying in its cabins thirty surgeons and one hundred and twenty nurses. Each country in the great conflict was to receive a quota of these to labor on its battlefields and in its hospitals for the rescue of the thousands torn by rifle bullets, shot and shell, and nothing more significant has been known of the pure spirit of philanthropy since the day a food-ship was fitted out on these shores to carry aid to the famine-stricken people of Ireland.

It is an anachronism, an anomaly of tragic import, that the best men of the warring nations, the strongest, most vigorous, best equipped for life, must be torn to pieces by bombs and rifle-balls, all the perfected enginery of death, that all the science and skill, all the saving appliances of advanced surgery and perfect nursing and care may be used to patch them up, or what is left of them, after the horrible explosives have done their work.

The aspect of the Red Cross ship as it steamed out of the harbor was a peculiarly inspiring and yet moving and pathetic sight,—inspiring because of the beneficent impulse of the people who had voluntarily fitted out the ship and sent it on its mission of mercy, and pathetic because of the need so loudly crying for help from the other side of the ocean. God bless it and its beneficent errand, was the prayer of many hearts. We were glad we could show this token of brotherhood and human sympathy in the dark hour of the nations' life-and-death struggle,—one small token of the spirit of Jesus Christ, who came to save and not to destroy men, in an hour when his precepts and example are put to scorn.

We are thankful there are brave men and women ready to adventure their lives on the battlefield to minister to the dying and to gather up those who might be saved. The profession of the good doctor and the devoted nurse receives special illustration in this hour. It is set apart from all other professions for its saving power, that takes no thought of self, and is commissioned to the whole of humanity.

This is doubtless but the first merciful contribution our people may be called upon to send overseas in aid of the war-scathed nations. If the struggle is long continued, famine and pestilence are almost sure to follow in the wake of the armies in addition to the devastation wrought upon the helpless populations. The appeals will be urgent, the need heartrending. It will be our duty to do all possible for the relief of those unfortunate people, the innocent victims of war ravages. Suffering and hardship may be coming upon the world of a kind more dreadful than has been known for centuries. It is our privilege that out of our abundance we may do something to mitigate this wide-spread distress of helpless and innocent victims stripped of their all and reduced to beggary.

At this distance imagination is too feeble to picture such scenes as those poor people have been forced to endure. We have read what is happening in a little corner.

Digitized by Google

When we multiply it many times the desolation is far too great to grasp without the testimony of numerous eye-witnesses and a multiplication of detail that at present is lacking. It will be years, perhaps, before the picture is complete, drawn in all its lurid colors.

The American heart is quick in response to suffering. It is a warm and generous heart, and has shown that it beats for human fraternity on many signal occasions, and can now, doubtless, be counted upon to help to the limit of its capacity. Indignation was hot when first the news came of what seemed an unprecedented crime, but now pity has taken the place of all other feelings—pity for those people as innocent as ourselves of all collusion in the crime.

Many hearts were filled with hope as they saw the ship of healing and consolation, as it may be called, steam down the bay Saturday, September 12, under the symbol of the luminous star (for it seemed to invoke the protection of Him who is fabled to have been born under the star of Bethlehem), freighted with blessing for those who are waiting for it overseas. In these sad days it is a ray of hope, a sign of the spirit of the Merciful One the world professes to worship, and almost the only sign in the tumult of hatred and bloodthirstiness.

The nations of the world are so closely knit together that one cannot suffer without communicating an electric thrill of sympathy to all. Already we are feeling the percussion of the great conflict in many ways. All down the list of foreign commodities and prices we shall feel it, from silk raiment and jewels to soap and matches. It will sit at our breakfast-table and preside at dinner to make the fare scantier and more expensive, but all our privations will be easily borne, and not for these shall we suffer anguish of heart, and day and night feel the oppression of a great cloud. The mourners of war's ravages will not go about our streets, but, while our hearts are filled with thankfulness because of this, we shall still be thinking of those who weep their dead, our human kindred on the other side of the ocean.

The President has appointed a day of prayer for peace, but, though it is timely, we shall not wait for that date to put up fervent petitions to the Giver of all good for the end of this unholy strife, this red terror, that has laid so large a proportion of Europe under its fatal spell.

The Bankruptcy of the Conventional Christianity.

The terrible war in Europe not only brings us in sight of empires in a life-and-death struggle; the glare of the conflagration reveals a great system of religion in process of dissolution. The conventional Christianity is breaking down for want of virility; a civilized world has no use for it; it does not do the work of civilization.

We say the "conventional" Christianity. We do not say Catholic, or Lutheran, or Evangelical Christianity. We do not forget noble and modest individuals in every church. We mean the "Christianity" which has intrenched itself in state churches, and set up princes and lord bishops; which has allied itself at all times with vested interests,—the Christianity of kaiser and czar, of aristocracy and militarism; which has blessed battle-flags, and justified bloody conquest; which has made religion to consist in repeating creeds and saying prayers and keeping holy days, or in having spasms of fervor and emotion, whether under the glamour of a crowded temple or the excitement of popular camp-meetings; which has bowed at the name of Jesus, and called him Lord, and in the same breath pronounced his most characteristic teachings impracticable.

This conventional Christianity of forms, ceremonies, modes of worship, names, dogmas, has mostly prevailed for hundreds of years. It has insinuated itself into almost every church or sect. It has tended to take to itself the reins of ecclesiastical power, and to manage and teach in the interest of some one or other mode of conventionality. Thus, a professedly "liberal" church may be honeycombed with a conventional Christianity as subtle and futile as you would find in Rome or Vienna or Berlin. What if this "liberal" church supposes its main purpose is to support an ornate and æsthetic service of worship for a single hour of the week? What if its cushioned pews are found to be exclusive of the poor? What if its management falls into the hands of men whose character commands in the community no respect for righteousness, generosity, or even decency? What if it is merely the Christian name which its members like to claim, while all the time they tell you that they do not think the Christian principles or the Christian way of life is possible? We speak sorrowfully of things too generally known to permit silence.

The mischief with the conventional Christianity everywhere and at all times is that it commits people to no great or noble or unselfish or truly spiritual mode of life. If you enlist in the army, you put your life to risk for the cause for which the army is supposed to exist. You make a change in the manner of life. What have you really promised to do, if you join the church,—the Catholic, or the English, or the Baptist, or the Unitarian church? Is it anything more than to do about as other respectable people in your group or your social set are doing? Is it anything to stir every chivalrous drop of blood to a new motion? Perhaps most people would draw the line here, and deny that they expect religion to stir them to a new mode of action; and because they think so, and sometimes are frank enough to say so, is the reason why conventional religion of every kind, and the churches which maintain it, are going to bankruptcy.

See what conventional religion does not do, and never has even tried to do. It has done nothing, as we are seeing to-day, to put an end to war. Popes and praying kaisers and bishops and synods and conferences have simply stood by, and justified and prosecuted the primitive heathen custom of organized murder, called war. They have not even been aware that they possessed a practicable gospel of justice, order, peace, and brotherhood.

The conventional religion of Christendom has done next to nothing to cure the racial jealousies and antagonisms out of which war grows. What has the mighty State Church of Prussia ever done to allay the arrogance of the government or the soldiery in their irritating policy for forty years toward the Alsatians? What have the mighty churches of Russia and Austria done in behalf of their overtaxed and prostrate peasants? There is a negro problem in our own country. Millions of people are suffering from social and political discrimination. What have the great denominations, numbering millions, tried to do to set forth and urge the simple Christian doctrine of a friendly democracy? The churches have not even thought that questions like this are the vital test of the solvency of their religion.

Moreover, the religion of the conventional church of every name has proved futile to set such righteous and humane standards of business and employment as to allay class and caste distinctions and bitterness, and to stop industrial war. The church people have not thought that their religion had anything to do with such things. A Christian might conduct his business as if it were his own, and spend his money as he pleased. A Christian might live in a state of chronic suspicion and fear with regard to great groups of his neighbors or his own workmen. How much have the churches been able to

Digitized by Google

help the feverish situation in Michigan or in Colorado? But here is a test of vital religion.

We are not saying these things out of despair and pessimism. The first step toward a great courage and hope about our world is frank and honest confession that so far we have not had or used the right kind of religion. We can see this now as we never before have seen it. Either religion is played out or else it is a vastly mightier, more beautiful, and more commending thing than men have ever thought it to be. It is more natural, more workable, more practical. A new call comes to-day for this more virile religion. Let it take what name it may. Call it still "Christian," if you can make the world know that it is not the kind of Christianity at which all the peoples of India and China and Japan are standing aghast. Call it "Christian," if you make it plain that the wonderful prophet of Galilee never dreamed of such churches, such travesities of religion, as have mostly filled the pages of history.

Never mind so much, indeed, what you name it, provided only that you possess the religion strong and good enough to do the work of a civilized world. What a simple religion it is, as soon as you take it up! It is like the key out of the dungeon of Great Despair. We knew it all the time; we only did not use it. Is it so very difficult to live as men and not as brutes, to think the thoughts of a divine universe and not chaos, to obey the Golden Rule and treat each other and all men with good will, to expect the best of our neighbors and help to make the best prevail and not to look for the worst? Is the religion of Jesus anything less than this, or is it anything more than this? The conventional religions of Christendom have been tried and found wanting. This religion of the seers and the prophets, of humble people and children, has never failed as often as it has been tried. Whoever wants fulness of life is going to try it and live by it henceforth. C. F. D.

American Unitarian Association.

The Present Opportunity.

There is mighty little use of preaching to people unless you can take them where they are. There is even less use of preaching if you leave people where they are. Whatever may be its merits of thought or style, it is a poor sermon that begins anywhere and ends nowhere. A good sermon is the one that in its opening sentences establishes a firm and vital connection with the minds and hearts of the congregation, and then lifts, broadens, cheers, inspires, and leads out into thankful praise and resolute deed.

The minister who in these days preaches without any reference to the terrible and transforming events which are taking place in Europe will never establish an adequate connection with his hearers, for their minds are, for the most part, absorbed in the contemporary convulsions and their consequences. They are not thinking about "The Relation of Science to Religion" or about "Green Pastures and Still Waters." What happened in Jerusalem or Ephesus in the first century does not seem so important as what is happening in Lorraine or Galicia to-day.

At the same time, if a preacher leaves his people where the daily papers leave them he will have missed his opportunity. It is his privilege to lift events out of the dust and smoke and show their deeper meaning and significance, to widen horizons, to enlarge vision, to turn sight into insight. These are days in which men are questioning the very foundations of religion. They are asking the old elementary questions: "Has God forgotten to be gracious?" "Is there any God who answers the anguished petitions of His children?" "Is this world overruled by a Divine Beneficence, or is it the field of action for demonic powers?" A modern-minded minister cannot ignore these questions. He must recognize that multitudes of people are feeling and talking to-day as if this sudden and appalling carnage meant nothing less than the collapse of Christianity and the overthrow of all the recognized religious sanctions and authorities. And for the present, at least, it does mean these things. It does mean the collapse of conventional religion. The Christianity which has been the prevailing type of religion in Christendom has everlastingly proved its futility. It has failed to prevent the unnecessary enmities, the narrow prejudices, the false ambitions, the base passions, that have brought about this unspeakable catastrophe. It has failed to promote righteousness and to safeguard friendliness and peace.

But let no one think that it is the religion of Jesus Christ that has collapsed. That religion has never been tried on any sufficient scale. If there is one good thing that is to come out of the present crisis, it must be that men will realize that the sacramental and dogmatic conceptions of Christianity are not the real religion of Jesus. It must be that men's minds will turn from the religion of form and doctrine to a religion that is a habit of life and that is evidenced by the fruits of righteousness and peace. The religion of external authority has broken down. Shall not the religion that is spirit and life now find its opportunity? Now is the time to set forth with new and persistent consecration the simple Christianity which endures by reason of its own inherent vitality, and which proves its truth not by arguments or definitions, but by its power to influence the lives of individuals and nations.

We may indeed reasonably hope that, as the outcome of this war, there shall come about a new alignment of the nations upon natural rather than artificial boundaries; an end to all deceptive and secretive diplomacies; and the complete and final overthrow of the military autocracies whose pride and ambition and brutal disregard of the rights of the people have wrought such intolerable woe. We may, that is, legitimately hope for a new birth of democracy in Europe, for a deeper regard for international arguments, and for some relief from the burdens of militarism—burdens which outraged peoples will no longer consent to bear; but, more than all, shall we not hope and work for a new and practical idealism, the rebirth of the spirit of Jesus Christ, a reaffirmation of the truth that real religion is summed up in love to God and man?

Too long have the Christian scribes and Pharisees blinded and misled the people. In their schemes of salvation and creeds and catechisms they have distorted the teaching of Jesus, closed the ears of humanity to its meaning, mistaken the husk for the fruit. They have made religion something to be talked about or relegated to special days and rites. Now it must be brought home to men everywhere that religion is not something to be accepted with men's lips, but to be tested in their lives. It is not anything supernatural or sacrificial or symbolic, not something hidden or far off that we should say, Who will go over the sea or up to heaven to bring it to us, but something very nigh unto us, in our consciences and in our hearts, *that we may do it.*

Here is the great opportunity which the present crisis presents to the little fellowship of Christians who have always preached Christianity not as a dogma or as a sacrament, but as a way of life. Unitarians believe in and try to practise the religion of the two great Commandments. They have firmly and sometimes impatiently rejected the poor substitutes that the misguided majorities

Digitized by Google

have been induced to accept. In the face of obloquy and misrepresentation they have insisted that doing the will is more important than calling on the name of the Most High.

Now, more than ever before, is the time to insist that, unless religion is founded in ethics, unless it means justice, integrity, humility, respect for the rights of others, reverence, good will, it is like sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. Now is the time for those who have this vision of what religion really is to be more than ever loyal to their trust. Now is the time to proclaim anew the simple teaching of Jesus, to insist that religion is identical with disinterested service, broad and sincere fellowship, animating ideals, brotherly love. All the other things connected with religion—priests, ministers, and hierarchies; ordinances, liturgies, and creeds; places of worship, sacred days, festivals, and fasts—are but possible means and helps to the promotion of righteousness. Whatever cramps fellowship, or narrows sympathy, or balks the attainment of character, or substitutes orthodoxy of belief or ceremonial sacrifices for kindliness and neighborly living; whatever exalts pride, arouses bitterness, corrupts the simplicity of truth, is fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot. The terrible tests through which our generation is passing have proved that the religion of goodness is the only religion that is really worth while. That is intrinsically, essentially, and by its own nature, divine. It owes nothing to time or place or outward condition. It shines by its own light. It stands the test which distinguishes the true salt from that which has lost its savor. It is the life of God in human souls.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

THE "little war" of pacification which the United States began in Mexico last April was terminated on September 15 by President Wilson, by the issuance of an order for the withdrawal of the land and naval forces from Vera Cruz. In a note accompanying the issuance of the order, the President explained that "this action is taken in view of the entire removal of the circumstances which were thought to justify the occupation. The further presence of the troops is deemed unnecessary." The withdrawal was ordered at this time at the urgent request of Venustiano Carranza, the provisional president, who assured Paul Fuller, President Wilson's personal representative in the City of Mexico, that the evacuation would strengthen the hands of the new administration and hasten the complete pacification of the country. The troops will return to the United States as soon as transports can be provided. The news of the evacuation was greeted with popular satisfaction in Mexico City.

IN striking contrast to the din of battles on the European continent was the scene enacted in the Department of State at Washington on September 15, when Secretary Bryan and the envoys of Great Britain, France, Spain, and China appended their signatures to treaties of peace. The treaties provide that all disputes that may arise between the contracting parties shall be referred to a permanent commission for investigation for a period of one year. The signing of the treaties at this time is especially significant, inasmuch as they would operate against the possibility of the United States being drawn suddenly into the present world-conflict. The negotiation of these agreements is in line with President Wilson's efforts toward the establishment of a more complete machinery of adjudication between the United States and all the other countries of the world. Nineteen treaties, similar in principle to the four that were signed last week, have been ratified by the Senate and by the governments of the other countries involved in their negotiation, and now have the effect of international agreements in full force.

THE attempts of the Allies to force back the wave of German invasion from the soil of France continued with great energy and heavy sacrifice of life throughout last week. The sum total of the operations, as observable last Sunday, was the withdrawal of the German right, which two weeks ago was preparing for the decisive blow at Paris, about thirty miles, to the line of the Aisne. At this point in their retreat the Germans checked the advance of the allied forces and at the beginning of the week were making a determined effort to resume the offensive all along the line. There is reason to believe, in the absence of any definite official utterance on the subject, that the losses in both armies during the slow and orderly withdrawal of Gen. von Kluck and his army from the Marne far exceeded any record previously reached in the annals of destructiveness. The outcome of the fighting on the Aisne may well be regarded as of decisive importance, as it will determine the success or failure of the German invasion.

ON the eastern front the Russian armies, believed now to be numbering between three and four millions of men, are exerting themselves to the utmost in an apparent attempt to open the road to Berlin. Although the Austrians have not been able to develop the degree of offensive and defensive strength that was expected of them by the German general staff, their opposition to the Russian advance has been of definite aid in retarding the progress of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch at the centre and the left wing. Further north, in East Prussia, the Russians appear not only to have failed to continue their offensive, but to have been forced to a slow retreating movement by the rallying German forces. There were indications at the beginning of the week that Gen. Rennenkampf was having a hard time in opposing the German advance into Russian Poland, on the way to Warsaw. In order to strengthen the right wing of the army that is facing the available forces of the German world, Russia at the end of last week was hurrying heavy reinforcements to Rennenkampf.

THE attitude of Italy toward the grouping of powers involved in the European struggle is becoming an increasingly interesting factor in the international situation. An apparent effort has been made by the government at Rome, since its proclamation of neutrality, to maintain the position of a strict neutral. Public sentiment, however, has been developing strongly in the direction of a step which cannot fail to exert a powerful effect upon the outcome of the struggle. That step, as foreshadowed by the plain trend of public feeling in Italy, will range Italy on the side of the Allies by a declaration of war against Austria-Hungary. For a fortnight past a series of great gatherings in various parts of Italy have given voice to a demand for action that shall enable Italy to annex the Italian-speaking provinces now under Austrian rule. The government at Rome has been obliged to use force in dealing with some of these meetings, and the result has been a distinct stimulus to the anti-Austrian agitation. The breaking-point evidently is not far off.

Digitized by Google

The entrance of Italy into the conflict would be a double misfortune for Germany and Austria-Hungary. It would augment the land forces of the Triple Entente by nearly a million men, and it would close the door for the admission of food supplies into Germany and Austria by way of the Italian ports. There is every reason to believe that the Kaiser has employed all the pressure at his command to induce Italy to cast in her lot with the other two members of the Triple Alliance, or, failing that, to persuade Italy to refrain from turning upon its former partners by declaring war against Austria. It appears now that, unable to carry out its agreement with Germany and Austria because of the strong anti-Austrian sentiment in Italy, the Italian government has done its best to prevent the participation of the country in the war as an ally of France, Great Britain, and Russia. It appeared at the beginning of the week that even in this passive plan of aiding Germany and Austria, the government at Rome was destined to meet with failure in the near future.

The relations of Turkey with the rest of the world continue to furnish material for interesting speculation to the chancelleries of Christendom. No European power has yet assented to the Ottoman plan for the abolition of the privileges of alien subjects in Turkey, known as the "capitulations." In the mean while, the authorities at Constantinople are going on with their project, not only to abrogate all the treaties granting extra-territorial rights to Europeans within the empire, but also to disregard all existing tariff agreements by imposing prohibitive import duties upon a variety of products of foreign origin. Among the powers which have informed the Turkish government of their unwillingness to accept the abolition of the capitulations is the United States, which presented its protest at Constantinople on September 16. In no instance, however, has the protest against the abrogation of treaties been accompanied by any reference to the application of force as a means of inducing Turkey to comply with diplomatic representations. The international situation is too delicate for the employment of pressure at Constantinople.

Brevities.

A great moral and spiritual truth can sometimes be summed up in a few homely words, as when Longfellow's cobbler states thus the ethical relation of this life to the next: "If you do well here, you will be well there."

What shall we do with the conventional "white lies" of society? Every one knows of them, nearly every one practises them, and they are so commonplace that most people never are made deeply conscious of their tendencies. They must, however, sometime be outgrown.

We cannot yet realize the possibilities of the near future in the opening of the Panama Canal. Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, a former chief engineer of the canal, says, "He would be a bold prophet who should dare to predict the greater events that are certain to follow the bringing nearer together of the ends of the earth".

The old-fashioned hand-cultivated kitchen garden is being gradually replaced by the field garden carried on by horse culture appliances. The little kitchen garden near the back door was strictly for the householder's convenience and comfort,—a kind of mother's garden, blessed with many tender associations, which we may continue to prize for both vegetable and sentimental reasons.

In His Own Country.

BY WILLARD A. WATTLES.

Curses upon him, men of Nazareth,
For this high sacrilege of holy church
And desecration of our synagogue.
What, shall a wandering gypsy blasphemer,
Dream-visioned and a friend to rogues and tramps,
Idling away the busy crowding days
When men are working, set the town on ears
And turn the village upside down with talk
Of God's glad kingdom come again to men?

Have I not known him, son of a carpenter,
Setting a shoulder to his father's trade,
Grimy with sweat, and straining with an adz
To split the toughened trunk of olive-wood,
Weary with dragging up the rocky street
The beams of half the houses of the town;
And shall this slender staggerer beneath
Such clumsy burdens lift the whole round world
Up to the dizzy pinnacles of God?

Have I not seen him, racing o'er the hills,
Hair in the wind, with sun-browned boyish face,
Chasing the clouds and shepherding the sky;
And shall this thoughtless friend of mountain birds,
This idle playmate of the bees and gray
Sleek-coated foxes, rule Jehovah's throne
In everlasting glory down the years,
And from the buttressed Zion of our faith
Appall the courts of Cæsar and of Baal
With the dark shadow of a bloody sword?
Messias when he comes is king of kings,
But Jesus would be emperor of the poor;
Messias flames a whirlwind of God's wrath,
But Joseph's son proclaims that God is love.

"Love," does he say? Could I but reach his cheek
He soon would know the wage of blasphemy
To brave within God's holy synagogue
The village elders with his heresies
And artful mouthings of the prophet's word,
That he it is Isaiah has foretold
Shall loose the captives, give the blind to see,
And lead the broken-hearted into peace.

What! Can he heal us,—he who thirsty, drinks,
And hungry, threshes Sabbath corn in ear,
Or faints when weary of the summer sun?
His father needs him; can he find no task
To clothe his brothers, stay his mother's hands,
Or set his sisters singing at their looms,
But he must wander, careless, up and down,
Sleep under hedges with his John and James,
Upsetting half the country with his talk
Of love and brotherhood and Father God?

Can he teach me, a rabbi of God's church,
New ways to read the ancient prophesies,
Whose eyes grow dim above the yellow rolls,
Whose hands are palsied grasping at the Word;
And he with his young beauty, breathing health,
Lover of men, and children's comforter,
Whom women follow as the stars the moon
Across the windy heavens, shall he crowd
Me out the hearts of all our villagers,
And pilfer with the turning of a hand
What I have struggled all these years to keep?

Nay, that he shall not! By my fathers' graves
And all the lineage of my tribe I swear
He shall not do it! Old as I am I vow,
Jehovah helping, that these withered hands
Shall pluck his beard out, crown him with wild thorn,
Throw sand upon his scourged and bleeding back,
And tear his body limb from shining limb.
He will not be so swift for running then,
Nor flash great visions from his sunken eyes.
Those hands that draw men simply at a touch
Shall clasp in darkness crumbling palms of death,
And night forever brood within his brain.

Millions of dreamers stormed as brave as he
The everlasting bulwark of all time,
Setting their aery standards in the breach,
And climbing, with their silly swords in teeth,
Up the great slippery granite sides to die.

Digitized by Google

Millions of dreamers, and where are they now?
Jehovah liveth, still his ministers
Lift in the Temple pleading hands of prayer,
Emperor and Galilean come and go
And leave their shifting shadows in the glass,
While Aaron's priesthood rule behind the Veil
And holy Tabernacle of the Most High God.

The Temple stands, Jehovah lives, and I
Need no instruction from a carpenter.
Seize him and stone him, men of Nazareth!

AMHERST, MASS.

Some Unappreciated Shakespearian Characters.

BY H. M. SELBY.

"All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare. Taking the converse of this proposition, we may say that Shakespeare's plays form a miniature world, the *dramatis personæ* supplying types of nearly all the classes of characters to be found in the larger world. And, as in the larger world there are characters with noble and lovable qualities who are less appreciated than they deserve, so it is in Shakespeare. Sometimes this lack of appreciation arises, both in the plays and in real life, from the inconspicuous rôles which fall to the lot of these personages, sometimes to the presence of more striking personalities in such close juxtaposition that the less striking ones are overshadowed.

Let us look at a few of these unappreciated characters. We will first take two who play humble roles—Sir Eglamour in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and the Groom in "Richard II." The former appears only in two scenes (act iv., sc. 3, and act v., sc. 1), but what a beautiful picture of a true knight is suggested in this small space! How worthy of affection is this man, who, after the death of his lady-love, devotes himself to celibacy, but, instead of retiring into a monastery or shunning the society of the other sex, holds himself in readiness to serve other women for the sake of the one he loved, so that Silvia can, without misgiving, ask his aid in her distress, just as if he were a monk or a friar, knowing that he will neither deem her plea importunate nor annoy her with attentions on her journey through the forest. Shakespeare makes a few hits in this very play at the extravagances of the love-making of chivalry, but we see, from this portrait of Sir Eglamour, that he was not blind to the true ideal that lay behind the extravagances.

The Groom in "Richard II." plays an even less conspicuous part than Sir Eglamour, but, nevertheless, no one who will carefully read the scene in which he appears can fail to be struck by the faithfulness of the man who—at some risk to himself—goes to visit his former master when all his friends have forsaken him. We are the more impressed when we reflect that Richard was far from being a lovable character; in fact, the Groom does not seem to feel deep affection for him, or even to owe him gratitude for kindness; he seems to come out of pure pity—or, no, perhaps not solely out of pity: his talk is all of the horse which he used to tend when it was Richard's and which is now the property of Bolingbroke. The love for roan Barbary was perhaps the link between the monarch and the groom, the "fellow-feeling" which made them "wondrous kind."

The two characters of which we have spoken attract us by their moral qualities alone. At first sight, it seems as if the case were otherwise with the next one—Fluellen. We think of his delicious Welsh-English, of his amusing insistence on "the disciplines of war," and at first we do not pay much attention to his moral worth, but when we come to look at him more closely we see that *his* attractiveness has also a moral source; for is not his chief charm his simplicity and directness, and are not these the outcome of a guileless nature? If his simplicity sprang from stupidity, as Dogberry's does, we should laugh, but we should not love him. But Fluellen is no fool, nor is he even weakly good-natured; he is sometimes taken in—*e.g.*, by Pistol—because he thinks others as genuine as himself; but he refuses to plead for Bardolph, the thief, and insists on the humiliation of Pistol, who has scoffed at the leek. Of a piece with all this is his uncompromising answer to the king, who suggests that Williams shall break his oath of giving "a box o' the ear" to any one who challenged the glove in his cap. (The glove, it will be remembered, was given as a gage by Henry himself when he went round the camp in disguise.)

"It may be [says the king] his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree."

"Though he pe as goot a gentleman as the tevil is [replies the undaunted Welshman], as Lucifer and Pelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath."

(Note the combined deference and familiarity of the "look your grace.")

Perhaps, by the by, Williams himself might be added to our list of unappreciated characters. Certainly his manly bearing when he finds his quarrel is with the king is most remarkable, well worthy of the most truly democratic of Shakespeare's plays, and at bottom, I think, they are *all* democratic, since in every play there is recognition of the fact that "a man's a man for a' that." At any rate, nothing can surpass, in mingled dignity and courtesy, Williams's defence of his conduct. Hear him speak for himself in answer to the king:—

"*King Henry.* 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.
. . . . . .
How canst thou make me satisfaction?

"*Williams.* All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

"*King Henry.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

"*Williams.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me."

No wonder that the king's answer is to order the glove to be filled with crowns!

To return to Fluellen. Above all, how wise is his answer when the noise in the English camp is defended by pleading the enemy's example,—

"If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, pe an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now"!

Does not the king speak truly when he says,—

"Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman"?

Our next character, Horatio, plays a humble rôle, but the chief reason of his going unnoticed is that he is overshadowed by the more striking personality of Hamlet. It must be confessed that there is nothing striking about Horatio himself. He is just a commonplace, practical man, without a spark of cleverness. His worth is entirely moral, but the morality is of the highest order. We are first struck by the common sense of his behavior about the ghost,—his scepticism when told of its appear-

ance, his complete recantation when convinced by the evidence of his senses. We next notice that, though awed by the ghost, he shows no cowardice; his only fear is for Hamlet, whom he beseeches not to follow it. Here is heard the keynote of his life; fidelity in friendship is the chief point in his character. Truly admirable is his behavior to his friend. There is no rude assumption of familiarity with the prince; he always treats him with courtesy and respect: on the other hand, though he is a poor man, he never flatters him; he speaks to him in a natural, straightforward way, as one man to another; he never mentions his love, but Hamlet is ever his chief thought, *e.g.*, even while struck with pity for poor distraught Ophelia, he thinks of the necessity of preventing the spread of rumors prejudicial to his friend's reputation. He is "faithful even unto death," nay, beyond it, for at Hamlet's request he "absents himself from felicity awhile," that he may vindicate his friend's honor. We can understand what it must have been to Hamlet to have such a friend when we remember that he had no one else to rely on; that Polonius and Laertes always distrusted him and warned Ophelia against him; that Ophelia, instead of indignantly standing up for her lover, as Juliet or Portia would have done, listens tamely to the admonitions of her father and brother, and even lends herself to aid their espionage. When we think further of Osric, the typical courtier, with no mind of his own, saying whatever he thinks will please, and of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who join his uncle in plotting against him, can we wonder that he greets Horatio in such terms as these:—

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

Our last character, Celia, meets with less appreciation than is her due because she is so overshadowed by the striking personality of Rosalind that it is only by close observation that one discerns the beauties of her nature. Rosalind is one of those people that naturally take the central place wherever they appear. These people are often not merely attractive, frequently they are really and genuinely admirable; but they have an intense consciousness of their own personality, and a way of impressing their personality on others. Rosalind has no intention of throwing her cousin into the shade, but she does it. We feel that, though her uncle is unjust in calling her "subtle," yet there is justification for his subsequent words, addressed to Celia:—

"She robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone."

It is one of the finest points in Celia's character that she never resents this self-obtrusion of her cousin. She is quite content to be simply Rosalind's *confidante*. Of her generous and faithful conduct in accompanying Rosalind into banishment there is no need to speak. Some people who pretend to great knowledge of human nature declare that friendship between women is impossible. Shakespeare, whom all allow to have known a good deal about human nature, seems to think otherwise.

And yet, with all Celia's devotion to Rosalind, she never merges her own individuality in her cousin's or any one else's. Early in the play we see her shame and resentment at her father's behavior to Orlando,—

"Were I my father, coz, would I do this?"

It is significant, too, that the first suggestion of going into the forest comes from her, though, when Rosalind has taken up the idea, she makes it her own, adding the proposition that they should disguise themselves as men, and of course afterward naturally assumes the more prominent place. It is also to be noted that Celia, though less strong physically than her cousin, is of a more equable temperament, laughing in a tender, elder-sisterly way at Rosalind's sallies when the latter is in a merry mood, sustaining and consoling her when she is in a sad one.

Rosalind dazzles like the meteor: Celia shines with the steady radiance of the planet.

One general remark, to conclude this survey of unappreciated Shakespearian characters.

Sometimes it is the author's fault that admirable characters in fiction receive but scanty justice. The playwright or the novelist emphasizes the strong points of a less worthy personality, and, to appraise rightly, we must oppose our own judgment to his. This is the case with Dickens in "A Tale of Two Cities": the limelight is turned full on Sydney Carton; his sacrifice of a life, lessened in worth by his own weakness, is given greater prominence than Charles Darnay's almost life-long unselfishness and steadfast loyalty to principle. But with Shakespeare the case is otherwise. In his plays, as in life, such characters as we have been considering stand in the background, or, at any rate, never hold the chief place in the picture; but they are fully drawn, just as, in a good painting of a crowd, each individual is distinctively portrayed. Their very position is one they would hold in life. We do not find the Horatios of our acquaintance taking precedence of the Hamlets, the Celias attracting more notice than the Rosalinds. The faithful groom, the quiet, chivalrous gentleman, obtain only a passing glance, even the Fluellens, as a rule, excite merely a laugh *en passant;* and it is seldom that their real worth is discerned. But, as in life, so in Shakespeare, the neglect is due to the defective vision of the beholders. The beauty is there for those who have eyes to see.

London, England.

Spiritual Life.

True patriotism, while it should be ready to resist evil, to denounce oppression, and expose wrong, should be even more tireless in applauding the good, extolling justice, and praising all efforts for things that exalt our country and its institutions.—*John W. Learnard.*

We think of heaven as something that must visit us from afar. . . . But the new heaven and the new earth will only be the unveiling to us of what already is. It is only our blindness that needs to be removed, only our spiritual faculties that need to be awakened.—*Lucy Larcom.*

O God, who makest cheerfulness the companion of strength, but apt to leave us in time of weakness: we humbly beseech Thee that if Thou sendest tribulation, yet, for Thy mercy's sake, deny us not the comfort of patience. Thou wilt not lay more upon us than Thou wilt enable us to bear; but, since the fretfulness of our spirits is more hurtful than the heaviness of our burden, grant us that

Digitized by Google

inner calmness which comes when we feel Thee with us, and give us grace to own that Thou doest all things well. Amen.—*R. Crompton Jones.*

The voice of our whole nature properly interpreted is a cry after higher existence. The restless activity of life is but a pressing forward toward a fulness of good not to be found on earth, and indicates our destination for a state more brightly beautiful than we now can conceive.—*Channing.*

One thing there is which is yours incontestably, which you yourself may lose, but which none can take away. You have your life; and, however insignificant its place, however meagre its conditions, however circumscribed its power, it is of quite inconceivable worth to you and to mankind. The whole wide world does not equal it in value; and if all external aims were realized, and all your cravings satisfied, you are an ignominious failure if you have not nourished and developed that which is most palpably your own.—*E. G. Spencer.*

The Moral Ultimatum.

There are still many people in the country who are against war on any terms. The only opposition which they can offer even to an army threatening to invade their country and devastate their homes is the sword of the spirit. This is not weakness or sentimentalism on their part, but the heroism of tried conviction in face of desperate odds. We have deep respect for the position, though we cannot accept it. We know what it is costing them to maintain it at the present time. It is a daily martyrdom, an unceasing prayer that through the shrinking of the flesh, in some moment of danger or fear, they may not be unfaithful to the inmost conviction of their souls. They would not strike a blow even to defend themselves from death. That is a courage as sublime as anything which the most splendid stories of battle can show. But if these people cannot take sides, as many of us have felt ourselves forced to take sides, even to the extent of pressing on the work of the recruiting sergeant and giving our sons to the war, they are one with us in recognizing that the issue before us is one of life and death between two principles, and we must choose, be the consequences what they may.

We can most of us look back to a time—was it really only a few weeks ago?—when an attitude of intellectual indifference among rival moral systems seemed almost inseparable from the tolerance of good breeding. One man upheld old-fashioned Christianity, another worshipped at the shrine of a rejuvenated paganism, while a third proclaimed Nietzsche as the prophet of the new age. What did it matter? Let them all join in friendly argument or confute one another in the pages of the reviews. The only unpardonable folly was to refuse to keep an open mind or to believe that there is anything fixed and final in the pleasant variety entertainment which we call the world. To such a mood all sternness is unpleasant, the words of swift challenge which flash upon us from the Bible seem unreal, and moral indignation is a little brutal and unkind. Suddenly we have been confronted by a moral ultimatum. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" has sounded as clearly for us as ever it did for the Israelites of old. All our fine-spun theories have been blown to pieces like spiders' webs in a gale. The latest novelty in morals has ceased to glitter and beguile as the storm-cloud has swept over the land. We know that the days of pleasant dreaming are over and are little likely to return while we live on this earth. Quietly, with the confidence of strong men, we must take our side not simply for to-day and to-morrow, but for ever, for morality is not calculating opportunism, but loyalty which exacts no terms save permission to serve the good cause to the end. Loyalty of this kind means separation from everything which is hostile to it, intolerance of everything which weakens or thwarts it, a cleavage which cuts down to the foundations of life. A Christian is not a man who speculates about the nature of the good. He has seen goodness suffering and enthroned; he possesses it as an eternal treasure in his heart; and he gives himself freely to its service, not caring what the consequences may be, as a soldier goes forth to die for his country.

In England we have played with these things. Small coteries have welcomed translations of Nietzsche and slobbered over him as their new prophet. Young men of capacious ignorance have talked about the Will to Power. A few serious thinkers have tried to interpret Nietzsche and his school of thought to the English mind, but the whole thing has not really touched us. It has been at best a fit of midsummer madness, and now we are broad awake. We know in what we have believed, and we mean to abide by it, come what may and cost what it will. There is no lust for power in our blood; there is no dark jealousy of our neighbors in our hearts; but honor and justice and the sacredness of the plighted word and the protection of the defenceless and the weak—these are things which we value more than life itself; and to these things we mean to be faithful with the stern and unflinching intolerance of conscience. If any man says that he does not feel in this way, we are not going to pay him the feeble compliment of a pretended tolerance. Tolerance ranges over the wide area of things which are indifferent, about which it is lawful to keep an open mind. It has nothing to do with the ultimate things of the soul, when we are face to face with swift issues of life and death, of good and evil.

Let us not deceive ourselves that we can escape paying the price of our Christian allegiance to the uttermost farthing. It is no time for sentimental dreams about everything being as it was before when the war is over. Nothing will be the same as before. This is not a matter of our own choice. It is laid upon us by the inexorable demands of righteousness. Perhaps our Christianity has lingered too long in the green pastures of the beatitudes. Now it bids us walk through the terrors of the dark valley. "He that loveth father or mother more then me is not worthy of me." "I came not to send peace, but a sword." It is not for us to appoint the terms of our service or to measure the sacrifices which we are willing to bring. We shall have to lay sore hearts and broken friendships and our dearest affections upon the altar of God before this war is over. Let us do it with the courage of men.—*The London Inquirer.*

To-Day.

The mischief with nearly all of us is that we do not grasp the significance of our destiny. We read history and of events magnificent and terrible, but our souls are not large enough to understand that fate has singled us out, this very generation of ours, to figure in history as no generation ever figured before.

Let us sit down and read history, read the most terrific pages of history, read of Cæsar, of Attila, of Napoleon, get our souls full of those pages, comprehend the sublimity of their upheavals, and then force ourselves to realize that the page now being written transcends them all in horror and importance. We cannot realize it. . . . But we must, and the sooner the better. This thing has hap-

Digitized by Google

pened *to us*. The realization should induce a solemn state of mind for which there is no word except the word "religious." It should stir not only the minor religious virtues of faith, obedience, fortitude, and helpfulness, but the final religious virtue of carelessness about self. Comforts, conveniences, rewards, justice, even life—what are they when the loss of them is calmly risked? We may or may not see the end of this thing. The old ideal may or may not be as moribund as we had supposed. What matter? We shall have lived in an age unparalleled; and human dignity remains. Some, I admit, are pessimistic concerning the result—not the result to Britain of Britain's pugnacity, but the vast result of the struggle between ideals. Of course, common sense, energy, steadfastness, the informed consciousness of right, may fail. Nobody who wishes to think so can be prevented from thinking so. Personally, I do not think so. I am on the side of the far future, and the far future is always right—till in its turn it slips into the past.—*Arnold Bennett, in London Daily News.*

My Riches.

Mine is the gold of sunset,
The glory of the dawn,
The splendid star that shines afar,
The dew-bejewelled lawn.

Mine are the pearls and opals
That fall from wayside spring,
The silvery notes from thrushes' throats
Through woodland aisles that ring.

Mine is the rare embroidery
Of lichen on the wall,
The airy grace of fair fern-lace,
Meet for a prince's hall.

Softer than Persian carpet
The moss beneath my feet,
In dewy dells, where floral bells
Toll out their perfume sweet.

Banks cannot hold my treasure;
It needs no lock nor key;
None 'neath the sky so rich as I,
Who hold the world in fee.

—*Emily Tolman, in "To a Summer Cloud, and Other Poems."*

The Church is Dead; Long Live the Church!

BY REV. E. A. COIL.

"The church is dead, but it is not yet aware of the fact," remarked an observing friend with whom I was discussing the ethical and religious conditions of the present day. There are many who will insist that the case is far from being as bad as that; but even they have to admit that the numerous surveys that have been made in recent years clearly indicate that the church does not now possess and exercise the influence and power it possessed and exercised in former years. Not long ago P. Marion Simms, D.D., of Vinton, Ia., published a book, the suggestive title of which is, "What must the Church do to be Saved?" Under such headings as "Problems Confronting the Church To-day," "The Discreditable Situation within the Church," "The Appalling Situation in the Country Church," "The Continued Decline of Candidates for the Ministry," "The Impotence of a Divided Church," Dr. Simms presents an array of facts that cannot fail to stagger those who are most optimistic as to present-day church conditions. Admitting that the church is sustaining serious losses in that many capable and earnest men and women no longer look upon it as a means through which to make their contributions to the uplift of humanity, the *Biblical World* of Chicago recently said: "Either Christianity will compel the assent of honest men of modern training, or it is doomed to become in America what it is in Europe, the patron and *protégé* of ignorance." Although that declaration seems to confound Christianity with the organization that calls itself Christian, a thing that should never be done, it should constitute food for serious reflection on the part of all who consider organized endeavor essential to the highest ethical and spiritual interests of mankind. That the church is not now compelling the assent of large numbers of honest people of modern training is so apparent that a simple statement of the fact insures general assent. Its failure in that direction is so great, and the effects so marked, that those who deny that it is dead grant that the life of the church is in serious peril. Since religion is of perennial interest to mankind, it seems fitting to inquire why this is so; why men and women, as deeply interested in religion as they ever were in any age of the world, should have become so indifferent to the organization through which it has hitherto supposed to be given its noblest and most effective expression. To find a satisfactory answer to this question, consideration must be given to one of the greatest and farthest-reaching revolutions that has ever taken place in the religious thought and practices of mankind.

Religion, springing everywhere out of the same soil, exists, nevertheless, in three well-defined forms—the sacrificial, dogmatic, and ethical. It is true these forms frequently overlap each other, each form embodying within itself some of the characteristics of the other two; but they can always be distinguished by noting what their devotees insist upon as a test of fellowship,—those devoted to a sacrificial form placing the emphasis upon the number and character of the sacrifices offered, the dogmatists limiting their fellowship to those who accept a certain creed, while those who adhere to the ethical form seek to unite men upon the basis of righteous living. In the first, sacrifices are considered of chief importance, the creed and life being looked upon as secondary. In the second, the creed is exalted above sacrifices and the kind of life lived. In the third, righteous living is considered of more importance than either sacrifices or creeds, and emphasis is placed upon reverent, earnest, honest life as an all-sufficient test of fellowship.

The old sacrificial and dogmatic forms whereby men sought the favor of God through the offering of sacrifices or the acceptance of creeds, and long in the ascendency, are now rapidly giving way before a virile ethical religion, more potent, in many places, outside than it is inside the church. To call attention to this radical and far-reaching change that is taking place is the purpose of this article.

As far as Christian civilization is concerned, the sacrificial form of religion was practically abandoned long ago.

In the ninth chapter of the letter to the Hebrews there are presented two covenants, the first of which, being sacrificial, and contemplating the cleansing of the people by means of "the blood of goats and calves," is supplanted by a second, in which it is set forth that Christ "by his own blood entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." Looking upon the first testament as thus fulfilled or superseded, men began teaching that salvation was possible only through faith in Jesus Christ; but, in making the transit from the old testament to the new one, it finally came about that creeds rather than character were insisted upon as the chief condition of a man's acceptance and fellowship by the church. "Believe and be saved" came to be the great exhortation of the church to the world, and heaven was pictured as a place or state to be attained only after death, earth being conceived as a wilderness of woe incapable of transformation or uplift, and from which

Digitized by Google

men were urged to make good their escape through right forms of belief. It was thus the foundations of that dogmatic form of religion that has dominated Christendom for centuries were laid.

John Bunyan expressed the prevailing conviction of his day when he began his great allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," thus: "As I walked through the wilderness of this world"; and the hero of that allegory was consistent with the requirements of dogmatic religion when he sought salvation in flight from the city of Sin rather than in an effort to uplift and transform it. In his endeavor to save his own soul he even forsook his wife and children, and pursued a course which, if followed now, would cause a man to be haled before the courts to answer to the charge of neglecting his duty. That conception of religion is giving place to the idea that a man insures his own present and future salvation only as he helps to save the world from sin and sorrow through the establishment of righteousness and the promotion of joy. The source of no small part of the power whereby this change has been wrought is to be found in our modern fraternal orders and that form of religion designated as "liberal," and which have been much opposed and sometimes persecuted by the dominant church. A careful study of their development will contribute to a better understanding of the present religious situation.

The organization of workmen into brotherhoods for mutual assistance and protection, or operative Masonry, is so ancient that its origin is lost in the mazes of a distant past. Speculative Free Masonry, however, founded on the practice of moral and social virtue, so conceived and exemplified as to free itself from those theological controversies that have divided the church into bitterly contending sects, and, at the same time, to impress upon men their obligation to pay that rational homage to the Deity which constitutes at once their duty and their happiness, began to assume form in the seventeenth century of our era. It became definite and effective through the foundation of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717. From that source speculative Free Masonry has spread to every quarter of the globe. One needs but to study its nature and purpose to see that, in instituting speculative Free Masonry, thoughtful men at one and the same time entered a vigorous protest against the dogmatic form of religion then predominant in the church, and also against the old idea that this world is a wilderness of woe, destined to remain such until the end of time. This institution proposes not to save men from the world, but to save them in the uplift and transformation of the world; and, its religion being ethical rather than sacrificial or dogmatic, men of good purposes and lofty ideals, granting to each other the widest freedom of thought and conscience as to the nature and attributes of God, the future form and state of the soul, cheerfully unite to promote reverence, temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, and other virtues that constitute the king-bolt of all civilizations, and insure happiness and peace to mankind. Based upon the proposition that the whole human race constitutes one family, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, being the children of one Almighty Parent, inhabitants of the same planet, speculative Free Masonry teaches a lesson of universal mutual interest and aid; and, acting upon this principle, it demonstrates the possibility of effective union on a theistic-ethical basis by uniting men of every nation, sect, and opinion, and promoting true friendship among those who might otherwise remain perpetually estranged from each other. That is, speculative Free Masonry is founded upon a principle of freedom, equality, and mutual regard which the royalties, hierarchies, and sectarians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries quickly recognized as highly inimical to their selfish interests. They saw that in the development and spread of that principle their power and special privileges would be imperilled, and they at once instituted determined opposition. Although it hindered, in a way, that opposition was powerless to stop the growth of the new institution which soon began to take root on the European continent, and in 1733 a provincial Grand Lodge was established in Massachusetts. It is both interesting and instructive to know that the American and French patriots of the last quarter of the eighteenth century studied the principles of religious and political liberty, equal rights and fraternity, in the Masonic lodges of America and France. Knowing this, one can readily understand why kings, hierarchies, and all those interested in the promotion of a dogmatic form of religion, so earnestly sought to discredit and arrest the progress of the institution.

Although theistic and reverent, speculative Free Masonry does not split up into sects and weaken itself contending over questions of theology and ritualistic practice. Seeking first of all to make this the best possible world, it emphasizes worthy character as the great essential in this life and as the factor that determines destiny in the future. Instead of teaching salvation through a transfer of merit and demerit between innocent and guilty parties, as it was taught by the church of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in some places even yet, speculative Free Masonry declares that "There is an All-Seeing One whom the sun, moon, and stars obey, and under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolutions," who "pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, AND WILL REWARD US ACCORDING TO OUR MERITS." The teaching of this institution does not take Jesus, as a great religious teacher and exemplar of spiritual truth, away from humanity. It does no violence to what has come to be known as the moral theory of the atonement, which presents him as a worthy example, but not as a vicarious sacrifice. Teaching that God looks down into the hearts of all men and rewards them according to their own merits, this institution insists that righteousness of life, regardless of the acceptance or rejection of any particular dogmas relating to the birth and nature of Jesus, shall be regarded as the test of fellowship among men. It teaches that God looks down into all hearts and rewards all men according to their merits, the logic of which teaching is that there is no possible way to insure sharing in the glories and triumphs of Jesus, or any other great teacher and examplar of moral and spiritual truth, except to live the kind of life he lived.

The multiplication and growth of secret fraternal orders is one of the wonders of our age. We have the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Improved Order of Red Men, Modern Woodmen, Elks, and scores of others, nearly all of which, however, so completely embody in their constitutions and rituals the spirit and principles upon which speculative Free Masonry stands that men of character are gladly welcomed into the membership of any one of them regardless of the fact that they may at the same time be identified with several others. Such results would be absolutely impossible if fellowship were based upon sacrifices or dogmas offered or believed in common, instead of upon character.

Bound by creeds and traditions, the church of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries failed to incarnate within itself the thought and spirit which then appeared and sought expression in the various relationships and activities of the world. Being denied by the body that was, that thought and spirit began building, in the form of our great fraternities, a body of its own; and now it has come about that the membership of these fraternities is increas-

Digitized by Google

ing by leaps and bounds while churchmen are anxiously asking, "What must the church do to be saved?" In many of its aspects the situation is pathetic. Many of the earnest efforts being put forth by conscientious church people to perpetuate the old order constitute, according to Dr. F. H. Cope, "the death-struggle of an old-time fallacy in religion." Facts and statistics collected in both Europe and America show that the church that was is practically dead; but religion remains the greatest fact of history, and there are even now evidences of the coming of a greater and grander church that is to be.

As the principles of brotherhood, based upon a recognition of the universal fatherhood of God, equal rights here, and salvation by character in the future, became more clearly defined in the minds of men, it was but natural that there should be put forth efforts to embody them in the thought and life of the church. The desire to do this marked in a special manner those who had come to believe that to uplift and transform this world, and develop manly and womanly character here, constituted the best possible preparation for the future. That the thought, spirit, and purpose embodied in many of our modern fraternal orders have been manifesting themselves in distinctively religious bodies, in more or less clearly defined form, for thousands of years is apparent to all who are familiar with the religious literature of the world. Micah gave expression to them when he protested against the sacrificial form of religion dominant among his people, and asked, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" But following the Reformation of the sixteenth century they began manifesting themselves more frequently and more persistently than ever before. The churches that were, bound by tradition and dogma, very naturally opposed them, and a religious body branded as heretical was born. A church calling itself "Uniti," or "Unionists," in which rite and dogma were subordinated to character, and in which were embodied the principles of that ethical religion which characterize speculative Free Masonry and many other great modern fraternities, appeared in Hungary, about the middle of the sixteenth century. In England, the establishment of distinctively Unitarian churches, standing for the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and salvation by character, dates back to 1774. In America, such churches began to appear in the last half of the eighteenth century, and the American Unitarian Association was organized in 1825. These dates are specified because it is both interesting and important to know that the churches called "liberal," because they would not consent to be dogmatically bound, have grown up side by side with our modern fraternities, and that these churches and many of the great fraternities embody the same spirit and principles in their organizations. The fraternities teach, in no uncertain way, the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man (conditioned upon the fact that there is one Almighty Parent), the immortality of the soul, and salvation by character. These principles are familiar to all who have any knowledge of the literature of the Unitarian church. Comparatively few people, however, seem to have realized that this church and many of our great fraternal orders, enrolling millions in their membership, rest on precisely the same foundation. They were born both of that spirit that loves liberty of thought and conscience, and seeks through the development of heavenly characteristics to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth, and thus to insure the rewards of righteousness in the future.

When a man dies, the devotees of a sacrificial form of religion anxiously inquire, "Have the proper sacrifices been offered?" Those devoted to a dogmatic form inquire with equal anxiety, "Did he accept the right creed?" This disposition to try to determine future destiny on the ground that the proper sacrifices have been offered or the right creed accepted creates many incongruous and difficult situations. For instance, when a man like Abraham Lincoln is taken out of the world, ordinary human sensibilities shrink from consigning him to everlasting torment; but common logic compels the conclusion that, if it is true that "we are accounted righteous before God only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or deservings," then Lincoln and all other men who do not believe that, and act accordingly, are forever lost, no matter how praiseworthy their lives may have been. That dogma has caused many honest sympathetic hearts to ache when contemplating the final destiny of noble souls who left this world without declaring belief in the merits of Christ as their only hope of salvation. But ethical religion, as embodied in the teaching of many of our great fraternities and that of the "liberal" church, leaving men absolutely free to accept Jesus or any other great religious leader as their ideal, their exemplar of truth and its practical applications, has no trouble or hesitation whatever in such cases. Whether it is the Pope of Rome, the Bishop of London, Abraham Lincoln, Robert Ingersoll, a Jew, Brahmin, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Confucian who crosses the mystic river called death, ethical religion calmly says, "There is an All-Seeing One whom the sun, moon, and stars obey, and under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolutions," who "pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, and rewards all men according to their merits." The righteous man will, so ethical religion teaches, receive his own because he is righteous, and the ruffians, who regard neither God nor man in their attempts to gratify their own selfish propensities and base desires, will reap exactly as they sow. This is applying the principle of eternal justice in the realm of the soul. It is saying to the righteous man, "You are sure, sooner or later, to reap the golden fruits of your righteousness," and to the foul and selfish soul, "You will somewhere, if not in time then in eternity, be brought face to face with your real self, see yourself just as you are, and if your conscience then condemns, you will indeed be condemned." Let the prodigals, debauchees, epicures, drunkards, misers, cheats, hypocrites, and tyrants of the world understand, as ethical religion teaches, that they cannot escape nor come out of the hells of their own creation until they themselves have paid, in terms of righteousness and restitution, the utmost farthing, and a mighty change for the better will soon be effected in the life of mankind. Once their nature and certainty are understood, the hells created by the unrighteous, hells of conscious moral depravity and self-inflicted moral scars, will make the old conception of fire and brimstone, whereby men have tried in the past to frighten their hesitating fellowmen into offering the prescribed sacrifices or accepting a particular creed, seem, in comparison, only like a somewhat superheated summer afternoon. Let this eternal truth, that the man who doeth righteousness is righteous and that the man who doeth wickedness is wicked, and that both are destined to reap exactly as they sow, be taught in all the Sunday-schools of Christendom, proclaimed from all pulpits even as it is now being taught by many of our modern fraternities and the "liberal" church, that character determines destiny, and the world will be given such an impetus forward and upward as it has never known. There need be no doubt about this because, although often bitterly opposed and hindered, the achievements of two hundred years of ethical religion as embodied in the fraternities and the "liberal" church proves it true.

It is not merely accidental that so large a proportion of the leaders in the great humanitarian movements of

Digitized by Google

modern times have been men and women pledged to the principles of ethical religion rather than to those of the sacrificial or dogmatic. Ethical religion proposes the uplift and transformation of humanity, and the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth. Its adherents, therefore, instead of turning their backs upon the world and forsaking it, as Bunyan's hero did, grapple manfully with it and strive to reform it. As already indicated, the American and French patriots of the last quarter of the eighteenth century were inspired by the principles of ethical religion which they studied in the Masonic lodges of America and France. The simple mention of our more effective modern educational methods, improved hospitals, humane societies, sanitary advances, and many other institutions and movements that are making the world a better place in which to live, suggests the names of Horace Mann, Peter Cooper, Dorothea Dix, Florence Nightingale, Henry Berg, Joseph Tuckerman, Henry W. Bellows, and a great army of kindred souls, noble servants of humanity and dumb animals, who glorified the name of God among men because wedded to the principles of ethical religion as embodied in the teaching of the Unitarian church. In their efficient work the world is given a glimpse of ethical religion in action. When all the achievements that add to the comfort and happiness of mankind are considered, it does not seem extravagant to assert that this form of religion, gladly working hand in hand with science, has done more to uplift and transform the world in the last two hundred years than dogmatic religion did in the seventeen centuries preceding.

By no means the least of the services rendered by the ethical form of religion, long opposed and denounced, is to be seen in the modification of the thought, spirit, and methods of the older churches themselves. They are coming at last to make virtue of the faith they once so vigorously denied, and are adopting the ethical religion by which, they once sneeringly said, a man might live, but by which he could not peacefully and safely die. Many good results following the gradual substitution of the ethical for the dogmatic form of religion are already apparent. The different sects of Christendom, born of dogmatic differences, and so contentious in the past as to constitute a source of weakness rather than strength to each other, are being united in the interests of righteousness. Even though the basis of our present alliances and federations, now coming to be so common, may be dogmatic, a careful study of their spirit and methods shows clearly that the ends at which they aim are chiefly ethical. More and more disposed to allow freedom of thought and conscience in realms where faith of necessity takes the place of actual knowledge, these allied and federated sects insist, with increasing vigor, upon purity of life, temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, and other virtues, without which, no matter what sacrifices were offered nor what theology accepted, civilization would be absolutely impossible. The signs of the times indicate that it will not be long until the ethical ends aimed at by the churches, still standing with more or less definiteness for the dogmatic form of religion, will be recognized as a basis of union, and then a great alliance, completely subordinating the dogmatic test of fellowship to nobility of purpose and life, will be formed for the purpose of saving the world from sin, and seeking the answer to the prayer of Jesus that the will of our Father may be done on earth even as it is in heaven. The people of that great alliance or church, made up of all lovers and promoters of righteousness, being taught that it is not in forsaking the world, as the Christian of "Pilgrim's Progress" did, but in saving it from sin, that they will save their own souls, will constitute an organization more effective in the promotion of noble life than any the past has ever known. United to promote those virtues that make life richer and happier, such a church will glorify the name of God on earth and prove an inestimable blessing to mankind.

That such a church is inevitable is clearly foreshadowed by the facts that opposition to the ethical form of religion has, comparatively speaking, almost disappeared; that the sects of Christendom, holding with less tenacity to their old dogmatic forms, are uniting as never before to secure ethical ends; and that the observant and thoughtful members of the great fraternities, standing clearly for ethical religion are beginning to realize that too many of their initiates, their early habits and training having been neglected, go wrong for them to be indifferent to the ethical opportunities and possibilities offered by Sunday-schools and churches into which children, as well as adults, may be gathered for instruction and inspiration in righteousness. But an increasing number of thoughtful fraternity men, firmly believing that things bring forth after their own kind in the moral as well as in the material world, absolutely refuse to take a position the plain logic of which would be that many of their brethren, known to have been good men, have gone to everlasting perdition just because they did not take certain offerings to the altar, or did not subscribe to particular dogmas which others accepted and approved. The conviction grows upon them that character, not sacrifices offered nor dogmas professed, determines destiny, and they are becoming more and more insistent that character be recognized by the church as an all-sufficient test of fellowship. That the church is beginning to realize the reasonableness of their demands, and yield to them, is evidenced in the fact that it is relaxing its efforts to secure ritualistic and dogmatic unity, and bending its energies more completely to the securing of great ethical ends. Its old message, the object of which was to save souls from hell in the future, is rapidly giving place to a new and nobler one, the object of which is to save this world from sin. The call to righteousness, less and less confused with sacrificial and dogmatic claims, is becoming louder and more effective, and the future is radiant with a light that inspires ever-enlarging hope. Though the discouragements are yet many, the achievements of the last two hundred years assure the discerning that there is no occasion for despair. Those who become hopelessly discouraged dwell too much upon the dark and seamy side of modern life, failing to make such a careful comparative study of the present and the past as they should make. That there is yet much evil in the world to be overcome with good is apparent enough; but there has been no age of the world in which so many forces were operating effectively to promote righteousness and comfort among men as there are operating now. That such forces will continue to multiply and become yet more effective, there is good reason to believe.

Religion in some form is as enduring as are man's questions concerning his origin, his relations and duties, and his destiny, and it will continue in the future as in the past, incarnating itself in organizations through which it will be expressed in the life of the world. We are not, therefore, as many seem to fear, now in the deepening shadows of a coming night, but in the twilight of a more glorious day. As the beautiful butterfly comes forth from the unattractive, unpromising chrysalis, and adds its brightness and beauty to the world, so will the church of the future, reverently theistic and ethical, consecrated and powerful, arise out of the conditions that now exist, unpromising as some aspects of those conditions seem to be. That church, devoting itself to overcoming evil with good, will glorify God upon earth, and greatly promote both the moral and material interests of all mankind. The church is dead; long live the church.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

Digitized by Google

The New Necessaries.

Strictly speaking, there are no new necessaries. It is only luxury which is new. The necessaries of life are the same as they always were this side of savagery. But a few new things are necessary to happiness, and a few, a very few, of the old necessaries of happiness can be easily foregone. The difference between a luxury and a necessary, in the sense in which we are using the terms, can, we think, be thus explained. Many luxuries become necessaries, and certain social phenomena always attend the transformation. When a luxury is only a luxury the average man wants it for himself. When it is becoming a necessary he wants it also for other people; that is, if he is fairly benevolent he does. Even if he is not benevolent, he modifies or abandons his opposition to their having it. To take a plain instance. Tea was once a luxury. It is now a necessary. Alcohol, on the other hand, which was a necessary, is becoming a luxury. Long ago, when the ascetic ideal prevailed, even a cloistered monk was not asked to go without wine. Nowadays, an increasing number of men and women of the world forego it without any special sense of virtuous abstention.

Of course, most of the new necessaries are far less tangible than ten. Fiction is fast becoming a necessary. Since the world began we have all hungered for news. The ablest politician and the simplest villager are the same so far as that is concerned, and have been, we suppose, since St. Paul's day, and long before that. But now we want fiction as well as news. We always liked it, but it was a luxury. There were always fiction-mongers who offered it to the unlearned by word of mouth. Then a story was like a holiday—something which came to refresh the weary two or three times a year. Now we are beginning to want it every day. We cannot endure a journey or an indisposition without it, and an immense crowd take journeys every day. It is the young who seem most eager for it. For them the novelette should appear more important than the newspaper, if we may judge from the immense number of young people herded together in suburban trains. Lending libraries are almost as common as milk-shops. In this particular the grown-up world is becoming childish. We cannot sit still unless we have a story to pass the time. In anxiety we must have the anodyne of fiction; and in sorrow, when we cannot long face thought, it is the most desirable and the most harmless of the soporifics. Perhaps we may also say that the present craving for fiction looks as though art in some form or other were becoming a necessary to a larger and larger proportion of civilized human beings. Occasionally one finds one's self wondering whether music is also going to become a necessary to the mass of the population. There is a wide-spread notion that it is a compulsory subject in primary schools. Certain carping persons wax eloquent over this supposed misuse of public money. On the other hand, an increasing number of musical people are keenly anxious to foster musical talent among the uneducated, and these latter—not, as a rule, so anxious for instruction—make prompt response and show unexpected taste. Is it possible to argue an interest in pictorial art from the present toleration of pictorial advertisement and delight in the cinematograph? Ornament in some form has become something like a necessary. A flowering front garden in the country, curtains, pictures, and china ornaments do now form part of every decent home.

Another luxury fast becoming a necessary to happiness is a certain amount of change. All those who can get it take it. A large proportion of the more successful professionals complain if they must pass a month on end in the scene of their work. If they do not live out of town they must go out, if only for a Sunday. Change for no other object than the delight of variety is nowadays organized for those who do not take the trouble to organize it for themselves. The benevolent offer "change" to all whom they in any sense control, and no one grudges it. It is becoming necessary. Change of scene, change of food, change of habits, are prescribed for every one. Even the modern dog will hunger-strike if the same diet is given him daily. Fashions in dress change for the factory girl as often as for the young lady of Mayfair.

Some amount of independence seems also to be becoming a necessary. This seems too obvious to need saying. However comfortable and well provided for children or dependants of any sort may be, they have a restless longing to be free. It shows most of all in the young. They are not satisfied to be given all they ask for. They want not to have to ask, and to get it for themselves. A positive dislike to the emotion of gratitude has arisen, and even children fear to feel it. All this is a truism. The strange thing is that, when once a new necessary arises, men withhold it at their peril. Children and young people were kept in the past generation without independence, and the absence of it did them no harm. They grew up happy, and strong mentally and morally. But to deny a necessary means partially to starve some one. They do not become strong nowadays without it. The same thing is true of education. Extraordinary shrewdness and judgment existed at one time among the illiterate. We do not think that this is true any longer. More people than is generally supposed slip through the educational sieve, but most of them turn out good for nothing. Women of all classes did very well with the minimum of education till lately. It is certainly an open question whether the highly taught woman of to-day is as charming as was her grandmother; but her grandmother could not be reproduced by purposely bringing up a girl with as little education. Once a thing has become a necessary we must give in. The standard of mental and physical comfort rises as irresistibly as the tide. To resist it—and we can only resist it in our own little backwaters—is to destroy happiness.

What, one wonders, will be the new necessaries sixty years hence? Possibly some of the things we think necessary to-day will be again on the way to becoming luxuries—like alcohol. But it is not easy to guess which. Means of locomotion may be less valued. At present they are valued above all things. A man returning to a remote English village after ten years' absence abroad remarked the other day that he saw no change in the place except that the laborers had bicycles. To take an abstract instead of a concrete instance, authority, which was considered an absolute necessary to the maintenance of religion, to the peace of mind of the world, is now of the nature of an intellectual luxury, a thought urged and defended by a subtle few. The ordinary thinking world manages to be religious without it. We may come, perhaps, to do without a good many notions which now seem indispensable—equality, perhaps.

There are undoubtedly certain new class necessaries which do not affect the whole of society. Opposite cravings, indeed, have taken possession lately of rich and poor. The well-to-do have developed a passion for nature, the poor a passion for town life. It seems necessary for the educated man nowadays to get away from the monotony of bricks and mortar, and to watch the endless, ceaseless variety of the seasons, at least for part of the year, and he will make great sacrifices of time, money, and energy to watch them. On the other hand, it seems impossible to keep an able boy belonging to the lower classes away from a town. To be "on the railway" may perhaps satisfy his romantic craving to be away from where things stand still. Both these cravings will of course pass, and we shall all settle down again. Not many things are necessary even to happiness. They increase, no doubt, but not very fast. We are deceived about their increase because they change, and we take the change for multiplication.—*The Spectator.*

Literature.

The United States Federal Internal Tax History from 1861 to 1871. By Harry Edwin Smith, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.—Prof. Smith is instructor in economics at Cornell University. His book is one of the Prize Economic Essays Series, offered in competition for the prizes by which Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx of Chicago have been trying to attract the interest of American youth to the study of economic and commercial subjects. The first prize of $1,000, offered for the year ending June, 1912, to any American without restriction, was taken by the present study. The internal revenue system of the United States during the Civil War period was essentially a new creation. How a financial policy developed and worked is set forth with abundant detail in a dozen chapters, supplemented by tables and statistics. It is evident that not only did the officials of that time deserve credit for the way they planned and administered the taxes, but the people also deserved credit for the support they gave to the laws and the officers. Students of economics and business will doubtless find the book especially useful. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago was the chairman of the committee that awarded the prize, and Prof. J. B. Clark of Columbia, Horace White of New York, Prof. Henry C. Adams of Michigan University, and Prof. Edwin F. Gay of Harvard were the other members of the committee.

The Art of Being Alive. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00 net. The subtitle of this book is "Success Through Thought," and it preaches the old, old doctrine that as a

Digitized by Google

man thinketh in his heart, so is he. To be alive means, with Mrs. Wilcox, to exercise an alert, receptive brain and an awakened spirit, to radiate life, cheer, and helpfulness to all around. Mrs. Wilcox does not belong to the number of those who "deny" evil and illness, but she believes in conquering them by the positive forces of goodness and love. The woman who does not wish to be beautiful makes a sad mistake, but she makes a worse mistake if she thinks that beauty will be hers without the cultivation of mind and heart. The book is written as a help toward the mental tonic of right thinking, and certainly there could never be a better time than the present to practise its precepts and realize our personal responsibility for the well-being of those about us than now, when outside events are depressing, and a world in arms batters at our centres of influence.

THE ADVENTURES OF JERRY MUSKRAT. THE ADVENTURES OF MR. MOCKER. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 50 cents each.—The testimony of the children themselves as to the place these Bedtime Story-books hold in their estimation would be more convincing than the opinion of older critics. Once having accepted a certain series of tales, child readers are loyal and hail with delight each fresh appearance of their old favorites. In these adventures of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, Reddy the Fox, Unc' Billy Possum, Johnny Chuck, Peter Cottontail, and the others, are more interesting each time they reappear. The spirit of the stories is first-rate, and there are no tragedies to sadden the small reader. The background of uncertainty against which the figures of Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the hound occasionally appear only gives a chance for bits of daring that add to the piquancy of the gay give-and-take of the colony.

THE LIGHT BRINGERS. By Mary H. Wade. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.—Among the bringers of light to a world that needs the sunshine are counted those men and women who have contributed by their personal effort and influence to the advance of real civilization; and these chapters tell, in graphic, animated style, the stories of half a dozen out of the vast number. Peary and Amundsen let in light upon unknown quarters of the globe; the Wright brothers and Marconi explored new realms of discovery and brought back illuminating results; Clara Barton and Julia Ward Howe enlarged the bounds of human sympathy and exemplified the spirit of universal brotherhood. Mrs. Wade develops the story interest in these lives, and make them picturesque at the same time that she lets them teach their lesson of perseverance in high aims.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS. By Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.—This is a volume in Macmillan's "Standard Library," a remarkable series of valuable books at a popular price. The present volume contains over five hundred pages. It is by an author of widely known ability and upon a subject of great human interest. The table of contents and the index are especially full and complete, adding greatly to the accessibility of the contents of this treasure-house. The book is almost like a text-book in its thoroughness. The author covers a wide field in his study of the subject. The whole world is made richer and more significant for the reader.

A MOTHER IN EXILE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35.—This dreary story might well be a transcript of actual mental experience, because it has not the proportion nor the shading that might have been given to it by a trained writer. It is the narrative of marital differences and the slow annihilation of hope in a woman's heart. It proceeds slowly with half-hearted reconciliations and unending analysis of conditions. The London *Literary World* calls it "a human document which not only bears the stamp of truth, but is the product of a brilliant intellect." It may be that, and certainly it is realistic, but the emotions become monotonous and at the end one can only sigh, *"Cui bono?"*

¶ Some twenty years ago a young Syrian, Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, landed at New York with nine cents in his pocket, to seek his fortune in the New World. To-day he is pastor of The Church of the Disciples, Boston.

¶ In "A Far Journey" Mr. Rihbany tells the story of his life, a story stranger and more interesting than a novel.

¶ The story of his childhood in a Syrian village, where life and customs are still those of Nazareth of the time of Christ, glows with that strange mixture of Oriental imagery and Christian faith so characteristic of the Holy Land.

¶ In his journey to America the lad crossed a gap of twenty centuries, and henceforth the record is of intellectual growth and spiritual adventure.

¶ As a revelation of what America can offer to her adopted children, this book will be a splendid inspiration to every reader.

A FAR JOURNEY, By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany

At all bookstores September 26. *Illustrated, $1.75 net.*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

4 Park Street, Boston

Ready September 1

[No. 276]

The Other Side of the Street

By

EDWIN M. SLOCOMBE

In this forceful and clear-cut interpretation of the parable of the Good Samaritan the principle of personal responsibility is given a wide interpretation. It is shown that not alone are the poor, the ignorant, and the unfortunate objects of Christian sympathy, but that "the needs of those who live on the other side of the street are as obvious as they are numerous" the needs of the *owners* of unsanitary tenements, the needs of the women who spend whole afternoons in card playing, the needs of those who receive profits which they have not earned, and the needs of childless homes all are included in the large programme of organized Christian activity

PUBLISHED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION AS TRACT No. 276

Order by number only, not by title

American Unitarian Association

25 Beacon Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

California Poppies.

How got you those faces like morning,
O poppies of satin-like sheen,
The daintiest roadsides adorning
With brilliance of yellow and green?

Though exiled to neat garden borders,
'Mongst neighbors of scarlet and blue,
Where the shrubs look like dignified warders
In tunics of emerald hue,

You never are sulky or peevish,
Or hide in a corner or pout;
And the gold need make nobody thievish,
You lavishly scatter about.

I fancy the Sun, from his treasure,
Has lent you his very best rays,
And that may account in a measure
For most of your sunshiny ways.

—*Annie Margaret Pike.*

Sweet Marjorie's Revenge.

BY MARY DAVIS.

The three small Goodfellows and two little Jacksons sat mournfully on the stone wall opposite the school-house.

"It's four o'clock now," stated Henrietta Jackson, solemnly.

"Too late to go down to the river," said roly-poly Tommie Goodfellow, with a tremendous sigh.

"I know one thing," said his older brother Jack, quite fiercely. "If Miss Forbes doesn't let Marjorie out in fifteen minutes, I'm going straight home to tell my father."

"Here she comes," squealed Tommie. "Everybody hide, quick!" The five dropped down behind the low wall and peered out roguishly as a slender little figure ran lightly down the steep steps. She flitted across the dusty road and a moment later jumped over the wall.

"I knew you'd hide there," she said briefly.

"Marjorie," scolded big brother, "what made you go and get kept in? We've been sitting half an hour on this old wall."

Marjorie shook her mane of red tangled curls, and tears came into her big brown eyes. "Jackie," she said, "you know that lovely little sketch-book that you gave to me Christmas and that I drew all your pictures in?"

"The one your mother is going to keep to show you when you're a really truly great artist?" asked Nora Jackson.

Marjorie nodded soberly.

"And I took it to school to show one of the girls, and Laura Bailey must have looked over her shoulder, for just as we were ready to go home she raised her hand and told Miss Forbes I'd been drawing funny pictures of her. I told her, and I told her," said poor Marjorie, "that I didn't draw a single one of them in school, but she made me stay, and took away my book, and said I was a naughty, naughty girl."

"Was it that picture of Miss Forbes where you got her nose crooked?" said Henrietta, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Marjorie, innocently, "but the mouth was just right. She has a funny mouth, you know."

"Don't you mind," said warm-hearted Jack. "I'll get you another book if you won't take it to school, and I'll let you draw me whenever you feel like it. I wish that Laura Bailey was a boy. I know what I'd do to her."

"We'll get our revenge, don't you fear," said Nora Jackson, giving Marjorie an affectionate hug.

"I don't want my revenge; I want my book," said Marjorie, sadly.

"What is the matter with you, Tommie?" laughed Jack.

Tommie was feeling carefully in his pockets. When he had turned them all inside out, he suddenly pulled a very grimy little handkerchief from his sailor blouse, undid a very hard knot, and held up a nickel.

"This is for a chocolate soda for Marjorie," he smiled.

Marjorie's shining mane bobbed up and down as she flew off with the nickel. In a moment she was back with a bag of peanuts. She counted them very carefully and then gave each an exact share. The Goodfellows and Jacksons were all very good at dividing in school, because they had so much practice outside.

While they were all laughing and talking, and eating peanuts at a rapid rate, Marjorie's sharp eyes spied something coming down the road.

"What's that?" she laughed.

A moment later a little black dog came running by. He had something in his mouth, but he ran so fast that the children could not distinguish what it was.

"That is Bobby Blake's dog," squealed Tommie; "he's the worst dog in town, too. He pulled some clothes right off Mrs. Lowe's clothes-line, and he ate up the minister's hat when he went to call on Bobby's mother."

"Here comes Laura Bailey," said Nora; "let's chase her home."

"Let's," said Tommie, finishing his last handful of peanuts in a hurry.

"Five to one isn't fair," said Jack. "You run after her, Nora, and give her a good scare."

But Marjorie was off like a flash. "All of you wait here," she called. Laura Bailey ran back hastily when she saw she had approached too near to Marjorie's friends. Up the long dusty road she ran swiftly, but Marjorie's small feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground, and she was soon up with her.

"She's caught her," laughed Jack.

"Good for Marjorie," shouted Tommie.

"She's coming back now," said Henrietta; "why, they're both coming back."

"We've got to catch that dog," called Marjorie, "it's very important indeed."

For the next half-hour everybody played "catch" with the roguish puppy. The children got hot and out of breath, but the small woolly black dog had the most delightful of frolics. When Marjorie stubbed her toe and fell over chubby Tommie, who in his turn tripped Henrietta, and they all fell headlong into the soft green grass, the little dog barked in the most insulting way.

"You needn't make fun of me, you old black dog," said Tommie, hotly.

He picked himself up and again dashed after the nimble puppy, who almost let himself be caught just to tease Tommie.

"I've got him," screamed Tommie, too soon.

"Where, where?" laughed the others, for the curly dog slipped adroitly out of Tommie's clutch and trotted to the other end of the field, where he sat watching them with bright black eyes.

"Let's sit down, too," panted Tommie. So everybody sat down on the soft grass and tried to get cool.

"Marjorie," gasped Nora, "what has that dog in his mouth, anyway?"

"Yes, Marjorie, we don't know why we're chasing him," shouted all the other Goodfellows and small Jacksons as Marjorie got very pink and hung her head.

"I promised not to tell, on my honor," she muttered.

"Whom did you promise?" demanded Henrietta, suspiciously.

"I know," guessed Nora, shrewdly, "it was that Laura Bailey. She's waiting over by the bars now."

"Please remember, Marjorie, you have to get your revenge on that tell-tale," charged Jack, with an angry glance at the distant Laura.

"If that dog has anything of Laura Bailey's in his mouth, I vote we let him tear it up," proposed Tommie, counting his bumps and bruises savagely.

"Do you hear that, Marjorie?" scolded Jack. "Tell us now if he has something of that Bailey girl's."

"I think he's coming now," beamed Marjorie, who had been listening to a wagon rattling over the covered bridge. "I thought it was our butcher," she exclaimed, and started on a quick run to the road.

"Won't you please give me a juicy dog-bone?" she begged politely.

The butcher liked sunny-faced Marjorie, so he good-naturedly climbed down from his seat and picked out a beef bone.

The black puppy's nose told him that something interesting was happening, so he capered halfway across the field to meet Marjorie. "Please, please," he yelped in quick sharp barks. The parcel in his mouth tumbled onto the ground, and he was so much excited about that appetizing bone that he forgot to pick it up. So Marjorie pounced on it and tossed him the bone.

The crowd of Goodfellows and Jacksons clustered around Marjorie in their excitement to look at the parcel.

"It's Laura Bailey's sewing-bag," she explained, "and he's just chewed it a little; and look, he hasn't hurt her apron at all."

She pulled out a dainty white apron and looked at it admiringly. "She'll probably get a prize on this. Isn't it pretty?"

"Throw it into the mud," growled Jack.

"Give it to me," wheedled Nora, with mischief dancing in her eyes.

But Marjorie was off to the pasture bars. "Here's your apron, Laura," she called.

"Thank you," mumbled Laura. Then as Marjorie was trotting off she stammered, "Say, I have some lovely paints in tubes that I'll give you, and a camel's-hair brush, too."

Marjorie's red curls bobbed up and down. "Thank you, Laura, but you had better keep them."

"Please take them," begged Laura.

"No, I thank you," said Marjorie, primly, edging off toward her impatient comrades.

"O Marjorie," sobbed Laura, throwing herself down on the ground in a tempest of tears, "please, please take them, and I'll tell Miss Forbes that you didn't mean that for a funny picture. I was so provoked that

Digitized by Google

you didn't show me your sketches that I went and told on you, and I'm sorry, honest and true I am."

Tender-hearted Marjorie threw her arms about Laura.

"Don't cry, Laura, and if it will make you feel any better I'll take your paints, and, oh, Laura, if you will tell Miss Forbes that I was just trying my best to make a lovely picture of her, I'll be much obliged."

"I'll do anything," promised Laura, solemnly.

"Well, Marjorie, you did get your revenge, didn't you?" said Jack as they went into their gate hand in hand an hour later.

"My revenge?" said Marjorie, in surprise; "why, no, Jack, I didn't want any revenge."

"You got it just the same," said Jack, stubbornly.

The Lemonade-stand.

"How's business to-day?" Uncle Jack asked as he stopped in front of the lemonade-stand under the big maple-tree on the Blake lawn.

"Not a bit good," replied Bobby, with a hasty glance at the row of clean glasses. "Not one single person has wanted to buy lemonade this morning."

"Guess we won't earn money enough to go camping with the Boy Scouts if we stay here till Thanksgiving," added Billy, with a sigh. "But don't you want to try our lemonade, Uncle Jack? It's good, and there's a cooky to go with every glass."

"Of course I'll try it," was Uncle Jack's hearty reply. "And don't you boys get discouraged yet, for somebody'll be sure to stop here before noon. This is first-rate stuff, and the cookies are all right. Here's a nickel"—But Uncle Jack didn't finish, for Bobby was saying gravely, "No, Uncle Jack, we don't want any pay. Business is business, you know, and we're to furnish you with all the lemonade you want and run all your errands for you in return for the lemons and sugar that come from your store. That's our bargain."

"All right, then," Uncle Jack said as he turned to leave. "There'll be some errands to do to-night. Good luck to you both, and I reckon you'll need some more lemons before to-morrow."

It was very cool and comfortable there under the big maple-tree on the front lawn. Tony, the scissors-grinder, thought so as he came slowly down the street, and he wished that he might put down his machine and the little bundle of old umbrellas and rest awhile; but he couldn't afford to buy cookies and lemonade to-day, for his father was sick, and there were little brothers and sisters at home who needed shoes and stockings, to say nothing of bread. So he only looked longingly across the street as he stopped to rest a minute. Some boys seemed to have everything, while he had very little except brothers and sisters.

"There's the scissors-grinder's boy," whispered Billy to Bobby. "And my, but doesn't he look tired and warm!"

"Why can't he buy some lemonade, then?" asked Bobby, in a low tone. "Guess his father must be sick, or else he wouldn't be around alone with that heavy machine. Maybe he can't afford to buy. Say, Billy, let's"—

"Say, Bobby, let's treat him." Billy and Bobby spoke almost at the same time, while Bobby added, "We won't get much money that way, but sometimes there are things better than money, mother says."

So Tony Turrano, the scissors-grinder's boy, soon found himself seated in the lawn-swing while Bobby and Billy stood close by offering him glasses of ice-cold lemonade and big sugary cookies. A half-hour later he was trudging along the street and whistling as he went. And he was thinking, "What a good world this is, after all!"

Billy and Bobby watched him until he turned the corner. Then they washed the glass he had used, and replenished the plate of cookies.

"Look quick, Billy!" Bobby cried, when they had begun to feel completely discouraged. "Who are all those folks coming now? Why, the road seems full of them. And, Billy Blake, they're every one of them looking this way. Just suppose they should come here! Wouldn't it be great?"

Bobby didn't expect Billy to answer, for the big boys and little boys were soon crowding around the lemonade-stand, and all were demanding cookies and lemonade.

"Whew!" said Billy, when the last cooky had been eaten, and the last boy had gone hurrying away.

"Just look at that pile of pennies and nickels and dimes," said Bobby. "Now we'll have to run down to the store for more lemons. That was the Rixville Baseball Nine and all the fans, but how did they ever think to come this way? Why, they always go round the other road. You don't suppose Tony told them, do you?"

"Perhaps he's brought us luck at last," Billy suggested as he looked at the row of empty glasses. "Anyway, I guess we can go camping, after all, if business keeps up like this." Then Billy began to whistle for the first time that day.

And the whistle grew louder and louder each morning during that warm summer week, for business was good. Not every one who drank the ice-cold lemonade and ate the sugary cookies added to the pile of nickels and pennies, for there was Joe, the lame peanut-man, who trundled his heavy cart up and down the street and tried to support his big family of children; he wasn't asked to pay. Neither was the little old lady who sold buttons and needles, nor several other people who passed by. Still the little pile of money grew larger and larger, until Bobby and Billy felt very sure of the camping trip.

"But money isn't everything, is it?" asked Billy, as they counted the week's earnings.

"Sure not," replied Bobby. "There's all the fun we had, too, and the new friends we made, and the folks that didn't look so tired after they'd tasted our lemonade. Let's do it again."

"Yes, let's," agreed Billy.

And they did.—*By Alice Annette Larkin, in Sunday School Times.*

Comrades.

Bobby was ten years old, and an alarmingly light-hearted and careless young person. It was supposed, however, that he would be capable of escorting his grandmother to the family birthday dinner, one block away from her home, without mishap.

He was tall for his age, and he offered his arm to his grandmother in a gallant and satisfactory manner as they started off together.

"I hope he will remember that she is almost ninety, and not try to hurry her. I'm sure I've cautioned him enough," said Bobby's mother, as she began to dress her younger children. But, when she arrived at the family party, it appeared that grandmother had turned her ankle, and was lying on the lounge.

"Bobby," said the mother, reproachfully, "where were you when grandma slipped?"

"Now I won't have that boy blamed," said grandmother, briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful face. "We came to a fine ice-slide, and he asked me if I thought we could do it, and I told him I did. And I want you children to remember one thing: when you get to be 'most ninety, you'll count a turned ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget that you've outlived everything but rheumatism and sitting still. Anybody that likes can rub this ankle a minute or two with some liniment, but I want Bobby next me at dinner, mind!" *Youth's Companion.*

Spelling a Cow's Moo.

Some years ago, when Lucy was a little girl, learning to write, the teacher gave her this to copy: "M-o-o, moo."

"What is it?" asked Lucy, looking puzzled.

"That is 'Moo,' the noise a cow makes, Lucy."

Then Lucy began to copy "Moo." But she did it in a queer way. She made an M at the beginning of each line, and followed each M with a whole string of o's all across the slate, like this, Mooooo.

"But that isn't right, Lucy," said the teacher, when the little girl showed her the slate. "You must copy the word as I have written it. So,—'Moo.'"

Lucy looked at the teacher's copy and then at her own attempts, and then she shook her head decidedly. "Well, I think mine is right, Miss Jones," she said; "for I never saw a cow that gave such a short 'Moo' as you wrote down!"—*Harper's Round Table.*

The mother was delivering a bedtime lecture to her two small boys on the subject of courtesy, when Arthur interrupted his mother. Master Fred instantly said, "Arthur, shut up; you ought to be courteous!"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,389 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Peace Hymn.

The Federal Council of Churches and the Church Peace Union have recommended that "The Peace Hymn" by Rev. John Haynes Holmes be sung in all the churches of the United States on the occasion of the day of prayer for peace, Sunday, October 4, designated in the proclamation of President Wilson. The hymn, which will be sung to the tune of "St. Agnes," by J. B. Dykes, follows:—

God of the nations, near and far,
Ruler of all mankind,
Bless Thou Thy people as they strive
The paths of peace to find.

The clash of arms still shakes the sky,
King battles still with king,
Wild through the frighted air of night
The bloody tocsins ring.

But clearer far the friendly speech
Of scientists and seers,
The wise debate of statesmen and
The shout of pioneers.

And stronger far the clasped hands
Of labor's teeming throngs,
Who in a hundred tongues repeat
Their common creeds and songs.

O Father, from the curse of war
We pray Thee give release,
And speed, oh, speed the blessed day
Of justice, love, and peace!

Co-operating Theological Seminaries of Different Denominations.

The Chicago Theological Seminary, one of the most important schools of the Congregational denomination, by unanimous vote of its directors, will hereafter be associated with the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, Baptist, in a co-operative plan of education for the ministry. The Seminary will continue to be independently controlled, but conditions of admission will be uniform and students may take courses under either faculty, thus enlarging the range of elective work and opportunity for specialization. Already associated with the Divinity School are the Disciples' Divinity House, the Ryder House (Universalist), and the Norwegian Baptist Divinity House. The affiliation of the Chicago Seminary will make the membership of the associated theological faculties include between forty and fifty professors, and more than 250 courses will be available.

The present Divinity School is a graduate school with five organized groups of courses: Preparation for the Pastorate, Religious Education, Social Service, Foreign Missions, and highly organized special courses leading to the university degree of Ph.D. A Graduate School of Religion and Ethics for graduates of theological seminaries, with specialized or vocational courses, is projected as a result of the latest affiliation.

Dr. Shailer Mathews, dean of the Divinity School (who is also president of the Federal Council of Churches and director of Religious Work of Chautauqua Institution), writes in the Chicago *Advance*:—

"Above and beyond the academic advantages, the personal and public significance of this co-operation is sure to mark an epoch in the educational development of Chicago which will have consequences far afield. It may do much to shade off the too sharp lines between the sacred and the secular, as religion and all the relationships of life are studied together, as students in many departments and studies meet and mingle. The unity of all life may thus be impressed. The identification of religion with everything common to man will be more apparent. The application of the common faith to the social conditions of the common life can be brought to bear both in theory and practice more effectively through the combined resources of both institutions.

"Without compromise of the distinctive tenet or sacrifice of unique heritage, or loss of institutional independence, or change of charter, or alienation of funds, or weakening denominational fellowship, this reciprocity will be the working demonstration of the larger loyalty to more fundamental principles, to the higher ideals of the greater common cause. It will show that there can be an agreement to differ in some things that is entirely consistent with the agreement to work together for most things. It may be the beginning of the end of much waste, duplication, competition, misunderstandings between denominations and denominational institutions which have far more in common than to divide them. It may be followed by the grouping of other church training schools around the University such as is taking place in Montreal and Toronto and on some of the foreign mission fields of these same denominations, such as has long been successfully demonstrated at old Oxford in the co-operation of church colleges with the universities."

By removal to the South Side of Chicago, comments *The Congregationalist*, of Boston, "the school not only roots itself in a section in which the ordinary man studying theology would prefer to live, but acquires the advantage of affiliation with Chicago University and with the other denominational schools of the prophets now grouped around that great educational centre. We presume the independence of the institution will not suffer by the change, and that its own inner life and activities will proceed substantially as heretofore."

"With Andover now linked with Harvard, Pacific with the State University at Berkeley and Yale and Oberlin long ago officially related to their undergraduate communities, only Hartford and Bangor are left of the original six northern Congregational seminaries to represent the unaffiliated idea in theological education. May the result at Chicago be as satisfactory from the point of view of students, character of work done and influence in the community as has been the case at Cambridge and Berkeley."

The Baptist *Standard*, Chicago, regards the affiliation as "one of the most significant steps ever taken in theological education in the United States," but takes the occasion to point a moral to Baptists themselves:—

"We have long felt that some such affiliation as this ought to take place among some of our Baptist theological seminaries, four of which are hardly more than 300 miles apart, and two of which are in the same State. Separate maintenance, involving duplication of effort and consequent waste of funds, is almost criminal. We hope that the time may not be long until the boards of trustees of some of our Baptist schools will at least investigate the legal possibilities and the moral obligation of joining forces. Something is wrong when two of our seminaries have scholarship funds too large to spend legitimately for this purpose with their present number of students, while another seminary, like the one on the Pacific Coast, is making an heroic struggle in a needy field with practically no resources. If only some Baptist Hercules could pluck up one of our eastern seminaries and plant it, with its endowments, in Denver or on the Pacific Coast!"—*Current Opinion*.

Testimonies of Prominent Religious Liberals on the European War.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

The liberal French organ, *Évangile et Liberté*, announces that it will continue to appear, though reduced in size to three or four pages. The mail facilities, however, are much interrupted. Pastor Jezequel of the editorial staff, and general secretary of the National Union of the Reformed Churches of France, is drafted into the army. The burden of editing the paper will fall on that faithful servant of the liberal churches in France, Pastor A. Reyss of Paris. The editors call upon their Protestant compatriots to be equal to the duties which now await them, to sink their doctrinal differences and church distinctions, and to worship and work together for their country and their people. Four hundred of the less than eight hundred Protestant pastors in France have entered the army, either as combatants or as chaplains or in charge of the ambulances. The churches need pastors. Besides retired clergymen, a number of the laity are conducting the Sunday worship. Union services are held. To help the wives and families of their brothers at the front, to have a watchful care of the health and sanitation of the communities, and guard especially against epidemics, to nurse the wounded and dying in the hospitals, to comfort the bereaved and despairing, to keep up the hope and courage of the nation and its religious faith,—this is the divine opportunity which is theirs. An appeal has been issued by the Protestant Synod calling the churches to humiliation and prayer. Similarly, Rev. Wilfred Monod, as president of the liberal church association, has issued an eloquent address to his coreligionists:—

"Without provocation a powerful empire has declared war against our nation, so resolutely pacific, and which defies nobody in Europe. We are scandalized at the thought that the irresponsible authors of this aggression dare to invoke the name of God in favor of their designs; we are filled with confusion, overwhelmed with humiliation, that a fratricidal conflict is let loose, in this twentieth century, in the midst of 'Christian civilization,' between nations who recite each day their common prayer, 'Our Father,' and who at the Lord's table commune together in sacred memory of their common Master, 'the Prince of Peace.' . . . If our country to-day is in danger, it is precisely because our democracy is surrounded by nations who have not found the road to Damascus, who have not adopted the motto 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' and whose feudal and military tendencies menace our genius. Let us conserve, then, our faith in the ideal, so cruelly mocked by the existing circumstances.

Digitized by Google

Let us not renounce the fundamental axioms of our French and Christian conscience. Let us not treat as 'noble chimeras' peace by law and the fraternity of the peoples of the earth. Affirm this faith, promote it, defend it courageously. Dare to hope and prophesy that the yawning abyss which is being dug before Europe shall become the tomb of war. *'Dieu avec nous'* is an admirable sentiment. But there is one still more admirable and assured, *'Nous avec Dieu.'* Take the side of God; seek first of all his kingdom and his justice; behold in this the infallible way of having God on our side. In the crises of our individual, family, and national life, never demand that which is advantageous to ourselves, but that which is beautiful, just, and true."

L' Asino, a humorous journal of Italy which is sent us, contains little else than satires and attacks on Germany. A full-page illustration parodies Raphael's "The Archangel Michael hurling down Satan," the latter being personified by Emperor William. Another cartoon, "The Two Butchers," represents the Austrian and German emperors wading in blood, the former fingering his rosary, the latter clutching his Bible. It is significant of the trend of public feeling in Italy for war. The neutrality of that country under the circumstances might be permissible, but this bitter hostility to its late allies, grounded as it is in a desire to reconquer a lost province and revenge itself on Austria for past wrongs, has in it an element of baseness which will not commend itself to the higher conscience of the world. The honorable way would have been to have refused an alliance with the oppressor and despoiler of their country, Austria, not to stab him in the back when his face is turned away.

Rev. Gaetano Conte has been compelled to close his pensions in Florence and Venice, owing to an entire absence of patronage because of the war. His new personal address is No. 5 Viale Margherita, Florence, but his missionary work goes on as before. The last number of *La Riforma Italiano* shows an improvement in external form. It contains various interesting articles, and summaries of religious and social work. In this hour of trial it should be felt by Unitarians to be a duty of the first order to sustain to the best of their ability the faithful representatives of their cause in foreign lands to whom such trials have come during the past few weeks, and who face a sorrowful winter.

No word has come to us from Hungary Our letters have been returned to us as "undeliverable." The near approach of the hostile Russians on the north and west and the Servians on the south of Hungary, with the increasing probability of an attack on its seaport Fiume by the Italians as soon as the latter shall deem it safe to make it, renders Hungary a centre of the war. Its sons must have suffered severely already in the battles in Poland, just over the borders. We await with anxiety news from our coreligionists in that country.

Revs. Paul Revere Frothingham, C Seymour Bullock of Ottawa, H. G. Ives, and other American Unitarian clergymen, have rendered excellent service in England in forwarding the return of Americans to this country. Rev. and Mrs. Joseph H. Crooker were to sail in late September for Philadelphia, and will soon be at home in Roslindale. Edwin D. Mead seems to have been everywhere, in Germany as well as in England, working for the cause so near his heart —"Peace on earth, good will to men." Rev. W. C. Bowie is, as usual, hard at work, and unobtrusively, for the relief of foreigners marooned in Great Britain.

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Comrade* writes: "It is not without extreme satisfaction that I inform your readers of the wonderful progress and adaptability of Turkish girls. Unlike their Indian sisters, they enjoy a larger liberty, and *purdah*, which has been a time-honored custom, is losing its hold by the solvent influence of education. A young Turkish lady, dressed half in Turkish costume and half in Parisian mode, though with a veil on, is a very common spectacle in the parks and streets of Constantinople. In literature, arts, and industry they are none the less progressive and almost equal to the stronger sex. In educational work and journalism they have shown a remarkable ability. *Qadeenlik* (Womanhood) and *Qadeenlar Duntassi* (Feminine World) are widely circulated periodicals advocating women's rights. The latest innovation introduced by Oskan Effendi, the director of posts and telegraph, is the employment of young Turkish *kanoums* (girls) as telephone operators in the department."

The Peruvian Senate has abrogated the article of the Constitution which forbade any other worship than the Roman Catholic to be conducted in that country. The Catholic faith is still, however, declared "the religion of the country." The Protestants have for some time past enjoyed a considerable freedom, but now it is guaranteed them.

The German liberal newspapers come to us very irregularly since the outbreak of the war, and, with the exception of a brief note from Prof. Eucken, which has been given elsewhere, no letters reach us, even from relatives. No copy of the *Protestantenblatt* of Berlin has arrived since August 10. But Prof. Martin Rade's *Christliche Welt* of Marburg now comes more regularly, and its sanity, thoughtfulness, and sense of international justice is a welcome relief to much of the ultra-patriotic journalism of the fatherland. Prof. Rade explains his editorial embarrassments. With ninety manuscripts in the hopper, he finds few or none that seem adapted to the present contingency. It is forbidden to comment on the war—the one topic which is in everybody's mind. Scientific, literary, and especially devotional articles must be the staple of journalism for the present. "Love of Country and Christianity" is the theme of the first editorial. They must be reconciled. "Wonderful, what we now experience in the service and triumph of our love of country! At once we are truly and really a people who are brethren. Do we dream? Kaiser, Chancellor, and Conservatives hand in hand with Social Democrats! Are miracles still possible? And this not in a passing flush of enthusiasm; no, with cool reason, and united for great and painful service. Wonderful, how all stream to the colors! Personal interests are silenced; the fear of poverty and death does not exist; men march into the direst danger as to a festival. Wonderful, how discipline and order animates the masses, how each individual takes his allotted place, groups are formed, the leaders obeyed, mutual confidence inspires all! And, if for a brief time the innocent stranger among us was deprived of the protection of the laws of hospitality, our people will, with God's help, soon recover from this mistake and keep its scutcheon clean. Wonderful, this inner devotion, this oneness of feeling and action, this joy in sacrifice! All this is the gift of our national necessity in the present hour, the precious fruit of our love of country." "All this, if things were as they should be, Christianity would be able to bring about among men in time of peace, also. Why, then, does it not do this? I do not know. But so long as it does not bring it to pass, wars must come on earth."

His editorial notes are illuminating and brave. "The wild hunt for spies, thank God! is ended. Not a few were in danger. More innocent victims were sacrificed than real offenders caught. Terrible outbreaks have taken place in certain of the larger cities The mediæval spectre of wells poisoned by the enemy suddenly took possession of the popular mind, even of sensible persons who ought to have protested against this folly. At length Prof. Schottelius of Freiburg, in the name of science, spoke the emancipating word, —bacilli thrown into cold water become ineffective,—and the newspapers gave it a wide circulation. It is held to be unpatriotic even to refer to these matters. But we must do so, since similar outbreaks of fanaticism are quite possible hereafter. We know not how long the war will last, and what it may bring us. But terrible upheavals of popular feeling are quite likely among us if we should: First, suffer a great defeat. We are not accustomed to this. Pray God we may never experience it. But for a conquering people it is easy to remain peaceful. We can only dimly imagine what might take place if the reverse were to occur among us. Second if epidemics of disease should break out among our people. Third, if continuous accounts of ferocious maltreatment of our beloved soldiers by their foreign enemies should reach us. Whoever has a responsible position among us must be prepared for such contingencies and know how to meet them. The protection of foreigners in Germany has been observed on a scale perhaps only possible to a people like ours. Perhaps it was overdone, especially in the case of Americans. Nobody questions my own hearty friendship for the Americans. But why isolate them so in our newspapers and public meetings? One guest should be like another to us. There are, for instance, fanatical Russians among us whom we cannot trust, but there are still more Russian anti-Russians, who, with entire devotion, stand by our system of government as against their own political institutions. Should we not learn to discriminate and be more considerate in our policy toward such?"

"A reader asks me to say a word 'against the utterly shameless course of England.' It would be idle to do this, a mere passing expression of my indignation—nothing more. I have to deal with my own people and with my own soul, and, as a Christian, know no higher duty than that, so far as we can, we shall do no injustice to anybody. I know that countless Englishmen disapprove of this war, and that we must not forget this. Of the political situation of that country, I also know that the Triple Entente was no secret. To what extent England in a crit-

Digitized by Google

ical hour could withdraw from its engagements with France and Russia I do not know. How much of Sir Edward Grey's last attempt at peace was genuine, and how much hypocrisy and treachery, I am not able to judge. The web of lies which the British Bureau Reuter has spun about the whole world I hold to be abominable and outrageous. For the rest I commit all the injustice and wrong which Great Britain has wrought against us and Christian civilization through its unnatural alliance with Russia to the judgment of God and the verdict of history."

"I am heartily sorry for the French people. This people does not desire war. It could not forget Alsace-Lorraine, and threw itself into the arms of Russia. What an unnatural alliance! Unfortunate for France and the world. Juares, the Socialist, and Franz Ferdinand, the Imperialist, cast down upon a common bier by the same Nationalistic bullet!"

The Swiss *Protestantenblatt* has a strongly worded article against war: "War is murder, murder *en masse*, the murder of brothers, a relic of barbarism. The spirit of Jesus Christ must and will overcome it."

The liberal German Protestant Mission is undergoing a dark hour in its history. Its two centres of work are Japan and Tsing-Tau, China. In the latter it has a finely equipped hospital, which will doubtless be of more service than ever during the present investment of the colony by Japan. But what of the future of this mission? In Tokio, and Kioto also, its services and schools are clouded with popular disfavor and uncertainty.

In India, says the *Indian Messenger*, the cost of living is mounting by leaps and bounds. The rise is simply phenomenal.

Boston Letter.

The opening of another season's work in what is familiarly known as the hub of the wheel of Unitarian progression brings largeness of opportunity in touch with strength of resolution and desire. Unless one reads wrongly certain signs in the ministerial atmosphere, there is present to-day a growing conception of the task ahead of the Unitarian churches, and a more adequate and moving conviction of their ability to perform it. The change of circumstances and sentiment as the result of the European conflict tends to reveal more clearly the necessity of declaring and developing the principles for which the half-hundred Unitarian churches in Greater Boston faithfully stand. The corresponding change of attitude as the result is apparently the determination that, instead of continuing to stand for these principles, there shall be movement forward on their behalf. Such a change of attitude is of great promise, and certain to bring largeness of result.

The prominent feature manifest during the recent summer has been the continued activity of a number of our churches during the vacation months. The practice of keeping open the churches is increasing. The ministers of King's Chapel, which occupies the finest strategic position of all our churches, showed their realization of the duty resulting from that fact by personally continuing services throughout the summer. A number of other Boston churches combined in the holding of services in Arlington Street Church, conducted largely by visiting ministers. The Meeting-house Hill Church in Dorchester maintained its custom of having summer services. These meetings have not only amply justified the attempt, but have revealed the growing interest of Unitarians in the church and in its ministrations to the community.

Along this line may be cited the commendable innovation adopted by the Unitarian Church in Fitchburg, where summer services were conducted by a number of laymen connected with the church. The idea is a most excellent one, and signifies the coming growth of interest among the laymen as those who share fully the responsibility for the conduct and success of the church. If this can be construed as a sign that the Unitarian churches are soon to develop a lay ministry, similar to that of the local preachers in the great Methodist movement of a hundred years ago, one cannot hope too much or anticipate too largely concerning the growing work of the liberal churches.

The Salem fire early in the summer called forth the active sympathy of many of our Boston churches. The ministers of the three Unitarian churches of the stricken city were all actively engaged in the work of relief. It has been related with appreciation that Mr. Johnson of the First Church rescued household goods from the burning homes of his parishioners, that Mr. Bacon of the North Meeting House opened his home to the relief workers, and that Mr. Manchester of the Second Church took active part in the relief work that followed. The North Church was used as a maternity hospital for the homeless, and a number of children made their entry into life under auspices which we may conceitedly regard as fortunate. Not a few of the Boston churches gave material assistance to the sufferers. In addition to money, much in the way of clothes and food supplies was given. The Roslindale Alliance, for example, opened a relief depot and shipped many barrels to Salem as a result. Along this line of relief work might be mentioned the co-operation of the Beverly Unitarian church with the Salvation Army, both uniting in the common work of helpfulness in a spirit that signifies the advance of real religion.

There were a number of ministerial changes effected during the summer. Principal among these was the resignation of Rev. George F. Pratt as minister of the Dix Street Church in Dorchester to accept a call to Sanford, Me., as a fitting sequence of his pioneer work in organizing the flourishing movement in that town a few years ago. As a pastor, Mr. Pratt occupies high place in our ministry. His devotion to the every-day duties of his ministerial profession, his whole-hearted sympathy with those in need of help, and his fidelity to the tasks of parish work have not only endeared him to a large constituency in Dorchester, but have won the respect and affection of his fellow-ministers in this city. His loss will be greatly felt. The First Church in Roxbury has chosen an assistant minister, Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs, thus taking much of the burden from the shoulders of Dr. De Normandie, and adding to the effective forces of a church whose fine history is only equalled by the splendid and difficult task which challenges it to-day,—to preach the gospel of liberal religion in a territory which many of us regard as unpromising as the forest ranges into which the pioneer Eliot went in early days. There are few churches in Boston that do not know something of this condition and this challenge. To meet it successfully may be regarded as our hardest and our highest task. C.

Considering the War.

Ministers of different denominations assembled in Channing Hall last week for a union meeting in which to consider the war. Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley of Beverly presided, and, after prayer by Rev. Calvin Stebbins of Framingham, Rev. C. H. Spaulding of Brookline delivered an address in which he warmly commended President Wilson and declared that his appeal for neutrality had worked large results in creating calm judgment in relation to the present European situation.

Among the other speakers were Dr. A. Fairbrothers, Rev. Fred E. Marble of Cambridge, Rev. Oscar B. Hawes of Germantown, Pa., Rev. Nicholas Van Der Pyl, Rev. W. W. Evarts, Rev. C. W. Casson of Roslindale, and Rev. W. R. Lord of Dover. Rev. C. W. Wendte, D.D., read a communication which he recently received from Prof. Rudolf Eucken, in which the latter spoke of two sons in the army and expressed his own devotion to the idea of German supremacy. Dr. Wendte told of his own familiarity with the situation through his official duties as secretary of the Foreign Relations Department, American Unitarian Association, which brings him into close contact with scholars of many lands. He hoped that all Christian ministers would keep their heads clear and their hearts tender and sympathetic in these trying days.

Rev. Charles F. Dole then presented the following statement as the sentiment of the gathering, and it was adopted without a dissenting voice:—

"In the face of the terrible war now devastating Europe we wish to express our heartfelt sympathy with the unoffending people in all of the distressed nations who had no part in bringing the war on.

"We do not dare, or know enough, to fix blame upon one side or the other alone, or to pick out individuals as guilty above others. We can believe that, as in our Civil War so here, multitudes of men on both sides, caught in the tangle of complex political conditions and long-standing jealousies that led on to the war, are sincere and patriotic in thinking that they must fight for the welfare or the safety of their respective countries.

"In fact, we see a new and overwhelming example of the everlasting unrighteousness and folly of the essentially heathenish effort to settle international differences, bred in fear and mutual suspicion, by the barbaric instruments of war. We see too, with equal clearness, the futility of the attempt in this modern world of growing social and industrial co-operation to keep peace while people are taught in vast camps and garrisons to look upon each other as possible enemies and are oppressed with gigantic taxation in constant preparation for war.

"We see no hope whatever of right or humane relations between the countries of the world until the more progressive peoples use collectively the same principles which we use everywhere between each other as neigh-

Digitized by Google

bors; until, precisely as right-minded individuals are agreed not to lie or steal or kill, so, sickened with war, we agree never to suffer that method of wholesale crime which comprises at one and the same time falsehood and robbery and murder and immeasurable injustice to innocent women and children. To this new attitude toward war, hitherto almost unprecedented in human history, but absolutely essential to progress and civilization, not even yet distinctly taught by any great organized religion, though at the head of all religion, we pledge ourselves to act and teach.

"Finally, we propose henceforth no longer to be among those who sanction and justify in the case of our own government those wasteful military and naval preparations which, though claimed to be made in the interests of peace, are now clearly demonstrated to be the most fatal instruments to foster arrogance, to produce an atmosphere of suspicion and fear, and to provoke war."

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

Dr. Weigle.

We are glad to announce that Dr. Luther A. Weigle has been secured to co-operate with our Department during the autumn months. He will devote Saturday forenoons to our work, giving a lecture each day in Channing Hall, and spending the rest of the time in our office, studying and advising about the new Beacon Course, upon which we are now engaged.

The lectures given by Dr. Weigle will be ten in number, the general topic being "Sunday-school Pedagogy." The first lecture will be given on October 10, and the rest on nine successive Saturdays, omitting November 28, at eleven o'clock. The lecture themes will be: "The Development of a Child," "The Educational Aims of a Sunday School," "Methods of Teaching," "The Teacher's Preparation," "The Plan of the Lesson," "The Work of the Pupil," "Attention and Apperception," "The Principles of Illustration," "How to ask Questions," "The Methods of the Master."

These lectures will be given in connection with the course offered this year, as in previous years, by this Department in co-operation with the Tuckerman School. At ten o'clock on each of these Saturdays there will be lectures on "The Use of the Bible in Liberal Sunday Schools." The first five of these will be by Rev. William I. Lawrance. His topics are: "Hebrew Poetry," "The Book of Job," "The Problem of Job," "The Psalms as Poetry," "The Psalms in Worship." The second five will be by Rev. Florence Buck. Her topics are: "The Bible as a Source-Book for Religious Education," "The Old Testament in the Liberal Sunday School," "The New Testament in the Liberal Sunday School," "Side Lights on the Bible Narrative," "Bible-story Material for Primary Grades."

Dr. Weigle is best known to our constituency through his book "The Pupil and the Teacher," published by the Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia, at 60 cents, which we have for some time been recommending as the one best small book for parents and teachers. Dr. Weigle was educated at Gettysburg College, graduating in 1900, and taking his Master's degree three years later. He graduated in theology in 1902, and received the degree of Ph.D. from Yale in 1905. During his last year in Yale University he was assistant in the Department of Psychology. Immediately after leaving Yale he became professor of philosophy in Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., where he was made dean of the faculty in 1910. He has been on the staff of the summer faculty at the University of Minnesota. During this his sabbatical year he is giving two courses of lectures on "Religious Pedagogy" at Yale, and lectures once a week before the City Training School for Sunday-school Teachers in New York City.

In the midst of this busy career, and equipped by an unusual preparation and experience, Dr. Weigle comes to us as one admirably fitted to help us on our way toward a successful solution of our problems. He is known among religious educators as preeminently practical in his approach to all questions. The secretary of this Department has known him for some time, having worked with him on the National Commission on Worship of the Religious Education Association. He is a broad-minded, large-hearted man, a Christian gentleman, and a genial friend. Of evangelical connection and conviction, he is warmly sympathetic with all sincere efforts toward a freer and fuller interpretation of religious truth. While with us, he will be as truly of us as though he were one of our own clergymen. He will find here a warm welcome.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Committees for 1914-15.

The following standing committees have been appointed:—

Finance.—Mr. Chester R. Allen, Boston; Miss Emily J. Cline, Dorchester; Mr. Arthur Ryder, West Bridgewater; Miss Belle I. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. Percy E. Lyndon, Windsor, Vt.

Policy.—Rev. Palfrey Perkins, Brighton; Miss Caroline S. Burrage, West Newton; Rev. Harold G. Arnold, West Roxbury; Miss Emma R. Ross, Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Beverly; Mr. Philip S. Nash, Boston; Mr. Berkeley B. Blake, Berkeley, Cal

Speaking.—Miss Grace R. Torr, Boston; Mr. Wallace O. Fenn, Cambridge; Mr. Henry G. Rogers, Yarmouth, Me.; Miss Mary Sprague, West Newton; Mr. J. E. Dobbs, Toronto, Can.

Publication.—Rev. H. Houghton Schumacher, Helena, Mont.; Miss Helen F. Schadee, Florence; Rev. Charles J. Staples, Burlington, Vt.; Miss Julia L. Barry, Montclair, N.J.; Miss Marian D. Richards, Brighton.

Nominating.—Rev. Dudley H. Ferrell, Brockton; Mr. Joseph C. Kiley, Jamestown, N.Y.; Rev. Henry G. Ives, Andover, N.H.; Miss Edith Melvin, Concord; Miss Beatrice A. Clark, Dorchester.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

At the union service at Arlington Street Church, Sunday, September 27, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham will preach.

At the service in King's Chapel, Boston, on Sunday, September 27, at 10.30 A.M., Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., minister of the Chapel, will preach.

Samuel R. Maxwell, formerly of the Christian Church, having satisfied the Fellowship Committee of the Southern States, is hereby recommended to our Unitarian churches and ministers. Fellowship granted Sept. 19, 1914. John W. Rowlett, Alexander T. Bowser, Clifton M. Gray.

Churches.

BEVERLY, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley: In the early summer the old parish had an interesting experience in the way of interdenominational co-operation. It came about through the terrible disaster of the Salem fire. On the very night the efficient heads of the Salvation Army threw open the little chapel (which they rent of the Unitarian church) for the refugees which had

Deaths.

FROTHINGHAM.—In Belfast, Me., September 2, Miss Ellen Prentiss Frothingham, aged 86.

In the death of Miss Frothingham the Unitarian church has lost one of its oldest and most devoted members and the *Christian Register* a subscriber and reader of many years. Her father, Rev. William Frothingham, was a pioneer among the Unitarians of New England, and was for a long period the beloved and revered minister of the Belfast society, being the predecessor there of Rev. Cazneau Palfrey. Her grandfather and great grandfather had also been ministers, and they as well as her maternal ancestors were people of strong characteristics and of rare refinement and education. From them she inherited many marked and interesting traits, not alone in her very striking personality, but in her unusually strong mental and intellectual ability. Her life was passed quietly in the little city of her birth, where for so many years she had been an important and useful member of the community, notwithstanding her retiring disposition. All who knew her will associate her tenderly with her pleasant home and its ancestral treasures, and with the wonderful old garden, which she loved so well. One thought of her as a typical "lady of the old school," and yet her interest in all the questions of the day was ever keen and alert; and this, together with her vivid recollections of old days and ways in Belfast, made her companionship greatly to be enjoyed and long to be treasured in memory. C. C. W.

CHURCH ORGAN.

Has your church a good medium-sized pipe-organ for sale? If so, we would like to know the kind of organ it is, the condition, and the price.

Address replies to W. P. Harding, president of the Unitarian church of Atlanta, Ga., 48 Park Avenue.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

Two bright, sunny rooms with board, with a small adult family. Fine location, convenient to steam and electric cars. References exchanged. Mrs. George H. Swasey, 525 Highland Avenue, Malden, Mass. Tel. 1365 W.

POSITION wanted by reliable woman to care for elderly person or semi-invalid. Country preferred. Call at 14 Worcester Square, Boston, on Monday or Tuesday afternoons, or on Thursday or Friday.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D. tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

WANTED. A retired woman as matron for dining-hall at school for whites, Camp Hill, Ala. 100 boarders. Salary, $40 a month. Travelling expenses not included. Write Lyman Ward, president.

Digitized by Google

begun to drift from Salem. Then the pew cushions were taken from the old church and placed on settees in the chapel, and beds were thus improvised. Later, tables were brought from the parish house and used for meals. Still later, the parish house was used as a general relief station for food, and Capt. and Mrs. W. J. Matheson were put in charge of the clerical work, representatives of various denominations helping in a very efficient service. Registration was carried on, and families locating temporarily or with a view to permanence were looked up and provided for. There is thus more firmly established a feeling of fellowship with the Salvation Army whose methods in many places are so different that small sympathy has been engendered. In general, there is considerable spirit of co-operation among the churches of Beverly. The First Parish is looking toward the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the Sunday-school on October 4, which is appointed as Peace Sunday by the President of the United States. The custom of giving out books to those who have perfect attendance for the year will be observed. The enrolment of the school is regularly above 275. It is the oldest Sunday-school of the denomination, as also in the State, if not in America. It seems that one which claims to be older, in Slatersville, R.I., had some features of industrial work in the beginning, while that of the First Parish grew out of the church. Two women, Joanna Prince and Hannah Hill, gathered the children together. The former became Mrs. Everett, the mother of our Dean C. C. Everett.

Colorado Springs, Col.—All Souls' Church, Rev. Thomas S. Robjent: The church has been open through the summer, and the minister has preached each Sunday to large congregations. On the first Sunday in September, Mr. Robjent commenced a new course of sermons on "Some Things that the Modern Minister knows, but does not tell his Congregation." One of the largest congregations we have had filled the church, and the outlook for the fall is indeed encouraging. At the first meeting of the Women's Alliance, held the first Tuesday in September, fourteen new members were added. The Sunday evening meetings on social topics, which have been so popular the last two years, will commence the last Sunday evening of the month and continue through the fall and winter. A very fine programme has been arranged with some of the foremost speakers in the State and outside, and on topics of vital interest. A new departure is to be made this year. In response to the wish of many outside the church, Rev. Thomas S. Robjent will deliver a course of lectures on "Liberal Religion" the first Sunday evening of each month, and the Princess Theatre has been engaged for the course. The church will be closed on the evenings of the theatre meetings. It is expected that these meetings will arouse considerable interest in liberal thought, coming as they do after the excitement of the Billy Sunday campaign.

Germantown, Pa.—The Unitarian Church, Rev. Oscar B. Hawes: The regular services were resumed Sunday morning, September 20, at eleven o'clock. Mr. Hawes preached on "Waiting Christianity," and on September 27 his subject will be "New Hope and New Life." The opening announcement says: "In these critical times of desperate warfare and industrial depression, it is more than ever essential that we emphasize the things of the spirit. Suddenly it has been impressed upon us with appalling vividness how far the world is from that ideal which Jesus revealed in his teaching and in his life. The spirit of Christianity at its best has yet to be realized. This winter Evangelist Billy Sunday is to lead a revival in Philadelphia. We know something of the enthusiasm and renewed consecration he arouses. If we think, however, that there is a better way and better thought in which religion may be expressed, now is our time to show it. For the sake of our fellow-men as well as for ourselves, in these days of great need, may we with equal enthusiasm reveal the larger spirit of Christianity. We need two new teachers, and it will be far better if a lay superintendent can be found. The matter of religious education, education in fellowship as well as in thought,—the laying of spiritual foundations for the life of the future,—is a responsibility which as a church we cannot escape." The summer services, under the able leadership of Dr. Pease, have been helpful and successful. The church has not been closed, and the cause has been well represented throughout the vacation months.

Ocean Beach, L.I.—Through the activity of Mrs. Charles Lloyd, chairman of the philanthropic committee of the New York League of Unitarian Women, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Lighthipe, a Unitarian service was held on Sunday, August 23. Rev. Newton Knapp of Brooklyn preached; his subject was "The Influence of Emerson." The attendance was 115. There was a soprano solo accompanied by Mrs. Lighthipe with a violin obbligato. Ocean Beach is opposite Bay Shore on Long Island and about a mile from Point of Woods. It is the intention to build a union church for summer services.

John Fiske Memorial at Petersham.

On Sunday, September 13, a special service was held in the Unitarian church in Petersham, preliminary to the unveiling of the memorial which has been placed at the grave of John Fiske in the Petersham cemetery.

Passages were read from Dr. Fiske's writings, which illustrated the main points of his teaching about the evolution of humanity, the progress of civilization, and the ultimate destiny of man. The vigor of his thought and his virile optimism were especially reassuring at this time. This was followed by a reading of the poem on Petersham written by the son, Ralph Fiske, found among his papers after his death, and printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1899. Rev. Robert C. Douthit, who was minister of the church at the time Dr. Fiske's body was laid to rest, gave an address in which he spoke of Dr. Fiske's interesting and intimate associations with Petersham.

At the close of these exercises the company reassembled at the cemetery, where the memorial was unveiled by John Fiske, a son of the late Clarence S. Fiske of Petersham and Cambridge, and grandson of Dr. Fiske. The monument is an impressive symbolic expression of the teachings of the evolutionary philosophy.

The inscription on the stone reads:—

DISCE UT SEMPER VICTURUS.
VIVE UT CRAS MORITURUS.
JOHN FISKE.
March 30, 1842—July 4, 1901.

Mr. Douthit spoke in part as follows:—

I voice the sentiment of all who have come here to-day when I express gratitude that we as residents of Petersham have been welcomed to this service. We are grateful that the family circle has been enlarged for this occasion and that we are permitted to join Dr. Fiske's kindred in our tribute of affection and honor. Friends from a distance who come to Petersham always ask about Dr. Fiske, the location of his grave, and his association with the town. Not a few visitors first of all make a pilgrimage to that sacred plot of earth in the old cemetery. All of us are personally interested in the placing of this monument, which years of loving regard for the man and of sympathetic devotion to his ideals have sought to embody in a form fit adequately to represent the permanence and importance of his contribution to the thought of the century in which he lived.

We are glad to recall that Dr. Fiske was early associated with the life of this church. Some of you can undoubtedly remember the inpressive messages which he delivered from this pulpit. Others can perhaps recall those rare and memorable occasions when he assisted in the music—either at the organ or lifting his voice in song. We cannot wonder that the old meeting-house and this new meeting-house which has risen from its ashes should be looked upon as a sort of holy shrine by his children and his children's children.

It is fitting, too, that our words preliminary to the unveiling of this memorial should be spoken within these walls, because the church and the Christian religion owe so much to him. During the days when the doctrine of evolution was supposed to be the arch-enemy of the church, and it seemed to be undermining the foundations of faith, he showed how the foundations of pure Christianity were not only undisturbed by the new knowledge, but were firm and secure, being grounded in the very nature of things. During the past two or three decades many a minister has begun to wonder if religion itself might not be in danger of crumbling before the fierce assaults of science and philosophy. It seemed possible that belief in God and immortality might turn out to be after all, as one evolutionist asserted, but

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 389 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

"a grotesque fungoid growth that clustered around the primitive thread of ancestor worship." In the face of the materialistic assumptions of popular science, Dr. Fiske became a champion of the spiritual interpretation of things. His four little volumes, "The Idea of God," "Destiny of Man," "Through Nature to God," and "Life Everlasting," proved to be a most convincing and reassuring basis of defence for religion. In each volume there was compressed into a few pages the results of a rare insight into the fundamentals of religious faith. They are unusual examples of qualities that have not often been conspicuous in religious discussions,—clear thinking, comprehensive knowledge, calm judgment, and lucid exposition Dr. Fiske expressed himself so plainly that even the man of the street may read and understand the inevitable conclusions of modern science as expounded by sound learning and philosophical candor. An interesting illustration of this fact is found in a recent number of the *Christian Register* Miss Lilian Freeman Clarke states that a member of one of our Alliance branches sent to a Western correspondent John Fiske's little book "The Idea of God." It came back in rather a ragged condition, with the apology that the borrower hoped that the condition of the book would be excused, for it had been read by four hundred men in a mining camp.

This book, as well as the "Destiny of Man," should be especially dear to us in Petersham, for they were both written, as you perhaps already know, in the Brooks homestead. "The Idea of God" was first read to a group of friends under the shade of the old maples, and its inception and inspiration are indicated in the words of its dedication: "To my Wife. In remembrance of the sweet Sunday morning under the apple-tree on the hillside when we two sat looking down into fairy woodland paths and talked of the things since written in this book, I now dedicate it."

As Mr. James W. Brooks said at the time of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Petersham, these books "are a part of the history of Petersham because they are the germ of all history and of all biography, including the aspirations of the saint and the forebodings of the sinner. . . . For any help that these two little volumes have afforded the living and may yet afford the unborn, we of Petersham may be glad to remember that here they were written and that here their writer rests."

We all know of Dr. Fiske's deep affection for Petersham. Wherever he might be, on either side of the Atlantic, his heart turned to this as the most beautiful place of all. With this lovely hill-town were associated thoughts of home love and companionship—sweet and rare and beautiful. "He sometimes called it his native place, explaining that here he was born again."

It was here that the scientist Huxley and his wife spent several delightful days with Dr. Fiske. What a priceless legacy, were it possible, would be a record of the daily converse of those two friends—both unflinching in their eager search for truth and verity—as they dwelt together on the heights! Here in Petersham Dr. Fiske caught glimpses of a life that was a prophecy of the life eternal. Here he found one of the most alluring paths that led through nature to God. This gives a tender and touching significance to the oft-quoted remark that death had no terrors for him: "Dying for me," he said, "means only going to Petersham to stay."

A final touch of beauty and significance is given to our service here as we recall that it was just *fifty-three* years ago to-day that John Fiske first came to Petersham and from the hill near Mr. Waldo's farm, and with mingled emotions, looked down upon the town just as the light of the setting sun was gilding the spires of the village church. Sunday, September 6, was the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage to a daughter of Petersham.

The memorial which has been placed at Dr. Fiske's grave is designed to be a concrete expression of his philosophic and religious views. The granite mass by its great bulk and its rough exterior symbolizes the material inorganic universe, with its indwelling spiritual element of life. The side view, with the rolling forth of a partially developed sphere, suggests the indwelling spiritual element in process of evolutionary development toward perfect freedom, but still largely immeshed in its materialistic conditions.

The front view discloses a human hand coming out of the inorganic granite, surrounded by emblems of the floral kingdom, and bearing in its grasp a quadrate torch-stock—symbolizing the development of man himself with his rational mind as the goal of the evolutionary process. The quadrate torch-stock symbolizes man's four great achievements—his language, his arts, his institutions, his philosophies. The flame rising from the torch-stock symbolizes the instinctive religious belief and ethical feeling of mankind as the highest form in which the spiritual element is expressed, and which, entering more and more into his language, his arts, his institutions, and his philosophies, illumines with ever-increasing brightness his pathway to what lies beyond his present life.

As we go to look upon this memorial to Dr. Fiske, which will be unveiled by the grandson who bears his name, may we reconsecrate ourselves to the ideals and the task that inspired him.

"Man," said he, "is slowly passing from a primitive social state, in which he was little better than a brute, toward an ultimate social state, in which his character shall have become so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it. The ape and the tiger in human nature will become extinct. Theology has had much to say of original sin. This original sin is neither more nor less than the brute-inheritance which every man carries with him, and the process of evolution is an advance toward true salvation. Fresh value is thus added to human life. The modern prophet, employing the methods of science, may again proclaim that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Work ye, therefore, early and late, to prepare its coming."

Here and There.

The quail, between his cheery calls of "bob-white," is busy consuming insects. He is the natural enemy of the boll-weevil and the potato-bug, and the best friend of man, who is trying to destroy him in nearly every State. If we do not protect the quail, it will not be long until his cheerful whistle will be heard no more, and in its place we shall have the unwelcome buzz of destructive insects as they settle on the farmer's crop to devour it.

In one plant alone of the Illinois Steel Company, that at Joliet, Ill., 178 of the men in responsible positions came up from the ranks, and the general superintendent started twenty-eight years ago as a marker.

"A bird in the farmer's field is worth three in the hands of a hunter" is the new adage of The Liberty Bell Bird Club of *The Farm Journal*, which is trying to educate the farmers and fruit-growers of the country to protect the song and insectivorous birds now on their places and induce others to come and stay.

A popular feature film generally rents for $40 a day while it is new and fresh, and from twenty-five to thirty-five prints are sent out. That means a gross return of from $1,000 to $1,400 per day, or from $7,000 to $9,000 a week. The life of the average feature film is about three months (at a lesser rental during the last month).

Crockery, China and Glassware

Best Examples of Potter's and Glassmaker's Art constantly arriving from original sources in England, France, China and Japan, as well as America.

Dinner Ware—Over 150 **Stock Patterns, All Grades,** from the low-priced to the costly English China, in which we sell any number of pieces at same rate as a complete set.

Special Designs made with **Crest, Monogram or Initial** from Royal Worcester, Mintons, Cauldon, Haviland, Lenox.

Wedding and **Complimentary Gifts**—An extensive variety of latest novelties, useful and ornamental—**Dresden China—Lenox China—Royal Doulton—Allervale Pottery—Bohemian Glass—Satsuma.**

Fine Table Glassware, Flower Vases, Carafes, Ferneries, Ice Tubs, Candlesticks, Sandwich Plates, Vinegar and Oil Sets, Celery Trays, etc.

Sets of Glassware made to special order with **Monogram, Crest or Initial.**

INSPECTION INVITED

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.

Crockery, China & Glass Merchants

33 FRANKLIN STREET

Near Washington and Summer Streets

Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "our minister has decided to go to another pasturage."

"I wish we had more literary people like Blank." "Great Scott! he's never had anything published." "That's just why."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"Were you moved by her music?" "Yes: it amounted to that. I think we should have kept the flat for another year if it hadn't been for her."—*Puck.*

A: "What is this malady which has suddenly attacked the nations of Europe?" B: "There is some doubt as to that. Some say it is the German rush, others that it is the Russian germ."

There was a young man from Duquesne,
Whose family name was Lesne.
'Twas a terrible pity!
He tried to be witty,
Although unencumbered with bresne.

Geraldine had told Gladys that she had seen Mabel at an exhibit of paintings. "Well, Mabel," said Gladys, the next time they met, "I understand you're interested in art." "Me?" exclaimed Mabel, in surprise. "Art who?"—*Exchange.*

Riding in an omnibus up Regent Street last evening, I heard an old lady annoying the other passengers by her remarks. The conductor remonstrated with her, saying, "Ma'am, remember you are in a public vehicle, and behave as such."—*C. G., in the Spectator.*

Dr. Holmes, speaking of Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, said: "I can't understand a man falling in love with her. She is too grand. It is like falling in love with the Pyramids. Perhaps an association of cloakmakers or a board of aldermen might love her, but a solitary individual,—never!"

In the work of the case-committee after the Salem fire it was the custom of the acting chairman to sign orders with his initials. One of the Unitarian clergymen of the city, being in office on a particular day, signed his initials "A. M." to an order for food for a week and gave it to a man who returned with it the next day and asked if he could not have food afternoons as well as mornings.

Farmer Brown and Farmer Jones were near neighbors, and many a dispute took place as to who was the earlier riser. One day Farmer Brown determined to put the subject to test. Rising very early one morning, he proceeded to visit his friend about four o'clock. Great was his astonishment when he saw Mrs. Jones hanging out the clothes. "Farmer Jones about?" he asked. "Well," replied the lady, "he was the first part of the mornin', but I dunno where he be now."—*Sunday School Advocate.*

Irving Bacheller was introduced one day to a Western mountaineer. "Mr. Bacheller," said his friend, "is an author of repute in the East." "Oh yes," drawled the mountaineer. "I know of him. I was locked up in my cabin here by the snow two winters ago, and I had only two books to read the whole five months - your book, sir," he said, turning to Mr. Bacheller, "and the Bible, and I read them often." "Indeed!" said the author, with satisfaction. "Yes, sir," continued the old mountaineer, "and I never knew before how interesting the Bible was."—*St. Paul Despatch.*

ESTEY ORGANS
PIPE & REED CHURCH
120 BOYLSTON ST BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.
The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.
The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.
The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*
"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.
COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—
"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."
From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—
"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."
From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—
"A most successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."
From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—
"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."
Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Browne & Nichols School
FOR BOYS. Cambridge, Mass.
Educates especially for HARVARD College
New playground on the Charles River. Junior Department
GEORGE H. BROWNE, A.M., REV. WILLARD REED, A.M., Principals

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University U

Volume 93 . . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 40 . . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 937
The Ministers' Institute 938
The Great Scepticism 939

CURRENT TOPICS 940

BREVITIES 941

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
At Midnight 941

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Ten Years of Scripture Reading, by John Haynes Holmes 942
In October, by Augusta Larned 943
The Imprisoned Splendor 944
Sundays in England, by A. C. Nickerson 945
An Ordination in the Olden Time 950
Some Vagrant Thoughts, I., by Milton Reed; The End of the Armament Rings, by H. G. Wells . . . 954
Making War on War; Mr. Sunderland on Germany, by A. Kampmeier 955
From the Consumers' League; The Ministers' Institute, by N. S. Hoagland 956
Henry W. Wilbur; Chicago Letter 957
Peace Sunday and the American Red Cross; The Tuckerman School 959

SPIRITUAL LIFE 944

THE PULPIT.
The Hope in Suffering, by Rev. Sidney S. Robins . . . 948

LITERATURE.
Books 950

THE HOME.
Baby Clarke's "Chupper," by Minnie L. Upton; Playing School 952
'Manda Jane; How Leonard helped make Jelly; The Restored Watch 953

POETRY.
Below 942
At Rheims, by John Elliot Bowman 945
O Angel Grief, by Mary Stebbins Savage 948
Golgotha, by Willard A. Wattles 949
A Fellow-feeling 952

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Rally Day 958

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Boston Federation Notes 958

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 959

PLEASANTRIES 960

Editorial.

IT has been a matter of wonderment to many that the war spirit had apparently completely conquered individual convictions, and the religious scruples of those whose religious principles held no place for war.

One would expect that at least here and there would be found men who would choose to die rather than to kill, and who would prefer to be loyal to a spiritual conviction even at the supreme cost. It is therefore good to know that there were such martyrs in the year 1914. Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D., secretary of the Church Peace Union, in the interesting account of his experiences just published under the title "Through Europe on the Eve of War," a part of which has been reprinted in the *Christian Register*, says that a friend of his witnessed the shooting of four men who refused to take up arms against their brothers in other lands. In the course of time it may be discovered that there were other such martyr choices. Surely the days are not more decadent than those of early Christianity, when loyalty led to the lions and devotion meant death. When the smoke of conflict has cleared and normal judgments are once more formed, no higher honor will go to the men who marched to battle, gallant though they were, than to those who, with their backs against a wall and a principle, chose to abandon life rather than their belief in brotherhood.

THE assumption that ignorance of liberal religion and attachment to impossible doctrines are known best to those west of New England, which underlies much of the criticism of gentle measures in the training of the young in mind, is the root of much of the misunderstanding which divides some of our workers. There is just as evident and crass narrowness of vision within sight of Beacon Hill, and even on it, as there is on the outskirts of our faith, and no one has to go outside New England to know just as much of the problem as those who have worked on the borders. If the truth were known, the hostile and militant methods have their critics among men who are not in New England at all, and who are working right in the fields in the name of which our words of caution are ridiculed. That the *Register* is printed in Boston, and edited there, is no indication of the locality of its editorial comments and the source of its judgments. What we are chiefly concerned to make clear is that there are places and times where missionary work is cheapened, and our progress hampered, by a way of

Digitized by Google

taking opposition more calculated to embitter it than to dissipate and conquer it. We could furnish testimony from far fields of alienation of those who sympathize with us by an inimical way of meeting our opponents, and of great success in attracting people by using cream instead of vinegar. That is all we mean when we say things that sound to our friends in other parts of the battle-line like an order to retire. We have no doubt that insipid, milk-and-water treatment is sometimes applied where bold measures are advisable, and that good hard hitting is often for us a work of grace. But we also know that the effort to understand why others oppose our belief and misrepresent it, and to put ourselves in their places, and to use language that will leave open their self-respect and permit surrender without humiliation, and make for good will in the end rather than more pronounced hostility, is consistent both with sincerity and courage.

"Self-possession is nine points of the moral law," aptly paraphrased John Milton Scott some years ago. It was well stated, and never more clearly true than at the present time. Seldom has the surge of racial prejudice been greater than during these days of conflict. Hatred fattens upon the spoils of war. It is only by gripping the verities of life, and by maintaining a firm hold upon the fundamental unity of man, that one can avoid being swept off one's feet by the surge. It is a hard task, as well as one of the highest, to be able to resist the sway of the ancestral and to be true to the universal. Great are the need and the gain of self-possession. The best form of neutrality is that in which one is able to neutralize the antagonisms of one's own thought and sentiment and to present the brother-front to all men and nations alike. If this is one of the results of one's religion, it may be regarded as fairly certain that truth is its golden core. If not, one may well suspect the presence of some base alloy.

It must not be forgotten that America is in reality a second Europe. Its citizenship is a composite production, the constituent elements coming from all parts of the older continent. Here Italy, France, Germany, Russia, Great Britain, found a new home. It has been stated time and again that New York holds within her borders more of many races than are to be found in the largest cities of their own lands. Yet in spite of this fact there has been almost no sign that the present bitter antagonisms of the Old World have crossed the ocean. One may stand before a newspaper bulletin in Boston or New York and see Germans rub shoulders with English and French in complete amity. It is a fine feature of our American life that at a time of such intense feeling its citizens should already have arrived at the point where Americanism means the fusing of the European variants into the single standard of citizenship. It is a fact of which every American has good reason to be proud.

It needs every now and then to be emphasized that a Unitarian church is in the truest sense not sectarian in its nature. That there have been in the past frequent attempts to denominationalize the movement of liberal religion and to standardize its formulas of faith is not to be denied, but fortunately the nature of liberal religion has been such as to have been able to resist these attempts, and to remain as yet larger than can be reduced to the limitations of a sect. Unitarianism represents a principle more than a set of principles, an attitude toward truth and life rather than any set affirmations regarding them, a spirit of freedom more than a sect of the free. If it could be realized that a Unitarian church, instead of attempting to increase the number of sects, is in reality working in quite the opposite direction, much more favorable conditions for progress would be secured. Stronger emphasis upon this fact in regard to the liberal church is therefore to be commended and urged.

A fine example of interdenominational courtesy ought to be chronicled and commended in connection with the Ministers' Institute. The spectacle of the rector of Trinity Church in Newport driving his automobile over the Ocean Drive, well laden with Unitarian ministers, and taking (cheerfully or otherwise) the dust from a large van filled with other Unitarian ministers, was one to be viewed with much satisfaction. The worse the dust the greater the courtesy. Even the House of Bishops ought to be—and doubtless when it hears of the event will be—at least mildly delighted with this exhibition of a truly Christian spirit. The rest of us, not having so much on our minds as bishops have, can applaud unreservedly and enthusiastically.

The Ministers' Institute.

The meetings of the Ministers' Institute were held this year from the 21st to the 24th of September in Newport, R.I., and the ministers who attended these meetings, without doubt, will long remember their visit to that attractive city. The minister and people of the Channing Memorial Church were indefatigable in their endeavor to give these guests of theirs a good time, and there was much to see, in and about the city, of unusual interest. The weather, though somewhat oppressively warm, was wonderful; quite the equal of that which we remember so well in connection with the meetings of the National Conference last year in Buffalo. Perhaps some interest was diverted from the real work of the Institute by these outside attractions, though no very definite assertion of that kind could be made; and if some, overwearied with floods of talk, sought refreshment in the waves of the near-by sea, they were not without reasonable excuse.

Too much was offered at this feast of reason. Some men whose names were announced on the programme did not appear in person, to the great disappointment of would-be listeners. Particularly it was disappointing to miss Prof. Lake, who could not reach this country in time to keep his appointment, but even with these omissions the programme was still too full. After listening to a certain number of papers, which keep one's attention strained to the utmost, one becomes like the small boy at the picnic who thought he might bite off another mouthful, but doubted if he could swallow it. All these papers were good, many were excellent, some were brilliant. It was again a good exhibit of the scholarly capacity of our Unitarian ministry. But it is to be hoped that in planning for another session of the Institute a somewhat simpler repast may be provided. The directors, like a good housewife, are easily influenced by the fear that there may not be enough, and so before they realize it they have on hand a bewildering profusion. If, when it comes to serving up the courses, there should be a thin place on the programme, it is easy to invite an open discussion of papers that have been read, and it is more than probable that this item on the bill of fare would be much enjoyed.

It is difficult to compare one session of the Institute with another in any way that is satisfactory and just.

Digitized by Google

The assertion may be hazarded that the meetings of two years ago in Gloucester, taking them altogether, marked the highest flood tide that the Institute has reached. It is not to be expected that so high a level can be continually maintained. Not always will all the factors of a composite whole fall together so happily, to produce the best results; but, if the full record of the Institute could be written from the beginning, this last session would have in that record an entirely honorable place, and some of its features would be quite the equal of anything that earlier sessions could show.

In these days of "big business," in the church as elsewhere, some people are troubled because the Unitarian ministry does not command a larger popular following; and other people are led to assert very confidently that the "ism" which we are supposed to represent is decadent, if not dying. Well, it would be hard to find in the talk at these meetings any "ism" whatever. What that thing called "Unitarianism" is it would puzzle any one to say, otherwise than as he might evolve it from his own inner consciousness; and what is to be the fate of something that probably has no existence is no matter of great concern.

Here was just straightforward, constructive, sympathetic talk on a wide variety of human problems, all of it of a helpful and inspiring kind. Now and again we hear the church spoken of as an institution which has certain "goods" to sell. It is not the most apt simile that could be chosen. The church is engaged partly in producing what might well enough be called "goods," that is to say, certain views of life supposed to be in the interest of the higher welfare of our race, but it does not or ought not to undertake to sell these goods. They are to be given away to any one who will use them. Does the world want our goods? Very likely not to any great extent, having conceived considerable prejudice against the label they bear. We know them to be good "goods," none the less; and if others do not want them at present we can be fairly content with using them ourselves.

The Great Scepticism.

We are too much in the habit of thinking scepticism a matter of intellectual judgment, concerned only with philosophical speculation. The doubt of any foundation in thought and truth may have its cul-de-sac, and lead men against the blank wall of a blind alley. But there is life to be lived, and the doubter goes back to its necessities and duties with some faiths of the practical sort which still work as though he had never indulged his vagrant moods, while he believes in goodness, and keeps the bridges safe between things as they are and things as he thinks them, and counts protection from pretension of things that are so a sort of devotion to truth which the more abstract sort may excel in dignity and complexity, but not in worth. Indeed, truth, as a word, calls up too abstract a notion, and draws the mind away from the simple fact of truth as a fact. When Pilate asked "What is truth?" he put a question that has never been answered and never can be answered, as he put it; but there was an answer before him that was quite sufficient. There was a fact, a true thing. The so-ness of that fact was the sort of truth that philosophers will discuss to the end of time. The thing that was so was much more important to hold and much more simple to accept.

The great scepticism of the world is the living as though the so-ness of things may be ignored. The unpardonable sin is in supposing that ingenuity, or deception, or ingenuousness, or overbearing assertion, or indulgent forgetfulness, may veil or dissolve a fact. The great blasphemy is in the erection of power, even of religion itself, into a substitute for things as they actually are. The great atheism is the atheism of war, for war is the blatant and deadly disintegration of justice, and kindness, and truth, and love. It sets these sovereign things to the test of masses of force, it decides questions they should rule, by an arbitrament infinitely below their rank. It drags these lovely forms in front of its legions and swears allegiance to them, only to violate them and crush them. It forces into its columns those who hate all its ways, because only by subduing such might and binding it can these beautiful facts be set free and prove their beauty.

This is the significance of the time which has suddenly become so terrible and so incomprehensible. It is a time when we are called to face awful and tense alternatives. We have to decide whom we shall serve. Martyrs faced death or denial of their faiths, and they chose to have a world with truth to die in rather than a world with lies to live in. One religion faced another and demanded that the religion of truth and freedom should bow down and worship the religion of subjection and authority. We read of their sacrifice, and stand where they burned, and look back to their far time grateful that it is not ours. But in some new way it becomes ours. We hear that might makes right, and watch nations struggling in a conflict whose root was that assertion. The law that makes men's lives and nations' intercourse safe, the bridge of nations, we see torn from under their feet. Where once individual men went to the stake for their loyalty to that bond, now whole peoples face destruction rather than conspire in the infamy of a violated oath. It is a time that more than tries men's souls. It is a time which tries if they have any souls. Men are asking how Christianity and religion can be believed in when, after so many centuries of their preaching and organization, they fail to prevent the most awful conflict of hate and bloodshed the world has known. This question has special point when we see a nation which has been foremost in the higher life, first in learning, in philosophy, and in theology, set a pattern of most cruel and relentless reprisals, and of disregard of the primary principles of good faith. When the most solemn obligations are declared to be not worth the paper they were written on, so declared not against one nation by its enemies, but by itself of its own sacred engagements, men are asking what religious institutions are worth among nations so ruled and governed.

The indictment is a fair one, directed against those who thus set religion and Christianity aside. It is not a fair one, directed against religion and Christianity in themselves. They stand lovelier and more precious than ever, as their pure precepts shine out against the background of greed, antipathy, vindictiveness, and vaulting ambition. The place of religion was never so clear as now. Our delusion that forms are equivalent to substance is shattered. Now we know that nothing but the real thing will serve. We know that praying to God for success in battles, and not submitting to God the causes and motives of battles, is not religion. We know that going through forms and ceremonies and maintaining national churches, while devoting every energy and power to devising engines of vaster destruction than barbarous times ever knew, and training men with the avowed purpose of subduing other peoples, is not religion and has no likeness to real Christianity. We know that believing a set of doctrines called Christian, without pretending to change in the least hatreds and jealousies, without trying in the least to love neighbors, and to do good to those who despitefully use and persecute others, is not Christianity at all, but the empty semblance of deeds in words. The great and powerful and most civilized nations are show-

Digitized by Google

ing us where to look for reliable religion, not in the music of their guns, not in erudition led by torch and bombs, not in civilization reckoned in terms of artillery, but in the character and self-control and good will that shall make all such machinery of mutual murder antique.

Never have churches had a plainer mission and a larger task. Never has the world so openly shown the need of them. Their great task is to create a new heart in men and renew a right spirit among them. Until that is done no disarmament will be valid. When it is done none will be needed. We have dreamed this work nearly done. We are rudely waked to find that it is not yet begun. There is no discharge in this war. The madness of the world is unsubdued. The great call of the hour is for enlistment in the eternal hosts whose weapons are love to God and man, to destroy the great scepticism of unbelief in them.

Current Topics.

A new, though not an unexpected, crisis was precipitated in Mexico on Wednesday of last week, when Gen. Francisco Villa, the most prominent military leader in the revolution which ended in the overthrow of Huerta and the instalment of Venustiano Carranza as supreme chief in Mexico City, declared openly against Carranza. The specific ground for this act of hostility appeared to be Villa's dissatisfaction with the plans made by Carranza for the convention called for October 1, in Mexico City, for the nomination of candidates for the presidency. Villa and his friends have charged that the basis of representation in the convention was such as to assure to Carranza complete control of the machinery of nomination and election. In his declaration of war Gen. Villa denounced the policy of his former chief, which he said was in violation of the will of the people of Mexico, and announced his intention to eliminate Carranza as a factor in the political situation and place the power into the hands of persons who would respect the rights of the people.

The news of the latest internal convulsion in Mexico, in which the states of Chihuahua and Sonora are pitted against Carranza's rule in the initial stage of the conflict, was received with regret in Washington. Every effort was made at the State Department to bring into action the machinery of mediation and compromise, but there was a distinct impression in well-informed quarters that the problem of adjustment as between Villa and Carranza would be extremely difficult, if not hopeless. The first acts of the Carranza administration in the capital indicated a tendency which had been characteristic of the two previous revolutionary *régimes*, those of Madero and of Huerta, in the direction of confiscatory measures directed against the adherents of the preceding administration. The indications of such a policy aroused a strong movement of protest against Carranza, and Villa, who for a long time had been on the brink of an open break with his chief, took prompt advantage of the discontent to begin hostile operations against the men in power in Mexico City.

The subject under international discussion during the week has been the reported destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims by the Germans in the course of a bombardment of the city. The French government laid its complaint before the nations by lodging a protest at the capitals of the neutral peoples, including Washington. It was pointed out in the French representations that the dropping of shells upon the historic structure was not necessitated by legitimate considerations of war, but was an inexcusable act of vandalism, prompted solely by malice. In a semi-official explanation from Berlin it was pointed out that the French were using the cathedral for military purposes as a point of observation in finding the range of the German positions, and that the work of the German gunners consequently was justified by the rules of war. Subsequent dispatches from London, and other sources friendly to France, indicated that the damage to the great Gothic pile was not so severe as had been reported at first.

One of the most dramatic events of the war came to public knowledge last week, when the British admiralty announced the destruction of three British cruisers—the Aboukir, the Cressy, and the Hogue—by German submarines in the North Sea, with the loss of about 1,250 officers and men. A German account of the engagement gave the entire credit for the notable victory to one submarine manned by twenty men. The incident produced a profound impression in London, and recalled the opinions of several eminent naval authorities, who recently have advanced the argument that the construction of battleships is a waste of money, as the great engines of war would be at the mercy of the first small craft that could approach them within striking distance under water. The British admiralty's report of the engagement laid emphasis upon the statement that two of the lost cruisers were torpedoed while they were standing by the first in an attempt to save lives. Accordingly, the British naval authorities issued a general order to commanders not to risk ships under similar circumstances.

On the western front of battle, along the French frontier, the operations at the end of the week pointed to the probability of another reverse for the German armies in their endeavor to maintain their territorial gains in France. The German commanders, behind formidable entrenchments, were contesting every inch of the ground in the face of a slow but steady advance by the Allies. In the rear of the German right, under Von Kluck, the Belgian forces were developing an activity which was met by an aggressive German movement against Antwerp, the Belgian base. In the centre of the line the forces under Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm were pushing an attack upon Verdun, with the evident intention of breaking the continuity of the allied armies. Throughout the fighting, which probably will prove the costliest in lives since the war began, the French and the British demonstrated a revival of offensive strength which seemed well-nigh irresistible to the invaders. The German retreat at their right wing, however, was orderly, and impressively deliberate.

On the eastern front, on the borderlands of Austria-Hungary and Prussia, the Russian armies are making some progress, which is far more marked, however, at the Austrian end of the line than at the Prussian. At the beginning of the week the Austrian forces had apparently accomplished their withdrawal into the forts of Przemysl and Cracow. In Cracow, unless the Russian reports are misleading, a large German force has joined the defenders and was making energetic preparations for an obstinate defence under a German commander. There is a wide discrepancy between the claims of the Russians and the admissions of the Austrians at this end of the operations in the world war, but it is apparent that the Russian armies are more than a match for the Austrians, and that

Digitized by Google

their progress is consistent. At the points of contact with the Germans, however, the Russian offensive is exceedingly slow and doubtful. It was admitted in Petrograd at the middle of the week that the Germans had resumed the offensive in East Prussia, but it is affirmed that their advance toward Warsaw and Lodz had been checked.

The Ottoman project to reject completely all foreign claims to extra-territoriality under the capitulations, it now appears, is to include the closing of all educational institutions under foreign auspices in Turkey. These institutions include Robert College in Constantinople, and the American College in Beirut. Robert College, which is strictly non-sectarian, has played an important part in the regeneration of Turkey and of the Balkan states for the past half-century. It is the highest institution of learning in the Ottoman Empire, and, under the inspiration of Dr. George Washburn and Drs. Hamlin and Long, has played an important part in the upbuilding of the new Bulgaria out of the ruin wrought by centuries of Turkish rule. Many of the leaders in the revival of Bulgarian nationality in the last quarter of the nineteenth century were graduates of Robert College. The American College in Beirut has contributed greatly to the cause of education among the Armenians of the Ottoman Empire.

Brevities.

In an American railway train a man was heard to say: "My father was a German; my mother was French. What do I care? I am an American. The old hates are nothing to me. This is the land where hatred dies away."

The counting of small objects piece by piece in large numbers is so tedious a task that so-called "counting-machines" have been invented, which determine the number accurately by weight. A great saving of time is thus secured over the old method of counting by hand.

The practicability and wisdom of the minimum wage for men and women workers is one of the live industrial questions. The Washington State wage commission has established $10 a week as a minimum wage for women employed in mercantile establishments, the highest amount yet fixed by any State for women so employed.

Some Unitarian parishes seem to forget that ours is in theory and intention a very democratic religion. When they fail to include women in their membership, or exclude the minister from the holding of parish meetings, or tend to keep the knowledge and control of their affairs in the hands of a few, they fail to remain or act as truly democratic organizations.

When the conviction comes home to the invalid on the porch that he can be as mentally active and fruitful, and live as full and interesting a life as comes to him who is caught up in the swirl of the city's vortex, then he perceives the inevitable compensations in all lives, and feels that he has had a valuable education, worth more, perhaps, in inner values than the outward, material success of another.

Some religions have died of isolation and inactivity, like the Egyptian religion, which had come to a high degree of perfection. That is, such religions have ceased to grow, failing to respond actively to changes in their environment. Becoming thus fixed and completed, they died, according to the order of nature. This law, true of former religions, is also operative in the theologies and religious faiths of to-day; if they would live, they also must grow.

While many people are willing to accept truth at the hands of authority, at the dictum of somebody else who claims to know for a certainty, others revolt at this method. They are intellectual democrats who believe in "the piety of the intellect," and that truth must be searched for and discovered. What one finds out for himself is more valuable to him than the second-hand beliefs and faiths of any others.

Letters to the Editor.

At Midnight.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

As one who has been greatly interested in the recent editorials and letters in the *Register* regarding the degree of religious tolerance in the Eastern and Western States, I want to say that I think "G. B." has made a very happy simile when he writes that it is four o'clock in the morning with him while still midnight with his younger brethren out on the pioneer lines. It *is* dawn in New England while still midnight in Washington. And surely we who live in the light of the dawning day have no higher privilege or duty than to cheer and encourage the men who in places where it is still dark are keeping alight the lamp of liberal religion.

I suppose people who have never experienced it can hardly know what it means to be loyal to the Unitarian fellowship in some city where the Unitarians are not known except as heretics; where the church as an organization has no social prestige; where probably meetings are held in halls pertaining to lodge rooms, and which still smell on Sunday mornings of the beer and cheese partaken of there the night before; where, if they have been bred in the East, they will miss the ornate beauty of the service in many of our Eastern churches; where a little parlor organ (ten chances to one indifferently played) awakens homesick longings for the rich and beautiful tones of the home church organ, and the weak and fitful singing makes it hard to worship in song. Where, too, in all probability the congregation is not an assemblage of kindred souls with one common aspiration, but a gathering together of "all sorts and conditions of men" —of many races, of all shades of thought from the rabid "free thinker" who soon tires of our lack of the fighting spirit to the timid conservative soul just drawn (perhaps by the affiliation of a previous generation) out of orthodoxy and who finds our thought too radical.

I wish I had the skill to picture to the readers of the *Register* one such congregation, of which I had the high privilege of being a member for some eighteen months, and the minister in charge of it at that time. He was a man of rare culture, of great ability, of magnetic personality, and great personal charm, having a wonderful power as a preacher, carrying his hearers with him, making them feel the fire which burned vividly in his own soul. When he entered the bare and dingy hall and began to read the opening sentences of the little service, it became a "temple hallowed by His name," and, in spite of the often more than indifferently poor music, the spirit of worship descended on the soul. Yes! But at what a cost! That minister became so completely broken in health that he had to go back to his native land almost under sentence of death. It was very much doubted whether he would ever be able to preach again,

Digitized by Google

and even now I do not know whether this fear has proved groundless or not. The isolation, the sense of loneliness, alone are enough to try the courage, the faith, and the patience of the strongest souls, and when men who are doing this strenuous pioneer work feel, as I know only too well they do feel, that they lack the support, the sympathy, and the understanding of their fellow-Unitarians who live where the hour of dawn has struck, then surely the fault must lie more with us who see the light flooding the hills than with those whose clocks are just striking twelve, and who have yet the long, long hours of the watch between midnight and dawn to bear. Surely it is part of our responsibility to see to it that we keep them constantly cheered by the never-failing assurance of our strong right hands held out to them in the darkness, ready to uphold them there, to guide them here, until the hour of dawn shall strike for them and they too see the glorious light of religious tolerance and good will flooding the magnificent Western hills.

Alberta MacArthur.

Montreal, Canada.

Below.

Lone watcher on the mountain-height!
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have ours;
God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleventh hours
He counts with us for morning cheer;
Our day, for Him, is long enough,
And when he giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier messages to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire,—
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim,—
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Ten Years of Scripture Reading.

BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Ever since the beginning of my work as an ordained minister I have made it a practice to keep a careful record of the Scripture readings which I have used from Sunday to Sunday in my pulpit. I first entered upon this routine practice, I imagine, in order to avoid "vain repetitions" of the Bible passages which are more or less familiar to every one, or which are particular favorites of my own. As time went on, however, I found that the record was gradually gaining an interest of its own quite apart from the practical utility in which it had its origin. Now, with the completion of my first decade of service, I have found considerable amusement in making a summary of the record, which it is my hope may possibly have a mild sort of interest for others than myself.

The one book which I have used more than any other, in either the Old Testament or the New, is the Gospel of Matthew, from which I find that I have read no less than 102 times. This does not surprise me in the least, as Matthew has from childhood been my favorite biography of Jesus. Its comparatively full account of the immortal story, its Sermon on the Mount and parables of the Kingdom, its incomparable rendering of the events of the last days, its superbly poetic diction in the King James translation,—all these features combine to make Matthew in more senses than one, to my mind, the first Gospel. Luke alone excels it in such chapters as those containing the birth stories, and the two parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son; while Mark is distinctly inferior from the homiletical, if not from the historical, standpoint. Whenever I have had to make choice between parallel narratives in the three Synoptics, I have found myself almost invariably choosing the passage found in Matthew.

Of the other Gospels, Luke comes a rather bad second in my account, with a record of 67; and Mark follows a considerable distance thereafter, with a record of 42. John is last at 32,—a fact which again does not surprise me, as the fourth Gospel, in spite of its importance in the history of Christian thought and its beauties of style, is practically valueless, from my point of view at least, as a record of the life and teachings of the Nazarene. Not only have I used this book less than the others, but an examination of my readings shows that they have been confined to a comparatively few passages. Of the greater portion of the Gospel I have made no use at all.

Turning to the Pauline Epistles, I find Romans and 1 Corinthians tied in my record at the comparatively low figure of 22. Then come 2 Corinthians at 15, Galatians at 13, Philippians at 10, and Ephesians at 9. From the other letters of the great apostle, I have read but seldom,—Colossians twice, 1 Thessalonians once, 2 Thessalonians once, and Philemon not all. The sum of all these Pauline readings does not equal the total of the one Gospel of Matthew.

Of the other books in the New Testament, Acts has been to me by far the most usable, as is shown by its record of 27. Revelation, rather to my surprise, appears but 8 times. Hebrews follows very closely with 7 readings —nearly all of them, it must be confessed, however, from the great eleventh chapter, on faith. Of the Pastoral Epistles, I have used 2 Timothy 3 times, and 1 Timothy once; and of the remaining Epistles, 1 John 8 times, 2 Peter 5 times, and James 4 times. Five other books, it is interesting to note, I have not turned to even once in the ten years, namely, Jude, Titus, 1 Peter, and 2 and 3 John.

Among the books in the Old Testament, Psalms has the same supremacy as Matthew in the New, with a record of 52. This again is in accordance with my expectations, as this book is, to my mind, the supreme religious manual of the world. Nothing comparable to it has ever appeared among any other people or at any other time. Inspiration was certainly at its highest and purest when the noblest passages of the Psalms were written. That the book is in large part as inspirational at this late day and in our own transformed civilization as ever, is a mighty tribute to the perfection of its expression of the everlasting realities of religion.

Next among the Old Testament books I have turned to Isaiah most often,—49 times in all. Of the other prophets, Jeremiah leads with a record of 15; and then come Ezekiel 9, Micah 3, Haggai 2, Zechariah 2, Hosea 2, and Amos, Joel, Nahum, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, and Malachi, 1 each.

The one great surprise which I have found in the study of this record is the comparatively large use which I have made during these ten years of the Pentateuch. If anybody had asked me, I would have confidently hazarded the guess, off-hand, that I seldom if ever selected any Scripture readings from these legendary five books of Moses. Yet when I consult the record I discover that Genesis has served me no less than 17 times,

Digitized by Google

Exodus 6 times, Leviticus (*mirabile dictu!*) 4 times, Numbers 4 times, and Deuteronomy 9 times! Verily, the veins of the Biblical mine are yielding more treasure in our time than I had begun to realize.

Of the so-called historical books, only 1 Kings has been employed to any extent—9 times. 1 Samuel shows a record of 4, 2 Kings of 3, 2 Samuel and 1 Chronicles of 2 each, and Judges, Joshua, and Nehemiah of 1 each.

Job, I rejoice to discover, I have commended to my people no less than 15 times—which makes it my best-used Old Testament book, with the exception of Psalms, Isaiah, Genesis, and Jeremiah, with which last it is tied. Ecclesiastes I have used 10 times, Song of Solomon 6, Lamentations 5, Ruth 3, and Proverbs 3. . Six books—2 Chronicles, Ezra, Esther, Daniel, Obadiah, and Jonah (the last to my mingled surprise and chagrin)—I have not used at all.

Comparing the Old Testament with the New, I find that I have read 401 times from the latter, as compared with 245 times from the former. A study of the more important groups shows that I have used the Gospels 243 times, the Pauline Epistles 95 times, and the Prophets 88 times.

Of the Apocrypha, which I keep side by side on my desk with the two Testaments and consult frequently, I have in the end made little use, and this use has been confined to four books. The Wisdom of Solomon (glorious writing!) has served me 12 times, Ecclesiasticus 10 times, 2 Esdras 5 times, and 1 Esdras 3 times.

More interesting, to me at least, than the record of my Bible readings is the record of passages which I have selected from sources not commonly regarded as sacred. Ordinarily in my regular services I confine myself pretty closely to the two historic Canons of Christendom, only now and then having resort to other writings. This practice has not been determined by any feeling that these extra-Biblical sources are not appropriate or helpful, but only by a general satisfaction with what is to be found in the traditional Scriptures. It is seldom indeed that I cannot find "just what I want" in the Bible. Nevertheless, on consulting my record I find that a goodly number of holy prophets not named in the sacred rôle have served me from time to time. The list includes Channing (2), Parker (7), Martineau (3), Emerson (3), Plato (7), Saadi (2), Seneca (1), Omar Khayyám (1), Milton (1), Wordsworth (2), Tennyson (1), Browning (1), Whittier (2), Longfellow (1), Sir Edwin Arnold (2), Walt Whitman (1), Stephen Phillips (1), Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne (1), Francis Bacon (1), Jeremy Taylor (1), George Washington (1), Lincoln (3), Tolstoy (1), Wendell Phillips (1), Nietzsche (1), John Fiske (1), Walter Rauschenbusch (2), the Hymn of Cleanthes (1), the Declaration of Independence (1), the Koran (1), the Bhagavadgita (1), the Pilgrim Covenant (1), and Sacred Scriptures of the East (2). I find on examination that these outside readings are very plainly multiplying in the last years, and even months, of my ten years' ministry. If these indications mean anything, I shall use these sources much more in the second decade of my work than in the first. I have amused myself by speculating as to the whys and wherefores of my differing practice in this particular regard, but no explanations have come to mind.

Such is my record, for whatever it may be worth. How does it compare with the similar records of other men? What is the practice of our Unitarian ministers in this interesting matter in these latter days? If my *confessio* can tempt others to tell their stories, I shall not perhaps have prepared and published these little items in vain.

New York, N.Y.

In October.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

The earth basks genially in the early autumn weather. It gathers up every resource of sun, dew, rain, and refreshing wind to prolong the spell of its beauty and freshness. We might conclude it has no other business but to preserve to the last these fair external aspects that its verdure may die gloriously.

The house is chilly, but the open air is of bland and delicate softness and warmth. The heat is clarified, strained like golden honey from the hives of the air.

There is nothing absolutely perfect, else this mood of nature might be called so—no perfect beauty, no absolute perfection of line or coloring or composition, otherwise the ideal would be wanting. There is no perfect character, no impeccable laws or religion, no absolute justice, truth, or right. Only in God inheres perfection, and not having seen it we hardly know what it means; but in the back of the mind lives the desire, the craving, the passion for fulfilment, for wholeness, for all that is summed up in the term. We brood with regret over our scrappy lives, the broken lights of being, the fragmentary results of our best intentions. We wake to the want of ideal completeness in those dearest to us. We are startled and shocked that they do not measure up to a certain standard that exists alone in the mind. We run against their limitations and are hurt and pained unspeakably, not considering that they suffer from the discovery of ours. We can picture the pain of a son who discovers the weaknesses, the sins, of a father who has been to him a little god until the age of discernment, the sufferings of a daughter when she awakes to the lowered conception of an idolized mother, and the sad discovery of the defects of husband or wife.

But nature in its seeming constancy has no such shocks to deliver. Still, like man, it is apparently ever striving for the realization of an ideal. "The worm through all the spires of form" mounts to man. Nature's content is only seeming because it has infinitely long periods of duration in which to perfect itself, while we are ephemera, almost as much so as insects that live only one brief, golden hour. Especially in trees do we see a purpose, one may say a determination persistent and courageous, for life and the expansion of upward growth. We may almost detect a certain ambition and curiosity in their persistence to occupy new ground, and to fight for their own, or what they can make their own. We may say they have an ideal of perfection toward which they strive. The noblest specimens put a crown on the vegetable world. We view them with genuine pride in their achievement. We have an innate respect for struggle that arrives, and it is by long-continued struggle, perhaps through centuries, that the great monarch comes to its majestic result.

In even the poorest, most stunted and dwarfed tree there is something pathetic, heroic, when we think of the battle it wages with adverse circumstances. Nature has set limits to the upward climb of species and varieties, but you must mount far before you come to the place where tree aspiration finds its ultimatum: thus far and no farther. Some tree families are great fighters. It is said that the birch will struggle with the pine on its own ground for supremacy to gain a higher foothold, and will win in the contest.

When in the dense Adirondack forest we see the various kinds of evergreen and deciduous trees growing in harmony together, making place for hundreds of fragile growths, so exquisite in every leaf and frond and bud, lock of moss and bit of lichen, the struggle is concealed.

Digitized by Google

Nature seems to intone a great anthem of peace and happiness. All things are pressing on for a more perfect expression, from the least to the greatest. There are specimens that by their presence create a desert. Nothing can grow in their shade. The pine will not support a parasite, nor allow a rival too near its throne. It grows in stern, dark independence, sufficient to itself, repelling the little things of nature that love to creep near for protection and companionship. It has a rigid and angular beauty, but it does not find place in our affections like some other varieties.

The splendor and glorious beauty of tropical forests give out the sense of wonderful creations in the process of strangulation, so intertwined are the trees with creepers, vines, and thick-growing parasites, spreading and choking each other in a life stimulated by heat and moisture to something almost monstrous. To a dweller in the North the jungle is alien and fearful. Our temperate woods have a dignity, a reserve, that give us a sense of intimacy and affection. Trees are nearer to us than all other forms of growth in nature. They are more companionable, more constant. They cause a fibre in us to vibrate, no other object can awaken. Donatello in Hawthorne's romance embraced the trees as his kindred. In a certain sense they are ours. Flowers are a luxury, but trees are a necessity. The flower has a spiritual expression. It corresponds to the hidden emotions and sentiments. As the poet says, the meanest flower that blows can awaken thoughts that lie too deep for tears. For this reason flowers have ever been a constant source of inspiration to the greatest as to the least of bards. Shakespeare felt their spell profoundly. So Burns has immortalized the daisy, and Wordsworth the daffodil, and Emerson the rhodora.

But they are not with us all the year. They are given as an overplus of joy and delight. They cannot take the place of old trees that have grown with our growth, more staunch, more friendly, more protective each year. Old trees that long have shaded the ancestral home are like privileged members of the family. The veteran oak and elm and maple have a distinct, a sacred place in our affections. They welcome us into the world, and wave over us with a seeming sorrowful farewell when we are carried out to our last home. After years of wandering we rejoice to see their friendly crowns gilded by the setting sun or gleaming in the morning light. They have a sentimental—in a way, a religious—significance.

Indeed, the religious significance of the tree is as old as religion itself. It appears in "Yggdrasil," the sublime Norse myth of the Universe Tree:—

"An ash know I standing
Named Yggdrasil,
A stately tree sprinkled
With water the purest.
Hence come the dew-drops
That fall in the dales;
Ever blooming it stands,
Over the Urda Fountain."

It is seen also in the apple-tree of our old Bible, in the Bo-tree under which Buddha sat when inspiration came upon him, and in the sacred olive of the Greeks. Still it has a message and a sermon for us not less sacred than its mission in ages past. "The groves were God's first temples," and they still have a religious significance beyond anything reared by the hands of man, be it a St. Peter's or a Parthenon. All the earth aspires, the whole universe groaneth and travaileth with this mighty impulse. The patient, steadfast trees are always stretching up to a higher outlook. In the solemnity and silence of forest shades we may hear a noble sermon if we listen, of striving for the best, of seeking persistently and with patient struggle light, space, air, the view of lofty things, the open heavens and the everlasting courses of sun, moon, and stars, that sing ever as they shine,—"The hand that made us is divine."

Summit, N. J.

The Imprisoned Splendor.

Whatever may have been the origin of the moral sense, or the way in which it has come, it is only through the knowledge of God that the moral sense can work. In His light we see light; we cannot see without it, without the light of Him that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Every man has in him that perfect moral light; not, of course, in the sense that it is perfectly shining in him, but in the sense that it is the perfect light that shines. Just as the light that shines through the window or the door or the little crack in the wall into the otherwise darkened room is the perfect light of the sun, which in the open heaven in perfect beauty shines, even so is the light which shines in every man the perfect light of God, and through its shining in him he sees the moral defects and imperfections in himself. The progress which he has made and still makes and will continue to make in moral knowledge and growth is simply the coming out, with an ever-increasing and brightening manifestation, of that perfect moral light or perfect truth within him.—*Bishop David H. Greer, in the Constructive Quarterly.*

Spiritual Life.

When you come down from the summits, you do not come away from God. There is no task in life in which you do not need him. The work-bench needs his light as truly as the cloister.—*Phillips Brooks.*

To come out of the ugly into the beautiful, out of the mean and selfish into the noble and loving, out of the false into the true, out of the commonplace into the glorious,—in a word, out of evil into good,—is not this a resurrection indeed, . . . the resurrection of life?—*George Macdonald.*

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms, most fearless under menace and frowns, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—*William Ellery Channing.*

The question is not what experiences you have had, but what use you have made of them,—whether you have read them aright, and learned wisdom by the things you have suffered; whether you went on and on, still trying to find God's star which was your one guide, still trying to read aright the sealed order which was continually being opened up to you.—*Oscar McCulloch.*

It is October, and again the deed is done! The ripened seed-vessels hold the hope of the world. New root, new stem, new leaf, new bud, and all the possibilities that sleep in them are there wrapped up together. In these the next spring's resurrection, next summer's glory, next autumn's gold and red, lie already in embryo. And everything is safe. Fear not, O lands! Be not afraid, O fields! Let the leaves die, and the cold come out of the north.—*William C. Gannett.*

Digitized by Google

At Rheims.

(SEPTEMBER, 1914.)

BY JOHN ELLIOT BOWMAN.

"Où est Jeanne?"—*Villon.*

In the dawn of the sombre morning
That breaks o'er the shattered fane,
She faces the surly foemen
As once upon Orleans Plain.

The day is obscured, and the rain drips
As though all the sunbeams knew
That lost is the sea of azure
They have shone seven centuries through.

They had sent through that azure wonder
For centuries twain their gleams
When The Maid saw their glow acclaiming
Her King, and her work at Rheims.

They have softened through five more cycles
The noonday's clamorous glare
Since the last red fagot whitened
To ashes in Rouen Square.

Where is she? Where are the raindrops
Or the snows of yester-year?
They are with us in leaf and herbage!
And The Maid, The Maid is here.

Five hundred years: have their dust-clouds
Ere dimmed in the least the shame
That clings to the men who slew her,
Who libelled her spotless name?

O men at the guns, all Midgard
May crash in one roaring wave,
And heaven's blue vault be shattered
Like the glass that strews the pave.

True lives abide, and their beauty
Is scathless midst Envy's streams,
As her statue stood midst the ruins
In front of the church at Rheims.

Sundays in England.

BY REV. A. C. NICKERSON.

The identification of religion with the government, and so with the mutual obligations of the people, is still a nominal if not a real characteristic of nearly all the foremost nations of the world. Therefore any one visiting foreign lands to-day is at once impressed with religion's insistence. It is a thing not to be ignored. In ultra-sacerdotal lands, like Italy, France, and Spain, it is really intrusive w th its multitudinous holy days and its ever-recurring services. In Venice one is impressed with the number of its churches, but even in ultra-Protestant countries, like Scotland and England, the religious provision strikes one as truly amazing. A recent visitor to England was impressed with the fact that the two apparent requisites of life for the English people are churches and tea. One does not suggest that there is any necessary connection between the one as a stimulant and the other as a sedative. Even in the smallest villages—villages evidently of most meagre financial resources—one finds delightfully substantial and well-preserved churches, full of the air of perfect reverence, astir with the sentiment of worship, and sanctified by the memorials of generations gone. Many of these are pre-Reformation churches, and all alive with historic suggestion. The people whose humble homes are clustered around these ancient Norman towers, whose fathers sleep in the adjoining church-yards, associate their own and their parents' oldest memories with the place and its ceremonials; and a somewhat indolent, somewhat unintelligent conformity runs on in the grooves of ancient wont from age to age, and many a slow-thinking, good-natured rustic in these ancient fanes is like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, dozing in his pew, who explains of the parson,—

"An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a 'ad summut to sáy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I comed awaäy."

It would seem that formal state religion has its best hold in these little hamlets all over England, more numerous and near to one another than appears possible or desirable in our broadly acred land, for the Church has all of the æsthetic that the residents in the big houses can ask and all of sensuous comfort demanded by the cottager, while dissent does not often, in these small nestling villages, raise its disputatious voice.

In the larger places—the shire and market towns—the situation is quite different, for here various sorts of cleavage from ancient "use and wont" appear most pronouncedly in the chapels of the dissenters, which seem quite as numerous and variant as with us, and indeed the England of to-day is about half non-conformist. But, in so saying, we must bear in mind the fact that the other half—the Established Church constituency—is still as numerically strong as all the other religionists combined; that with the Church people remain all the tradition of lawful and beautiful worship, all historic associations which ally its services with loyalty to king and country, practically all of social prestige, the most of the wealth, and all of the especial sacerdotal privileges of the realm. Dissent is fearfully handicapped in England, and so its adherents deserve the more praise for their brave espousals. With a great price obtain they this freedom, and the taste of ostracism's salt is ever in their mouths. But in church and chapel England seems worshipful. Conformist and non-conformist are "in the spirit on the Lord's day,"—at least in such a small provincial town as we now refer to on a summer Sunday morning. The broad, clean, main thoroughfares, having been painstakingly swept in the earliest dawning light, are quite empty, even at a late hour, when, from the tower of the parish church there comes such a ringing of bells as our towns never know. It is not the slow and dignified procedure of our church bells on Sunday morning, nor does it even faintly resemble the sweet chimes which rang out over all the college buildings years ago when a student in his room blessed the blind bellman who every eve, just at dusk, poured out such a sweet harmony of sounds as never can be forgot. "How many a tale their music tells, of youth, and home, and that sweet time when last I heard their soothing chime!" No, it is not at all like that, but a rollicking, go-as-you-please, hit-or-miss tangle of bell notes, several men ringing the peal all together, with no reference to one another, racing, voluble, clear, merry bells.

We saw an English Christmas card which showed a church belfry with its bells, and little sprites jumping all over and around them, playing leap-frog from bell to bell, and chasing each other with jocund glee around every metal rim. They well represented the effect of those Sunday morning bells, vibrating and thrilling the sunny air. The bells are seldom a chime, or, at least, rarely played as one. All over England they seem to be running away with themselves, hilarious, untamable. Tennyson, in "The Grandmother," writes, "The ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown." A defiant will seems the very soul of their ringing. The result of this great clamor over street and square and lane is the appearance, in their Sunday best, of men and women, boys and girls, bound for church and chapel. The streets are quite thronged with them. Perhaps it may be because there is little else to do in so isolated and provincial a town, but, however it is, the church and chapels are well filled with congregations which outwardly, at least, seem more reverent than ours,—more given to

Digitized by Google

kneeling and participation in prayer, more promptly and earnestly participant in singing hymns, anthems, and chants. The congregations are more promiscuous than ours. Not only do the rich and the poor meet together in the Unitarian chapel, but the learned and unlearned, the sophisticated and simple, find a common Sunday home under the ancient roof-tree, and their prayers and songs are united from week to week and year to year. The English venerate their places of worship. They are remindful to them of what religious freedom cost their fathers. The memorial tablets on their sanctuary walls admonish them not to forget. After a service they go quietly out. Conversation is postponed usually till the sidewalk is reached. Contributions are not received in the chapel, but in the vestry, or at the chapel door as people pass out.

But it is not in any such dissenting chapel that you strike the high tide of formal religious observance in England. One must be in a cathedral or at least a university city for that. England is, in a way, proud of her cathedrals, and she well may be, and yet her pride in them is not the pride of old, which built them at great sacrifice of labor and lucre, and ornamented them, richly and bounteously, as only they could who felt that they were adorning the very bride of Christ. It is difficult now to get money enough to preserve them in their present condition, or to check a destruction of marvellous architectural treasures whose undermining by neglect and time has already gone too far. Winchester Cathedral's oldest wall sunk over a foot and a half into the ground, and di/ers were busily repairing its foundations but a few years since. All over England these restorations of churches and cathedrals are called for, as is not unnatural when structures have stood, as have many of these, for nearly a thousand years; but a nation celebrated for its "stately houses," its broad acres, its opulence, does not rebuild so eagerly these historic buildings as she does build dreadnoughts and wonderful museums and comfortable almshouses and trade schools. And it is probably because the religion of even such Englishmen as prize the Established Church and stand for it has ripened humanely rather than doctrinally or sentimentally of late, that they have far less enthusiasm for architectural and æsthetic religion than their fathers had, the acme of whose faith was to worship fitly at a consecrated, sumptuous shrine and to sleep at last in holy ground.

Every visitor to these lovely and lovable temples must, however, confess that, however light the attendance upon their ministrations, however archaic the claims set up by Church dignitaries as to authority and revelation, however notorious the common dissent from the old doctrines, declaimed now with as much apparent sincerity as if there had been no science, no Biblical criticism, no humane interpretation of salvation in the last hundred years, the service has climbed gradually to a state as near perfection as one could ask. An afternoon service at Wells Cathedral is a thing to remember and be thankful for so long as one lives. It is the apotheosis of worship as a sentiment. The Lord is in his holy temple, and all the earth and earthiness keeps silence before him. The cathedral arches throughout the building are of a soft, light color, such as reminds us of the silken lustre of Quaker ladies' dresses in a long ago. It is a warm, winning tone, as were the voices of those saintly dames; and, when the service is sweetly said and sung, as it was by men whose refined faces suggested the unselfishness of their thoughts and reminded you that their all-sufficient authority for teaching was in no musty records of apostolic descent, however common such placarded recitals on parish church doors throughout England, but in their own manifestly beautiful lives, even the dissidence of critical dissent is hushed in wondering gratitude. The sweet voices soar, rising with the cathedral arches, triforium, and clerestory, wave on wave of melody following wave on wave of carven stone, no slightest discord anywhere, boys' voices, well-nigh angelic and silvery clear, rising up and up, as easily as the English skylark sings and flies, until the anthem "How beautiful are thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts!" melts the heart of the listener like a pearl in a sacred cup, and for days the music sounds and resounds and thrills reverberatingly in memory's corridors, as if the soul were indeed the penetralia of God's temple and memory the sacred cloister, vibrant with sweet remembrances. All is well in accord, the building and its services fused into the one aim of uplift for the spirit, whose needs are ever the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever,—the need of sincere sorrow for sin, of confidence in God, of hope "springing eternal in the human breast" and throned above where sin and sorrow can nevermore come. But there was in that service no least touch with life as it is to-day, convulsing England with its gigantic social throes even as we worshipped in that summer air. All crime and care were carefully strained away from that ceremonial. One lived through the blessed moments as if he were indeed temporarily in a blessed eternity. One's "willing soul would stay in such a frame as this," did not peremptory voices cry outside and summon to the study of religion as an exemplification. In all the cathedral towns the streets at service time seemed fuller than the cathedral. Sunday was the "day off" there, as here, for hundreds of working young men and women. They were not disorderly or even rude; they simply swarmed in the high streets, and they were evidently little attracted by the æstheticism of an ultra-refined service. Although the English people are proud of their cathedrals, comparatively few seem to assist at their expressions of religious sentiment. While the clergy have been beautifying the service more and more, polishing it, as a lapidary does a precious stone, making it more brilliant and dazzling, while they have appealed to the ear as well as the eye by the best voices for intoning and singing that the kingdom affords, the people to whom this appeal comes, who are told that "out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God shines," neglect it just as its ceremonial becomes superlatively fine. It is said that the service at St. Paul's in London was never so impressive as to-day, and young High Church clergymen from this country wax warm as they watch there and wait and learn "how to do it." But the people, the common people, showing in this attitude how true it is that the true Church is ever where human hearts are attuned to freedom, fellowship, justice, and right, turn from all the symbolic rapture to the imperative demands of their own souls and their own times, which declare that, if our brother has aught against us, we are first to be reconciled to our brother and then come to the altar with the gift of our sentiment. England is acutely conscious that the men who voice true religion to-day are not all using the language of the ritual. To an onlooker in England it is a case where you understand even more by what men do not than by what they do say. The government is with the Church, history and tradition are with it, fashion is with it; but the people are not. They feel the crying needs of England to-day. Those needs are not voiced by the Establishment. The preaching that betrays a holy spirit active to-day is in the nonconformist chapels and outside both church and chapel. No one expects any inspiring sermon from the average Churchman. At Winchester Cathedral, at a garrison service, Sunday morning, attractive because of the young soldiers marching into it, one could see how listless and

Digitized by Google

wandering was the attention of the people who came, literally listening not at all while the clergyman delivered his amusingly simple homily. A great contrast was the immense, closely packed congregation, largely men, at Dr. Campbell's Independent City Temple in London. The City Temple is abreast the times. It believes in the helpfulness of God to-day. It believes in the brother who is to be helped to-day. A phrase of the extemporaneous prayer one Sunday was, "Give us not charity, O God: we want not charity, but justice." The sermon, as sturdily uncompromising liberalism as you ever knew, was from the text "And the Lord said, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee!" (Ezekiel ii. 1). It was a bold statement of the need of an upright posture in religion, a looking up from the consciousness of our divine nature, rather than the prostration before God because of our sense of our shortcoming. The preacher declared that we need to-day not so much a sense of sin as we do a consciousness of righteousness. God is holy not to crowd us down, but to raise us up. The congregation—twelve hundred strong—sang one of our hymns at the close of the service. The people in England seem to listen to non-conformist preachers as to instructors or inspirers, while they merely look at the Anglican clergy as performers, and this notwithstanding the superior culture, excellence, and grace which the Church clergymen personally represent. The Christian ideal, which has pressed insistently on through all the Christian centuries, seems to fuse now with pure democracy, and it sometimes seems as if a democratic Christianity, loving justice and walking humbly before God, may be realized in England sooner than with us. Is it not possible that our tremendous avarice, our great widespread itching for graft, may prove more of an obstacle to a humanitarian religion than will the hoary old English Church, with all the endearing and compelling centuries behind it? Certainly, democracy is making rapid strides in England to-day. Since 1616, when the first independent or congregational church was established in London, great advances have come, and at Oxford Unitarians now have a college which, in beautiful appointments and proper conveniences, rivals in attractiveness many of the older colleges. Manchester College Chapel, with its Burne-Jones windows and its well-filled pews even on a summer Sunday, is a great satisfaction to those whose faith was so long everywhere spoken against. But it should be even more to the English people, nothing less, in fact, to them than a tribute to their discerning wisdom, this adaptation in old Oxford itself of their knowledge that free speech and free faith must grow unimpeded. It is just such recognition as this that makes one hopeful for the future of religion in England. Religion has been defined as "the endeavor to preserve and to perpetuate all that is of greatest worth in human life," and the English people seem quite bent on such perpetuation. They know perfectly well that stone walls cannot enclose religion, that no rites can perpetuate it, and they are looking manward now rather than Godward, not because of any lack of faith in Deity, but because of the greatly augmented consciousness of what God would have men do. In fact, the religion of a large part of the English people to-day takes the form of a demand for social justice. In this insistence they drift away from the churches. Although it is true that many more men show faith in non-conformist rather than Anglican religion by a much larger proportionate attendance upon the services of the first-named congregations, even these sects show in their latest statistical reports an alarming decline. The Baptists, next to the Anglicans in numbers, report a loss in a recent year of six thousand persons, the year before, five thousand. The Congregationalists, next largest body numerically, do not make a much better showing. Gen. Booth said, "The great mass of the English people remain away from all forms of religious communion." A census taken in London eleven years ago stated that in that great city six persons out of seven never darken the doors of a place of worship. The English people are pressing the convictions of their religion in their Parliament, urged thereto by certain inescapable and disagreeable facts. Pauperism in the kingdom is on the increase. Seventy millions sterling have to be raised annually by taxation for the maintenance, education, and medical treatment of the poorer classes. Twenty-five thousand children of school age are maintained by the Board of Guardians in London alone. One-third of the population is living on or below the poverty line upon earnings which do not exceed a guinea a week per family. The nation is awake to the importance of sociology, political science, scientific charity. It believes enthusiastically in organization, in the superior potency of organized effort. Dr. Campbell, minister of the City Temple, is also the president of the Progressive League. "We are just entering," he declares, "upon the mightiest struggle the world has ever seen; neither the Reformation nor the capture of the Roman Empire by the Church can for a moment be compared with it. Christ is coming into his kingdom; the word has gone forth to summon the nations to the judgment seat; the sifting has begun. It behooves us all to choose quickly and to choose well, lest in the crisis now upon us we be found fighting against God."

England is being seen by her people to be full of injustice. One-seventh of the population owns far more than one-half the accumulated wealth, private and public. Nine hundred and forty people out of every one thousand die leaving no property worth taking account of. Great Britain's war expenditure is enormous. The people are asking where the Christianity comes in, where they come in. They have ceased waiting for remonstrances from the (so-called) temples of the Prince of Peace. They find their own hot heart's protest a holier temple. "A Mr. Clayton has recently investigated the votes of the bishops and the House of Lords, and he finds that they have arrayed themselves solidly, almost without exception, against every social reform and every extension of democracy which has ultimately approved itself to the English people as just and wise." This pronouncement reminds one of a statement in Mr. W. H. Allen's book, wherein he says that "not one of the great social movements that have characterized the last generation can be attributed solely or even in greater part to church activity. Whether churches have helped or hindered, no one can now prove."

But, finally, there are proofs that in England and here better exemplifications of Christianity are soon to be had. They have there a Church of England organization of six thousand members, called the Christian Social Union, Dr. Gore, the bishop of Birmingham, being its president. The Wesleyan Methodist Union for Social Service is another body, the Presbyterian Social Union another. The Unitarians have their National Conference Union for Social Service. These are illustrations of the way in which Christians in England are getting busy in social ways, in response to that centuries' old command, that we love our neighbor as ourselves. Here at home the younger men of our body have organized the "Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice." Everywhere interest in the bettering of men's social conditions evidences an attention to our brother men which the churches have too long neglected and to which they are to be brought back by the new sensitiveness of our time. In England the housing problem, sanitation, prostitution, an appall-

Digitized by Google

ing death-rate, increasing pauperism call. Here industrial wrongs, civic rottenness, the divorce evil, the white slave plague, the ravages of tuberculosis "call to duty, stern and high."

O Angel Grief.

BY MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

How brooding is the silent mist
That veileth still the Evermore!
How sweet the waters that have kissed
The margin of the farther shore!

A Presence resteth everywhere;
Peace to the troubled hearts we bring!
We cannot grasp the buoyant air,
Or clasp the "Shadow of a Wing."

Light doth not fill the realms of space,
Else would there be no dark to bless;
But Love doth reach the farthest place,
And chaos hath its tenderness.

Our dear one slippeth from the strand
To sail the Great Uncharted Sea.
O Angel Grief, I take thy hand,
Since 'tis our God who sendeth thee!

The Pulpit.

The Hope in Suffering.

BY REV. SIDNEY S. ROBINS.

With his stripes are we healed.—Isaiah liii. 5.

In this passage from Isaiah we get his idea of vicarious suffering. Vicarious suffering means that one person suffers in order that another may go free. Here is the picture of the faithful remnant, the servant of the Lord, by whose stripes we, says Isaiah, are healed. It is only the hope that suffering may be vicarious, that it may spare pangs to others in years to come, that it may lift a burden from the shoulders of other multitudes, that can reconcile us to the fact of it. This is the hope of the world.

A man said last Sunday to a large throng of people in Boston, that this war was putting back civilization a hundred years. Is he right? If so, we can hardly endure the terrible suffering that we read about. Thousands of people are asking themselves what is to come of the sacrifice of so many noble men and women on all sides. That there are such men in all the armies and such women in all countries, everybody knows.

This war is different from any other war that ever has been. It is different in that the peoples do not hate one another. They all hate what they regard as the wicked government or methods or system of the other people, but the peoples of Europe and America know one another and their essential kinship too well to-day for there to be any hatred of one people by another. So much the more reason, some will say, for calling this war an unutterable calamity.

Again, as far as the peoples are concerned at least, we may agree that this is a blameless war. No nation wanted it, and, as far as the rulers are concerned, study of all the year-long causes that have led up to it will convince any fair-minded man that it is possible every one of them thinks he is in the right and that indeed he made what seemed to him the only reasonable efforts for peace. Novels of to-day have quit painting the villains solid black. In history also writers no longer do this. So much the more then if there is no nation of wicked people to punish, if there is no villain of a ruler with no good qualities to make us like him; what is the possible lightening of such a cloud upon civilization as this war?

In order not to think civilization is falling back a hundred years we have to drop all trying to load all the blame on one person or one nation. So long as we look only at what happened day before yesterday between Austria and Servia, and regard this war as an outbreak of the spirit of revenge or cruelty, we cannot take a hopeful view of it. If nations, like men, have gone insane in a moment and forgotten training and breeding and Christianity and humanity, we cannot take a hopeful view of it. We have at the very beginning to recognize that the cause is deeper than any of these things, that the causes have been working for decades alongside the advances in science and medicine and international law and peace congresses. What causes? Why, two: the failure of civilization to provide ways in which new countries may have their full share of opportunity in a spirit of fraternity; and, secondly, fear and distrust of one another and one another's alliances. The situation is simply, in brief, that nations have been trying to get what they thought they ought to have by trickery and combinations in default of any world authority or court to which nations, acting in the way individuals act, could go and present their claims, to be met in a fair spirit by those whose claims conflicted. The cause of this war is the need of a great international authority that shall judge among nations as courts judge among individuals. In default of this the use of wrong means has defeated not only ambitions that are too great, but reasonably fair claims.

If we see that it is this need at bottom that has caused the war, then we have the ground of hope. Then we can begin to hope that the sacrifice of thousands of noble men on both sides is going to prove to all concerned, victor and defeated, as in no other way could be proved, the bankruptcy of the old method of settling international quarrels, and of this way of dealing with one another by means of alliances and balances of power.

The first way of settling quarrels between individuals was to have them fight it out. The second way was to have a referee (like the Hague Tribunal), whose decisions were not always accepted. The third way was for society to call all the contending parties into the court, give all a hearing, and have a decision from a power able to enforce its will.

The English *Nation*, of August 29, organ of the English Liberal party, says that the only way out of continued European war, which is a prospect none can face in days of proof like this, is the creation of a "United States of Europe." It might have said a "United States of the World." That means, it says, the disappearance of tariff frontiers by which each nation in turn seeks to build itself up at the expense of others, and the cutting down of national military forces in favor of something that we can call an international police, controlled by an international parliament. Only the rallying of the democracies of all the countries in favor of international ideas can end this situation. Individuals had to be brought into court. States are brought into court. Nations will have to be brought into court before we are through with war.

If we see this as the ideal, then let us see also that Europe has been for a generation growing away from this ideal, building armaments, each nation strengthening its own side of the balance of power. At the same time that Europe has been advancing in other ways it has been going wrong in this. How is it to be brought back?

Are we far wrong in saying that this advance has to be bought in the same way that many other advances of science and medicine have been won, by great human sacrifices? The advances of medicine have been won by

Digitized by Google

human sacrifices. Reed sacrificed himself to get the secret of yellow fever. The advances of science have been won thus. The independence of our country was bought by a great sacrifice of life. The freedom of the slave was won by a great sacrifice. As we think of those who are giving their lives at this moment, perhaps it does not occur to us to place them beside those who have by their lives bought for us all that we hold dear. Have not these young men of to-day proved something of tremendous value if they just show to the nations of the world, by means of their national pain and suffering, that the time for an international spirit has come? This war will convince hosts that have not been convinced before. It will provide an argument to which the pride of a strong nation must yield something. It is only out of common suffering that a common spirit is born.

Of course it is easy for us to find fault with this method in which progress is achieved, and yet this method is taught by history as the only method. Men have suffered in order that a truth might live, in order that a cause might triumph. Isaiah saw the future of his Hebrew race consecrated by the suffering of the faithful in his generation. Jesus suffered to bring us his gospel, and his life has by millions since been made the symbol of that principle of vicarious suffering which somehow makes such an appeal to all men, because it touches their experience, explains the demands of life upon them.

We wish progress could come by some other means, and yet there are some things that give us pause in that wish. The man who doesn't himself learn a little of the spirit of self-sacrifice for something is not to be envied. Once in a while a suicide shows that mere existence is not always a blessing. Is it not the people who learn in some degree to forget themselves who begin to see life reverently and to feel in it a mystery, and a spiritual benediction and a possibility of greater issues than we know about to-day?

There is a type of person in every community that you can count on for almost any good cause. These persons seem always to have time. Other people may consider their own convenience or put their pleasure first. These persons seem to find their greatest pleasure in doing something that needs to be done. According to my experience these persons do not wear a long face. They simply build on a different kind of foundation and find their happiness in more certain ways, different from those of other people. They are the salt of the earth, the true representatives of the light of Christianity.

It seems to me that what we see this spirit teaching us close at home every day we ought to be able to apply in larger ways. It seems that a little of the vicarious spirit is required even to make mankind as happy and cheerful as it ought to be, and that only as each normal person shares in some humble way in the education of that vicarious spirit is he enabled to live a healthy life, unobsessed by pleasure, but free from melancholy and utter weariness, and withal reverent.

I do not believe in that kind of optimism which thinks that everything is going to turn out well, and just as well, whether or not we do our part as well as we can; but I do not believe either in that pessimism which fails to see in suffering the price oftentimes paid for a great good for the world, a good to be realized through our faith and co-operation.

Some people cannot forget the brutalizing effect of war upon some human beings. Let them think of the elevating effect upon millions of the example of men sacrificing their lives for principle and for the good of generations unborn. The war brutalizes some to-day as it awakens the remorse of thousands; but the sacrifice it calls forth shines through long years. "With his stripes are we healed." Isaiah applies that to the faithful servant of Israel. Many have applied it to Christ. We can apply it to the faithful of to-day, though we shall never understand it except as we enter in a measure into their spirit, larger than our ordinary selfishness, except as we find a use and a deepening in our own difficulties.

Kingston, Mass.

Golgotha.

BY WILLARD A. WATTLES.

And has it come to this? How strange it seems
That after all the shouting so it ends!
A skull-strewn hill; the great sky overhead;
All round about the throngs of little men,
And over there Jerusalem!—Jerusalem!—
Set like a queen upon a burnished throne,
With one white jewel in her perfumed breast;
The Temple, where men's prayers go up to God
Even now as on the Hill of Death I wait
To stretch my weary arms upon their cross.
(One moment now to take my leave of life?
I thank thee, comrade, for thy gentleness.
The Roman soldiers have been kind to-day,
Their eyes are milder than they're wont to be;
And as I stumbled up the rocky path
I felt one lift me as I fell to earth.
His hand was warm, and lingered over mine
An instant as he raised me,—was it thou?
I knew it from the gruffness of thy voice:
Man's love for man is something, after all.)
"To take my leave of life!" Dimly I see
The hillside black with peoples, hear a sound,
Hoarse as the cry of breakers in a storm
When winds are angry with the fisher-craft,
Thunder upon me. Can they hate me so?
But now they fade from vision, and I seem
To ride once more along the palm-strown street
Where little children press to touch my knee
And men and women arch my way with song,
Strong men with muscled bodies warm with life,
And women tender-eyed and rich in love:
That was my day of triumph, life, and love!
And now I leave them, all the golden days
Of hands that touch and eyes that answer mine,
The quiet evenings, and the hush of dawn,
The fields that faint with lilies, street and hedge,
Grim Galilean caverns, and the water-cress
Fringing the hill-stream, dusty winding roads,
The waving wheat-fields, and the arbor shade,
Thrill of warm bodies sleeping by my side
And arms of comrades thrown across my breast
In the dim mornings when the dew is chill
And the first sparrow twitters to his mate
Beneath the vineyard trellis where they nest.
(John, my beloved, thou at least art true,
More than a brother, even though we part;
Stand thou before me when they raise me up,
And I shall dream that thy dear head still lies
Upon my bosom, and forget the pain.)
Strange that I fear no evil, now that Death
Draws nigh to fold me in his long embrace,
But rather do I feel a wondrous calm
As if the cooling sheets already wrapped,
In all the perfumed languor of the grave,
This fevered body,—fold me surely, Death.
I would not come again though life be sweet
And fragrant with the lure of Sharon's rose.
'Tis something to have left upon their stems
Some buds unopened, to have lived one life
Rich with the unperfected beauty of great love,
And passed yet potent to what after comes,
Leaving still undeciphered half the truth,
Till on Golgothas of their homely tasks,
Beset with trivial thorns from day to day,
And sneered by scoffers or unnoticed quite,
Men learn to shoulder bravely each his load
And come to know, as I do, what is love.
(Yes, I am ready. Nay, I know, my friend,
Thou must obey when Pilate gives command;
God's will be done: for thou hast wife and child,
And men must live for others,—as I die.)

Amherst, Mass.

Digitized by Google

An Ordination in the Olden Time.

The following copy of an ancient letter, clipped from an old paper, will be read with interest, as containing in its gossip a racy portrayal of the religious and social peculiarities of our forefathers. It contains an account of the ordination of "Rev. Mr. Benj. Prescott" as pastor of the Old South Church in Danvers, and was written by one of the ordaining council. It will be seen that Rev. Cotton Mather was one of the officiating clergymen, and that the disturbances in the church, and the treatment of the disturbers, were in keeping with the doctrines professed and strictly practised by our Puritan ancestors:—

Salem, 25th Sept., 1713.

Hond. and Dear Friend,—Through the goodness of Providence we arrived in this Place after Dark Tuesday night, and are now staying with your Brother Thomas at the Precinct. The reason we got here so late was because we were detained a long Time at the Ferry as the Boat was on the Charlestown side, and the Roads were very bad and the Streams very high on account of the great Rains. Mr. Appleton of Cambridge did not get here till Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, his Horse being weary, so he tarried all Night at Reading. Your Brother Thomas says the place has grown very much since you lived here and that the Church has got 40 Members who come off from Mr. Noyes's Church in Salem Town, 13 Men and 27 Women, and the Town has granted the Precinct 5 Acres of Land and the Province £5 a Year for 5 Years for the Support of the Gospel in the Precinct. The Church have made Choice of Rev. Mr. Benj. Prescott for their Pastor, and voted him £60 and 15 Cords of Wood for his Salary when single, and £75 when he shall be Married. Mr. Prescott is the oldest Son of Esquire Jona Prescott of Concord, and is a promising young Man, about 25 Years old, and betrothed to Elizabeth Higginson, a comely Daughter of Mr. John Higginson. The New Meeting House is situated in a pleasant Valley near a Stream of Water on the Village Road about a Mile from Town Bridge. The Services in the Meeting House began by reading a part of the 119th Psalm by Rev. C. Mather, after which he read a Portion from Thomas Allen's "*Invitation to Thirsty Sinners.*" Mr. Hubbard, your excellent Pastor, then offered up a Fervent Prayer, and a Psalm was sung to a Solemn Tune, the oldest Deacon reading Line by Line in a Solemn Voice so that the whole Congregation could joyn. Mr. Bowers of Beverly next offered the Prayer of Ordination and Consecration, with the Laying on of Hands of the Elders. Mr. Appleton of Cambridge preached the Sermon from 2d Cor. 2d Chap. 16 Verse, last clause. *Who is sufficient for these things.* Another Psalm was then sung, and then Mr. Shepard gave the Charge, and Rev. Mr. Green of the Village the Hand of Fellowship, and Mr. Gerrish of Wenham made the Concluding Prayer. There was an Immense Concourse of People in the House so that every Part was crowded, and Some were on the Beams over the Heads of the Congregation.

The Govr was in the House, and Her Majesty's Commissioner of the Customs, and they sat together on a high seat by the pulpit stairs. The Govr appeared very devout, although he favors Episcopacy, and tolerates the Quakers and Baptists, but is a strong opposer of the Papists. He was dressed in a Black Velvet Coat, Red Waistcoat, bordered with gold Lace, and Buff Breeches with gold Buckles at the knees, and white silk Stockings. There was a Disturbance in the Gallery, where it was filled with divers Negroes, Mullattoes, and Indians, and a Negro called Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth and placed in the broad Aisle, where he was reproved with great Awfulness and Solemnity. He was then put in the Deacon Seat, between the two Deacons, in view of the whole congregation, but the Sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out because of his levity and strange Contortions of Countenance, (giving great scandal to the grave Deacons,) and put him in the Lobby under the Stairs. Some Children and a Mullatto Woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter.

When the services at the House were ended, the Council and the other Dignitaries were entertayned at the House of Mr. Epes, on the Hill near by, and we had a Bountyful Table with Bears Meat and Vennisen, the last of which was from a fine Buck shot in the Woods near by: the Bear was killed in Lynn Woods near Reading. After the blessing was craved by Mr. Gerrish of Wenham, word came that the Buck was shot on the Lord's Day by Pequoit an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a Lye in his mouth like Annanias of old. The Council thereupon refused to eat the Vennisen, but it was afterward agreed that Pequoit should receive 40 Stripes save one for Lyeing and prophaning the Lord's Day, and restore to Mr. Epes the cost of the Deer, and consydering this a just and Righteous Sentence on the sinful heathen, and that a Blessing had been craved on the Meat, the Council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose Conscience was tender on the point of the Vennisen.

The People here are much rejoyced to have Gospel Ordinances established among them, and the House is well Built, 3 Storys high, 38 by 42 feet, with good Oak Timber, and covered with 1 1-2 inch Planks and with Clay boards upon that, and it is intended to have the Inside fynished with Playstering when the Precinct are able. The Pulpit and the Deacon Seat are made of good Oak, and a green Cushing on the pulpit was given by Mr. Higginson. I had the above Particulars from Mr. Trask, the Head Builder of the House, who is a Man of Substance and considerable Acquirements: He also told me that he prepared a Box to put under the Foundation contayning the Year of our Lord that the Building was begun, and various Particulars about the forming of the Precinct Church. He also put in the Copper-Coyns of the Reign of our Blessed Sovereign Queen Ann, and an Epistle to the Sovereign who shall reign over these Provinces when the Box shall be found, and another to the Household of Faith in the Salem Middle Precinct exhorting them to maintain the Doctrines of the Founders to the utter confusion and Shame of all Papist Mass Mongers and other Heretical Misbelievers. Mr. Trask, who is himself a Godly man and a Member of the Church, told me that the Church would not agree to put the Box under the House as they thought it savored of Presumption and Vain Glorying, and some of them would not agree to the Sentiments of the Letter to the Household of Faith, but he Privily put the Box under the Pulpit when the House was near built enclosed with Bricks in good Clay Mortar without the Knowledge of the Church. Mr. Trask thinks the Frame of the House will stand 2 or 3 Hundred Years if it is well covered from the Weather.

There have been great Rejoicing with us in Boston on account of the Glorious news of Peace, and may the Lord long continue the blessing, and avert the Judgements we deserve.

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

Lawrence Conant.

Literature.

The Home University Library. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents each.—Five new volumes of the Home University Library call attention again to the usefulness of this series of books, which present in small compass facts that one ought to know concerning the subjects of which they treat. Arnold Lunn, writer of *The Exploration of the Alps*, tells the thrilling story of Swiss mountain climbing with spirit and genuine appreciation. One need not climb himself in order to catch something of the exhilaration, the romance, the hard endurance here exemplified in true tales of the hills. Edith Sichel's study of *The Renaissance* is an admirable presentation, in the large, of this movement as it developed in different countries. Without detailed treatment it gives the right impressions, and will doubtless be read where elaborate studies and larger volumes would make no impression. Among the scientific books may now be numbered *Chemistry*, written by Raphael Meldola, professor of chemistry in the Finsbury Technical College. It is intended to bring the reader to the threshold of a great edifice crowded with departmental chambers, some of which he may explore for himself later if this introduction should awaken the desire. Prof. John Mackinnon Robinson's book about *Elizabethan Literature* contains much in little about the wonderful period when life and letters began to unite to the enrichment of both. He treats it in no cut-and-dried fashion, reducing it to formulas, but points out its significant characteristics and its permanent values. The last of this instalment of five new books is *Religious Development between the Old and the New Testaments*, in which R. H. Charles, canon of Westminster, shows how the view once commonly accepted, that the Old Testament was closed in the fifth century B.C., and that in the intervening time before the birth of Jesus no divine message broke the silence, has been completely abandoned not only by scholars but by the vast body of educated people Even the most conservative Old Testament critics recognize the late elements in the Old Testament, and recent research shows that there has never been a "period of silence." Old Testament conceptions underwent modification and development, and to make something of this development clear is the purpose of the present study. Canon Charles discusses in successive chapters "Prophecy and Apocalyptic," "The Kingdom of God in Apocalyptic Literature," "The Messiah in Prophecy," "The Rise and Development in Israel of the Doctrine of a Future Life," "Man's Forgiveness of his Neighbor: A Study in Religious Development," "Reinterpreta-

Digitized by Google

tion and Comprehension," "The Literature and the Old Testament Apocrypha," "The Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament."

PERU. By Millicent Todd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.—Peru, the Land of the Sun, is pictured in these pages as a land of contrasts, and the writer has made these contrasts so vivid and picturesque that they characterize the country in very effective fashion; and it is safe to say no reader will lay down the book without clearly defined notions in regard to their mingled charm and terror. The desert, the mountains, the jungles,—these are the three natural divisions of the country. One may die of sunstroke at the same time his eyelids are frozen together with the cold. On the coast, thunder-storms are unknown, but the overhead calm is counterbalanced by subterranean fury. Underground rivers carry off the water that might transform the sterile desert above them. The richest fertilizers come from the desert, where there are no signs of fertility. Tropic heat wars with arctic cold, and the most wonderful flowers and insects waver and flutter where there is none to admire their beauty. The writer has not neglected the elements of romance and human interest that are part of Peru's history. It is an old story, the coming of the Spaniards to the empire of the Incas, and surely never were greater contrasts than are revealed by the professed piety of the conquerors and their cruelty to fellow-creatures. The book is interesting, readable throughout, and its illustrations from photographs add much to its descriptive qualities. The subject is one which has not been overworked.

DAVE PORTER IN THE GOLD FIELDS. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.25.—The new volume of the Dave Porter Series is declared by the publishers to be a record-breaker. This time Dave attacks the problem of a lost mine in the gold fields, and the exciting events through which he solves it and wins his usual success include narrow escapes from danger and sudden death, as well as adventures with the same unscrupulous opponents who have made trouble for him in previous volumes. We do not like all the characters any more than Dave himself did, but the mining regions afford an appropriate setting for them, and at the end of the book they seem to have been permanently silenced, though one never can tell.

THE VANISHED MESSENGER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.—It may be that the war lends additional interest to one of Mr. Oppenheim's already sufficiently thrilling stories of international complications, but certainly there was never a time when plots and conspiracies, intrigues and masked operations, daring spies and unexpected political centres seemed so entirely within the range of probability as now, when actual events have far distanced the dreams of novel writers. Mr. Oppenheim's central character is a spinner of webs sitting in the centre of influences that involve far-reaching catastrophes. The incidents are novel, the characters well placed, and the interest even more tense than usual in one of these books.

A DAY IN OLD ATHENS. By William Stearns Davis. Boston: Allyn & Bacon $1.25.—Mr. Davis is professor of ancient history in the University of Minnesota. It will be remembered that he began to write novels while he was yet an undergraduate at Harvard College, and achieved then a success which more experienced authors would have been glad to attain. This endeavor to describe what an intelligent person would see and hear in ancient Athens, if he could be by some means transported to the fourth century and traverse the city under competent guidance, illustrates the faculty of reanimating past days and events, which made those earlier books interesting and worth while.

HOW TO SHOW PICTURES TO CHILDREN. By Estelle M. Hurll. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Miss Hurll's new book about pictures supplies a want that has been expressed wherever the custom of hanging pictures in the school-rooms has been observed. She is one of those who have helped open the world of good art to young people, and has already done much to develop taste in the right lines and encourage genuine appreciation. In these chapters she answers theoretical questions concerning "the hows, whys, and whatabouts" of pictures, offers practical suggestions to mothers and teachers in regard to the pictures that should be shown, and supplies information about desirable picture material.

OUR LITTLE SPARTAN COUSIN OF LONG AGO. By Julia Darrow Cowles. Boston: The Page Company. 60 cents.—The ideals of education in ancient Sparta differed so widely from those of to-day that this long-ago cousin will doubtless awaken pity in childish breasts, for little boys who lived under the strict rule of the state were forced to steal food when they were hungry, and endured hardship at all times, but surely children will be stirred by the brighter side of their story, their instant obedience, the respect for moral superiors, and their supreme contempt for cowardice. The writer has made Theognis, Chartas, and the others real boys. The book is one of the very best in this series.

SONGS AND POEMS. By Martin Schütze. Chicago: The Laurentian Publishers.—The author, a professor in the University of Chicago, has a talent for lyrical verse marked by keen observation and melodious expression. The pathos of lost lovers during a war is timely just now:—

"Where the cliff looks o'er the valley
I have grown a willow-tree,
And it rustles and it whispers,—
But my soldier, where is he?

"Dust is whirling in the valley,
I see horsemen, young and free;
See their lances, see them flashing,—
But my soldier, where is he?"

HABIT. By William James. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.—It is a happy thought to put this famous chapter in a small book by itself. It is one which we should all know practically by heart, certainly by head. It ought to be in the required reading for every high-school boy and girl. It is a part of that mental equipment which is taken for granted in every well-educated man and woman. The more widely it is circulated the better, and, since this small, inexpensive, though not unattractive, edition will contribute to that end, we give it welcome.

NANNETTE AND THE BABY MONKEY. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.—Little Girl Blue has a rival in Nannette, who is likewise an intelligent doll, wise enough and lucky enough to help the baby monkey out of a series of adventures and then to live happy ever after. The story is printed in most attractive form, with quaint pictures. Children, according to our experience, like small books, that are easily handled and endure handling to better advantage than large volumes.

THREE LECTURES ON MODERN POETRY

OFFERED BY

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF

"IN VIVID GARDENS."

Democratic Ideals of Contemporary Poets.
The Woman Revelation in Modern Poetry.
California Poetry.

For terms and dates address MRS. MARGUERITE WILKINSON, Coronado, Cal.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'CHARLES GORDON AMES: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net.
Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Digitized by Google

The Home.

A Fellow-feeling.

I never liked young Tommy Brown,
For Tommy Brown, you see,
Is just the kind my people think
As good as good can be.

They say to me, "Now, Tommy Brown
Would never muss his hair,
Nor stamp his feet when things go wrong,
Nor strew things everywhere."

How tired I grew of Tommy Brown,
He seemed so very good!
The things he should not—never did,
But did the things he should.

Then once I went to Tommy's house
And heard his mother say:
"Now, Tommy, stop! Why, Teddy White
Would never act that way!

"You'd never see him leave his shoes
Around the floor like that,
Nor cry when asked to pick them up,
Nor tease the poor old cat."

So when I now meet Tommy Brown
I try to be polite;
I like him better than I did,
For I am Teddy White.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

Baby Clarke's "Chupper."

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

"No," said Baby Clarke, "I tan't do to bed 'til after chupper."

"But we had supper, baby," said mamma. "Don't you remember? We ate supper on the 'choo-choo cars' before we got to grandma's house."

He shook his yellow head with sorrowful emphasis. "Vat wasn't chupper."

"Bless his dear heart!" cried grandma. "He's forgotten. Boys do get hungry so often. Let me get him some bread and milk, Gertrude. That won't hurt him; and then he'll go to bed like a lamb."

Grandma suited the action to the word, and in a trice Clarke found himself seated before a little round table in the high chair that had been brought down from the attic the minute that grandpa and grandma had received the letter telling them that their little grandson was coming to make them a visit. The bread and milk disappeared slowly, seriously, silently.

"What a quiet child!" quoth grandpa. "Is he always so still, Daughter Gertrude?"

Clarke's mamma looked puzzled.

"No, indeed," she responded; "if his appetite were not so good, I should certainly be quite alarmed. I suppose he is tired from his first journey on the steam-cars."

"I hope it's nothing worse," sighed grandma, settling her spectacles so as to see him better, and beginning to look worried.

Presently Clarke laid his spoon down, and wiped his rosy lips meditatively. Then mamma took him in her lap, and began to unbutton his tired little shoes. But the astonished and reproachful expression in his wide eyes made her pause, with the chubby foot in her hand.

"O muvver, I don't want to go to bed before chupper! I hasn't been naughty!"

Grandma dropped her spectacles, and forgot to pick them up.

Grandpa threw back his head, and laughed and *laughed!*

"Well, well, well!" he said at last; "the boy's hearty, and no mistake. Glad to see it! Glad to see it!"

"He certainly *is* the beatermost," said grandma, smilingly donning the "specs" which grandpa had picked up between laughs. "But *do*—don't scrimp him on victuals. I'll get him some more bread and milk."

"He doesn't need it," said his mamma, half laughing and wholly puzzled. "I can't imagine what makes him act so."

Clarke watched and listened, his eyes exceedingly bright and his lips beginning to quiver. And, when he was placed in the high chair again before a second bowl of bread and milk, he could bear it no longer, but burst forth in broken English, punctuated with heart-rending sobs.

"Oh, no, no!" he wailed. "No, *no, no!* Vat ain't chupper. Vat table an' me ain't chupper. Chupper"— and he raised his woe-begone face and extended his short arm impressively—"*chupper* is a long table—an' lots of folks round it—an'—an'—*fun!*"

Down went the yellow head with a pathetic thump.

"Dear heart!" said grandma; "he misses the rest of them so!" And she picked him out of the high chair and cuddled him close, smiling through moist "specs."

"The little chap has the rights of it," said grandpa, heartily. "Eating alone ain't a genuine meal, and that's a fact. He's hit the idea precisely. Mother, spozen you set out some things—I know we don't need a thing, and you're plumb tired,—but spozen you do just set out some things on the dining-room table, and we all draw up?"

"Of course I will, father," responded grandma. She really would have done it, but just then Mamma Gertrude said "Sh-h-h!" Baby Clarke was fast asleep.

"Dear heart!" said grandma again. "We'll have things right in the morning."

"That we will," said grandpa.

Grandparents are *so* indulgent!

Playing School.

"You know I was 'most late this noon," Dorothy began, putting her arm around Madge in confidential fashion as they were walking home from school one bright summer afternoon, "because I had to go 'round by Mrs. Drew's to carry a pattern for mother. I just stepped into the kitchen to rest a minute, and right on her big table was a box of honey. I guess she saw me looking at it, for she asked me if I liked honey; and I said, 'Yes'm, I do, but I don't have any very often, for we don't keep bees at our farm.'

"You know she keeps 'em, and I guess she has lots and lots of honey; for she told me, if I would come again some day, she'd give me some. She said I might ask another little girl to come with me; and of course I should ask you, for you are my very dearest, most intimate friend."

Madge responded to this affectionate compliment by a hug which nearly stifled Dorothy, and exclaimed, "Let's go next Saturday!"

"All right," said Dorothy, "'cause it's four days before then; and that's long enough to wait, isn't it?"

Accordingly, the next Saturday afternoon saw two expectant little girls, in the cleanest of gingham dresses and brand-new sunbonnets just alike, going along the country road to Mrs. Drew's big white farm-house. Past the long meadows white with daisies and sweet with clover they went, now skipping and dancing to the music of the birds, now playing tag, until, breathless with running and laughter, they had to sit and rest on a rock by the roadside. Unable to bring their eager feet to a walk for more than a minute at a time, they soon found themselves at the front gate.

"Do you s'pose she will give us the honey first thing?" asked Dorothy.

"No, I guess not," said Madge, whose sense of propriety suggested that this was hardly to be expected.

They did not have time to talk longer; for Mrs. Drew had heard the faint tap, tap of the old-fashioned brass knocker, which Dorothy could just reach by standing on tiptoe, and came to the door with a cordial greeting.

She invited them into the sunny sitting-room, where she was sewing, and, after the pink sunbonnets had been taken off and Madge and Dorothy made to feel quite at home, told them stories about "when she was a little girl."

"Now don't you want to look at some pictures?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you," said Dorothy, in her politest tone, wondering if Mrs. Drew meant this to occupy them while she went after the honey.

But evidently she did not; for, after handing them the pictures, she resumed her seat by the window, and began to sew. The little girls glanced significantly at each other as they looked over the pictures, and their faces grew sober.

"It's 'most four o'clock," thought Dorothy; "and mother told me to be sure and come home by five."

"Do you s'pose she's forgotten the honey?" she whispered anxiously to Madge.

"I'm afraid so," Madge whispered back.

"Shall I ask her for it?" again whispered Dorothy.

"Oh, no," said Madge. "I do not think that would be polite, do you?"

Poor Dorothy! After all the eager anticipation of the week to be disappointed now, especially when her dearest friend had been invited to share her pleasure! What should she do?

"Oh, there's a bee!" she cried, a bright idea striking her, as a busy insect in search of sweets flew to the honeysuckle by the open window.

"I see him!" exclaimed Madge, catching Dorothy's meaning. But Mrs. Drew sewed on, with only a smile at the evident enjoyment of her small guests.

Plainly, this hint was not sufficient to remind their hostess of the forgotten treat, and they would probably have to go home without the promised honey.

Suddenly Madge's face brightened; and she drew Dorothy toward her for a brief whispered consultation, at the close of which Dorothy jumped up and asked,—

"Please may we play school in this corner, Mrs. Drew?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Drew; and Madge exclaimed,—

"You be the teacher, Dorothy, and I'll be the scholars!"

Digitized by Google

A little table was taken for the teacher's desk, and with becoming dignity Dorothy perched herself upon the organ stool behind it. Madge quickly arranged three chairs, one behind another, and seated herself on the last. Then, opening a book taken from the what-not, she began to study very hard.

"First class in spelling!" called the teacher. Madge closed her book, and came to the front.

"Toe the mark!" ordered Dorothy.

Madge obediently "toed" a bright green leaf in the carpet, put her hands behind her back, and looked up expectantly.

"Spell 'honey.'"

"Honey, h-o-n, hon, e-y, ey, honey: a sweet fluid collected by bees." Madge had been taught to define as well as to spell.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Drew, rising abruptly and leaving the room.

The girls looked abashed, and the spelling-class came to a sudden end.

"I wonder if she knew we meant it?" said Madge.

"I guess she did," said Dorothy, "for she went out quicker'n I thought she would."

In a few minutes Mrs. Drew returned, bringing a small tray which contained a plate of tiny buttered biscuits and two sauce-plates of golden honey in the comb. Spreading a white cloth on the teacher's desk, she put down her dainties, saying,—

"I don't see how I came to forget your honey; but I'm glad enough you made me think of it before you went home."

Two very meek "Thank yous" were the only response she received; but Madge and Dorothy ate the treat with keen relish, and, after accepting an invitation to come again, started for home.

"That honey was very nice, Madge, but I'm sorry we had to hint for it," said Dorothy, as they walked slowly down the road.

"So am I," agreed Madge. "It was very embarrassing."—*Mary E. McAllister, in the Youth's Companion.*

'Manda Jane.

None of us liked 'Manda Jane. We all said so the first day she came to school. Her dress was sort of old-fashioned, and too long for her; but it wasn't just how she looked that was the matter. I guess we thought there were enough of us without her, and we didn't want any more. You see, there were nine of us girls who brought our dinners,—just enough for the three play-houses out under the trees; and, besides, we all knew each other, and it's so much trouble to get acquainted with strangers.

"Well, we don't need to have her," said Delia Kelly. "We didn't ask her to come to our school, and we can go on just the same's if she wasn't here."

So when noontime came, and the teacher and the other little children went home, we hurried off and left 'Manda Jane to herself. She looked up as if she expected we'd ask her to come, too; but we didn't, and after a few minutes she sat down on the steps and opened her basket. She sat there nearly all noon-time, and we couldn't help seeing her while we played. Little Kitty—she's always so tender-hearted—wanted to ask her to come.

"Whose playhouse can she have a part of, then?" asked Maria. "There are only three places, and it'll make one of 'em all crowded up to have four girls in it."

Well, none of us wanted her; and Kitty couldn't do anything without the rest of us, though she looked sorry. That's the way it went for four or five days. We found 'Manda Jane knew as much about her lessons as any of us, though her dresses were too long, and the other children liked her in games at recess; but we girls wouldn't pay her any attention. Our schoolhouse is in the country, in a nice woody place; and so we thought 'Manda Jane was going to look for wild flowers when she didn't stop on the steps one day, but walked right past where we were, farther in the grove. By and by we saw her moving about as busy as she could be, as if she was making a playhouse all by herself.

"I think that would be awfully lonesome," said Kitty; and I think we all felt a little sorry and sort of mean, only we wouldn't say so.

The next day 'Manda Jane hurried off just the same way, and the day after that, too; and we could see her flying about and fixing something. We pretended we didn't care what it was; but, really, we could hardly play at all for watching her. But the next noon, when we were getting ready to go for our baskets, she stopped us.

"There's a new store started down near where you folks keep house," she said; "and, if you want tea, sugar, soap, or—or anything, the woman that keeps it'll give good measure and sell cheap."

"Store?" we all said at once.

She was leaning against the teacher's table, her eyes all twinkly and laughing; and she looked almost pretty,—ever so much prettier than Maria, who jumped up on the table beside her.

"Yes, I've started a store," she said, "and I should think you housekeepers would need to buy lots of things."

We began to crowd round her; but she wouldn't tell us much, only to "come and see," and we didn't wait to have her ask us twice. She had fixed up the prettiest place with moss and green branches!

There was a nice, smooth stump for a counter, and scales made of strings and birch bark. There was white sand for sugar and pebbles for coffee, and she had made cunning little paper bags to put things in. Oh, it was such fun! We bought and bought; and she gave us some real gingerbread—such good gingerbread that her grandmother made,—because, she said, storekeepers gave things when they had an "opening." We forgot all about not wanting her, and almost forgot to play keep house at all, because we were all the time running to the store. She had so much custom that she said one of us might be clerk; but everybody spoke for the place, and so we had to take turns. It was the very nicest noontime we'd had, and nobody ever thought of leaving 'Manda Jane out after that: we couldn't do without her.

"How did you ever come to think of anything like that?" Delia asked her one day.

"Grandma made me think of it," she said. "You see, I felt a little bit lonesome, and I thought"—her face grew red and sober, and she stopped a minute; then she said the words right out—"I thought you girls didn't like me, and wouldn't ever be friends; and I told grandma there wasn't any place for me. 'Make a place, then,' she said. 'All the world wants the ones that are willing to make themselves wanted.' So then I stopped thinking how you ought to make it pleasanter for me, and began to plan how I could make things nicer for you."—*Kate Hamilton, in Sabbath School Visitor.*

How Leonard helped make Jelly.

"I don't seem to be doing anything but stand around and wait," said Leonard to his Auntie one day.

Auntie was making currant jelly, and Leonard had his sleeves rolled up and a big apron tied about him, all ready to help.

"Lots of people have to stand and wait, Leonard," said Auntie.

"But I had rather work," said this six-year-old boy.

So Auntie gave him a little spoon to "try" the jelly with.

He helped measure the sugar, set the glasses in order on the table, and, whenever there was a chance, tasted the jelly, and said: "I think it is all right. It suits me."

Then he went out on the porch and took a ride in the hammock, making believe that he was on a train going to Buffalo.

At the first stop he found an eating-house, where he had bread and jelly for lunch.

Pretty soon he came to another eating-house, and there he had bread and jelly.

By the time his journey was ended, the jelly in the kettle was done; and he watched Auntie to see that she filled each glass to the brim. Forty-two glasses of pretty red jelly were put away, and Leonard and Auntie felt as though they had done a good morning's work.—*Florence Moody, in the Advance.*

The Restored Watch.

A major in the army had a very sagacious pointer, which was kept in a kennel with several other dogs. His gamekeeper, having one day gone into the kennel, dropped his watch by some accident. On leaving the place, he fastened the gate as usual, but had not gone far from it when he heard that it rattled very much. On looking round, he saw his favorite pointer standing with her forepaws against it, and shaking it, evidently for the purpose of attracting his attention. On going up to her, he found her with his watch in her mouth, which she restored to him with much seeming delight.

"What is it that causes the saltness of the ocean?" asked a teacher. "It is the cod-fish," said a little girl.

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Alliston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY.
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Some Vagrant Thoughts.

BY MILTON REED.

I.

The ripe days of the autumn sparkle with golden glory. Fields and woods are catching a flush of faint color, which will deepen into brighter and brighter hues until the cruel frost despoils them. Gardens, sered and yellow, are relapsing into dull earth. The red blood has kindled in the grape; the climbing vines garnish the wayside.

On the sand-dunes of the coast of Southern New England the juicy beach-plum has lived its seasonal life, from the drifted white of its blossoms in the spring up to its purple fruitage in the autumn. Now its ruby-red blood and succulent pith are being transmuted into jellies and preserves. The hardy shrub, its fruit pillaged, is falling asleep until the smiles of April reawaken it into leafage and bud. It has made its contribution to the larder of the order-loving housewife. Wonderfully prolific is the beach-plum. Lift a gnarled branch, and clusters of fruit hang in handfuls. It seems to sprout up from the yellow sands, which have the scantiest of life-giving properties. The sun, wind, dew, and rain are its feeders, to complement the stingy gifts of the soil. It is a child of the ocean. It never plays truant very far from the coast. The birds and winds sometimes scatter its generative kernels a few miles to the inland, but it is a nursling of the brine, a companion of "the sun and the sand and the wild uproar." It shuns the fat fields of the cultivated farm. Like the lean wolf of Æsop's fable, it will not exchange the uncharted liberty of the dunes for the slavish order and trim rows of the currant and gooseberry. It is a wilding of nature.

We who linger late in the country have our satisfactions. Some of us came as heralds to the gaudy spring, when external nature was niggard. We endured hoarse winds and lack-lustre days. We knew that what Shakespeare called "summer's distillation" was on its way. Time, never resting, brings us probably all that we ought to have. It wastes, saves, gives, pilfers; in the end, it establishes a moral equilibrium in our mysterious lives.

So we early-comers saw the new-born spring put on its cap and bells; we followed its flowery dance. The sour, cold, moist days were followed by bursting bud and unfolding leaf. Soon the woods were wigged with green. The choral of floral life was sung.

Not only did we watch the serene stars and crescent vegetation; we had glorious Horseneck Beach all to ourselves. Its cringing sands, fluent tides, crested surf, its many voices, all its cunning sorceries, its spiced winds, were our own. Indeed, we were monarch of all we surveyed. Robinson Crusoe, on his desert island, was invested with no more solitary lordship. Sunlight and moonlight illumined or blanched the yellow dunes. The quivering shadows of the tidal pines, the flicker of the sun-pierced recesses, the bellowing of the savage sea, its smile when the wild waves were whist,—everything was our dower. Who could wish for more?

As the spring ripened into summer and the lengthening days were flooded with opulent light, city folk began to creep into their long-silent homes. How could so many of them ever have discovered this tiny, river-rimmed village even with microscopic lens? From the prairies of the West, from big metropolitan cities, from far and near, they nestled into homes or boarding-houses. Once the democratic stage-coach was the transporting agency, for are we not sixteen miles from a steam railway? Now, the auto-cars, public and private, bring the human freight. Moreover, many of the faces were familiar. There is a lotos-charm about the sea-marge. Those who come once, very often come again. When they have been here two or three seasons they decide to come every season.

One lady told me that she had been here for forty-five summers. Can Carlsbad or Saratoga, with their healing lymph, beat this? People do not come to this torpid village "to take the cure." There is no stereotyped health régime. The sanitarium is the sea-girdled beach; the tonic is the air. There is no standardized nonsense of regulation cure. Wealth does not count, for there is no opportunity for its display. The narrow, stunted village life is simplicity itself. The nearest physician is eight miles away.

The new-fangled absurdities of faith-cure, inspirational healing, the negation of sickness, remedial agencies of imagination, have no place among us simple folk. With us, health is health; sickness is sickness; physical death is physical death. We know that the pathway into the Great Beyond opens beyond the portals of physical life. Death is the universal messenger who leads us beyond the kingdom of the senses.

(To be continued.)

The End of the Armament Rings.*

BY H. G. WELLS.

In this smash-up of empires and diplomacy, this utter disaster of international politics, certain things which would have seemed ridiculously utopian a few weeks ago have suddenly become reasonable and practicable. One of these, a thing that would have seemed fantastic until the very moment when we joined issue with Germany and which may now be regarded as a sober possibility, is the absolute abolition throughout the world of the manufacture of weapons for private gain. Whatever may be said of the practicability of national disarmament, there can be no dispute not merely of the possibility but of the supreme necessity of ending forever the days of private profit in the instruments of death. That is the real enemy. That is the evil thing at the very centre of this trouble.

At the very core of all this evil that has burst at last in world disaster lies this Kruppism, this sordid enormous trade in the instruments of death. It is the closest, most gigantic organization in the world. Time after time this huge business, with its bought newspapers, its paid spies, its agents, its shareholders, its insane sympathizers, its vast ramification of open and concealed associates, has defeated attempts at pacification, has piled the heap of explosive material higher and higher—the heap that has toppled at last into this bloody welter in Belgium, in which the lives of four great nations are now being torn and tormented and slaughtered and wasted beyond counting, beyond imagining. I dare not picture it—thinking now of who may read.

So long as the unstable peace endured, so long as one could dream of holding off the crash and saving lives, so long was it impossible to bring this business to an end or even to propose plainly to bring this business to an end. It was still possible to argue that to be prepared for war was the way to keep the peace. But now every one knows better. The war has come. Preparation has exploded. Outrageous plunder has passed into outrageous bloodshed. All Europe is in revolt against this evil system. There is no going back now to peace; our men must die, in heaps, in thousands; we cannot delude ourselves with dreams of easy victories; we must all suffer endless miseries and anxieties; scarcely a human affair is there that will not be marred and darkened by this war. Out of it all must come one universal resolve,—that this iniquity must be plucked out by the roots. Whatever follies still lie ahead for mankind, this folly at least must end. There must be no more buying and selling of guns and warships and war-machines. There must be no more gain in arms. Kings and kaisers must cease to be the commercial travellers of monstrous armament concerns. Whatever arms the nations think they need they must make for themselves and give to their own subjects. Beyond that there must be no making of weapons on the earth. We can at last deal with Krupps and the kindred firms throughout the world as one general problem, one world-wide accessible evil.

Outside the circle of belligerent states, and the states which, like Denmark, Italy, Rumania, Norway, and Sweden, must necessarily be invited to take a share in the final resettlement of the world's affairs, there are only three systems of powers which need be considered in this matter, namely, the English and Spanish speaking republics of America and China. None of these states is deeply involved in the armaments trade; several of them have every reason to hate a system that has linked the obligation to deal in armaments with every loan. The United States of America is now, more than ever it was, an anti-militarist power, and it is not too much to say that the government of the United States of America holds in its hand the power to sanction or prevent this most urgent need of mankind. If the people of the United States will consider and grasp this tremendous question now; if they will make up their minds now that there shall be no more profit made in America or anywhere else upon the face of the earth in war material; if they will determine to put the vast moral, financial, and material influence the states will be able to exercise at the end of this war in the scale against the survival of Kruppism,—then it will be possible to finish that vile industry forever. If, through a failure of courage or imagination, they will not come into this thing, then I fear if it may be done. But I misjudge the United States if in the end they abstain from so glorious and congenial an opportunity.

Let me set out the suggestion very plainly. All the plant for the making of war material throughout the world must be taken over by the government of the state in which it exists; every gun factory, every rifle factory, every dockyard for the building of warships. It may be necessary to compensate the shareholders more or less completely; there may

*From a pamphlet copyrighted by the World Syndicate and reprinted by the World Peace Foundation.

Digitized by Google

have to be a war indemnity to provide for that,—but that is a question of detail. The thing is the conversion everywhere of arms-making into a state monopoly, so that nowhere shall there be a ha'p'orth of avoidable private gain in it. Then, and then only, will it become possible to arrange for the gradual dismantling of this industry which is destroying humanity, and the reduction of the armed forces of the world to reasonable dimensions. I would carry this suppression down even to the restriction of the manufacture and sale of every sort of gun, pistol, and explosive. They should be made only in government workshops and sold only in government shops. There should not be a single rifle, not a Browning pistol, unregistered, unrecorded, and untraceable in the world. But that may be a counsel of perfection. The essential thing is the world suppression of this abominable traffic in the big gear of war, in warships and in great guns.

With this corruption cleared out of the way, it will become possible to consider a scheme for the establishment of the peace of the world. Until that is done any such scheme will remain an idle dream. . . . If there is courage and honesty enough in men, I believe it will be possible to establish a world council for the regulation of armaments as the natural outcome of this war. First, the trade in armaments must be absolutely killed. The next supremely important measure to secure the peace of the world is the neutralization of the sea. To launch an armed ship can be made an invasion of the common territory of the world. This will be an open possibility in 1915. Already human intelligence and honesty have contrived to keep the great American lakes and the enormous Canadian frontier disarmed for a century. Warlike folly has complained of that, but it has never been strong enough to upset it. What is possible on that scale is possible universally so soon as the armament trader is put out of mischief. The age of armed anxiety is over. Whatever betide, it must end; and there is no way of making it end but through these two associated decisions, the abolition of Kruppism and the neutralization of the sea.

Making War on War.

Two peace movements have started in Massachusetts. The Progressive Women, 257 Washington Street, Boston, have got out a small stamp which reads:—

MAKE WAR ON WAR!
ADVOCATE
WORLD-WIDE DISARMAMENT
With an International Court
Properly Policed
Progressive Women
257 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

They are sold at the rate of five cents a sheet of twenty, and it is hoped that women will use them on their letters and checks, and sell them for the benefit of the Red Cross. Another movement comes from a newly formed war protest committee, consisting of Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, Mrs. Margaret Deland, the authoress, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Mrs. F. B. Harrington, Miss Louisa Loring of the Red Cross, and Mrs. William Tilton. This committee has issued a peace petition postal card, which reads as follows:—

"I hereby register my protest against war, and call on my government to work with all governments toward world-wide disarmament and an international court of justice, properly policed, because I believe that this alone can secure that absolute necessity of civilization, world-wide peace.

One of these will be sent to every woman's club for endorsement, with the idea of starting a strong peace propaganda throughout the State.

This movement is affiliated with the Massachusetts Peace Society, which is represented by Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, Jay Wm. Hudson, and Henry S. Haskins.

Mr. Sunderland on Germany.

BY REV. A. KAMPMEIER.

The undersigned intended to follow the appeal of President Wilson to maintain a neutral attitude during the present horrible European tragedy, but since the widespread opinion in this country, that Germany and especially her emperor with his advisers are to be blamed entirely, or mostly so, for that catastrophe, has also crept, I regret to say, into some articles of the *Register*, and especially into that article of Mr. Sunderland "The World's Need of Statesmen," I consider it justified to call attention to what seems, to me at least, a certain degree of unfairness.

Mr. Sunderland ascribes the general feeling against Germany as due to "the war lord and his military companions during the last thirty years." But this dates farther back, to the war of 1870, or that of 1866, when the union of the German states began, a year after our own union had been cemented by the Civil War. During the Franco-German war the sympathy against Germany was almost as strong in this country as it is now, as I well remember personally, and the prolongation of that war after September 4 under the new French government was partly due to the importation of arms into France from our country under the eyes of our government.

Four years after the war (Feb. 16, 1874) Count Moltke spoke the following in the German parliament: "A great historic event like the re-establishment of the German empire is hardly brought about in a short span of time. What we have gained within a half-year through our arms we may be obliged to defend by arms for half a century, in order that it shall not be taken from us again. We must not give way to any delusion. We have gained respect everywhere since our fortunate wars, but love nowhere. Everywhere we meet the distrust that Germany, since it has become powerful, might become an uncomfortable neighbor in the future." This was at the time when the clerical-monarchical party under MacMahon showed strong signs of again trying the fortune of war against Germany; when several French bishops in their pastoral letters attacked the German emperor and his government without interference by the French government, and a Belgian in a letter to the archbishop of Paris offered to assassinate Bismarck for a certain sum of money, against which offence the Belgian government declared it had no laws on its statute books.

Speaking of Germany's statesmen, in what respect has Bismarck sinned so much more than the statesmen of other countries, that he deserves that the Hun Attila is called his great prototype, in a publication of the American Unitarian Association ("America's Conquest of Europe," Mr. D. S. Jordan, p. 11)? Has he sinned so much more than other European statesmen at the Berlin Congress, 1878, in not fully supporting Russia's policy, that the Russian saying since that time is fully justified, "Constantinople must be conquered in Berlin"? Bismarck never was really inimical to Russia, and even at the end of his life said in his reminiscences that the occupation of Constantinople through Russia and a Russian protectorate over Asiatic Turkey would not touch the vital interests of Germany; and that Austrian policy, even in such a case, would be able to come to an agreement with Russia concerning the Turkish inheritance. Nor does Bismarck deserve to be classed with Attila for his legislative acts as minister of Prussia in exempting the poorer classes from taxation, nor as chancellor of Germany for insuring the laboring classes against sickness and accident, nor for his aversion to the acquisition of colonies, such acquisition never being looked upon favorably by Germany's predecessors in this matter. He even called Germany a "saturated" people, implying that she should be satisfied with her unity and having established the due respect to her by other nations.

The principles of German statesmanship, of course, have changed since Bismarck, but I wonder whether it has sinned more than that of other European nations. Has Germany sinned more than Russia and France when meeting the eventuality of the alliance of the two latter states by the alliance with Austria, or has Austria sinned more by the annexation of Bosnia, the administration of which had been offered by Russia itself in order to have a free hand in her Balkan policy and in that against Turkey, 1877–78, and which administration was surely a great blessing to the Bosnian population as compared with that of Turkey, or more than when two years before Russia and England met to treat about their respective interests in regard to Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet, and concerning their policy toward Turkey, or than when Edward VII., 1908, met first the Czar, then the President of France, to treat about an English-Russian-French action regarding Turkey, to isolate Germany?

Mr. Sunderland says that if Germany had spent all her vast sums thrown out for armaments on intensified agriculture, industry, commercial investments, etc., she would have made friends everywhere and have become a pattern for the whole world. Suppose Germany had been differently constituted from other nations, and had done what it is said she ought to have done, is it certain that she would not have faced jealousy? Isn't it a fact that the enormous progress of Germany in intensified agriculture, in applied science, industry, commerce, investments in foreign lands, even in the limited way she has done it, has awakened not always the most friendly feelings toward her?

But she ought not to have sought to establish colonies, after the greatest opportunities in this respect had already been utilized by other nations, since the *neue Kurs* had set in after Bismarck; above all, she ought not to have built up a war navy to protect her interests. Yes, if she had been consti-

Digitized by Google

tuted different from other nations thus far. She did not set the example in these things. Others preceded her in this respect. I suppose the great fatal mistake, according to Mr. Sunderland, Germany made since 1890. Up to that time the German war fleet and the British were in the proportion of 5 to 1. In that year the German emperor was allowed to lead the British Mediterranean fleet with the Hohenzollern flying the flag of "the admiral of the fleet," when returning from the marriage of his sister with the crown prince of Greece. England could then well afford to leave Helgoland to Germany in exchange for the island of Zanzibar. It was at the time when England said, "Germany is the only European power which can be destroyed without risk at sea." In 1904 the German fleet had ceased to be a negligible quantity, a vassal to England in matters of the sea. It had dared to be independent. This may have been a great mistake, but Germany was in this respect as human as other nations, and cannot be blamed more than others. Nor can the German emperor be especially blamed for the increase of the navy, since the German parliament shared with the Kaiser in passing the law for it, and, in regard to commercial expansion in the world's market, even the Socialist Bebel, at the time of the Morocco incident, said that Germany did not need to have all doors closed before its nose. Did Austria, who is in the same condemnation as the ally of Germany, sin more than other nations when she demanded an investigation from Servia for the assassination of the archduke and his Slavic wife, known as conciliatory to the Southern Slavs of Austria, but opposed to Russian influence? The fact that the victims of the assassination were crowned heads ought not to blind the judgment of democratic Americans, especially since the present Servian king also reigns only by the grace of the Pretorians, who murdered his predecessor on the throne and his wife in the most brutal way. Suppose the German government had plotted against Russia because the Baltic provinces are mostly German, or we plotted against Canada, or the Canadians against us, could the respective governments permit this?

I think Germany with its leaders are at heart as much opposed to war as any people. Germany has waged no war since 1870, while England, France, Russia, and Japan has each waged several important wars since that time, and we the Spanish war, while we let Mexicans fight among themselves for our interests and furnish the arms.

The burden of a standing army for Germany is surely great and a deplorable matter, but it is questionable that Germany, even with this burden, "has crushed almost to death the common people." It is questionable whether our taxes are lower than in Germany, and our social conditions better than Germany's; and in regard to its national debt, as much as I know, Germany stands a favorable comparison with other nations. But this is only by the way. The majority of the German people, in spite of many drawbacks connected with their political institutions, have by experience learned the value of their national unity and the enormous progress following it. They sacrificed for it in 1870, and are willing to do it again even with greater cost. In this all are one, from the war lord down to the Socialist.

The German people have their great defects as well as any other people, but they have also much inner worth and sterling qualities. In spite of the appalling terror of war facing them from all sides, and the serious outlook, it still was a great moment when the leaders of all parties down to the Socialist at the time of the declaration of war (a war which was in the political air of Europe long ago as certain as a terrific storm in nature during sultry summer weather) shook the hand of the emperor with the promise to stand for the fatherland.

The German of the modern Germany is often accused of arrogance and gruffness, and probably rightly. But there are reasons for this pride. The Germany since 1870 is their own creation, brought about by the great sacrifice of their own blood, sweat, and toil, and they have nobody to thank for it. "*Selbst ist der Mann*," and this feeling creates a pardonable pride. For this reason they also are ready to maintain and hold the structure they have built up, even at enormous cost and sacrifice, if possible, for they have learned to value their own work. If Germany seems really to be the military nation *par excellence*, and her military spirit has come to such a desperate outbreak, may there not be good reasons for this? If Germany's ambition and pride are mainly the cause of the present European catastrophe, may she go down forever! On the other hand, let us leave to later history the final verdict. It is now not the time to give an entirely dispassionate judgment.

From the Consumers' League.

Fifteen years ago almost every retail store in the country remained open until late at night from one to three weeks before Christmas. This meant that hundreds of salespeople, book-keepers, wrappers, and deliverymen worked such long hours that Christmas meant to them nothing of joy and good will, but only exhaustion and misery. This condition of affairs was brought about by an unintelligent shopping public, which thought that it must do its Christmas shopping in crowds and in a rush at the eleventh hour.

The Consumers' League, realizing the seriousness of this overwork, instituted the "Shop early for Christmas" campaign, and this movement for early shopping has grown to such an extent that each year fewer and fewer stores remain open at night. There has been a consequent lessening of fatigue and suffering for the workers at Christmas time.

Although much has been accomplished, there is still need, not only in the larger cities, but in the rural communities, to urge early Christmas shopping. Last year in New York City, for instance, six large retail stores and many small neighborhood stores remained open to the public until 10 P.M., and later the week before Christmas. In three of these larger stores the employees received no extra compensation; in the remaining three stores supper or supper money was provided.

After a working-day of fourteen hours in one of the stores last year one woman selling waists said: "Tired? I have been wishing all day that I was a horse; then I would have somebody to look out for my interests." The Consumers' League is trying to look out for her interests.

The Ministers' Institute.

BY REV. N. S. HOAGLAND.

The thirty-eighth biennial session of the Ministers' Institute, which has just closed at Newport, R.I., was entirely worthy the best traditions of our faith. The large number of young men on the programme as well as among the interested listeners gives satisfaction as to the future of our faith and its place in the world. Despite the rather trying temperature, there was a goodly attendance at every meeting. It was like an extension college course or post-graduate work to some, a school of the prophets to all. Considering the distraction and depression of this terrible war, it is remarkable that the attendance was so large and the interest so well sustained. The Institute was happily housed. The Channing Memorial Church was the hospitable, gracious host, and the parish house and the church proper were both used as occasion fitted.

The morning devotional meetings and the evening meetings which drew attendance from the public were held in the church proper, a beautiful and fitting place for uplift of heart and will. Just across the street in front, on the edge of the park, a bronze statue of Dr. Channing stands, facing the church in an attitude of perpetual benediction. Though Channing was never pastor of the church, the fact that he was born in Newport and for many years had his home here made the memorial fitting. From the ends of the earth came the money that bought the stones for the temple, the glad gifts of those to whom his message of light and hope had been more precious than gold. But it remained for the members of this session of the Institute to note that his birthplace, not many minutes' walk from the church, was yet unmarked. During one of the personally conducted afternoon excursions which the pastor, Rev. William S. Jones, provided for the periods of relaxation, while the band of pilgrims were standing in front of the rather dull-looking house where Channing was born, Rev. Francis W. Holden, with a sudden inspiration, said: "There is no tablet here to mark the place. Why not take up a collection right here and get one?" Mr. Jones promptly appointed Mr. Holden to take up a collection right on the spot, and a sufficient sum was secured to provide for a suitable tablet or marker without calling on any one else. This spontaneous spot-cash offering, though not completed without furtive looking into purses to make sure there was enough left to get home, was significant. The committee named to attend to the matter were Rev. Francis W. Holden (of Haverhill), Rev. Charles W. Wendte, and Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge.

The house is owned by an association, and is used as a home for homeless children, some of whom, though but little tots, mingled wonderingly but trustfully with the band of pilgrims in the street. What might be called the by-products of the Institute were not the least profitable and enjoyable features.

A delightful surprise was some character

Digitized by Google

sketches of Dr. Collyer and Dr. A. P. Peabody by the versatile layman Mr. William Sayward, at the reception given to the members of the Institute by Miss Brown and Miss Simes-Nowell of the New School for Girls. The selections were most characteristic in voice, attitude, and manner of speech.

By hearty resolutions of thanks the Institute expressed its gratitude to the various agencies who had made this such an inspiring meeting. Another resolution commended President Wilson for the stand he has taken in regard to neutrality and the promotion of world peace and pledged to him sympathy and co-operation.

The papers read by Rev. Joel Metcalf, Dr. Fenn, Prof. Christie, and Rev. Howard N. Brown were so important and deserving of further study that a resolution was passed to the end that they might be offered for publication, presumably in the *Harvard Theological Review*.

The newly elected officers are Rev. F. C. Southworth, president; Rev. E. M. Slocombe of Worcester, secretary; and Rev. A. H. Robinson of Newton, treasurer. The board of directors are Rev. H. C. Parker, Woburn; Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.; Rev. William Safford Jones, Newport, R.I.; Rev. John Haynes Holmes, New York; Rev. Louis Cornish, Hingham; and Rev. Charles T. Billings, Lowell.

Henry W. Wilbur.

The recent and sudden death of Henry W. Wilbur of Philadelphia, general secretary of the (Hicksite) Friends' General Conference, president of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, and president of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, removes from the twin causes of social reform and religious progress one of their bravest, ablest, and most trusted leaders.

Friend Wilbur was sixty-three years old at the time of his translation. When we last met him, three months ago, he seemed as youthful in spirit, as vigorous in body and mind as ever. He entered heartily into the plans for holding a session of the National Federation of Religious Liberals in Philadelphia early next winter, and incidentally displayed in his conversation and counsels the deep human and democratic sympathies, the broad outlook, and fearless acceptance of truth, which, united with his keen sense of humor, eloquence of speech, and glorified common sense, made him a natural inspirer and leader of his fellow-men.

His important services to the liberal wing of the Society of Friends have been feelingly commemorated by his associates. By unwearied missionary journeys, by correspondence and public addresses, by the authorship of valuable books setting forth the history and principles of the Quaker movement, and an unusual skill as the inspirer and organizer of concerted endeavors, Henry Wilbur succeeded in rousing to enthusiasm and co-operative endeavors a widely distributed and somewhat irresponsive community composed of spiritually minded but intensely individualistic and unpractical believers. Others have wrought well in this course, but surely his was the most ardent and effective service. Its beauty and power lay in this, that, amidst all his practical endeavors to build up his beloved Society, Henry Wilbur never lost sight of the great principles of religious rationality, freedom and progress. However he might yearn for a more perfect reconciliation and co-operation with more orthodox Friends, his love for them never silenced his speech, or quenched the testimony of the Spirit in his reason and conscience where truth and right were concerned; and so transparently sincere and unselfish were his motives that his word was with power, and his example infectious among both the progressive and orthodox members of the Society.

A signal instance of this devotion to truth and large religious sympathies was the prominent part he took in the creation and subsequent history of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, of which he has been the honored and efficient president since its formation in 1908. He might have taken advantage of the invitation to the Society of Friends to unite with the thirty or more denominations included in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. But Henry Wilbur felt that this would not have been sincere, and that his true affiliation was with the smaller bodies of religious liberals, both in and out of the Christian Church, to whom this fellowship had been refused. His fellow-workers, the Progressive Friends, with equal largeness of spirit, indorsed his attitude, and the result was the organization of the liberal Federation already referred to. Whatever success it has had, whatever service it may have rendered, have been chiefly due to his large grasp of principles, his fearless and often eloquent speech, his admirable qualities as a presiding officer, and deep religiousness of nature. His loss to the Association seems almost irreparable. He was the embodiment of its spirit and aims.

It will fall to others to do justice to Henry Wilbur's devoted labors for the uplift of the colored people of the South, for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, for woman's suffrage, for international peace, and other causes in which his soul delighted. We who, though not of his denomination, were privileged to know and work with him for the realization of great ideals of human service and the faith that is grounded in freedom, fellowship, and character, will ever treasure his memory as an encouragement and an inspiration, and seek to show our gratitude by an increased devotion to the lofty causes to which he consecrated his life.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

Chicago Letter.

The Chicago churches are all opened for the year, with encouraging attendance.

"The First Unitarian Society" is the name by which the Church of the Messiah and the Memorial Chapel are now known. Rev W. Hanson Pulsford, the minister, kept the church open till July 12, and opened it again September 20, with a sermon on "Dissenters." He had intended to spend the summer in Scotland, but decided it was wiser to stay in New England. This society will lose a valuable officer in Mr. F. A. Delano, and a helpful family, when they move to Washington, where Mr. Delano needs to reside as a member of the National Reserve Bank Board.

Unity Church opened September 6, the topics for the month being "Life's Renewals," "Life's Unity," "Creative Will," and "Ascent of Man." The last topic preceded the communion service, the following invitation to which was included in the Calendar: "With a large and inclusive spirit of human brotherhood, let us make it an hour of grateful reunion and earnest consecration to our noblest ideals of an ever-growing fellowship." Rev. Fred V. Hawley, the minister, spent his vacation in Michigan, part of the time with his parents and part at his summer home.

The Third Church entered upon its year's work on September 20, Dr. Rowena Morse Mann choosing for her text "Can War be Abolished?" She enlarged on the natural belligerency of animals and men, showing that the traits of character we inherit from the lower animals must be admitted to be natural, but that they should not therefore be considered ineradicable. The needs for food, protection, and mating could now be satisfied in a better way. Of what use is our boasted intellect if it does not make us more moral? She promised a sermon on the European war on October 4. Both Rev. Newton Mann and Rev. Rowena Mann took a course in philosophy at the Summer School of the Chicago University, and spent the remaining weeks in Ithaca, N.Y.

All Souls' Church was open all summer, the speakers being usually civic workers, discussing topics of public interest. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the pastor, returned from Tower Hill, September 27. Rev. Ernest C. Smith, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, preached there September 20,

Marriages.

At Wollaston, September 21, by Rev. Carl G. Horst, Thomas Lewis Edwards of Princeville, Ill., and Grace Irene Bishop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Bishop of Wollaston.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

CHURCH ORGAN.
Has your church a good medium-sized pipe-organ for sale? If so, we would like to know the kind of organ it is, the condition, and the price.
Address replies to W. P. Harding, president of the Unitarian church of Atlanta, Ga., 48 Park Avenue.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.
Two bright, sunny rooms with board, with a small adult family. Fine location, convenient to steam and electric cars. References exchanged. Mrs. George H. Swasey, 525 Highland Avenue, Malden, Mass. Tel. 1365 W.

POSITION wanted by reliable woman to care for elderly person or semi-invalid. Country preferred. Call at 24 Worcester Square, Boston, on Monday or Tuesday afternoons, or on Thursday or Friday

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

WANTED.—A refined woman as matron for dining-hall at school for whites, Camp Hill, Ala. 100 boarders. Salary, $40 a month. Travelling expenses not included. Write Lyman Ward, president.

Digitized by Google

on "The Heavenly Vision of To-day." He took for his text Paul's words "Wherefore I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." He urged that we hold to the past visions, as they have a value in shaping those of the present. The old men are apt to sneer at the audacity of youth, but it is that same audacity that keeps things moving in this world. He illustrated by showing that the reformers and inventors of to-day were ridiculed in their beginnings. I must quote one sentence: "Probably no one intends to do evil: he simply has failed to do good because at the time to decide he lost the heavenly vision."

Rev. James Vila Blake, at the resumption of the services of All Souls' Church at Evanston, gave a series of sermons on the war. September 20 he followed with the topic "The Virtue and the Value of Small Things," showing the influence of individuals on public opinion, and emphasizing the duty of each one to be faithful in small things, in words as well as in deeds. Mr. Blake spent his vacation quietly in Chicago, studying and writing.

The Hinsdale Society resumed regular services on September 13, and Rev. Newton Ben Knapp, formerly of the Willow Place Chapel, Brooklyn, N.Y., filled the pulpit the first two Sundays. He was followed by Rev. James W. Macdonald, a recent graduate of the Meadville Theological School.

The Associate Alliance meets October 1 with the Evanston church. Mrs. Medora Welch Long, the president, will tell of the making of the new town in Australia, Camberra, which is built entirely new as the capital of the whole country. The wife of the architect, who is also his assistant, was formerly a member of the Third Church and a parishioner of Mr. Blake. The Associate Alliance is planning to entertain Mrs. Robert B. Davis at a luncheon when she is in Chicago, Monday, October 19.

The officers at the Chicago Headquarters were glad to welcome Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer on his way from Berkeley, Cal., to Massachusetts. He found a few old-time friends in town to greet him.

Frances Le Baron.

Department of Religious Education.

Rally Day.

BY FLORENCE BUCK.

Among the essentials of effective work with children are variety, and the quality of the picturesque. Just how to secure these elements while carrying on the regular work of the Sunday school is one of our problems. To be sure, a certain uniformity in the school session is desirable. The value of orderliness, harmony, and repetition are well known. There must be careful conservation of the time set apart for teaching the lesson. When all these things have been considered, however, it remains true that some Sunday schools have so little in their service that is picturesque that they fail in their appeal to the young. The sessions are dulled with deadly monotony, and this, simply because grown people are managing the school from the standpoint of adult life, and are forgetting the real needs of the child.

One of the occasions which the autumn season affords our schools for breaking this monotony and awakening interest of both pupils and parents is Rally Day. Custom has not yet fixed a calendar date for its observance, so the choice of time is left to each school. The first Sunday after vacation is not the best time, because it does not give opportunity to enlist the interest and co-operation of the members of the school. But a day soon after—say late in September or early in October—is near enough to the opening of the school year to secure the desired impulse for the season's work. Rally Day observance divides naturally into two parts, for which different groups of workers should be chosen: (1) Securing attendance. (2) Preparing the programme.

For the first of these, let the aim of the school be three-fold: (*a*) Every member of the school present on Rally Day. (*b*) At least one visitor from every family in the church. (*c*) Cradle-roll and Home Department members invited, and new pupils secured to join the school on that day.

Picture-postal invitations may be sent by mail to each member of the school. "But I do not like the colored cards!" objects a teacher. No; but have you inquired whether the children like them? There are many varieties, some of which do not offend the artistic sense. Any good Sunday-school supply house can furnish samples. Remember in the invitation list the members of the Cradle-roll and Home Departments.

All members of the school should be enlisted to extend an invitation for that day to visitors. A written message is more effective than an oral one, and has a value for the pupil who writes it as well as for the parent or friend to whom it is sent. When the members of a class act together to prepare an invitation list, the class organization is strengthened. Pulpit and platform announcements of the coming day add to the *attitude of expectation*, which is one of the elements of success.

For the day itself, the programme of the school session may well contain some of the elements of pageantry which are so dear to the child's heart. A procession of the school passing in review before the superintendent, minister, and church officers is an impressive sight even when the school is a small one. The classes march in order before the superintendent's desk; the school banner may lead, and each department or class carries its own pennant. There should be good music. Where numbers are sufficient the school may well march to a processional hymn. There is none better for this purpose than Mr. Hosmer's spirited

"Forward through the ages
In unbroken line,"

which the children, once they have learned it, love as much as "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

The secretary's record for the day's attendance, instead of being read, might be posted, so that all could see it. Where no backboard is available a large sheet of manila paper and charcoal pencil will serve. Names of classes should be given, with number present in each, those having perfect attendance being marked with a star. Officers, teachers, visitors, and the grand total of attendance should be marked in figures that can be read across the room. A souvenir badge of the day may be given to each member, to be worn during the session.

The programme may well include a brief presentation of the aim and purpose of the school and the work to be taken up during the year. Members of the school, or teachers, rather than superintendent or minister, might do this briefly and effectively. The occasion may be used for the installation of officers and teachers; or there may be a service of consecration of these helpers to the work of the school. Whatever else it offers, the opening service on Rally Day should include plenty of good singing by the school, and the moment of deeply reverent and impressive prayer.

The exercises here suggested, or others of a similar character, may be brought within the compass of the opening service of the school, leaving the usual period for lesson study, or may be expanded to fill the Sunday-school hour, if desired. Perhaps a teaching period, even a short one, in which the visitors were given an object lesson in the presentation of religious truth to the classes, would do much to show adults the real value of Sunday-school work.

Some of our schools are already observing Rally Day with good results. Others have failed to use this stimulating opportunity through dislike of the work involved, or reluctance to copy the methods of our neighbors, or a natural distaste for the simple, picturesque, unusual elements which minister to the nature of the child. The real handicap of much of our work with the young lies in the fact that, having outgrown childish needs, we forget their existence in the children with whom we deal. Rally Day offers an opportunity for quickening the interest of adults in Sunday-school work, and at the same time ministering to a real need in the heart of the child.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Boston Federation Notes.

The Boston Federation of Young People's Religious Unions announces the following programme for 1914–15, and desires to urge the importance of consulting these dates when arranging local and entertainment programmes:—

Monday, October 19, Get-together meeting, at First Parish Vestry; Sunday, November 29, fall meeting; Friday, January 1, first Federation dance; Friday, January 15, second Federation dance; Friday, January 29, third

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 383 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Federation dance; Sunday, January 31, mid-winter meeting; Friday, February 12, fourth Federation dance; Saturday, March 27, in-door picnic; Sunday, April 25, annual meeting; Thursday, May 27, annual meeting; Saturday, June 5, field day.

The first edition of *The Federation News* is in circulation and is receiving a hearty welcome, the editor being Mr. J. Harry Hooper, a former president of the Federation, and the business manager being Mr. Frederick G. May, Jr., the president. This four-page pamphlet of news pertaining to the Federation and Young People's Religious Union work and interests will be published monthly, except during July and August. Every one in the Federation should be a subscriber; and it is hoped that many older friends outside may feel disposed to lend a helping hand to this venture. Subscriptions at twenty-five cents each are now being received.

The officers and directors of the Federation meet regularly at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on the fourth Thursday of every month, for business, discussion of ways and means, etc., each Union in the Federation having representation in this body.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Meadville Theological School will be held in Meadville, Pa., on Monday, Oct. 5, 1914, at 4 P.M. The treasurer will make his annual report.

The installation of Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs as minister of the First Parish (Unitarian) in Medford, Mass., will take place on Wednesday evening, October 7, at eight o'clock. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers will preach the sermon.

Mr. Otto Lyding has been invited to be assistant minister to Rev. James De Normandie, D.D., The First Religious Society in Roxbury, and services of ordination will be held on Sunday evening, Oct. 4, 1914, at half-past seven o'clock.

As the date of the annual meeting of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada, as previously announced, November 9, 10, and 11, falls on election week, the date has been changed to November 16, 17, and 18. The Conference is to be held at Syracuse, N.Y., in the May Memorial Church.

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from Charles Elmer Beals, until recently of the Congregational ministry, an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

The Cambridge Ministers' Association will meet with Rev. A. W. Birks, host, at 67 North Main Street, Natick, on Monday, October 5, at 1 P.M. Subject, "Harmony and Discord." Train from South Station at 12.05. Trolley from Park Square at 11.45, or from Newton at 11.50 and 12.10. H. L. Pickett, Scribe.

The Ministers' Monday Club will meet October 5 at 11 A.M., 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Beverly will preside. Rev. W. S. Nichols will speak on "Missionary Work in New England." Rev. C. W. Casson has been asked to open the discussion. The proposition to make the missionary council permanent will fall within the subject.

The Worcester Conference will hold its regular autumn meeting, Oct. 7 and 8, 1914, with the First Parish, Barre, Mass.: Rev. C. G. Adams, minister; Rev. A. F. Bailey, minister emeritus. Rev John Haynes Holmes will preach the sermon Wednesday evening, and on Thursday there will be addresses by Percy A. Atherton, Arthur F. Butterworth, and Daniel L. Hanson in the morning, by F. W. Parks, Mr. John G. Faxon, Joseph S. Gates, and Henry R. Smith in the afternoon.

Churches.

JACKSONVILLE, VT.—During the months of July and August Rev. Ernest L. Staples, minister of All Souls' Church, Waterbury, Conn., had charge of the Universalist church in this village. The services were well attended, 125 people being present on the occasion of a sermon to the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs, who attended as guests of the parish, the average being about 90. The Sunday-school which Mrs. Staples started in the summer of 1913 has been kept up and this season attained a membership of 40, all of whom were punctual in their attendance. On Children's Sunday, which was observed in August, "Barbara's Dream" was presented by 14 girls, and 2 boys, while other lads gave a partial dramatization of the story of Joseph and his Brethren as parts of a pleasing programme. A Cradle-roll outfit was purchased, and already there is a demand for more material, so many names of little ones have been recorded. The Y. P. C. U. was especially active during the summer season. The society was represented at the National Convention by Miss Minerva Allen and Miss Mabel Stetson, who gave inspiring reports on their return. An entertainment was given which yielded some $54 for the benefit of the society and the Camp Fire Girls, who have recently organized under the leadership of Miss Carrie Begiebing. A series of socials were given under the auspices of the Woman's Aid Society at the homes of the members during the two months. At these socials supper was served, and wholesome, out-of-door sports participated in by old and young. All were well attended, 200 being present when the meeting was at the home of Mr. W. S. Allen, the Jacksonville Brass Band being in atttendance and much appreciated. A good quantity of literature from the Universalist Publishing House and the Unitarian Association was placed in the community, including Bulletin No. 30, "The Control of Tuberculosis." The services of the summer were greatly enriched by the solos of Mr. H. M. Werner of Waterbury, Conn. (formerly tenor soloist, Unity Church, Springfield, Mass.), sung on two Sundays, and by the inspiring words and contributions of Mrs. Alta Cressey of Hartford, Conn., and Mrs. Nettie Clement of Brooklyn, L.I., daughters of the late Parley Starr of Brattleboro, Vt., who helped found the church at Jacksonville.

Personals.

Rev. and Mrs. A. F. Bailey of Barre, Mass., observed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on September 22, by a family dinner at their home. Thirty-five of these years have been lived in Barre, and thirty-two in Ruggles House, which is still their home.

Peace Sunday and the American Red Cross.

Our President has, by proclamation, designated Sunday, October 4, as a day of prayer for peace. It has been suggested in many quarters that on this Sunday a collection be taken up in every church to relieve suffering in the war-ravaged countries of Europe. The Red Cross, which is charged with the special duty of aiding the sick and wounded in time of war, respectfully urges that opportunity be given in each church to every person who so desires to make a contribution to the American Red Cross, which is impartially aiding every country in a spirit of common humanity, and which recognizes no distinction of race or nationality. However, every contributor who desires to designate any particular fund or country to which his or her contribution shall be applied may do so, and such request will be respected.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
AMERICAN RED CROSS.

The Tuckerman School.

The school will open on Tuesday, October 6, at half-past nine, with a devotional service conducted by Rev. A. M. Ribbany of the Church of the Disciples. A cordial invitation is extended to all who have been connected with the school to be present at this service, and to meet afterward the undergraduates who entered last year and those who are just entering. Those whose time allows, who are not connected with the school, are also asked to join us and thus show by their presence the interest and co-operation in our common cause, which strengthens the work.

Several new courses are offered in the arrangement of studies for the year. Two interesting additions to the list of speakers are Dr. Luther A. Weigle and Rev. Charles T. Billings. Mention has been made of Dr. Weigle's lectures by the Department of Religious Education, with which the Tuckerman School co-operates in the plan for the normal course of instruction announced last week. Mr. Billings's lectures will be given later in the year and will be duly announced. "Comparative Religion," followed by a "Study of the Sects," is the general subject.

Those interested in special courses, and who wish to be enrolled as students in any of the classes other than those of Saturday, are asked to be present on Tuesday morning, October 6. A very interesting year is before us.

Hawaiian huckleberries grow in clusters on low bushes right on the very brink of the brimstone beds, and are so numerous that a bushel may be easily gathered in half an hour. In appearance they somewhat resemble a cranberry, and the flavor is pleasantly suggestive of grapes.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

$5,000-$6,000 WANTED.

On Mortgage on Farm Property assessed for nearly double the amount. A good chance for a safe investment. Address "Country," office *Christian Register.*

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Her criticisms," said Mrs. Twickembury, "were extremely succulent."

"Barney, you're an odd chap." "I am, sor. In fact, I think I'm about the quarest fella I ever met in me life."

A somewhat weather-beaten tramp, being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied, "Insomnia: it hasn't had a nap in ten years."

"Why, is it only one o'clock? I thought it was two," said Mrs. Bronson as the clock struck one. "Naw, mum," said Bridget. "It's niver lather thin wan at this toime uv day."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Have you ever travelled in the South?" asked the New Orleans man of the chap from Bangor, Me. "Oh, yes, indeed!" said the Maine man. "I have been to Boston and New York."—*Harper's Bazar.*

While visiting in the town of Peru, Mass., this summer, we were much annoyed by a dog that yelped all night. One member of the party suggested that we were suffering from an overdose of Peruvian bark.

"I tell you," said Poots, "there is an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for his valet" "You've a valet!" exclaimed Poots's friend. "No," replied Poots; "but I've just got a bell."—*Rochester Talisman.*

Of Prof. Agassiz Dr. Holmes once remarked that the professor was the Liebig's extract of the wisdom of ages. "When he goes off on long voyages to remote islands," added the poet, "I can't help thinking what a feast the cannibals would have if they boiled down such an extract."—*Troy Press.*

For a little lady of two and a half years this will do. She had picked up a cane in the corner of the room and was playing with it,—a plain stick bent at the ends. Father asked, "What are you doing with the cane?" "It isn't a cane." "What is it, then?" "It's an umbrella without any clothes on it." —*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

The Frenchman asked an English spar-maker what he was making. "A yard," was the reply. "How much have you got done?" was the next question. "A yard." "Where did the spar come from?" "The yard." And the Frenchman was very much surprised at the lucidity of the answers, and amazed at the simplicity of our language.—*Leisure Hours.*

During the great strike on the North British Railway much difficulty was experienced in finding qualified engine-drivers. On one occasion a young fellow ran some distance past a certain station, and, upon putting back, he went as far the other way. The station-master, seeing him preparing for another attempt, to the great amusement of the passengers on the platform shouted: "Just bide where you are, Thomas! We'll shift the station."—*Tit-Bits.*

Bridget is an excellent cook, and her mistress gives her full swing, not only as to cooking, but as to the purchase of supplies. The other day the lady said: "Bridget, the coffee is very good. What kind is it?" "It's no koind at all, mum," said Bridget; "it's a mixter." "How do you mix it?" "I make it one-quarter Mocha and one-quarter Java and one-quarter Rio." "But that's only three-quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?" "I put in no other quarter at all, mum. That's where so many shpiles the coffee, mum,—by putting in a foorth quarter."—*Exchange.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary.
Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co.
By mail, 50 cents | 272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register.*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON | 17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston

BY

JAMES H. STARK

"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."

LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID

For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

JAN

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 41 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 961
- Underground Philosophy 962
- A Happy Religion 963

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION 964

CURRENT TOPICS 965

BREVITIES 966

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The Jealousy of the Gods, by Percy F. Bicknell 966
- Rheims Cathedral, by Edwin D. Mead 967
- The Strength and Weakness of our Theological Schools, I., by Henry Wilder Foote 968
- Philosophy and Theology; Leafy Musings, by Ellen Burns Sherman 970
- Prayer 973
- Some Vagrant Thoughts, II., by Milton Reed . . . 974
- A Recent Congress of Religions in China, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 978
- James Edward Wright; Is it Coming? by William J. Batt 979
- An Appeal to Christians, by Hope West; An Adirondack Mission 980
- A Tribute to Rev. George Leonard Chaney 981
- Acknowledgments; The Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston; The Tuckerman School 982
- The Commission on Methods of Candidating; Magazines Offered; The Public School; Giving up Games . . 983

SPIRITUAL LIFE 970

THE PULPIT.
- Reflections on the European War, by Rev. Henry Gow, 972

LITERATURE.
- Books 974
- Magazines and Miscellaneous 975

THE HOME.
- Rohyab, the Peasant 976
- Clever Parrots; A Family of Studio Cats; Bravely Done, 977

POETRY.
- The Reapers of 1914, by Caroline L. Carter 966
- October Fourth, 1914, by Mary J. Jacques 967
- War and Peace, by Benjamin Reynolds Bulkeley . . . 968
- Petersham, by Ralph Fiske 974
- The Sun and the Small Boy 976
- Not Quite, by Mary J. Jacques 977
- Regret 978

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- Concerning Peace 981

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- New Pamphlets 981

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 982

HERE AND THERE 983

PLEASANTRIES 984

Editorial.

To add to the world's supply of good will is the highest task of every man to-day. When the forces of ill will are developed to the utmost, with such fearful results in misery and death, it is palpably the duty of every one who has not been submerged and hurled under by their tidal force to exert to the maximum degree his force of good will. It is in his power to become a dynamic centre of influence for the counteraction of the ill will that so largely prevails. It is fatal and of world loss for him to permit the slightest diminution of his output of love for any reason whatsoever. Rather should he strive the more to add to the fraternal and sympathetic forces which will ultimately bring peace out of strife and universal good will out of the chaos of antagonisms at present existent. Here at least may be found one way in which every one may add his quota to the good of mankind to-day.

Never has the courage of quietness been more needed than now, for quietness requires courage of the finest quality. To hold the mind to its course, the will to its duty, taxes the nature of man in anxiety more than in activity. They can be brave who fight, while they who merely look on find their confidence leaking. There are aids to courage, but the great source of it is a steady hold on truth, an unwavering assurance that howe'er we falter truth is so. "As nothing is more depressing than living with a mind not set on the square, so to speak, one which never seizes things as exactly they are, or imagines them as they truly would be, so there is nothing more exhilarating than intimate contact with a mind that in great and small matters alike always sums up right." The people, the books, the talks, that always "sum up right" are what make for courage; and not to let the sadness of the time finish with us till we have wrestled things out to such finish is the secret of its attainment.

The distress and suffering brought on by the great war are spreading throughout the world. These effects are international, and human. No neutrality can neutralize them. They multiply beyond calculation and tracing. We shall all be sufferers together with those whose fields are laid waste, whose homes are destroyed, and whose lives are made wretched and miserable. No one should

Digitized by Google

evade this operation of the law of human complicity. All should try how best to bear it. Waste, always dishonest, becomes now a treachery. Selfish ease should be hateful. Luxury is a disgrace. Economies that would otherwise be petty become sacred and noble. Let no one indulge the fallacy of the crude political economy which says that all expenditures help those who thus are given employment. Not all. Unproductive expenditures rob the very people who are employed in them. To burn up money that might be a permanent capital of common support, to drink up value that might preserve life instead of endangering it, to make expenditure give work to people who would profit more by its better use, keeping them busy turning value into destruction, is waste—waste under whatever guise it at first appears. Everybody should husband all resources in order that they may have wherewith to feed the starving, and clothe the shivering, and stay the strength of those not inured to poverty who will suddenly feel its sharpest sting. The coming winter will bring a wider want than the world has ever known.

Walter Bagehot, whose biography has lately appeared, once made this summing-up of progress to his day: "The first duty of society is the preservation of society. By the sound work of old-fashioned generations, by the singular painstakings of the slumberers in churchyards, by dull care, by stupid industry, a certain social fabric somehow exists; people contrive to go out to their work, and to find work to employ them actually until the evening; body and soul are kept together,—and this is what mankind have to show for their six thousand years of toil and trouble." It is noticeable that he takes no account of war either to credit its conquests or charge it with its destructions. Forgetfulness could not have been the reason of this omission. War is the anomaly of progress and civilization, which, even when they seem to be forwarded by war, are really retarded. War is the expression of no positive force. It is rather a monstrous exposure of hate, jealousy, pride, and self-will, their objectivation,—a parable, written in blood, of the remaining brute. The only hope of war is that it shall destroy itself. It can never preserve society, whatever may be said for its necessity in the earlier stages of the evolution of society.

Notwithstanding the suffering and horrors entailed, wars are always popular among the people of nations engaged. Whatever the merits of the question bringing on conflict, that question quickly merges in the necessity of national fidelity and defence. It was a grave misjudgment of human nature that made some persons, and perhaps persons in whose hands were the destinies of a nation, think that the imminence of civil war in England made it unlikely that she would yield to imperative demands from the outside. Such a situation is more likely to weld parties together than otherwise. "It's a funny thing," said the mate of an Atlantic liner, "that men can be ready to kill each other one minute and walk off arm in arm like brothers the next. I'm an Ulster man myself and I know them. When the kingdom is attacked they will forget their worst quarrel to defend her." If that one fact had been realized, perhaps the great war would not have been brought on. A companion fact is that any movement will gather support more for its fighting spirit than for its peaceful activities. Any man can crowd a church with interested listeners to his sensational attacks on men, measures, and faiths. An evangelist once prayed for numbers, with the modification that he might stand on his head and draw a crowd, "but, O Lord, we don't want that kind of a crowd." It is the kind of a crowd that counts more than the count of it. The people who are drawn by spiritual values will sustain more strain and do more good than the larger number drawn by a liking for a fight.

Underground Philosophy.

The uses of philosophy, and the ways of not a few philosophers, are often limited by its very advantage. The advantage is rapid transit to objective points unhindered by superficial facts. Profoundness, depth, gives rare independence and facility. Results are thus gained which are marvellous and reliable and of incalculable value. It is like an underground railway, by which we reach points in a few minutes which it would take hours to reach in the ordinary way.

But it is easy to imagine that a man living at one edge of a city, doing business at the opposite side, might go back and forth for years and know nothing of the city he went under. He could reach his aims and accomplish his purposes, and be said to be an inhabitant and citizen of a great city, which nevertheless he would not, meantime, in the least know. It is not strange that tourists in foreign cities do not choose the "Metropolitan" or the "Tube" by preference, notwithstanding their advantages. For those advantages they have to lose other advantages. They do not see the city. They miss all the pleasure and enlightenment of a million observations in order to get to the one place they specially wish to visit. Concentration at times is extremely desirable, but as a steady habit it is very high-priced. It misses a very large reality of the very realities it seeks to penetrate.

This is one thing that a pattern philosopher of this kind can never understand. The more he goes his way, the less is he likely to understand what he is missing. Truth becomes so simple a matter of underground travel that the real world becomes, so to speak, under-looked. Conclusions are indisputable, but nevertheless they do not include everything. A pride that we can understand, knowing its reason, possesses the mind of the thinker, and closes it against many facts of life. Nothing that occurs up above hinders his progress. He can be supremely oblivious to the obstacles of experience, or the facts of life yet unexplained. His system is complete. If we do not avail ourselves of it, we have our own ignorance to blame. But when we do avail ourselves of it, we come out with an unsatisfied sense of want. The wise philosophy has taken us far, but it has not given us much. A walk of our own might very simply have given us more. It is by no presumption, by no cheap opinion of philosophy, that we decide that, for matters in our neighborhood, living in it is more to our mind than going under it.

When we find a philosopher who has taken the surface lines of life as observingly as he has the underground routes, we cleave to him. But when we find one who in some sudden call for judgment and direction cannot tell us which way to go, where we are, and discourses of the matter of life and death out of all relation to living and dying in fact, and unconnected with things we ourselves know, we need have no fear of taking matters into our own hands. Authorities suddenly drop away, and the authority of things as we know them takes command. It is a comfort the most ignorant have a right to, the comfort of knowing some things too well to suffer any interference with them. Lincoln said to the soldier's mother who hoped that with the Lord's help her boy might get home, "I don't think we need to bother the Lord,—I can attend to that myself." So almost every one at some time has a right to say to the philosopher that he can attend to certain things himself.

Digitized by Google

There is no lack of respect for the philosopher, but only the instinct that the philosopher is most justified in not taking out of our hands what a true philosophy puts into them. We must not expect too much, even of philosophers. When they take the authority of their field up into our field,—yes, though ours be unfamed,—the least obstreperous of us will feel inclined to speak up for ourselves. We have known men of profound learning to be fools without knowing it, and some of them have been wise enough to find it out afterward. We can repeat the famous saying of a great man, that the trouble with great thinkers is that they so often think wrong. When great thinkers deal with matters accessible to any one of clear mind and fair judgment, they should not have the floor alone. Sometimes the story of David and Goliath is quite pertinent. An eminent cabinet officer once remarked that the cabinet of village disputants around the grocer's store showed as much ability to deal with a grave public question as the Cabinet in Washington. Philosophers cannot command their old disciples in a new field. From the world where we followed their guidance they come up into the world where we also see the way. In things of moral discrimination and primary obligation the wayfaring men, though fools, may walk with confidence. If our teachers differ with us we can, without disrespect but without timidity, appeal to a better knowledge. If we know things that are so, to which they are blind, and have proved beyond question what they have doubted, and in good conscience and fact possess what they deny, we can face them with a quiet heart. And their error may be confessed with no shame to their conscience. They have erred in a good will because they have unconsciously gone from the category in which they could speak with authority into the category in which there were also others. The same weight seldom goes with men from their thinking to their doing. There is a sign on a street corner in Oxford which reads, "No bicycling in Logic Lane." No, nor in any logic lane. It is too narrow, and knowing logic lane by no means implies ability to ride bicycles there. Great professors who are used to logic lane had better not ride therein vehicles that belong to the travelled highway.

A Happy Religion.

To say that religion is growing more happy sounds absurd. But really what a change has gone on in the last forty years! We owe a vast deal to the Universalists, although, like Unitarians, they have been more or less divided in the breadth of doctrine they have preached. We take it that, after all has been said, it is the men who preach more than the doctrines that are preached, that take hold of the generations and shape them. Channing lives, and has created a love spirit that is deep and social, and still deepening in the American churches.

Science has done its share, and it can fairly be said that the bulk of preaching at the present time has got much of its material and most of its spirit from such men as Huxley. Insisting on absolute facts in the place of supra-natural events recorded by inspired people, scientists have been leading our churches down the garden-paths of botany and zoölogy, and not leading them at all aside from the paths frequented by Jesus. Some one has said that if Jesus were preaching to-day he would be in the science halls, and not in the kirks. We do not care for the distinction.

It would be hard to find a scientist of repute to-day who would give us the answer, sent to the *Register* thirty years ago by the majority of notable school men, that science and theology had no partnership. They were inclined to leave the church to its potlatch of miracles, while they themselves dealt only with verifiable facts. To an inquisitive believer in the ordinary creed, including eschatology, Peters answered, "No, I have seen nothing of the two worlds of which you preach, anywhere in the heavens; but I have seen stars innumerable and order undisturbed. I have found law everywhere, and traces enough of inter-ruling goodness. You may keep your heaven and hell to yourselves. Astronomy has nothing to do with either of them." Every intelligent preacher of to-day would hasten to disabuse the noted Doctor of his conception that the churches to-day really believe they know anything at all in the astronomical line. We go to the school for our astronomy to-day, and the astronomer has in turn made warm advances toward the church.

The result is to discharge our creeds of the harsh and brute force notions of a supreme being. God is not only immanent, but he is immanently lovable. We are carried back in every way to the Lord's Prayer—by the way, an astronomical prayer. "Our Father who art in the heavens," or read it still "in heaven,"—it is the Father who is everywhere, truly omnipresent. This was Jesus' first thought when trying to teach his disciples to pray. No wonder that soon after they asked him to show them the Father. His answer was to the point: "Have you not seen me?" and "Lo, I am in the Father and the Father in me." Read in the light of modern science, Jesus taught fully and frankly a divine life interpenetrating all things; and this was Paul's language after him, that there is "one God over all and through all and in all." The visions of a heaven of rest and a hell of torture do not come from the New Testament. They overreach from savage life into our lives. If Jesus had preached anything of this kind, it would have obliterated his Messiahship. All disputes aside, there remains to us from Jesus, love, love, love everlasting. His mission began with peace; and peace is the sweetest word that a modern man may hear or utter.

A child born to-day escapes a terrible social heredity. He will not be likely to wake up at midnight with terrifying visions of a Supreme Master and eternal torture. Human language never was so utterly strained to its limits to express the abominable and the cruel as it was to express to young children their danger of falling into the hands of God. Better yet, we have got rid of the machinery for converting our babes from their original natures. We imagine that Billy Sunday does not do so much harm as he might, because, mixed with his absurd theological contortions, there is this general truth, that a man has something to live for besides money. Our social spirit has become intensely this-worldly. It wants to heap up for this world, and Mr. Sunday has at least something to say about a life for which we must store up good deeds and manhood.

Now what we want is to go on with this storing of fine things, only let it be noble thoughts, kindly good will, and a determination to make this world as happy as it can be made. Put a little more sweetening into your home life; let religion smile, or, as a recent writer suggests, let it "laugh with Jesus." Let the boys and the girls understand that laughing and playing on Sunday is not a crime against God; and that, all in all, religion and play and work are identical where there is a pure purpose and a clean mind. Jesus is pre-eminently human, and all the Godship he has is also ours, if we will.

This does not do away with punishment for wrong-doing. We are sure that modern theological evolution has laid emphasis on the inherent fact that right doing blesses, and wrong doing curses anyone who allows his character to be defiled. What we want at present is more emphasis on the fact that piling up wealth on earth does not wind out life's purpose. However, we are on

Digitized by Google

the right track, and in that we rejoice. Religion is really a source of joy to any one who minds his business, that is, his business of living rightly, and helping others to make the most of their lives.

American Unitarian Association.

The directors of the Association always endeavor to plan and carry through certain definite accomplishments within the limits of each fiscal year. As far as the expenditure of money goes these plans are formulated and the necessary appropriations made in May, immediately after the Annual Meeting of the Association. At that time the Budget is adopted and preparations made for carrying forward the existing work in all the different departments. Last May the Board adopted a Budget which calls for the expenditure, during the present fiscal year, of $116,000. This Budget was adopted before the present emergencies arose, and before any one anticipated the financial embarrassments that will inevitably accompany and follow the war. In spite of the unexpected difficulties these obligations must be and will be fully and promptly met. The directors have confidence that the people of the Unitarian churches will see to it that their work does not falter, that their representatives are supported, and that the financial responsibilities of the Association are completely fulfilled. They believe that the loyalty and generosity of the members and friends of the Association can be depended upon.

In addition to the work provided for under the Budget adopted last May many other enterprises of interest to the members of our fellowship are going forward under the auspices of the Association. Among these endeavors there may be mentioned the work of four Special Commissions provided for by the votes of the Annual Meeting last May. These are (*a*) the Commission on the Unitarian Name, (*b*) the Commission on Recruiting the Ministry, (*c*) the Commission on Methods of Candidating, (*d*) the Commission on Church Accounts. The members of these Commissions are representative and influential adherents of our cause. They have either already met and organized or are just about to do so. It is obvious that the reports of these Commissions will have a large influence in the development of our movement and possibly in the simplifying and energizing of our administrative methods. The Association is also sympathetically interested in, but not directly responsible for, the investigations of the two Special Commissions appointed by the General Conference. These are (*a*) the Commission on Methods of Ordination, and (*b*) the Commission on Methods of admitting to Unitarian Fellowship Ministers from Other Communions.

Certain other important matters of administrative adjustment will require during the year the attention of the members and friends of the Association. The plan of nominating officers and directors recommended in the report of the Special Commission of 1913–14 should be the subject of consideration and discussion in our churches and conferences during the coming winter. As this plan involves a change in the By-laws of the Association no action could be taken at the annual meeting of last May. The report and recommendations are printed in full in the Annual Report of the Association and will come up for action at the meeting in May, 1915. The recommendations of the Commission are far-reaching and involve a considerable change in our methods of conducting the work of our associated churches. The report deserves careful study, and the members and delegates who come to the Annual Meeting next May should be fully informed of the nature of the proposals and of the sentiment of their respective churches or conferences. There are also under consideration a number of plans for the readjustment of the relations of the Association with the district or local conferences, all of which must have careful consideration and wide discussion so that wise and acceptable decisions may be reached.

In the various departments of the Association many interesting movements or adjustments are already well under way. Not all can be mentioned here, but a few typical activities may be indicated. The Publication Department is working out a well-devised and deliberately adopted plan by which the imprint of The Beacon Press is to be used for a number of the publications of the Association. The monthly Calendar, which has been published for a number of years by the Association, has been discontinued, and the interest of the Department is given to the maintenance and distribution of the free tracts, the sale of publications, and the improvement of the quality and the enlargement of the circulation of *Word and Work* and *The Beacon*. These two periodicals are warmly commended to the people of our fellowship. The Department also has in hand the business end of the publishing of the proposed new Hymn and Service Book for Sunday-schools. This work is in charge of large and competent committees. Such committees necessarily work slowly, but the work has made good progress and there is reasonable hope that the books can be completed at least within the next calendar year. The Department also has in hand a plan for securing the publication of another book of anthems for the use of our church choirs. The new Hymn Book has proved to be very acceptable in the churches and has a large and steady sale. Happy are the congregations that enjoy its use.

In the Department of Religious Education interest must centre, during this year, upon the preparation of the new Sunday-school Hymn and Service Book, and the manuals of the new Beacon Series. The officers of the Department will endeavor, as far as possible, to carry forward the field work, but the emphasis of the Department must be, this year, upon the desk work and the preparation of the necessary material for the use of our Sunday-schools. In this work and in the public lectures, Mr. Lawrance and Miss Buck are to have the advantage of the co-operation of Dr. Luther A. Weigle, who begins his lectures in Boston on October 10.

In the Department of Foreign Relations the war has necessitated the postponement of the proposed missionary journey around the world, but the secretary of the Department, Dr. Wendte, is busily occupied in correspondence with our fellow-workers in Europe and in the Orient. He is editing the reports of the Paris Congress, aiding in the work in Italy and in Japan, and just at present is much interested in the co-operation of our Association with the work of the International Institute at Shanghai, China.

The Department of Comity and Fellowship is preparing for a meeting of the Federation of Religious Liberals in Philadelphia in the course of the winter. For the Department of New Americans, Mr. Forbes is now in the Northwest with a view to consulting our Scandinavian fellow-workers in regard to the direction of their activities, the establishment of periodicals, the securing of new ministers, and the organizing of the liberal Swedes, Norwegians, Finns, and Icelanders all over the country into fraternal leagues or associations.

In the Department of Public and Social Service plans have been made for the organization of additional Social Service Committees, for the promotion of the work of the Laymen's League, for the establishment of classes and services for the New Americans in some of our older

Digitized by Google

churches, and for a lecture service by which Mr. Forbes and his associates hope to stimulate the social work of many parishes.

In the Library the catalogue of the Circulating Library has been completed and issued in a handsome pamphlet of 80 pages, containing 1,572 titles. These books are available for the use of our ministers, Alliances, and correspondents. Plans are now being carried forward for the cataloguing of the remaining books in the Association's library. These books form a purely reference library, and most of them are valuable only for historical research or for commemorative purposes.

It remains to outline next week in this column some of the present or proposed activities in the Department of Church Extension.

Samuel A. Eliot.

Current Topics.

While military operations on an isolated scale are going on between the adherents of Gen. Villa and those of Gen. Carranza, chief of the Constitutionalist forces in Mexico, the friends of peace in Mexico City and Washington are making final efforts to bring about an adjustment of the claims of the two factions which threaten to plunge the republic once more into a general struggle. At the beginning of the week Gen. Carranza, accepting the ultimatum issued by Villa, offered his resignation to the assembled delegates to the general conference of Southern chiefs. There was manifest among the delegates, however, a strong feeling against Carranza's withdrawal at Villa's demand. The Northern chief, at the same time, indicated no willingness to modify his position or accept a compromise. The good offices of the State Department at Washington were offered to both sides in an endeavor to avert a situation which could not be met without a recourse to general hostilities between the rival leaders of the recent successful revolution.

A friendly but somewhat determined effort is being made in Washington to obtain from the British government assurances of the immunity of American cargoes in transit to neutral ports under neutral flags. On the plea that goods applicable to the purposes of war were being transported through the territories of Holland and other neutral countries into Germany and Austria, the British admiralty at the beginning of the conflict outlined a comprehensive category of cargoes liable to seizure as possible importations into belligerent states. In response to representations from the American government, it was announced at Washington last week, the British cabinet promised to relax its rule by a more liberal definition, in order to remove the obstacles to commerce which prompted the amicable protest. The office of the Secretary of State announced its satisfaction with the progress of the negotiations, and expressed confidence in the ultimate success of the effort to safeguard American commerce from the harassing requirements of an embarrassing international situation.

The anxiety of Austria-Hungary to avoid a clash with her late ally, Italy, was indicated in striking fashion at the beginning of October, when the government at Vienna accepted in a markedly conciliatory spirit a protest from Rome against the destruction of Italian shipping by floating mines set by the Austrian naval authorities in the Adriatic and Ionian Seas. The protest had hardly been presented at the Austrian capital when the Viennese government announced its readiness to remedy the situation of which Italy had complained, and further indicated its amicable purposes toward its former ally by agreeing to the immediate payment of $1,000,000 to the families and dependents of the victims. The incident gave emphasis to Austria's anxiety to avoid, at all costs, hostile relations with the recalcitrant member of the Triple Alliance at a moment when the freedom of commercial entry into Austria through Italy is of paramount importance to the dual empire, hard pressed on its eastern frontiers by the increasing forces of the Russian Colossus.

The military operations of the past week on the two fronts of the war of the nations have resulted slightly to the advantage of the Allies, but their victories have not been on a scale to point to either a crushing defeat for Germany or an early termination of the pending hostilities. On the western front the Allies at the beginning of the week were pushing their turning movement against the right wing of the Germans with an energy which probably represented the greatest military efficiency of the age. But, despite their good generalship and the completeness of their equipment, they were not producing anything like a decisive result on the Germans. In fact, it appeared last Monday that Gen. von Kluck was on the point of repulsing the attacks upon his right wing and even of resuming the offensive operations which were interrupted by the successes of the Allies before Paris at the beginning of September. At all events, the two vast forces appeared to be quite evenly matched. Certainly, it was premature to speak of a victory for either side.

At the eastern front the Russians were making a doubtful attempt to retake the positions in Eastern Prussia out of which they were forced by the Germans at the beginning of September. Despite the frequent announcements of brilliant and decisive victories from Petrograd, it was evident that the Russian successes, almost all on Russian soil, were minor affairs ushering in the prelude to more important engagements. Further south, in the Galician region, the invaders of Austria-Hungary were doing more effective work. Side by side with the penetration of the Carpathian Mountains for a raid in force into Hungary, the Russian commanders were carrying on operations against the fortresses of Przemysl and Cracow, the latter the main stronghold of Austria in the territory adjoining the Russian frontier. In Cracow the Austrian defenders, there was reason to believe, were strongly reinforced by German troops, and it was even surmised that the command of the defence had been intrusted to a German commander. Przemysl was completely invested by a large Russian force.

In Southeastern Europe the uncertainty of alignment, which has characterized the attitude of the Balkan powers and Roumania since the war began, continued without any external disturbance of tranquillity up to the end of the week, although it was evident that at any moment the situation in the world at large might precipitate a crisis. Roumania evidently is irresolute between the national ambitions and the sympathies of the king, who is a Hohenzollern and until the year 1913 adhered to the Triple Alliance. It is evident that in the present circumstances there is a strong popular demand in Bucharest for a declaration of war against

Digitized by Google

Austria-Hungary in an attempt to detach from the dual monarchy the province of Transylvania, which the Roumanians maintain is inhabited chiefly by a Roumanian population. On the other hand, King Carol and his advisers apparently are exerting themselves to prevent an outbreak of hostilities, or, in the event of a crisis, to direct the national resentment against Russia, which in 1878 took Bessarabia from Roumania, at that time the ally of Russia in the war against Turkey.

In the mean while, Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece, and even Albania are awaiting developments. Frequent rumors that Turkey intends to declare war against Russia and her allies may be set down as premature—but they actually reflect the strong sentiment of the war party at Constantinople, that now is the moment for energetic action by the Ottoman Empire to recover some of its losses in prestige and territory. Bulgaria, it was reported by the Associated Press last week, has summoned all her officers from abroad, and is pushing the mobilization of her army to meet any contingency. The action of Bulgaria, despite appearances to the contrary, may be expected to be in sympathy with Russia. Greece, it is a foregone conclusion, will be ranged on the side of the Triple Entente and against Turkey. In Albania the Moslem rehabilitation has reached a stage of completeness that indicates the establishment of a Moslem state in the country of which the sovereignty was intrusted to Prince William of Wied by the powers when they decided to create Albania out of the ruins of the Ottoman Empire in Europe.

Brevities.

A French woman, Madame Victor Henri, has found that the germ of the animal disease known as anthrax can be changed into a very different kind of bacteria by exposing it to the ultra-violet rays of an arc-lamp. This discovery, if verified, will place this woman student beside Mme. Curie, the discoverer of radium.

Poetry is once more receiving a truer and juster appreciation of its value and service. Stephen Phillips says, "America has become far more than England both the market and the assize of Anglo-Saxon verse," and that "the writer of modern verse must for the future look to America both for audience and for criticism."

Is it not a pertinent question to ask, "Why are the most valuable fruits and vegetables the hardest to raise?" The only available answer is to say that nature seems to have designed that all things of worth in her dominion can be produced by only paying an adequate cost, the price of hard labor and ceaseless care. Weeds are easily grown.

Those of us who are bearing the burden of the theological strife of to-day, who are meeting ostracism and ethical suspicion and experiencing the slow progress of the newer truth, are sometimes encouraged by such words as these in the *Atlantic Monthly*: "In every generation the heretics, the non-conformists, the dissenters, the unbelievers, save the church."

We are more and more realizing the need of simplifying religion if we wish all men to become religious. We must make it acceptable to the reason, the reverence, and practice of common human nature. It must be brought from the past ages, from the skies over us, from rites and traditions, down into the present earthly, throbbing, struggling, anxious life of men and women here and now. It must be practical and vital, helpful and inspiring.

The Reapers of 1914.

BY CAROLINE L. CARTER.

Hour after hour beneath the burning sun
We toil with aching back and unskilled hand,
And when at eve the long day's work is done,
Silent we plod across the lonely land.

No harvest song rings down the twilight lane,
We cannot sing—our hearts know but one lay,
One burden sad, "Will they come back again?"
Here is the church—we turn aside to pray.

And as we pray the quiet moonbeams fall
Upon the fields where lies the precious grain
They sowed in joy, and we, remembering all
Their joy and hope, have reaped to-day in pain.

That Reaper grim—what are his windrows, say!
His harvest sure, in victory or defeat.
Our men, our men who fell this bitter day,
Their red blood spilled like poppies in the wheat.

The Jealousy of the Gods.

BY PERCY F. BICKNELL.

Twenty-four years ago the writer of this had what he then counted a piece of rare good fortune in obtaining a near view of the young Prince William of Germany as he was returning through Friedrichstrasse at the head of a large body of troops from the Tempelhoferfeld, the parade-ground on the outskirts of Berlin. Flushed with youth and exercise and health, joking and laughing with his brother officers, heir to the glory and dominion won by his grandfather, with the aid of Bismarck and Moltke, not so very long before, and conveying an impression of exultant consciousness of the tremendous military power one day to be at his command, he might well have seemed to a thoughtful observer an excellent and not altogether unlikely target for the shafts of an ironically vengeful fate at some predestined day in the dim future, when his star should have attained the zenith, and his position have become assured in the eyes of men.

On another occasion, somewhat later, when the old Kaiser lay on his death-bed, the writer was passing the imperial palace in Unter den Linden, when Prince William emerged with brisk and buoyant gait, sprang into his waiting carriage, and was driven swiftly away. Was it the expectation of being so soon one step nearer to supreme power, with only a mortally-stricken father between himself and the throne, that gave him, perhaps unconsciously to himself, an added imperiousness of bearing, a more masterful air of command? At about this time, in an afternoon's excursion to Spandau, the same American observer of things German, and especially things Prussian, inspected from without the mighty fortress where, as he had been told with much circumstance and considerable national pride (but with how much truth the impregnability of the fortress prevented his ascertaining), the large indemnity wrung from the French in 1871 was stored as an emergency fund and a safeguard against possible future calamity to the empire. Surely a more enviable monarch than the head of that empire and the master of all those millions it seemed then impossible to conceive. But, as Solon remarked to Crœsus, last king of Lydia, no man is to be accounted happy until he has had a happy end.

At the centennial of the University of Berlin, in 1909, the Kaiser began his characteristic speech with these words: "To my faithful Berlin University I express my thanks. Always my army, my university, my glorious grandfather; but first, last, and all the time, my army!"

Digitized by Google

Preparedness for war, the ability to intimidate by threat of force any and all rival powers, this has been to Emperor William the Second the ideal means to secure peace, prosperity, and the enlargement of the nation's bounds. It would be a spectacle for gods and men if the instrument should finally prove the undoing of him who shaped it, and such a result the course of current events renders by no means unthinkable. To say nothing of an opposing union of non-Teutonic European powers, the very forces of war itself are now so titanic in action, so destructive and costly to all concerned, that even a victorious combatant may find his strength exhausted by the struggle and his recuperation a question of centuries. "What monstrous form," exclaims Maurice Maeterlinck, in speaking of war, "what gigantic shadow shall we attribute, to take one instance alone, to the power of explosives, those recent and supreme gods which have just dethroned, in the temples of war, all the gods of the past? With what family of terrors, what unforeseen group of mysteries, shall we connect them? Melarite, dynamite, panclastite, cordite, and roburite, lydite, and ballistite, O ye indescribable spectres, by whose side the old black powder that struck terror into our fathers, and even the mighty thunderbolt, once held the most awful symbol of divine anger, become mere gossipy, good-natured old women, a little ready to strike, perhaps, but almost inoffensive, almost maternal: of your countless secrets not even the most superficial has been laid bare."

The presumption of Prometheus in stealing fire from heaven was a piece of shrinking timidity compared with his latest descendants' hardihood in meddling with strange and awful physical forces. Jealous Jupiter chained the too-daring son of Iapetus to a rock on Mount Caucasus, and sent an eagle to feed on his liver daily, a perennial banquet made possible by the nightly restoration of that organ. More recent sufferers from less fearful disorders in the same region will probably agree that justice was in this instance little tempered with mercy. Yet the consequences sure to follow on such an employment of new and terrible physical forces, of strange and awful engines of war, as the world now beholds, are likely to be so momentous as to render the fabled punishment of Prometheus nothing but a gentle admonition by comparison.

From prehistoric times the supposed displeasure of heaven at any excess of good fortune, any undue assumption of power, on the part of mortals has been a subject of endless legend and tradition. Polycrates, potent sovereign of Samos, in vain attempted to propitiate the gods and avert misfortune by throwing into the sea one of his most valued possessions, with what result all the world knows. Niobe, exulting in her dozen goodly sons and daughters, boasted herself superior to the mother of Apollo and Diana, who had borne only these two, whereupon the boastful one saw all her offspring ruthlessly slain by the arrows of the offended god and goddess. A Scottish soldier named Mackay, serving in the Peninsular War, a man of high spirits, reckless daring, exuberant gaiety, abounding wit and drollery, and an inexhaustible store of lively songs and anecdotes that made his company better than food and drink, fire and shelter, to those around him, was suddenly seized with melancholy foreboding on the eve of the battle of Toulouse, and fell pierced with twenty bullets the following day, after he had first intrusted his stock of ready money and an affectionate farewell message to the care of a friend for transmission to his mother. It was as if such a pitch of indomitable courage, such an excess of high-hearted disregard of mortal contingencies, had called down the wrath of a jealous deity. One of the writer's intimate friends, a talented and successful lawyer and highly esteemed judge, thoroughly enjoying his work and also taking infinite pleasure in his home life and the relaxations of social intercourse, expressed himself one day in terms of something like alarm at the smoothness with which things were going with him. It seemed apparently too good to last. Not long afterward he was seized with an incurable and speedily fatal disease, cut down in the prime of his powers and at the height of his usefulness as a wise magistrate and a public-spirited citizen. Was it the strange divination given to men sometimes, it would seem, on the eve of death, that made him utter those words of sorrowful presage? In the warning to Lochiel,—

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

Further instances will occur to any reflecting person of this seeming tendency, so to name it, in human affairs to maintain such a balance that neither the good man nor the sinner shall prosper overmuch. The ancients sought a cause for this in the supposed jealousy of the Olympian deities. We are not permitted to content ourselves with so simple and summary an explanation, but we nevertheless still resort, for convenience, to the same figurative expression of a profound truth.

October Fourth, 1914.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

When the victors and the vanquished are weeping for their dead,
When are hushed the vindications, the last wild prayers are said,
When from heaps of desolation, so late a fair domain,
To the wondering stars arises the incense of the slain,
O Thou of everlasting love, whose name we vainly call,
In Thy long-suffering tenderness have mercy on us all.
Do Thou dispel the primal fear, drive out the horde of hates,
And wake the joy of brotherhood for which this sad world waits.

Rheims Cathedral.

BY EDWIN D. MEAD.

I wish that a picture of Rheims Cathedral might be hung upon the walls of every high school in our country and in the world. I wish that the continual sight of it, with the thought of the irreparable damage done it by the recent bombardment, might solemnly impress the rising generation with a sense of the menace of war to everything precious in our civilization. It is the merest accident that the ruin of the cathedral is not complete; and this would have been a vandalism unparalleled in its gravity for all who care for art and beauty since the ruin of the Parthenon by the Venetians and the Turks in 1687. The cathedrals of Amiens and Chartres, Cologne and Strasburg, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, may count no more upon immunity, in the contingencies of possible wars, than the cathedral of Rheims. Its wonderful façade is the acme of Gothic architecture. Pugin once said that a perfect Gothic cathedral would combine the spires of Chartres, the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, and the west front of Rheims.

Happily, although the havoc wrought among the other glories of the cathedral seems irremediable, the marvellous west front, its greatest glory, is reported to be substantially spared; and the restoration of the cathedral is not impossible. Will not the American people undertake this restoration? Will they not do it not only in their admiration for this sublime and historic cathedral, and their gratitude that it is not hopelessly ruined, but also as an expression of their love and sympathy for the people

Digitized by Google

of France? Among all the warring European nations, no other, save heroic little Belgium alone, commands our sympathy in this awful hour in such high degree as France. She is warring at fearful odds in a quarrel not her own, because her treaty bound her in case of war to come to the side of Russia. She is pouring out her best blood; and the heartfelt desire of every American must be that her suffering and loss shall not be fatal. How could we more impressively express our sympathy in such a time than by a pledge thus to restore, when peace comes again, her beautiful and revered cathedral? Will this fine service not appeal to our churches, waking as never before to the horror of war and the duty of peace, to our schools, to our societies of architects, and to the hearts of all citizens of our republic who love the great sister republic of France? Will not every soul of us, in the shock of this calamity, better understand and more deeply take to heart that the simplest man who walks the earth is a more veritable and sacred temple of God than the most majestic church, and that such a temple of God is profaned and shattered with every fall upon the battlefield?

Boston, Mass.

War and Peace.

BY BENJAMIN REYNOLDS BULKELEY.

At shock of nations stands the world aghast,
While horrid war drags on its iron chain
Of wrong enlinked with wrong and hears in vain
The better impulses of peoples vast;
In blindness are its mighty powers amassed
To stifle progress for an empire's gain,
And, shouting honor, do the deeds that stain:
Such its first steps, but what shall be the last?
What say the millions, then, who still believe
In truth and right and brotherhood's increase?
A deeper love of country may they give
In prayers and service, that such wrong shall cease,
And in recoil from hell of war receive
The larger promise of the Prince of Peace.

The Strength and Weakness of our Theological Schools.*

BY HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

I.

Among the wide fields of education there is no region more beset with problems and perplexities than that occupied by a school of divinity. Other professional schools have in great measure adapted themselves to modern conditions. The standard form and method of the ideal law or medical school are at least generally recognized, however short of the ideal many schools may actually fall; and this is true even of the newer professions, as in the various branches of engineering. There is substantial agreement as to what kind of training the student needs to carry on his profession in a world which has so radically changed in the last two generations. The typical divinity school, on the other hand, perhaps for the very reason that the ministry is one of the oldest of all the professions, perhaps because it still broods in a more cloistered isolation from the world of men, has been the last of all the professional schools to respond to the fresh demands of to-day. A good many schools offer substantially the same curriculum as they did seventy or eighty years ago, apparently imagining that an increased body of instructors will still suffice to prepare students for a society which requires of the ministry at once a broader and a more specialized training than was the case even a generation since. It is far less clear to many people to-day than it was to our fathers just what is the place and work of the minister. Hence the confusion of voices as to the nature of his training, the lack, as yet, of any very clear consensus of opinion as to the standard to which the ideal divinity school should conform.

There is no phenomenon in professional education to-day more interesting than the vigorous endeavors of the more progressive and far-sighted leaders at the theological schools to solve these problems. They have been studying the demands which modern society justly makes of the minister, and the question of how to prepare the student to carry the responsibilities which will be laid upon him. At a number of centres of theological education there have been significant developments. Yale Divinity School has been transformed into the Yale School of Religion, with almost as many specialized fields of instruction as the seven-branched candlestick. Hartford Theological Seminary has a not dissimilar plan outlined on paper, and on the way to realization. Union Theological Seminary has developed in recent years into a large and broad-minded college for the practical education of ministers in many denominations. The Divinity School of the University of Chicago is trying an interesting experiment in vocational training, each study in the curriculum being taught with careful consideration of its direct applicability to the minister's work. Out of these and other experiments we shall surely develop a new theory of theological education, better fitted to the needs of the twentieth century than the conventional curriculum of tradition.

As we examine these recent developments we shall find that they embody certain distinct and well-recognized tendencies. First of all is the tendency away from the isolated, strictly controlled, denominational school of theology, with limited curriculum and narrow outlook, toward what Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes of Yale, in his admirable address on this subject at the Religious Education Association meeting last March, called "University Schools of Religion." The pull of the university long since drew most of the better-grade law and medical schools in the country into affiliation with some strong university. The same pull to-day is operating on theological schools, and it becomes increasingly difficult to maintain such institutions in the isolation of village life, which three-quarters of a century ago was deemed so desirable for them. Generally speaking, the most progressive and flourishing divinity schools are those which are departments of one of the endowed universities, or which have moved into the immediate proximity of a university, as Andover moved to Cambridge, or Union to Morningside Heights. Where it does not appear to be immediately practicable to move a divinity school bodily to a university, affiliation is sought in other ways, such as the admirable plan just going into effect at Meadville, whereby Meadville students may go to the University of Chicago for a certain portion of their training. This tendency is likely to prove of increasing force because of the demand for courses which the isolated school with modest resources cannot hope to supply, and because of greater enrichment of life and power of stimulation for the student in the larger centres of thought. Indeed, the day of doom seems at hand for many of the small, isolated schools which do not in some way affiliate themselves with a college or university. That day would be hastened if we could have, as has been suggested by Mr. Stokes and others, an investigation of such schools by the Carnegie Foundation, like its report on medical education which has proved so fatal to weak and inefficient medical schools.

The second tendency, which is a natural consequence of the first, is toward federation, or co-operation, between the university and the theological school, and between

* An address made at the Ministers' Institute, Sept. 23, 1914, at Newport, R.I.

different theological schools where more than one are established in a university town. This experiment of federated schools is in full swing at Berkeley, where three denominational theological schools, including the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry, are grouped about the University of California, none of them a part of the State University, but each counting some of the work taken in the University and in the co-operating schools toward its own degree. A similar plan, but along different lines, is now being worked out in Cambridge, begun by the alliance between the Harvard Divinity School and Andover Theological Seminary, contracted when President Eliot was in office, and now carried a step further by the agreement between Harvard and the Episcopal Theological School, devised by President Lowell at the request of the authorities of the Episcopal School, which goes into effect this fall. Our Cambridge plan is still in the formative stage, and the passage of a considerable period of time will be needed for its complete development. In theory, however, it provides for the consolidation of resources so as to secure the maximum opportunity for the student. This consolidation is sought through the avoidance of unnecessary duplication in the purchase of books, or in giving two or three courses covering a particular field where one course would be wholly adequate. For example, if a single teacher can easily handle all the students in elementary Hebrew in Harvard, Andover, and the Episcopal School, it is obviously wasteful to give three courses in that subject simultaneously. It is better that the professor of Hebrew in each school should teach that elementary course once in three years, being free the other two years to give some other and more advanced course for which he would not otherwise have time or strength. When, therefore, this plan shall have been fully consummated, it should mean that the divinity student at Cambridge will have a range of theological studies from which to choose equalled hardly anywhere else in the world, given by a large body of instructors, each of whom is a specialist in some particular field. Nor should this mean the loss of the individuality of the several schools. We at the Harvard Divinity School are very desirous to preserve and transmit the noble inheritance and traditions of the School, as the men of Andover and of the Episcopal School are each zealous for the traditions of those institutions. Each school may be expected to continue to offer the courses which tend to maintain those traditions, or which are appropriate for students for some particular branch of the Christian ministry. Indeed, the largest success of the plan will be assured by such maintenance of the individuality of the several schools, for so only will the greatest enrichment of the student be secured. The familiar comparison is that with the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge in England, where each college is a part of the university, yet tenacious of its own methods and traditions.

The third tendency is toward interdenominationalism. It is no less inevitable at schools like Yale, Union, and Chicago than at places like Berkeley and Cambridge, where the principle of federation has avowedly been adopted. At all such centres of theological education the student bodies are drawn from many branches of the Christian Church, and to an increasing degree the teaching force is recruited from men who are selected primarily as scholars, and quite secondarily with regard to denominational affiliation. This, of course, has been the case at Harvard Divinity School, which, though founded and almost wholly endowed by Unitarians, has for years had a minority of Unitarians among both faculty and students. The same phenomenon is observable, at least so far as the student body is concerned, at Yale, Union, and Chicago, at each of which are gathered students proposing to enter the ministry of many denominations. Last year, out of about 125 students at Yale Divinity School, Mr. Stokes reports that 31 were Methodists, 29 Congregationalists, 24 Disciples, with many Baptists and Presbyterians. Indeed, this tendency is discoverable in some of the more strictly denominational schools, for I noticed with interest, in the last annual report of President Southworth of Meadville, that, of the students enrolled at Meadville in 1913, six are now settled over Unitarian churches, two over Universalist churches, and two over churches of the Christian denomination. This tendency also is likely to increase. The more intelligent and progressive Methodist or Disciple or Presbyterian is no longer content to go to a small and isolated school. He is bound to go where he believes he will find the largest educational opportunity, regarding the question of denominational affiliation as of secondary consequence. The highest grade ministry of most branches of the Christian Church is likely to be recruited from schools where interdenominational ideals prevail, a fact which ought largely to promote the breakdown of denominational barriers. Our Unitarian churches may reasonably look forward to drawing on Union and Chicago for ministers, as well as on our own schools.

The fourth tendency to-day is toward a more practical training for ministers, less emphasis being placed on a purely intellectual culture, more on the vocational or professional aspect. This tendency finds its most extreme development at the University of Chicago, and only less so at Union, and, among the leading schools, is perhaps least noticeable at Harvard, where the standards of pure scholarship have been most rigorously upheld. The theory which finds expression in this tendency is that the ministry is the vocation of religious leadership, and that the minister's training should fit him to undertake very specific and practical lines of work. At Chicago and Union, and doubtless at other institutions, students are apprenticed out to ministers in charge of churches to obtain practical experience under guidance, in ways which suggest the "laboratory," or "clinical," methods of education. Correlated with this tendency is that toward specialization, arising from the realization that there is a need not only for parish ministers, but also for experts along particular lines, notably that of religious education. Here, of course, we have the example of the Roman Church, which has long set aside picked men especially trained for some limited field of work, such as preaching or the larger phases of administration. The degree to which specialization is being carried to-day may perhaps be best observed at Yale, where men are being prepared to be parish ministers, or missionaries, or leaders in religious education, or association workers, each field having its own special courses of instruction.

Growing out of this tendency toward a more practical training is the necessity for a far broader curriculum than sufficed fifty years ago. The minister to-day must be trained in the modern scholar's view of the Bible; in the history of religion; in the general outlines of church history; in theology; in ethics; and in preaching and parish administration. In addition, if he is to avoid preaching foolishness, it is essential that he should have a groundwork of sound information regarding philosophy, science, economics, sociology, and psychology, which he ought to have secured before he enters the divinity school, since these are properly taught in the college or university, except for a few advanced courses dealing with the particular relation of certain of these topics to the minister's work. Where the course is specialized to fit men for different denominations, and for several types of religious work, the curriculum must be still further enlarged. At Yale, for example, Chinese is taught as a part of the

Digitized by Google

course for missionaries; and it is significant that more men last year were taking Chinese than Hebrew.

In this tendency toward "practical" education we find a point at which opinions regarding theological education diverge. One wing will emphasize the vocational idea to such a degree as to send out very "practical" men who are liable to be deficient in a broad and generous culture. The other wing is liable so to emphasize the ideal of pure scholarship that its students will be seriously handicapped in meeting the actual problems of the ministry in their first parishes. The ideal school should combine high scholarship and a broad outlook with such measure of wise advice in practical matters as will provide the student with sound principles upon which to conduct his actual work.

(To be continued.)

Philosophy and Theology.

"What has German philosophy and culture to do," asks Prof. Hicks, "with the unspeakable atrocities? What had English philosophy and culture to do with the burning of villages and the devastation of homes in South Africa in the Boer War? The reply in each case is, absolutely nothing." For ourselves we are quite unable to accept this notion of little pools of culture far withdrawn from the great tides of the national life. Must not philosophy in the last resort bring its speculative vision to bear upon the practical affairs of the world? Ought not theology to be concerned chiefly with deepening the currents and enriching the ideals of the faith by which men live?

Just in so far as philosophers and theologians are content to isolate themselves from intimate concern with the world around them, and refuse to accept a large share of responsibility for the aims and ideals of the community in which they live, they will have to bear the reproach of moral ineffectiveness and they will forfeit much of the respect of good men. Through a long period of comfort and peace the academic mind has found it fairly easy simply to live its own life and pursue its own aims, but its day of trial has come. Much will be changed by the war. It will be all to the good if the philosopher learns to pay more heed to the real stuff of human life and thought, and the theologian has the grace to remember that he must draw much of his richest material from the actual working of the Christian spirit in the life of the common people.—*The London Inquirer.*

Spiritual Life.

As the plant must have the rest and darkness of night, so the soul must have its night of silence, its starlit heaven of peace, where it can hide from all save the all-seeing eye. —*Selected.*

The controlling powers in human life are not intellectual, but emotional. Logic may fail, science may fail, proofs may be discredited, philosophies given up, theologies passed by; but the heart's affections and aspirations abide forever.—*Samuel A. Eliot.*

O God, our Father, good beyond all that is good, fair beyond all that is fair, in whom are calmness, peace, and concord, heal thou the divisions which separate us from one another, and bring us back into a unity of love which may bear some likeness to thy blessed nature. Make us one in the fellowship of a good mind, through that peace of thine which maketh all things peaceful, and through the grace, mercy, and tenderness wherewith thou, O Lord, art our Father for ever and ever. Amen.

Nothing is sure in this world but the purposes of God. No interests are safe but his, no cause is secure but his. No wedge can be driven between to separate him from us, his interests from ours.—*Austin Phelps.*

Leafy Musings.

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

"There's part o' the sun in an apple;
There's part o' the moon in a rose;
There's part o' the flaming Pleiades
In everything that grows."

—*A. W. Bomberger.*

Is there a whim or a fancy in feminine attire for which one may not find a precedent in Nature? Did ever a woman wear a silk petticoat with more elaborate ruffles upon ruffles, and scallops upon scallops, than is flaunted in any garden by the luxurious leaves of the kale, whose transient glory limply departs in a dish of greens?

Scarcely less elaborate in form and coloring are the curlicued leaves of that highly evolved chromatic triumph, a head of lettuce, in bronze, russet, and old rose. How dainty, too, are the fairy fripperies worn by parsley, parsnip, carrot, and our common roadside yarrow, though all yield in grace to Miss Asparagus, whose ethereal leafage is so perilously like green aigrettes that one almost suspects her of plagiarism!

Between the Whistler-like delicacy of the asparagus and the broad leaf of the rhubarb plant or that of the palm, what a bewildering diversity of marvels does Nature display when the folded leaf is wooed from out the bud! Considering this diversity in the gowning of plants, shrubs, and trees, one perceives that women "favor" Nature more than do their brothers, who use only a limited range of goods and cuts. Yet women, in the myriad fabrics and models, graceful and grotesque, which they adopt, from the gauziest of diaphanous weaves, through every weight and shade of cotton, wool, silk, satin, and velvet, cannot surpass the cuts and colorings æons ago conceived by Nature for the exquisite robing of plants and trees.

Ah, me! what an art school would that have been for any student who could have been present in the great open studio of Nature, when the leaves and petals of flowers were being designed and the secret life-law of their unfolding forever imparted to them! Who would not have heard the edict, with its close-sealed reasons, which decreed its round dancing leaves to the poplar, its changing glories to the maple, and the aristocratic cuts and rich autumnal tints to the oaks?

If one can fancy any studio of Nature with walls nearer than the blue of heaven, let one fancy such an enclosure completely lined in graded rows with the million different kinds of leaves fashioned for plants, shrubs, and trees. It is to be hoped that some natural history museum of the future will reserve a large room, showing on its walls, below a line on the level with the eye, samples of all the leaves of the world, if that is a possibility. Such a collection would be an autographic treasure-house, for its leaf is the signature of the tree and as significant as a man's autograph is of himself.

One row of columns might give all the round leaves, beginning with those big enough to make a hat, and grading the lines to the tiniest bit of green visibility. Other columns could be reserved for oval leaves, of which there

Digitized by Google

are an unthinkable number. The countless varieties of spear and lance shaped leaves, varying in size from a pine-needle to one which could do deadly execution were it made of steel, would also call for several rows on our hypothetical walls.

What a superb exhibit, too, could be given by the compound leaves, from the dainty wood-sorrel to the elaborate horse-chestnut!

Skeleton leaves, striped, mottled, red, yellow, old rose, and wine-colored leaves, leaves scented, shirred, and specialized, like those of a great variety of pitcher-plants, would each add their long line of wonders to the collection. Other columns would hold the thick, fleshy leaves of thirsty lands, that would drink them dry but for the small number of their pores and their firm resisting texture. Next to these might be ranged the thin silky leaves as gauzy as the wings of a dragon-fly.

Not only the innumerable variations of contour, edge, and thickness would call for row upon row of illustrations, but the surface differences appreciable to the touch would involve another problem in cross classification. Between the soft velvety leaf of the geranium and the rough surface of the sunflower's leaf or that of the pumpkin, Nature knows how to ring her usual number of changes, which include leaves as soft as the finest silk and satin known to commerce, as well as those which match its roughest homespun. Whatever one's wildest fancy might call for, from the glossy silk of the wax begonia leaf to the heavy reseda-tinted velvet of the mullein leaf, Nature could furnish for this exhibition.

Nor do the charms of leaves end with their graces of form and color. Other arts they know and practise to captivate the ear, and the *frou-frou* of feminine garments which moved Herrick to write,—

> "Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flows
> That liquefaction of her clothes,"

finds its prototype in the leafy *frou-frou* of the belles of woodland while they dance the Pan-written numbers played by Maestro Wind. And these dances, to the ear, are as soothing as the forms and colors of the leaves are to the eye. No matter how intricate the musical cadences are, never a leaf fails to keep time to the music, though each different leaf dances very differently the same measures. The poplar, whose motto is always "On with the dance," is so coquettish, original, and graceful in her interpretations of wind-measures that she might be called the Isadora Duncan of Leaf-land. To watch her dance the tempest-fling is to see an arboresque adaptation of the lines,—

> "A health, then, to the happy,
> A fig to him that frets;
> It isn't raining rain to me,
> It's raining violets."

Sometime, perchance, a bosky Beethoven will write a full score of the dances of the leaves, which will include all the symphonies, from the softest lullaby which lulls the wee fledgling in its nest to the wild, tempestuous measures preceding a hurricane.

The Indian of other days, the Indian whose poetic spirit still lives in hundreds of our finest geographical names, doubtless could have told the time of the year quite exactly by his sense of hearing when the winds swept the forest. For the coming-out dances of the tender young leaves are quite different to the ear from the music of the full-grown and hardier ones, or the dry rustle of those about to fall. It is like the difference between a choir of young girls and boys and a choir of men and women. The first leafy music of May might be an easy modulation of the songs the meadow-grasses know. Through June and July the tone grows fuller and stronger, but begins to change in quality with the autumnal changes of the leaves.

For all the leafy accomplishments mentioned did not suffice the great artist of the open. With nonchalant disregard of the well-known Shakespearian warning, she not only dared to paint the lily, but made a brilliant success of the attempt, once more establishing for the feminine world another precedent of change. Beautiful as are the leaves of the maple, oak, and other deciduous trees, she knows another series of enchantments she can cast upon them with the fairy wand of autumn.

Once, twice, thrice, she waves her wand, and the deep green leaves blush rosily at their tips. A fourth, a fifth, and one knows not how many more waves of the wand, and the maple leaves glow crimson, scarlet, and garnet, or turn to molten gold as if touched by the hand of Midas. Again and again, while the world sleeps, the invisible wand is waved, till at last we see the original of Lowell's charming lines:—

> "What mean these banners spread,
> These paths with royal red
> So gaily carpeted?
> Comes there a prince to-day?
> Such footing were too fine
> For feet less argentine
> Than Dian's own or thine,
> Queen whom my tides obey."

But, long after the royal red of the maple carpeting is spread, the waving of Nature's wand continues, for a stronger incantation is needed for the richer aftermath of color which dyes the hardy oak leaves and bleaches those of the birch and beech. One by one the oaks yield to the spell, till their deep hues of scarlet, wine, russet, and umber are woven into a rich woodland tapestry which satisfies the eye more than the gaudier pageant of color made by the maples. Far beyond the outposts of winter the oaks sturdily flaunt their deep warm colors, only companioned and sometimes outstayed by a lonely birch or beech, which even in the teeth of late winter gales doughtily waves its rustling banner of buff or white.

Finally, the last leaf is vanquished, but before the surrender each has bequeathed to the parent stem or stalk that bore it all the stores of nutriment which it has industriously garnered from air, sun, and rain when it perhaps seemed to be idly dancing in the breeze. How great this bequest may be to a tree one may estimate from a computation made by one who attempted the seemingly impossible and counted seven million leaves on an elm. From this leaf surface of about two hundred thousand square feet, or five acres, the surrounding atmosphere received its daily gift of moisture in the form of vapor, and the tree the food which helps it grow.

Another gracious habit of leaves is not revealed until the time of their fall, for which they make a unique preparation, charmingly described by Prof. Geddes:—

"Across the base of the leaf stalk, in a region which is normally firm and tough, there grows inward a partition of soft, juicy cells actively multiplying and expanding into a springy cushion, which either foists the leaf off or makes its attachment so delicate that a gust of wind serves to snap the narrow bridge between the living and the dead. That the scar should have been thus prepared before the operation, is one of the prettiest points of the economy of woodland nature."

Another pretty point in Nature's drama of the leaves—an end of less apparent design—is the capriciously beautiful outline patterns made upon the earth and sidewalks by the fallen leaves, especially by those of deep-cut design, like the pin-oak's and the red oak's. Very reluctantly does one see their sometimes charming arrangement disturbed by ravaging winds or lost in their snowy

Digitized by Google

burial. Yet our hopes are not buried with them, for we know that, when they have become a part of the mould which they enrich, the phœnix spirit of Nature still lives in the heart of the tree, waiting its April call from cloud and sun.

Then, again, the exquisite moving-pictures of leaf-land slowly appeal on the miraculous reel of summer. Purple, russet, and bronze, the new leaf-buds peep forth and doff their little brown night-caps to greet the world in every hue of rose, red, and dainty greens.

And mankind, beholding the coming and going of generation after generation of leaves, becomes Scripturally wise, forgetting those behind to joy in those that are yet to come. For,—

"Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May her May,
Sweet as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born to-day,"

and all that is true of the rose of last year is as true of the leaf that falls to-day and is reincarnated in the spring.

Since this paper was written, the rhythm of Nature's leafy tides and most of the finer music of the world have been drowned out by the savage discords of war, which do not allow the human leaves to mature and fall naturally, but violently wrenches them, while they are still green and vigorous, from the parent tree.

Contoocook, N.H.

The Pulpit.

Reflections on the European War.

BY REV. HENRY GOW.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.—Psalm xlii. 11.

That cry of the Psalmist at a time of great national and personal suffering finds an echo in our hearts. This Psalm is not a song of praise and triumph, but still less is it a mournful dirge or an outpouring of despair. It is the reaction of a religious mind tossed about on a sea of troubles which threaten to overwhelm him.

There is noticeable in this Psalm a certain appeal to rational sobriety and calm religious faith amidst emotions of fear and gloom. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" There is no real reason, so he seems to assert by this questioning, for any such complainings or despair. The eternal distinction between right and wrong, between good and evil remain unchanged. The duties of courage, hope, and love are still paramount. God can give us quietness and confidence amid the sternest trials of life.

In this time of great national strain, when our emotions are so painfully aroused, let us look soberly and steadily at the facts and consider not merely what we should like to feel, but what we ought to feel.

It is not enough to say "Courage, courage," in hope of encouraging ourselves and others. It is not enough to impress upon ourselves the value of courage and to determine that we will go on unflinchingly whatever happens. There is an immense difference between a defensive, negative courage which refuses to give up, and an attacking, buoyant courage which enables us to press forward with confidence.

Let us ask ourselves what reason there is for feeling the great perturbation which so easily threatens to take hold of us.

Restless, anxious, and unhappy we all must be and ought to be when such forces of evil are let loose upon the earth. But there are conditions easily imaginable and quite possible in which we should have been far more restless, anxious, and unhappy. We might at this moment have been standing aside watching the destruction of Belgium and France and making no effort to save them from their fate. Restless, anxious, and unhappy we are as it is, but in that case we should have been far more so. We should have had a haunting sense of disloyalty, we should have felt the contempt and indignation of France and of the civilized world, and we should have known that we deserved it. Thank God that even through blood and tears we are saved from that humiliation and disgrace, that failure to stand by our written bond, that cowardice of considering only our own comfort and peace.

In standing to-day for the sacredness of an international treaty we are standing for something which vitally affects the future peace and welfare of the world. If international treaties are to be torn up and flouted under the excuse of the grim necessity of war, there is no real value in international treaties at all. If they break down when the crisis comes to meet which they were made, it is no use making them.

The hope of peace in the future is that nations shall be able to trust each other's bond. We can hardly expect at present that nations will make promises not to fight with one another or to exact punishment from one another, but we know they have agreed that warfare should be carried on under certain restrictions and that certain little states should be regarded as permanently neutral ground. We are bound on behalf of peace, so far as in us lies, to see that those agreements are maintained. It is only a first step toward larger and more wide-embracing treaties by which war will be made continually more difficult and more improbable.

But if nations disregard this first step, if they think of treaties as binding only so long as their own convenience permits, we are back again in primitive barbarism, when any one may do anything which he thinks of advantage to himself.

It is a great thing to stand for the sacredness of international contract. Civilization can be largely measured by the recognition which men give in their private and public lives to the binding force of contract.

There is no possibility of peace among the nations unless they stand by the written promise which they have willingly accepted.

In the midst of our grave anxieties let us remember with pride and joy that we are resisting with all our strength that worst of international immoralities, the repudiation of a solemn contract, and let us feel that in so doing we are fighting for a principle by which alone any lasting peace among the nations can be gained.

Our present perturbation and emotional misery is due, if we look calmly at it, to three things.

It is due to a feeling of apprehension for ourselves and for our nation; it is due to a deep sympathy with the suffering and misery and loss of life which we know must come; and it is due to a bitter disappointment, a feeling that the beautiful and fragile things of civilization are being destroyed, and that the ideals of social reform, of education, of quiet steady advance in the arts of peace are suddenly checked or overthrown.

Those are three very natural and indeed inevitable feelings for any one who faces facts,—apprehension, sympathy, and disappointment.

So far as apprehension is concerned we need not be ashamed of it, but we have to remember that it may easily degenerate into cowardice. We are right in not being over-confident. That would mean stupid ignorance of the facts. To despise your enemy is more often a prelude to defeat than victory. We are right in recognizing that loss and grave anxiety await us all. We are in dark, deep, dangerous waters, and it cannot be but that we

Digitized by Google

shall suffer much. We shall be tried as by fire, and it shows not courage but carelessness to ignore the fact.

But amidst our grave anxieties we must strengthen ourselves with the quiet conviction that in the circumstances we ought to be just where we are, that we are fulfilling an awful national obligation, and that we are called upon to suffer for the right. We know, with a unanimity which is almost unique in our history, that the nation feels its conscience clear, and it is supported in that conviction by the moral consciousness of the vast mass of civilized opinion. When that is so, conscience does not make cowards of us all: it ought to make heroes of us all.

It does not lead us to ignore the dangers that threaten us or to close our eyes to the loss and misery we shall be called upon to bear. It does not lay to rest our apprehension, but it gives us manly resolution and quiet trust; it tells us that we are fulfilling a great duty, and it bids us be cheerful and strong amid the storms of violence and passion which beat upon us. A conscience clear and strong is a tremendous power in war. "In war," said Napoleon, that great master of strategy, "the moral element and public opinion are half the battle."

Then, secondly, our sympathy at this time is like a raw wound, excited, inflamed, and painful. Let us look at this emotion with a certain detachment of sober reasoning. It may be that through our thrilling, painful sympathy at this time we may learn more sympathy for the suffering of the poor and sick which is always going on even in times of perfect peace. Like King Lear in the thunderstorm, we may come to a fuller recognition of the troubles and the woes of the world:—

> "O, I have ta'en
> Too little care of this!—Take physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel."

There is always an enormous amount of unmerited and unnecessary suffering in obscure places. We try to relieve it to some extent without much sense of urgency and without any deep horror in our hearts.

But now in the presence of battle our emotions awake; we are well-nigh overwhelmed by the intensity of our sympathy, and we rush to help by some means and in some way, often without knowing what to do. Let us be glad that our sympathy is aroused at last. But let us remember that the suffering which now appeals to us is suffering incurred open-eyed and with intention, for a righteous cause, that in a sense it is necessary and noble; and let us try to keep that sympathy alive and strong not only now, but in the happier, brighter days of peace to come, for the removal of burdens that need not be borne and of suffering which is altogether unnecessary and wrong.

There are many more individuals suffering to-day than were suffering a month ago; but no particular man, woman, or child is suffering more than countless individual men, women, and children were suffering in England before the war. The present additional suffering is produced by what we believe to be inevitable obligations calling on us to endure them for the right. The past sufferings of the poor and the oppressed in times of peace were not inevitable and were not produced by righteous action on the part of the nation. They were due to a great extent to our folly, our ignorance, and our sellishness. In this tremendous outburst of sympathy for the new and necessary suffering, may we hope that a deeper sympathy will awake and endure throughout the coming years among us for the unnecessary suffering of great masses of our fellow-countrymen?

Then, thirdly, we are many of us bitterly disappointed by the irruption of this reign of violence and bloodshed. We had hoped that such wars were impossible. The quiet development of civilization is checked, art and science and all the ideals of the reformers are rudely overthrown. We stand amazed and horrified in a strange and terrible world. Let us remember the words of Jesus, "Offences must needs come, but woe be to the man through whom they come." Let us remember that God still rules, that his law of righteousness and justice still bears sway, and that out of evil he still finds means of good.

We shall awake into a new world after this great war is past. No one can foretell what that world will be. I do not think it will be a baser, more ignoble world than we were living in before the war. In some ways for all of us life will be poorer and more sad, but in some ways the world will be wiser, more unselfish, and more sincere. We shall be possessed by a determined, passionate hatred of war. We shall not be content to express vague peace sentiments and to talk hopefully about peace, closing our eyes all the time to the preparations and deeds of nations which make all our eloquent talk about peace of no more value than a soap-bubble. We shall recognize that if peace is to come it must be worked for and fought for with all the courage and determination and wisdom we possess. We shall have been in contact with the sternest and most awful facts of life, and we shall no longer be content with mere talk and sentiment.

We and all the civilized nations of the earth shall have learnt a lesson which we pray God we shall never forget.

We may well hope and believe that a greater, nobler civilization will begin out of the bitter experiences through which we have to pass, with more effective sympathy for suffering, more definite ideals, more practical capacity, more determined resolution to face evil and to destroy it by deeds not words.

There is no cause for discouragement or disappointment or fear. Our soul need not be cast down within us, as if the world were delivered over entirely into the hands of violence and brutality. In the darkest hours of individual or national life, the light of God's presence can be most deeply felt. We can become, we ought to become, more religious, more Christ-like men and women through the trials we are called upon to bear. Remember Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior":—

> "Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
> And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain; . . .
> Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
> Of their bad influence, and their good receives: . . .
> Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
> Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
> Plays, in the many games of life, that one
> Where what he most doth value must be won: . . .
> Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
> And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
> His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
> This is the happy Warrior; this is He
> That every Man in arms should wish to be."

Roslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, England.

Prayer.

O Lord, our God, who rulest over the nations and in whose hand are the destinies of the people: we earnestly pray thee, at this time, so to direct us that we may choose and establish in authority over us the men whom thou approvest and who will serve the State with disinterested zeal and unfailing courage. Suffer not thy people to be embittered against each other in partisan strife. O Lord, who lovest truth, deliver us from the false and slanderous tongue, from the selfish designs of evil men, from bribery, corruption, and an inordinate love of power. Dispose thy people to sincerity, and grant that they may unitedly seek good government and just laws, and a righteous administration of the same, to the praise of thy great name. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

Petersham.

BY RALPH FISKE.

Here, where the peace of the Creator lies,
Far from the busy mart's incessant hum,
Where mountains in their lonely grandeur rise,
Waiting unmoved the ages yet to come,
Thou dwellest under broad and tranquil skies,
A green oasis with unfailing springs,
The undisturbèd home of restful things.

Here, with the morn, when day is blithely breaking,
And from the East a hemisphere of light
Rolls westward o'er a world refreshed, awaking
From the embrace of slumber and of night,
Sweet comes the bonny bluebird's joyous greeting,
While strutting Chanticleer, with tuneful throat,
Heralds the day in shrill, exultant note.

At sunset through the woods I take my way,
Threading the mazy walks and avenues,
While from the crimson west some lingering ray
Falls on my path, and Memory's shrine endues
With dreamy incense of a bygone day,
And in the thronging multitude of sylvan voices
Sweet summer music tells us how the wood rejoices.

Ah! can this be the Paradise? or yet
Bright El Dorado, or Arcadia, where
Glad fairies revel when the sun hath set,
And songs of birds forever fill the air?
Where nymph or dryad, with soft eyes of jet,
Lures the late wanderer to his final rest,
And charms his life out on her faithless breast?

O thou most dear and venerated spot,
I love thee for that thou art still as when
In happy hours—unclouded then my lot—
I lay within thy fern-enshrouded glen
And felt thy loving presence. Not again
With prayers or tears may vanished hours be bought.
So be it, then, and here on thy green breast,
When life is done, grant me a spot to rest.

Some Vagrant Thoughts.

BY MILTON REED.

II.

Ah, swiftly the gorgeous summer has gone. It has left a trail of light behind. It was niggard of warmth and sunshine. One New Yorker engaged a boat and skipper for the month of August for his beloved pastime of deep-sea fishing. He was here for the month; he paid for boat and skipper; he had about five days of clear weather for his sport; he went away disgusted. But, if he had waited until now, he would have had enough of silver-sweet days. September has tricked herself out in borrowed midsummer heat. So far, its sunny face has not been storm-beaten. Little of fog and mist has stained the billowy, translucent waves of sunshine. The sunsets have been a painted screen of chasing colors.

The eternal note of sadness has been let in. The drums and trampings of the embattled hosts of Europe are far away, but they reverberate in our inner selves. While Europe is reeling in this awful agony; while her soil is soaked with the blood of her youth; while butchery, outrage, pillage, submarine mines, and aerial messengers of death have riven into shreds what we complacently have called "civilization,"—we, absent and isolated, have supped full of horrors. Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud? Are Scythian, Teuton, Hun, Sach, Frank, Magyar, Czech, and Slav only veneered with civilization? Is the human heart, in its profound depths, as barbarous in these descendants of wild, migratory tribes as in their remote forbears? Is moral culture a sham, religion a myth, peace a bubble?

Shall we, then, curse God and die? No; healing will come from the costly sacrifice. Probably our age of shams and soft words, of greed and hypocrisy, of catchwords and mimic statesmanship, of partisan insincerity and sugary subterfuges, needed this rude shock,—one costly, terrible lesson of the futility of war, of its unspeakable wickedness and abhorrent selfishness.

The lurid tragedy has its luminous side of unselfishness. The boy who flings his life away at the bidding of his war lord is animated by a noble if misapplied loyalty. He heeds the call of his country, is bowled to death as a victim to kingcraft, dies with a sense of a high duty well performed.

The world needs something larger than a mere tribal patriotism. When the toll is taken; when the ghastly wreckage of life, limb, and costly treasure is accounted for; when proud emperors face their outraged peoples,—then will come the reaction. The world is going through a fiery purgation. Somehow, sometime, a broader philanthropy, a finer ethical sense, a deeper vision of human brotherhood, will succeed to the moral anarchy of the times.

So the shadow of the hideous tragedy of the European war grips every thought and act. We are our brother's keeper. If Europe bleeds, we suffer.

Let me quote once more from Emerson. His poems are an inexhaustible quarry for quotations when one discusses moral problems or great generalizations. One of his great little poems, strangely entitled "The Park," is a compression of mighty thoughts, a distillation of eternal truths. Possibly it may be applied to the fancied immunity of the United States in these days of storm and stress. I will cite but two stanzas:—

"The prosperous and beautiful
To me seem not to wear
The yoke of conscience masterful,
Which galls me everywhere.

. . . . . .

"Yet spake yon purple mountain,
Yet said yon ancient wood,
That night or day, that love or crime
Lead all souls to the Good."

No purple mountain or ancient wood is near me. The great dome of the placid sky, the inspiring sea, with its murmurs and scents, are my monitory neighbors.

In these autumnal days, brimming with light; at this time of the circling year, when the fattened harvest is gathered for the food of man, when the air is a cordial, when the wild grape emits its aromatic bouquet, when the season leaps and bounds with the vigor of health and heightened energy,—we, dwellers in fortunate America, cannot elude "the yoke of conscience masterful."

Above the pettiness of our politics, the mush of words, the bubbling froth of artificial issues, and behind all the delusive contrivances to dupe the voters by empty phrases and meaningless platitudes (and this criticism applies largely to all parties), arises the demands of men for justice. Not always will the plain man be cajoled. He will come to his own.

Probably the hideous happenings of our day will educate the race into a higher conception of what justice really means. We do not know why life feeds on other life, why pain and suffering should be the dominant factor in progress. Our spiritual vision is dim. But if there is no moral interpretation of the sanguinary drama, then we live in a universe devoid of moral meaning. This we shall not admit. We live in a universe swathed in divine love. At present there may seem to be a thaw and ooze of ethical standards. Not so. The moral law is not suspended. The world is being educated on the rough hone of painful experience. A higher civilization will follow.

Meredith sang,—

"We saw through mould the rose unfold,
The soul through blood and tears."

Westport Point, Mass.

Literature.

The Book of Athletics. By Paul Withington. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50—This is a collection of articles written by players, captains, coaches, and trainers of many college teams, and by others who have had a wide experience in athletics. It is designed to give a certain knowledge and insight into the players' point of view. A similar book, or the first edition of this one, was issued nearly twenty years ago, edited then by Norman W. Bingham, Jr., and one or two articles from that book are included here. This is somewhat more specialized, naturally. For instance, more space is given to football, on which there are articles not only on the game in general, but on each position and on the important features of the game. There are more articles with an historical or a psychological interest. The writers are all experts in their lines. Paul Withington, the editor, is a well-known athlete, who places the emphasis one would expect on clean living, fair play, and moderation in all things. What the book means to students of athletics and enthusiasts is guaranteed by the character of the writers. For the rest we need only say that it is interesting to the man in the seats, who knows little about sport from actual participation, but believes in college athletics, only wishing that their advantages were more generally appreciated by those who might make them serviceable and enjoyable, even though they could not shine as stars.

Little Women Letters. From the House of Alcott. By Jessie Bonstelle and Marian De Forest. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.—The interest in the Alcott family and in still available material for further pictures of their home life was made evident by the dramatization of *Little Women*, and is now still further gratified by the publication of these chapters. Here are family records and letters, grave and gay, but always loving. Anna at five years old writes to her mother: "I have to go away by myself and cry because I want to see you so much. . . . You have a splendid husband." She was six years old when she wrote: "I am very glad my birthday is so near, for as I grow older I hope I shall grow better and more useful to you. I hope soon we shall be settled down in some comfortable little home of our own," etc. A little later she writes: "Was not Heraclitus that father read about to-day a dear good man. . . . I wish men had understood his thoughts better than they did. He would have been happier, I think." The later life of the four girls carried out the

Digitized by Google

ideals of their childhood, and the letters that are given reflect the spirit that is already accepted as characteristic.

The Boy Electrician. By Alfred P. Morgan. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $2.—Mr. Morgan believes, what there is every reason for believing, that a boy wants to do things himself, not play with the things perfected by others. As a stimulant to the imagination of young experimenters and an encouragement to them to exercise their own inventiveness, such books as this have a distinct purpose and value. It is dedicated to "our future engineers and scientists, than whom none in the whole world are better able to work out and solve the problems that ever confront young manhood." The writer describes here apparatus and experiments that have been made and carried on by boys, considering the matter wholly from the boy's point of view, and indicating what he can do with tools and materials in his possession or not hard to obtain. It assumes an interest in science, but the beginnings are made so feasible that a very moderate interest would suffice at first, and it would surely be developed naturally.

The Lure of the Camera. By Charles S. Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3 net.—These chapters describe and illustrate rambles, not journeys, and they represent excursions into many different parts of the earth chosen by lucky chance, perhaps, taking the reader always where there has been something worth seeing and talking about. The country of Wordsworth and of Mrs. Humphry Ward, a tour of the Italian lakes, happy corners of New England, interesting for historical, literary, and sometimes romantic associations, a day with John Burroughs in the Catskills, glimpses of the Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon,—all these lend themselves to the purposes of the narrator as of the illustrator; and the lure of the camera justifies its temptations. The writer has a bright, anecdotal manner of narration, the book is handsomely printed, and the pictures are interesting.

Grannis of the Fifth. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—Mr. Pier's boys' books rank high, and are good reading for more reasons than one. They are interesting and well written. He presents no fixed, hard-and-fast types when he groups his boys of preparatory school age, but shows them as men in the making, impressionable, quick to respond to the right kind of appeal, eager for life, natural. The athletic side of modern education has properly its place in the story of life at St. Timothy's, but it is not overemphasized, nor is Grannis's record by any means a tale of uninterrupted or even exceptional successes. Grannis is the kind of boy we want our boys to be, the kind many of them are.

Self Training for Motherhood. By Sophia Lovejoy. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.—The first conviction that must sink deep into the heart of the mother is that what she wishes her children to become she must herself first try to be. Nothing less than absolute sincerity will serve here. The training of the body, the senses, and the mind must be on long lines, based on a comprehension of what life now demands from those who mean to be satisfied with no poor ideals. The writer of this book makes this evident, yet she makes her chapters concrete and practical. The chapter on "Discipline of the Child," for instance, is helpfully suggestive. The entire book is written out of actual experience, shaped by conscientious, intelligent endeavor.

The Seen and the Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon. A Fantasy by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1 net.—Mr. Howells is always delightful when he mingles fact and fancy, reminiscence and present-day reflections, ancient traditions and actual experience. What Shakespeare and Bacon might have said and done, revisiting the glimpses of Stratford to-day, blends with Mr. Howells's own thoughts and feelings concerning them and the sum of their accomplishment. In the present Stratford, Shakespeare is his townsmen's stock in trade, "their livelihood, their job," and the kindly shade finds that not so bad either. This is a fantasy, but it is not fanciful; it is based on sound common sense, quick perception, and honest appreciation.

The Third Strike. By Leslie W. Quirk. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.20 net.—The third volume of the Wellworth College Series does not fall behind the others in quick action and its number of exciting incidents. Athletics, personal rivalries and competitions, and the interest that inheres in the unexpected development of character and aims, all make good material for books for boys, and Mr. Quirk has taken advantage of these, adding a lively style of narration. Baseball is the main sport here, and an exciting game furnishes the climax of the book.

Songs of Sixpence. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—Miss Brown's merry rhymes sing themselves into the memory just as some of her quaint fancies displace the serious thoughts one ought to be considering. It is no wonder that she is a favorite with children whether she writes tales or verses, for their charm is unforced, their point evident, and their form attractive.

Magazines.

The October *St. Nicholas* is to publish Walter Johnson's own story of his life. Walter Johnson, being a modest chap, has told the story of how he rose from an obscure Western club to his present rank as the world's greatest pitcher to Billy Evans, umpire in the American League; and Billy Evans has written these experiences of a "speed-king" for the boys who read *St. Nicholas*. In the same number Parke H. Davis will talk about "Tactics and Tacticians of the Gridiron." Katherine Dunlap Cather has written for the October *St. Nicholas* an account of the girlhood of Rosa Bonheur, under the title of "The Tomboy of Bordeaux." The illustrations are by Maurice Lincoln Bower, whose illustrations for another *St. Nicholas* story recently took first prize, as a collection, in a Philadelphia exhibition.

Miscellaneous.

An entirely new idea is carried out in a series of books for small children, sent out by Henry Holt & Co. The Pogany Toy Books, as the series is called, have substantial board backs, but instead of opening in the ordinary fashion they unfold in a fashion that enables a child to spread them out on table or floor. He can follow the story in prose in regular book form, if he chooses, or, turning the book over, he finds the full-page pictures in color and a running narrative of the same tale told in easy verse. The books are made of strong linen and are attractively printed. They include the stories of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Hiawatha*, *Red Riding Hood*, *The Three Bears*, and *The Children at the Pole*, and are sold for fifty cents each.

Thornton W. Burgess has made his name familiar to all little folks who are fond of animal stories, provided the tales are always interesting, sometimes funny, and never pathetic; provided also that they really are stories, and not lessons in thin disguise. *Old Mother West Wind*, first of this attractive series, quite deserves the new illustrated edition in which Little, Brown & Co. have endowed it with full-page color pictures by George F. Kerr. In this book Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, Jerry Muskrat, and the others made their first appearance, and, as that first volume has had good wear and become delightfully disreputable in appearance since then, it is quite time for the new edition to take its place in the juvenile bookcase.

The Spiritual Message of Literature, by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie, is a manual of comparative literature with topical outlines and lists of useful books for school, college, and private study. The writer sets forth the need of listening both to racial and to individual solutions of the problems of destiny if we are to understand the greatest messages given to humanity. The message of the Hindus, for instance, is manifold, including the thought of generosity, moral desert, spiritual culture, and compassion. The Mohammedans emphasize resignation to the will of God. The Chino-Japanese world message is one of moderation, duty, and fidelity to the family as the social unit. The Egyptians were possessed by the idea of judgment, and taught the world immortality. What is represented to us by the phrase "intellectual culture" appears for the first time among the Assyrio-Babylonians, who wrote myths about creation, and taught "communion with the Divinity" such as is expressed in the Hebrew Psalms. Continuing this line of thought, Dr. Guthrie seeks from each race and nation its characteristic message, combining with his international quest a presentation of sufficient details about dramas, legends, and racial contributions to enable the general reader to understand something of their power and significance. It includes lists of books for systematic reading in literature and in religion. It is published by The Comparative Literature Press, 182 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Sun and the Small Boy.

September sun is shining and shining in our yard;
Upon a Small Boy's worsted back he's shining very hard.
He little thinks, this mighty Sun, to his far distant track,
How very, very (very, very) warm he makes a Small Boy's worsted back.

—*Little Folks*

Rohyab, the Peasant.

In the wide and fertile Valley of Plenty, which was a part of the kingdom of Banlad, there dwelt a young peasant by the name of Rohyab. He was a bright, intelligent youth, who worked very hard and barely gained enough upon which to live, for he only had a tiny garden and a wee hut. He had no relatives save a rich old ninth cousin, six degrees removed, who was too proud and haughty to recognize the existence of his hard-working young kinsman. So Rohyab toiled on alone with only one dependant,—a miserable, retired old street-car horse that he called John Henry. When a street-car horse is old enough to retire from work, you may be sure that he is very ancient; and John Henry had the air of a great-grandfather

Rohyab had found him wandering in the valley one night, and had made him a tiny stable in one corner of his garden, where the poor old beast passed his days in peace. Rohyab loved this old pet of his; and, when he went to town to buy two loaves of bread, he divided the money when he got there, and bought only a single loaf, investing the rest in oats for John Henry's benefit. Those were rare old days for the steed. It happened that on one occasion, as Rohyab went into the town near by, which was the capital of Banlad, he found a great crowd in the market-place. Drawing near to the gathering, he saw a royal herald standing in the centre, reading a proclamation of the king.

"What is it?" asked Rohyab of a man who was standing by.

"The Prime Minister, who was sent on an embassy to Tobo six years ago, has not yet returned," answered the man; "and His Majesty, King Pera, has decided that he is either lost or dead; so he is to choose a new Prime Minister. According to the court astrologer, the new man must possess something that no man else in the kingdom has; and the proclamation orders all candidates to be at the palace gate to-morrow morning to be examined."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Rohyab. "I think I'll try."

"I'm going to," rejoined the man. "I don't believe there's anybody in the kingdom with a memory like mine."

Rohyab set out for home, thinking of the idea, which pleased him mightily. "I can't do more than fail," he thought; "and, anyway, I'll get my name in the papers as a candidate."

This so amused him that he laughed heartily, and just as he reached the gate he gave another roar of merriment, which so frightened a horse passing at the moment that he threw his rider and ran away. Rohyab went forward to pick the fallen horseman up, and saw it was his rich old ninth cousin, six degrees removed. But the ninth cousin was still too proud and haughty to recognize Rohyab as a relative, though he spoke to him.

"You did this," cried the ninth cousin, angrily, "and I'll get even. You have a horse here, and I will take him in place of the one you frightened and caused to run away." And he went up to John Henry, who stood near by with his head over the fence.

Now Rohyab did not want to be cross to a relative, but he cared a great deal more for John Henry than he did for his ninth cousin, so he made some objection.

"No, you don't," retorted his unpleasant kinsman. "Beware lest you touch me; I am armed." And he led the poor old horse up the road, while Rohyab sat down to think over the matter and decide just what to do.

At length Rohyab came to the conclusion that it would be best to wait a while and do nothing, for the ninth cousin was a very powerful man in the kingdom, and might make things very unpleasant for the youth. Rohyab also firmly decided to go to the palace the next morning, and apply for the vacant post of Prime Minister.

So, bright and early, Rohyab joined the multitude that climbed the hill to the king's palace the next morning. He waited patiently for his turn to come, while one man after another went in smiling and came out frowning, for none were suitable for the high position.

One man said he had the largest diamond in the world; but the court astrologer, upon consulting his book, found that in every city known there was a man who claimed to have the same thing, so he was rejected. Rohyab's friend of the market-place with the wonderful memory was asked what happened sixty-three years ago that day.

"I—I don't know," faltered the would-be Prime Minister.

"Well, I do," spoke up the court jester. "I was born that day; and if I remember what you don't, it proves that your memory is not the best." So the memory man, too, was sent forth discomfited.

So the examination went on all day, until it came Rohyab's turn to be examined. He walked bravely in and stood before the king and his council. The wise and grave men smiled at the youth of Rohyab, for no one so young as he had ventured to appear, and the reporter of the *Court Journal* made a note of the "country stripling" for use in the next day's paper.

"Well," said the astrologer, who conducted the examination, "what do you possess that no one else does?"

"The name of Rohyab," was the answer, "and a retired car horse by the name of John Henry."

The astrologer consulted his book, and found that there was no other such name in all the kingdom, nor was there any duplicate of such a horse.

"Where is your horse?" asked the First Lord of the Croquet Ground, who did not think much of such a young Prime Minister.

Rohyab hesitated a moment. He reflected that in the eyes of the law he might not possess him at all when his cousin had seized him; but John Henry, nevertheless, belonged to him by right. So he replied, "I'll fetch him around to-morrow."

This witty answer pleased the king so much that he roared with laughter; and the court jester turned pale with envy, for he hadn't pleased the monarch so in years.

"None other shall be Prime Minister," announced the king. "Give him the keys of the royal treasury, and order the court artist at once to paint his portrait. Rohyab is the man for me."

Then Rohyab was invested with the robes of state; and the multitude outside the gates were informed of the decision, which pleased them all greatly, for the young peasant had been very popular. Only the ninth cousin, six degrees removed, was at all disappointed; and he fairly rattled with terror at the name. His unrecognized relative would be more powerful than he, and the rich old man feared the revenge of Rohyab.

The first thing the new Prime Minister did was to send a body-guard to seize John Henry, and lodge him in the royal stables, where on the next day he was shown to the malicious First Lord of the Croquet Ground.

That evening the king and Prime Minister supped together; and, when pickled butterflies were served as the final course, the king remarked:—

"Rohyab, my dear boy, there is a very important matter of state you will have to attend to at once. The princess must marry; and, according to the law of the realm, you must find a husband. You must find a young man according to the law, not over twenty-eight, good-looking, and occupying a high position; and, when you have found him, you must set the wedding-day, and let the unknown young man appear at the church door. If any one discovers who it is before then, the penalty is death."

Rohyab trembled at the perils that his new position brought, and then he smiled gladly, for the princess entered.

It is impossible to describe her beauty. Sixty-seven poet laureates and a whole army of minor writers failed in the attempt.

"Daughter," said the king, "this is the new Prime Minister, and he is going to choose a husband for you." The princess gave Rohyab her hand in such a grateful manner that he had but a single thought, and that was of her. They sat and talked for some time; and when the princess rose to go, Rohyab escorted her to the *portière*.

"Good-night," she said sweetly; "I'm sure you can pick me out a nice husband." When she was gone, Rohyab was silent so long that the king wanted to know whether he was guessing riddles with himself or was only sleepy.

The next day Rohyab held a reception, and, on account of John Henry, he was as gracious to the car-drivers who called as to the highest and mightiest baron. He was even glad to see his ninth cousin, and suggested kindly that he might consider himself a seventh cousin, only three degrees removed, if he so desired.

After this Rohyab plunged into affairs of state, and set about arranging the marriage of the princess. At the end of a fortnight he told the king that he had found a desirable young man, and that the marriage would take place on the following Wednesday. So the king made a proclamation to that effect.

"Do tell me what he looks like," sighed the princess, when Rohyab told her the news; but, being afraid of his life, he dared not speak, and simply smiled, which she interpreted to suit herself, and was greatly comforted.

Everybody in the kingdom was wild to know who the chosen young man was, and the great church and all the avenues leading to it were crowded when the day arrived. There

Digitized by Google

was a truly magnificent procession, at the head of which rode the king and princess.

Rohyab followed first on horseback, after which came a closed carriage, drawn by eighteen horses, with John Henry, beautifully caparisoned, leading. The people whispered that the carriage contained the happy bridegroom; but no one got so much as a look at the color of his clothes. When the procession reached the church the king and princess stepped out, and then all the bridesmaids formed in line on either side of the door, and Rohyab alighted from his horse. Then everybody stood on tiptoe to see who should get out of the closed carriage.

"Where's the bridgeroom?" asked the king, as Rohyab reached his side; and the princess blushed prettily.

"I am," returned Rohyab. "I fulfil the terms of the law in every way, so I chose myself."

Then the people cheered, the organ pealed forth, and Rohyab offered the princess his arm.

"I knew it would be you," whispered the princess, as they walked up the aisle. "At least, I hoped so."

When the wedding procession came out again, and Prince Prime Minister Rohyab and the princess marched to what had been the closed carriage, but which had been converted into a beautiful open chariot, another procession was seen coming up the street.

"Hullo," cried the king, "what's this?" Presently the former Prime Minister, who had been on the long embassy, was seen riding at the head.

"Goodness me!" cried the perplexed monarch; "what shall I do?"

"I'll resign my office," whispered Rohyab. "I've all I want."

The princess nodded assent, so, when the old Prime Minister, covered with glory and honor, came up, the situation and also Rohyab's suggestion was explained to him. Whereupon the old man grasped Rohyab's hand, and cried,—

"You're the right man in every way."

All the people of Banlad were nearly crazy with joy and excitement. There was a magnificent feast at the palace; but before Rohyab sat down to it he wrote his resignation, and the old Prime Minister was reinstated in his place.

There is a very happy kingdom in the Valley of Plenty now; and near a big castle, where Rohyab and the princess live, there is a special marble stable and a whole pasture-lot devoted to the use of John Henry.—*The Independent.*

Clever Parrots.

Charlie has a great fondness for the paste of which pie-crust is made; and, this being known, he was often treated to a piece. He naturally looked for this; and, when forgotten, he would invite himself to have some, in the form of words which had often doubtless been used by his mistress. He would say: "Charlie, do you like paste? Will you have a bit?" This would be said in the voice of his mistress or her daughter. He would then add, in quite a changed tone, "Oh, rather!"

I am inclined to fancy that parrots learn and perhaps understand phrases relating to eating and drinking almost sooner than any others. One of my feathered acquaintances was in the habit of inviting visitors to take refreshment. "Won't you have a cup of tea? Do have a cup of tea," she would say; and sometimes it was really awkward, as almost compelling the mistress to extend her hospitality to visitors for whom such an invitation had not previously been intended.

This bird was also fond of saying "Good-by!" and never said it at the wrong time. When the visitor was about to depart, he or she would be startled by a voice from a personage hitherto unseen, saying, "Well, good-by! good-by!" If that parrot did not know that this was the proper thing to say, and that this was the proper time for saying it, I am no judge of parrots.

This bird had been taught to count up to six, but she could rarely say the numbers all in order. She often missed one,—not the same figure, however: three, four, five, were, but only one at a time, her usual omissions. She was always conscious that she had made a mistake, and, on "skipping" a figure, would give a shrill, comical whistle and begin again. Some kind of thought and calculation must have passed through her mind during this performance.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Not Quite.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

He hastened to rise with the breakfast bell,
But his hair and his necktie weren't much awry.
'Twas only a mite the omelet fell,
And the griddle cakes weren't very cold and dry.

He nearly reached school at the second tap,
And his history won him a passable C.
He lost his promotion by but a scrap
So small that he didn't see how it could be.

He only omitted one little "not"
In his theme on the Panama coastwise tolls;
In making assessments, he just forgot
The accurate number of taxable polls.

Evening.

"I really must work and make up for play,
For to-morrow is algebra—oh, my head!
Ha! what's this new novelette? Out to-day!"
Well, he almost remembered to go to bed.

A Family of Studio Cats.

When posing for my portrait recently in a Chicago studio, I was surprised when a soft, round ball dropped into my lap and settled down comfortably, proving to be a pretty kitten.

"Little Bit is one of the third generation of gray and white studio cats," said the photographer, "and thinks she must pose when any one else does, so, just to encourage her and keep her in training, suppose we snap her with you, just like that," and before I was quite sure whether I wanted it, Little Bit and I had been "taken," and she jumped quietly down and curled up in a sunny corner, just like any ordinary little cat.

The photographer then told me the story.

Little Bit's grandmother Lizzie, a stray cat, was first taken to the studio with one of her children. She was taught to pose, especially on top of the camera, to the great delight of children. When Lizzie took her business-like position as if to take their pictures, the expression on the children's faces was charming. Lizzie's children and grandchildren were taught this and many other tricks.

"Was it difficult to train them?" I asked.

"Not at all. We trained Lizzie first of all to jump to the newel post. Then we gave her to understand that the top of the camera would be an equally advantageous perch. Finally, when we would say, 'Lizzie, take baby's picture,' she would spring to the camera top and assume such a look of business that every child was fascinated. Then we would say, 'Look, Baby, Kitty is going to take your picture,' and the result was always pleasing.

"One of these studio mother cats adopted a rabbit and a puppy, and woe to other cats, dogs, or humans who dare molest these children when they snuggled up to their adopted mother for their naps! They, too, inherit an ability to pose, as shown in their picture."—*Lida Keck Wiggins, in Our Dumb Animals.*

Bravely Done.

Once on a Belgian railway a period of extreme cold so affected a switch-bar that when the switchman attempted to move it it broke in two. The accident prevented the switching apparatus from working.

Two passenger trains were approaching, and the switchman saw instantly that if the switch was not turned a dreadful collision would be the result.

There was but one thing for him to do: he must push the movable rail into place with his hands. This involved getting between the two tracks upon which the trains must pass. He decided what to do without hesitating a second.

Throwing himself flat on the ground between the two tracks, the switchman moved the rail to its place with his hands, and then drew them back just in time to escape the wheels of the locomotive.

He had a narrow escape, too, from being thrown upon the other track by the rush of air caused by the rapidly moving train.

He escaped, however; and the passengers whose lives his bravery and presence of mind had saved did not even know that they had been in danger.—*Selected.*

One day, when Gladys was eating dinner at a neighbor's, some horse-radish was passed to her. To her question, "What's that?" the answer was, "Something to make little girls ask questions." When she had tasted it, the tears filled her eyes, and she said, "It can make them ask questions, but they can't eat it."—*American Mother.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Bliss, Maro S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Regret.

O that word Regret!
There have been nights and morns when we have sighed,
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes;
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.

We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over: sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilise this world,
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they *might* forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But oh! this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

A Recent Congress of Religions in China.

BY CHAS. W. WENDTE, D.D.

One of the most remarkable figures in the missionary world to-day is Rev. Gilbert Reid, D.D., director of the International Institute of China, at Shanghai. Dr. Reid has been a missionary in China for some thirty years, at first connected with the American Presbyterian body, but more recently, as founder and head of the institution referred to, he has acted independently of denominational control, while still loyal to the church of his earlier years.

The outcome of his many years of missionary experience was the conviction that the current endeavors to Christianize China, by the gradual individual conversion of its six hundred million inhabitants, and by substituting some one of the existing forms of Western Christianity for the long-established and powerful native religions of that country, were tasks beyond the resources and ability of the Christian world. However meritorious in itself, this Christian propaganda needed to be supplemented by other methods based on an enlightened study and better appreciation of the existing and indigenous faiths of China, an endeavor to find points of similarity and harmony with the Christian religion rather than of disagreements with it, and a readiness to have Christianity permeate and perfect these ancient non-Christian religions rather than to demand that the latter be utterly rejected and Christian dogmas and modes of worship in their Western form be humbly accepted in their stead.

Inspired by these ideas, Dr. Reid for two years past has held local conferences or congresses of the great ethnic religions and philosophies of China—Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, Mohammedanism, etc.—in his Institute in Shanghai. At these meetings representatives of these great faiths have explained their tenets and aims, while Dr. Reid, as chairman, has pointed out their correspondence and likenesses with each other and with Christianity. These meetings have been largely attended, not only by adherents of the religions referred to, but by many in the foreign community at Shanghai, including a dozen or more varieties of Christians. Their net result has been to increase mutual tolerance and good will, and deepen the consciousness of the universality and unity of religion itself amid great diversities of belief and worship.

For some time past Dr. Reid has cherished the idea of establishing in connection with his International Institute, on whose board of control some twenty-two different foreign nationalities as well as influential Chinese are represented, an interreligious feature, a school of comparative religion and ethics, which should study and deal justly with the great Oriental systems of thought and faith as well as with Christianity. The aim in view was to increase religious harmony and good will, and so to promote also the social and political welfare of China and the growth of better relations between the East and the West. True Christianity, Dr. Reid is assured, could only gain by such a method, at once intellectual and scientific, moral and spiritual. While the missionaries in China have not generally looked with favor on his endeavors, yet he has found among them men of large views and a tolerant spirit willing to countenance and even to aid his endeavors.

Recently Dr. Reid has taken a step in advance. Visiting Peking in order to confer with the new Chinese government and secure from it a confirmation of the charter and gifts granted his Institute by the previous Manchu administration, he spent three months at the capital. On all sides he was received with the greatest consideration. The President of the republic granted him an audience, and the Vice-President three interviews. He visited some sixty officials of high rank The new charter was granted. $35,000 was appropriated toward the new building the Institute is to erect for an international museum in which Eastern and Western products are to be on exhibition. The twenty or more foreign legations in Peking promised their co-operation. Dr. Reid was made to feel the high esteem with which he is regarded as the "friend of China."

One of the most interesting features of his visit was the calling of a congress of religions in Peking, similar to those held in Shanghai, to promote concord between the various religions of China. As Dr. Reid declares:—

"Unless persistent, intelligent, and courteous efforts are put forth to maintain cordial relations between nations, there is always a danger of war between them. In the same way, unless efforts are put forth to maintain cordial relations between religions, there is always a danger of religious wars or persecutions."

We quote from a report of the recent conference:—

"On arrival in Peking at the end of May, Dr. Reid found himself cordially welcomed by the official leaders of the different religions. He was invited by two Confucian associations to address them, the one's subject being "A Westerner's Appreciation of Confucianism," and the other's "How Confucianism may be of Help to China." He was also invited to address a society of bright young men which is devoted to a study of economical questions. From the Christian side Dr. Reid was also invited to address the Chinese Y. M. C. A. and to preach twice in one of the churches. He met personally the leading mollah of the oldest and largest mosque in Peking, and other Mohammedans, the abbots of the largest Taoist temple, the priests of three Buddhist temples, the Roman Catholic bishop, and a Chinese priest in the Russian Church.

"The next step was for Dr. Reid to plan a meeting for promoting concord between adherents of the different religions. He first consulted with the Vice-President, General Li Yuan-hung, and then with the Ministry of Interior, as to the most suitable place. The latter arranged for the use of the large Hukuang Guild House. Persons of each religious faith were invited to give a short speech of not more than ten minutes each.

"The meeting took place on Sunday, July 19. The day was rainy and the streets were muddy, but over three hundred assembled to hear speak the representatives of seven religions. It was the first meeting of the kind ever held in Peking, and probably the most successful of any held anywhere in China. On the platform sat upwards of thirty persons from the different faiths, the Moslem and the Taoist, the Buddhist monk and the President's deputy, the Living Buddha and the Protestant pastor of the London Mission, sitting side by side.

"Dr. Reid, as host, presided and kept the unusual company from stirring up bad blood or speaking over time. He first explained just what was meant by such a conference like those held in Shanghai for the last four years. He said that it was not intended to try to unite all religions in one universal religion, but merely to promote feelings of concord and the spirit of unity. He went on to explain that when a religion is touched upon there is produced rivalry and discord, but when the truth which lies beneath all religions is made prominent, then men draw near to each other. It is well to study the points of agreement and recognize that even where there is difference, friendly feelings may exist.

"The different speakers were invited to speak to the text of religious concord from different points of view. The President's representative referred to the need of virtue in national prosperity. The deputy of the military governor spoke of the importance of such a conference for the good of the nation. Then came a Parsee speaker and two speakers of Confucianism—one an ex-literary chancellor in the old government, and the other the general who led the troops to capture Nanking in the first revolution. The president of the Taoist society spoke in a very conciliatory manner. After him came a few words from the Living Buddha, who represented Thibetan Lamaism, a prince from Chinghai, and then the president of the Buddhist society or church in Peking. He was followed by an aged mollah of the oldest and largest mosque in Peking, built in the Ming dynasty. His was one of the best speeches of the afternoon, showing a mild and tolerant spirit, but true to his own convictions. He said that if peace among nations was necessary, peace among religions was even more important. The last speaker was the Protestant pastor, who dwelt more on Christian peculiarities than on points of agreement, but in a gentle spirit and without offence. It was intended to have a representative from the Roman Catholic Church and the Eastern Church, but they were unable to attend.

"At the close, many expressed the hope that

Digitized by Google

the Institute would hold similar conferences in the future.

"Dr. Reid, in recounting his experiences, said that he was more than ever sure that in China, at least, such conferences were much needed."

The spirit which animates this large-minded and devoted man and teacher is one which commends itself to all religious liberals, and cannot fail to exert a strong influence for good both on Oriental communities and on missionary circles. Dr. Reid's methods of religious propagandism should meet with recognition by our liberal Christian fellowships of whatever name or connection. It is encouraging to find such scholarly and scientific methods and such breadth of sympathy in men and missionaries bearing the orthodox name. The American Unitarian Association has made a modest grant of money for the furtherance of these Oriental interreligious conferences, which are so entirely in harmony with its ideals and aims.

James Edward Wright.

The life of Rev. James Edward Wright, D.D., which ended naturally and peacefully Sept. 5, 1914, is a record of faithful and noble service to his fellow-men, and of a serene, self-poised, strong, and beautiful character.

To tell what he did day in and day out as the minister of the Montpelier parish for forty-five years would be no easy task, but to describe him, the spirit that breathed in him, the ideals that guided him and shed their beauty on him, his unconscious goodness, his gentle sternness, his lowly faithfulness in great things and small, so as to bring the man before us simply as he was in his modest greatness, would require a pen dipped in light.

Montpelier, Vt., was his home. There he was born July 9, 1839, of sound Congregational stock, his grandfather, Rev. Chester Wright having been the first minister of the town. There he lived till he was fifteen years old. Thither he returned at the age of thirty, after having had the benefits of education in the Boston Latin School, Harvard College (class of '61), the 44th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers in North Carolina,('62), and Andover Theological Seminary (class of '65), and after three years' experimental preaching in the "Christian" Church in Maine and Illinois. There in September, 1869, he accepted the invitation of the recently organized Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) to become its pastor, to which his whole life was given in love and loyalty; and there on September 5 he breathed his last, amid the affection and veneration not only of his church, but of all the city and the county around.

His work extended far beyond the bounds of his parish. He gave of himself freely, almost extravagantly, to serve the whole wide neighborhood about Montpelier; people of all kinds revered him, and felt they must have him with them in their seasons of joy or sorrow, and he answered their calls with a devotion that counted no action small and no task burdensome which might give help or happiness. More than half of his pastoral services was thus given, often without other reward than his self-approval.

Just as freely he gave himself in the service of his city, State, or denomination. For six years he was a director of the American Unitarian Association, he was secretary for Vermont of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, president of the Board of Trustees of the Washington County Grammar School, trustee and secretary of the Kellogg-Hubbard Library, and trustee of Goddard Seminary, Proctor Academy, and the Vermont State Library. In many relations he was looked upon as one of the foremost citizens of Vermont.

Yet it was as the minister of his own church and people that he looked upon himself first and last. This was the relation that offered the fullest scope for his rare qualities and brought him the rewards and satisfactions he cared most to possess. He magnified his profession, not by personal claims, but by absolute devotion to its best ideals, and adorned it by the sweetness and integrity of his life. He was wholly without pretension of any kind, but thoroughly self-possessed, and no persuasion or plea of self-interest could make him untrue to himself. Gentle as a woman in all personal dealings, he was unyielding as granite when moral issues were joined. In his fidelities he had the strength of a giant. He was wise, tolerant, friendly, and indefatigable in his ministry. He brought to it the best that was in him of thought and emotion. Never loud or tempestuous in speech, his every word was winged with conviction. He loved others more than himself, he loved truth more than comfort, and he loved to minister more than to be ministered unto. No wonder his people learned to regard him with a great love and admiration. In his modesty, fearing to outstay his usefulness, he presented his resignation again and again, but the church would not let him go. At last, on reaching his seventieth birthday and completing forty years of service, his insistent request was granted, and he was made pastor emeritus.

Dr. Wright was held in the highest esteem by his comrades in the Unitarian ministry. He was honored in 1902 with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, conferred by Harvard University. A trail of light marks all the ways he went.

He was married Oct. 4, 1876, to Julia A. Whitney of Cambridge, who survives him, as do their three children: Prof. Chester W. Wright of the University of Chicago; Miss Rebecca W. Wright, secretary of the Vermont State Free Library Commission; and Mrs. Stanley Gale Eaton of Chicago.

A. S. C.

Is it Coming?

BY REV. WILLIAM J. BATT.

The old New England body of churches is now divided into two parts—wings they are sometimes called. Some are anxious to heal this division if possible, and bring the two parts together again in one.

A while ago a Middlesex County company of ministers of one part invited a meeting of the ministers of both parts in that region, in order to inquire if anything could be done by them all together in the direction of a larger unity. How much enthusiasm was developed in that union meeting this writer has never learned, but a committee appears to have been appointed to consider the matter further, and report. Meanwhile, would suggestions like the following be acceptable, and free from any appearance of discourteous anticipation of the committee's report?

First, in many of our towns some form of union vacation services is already in use. In a town which might be named near Boston, for a few summers past, the Congregationalists and the Methodists have united for two months of the vacation season, the Congregational pastor conducting a union service in the Methodist house for one month, and the Methodist pastor conducting a similar service in the Congregational house during the other month. In this way both pastors have a full month's vacation with no burden to their people.

Could the Unitarians come happily into such an arrangement? Could there be a milder form of union than this? If this cannot even be happily tried as an experiment, is there much prospect of a more thorough approach at present? If this experiment were tried and disappointed its friends, no permanent disaster need grow out of it, and valuable experience would have been gained. If it worked satisfactorily, it might open the way for further experiments.

We make this suggestion, however, only on the supposition of hearty good will toward it, and substantial unanimity regarding it beforehand. Without such substantial unanimity beforehand, we would not advise the use of the plan.

This plan might have an advantage which calls back to my mind a pleasant memory. More than fifty years ago there was a good man in Reading who was thought peculiar in this conviction: he was opposed to any supply committee. He held that the pastor, from his installation on to his death or dismission, should be responsible for the pulpit every day in every year. No one should stand in it but by his leave. He was willing his pastor should have a vacation, but only he must supply the pulpit. He was not parsimonious. He would give the pastor a plenty of money for the purpose, but only he must say who should speak in that pulpit.

By this method now suggested each pastor leaves his pulpit and also his pastoral work in the personal care of a minister whom he knows well and esteems.

My second suggestion is for churches that in vacation time supply their own pulpits in the usual way. Why not, if you would like a closer approach of the two parts, engage a preacher from the other body for at least one of the four vacation Sabbaths? Almost any Congregational committee, for instance, knows some Unitarian minister who would be entirely acceptable to its congregation on his merits, if there were no prejudice against the thing itself. Why not try it, on both sides, and see how it works? If it worked badly for any reason, no permanent harm need be done, but it would be plain, perhaps, that the time for closer approach has not come yet.

The next suggestion is for the time when your pulpit is vacant, and you are looking for a new pastor. There may be a Sunday when you want not a candidate, but only a supply. You have heard your candidate and are waiting for action, or your candidate cannot come until a subsequent Sabbath. Why not bring in a good preacher of the other connection? See for yourselves how it sounds, how it tastes. If we are not ready for as much as this, what are we ready for?

A fourth suggestion I urge with a real in-

Digitized by Google

terest. Here is a small village. There are two churches in it, and two congregations,—one liberal, so-called, the other conservative. One of the two pastors is taken sick. It proves, we will suppose, to be a serious illness; and a surgical operation, a stay in a hospital, and much else are involved. If both pastors are well regarded in the town, and both congregations are of the human order, why might not the two congregations double up for a time, and help the sick man and his family to get through their heavy trial?

Only on the supposition that these suggestions could be carried out heartily, with substantial unanimity, would I urge any one of them all. But if it were agreeable all around to the point of a substantial unanimity, I think I should be glad to have any or all of them tried, of whichever church I might be pastor or layman.

If they were tried and worked well, I should be hopeful of more. If they were tried and disappointed their friends, or if they could not even be tried, I might conclude that not much further approach was likely to be achieved at present.

An Appeal to Christians.

BY HOPE WEST.

The proposed amendment to national law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drink excepts first of all a supply for sacramental purposes,—sacrament, "one of solemn religious ordinances enjoined by Christ, the head of the Christian Church, to be observed by his followers."

Did Jesus enjoin the use of alcoholic drink as a solemn religious ordinance to be observed by his followers? That may be questioned.

Both Matthew and Mark, speaking of the cup given them "as they were eating," quote Jesus as saying, "This is my blood of the new testament." Blood might be represented with wine, but Jesus did not enjoin the continued use of this cup. Luke quotes him as saying, "Divide it among yourselves: for I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come." All say that he refused to taste wine. The cup of which he said, "This do in remembrance of me," was the cup after supper. This cup did not symbolize blood, but "the new testament in my blood." What but "the emblem of truth" could have been in that cup? Mark and Luke tell us that, when the disciples were sent out to find a place where Jesus might eat the passover, they were told that they would meet a man bearing a pitcher of water; they were to turn and follow him, and whereso-ever he should go in they should go in. There they would find a room. Is there no significance in this? Nothing that Jesus said or did was meaningless. And could he have chosen "the mocker" to symbolize "the new testament in his blood" with water, the emblem of truth, at hand?

To-day the liquor business has its strongest hold upon the world's respect in the fact that Christians are its steady patrons, using wine in worshipful remembrance of Jesus. Are we not dishonoring him whom we would honor? Jesus represented a higher civilization than the world has yet reached, but, if the man of to-day may not hope to reach his level, he may at least take a step upward.

We cannot know all that we would, reading of Jesus. No two reporters, describing any feast, have ever used quite the same words or brought quite the same conviction to the reader. Matthew had forgotten much that Mark remembered, and Mark much that Luke remembered. Translators and revisers have all been human and have differed in their conclusions as naturally and honestly as do oaks and cedars. If there was wine in the cup which the twelve were told to divide among themselves, for aught that we can know, Jesus may have added, "Or throw it to the dogs." No, not that. Jesus was too whole-hearted a world lover to lure dogs toward even a temperate use of an evil thing. Luke does not tell us how many put the cup to their lips, nor how many refused it and stood with the Master. Mark says, "They all drank of it." The passover was a Jewish feast, and Jewish custom may have kept a stronger hold upon some than upon others.

But, all testimony fairly weighed, we are free to believe that the cup after supper was from the pitcher of water. How else could Jesus have won his disciples so easily or held them so surely to "this cup" as by saying, "Do this, as oft as ye drink of it, in remembrance of me"?

When will the churches find "the new testament" in their blood, and, remembering Jesus, instead of dividing the cup of wine among themselves, Jesus aside, *stand with him?*

Religion, like everything else, must grow, or become but a dead branch on the tree of life.

Though John does not mention that last supper, he tells us that Jesus, speaking to the questioning people surrounding him at Capernaum, said unto them, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Compared with these words, the bread and wine served in church are as "the manna of which our fathers did eat, and are dead."

That Jesus turned water into wine at the marriage in Cana is unbelievable. Could he, with the new testament in his blood, have ordered six waterpots, containing two or three firkins each, filled with water, that he might turn it into wine for a company of men who had already "well drunk"? That the governor of the feast, when he had tasted the pure fresh water, should say, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now," need not be taken as evidence against Jesus. There are a few governors on the earth to-day who would look up with as bright a smile as no doubt that governor did, and praise his wisdom with the same words.

To-day Jesus of Nazareth is the light of the world, not because he came back to it in the resurrected body in which his disciples expected him, but because of the truth which he planted in hearts ready to receive it. When the church opens wide its blinds and lets in this light, it will refuse to put the cup to its neighbor's lip, and order the waterpots filled with water "to the brim."

If, instead of harking back through ears that may have misunderstood and minds that may have sadly misinterpreted, the religious leaders of to-day would take Jesus into their ministerial meetings and ask him which he would rather the tired, thirsty young man should follow, the man bearing a pitcher of water or the man carrying a pitcher of beer and smiling back invitingly, can any doubt what the answer would be?

When the churches shall follow Jesus and say, "I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom shall come," the world will have taken a long step heavenward. When the kingdom of God is come there will be no saloons; no man will go home drunk to beat his tired wife and smash up the furniture.

Religion, however Webster may define it, is humanity's appointed leader. Shall it fail us now? It has lighted every step that humanity has climbed, its oil the soul's cry for truth. There is now a growing light upon the next step. To destroy the liquor evil may be a hard step to take with all the hindrances that will be put in the way, but, following Jesus, shall we not do all that we may? Casting out evil was his happiest work. Shall his followers be idle? There is no evil in God's creation that cannot be overcome, nor any good that may not be aspired to.

If a thoughtful reading of the New Testament shall leave one midway between the cups, doubting, and one must "bend his conscience to his dealing," let conscience "look up and not down, forward and not backward."

An Adirondack Mission.

I wonder how many of your readers know of the wonderful work at present carried on by Rev. James A. Thoms, in the Adirondack region? Mr. Thoms is a nephew of Rev. John Hamilton Thom of England, the friend of Dr. Martineau. He has added an "s" to his name to make it sound more like a last name.

A year or two ago Mr. Thoms was ill with a pulmonary trouble, and his doctors told him that he had only three months to live. He went to the Adirondacks and recovered, partly at least, so that now his health is tolerably good. But he found in the Adirondacks a very great need of medical service, and people there have almost no help of this sort at all. Mr. Thoms fortunately has had a medical education as well as a theological one, and he has been trying to care for a very large number of persons who have had no instruction in hygienic or sanitary matters. An appalling number of deaths are taking place all the time because of this ignorance.

Mr. Thoms has founded a small hospital with the help of a few friends and small subscriptions from the people of the region, who have given out of their poverty all they possibly could.

The women and children are the chief sufferers. The many deaths among these could be prevented by the most elementary instruction in things pertaining to hygiene and dieting.

Mr. Thoms's salary is $600 a year, and with this he supports a large family. I wish I could give many extracts from his letters to me, but here is one recently received which will give some idea of the condition of things:—

"Did I tell you in my last letter of my experiences with a sixteen-year-old mother and

Digitized by Google

babe she fed (or poisoned) on baked beans? Just one of many cases I save. These women, born in the woods, unable to read or write, densely ignorant of hygiene and dieting, etc., are very gentle and teachable; and in them I hope for great growth. I see much improvement now. I recently camped out on balsam boughs under a tree near an Italian lumber-camp, and was waked up about 2 A.M. by a mob of fifty, to probe a bullet out of the shoulder of a Sicilian lad of eighteen, and sew up the razor-slashed hand of another. It seems they had fought in Sicily over the affections of a girl. The victor fled from vengeance here: the vanquished followed, shot his foe, but was also slashed in hand with razor by a friend of his enemy. I fixed both up, and taught them the gentle truths of forgiving to be forgiven by God, and went to sleep and slept till noon. I could tell you many other romantic incidents, but my work calls,—four days in pulpit, ten days pastoral calls in Jay, and fifteen days among lumber jacks, and one to two days for correspondence every month.

"Yours for the kingdom of God *on earth* as in heaven.

"J. A. THOMS,
"Jay, Essex Co., N.Y.
Box 125."

Mr. Thoms is fortunate in having a trained nurse at the head of his hospital who is giving herself to the work in the same spirit which he himself has shown. Any one who cares to give a little help to carrying this work through the winter may write directly to Mr. Thoms. He has most cordially invited inspection of all parts of this working field.

L. FREEMAN CLARKE.

BOSTON, MASS.

A Tribute to Rev. George Leonard Chaney.

In the new Unitarian church of Atlanta, Ga., now in process of construction, is to be placed a memorial window as a tribute of affection and esteem to Rev. George Leonard Chaney, the founder of the Unitarian Society in this city, the builder of the first church here and its minister for over seven years.

Dr. Chaney came to Atlanta and effected an organization of the church in March, 1883. The building of the first church, a very beautiful small Gothic structure, took place soon after, and was dedicated in April, 1884. Dr. Chaney's ministry continued here until 1890.

This window will be of beautiful design, in keeping with the architecture of the building, and will be placed in the front end of the church. It is to be of the best art glass, and of artistic pattern. Its dimensions will be eighteen feet four inches in total height, and twelve feet six inches in width.

Many friends of the Atlanta church everywhere who have been in touch with the society here during the years of its struggles will be interested to know that great progress is now being made. The new church will furnish the setting for inspiring worship, will be a home for the worshipful, a place of meditation and prayer open to friend and stranger, and a hive of service for the community.

Those who have known Dr. Chaney through his many years of service will recognize the fitting memorial, and such a remembrance will call to mind, while he yet lives, some part of his noble service in the Southland. This window will cost, when complete, about $700, and the fund is to be in hand by Jan. 1, 1915. Friends of Dr. Chaney who may wish to share in this grateful appreciation of his work and this desirable addition to the new church may address Mrs. Daisy Dixon Draper, treasurer Window Fund, 122 Sinclair Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

Department of Religious Education.

Concerning Peace.

BY FRANCES M. DADMUN.

"I bid you to live in peace and patience without fear or hatred, and to succor the oppressed and to love the lovely, and to be the Friends of men."

If some enterprising newspaper should have the courage to print these words of William Morris in headlines as conspicuous as those which brand upon our eyeballs the news of tens of thousands slain, of bombs dropped into school-houses, of Rheims Cathedral ruined, what would be the effect upon the public? It would be a sensation, of course, from its very novelty, but not a shock; for there is evidence in plenty that these words, or others of like meaning, have been in our consciousness ever since this carnage of the European war began. Why else these cries of dismay that the civilization of centuries is ruined and Christianity is as if it had never been? Yet we must be thankful for even the most pessimistic of such protests. They are sure proofs that the teachings of Jesus still live in the undercurrents of men's minds, that we have within us as an inalienable right the craving for peace and patience, for love and courage.

Especially do we need courage, for there is more for us to do, neutral nation though we are, than to stand still and wring our hands as we watch the struggle. The time may come when we too must struggle; the time is now when we must take action of some sort, if only in the matter of self-education. We cannot stop the wrecking of Europe,—that has gone too far; but we can see to it that never again shall this thing happen, that hereafter nations shall be controlled by the same standards of consideration, each for the other, that an enlightened community maintains for its individual citizens, a community in which settlement of differences by duelling is obsolete.

The cause and prevention of war is the most vital subject now before our people. Its vitality will not ebb through the winter. Indeed, there can be no other subject until this is settled. There is no department of our life, national or personal, that is not affected by it. It is a subject to be considered by the Church, whichever way she may regard it,—whether as respecting the sanctity of life in the individual, or as concerned with the march of the masses toward social righteousness. Since we can have neither, as long as the ghost of war stalks unquestioned it is the Church's business to slay the ghost. It is especially a subject for religious education. In America, we believe in the force of an enlightened public opinion, and it is a privilege of our Sunday schools to help form and direct that opinion. Our new series of manuals will provide courses inspiring to social betterment, but we cannot wait for those text-books to be issued. We must begin our study now, this winter, this fall. We must give the children and the young men and women in our Sunday schools, as well as those in guilds, adult classes, or whatever study groups the churches have already organized or will organize to meet the emergency, material which will inspire consideration and arouse discussion, clearing the mind of prejudice, and substituting an accurate understanding of the causes underlying war.

Such material, fortunately, exists in abundance and can be obtained with little trouble. The World Peace Foundation, with headquarters at 40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, has already an extensive series of lessons and tracts and is rapidly publishing others. Of direct help in class work are "Outline of Lessons on War and Peace," by Lucia Ames Mead, and "Suggestions for the Study of International Relations," containing an excellent bibliography, by Charles H. Levermore. A few suggestive titles are "Dreadnoughts and Dividends," an address by Philip Snowden before the House of Commons last March; "Concerning Sea Power," by David Starr Jordan; "The End of Armament Rings," by H. G. Wells. A list of free publications of the Foundation will be sent on request. In addition to these, the current magazines contain many articles, some of undisputed value. It will be profitable to watch their indices. Classes should be encouraged to attend the local conferences which will certainly be held through the winter.

Let us, as staunch Unitarians and loyal Americans, make the most of our opportunities, and let us do it to-day, so that when to-morrow comes we shall not be found wanting.

The Young People's Religious Union.

New Pamphlets.

The two new pamphlets that are now ready at the Young People's Religious Union headquarters for distribution are well worth looking over, having been compiled with considerable care by prominent workers; and, being thoroughly up-to-date, they ought to fill a long-felt want.

It is some time since the Publication Committee has felt justified in spending any large amount of money on new pamphlets, and it is hoped that these publications may receive the wide and favorable attention that their contents warrant.

One, entitled "Hints on how to form and conduct a Young People's Religious Union,"

Marriages.

At Malden, Mass., September 26, by Samuel C. Beane, D.D., Mr. George C. Stickney of Keene, N.H., and Mildred B., daughter of Edward J. Sawyer of Malden.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

Two bright, sunny rooms with board, with a small adult family. Fine location, convenient to steam and electric cars. References exchanged. Mrs. George H. Swasey, 525 Highland Avenue, Malden, Mass. Tel. 1365 W.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

is especially helpful for new societies or any contemplating organization. Its reading is also to be commended to every member of every union. Another, "The Young People's Religious Union," sets forth the purposes and aims of a young people's society, and is designed to be of assistance to all those who do not know what the Young People's Religious Union represents, being a faithful and comprehensive presentation of the various methods of administration and management that may be pursued.

Both these pamphlets may be obtained gratis by applying at Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or they will be mailed singly or in quantity to any address upon request.

Last, but not least, we must not neglect to make mention of the sermon, "A Church of the Free Spirit," that Dr. S. M. Crothers of the First Parish, Cambridge, Mass., preached before the General Conference at its opening session in Buffalo last fall. It appeared at the time, it may be remembered, in full in the *Christian Register;* but later the central organization was granted permission to reprint this same sermon as a special tract, being deemed of significant import to our work, and containing as it does a definite acknowledgment of the young person's place in the Unitarian church,—"The Young People's Religious Union is dedicating itself to the establishing of 'A Church of the Free Spirit' for the future." Copies of this will also be sent to any would-be readers.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from Charles Elmer Beals, until recently of the Congregational ministry, an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this Committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

The ninety-seventh session of the North Middlesex Conference will be held at Milford, N.H., with the First Unitarian Society, Rev. Edward P. Daniels, minister, Thursday, October 15. The principal speakers will be Rev. M. B. Townsend of Nashua, Rev. H. C. McDougall of Franklin, Mr. F. M. Eliot of Cambridge, and Rev. William I. Lawrance, of Boston.

Churches.

Milton, Mass.—First Congregational Parish, Rev. Roderick Stebbins: The Milton branch of the Women's Alliance will hold meetings on the third Tuesday of every month at 3 P.M., in the parish house. The Sewing Committee meets on the first Tuesday of every month from 3 to 5, in the parish house. The following programme has been announced: October 20, "The Foreigner in America," by Rev. A. M. Rihbany; November 17, "The Prosaic Side," by Mrs. Roderick Stebbins; December 15, "When the World was without a Bible," by Rev. Roderick Stebbins; January 19, "A Trip through the South with Booker Washington," by Rev. Bradley Gilman; February 16, "The Making of the English Bible," by Rev. Roderick Stebbins; March 16, "Dr. Martineau," by Rev. Albert Lazenby; April 20, annual meeting; May 18, "The Good Neighbor," by Miss Margaret Curtis. At each meeting three ladies of the Alliance will serve as hostesses. For the afternoon of October 20, the hostesses will be Mrs. Robert Saltonstall, Mrs. H. S. Russell, and Mrs. George Wigglesworth. Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie is president of the branch; Miss Mildred Hastings and Mrs. Richard H. Gorham, secretaries.

Wheeling, W. Va.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Howard A. Pease: The morning subjects for October are: "The President's Call to Prayer," "Does the Liberal Gospel 'save souls'?" "The Efficient Church." The new church will be dedicated on October 25, with sermon in the morning by Rev. L. Walter Mason, D.D., and in the evening by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D

Acknowledgments of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$6,748.03
Aug. 12.	Society in Manchester, Mass.	15.00
Sept. 23.	Society in Petersham, Mass.	91.48
Sept. 30.	Associate Members	14.00
	Especially contributed for the Department of Religious Education	
Aug. 10.	Channing Conference Sunday School Union	19.46
	Received through the Unitarian Sunday School Society	
Sept. 2.	Union for Christian Work, Barre, Mass.	10.00
		$6,807.97
	Distress Fund for Essex Hall, London, Eng.	
Sept. 9.	Anonymous, Lexington, Mass.	$5.00
9.	Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.	10.00
9.	Mrs. Helen R. Blackmar, Hingham, Mass.	10.00
12.	Miss Adeline Willis, Naples, Me.	10.00
14.	Jno J. Williams, Glyndon, Md.	1.00
14.	Frederic H Hedge, Brookline, Mass.	5.00
15.	Mrs. Katherine Blossom Webster, Springfield, Mass.	10.00
16.	The Misses Kimball, Brookline, Mass.	100.00
		$151.00

Henry M. Williams, *Treasurer,*
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston.

This organization, made up of Sunday-School teachers and superintendents, was organized thirty-two years ago, "to develop the best methods of Sunday-school work." The first meeting of the coming season will be held Wednesday evening, October 21, at Arlington Street Church.

The addresses at these meetings on topics of vital interest to Sunday-school workers by authorities in their subjects, the opportunities for free discussion and for social intercourse, combine to make the meetings a source of inspiration and practical help.

The membership is made up of delegates sent by the Sunday-schools, and others interested who join at their own expense, the ticket in either case being $4 for the season. These tickets, which are transferable, entitle their holders to the supper, to which they may also invite friends upon payment of 65 cents for each guest.

The meeting itself, however, is entirely free, and all who are interested are heartily welcome to the addresses and the subsequent discussion. The transferability of the tickets permits all the officers and teachers of any school to share in turn the advantage of these gatherings.

The seven meetings of the year will be held on the third Wednesday evening of each month from October to April, in the vestry of the Arlington Street Church. From 5 to 6 is held an informal social gathering, after which supper is served. At 7 the meeting is opened, and it closes promptly at 8.30.

If any person can attend only an occasional meeting, but would like to receive programmes regularly, they will be sent upon request being made to the secretary. The year's announcement will also be sent to any one who requests it.

Membership tickets may be obtained of the treasurer, Mr. Amasa W. B. Huff, 41 Park Street, Newton, Mass., to whom all dues should be sent.

Inquiries relating to other than financial matters should be addressed to the secretary, Mrs. C. L. Stebbins, 361 Harvard Street, Cambridge.

The Tuckerman School.

Classes will meet regularly after Tuesday, the 6th, with two variations from the printed hour plan.

Miss Hardwicke's class in Expression through Voice will meet Tuesday afternoons at two o'clock, this change being necessary from the crowded schedule at Wellesley College, where Miss Hardwicke is a member of the faculty. The instruction will include lessons on production of pure tone and its use in reading and speaking, exercises for ear training, for facility in use of speech organs, and for correction of individual defects.

Rev. Charles T. Billings will conduct the course of lectures on "Comparative Religion" and "Study of the Sects." These will be given at half-past ten on Wednesday mornings beginning October 7. A full list of subjects will be given to any who may apply.

Fifteen lectures on "Home Nursing" will be included in the course given by Miss Susan E. Tracy. Miss Tracy is not a stranger to the School, having given a series of lectures on "Invalid Occupation," which will be repeated the last half of the present school year. The lectures on "Home Nursing" will include instruction in treatment of common ailments; of minor injuries; use of simple remedies and appliances; relief in emergencies; care and food of infants. The lessons are wholly practical and are valuable to any one who would like to know what to do when a physician is not at hand or not

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

needed, but where care and attention count. Fees for the courses may be learned by inquiry at the School.

The Commission on Methods of Candidating.

The Commission authorized by vote of the American Unitarian Association at the last annual meeting "to consider and report upon the possible improvement of the methods of hearing candidates in our churches and selecting ministers for vacant pulpits" has organized for its work: Rev. Edwin M. Slocombe, chairman; Rev. Harry Lutz, secretary. Ideas and suggestions are desired from both ministers and laymen. They will be accepted and considered in strict confidence. They may be sent to the secretary of the Commission, Rev. Harry Lutz, 91 Park Street, Newton, Mass.

Magazines Offered.

I wonder if among the readers of the *Register* there is any one who would care to receive my copy of *Unitarian Word and Work*. I could probably send it within a day or two after I receive it. I should like also to send to some one my copy of *La Riforma Italiana*, a very interesting little paper edited by Mr. Conte, who is doing missionary work in Italy. This, of course, would be useful only to some one who understands Italian.

L. Freeman Clarke.

91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Public School.

The public schools are open In this country this event is of as much importance as the opening of Congress,—if not directly, at least finally. Our public schools furnish the digestive apparatus of the nation. It is there that the different races, colors, conditions, are blended into our national life. None of our institutions are more representative of the American spirit than our public schools. In our largest cities, where they are best organized and equipped, they furnish a better education than could be furnished by private schools, with but few exceptions. Of the army of teachers, most of them have developed from the public school itself. Our school boards and trustees are elected from the people. In some of our large cities the weakest point of the system has been in the character of the men chosen for this service. In other cities the schools have been happily rescued from the dominion of party politics.

Let intelligent and thoughtful parents consider how they may assist public school teachers in the education of their children. Among the homes of the ignorant we expect more influence from the school on the home than we do from the home on the school, and the teachers who have to deal with the children of such families have an important and responsible duty to fulfil. There are mothers who, with grateful reliance, look up to the teachers of their children. Our teachers are overworked, they have no time to visit their scholars in their homes; but their influence often penetrates to the home, and extends to the parents as well as to the child. Too many parents seem to regard the public schools as a great machine to turn out an educated boy or girl, and think that all they have to do is to supply the metal while it is getting the shape and stamp. It is to be feared that, in the high schools, life in well-to-do families is often more detrimental to study and health than in homes and circles where there is less social diversion. In one way, at least, a thoughtful mother can help her child during its school years,—by seeing that no outside diversions make a severe drain upon time or health.

Giving up Games.

The age at which men find themselves compelled by pressure of business or the cares of life, or by physical infirmity, to give up their favorite game is advancing. Once upon a time games were almost exclusively for those who were still in school or in college. When a boy took up what was depressingly referred to as "the serious business of life" he was expected to abandon the frivolous point of view that playing games was supposed to denote. The boys of that period are to-day serving a late apprenticeship at the game of golf or spending frequent afternoons as spectators of professional ball-games.

Having found out for themselves that such early deprivation is a mistake, they do not impose it on their sons. Many are nearing middle age who are almost as active on the tennis courts or on the golf links as in the days of their youth. Football, of course, they have had to give up; it cannot be played as the casual recreation of a busy man. To baseball some men cling, although with difficulty; it requires a larger number of players than is readily available. Yet on holiday occasions when middle-aged men long out of practice engage in baseball, there will always be a fair proportion of them who show that they retain much of their juvenile skill and alertness. They do not slide to bases, but they field the ball cleanly and bat vigorously, and not only feel themselves, but make the observers believe that with a little practice they could, in the vernacular, "come back."

The giving up of games should be so gradual, so voluntary, that it involves no sense of loss or of sacrifice. Generally speaking, so long as a man has an impulse and a desire to play a game, he will be the better for yielding to it. That is the wisdom that the new generation has learned.—*Youth's Companion.*

Here and There.

A civil engineer in India wrote to his brother in England, who proposed joining him, "Dear —— unless you are well established in your temperance principles, you had better bring your coffin out with you, as they make them better in England."

Lindsay names the cat as one of the animals that perpetrate practical jokes on each other or on man, that enter thoroughly into the spirit of the joke or fun, and enjoy and exult in its success, and cites, in illustration of his principle, an instance of a cat teasing a frog, seemingly to hear it cry.

The late Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent English physician, said on one occasion that seven out of ten hospital patients owed their poor health to the use of alcohol.

At the largest pigeon farm in the world, located near Los Angeles, Cal., at last report, there were something like 40,000 cotes, which shelter, as roughly estimated, over 60,000 birds.

Extracts from the letters of such men as Judge Sewall and Gov. Winthrop show that the matter of dress seemed very important to them. Some of George Washington's memoranda are amusing, as the list of garments which he orders out from England for his four-year-old step-daughter, including, among the fans, masks, and necklaces, "2 tuckers, bibs, and aprons if Fashionable."

Tradition has it that it was on the top of Mt. San Lorenzo, the island in the harbor of Callao, Peru, where the Spaniards found the first potatoes, and from whence they took the seed to Europe. The plant, as it grows wild there, is about six inches high, with delicate little vines and a pretty blue blossom scarcely larger than a violet, while the potato on the roots below is no larger than a hazelnut. From this insignificant plant has been evolved, by cultivation, the numerous family of the potato, which within three hundred years has made its way to every part of the civilized world, and now forms an important item in the world's bill of fare.

LECTURES BY DR. SUNDERLAND

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., who has recently returned from the Orient, is prepared to give Lectures and Addresses within a reasonable distance of New York upon the following among other subjects.

POLITICAL

1. Asia's Place in the World's Civilization.
2. Political Conditions in China. Will the Republic endure?
3. Present Conditions in Japan. Is there a "Japanese Peril"? Japan's Future.
4. Conditions in the Philippines. Should the People be given Independence? If so, when?
5. Political Conditions in India. Is British Rule a Benefit? Will it endure?

RELIGIOUS

1. The Great Religions of Asia.
2. The Great Sacred Books of Mankind.
3. The Place of Jesus and Christianity in the World's Religious Evolution.
4. World Brotherhood.
5. Present Religious Conditions in India. Will India become Christian?
6. The Brahmo and Arya Somajes: the Two Native Unitarian Movements in India.
7. The Wide Open Door for Unitarianism in the Orient.
8. Recent Personal Experiences in Japan, China, the Philippines, India and Ceylon.

ILLUSTRATED

1. Picturesque and Historic India.
2. Brahman and Buddhist India.
3. Mohammedan India.
4. Up and Down Palestine on Horseback.
5. Two Weeks in Jerusalem.

Terms reasonable. Address 423 W. 120th Street, New York

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

The earth is democratic: it goes around with everybody.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "there's a good deal of humility in the air to-day."

Miss Blithely (interested in science): "Can one get a shock from a telephone?" Top Spiffkins (intent on ethics): "That depends, my dear young lady, on who is talking at the other end."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. Blunderby: "My sister Kate who married the Englishman writes me that her boy is going to fight." Mrs. Kawler: "Dear me! Isn't he rather young?" Mrs. Blunderby: "Well yes, but you see, he's going to join the infantry."—*Boston Transcript.*

Foreign Official: "You cannot stay in this country." Traveller: "Then I'll leave it." F. O.: "Have you a permit to leave?" T.: "No, sir." F. O.: "Then you cannot leave. I give you six hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Who is that lady dressed in black, Mother?" asked Bobby, as he sat with his mother on a ferry-boat. "That is a Sister of Charity, my boy," replied his mother. Bobby pondered deeply for a moment, and then he said, "Which is she, Mother, Faith or Hope?"—*Bazar.*

The small girl had lately been introduced to grammar, and had arrived at that degree of knowledge in which the critical spirit awakes. Consequently she aroused the echoes the other day with "And for bonny Annie Laurie I'd"—a long pause—"lie me down and die."—*Gazette.*

In the weekly calendar published by a colored church in North Carolina appears a recommendation of the periodical literature of the denomination, from which we quote the following: "The *Mayflower* is a grand little nugget in a nutshell, and sweeps the field as it goes." The meaning is plain, but the exact concatenation seems Hibernian.—*Independent.*

Thackeray was once at loggerheads with the now-forgotten Angus B. Reach. Reach was touchy about the pronunciation of his name, claiming that it was properly Re-ack, with two syllables. Once in the course of a dinner the novelist had to ask, "Mr. Reach, shall I send you some mutton?" "Mr. Thackeray," returned the other, "I must request, sir, that you will not call me out of my name. My name is Re-ack, sir, Re-ack." "I beg pardon," said Thackeray. At dessert, a dish of fruit being placed before him, he again addressed himself to Angus B. "Mr. Re-ack," he said, "may I send you a pe-ack?"

The seventh Earl of Galloway was a courteous but somewhat pompous man. When he was made lord lieutenant of Galloway, Sir William Maxwell, proud and blunt, was told that he should call upon him. He was received with the greatest affability, but, as he rose to go, Lord Galloway said tactlessly: "Possibly you are not aware that I have a day for receiving friends. Any Friday in future I shall be too happy to receive you." The baronet's blood rose. This was not Friday! His visit had been a mistake! He had been thought a bore! "A day of your ain!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing fire. "I know but ae Lord who has a day of his ain." (Then softly and feelingly) "May he forgie me if I do not always rightly keep his day." (Then the voice rose passionately) "Deil tak' me if I'll keep yours!" He flung himself into the saddle, and was gone.—*Youth's Companion.*

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 FAYAL STREET, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co.
By mail, 50 cents | 272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 305 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children, —brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am started to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON — 17 WALL ST., NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University ...

The Christian Register

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 42 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 985
The Human Providence 986
Tags 987

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Church Extension Department 988

CURRENT TOPICS 989

BREVITIES 990

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
From a Chapter of Possible History, by Charles F. Dole, D.D. 990
The Soul's Athletics 992
The Strength and Weakness of our Theological Schools, II., by Henry Wilder Foote 993
An Affirmation, by Edmund H. Reeman 997
The Tapestry School at Shottery, by C. L. A.; An Editor's Experiment 998
Pastors and Theologians on the War 1002
Left Behind 1003
At the Divinity School; The General Conference . . 1004
Co-operation in the Middle West, by Curtis Williford Reese; Lowell Institute Lectures; The Tuckerman School 1007

SPIRITUAL LIFE 995

THE PULPIT.
Joy in Nature, by Rev. V. D. Davis 996

LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines; Miscellaneous 999

THE HOME.
The Prize No One Expected, by Frances Harmer . . 1000
Purr when You're Pleased; The Clock's Two Hands . 1001

POETRY.
Wild Geese 990
A Prayer in War-time, by James Vila Blake 992
Peace, by Mary P. Sears 993
Common Pleasures 998
Rhymes to Remember 1000

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Securing Teachers for the Sunday School 1005

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Office Notes 1005

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1006

PLEASANTRIES 1008

Editorial.

THE old responsibility of trusteeship must be kept in front of the preachers who have strong convictions as to where the blame of the present war rests, and are likely to have persons in their congregations with opposite convictions equally conscientious. If they put the choice to themselves as one between the courage of conviction and its concealment, they can hardly halt between two opinions; but if they put the matter as a duty of lifting the subject to a plane from which they will be able to do good to people of irreconcilable opinions, they will not be so likely to err. This involves no evasiveness, no hypocrisy. It may well be known what the preacher himself thinks, and he will be under no suspicion of opportunism or cowardice if he performs his pulpit offices with an eye single to his duty. In the end, he may do more to influence those who differ from him by presenting the largest issues of the time than he could do by arousing the hostilities of a lower plane. In any case he must be sincere and fair, not thinking to cover his intent by vague references and safe innuendoes, for such devices are futile. It is better to be outspoken than insinuating, and better to be judicial than either. The preacher is a trustee of great truths. He is a moral embezzler if he uses his trust for a mainly personal advantage.

WHAT effect prayers for peace have depends on what kind of prayers they are and what kind of peace they pray for. In England they are called "intercessions," and are described as being published "by authority." Any interceding in this matter should be directed toward those who are doing the fighting. The idea that if people supplicate God enough he will stop the war is not productive of prayerfulness among us, and there are so many kinds of peace, that those who hope to promote peace through their prayers should consider carefully what kind of peace most people can honestly and hopefully enter into.

EVERY idealist whose dreams and prophecies of peace have always been regarded as utopian and impractical, and which met supreme disaster and refutal by the outbreak of war, may at least find comfort in the growing consciousness that only peace is practical. It has been illustrated in a striking and costly way that warfare is the most impractical thing, viewed from any standpoint.

Digitized by Google

It has wrecked business, dislocated trade, and turned the whole world into a chaotic jumble. It has swept millions of men from the ripening fields of harvest, and flung them into a pursuit whose only product is death. War is mediæval madness. It is as practical as the purposeless toil of the insane. Soon it will be seen and universally acknowledged that only peace is profitable, and that the idealist with his intangible theories has more hard sense than the man who champions the use of military power. A new era is dawning for religion, when humanity, having proved the futility of force, will seek to learn the wiser ways of peace. In this new era the liberal church will find the splendid culmination of its world mission in interpreting religion in terms of democracy.

The present international situation immediately and radically affects the relations of our churches in the countries concerned. While the war lasts, and probably for a long time after its conclusion, a meeting of men and women of our faith, among whom the war has cut so deep a cleft, would be inadvisable and unhappy. It is far from likely that delegates of our International Unitarian Conference could meet in London at the time appointed. It is not merely the fact that their nations have fought against each other that will make the difficulty, but that fundamental ethical questions have been involved, which cannot be discussed and yet cannot be ignored. At the earliest feasible resumption of this fellowship, however, its influence will bring powerful forces of good will and of religion to confirm and strengthen peace.

There has been some lamentation because when the Christmas time arrives next winter there will be a scant supply of toys made in Germany. Any one who had the experience of life in the country in childhood, before the advent of artificial toys, will remember that the chief pleasures of boys and girls was the manufacture of their own toys. Even during the last summer the writer has seen how children far removed from city life and their customary supply of toys have found a new delight in constructing rude boats, carts, and other things which enabled them to mimic the serious pursuits and diversions of their elders. When a boy in the country became skilful in the making and use of all his implements and toys, he had received a very fair training for the business of life. Think of the list of things made by boys, to say nothing of similar things made by the girls: bows and arrows, cross-bows, slings, tops, kites, sleds, stilts, hot-air balloons, bats and balls, fish lines and poles, snares for fish, rafts, boats, carts,—all these things and more furnished employment and pleasure, and cultivated skill in the use of tools, and many habits of hardihood of great value. The coming of artificial and machine-made toys was nothing less than a national disaster to the American people.

The severance of some of the tentacles of trade by the swords of Europe is not an unmitigated ill. If the people of the United States have to make their own Christmas toys, and produce their own graphite, and discover their own dyes, it will be a real stimulus toward actual independence. The historic declaration of 1776 was not quite inclusive, as is being discovered to-day. It covered the building of the national fabric, but not the creation of the basic materials essential to national life in all its phases. So it is that at the present time, in spite of the immense and varied resources of this country, many branches of trade are thrown into chaos because of things "made in Germany." There is therefore good cause and great need for our American inventors and chemists to busy themselves in achieving the rest of independence. If at the same time there is a movement to emancipate this country from its past reliance upon Europe for many of its standards by the improvement and adoption of American standards in their place, the nation will be better for it. Emerson's definition of imitation may be extreme, but its implication is correct.

In the modern judgments of churches and religions one may easily trace the growth of a practical pragmatism. Men who have never approached religion from either a logical or a theological standpoint, and they probably form the majority, are very likely to judge a church by what it is able to accomplish rather than by the tabulation of its claims to authenticity or authority. The dynamic power of a man or a church is surely a valid basis for judgment. If what is known as orthodoxy is able to inspire its believers and advocates with more of the spirit of helpful service than the so-called heterodox branch of the Christian Church, then it may be regarded as certain that the arguments of reason will not prevail with those who have recognized the fact. If liberalism is able to impel its believers more strongly toward the achievement of the good and just, it has established strongest claim to credence and respect. It is the actual result that counts. Men will remain satisfied with a working half-truth, if those who claim to possess the whole truth indolently possess it. All of which means that freedom is but an unlatched gate that leads to larger opportunity and greater work. Truth is a tool to be used in actual service, and not a treasure to keep polished and idle; and that religion will inevitably be regarded as best that is known less by the keenness of its logic than by the kindness of its love.

The Human Providence.

In these tempestuous days, when the hearts of men fail them for fear, when the evil of the world is in the saddle and its goodness is trampled under foot, it is impossible that an appeal shall not be made to the Almighty Power that seems to hold our fortunes as in the hollow of a hand. But strange questions are raised by the belief that the terrible war that now affrights the nations and fills a million homes with grief and terror could be stopped if only the Infinite Source of justice and mercy should interfere. We are asked to unite in prayer and unanimous appeal to God to put an end to the terror that stalks in midday and bring about a reign of peace for the warring nations. The impulse of our President is generous and commendable, but it proceeds upon the terrible and distracting supposition that God can end this war at any time if he chooses, and the still more fearful suggestion that he might have prevented it had he so chosen.

To such a supposition what alternative have we? A noble one, and one that, instead of shaking our faith in a Divine Providence, gives it a new meaning and a wider scope. The thought that begins to have the force of a fresh discovery is that God does not govern the world just as he pleases, but for all that comes within the scope of man's ability he governs the world just as we please; that so long as we choose to have it so, or until we choose to have it otherwise, he will supply the motive power of life although we put it to basest uses; that he will, with equal impartiality, send his sun to shine upon filth

Digitized by Google

gathered by man to breed a pestilence or upon the growing wheat to give bread to the eater; that so long as we choose to have it so, or do not choose to have it otherwise, he will maintain human life to be distorted and debased by ignorance, sin, shame, and despair.

Most of the chapters written to show the agency of God in the history of human affairs are written upon the untenable supposition that God could have chosen a better way if he had pleased to govern the world as a despotic sovereign, but it has always been impossible on that theory to reconcile the facts of human experience with the idea of an infinite good will, or to escape the logical conclusion that an infinite malevolence has established its hateful reign in the heart of the universe.

Modern investigation and discovery have put us at a new point of view and enabled us to draw a new line of demarcation between the respective agencies of the divine and human providence. The result has been a vast enlargement of human responsibility, and new light has been thrown upon the ancient problem which so troubled the saint when he failed to understand why the Almighty One did not speedily redress the wrongs of earth, and who had no answer to the sneer of the sceptic who asked, in unholy glee, "Where is now thy God?"

In the course of modern discovery the work of man in the creation of the world begins to appear. At his coming here he found the earth, that had been given him for a home, a rugged wilderness in which it was possible to support life and organize society only in the rudest fashion. Everything that was to come upon the earth was there in possibility, the materials were furnished by the Almighty Providence, and with immense resource and opportunity man took possession of the earth and began to people and subdue it. It was hospitable enough for the rough uses to which he would put it, but for all refined and delicate uses it was utterly unsuited. The Divine Providence which we call Nature furnished him with coarse vegetables and raw flesh. It gave the shelter of caves, and, for clothing, bark and leaves, and the skins of wild beasts. With that supply he began to create the modern world. For many thousand years he has wrought until he can show for his labor fields bearing the grain he has developed from cereal grasses, orchards filled with the fruit he has cultivated from the crab-apple and the thorn-tree. He has beasts of burden and domestic use which he has trained and adapted to his support and comfort. By his labor and skill he has made it possible to have leisure and quiet, to make the dumb and blind forces of nature work with him and for him. Civilization is his work; arts, sciences, languages, and all the institutions of religion and civil society are his. In short, there is no physical comfort, intellectual power, or moral quality which makes the difference between the saint and the savage that is not his. There is no grace and truth, no beauty and delight, no high hope or magnanimous intent which has not come by the toil of human hands and the travail of human souls.

Moreover, these manifest signs of progress do not appear by divine decree, enforced upon the world from without; but the awe-inspiring process of the divine process appears when it is made manifest that, just as in the beginning all the raw materials of progress were furnished, so later, when human nature had expanded and had become a fit receptacle for the infinite and eternal energy, every upward impulse was seconded and sustained, and in all ages divine wisdom entering in "made of holy souls friends of God and prophets."

Unless, then, we are willing to lay upon God the responsibility for all the evil wrought by man in the exercise of his freedom of choice and action, let us beware how we make our faith to depend upon the issue of prayers addressed to the Almighty, asking him to reverse the process by which the world has been by man created and improved. God did not make war between the nations of Europe, and he will not make wars to cease until man who decrees them has ascended to a higher level of moral motive and action. It hurts mankind to offer prayers that cannot be answered, to forget that he has made us his ministers and the executors of his will. Man rises to the height of moral grandeur when he accepts the responsibility for his own action, and with resignation and courage endures the penalty of his wrong-doing. Let us remember that man and not God is devastating Europe with the awful scourge of war, and let us hold man and not God responsible for the issue. G. B.

Tags.

The disposition to put tags on things is of the most useful character. It is the instinct of classification, and it keeps what we learn, and in a way to make it instantly available. But classification is a very misleading advantage when it becomes too facile.

To put a tag on a thing, and to keep on putting tags on everything that looks similar to that thing, are very different matters. We tag only up to our knowledge. The habit and convenience, however, often lead us to tag beyond our knowledge. Then the seeming classification becomes confusion and disorder.

There are, it is true, general characteristics that need not be too closely scrutinized for every-day use. They serve us fairly well so long as we do not make too much of them. Nationalities, localities, denominations, trades, and grades name people fairly well for ordinary purposes. But they are good only so far as they go. Generally such tags separate people more than the facts warrant. It is this separation that makes the habit of putting tags on people a very harmful one. It places them where they do not belong. It sends them, like wrongly directed baggage, where we cannot get the good of them.

We should like to make this point as concrete as possible. But with concreteness the subject becomes too delicate for publicity. Somebody's feelings would be hurt; we should be liable for rudeness, and justly liable, if we illustrated our theme where we wish it to apply. But everybody will know how to fit the case to himself. There are sets of people we have marked off by themselves and put quite plain tags upon them. Whenever we meet any one of this set or that set, we at once think of the tag and assume that it fits the person. Have we associated roughness, self-seeking, bad manners, bigotry, egotism, hypocrisy, uncleanness, irreligion, with this or that class? Then we have to look out with each new acquaintance lest we condemn it with the tag without examination. Once tagged, our acquaintance is at a disadvantage and is likely to remain so. The meanest culprit is entitled to his day in court, but the habit of tagging people denies to them what the common law grants the mudsill. People who are at haste to deny the possibility of everlasting punishment hereafter are all the time inflicting everlasting punishment here by putting the tags of classification on others before it is at all settled that they belong there. They disapprove of somebody's politics and thereupon cut them. They disagree with somebody's theology and freeze them. They condemn a nation's action and then begin hating all who belong to that nation. They have their dislikes and then fatalize them. They harrow their range of intercourse by these successive exclusions till they are likely to stand alone with a world damned around them. "Hell,

Digitized by Google

my friends," said Walter Besant, "was always meant for the other man." Why? Because of this disposition to put tags on people and tie them fast and forever.

We need not take back anything we have thought about the usefulness of tags. We need not limit our use of them. On the contrary, the remedy for the trouble we are describing is more tags (not fewer), frequent tagging (not rare),—tagging so frequent that we shall not tie the tags with hard knots, since we have so often to change them. A system dealing with life cannot suffer any mechanism. It must be flexible to be adequate. So classification in life, just as in philosophy, must be fluent and responsive and self-renewing. It must contradict itself with readiness to revise and change. It must be exact but not stiff, precise but not fixed. The subjects of our tags must always have the right of appeal; and we must ever increase the variety of our tags and our skill in using them so that no man, no people, shall long have the wrong one. The open mind, the ability to recognize mistakes, the courage to own them, and the candor to hold no string to them uncut,—this is indispensable to the proper use of tags in life so human as ours. Comets may be predicted, but not people. Planets keep a course we may mark out, but not people. Stars are fixed, but not people. Astronomers may be infallible, but not people. The longer and better we know people and the truer our acquaintance, the quicker our tags get out of date. Like an old edition of Baedeker to a traveller is our predisposition, our prejudgment, our prejudice. It is all the time wasting our energy, our endurance, and our patience. The tags we have put on people become false guides. Following them we lose our way and become as fools. If we wish to keep our enemies we cannot afford to get acquainted with them. The worst of them, when we know them, may deserve better of us; and perhaps merely knowing them may make the most difficult thing in the world easiest, and we may find ourselves with an unbidden love—even for our enemies.

American Unitarian Association.

The Church Extension Department.

Last week I set forth in this column, in a very condensed outline, some of the plans and purposes of the Association during the current fiscal year. I did not, however, have space to mention the work of the Department of Church Extension. In that Department the regular work is going forward according to the plans adopted by the Board of Directors last May. Counsel and money aid is being steadily supplied to eight societies in New England, twelve in the Middle States and Eastern Canada, nine in the South, five in the Central West, four in the Rocky Mountain States, fourteen in the Pacific States, and four in the Canadian Northwest. The usual attention is also being given and liberal support afforded to the eleven college town churches included in the Department of College Centres. Many of these aided churches are likely to experience hard times in their finances. The churches in the Canadian Northwest seem to be particularly hard hit, but the reports from all along the line indicate that the friends of our missionary work must be unusually liberal in their gifts if the work is to be adequately maintained.

The officers of the Association expect to be able to repeat their experience of former years, and visit not only all the aided churches and missions, but also a considerable number of the older churches where their counsel is or may be desired. In the course of the next two months the president of the Association will undertake a journey which will carry him to the Pacific Coast, where he will have opportunity to visit the churches in Washington, Oregon, and Northern California. The secretary of the Association is soon to visit a number of our churches in the Middle West, and will hold a ministers' meeting in Indianapolis in which both the president and the secretary of the Department of Social and Public Service will take part. Mr. Forbes will be returning from a visit to the churches in Minnesota and Manitoba, where he is now giving special attention to the work among the Scandinavians. The secretary of the Canadian Conference will take advantage of Mr. Forbes's stay in Winnipeg to visit the churches in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Field Secretary Brown will later leave on a journey which will take him through West Virginia, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and Montana. As he goes out he will meet the president returning from the Pacific Coast. Still later in the year the secretary of the Association will go to the South where Field Secretary Pratt is already at work.

The last summer has been an active one in the work of equipping our churches with new buildings. The Association is deeply interested in, though not responsible for, the erection of the beautiful new Second Church in Boston which is almost ready for dedication, and in the alterations and improvements in the meeting-houses of the First Parish in Cambridge and the First Parish in Portland, Me. Large additions, quite doubling the size of the building, are going forward in the church in New Orleans, La. The new church at Wheeling, W. Va., is completed and will be dedicated on October 25. The new churches in Flushing, N.Y., and Dayton, Ohio, are well advanced and will be ready for occupancy soon. The parish house at Palo Alto, Cal., has been completed, making, with the church, three sides of a garden court. Work is going forward on the chapels at Highland Springs, Va., and at Sacramento, Cal. It is expected that the Highland Springs chapel will be finished next month. The foundations and first story of the new church in Edmonton, Alberta, have been completed and will now be roofed in so as to be available for winter use. The church will be finished later. The contracts have been let for a handsome new church in Athol, Mass., to take the place of the building destroyed by fire two years ago. Additions are being made to the church in Elizabeth, N.J., and a commodious parish house has been planned for the church in Wollaston, Mass. A gift of land may make possible the building of a chapel for the colored congregation at Kingston, Jamaica. The plans for the church in Atlanta, Ga., have been accepted, but building has been delayed by the grading of the street. The church at Santa Rosa, Cal., has been sold and the proceeds of the sale will be put into the purchase of a lot in a better location for a new church. The new buildings of the Pacific School for the Ministry at Berkeley, Cal., provided for under the will of Mrs. Francis Cutting, are rising. The societies at Kingston, Mass., and Montague, Mass., have rehabilitated the interior of their meeting-houses, and the Northside Church in Pittsburgh has installed a new organ.

The financial uncertainties must oblige the Directors to move very cautiously in the matter of opening new fields or organizing new societies. Arrangements, however, are going forward in four or five well-selected places; and, while it will not be possible this year to enter upon any costly adventures, the preliminary work can be done by the Field Secretaries and the way prepared for rapid and permanent advance when the times are more propitious.

Meanwhile, it is to be remembered that often the very best church extension work is the extension of the influence of existing churches in the communities they serve. This is the work to which the officers of the Association

Digitized by Google

will be able this year to give themselves more continuously than heretofore. They wish to co-operate with local ministers and societies in deepening the religious life, enlarging the resources, and vivifying the endeavors of the individual churches. In these co-operative efforts they will find ample scope for the exercise of all their gifts of heart and mind.

Samuel A. Eliot.

Current Topics.

With the termination of the period of uncertainty incidental to the industrial legislation embodied in the so-called Anti-Trust Bill, the attention of the administration at Washington, as well as the financial interests of the country, is being centred upon the new commercial opportunities which have been offered to American enterprise by the abnormal situation abroad. There is a growing realization throughout the country that the partial or total cessation of industrial processes in the great producing countries of Europe has placed largely upon the New World the duty of maintaining the activities of civilization. In various industries on this side of the Atlantic the increased demand for products necessary for the purposes of peace as well as war has already stimulated production. It is the belief of many competent observers of the lives of nations, that this demand is destined to increase as time goes on and the output abroad continues inadequate to the requirements, not only of fighting armies, but of the peaceful populations at home, upon whom devolves the task of holding social and industrial systems together.

Despite the negotiations under way to prevent the outbreak of a new revolution on a general scale in Mexico, there are increasing indications of a current of events in the neighboring republic which furnish cause for watchfulness at Washington, and for the exercise of the utmost wisdom in an endeavor to avert a repetition of the crisis which took definite form with the occupation of Vera Cruz by the American forces last spring. While the resources of diplomacy are being employed to bring about an adjustment of relations between Gen. Villa, the military genius of the late revolution, and Gen. Carranza, the former supreme chief of the Constitutionalist armies, the campaign which Gov. Maytorena has begun against Carranza is being posted energetically along the border of Arizona and is confronting the American troops centred at Naco with a delicate problem in the prevention of raids on American soil and injury to American citizens. In the mean while the Carranza-Villa conferees at Aguas Calientes are continuing their efforts to find a common ground.

The War of the Nations entered a new and significant phase last Saturday, with the fall of Antwerp into the hands of the German army of siege after a bombardment of three days. The port of Antwerp, the commercial capital of Belgium and perhaps the most strongly fortified place in Europe after Paris, is an important point in the long line of strategic contact betwen the Teutonic world and the Allies. With the taking of Antwerp the German strategists obtained potential control of the mouth of the Scheldt as the gate for possible—and highly probable—naval and aërial operations against Britain. Incidentally, German diplomacy came face to face with a difficult problem. That problem is the advisability of a violation of the neutrality of the Netherlands, in the event of the likely refusal of that country to accept German domination at the mouth of the navigable river which happens to lie within its frontiers. The first question, therefore, to be raised by the fall of Antwerp is: "Will Germany violate the neutrality of the Dutch as she did that of the Belgians?"

There is every reason to predict that Germany will avail herself of the strategic advantages of the mouths of the Scheldt for the purposes of the pending military operations, with or without the consent of the government of the Netherlands. Heretofore, the German commanders have scrupulously respected the right of the Dutch to keep aloof from the struggle which has embroiled Europe. The German success at Antwerp, however, brought a complete change in the situation on the borderland between Belgium and Holland. With Belgium in German hands, the German strategists are now prepared to carry out the next important feature on the Teutonic programme of conquest. That feature contemplates the undertaking of aggressive operations against Great Britain. These operations, whether successful or unsuccessful, have hitherto been carried on upon the soil of Belgium and of France. Now, there is reason to surmise, Teutonic hostility to Great Britain will find expression in a definite offensive campaign against England, involving an attack upon the British coast itself, by sea and by air.

The events of the war so far indicate that the struggle, though it involves eight nations, is primarily a struggle between two peoples—the British and the Germans. The foreign office in Berlin has given the world to understand plainly that Germany's main energies in the appalling conflict are directed not at France, not at Russia, nor at any of the other countries that have been drawn into the maelstrom, but at Great Britain as the natural foe of Germanism as the term is understood in Berlin. On the other hand, the official utterances of the government at London have removed all doubt from that view of British policies which presents the utter destruction of Germanism as the term is understood in London as the absolute and express aim of British endeavors. Thus, the issue is clearly drawn between the two most powerful nations in the history of the world—between two nations whose endurance, resources, courage, and strength of soul are as evenly matched as may well be through a common ancestry, common traditions, and a common love of country and pride in its greatness.

Understanding, therefore, that Great Britain will not be content to accept any result of the present operations which shall not be decisive and final, Germany evidently is mustering its forces for a fresh assault upon its main foe by operations which hitherto may not have entered into the calculations of the war councils of Berlin. Confronted by what appears to be a deadlock on the long line of battle in France, Germany has thrown her advanced guard around the extreme positions of the Allies in Belgium. The Germans at the beginning of the week were straining every nerve to put into effect their newest phase of offensive warfare—a sweeping movement to the seacoast, with Antwerp as its base, for the establishment of points of operations at the closest possible distance from the English coast. The recent success of a German submarine in sinking three British cruisers in the North Sea gives a safe ground for assuming that submarine attacks will figure largely in German operations against England from the strategic points seized by or within the grasp of the German forces in Belgium.

Digitized by Google

The death of King Carol of Roumania at the end of last week was an event of political significance in the disturbed state of Europe. Roumania, eager to enter the arena of fighting nations in an endeavor to obtain Transylvania and the Bukovina for herself by joining in the attack upon Austria-Hungary, had been kept back by the policies of King Carol, himself a Hohenzollern of the Sigmaringen, non-reigning branch of the family of which the German Kaiser is the head. King Carol is succeeded by a nephew, Prince Ferdinand, who had been elected crown prince by act of the Roumanian parliament many years ago. King Ferdinand, it is known, is not so influential among his countrymen by adoption as was his uncle, who took a brilliant part in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 as the commander of a combined Roumanian and Russian army in the operations before Pleven. It is regarded as improbable that Ferdinand will be able to restrain Roumania from taking part in the present war with a view to territorial aggrandizement at the expense of Austria-Hungary, already hard pressed by the legions of the Russian Czar.

Brevities.

How many people apparently prefer to remain morally ignorant rather than know that truth which would make them morally uncomfortable!

Wisely understood, all the experiences of life are schoolmasters to bring us to listen to the things which the Spirit is trying to say to every unsatisfied and hungry heart.

Large areas of feeling and imagination, of desire and motive, are left untouched by the methods and results of so-called education, and it is into this virgin soil of human nature that the best seed of the invisible Sower is sown.

Whoever can give us the true psychology of hatred may make possible some escape from its malign and harmful influence. We commonly say that love is positive and hate is negative, but how quickly and easily at times the one turns into the other! While hate dominates us we are at our lowest estate.

That primitive and animal instincts and impulses still survive and surprise us by their unexpected manifestations does not seem so wonderful, perhaps, when we recall the many thousands of years in which these factors were supremely dominant before the comparatively brief period since man entered upon his modern and civilized stage of life.

What a pity it is that it is to the interest of certain business men to keep the common people in ignorance! It is stated on good authority that the ignorant people in the south part of Ireland place their money in local banks at from 1¼ to 1½ per cent. interest because they are thought to be "safe," while this same money is invested by these banks in Belfast at from 4 to 8 per cent. interest in industrial securities and loans.

Many of the supposed harmful desires and tendencies of childhood are to be not opposed and suppressed, but wisely guided and exercised. These are in truth natural and necessary factors of a continuous personal growth and experience, and it is only our ignorance which hinders or proscribes their normal development. The unconscious crimes of parents against their own children constitute a terrible list which rises up in condemnation of parental ignorance, stupidity, and inhumanity.

Wild Geese.

How oft against the sunset sky or moon
I watched that moving zig-zag of spread wings
In unforgotten autumns gone too soon,
In unforgotten springs!

Creatures of desolation, far they fly
Above all lands bound by the curling foam;
In misty fens, wild moors, and trackless sky
These wild things have their home.

They know the tundra of Siberian coasts,
And tropic marshes by the Indian seas;
They know the clouds and night and starry hosts
From Crux to Pleiades.

Dark flying rune against the western glow—
It tells the sweep and loneliness of things,
Symbol of autumns vanished long ago,
Symbol of coming springs!

—*Pai Ta-Shun, in Harper's Weekly.*

From a Chapter of Possible History.

BY CHARLES F. DOLE, D.D.

At the close of the great European war A.D. 1914 a settlement was achieved as radical and unprecedented as it was comprehensive and just. The exhausted combatants instinctively turned to the United States, whose President, Mr. Wilson, had made a friendly proffer of mediation early in the war. The President was now asked to appoint a commission of twelve eminent Americans, who should arrange a workable plan for the adjustment of the grievances and misunderstandings which had provoked the war.

The President's selection for this peace commission was admirable beyond expectation. He chose at once the well-known pacificist and educator Chancellor David Starr Jordan of California, Senator Barton of Ohio, president of the American Peace Society, and President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University. Mr. Wilson appointed the rest of the commission with the careful advice of these three men. There were three large-minded women among this number to represent the enormous interest of women in the establishment of a sound peace. The commission met first at Washington, in consultation with the President and Secretary of State, to formulate the general scheme of procedure. It was immediately recognized that an American commission could have little hope to prescribe a line of conduct to the great European powers which the United States would not willingly adopt for its own action; in other words, that, inasmuch as the United States had doubtless given rise at times to some suspicion on the part of other nations as regards the disinterestedness of her motives, and as she had engaged in the rivalry with other powers in the building of a formidable navy, she must stand ready, before advising various and necessary concessions for other nations, to make considerable concessions herself, and even make sacrifices in order to do herself what she wanted the others to do.

First, then, it was agreed that the United States should make the forthcoming advice of her commission for a general international disarmament sincere and effective by promising the aid of the President, and the expected support of the American people in legislation, to stop the building of any more fortifications, and to suffer those already under construction, including those in Hawaii and Panama, to go out of commission.

Next, it was agreed that, in order to make the oceans the true highways of commerce and civilization, they ought to be completely neutralized, like the Great Lakes

Digitized by Google

between Canada and the United States. The United States ought therefore to be willing to co-operate to this end with the other nations so as to dismantle all ships of war as hereafter needless, with such unimportant exceptions as might be used by an international arrangement for the public protection of the seas.

Thirdly, it was agreed, in view of the new internationalism, making the whole world a single commonwealth, that the famous Monroe Doctrine should be set aside as outgrown, precisely as it was expected to set aside the European idea of the Balance of Powers. The conditions under which the Monroe Doctrine was originally formulated had long since ceased, and it had already become in some quarters and even in South America an occasion for jealousy and suspicion of the United States. In place of the Monroe Doctrine, it was proposed that a universal agreement should be made, that no nation would ever make war upon another to recover debts or to seize territory.

Fourthly, in view of the fact that the great war had largely sprung from the dissatisfaction of subject provinces exposed to alien rule, and in order to pave the way for a very progressive type of international agreement, the commission felt that the United States must pledge its honor never to take the sovereignty of any territory without a plebiscite of at least two-thirds of its people in favor of such a change of government; likewise, for the sake of decent consistency, that the United States should give the people of the Philippine Islands within ten years the free opportunity of declaring their will whether or not to maintain their present connection with the United States.

Lastly, it appeared plain to every one that there ought to be no more "secret alliances," or alliances of one group as against another group of governments. The United States must therefore be prepared to advocate the open publication of every alliance, with the invitation that other nations should be welcome to enter it upon equal terms.

These conditions, being at once frankly published in the American newspapers with the reasons why they should be urged, made so powerful an effect upon public opinion, already deeply moved by the sufferings of the war, that before the commission sailed for Europe it had already been shown that any and all legislation deemed necessary by the President for carrying the provisions into effect upon this side of the world would be abundantly supported by the Congress and the people. Even the critics of the commission admitted that the plan was at least desirable.

At Rome, as the capital of the chief neutral state in Europe, the American commission met plenipotentiaries from the warring nations, three men from each state. The first difficult question concerned boundaries. After prolonged discussion, the American proposition unanimously prevailed, that no nation should have the advantage over another by the conquest of territory. It was provided, however, that after five years an election for the choice of nationality should be taken (impartial terms for which were provided) in every province in any country inhabited by a population alien in race to the ruling government, or ever annexed without the consent of its people. This applied to Alsace-Lorraine, to Finland, to Bosnia and Herzegovina and other Slavic provinces of Austria-Hungary, making it for the interest of each of the national governments to do justice to their dissatisfied people in such provinces, or else to permit them to enjoy some kind of autonomy or to be annexed to a neighboring state of their own race. It was also decreed that the people of the former kingdom of Poland, long since divided between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, should henceforth become an independent state under constitutional rule. It was agreed that neither Austria nor Russia should ever interfere to disturb the New Poland or the Balkan States. These States had already united in asking the American commission to meet later in Sophia and help to compose their difficulties. These arrangements, looking forward to the freedom of the smaller nationalities from the oppression or arrogance of military governments, were made the more possible by reason of the attitude of England in giving Home Rule to Ireland just before the war broke out.

The next great subject discussed at Rome concerned military and naval establishments. The blood and costs of the war, with the sense of its needlessness and folly, had sickened the world of militarism. The American advice was that a clean sweep should be made of the whole military system, that all fortresses should be dismantled, that battleships should be sent to the scrap-heap, that the old conscription laws should be abolished, that no nation should be permitted any longer to use the oceans for purposes of enmity. It was agreed that what was safest for each was safest for all. This counsel was taken, and provision was made for a Parliament of the World within two years, at which joint action should be taken, if necessary, for the common safety and for extending the processes of the Hague Tribunal to cover the new conditions. Meanwhile, till the Parliament should meet, it was agreed that customs and tariffs should be abolished between the nations represented at the Congress.

Another question to be settled was that of possible indemnity for the losses of the war. Several local assessments had been collected by the Germans from Belgian towns early in the war. It was provided, and agreed to by Germany, that these sums should be repaid and reasonable provision should be made for the destruction of Belgian property. Otherwise, all demands for indemnity were set aside as cruel and barbarous. On the other hand, inasmuch as bankers and money lenders had helped to make the war possible, and since the war debts in certain nations, in addition to the devastations of the war, had risen to become a crushing oppression of the poor as well as a handicap upon industry, it was recommended that, except in the case of the holdings of small creditors, not above three thousand dollars, all other debts for military purposes, whether old or new, should be scaled down by fifty to seventy-five per cent., according to the necessities of the various governments. The law was beginning thus to be seen that not only must "they who take the sword perish by the sword," but they who help arm men to fight and kill must lose their money.

The war had been followed in its later stages in the more autocratic countries, Russia, Germany, and Austria, by popular uprisings. There were demands made everywhere for just constitutional government, for release from class distinctions and privileges, for thorough democratic treatment of all classes of the people, of the Jews in Russia, of the Poles and the Alsatians in Germany, of the Slavic people in Austria and Hungary. The war at once destroyed autocracy and militarism. The war also modified and changed the theory of "capitalism." All over the world men had come to a new sense of solidarity and humanity. All had suffered together. No man now wished to say again that his business or his money was his own to do with as he liked. The democratic idea took hold of business. It was seen to be a matter of social service, in which all parties were acting together, where no injustice could be done or suffered alone. Class feeling died out in this new sense of humanity.

Two remarkable factors helped the American commission to do their work. One was a tremendous popular movement throughout the United States for the national prohibition of the liquor traffic. It was evident, when

Digitized by Google

the commission sailed, that this movement was certain of success. The people saw that the drink evil and war went together. They saw that the nation had used the drink taxes to build the battleships. If the drink taxes were abandoned, there would be no more fighting-ships. The American people chose to let the ships go. Because they were willing to take this venture, all Europe was willing to follow them. Europe was not long behind America in prohibiting the liquor traffic, which had proved itself increasingly ruinous to human character and welfare, as mankind approached more nearly to the conditions of civilization.

The second important feature which marked the course of the war was a great wave of religious interest that swept over America. It was not like the conventional "revivals of religion" which had often excited men and left them not permanently better. This new interest was natural, simple, humane. It was a sort of awakening of new faith in one another. It came as a great trust that goodness was at the heart of the world. It grew into a purpose to treat every man as a man, and to practise the Golden Rule. This simple religion overran all race or sectarian lines. It took away bitterness and partisanship, as of English against Germans, or Germans against Russians. It opened men's eyes to see that we are all of one race, with a common faith and hope. The prevalence of this feeling through America was an essential element in the marvellous success of the peace commission which the American President sent at the close of the last terrible war that this earth has ever seen.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

A Prayer in War-time.

BY JAMES VILA BLAKE.

Eternal Countenance of Power and Pity,
Where is thy hearkening now, and where thine eyes?
Seest thou and hearest the screaming flaming city,
And the blood-smoking ground, the awful cries?
Of all thy million-million stars this world
Alone hast thou cast off, forgotten, forsaken,
While battling carnage back on women hurled
Its second and worse pangs, love's toll twice taken?
Oh, yea, thou seest, seest and hearest, Lord!
But thine all-holding patience can we wait?
Enable us and help us! 'Mid the horde
Of these red angers keep us clean of hate!
Let us not war in soul upon our brothers,
Nor to the cruel feel as they to others!

The Soul's Athletics.

England has no longer a monopoly of athleticism, but for generations it has been regarded as the centre and very Mecca of the cult. Abroad, the madness of Englishmen used to be demonstrated by their insistence on the morning tub, and the imperilling of their necks in impossible Alpine situations. To-day, not only in our own land, but in all civilized countries, physical training has become a science. Our schools are gymnasia. The middle-aged citizen has his elaborate apparatus for the increase of his chest measurement. Among the masses, sport is the one preoccupation. There is no call for a too critical attitude toward these tendencies. If, as Herbert Spencer has somewhere said, "one of the first conditions of success in life is to be a good animal," we must not quarrel with Nature's effort to produce him. When our people lose their love of exercise and of the open air, it will be the beginning of doom.

Yet, when Ignatius wrote to Polycarp, "Watch, as God's athlete," it was not of football or of mountaineering he was thinking. The Greeks of Asia Minor were adepts at physical training, but Ignatius had in view a quite other line of discipline. It is a line that is much neglected to-day. Our age is one of amazing activities in a hundred directions, but not in this. Men are educated to the careers that offer wealth and distinction. There are intellectual and artistic enthusiasms. But the evidence to-day of an earnest systematic culture of that side of life, which, where it appears, sheds on history its finest light, is, alas! very much to seek. Religion is a convention. Of spiritual exercises men know next to nothing.

"They eat and drink and scheme and plod,
They go to church on Sunday,
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

The satire is the simple truth. To multitudes it seems never to have occurred that behind their body and behind their intellect lie a mass of powers whose development of all others is the most fascinating, and whose results are of all others the most wonderful.

The present condition is the more strange when we remember with what ardor this culture has been pursued by the nobler men of all races and religions. There were Greek philosophic sects that could give points in this matter to the members of most Christian churches. We lift our hands at the word "Epicurean," but Epicurus, with his diet of bread and fruit, would have been astonished at the ways of our orthodox deacons and presbyters. The Stoic who had trained himself to regard privation, pain and death, as adiaphora, things indifferent, could teach the modern evangelical many things worth his knowing. The wildest aberrations even of ancient wrestlers in this arena are worth our attention. When we read the stories of Indian fakirs or of those Egyptian ascetics of whom Harnack says, "One man starved himself to death, a second ranged to and fro like a beast of the desert, a third plunged into the mud of the Nile and let himself be tortured by insects, a fourth, half-naked, the sport of wind and weather, spent years in silence on a pillar," something else may emerge from the study than the mere sense of our superiority. Might it not be a feeling of the wonder of that inner life which made these men satisfied to yield all else, if only they might explore this deepest of themselves, and unchain its hidden powers?

But extravagances of this kind are not likely to be repeated, at least among the Western nations. What, however, we have to consider is whether the ruling motive of athletics—the delight, that is, in the difficult—might not, for most of us with immense advantage, be transferred to this other sphere? In our mountaineering it is precisely the arduous, the painful, the perilous, that draws and fascinates. Men find the Alps too easy, and are in search of Himalayas. But this sort of climbing is costly, and open only to a few. There is mountaineering closer at hand, within the general reach, that has greater ascents and finer views. If we are in quest of adventures, there lies in each of us a region that will furnish enough. It is possible, in this separate realm of our inner invisible, to make a history immeasurably greater than what the newspapers are recording, and this without stepping an inch out of the routine of our ordinary life. The whole business is inward, in the gymnasium of the soul.

For illustration, let us take one or two of the more obvious feats. There is, for instance, the mastery of the disagreeable. We want a life with all the corners rubbed off, and find a deadly dulness as the result. When our ease is broken, we howl or perhaps blaspheme. Marcus Aurelius from his pagan philosophy could teach us so much better than that, and our natural instinct revolts in its innermost self against the hog paradise.

Digitized by Google

How magnificent, in comparison, have been the performances here of God's athletes! It should surely be good news for us, in this stormy world, to know of a discipline that can make men buffet-proof, a secret which, when learned, sends them unhurt and exultant through the worst that comes! That it is so is plain history. When John Woolman went to preach the gospel to a tribe of hostile Indians, he tells us that one night, far from tent or habitation, unable to kindle a fire because of the heavy rain that was falling, he sat under a bush during the long hours, and "found his soul filled with comfort as he meditated upon God." We may put his story by that of another plain man, John Nelson, one of Wesley's first helpers, who, pressed by his enemies for a soldier, and thrust for the night into a horrible dungeon, thus describes his experience (his English is startlingly to the point): "When I came into the dungeon, that stank worse than a hog-sty by reason of the blood and filth that ran into it from the butchers who killed over it, my soul was so filled with the love of God that it was a paradise to me." This was neither poetry nor romance, but the sheer experience of honest men who had found a secret. They were in the war, but carried a charm. Their comfort was not the kind yielded by padding. It flowed from the action of the loftiest spiritual energy. Surely, in such a world theirs is a secret worth knowing.

But this is only one conquest out of a hundred. The man who has found the fascination of inner athleticism will want to climb every peak there is. His New Testament opens them, range upon range. To learn how to forgive his enemy, how to cease from evil speaking and evil thinking, to pick up that marvellous habit of living without care for the morrow, to know how to laugh with the joyous and to weep with the sorrowing, to find out how to make one's word, one's presence, and one's secret influence a constant potency for good,—these are exercises he will mark down in his note-book as part of each day's inner business.

But the athlete who begins on this track will not stop at the lower altitudes. His appetite will grow by what it feeds on. From Alps he will pass to Himalayas. The region he has entered he will discover to be illimitable, and its wonders ever more astonishing. The superficiality of our age has made these higher ranges invisible and almost incredible to it. We have forgotten how to meditate and how to pray. The Church's devotional literature of all ages is almost a sealed book. Yet what marvels does it contain! Let any one turn over the "Devotions of Bishop Andrewes." They are written in Greek and Latin, yet through those dead tongues we feel in every line the mighty movement of a soul at its highest energy. The results of such energy upon both outer and inner life are hardly to speak of here. They are the secret of the saints. Yet some day the world will recognize that, of all the forces moving in this universe, that which operates along these uppermost surfaces of the spirit, while most subtle, is also the most powerful.

From such a study follow all manner of deductions, but we can hint only at one in closing. The power of the religious teacher, whatever his church or his position in it, will be strictly in accordance with his proficiency in the soul's athletics. Men talk of originality in the pulpit, make often grotesque and frantic efforts to acquire it. The only originality worth the name is that of a growing soul. There is no preacher worth his salt whose greatest daily work is not here. It is the training of his own spirit that constantly freshens and enlargens him. The hearer is thrilled by something undefinable. It is the new power evolved from a soul's ascent. Unless this process is going on, a man were better dumb. Think of Christ's couple of years or so of ministry and thirty previous years of silent inwardness! In their libraries, men may find new facts and new arguments; but these will be useless unless in the deeps of their own spirit they seek for new powers.

Any one, layman or cleric, who sets forth on this quest will come speedily to a point where we may here leave him. He will find that his own solitary strength is nothing. For in the spiritual world, as in the natural, a man becomes strong only as he links himself to the great outside powers. Science makes him mighty by harnessing his personality to the cosmic forces. Faith makes him mightier yet by linking his feebleness to Divine Omnipotence.—*J. Brierly, in the Christian World.*

Peace.

BY MARY P. SEARS.

Angel of calm, with circling wings that sweep
Across the night, across the slumbrous sea,
Come where pain holds its heavy hand on me,
Where I and sorrow our long vigil keep.
Oh, bathe my fevered spirit ocean-deep
In healing waters, oh, let quiet be
For the thought-wounding grief of memory
In shadow-dim, enchanted wells of sleep.
Take thou my hand and lead through pastures green,
Lead me beside the sacred waters still,
Into all silence of all starry space,
Far, far through spirit-worlds unheard, unseen,
Even unto peace—the self-surrendered will,
Even unto peace—the vision of God's face.

The Strength and Weakness of our Theological Schools.*

BY HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

II.

Let us turn now to a consideration of what we of the Unitarian fellowship are wont to call "our" theological schools, meaning those to which we have chiefly looked for the recruiting of our ministry. They have never been, indeed, under strict denominational control in the way that the theological schools of certain other bodies have been, and in many cases still are, under the control of diocesan or other denominational organizations. Harvard Divinity School has, of course, for forty years been an undenominational, scientific school of theology, absolutely independent of the denomination which built it up,—the first case in America, if not in the modern world, of such a free institution. It is worth while repeatedly to emphasize this, because the world finds it so difficult to believe that such is actually the case, and still persists in regarding it as a Unitarian institution, though Unitarians have so long been in a minority in both the faculty and the student body. Meadville and the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry are both, of course, correctly termed denominational schools, but they are free from any direct control by our denominational organizations, save for the American Unitarian Association's power of concurrence or veto in the election of trustees of the Pacific School.

If we view these schools in the light of the tendencies which to-day seem dominant in theological education, we shall, I think, have cause for a reasonable measure of satisfaction. Harvard and Berkeley have each the advantage of the immediate neighborhood of a great university and of a city large enough to offer a laboratory for the study of social problems. Meadville is unquestionably handicapped in both these respects. There may be difference of opinion as to the wisdom of moving the Meadville School to Chicago, on the ground that it would there be dominated and

* An address made at the Ministers' Institute, Sept. 23, 1914, at Newport, R.I.

Digitized by Google

eventually swallowed up by the great university, but there can hardly be doubt that Meadville would be strengthened by proximity to some large university and to some large city. One is tempted to wish that fortune might have located it in Ann Arbor, adjacent to the University of Michigan and but an hour out of Detroit. Under existing circumstances, however, the present very sagacious plans for Meadville students, giving them opportunity to spend two summer terms at the University of Chicago, overcome in some degree the inadequacy of the School's location.

Our school at Berkeley may be said to have only just passed the experimental stage. It has, indeed, a splendid strategical location, and is doing most excellent work within the limitations of its strength. But the denomination as a whole has failed to realize either the real need for such a school on the Coast, if our churches there are to develop any local supply of ministers for their pulpits, or the great tenacity and devotion with which Dean Wilbur has stuck to his task through discouragements which would have beaten one less stout-hearted. Even now, though the School has at length received sufficient endowment to assure its permanence and to begin the erection of a suitable habitation, it is quite insufficiently equipped to do the most effective service. Not until it has completed its habitation and has enough income to pay adequate salaries to four or five professors can our churches feel that they have done their duty by it. A part of its equipment should include generous fellowships, to enable its graduates either to come East or go abroad to study, in order to give students bred upon the Coast opportunities for enlarging their range of vision. This is not because Berkeley is any more remote from Cambridge than Cambridge is from Berkeley,—indeed, if one looks at a map of the whole country, Cambridge is seen to be a good deal more set in a corner,—but graduate work at an eastern school, owing to our two hundred years' earlier start and the greater proximity of Europe, offers opportunities for enrichment of the student's experience which the Pacific Coast, wonderland though it be, cannot for a long time provide. The same principle, indeed, holds true of Meadville, though for different reasons. It would be a great advantage if more of her graduates could have a year of graduate work at Harvard or Union or in Europe.

There is no room for criticism of any one of these schools on the ground of the inadequacy of its intellectual ideals. The standards at Berkeley and at Meadville are as high as can reasonably be maintained where the A.B. degree is not required for admission. The standard at Harvard is, I suppose, the highest in the country. Those who are in any doubt as to the quality of the intellectual opportunity open to students for our ministry might read with curiosity mingled with surprise the account given by Monseigneur Hugh Benson in his "Confessions of a Convert" of his training for the Anglican priesthood. It will be remembered that Benson is a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and took orders in the Church of England before he became a Romanist. It is reasonable to suppose that he received what was considered an entirely adequate education, yet he states that after leaving Cambridge, where he had the usual classical course, he went to reside with other candidates for orders with a certain canon in southwestern England, where for a year and a half he read the Greek Testament, studied some church history,—from the Anglican point of view,—a bit of canon law, and practised writing sermons. Compared with a training so inadequate, in spite of his advantage in having a large background of culture, the graduates of our schools have had a thorough drill.

The scholarship and intellectual standards of these schools of ours may reasonably be regarded as one of their chief elements of strength, which we should be careful to conserve and still further develop. Happily there is no evidence of a decline in this respect; probably, taken as a whole, their faculties are quite as strong now as they have ever been. The curricula of these schools are also well-rounded and, on the whole, fairly complete, unless we are going to undertake widely specialized work. The weak points of these schools lie elsewhere. The first has been that common with many schools,—a remoteness from actual life. That is partly due to the inherited tendency to place the theological student in a cloistered retreat to meditate upon the things of the spirit, and we must not forget that some opportunity for such meditation is essential. It is more largely due, at least at Harvard, to the inherent tendency of the professor to treat his subject academically, as a matter of purely scientific interest rather than in its bearing on the minister's life. This scientific, or academic, approach to subjects, as distinguished from the professional point of view, is perhaps inevitable in a distinctly scientific school of theology, especially where a considerable proportion of the faculty have never had any experience of the parish ministry; but, while it may not work injuriously in certain fields of study, it surely needs to be balanced in other departments with adequate emphasis on the professional aspect of the minister's training, if the school is to draw students who expect to be ministers rather than professors. There is no real conflict between the ideal of pure scholarship and that of adequate preparation for the practical ministry. In the perfect school the two would go hand in hand.

Furthermore, as a result of Harvard's strong individualism, the student has been left very much to his own devices so long as he kept up with his work. There has been, and is, perhaps, too little endeavor to guide the student in the choice of courses best fitted to his individual need, and of reading outside of what might be prescribed. The intellectual riches of the University have been spread before him, and he has been left free to partake, on the assumption that he was mature enough to choose for himself. In many cases guidance would be indeed superfluous, and in no case should any rigid prescription of work be necessary, but a good many men come to Harvard who would benefit by a considerable amount of careful, friendly counsel during the opening months of their course. There is much to be said for the tutorial system, which is quite practicable where students are few in comparison to the number of teachers. Candidates for the ministry in the New England of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were largely educated by older ministers who took one or more young men into the manse as apprentices, supervised their reading, and trained them in parish work. We cannot return to that system, but we can profit by the hint it gives of the value of a closer intercourse between teacher and student.

Connected with this extreme individualism, and due also to the small number of men in all our schools, and to their marked diversities of type, is a lack of a sufficiently close-knit associated life. At Harvard this lack of sufficient social life is accentuated by the pressure of academic work, by the large amount of student preaching, and by the number of graduate students, many of whom are married and who therefore take small part in the school life. I have compared the several theological schools at our Cambridge to the colleges at Oxford and the English Cambridge, but we have yet to develop their college spirit, though it may be found in some degree at the Episcopal Theological School.

The greatest weakness of all our schools, however, is due to a factor which all are most eager to remedy, and

Digitized by Google

over which they seem to have least control,—the pitifully small number of properly qualified students. Our schools are far too small in the number of students to get the best results. Their numbers might be considerably increased by lowering standards, but we do not want an increase on those terms. For half a century the number of students at Harvard, and I believe at Meadville also, has remained substantially the same, decade by decade, though at Harvard during the last decade or two with an increasing proportion of graduates and a decreasing number of undergraduates. Furthermore, the type of student appears to be changing. Of the students in the Harvard Divinity School fifty years ago (1864), all were Americans save one man of Irish birth. About half were born in Massachusetts, and half the remainder elsewhere in New England. Last year, out of 30 men whose primary registration was in Harvard, only 3 were born in Massachusetts; no other New England State was represented, but 17 men were born in 12 Southern and Western States, Ohio contributing 4, while 10 men were born in 6 foreign countries, if Canada be so counted. I suspect that Meadville would show quite as striking a change in the character of her student body. It is indeed gratifying to have the school grow more cosmopolitan and less provincial, and we may all be glad that men are drawn to her from far and wide, but we should have sounder basis for satisfaction if, in addition to our students from a distance, we had retained the strong New England nucleus.

The blame for this condition can hardly lie with the schools, which have used every legitimate means to draw properly qualified students. It is due in part to the general decline of the ministry in popular esteem, and to the rise of other professions. The phenomenon is not peculiar to our schools. Many others have felt it severely, and there are statistics showing the decline of the number of theological students in the whole country for one or more decades preceding 1905, since when the number has again increased, though good observers say the quality has not improved. The responsibility, however, rests in large measure with our churches. Some of the people who now complain that they cannot find any suitable candidates for their vacant pulpits have themselves failed to pay their previous ministers a living salary, and have consistently discouraged their own sons who showed an inclination to enter the ministry. Probably we have all known youths who would have made successful ministers, but who have been turned from it because of the banter and discouragements at home. Until our Unitarian parents are willing to encourage their ablest sons to enter the ministry they have no right to blame the schools for turning out an insufficient number of suitable candidates for their pulpits. Furthermore, this inadequate supply of high-grade students is the real cause of some of the other inadequacies in our schools referred to above, especially the paucity of their associated life, a problem which would be easily met with but a small increase in the number of students of the right kind. No matter how distinguished a faculty a divinity school may gather, an inadequate supply of qualified students will still mean an undeniable weakness, since the standing of an institution depends almost as much upon the quality of its students as upon its teaching force. The Harvard Law School stands in the front rank not only because it has had famous teachers of law, but because of its picked body of students capable of living up to the highest requirements. Balliol College has been made famous not only by Dr. Jowett but by the high proportion of distinguished men who have been students there. One of our chief problems, therefore, is to draw in a larger number of well-qualified students, and in this we must have the effective co-operation of our churches.

Finally, our schools have often been accused of failure to cultivate the spiritual life of the student; of lacking the warmth, earnestness, and devotion of more evangelical institutions. Opinion on this question is bound to differ widely because of the diversity of student experience, so much depending upon the attitude and temperament of the individual. Where one man finds only an arid, dry-as-dust desert of intellectualism another man will discover living waters. Some of you may remember a lively discussion in the *Transcript* a few years ago growing out of the reminiscences of a minister who graduated from Andover in the 1870's and who pictured the seminary as a dreary place of mechanical routine without the slightest power of inspiration. He was promptly answered by others who had been students at Andover during the same period, who eagerly described the warmth of the devotional life and the uplifting associations of the Seminary as they knew it. So it is with our schools. When I am told that there is no devotional spirit at Harvard, I find sufficient answer in that great body of noble hymnody which for three-quarters of a century has flowed out from it. Yet all our schools do need an increase of grace in this respect. Their failure adequately to nourish the spiritual life is due in part to the same causes as their other weaknesses,—to an over-developed individualism; to the over-pressure of academic work and of outside preaching; to the paucity of associated life. If these factors are in some degree overcome, the spiritual temperature is likely to rise; but perhaps the best methods of securing that desirable end are, first, more thought and care given to chapel services by professors, who are in danger of coming to regard them as mere perfunctory exercises, and, second, more definite counsel to the student about ways of cultivating the devotional spirit.

Such, then, are some of the elements of strength in our schools; such are some of their weaknesses. Let us hold fast to their noble traditions; let us strive to make good the places where they are inadequate. So shall these schools be to coming generations centres of light and inspiration, where men may muse upon the deep things of God while the fire is enkindled in their hearts which shall send them forth to speak of truth, and righteousness, and peace.

Cambridge, Mass.

Spiritual Life.

All virtue consists in having a willing heart. God will lead you as if by the hand, if only you do not doubt, and are filled with love for him rather than fear for yourself. —*Fénelon.*

The humblest man or woman can live splendidly. That is the royal truth we need to believe, you and I, who have no "mission" and no great sphere to move in.—*William C. Gannett.*

Each day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life,—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you. —*Canon Farrar.*

The Roman senate never did a nobler act then when, after the stupendous defeat of Cannæ, they went out to meet and thank the defeated general because he had not despaired of the republic. Even so should all humanity thank the humble martyrs, the obscure benefactors, the unfamous faithful, who amid toil and obloquy, defrauded

Digitized by Google

of justice, hopeless of reward, deluded with ingratitude, have yet believed in the redeemableness of their brother men.—*Canon Farrar.*

How easily we lose poise, swept by the currents of life! Our root is not deep enough. Consider the lily resting on the face of the waters, its roots far below. How serene it rides the ripples, and how confidently it has sought the light, that its life may expand therein above the turbulence of the waves!—*Trinities and Sanctities.*

Emerson and Spencer agree that our lives are, as it were, fragments of a greater life. What we want to know and feel is that this greater life is rational and moral, that it comprehends what it is doing, knows the difference between right and wrong, and cares to do right. That there is not merely power over us, but wisdom beyond our wisdom and righteousness beyond our righteousness, is what Emerson means by calling it Soul.—*Seth C. Beach.*

The Pulpit.

Joy in Nature.

BY REV. V. D. DAVIS.

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. —Psalm lxv. 8.

That is to say, there is joy in this great world of earth and sky in which we live—joy into which we enter most readily in the morning and evening of our days, because these are, taken all together, the most beautiful times, and in that beauty the divine joy is manifest. God makes the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. The endless but ever-changing glories of sunrise and sunset, the first freshness of the morning, the wonderful quietness of evening, speak to us constantly of him. We are then, perhaps, more often at leisure from ourselves, to let that calm, pure influence sink into our hearts. It comes to us with benediction, because there is a presence in all that beauty which belongs to the inward quietness of life, the unseen things of the spirit. The peace of God is then brought into the midst of our troubled, weary world, making it easier for us to lift up our hearts in communion with the life of heaven, far from the bitterness, the fever-heat, the baseness, and the sin that are here. In such an hour of quieting for restless hearts, surrendered to the pure emotion of thankfulness and trust, the thought of God comes with fresh appeal and renewing power, to compel a man to truth, to hold back his hand, it may be, from some dishonesty, to make all baseness of thought and feeling and intention, for the time at least, impossible to him. And where the heart is cleansed, pure joy comes in.

Those who are afraid of God, and choose to hide their evil or paint it over with false colors, will turn away from such thoughts, and seek to degrade and materialize whatever touches them from the world without. But for those who choose rather to think of things true and honorable, pure and lovely and of good report, the beauty of the heavens, radiant in silent joy, brings a message which is of God; and they are wise who learn to be attentive, and seek for more of that happy companionship with what is beautiful in nature—a companionship that never troubles, but only touches with friendly, welcome hand, asking nothing but to help us, and, as far as may be, to be loved, giving us, as we value it, more and more of the calmness and the joy with which God makes the outgoings of morning and evening to rejoice.

On any clear, fresh morning, when the earth has silently emerged from the shadow of night, and once more the glorious sunshine reveals an infinite wealth of beauty in earth and sky, you seem to stand in the midst of a new creation in which it is a joy to be alive. The pure, fresh air comes with a thrill of pleasure; the trees stand around in silent delight, making the clear sky look more beautiful above. If you are among the mountains, bathed in the morning light, they seem to shout for joy, and the song of innumerable birds does but make vocal the gladness which is in all around. And if you are within sight of the sea, or down upon the shore, how the waters of that great expanse call to you with eager welcome in the morning light! And if you are content simply to look, there is the glorious harmony of color over the pure surface of the waters, far away to the horizon and along the beautiful lines of the coast, and, with it all, the sense of space, of vigorous free life, the cleansing and restoration of the waters and the air.

What a world it is in which to breathe and move! What strength, what clearness of faculty, what ardor of pure affection, what reverent thankfulness, what infinite delight belong naturally to that glorious habitation! How noble would our manhood be, if with frank and steadfast obedience to God's law we accepted the spirit which breathes in such a morning for our common life; if there were no meanness, no coarseness, no cruelty, no oppression, no false pride in us; if with simple truth and honor and unselfishness we could live only to make more gladness in that beautiful world.

And as in the morning, so in the evening of a beautiful day there is joy, deep and calm, folded in the infinite peace of God. For now again the world sinks to rest. The eagerness of the long day is past, a great quietness spreads over the fields and the hills, the light is softer, even the sound of many waters comes to us more gently, blending with the general peace.

> "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
> The holy time is quiet as a Nun
> Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
> Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
> The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea."

There is a wonderful magic in that light of the setting sun, making not only a new world of glory in the heavens, but a new earth as beautiful and yet how different from that of the morning brightness! To be at rest, to be given up to the delight of that calm beauty, to see the earth free from care, tranquil in the golden light, and then to pass through the glory of the sunset far away into the heavens, to know the freedom of the spirit, the joy of pure, unburdened life, the infinite riches of the love of God, which includes all other love,—that is the spirit of the evening hour which enters into humble, thankful hearts.

Most wonderful, perhaps, it is from some great mountain-height to see the sun go down, first glorifying all the earth, and then the quiet night gathering in the valleys far below; to hear the sounds of active life ceasing, one by one; to see the fields of labor and the many clustered homes quiet now; even while you are still in the upper light, to see the shadows fall, and feel how all the earth is folded in God's care. Amid the great silence of the hills there is a presence that searches the heart, that bids a man know his own littleness and the infinite tenderness of God; and, as the shadows deepen and perhaps the first pale stars appear, it bids him rest in God and have no fear; it bids him only to have faith, to trust in the Eternal, to pray that he may be of the pure in heart, to know that God is the Giver of all good and the Guardian of all.

Digitized by Google

I have spoken especially of morning and evening, because these are the times when we are most often touched by the influences of nature, and are perhaps most ready to receive its messages of the diviner life. But throughout our days and nights, and in every season of the year, there is the same influence over us for good. Nature speaks with different power to different minds and hearts, but there is much that we can all learn, by patient faithfulness and reverence, of the wealth of beauty which is on every side, and of the joy into which we may enter and find that it is joy of the Lord of heaven and earth.

Nature, as Wordsworth said,—

"never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessing."

They are happiest who feel at home anywhere in the open country, where they can be alone with God, and simply feel how beautiful it is to be alive; who have such trust in the Goodness at the heart of all this universe, and such unclouded joy in all its beauty, that they feel constantly the friendliness of the green earth and the benediction of the heavens above.

I do not mean that we can forget, or ought to try to forget, the things which are painful and terrible in this world as in our human life. There are terrors of the Lord in the raging storm of wind and waves, in the pitiless rocks, the devastating flood and earthquake, and the fire of scorching heat, where no water is. There are times when men are at the mercy of what seem awful, pitiless powers, when only death can end the struggle. And yet we know of more than death. There is a spirit that cannot be daunted, that endures to the uttermost. There is a faith that conquers, a joy that triumphs over the tumult of the storm. The man who is ready to lay down his life, a willing sacrifice for truth or honor, for the liberty of his people or to save a friend, and so becomes aware of the triumph in himself of a deathless purpose of good, has the surest and profoundest knowledge of this truth; but we are brought to the same conviction by the simple thought that we, who have a growing knowledge of the marvellous forces of nature and the laws which govern them, have yet in our own spiritual life something greater than all these. We have a higher kinship, even with Him who is Creator and Preserver, Lord of heaven and earth. With God, in the communion of his Spirit, we are led in these paths of growing knowledge. Wherever we may be there is the same presence of the Eternal, in any familiar place on earth or in the furthest heavens a Presence, very near to us in all the beauty of the world, speaking in this quiet way with benediction to our hearts. As children who trust their Father's love and care, we find that there is nothing in the whole world to bring us to an ultimate despair—nothing of which we ought to be afraid. Thus, even in the direst extremity of our mortal life we may know that his mercy endureth forever; and, if there is no other way, we can give ourselves even to be destroyed on this dear earth (it is but swiftly in one keen struggle what comes to every one at last!), for we have knowledge of the Eternal, and, to them that love God, ultimately, in the one far-off divine event, all things shall be seen to work together for good. Therefore, we should let no thought of terror or danger interfere with our gladness or our thankfulness in this beautiful life which we have here on earth. God maketh the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice, and we trust in his love. We are meant to share in that joy, to be stronger, purer, more faithful, more unselfish, for that beautiful companionship.

The separate things in nature, which make up all the beauty, if we begin to analyze them into their material parts, cannot speak to us the word we need. Instruction they may often give, and lead us to marvel even more at the mystery of creation; but they do not give us by such means the pure delight of nature. It is not they which make the beauty: God makes them beautiful. It is the spirit that breathes in them, the unseen power which makes them what they are, the harmony of order, the energy of life, the manifest good-will. These touch the life in us, and we delight in the beautiful things because they and we have each our own place in the great universe of God, and we, as children of the Spirit, understand something of the divine purpose, the meaning of it all, the divine joy in creation.

To have perfect delight in nature we must have the prayer in our hearts that in all things our Father's will may be done. We cannot go where he is not. Everywhere the strength and beauty, the infinite heavens, the pure, fresh air, all that appeals to us and makes us rejoice in nature, all is his. This is the glorious temple of his praise. This is the beautiful home which, for this time, our Father gives to us, yet opening to us further gates of heaven, where life and love shall be made perfect and there is infinite joy and peace.

BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.

An Affirmation.

BY REV. EDMUND H. REEMAN.

I believe in man; that hidden deep within him burns the inextinguishable spark of a divine life; that out of him shall yet flow more abundantly the rivers of living water; that by his toil and sweat and blood shall yet be built the temple of an enduring fraternity and the golden city of an everlasting brotherhood; that by his hands shall yet be woven the shining garments of a changeless, fadeless love with which he shall both clothe and be clothed upon; that the desert wilderness of his passion, hate, and prejudice shall yet blossom with the flowers of peace and joy and beauty; that at last he shall stand erect, noble, godlike, with every ancient fetter broken and every chain beneath his feet, a freeborn son, servant, image of God, the maker and builder of God's kingdom upon earth.

In this hour of crisis it is upon this faith I rest my soul, and to this faith I would call men everywhere. Though Europe in a month should present the spectacle of a carnage more bloody than savagery could have stimulated in its most primal forms; though the flame of conflagration should spread until not a nation is left untouched and the whole world be laid in ruins; though not a stone of ancient temples should be left intact; though our seats of learning and our palaces of peace should be reduced to ashes; though ancient languages and literatures should be blotted out nevermore to be recovered; yet must we hold fast to our faith in the power of man to rise again from the dust and begin anew the ascent toward diviner things. It is upon the foundation of such a faith alone, held fast amid smoke and fire and blood, that the structure of a fairer kingdom will rise from the ruins of the civilization even now crumbling and falling before our eyes.

LANCASTER, Pa.

Digitized by Google

Common Pleasures.

I may not cross the ocean
A distant land to see,
But there's a winsome meadow
Which I may hold in fee;
A rippling rill runs gaily
Adown the daisied lea.

I may no old cathedral's
Majestic spires behold,
But solemn woods are whispering
Their secrets manifold;
In their dim aisles of verdure
I learn things never told.

I have my storied castles
With towers and turrets plain;
It needs no toilsome journey
Their portals fair to gain;
The way to them is easy—
'Tis only down the lane

Here is no Alpine mountain
With cloudy crest sublime,
But summits still more lofty
The soul is free to climb;
On heights serene I wander
At quiet eventime.

No painting rare and wondrous
Of artist could outshine
The colors of the sunset,
Mixed by a hand divine;
And, dear heart, no old master
Made face so sweet as thine.

—Emily Tolman, in "To a Summer Cloud, and Other Poems."

The Tapestry School at Shottery.

BY C. L. A.

The name of Shottery is always connected with a quaint thatched cottage in the midst of old-fashioned flowers—the supposed home of Anne Hathaway; but during the past twenty years there has been growing up in that pretty village, so attractive to students of Shakespeare, an industry which has developed into a prosperous tapestry school, under the control of the government. After one has honored the memory of the poet, one is strongly attracted to the living interest, which may well draw the stranger's feet across the fields to Shottery.

Years ago an English lady became much interested in work among the cottagers, some of whose homes she owned. She formed a class in needlework, and there the children learned much that has since given added comfort and happiness to their lives.

Not content simply with making more useful those healthy, happy cottage children, this large-hearted English lady began the solution of one of London's hardest problems,—the care of the poor. She gradually built up at Shottery a school for London children who seemed unable ever to gain a livelihood,—the lame, the deaf and dumb, and the blind. As many as could be cared for were brought out to live in the pure, sweet air of the country; and while their bodies were gaining strength and their cheeks becoming rosy with health, their fingers were being trained to do plain needlework, fancy work, embroidery, and tapestry.

As one steps in at the door of the school and is courteously welcomed by the young teacher in charge, the heart is touched at the sight of so many poor little ones deprived of so much that makes life worth living. A sweet-faced lame girl is working with great painstaking and skill on a difficult piece of embroidery, a hunchbacked child is sewing on some fancy article, and a whole row of children are weaving a long piece of dark-red woollen carpet; one is deaf and dumb, another blind, and all in some way defective. Most of the work is, of course, tapestry; but various small articles are made, for summer visitors like well to take away with them something that has been made in the very village itself. Orders are taken for work. The carpet was ordered. As the English lady has many influential friends, there is probably little difficulty in disposing of the work.

The school is a light, airy, attractive place, and the pupils look contented and happy. Not all the work shows skill, and some is even wrong and will have to be taken out and done all over again; but, considering the ways in which the pupils have always been at a disadvantage, it is wonderful how much has been accomplished.

The "bright side of the shield" is that those poor defective children are being taught so patiently and thoroughly that they will be enabled to make a living and lead happy, useful lives.

One of the greatest pleasures of a visit to the school is to get a peep at the inner life of that tender-hearted woman who has been the means of bringing about so much good.

Afternoon tea in one of the thatched cottages, which she has given to her best worker, allows one an opportunity to see what light she has brought into the life of that young lame girl who lives there, busy and happy in the midst of exquisite work on linen, silk, and velvet. She is the best pupil who has been taught at the school, and her work is sold into homes many miles from Shottery—quaint old Shottery, with its fragrance of flowers, and song of birds, and beauty of field and meadow, and in its midst the poor unfortunate ones of earth growing up into a blessing to those around them.

An Editor's Experiment.

For a long time I have felt that most newspaper workers are not competent to handle news of the churches, and that the names which loom largest in the work and worship of the Christian world to-day mean little or nothing to the majority of the men who get the news and write the stories that appear day after day in the great journals of the United States.

Coming in to work the other day I read an article about John R. Mott, and I resolved to "obey that impulse" to try out my notion by asking "the boys" to identify this great leader, who ranks with the dignitaries of the church and, indeed, of the state, the world around. True, I might just as well have used the names of a score of other representative men of various denominations and activities who also have places of religious leadership in this country and in the world. But Mott's was the name chosen, for the reason stated.

"Bill, who's John R. Mott?"

The managing editor looked up from a stack of world's series baseball photographs, stared into space for a few seconds, and reached for a match, as he replied:—

"Nothing doing. Try 'Who's Who.'"

Next came the city editor.

"Yes," he drawled, "I think he was elected to some office in New York some years ago."

Thence I went to the Sunday editor, a man who has been out of one of the leading colleges of the East about nine years, and who has been in the newspaper game in the South, in the West, and in New York City—a well-equipped man.

He shook his head. "Never heard of him," he said.

I tried my question on one of the best-informed men in the city, a man with something of a reputation for omniscience, rated as "the best man who ever read copy in the town." I have seen this man do some remarkable things in recalling names, dates, and facts. Often he has amazed me by answering off the bat what I thought were hard questions.

This time he was swamped. He smiled and said, "I don't know," just as any great man might do.

Then the desk men got their turn, the men who edit copy, who make headlines, and whip the reporters' stories into shape for the linotypers. Also I put my question to the reporters and to the editorial writers. All without avail.

Finally, covering the same assignment with me that night, I found a man from another paper, who said,—

"Why, old fellow, Mott's the man who held that 'haystack' prayer-meeting."

He did not quite know why I laughed rather broadly. I intimated finally that he was just a century out of the way. But I did congratulate myself that I had found a newspaper man who had heard of Mott, anyway, for the reference to the famous haystack at least indicated that he was getting "warm."

To one or two of my victims I made some such statement as this:—

"Why, man, Mott is one of the Americans best known in the world to-day. When President Eliot went 'round the globe he found no city where the name of Mott had not been heard. Larned and the other tennis players in quest of the Davis cup would have had no trouble in discovering that Mott's is a familiar name in New Zealand. He is known in Constantinople, Cape Town, Alexandria, Calcutta, Peking, Tokyo, and in all the centres of Europe. He has influenced more young men than any other man of his time. Few men of his age have travelled more extensively. There are plenty of competent judges who claim Mott as the peer of the statesmen, the colonial administrators, the church dignitaries, and the potentates of every kind everywhere; and there are multitudes in America who are proud of him."

Some of the fellows intimated blandly that I was drawing the long bow; some of them merely grinned; and others asked me questions enough to get the information that John R. Mott is the leader of religious work among the students of the world.

Now my paper is not a small and obscure journal by any means. Day by day I make my little contribution to a paper which ranks among the ablest and most influential newspapers of the East, published in a city of the first class—which, however, is not New York. I am not in any sense an exceptional newspaper man, unless I should be so classed because I happen to be interested in things that are being done in the field of religious achievement.—*The Continent.*

Digitized by Google

Literature.

The Poet. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.30 net.—George Eliot said once (we have been quoting it for forty years), "It is not true that love makes all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficult." So Mr. Nicholson's poet might say, It is not true that romance, poetry, the joy of living, are for youth and springtime love alone; they are the substance, the reality, to which one must be loyal as to an ideal. Only ideals can last from youth to old age,—ideals and the eager quest that counts him a coward who gives up when the winds blow cold and the path climbs upward. In this story, at least, ideals count for something, and the poet's vision has its practical results. Mr. Nicholson's graceful pen-portraiture is sure of appreciation, and the character was worth developing in this way. He deserves the popularity that allows him now to write what he will, with no need of a strenuous plot and startling incidents.

Two in a Bungalow. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.20 net.—Mrs. Smith's Summer Vacation Series has many qualities that make the books interesting to young readers and elicit the approval of those elders who have more or less responsibility for the books that are put into the hands of children. We never see a book by Mrs. Smith that we do not recall with satisfaction the enjoyment *Their Canoe Trip* gave one family of youngsters years ago. It still bears the evidence of that enjoyment in its worn appearance. This series, as the name indicates, is made up of out-door books, books that healthy, hearty, happy boys and girls like, partly because they remind them of good times they themselves have had under similar circumstances, and partly because they may suggest plans for other good times in the future. Moreover, the narrative is animated and the interest sustained.

Behind the Big Glass Window. By Louise Robinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 50 cents net.—This is one of the modern reading books, planned to interest the small child in reading for himself and to lead him into the pleasant ways of literature with an enjoyment that more than balances his sense of effort. The book is unusually attractive with its Toyland cover, its colored pictures, and its good easy print.

Magazines.

"Do Women Vote?" is the title of the leading article in the October issue of the *National Municipal Review*. It is a thoughtful analysis of the actual statistics of voting in Denver, by Mrs. Ellis Meredith, of the Board of Election Commissioners, herself an intelligent and ardent advocate of suffrage. Charles F. Gettemy, the head of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, contributes a striking article on "New Massachusetts Legislation regulating Municipal Indebtedness." He tells just what has been accomplished by way of substituting carefully worked out State supervision and control for a promiscuous system. In no other State has the futility of the old sinking-fund method of amortizing debt been so clearly recognized, with the result that the further creation of such funds has been prohibited. To what extent has the municipal initiative, referendum, and recall been utilized in practice? Dr. Charles F. Taylor endeavors to answer this, giving in detail the experiences of those cities, commission governed and otherwise, which have one or more of these provisions. Among the shorter articles are "The Influence of Moving Pictures in Municipal Life," by Orrin G. Cocks; a review of the activity of women along civic lines, by the editor, Clinton Rogers Woodruff; a description of St. Louis's successful fight for a modern charter, by Roger N. Baldwin; a review of civic and social surveys, and community efficiency, by Prof. Murray Gross of Philadelphia. Miss Neva R. Deardorff contributes an interesting article on "Citizen Co-operation in the Administration of Health and Charities," and Prof. J. W. Jenks one on "Co-operation between City Governments and Universities." The several departments, as usual, are filled to overflowing with current municipal news.

Miscellaneous.

With the opening of the autumn season, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company publish as usual a new Dorothy Dainty book by Amy Brooks, *Dorothy Dainty's Visit*, which will relieve the minds of small readers who have waited patiently to know the solution of Nancy Ferris's disappearance. How she fared while she was lost to her friends, and how her wonderful dancing helped them to discover her, is the main interest of the present volume. Another book for small girls due at this time is *Making Mary Lizzie Happy*, by Nina Rhoades, author of the popular Brick House Series. It departs from the custom of earlier volumes by including four different stories, each a Christmas tale which begins in troubled anxiety and ends with the proper Christmas spirit and hope for a brighter year to come. This firm have long made a specialty of their juvenile books, and Amy Brooks and Nina Rhoades have become familiar names. ($1 each.)

Prof. A. T. Robinson, professor of interpretation of the New Testament in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., has completed a monumental work in his *Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research*, upon which he has been laboring with scrupulous fidelity for many years. The amount of research and the mass of detail in a book of this nature are enormous, and it is inevitable that this should be the first reflection of any one who consults the great volume of some thirteen hundred pages. Prof. Robinson speaks modestly of his accomplishment and acknowledges that it would have been impossible but for the painstaking scientific investigation of the Germans. Besides Dr. Broadus, Prof. Robinson's own teacher and predecessor, he mentions Gildersleeve as "the American Hellenist whose wit and wisdom have helped over many a hard place." Dr. J. H. Moulton is quoted here as one who, like Gildersleeve, has shown that it is possible to make grammar interesting: "There is no subject which can be made more interesting than grammar, a science which deals not with dead rocks or mindless vegetables, but with the ever changing expression of human thought." Thus the writer, in sending out his life work, thinks with pleasure of the preacher or teacher who under the inspiration of the Grammar may "turn afresh to his Greek New Testament, and there find things new and old, the vital message electric with power for the new age." Thoroughness and care mark the successive sections of the study, which discusses each detail with illuminating presentation. The book, though large, is so bound that it remains open anywhere and is thus fitted for desk and reference use. It is handsomely printed in clear type, and apparently nothing has been left out that can add to its usefulness. It is sent out by George H. Doran Company, 38 West 32d Street, New York. (Price $5.)

THREE LECTURES ON MODERN POETRY

OFFERED BY

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF

"IN VIVID GARDENS."

Democratic Ideals of Contemporary Poets.
The Woman Revelation in Modern Poetry.
California Poetry.

For terms and dates address Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, Coronado, Cal.

"THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CAREER."

CHARLES GORDON AMES

A Spiritual Autobiography

EDITED BY

ALICE AMES WINTER

"IN 'Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography' we have a book of intense interest, especially for those who knew the magnetic personality of the man during his life. But even those who never met him, to whom even his name may be unknown, can hardly fail to follow with keen satisfaction the charmingly written story of the development of a soul."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

"TOLD with simplicity and insight, a rich humor and tolerance, a natural music and beauty of language."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IT is a delightful reminiscence, in which one can trace the influences and processes which made him what he was—a man of radiant faith, a Christian humanist, a practical mystic. Happily his daughter has added an epilogue in which she tells many of those personal details of a life busy in all benign activities. It is a book to prize for its sweetness and light, and for the impress of a man who lived the life of the spirit in the service of his fellow-man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

With frontispiece, $1.25 net. Postage, 11 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

4 Park Street, Boston

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Rhymes to Remember.

When the fays send a baby from Fairyland
They tuck three things in his tight-shut hand;
I can't see them, neither can you,
But Nursey says it is perfectly true;
There's a box of Patience, a bottle of Tears,
And a nice mixed package of Hopes and Fears.
The bottle of Tears very soon runs dry,
For you don t need Tears when you've grown up high.
Of course, there's a lot of Hopes and Fears,
For they've got to last a good many years.
But there's most of the Patience, far and away,
For you've got to use Patience every day.

—*Little Folks*

The Prize No One Expected.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

"There," said Dora, the tears gathering in her eyes, while the brave smile on her lips strove to discount them, "there goes my last chance of any prize at all."

"It's too bad." The words came from a group of girls who all spoke the same well-worn phrase with varying accents of sympathy. "I don't see how you can keep on with school at all!"

"I can't be regular, that's certain," admitted the object of their compassion, a slim pretty girl of fifteen; "but I'll do my best—and Miss Mason understands—which s a comfort."

"Yes, I know." The rest of the group fell back as Clare Willett, Dora Carter's especial friend, put her arms about the slender shoulders. "But you only graduate once in your life—and to be the single girl who doesn't have a prize at all! *Why* must Dicky choose *now* to break his arm?" she added so fiercely that Dora smiled. When you are downhearted, however, there are more endearing traits than reasonableness, and Clare's strong feeling comforted her.

"He couldu't help it," she said more cheerfully than she had yet spoken. He told me he had 'yumped the one step, and yumped the two step, and he *fought* he could yump the three step' —bless him!"

Dora Carter, Clare Willett, and a few other girls of the town attended a private school, chiefly because their mothers had attended it also when there was no high school; and Miss Mason, proving herself quite up-to-date and in keeping with modern requirements, had endeared herself to pupils of both generations to such a degree that no one criticised the parents of the second. Her diploma, moreover, admitted to more than one college, and was highly valued. Her prizes stood for many things. No scholarship could win you one if your moral standard and social deportment wasn't all it should be.

This year the class which called itself "Seniors"—strange word to apply to those active young forms and fresh young faces—numbered five; and there were five prizes, always. From the beginning of the year the girls had been sure of their destination. Margaret Brown would have the "Math." No one had had her reasoning power! Lucy Dean's specialty was knowledge of foreign tongues—she headed the Latin, French, and German classes. The English, the Science, and the General Knowledge all seemed to belong to Dora. At Christmas neither Clare nor Isabel hoped for any.

Then a series of misfortunes came which put Dora out of the running for the Science. Her mother's serious illness kept her at home during the most important experiments; but Clare's unlooked-for proficiency rejoiced Dora more than her loss troubled her.

At Easter a married sister brought two babies to be cared for, while she herself went with her husband down to Mexico, to try if living there would be possible for their precious little ones. Dora did not often miss her classes, but her preparation time seemed *nil*. She fell so behind in her theme work!—themes take thought, time, and a concentration to which babies are strongly opposed!—and it was soon evident that Isabel seemed in line for that prize. But the General Knowledge still lured Dora on to early rising study, to odd-moment study, and to the seizing of every opportunity to add to her score of "Madam How and Lady Why." The sister came back and claimed her babies. Peace and plenty (of time) seemed well within view, when five-year-old Dicky brok: his arm. Her mother was not yet strong enough to do much nursing, the family purse was sadly depleted, and Dora gave up all hope of the General Knowledge prize, for which Margaret seemed now the probable contestant.

Dora was a bright, unselfish girl, but she could not always keep back the tears that would come as day after day went by and she had to go unprepared to what classes she was able to attend, nor could she always conquer a certain impatience with Dicky,—not impatience of manner or action, but of feeling. He really was spoiled, she told herself. Then the big blue eyes would grow wistful as the sensitive little fellow felt a change in his nurse, and Dora, full of remorse, would double her attentions.

At last, just two weeks before Commencement, she had a talk with Miss Mason.

"You had better stay at home altogether, my dear," said that lady. How Dora loved the lined face, so strong and sweet under its silver hair! "I am sorry—very—for your disappointment. But you are learning other lessons, of equal value with English and Science—perhaps of greater value. Come here on Tuesday, the day before Commencement."

Dora wondered at this request. On the day before Commencement, Miss Mason usually requested her pupils to rest.

It was with a feeling of relief that the girl abandoned all her beloved lessons and gave herself up to the household duties she always found tedious, though she did them pretty faithfully. She swept and dusted; she washed and ironed the lighter things; she sewed at her white Commencement gown, though it hardly interested her.

"I hope you will have another kind of prize, some day, dear,—you deserve it," said her pale, fragile mother, as she watched her.

Dora, smiling, said,—

"You're a nice enough prize, Mother, and Dicky's another!"

But on Monday night—after a hard day she was extra tired—it suddenly seemed to Dora that, as she said to herself, "the bottom fell out of everything!" She pictured the often-rehearsed graduation day,—the music, the addresses, the giving of the diplomas and prizes, and it seemed very unjust that she, who had worked whenever she could, must sit among the undistinguished many, and not among the distinguished few.

"The others who get no prizes have had a good time going along," she said to herself. "I've had neither."

Then a thought came to her. She need not go to Commencement at all. She did not view this in the light of a temptation It seemed merely an escape from a disagreeable position. She went to sleep rather relieved.

But when she told her mother the next day of her determination, she saw the sweet face sadden.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Carter, "I am so sorry. I did not know it meant as much to you as that."

"I've no prize—not even a diploma," urged Dora, passionately. "I should feel *so disgraced*, Mother. I want to keep out of it all."

"I won't ask you to do a thing you don't wish to—when my illness and Lucy's babies and Dicky's arm have kept you from your just reward," replied her mother; "but I am sorry—not only for your loss, but that it seems so hard to you."

Then Dora understood that her way of escape was a temptation—a temptation to indulge in bitterness, to give way to repining. She was not able to speak for a few minutes, but she put away the breakfast things and made Dicky clean and tidy for the day. Then she heard the clock strike nine, with a start. If she made herself go to the Commencement festivities, she must also go to Miss Mason this morning, and not telephone her wish to stay at home. So she hurriedly slipped on her coat and hat and ran to her mother, compelling herself to speak brightly:

"I'm going, Mother, dear. It would be a shame to miss Clare's Commencement, and the other girls', just because mine isn't all I want it."

She was rewarded by the smile in her mother's eyes.

"Why, what is all this?"

The words burst from her astonished lips. She was shown into a large room, sometimes used for extra classes, but now newly furnished with six gas stoves, six tables with cupboards, and six sets of pots and pans.

"It means," explained Miss Mason, "that I am installing a Domestic Science department. It will be a senior and post-graduate course. To-day, under my instruction, you will contend for a scholarship."

Such a merry hour and a half they had! But to Dora it was at once play and work-play (because of the ease with which her practised fingers worked) and work (because she wanted that scholarship). For, if she won it, she could with a clear conscience stay at home next year, instead of finding employment—employment that might, perhaps, perforce take her away from her loved ones.

"A committee of my friends will pronounce judgment," declared Miss Mason.

The next day dawned so cloudless, so blue, so beautiful, that Dora felt her heart lighter than she had thought possible. Her mother and Dicky were debating as to the advisibility of attending the exercises, when the matter was settled by the arrival of Miss Mason's little electric—to take them.

The large hall was packed with people; the graduates and younger scholars filled the platform.

Digitized by Google

As the exercises went on, Dora schooled herself to rejoice for her friends—especially for Clare, whose look at her made her feel how true and loyal a heart was loving her—as they took their prizes.

Of course, you know what is coming? No, not quite!

"A friend to domesticity," announced Miss Mason, "has promised a sixth prize from now on—for Domestic Science! She wishes, however, to give one this year to the winner of the D.S. scholarship—Dora Carter, whose cake yesterday was pronounced to distance all competitors."

So Dora, quite unexpectedly, left her seat and went forward to receive a large and handsome book. She was not the "only graduate without a prize" after all.

For that is another surprise I have kept for you. She *did* graduate. When Miss Mason advised her staying at home for the last two weeks, she had discovered that pass-marks were sure.

"Oh," said Dora, as, with Dicky on her lap, she whirled home by her mother's side in the little electric, "suppose I *had* sulked—as I wanted to—and not gone yesterday!"

"Any one whose efforts are, in the main, to do right is often kept from falling," said her mother, gently. "And I am so glad that your home duties, so well done, have received a reward, and that the reward was public, and an honor, too!"

Purr when You're Pleased.

They had been licked over hundreds of times by the same mother, had been brought up on the same food, lived in the same house, learned the same lessons, heard the same advice,—and yet how different they were! Never were there two kittens more thoroughly unlike than these two! The one had an open, loving heart which never could contain itself in its joy, but purred it out at once to all the world; the other scarcely ever purred at all, and that never above its breath, let him be as happy or as fond as he would.

Every morning, for instance, when the nice, curly-headed little boy brought the kittens a saucer of milk from his breakfast, there was sure to be a disturbance over the purring question. For, even before the saucers had reached the floor, Miss Pussy was sure to be there, tail and head erect, and eager, singing her loudest and best, her whole throat vibrating visibly; while Master Pussy, on the contrary, took his food, but said very little about it, or, if he ever attempted to express his natural delight, did it in so low a tone that nobody could hear without putting their ears close down to him to listen.

The little boy's cousin, pale and quiet and silent as she was, would often take Miss Pussy on her knee and nurse her for half an hour at a time, stroking her so gently and kindly. How could any one help purring?

Or the boy would tie a string with a cork at the end of it to the drawer-handle of a table, so that the kittens could paw it and pat it and spring at it as they pleased. How was it possible not to give vent to one's delight in the intervals of such a game, when the thing was swinging from side to side before their very eyes, inviting the next bound?

When there was nothing else to be pleased about, there were always their own tails to run after; and the fun was surely irresistible, and well deserved a song.

At last a change came into their lives. One day their friend, the curly-headed boy, came bounding into the kitchen where Mother Puss and her kittens were asleep, in raptures of delight, followed by the pale, quiet, silent cousin, as quiet and silent as ever. The boy rushed to the kittens at once, took up both together in his hands, laid one over the other for fun, and then said to the girl: "Cousin, now they're going to give us the kittens for our very own, just tell me which you like best—really. I'm so afraid you won't choose for yourself when they ask you; and then, if I have to choose instead, I sha'n't know which you would rather have. I want you to have the one you like most. So do tell me beforehand."

"Oh, I like them both," answered the girl, in the same unmoved, indifferent tone in which she generally spoke.

"So do I," replied her cousin; "but I know which I like best, for all that. And so must you, only you won't say. I wonder whether you like to have the kittens at all," added he, looking at the pale child a little doubtfully. "Cousin dear, I wish I could see by your face when you are pleased. See, give a smile when the one you like best goes by. Do!—won't you?—this once,—just for once!"

It was in vain. He passed the kittens before her in succession, that she might see the markings of their fur; but still she only said she liked both, and, of course, was glad to have a kitten, and so on, until at last he was disheartened, and asked no more.

It is a great distress to some people when their friends will not purr when they are pleased; and, as the children went back together to the drawing-room, the little boy was the sadder of the two, though he could not have explained why.

Then just what he expected happened. The choice between the two kittens was offered first to the girl, but, instead of accepting it as a favor, and saying "Thank you" for it, and being pleased as she ought to have been, she would say nothing but that she liked both, and it could not matter which she had. Nobody would have thought she cared for having either at all.

Presently her aunt said that, as she did not care, the boy should choose. He colored with vexation; but, when he had sought his cousin's eyes again and again in vain for some token of her feelings, he laid sudden hold on Miss Pussy, and cuddled her against his cheek, exclaiming:—

"Then I will have this one. I like her much the best, Mother, because she *purrs when she's pleased!*"

Then the little girl took up Master Pussy and kissed him very kindly, but went away without saying another word.

But at the end of a week, one sunshiny morning, when the boy was riding his father's pony and only the little girl was in the house, her aunt, coming suddenly into the school-room, discovered her kneeling by the sofa, weeping a silent rain of tears over the fur coat of Miss Pussy, who was purring loudly all the time; while her own kitten, Master Pussy, was lying sound asleep, unnoticed, by the fire.

The time had come at last, and Miss Pussy pointed the moral; for, with her aunt's arms folded round her and a sense of her comforting tenderness creeping into her heart, she owned that she had fretted all the week in secret because—actually because—*it was so miserable to nurse a kitten who would not purr when he was pleased!*

Anybody may guess how nice it was, ten minutes afterward, to see the little girl, with the roused color of warm feeling on her cheeks, smiling through her tears at the thought of how like the unpurring kitten she had been herself! Anybody may guess, too, with what riotous joy her loving cousin insisted on her changing kittens at once, and having Miss Pussy for her very own, and how, on the other hand, he set to work himself, with a resolute heart, to make Master Pussy so fond of him that purr he must whether he would or no.—*Mrs. Alfred Gatty.*

The Clock's Two Hands.

"Come, hurry up!" said the second-hand of a clock to the minute-hand. "You'll never get around in time if you don't. See how fast I'm going," continued the fussy little monitor, as it fretted round on its pivot.

"Come, hurry up!" said the minute-hand to the hour-hand, utterly oblivious of being addressed by the second-hand. "If you don't be quick, you'll never be in at the stroke of one."

"Well, that's just what our young friend there has been saying to you."

At this point the clock pealed forth the hour as the hour-hand continued:—

"You see we're in time,—not one of us behind. You take my advice,—do your own work in your own way, and leave others alone."

Moral.—Mind your own business.

It was the first time that four-year-old Willie had ever seen a snake; and, as it writhed and squirmed along, he ran into the house to tell of his discovery. "O Mother," he exclaimed, "come here quick. Here's a tail wagging without any dog."

Little Bertha asked for a pickle at dinner. Although warned that it was very sour, she ate it hastily. The result was that she puckered up her mouth and exclaimed: "Doodness! 'At pickle made my mouth feel offul small! Can you hear my talkin'?"—*Ohio State Journal.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,189 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

President, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
Vice-President, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
Clerk, Rev. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
Treasurer, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

Directors: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, General Secretary.
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pastors and Theologians on the War.

We present here the public letter issued by some of the most distinguished of German pastors and theologians, together with the answer it called forth from Englishmen of like position and common interests:—

In this age of opportunity, without a parallel in history, when Christendom has been granted access to, and decisive influence upon, the entire non-Christian world, the Christian peoples of Europe are about to rend one another in fratricidal war.

A systematic network of lies, controlling the international telegraph service, is endeavoring in other lands to cast upon our people and its government the guilt for the outbreak of this war, and has dared to dispute the inner right of us and our emperor to invoke the assistance of God. The necessity is therefore laid upon us, who are known among Christians abroad as men who have worked for the propagation of the gospel among foreign peoples and for the establishment of cultural ties and friendly relations between Germany and other Christian nations, to offer to the entire public our testimony concerning this war.

For forty-three years our people has maintained peace. Wherever a danger of war arose in other lands, our nation has exerted herself to assist in removing or diminishing it. Her ideal was peaceful work. She has contributed a worthy share to the cultural wealth of the modern world. She has not dreamed of depriving others of light and air. She desired to thrust no one from his place. In friendly competition with other people she has developed the gifts which God had given her. Her industry brought her rich fruit. She won also a modest share in the task of colonization in the primitive world, and was exerting herself to offer her contribution to the remolding of Eastern Asia. She has left no one, who is willing to see the truth, in doubt as to her peaceful disposition. Only under the compulsion to repel a wanton attack has she now drawn the sword.

As our government was exerting itself to localize the justifiable vengeance for an abominable royal murder, and to avoid the outbreak of war between two neighboring great powers, one of them, while invoking the mediation of our emperor, proceeded (in spite of its pledged word) to threaten our frontiers, and compelled us to protect our land from being ravaged by Asiatic barbarism. Then our adversaries were joined also by those who by blood and history and faith are our brothers, with whom we felt ourselves in the common world-task more closely bound than with almost any other nation. Over against a world in arms we recognize clearly that we have to defend our existence, our individuality, our culture, and our honor. No scruple holds back our enemies, where in their opinion there is a prospect, through our destruction, of seizing for themselves an economic advantage or an increase of power, a fragment of our motherland, our colonial possessions, or our trade. We stand over against this raging of the peoples fearless because of our trust in the holy and righteous God. Precisely because this war has been wantonly thrust upon our people, it finds us a single people, in which distinctions of race and rank, of parties and confessions, have vanished. In a holy enthusiasm, not shrinking from battle and from death, and looking to God, we are all of one mind and prepared joyfully to stake our all for our land and our liberty.

Unnameable horrors have been committed against Germans living peaceably abroad,—against women and children, wounded and physicians,—cruelties and shamelessness such as many a heathen and Mohammedan war has not revealed. Are these the fruits by which the non-Christian peoples are to recognize whose disciples the Christian nations are? Even the not unnatural excitement of a people whose neutrality—already violated by our adversaries—could under the pressure of implacable necessity not be respected affords no excuse for inhumanities, nor does it lessen the shame that such could take place in a land long ago Christianized. Into the centre of Africa the war has been unscrupulously carried, although military operations there are entirely irrelevant to its decision, and although the participation of natives, who have been pacified but a few decenniums, in a war of white against white, conjures up the terrible danger of a native rising. These primitive peoples learned to know Christianity as the religion of love and peace as opposed to racial feuds and the cruelties of their chiefs. Now, they are being led in arms against one another by the peoples who brought them this gospel. Thus flourishing mission fields are being trampled in ruin.

Into the war which the Czar has openly proclaimed as the decisive campaign against Teutonism and Protestantism, heathen Japan is now also called under the pretext of an alliance. The mission fields which the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh indicated as the most important in the present day—mid-Africa with its rivalry between Christendom and Islam for the black races, and Eastern Asia remolding its life—are now becoming the scenes of imbittered struggles between peoples who bore in a special degree the responsibility for the fulfilment of the great commission in these lands.

Our Christian friends abroad know how joyfully we German Christians greeted the fellowship in faith and service which the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference left as a sacred legacy to Protestant Christendom; they know also how we have, to the best of our ability, co-operated in order that among the Christian nations, with their competing political and economic interests, there should arise a Christianity united and joyous in the recognition of the task intrusted to it by God. It was also to us a matter of conscience to remove by every means political misunderstandings and ill-feeling and to assist in bringing about friendly relations between the nations. We have now to endure the taunt that we have believed in the power of the Christian faith to conquer the wickedness of those who are seeking war, and we encounter the reproach that our efforts for peace have only served to conceal from our people the true attitude of their enemies. Nevertheless we do not regret that we have thus endeavored to promote peace. Our people could not enter into this struggle with so clear a conscience if leading men of its ecclesiastical, scientific, and commercial life had not in such manifold ways exerted themselves to make this fratricidal strife impossible.

Not for the sake of our people, whose sword is bright and keen—for the sake of the unique world-task of the Christian peoples in the decisive hour of the world-mission, we now address ourselves to the evangelical Christians abroad in neutral and inimical lands.

We were hoping that through God there should arise from the responsibility of the hour a stream of new life for the Christian peoples. Already we were able to trace in our German churches the powerful effects of this blessing, and the fellowship with the Christians of other lands in obedience to the universal commission of Jesus was to us a service of sacred joy.

If this fellowship is now irreparably destroyed; if the peoples among whom missions and brotherly love had begun to be a power lapse into savagery in murderous war through hate and bitterness; if a simply incurable rent has been made in Teutonic Protestantism; if Christian Europe forfeits a notable portion of her position in the world; if the sacred springs from which her peoples should derive their own life and should offer it to others are corrupted and choked,—the guilt of this rests (this we hereby declare before our Christian brethren of other lands, with calm certainty) not on our people. We know full well that through this sanguinary judgment God is also calling our nation to repentance, and we rejoice that she is hearing his holy voice and turning to him. But in this we know that we are at one with all the Christians among our people; that we can and must repudiate on their behalf and on behalf of their government the responsibility for the terrible crime of this war and all its consequences for the development of the kingdom of God on earth. With the deepest conviction we must attribute it to those who have long secretly and cunningly been spinning a web of conspiracy against Germany, which now they have flung over us in order to strangle us therein.

We direct our appeal to the conscience of our Christian brethren in other lands, and press upon them the question, what God now requires of them, and what can and must take place, in order that, through blindness and unscrupulousness in God's great hour of the missionary enterprise, Christendom shall not be robbed of its power and of its right to serve as his messenger to non-Christian humanity.

The Holy God carries on his work to its goal, even through the storm and horror of war, and permits no human wickedness to defeat his purpose. Therefore we come before him with the prayer,—

"Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done!"

Missiondirektor Lic. K. Axenfeld (Berlin), Prof. Dr. med. Th. Axenfeld (Freiburg), Oberverwaltungsgerichtsrat D. M Berner (Berlin), Oberkonsistorialpräsident D. H. v. Bezzel (München), Pastor Friedr. v. Bodelschwingh (Bethel bei Bielefeld), Prof. D. Ad. Deiszmann (Berlin), Oberhofprediger D. E. Dryander (Berlin), Prof. Dr. R. Eucken (Jena), Prof. D. Ad. v. Harnack (Berlin), Prof. D. Gottl. Hauszleiter (Halle), Missiondirektor P. O. Hennig (Herrnhut), Prof. D. W. Herrmann (Marburg), Generalsuperintendent D. Th. Kaftan (Kiel), Generalsuperintendent D Fr Lahusen (Berlin), Pastor Paul Le Seur (Berlin), Prof. D. Friedr. Loofs (Halle), Prof. Dr. C. Meinhof (Ham-

burg), Prof. D. C. Mirbt (Göttingen), Ed. de Neufville (Frankfurt a. M.), Missionsdirektor D. C. Paul (Leipzig), Bankdirektor D. Wilh. Freiherr v. Pechmann (München), Prof. D. Jul. Richter (Berlin), Max Schinckel (Hamburg), Direktor der Deutsch-Ev. Missions-Hilfe A. W. Schreiber (Berlin), Direktor D. F. A. Spiecker (Berlin), Missionsdirektor Joh. Spiecker (Barmen), Missionsinspektor D. Joh. Warneck (Bethel bei Bielefeld), Prof. D. G. Wobbermin (Breslau), and Prof. Dr. Wilh. Wundt (Leipzig).

THE BRITISH THEOLOGIANS' REPLY.

The following reply to Prof. Harnack's strictures on the action of this country has been sent to him by the theological scholars whose names are appended:—

HONORED SIR: We, the undersigned, a group of theologians who owe more than we can express to you personally and to the great host of German teachers and leaders of thought, have noticed with pain a report of a speech recently delivered by you, in which you are said to have described the conduct of Great Britain in the present war as that of a traitor to civilization.

We are quite sure that you could never have been betrayed into such a statement if you had been acquainted with the real motives which actuate the British nation in the present crisis.

Permit us, in the interests of a better understanding now and subsequently, to state to you the grounds on which we, whose obligations to Germany, personal and professional, are simply incalculable, have felt it our duty to support the British government in its declaration of war against the land and people we love so well.

We are not actuated by any preference for France over Germany; still less by any preference for Russia over Germany. The preference lies entirely the other way. Next to the peoples that speak the English tongue there is no people in the world that stands so high in our affection and admiration as the people of Germany. Several of us have studied in German universities. Many of us have enjoyed warm personal friendship with your fellow-countrymen. All of us have an immeasurable debt to German theology, philosophy, and literature. Our sympathies are in matters of the spirit so largely German that nothing but the very strongest reasons could ever lead us to contemplate the possibility of hostile relations between Great Britain and Germany.

Nor have we the remotest sympathy with any desire to isolate Germany, or to restrict her legitimate expansion, commercial and colonial. We have borne resolute witness against the endeavor made by foes of Germany to foment anti-German suspicion and ill will in the minds of our fellow-countrymen.

But we recognize that all hopes of settled peace between the nations, and indeed of any civilized relations between the nations, rests on the maintenance inviolate of the sanctity of treaty obligations. We can never hope to put law for war if solemn international compacts can be torn up at the will of any power involved. These obligations are felt by us to be the more stringently binding in the case of guaranteed neutrality. For the steady extension of neutralization appears to us to be one of the surest ways of the progressive elimination of war from the face of the earth. All these considerations take on a more imperative cogency when the treaty rights of a small people are threatened by a great world power. We therefore believe that when Germany refused to respect the neutrality of Belgium, which she herself had guaranteed, Great Britain had no option, either in international law or in Christian ethics, but to defend the people of Belgium. The Imperial Chancellor of Germany has himself admitted, on August 4, that the protest of the Luxembourg and Belgian governments was "just," and that Germany was doing "wrong" and acting "contrary to the dictates of international law." His only excuse was "necessity"—which recalls our Milton's phrase "Necessity, the tyrant's plea." It has cost us all the deepest pain to find the Germany which we love so intensely committing this act of lawless aggression on a weak people, and a Christian nation becoming a mere army with army ethics. We loathe war of any kind. A war with Germany cuts us to the very quick. But we sincerely believe that Great Britain in this conflict is fighting for conscience, justice, Europe, humanity, and lasting peace.

This conviction is deepened by the antecedents of the present unhappy war. In allowing her ally, Austria, to dictate terms in Servia which were quite incompatible with the independence of that little state, Germany gave proof of her disregard for the rights of smaller states. A similar disregard for the sovereign rights of greater states was shown in the demand that Russia should demobilize her forces. It was quite open to Germany to have answered Russia's mobilization with a counter-mobilization without resorting to war. Many other nations have mobilized to defend their frontiers without declaring war. Alike indirectly in regard to Servia and directly in regard to Russia, Germany was indisputably the aggressor. And this policy of lawless aggression became more nakedly manifest in the invasion of Belgium. Great Britain is not bound by any treaty rights to defend either Servia or Russia. But she is bound by the most sacred obligations to defend Belgium, obligations which France undertook to observe. We have been grieved to the heart to see in the successive acts of German policy a disregard of the liberties of states, small or great, which is the very negation of civilization. It is not our country that has incurred the odium of being a traitor to civilization or to the conscience of humanity.

Doubtless you read the facts of the situation quite differently. You may think us entirely mistaken. But we desire to assure you, as fellow-Christians and fellow-theologians, that our motives are not open to the charge which has been made.

We have been moved to approach you on this matter by our deep reverence for you and our high appreciation of the great services you have rendered to Christendom in general. We trust that you will receive what we have said in the spirit in which it was sent.

W. B. Selbie, M.A., D.D., principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales; P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D. (Aberdeen University), principal of Hackney College (Divinity School, University of London); Herbert T. Andrews, B.A. (Oxon.), professor of New Testament exegesis, introduction, and criticism, New College, London (Divinity School, University of London); T. Herbert Darlow, M.A. (Cambridge), literary superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society; James R. Gillies, M.A. (Edinburgh), moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, pastor of Hampstead Presbyterian Church, London; R. MacLeod, pastor of Frognal Presbyterian Church, London; W. M. MacPhail, M.A. (Glasgow), general secretary of the Presbyterian Church of England; Richard Roberts, pastor of Crouch-hill Presbyterian Church, London; H. H. Scullard, M.A. (Cambridge), M.A., D.D. (London), professor of ecclesiastical history, Christian ethics, and the history of religions in New College (Divinity School, University of London); Alex Ramsay, M.A., B.D., pastor of the Highgate Presbyterian Church, London; F. Herbert Stead, M.A. (Glasgow), warden of the Robert Browning Settlement, London.

LONDON, August 26.

Left Behind.

The loafers in London look more pitiable than ever. The best have enlisted, and the rest are drinking to their good fortune and safe return. In the poorer streets a kind of holiday atmosphere prevails, and a sort of excitement which is in a measure pleasurable fills the air. The children rush out of school eager to go on playing at soldiers. The smallest boys tie tin cans about their persons and beat them with hoop-sticks as they march. In the byways of poor neighborhoods, London is still the London of thirty years ago. There is not much traffic. It is still possible to walk in the road if the street happens to be unusually full of people, and the children swarm in apparently greater number than where the traffic drives them to take cover indoors.

The neighborhood in a general way is dreary enough, but just now it is full of life. At the lowest corner of the wide thoroughfare stands a recruiting sergeant, and his influence has changed for a little while the life of the place. All the children are intensely excited. Many fathers have "gone to the war," but not quite so many as are said to have gone by little boys and girls who cannot bear to be behind their friends and neighbors in importance. It is a tremendous step up in the world to have relations "at the front," and "the front" has a very wide meaning to children. Indeed, it seems to include the whole of England, except London. Visions of victory and glory rise before eyes which have seen nothing but Regent's Park and a squalid street. How do they picture these things? Story-books have not initiated them into the fields of romance. They are familiar with bands, and have occasionally seen soldiers riding down the fine streets not far off into which they seldom penetrate. Fighting they know something about. Did not Tommy Jones's father get a month's hard labor a little while ago for assaulting the police? The thought of conflict is fairly familiar to them. It is all very stirring, and not at all sad, for while "mother" is at home it is of no supreme consequence where "father" goes.

As for the grown-up people, they are almost equally excited; but excitement takes different people in different ways. The women are a great deal more out of doors

Digitized by Google

than usual. Every one seems to move about more, to talk more, and, unfortunately, to drink more, than usual. The scraps of conversation which reach one's ears as one passes down the street are all upon one subject. "My husband will go, you know, like the rest," says one woman, addressing a little group of cronies. "He's determined to go." "What does he want to go for?" says a sharp-faced friend. "To have a smack at the Germans," is the instant reply, delivered with a look of defiance. The questioner is not satisfied. There are a few, a very few, people who are born minimizers. They are not anything like so common as alarmists and exaggerators, but they exist, and there is something curiously irritating about them. Even in the present crisis they have an ignorant conviction that nothing will happen. "The papers make too much of it," they announce, endeavoring to assume an appearance of superior knowledge. "They always do. You mark my words, and never believe the half they say." But, apart from these cold-headed fools, there are people to whom all excitement is painful. They are fairly common among the educated, and a few exist among the poor. What they ask of life is a sense of security, and that can only be attained in conjunction with sameness. All excitement has to them some connection with dread, some relation to sorrow. In anxiety they get no relief from the bustle of the moment, and no pleasures but what we might call flat pleasures make them happy. For such natures, especially where they are found among the ignorant, the ferment of the last few weeks has been agonizing, but they are not many enough to make much show.

Monotony is detested as much among the overworked as among the *blasés*. Anything which breaks it is welcome, and just now it is so completely broken as to seem gone forever. By a great number of usually dull people the anxious moment is enjoyed, and attempts at reassurance are not very well received. A woman who declared herself to be nightly expecting to hear of her husband's death rather resented the explanations of the present writer to the effect that he was at present safe in England, and that there was small probability of his being sent on foreign service. "The public knows nothing," she replied somewhat resentfully, "and it's very difficult to say which is the safest place, here or abroad." The state of mind argued no calculated indifference to her husband's safety, and no undue or ignorant panic about the likelihood of a German invasion. It meant nothing but a desire for emotional dignity and to enjoy the full flavor of the psychological moment.

Again, certain women who express no particular anxiety about menfolk have made up their minds that they will starve. It is idle for the workers from accredited societies arriving with money allowances to assure them that they will be provided for. They are not going as yet to believe it, and so lose, as they think, the true dignity of a soldier's wife. There can be no doubt that exceptional distress of mind and exceptional intelligence go together. The people who really care the fathers and mothers and wives who dread the news take the trouble to inform themselves as well as they can. They know why they are anxious, and seldom make ridiculous mistakes, although those who say out what others only think will always bring a smile to the lips of even the most sympathetic listener.

"I feel as if it were extra hard for me," said an elderly widow, whose exemplary son might even at the moment she spoke have been fighting for his country. "You see, he is such a good boy—more than a husband to me he has been, far better than ever my husband was. You see," she went on with tears in her anxious eyes, "there are so many bad boys about, boys that any one might be, as you may say, glad to lose, but mine was so different." The educated do not say those things, do not perhaps think them in words, yet how true is the sentiment to human nature!

An immense trust in Lord Kitchener prevails among the men, the hard-working men with families, in good employ, who descend to no excuses for remaining at home. "I fancy that leaving Brussels is what you may call a blind," said one such on the morning that the news of the surrender of Brussels arrived. "You see, there is no doubt but what it's Kitchener that has the handling of the whole business, and if he has told them to surrender he has his reasons. He knows what he's doing, and he's right."

But if the martial stir is enjoyed among simple people, the absence of boasting is no less remarkable. Drink alone mars the dignity of the Englishman's attitude this time. It is a new thing, this self-control, which can bear even the silence. Some force greater than the law is at work. Truly the "Recessional" has been laid to heart. The power of poetry was never better illustrated. "The artist's vantage o'er the king" again astounds us. Why have we nothing new from our master of martial song?—*The Spectator*.

At the Divinity School.

Two letters recently received from Asiatic students at our American divinity schools display their appreciation of the opportunities afforded them.

The first is from a young Syrian, graduate of the American Protestant College at Beyrout, who has recently entered the Unitarian school at Meadville:—

"You will be interested, I am sure, to hear how I am getting on in Meadville. In my last letter I had very little to tell besides my journey and the general impression of the place. Now, being already for some time in Meadville, I have something more to say. The school year opened a week from to-morrow, and we are already assigned to our classes. I have been admitted into the two years' course, my lessons for this term being Old Testament, Church History, Philosophy, German, and Homilectics. Our professors are scholars in the full meaning of the word. We have thirty-one students, seven of whom are lady students. We had a very delightful time at the formal opening and at the first meeting of the school club. I met a number of ladies and gentlemen in the community who are very friendly.

"The students are a very interesting group. We have a student from Iceland, one from Holland, one each from Germany and India, and so on. Our food is very good. I sit at the same table with Mrs. and Mr. Spencer and Prof. and Mrs. Bowen, and sometimes President and Mrs. Southworth.

"To-day was Peace Sunday, and Mrs. Prof. Spencer in the church offered the prayer after the sermon. She was so moved that she was interrupted by tears. Nobody present could help shedding tears. She also read the appeal of the American children to the rulers of the warring nations, which had a similar effect on the congregation."

The second is from a Hindu Brahmo Somaj student of unusual ability, who is preparing himself as teacher and preacher of theism, in Princeton University:—

"I have come to Princeton and obtained admission to the Graduate School, and am simultaneously taking some courses in theology in the Seminary. I was sure my hopes would not be in vain, and my heart is full to think that not one of my unselfish desires has gone unfulfilled. How often do we go out to see the manifestation of God, his beauty and nature, in outward things, beside the tranquil lake or on snow-capped mountains, and forget to see his providence in our humble lives! How wonderfully He has led me on, and is still leading me, is one of the greatest mysteries that ever confronted me! I feel grateful, nay, sanctified, to be able to think that I shall be able to bear testimony to God's unfailing love to those who lack it."

The General Conference.

The next session of the General Conference will be held in San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 24 to 27, 1915. This date was determined by the Council in conference with the Committee of California Unitarians, who were unanimous in wanting the Conference in what is sure to be one of the pleasantest and most comfortable weeks of the year.

Early in the summer a committee of the Council was appointed to co-operate with the American Unitarian Association, Rev. Sydney Snow, Mr. Charles E. Ware, and Mr. Percy A. Atherton. That committee, after extended conference and correspondence, has a tentative plan which is very attractive and has been designed to meet the suggestion of Dr. Crothers made at the Conference at Buffalo last autumn, viz., to afford our Unitarian outposts a chance to hear distinguished Unitarian speakers and to greet a large company of Unitarian pilgrims *en route* to the Conference. There will be numerous ways of attending the Conference, all less expensive, but the official route will provide for a journey of 28 or 29 days from Boston *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway, with ample provision for stops at Winnipeg, Calgary, Lake Louise, Banff, Glacier, Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle, and Portland on the way out. Western Unitarians can join this party at Winnipeg.

On the Sunday preceding the opening of the Conference it will be possible to furnish Eastern ministers for all Pacific Coast points. That necessitates opening the Conference with the usual sermon on Tuesday evening instead of on Monday.

For the official tour one week would be allowed for San Francisco. Returning, two days would be assigned to Los Angeles and suburbs. At that point those who so desire can return *via* Salt Lake City, the Denver and Rio Grande route to Denver, thence to Chicago, while the main party will have two days at the Grand Canyon, returning by the Santa Fé to Chicago. All expenses, including

Digitized by Google

sleeping-car accommodations, hotels, automobile charges, dining-car coupons, and all meals excepting lunch and dinner while in San Francisco will be included in the $291.50 rate for the round trip from Boston and other Atlantic Coast points. This will be a personally conducted party designed to meet the needs of all who do not care to be annoyed by the constant necessity of making arrangements for baggage, accommodations of various kinds, and all the rest.

On the return journey, details of ministers and laymen will be made to visit our Western Unitarian parishes. Those who wish to go out with the main party, and return with one of these details, or independently, are offered a rate of $227.25, which includes all expenses up to the end of the San Francisco stay, and a return railway ticket home. Pullman accommodations and meals will be extra.

The objective which the programme committee has had constantly in view has been to present positively and constructively the content and value of the faith of a free church. The contagious enthusiasm of all who have been conferring on the various interests, and the devoted service which all concerned have gladly given, insures a most interesting and effective Conference.

WALTER F. GREENMAN,
General Secretary.

MILWAUKEE.

Department of Religious Education.

Securing Teachers for the Sunday School.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT.

The securing of teachers is perhaps the most puzzling task with which pastors and school officers have to deal. The difficulty is not so much that suitable persons for this work are not to be found within the limits of the parish, as that they do not voluntarily come forward and when solicited are reluctant to undertake the work. Perhaps we have too readily accepted this difficulty as a necessary phase of Sunday-school experience. Why should it be difficult to secure help in a work so important and so attractive? May not the fault lie with those most troubled by the difficulty? In other fields the law of supply and demand works effectively. Let the demand really exist and the supply—the person to do the real piece of work—appears, even though that work is difficult, perhaps unattractive, possibly even dangerous. Perhaps we have not made Sunday-school work sufficiently compelling. We have, indeed, tried to make it attractive, but by the wrong method. We have tried to make it easy,—have represented to prospective teachers that only a very little time and effort will be necessary; that they will not be expected to be present with their classes if it is not wholly convenient for them to do so; that it is not, after all, a very great request we make when we ask them to teach a class. That is all wrong, not only because it is not true, for good Sunday-school teaching is hard work, but because it does not accomplish the end sought. People are not won to a cause that does not have sufficient importance to make heavy demands upon them. The successful Sunday-school worker is the one who can say, "Next to my home, my class is the chief interest of my life."

How, then, can teaching a Sunday-school class be made to seem worth while and therefore attractive? By treating it seriously. If the parish, at its annual meeting, will hear reports of the school and give careful consideration to its needs; if teachers are chosen by the parish, or by some committee duly appointed, and so are called to their positions with as much deliberation as is used in calling the minister; if the teachers are required to sign contracts, or in some other way are given to understand that as duly appointed officials of the church they are expected to perform the duties of their offices thoroughly and well; if, in a word, the matter is taken seriously enough, capable teachers will be found. The much-discussed question of paying teachers turns upon precisely this point. If the payment of a salary, however small, makes it possible to enter into a written contract with teachers, the money is well expended. The signing of such a contract impresses upon teachers the seriousness of the work they undertake. If that contract contains a clause providing for a cash forfeit for every absence from the school, for whatever cause, the teacher will feel that such an absence is a matter of real concern. Experiments have shown that, even with the teaching force unchanged, the transfer from the voluntary to the paid method is sufficient to place teaching on a distinctly higher plane. If this greater seriousness on the part of teachers can be accomplished in some other way, then the paying of salaries may be omitted. But we shall not have the best teachers, and the teachers we get will not do their best work until we convince them that we have in hand a matter of very grave importance.

The foregoing paragraphs are taken from the manuscript of a Bulletin soon to be issued by this Department. This Bulletin will replace the first one in the series, and will bear the same title, "Organizing the Sunday School for More Efficient Instruction." It is a new treatment of the subject and covers a much wider field.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Office Notes.

Numerous inquiries have come concerning the address, "The Duties of Young People in a Free Church," that Mr. Frederick M. Eliot gave last July at the Shoals Summer Meetings. The Study Class of the Alliance secured permission to use this for a lending paper, and it has been placed in a file of similar papers at the Alliance headquarters, where the young people of our denomination as well as others may have access to it. It may not be generally known that a former president, Rev. Dudley H. Ferrell, has also contributed to this lending collection a paper entitled "The Aims and Work of the Young People's Religious Union," which may be obtained on application.

The Saturday course in the Tuckerman School, for Sunday-school problems, religious pedagogy, and the study of the Bible, is especially recommended to Union members who are teaching in our Sunday-schools or interested along these lines of denominational work.

Names of absent young people are still sought. So far only a few have been received, although it would seem, with the numbers leaving home at this season of the year, that scores would come in daily. Have you sent in those from your parish?

Any young people desiring accommodations in Boston are advised to consult the South End Industrial School, 14 Eliot Square, Roxbury, Mass., where suitable and commodious quarters have been fitted up on the top floor for rental to students, teachers, nurses, and other workers, at reasonable prices.

The fall meeting of the South Middlesex Federation will be held in Winchester, Mass., on Sunday, October 25, with both afternoon and evening sessions.

At the last meeting of the Pilgrim Federation, on Friday evening, September 25, in West Bridgewater, plans were set on foot for making some definite move toward a contribution for the $30,000 endowment fund voted at the annual meeting.

Marriages.

At Winchester, Mass., in the Unitarian church, October 5, by Rev. William I. Lawrance, assisted by Rev. Joel Metcalf, Clifford Orlando Mason of Cambridge and Marjorie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Cutting of Oak Knoll, Winchester.

Deaths.

WESTON.—In Pasadena, Cal., October 1, in her eighty-fourth year, Elizabeth Rogers Weston, widow of the late Nathan Weston of Boston, and daughter of the late Josiah Rogers of Billerica, Mass.

In the death of Mrs. Weston, by a sad accident, there has passed to the higher life a woman of old New England stock a staunch Unitarian and a devoted reader of the *Christian Register*. Her strong personality, her rare intellectual gifts, and her unswerving loyalty to old associations, indeared her to a large circle of friends. Although shut off by extreme deafness from many of the pleasures and activities of life, her brave spirit never faltered and her interest in the world's work never failed. Many friends will miss the human touch of her letters, remarkable for a wide knowledge of men and affairs as they will miss her keen and sympathetic interest in their daily lives.

Neither infirmity nor sorrow could quench her free spirit or cloud her clear vision. Fearless in life, she would have been fearless in death had its coming been foreshadowed. The instant call was to her but the "passing through an open door" into the richer, fuller life of the spirit. J. L.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address. "Undertaker, Boston."

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Norfolk Conference will hold its annual meeting on Wednesday, October 28, at 10 A.M., in the Channing Church, East Cottage Street, Dorchester, Charles P. Wellman, minister.

The one hundred and thirty-ninth session of the South Middlesex Conference will be held with the First Parish in Cambridge, Harvard Square, Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers, minister, Wednesday afternoon and evening, October 21. In the afternoon, Rev. Joel Hastings Metcalf, Ph.D., will speak on "The Larger World and the Larger Faith," with discussion opened by Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge; and Rev. William S. Nichols will speak on "Our Missionary Opportunity in New England," with discussion opened by Dr. Crothers. A social hour at five will be followed by supper (men of the churches especially invited). In the evening, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham of Boston will address the Conference.

The first regular meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston (thirty-second season, 1914-15) will be held at the Arlington Street Church, corner of Boylston Street, Wednesday, October 21. Subject, "Our Boys and Girls: Some Educational Ideas and Methods," by Mr. James O. Fagan. Supper at 6, address at 7, meeting adjourned at 8.30. Membership tickets for the season, at $4 each, may be obtained from the treasurer, Mr. Amasa W. B. Huff, on the evening of the meeting, or by addressing him at 41 Park Street, Newton, Mass. These tickets are transferable and entitle the holders to the supper. Any Sunday-school may hold as many as it chooses. Single supper tickets for non-members, 65 cents. The meeting at 7 is open to all interested. Mrs. C. L. Stebbins, Secretary.

Meetings.

The Chicago Associate Alliance.—The Alliance held its first meeting of the year 1914-15, October 1, at Unity Church, Evanston, Ill. Mrs. Long, president, gave an interesting talk on "Canberra, the New Capital of Australia." A prize of eight thousand dollars ($8,000) offered by the government of Australia for architectural plans accepted for the building of this city was won by Mr. Griffin, a young Chicago architect, who was largely assisted by his wife, who together drew the plans for the beautiful All Souls' Church in which the Alliance was held. "Canberra," the beautiful city that is to be, is situated between three mountains, and has streets two hundred feet wide, beautiful lakes and parks, and is entirely under government control. Thirty members were in attendance at the meeting. On motion, it was decided to give a luncheon in the parlors of the First Church, Monday, October 19, in honor of Mrs. Robert B. Davis, corresponding secretary of the General Alliance. Eleanor Johnson Lynn, Secretary.

Churches.

Boston, Mass.—Church of the Disciples, Rev. A. M. Rihbany: A bunch of beautiful white lilies placed on the communion table at the Church of the Disciples on Sunday, October 4, commemorated the birthday of Rev. Charles G. Ames (October 3), and spoke eloquently a message of peace and good will as the minister of the church, Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany, led the congregation in a prayer for the triumph of brotherhood, and preached earnestly for a realization of the true Christianity, which shall bring an everlasting peace among nations. The many words for peace that have been sent forth from the pulpit of the Church of the Disciples by Dr. Clarke and Dr. Ames are now emphasized and interpreted anew by the present peace-loving minister.

Bolton, Mass.—First Parish, Rev. J. Lewis Marsh: The church, built in 1793, was reshingled, for the first time, during the present summer. The roof had been patched somewhat, but the greater part of the shingles taken off this summer were put on in 1793. The old shingles were hand-made from timber grown in the region. The new shingles were from Oregon, and it is not likely they will last one hundred and twenty years. The original building was somewhat remodelled and enlarged in 1844, and minor changes have been made since, and the church has been kept in good repair, but the condition of floor, ceiling, and walls was not just what the people wanted, so during the vacation month the decorator was set at work, and the result is most successful. Ceiling and walls have been simply but harmoniously and appropriately frescoed. The new walls called for new carpet; and a neat ingrain carpet, suitable in tone and figure for the walls, covers the whole floor, and "behold, all is made new." On Sunday, October 4, was the formal reopening, although services have been held through September. In the morning, the people gathered in the new room, joined in a special service, and listened to an inspiring sermon by Rev. W. I. Lawrance, from the text, "Behold, I make all things new!" Mr. Lawrance took time before rushing to another appointment to remain to the opening service of the Sunday-school, and to speak to the school in his interesting and inspiring way. At three o'clock a service of reunion and reconsecration was held, at which addresses were made by some former pastors, Rev. J. N. Pardee, pastor emeritus, giving an historical sketch of the First Parish, after which people and minister joined in "Sentences of Reconsecration," and remarks followed by Rev. C. A. Roys, who was pastor from 1879 to 1885, and by Rev. I. F. Porter, pastor from 1887 to 1889. A letter was read from Rev. W. J. Leonard, who was pastor for five years just before Mr. Pardee. Remarks were made also by Rev. E. C. Headle, who supplied the pulpit in the interim between pastors. That it was Peace Sunday was not forgotten in these services. The Peace Hymn of John Haynes Holmes was sung at both services of the day, and appropriate prayers given, and a collection for the Red Cross work was taken up. All in all, it was a red-letter day for the First Parish in Bolton.

Ellsworth, Me.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. J. W. Tickle: Every effort is being made to build up the Sunday-school. As the church has been closed for a number of years, a large number of the scholars have drifted away or joined other schools. A meeting of the officers was convened, and tentative plans have been arranged for the winter work. On Wednesday, August 31, a social evening was held in the vestry, at which most of the adult members of the school were present to entertain the few children then attached to the society, and provide them with an abundant repast in the way of refreshments. The society has also undertaken to supply each child with a copy of *The Beacon*, and on Sunday last thirty copies were distributed. A union meeting of the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Unitarian churches was held in this church on Sunday, October 4, at 7.30 P.M., and a collection was taken for the Red Cross work in Europe. The principal speaker of the evening was ex-Chief Justice L. A. Emery, who took as his subject "The International Situation in Europe."

Roxbury, Mass.—First Church, Dr. James De Normandie: Rev. Otto Lyding was ordained as assistant minister to Dr. James De Normandie on Sunday evening, October 4. The exercises opened with a solo, after which Dr. William A. Arnold, professor of the Andover Theological School, Cambridge, offered the invocation. Rev. Roger S. Forbes of the First Parish Church, Dorchester, led the responsive reading, and the Scripture lesson was read by Rev. Sheed Anderson, minister of All Souls' Church, Roxbury. Rev. Harold Greene Arnold, minister of the First Parish Church, West Roxbury, read the hymn, and Dr. W. W. Fenn, dean of the Harvard Divinity School, delivered the sermon. The charge to the minister was delivered by Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers of the First Parish Church of Cambridge; Rev. Charles E. Park of the First Church, Boston, offered the right hand of fellowship; Dr. De Normandie offered the charge to the people; while the prayer of ordination was delivered by Dr. William H. Lyon, minister of the First Parish Church, Brookline. Rev. A. M. Rihbany made the closing prayer. Mr. Lyding received his education in the public schools at Brooklyn, N.Y., and graduated from Harvard College in 1909. He then took up a course in the Harvard Law School and then in the Harvard Divinity School, which he has attended for the past two and one-half years.

St. Louis, Mo.—Church of the Messiah, Rev. John W. Day: The monthly letter to the members and friends of the church had this to say: "In my first sermon this season I said that we met under circumstances of unparalleled solemnity. Each week brings the truth of this closer. Never was the work of a church more definitely demanded than now, when faith in the power of spiritual

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adhie Greene), 383 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

things is strained to the breaking-point, and when good will and good faith are at the mercilessness of the sword; nor can any church go straighter to the need than ours. All the ponderous machinery of instituted religion, all the infallibilities of doctrine, all the authority of ecclesiasticism, have failed to restrain in the least degree the precipitation and vindictiveness and arrogance which plunged the most civilized parts of the world into most uncivilized conflict. The helplessness of the church to avert, or in the least to retard, this awful fall is the tragedy of the time. No one can deny the failure of organized Christianity to do the work intrusted to it. In a true sense Christianity has failed. Those who hold the religion of Jesus, and strive to bring it to bear on human motive and conduct in its undiluted and unmixed strength, have, therefore, a new call to show that pure Christianity cannot fail if it is truly applied, and to press upon the sobered attention of our world the principles which Jesus showed would bring peace on earth and good will among men. If ever a church was needed, composed of men, women, and children resolved to devise and practise rules of good will, it is needed now. If ever differences and divergences of opinion, even on the most important matters, ought to take second place, they ought to take second place now. We ourselves, though we have held that doctrines are not the important thing, that right living is the first concern, have made that itself a doctrine, and have made our work more intellectual than human and practical. We claim no more than others to be free from blame for not making the religion of Jesus more operative in life, but in our repentance and fresh resolve we have a field of effort that is peculiarly advantageous. The gospel needed in this time is one we are used to. We are burdened with much to unlearn or throw away. Love to God and man has long been the chosen motto of our people. Let us put it higher, where its truth and beauty can be more widely seen. Let us bring it closer, where its efficacy and sufficiency can be proved in life. Let us try harder to strengthen and reinforce our numbers, in order that the wonderful opportunity of usefulness may not slip from our hands. Let us work with more watchfulness of behavior, and purpose, and method, so that effort shall not be wasted and impulse be vain." Though there have been no services of worship during the summer, the church has by no means been inactive. Ladies have met each week and prepared material for the sale to be held in November to raise money for the work of the Eliot Alliance, the first meeting of which will be held Thursday, October 15. In the morning at ten o'clock there will be the regular sewing for the children of the Mission Free School, at one o'clock luncheon will be served, and at 2.30 the business session will open. There will be special interest in this meeting, owing to the presence of Mrs. R. H. Davis of New York, the corresponding secretary of the National Alliance, of which our Alliance is a branch. The first Sunday in October was the fifteenth anniversary of the present pastorate. The death of Mr. Snyder, the former pastor, impresses the occasion. Mr. Day, in announcing his death to the congregation, spoke of the important period of the church's history which his long pastorate covered, of the high standard of preaching which he maintained in its pulpit, of his loyal representation of its aim in the denomination and his able denominational service, of the strong bonds of affection which united him with his people, of his brave and cheerful endurance of the suffering to which death came as a welcome release, and of the warm and generous heart which will long be remembered in this community. It is a remarkable and unusual fact that this church, now eighty years old, had but two pastors in sixty-five years.

Co-operation in the Middle West.

BY CURTIS WILLIFORD REESE.

The assumption that it is necessary for Unitarians to adopt militant and hostile methods in order to gain ground in the Middle West is far from true so far as Alton is concerned, and I believe Alton is representative of the Middle West. Our church has received an increase of about 40 per cent. during the past year, and the increase in other lines has equalled if not surpassed that of membership, and during this past year there has been the best of feeling between our church and our orthodox friends. There has also been the very best co-operation in things moral and civic. Nearly all the Protestant churches have been thrown open to the Unitarian pastor, and he has spoken at many union meetings. He has been frequently called into the Evangelical Ministers' Conference for consultation, and has taken part in many Y. M. C. A. programmes. All the while he has made clear his convictions, and has found no disposition on the part of his orthodox co-workers to bridle his tongue. Unitarianism has everything to gain and nothing to lose by friendly co-operation. The line of cleavage to-day is not between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism, not between heterodoxy and orthodoxy, but between men whose vision is world-wide and men whose vision is parochial.

ALTON, ILL.

Lowell Institute Lectures.

In the free public lectures in the Lowell Institute (founded in 1836 by John Lowell, Jr., and opened to the public in 1839), a course on "Christianity and Politics" will be given by William Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, England: Tuesday, October 13, "Christendom and the Reformation"; Friday, October 16, "Church and State in England"; Tuesday, October 20, "Presbyterianism and the Supremacy of Scripture"; Friday, October 23, "Independents and the Supremacy of Conscience"; Tuesday, October 27, "Individual Worth and Voluntary Action"; Friday, October 30, "The Coercive Powers of the State"; Tuesday, November 3, "Association for Common Interests"; Friday, November 6, "Positive Christian Duty."

The lectures will be given in Huntington Hall, 491 Boylston Street, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Doors opened at half past four, but closed at five o'clock and throughout each lecture.

Tickets may be secured, free of charge, by applying by mail to the Curator of the Lowell Institute, 491 Boylston Street, Boston, and enclosing one stamped, addressed envelope for each ticket desired.

The Tuckerman School.

A number of friends gathered to welcome the old and new students of the School on Tuesday morning, October 6, when Rev. A. M. Rihbany conducted an inspiring devotional service. In his address Mr. Rihbany said that "special times which have been crises in affairs or which have been dear through associations have become sacred, just as sacred places have been known, and many such have marked all history. The beginning of any important work is a call for reconsecration, and the inspiration that follows the rededication to a cause insures fruitful results."

The course of ten lectures by Rev. C. T. Billings is to be given on successive Wednesday mornings at half-past ten during the present half-year. The lecture on the 7th was an interesting presentation of various definitions of religion and of some of the phases of primitive religions. The succeeding lectures will conform in general to the following outline: Hindu religion; Buddhism; Zoroaster and religion of the Parsees; Confucius and Chinese religion; religion of Greece and Rome; Mohammedanism; Sects of authority; Presbyterians; Unitarians. Each lecture will be preceded by a five-minute question period. The course promises great interest and profit.

LECTURES BY DR. SUNDERLAND

Rev. J. T. SUNDERLAND, D.D., who has recently returned from an extended tour through the Orient (as Billings Lecturer of the American Unitarian Association and as organizer of International Congresses of Liberal Religion in Japan, China, and India), is prepared to give Lectures and Addresses within a reasonable distance of New York upon the following among other subjects.

POLITICAL

1. ASIA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD'S CIVILIZATION.
2. POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN CHINA. WILL THE REPUBLIC ENDURE?
3. PRESENT CONDITIONS IN JAPAN. IS THERE A "JAPANESE PERIL"? JAPAN'S FUTURE.
4. CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES. SHOULD THE PEOPLE BE GIVEN INDEPENDENCE? IF SO, WHEN?
5. POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN INDIA. IS BRITISH RULE A BENEFIT? WILL IT ENDURE?

RELIGIOUS

1. THE GREAT RELIGIONS OF ASIA.
2. THE GREAT SACRED BOOKS OF MANKIND.
3. THE PLACE OF JESUS AND CHRISTIANITY IN THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.
4. WORLD BROTHERHOOD.
5. PRESENT RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN INDIA. WILL INDIA BECOME CHRISTIAN?
6. THE BRAHMO AND ARYA SOMAJES: THE TWO NATIVE UNITARIAN MOVEMENTS IN INDIA.
7. THE WIDE OPEN DOOR FOR UNITARIANISM IN THE ORIENT.
8. RECENT PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN JAPAN, CHINA, THE PHILIPPINES, INDIA AND CEYLON.

ILLUSTRATED

1. PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC INDIA.
2. BRAHMAN AND BUDDHIST INDIA.
3. MOHAMMEDAN INDIA.
4. UP AND DOWN PALESTINE ON HORSEBACK.
5. TWO WEEKS IN JERUSALEM.

Terms reasonable. Address 423 W. 120th Street, New York

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"This country," remarked Mrs. Twickembury, "is ruled by a pack of demigods."

New Girl: "What does your father like for breakfast?" Little Mabel: "He always likes most anything we hasn't got."

Another saying of a real Mrs. Twickembury, well attested, is: "What a pleasure it is to get remembrances from your friends through the partial post!"

A colored philosopher "down South" is reported to have said, "Life, my breddern, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

Biff: "Roberts fell off a fifty-foot ladder and wasn't hurt a bit." Baff: "Fifty-foot ladder? I don't believe it at all." Biff: "It's quite true. He fell off the bottom rung."

Jinks: "Boarding in the country now, eh? What do you do with yourself evenings?" Winks: "Some nights I sit outdoors to keep cool, and other nights I go to bed to keep warm."

Little Dick: "Johnny Wheeler has a new bicycle." Father: "Another? What is he going to do with the old one?" Little Dick: "He's goin' to sell it to me soon as you give me the money."

"How many people are there here, Pat?" queried the Englishman of an Irishman in Montreal. "Oh, about a hundred t'ousand." "Why, I thought there were over half a million." "Well," said Pat, "there is—if yez count the Frinch."—*Canadian Courier.*

A small student of natural history was told that trees from which the leaves fell in autumn were called *deciduous* trees. Soon after he noticed pussy's hairs on the sofa, and immediately said, "O Mother, the cat is a deciduous animal, for here are her leaves."

A London merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "I am sorry, Mr. Wilson," said the clerk, over the wire, "I cannot come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog; but the fact is that I have not yet arrived home yesterday."

Dr. Blank's little daughter Margaret, whose doll was suffering from an attack of "teeth trouble," informed her grandmother that she had taken the baby "to father's office for medicine." "And what did father say?" asked grandmother. "Was it aconite or belladonna?" "He said it was '*three dollars,*'" replied Margaret, gravely.

Mr. Smith, out walking with his small son Bobby, met Mr. Brown, a fellow-architect. They strolled along together, and patronizingly picked out the good and bad qualities of the new buildings they passed. Presently Bobby spied a spotted dog. "Look, Father," he said scornfully, "look at that dog. I don't like it. There's too much work on it!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

After his first lecturing tour in this country Matthew Arnold visited old Mrs. Procter, the widow of the poet Barry Cornwall, and mother of Adelaide Procter. Mrs. Procter, giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him, "And what did they say about you in America?" "Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me." "Well, now," said the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground
No ... No Doors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Ferry Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children, brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)
Situation Half way between Boston and New York. No raw east winds, as on the seacoast. Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University
OCT 2

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 43 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1009
The Divine Providence 1010
The Real Inconsistency 1011

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Secretary's Notes, No. 1 1012

CURRENT TOPICS 1013

BREVITIES 1014

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Fair Play to Japan . . . . [illegible]

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Argument for Ambiguity in Theology, by Samuel M. Crothers, D.D.; The Duty of American Colleges . . . . [illegible]
The Religious Message of Rabindranath Tagore, by Clarence Reed 1015
The Successful Church 1016
Reply to the Appeal of German Theologians . . . 1018
The Unitarian Club of Boston on the War . . . . [illegible]
Letter from California; Iowa Letter 1026
Cyrus Whittlesay Heizer; From Meadville 1027
The Alliance 1028
Books Wanted; Norfolk Conference; Lowell Institute Lectures 1031

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1017

THE PULPIT.
Rewriting the Law, by Rev. Paul R. Frothingham 1018

LITERATURE.
Books 1023

THE HOME.
What Little Nell Did; Roy's Lemon Ice 1024
Absent in Mind; "Blue Gypsies," by Mary E. Merrill; The Two Friends 1025

POETRY.
After the Frost 1015
Faith, by Willard A. Wattles 1018
Nearly Ten 1024

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
South Middlesex Federation 1029

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1029

PLEASANTRIES 1032

Editorial.

THE development of the force of good will can alone banish warfare from the face of the earth. Whatever else may be said concerning possible solutions of the militarist problem and the establishment of world peace, the surest contribution the individual can make to that end is to increase in some measure the sum total of good will in the world. By its permeation of the people it must inevitably destroy the very sources of racial antagonism that are to-day pouring thousands of victims into the shambles of Belgium and France and Galicia. After recognizing the full relation of economics to war and the play of subtle forces that are able to work their will with the millions of the European peasantry, one may see clearly that in the generation of good will by the divine dynamo of the individual is to be found the influence ultimately dominant and triumphant. To be sure, there must be an intelligent direction of the force generated and an adequate understanding of the larger issues involved, but the fundamental requisite is the spirit of good will, en[illegible]d until it shall bind the nations of the world into a great fraternity. There are many who to-day see that this is the highest sort of practical common sense.

THE events which have taken important place in history did not seem any more important, in most cases, to those engaged in them than the every-day events of life. Probably no one in sudden and frightful accidents feels any fear. Nothing seems to be happening till after it has happened, and bravery is often simply this unawareness that anything extraordinary is going on. The instant, too short to be measured, when death leered at us, was filled with thoughts quite inappropriate to such a solemn moment. The fact is that if we want to get the great meanings of life we must take them along the way, and feel them in the commonplace things, sure that we are not more likely to realize them otherwise. Lost opportunities are most often due to not acting as if any time may be great. What makes occasions commonplace is thinking them so. No principle is too high to put into common use, and no necessity so material as to excuse dispensing with noble motives. No one knows at what time he may require the loftiest spirit known to man, and be had better get used to such spirit ahead of time. Exercises keep a man's muscles trim.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"This country," remarked Mrs. Twickembury, "is ruled by a pack of demigods."

New Girl: "What does your father like for breakfast?" Little Mabel: "He always likes most anything we hasn't got."

Another saying of a real Mrs. Twickembury, well attested, is: "What a pleasure it is to get remembrances from your friends through the partial post!"

A colored philosopher "down South" is reported to have said, "Life, my breddern, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

Biff: "Roberts fell off a fifty-foot ladder and wasn't hurt a bit." Baff: "Fifty-foot ladder? I don't believe it at all." Biff: "It's quite true. He fell off the bottom rung."

Jinks: "Boarding in the country now, eh? What do you do with yourself evenings?" Winks: "Some nights I sit outdoors to keep cool, and other nights I go to bed to keep warm."

Little Dick: "Johnny Wheeler has a new bicycle." Father: "Another? What is he going to do with the old one?" Little Dick: "He's goin' to sell it to me soon as you give me the money."

"How many people are there here, Pat?" queried the Englishman of an Irishman in Montreal. "Oh, about a hundred t'ousand." "Why, I thought there were over half a million." "Well," said Pat, "there is—if yez count the Frinch."—*Canadian Courier.*

A small student of natural history was told that trees from which the leaves fell in autumn were called *deciduous* trees. Soon after he noticed pussy's hairs on the sofa, and immediately said, "O Mother, the cat is a deciduous animal, for here are her leaves."

A London merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "I am sorry, Mr. Wilson," said the clerk, over the wire, "I cannot come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog; but the fact is that I have not yet arrived home yesterday."

Dr. Blank's little daughter Margaret, whose doll was suffering from an attack of "teeth trouble," informed her grandmother that she had taken the baby "to father's office for medicine." "And what did father say?" asked grandmother. "Was it aconite or belladonna?" "He said it was '*three dollars*,'" replied Margaret, gravely.

Mr. Smith, out walking with his small son Bobby, met Mr. Brown, a fellow-architect. They strolled along together, and patronizingly picked out the good and bad qualities of the new buildings they passed. Presently Bobby spied a spotted dog. "Look, Father," he said scornfully, "look at that dog. I don't like it. There's too much work on it!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

After his first lecturing tour in this country Matthew Arnold visited old Mrs. Procter, the widow of the poet Barry Cornwall, and mother of Adelaide Procter. Mrs. Procter, giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him, "And what did they say about you in America?" "Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me." "Well, now," said the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground
No ... No Doors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.
The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.
The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.
The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*
"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.
Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—
"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."
From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—
"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."
From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—
"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."
From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—
"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."
Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.
Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School
For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)
Situation Half way between Boston and New York. No raw east winds, as on the seacoast. Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University U
OCT 2
UNIV. OF MICH.

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 43 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1009
The Divine Providence 1010
The Real Inconsistency 1011

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Secretary's Notes, No. 1 1012

CURRENT TOPICS 1013

BREVITIES 1014

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Fair Play to Japan . . . . [illegible]

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Argument for Ambiguity in Theology, by Samuel M. Crothers, D.D.; The Duty of American Colleges . . . . [illegible]
The Religious Message of Rabindranath Tagore, by Clarence Reed 1015
The Successful Church 1016
Reply to the Appeal of German Theologians 1018
The Unitarian Club of Boston on the War . . . . . [illegible]
Letter from California; Iowa Letter 1026
Cyrus Whittlesay Heizer; From Meadville 1027
The Alliance 1028
Books Wanted; Norfolk Conference; Lowell Institute 1029
Lectures 1031

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1017

THE PULPIT.
Rewriting the Law, by Rev. Paul R. Frothingham 1018

LITERATURE.
Books 1023

THE HOME.
What Little Nell Did; Roy's Lemon Ice 1024
Absent in Mind; "Blue Gypsies," by Mary E. Merrill; The Two Friends 1025

POETRY.
After the Frost 1015
Faith, by Willard A. Wattles 1018
Nearly Ten 1024

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
South Middlesex Federation 1029

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1029

PLEASANTRIES 1032

Editorial.

THE development of the force of good will can alone banish warfare from the face of the earth. Whatever else may be said concerning possible solutions of the militarist problem and the establishment of world peace, the surest contribution the individual can make to that end is to increase in some measure the sum total of good will in the world. By its permeation of the people it must inevitably destroy the very sources of racial antagonism that are to-day pouring thousands of victims into the shambles of Belgium and France and Galicia. After recognizing the full relation of economics to war and the play of subtle forces that are able to work their will with the millions of the European peasantry, one may see clearly that in the generation of good will by the divine dynamo of the individual is to be found the influence ultimately dominant and triumphant. To be sure, there must be an intelligent direction of the force generated and an adequate understanding of the larger issues involved, but [illegible] fundamental requisite is the spirit of good will, en[illegible]d until it shall bind the nations of the world into [illegible] great fraternity. There are many who to-day see [illegible] this is the highest sort of practical common sense.

THE events which have taken important place in history did not seem any more important, in most cases, to those engaged in them than the every-day events of life. Probably no one in sudden and frightful accidents feels any fear. Nothing seems to be happening till after it has happened, and bravery is often simply this unawareness that anything extraordinary is going on. The instant, too short to be measured, when death leered at us, was filled with thoughts quite inappropriate to such a solemn moment. The fact is that if we want to get the great meanings of life we must take them along the way, and feel them in the commonplace things, sure that we are not more likely to realize them otherwise. Lost opportunities are most often due to not acting as if any time may be great. What makes occasions commonplace is thinking them so. No principle is too high to put into common use, and no necessity so material as to excuse dispensing with noble motives. No one knows at what time he may require the loftiest spirit known to man, and be had better get used to such spirit ahead of time. Exercises keep a man's muscles trim.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"This country," remarked Mrs. Twickembury, "is ruled by a pack of demigods."

New Girl: "What does your father like for breakfast?" Little Mabel: "He always likes most anything we hasn't got."

Another saying of a real Mrs. Twickembury, well attested, is: "What a pleasure it is to get remembrances from your friends through the partial post!"

A colored philosopher "down South" is reported to have said, "Life, my breddern, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

Biff: "Roberts fell off a fifty-foot ladder and wasn't hurt a bit." Baff: "Fifty-foot ladder? I don't believe it at all." Biff: "It's quite true. He fell off the bottom rung."

Jinks: "Boarding in the country now, eh? What do you do with yourself evenings?" Winks: "Some nights I sit outdoors to keep cool, and other nights I go to bed to keep warm."

Little Dick: "Johnny Wheeler has a new bicycle." Father: "Another? What is he going to do with the old one?" Little Dick: "He's goin' to sell it to me soon as you give me the money."

"How many people are there here, Pat?" queried the Englishman of an Irishman in Montreal. "Oh, about a hundred t'ousand." "Why, I thought there were over half a million." "Well," said Pat, "there is—if yez count the Frinch."—*Canadian Courier.*

A small student of natural history was told that trees from which the leaves fell in autumn were called *deciduous* trees. Soon after he noticed pussy's hairs on the sofa, and immediately said, "O Mother, the cat is a deciduous animal, for here are her leaves."

A London merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "I am sorry, Mr. Wilson," said the clerk, over the wire, "I cannot come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog; but the fact is that I have not yet arrived home yesterday."

Dr. Blank's little daughter Margaret, whose doll was suffering from an attack of "teeth trouble," informed her grandmother that she had taken the baby "to father's office for medicine." "And what did father say?" asked grandmother. "Was it aconite or belladonna?" "He said it was '*three dollars,*'" replied Margaret, gravely.

Mr. Smith, out walking with his small son Bobby, met Mr. Brown, a fellow-architect. They strolled along together, and patronizingly picked out the good and bad qualities of the new buildings they passed. Presently Bobby spied a spotted dog. "Look, Father," he said scornfully, "look at that dog. I don't like it. There's too much work on it!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

After his first lecturing tour in this country Matthew Arnold visited old Mrs. Procter, the widow of the poet Barry Cornwall, and mother of Adelaide Procter. Mrs. Procter, giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him, "And what did they say about you in America?" "Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me." "Well, now," said the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground
No ... No Doors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 FAYAL STREET, LYNN, MASS.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children, brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
113 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit
CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)
Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University U
OCT 2
UNIV. OF MICH.

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 43 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 1009
- The Divine Providence 1010
- The Real Inconsistency 1011

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
- The Secretary's Notes, No. 1 1012

CURRENT TOPICS 1013

BREVITIES 1014

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- Fair Play to Japan . . . . [illegible]

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The Argument for Ambiguity in Theology, by Samuel M. Crothers, D.D.; The Duty of American Colleges . . . . [illegible]
- The Religious Message of Rabindranath Tagore, by Clarence Reed 1015
- The Successful Church 1016
- Reply to the Appeal of German Theologians 1018
- The Unitarian Club of Boston on the War . . . . [illegible]
- Letter from California; Iowa Letter 1026
- Cyrus Whittlesay Heizer; From Meadville 1027
- The Alliance 1028
- Books Wanted; Norfolk Conference; Lowell Institute Lectures 1029, 1031

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1017

THE PULPIT.
- Rewriting the Law, by Rev. Paul R. Frothingham . . 1018

LITERATURE.
- Books 1023

THE HOME.
- What Little Nell Did; Roy's Lemon Ice 1024
- Absent in Mind; "Blue Gypsies," by Mary E. Merrill; The Two Friends 1025

POETRY.
- After the Frost 1015
- Faith, by Willard A. Wattles 1018
- Nearly Ten 1024

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- South Middlesex Federation 1029

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1029

PLEASANTRIES 1032

Editorial.

THE development of the force of good will can alone banish warfare from the face of the earth. Whatever else may be said concerning possible solutions of the militarist problem and the establishment of world peace, the surest contribution the individual can make to that end is to increase in some measure the sum total of good will in the world. By its permeation of the people it must inevitably destroy the very sources of racial antagonism that are to-day pouring thousands of victims into the shambles of Belgium and France and Galicia. After recognizing the full relation of economics to war and the play of subtle forces that are able to work their will with the millions of the European peasantry, one may see clearly that in the generation of good will by the divine dynamo of the individual is to be found the influence ultimately dominant and triumphant. To be sure, there must be an intelligent direction of the force generated and an adequate understanding of the larger issues involved, but the fundamental requisite is the spirit of good will, enlarged until it shall bind the nations of the world into one great fraternity. There are many who to-day see that this is the highest sort of practical common sense.

THE events which have taken important place in history did not seem any more important, in most cases, to those engaged in them than the every-day events of life. Probably no one in sudden and frightful accidents feels any fear. Nothing seems to be happening till after it has happened, and bravery is often simply this unawareness that anything extraordinary is going on. The instant, too short to be measured, when death leered at us, was filled with thoughts quite inappropriate to such a solemn moment. The fact is that if we want to get the great meanings of life we must take them along the way, and feel them in the commonplace things, sure that we are not more likely to realize them otherwise. Lost opportunities are most often due to not acting as if any time may be great. What makes occasions commonplace is thinking them so. No principle is too high to put into common use, and no necessity so material as to excuse dispensing with noble motives. No one knows at what time he may require the loftiest spirit known to man, and he had better get used to such spirit ahead of time. Exercises keep a man's muscles trim.

Digitized by Google

How can he expect to have his thoughts pure and his soul strong without praying at every available moment?

It is a surprising inconsistency of modern freedom that, in comparison with the preachers who took liberties with kings in olden time, men of our day seem to have lost their boldness. Here are words of Latimer to Henry the Eighth: "Have pity on your soul, and think the day is even at hand when you shall give an account of your office and of the blood that hath been shed by your sword." Reflect that even after that Henry stood by Latimer and protected him, and then consider what would happen to any German preacher if he ventured to say anything like that to the Kaiser, as the head of the greatest military power of the modern world. It is said that one poor priest was found to have written in his diary words, rather mild considering the topic, in criticism of the destruction of Louvain, and suffered death.

That empty pew is at least full of significance. It denotes opportunity for those who look upon it Sunday morning. It represents the possibility of sharing one's religious privileges with as many others as it will seat. It is silently eloquent in its appeal. All that the church service means to those who are present it might mean to those who would find seats in that pew; and it might all be done without a cent of extra cost. Heat, music, sermon,—all are ready for their coming. Nay, more; their coming would mean a real gain. The service would be better, the inspiration stronger, the influences greater. As a subject for study in practical economics, that empty pew can hardly be excelled. As a suggestion for home missionary work, it should make a forceful appeal to all who desire to propagate the liberal message. As an opportunity for social service, it should commend itself to those who realize that the truest kind of social service is that which makes the individual unit develop personal character and strength, and thus become better able to contribute to the collective good. It is an indictment against indifference and apathy, and should become a stimulus, to every one who looks upon it next Sunday, to renewed activity in behalf of the church and that for which it stands.

Legend is usually thought the product of the past and impossible in the full blaze of contemporary happening. A list of the creations of invention and imagination arising in our midst would correct this notion. A historical statement is even more likely to be true of a century than of a day ago. Time sifts out, and events measure, the true and the false. But the report of yesterday is so fresh and matter-of-fact that we believe it without examination, and the fogs of legend are thick out of the very air we breathe. The reporter finds that what he is told is tame, and he puts the salt and savor of what he thinks will make a good story without the least concern about its truth. A lady returned from the war zone sends word that she cannot see him. Is his interview a failure? Far from it. He has at once material for the statement that Miss Tourist has been suffering great privations, and is prostrated at her home. That she is teaching her class at school the next morning is too uninteresting a fact for him to ascertain, and so alarmed friends spread stories of illness which keep the poor victim explaining and defending her normal condition for a month. The Herr Professor innocently remarks that he went abroad for travel and study, and that he did not have any trouble worth mentioning in getting home, but such a gingerly bit of prose will not do, and he is quickly known to have taken his library over with him, and to have returned in such haste that he had to leave it behind him. He has, therefore, a permanent place in the minds of his friends as having gone abroad in order to peruse the books of his own library at home, thus indicating the approach of senility. This is so not because other people are liars, but because all people want their facts highly seasoned, and what is not flavored to suit that taste will be ignored. Is it not for this reason that a religion which is merely true can never be popular?

It is good to note the increasing interest shown in missionary work in New England by the New England conferences of Unitarian churches. While in no way regarding as less important the sending of our liberal message to parts of the country far distant from Unitarian church influence, there is a growing emphasis on the importance of proclaiming it to those near at hand. In the city of Boston there are thousands of men and women who are mentally ready for the liberal principles, but who for some reason are still unaware of the splendid affirmations made weekly by the Unitarian pulpits. Missionary zeal can find no better place for its exercise than the region near at home. In view of this fact, it may be repeated that the movement under way in the New England conferences is a promising sign of the times.

The Divine Providence.

If any one is to have anything that may properly be described as trust in God, he must in some way believe that the beneficence of an infinite intelligence reaches down to him, but when the idea of a divine providence has been accepted there are difficulties. Belief does not flow readily into practice, and when a flood of disasters sweep over the world, when war and pestilence are abroad, the thought of God's providence sometimes becomes a terrible mystery. We are sadly puzzled by the doubts that are suggested by the assertion that the world is ruled by an absolutely wise, good, and all-powerful God. If he rules the world, why does he not do it more tenderly. Why does he allow alien armies to sweep over a peaceful country, causing the lives of men, women, and helpless children to open into tragedies so dark? Asking such questions men are tossed about by contending theories, now comforted and now tormented by their belief in God. Faith rushes back and forth between the belief that God does nothing to the equally tormenting belief that God does everything.

There is a third way of escape, already hinted at in a previous editorial on "The Human Providence"; namely, the belief, well attested by experience, that God does not in any arbitrary manner govern the world as he pleases, but in all things that come within the range of man's accountability he governs the world just as we please.

To get any rational ground for faith, and any justification for the confidence that has always upborne saints and heroes, we must begin by accepting the revised history of the world now approved by all well-instructed men of science, and to this we must add a new chapter in the history of spiritual evolution which has not always been comprehended by hard-headed scientific investigators.

The moment we look on all sides of the question it ought to be evident that everywhere and always the part played by the Almighty in the history of the world far transcends the voluntary work of man. To him was given opportunity, choice, ability to achieve, and responsibility. The catalogue of the provisions made for man, and the conditions arranged so that his career was made possible,

Digitized by Google

would be very long and would include many things which it is still beyond the wit of the wisest to comprehend. A few of the gifts which made human life a possibility and the progress of mankind possible were air, earth, and water; vegetation containing all the germs and beginnings of all that has been brought out by the labor and skill of the husbandman; beasts to become friends and helpers; energies sustaining life in all its forms; automatic processes, which without the knowledge and willing of man made life, health, and growth possible; mysterious instincts which tended to the preservation and increase of mankind; currents of energy, coming no man knows whence, and working in ways that are past comprehension, but coming into consciousness as thought, feeling, aspiration, in awe and wonder, in hunger for knowledge, and, as gains of moral ability are made, in moral impulses that are known as justice, mercy, love,—in short, everything in the heavens above or the earth beneath that lies outside of that little realm where man works his will, and through thought and action comes into his estate as a rational and responsible being.

The providence of God, then, is all-comprehending, all-inspiring, infinitely hospitable, and yet everywhere dependent upon the choice and action of the men whom it blesses and sustains. This thought of divine providence has often suggested itself to seers and prophets, and has by Bishop Trench been accurately set forth in the hymn beginning,—

> "Make channels for the streams of love,
> Where they may broadly run;
> And love has overflowing streams,
> To fill them every one."

When we accept the verdict of science, that mankind began its career in a state of savagery, and that for unnumbered centuries the way has been opening between savagery and civilization, and remembering that most men have not yet emerged from the savage state, and then seeing that every upward impulse, every forward movement, and every out-reaching after finer forms of achievement is reinforced by infinite energy, manifesting itself as wisdom, love, and tender mercy, the saint who is also a seer comes to a recognition of himself as a child of God; he escapes from the atheist's conclusion and the idea of what Martineau called a molecular universe and an unappeasable battle of life into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Herein we find a true and glorious explanation of the Christian Church with the "Man Christ Jesus" at the head of it. Very much of the criticism of the Church which we hear in our time, and the doubt and vacillation to be noted in the conduct of the Church itself, come from the fact that we have advanced a stage in our understanding of the origin, constitution, and meaning of that which we call the Church of the Living God. Once we held that it was something imposed upon us by divine decree, something foreordained and enforced upon men by authority outside of themselves, and with sanctions over which they had no control. The new understanding of the Church, and of religion in all its forms, is that from deepest root to topmost branch the Church is a human institution; that it is the visible result of the aspiring soul of man, striving to rise above its physical limits and get access to the stores of divine power and beneficence which abound in the spiritual world by which we are surrounded. Under the old régime, saints and heroes, prophets and apostles, were regarded as products of a power and purpose above and outside of the laws and conditions of human society. In the new light thrown upon human institutions we see that they are all human, gloriously human, leaders and saviors a little further advanced on the way that is open to every son of man.

G. B.

The Real Inconsistency.

The possession of religious faith gives a moral leverage in one respect that the teacher of ethical behavior could hardly claim. The inconsistency between faith and practice can be brought with great force upon those who have a strong faith, while the person who can claim that at least, having no religion, he is not inconsistent or hypocritical, escapes such disquieting comparisons. What a spur to amendment it is to have it brought home to any one that what he might otherwise be willing to do he cannot think of doing at the price of open inconsistency. Mr. Brockway, at Elmira, once explained the case of an incorrigible whose record showed a sudden rise from the lowest to the highest rank by saying that, unable to earn merit, he had had it given him by "act of grace." He remained in the first rank till the expiration of his term. The reason, no doubt, was that he had to be consistent. His bad behavior was appropriate to his grade, and, when his grade was lifted, a certain innate sense of the same consistency braced him to make the doing fit the faith.

A preacher in the cathedral at Rouen the past summer brought this principle to bear upon his hearers with singular felicity and incisiveness. "You have faith," he cried, "you love God, you come to mass, you make confession. *C'est bien. J'examine votre vie! Quelle perfidie! Quel scandale!* Faith is only the foundation of life, upon which it is necessary to shape the beauty of goodness, of honesty, of a pure and blameless life. Look from the opposite side. A good and noble life generates and accredits faith. Religion is not a philosophy. One studies philosophies without living their theories, but to know religion well one must live it. The Saviour looked to the fig-tree for fruit. He cursed it because it had lived a long time without bearing anything. That was not hatred, but the effect of the cause. So faith without the fruits of good living loses its life."

This is the side from which it is most useful, and on the whole most correct, to approach the inconsistency which nowadays is in everybody's tongue. The world with its faiths and orthodoxies stands condemned. The machinery of religion has not availed to avert or retard the mighty fall of kingdoms from civilization to barbarism. Faith has been kept intact, but how powerless that consistency against the deeper inconsistency of mutual murder, of vast designs of human slaughter, of resistless march of great armies, of their clash and destruction! Of what use is an orthodox faith in a heterodox life? How impressive the noble rituals and the stately ceremonies of worship when the people leave them for the shambles of war! What a mockery is a Christianity derived from the teaching of Jesus, so constructed as to keep out the kind of man Jesus was! What a failure the system which has no more effect on the world's madness than a prayer-meeting would have on an exploding powder-mill! What an opportunity for religion to cast aside its useless machinery, and go straight to human behavior with the example of Jesus and with his principles of love to God and man!

All that is true. The inconsistency curses the fig-tree of bare and lifeless conformity. But, if that were all, the lesson were half learned. The best use of an inconsistency is not to destroy, but to fulfil. It is only one fig-tree that is withered, not the roots of its kind. It is only the machinery that is condemned, not the spirit and potency which moved it. That spirit has proved

Digitized by Google

itself by too many signs and wonders to be cast out with its useless embodiments. The inconsistency is the tragedy of the modern world, but it is far from being its destruction. To hear and read what is said with one accord to-day, we should suppose that the inconsistency of the age were its ending, that the curse of one fig-tree were the end of figs everywhere. We are carried along with our own torrents of scorn and shame till they threaten to sweep us into a resistless flood of despair. It is time to look about for something to clutch. It is time to stop the cry of despair, and raise the call of hope and deliverance. It is time to cease looking to what has proved weak, and reach out for what will prove strong.

The first thing to be sure of is the very inconsistency which sent us wandering. What would a religion be good for which it is possible for men and women in this stage of the world to be equal to? How inspiring would be a moral code adjusted to the average ability to practise it? How much better off would the world be with a religion untroubled by ideals than with a religion that was perpetually above the world? What is the best way to treat the failures,—as if they were the failures of religion, or as if they were the failures of men to apply religion? The failure is so great that it seems the failure of God himself. That is the length not a few people go who take the events of the time as texts for a religion in which religion is counted negligible, and give up faith as unworkable. But the world in times far lower than ours has yet kept its head, and its ideals have lifted it to renewed endeavor. We should not be in our place and with our blessings if in the past men had talked of the failure of the one thing that was left to save them from their failures.

The world will lift up its head again. Men will believe God keeps watch above his own, and believe it more firmly than ever. We shall see where the inconsistency is, and make it our leverage for deliverance. We shall see that the inconsistency is not between God and his world, but between men and their God. The solemn shame and the bitter contrition will come. Nations will go to their knees. Those who have forgotten will remember that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. And they will hear the words as though they had never heard them, "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

American Unitarian Association.

The Secretary's Notes.

No. 1.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed."

There are a number of reasons why the above lines do not apply to Rowe, Mass. Rowe is not on a plain, the people who live there are not "swains," and Rowe is not by any means a Deserted Village. But on October 2, when I visited Rowe, there was every evidence of "health and plenty," and the "lingering blooms" of "parting summer" were to be seen by the roadside and on the slopes of the peaceful hills.

In riding from Zoar to Rowe each hill seems to be the last one on the road, but it isn't! Even when you have reached the little gem of a Unitarian church there are heights beyond; and, literally, Heaven only knows where the final one might be stooping under the roof of the sky.

"Dolly," the pony that pulled us up the road, acted like the woman Browning told us about who "thanked God and sighed," for I noticed that she travelled as if she was grateful for having a woman driver, even when she heaved a great breath of relief at the top of every "thank-ye-ma'am."

Up there lofty things are thought and said and done. The library, the church, the minister's study, and the intelligent people, all testify to spiritual as well as material interests that have altitude.

If any fastidious critic of the modern church quotes Dr. Johnson, and says that "women preachers are like dogs walking on their hind legs,—they do not do it well, but the wonder is that they do it at all," just let him go to Rowe, see that beautiful little church with the light of the setting sun streaming through its memorial windows, and he will make a great big exception in the case of Rev. Margaret Barnard. He will rather revise Johnson's reflection, and exclaim, "They do it so well, the wonder is that more of them do not become preachers."

In the evening we met at the ample farmhouse of the Wrights, and there, after an hour of genuine sociability, their minister made various comments upon the work they were doing as a religious society among the hills, after which the secretary made an address concerning denominational matters.

My space prohibits a detailed account of this visit to Rowe. I came away with the conviction that the so-called "rural problem" was less a problem in Rowe than in any similar community known to me. Think what it would mean if a hundred Margaret Barnards were at work among the isolated towns of New England! Dr. Hale used often to refer to "Hell Corners" among the wide spaces of the country. Surely, such "Corners" would disappear altogether if apostles of the type referred to could have full swing in the retired regions of the land.

As a contrast to my visit to Rowe was the celebration of the eighty-fifth anniversary of the First Unitarian Society of Lowell, where Rev. Charles T. Billings has been minister since 1896. This Society is located in a great manufacturing city and housed in one of the business blocks on the main street. When Judge Fisher's car swept up to the entrance a stranger might think it had stopped just at that particular spot for the purchase of dry goods or soda. But in two minutes all his impressions would be changed by entering one of the most beautiful and devotional church interiors to be found anywhere. The organ was playing, and the pews were well filled by people who were listening to the concert. At the appointed time the line formed for the banquet in the parish hall, and soon every seat was taken. Mr. Billings presided and the speakers were introduced. Among them were the Congregationalist, Methodist, and Universalist pastors, while Dr. Crothers and the secretary represented our cause from the denominational point of view. The final speaker was Rev. J. L. Seward, D.D., a former pastor of the church, whose memory recalled many persons and scenes of years gone by. A letter from Dr. George Batchelor, also a former minister, referred to many of his old-time friends. A vote expressing deepest sympathy in his recent great sorrow was unanimously passed.

The type of the church at Rowe was about as different from the type of the church at Lowell as the condition of human affairs could allow; but the type of the church at West Roxbury which I visited on the evening of the 7th was unlike either. This is a suburban church with fine traditions, but located, for the most part, where the restless commuter owns land enough for dahlias, but not for hens. For such churches there are problems galore. They are bounded on the north by apartment houses, on the south by golf links, on the west by automobiles,

Digitized by Google

and on the east by moving-picture shows. The minister of a church thus located, to be successful, must possess abilities similar to those of Grant and Lee combined. He must have the endurance to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and he must be great enough to accept defeat without repining.

Apparently, Rev. Harold G. Arnold, the minister at West Roxbury, has military genius, for the system which he outlined after the delicious supper was over showed that he had anticipated every movement of the enemy. A more excellent campaign for capturing strangers, carrying the breastworks of absentees, keeping up the line of defence and supplying the commissariat, would be hard to imagine.

It was the first of a number of such church gatherings to be held during the winter. Each committee reported, the Alliance explained its programme, and the whole affair meant earnestness, co-operation, and effective endeavor. On this occasion the secretary made a plea for the kind of a denominational consciousness which, being once developed, would react upon the local situation.

Does any one think such gatherings are semi-futile in the life of the church? What is the life of the church, anyway? Is it nothing but an occasional sermon, an anthem or two, and a subscription paper? How was it with those little groups of Christians who met at Antioch, Ephesus, etc., where they called each other by their first names, lodged each other in their modest houses, and talked together about the new light from heaven which they had seen?

It was then, and it is in reality now, a society of friends,—of human souls who are dear to one another; and the vision now is what it was then,—something bigger than their own daily tasks, something more worth while than any of their individual achievements. The Christian Church, after it is divested of its elaborate paraphernalia of ceremony, vestment, and theological scheme, is just the one society of like-minded brothers and sisters who come together in the name of God in order that they may do his will.

It was so at Rowe, and it was so at Lowell, and it was so at West Roxbury.

LEWIS G. WILSON.

Current Topics.

IN a letter to Oscar W. Underwood, summarizing the legislative work accomplished by the Democratic Congress, President Wilson, under date of October 17, points out that the programme of the administration has been only to "destroy private control and set business free." These purposes, the President writes to the Speaker of the House, have been accomplished by the "anti-trust" laws placed upon the statute books by Congress. As to the effect of the new legislation upon business, the chief executive writes: "The panic that the friends of privilege predicted did not follow. Business has adjusted itself to the new conditions with singular ease and elasticity." The most recent reports from the Department of the Treasury indicate a considerable revival of industrial activities in various parts of the country, with a notable augmentation in the volume of the export trade, which, in many products, had reached something very like a standstill at the outbreak of the war which has suspended or curtailed production throughout the regions involved in the hostilities.

THE operations of the war have included several marine actions between the Germans and the English in the past week. The activities of the German navy in the North Sea achieved a striking result last week, when a German submarine sent the British cruiser Hawke to the bottom with about four hundred souls, off the north coast of Scotland. The Hawke was the sixth British cruiser to suffer destruction by a German submarine since the war began, and the continuance of exploits by that arm of the German military marine was beginning to produce a definite feeling of depression in London. This feeling was somewhat relieved last Sunday, when the British admiralty announced that a British cruiser and four destroyers had sent four German torpedo boats to the bottom. A notable circumstance of the operations of the German submarines is their wide range of action. The Hawke was sunk about five hundred miles from the mouth of the Kiel Canal, through which the German boats probably passed in starting on their raid in the northern waters of the North Sea.

THE land operations on both Western and Eastern fronts indicate the determination of all the belligerents to keep up the struggle with increasing energy to a decisive conclusion. The full significance of the treaty signed recently in London by Great Britain, France, and Russia is beginning to be realized as the war goes on. A similar agreement, made public by Germany and Austria-Hungary, indicates that if the Allies are pledged to continue the war until every signatory to the treaty of London is satisfied with the immediate outcome, the Germanic powers are no less firm in their purpose to fight side by side until they shall have obtained mutually acceptable terms of peace. The most recent military activities throughout the far-spreading battle lines are calculated to prove to the neutral part of the world that there is to be no talk of peace and no suggestion of an adjustment until one or the other side has been crushed beneath the burden of losses in men and treasure. And the end is apparently very far off, as the two camps of embattled Europe are obviously well matched.

AN incident which may affect the course of the war, was the death of King Carol of Roumania, who is succeeded by his nephew, Prince Ferdinand. A considerable section of the Roumanian people had been complaining, since the War of the Nations broke out, that King Carol, a German prince of the house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was sacrificing the interests of Roumania to his personal unwillingness to bare the sword on the side opposed to his distant kinsman, Kaiser Wilhelm of Hohenzollern. In fact, there were explicit rumors in the closing days of King Carol that his people were about to offer him the choice of allying himself definitely with the nation by declaring war upon Austria-Hungary and Germany or abdicating. These reports probably contain the germ of truth, to the extent that King Carol, as a German and a Hohenzollern, would have preferred to fight Russia rather than Germany; or, in the event of a too strong pro-Russian sentiment among his people, to maintain the neutrality of his government in the momentous conflict in which the greater part of Europe finds itself involved.

THE advent of Ferdinand upon the throne has not altered the situation materially, if the tone of the war party in Bucharest is to be taken as a criterion of either the sentiment of the Roumanian people or of the attitude of their king upon the gravest issue which has confronted them in their history. The urgency of the situation is suggested by the continued Russian advance into Transylvania and the Bukowina, the Austro-Hungarian provinces which the Roumanians claim as their heritage. It can

Digitized by Google

be imagined that unless Roumania accelerates her action and joins in the Russian operations, the campaign in that part of the area of conflict will soon end in the complete occupation of Transylvania and the Bukowina without Roumanian participation in the labor, and consequently in the spoils. In the mean while the political parties in Roumania are apparently unable to reach an agreement upon the question, and the delay in Bucharest is evidently creating an atmosphere favorable to the pleadings of the pacifists in Italy, who point to the inaction of the Latins of Roumania as a good reason for the maintenance of the neutrality of the Latins in Italy.

A recent *communique* from Bucharest, published in a Roman newspaper from a high Roumanian source, gives one reason for the failure of the Roumanians to hurl themselves into the contest for territorial acquisition at the expense of Austria-Hungary. This reason is the hostility of Bulgaria. It will be remembered that in the second Balkan war, when Bulgaria was in a death-grapple with Servia, Greece, Turkey, and Montenegro, a Roumanian army of approximately half a million men marched into the undefended territory of the neighbor to the South and seized an area of 2,500 square miles from the Danube to the Black Sea. This territory Roumania retained as "compensation" for her neutrality in the Balkan war of 1912, when Bulgaria smashed the Ottoman power on the plains of Thrace. Now that Roumania is on the eve of a crisis, Bulgaria has refused to furnish guarantees of her own neutrality in the event of the intervention of Roumania in the military operations in the North. The loss which Roumania will sustain unless she joins in the conflict, and does it soon, will be vastly greater than twenty-five hundred miles.

The advance of the German armies across Belgium to the North Sea was being opposed with determined persistency by the Allies at the beginning of the week. Nevertheless, each day up to the hour these pages were going to press brought the Germans nearer to their objective points—Dunkirk and Calais. By occupying these ports, the Kaiser's land and sea forces would be at the closest possible bases, with the exception of Boulogne, to the English coast. It appeared, too, that the German advance included an attempt to march upon Paris along the seacoast. The British navy, with the arrival of the Germans in Ostend, made preparations for a bombardment of the Belgian coast as the enemy advanced. In this phase of the struggle the Germans would be under disadvantage unless they had taken measures for insuring the co-operation of the navy in their own campaign. It is the confident belief of some military observers that as the struggle along the Franco-Belgian littoral develops, the German navy will show increasing activity in an effort to distract the British naval forces.

Brevities.

Robert Herrick, the novelist, brings four indictments against American novels; namely, that they are weakly sentimental, not written for adult persons; that the religious life is treated conventionally or negatively; that their writers are cowardly or dishonest in their treatment of sex relations; and, lastly, that they deal too exclusively with the rich. Still there is hope. The demand for a virile literature must come from an open-minded, intelligent public.

For doing missionary work in distant and thinly populated districts the "chapel car" was devised some years ago. It consisted of a chapel and a parsonage in one car, so that the church, the minister, and all the accessories could be side-tracked in these obscure villages. The American Baptist Publication Society has six of these cars now constantly employed.

An English clergyman asserts that the Puritan Sabbath is a modern institution with "neither history nor theology behind it," and he pleads for a more liberal use of the day. After fulfilling the obligation "to observe the Holy Communion on Sunday morning" he sees "no theological reason why the Christian should not spend the day in the manner which he finds best for the body, the mind, and the spirit, and which helps him most to realize that it is good to be alive."

The General Theological Library on Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, is a unique institution. With 20,000 volumes on its shelves it loans more than 20,000 books a year, a circulation of 100 per cent. Its books are loaned only to ministers—to clergymen of all denominations residing anywhere within the six New England States. Each quarter it issues a bibliography of a living topic in which ministers are interested. The cost to the ministers who draw out books is only a stamp or a postal card.

Letters to the Editor.

Fair Play to Japan.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Every day we read sensational dispatches from abroad, telling of "atrocities" in Belgium or of attacks upon Chinese women. It is the writer's view that some of these frightful stories are to be discounted. They were evidently manufactured by partisans for a purpose, to influence public opinion against one side or the other in the great war now raging in the Old World.

Until we get fuller light, is it not the duty of Americans as neutrals to go on the supposition that the cruelties charged to the Germans, the Japanese, and other combatants have been exaggerated? Doubtless, some outrages have been committed here and there. However, these are likely isolated cases. "It takes more than one swallow to make a summer."

A respected minister of Denver puts up a plea for "fair play" to Germany. The writer makes a plea for fair play to Japan. He is loth to believe that the Japanese army in Kiao-Chou is a "barbarian horde." In the wars with China and Russia, also during the Boxer riots, the Japanese soldiers made an enviable record for self-restraint. They refrained from plundering the foe or taking advantage of those in their power. Says Vladimir, in his history of the China-Japan war: "The Japanese have shown a humanity and moderation which would honor any Christian nation. Peaceful inhabitants were never ill-treated, and the ambulances and field hospitals extended the same treatment to the wounded of both sides."

That was in 1894. The Japanese have not gone backward in civilization during the past score years. As for the alleged attacks of Nipponese soldiers on defenceless women in Kiao-Chou, such statements may be challenged until the proof be forthcoming. War-time cablegrams are notoriously untrustworthy. Let us give the Germans, the Japanese, and other men fighting at the front, the benefit of the doubt. Let us be fair to both sides.

Eugene Parsons.

Denver, Col.

Digitized by Google

After the Frost.

Now come the sweet and golden hours all steeped in sunlit haze;
Still lights the sumac's torch above the goldenrod's late blaze;
But from the summer's crowning pride—the flowery tangle massed
Beside the wayside's gray old wall—all loveliness has passed;
And little voices in the grass, they cry incessantly,—
"The old days are gone, and this world is strange to me!"

Oh, faithful little chorus chanting summer's sweetness past!
Sing on! Sing on! Swift comes the frost! Each night may be your last!
Your slender music but prolongs the bluebirds' parting call,—
Of autumn's sweetest, saddest notes the saddest sound of all.
Oh, little voices in the grass that cry incessantly,—
"The old days are gone, and this world is strange to me!"

Elizabeth West Parker.

The Argument for Ambiguity in Theology.

BY SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, D.D.

Strype, in his "Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer," quaintly describes the shifts to which many of the reformed party in the sixteenth century were put in trying to avoid a break with the ancient Church. There were those who put great confidence in verbal ambiguity. They "thought it might be more convenient, in order to peace, to suffer some difficult and controverted points to pass under dubious expressions, or in the very words of Scripture, without any particular decisive sense and explanation imposed upon them."

So excellent a theologian as Bucer advised a friend, "when he spoke of the Eucharist, to use more dark and ambiguous forms of speech, that might be taken in a larger acceptation, urging him that by this means a great controversy might be at an end, and so peace, so long wanted, might be restored to the Church."

There is something very familiar to us in this line of reasoning. It seems an easy way to avoid the conflicts of opinion which have disturbed the peace of the Church. Language is elastic, and may, without much difficulty, be stretched so as to cover a multitude of meanings and no-meanings. The more ambiguous a word, the better it is fitted for "a larger acceptation." Sometimes this process is carried to such an extent by amiable theologians that the ordinary mind is simply paralyzed. Creeds that we had supposed to mean something in particular are shown to mean everything in general except what they seem to mean. It is sometimes held that subscription to them indicates nothing more than that the subscriber takes them as convenient points of departure.

"When I use a word," said Humpty Dumpty to Alice, "it means just what I choose to make it mean, neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make a word mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master, that's all."

When he puts it that way, Humpty Dumpty has certainly the last word. Just now, in the theological world, he is the master of the situation. The "liberty of prophesying" has given way to the liberty of interpretation. Yet, when we hear the most thorough-going heresy uttered in the most orthodox phraseology, we cannot help wondering, with Alice, whether words can mean so many different things.

Even if they *can* be made to mean so many different things, is it really worth while to make them do so? To return again to Strype, he tells us that Peter Martyr, who had at first been persuaded by Bucer to seek peace in ambiguity, "afterward returned to his former dilucid style, as well in the matter of the real presence as in all other subjects to be treated of." The reasons he gave for this change were that those who really cared for the old gross expressions "required gross interpretations, too, and because he found that many weaker brethren were greatly offended with these ambiguities of speech, and so entangled and confounded that they scarce knew what to think on this point. And, so leaving Bucer to pursue his obscurer phrases, he chose to speak more clearly and distinctly."

The fact is that, lasting peace in the Church is not to be attained by concealing difference of opinions under ambiguous phrases in order to avoid giving offence. We must reach a condition in which the frank expression of differing opinions shall not give offence.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Duty of American Colleges.

The University Sermon, delivered by President W. H. P. Faunce, D.D., in the historic First Baptist Meeting-house at Providence, R.I., Oct. 11, 1914, was the first event of the week devoted to the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Brown University. From the impulsion which led to the founding of the Colonial colleges in America, Dr. Faunce passed to religious faith and devotion to public service, the changed conditions which they face to-day.

"Is the arrival," he asked, "worthy of the high hope with which the vessel sailed? Into what have our colleges come, either deliberately or unawares? It is a serious matter that the colleges which started amid national penury have come into an era of ever-expanding national wealth. The colleges have grown with the country they represent, and change of size often means subtle change of quality and ideal. If Socrates in his old ironic mood were to visit us, would he cry once again, 'How many things there are I do not need!' Certainly the institutions that were once tested by poverty are now being tested by a luxurious civilization around them. In the last ten years probably as many students in American colleges have been demoralized by the automobile as by alcohol. The dazzling attractions of a luxury-loving age constitute the greatest possible danger to American education. Our teachers are also being tested. We are tempted to forget that the greatest discoveries have sometimes come out of the shabbiest apology for an intellectual workshop.

"The Colonial college has also come into a new understanding of the search for truth. Knowledge was conceived as a deposit to be handed down. Devotion to research is one of the deepest and purest passions of the human spirit. It is the flame which must burn forever on the altars of the university.

"The colleges are also coming into a deeper and broader interpretation of the Christian faith. If we were shut up in the cabin of an ocean steamer with the founders of our colleges, we should find those men speaking in another vocabulary, dwelling in a thought-world largely shaped by John Milton and John Bunyan, innocent of all we now mean by scientific method. But we are forever united with them in purpose, in intellectual and spiritual ideal. The university in thus declaring its adherence to the Christian religion does not, and cannot, subscribe to any human creed. The true Christian college must be autonomous, as were and are all the nine colleges founded before the Revolution. But just because it is autonomous it realizes its solemn responsibility for promoting the Christian ideal. This Christian idealism humanizes all study and makes it vital.

"We see to-day the Christian ideal antagonized, if not suppressed, by whole sections of the modern world,—

Digitized by Google

by the perverted philosophy of force, by the arrogant militarism of Europe, by theories that would base all national greatness on dreadnoughts and battalions. Be it ours, at a time when civilization itself is shaken by adherence to shallow philosophies and belated ideals,—be it ours to bow in new allegiance to the idealism of the fathers, which gave freedom and vigor to the Colonial college and to American life. Be it ours to affirm again our faith in the spiritual meaning of the world. Then all the future of our colleges shall be a progressive entrance into the unfolding thought and purpose of God."

The Religious Message of Rabindranath Tagore.

BY REV. CLARENCE REED.

Rabindranath Tagore, the recipient of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1913, is one of the great poets and religious prophets of our age. His name has been a household word in India for a generation, but only since he received the Nobel Prize has he become world famous. He is revered as the master poet of India, not only by the fifty million Bengali, but by many Mohammedans and Christians. His poems are read by thousands in India, and they are sung from day to day wherever the Bengali language is spoken. The rowers sing them on the rivers, and the travellers as they walk on the roads. Lovers sing them in their days of ecstasy, and the mourners in their nights of loneliness. They are also used in the religious services of the Brahmo-Somaj.

Tagore is not only a poet, but is a most versatile man. He became famous when nineteen years of age, on account of writing a novel. He is the author of plays that are from time to time performed in Calcutta. He is one of the great spiritual prophets of India and a leader of the Brahmo-Somaj, an editor, a writer of essays, short stories, philosophical and historical articles for magazines, a noted educator, a patriot, and the business manager of his estate.

As a poet, he does not confine himself to one style of poetry, for he has written lyrical and patriotic poems, ballads, and devotional hymns. He wrote mainly of the beautiful in the world around him as a young man, from the time he was twenty-five years of age to thirty-five he wrote the most beautiful of love poems, and then a great sorrow came to him and his thoughts turned more deeply to religion and philosophy.

There have been published in the English language three volumes of Tagore's poems, three of his plays, and a collection of essays. These books have been translated into English by the author.

The poems on "The Crescent Moon" make the same appeal as Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse." Where is there in all literature any poem of mother-love as sweet, delicate, and chaste as the one entitled "Beginning," or a poem with purer and more exalted sentiment than "Benediction"? Like Stevenson, he is able to think himself a child again and to live in the child's world with its toys and paper boats, or to play being a merchant, sailor, or postman.

"The Gardener" consists of a collection of love poems. They remind the reader of "The Song of Solomon," only these poems are so much more chaste than the ones ascribed to Solomon! Here the body of woman becomes the most sacred temple in the world and is to be treated always with reverence. Would you have the most perfect knowledge of God, then seek to be or know the purest and noblest woman. Where is there any love poem in any language more beautiful than the one beginning "With a glance of your eyes."

Tagore sees the beautiful in the common things around him, in the grass, leaves, flowers, trees, and stones. The reader sees the branches swayed by the wind, breathes the fragrant air, beholds the wheat-fields waving in the breeze, and hears the lapping of the waves of the river against its banks.

"Gitanjali, or Song Offerings" is the title of a book of poems that have as their one all-pervading theme the love of God. They exhale love as a flower gives forth sweet perfume. These poems bring the reader face to face with God. Whatever way we turn we see the divine,—in the silence of the night, or beneath the branches of the trees through which filters the sunshine, or by the seashore, or in our homes, or on the busy streets, or in the lives of the women and children we love. The universe is to him the garment of God. The trees, the flowers, and the rivers, as well as the mountains, the ocean, the sun, moon, and stars, speak of the love of God.

The "Song Offerings" may be compared to the Psalms, only they are free from the imprecatory element. Their imagery is as rich, the melody as sweet, and their spirituality greater than the songs of the Psalms. Tagore has no scorn for his enemies, nor does he wish destruction to come upon them, but he hopes and prays for the coming of the universal brotherhood of man.

The *Quarterly Review* says that Tagore has given to mankind "the highest expression of man's belief in God that has been made in our times." His interpretation of life is best expressed in the book of essays entitled "Sadhana, or Realization of Life."

The leading thought of this book is a development of the words taken from the Upanishads, "Know thine own soul." A man is poor until he discovers the true wealth of his own soul. If a man finds the elements of supreme worth that are in his soul, then he is able to defy all external foes and compel them to stand outside the portal of his inner life. The knowledge of a man's own soul is a bridge that leads to the highest knowledge of God. That which is of supreme importance in life is to attain to self-realization by the conquest of fear, pride, and greed, and the cultivation of simplicity, disinterestedness, and noble thinking.

Tagore sees in human society barriers dividing man from man, nation from nation, race from race, and observes in the world of nature storms, floods, and earthquakes. What, then, is the meaning of life? Is it like walking on a tight rope from one definite goal to another, requiring that every nerve and muscle be strained to its utmost in order to keep from falling into an awful abyss, or is it possible to live in this world as if it were our own home with objects about us which we really love?

Greatness consists in being in harmony with the universe, with the best in the lives of others and the highest in one's own life. The man who pushes others aside in order to get ahead of them is an alien and outcast, because by so doing he separates himself from others. Man's appetites and passions may inspire him to realize that which is highest, or they may be as a furnace fire to consume that which is noblest in his life.

In "Sadhana" the problem of death is discussed. Man on his journey must pass through the door of death. Life and death are like day and night. Death is a glorious sunset, prophetic of the coming of a new day. The day passes away and darkness covers the face of the earth, but soon a new day comes without a wrinkle on its face.

Man has thought of death as the putting out of the light of the lamp, and as a result death has been associated with darkness. Rather, death is the putting out of the lamp because the sun has risen and a new day is at hand. Death does not mean darkness, but the coming of a

Digitized by Google

wonderful light. Life and death are as closely related as the right and left hands, or the eyes. Amid this apparent struggle between life and death an all-embracing harmony may be discovered.

Rabindranath Tagore is also a minister who draws immense crowds whenever he speaks. Once a year a special service is held at his school in Bolpur, and the people come from all parts of India to listen to his message. At times he speaks in the meeting-place of the Brahmo-Somaj in Calcutta, and, although it has one of the largest auditoriums in that city, every place is generally crowded and people stand even on the steps.

As a minister he seeks to commune directly with God, and the knowledge of God that has come to him he imparts to others. He lays emphasis on the oneness between man and God, and man and the universe. He teaches that there is no such a thing as an isolated fact. This sense of unity is necessary in order to be happy. Man was afraid of many of the phenomena of nature until he discovered their place in the world of nature. He has also been afraid of God, but now that he is learning that God is the Universal Lover he is losing his fear.

To this age, that has been defining the worth of life in terms of physical enjoyment and the accumulation of material things, has come this great prophet who is a discoverer of the soul, a teacher of the spiritual life, a poet of love, joy, and beauty.

The words of Tagore make the spiritual life as absolutely real as the grass in the fields and as attractive as the wild flowers on the hillside. They do not seem studied; they appear to have come as the spontaneous overflow of the soul of a man in fellowship with God. Many of his comparisons are not familiar to Americans, but they do not seem strange, as they make a magical appeal to our imagination.

A favorite theme with Tagore is love. He sings of the love of husband for wife, of parent for child, of patriot for his country, of man for nature and God. His poems overflow with love like an artesian well. He writes of the love that thrills every nerve with ecstacy, the love that enraptures the soul, and the love that calms and brings perfect peace.

He knows the suffering that follows close to love, for the brighter the light, the darker is the shadow. He not only has portrayed the glorious heights into which love lifts the soul, but also the awful depths of despair into which the soul may fall.

Tagore not only pleads for the closest sense of fellowship between man and God through the knowledge of man's own soul, but also, by accurate knowledge of the world in which he lives, a deep sense of loyalty to the ordinary duties of life, and a vital interest in movements for social and political betterment, it is possible to know God.

He is an apostle of the higher patriotism and the universal brotherhood of man. He has experienced many sorrows on account of the death of his wife and several children, but, in place of yielding to grief, his troubles have inspired him to help other people in distress and to do all in his power to develop a golden Bengal. He has sought to discover the reasons that the death-rate in India is double that of most countries in Europe, and why the death-rate is increasing in India while it is decreasing in Europe. Why do hundreds of thousands of people annually die of starvation in a land so productive as India?

Tagore's message to India is twofold. He says, "Nations are destroyed or flourish in proportion as their poetry, painting, and music are destroyed or flourish." For this reason he has given much of his thought to the writing of patriotic songs and poems. His songs are the greatest influence in the development of a new India and the creation of a national consciousness. They rise above the race and religious hatreds that have characterized India in the past.

These national songs have been criticised on account of lacking the martial and heroic note. He emphasizes his appeal in terms of love for the motherland. He idealizes his country and glorifies her rivers, mountains, birds, flowers, trees, bazaars, and homes. He consecrates all he possesses to his country.

The second part of his message is expressed in the words, "Friends, there is no time to dream any more; the time for united action has come." By the aid of a son and son-in-law, who are graduates of the Agricultural School of the University of Illinois, he is introducing modern methods of agriculture in India and is assisting in the establishment of co-operative societies and agricultural banks.

Ernest Rhys says that Tagore's "message to the Western world amounts almost to a spiritual revelation." His message is aglow with love for mankind. It is impossible to understand other people and races except by mutual respect and love. The progress of civilization depends upon expressing in belief and deeds the universal brotherhood of man. The higher joys will come to the individual only when he treasures "the rhythmic throb of the whole world in his own soul."

Kipling, in speaking of the differences between the East and West, said, "Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Tagore, at a banquet given in his honor in London said, "East is East and West is West (God forbid that it should be otherwise), but the twain must meet in amity, peace, and mutual understanding."

PALO ALTO, CAL.

Spiritual Life.

In all the universe as God rules it there is no real evil except our own wrong-doing. In all else optimism declares all for the best.—*Rush R. Shippen.*

Setting out on thy soul's pilgrimage, unite to thyself what hearts thou canst. Know well that a hundred holy temples of Mecca have not the value of a heart.—*Omar Khayyám.*

There is one wish ruling over all mankind, and it is a wish which is never in any single instance granted: each man wishes to be his own master. It is a boy's beatific vision, and it remains the grown-up man's ruling passion to the last. But the fact is, life is a service; the only question is, Whom will we serve?—*F. W. Faber.*

The strength of affection is a proof, not of the worthiness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul that loves. Love descends, not ascends. The might of a river depends not on the quality of the soil through which it passes, but on the inexhaustibleness and depth of the spring from which it proceeds.—*F. W. Robertson.*

We in our every-day sorrows ought to be able, if we try, to get away from our immediate pain far enough to see that the world is, on the whole, good to man, that it has been steadily growing better since the age of the saurians and other nameless beasts, and that setting aside the little puzzles of our experience, when we put intelligent ques-

Digitized by Google

tions to the universe, it answers with intelligence,—an intelligence vastly greater than our own.—*Seth C. Beach.*

Hope never hurt any one, never yet interfered with duty; nay, always strengthens to the performance of duty, gives courage, and clears the judgment.—*Macdonald.*

The Successful Church.

The need of the sense of the larger life, of an inner source of power and quietude, appeals with fresh force for a religion which shall help to remind and stimulate and quicken in men the assurance that all experience may, if they will, be to them the opportunity of learning really to live, to be stirred and moved and made responsive to the vaster satisfactions which are inherent in their very souls. There is indeed need for a church which shall foster the uplift and warmth of the unmeasured life in the hearts of men.

In relation to this need we have the advantage of being by inheritance and tradition a free church. Our fathers claimed that every opening of truth should be to them as a glimpse of God. They sought fellowship "with the wise and good of every nation and of every age." There is no outward authority over us. Our appeal is to human experience and the widening knowledge of humanity. In virtue of our heritage we have laid upon us the duty, escaping from the closed-in atmosphere of any dogmatic church, to seek and find truth under the open sky of reality. We impose no test of belief. We appoint no committee to examine you as to your fitness for membership. If you belong to us you discover it for yourself. Whether you are a member of the unseen church of the great life, of which this, if it is true to its heritage, strives to be a branch, lies within your own soul. We are a natural fellowship of those who are finding it easier to go together in their search after truth and life. Our fathers declared to us that the decay of old beliefs means the advent of fuller and more vital religion, but this heritage of freedom is of little use save as a means to that fostering of high life values which alone creates a church which is such not in name only, but in reality.

You must achieve life for yourself. If it could be forced upon you from the outside, it would be valueless. The only source of worth in religion is when it ceases to be an outer conformity and belief, and becomes something which strikes its roots deep in personal experience. In response to your own endeavor after life you yourself shall grow serener, calmer, stronger, steadier, better able as the years pass to meet and master circumstance, but without that endeavor neither teacher nor church can do anything for you. The only thing that, at the very best, it is possible for one man to do for another is to awaken, quicken, encourage that wherein they are akin. It must be *your* quest. It is only as *you* have sought that you can find. Whatever be the atmosphere, the usual sporadic going to church with no high endeavor or intent is as ineffectual as in such matters it deserves to be. You have no right then, to expect anything. Nothing which is of high value in the great realm of the spirit can come to you save as the result of quiet, constant, habitual, sustained endeavor on your part to come again and yet again into touch with the uplifting realities of life.

I dream of a group of fellow-travellers on the great road gathering together because they seek to know more of the wealth of life which alone makes it truly worth while. They have perhaps outgrown the old religious formulas, but have a hunger for the enduring reality of religion. They are eager to be lifted into touch with things we too often forget. They seek to escape from the wear and tear and burden of living, and to recover vision of the unseen things that endure beneath the passing surface shows. They would, in the realm of noble thought, find refuge for a little from the rush and pressure of circumstance. They are seeking and finding a way to the quiet places on the hills where the mists and clamor of the valley lie beneath their feet, and the great spaces and the open sky and the far horizons make room for the soul to breathe, where the very quiet whispers to them, and the largeness of the life of God rises and grows and is glad once more in the hearts of these children of his mighty life.

That, I think, would be a successful church. It would be a creator of living men. What if we were, in deed and in truth, to set ourselves to transform that dream into a reality?—*Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford.*

Faith.

BY WILLARD A. WATTLES.

The few who love are stronger far
Than all the rest who hate;
And in that faith I do my work,
Accept my cross, and wait.

AMHERST, MASS.

The Pulpit.

Rewriting the Law.*

BY REV. PAUL R. FROTHINGHAM.

The Lord said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first: and I will write upon these tables the words that were on the first tables, which thou brakest . . . and Moses rose up early in the morning, and went up unto mount Sinai.—EXODUS xxxiv. 1, 4.

There is something tender as well as touching in the way that people tend to get together and clasp friendly hands and look into one another's faces in times of anxiety, uncertainty, and trouble. When the sky of life is bright, when peace prevails, and the path lies plain and smooth before us, then people fall apart and petty jealousies arise. Selfishness asserts itself, and we think of individual comforts and advantage. Pleasures often promote selfishness, but troubles awaken sympathy. In prosperity we tend to be divided; but disasters link life in both human and divine accord.

We to-day, in coming here, have yielded, therefore, to an instinct that is deep and human. Far from home, yet in the hospitable house of friends, we have come to feel, as we have never felt before, the ties that bind together the kindred of a common heritage and promise which no ocean space can keep apart. In this time of darkness we have gathered here to pray together, to look up together, and to wait together on the Lord—the God and Father of us all—that our strength may be renewed, that we may run as duty bids us and not falter, that we may walk in faith and not be found to fall.

There is no need to emphasize in any way the magnitude of the hideous calamity to civilized existence which has drawn us to this place. It would be difficult to exaggerate its vastness: it would be correspondingly easy to make it seem a fatal blow to all that we have held most dear. We have read since childhood days, with incredulity but interest, of the prehistoric Deluge. Men came to be so lawless and depraved long centuries ago that, according to the ancient story, God loosed the waters and brought on a Flood, which swept away the works of

*A sermon preached at Essex Hall, London, Sunday, Aug. 30, 1914.

Digitized by Google

men, and men themselves. The world was suddenly made waste and void. A handful only of earth's creatures, by human foresight and the grace of God, were saved —to begin again in time the work of reconstruction.

But what was that great Deluge to the one which threatens now, when we consider the attainments of civilized existence which manifestly are at stake? "Seven nations," as some one has expressed it, "simultaneously battling for existence; Europe, the seat of human culture, trembling under the tramp of twelve million soldiers; war by dreadnoughts and submarine, war by Zeppelin and aëroplane, war at a cost of £12,000,000 a day. The proudest of centuries threatened with the most appalling ruin that ever scarred the memory of man; the commerce of the universe in chaos; art and science, agriculture and industry, halted by the bayonet; civilization with a sword-point at its heart—bewilderment from Canton, U.S.A., to Canton, China! Never in the course of history has such a deluge swept down upon the human race; never has such disaster threatened."

But if we cannot exaggerate the evil, so we ought not, if possible, to let it utterly depress us. If it is easy to picture its present and potential consequences, so it is right—as nearly always is the case in life—to accept the duty that is difficult, and to seek the good that may lie in it and the good that may come out.

Some of us, in the days and weeks just past, have seen our brightest visions darkened and our highest hopes dashed down to earth. Our pleasant dreams of permanent international good will have suddenly been changed into a nightmare of hideous strife and wholesale slaughter.

At such a time there is only one thing that men and women of courage and consecration should resolutely and with reverence seek to do. They should shape afresh their hopes, renew their dreams, and reconstruct, in the light of a larger understanding of the world, their visions of the possibilities of human progress.

In seasons of anxiety and stress we still turn back, for comfort and suggestion, to that Book of books which has been for so many centuries the source of higher sustenance and faith for man So to-day we may turn together to our Bible, and find new light and guidance in certain of its prophecies and sayings. And I want you, for a moment only, to direct your thoughts to one of the most dramatic and suggestive scenes that Book contains.

The great leader and lawgiver of Israel, you remember, in the early days of the long wilderness experience, succeeded in bringing the warring people together into a certain harmony of purpose and endeavor. He made them conscious of a kind of unity, and brought them to a recognition of their dependence one upon another. He communed with God, and saw in vision certain truths of imperishable importance for the life of man. Leaving the people for a time, he went up to a mountain-top alone, and there wrote out his laws, and set them down upon two stone tables.

But Israel in his absence turned back to evil ways. They fancied he had left them, never to return. Shaping, therefore, for themselves a golden calf, they gave themselves up to heathen practices and shameful ways.

When the prophet came down from the mountain with the tables of the Law, the fruit of heavenly vision, he saw the tumult and the degradation of the people, and his heart was filled with bitterness. Of what account were higher laws and heavenly truth? The people were incorrigible; they evidently would have none of them. In a burst of anger, therefore, and in deep discouragement of heart, he lifted the tables of the Law and flung them on the rocks, where they were shattered into bits.

So, I think, it has been in the days just past with many who had entered into dreams of world-wide peace, and gradual disarmament, and a parliament of man. Peace conferences, Hague tribunals, arbitration courts, and prophecies of international good will,—what do they all amount to? They have gone for naught. It is force alone that after all avails! That Church Peace Congress which some of us were attending off in Constance when the storm-cloud burst—it was worse than useless. It was full of irony, the merest mockery of weak idealism and of ignorant delusions. People smile at me derisively when I speak of having been there. Like the ancient prophet, there are those who have flung aside in discouragement the tables of the Laws of Peace. They have suffered a shattering of hopes and dreams.

But the matter was not ended there with Moses, and it should not end like that with us. Dejection made way for a new conception of high duty. Out of discouragement was born new faith and zeal. The time arrived, and it came almost at once, when the prophet went again unto the mountain, summoned there by God. He communed again with the Highest—perceived in greater clearness the working of eternal truth! So he wrote again his Laws upon tables of enduring stone, laws which ever since have been the guidance and the light of men.

Such, my friends, is the duty that clearly is incumbent upon us. It is not for us to give up Christian principles and precepts, but rather to renew them in the light of larger knowledge of the world; not to discard our prophecies and visions, but to write them upon tables which neither can be broken nor ignored, so that some day they shall be a light to guide and power to sustain.

For a generation now and more it has fatuously been declared, "In times of peace prepare for war." The worldly have informed us that the best way to insure continuance of peace was to prepare so thoroughly for war that war would not occur. We have lived to see the utter breakdown of that theory. We have lived to see the colossal danger of great armaments, and the threat there is in extensive preparations for murderous assault. More wisely, therefore, and with deeper reason we may say to-day, "In times of war prepare for peace." And, for my part, I can think of nothing so likely and so thoroughly calculated to guarantee hereafter the future peace and higher reconstruction of the world as the present strife which is taking place. This is a war, so far as England is concerned, not for its own sake, and not for purpose of aggression. It is war against war and against mere military domination in the world's affairs. It was brought on and precipitated by excessive military preparation at the heart of Europe, and it is being bravely waged against that spirit and all that it implies. It is war against the barbarous and mediæval theory and teaching that force alone avails, that necessity need recognize no higher law. It is waged not for aggression, but for defence, and to free the world from the grim autocracy of arms.

Moreover, it has come to be a war for international good faith, and the keeping of one's word. If it is bad for an individual, and criminal for a person, to tear up contracts and to disregard a pledge, it is worse for a nation, and a thousand times more criminal.

We have talked a great deal lately—and, please God, we shall talk a great deal more in the days to come—about peace treaties between nations, and arbitration compacts, and the like, but I can see no international security and no world-wide progress in the sphere of national existence until the laws of right and justice, of honesty and righteousness, are as potent and as binding among countries as they are with individuals. There are some things in this world that are worse, if possible, than hideous and awful war—and among them are base bargaining, and the willingness to put aside and openly repudiate a trust. Among

Digitized by Google

them are neutrality to justice, and a prudent counting of the cost of what is necessary to preserve one's honor and to keep one's word.

Withal, however, the question that we need to consider most of all to-day is this: What can the churches do in time of war to prepare for peace? What attitude should they even now be taking and steadfastly assume? What ideals should they hold forth clearly? What laws set down upon the tables of enduring stone?

The churches, alas! have done but little in the days that now so fatefully are past to prevent the awful chaos that has fallen on the world. They have disputed as to dogmas when they should have presented a united front for peace. They have busily perfected ritual when they rather should have seen that righteousness alone exalts a nation, and that only when righteousness and truth embrace each other is civilized existence made secure. Of things like these, however, it is not to speak nor even think to-day. We are here, the members of different churches, from widely separated portions of the world; and the question is as regards the present and the future. What opportunities and duties have the churches to embrace with fervor at a time when Christianity has been impeached and its teaching made of almost no effect?

1. Let me, first of all, insist on this: To the churches will belong especially the duty of discouraging in every way that spirit of bitterness and hate which war inevitably generates and leaves behind it as an awful legacy. The defeated, whoever they may be, are bitter because of their defeat,—bitter by reason of suffering, humiliation, and irreparable loss; the victorious, too, whoever they may be, are bitter because of what the victory has cost; while those whose neutrality was overwhelmed are more reasonably bitter, for they had a right to be let alone. Feelings such as these are inevitably left behind as among the lasting ravages of war, and, what is more, they account for the fact that war so seldom permanently settles anything. It arouses and intensifies the very sentiments that lead to strife, and hence the vicious circle ever and again becomes complete.

That being most unfortunately true, the Christian churches must do all that lies within their power to allay such feelings and to rob them of their hideous fecundity of ill.

Nor can they be allayed in any better, more effective way—and in part prevented from becoming permanent and violent—than by simply understanding this: that the present war is primarily a war of powers, not of people. The people of Germany—God help them!—were peace-loving, peace-sustaining, but a month ago. They had no quarrel with the people of England or of France, or least of all with the people of brave, unoffending Belgium. I have been told that the German soldiers, when the fighting first began near Liège, did not know that they were shooting Belgians, but assumed them to be French. As I saw the German people when this cyclonic war was coming on, travelling as I did from Hamburg on the north to Constance on the southern boundary; stopping at Kassel, a great military centre, and at Heidelberg, with its famous university; stopping at places such as these, and meeting, talking with the people,—the one thing that impressed me was the ineffable gloom and sadness that prevailed. The country seemed to me a country forced to act against its will—rigorously, autocratically summoned to a task for which it had no heart nor conscience.

Moreover, what was true of Germany, we know, of course, was true of England, where the people are so far from warlike in their inmost hearts and feelings. I have been told, too, that the same was true in France. I was talking but a day or two ago with one of the fairest-minded, clearest-sighted men I know—a great historian of international repute. He was travelling in France when the storm-clouds gathered with such sudden fury, and he told me that, so far as he could see, neither government nor people wished the war.

The people of the churches must therefore do everything that in them lies to allay and not encourage international ill will, and hostile feelings toward their kind. It cannot be accomplished all at once, but each of us must do the little that he can. The wheels of progress, alas! to this great matter of international kinship, have, in certain directions, been set back for at least a generation. The work of years, which has been industriously carried on by conferences and international assemblages of one kind and another, has been obliterated in a moment. We shall have to struggle back "with painful steps and slow" to the heights which in this respect had been attained.

We should not, therefore,—none of us should cherish needlessly hard feelings nor condemn a people or a race in our vindictiveness of feeling. Forgiveness must be built up in our hearts, repentance developed in our souls, for we all are in part to blame for what has happened. Right is never wholly upon our side nor wrong upon the other.

Above all, let us not lose faith in human nature because of what has come to pass. Though millions of men may be involved in fighting one another at the present time, only some twenty or thirty men had anything to do with definitely and directly bringing on the conflict. The heart of humanity still throbs with pity, and the fact of human kinship will survive the shock. Beneath the surface live untouched deep sentiments of justice, fairness, tenderness, and fervent faith in what is true and beautiful and good.

2. This brings me to another point, a second law to be rewritten clearly as the tables where the messages of God are set. The Church is essentially a democratic institution. It is based upon the equality of all men. It recognizes the sacredness of individual rights and judgment. Now as the people of Europe are not responsible for having brought about this war, so probably it never would have come had the people had a larger, more legitimate voice in the management of what are really their affairs.

The time will come, and the churches can do something in the future to promote it, when treaties cannot be entered into without the people's knowledge and consent, and when binding obligations will not be incurred against their wish and will. Democracies (and England, let me say, in many respects is no less democratic than are we at home)—democracies are bulwarks in the cause of peace; for, where the people's voice is law, that voice is raised against the horror and the suffering of war—unless it be for honor or defence. "History," says Lyman Abbott, "records not a single instance of a nation armed which has remained a nation free. The army is necessarily autocratic, and autocracy and democracy cannot live side by side in the same country and under the same flag." When individual rights, therefore, and the sacredness of the individual life are written on the tables of the law, the people come into their own as children of a common Father.

3. A third thing must be written on the tables of the Higher Law as we stand upon the mount of vision, and on this I lay my chiefest emphasis.

We have heard a great deal in the past about the "balance of power" and the necessity of maintaining it in Europe. That balance, which was always difficult and dangerous, has now been forcibly upset. It was probably incapable of being permanent. It had for a basis rivalry, not friendship; opposition, not co-operation. It was a

Digitized by Google

balance not of love, but fear; not of harmony, but jealousy.

Let that be as it may, however, the theory has been upset, and I see instead of it, upon the tables that are brought down from the mount, not a balance, but a concert or a council of the powers! What is called, you know, an *entente cordiale*, or a friendly understanding, has been possible and practicable for many years between two or more co-operating law-abiding nations. It has led, in a limited way, to good results, promoting, along certain lines, international good feeling and friendly enterprise.

What has been successfully achieved in part ought to be capable of large development. It should be carried out on every side, by many nations, not by only two or three. "Such an understanding," writes Dr. Jordan, "involves all that is essential in the idea of international federation, and such federation is the remedy for the evils of to-day."

Oh, my friends, that is what I see in vision, and devoutly, definitely hope for, as a consequence and outgrowth of all this present horror, suffering, and strife. I look for no collapse of civilization, no permanent decline of spiritual faith, such as many people vaguely fear and definitely speak of; but I look in time for a definite reconstruction of society along higher lines and on a basis of co-operative action and mutual endeavor.

Consider what has happened and is taking place around us. Here are practically all the greater European powers allied in a forceful, federated opposition to that one great power which has stood pre-eminent for years as the great exponent of mere military might. Because of her excessive and increasingly extensive armaments—or at least in part because of them—the other nations were obliged to multiply their implements of war, until Europe came to be the great armed camp we knew; and now these allied powers, side by side, are engaged in a contest that was forced upon them, to check the aggressions of that military state.

What shall prevent, then, if the cause of seeming right and justice triumph, that these allied forces, having learned to trust each other and to act together, stay allied, agreeing, among other things, and chief among them, to limit henceforth the extent of armaments? What is to prevent an international council being formed, by which these nations formally agree to work together, not apart, side by side and not in rivalry, together holding a sufficient fighting force to guarantee the peace and order of the world? Such a federation would constitute a kind of United States of Europe, with peace for its object and an international force to make peace possible. Such a federation could establish and uphold, with American assistance, a permanent Hague Tribunal, a Supreme Court for the world, where all contentions between nations henceforth must be carried for judicial settlement.

That is something to be looked for, worked for, fought for,—yes, and even willingly, if need be, died for. If it can be attained and finally established, it will almost make worth while the overwhelming suffering and sorrow that we now are undergoing. If it can be secured, the nations will not fight and bleed in vain. It will be a tremendous price to pay—the most colossal that the world has ever known! But nothing of great worth and value ever is attained in life except at the cost of what is precious and most priceless. The lessons learned in agony and bloody sweat are the only lessons that apparently avail. From the ashes of the martyrs the spirit of the Church takes on a new form and force; and Christ himself was lifted into glory by the cross.

For years some of us have been preaching, prophesying, pleading for some kind of world agreement, or concerted action of the powers, which should lead to the setting up of an international tribunal, sustained by sentiment and force. We have preached and pleaded—and it has not come! Perhaps it could not come until new suffering had been endured, fresh strife and loss sustained. Perhaps a new and higher form of civilization could be born into the world only by sapping the strength and endangering the very life of the civilization that produced it. If it shall prove that a concert of the nations could be established and attained only after the greatest conflict of the nations that the world had ever seen or even dreamed of, then, as was said of old, so once again it must be said, "God's will be done."

Does it seem to some of you mere mockery and the prematurity of weak idealism to speak of enduring peace when the crash of contending millions is almost paralyzing thought and hope, while soaring faith and silent fear are alternating in our hearts? I answer, No! While the war must be pursued and fought out to the bitter end with consecration and devoted courage, yet in time of war a duty is to think of and prepare for peace. It is the function of the state to organize and prosecute a strife that was forced upon it: it is the function of the Church to cherish and uphold the vision of ensuing and enduring peace.

Again, does it seem to some of you that the ideals which I have outlined are too high, and incapable of full attainment? Once more I answer, No! It is the mission of the Church to bring down from the mountain-tops of vision the tables of the Law on which the messages of God are clearly written. Moreover, no ideals of peace can ever be too high for sorrowing hearts and empty homes when such ideals are founded on the Christian principles of love and mutual forbearance.

The sordid teachings of the world, the fruit of a material philosophy, have wrought inestimable havoc, as many have foretold they must; and the time is near at hand for shaping the higher destiny of a truer civilization.

Ah, dear friends, we shall need no simple preachers and mere vocal advocates of peace in the days that soon must come. The burned and battered towns of Europe, the worn and wasted fields of battle, will themselves in silence but with solemn eloquence proclaim it. Mothers with sad eyes and trembling lips will preach that gospel as they put away the bright mementos of the boy who bravely laid his life down in a foreign land or found a shroud in the engulfing sea. Children in their loneliness will preach it. Wives, too, who were widowed as soon almost as they were wed, will silently proclaim its blessings to the world.

No! we shall not lack for preachers of the cause of peace. But what we shall need will be well-instructed rulers and wise statesmen, enlightened social engineers and builders of new roads of progress, who will adjust and introduce the machinery for settling international disputes without resort to arms. Let us boast no more of our proud inventions and the mighty volume of material attainments! Let us speak no more of our "wonderful century," and the great discoveries and advancement we have made! There is one thing we have not devised,—we have not with all our arts and culture, with all our science and our proud achievements, put yet into operation a simple means by which the nations can settle their disputes without resort to war.

But we shall devise it, and attain a higher form of civilized existence. Though the dream is as old as man, and the vision worn with waiting; though the tables that contain the Law have again and again been broken,—yet the time of great fulfilment may be nearer than we think.

The human race itself with bleeding feet and heavy heart is climbing to the mount of vision, and the Laws which at last are being written are the laws of justice, righteousness, and peace.

Digitized by Google

Reply to the Appeal of German Theologians.*

A document has obtained circulation in England, and, we believe, in America, in the form of an appeal with reference to the European war, addressed to "the evangelical Christians abroad," and making special reference to the members of the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh. It is signed by brothers and friends of our own in the Church of Christ—men of whose honesty, capacity, and good faith there can be no conceivable question, and whose names carry weight throughout the world among those who think and teach and pray.

It fills us with amazement that those who occupy the positions held by the signatories of this appeal should commit themselves to a statement of the political causes of the war which departs so strangely from what seem to us to be the plain facts of this grave hour in European history. They offer in brief words some account of the events of recent months or years, but to the most salient of the facts out of which the war has arisen they make no reference at all.

It has not been a light thing for us to give our assent to the action of the government of our country in this matter, but the facts of the case as we know them have made it impossible for us to do otherwise. Of these facts we offer here a brief but a careful summary, derived from the official papers, the accuracy of which cannot be challenged. It is upon these facts that we rest our assured conviction that, for men who desire to maintain the paramount obligation of fidelity to plighted word, and the duty of defending weaker nations against violence and wrong, no possible course was open but that which our country has taken.

1. The Course of Negotiations.

On July 24 Sir Edward Grey said to the German ambassador that "if the Austrian ultimatum to Servia did not lead to trouble between Austria and Russia" he "had no concern with it." He proposed that "the four powers—Germany, Italy, France, and ourselves—should work together simultaneously at Vienna and St. Petersburg in favor of moderation in the event of the relations between Austria and Russia becoming threatening" (*Correspondence respecting the European Crisis*, White Book, Cd. 7467, No. 11). The German secretary of state said (July 25) that he was quite ready to fall in with this suggestion (No. 18).

When the Servian reply was rejected by Austria, Sir E. Grey proposed (July 26) that the French, Italian, and German ambassadors should meet him at once "for the purpose of discovering an issue which would prevent complications" (No. 36). The responsibility for the failure of this proposal rests solely with Germany, who alone raised objections. While favorable "in principle" to mediation between Russia and Austria, the German government could not approve the particular method of conference suggested, but, though invited to do so, they put forward no alternative proposal.

Finally, at the very last moment, Sir E. Grey made a new effort for the maintenance of peace: "I said to German Ambassador this morning [July 31] that if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were trying to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go to the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it His Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but, otherwise, I told German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in" (No. 111).

Nothing could more plainly show that our government endeavored to the utmost to maintain the peace of Europe, and that it did not receive the co-operation of the German government in its endeavor.

2. The Neutrality of Belgium.

The actual interposition of Britain in the present war arose directly out of the question of the neutrality of Belgium.

The original guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium is to be found in Article VII. of the Treaty of London (April 19, 1839) between England, Austria, France, Russia, and Prussia on the one hand and the Netherlands on the other.

The article reads: "Belgium shall form a state independent and perpetually neutral. It is under obligation to observe such neutrality toward all other states." On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, identical treaties between England and France, and between England and Prussia acting for herself and her allies, were signed in London. The treaties were in each case preceded by a formal declaration on the part of the belligerent powers that they would respect the neutrality of Belgium.

The Prussian note expressly stated that the Prussian government regarded such a declaration as superfluous in view of the existing treaties. The Treaties of 1870, moreover, specifically recognized as of binding force Article VII. of the Treaty of 1839. The Treaties provide that in the case of one belligerent respecting and the other violating the neutrality of Belgium the United Kingdom will co-operate with the belligerent respecting neutrality against the other.

The third article of the Treaties provides that it shall be binding on the contracting parties during the continuance of the war and for twelve months after; "and on the expiration of that time the independence and neutrality of Belgium will, so far as the high contracting parties are respectively concerned, continue to rest as heretofore on the Quintuple Treaty of 1839."

The obligation thus rested on Germany, no less than on England and France, to respect, in accordance with the treaties which she had signed, the neutrality of Belgium. In reply to an inquiry addressed by the British to the French and German governments on July 31, when the outbreak of hostilities appeared imminent, France gave an assurance that she would respect the neutrality of Belgium. Germany gave no such assurance, our ambassador gathering, from what the secretary of state said, "that he thought any reply they might give could not but disclose a certain amount of their plan of campaign in the event of war ensuing" (No. 122). On August 3 an ultimatum was addressed to Belgium by the German government, the effect of which was that Belgium would be treated as an enemy unless she assented to the violation of her territory by permitting the passage of German troops to France (No. 153). This the Belgian government categorically refused as a flagrant violation of the Law of Nations,—a view of the action of Germany which is supported by the speech of the Chancellor to the Reichstag on August 4; for, after speaking of "the just protest" of Belgium, he added, "The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached."

German publications, official and unofficial, have, since the actual violation, stated that Belgian territory was only violated after the Belgians had agreed to allow the French to march through, and had thereby "broken the neutrality." These statements are advanced without any attempt to support them by evidence; they are in contradiction to the substantial pleas put forward by Germany at the time, and they directly conflict with the pledge given by France to Sir E. Grey; they are wholly baseless and untrue.

It is right that at this point we should refer to "the strong bid for British neutrality" reported by the British ambassador at Berlin as having been made to him by the Imperial Chancellor on July 29 (No. 85). In replying to it on the next day Sir E. Grey wrote as follows: "His Majesty's Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms. What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten, so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies. From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable; for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power, and become subordinate to German policy. Altogether, apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligations or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either" (No. 101).

The facts thus recited are, in our belief, incontestable. We can only suppose, incredible as it seems, that those honorable and gifted men who signed the German appeal were unaware of the obligations by which we were bound, and also of the story of the negotiations. A violation of such promises on our part would have been an act of basest perfidy.

When we turn to the generalities which the document contains about German thought and polity and plans, we seek in vain for any reference to the teaching of such writers as Treitschke and Bernhardi.

Does it mean that those who have signed the German appeal regard those leaders and teachers as negligible, or that their own opposition to what those widely read books contain is so well known as to need no assertion? We cannot tell. But the facts of the hour, as set forth in the summary which we have given above, correspond so clearly with what is inculcated and driven home in those writings that we at least find it impossible to separate the one from the other.

* The German Appeal was printed in the *Christian Register* of October 15.

Digitized by Google

Again, we cannot pass in silence the statement of the manifesto that "unnameable horrors have been committed against Germans living peaceably abroad." We do not know to what the signatories refer in this general statement; but we may be permitted to speak of what is within our personal knowledge. Peaceful and well-disposed Germans in this country are being treated with all possible consideration and kindness, and the Home Secretary has taken them under his own protection.

God knows what it means to us to be separated for a time by this great war from many with whom it has been our privilege—with whom we hope it will be our privilege again—to work for the setting forward of the Christian message among men. We unite whole-heartedly with our German brethren in deploring the disastrous consequences of the war, and in particular its effect in diverting the energies and resources of the Christian nations from the great constructive tasks to which they were providentially called on behalf of the peoples of Asia and Africa.

But there must be no mistake about our own position. Eagerly desirous of peace, foremost to the best of our power in furthering it, keen especially to promote the close fellowship of Germany and England, we have nevertheless been driven to declare that, dear to us as peace is, the principles of truth and honor are yet more dear.

To have acted otherwise than we have acted would have meant deliberate unfaithfulness to an engagement by which we had solemnly bound ourselves, and a refusal of our responsibilities and duties in regard to the maintenance of the public law of Europe. We have taken our stand for international good faith, for the safeguarding of smaller nationalities, and for the upholding of the essential conditions of brotherhood among the nations of the world.

Signed: Randall Cantuar, archbishop of Canterbury; Cosmo Ebor, archbishop of York; J. B. Armagh, archbishop of Armagh; A. F. London, bishop of London; Edw. Winton, bishop of Winchester; Walter J. F. Robberds, bishop of Brechin, primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland; J. H. Ossory, bishop of Ossory, and thirty-five other religious leaders and university professors.

Literature.

A Young Man's Jesus. By Bruce Barton. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.—This is a most attractive book in appearance, and its message, while somewhat startling in form and unconventional in spirit, is well worth attention. The purpose of Mr. Barton is to commend Jesus to earnest young men by stripping away from the traditional figure of the Christ the mystical and effeminate elements. It is well defined in the following words: "Jesus had our bounding pulses, our hot desires. He felt his spirits leap in the bracing air of the new morning. He knew the stirring cheer of good fellowship. . . . He is our Jesus, and we have surrendered him to priests and to women, to hospitals and monasteries, without so much as a struggle. . . . He was everything in our Sunday-school teaching which I judge he himself would have preferred not to have been. To think of him as a real man, doing a real task, was made to seem somehow irreverent. To have suggested that he was strong physically, that the muscles standing out in his arms and legs helped to breed respect in the crowd that followed him, would have been nothing short of sacrilege." We have here what we may call, without disrespect, an athletic idealization of Jesus,—an attempt to make Jesus seem real and attractive to young men of the present who glory in physical vigor. All the hints in the Gospels looking in this direction are expanded by imagination to a superlative degree. An example in point is found in the first chapter, where much is made of the text which states that Jesus overthrew the tables of the money-changers in the temple. The enlargement is very fanciful, but really interesting. It is doubtful whether sound critics would approve some of Mr. Barton's interpretations. But probably they come as near the truth as those made by traditional dogmatists. While Mr. Barton lays much stress upon the physical features and incidents of Jesus' personality and ministry, he does not neglect the moral and spiritual qualities. His plea is, and he makes it in an original and eloquent manner, that Jesus must be presented as a savior with red blood. The book contains statements that will shock some pious folk, others that careful scholars will condemn; but, on the whole, many will find here fresh insight, original emphasis on long-neglected elements, and also valuable contributions to a nobler view of our supreme Master in things of the spirit. A reproduction of Darius Cobb's remarkable painting "The Master" enriches the volume as a worthy frontispiece.

Lost in the Fur Country. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1 net.—The frontispiece of this story shows two Indians, one in the act of seizing roughly a little girl, eleven years old, the other apparently about to tomahawk her twin brother. It cannot be said that this is likely to attract buyers of books for boys and girls, although it is true that not all the chapters are fearsome. The end is sufficiently tragic, however, for the children then kidnapped return to their parents and home only as man and woman grown, and during most of the period of separation they, too, have known nothing of each other. Cruel as the captor Indians were, the children met kindness from a foster-mother, and the home life of the Indians is pictured in mild and friendly fashion. The writer is superintendent of schools in St. Paul, Minn., and is said to be "an expert in the very difficult art of interesting boys profitably."

Indian Scout Talks. By Charles A. Eastman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 80 cents net.—These Indian scout talks represent the actual experience of the writer, who was an Indian boy himself, and trained from his babyhood to overcome the terror of darkness and loneliness. To have confidence in nature and himself is the first step in the life of the wilderness. "Think not the water will drown you, or that anything in the water or on land will bite or poison you," runs the instruction. Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls may learn here how to make friends with wild animals, how to build Indian canoes, how to follow a trail, and how to start a fire without matches, and cook without pots. The chapters on gesture-language and picture-writing ought to supply occupation in winter months when the outdoor life may be somewhat circumscribed for boys and girls who have to go to school. Mr. Eastman has made his book interesting as well as instructive.

Jean Cabot in Cap and Gown. By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1 net.—Jean Cabot's development through the two earlier years of her college career prepares the reader for their culmination in the radiant, successful graduate, who completes her course and announces her engagement at the same time. This has been a pleasant series of books, which have presented girl readers with imitable types and given them bright descriptions of undergraduate life. The tone is realistic in the best sense, and it emphasizes the right kind of college spirit. Fortunately, the series is to reach the traditional four volumes in spite of the fact that Jean is now graduated, and *Jean in the House of the Blue Shutters* is to give the readers a surprise "replete with incidents."

Fairmount's Quartette. By Etta Anthony Baker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.—Fairmount Academy, a finishing school for girls, situated on the Hudson, and provided with everything that can make girls' brains intelligent, their hearts happy, and their lives interesting, has been already presented to girl readers in three volumes, often voted "delightful" and "charming." The fourth volume does not fall behind the others in point of interest. The girls, in whom the reader is already interested, are now in their senior year, and the fact that Eustis Military Academy is a neighbor to Fairmount becomes even more important as a factor in the story. The incidents are varied, and Miss Baker's lively narration sets them out in glowing colors.

Pretty Polly Flinders. By Mary Frances Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 50 cents net.—The fifth volume in the Boy Blue Series will be found no less satisfactory than the other four. It contains answers to some of the most puzzling questions in nursery lore, such as: Where did the three kittens find their mittens? What did the Bears do when Silver Locks had eaten up the porridge and broken down Baby Bear's chair? How does one raise the kind of pumpkins that may be turned into fairy coaches like that of Cinderella? and other similar problems. The stories are cleverly written. They are skilfully adapted to the small readers who can read them for themselves, and the colored illustrations are a great addition to the interesting text.

Fairy Tale Foxes. By Clifton Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.—Mr. Johnson is an expert in the selection of fairy tales and his choice of these fox stories proves it again. The part that the fox has played in folk lore and nursery legends is well illustrated by these twenty-five tales by which all countries in Europe as well as the Orient and the Negro race are represented. Many of them are unfamiliar, and nearly all are amusing. The humor of Frank A. Mankivell's illustrations will be appreciated by the children as well as their elders.

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Nearly Ten.

When a body comes to be nearly ten,
Ah! all sorts of troubles beset her then.
At least, if the body happens to be
The eldest of all in the famil-y,
Whose mother's at work the whole of the day;
And *I'm* that body, I may as well say!

There isn't a baby in all our street
Who's nearly as pretty, or half as sweet
As our little Sally; but oh, dear me!
It's strange how heavy that baby can be.
And Tommy's a wonderful boy, I know;
But sometimes that child does bother me so

It's "Hush-a-bye, baby," and off she goes;
But, if I put her down, that baby knows.
And, as soon as she's really fast asleep,
Then down on the floor out Tommy will creep.
And it's—"Don't wake baby, be quiet, *do*";
Or—"Tommy, you'll pull that cat's tail in two."

But, perhaps, when a body's worn out quite,
Her dear little mother will come in sight.
Then it's—"Polly, my pet, what should I do
If I hadn't a good little girl like you?"
And, somehow, a body feels glad just then
She's a grown-up girl of nearly ten!

—*Cornell's Little Folks.*

What Little Nell Did.

They were going hazel-nutting—the Philbrick children and Little Nell—one day last fall.

Little Nell was not one of the Philbrick children. She was Dick Long's daughter; and Dick Long cobbled shoes for a time in the village, two miles from the Philbrick farm, and then went away to California, never to be heard from again, and good Mrs. Philbrick opened her motherly heart and arms to Little Nell, and took her in.

Her real name was Henrietta; but Miss Jackson, the dressmaker, who read Charles Dickens's stories a great deal, called her one day "Little Nell," and it clung to her ever after.

It was Saturday afternoon; and, as I told you, Will and Jack and Polly and Little Nell were going hazel-nutting. They each carried a basket, and each basket held a flaky apple turnover. They got their baskets full of nuts, with their prickly coverings, and ate their turnovers,—all but Jack. That is to say, Jack ate his turnover with the rest; but he had not filled his basket.

He had spent too much of the afternoon in chasing the little red squirrels and in balancing himself on the smooth log which spanned the brook. Now the sun had gone down. It was growing late and chilly.

Jack kicked crossly at a decayed stump.

"You should have worked more and played less," laughed Will, looking at his own heaped-up basket.

Little Nell slipped her hand softly into Jack's.

"Come home now, Jacky," she said, "and I'll give you half of mine."

Jack laughed, and gave the old stump a parting kick. A cloud of dust flew up. Jack's foot had hammered its way through the rotten wood. The stump was hollow. Jack pulled his foot out; and after it rolled and rattled a rich brown stream of nuts,—three quarts, at the very least!

"Hooray!" shouted Jack, capering wildly about. "I don't want any of anybody's nuts now!"

Then he seized his basket and began to scoop in the treasure by handfuls.

Little Nell looked on with wide-open eyes. "Who put 'em there?" she asked.

"It's a squirrel's storehouse," answered Will.

"Wasn't he a jolly little fellow? And isn't it lucky I kicked?" cried Jack, briskly digging away the decayed wood to look for more.

The big brown eyes ran over with tears as Little Nell began to understand.

"Don't take them, Jack!" she pleaded. "I'll give you all of mine."

"All of yours ain't half so many as there is here; and why shouldn't I take them, I'd like to know? Finding is having, Little Nell."

"You didn't say so when I found your ten-cent piece," said Polly, swinging her basket.

Jack reddened, remembering what a time there had been about that same ten-cent piece. "You keep still, Polly Philbrick," he said. "I ain't a chipmunk, an' a ten-cent piece isn't nuts. Ain't there a lot, though?"

It was quite in vain that Little Nell begged him to put them back.

She walked home beside Polly, silent and sorrowful.

"We might give him ours, Polly," she said. "Turn them down in a little heap side of the stump, you know, where he could find them easy. O Polly! what will he do when he goes to his house, and finds they're all taken away?"

Polly laughed at her. "You little goosey!" she said. "The squirrel won't mind, and don't you think about it any more."

But she did. She could not help it.

At the supper-table that night Mother Philbrick counted noses. There was one missing,—a little, straight nose, under a pair of brown eyes.

"Where is Little Nell, children?"

"I haven't seen her since we came home," said Will.

"Nor I," said Jack.

"I haven't, either," said Polly. "But I believe I know where she's gone. Jack robbed a squirrel's hole to-day, and Little Nell cried about it. She wanted to give the squirrel her hazel-nuts, an' I wouldn't wonder if that's where she is."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Soule.

Mr. Soule was a drover, who had come to buy Father Philbrick's cattle. He had very sharp black eyes, and a snappy voice.

Polly jumped. "Oh!" said she, and upset her tea-cup. Then she had to tell the story all over.

"Well, I never!" said Father Philbrick; while the drover's eyes twinkled with delight.

Presently the door opened; and Little Nell crept in, breathless, with red cheeks, and soft hair blown about her face. She put her empty basket down gently.

"Did Mr. Chippy make a bow, and say, 'Thank 'ee, mum'?" asked Jack, with a laugh.

"Don't you tease the child!" ordered Father Philbrick.

Then Little Nell had her supper. After that Mr. Soule took her on his lap and told her stories until bedtime.

The next day but one the children went to the spot where Little Nell had left her hazel-nuts, but they had all disappeared Little Nell was quite sure the squirrel had carried them off to his new house. I think so too.

But the best is not told.

When Father Philbrick came home from the village post-office one night, not long after this, he brought a little box, directed to "Mr. Jonas Philbrick."

When the box was opened—guess? It was full of nuts of every kind,—walnuts, butternuts, peanuts, filberts, and castaneas, —"sheep toes," Jack called them.

There was a card, too. This is what it said: "From Master Chippy Squirrel to the tender-hearted little girl who gave him all her hazel-nuts."

"That's Little Nell!" shouted the children.

And Little Nell divided her treasures, happy as a queen.—*Youth's Companion.*

Roy's Lemon Ice.

The long road trailed like a gray string up the hill, and Roy trudged it slowly, dragging the express wagon after him. His mushroom hat drooped, and the face beneath it was hot and red; the wagon creaked complainingly. Yet he kept on with patience, because he was eight years old today, and because the burden in the wagon was a block of ice being hauled homeward from Mrs. Kean's ice-house to freeze a treat for his birthday feast. These were two splendid reasons for keeping on; and at the top of the hill he braced himself and went a little faster.

The road turned here and ran between long fields before it dropped into a patch of woods a quarter of a mile farther on. Where one of these fields met the road sat a small house—so small and so white in the glare of the sun that it hurt your bare eyes. Roy never passed the place on a summer day without feeling uncomfortable. He fancied that the walls were blistered. As he creaked by now, he glanced toward it out of the corner of his eye, then stopped short. Someone was waving feebly from the window.

Roy knew who, well enough. It was old Miss Drusie Allen, a cripple who spent her days alone in the little house while her nephew and his wife were out plowing and washing for a living. Miss Drusie had not walked for years. She was too drawn up with rheumatism even to be helped by crutches and canes, and from morning till night she had to sit huddled in a chair by the window.

Roy dragged his wagon to the doorstep and, dropping the tongue, trotted inside. He took off the drooping mushroom, baring his little wet head. "Did you call me, Miss Drusie?" he asked.

"Yes, I did," the old lady piped back fretfully. "I want a bit o' company; I want somebody or something to make me forget for a piece of a minute this scorching heat that's a-burning up my old bones."

Roy knew that she wanted him to sit down and talk to her, but he knew, too, that he could not at this time, so he cast about in his mind for something else to do for her.

The tiny room was stuffy and dreadful. One window was down; it had fallen, Miss Drusie said, when she tried to "h'ist" it higher with her crumpled old hands. The

Digitized by Google

sunlight poured in hot and white through unshaded panes.

"To-day I'm going to fix you," Roy promised, "and to-morrow I'll come and talk."

For fifteen minutes he was very busy, but at last he drew a long, satisfied breath. He had raised the window, and across the glaring upper sash, by dint of much reaching and climbing, panting and puffing, had fastened up the battered shade that had fallen a week ago. The shade made a cool green light in the yellow room, and a little flicker of blessed breeze stirred through beneath it.

Then he beat up Aunt Drusie's flat pillow and brought her a leafy branch from the roadside to keep away the flies with. She looked pleased and happy. "You're good as a gal," she told him.

Roy looked at her weary old face, and another thought came to him. "Now," he said, "want a glass of lemonade—iced lemonade?"

"You're a-foolin', sure!" Aunt Drusie cried shrilly. "I ain't tasted iced lemonade sence I was taken down, two years ago, boy. And I'm that thirsty this minute, my throat's parched." She gazed at him eagerly.

Roy was glad he had remembered the lemons, bought at Mr. Kean's store for the birthday treat, and the small lump of ice tucked in beside the larger one. He set about his task with great earnestness, but it takes a long time to make lemonade when you do not know very much about it in the first place, and when you have to rummage around in every corner for spoon and nicked glass and a tiny "dip" of sugar.

He finished at last, though, and held up in triumph the cracked tumbler filled to the brim with cold, acid liquid that tinkled as it moved. Aunt Drusie nearly fell from the chair in her eagerness as she reached for it with both hands. When Roy looked back at the door, her head was thrown back and she was drinking long draughts as though she would never get enough.

Presently the wagon was creaking dustily on again through the scorching sun, and it was a weary little team indeed that came to a halt before the kitchen steps at home. Mother appeared at the door, flushed and rather worried. "I've been waiting and waiting"— she began.

"I had to stop and 'tend to Miss Drusie Allen," Roy explained, "but I've got the ice!"

He stooped happily and pulled aside the cloth and the thick green branches that covered his freight. Then—"*Mother!*" he cried. There was no ice left—only a small piece about the size of a dinner-plate. The soaking wagon-body told the tale: the rest of his ice had melted away in the fierce, unshaded heat by the Allen door.

Through a blur of bitter tears Roy caught sight of the empty freezer awaiting its delicious contents. "I had to fix Miss Drusie," he said brokenly. "It—it took longer than I thought it would."

He sat down on the lowest step and pulled his hat over his blinking eyes. Mother sat down too, and in a very little while she knew the whole story.

Then she got up briskly and bathed the hot face in cool water and washed the poor dusty feet. "Now," she said, "there's plenty of ice left for a big frosty pitcher of lemonade, and look what's waiting to go with it!"

Roy brightened at the huge chocolate cake topped by eight slim white candles, their wicks standing straight and ready. "We'll have a big time after all," he said.

"Mother," he remarked drowsily, at twilight, very full of cake and lemonade, and very sleepy, "maybe this was Miss Drusie's birthday, too. Did she ever have a birthday?"

"Many and many a one," mother answered.

"To-morrow," Roy planned, nodding gently, "I'll take her a slice of cake and a candle and ask her all about it." When he had finished the last word he was fast asleep. —*Nancy Byrd Turner, in Sunday School Times.*

Absent in Mind.

In Medfield a curious story is told of Hannah Adams, the historian, and her literary father. The two were riding to church one Sunday morning, when the pillion slipped over the horse's back into the middle of the road, with Miss Adams upon it.

But her thoughts were far away, and she did not notice the accident; and her father rode on, his own thoughts also intent on the larger problems of life. On arriving at the church, he looked around and discovered that his daughter and the pillion were gone. Turning his horse, he rode back in great alarm, and found her sitting on the pillion in the road.

"What has happened, Hannah?" said he.

The author of the "History of the Jews" looked up in a bewildered and distant way.

"Oh, nothing, father, nothing! I seem to have fallen off. I had not thought before that I was not still on my way to church."

The story is one not easy to believe, but the old Medfield people insist that it is true.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Blue Gypsies."

BY MARY E. MERRILL.

Have you ever seen the camps of the "Blue Gypsies," when walking or driving on the hilly roads of Western Massachusetts in late September? Many of the smaller Gypsies are gathered closely in bunches, as if at school. Some older ones are wrapped in their lovely blue gowns, not quite old enough to "come out."

Those that are out, in their Gypsy fashion, have their beautiful blue gowns slightly scalloped, and bordered with a fine soft fringe.

A few seem to keep somewhat apart as if more exclusive, or perhaps the leaders of the bands. They are taller and of still more heavenly blue, as they prefer the shade of trees and moisture.

Those that have lived to old age have their faded gowns closely twisted about them until finally there comes a rent in the thin, dry, old, seedy wrap. Out fly scouts like tiny seeds, and off on the wings of the wind they go to find a new camping-ground for the next season.

These "Blue Gypsies" seldom camp in the same place twice, sometimes quite near, but more often far away, as the wind pleases.

I have heard these Gypsies called "The Queen of Flowers," "Fringed Gentians," but I call them "Blue Gypsies," from their wandering habits and out-door life.

They are just as lovely by any other name, and ever a delightful surprise when one finds a new camp unexpectedly.

The Two Friends.

A TRUE STORY.

Buster was a little ball of jet-black fur with one tiny white paw. She had wonderful eyes of a brilliant green, and when they shone from the dark they looked like two great emeralds in an ebony background. Now Buster was of a very playful disposition, and anything that moved might expect to be pounced upon by this kitten.

One day, Buster had a visitor in the shape of a toy fox-terrier named Bumble. At Bumble's noisy entrance, Buster immediately humped up and looked upon the intruder with outraged dignity. Bumble was plainly frightened, and slunk back to his master. Buster, however, had no intention of letting the lively Bumble escape, so she cautiously drew nearer and nearer to him. As the dog did not know what to do, he simply barked: at that the kitten's back rose higher than before, and she too showed that she could make a noise.

Finally, Buster concluded that Bumble was a mere harmless little puppy, so she resumed her natural shape, uttered a playful little purring cry, and with a swift jump landed on top of Bumble, where she clung like a big black spot on the white back of the little dog. Bumble ran everywhere, but not an inch did Buster budge. He rolled over; still Buster stuck, until, tired of useless shaking, he lay down panting. Immediately, Buster jumped lightly off and cuddled down beside him.

Bumble understood, and from that day on they were the best of friends. Everywhere one went the other was sure to follow. Each morning Bumble would give Buster a kiss, but Buster's favorite trick was always to mount on Bumble's back and, slapping his face with her small white paw, make him give her a morning ride before she would get down.—*Ruth Felton, in Our Four-footed Friends.*

Catherine liked to help. At dinner, one day, she said with intense earnestness, "O mudder, please won't you let me spoondle the rice?"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,280 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK REV CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burt, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

The Unitarian Club of Boston on the War.

The October meeting of the Unitarian Club of Boston was held at the Hotel Somerset, Tuesday evening, October 13. William S. Kyle, president of the club, presided. The guests were Samuel J. Elder, Rev. S. R. Maxwell of the Second Church, and Robert Lincoln O'Brien, editor of the Boston *Herald*.

In opening the after-dinner proceedings Mr. Kyle asked whether the war, which he called indefensible, could not be traced in part at least to irresponsible autocracy in government, false standards, mistaken conceptions of patriotism, and ideas ethically unsound. If that titanic conflict brought autocracy to an end and crushed militarism forever, he believed that a new order of international diplomacy would be possible and the way be paved through higher ethical standards for the federation of the world.

Samuel J. Elder opened the discussion with suggestions of what might come at the close of hostilities. He spoke of a situation fraught with hatreds, perhaps for centuries to come, but also dwelt on the reasons for a hopeful view of it, seeing that the afflicted peoples themselves would ask why it should all be and would take a hand in providing the remedy.

"We must not deceive ourselves," said Mr. Elder, "into supposing that we shall see after the war such a United States in Europe as we have here, but I do not think it visionary to say that a federation of Europe with a certain basic principle and certain laws between the nations has now become possible."

The speaker reviewed the action of the two Hague conferences regarding the limitation of armaments, and after telling of the failure of that principle, went on to say: "But in view of this war the situation has changed. It would seem now that a convention could be reached between the belligerent powers by which they could agree that all this suffering shall not be repeated. A supreme court of Europe with a certain defined jurisdiction is not impossible. Sometimes it is asked how you will enforce the decree of the court. It seems to me that an infinitely more powerful way of enforcing such a decree than the use of an international force is the policy of non-intercourse with any recalcitrant nation."

President Eliot's address follows:—

The hopeful strain of Mr. Elder's remarks concerning possible good outcomes of the European war through conferences and agreements to be made after its close has impressed us all. But to my thinking it is hardly time yet to dwell on those hopes; because one of the great issues to be determined by this war is whether agreements, conventions, or treaties among nations are to have any value or efficacy. That is, perhaps, the most important of the issues to be determined by this fighting. I want to point out, in the first place, that nothing but fighting can determine that issue. England, France, and Russia have gone into the most cruel, destructive, and wide-spread fighting that has ever taken place in the world; but they were obliged to fight, because there was no other way to prevent the success of Germany in its present violent undertakings.

We have kept out of the strife. Our government decided to be neutral. We are only spectators; and we shall therefore have small part in the settlement of the terms of peace. Our chief influence in that fateful determination will be the force of the example of this country, an example the value of which Mr. Elder has touched upon. Why will the American example, perhaps, have some influence on the ultimate decision? Because, in the first place, it embodies the American conviction that government is primarily for the welfare of the entire people, that its function is not to promote the interests of any class or any section, but to promote the interests and welfare of the whole people. Secondly, the American government is a striking example of the successful application of the principle of federation, a principle on which Europe must ultimately rely for peace and prosperity, provided that the force of any agreement among peoples can be vindicated and supported. And, lastly, we shall give a strong example—we are giving a strong example—of the fact that national prosperity and greatness follow not from military force but from the prodigious efficiency of individual freedom and initiative in a vigorous and stout-hearted people. Those are the great distinctions of the American achievement in government and industrial organization, and by the force of that example we shall have some weight in the determination of the terms of peace in Europe when this fearful strife is at last over.

The ideal of the German people as to national greatness is totally different from our own. They think of other things than those we think of as the foundations of national greatness, as the means of procuring national prosperity and power. This is no new development of recent years in Germany. It is a long, long teaching that the German people has imbibed, proceeding, I am sorry to say, from its chief philosophers, historians, and publicists during more than fifty years, that government rests on force, that national greatness means power to enforce the nation's will on other nations, and that Might makes Right. That has been the teaching of the German philosophers, historians, publicists, and even poets for more than fifty years—taught to the youth, taught in all clubs and associations of thinking men, taught with prodigious effect, and realized to-day in a unanimous outburst of patriotic enthusiasm.

It is that ideal which must be defeated now, if civilization is to advance, if peace and good will are ever to come. And that ideal can be overthrown only through fearful fighting and destruction. There is no other way. Europe must decide in this struggle whether a treaty between several nations can be torn up, as a piece of paper is torn, on the mere ground of military necessity—that is, to enable one party to the treaty to get at an enemy in a long subsequent war in the easiest and quickest way.

Where must America's sympathies be in this struggle? Must they not inevitably be with those nations—two of them freer than any other nations of Europe except the Swiss—which are maintaining the inviolability of treaties, the sanctity of national contracts? Can any business man—engaged in manufacturing, commerce, or finance—possibly regard as even conceivable the triumph of the principle that between nations there is no sanctity in a contract? I feel, as I doubt not you all feel, that the sympathy of the American people must go out steadily and strongly to the Allies.

American practice is very different from that of Europe in another important respect. It has been our practice to have every treaty that our President and Cabinet negotiate with another country publicly discussed and sanctioned by the Senate of the United States before it becomes valid. Our practice in this respect is a striking contrast to the practice of Europe. In respect to the secrecy of diplomatic understandings and of understandings between reigning monarchs,—entered into by monarchs and not even by their cabinets,—the contrast between American and European practice is noteworthy. Here is one of the outcomes of this fearful war to which we may look forward as possible, though very difficult, the abandonment in Europe of the old practices of secret diplomacy and of secret understandings to which whole nations are committed by their rulers or by some small number of persons acting for governments. The superiority of our practice in this respect is manifest. Publicity gives a great security to the common people with regard to their control over their own liberties and rights, and their pursuit of happiness. What European to-day has any right to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness? Not one. How have these elementary rights been lost? Largely through the committal of nations to dangerous courses of action through their governments coming to secret understandings with each other without the knowledge of the people, without any knowledge on the part of the people even that an understanding has been reached, and without knowledge of the terms of the agreement made in secret. We may really hope for at least a vivid discussion of the relation of secret diplomacy and secret understandings to the liberties and the lives of the common people in Europe. Here again the example of America may well have a good influence.

It is much too early in this formidable struggle to anticipate success on either side. The war must apparently go on to the point of exhaustion of one combatant or the other. It is a fearful prospect, that of exhausting the strength and resources of any numerous and self-confident people. But is there any other way to reach a conclusion of any real value to civilization and the hopes of the race? We see none other.

What severe disappointment of many of the hopes that we Americans have cherished in regard to the progress of our race toward righteousness and peace, what a fearful revulsion of feeling toward the Christian churches we are now experiencing! The institutional churches, the great churches of the world, every one of them,—Greek, Roman, Lutheran, and Anglican,—are without influence in the presence of this hideous catastrophe! They are absolutely without influence toward bringing out of it any good issue.

This is a Club founded to promote a form of Christianity little known in the Christian world at large. But even while we think of the smallness of the religious denomination to which most of us belong, must we not say,—these great Christian churches have all failed in this horrible crisis and in many earlier crises to promote or preserve peace

Digitized by Google

and good will among men. If there is hope for the revival of religious power and vitality in the nominally Christian world, can we contribute to that revival? Have we anything better to offer mankind than the great churches supply? I confess that this is one of the expectations I venture to cherish, that our simple faith, which is among the newest forms of the Christian religion and of Christian organization for doing good, has something precious to offer to the coming race.

Letter from California.

The first of October finds the Pacific Coast churches in the full tide of their season's work, with certain new enterprises going forward. At Seattle (First) the campaign has opened vigorously, and the habitual record of congregations crowding the church is maintained. The young church in the University district is happy in the ministrations of Dr. Perkins, who has crossed the continent from Portland, Me. It is hoped that the time is not far distant when the society can occupy a new chapel, which it urgently needs for the efficient conduct of its work in a fast-growing part of the city, and in the near vicinity of the University.

At Tacoma, Mr. Dawson is making progress in the by no means easy task of welding together into one organziation the remains of the Ethical Society and the relics of the Unitarian church of the nineties. Since he entered the field at the first of the year, he has won a place of acknowledged leadership in the city in matters of civic betterment.

Portland has been having uncommonly large congregations this autumn, to hear a series of sermons by Mr. Eliot on the "European War, its Causes and Problems," "from the standpoint of an optimist." Our people there have a legitimate pride in the still young Reed College, founded and munificently endowed by a member of our church, and guided by our Dr. Eliot as president of the Board of Trustees. The College has just received its fourth class, and now has a full generation of students. Careful selection has been used, and only about a third of those applying have been admitted. The idea is to regard quality far more than numbers; and your correspondent bears witness that when he addressed the student body in chapel last spring, he thought them the finest-looking company of students he had ever seen. The members of the College, both Faculty and students, are making themselves powerfully felt, not only in Portland itself, but throughout the Northwest, by their activity in all matters concerning the higher life, and have taken active leadership in a number of important progressive movements.

The State University at Eugene has benefited rather than otherwise by the stimulating influence of its lusty young rival. Our church there is at present shepherdless; but Rev. Arthur H. Sargent, after having for half a year prospected an interesting mission field over on the coast at North Bend, is now supplying his old Eugene pulpit for a few weeks before returning to an eastern settlement. His last regular field at Eureka is still unoccupied. But the last spike has at length been driven uniting Eureka with the outside world, and it is expected that under a new minister soon to be sought the church will share in the general progress of the community which is now confidently expected.

At Santa Rosa our little society is looking forward with a good deal of eagerness to the prospect of a new building, either on the old location or in a new one. The present building, the first church to be erected in the town, has quite outlived its usefulness, and has long been an actual handicap to our movement. Sacramento, after many delays, is expecting this autumn to build its long-wanted church, and at once to enter upon a new era of prosperity together with the rest of the thriving capital city.

Rev. W. D. Simonds has just celebrated the beginning of the eighth year of his pastorate at Oakland—a pastorate marked by steady gains in strength and influence for his church, under difficult handicaps. The church is marked by its close relation to public affairs; and seeing that in November the people of California have to vote upon some three-score constitutional amendments, some of them of important moral bearings, like the prohibition measure, the red-light abatement law, and the like, the minister has announced a public discussion of the merits of the several questions Sundays after the morning service. Equal suffrage in California is working smoothly. By no means the whole adult female population vote, or even register. No more do the men. Whatever promises may have been made in advance, it was not reasonable to expect so thorough a revolution in interest and habits over-night. But the interest of women in affairs of legislation and government seems to be healthily and normally growing, and the influence of women as a factor to be very seriously taken into account is generally acknowledged. The writer has not heard from any quarter any complaints that the franchise had brought evils with it.

The church at Berkeley has a wonderful field open to it at the University, which has now the distinction of being the eighth largest in the world, with over 8,000 students, second only to Columbia in this country. The freshman class has some 1,500 students. Means have not yet been devised for bringing Unitarian students together so effectively as is being done by the Catholics. But some of us look forward to a time when the Pacific Unitarian School can have a new dormitory, commodious enough to serve as a home for the greater number of Unitarian students at the University. The School has entered on its eleventh year with a satisfactory enrolment and a very earnest body of students. The cynic's proverb, "Where there's a will there's a lawsuit," is being verified anew; but a favorable issue is expected, and new buildings ought to be under way within the next year.

We are all looking forward with great expectations to the coming of the General Conference next August. All the Exposition buildings are practically completed already, and are attracting much attention for their beauty of design and coloring, as well as for their beautiful water-front location. The First Church will naturally be the special host of the Conference, and is responding finely to the inspiring leadership of Mr. Dutton. Congregations are unprecedentedly strong, and evening services, long thought a practical impossibility, were so well sustained last year that they will be continued again this year.

Palo Alto has put the seal of success upon Mr. Reed's leadership by erecting the past summer, with generous assistance from the Association, an attractive parish hall. Between it and the street is a pretty court-yard, enclosed by a rose-covered pergola. Here, in the open air during much of the year, the Sunday-school will meet; and here various church activities will be conducted *al fresco*. The hall was opened with appropriate exercises on September 6.

Rev. Thomas Clayton, who early in the year resigned his charge at Fresno, is still at work at Hanford until he shall have brought to completion his revival of our old movement there. A fine lot has been bought, and construction of a church building is about to be undertaken. The work at Visalia, the next county seat, lags; but the example of Hanford is sure to stimulate it into generous emulation. At Fresno the new minister is Rev. Richard W. Borst, who came from Eugene last spring. A fine young people's society has just been organized. A handsome bronze statue was recently unveiled in the city park to the memory of Dr. Chester Rowell, who had for twenty-five years been virtually the father, and always the generous friend, of our church.

Santa Barbara seems happy as ever in the sunshine of its beautiful location, and in the wholesome ministration of its beloved Mr. Goodridge. A men's club is about to be organized. From Pomona Rev. Paul M. McReynolds took his departure amidst sincere and deep regret at the beginning of the summer, and purposes to study for two years at the divinity school at Berkeley. His place is filled by Rev. W. M. Jones, already known to Pomona by his ministry there some twenty years ago.

The number of our churches on the Pacific Coast has multiplied by just fifty per cent. in the past six years; and their problems are now quite enough to occupy the whole time of a busy field secretary. The present incumbent accepted this commission only to supply a temporary emergency, which has lasted much longer than was anticipated. He has, however, resigned the office in order to give his whole time to the work of the Pacific Unitarian School, which is engrossing enough. The appointment of a successor, which is momentarily expected, should begin a new period of extension and of intensive development among our Pacific Coast churches.

E. M. W.

Iowa Letter.

From the reports given by the delegates from the various parishes in the State, it would seem as if the churches were all in excellent condition. Davenport has been without a minister since the resignation of Rev. John Wallace Cooper, who has become a candidate for representative on the Progressive ticket. Rev. J. A. Kyle of Elizabeth, N.J., has been called to the vacant pastorate and has accepted, to begin his pastorate November 1. He goes to a united people and to a church with well-organized societies among the men and women. Iowa extends Mr Kyle a hearty welcome and hopes he will have a long and happy pastorate.

Des Moines reports the usual aggressiveness and prosperity in all departments except the Sunday-school, which has suffered

Digitized by Google

by the removal of teachers. This condition will soon be adjusted, as wise and consecrated people are making plans for adjustment. Rev. E. Dean Martin has mapped out a full course of sermons for the winter, and is a regular contributor to a local daily paper. Billy Sunday, the noted evangelist, often called "religious grafter," is to make a raid in Des Moines soon. This spells opportunity for the liberal church during his visit, but it means disaster for constructive and vital religion when the sensational fever subsides.

Humboldt is one of the few successful country churches. The Young People's Social Union is doing splendid work, under the leadership of Mr. Ernest Wykes, the president. Unity Club is divided into two sections,—the Modern Novel and the Modern Opinion sections. The Ladies' Circle is active, filling the church treasury and making improvements upon the parsonage. There is also a Men's Club, a non-sectarian organization, composed of the wide-awake men of all churches, known as the "Get-Together Club of Humboldt," the object of which is to foster a more brotherly and kindly spirit in the community. It had its birth in Unity Church and the men of Unity Church are largely responsible for its success. The minister, Rev. G. H. Zastrow, writes that he is "proud of this Club."

At Iowa City great things are happening. Upwards of thirty members have been added since Rev. C. M. Perry began his work. The students are responding to his efforts and the assistance of his helpers. Here is a great opportunity for the scattering of good seed in fertile soil. Mr. Perry is the man for the place, and the people recognize in him a constructive worker.

At Keokuk the work goes steadily on. Mrs. Heller, the delegate to the recent Conference, reported excellent work in all departments, under the leadership of Rev. C. L. Elliot. Optimism and aggressiveness are the watchwords.

At Manly there is a church which was built several years ago by a group of English Unitarians, and there are only a few of the original families left. These are loyal to the faith, but not numerous enough to maintain regular services. The Missionary Committee are planning to hold a few services with them this winter.

At Rock Rapids there is another small group of Unitarians and a good church building. This parish can be supplied from Luverne, Minn., if a man can be found who has the courage and ability to tackle a good stiff job.

At Holstein there are a few Unitarian families, and services are held occasionally by the Sioux City pastor. Cherokee is also looked after by the Sioux City pastor. Mr. G. B. Healy, one of the faithful friends and members of the Sioux City parish, reported at the Conference that the church was in the best condition it had been for several years. Congregations are good, and the work that is being done is attracting attention. New members are added nearly every Sunday.

Lincoln, Neb., is about to join the Iowa family, and the only report to be made at this time is that the women of Nebraska are looking to the Unitarian church of Lincoln and its minister, Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly, for the success of equal suffrage. Mr. Weatherly has been speaking every day and often twice throughout the State for the past month. He has a message and knows how to deliver it effectively.

We are hoping for another addition to the Iowa Unitarian church family, in the near future, by the fellowshipping of the Union Church at Griswald, which to all intents and purposes is with us. Rev. E. C. Smith spoke there September 27, or October 4, and paved the way for the hearing of one of our younger ministers as a candidate.

We are sorry to have to report a relinquishment of the work at Perry. The work which Rev. and Mrs. Thomas S. Pierce have done there the past year is worthy of special mention; but, owing to the small number of Unitarians in Perry and the lack of funds in the state treasury, we are forced to discontinue the work November 1. Mr. Pierce is a young man of courage and aggressiveness. He has a working programme that is larger than any ism, and he still hopes that the people of Perry will rally to the support of the Community House proposition which he has submitted to them for consideration. Mrs. Pierce is a great help in all social service endeavor, as she is an experienced kindergarten teacher and story-teller among children.

She has classes as high as sixty and one hundred in the small city of Perry. With a sufficient number of people to work with, Mr. Pierce will win a conspicuous success.

Take it all in all, the cause in Iowa is prospering. R. D. V. T.

Cyrus Whittlesay Heizer.

When I met Mr. Heizer at our headquarters last summer, I said to his companion, to whom he introduced me, "When I last saw your friend he was in jail. And," I hastened to add, "I was there, too." I had hardly more than reached our friend's apartments in Ithaca, on the occasion referred to, when he said, "Come with me to my office at the church, for I am to have an interesting interview." Then he told me how, a few nights before, a large group of Cornell students, out for a lark, had encountered some policemen who tried to turn them back. One of the young fellows, whose enthusiasm had led him to the front of the crowd, had undertaken, playfully enough, to shake off the grip of the policeman who had stopped him. This, technically, was "resisting an officer," an offence that at once landed him in the county jail.

Mr. Heizer, who had almost a genius for being on the spot when things happened, accompanied the boy to the jail and did all in his power to secure for him kind treatment, and to reassure the boy who, with perfectly innocent heart, thus found himself in a felon's cell. It was the mother of this boy, a splendid woman from Massachusetts, who was expected that afternoon, and with whom I was to take part in an interview.

Such tact as Mr. Heizer showed in his talk with the distracted mother one seldom witnesses. His raillery made her smile through her tears, his praise of the noble son blotted out her sense of shame. Her burdens seemed to roll away, and it was with a fresh courage that was almost buoyancy that she went from the church study to the jail.

A little later, Mr. Heizer and I went together to see the prisoner. The clear-eyed, clear-visaged young man in a cell and behind padlocked bars was enough to quicken one's pulse. The elder man's words, as we three were locked in together, were of almost inspired wisdom. There was no minimizing of his offence,—he had broken the law and was justly incarcerated. But his intentions had not been bad, and he must not feel disgraced. "This jail," said Mr. Heizer, "is to you only one more building of the University. This cell is a class-room. If you learn your lesson here you will one day say that this episode has taught you the most useful lesson Cornell has given you."

And the best of it was that this was but one of a multitude of cases in which this good minister befriended young men in their time of need

The next day, Sunday, we visited the jail again. And again the visit was inspiring. But the choicest memory of that day was of Mr. Heizer conducting his Sunday-school. It was a small school and met in a carpeted parlor. He did not stand, he sat, and that not in front of but rather in the midst of the pupils. There was no form or ceremony. He spoke in low tones, and rather as a father in the midst of his family than as an ecclesiastic conducting a public function. They sang, listened to the little school orchestra, read, recited, prayed, almost, it seemed, as impulse moved them. I had often rejoiced to see large schools. I here saw the possibilities of a small school, and rejoiced that it was small. Why mourn over lack of numbers? Why not draw the few so much the closer and enter the more intimately into their lives? Such thoughts had been in my mind before. This man showed how to make the dream real.

I do not claim to be one of Mr. Heizer's close friends. But no one could be with him for an hour without feeling that here was a man as transparent as air, absolutely free from cant, genuine and of helpful purpose. And so it was that the notice of his death brought to me a pang of grief. W. I. L.

From Meadville.

The Meadville Theological School is now of respectable age (three-score years and ten), but its youth is renewed every year. Three students have been admitted to the theological course, eight to the preliminary collegiate year, seven to the course for parish assistants and lay workers, with two additional hearers. These reinforcements make a very comfortable addition of numbers, and add life to the classes and to the activities of the School community.

The institution begins this year upon its new plan of study continuous throughout the year and with an expansion of its activities in the form of instruction for lay workers and parish assistants. There is every reason for thinking that the new plan will prove to be a genuine success. It is very gratifying that the new department has drawn seven students from Meadville itself, five fully enrolled and two hearers. Possibly this may be a symptom of a closer relation now beginning between the School and its local environment. The happy-hearted interest felt by all in this new beginning is encouragement for planning still larger things.

The formal opening of the School year

Digitized by Google

was marked by an address in the evening of Wednesday, September 30, by Prof. Leroy Waterman. The theme was "Modern Religious Problems in the Light of the History of Israel." It was an address rich in thought and impressive in its delivery. Modern uncertainties in finding a symbol for the Divine Object, or with regard to personal immortality, or with regard to the prospect of established peace on earth, were discussed in relation to the certainties of the religious consciousness in Israel. This address will be printed in a forthcoming Bulletin of the School and will quite certainly be read with keen attention as a discussion of vital present interest by a scholar of eminent ability and penetrating understanding.

The Alliance.

The regular meeting of the Executive Board was held October 9, Miss Bancroft presiding. Miss Field of Cincinnati, a former vice-president, was a welcome guest.

Two life members are recorded —Mrs. J. T. Rorer of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Archibald Finlayson of Rye Beach, N.H.

The money already contributed for the Fifield Memorial has been placed in a savings bank at interest pending further progress toward a student-house.

A photograph of Mrs. Judith Andrews, "at work on The Alliance by-laws," was presented to the Board by Mary Fifield King.

The Southern Committee reported that a well has been dug at Shelter Neck on the common between the church and schoolhouse. It has an attractive canopy top supported by six pillars. The water is good, and it furnishes protection in case of fire. The work was done at the suggestion of Mrs. King, who desired it to be a memorial to her mother, Mrs. Fifield. The Board passed a hearty vote of appreciation and thanks to Mrs. King for these two gifts.

The new church at Mt. Pleasant, Fla., is about to be started. That is, Mr. McHale will order the rough lumber sawed, and the frame can soon be erected. He adds that it will take a little time, as it is still in the tree.

Mrs. Davis reported a new branch, Lynchburg, Va., Miss Mary Carroll, secretary.

Mrs. Davis started immediately after the meeting for a trip through the West, to visit State conferences and branches in Iowa, Illinois, and Kansas.

Interesting letters from abroad called forth a vote of special greetings to the British League at this time when all hearts are heavy, and also to the Women's Association of Hungary.

Branch members will be glad to know that they may obtain copies of Mr. Rihbany's book "A Far Journey" by sending to 25 Beacon Street. It is not often that a story of such thrilling interest and of such deep significance comes to the reading public.

An illustrated lecture on the Alliance and its work has been prepared by Mrs. F. M. Keezer of Denver, Col., and will be given for the first time before the Rocky Mountain Associate Alliance at Fort Collins, on October 19. The lecture and slides will be sent to branches that may desire them. Further particulars will be given later.

The new Manuals have been distributed and will be found to be full of interesting information.

Study classes are referred to a pamphlet by Dr. Wendte on "The Unitarian Name and Principles," for free distribution, and to "The Faith of the Reformers," by Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, 925 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Copies may be obtained at twenty-five cents each, twenty copies for three dollars, on application to Mr. Hodgin. The chapters are Wycliffe, Savonarola, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Francis David, etc. A new lending paper by Frederick M. Eliot on "The Duties of Young People in a Free Church" is reported.

The branch at Winnipeg counts on the co-operation of the branches and people of the States at this time when its church is being "hard hit by the war" and consequent business depression. It offers for sale a year book and beautiful views of the Canadian Rockies. Address Mrs. Florence G. Bale, 69 Maryland Street, Winnipeg, Man.

The next meeting will be held November 13. The New York League extends a most cordial invitation to all Board members to attend the meeting and conference to be held in New York, December 11.

The Young People's Religious Union.

South Middlesex Conference.

The annual meeting of the South Middlesex Federation is to be held with the Winchester Unitarian Society on Sunday, October 25, 1914. The afternoon session at half-past four o'clock will include a devotional service by Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Winchester, reports of the secretary and treasurer, action upon the proposed amendment to the constitution, reports of committees, election of officers, a roll-call of delegates, and an address by Mr. Carl B. Wetherell of Cambridge, district supervisor for that section. Intermission at six o'clock will be followed at half-past seven by an evening session, at which Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs of Medford will conduct the devotional service; and an address will be given by Rev. F. R. Sturtevant of Taunton, Mass.

Winchester is easily reached by trolley cars from Sullivan Square, via Medford, or from Arlington Centre, with half-hourly direct service from both points. The church is at the corner of Main Street and the Parkway near the Square.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada will be held at the May Memorial Church, Syracuse, N.Y., Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, November 16, 17, and 18. The Women's Alliance will have charge of the opening session on Monday afternoon and the conference sermon will be given by Dr. Merle St. Croix Wright on Monday evening.

The Essex Conference of Unitarian churches will hold its annual meeting, October 29, with the First Parish in Haverhill, Mass. Rev. F. W. Holden, minister. There will be addresses by Rev. T. D. Bacon, Rev. J. P. MacCarthy, Ph.D., Mrs. Claude U. Gilson, and Rev. Thomas Van Ness. The conference will end with a rally meeting to interest the Unitarian people of Haverhill. Mr. Van Ness will be the speaker.

The autumn conference of the Lend-a-Hand Society will be held on Saturday, October 24, at the Church of the Disciples, corner Jersey and Peterborough Streets, Boston. The president, Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, will preside, Rev. A. M. Rihbany will give an address of welcome, and club reports will be heard in the morning. After a box luncheon Edwin D. Mead will speak on "War and the Churches," and a Red Cross representative, either Miss Boardman or Miss Loring, will speak.

Meetings.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE COUNCIL OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The fall meeting was held Thursday, October 8, in the vestry of Arlington Street Church, Mrs. George H. Root presiding. Immigration was the subject, and an interested audience listened to Rev. William R. Lord of Dover, on "The Work of the State Commission on Immigration"; Dr. George W. Tupper, State Immigrant Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, on "The Immigration Work of the Y. M. C. A."; and Mr. Samuel F. Hubbard, superintendent of the North End Union, who opened the discussion which followed. Mr. Lord began by saying that he felt that this State Commission was in a measure the child of the International Committee of the Twentieth Century Club. He then touched briefly on the several recommendations in the report of the Commission, which he considers the best report on immigration ever issued, but which, unfortunately, has been shelved since its publication. On two features of this report there should be immediate action: first, a permanent immigration commission; second, proper education in American ideas of both adults and children. For the schools are failing signally in rising to their opportunities. Mr. Lord earnestly called on all women to help bring to fruition the recommendations embodied in the report of the Commission. Mr. Lord was followed by Dr. Tupper, who stated that the immigration work of the Y. M. C. A. is blessed with a definite objective, —the assimilation of the immigrant,—uniting the best ideals of the Old World with the best ideals of the New World. He emphasized the fact that their programme was essentially civic, no effort being made to change the religious belief of any. One serious difficulty to be overcome is the attitude of many Americans who look with disapproval upon the new-comer. To help the would-be American at the very beginning, missionaries are maintained at seventeen of the ports of embarkation, there to educate

Deaths.

HEIZER. In Ithaca, N.Y., October 13, after a short illness, Rev. Cyrus Whittlesay Heizer, in his 66th year. Funeral services were held at the Unitarian church, Ithaca, of which he was minister since 1901, on Friday, October 16.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

those departing in the America that is. So successful has this proved that the process of education is beginning to be continued in the steerage by means of stereopticon lectures, etc. Cosmopolitan clubs have been established in Lawrence, Cambridge, and Fall River, and are being started in other places; and in these clubs the new American is welcomed and related to his community. Another important work is the developing of employment bureaus. Besides this is the teaching of occupational English, whereby the New American is enabled to ask intelligently for work, and to help prevent accidents. Public health talks are also given. But with all this effort in the right direction there is a serious lack of social centres. For above all things valuable in this immigration problem is personal service, the cultivating of an international point of view. Through this alone can the New American be taught faith in us and our country. Trust is the only thing that keeps the republic together. Mr. Hubbard in opening the discussion emphasized again the value of the immigration report in helping us to solve this all-important problem. He spoke of the large Italian population in the North End—how of one thousand boys and girls connected with the North End Union eight hundred are Italian. The Union is striving to reach them through classes in English and both social and 'mothers' meetings. Frederika Wendte, Secretary.

Worcester Conference.—The Worcester Conference met in Barre, Mass., with the First Parish, Rev. A. F. Bailey and Rev. C. G. Adams, ministers, October 7 and 8. On Wednesday evening public worship was conducted by Rev. R. C. Douthit and Rev. A. F. Bailey. The sermon was by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, on "Is Christianity a Failure?" and the answer was a decided No. The preacher maintained that wherever Christianity had been tried in private or public life it was a triumphant success. It would be a success in business and politics whenever it was applied in these fields. On Thursday morning devotional service was conducted by Rev. W. F. Skerrye of Templeton. After routine business and a unanimous vote of thanks to Rev. John Haynes Holmes for his brilliant discourse, references were made to improvements to the churches in Clinton and Bolton, the former having installed a heating system and the latter having reshingled its edifice, redecorated the interior, and recarpeted the audience room. The expense was mostly met by the Women's Alliance and amounted to nearly a thousand dollars. A service of reconsecration was held on Sunday, the 4th of October. A fitting welcome was extended to the Conference by Mr. George R. Simonds of the Barre parish. On the subject "What the Laity want of the Ministry," Percy A. Atherton, Esq., of Harvard and Boston, spoke of the change from a permanent to a temporary settlement of ministers. The laity have a right to ask the minister to settle for a longer term than is usually the case in these days. In the old days the minister was the intellectual leader; now he is more a director of energies. Then he knew the interests of his people; now business is too intricate for him to master in detail. He should seek to inspire his people rather than instruct them. He should be the friend of his people. Arthur F. Butterworth, Esq., of Brookfield said laymen want brevity on Sunday and a reasonable amount of work on the other six days of the week. Laymen have something else to do besides attend church on Sunday. The minister's greatest opportunity is to mingle with his people during the week. He should interest himself in the young people, and visit the afflicted. He should come into close touch with every movement for the betterment of the community. Mr. Daniel L. Hanson of Petersham spoke on "Religion in Business." And portrayed business life in brighter colors than Mr. Holmes in his sermon the previous evening, and claimed that the preacher had failed to give a true picture of business life as it is now. The report of the Credential Committee showed that over two hundred and fifty sat down to dinner, provided by the Barre society. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to the First Parish for its generous hospitality and also to the speakers and singers. In the afternoon Mr. F. W. Parks described the activities of the First Parish in Fitchburg and told of reorganizing the church for work. The church has adopted the free pew system and expects every member to contribute what the church is worth to him or her. Announcements are sent weekly to every member. Summer services were conducted by nine laymen of the church, and the experiment proved successful. The reorganization was effected largely as a result of the inspiration given by Mr. George H. Sayward of Dorchester. Mr. John G. Faxon of Fitchburg briefly emphasized the importance of Sunday-school instruction. The last speaker was Mr. Henry R. Smith of Leominster, at one time minister of the Barre church. He said that one function of the Worcester Conference is to bring new ideas to the churches and another is the inspiration that comes from getting together. "I believe," he said, "in standing by my minister. But ministers should remember that progress is gradual. They too frequently think they can settle offhand all the problems of capital and labor. We are not required to believe everything they tell us. All I ask of them is that they apply the tests of experience, common sense, and fair play." After brief remarks by Rev. J. C. Duncan, singing, and the benediction by Rev. A. F. Bailey, the Conference adjourned. James C. Duncan, Secretary.

Churches.

Buffalo, N.Y.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Richard Wilson Boynton: Several new lines of activity will be opened in the near future in the work of this church, making the coming winter one of unusual interest for its growing constituency. The literature class of the Unity Club, which has recently devoted two seasons to the reading of Shakespeare's plays, will be organized this winter as a philosophy class, with Mr. Boynton as leader. The class will meet Wednesday evenings, the first meeting being announced for Wednesday, October 14, in the parish house, Elmwood Avenue near West Ferry Street. Membership in the class is not confined to those connected with the church, but is open to any who are interested in the subject. The discussions will be somewhat informal, based on "An Introduction to Philosophy," by Prof. George Stuart Fullerton of Columbia University. Among the topics to be considered on successive Wednesday evenings will be the following: "The Meaning of Philosophy," "Science and Reflective Thought," "Is there an External World?" "Appearances and Realities," "Space and Time," "What is the Mind?" "Mind and Body," "How we know there are Other Minds," "Realism and Idealism," "Monism and Dualism," "Ethics and Æsthetics," and "The Philosophy of Religion." The object of the class will be to clarify the ideas of its members on some of the fundamental questions of life as these are answered by the leaders of modern thought. Beginning in November, two important series of addresses are announced. On Sunday mornings Mr. Boynton will give a series of seven sermons based on Rudolf Eucken's significant book "Can we still be Christians?" as follows: November 1, "What does Christianity demand of Us?" November 8, "The Opposition to Christianity To-day"; November 15, "Why We should not reject Christianity"; November 22, "The New Movement toward Religion"; November 29, "The Just Claims of Christianity"; December 6, "Can the Existing Forms of Christianity be Revived?" December 13, "Do we need a New Form of Christianity?" On the first Sunday in November a four-o'clock vesper service will be inaugurated, and a series of addresses given on "The Religion of the Great Poets, English and American." Among the subjects will be: "The Religion of Puritanism, Milton"; "The Religion of Humanity, Shakespeare"; "The Religion of Manliness, Burns"; "The Religion of Nature, Wordsworth"; "The Religion of Sublimity, Coleridge"; "The Religion of Beauty, Keats"; "The Religion of Liberty, Shelley"; "The Religion of Consolation, Tennyson"; "The Religion of Optimism, Browning"; "The Religion of Reverence, Lowell"; "The Religion of Mysticism, Whittier"; "The Religion of Democracy, Walt Whitman." On the first Sunday afternoon of each month from November to April inclusive the choir of the First Unitarian Church will give a musical vesper service, the arrangements for which will be in the hands of the Junior Committee of the Parish Council. The young girls of the church who form the Lend-a-Hand Society have had a sale of home-made cakes and candies in the parish house. Proceeds are to be used for the flowers with which the pulpit is supplied every Sunday by the Lend-a-Hand girls. The flowers are afterward sent to cheer some sick person of the congregation. This church continues, as for many years past, to make its contribution to a better civic and social life for Buffalo through the activities of Neighbor-

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1871. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

hood House. The work of the numerous clubs and classes is opening with promise for the winter, under the leadership of Miss Florence L. Knight, the headworker. The annual meeting of Neighborhood House Association, of which Carlton E. Ladd is president, will be held at the House, 79 Goodell Street, on Friday evening, October 23.

EUGENE, ORE.—Unitarian Church: Rev. Stephen Peebles has been called to this charge and is expected to remain until the end of the present church year, March 1, 1915. He has now preached twice to good congregations. The utmost harmony prevails and the spirit of the people is excellent.

GREEN HARBOR, MASS.—Grace Chapel: Rev. George Lincoln Mason is suffering from a nervous breakdown, and his physician has ordered a complete cessation of pastoral work for several weeks. Mr. Mason is hoping to resume his labors the first Sunday in November; meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Mason will go to some quiet place in Massachusetts or Maine.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Church of the Messiah, Rev. Maxwell Savage: This church closed from mid-July to mid-September. The first three Sundays this autumn have brought out larger congregations than ever. The Sunday-school has started with a new spirit and purpose to accomplish things. The Alliance and Junior Alliance have planned constructive work for the year. The Unitarian Laymen's League will hold its October meeting shortly, and there is a plan to organize the young men of the church (those under thirty years of age) for definite work. At present there is a campaign in the city for the raising of money for the Associated Charities. The largest single subscription has come from a member of this church, and as strong a team of workers as any is made up of men from our church. Despite hard times caused by the war, we feel that most people still have a surplus, that is, they have money that they can give to those things they really care for; and so we shall try to persuade people that they really care for their church and all other agencies working for the ideal of brotherhood. We are pointing out that "where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also," means, where your heart is, there will you spend your money.

MONTAGUE, MASS.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. R. E. Birks: The church has recently been renovated, enlarged, and improved, and has been rededicated with an interesting service, largely attended, which drew many people from Deerfield, Greenfield, Turners Falls, Northampton, and other places. After a voluntary, a hymn, and a responsive reading by Rev. Mr. Nichols of Deerfield, Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith of Greenfield presented to the church the Rev. John F. Moors's pulpit, which was for over forty years in the Unitarian church at Greenfield. As Dr. Moors was chaplain of the Fifty-second Regiment, it was fitting that one of the responses to the presentation address should be made by a member of that regiment, Henry Day. The other was by Mrs. Julia Farwell, one of the trustees. After prayer by Rev. Margaret Barnard of Rowe, the rededication address was given by Dr. Samuel A. Eliot. After the service Dr. Eliot was given a reception in the church parlors.

NEW LONDON, CONN.—All Souls' Church, Rev. Walter Swisher: The church year has opened auspiciously. Congregations are good, and the members of the society display a spirit of enthusiasm. The new bulletin board announces subjects of sermons, other events during the week, and at times bears some message of good will to the passer-by. On October 4, at the morning service and at an organ recital given in the afternoon, $121.20 was collected for the Red Cross Relief Fund. On Sunday, October 11, the first vesper service was held at five o'clock. The minister spoke on "The Dreams of Youth." It is his purpose to deal with problems peculiar to youth in these services, and also to have special music, which shall soothe and uplift the tired spirit. The secretary of the Associated Charities of New London says that the people of All Souls' Church are the most enthusiastic and useful helpers he has in the city. The Women's Alliance has a membership of forty-one and is very active. During the summer vacation each member is supposed to earn a dollar to be given to the treasury at the first meeting in the fall, which is called the "Dollar Social." The Alliance has always contributed toward the church expenses, and last year gave $200 and paid the coal bill. It has pledged the same for this year. The second-hand clothing sales are of great benefit to many worthy people, for the garments are always in excellent condition. At the last sale in May $100 were cleared, which means a great deal when the garments are sold so cheap. Two such sales are held during the year. Appeals sent by other branches are always answered.

Personals.

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D., of California is now visiting friends in Boston, and will probably remain in this vicinity for a month or more.

Books Wanted.

We are greatly in need of more music books in our little Sunday-school, and we think that perhaps some school may have made a change and have books on hand which the Society would be glad to sell at a reduced rate.

Will any Sunday-school that wishes to dispose of second-hand copies of "Book of Song and Service for Sunday-school and Home, compiled by Rev. Edward A. Horton," please notify Mr. A. W. Hornung, 1017½ North Central Avenue, Oklahoma City, Okla., stating number of books and price.

Norfolk Conference.

The undersigned, acting for the parish at large and for the local branch of the Women's Alliance, extend a cordial invitation to all concerned to be guests of Channing Church at the sessions of the Norfolk Conference next Wednesday, October 28. We assure you of all the courtesies and considerations at our command.

Channing Church, Dorchester, is at the junction of Dorchester Avenue and East Cottage Street. From Field's Corner or the South Station, take a Dorchester Avenue car and leave it at East Cottage Street. From the Dudley Street Station, take any car going out Stoughton Street, get off at Pleasant Street and walk down same to the *left*, bending round to the right till you reach the church—about six minutes' walk. From any point of the Elevated, go to Northampton Street Station, transfer to an Edward Everett Square surface car, get off at East Cottage street and walk to the *left* on the same to Dorchester Avenue—about four minutes. Lillian P. Harden, President of Channing Alliance. Charles P. Wellman, Minister of Channing Church.

Lowell Institute Lectures.

A course of eight free public lectures in the Lowell Institute, on "Greek Religious Thought from Homer to the Triumph of Christianity," will be given by Clifford H. Moore, professor in Harvard University, Monday and Thursday evenings, beginning October 26.

The lectures will be given in Huntington Hall, 491 Boylston Street, at eight o'clock in the evening. Doors opened at 7.30, but closed at 8 P.M. and throughout each lecture.

Tickets may be secured, free of charge, by applying by mail to the Curator of the Lowell Institute, 491 Boylston Street, Boston, and enclosing one stamped addressed envelope for each ticket desired.

LECTURES BY DR. SUNDERLAND

Rev. J. T. SUNDERLAND, D.D., who has recently returned from an extended tour through the Orient (as Billings Lecturer of the American Unitarian Association and as organizer of International Congresses of Liberal Religion in Japan, China, and India), is prepared to give Lectures and Addresses within a reasonable distance of New York upon the following among other subjects.

POLITICAL

1. ASIA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD'S CIVILIZATION.
2. POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN CHINA. WILL THE REPUBLIC ENDURE?
3. PRESENT CONDITIONS IN JAPAN. IS THERE A "JAPANESE PERIL"? JAPAN'S FUTURE.
4. CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES. SHOULD THE PEOPLE BE GIVEN INDEPENDENCE? IF SO, WHEN?
5. POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN INDIA. IS BRITISH RULE A BENEFIT? WILL IT ENDURE?

RELIGIOUS

1. THE GREAT RELIGIONS OF ASIA.
2. THE GREAT SACRED BOOKS OF MANKIND.
3. THE PLACE OF JESUS AND CHRISTIANITY IN THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.
4. WORLD BROTHERHOOD.
5. PRESENT RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN INDIA. WILL INDIA BECOME CHRISTIAN?
6. THE BRAHMO AND ARYA SOMAJES: THE TWO NATIVE UNITARIAN MOVEMENTS IN INDIA.
7. THE WIDE OPEN DOOR FOR UNITARIANISM IN THE ORIENT.
8. RECENT PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN JAPAN, CHINA, THE PHILIPPINES, INDIA AND CEYLON.

ILLUSTRATED

1. PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC INDIA.
2. BRAHMAN AND BUDDHIST INDIA.
3. MOHAMMEDAN INDIA.
4. UP AND DOWN PALESTINE ON HORSEBACK.
5. TWO WEEKS IN JERUSALEM.

Terms reasonable. Address 423 W. 120th Street, New York

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Mrs. Rippleton's afternoon tea," said Mrs. Twickembury, "was a perfect Babylon of sounds."

Merchant (to portrait painter): "How much will you charge to paint my portrait if I furnish the paint?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher. "I can, Teacher," shouted Tommy. "Well, Tommy, what is it?" "An upholstered worm."—*Our Animals.*

Is this an inspiring summer church bulletin—actual (not Unitarian)? "No Sunday-school. No evening service. Morning service in chapel. Subject: 'Leave us Alone.'"

Some ministers are hired for their walk as well as for their conversation. "Do you see that walk?" said a proud parishioner, referring to the stately gait of the minister. "It is worth fifteen hundred dollars a year to this parish."

The old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her. "You are not so gallant, John, as when I was a gal," she exclaimed in gentle rebuke. "No," was his ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when I was a boy!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Not a Mere Pleasantry.—One evening a church bell was heard ringing vigorously. The family seated round the tea-table looked up in surprise. "What bell is that?" they asked in chorus. No one seemed to know, until at last one exclaimed, "Oh, I remember now! That is the Episcopal bell ringing for the Baptist revival that begins at the Presbyterian church to-night."

A Highlander was wrapped in gloom. A friend asked the cause, and was at last reluctantly informed: "It's that mon McTavish! He called me a liar!" His friend tried to console him, explaining that many a man had been called a liar and was none the worse for it. The gloomy one, however, roused suddenly, and with some heat explained, "But I tell ye, mon, he proved it!"

A correspondent of the London *Kelt* relates: "As might be expected, recruiting is not without its humor. A sturdy young recruit was asked by one of the clerks filling in the papers what denomination he belonged to. The question elicited the startling information that he was a grasshopper. 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the clerk, 'what sect is that?' 'Those who sit in the park on Sundays,' replied the recruit."

The Youngs unexpectedly dropped in on the Baileys for dinner, and Mrs. Bailey explained privately to little Helen that there would not be enough oysters, "so you and I will just have some broth and say nothing." Little Helen promised to remember, but when she discovered a small oyster in her plate, she could not recall any instructions. She dipped up the oyster and, holding it well in view, she piped out, "Mother, Mother, shouldn't Mrs. Young have this oyster too?"

"John, have you solved the problem?" asked the teacher. "No, sir," replied the boy. "How old are you, John?" "Sixteen," was the answer. "Sixteen!" repeated the instructor. "Sixteen, and can't solve that! Why, sir, at your age George Washington was surveying the estate of Lord Fairfax!" After the class was dismissed John said to a classmate, "Washington was a surveyor when he was as old as I am; but when he was as old as Mr. C—," referring to their teacher, "he was president of the United States."

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 Boylston St Boston Mass.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Fayer Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE
A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME
Prepared by
Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.
COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children, — brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF
BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS For particulars address the Dean,
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

The Christian Register

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 44 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 1033
- Outgrown Issues 1034
- Our Country 1035

CURRENT TOPICS 1036

BREVITIES 1037

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- War and Charity, by Maxwell Savage 1037
- For Day after To-morrow; Henry W. Bellows, by George Batchelor, D.D. 1038
- Vagabondage, by Augusta Larned 1040
- Bishop Lawrence's Prayer 1043
- To the Reading Public 1044
- Southern Letter; Cyrus W. Heizer 1048
- European Correspondence, by C. W. W.; American Unitarian Association 1049
- An Appeal for Jamaica; Hymn-books Wanted; Books Offered; New England Associate Alliance; The Illinois Conference 1050
- The Iowa Conference; The Wisconsin Conference 1051
- King's Chapel Services; The Revere Fair 1052
- The Tuckerman School; Proctor Academy; From the Unitarian Temperance Society 1054

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1041

THE PULPIT.
- The Choice, by Rev. Thomas Van Ness 1042

LITERATURE.
- Books 1044
- Magazines; Miscellaneous 1045

THE HOME.
- Daisy Dutton's Ride, by E. E. M. 1046
- Daisy's Lesson, by Kate Hudson; The Dogs of War; Mail-bag Keys; New Acquaintances 1047

POETRY.
- The Autumnal Hope 1040
- A Belated Violet 1046

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- The Minister in the Sunday School 1052

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- The Pilgrim Federation 1053

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1053

PLEASANTRIES 1056

Editorial.

IT will be felt, after the natural reaction of the time is over, that it is unfair and hasty to visit upon Christianity as a world movement the responsiblity of events that show that the nations most accountable for the war have been uninfluenced by Christianity as moral force, and have known mainly only certain forms of organization in that world movement. The blame for the consequences of a rejection and refusal rests on the person making the refusal, not on the thing refused. There is this logical absurdity underlying a good deal of contemporary comment on this subject. Nations have said through the mouths of philosophers and statesmen that Christianity has nothing to do with states and their relations; that it is an individual affair. When such nations bring on such direct application of this doctrine as war exhibits, it is rather late in the day to say that something has failed, and quite out of the way to say that it is Christianity that has failed. Whatever failed, failed long before the war began; and the failure is of the thing attempted, namely, peaceful progress in defiance of good will and freedom, not of the thing that was rejected, namely, peaceful progress on the basis of good will and justice. The motto of the time will not, therefore, be the failure of Christianity, but the refusal of Christianity, and when the guilt of this refusal is duly assessed, it may be found that many churches called Christian have been quite unmindful of the things that would have made them most truly Christian.

THE action of New York merchants in giving up this year an annual banquet which cost each of them twenty dollars, and of the officers of their association in suggesting that this twenty dollars be contributed by each member to the Red Cross Fund, is a genuine and effective expression of the conviction that men do not live to themselves and will not die to themselves. It is still more beautiful as showing what tender feeling and sympathy are touched among men on behalf of their brothers far away. It becomes most beautiful of all as a type of the action possible on every level of human society. If every man, woman, and child gave something of their pleasure and enjoyment in some specific value to be carried across the sea to those to whom their hearts go out first in brotherhood and pity, what misery would be reached, what suffering fended, what lives saved! And what a bond of human brotherhood would be

Digitized by Google

created out of sacrifices so engendered! When the mind tries to conceive of the burden of agony rolling daily larger, it sinks with apprehension. Luxuries should choke us when we try to swallow them, should burn us when we wear them, and shame us when we enjoy them. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," is the word of the hour. We who charge on others the violation of Christian love in war, do we violate it in our comforts? The winter promises to bring the question close to every one. A touch of imagination would send vessels across the sea laden with food for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and gold for succor of every sort, and in the market-places would be vanities in mountains to show that God hath created men of one blood, and that when one suffers all must suffer too.

One reason for taking illustrations from the Bible is that they are safe. Personal allusions, which for one reason or another are not allowed, can be brought nearly home in the form of texts and citation from the Scriptures. The trouble with them is that the aim will not hit the persons who most deserve hitting, and the pleasure of taking it out on Biblical sinners is diminished by the reflection that they are dead. The caution lest truth be made too concrete to suit present susceptibilities produces a dilute abstractness which will do as little good as it will harm. With people of fair temper, candor is more acceptable than innuendo, and honest avowal less offensive than vague insinuation.

Neutrality does not require quite so much of us as is sometimes assumed. It does not mean that we must neutralize our minds, and suspend our judgments till they are choked. It is not the negation of opinion and the suppression of thinking. It is simply reserve in expression, care of speech, and such constraint as will prevent friction and avoid embarrassing complications. It does not require of a man that he be on neither side. Such a man could not claim the name. It requires only that he take the side he takes only at times and in a manner which will not involve himself or others in hostility or prejudice. It must be clear that Americans as well as America must be strict in preserving neutrality; but they need not neutralize the help of their influence, nor put their judgment to sleep. It must not be uncertain where we stand, though while we stand there we keep quiet and stand for fair play. The sympathy of the American people may be of great help to make its neutrality effective. If its position should be mistaken by other nations, its neutrality might be harmful.

In an address to men and women of good will in the British Empire the Religious Society of Friends at once accepted the situation in which they were placed by a war entered on after most strenuous efforts to preserve peace, and with grave sense of duty under moral and treaty obligations. It declared that the war spells the bankruptcy of much that we too lightly call Christian; that nevertheless we must not lose heart; that never was there greater need of faith; that opportunities were open to all to help, in a spirit of love to all; and that it was not too soon to think out the new situation which will arise at the close of the war. "At the close of this war we shall be faced with a stupendous task of reconstruction. In some ways it will be rendered supremely difficult by the legacy of ill will, by the destruction of human life, by the tax upon all in meeting the barest wants of the millions who will have suffered through the war. But in other ways it will be easier. We shall have an opportunity of reconstructing European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation,—mutual trust and good will. In time of peace all the nations have been preparing for war. In the time of war let all men of good will prepare for peace. The Christian conscience must be awakened to the magnitude of the issues. The great friendly democracies in each country must be ready to make their influences felt. Now is the time to speak for this thing, to work for it, to pray for it." Such a call meets with response from far beyond the bounds of the British Empire, and from men and women of every communion.

Outgrown Issues.

Sixty-five years ago, in a village in Central New York, there was a trial before the Session of the Presbyterian church of a member of the church for "covenant breaking and Sabbath desecration." We have the records of this trial, which resulted in conviction, and of the culprit's appeal to the Presbytery, and the argument of his counsel before that body. Under the first charge the specifications were that this church-member had attended public services at a Universalist church on certain Sabbaths, and that he had frequently, from one to two years past, left his own church to do so. Under the second charge, of Sabbath-breaking, it was specified that he had on the Sabbath day listened to lectures by Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and George William Curtis, "thus countenancing teachings that were plainly of a secular and unchristian character."

The records of the case have very great interest, even in this year of our Lord, though nothing of the sort of interest they had in 1859. It is interesting, and even amusing, to see how much importance was then attached to a subject of so slight importance now, how things were taken seriously then which would not be noticed now, and with what solemn earnestness charges were examined and refuted which would now never be considered. It is impossible to read this record with anything of the attention which made it hot sixty-five years ago. The pamphlet is cold and dry. No one could get a spark of excitement from it to-day, though every one will see what a live wire was sputtering shocks and everlasting punishments in that New York village not much over half a century ago. It is possible that the hero of this heresy trial is still living.

It is probably perfectly safe to say, without suspicion of a too New England provincialism and complacency, that such a religious conflict would be impossible in any similar American community to-day. We can, without much fear of being contradicted, insist that this kind of religious conservatism has practically ceased to exist. We shall not be charged, in this instance, with being unmindful of actual conditions of denominational border-warfare if we congratulate ourselves that this is a battle we do not need to fight over again; and therefore we shall not proceed to do it.

If our satisfaction is challenged by the disclosure of contemporary instances of a spirit of the same sort, we shall reply that the difference between any such spirit to-day and such manifestation of it as appeared in this trial for covenant-breaking is too great to be much affected by any testimony as to ecclesiastical narrowness in our time. It would be delightful to learn that some such trial sometimes occurs nowadays. It would be a curiosity. But we are sure that it could not occur in any such community as Central New York was in 1859.

Digitized by Google

Non-attendance at other churches as a test of fidelity to one's own church, and listening to "secular utterances" as an indication of Sabbath desecration, are relics, not present facts. The gain thus represented is enormous. One may give some heed to complaints of vagrancy and non-support, and may admit that little benefit comes from this freedom when it dissolves all attachments, looses the bonds of loyalty, and withdraws supports which a church sorely needs. But the main fact to bear in mind is that the benefits far outweigh the cost. An attachment that can weaken under freedom would not be worth much under compulsion. The loyalty that persists through all opportunities of dispersion is of a higher value after it has passed successfully the test of personal responsibility. People who really want a church will be all the more devoted to the one they have chosen because they have chosen it. Their loyalty will be all the more vital because they maintain it in the open, and inform it with all that they can observe and learn outside their own church. We know what advantages accrue to our own churches through the ease and flexibility of movement that brings people into them with no taint of disloyalty as to a former connection. We ought to go further and take home to ourselves the dangers of lack of contact with other faiths, methods, and spirit than our own. They are no less harmful for being less open. The closed mind is not solely an intellectual phenomenon. The inability to enter into diverse attitudes and customs is as unfortunate in us as regards others as it is in others as regards ourselves. Suppose from appreciation of form and ritual and symbol we were to give the imagination more suggestiveness in our worship, suppose from appreciation of the power certain doctrines have to help lives we are unable to help we were to get their secret before utterly rejecting them, suppose we were to learn something even from our enemies,—would not the gain be just and desirable? Ministers profit by interdenominational exchanges. People may also do their churches a service from pew exchanges. The last thing the new liberty should create is a new bigotry.

Our Country.

A foreign author, writing of our country, has said: "The United States of America remains the greatest country in the world and the living hope of mankind. It is the supreme break in the old tradition. It is the freshest and most salient beginning that has ever been made in human life."

We so often hear criticism instead of praise from foreign enemies or pseudo-friends, that the latter, unpremeditated and unbought, brings with it a certain sense of humility, if not of shame. We know our faults better than others can know them, and we also know when injustice and prejudice are meted out to us. Just appreciation is far beyond praise in value, and what it condemns is of the highest educational advantage to the nation. The people who overestimate our worth both as to character and achievement are few, and the commendation meted out to us is too infrequent to puff us up with conceit and self-laudation.

The war in Europe seems to have enhanced our value in the family of nations. The contestants are eager to win our regard, and, if possible, to put themselves in the most favorable light in relation to their opponents. Our self-exiles, who had voluntarily cast off all sentimental attachment to the old home, suddenly remember they are Americans instead of nondescripts; that it is fine to have a country to retreat upon in time of danger.

There is shelter and protection in the name that spreads a tent of safety over the head above which floats the old flag. Europe has been the lure of Americans of certain classes for so many years, the old home must seem to them like a long-forgotten country, convenient, to be sure, for furnishing an income to be spent abroad, but of no social or serviceable value otherwise. It is not invidious to say that some of the severest strictures on their native land are heard from these classes. They do not get into print, but they are circulated among the cliques and colonies settled in attractive cities and summer and winter resorts. This attitude of the self-exiled has no wide-spread influence on the people at home. It reminds one of the story of the amiable giant who was beaten by his puny wife, and who said, "It amused her and it didn't hurt me."

To thousands who have spent their money and their lives over there the idea that they owe something to their native land seems never to have occurred. They have given what they had to give of interest and sympathy to other countries for so many years they have been self-exiled, it apparently has never occurred to them that they have a country to take pride in, to serve with their culture, refinement, higher ideals, and better example. In many foreign places one used to meet them in considerable numbers, voluntarily banished, uprooted from the old home without striking root over there, having lost their birthright and sense of union with their own people without acquiring citizenship, a real standing, or any special right except to be taxed by governments upon which they could exercise no influence. They became the wards of our ambassadors, ministers, and consuls, to whom they appealed for help and protection in time of trouble.

The guardianship extended to these people by their country suggests the idea that they have never grown up, must have remained immature and defectively educated on one whole side of their nature because they have had no training in the great stirring, absorbing interests that have moved their own people. They have lived in a kind of slack water outside the great ocean of events, struggles, successes, failures, that shape the destinies of a young great nation. If they complain of the crudities of the home life, they forget that these very crudities are better than stagnation and hanging about, with roots dangling in the air, in a foreign country which loves them for the money they spend, and not for their personal worth and influence.

There was a shade of sadness and discontent about these expatriated Americans. They were not quite happy, but life there is, or was, easy, care-free, devoid of all responsibility, detached from all political or higher social interests. It was an agreeable but parasitic life for many delightful people whose position was somewhat anomalous. The terrible situation created in Europe by the great war has brought many of them home, and is destined, no doubt, to bring many more. Even the greatest of misfortunes is not without some alleviating compensations. The disasters which have overtaken our voluntary exiles in bringing them home may have the effect of acquainting them with their own country; feeling its beneficent power, its ready helpfulness, its desire on all occasions to protect its people and shelter them under the folds of its grand old flag, may excite a generous warmth, a spark of gratitude.

It may appear, instead of a country to be exploited for money to spend abroad, as deserving something from its children, even the best they can give.

If there had been no Europe, thousands who have turned their backs on home to take up a fictitious life abroad would have remained here, taking their place in the stimulating life of the time, enlarged and educated by

it, playing their part, adding their little quota to its accomplishment, its development. The view of the self-exiled over there has never been grateful to many thoughtful people. The life of aimless wandering, of idleness, paltry interests, small occupations, prattlings about art and culture which waste time and render it petty while great opportunities were fairly crying to be taken up and fulfilled at home,—these things have set their mark "made in Europe" upon thousands of exiles. The young people growing up over there without a country have not infrequently had the air of being wronged. Something was wanting in their upbringing that only a native land and the warm precincts of home could supply. The mania of voluntary expatriation of our so-called better classes is a disease with which no other country is afflicted. It has led to aristocratic leanings, and contempt for a simple democracy without a court. It has stimulated the foreign matrimonial market, and has given our young girls an appetite for titles which has too often made us a byword and a reproach. For some time at least these passions of our people cannot be indulged, and it may prove a blessing both to them and to our country.

No one can forget the great gifts Europe has made to America in art, in science, in stimulation, and inspiration; but the recipients of these have mainly returned after a time bringing their sheaves with them, to sow the good seed in the home field. The debt is immense, and should be acknowledged with profound gratitude. But those who benefit are not idlers and pleasure-seekers. They are the intellectual and artistic treasure gatherers who have enriched their native land, stimulated and inspired the youth of the country. They belong to a different class. In this crisis our country has a great part to fill toward the nations of the world. It has opportunities and duties that never before devolved on any one people. Idlers and pleasure-seekers will find a means, if they will, to show something better than self-indulgence or scornful indifference. The glory of saving a common country and feeling the pulses in common of human sympathy and endeavor will wake up all classes to a new life and a better future.

Current Topics.

The Monroe doctrine became the subject of international discussion at the end of last week with the publication of a denial by the German ambassador to the United States, Count von Bernstorff, of a persistent report, evidently emanating from Franco-British sources, that Germany intends, in the event of a successful outcome of her present military operations, to undertake a movement for territorial expansion in South America. In denying this report unequivocally, Count von Bernstorff gave it to be understood distinctly that, so far at least as Latin America is concerned, Germany has no intention to violate the Monroe doctrine, either in its letter or in its spirit. In a supplementary statement issued last Monday, however, the German ambassador pointed out that his previous assurances might not apply to Canada, inasmuch as Canadian troops are taking part in the campaign of the Allies in Europe. Therefore, said the diplomat, the Dominion could not take shelter behind the Monroe doctrine in the event of the defeat of Great Britain, under whose flag the Canadian contingent is fighting.

Another problem that is engaging the attention of the State Department at Washington is the seizure and detention of American oil-tank steamships by the British admiralty, on the supposition that their cargoes, though nominally destined to neutral ports, are in reality indirect sources of supply for the German army. One of the steamers thus seized, the John D. Rockefeller, was promptly made the subject of a protest by the Secretary of State last week. The examination of the ship's manifest and officers showed that the Rockefeller was bound for a Danish port, and that there was no circumstance about her ownership or course that gave ground for the belief that the oil she carried was intended for consumption by the Germans. Accordingly, at the end of the week, orders were issued by the British admiralty for the release of the ship, which was left free to proceed to her indicated destination. The other two steamships in British hands were under discussion by Great Britain and the United States at the beginning of the week. The State Department evidently was determined to pursue the subject to a definite conclusion.

The status of fuel oil, one of the notable products of American industry, promises to furnish a delicate problem for adjustment. The German army, above all the other military forces in the field, is a motor-driven army in respect to both artillery and supplies. Of the European sources of oil supply, only Roumania remains available to German purchasers, inasmuch as the Russian fields are now naturally closed to Germany. The Roumanian supply, however, is not at all adequate to the German demand. Remains the great American market, from which the Germans have been drawing large quantities of oil, by direct purchase from Denmark, the Netherlands, and to some extent Norway and Sweden. Without this additional supply the German army would be seriously hampered in its operations through the lack of fuel for the enormous tractors which are the main locomotive energy of the artillery as well as the subsistence arm of the service. It is expected, therefore, that the British government will make every effort to establish its right to prevent the exportation of American oil to any European point whence it might find its way into Germany.

It is evident that the British government is straining every nerve to deprive Germany of other resources of warfare. A drastic measure applied to that end was an order promulgated last week, prohibiting the importation of sugar into the United Kingdom from any source. It was explained in a note accompanying this order that a considerable proportion of the world's supply of sugar came from the beet districts of Germany and Austria. It was impossible to determine the ultimate origin of sugar, it was added; and, even if it were possible, the restriction of the supply in Great Britain to the non-German and non-Austrian product would still create enough of an additional demand for German and Austrian sugar in the world's markets outside of the United Kingdom to make the income from sugar a considerable item in the financial resources of the Dual Alliance. Therefore, the British government announced, the importation of sugar would be prohibited completely at all the ports of the United Kingdom. This prohibition undoubtedly will constitute a great hardship for the British people.

Official declarations from Petrograd at the beginning of the week indicated a serious reverse for the Austro-German armies that were advancing last week upon Warsaw with good prospects of the fall of that fortress into their hands. The German forces, after a series of victories over the defenders of Russian Poland, were a

Digitized by Google

short distance from Warsaw on Wednesday of last week. A notable rally of the Russians intervened at this stage, however, and the German invaders were driven back by gradual repulses in the direction of the frontiers of East Prussia and Silesia. Last Monday the German retreat—always a fighting retreat, however—had reached a point fifty or sixty miles west of Warsaw, and the bulletins from the Russian headquarters indicated a possibility that the enemy's plan of campaign at that point might prove a failure. The significance of a crushing defeat for the Germans in Russian Poland at this season is suggested by the fact that in two or three weeks the heavy snowfalls usual in that region in mid-autumn may prove powerful allies for the defending forces.

On the western front German strategy and determination have resulted in what appeared at the beginning of the week to be the failure of the attempt of the Allies to outflank the Germans in Belgium and Northern France. At the end of five weeks of fighting, which began with the so-called battle of the Aisne after the check administered to the Germans on the Marne, it was evident that the invaders, far from being demoralized or repulsed, had gained considerable territory against the right end of the Allies in Western Belgium, and were pursuing their advantage energetically with a view to the seizure of Dunkirk and Calais, and a new attempt to resume the march upon Paris, interrupted by the rally of the Franco-British armies twenty miles from the French capital at the beginning of September. Throughout the German sweep through Belgium the allied forces have contested every inch of the ground with gallantry and persistence; but signs were not wanting last Monday of the truth of the claim officially advanced by Germany, that the attempt of the Franco-British-Belgian generals to flank the enemy had ended in final failure.

The chances for a continuation of the attitude of neutrality assumed by Italy at the beginning of the war were improved last week by the success of the Italian and Austro-Hungarian negotiators in reaching an agreement on the grievances recently submitted by the Italian government as a result of damages from the Austrian military and naval operations. Chief among these grievances was the danger to navigation which Italian shipmasters encountered from floating mines set by the Austrian admiralty in an endeavor to guard Trieste, Pola, and Cattaro from naval attack. The conditions in the Adriatic caused some irritation in Italy, where the war party has been keeping a sharp lookout for pretexts to precipitate hostilities with Austria. Under the agreement reached by the negotiators, it was announced at Rome last week, the issue as to whether Austria had violated the law of nations in sowing parts of the Adriatic with mines will be submitted to The Hague for adjudication after the war. In the mean while, Austria promises to see to it that the danger from floating mines to neutral shipping is minimized.

Brevities.

The Dollar Christmas Fund, of which Henry Clews, Broad Street, New York, is treasurer, corresponds to "The Shilling Christmas Fund" of England. The money is to be presented at Christmas and applied for relief in the way of food and shelter. It offers to everybody a chance to give where the need is greatest, but it is in complete sympathy with every other appeal in behalf of the stricken Belgians.

We have so many unsolved problems in this country that it is difficult to grade their importance and emergency. President David Starr Jordan says the problems of especial difficulty for America are three: the Negro problem, the immigration problem, and the leadership of the Anglo-Saxon in relation to the reassertion of Asia.

The more natural expression of religion as the morally sane, rational, humane, and wholesome experience of human life has been one of the contributions of the liberal faith to the modern world. It holds that the religious life inheres in the very nature of man and in all his relationships to his fellow-men, indeed that "man is incurably religious."

Liberty suffers many abuses and disloyalties. On the distinction between liberty and license rests the whole merit and safety of our republican form of government. Some of our newly arrived European citizens have yet to learn that "free speech does not mean that every man has a right to say anything he pleases at any time he pleases and in any place he pleases."

War and Charity.

BY MAXWELL SAVAGE.

Coming up on a train from Maine to Boston this last September, I was talking with John Haynes Holmes of New York. Naturally we drifted on to the effect this war would have on movements in which we were interested. He said that he had heard that one effect already was a tremendous falling off in the support of the New York Charities; that unless something radical happened they would not have enough money to carry them beyond Christmas. On my return here to my work I heard of and found much the same condition in regard to the charities, the churches, and all organizations working for a deeper realization of the brotherhood of man. Now these hard times caused by the war should be a challenge and an opportunity to many thousands of people in this country,—a challenge to prove where their hearts are, an opportunity to spend their "treasure" in right fashion.

There's a saying, fairly well known to many people, "Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also." It means, Where your true interests are, there will you spend your surplus cash. Many thousands of us, if we are honest with ourselves, admit even in "hard times" that we have a surplus which is spent day by day on unnecessary things, on luxuries. The question these days is not alone "Where did you get it?" but "How are you spending it?" Always our answer as expressed in action reveals us, but never has it done so so clearly as it will this year. That answer on our part will outline us sharply against the horizon sky-line of need.

When the body is wounded or hurt, the forces for healing and strengthening rush from all over the body to the injured point, giving their services there for the whole. The body politic is hurt by this grievous attack of war. Those social agencies which stand for the ideals are hurt. Shall we follow the example set us by the body? Shall we accept or reject the impulse to our sense of true charity? When S. O. S. calls go out over the sea, ships leave their regular paths at expense of time and money, and hurry to the one needing help. Haven't we in this country enough idealism and sense not to go selfishly on our beaten paths when calls are coming to us as never before to turn aside and help the forces for good in the evil day? Shall we let this war indirectly brutalize us, strengthen us in our material method of selfish living, or

it, playing their part, adding their little quota to its accomplishment, its development. The view of the self-exiled over there has never been grateful to many thoughtful people. The life of aimless wandering, of idleness, paltry interests, small occupations, prattlings about art and culture which waste time and render it petty while great opportunities were fairly crying to be taken up and fulfilled at home,—these things have set their mark "made in Europe" upon thousands of exiles. The young people growing up over there without a country have not infrequently had the air of being wronged. Something was wanting in their upbringing that only a native land and the warm precincts of home could supply. The mania of voluntary expatriation of our so-called better classes is a disease with which no other country is afflicted. It has led to aristocratic leanings, and contempt for a simple democracy without a court. It has stimulated the foreign matrimonial market, and has given our young girls an appetite for titles which has too often made us a byword and a reproach. For some time at least these passions of our people cannot be indulged, and it may prove a blessing both to them and to our country.

No one can forget the great gifts Europe has made to America in art, in science, in stimulation, and inspiration; but the recipients of these have mainly returned after a time bringing their sheaves with them, to sow the good seed in the home field. The debt is immense, and should be acknowledged with profound gratitude. But those who benefit are not idlers and pleasure-seekers. They are the intellectual and artistic treasure gatherers who have enriched their native land, stimulated and inspired the youth of the country. They belong to a different class. In this crisis our country has a great part to fill toward the nations of the world. It has opportunities and duties that never before devolved on any one people. Idlers and pleasure-seekers will find a means, if they will, to show something better than self-indulgence or scornful indifference. The glory of saving a common country and feeling the pulses in common of human sympathy and endeavor will wake up all classes to a new life and a better future.

Current Topics.

The Monroe doctrine became the subject of international discussion at the end of last week with the publication of a denial by the German ambassador to the United States, Count von Bernstorff, of a persistent report, evidently emanating from Franco-British sources, that Germany intends, in the event of a successful outcome of her present military operations, to undertake a movement for territorial expansion in South America. In denying this report unequivocally, Count von Bernstorff gave it to be understood distinctly that, so far at least as Latin America is concerned, Germany has no intention to violate the Monroe doctrine, either in its letter or in its spirit. In a supplementary statement issued last Monday, however, the German ambassador pointed out that his previous assurances might not apply to Canada, inasmuch as Canadian troops are taking part in the campaign of the Allies in Europe. Therefore, said the diplomat, the Dominion could not take shelter behind the Monroe doctrine in the event of the defeat of Great Britain, under whose flag the Canadian contingent is fighting.

Another problem that is engaging the attention of the State Department at Washington is the seizure and detention of American oil-tank steamships by the British admiralty, on the supposition that their cargoes, though nominally destined to neutral ports, are in reality indirect sources of supply for the German army. One of the steamers thus seized, the John D. Rockefeller, was promptly made the subject of a protest by the Secretary of State last week. The examination of the ship's manifest and officers showed that the Rockefeller was bound for a Danish port, and that there was no circumstance about her ownership or course that gave ground for the belief that the oil she carried was intended for consumption by the Germans. Accordingly, at the end of the week, orders were issued by the British admiralty for the release of the ship, which was left free to proceed to her indicated destination. The other two steamships in British hands were under discussion by Great Britain and the United States at the beginning of the week. The State Department evidently was determined to pursue the subject to a definite conclusion.

The status of fuel oil, one of the notable products of American industry, promises to furnish a delicate problem for adjustment. The German army, above all the other military forces in the field, is a motor-driven army in respect to both artillery and supplies. Of the European sources of oil supply, only Roumania remains available to German purchasers, inasmuch as the Russian fields are now naturally closed to Germany. The Roumanian supply, however, is not at all adequate to the German demand. Remains the great American market, from which the Germans have been drawing large quantities of oil, by direct purchase from Denmark, the Netherlands, and to some extent Norway and Sweden. Without this additional supply the German army would be seriously hampered in its operations through the lack of fuel for the enormous tractors which are the main locomotive energy of the artillery as well as the subsistence arm of the service. It is expected, therefore, that the British government will make every effort to establish its right to prevent the exportation of American oil to any European point whence it might find its way into Germany.

It is evident that the British government is straining every nerve to deprive Germany of other resources of warfare. A drastic measure applied to that end was an order promulgated last week, prohibiting the importation of sugar into the United Kingdom from any source. It was explained in a note accompanying this order that a considerable proportion of the world's supply of sugar came from the beet districts of Germany and Austria. It was impossible to determine the ultimate origin of sugar, it was added; and, even if it were possible, the restriction of the supply in Great Britain to the non-German and non-Austrian product would still create enough of an additional demand for German and Austrian sugar in the world's markets outside of the United Kingdom to make the income from sugar a considerable item in the financial resources of the Dual Alliance. Therefore, the British government announced, the importation of sugar would be prohibited completely at all the ports of the United Kingdom. This prohibition undoubtedly will constitute a great hardship for the British people.

Official declarations from Petrograd at the beginning of the week indicated a serious reverse for the Austro-German armies that were advancing last week upon Warsaw with good prospects of the fall of that fortress into their hands. The German forces, after a series of victories over the defenders of Russian Poland, were a

Digitized by Google

short distance from Warsaw on Wednesday of last week. A notable rally of the Russians intervened at this stage, however, and the German invaders were driven back by gradual repulses in the direction of the frontiers of East Prussia and Silesia. Last Monday the German retreat—always a fighting retreat, however—had reached a point fifty or sixty miles west of Warsaw, and the bulletins from the Russian headquarters indicated a possibility that the enemy's plan of campaign at that point might prove a failure. The significance of a crushing defeat for the Germans in Russian Poland at this season is suggested by the fact that in two or three weeks the heavy snowfalls usual in that region in mid-autumn may prove powerful allies for the defending forces.

ON the western front German strategy and determination have resulted in what appeared at the beginning of the week to be the failure of the attempt of the Allies to outflank the Germans in Belgium and Northern France. At the end of five weeks of fighting, which began with the so-called battle of the Aisne after the check administered to the Germans on the Marne, it was evident that the invaders, far from being demoralized or repulsed, had gained considerable territory against the right end of the Allies in Western Belgium, and were pursuing their advantage energetically with a view to the seizure of Dunkirk and Calais, and a new attempt to resume the march upon Paris, interrupted by the rally of the Franco-British armies twenty miles from the French capital at the beginning of September. Throughout the German sweep through Belgium the allied forces have contested every inch of the ground with gallantry and persistence; but signs were not wanting last Monday of the truth of the claim officially advanced by Germany, that the attempt of the Franco-British-Belgian generals to flank the enemy had ended in final failure.

THE chances for a continuation of the attitude of neutrality assumed by Italy at the beginning of the war were improved last week by the success of the Italian and Austro-Hungarian negotiators in reaching an agreement on the grievances recently submitted by the Italian government as a result of damages from the Austrian military and naval operations. Chief among these grievances was the danger to navigation which Italian shipmasters encountered from floating mines set by the Austrian admiralty in an endeavor to guard Trieste, Pola, and Cattaro from naval attack. The conditions in the Adriatic caused some irritation in Italy, where the war party has been keeping a sharp lookout for pretexts to precipitate hostilities with Austria. Under the agreement reached by the negotiators, it was announced at Rome last week, the issue as to whether Austria had violated the law of nations in sowing parts of the Adriatic with mines will be submitted to The Hague for adjudication after the war. In the mean while, Austria promises to see to it that the danger from floating mines to neutral shipping is minimized.

Brevities.

The Dollar Christmas Fund, of which Henry Clews, Broad Street, New York, is treasurer, corresponds to "The Shilling Christmas Fund" of England. The money is to be presented at Christmas and applied for relief in the way of food and shelter. It offers to everybody a chance to give where the need is greatest, but it is in complete sympathy with every other appeal in behalf of the stricken Belgians.

We have so many unsolved problems in this country that it is difficult to grade their importance and emergency. President David Starr Jordan says the problems of especial difficulty for America are three: the Negro problem, the immigration problem, and the leadership of the Anglo-Saxon in relation to the reassertion of Asia.

The more natural expression of religion as the morally sane, rational, humane, and wholesome experience of human life has been one of the contributions of the liberal faith to the modern world. It holds that the religious life inheres in the very nature of man and in all his relationships to his fellow-men, indeed that "man is incurably religious."

Liberty suffers many abuses and disloyalties. On the distinction between liberty and license rests the whole merit and safety of our republican form of government. Some of our newly arrived European citizens have yet to learn that "free speech does not mean that every man has a right to say anything he pleases at any time he pleases and in any place he pleases."

War and Charity.

BY MAXWELL SAVAGE.

Coming up on a train from Maine to Boston this last September, I was talking with John Haynes Holmes of New York. Naturally we drifted on to the effect this war would have on movements in which we were interested. He said that he had heard that one effect already was a tremendous falling off in the support of the New York Charities; that unless something radical happened they would not have enough money to carry them beyond Christmas. On my return here to my work I heard of and found much the same condition in regard to the charities, the churches, and all organizations working for a deeper realization of the brotherhood of man. Now these hard times caused by the war should be a challenge and an opportunity to many thousands of people in this country,—a challenge to prove where their hearts are, an opportunity to spend their "treasure" in right fashion.

There's a saying, fairly well known to many people, "Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also." It means, Where your true interests are, there will you spend your surplus cash. Many thousands of us, if we are honest with ourselves, admit even in "hard times" that we have a surplus which is spent day by day on unnecessary things, on luxuries. The question these days is not alone "Where did you get it?" but "How are you spending it?" Always our answer as expressed in action reveals us, but never has it done so so clearly as it will this year. That answer on our part will outline us sharply against the horizon sky-line of need.

When the body is wounded or hurt, the forces for healing and strengthening rush from all over the body to the injured point, giving their services there for the whole. The body politic is hurt by this grievous attack of war. Those social agencies which stand for the ideals are hurt. Shall we follow the example set us by the body? Shall we accept or reject the impulse to our sense of true charity? When S. O. S. calls go out over the sea, ships leave their regular paths at expense of time and money, and hurry to the one needing help. Haven't we in this country enough idealism and sense not to go selfishly on our beaten paths when calls are coming to us as never before to turn aside and help the forces for good in the evil day? Shall we let this war indirectly brutalize us, strengthen us in our material method of selfish living, or

Digitized by Google

shall it spur us to a greater, practical, cash-in-hand devotion to those things it endangers?

Hard times? True,—for most. Still, though I've heard talk that hinted the shutting-down or going-slow of charities and churches, I have yet to hear that theatres, moving-picture shows, or any of the feeders of the senses are to close. I understand that the automobile sales show little if any diminution, that the baseball World Series is being amply supported.

Where is our pride, our sense of humor, of inconsistency and shame? There are a thousand and one ways, large and small, that our dollars go, half or two-thirds of which could be shut off and we be the happier and richer therefor. That money, at least, might go to the social forces of our communities. For some people the war is a real excuse for cutting down or withdrawing support from churches and charities. For others it is the excuse *this* year, last year it was something else, next year it will be different still.

Hear this which I heard this past summer. We have all noticed hand-organs and the monkey attached. We have all seen the monkey pick up the pennies and put them in his pocket. None of us has ever seen one take the pennies out. Why? Because the pocket is cleverly so made that, though the monkey can put his hand in and grasp the pennies, he cannot pull it out until he has straightened his fingers and thus released them. Some people—well, they have mentally and morally made their pockets after the same fashion. These need to be educated in the manly art of giving, but untold thousands of us in the United States this year, unless we search the heart, and face duty squarely, are going to spend untold thousands of dollars merely on what we want.

Do we want the forces that make for righteousness and charity? If we do, we must support them.

Louisville, Ky.

For Day after To-morrow.

The government of the United States is endeavoring to preserve neutrality, but this does not mean that the people are indifferent to the vast issues involved. That which to a lover of peace is most cheering is the serious way in which the war news is received. The sporting instinct is not aroused. It is not a question as to which side wins in a great battle. As well ask who wins in an earthquake or a pestilence. The awful fact is that all the world must be a loser unless out of the great tribulation all the world learns a new lesson. To-day there is battle; to-morrow victors and vanquished must set themselves to the hard work of paying the vast debts incurred. But what of the day after to-morrow? Shall the nations then begin feverishly to prepare for the next and more dreadful conflict? God forbid.

The President of the United States called upon the people to meet together in their houses of worship to pray for peace and to plan for a peace that shall be lasting. The cynic may smile, the militarist party may look upon it as mere cant, but it expresses the genuine emotion of the American people. The suddenness with which this war has come has proved that it is vain for any one nation to disarm while others are ready to leap upon it. But the time has come to appeal to all nations to cease from the mad competition in which they have been engaged.

We were just about to celebrate the hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States. The war makes governmental action at this time difficult, but is it not the time for the people of the two countries to take account of the great achievement? The significant thing about this century of peace lies in the fact that it represents the attitude of two great nations toward "a scrap of paper." For over three thousand miles of boundary the United States and Canada are defenceless against each other. No forts threaten or protect. On the Great Lakes, cities like Toronto, Chicago, and Buffalo take no measures to resist attack. The peaceful merchant ships go on their way unmolested, but no warship is allowed to sail upon this American Mediterranean. At the World's Fair in Chicago wooden warships were built on piles in Lake Michigan to satisfy the curiosity of hundreds of thousands of people who had read about these monsters of the deep but had never seen them. The scrap of paper which has saved all the waste of armaments hardly had the dignity of a formal treaty. It was simply an agreement between two friendly nations not to make fools of themselves. If Canada and the United States should wish to fight, they find themselves in a state of unpreparedness. It is in the extension of such agreements that we see hope for the future. It also seems evident that the day after to-morrow the nations must take measures to provide for an international force adequate to preserve the peace against any one nation which defies the ethical standards of civilized mankind.—*Samuel M. Crothers, in the London Inquirer.*

Henry W. Bellows.

BY GEORGE BATCHELOR, D.D.

I first heard of Dr. Bellows sixty years ago, when in New York he and Henry Ward Beecher were carrying on a good-natured controversy in the daily papers concerning the theatre. Beecher attacked the theatre, and Dr. Bellows defended it. At that time I was an attendant at Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn, and heard him preach a sermon on theatre-going, in which he advised his parishioners not to go to the theatre, "but," he said, "it is no worse to go to the theatre than it is to stay at home and wish you had gone."

My next contact with Dr. Bellows came at the outbreak of the war. I was a student at the Meadville Theological School, and can never forget the thrill of emotion that was excited, as a small party of us who had been camping out came into Meadville and heard the ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum. Asking the cause, we were told that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. I was uncertain what to do. I did not think myself strong enough to endure the physical fatigue of a campaign, but my heart was stirred by the patriotic impulse which thrilled the North under the leadership of Lincoln. I wrote to Dr. Bellows, asking if I could go into the army as a nurse. He replied that at that time only enlisted men were employed as nurses. He advised me not to enlist, because he said that, after this strife is over, the country will need the leadership of men "instructed in righteousness." He became president of the Sanitary Commission, and later, during my junior year at Harvard College, I served as acting superintendent of the Sanitary Commission in West Virginia at Gen. Sheridan's headquarters. This term of service brought me into sympathetic relations with the work in all its parts, and stirred my admiration and affection for Dr. Bellows, and also for Frederick N. Knapp, assistant secretary, and Frederick Law Olmsted, treasurer. Dr. Bellows was indefatigable in the service of the Commission, and in its interests spent a year in California, where he and Thomas Starr King, who saved California to the Union, and other patriotic men like Horace Davis raised a million dollars. During this year Henry W. Badger served as his secretary, and Horatio Stebbins,

Digitized by Google

who afterward succeeded Starr King in San Francisco, supplied the pulpit in New York.

My next reminiscence of Dr. Bellows opens in my memory a very precious chapter in my life, because I can say with certainty that Dr. Bellows extended to me not only courtesy, but friendship such as he might have shown to a son. In 1870 there was a vacancy in the secretaryship of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches. The first secretary was Edward Everett Hale, the second George H. Hepworth, the third John D. Wells. Mr. Wells's health had failed, and at a meeting of the Council in Boston, Dr. Bellows presiding, he asked what secretary of a local Conference there was whom it would be well to elect. Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, a member of the Council, and at that time president of the Essex Conference, nominated me, and I was elected.

Soon afterward a Conference was to be held at Saratoga. Dr. Bellows was at that time editor of the *Liberal Christian*, and there appeared in it an editorial on the theological crisis which was then threatening disruption of the denomination. At a previous session very conservative action had been taken, and a conservative officer of the Conference wrote to the *Christian Register* that after that action no radical could with self-respect attend the Conference. Dr. Bellows was very anxious that no such effect should be produced. In the *Liberal Christian* there appeared an editorial concerning the relations between the conservatives and the radicals, in which it was proposed that the radicals should come to the Conference with full rights of discussion, but without being admitted to the suffrage. I was at that time an enthusiastic young radical, and on reading the editorial I sat down and with heat wrote: "My dear Dr. Bellows: I think you could not have written the editorial in the last *Liberal Christian* concerning the National Conference; but allow me to say that, if that article expresses the views of the leaders of the Conference, I shall never attend another meeting." In the editorial it had been suggested that the radicals, while not voting, might be welcomed, as Jewish rabbis or Catholic priests would be welcomed. I concluded by saying, "Whoever wrote the article could not have imagined the scene when in the next National Conference E. B. Willson, Francis Tiffany, John Chadwick, and other radicals should take the back seats with Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis." I mailed the letter, and then sat down to await the reply, with cold chills running down my back. What would the great Dr. Bellows say to this impudent young man?

As soon as the mail could bring the reply I received a letter, which, having been long lost, I found only last week, and looked upon with reverence, as a token of magnanimity such as no other man whom I ever knew could have been capable of. He wrote, "My dear Batchelor: I think I was as much disgusted as you were, when I read that editorial, and yet I wrote it." He went on to say that he would put himself right in the next paper. When we came to the next Conference at Saratoga, he sent his son Russell to me, asking me to come to New York and edit the *Liberal Christian*. In addition to that he invited me to become his assistant in All Souls' Church. I thanked him for his magnanimity and his kindness, but I told him that I would not play second to any minister living. He opened to me his house in New York, and in Walpole, N.H., and during the years that we worked together in the National Conference he gave me many tokens of his personal friendship. The appointment as secretary led to my serving the Conference, either as secretary or member of the Council, for twenty years.

All our older men and women remember with admiration and gratitude the work of Bellows and Hale in the organization and conduct of the National Conference, which may be said to have saved our denominational life, and made the later career of the American Unitarian Association a possibility. James Freeman Clarke at the time the Conference was founded was not interested in denominational organization. Dr. Furness of Philadelphia was actively opposed to it, and said that we were merely building trellises, when we ought to be cultivating vines. He held out until he was past ninety, and then he came to a Conference at Washington, and with great delight gave us the "beaten oil" of his sympathetic study of the life of Jesus.

Dr. C. A. Bartol was also opposed, and did not join the Conference because it was too pronounced in its Christian confession. Afterward, when Francis E. Abbot was invited to address the Ministers' Institute, Dr. Bartol protested because he was anti-Christian. Meeting Dr. Bartol one day, I said: "Doctor, you make it very hard for us. You object to Frank Abbot because he is not a Christian, and you won't join the National Conference because it is an organization of Christian churches." "Oh, well," he replied, "we are creatures of habit. If we were to begin again, I should not take the same position in regard to the Conference." Now Bellows and Bartol were intimate friends, and this difference never made any breach in their confidential relations. James Freeman Clarke became a member of the Council of the National Conference, and at a meeting of the Council in Boston, Dr. Bellows presiding, Dr. Clarke made a frank confession. He said he had changed his mind in regard to the value of this organization. He said, "I have always been an off ox, but now I am going to fall in and work with the rest of you." Dr. Bellows with glee exclaimed, "That's good news. It's worth coming from New York to hear it."

It is a pity that our younger men and women have no memories reaching back to the first thirty years of the Conference, when we had meetings which brought out all the most profound convictions of radicals and conservatives, who strove with one another sturdily for what they believed to be essential truths and the welfare of the Unitarian body. After twenty-seven years of controversy over the Preamble and the Constitution of the Conference and the question whether we should or should not have a creed, we came together at Saratoga in that memorable meeting when the Preamble in its final form was adopted, and, a thousand strong, we lifted up our voices in one unanimous Aye, and it was said, for the first time in the history of the Unitarian body in Europe and in America, that we had come to absolute unanimity. To this end Hale and Bellows had wrought mightily. Hale was present to rejoice in the fruition of his labors. Bellows had passed on to his reward.

To Bellows more than to any other man was probably due this happy issue out of our troubles. At the conclusion of his last term of service as chairman of the Council, I, being secretary, was called away by parish duties. Dr. Bellows went out with me as I went to the train, and sat down for half an hour and gave me his *apologia pro vita sua*. There is still, among some of our younger men, an unfortunate impression that Dr. Bellows was unstable in thought and inconsistent in his relations to the "two wings" of the denomination. To any one who knew him the charge seems cruel and unjust. At this time he said to me, "I have worn the red sash and ridden the white horse at the head of the procession, but you have done all the work." He then reviewed the controversy, and said: "They charge me with being vacillating and inconsistent, but I claim that my conduct in the affairs of the Conference has been consistent throughout. I have determined from the beginning that there should be

Digitized by Google

no permanent division, and that no part of our membership should be excluded from our cordial fellowship, so when the scales went down too far on the conservative side I jumped into the radical scale, and when I thought that was going down too far I jumped with all my might into the other scale. I was bound, so far as I had any influence, to keep the scales level and give all parties a fair chance." He said, "I call that consistency."

Dr. Bellows was one of the most tender souls I ever met. It was a superficial criticism sometimes heard, and even heard after his death, by a contemporary, who "damned with faint praise," "He had the art of making everybody whom he met feel as if he were a personal friend." The innuendo was that it was an art and not real friendship. I can testify that he spent a Sunday on exchange with me in Salem, when my wife and children were fascinated by his geniality, and thirty years afterward one of his family remembered that on his return to New York his report showed that there was no pretence about his cordiality. At a meeting of the Ministers' Institute at Princeton, Mass., there were in the dining-room two long tables. At one the younger men had assembled; at the other the elders had gathered. After we were seated the first day, Dr. Bellows came in, looked up and down the two tables, and then deliberately crossed over and took a seat among the younger men, sitting beside one who was a total stranger, a member of the Christian connection. With him he engaged in a conversation which lasted all through the dinner, greatly to my surprise. After dinner I said, "Dr. Bellows, who was that young man in whom you seemed so much interested?" "I don't know, but I found him more hungry for information than anybody I know, so I tried to fill him up." There was no pretence about that.

He was surrounded by men of high character and reputation in various walks of life, among them so many of the New York Board of Trade that many called it the bankers' church. The standard of character, however, was so high that, when the awful Black Friday came in the money market, not one of Dr. Bellows's men fell into disrepute, although reputations were wrecked on every hand.

I have made my reminiscences personal and private, avoiding the larger issues and imposing aspects of Dr. Bellows's life and work which have commanded the attention of other men and will be considered next week in a report of the celebration in New York. My impulse has been to put on record some of

> "That best portion of a good man's life,—
> His little nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

He was guileless, kindly, lovable; a gentleman to the tips of his fingers. Although his work and his principal interests were in New York, he held Boston in high esteem, and when he visited that city threw himself with ardor into the enjoyment of his many friendships and into the work of the religious interests which were so dear to him. He never assumed the critical attitude when there, but took it for granted that the churches and the men who served them were quite as honest and capable as himself, and knew their own business better than he could teach them. His relations with men in other churches were cordial but frank, as, for instance, when Phillips Brooks criticised King's Chapel, saying that the "Chapel liturgy was Episcopalianism watered," he replied, "Not watered, but washed." His sense of humor was unfailing, his cordiality unforced, and his enthusiasm unbounded." His memory has been and will be a precious legacy to all who knew him.

Cambridge, Mass.

The Autumnal Hope.

Though the autumn's dying glory
Flames along the lordly hill,
Love will tell no mournful story,
Faith not feel the season's chill.

Leaves may fall, but all their fading
Steals no life of living tree.
Still, through deeper cells prevading,
Thrills the life we cannot see.

Hush, my heart, thy fancies dreary!
Autumn's sadness is a cheat.
Forests rest when they are weary,
But their winter sleep is sweet.

Buds beneath the branches dreaming,
Roots that slumber in the snow,
Whisper, "Death is but a seeming,
Life the only truth we know."

—*Theodore C. Williams.*

Vagabondage.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

We wake in the morning from a calm sleep wondering what it is that oppresses the heart and lays a burden on the tranquillity of the coming day. Then we remember it is the daily paper. It must be looked at. It seems an imperative duty. If we could only shirk the duty, but no, it cannot be shirked. The newspaper has become a tragic sheet. It is like a bomb dropped at our door. It has no joy or zest of life to impart. Its effect, if possible, must be shaken off and forgotten for a few hours. But the effect of it is that it tinges with gray sadness every thought and action. We rise from its perusal with tears in our eyes.

The day is fair, the light mellow and bland. It streams through the variegated-colored trees in softened hues. We recall that there are many people in the world who are still rejoicing and making merry, still marrying and giving in marriage. We remember that there must be young children in France and Belgium, England and Germany, who are shouting with glee, playing with dolls, kites, and tops. We can still thank God for the unconsciousness and ignorance of the very young.

We assure ourselves that there is a great reservoir of joy and gladness in the world which may be drawn upon to give us strength to live. A nestling fell from the limb of a tree and injured its leg. It could not hop without pain, or fly at all, but still it gave out feeble cheeps and twitters of gladness that it was alive. The eternal song was bubbling in that little heart

I saw the children in an infant-infirmary where only the worst cases of malformation and distortion of the little bodies were kept. Many of them had weights tied to their feet, with limbs and back swathed in plaster casts, incapable of moving any part of the body but their arms; still they were eager to play with the toys on the narrow beds, and their small, weak voices rose in a kind of chorus of joy because they were alive—a pathetic defiance of pain and suffering. So doubtless the wounded boys on the battlefield smile sometimes and speak a cheerful word to comrades lying near. Yes, there is a divine reservoir of joy that rises in all things, and will not be repressed even in scenes of direst horror.

So let us go out and try to find and tap this reservoir of joy that seems to compensate a little for the eating sympathetic pain that has cut off so many sources of confidence in the stability of things, the permanence of God's governance, and our shaken trust and faith in the final triumph of good. Let us go aimlessly, just idly to observe, when thought and feeling are too oppressive.

Digitized by Google

The world is very rich and deep-tinted now. It has also the kindness and consideration of a friend who does not talk, or argue, or dispute, but convinces you of sharing a secret that is hidden in your own breast.

The autumnal rays of the sun are not garish now as they send long, misty shafts of light streaming over the fields to touch the undergrowth of the forest and turn the trunks of trees to massive gold. Our vagabondage is careless and without direction; it takes us along the brook, through the wood-path, through a sheep-pasture, or over the hill where cows are grazing, in search of that most precious of all flowers, heart's-ease. It even takes us to places where our feet cannot stray, but the mind images what has been.

There is a pungency of sweetness in the autumnal scents; mint and sage and flagroot and lobelia-flower seem to mingle their smells in a braided strand of invigorating flavor. The fields are never so good as at this season when the winds blow over them with fresh life and vigor. To stand on a hilltop in the cheery autumn breeze and view the four quarters of the globe is a benediction. Nature does not say to you, Come here, and I will read you a lesson, preach you a sermon, or deliver you a lecture. She says, Just come to me, and I will steal into your heart an influence like the perfume of the autumn pasture, or the freshness of the western breeze.

Out there where there is sacred solitude as if God were walking in his garden there is the dropping of an occasional bird-note. I heard this morning the orange-breasted titmouse, a solitary one, calling "pet'r, pet'r" all over the place as if seeking a lost friend. The world is almost bare of birds now. It is the interregnum between the summer and winter supply. Last summer's nests dangle from the trees. Katydids and crickets do what they can to fill the gap, but it is a thin, shrill concert without much melody. The songsters evidently do not know how good our world is now with prolonged warmth, the most genial of the year. Besides ordinary days, there are a few intercalary ones like these we are enjoying, resembling unusually large and luscious peaches on a tree, or a few wondrously fine apples on a bough that has many just common apples. The effort seems to be to produce the best in a few specimens, and such are the days we are now enjoying. Let us not instil a drop of bitterness into all this sweetness by saying they are too good to last.

To be sure, there has been a frost that has blackened some gardens and left others quite untouched, in the tricksy way of early frost. It was only a black-edged card dropped at our door. It could not discourage the season, or make it a bit less glorious than it intended to be. In the morning there is the smell of dew, and the glistening of tiny drops all over the grass. Owing to the lack of rain, the leaves of the oaks are dry and rusty, but in the pale light of twilight they glow together in beautiful brown and pale red shadowy masses of great depth. It is curious what unequalled results the twilight can produce with a streak of brightness in the west and the red bough of an illumined tree. The twilight is magical on a certain long road through a flat country, with dried grass, stubble, scrubby bushes, and little pools of water on either side. It runs on a long distance until it comes to a high hillside, when suddenly it vaults by a strong leap to the top. The hill is surmounted by a structure that in the half-light looks like an old mediæval castle, with a warder on top, pacing the battlements and looking out for an enemy, as in one of Walter Scott's novels; but it is only a reservoir and pumping-station.

But how gloriously that scrubby poor land takes on a deep velvety brown, while the little pools catch all the sky colors in their embrace, and the hill turns to the Delectable Mountains, while from the top you catch a glimpse of the Celestial City! Along this road grows the fringed gentian. Not all its roots have as yet been pulled up by conscienceless girls and boys. It still opens in rare spots its sky-blue eyes with the long silky lashes. It is not heart's-ease quite, but still a miracle of the late year.

There is a scent of ripening apples in the air. It is the best of the autumn's fruity odors. It mingles pleasantly with the scent of burning leaves where the blue smoke spires up and spreads abroad, deepening the mist to Indian summer coloring. The apple is the good perfume that haunts old garrets. There are plenty of scents in houses that are not quite agreeable, but what memories of old garrets the apple scent brings; and the herby scent of simples hung up along the rafter, to furnish the simple farm-house pharmacopœia! There, too, in that vast roomy receptacle the big squashes and pumpkins found a place awaiting their conversion into Thanksgiving pies. What do city children know of real life who have never had a country garret to prowl in?

And so my vagabondage ends in thought at the old home, and, though not a vestige of it remains on the face of the earth, it is all intact in memory, and more solid than the well-established places of to-day. How safe it looks with the sunset glow lighting its western windows! My excursion ends where my life began, and my causeless, aimless wanderings through places past and present, if it has not brought exemption from the great overhanging cloud, has at least brought the sense of God's nearness, and those whisperings of peace and quietness that silence useless questioning and bring patience, resignation, and hope.

"And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest."

Spiritual Life.

Let the builder of the Church of the future first begin at home. Let him begin to sympathize more cordially than he has in the past with those brethren whose work lies close to his, who march with him step for step, whose shoulders touch his own, whose defeat or victory he too must share.—*Samuel R. Calthrop.*

The crown of patience cannot be received where there has been no suffering. If thou refusest to suffer, thou refusest to be crowned; but, if thou wishest to be crowned, thou must fight manfully and suffer patiently. Without labor none can obtain rest, and without contending there can be no conquest.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might. Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career, or worthily serve God's other children, unless he does both in the love and fear of God their Father.—*Phillips Brooks.*

I find God made known as he is manifested in man. We say a great deal about the manifestation of God in nature, as he reveals himself in the forces and arrangements of the outer world; and this is well. But, after all, I cannot help believing that our best conceptions of God come through the men and women who have been

so related to the life of God that they have been enabled to tell us something about him in and through their own lives.—*Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke.*

The Pulpit.

The Choice.

BY REV. THOMAS VAN NESS.

I was glad when my companions said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Psalm cxxii. 1.

Those who built the splendid Gothic cathedral at Cologne on the Rhine must have had something of the feeling of the Psalmist as well as those who reared such mighty piles in Canterbury, in York, in Lincoln, in Salisbury. If they had lacked in such feeling, then those stately buildings with their towering steeples would never have been erected. Faith in the presence of the Unseen was the motive power of the Middle Ages; faith in an ever-present Reality that marked the deeds of men and punished the guilty by the pains of hell as he rewarded the virtuous and brave by the delights of a heavenly Paradise.

It is a sad thing for a nation when faith fails, when the assembling of men and women together for the purposes of praise and prayer wanes, when the sense of dependence upon the Power in which we live and move and have our being passes away or at least becomes dim and far off. We live by admiration, praise, and prayer, by the leading of ideals; for where there is no vision, no aspiration, the people perish. They die at the centre of being, which is the soul.

Vision usually comes through intensity of feeling. What may be called the highest visions—those associated with truth, with purity, with right living—are largely dependent upon the intensive force created in such an atmosphere as is that generated by the church service.

Back in 1886, when I first visited Germany, I was impressed mainly by the kindly domestic virtues conspicuous on every side. Allied to these virtues there was noticeable a certain expression of romanticism in music and in art, the outcome largely of the people's love for poetry and for the beautiful legends and stories clustering around rock and river and woods and high-perched castle. In no country did one seem to get so near to the heart of men and women, to feel the sway of the simple and the natural; in no country did one feel a greater sense of attraction, nor, perhaps, have a greater sense of esteem for those who were about him. Yet, at the same time this was true, one began to feel a new influence operating to change and modify German life and methods. Just how to define this new influence was not easy. It appeared in a certain desire to expand as a nation, to develop, to take on new power,—a desire to be more fully in the world's eye, more brilliant, more influential, more wealthy. In 1899, thirteen years afterward, when I next passed up the Rhine and looked backward from the stern of the steamer to catch a last glimpse of castle and ruin, I found invariably that not the castle or the ruin, but the tall smoke-stack or chimney was the dominating feature in the landscape. The tall chimney of industry was beginning to be the symbol of a new Fatherland. No, not the symbol, but one of the symbols; for in every town, in every city, wherever I went, there was another symbol, that of the military barracks. The commercial man and the military man were taking the place of the university man and the domestic man.

By 1905, six years later, the fleeting impression of 1886, then so hard to define, had passed into a distinct conviction; the new motive of the people was asserting itself clearly, becoming all-controlling. Germany was passing from its former basis. It was becoming materialistic in place of idealistic, or, rather, the national vision had changed; it had become a vision of colonial expansion, of big business, of a big navy, of dominating power through military force. The constant passing to and fro of soldiers in single companies or in masses, the blare of military music, the pomp and circumstance connected with the changing of the guard at the city halls, the substitution of regimental bands in popular beer-gardens in place of secular orchestras, and above all, perhaps, the introduction of such catchy and bombastic songs as "*Deutschland über alles*," all conspired to bring about a certain result; in a way they had hypnotized a kindly disposed and domestic people until, from one end of the land to the other, the things sought for and esteemed seemed to be less and less philosophy and poetry and romantic music and drama, the family joys and the simple recreations, and more and more the things connected with material civilization, such as beautiful dresses, expensive and rather sensuous pleasures, heavy eating and drinking, foreign trade, profitable investment, glittering show,—the brilliancy that is connected with military pomp and ceremony.

It may be said, and the statement is a sober and restrained one, that Germany was changing or had changed its ideals; it was following after the things of the world rather than after the things of the soul.

That brings me very naturally to say that that institution which in every community of Christendom is supposed to stand first foremost and forever for the things of the soul was waning in influence, was losing its hold on the allegiance of the German nation. It may be that there has been a great decline in church attendance here in the United States since 1886, but the quarter of a century just passed cannot mark with us so rapid a decline in membership and attendance as it marks in Germany. This fact is too well known to be considered a mere personal assertion. Germans, on the whole, whether Catholics or Protestants, apparently had passed from that state of feeling where they could say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." They were not glad; they were simply indifferent: they deserted the church services in dozens, in hundreds, in thousands.

We live by ideas, not by bread. The ideas that govern a people sooner or later govern their actions. Let the idea prevail in business that price, not quality, not service, should be of chief consideration, and you open the door to the cheaper substitute. You open the door to the counterfeit, and at the same time you discourage personal and commercial honesty. Let the idea prevail that docility of mind and courage in battle are the supreme virtues, not personal initiative, not bravery, in the realm of soul, and in time men will judge one another from the standpoint of physical endurance, willingness to obey command. In short, the standard will be muscular strength and not spiritual development; and the symbol will become the Krupp gun in place of the Cross of Calvary. I quote certain passages from General Von Bernhardi's book entitled "Germany and the Next War," a book which has run through many editions and which appeared before ever a war was thought of by the average Englishman or American. Before I do so, let me say that it is a good rule not to make too much of what any particular person says on any one subject, especially if that subject is so vast and general as the trend of a whole nation. Nevertheless, although this is true, it must be remembered that the statements put forth by

Digitized by Google

Bernhardi have not been denied by his own countrymen; indeed, his book has grown in popularity, if anything, and was favorably commented upon by more than one German editor. Von Bernhardi draws his inspiration from the teachings of Nietzsche, certainly not from the teachings of the New Testament. This of itself is significant of the change in public thinking which has been insidiously taking place in Germany during the past twenty years.

Most frankly does this apostle of force say that any scheme of religion which conflicts with the paramount interests of German culture must be looked upon as pernicious. Culture arises, he tells us, from the will to power and from the clash of arms. Those, therefore, who plead for peace are weak vessels who threaten the existence of the nation. "To no nation except the German has it been given to enjoy in its inner self that which is given to mankind as a whole." "We see in others a greater intensity of specialized ability, but never the same capacity for generalization and absorption." "It is this quality, exclaims the General, "which fits us for leadership in the intellectual world, and imposes on us the obligation to maintain that position." "German culture must therefore be extended at the point of the sword." "Might gives right," he asserts, "to occupy or to conquer. Might is at once the Supreme right. The dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war."

An arraignment of another nation is easy enough, and we hold up our hands in horror when we hear brutally stated, the views which have led to the evils of war, but—and here is the question of questions for us—how largely are we following in the wake of Germany, how largely has the materialistic poison, inoculated in Teutonic veins entered into our own system? What really are our views? Are we disciples of Nietzsche or disciples of Christ?

What has made America great, up at least to the close of the nineteenth century? Has it not been the faith, in the average man, in the divine spark in him, the belief that the average man can be trusted? Has it not been the idea of personal liberty, the idea of freedom, individual initiative over against autocratic limitations? "Not by might, saith the Lord, not by power, but by my spirit." Has not that been our belief, and have we not tried to act on that basis? So far we have not put our trust in Krupp guns, in heavy armaments, in large standing armies, in physical force. No; but we have put our reliance upon education and its power, upon industrial opportunity, upon the ballot and its power, upon a democracy in which each one has his proper share.

Now what of the future, or, rather, what of these years since the Spanish-American war, which are inevitably influencing the coming years? Is there any echo here in the United States of that brutal speech which so horrifies us in a Von Bernhardi? Change a few words in some of his sentences and then listen to their familiar sound.

"There must be no misplaced leniency toward the Japanese in California or for that matter in Japan itself if they stand in our way. There must be no misplaced leniency toward the negro whether in the North or South if he fail to know his place and persist in his aspirations to reach economic and social equality with the white man."

"It is the American temper and the American mode of action which fits this country for leadership upon the western hemisphere, and imposes an obligation upon us to see that no European nation intrudes itself into the group of Central or South American States or attempts to become a strong factor in the industrial or political realm of said Central or South American States."

"We must make ourselves strong by a big navy, by powerful military defences along the Isthmian Canal; at the same time we must strengthen our coast defences so that we may be ready to meet any enemy. It is our manifest destiny as exponents of American civilization to spread from the St. Lawrence to Panama. If free consent is not given by the petty states south of us, then we cannot respect their neutrality; we shall be compelled to work out our destiny through the sword."

How pitiably weak and futile such arguments, such reasoning, when seen in the light of Germany's present experience! Of what avail Germany's supposed manifest destiny to expand in Asia Minor, to spread over Africa, to obtain coaling stations in the West Indies, to crush out France? There is a Power beyond the power of kings and commanders, and they who fail to take that Power into consideration prepare themselves inevitably for disaster.

The talk of peace preserved through the building up of armaments and the reliance upon guns and ships is the lie of lies. For thirty and more years, in feverish haste and at ruinous expense, Germany, France, Russia, Austria, England, have added gun to gun, fort to fort, cruiser to cruiser, for what? To end at last in one tremendous horror of explosion and death! For years Bulgaria, Greece, Servia, Montenegao, and Roumania have been arming themselves as a protection against the Turk, and those very arms have been used against themselves in an internecine combat which has resulted in burned villages, trampled fields, mutilated men and women, dead soldiers, and war debts so crushing in size as to seem wellnigh hopeless to those now called upon to pay.

No, no; war will never cease by each nation's arming itself with the implements of war. That will provoke combat as surely as it provokes combat and murder among individuals who go around, each man with a revolver in his hip pocket. Let us see to it that America no more follows along this military road to ruin; let us also see that arrogance, a tremendous national vanity, a pushing egotistical commercialism, an absorption in the pursuit of gain and in the things that wealth buys to the exclusion of higher and spiritual aims, will lead us eventually in the hell of chaos and conflict until all that is base and devilish is burned away and we come forth from the fiery trial chastened, subdued, humbled.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord." Yes; that is the gladness that must return. Men must be made to realize the value to them and to their eternal souls of the ideals put before them by the Church. The philosophy of Nietzsche is not yet and never will be a substitute for the teachings of Jesus. Impractical as the Beatitudes sound to the practical man, they represent the only rules of action that are workable in the long run between man and man, and nation and nation.

Bishop Lawrence's Prayer.

O Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in Heaven and Earth is named, look down with pity, we beseech thee, upon those members of thy family who are now at war. Restrain them from hatred, pride, and hardness of heart. Sustain in them the love of justice and mercy. Keep, O Lord, under thy protection those who are in peril by land or sea. Remember the prisoners, relieve the sick and wounded, support the dying. Give strength to those who minister in hospital and camp, and hope to those who are in anxiety or sorrow. Hasten the day when all nations shall dwell together in peace: through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

To the Reading Public.

The making of a magazine is a laborious and often a thankless job. To one letter of sympathy or commendation an editor or publisher receives one hundred of criticism. But the labor is its own reward to one who will make an effort to find it. In almost no other business is one brought so closely in touch with his fellow-beings.

I may be an optimist (I hope I am), but after twenty years' experience I can honestly say that in the mass I have found my fellow-being an interesting and attractive person. Any publisher, I believe, will tell you that most people have the humble (and now, perhaps, unfashionable) virtue of business honesty, the average of intelligence is high, and a well-developed moral sense is conspicuous sometimes where you would least expect to find it. . . .

What should be your attitude toward those editors and publishers who are trying to give you decent magazines? Let me tell you how you can help. They want you to share with them their attitude toward that long-suffering and much-abused thing "literature." Do not regard it as a thing remote from life. Do not regard it as a black art familiar only to a chosen guild, as something dull, and in the parlance of the day "too high-brow" for human nature's daily needs. But share with them the conviction that it is but a mode of expression, a medium through which we can interpret this beautiful complex thing about us we call life.

Turn from the writers of cheap and meretricious stuff who are debasing this plastic medium to paint for you untrue and distorted pictures, and cling to and encourage those who would use it (with little skill, perhaps) to bring about a better understanding between man and man, to draw for future generations pictures (truthful and unashamed) of the life of the most wonderful period the world has ever known. If you will do this the day of the ignoble in letters will surely pass, and literature will take its rightful place among the arts.—*MacGregor Jenkins, in "The Reading Public," Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Literature.

American Labor Unions. By Helen Marot. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.—The author was for eight years (1905–13) executive secretary of the Women's Trade Union League of New York. She writes with authority, out of full information, in good English, from full conviction of the justice of her cause. She assumes that "industrial warfare," which now widely exists, is necessary and justifiable—from the side of labor. To her the capitalist is necessarily the enemy of the people, while the worker is necessarily the enemy of organized capital. Hence the inevitable enmity and warfare. It is well that this book has been written. It lets us into the inside of the labor world. It gives us the point of view and the heart-beat of certain classes in our midst. It covers a wide range and brings together diverse movements which the writer seeks to unite in closer bonds. The difference in spirit and method between railroad brotherhoods and the Industrial Workers of the World are surely greater than her pages indicate. The failure in this and in many similar works is due to the fact that the author does not see things as they really are, while words are used carelessly without any clear conception of their true meaning It is a failure of discrimination. What is true of some capitalists is assumed to be true of all, which is not the case. Again, certain aspects of capitalism are assumed to represent the whole matter, which is not true. Moreover, the condition of a small minority of laborers in our country is discussed as though it were universal, which also is not true. Still further, this unfortunate condition is always charged to capitalism, while, as a matter of fact, it is a complex product toward the making of which many other factors have operated,—drink, inefficiency, and depravity. The assumption that people are poor simply because somebody has robbed them; that they are miserable simply because wages are low; that different classes must hate and fight each other simply because they possess different amounts of worldly goods; that the only sure way to help the laborer is to cripple the employer,—these and many similar assumptions vitiate these pages. It would be helpful if this book were widely read. Our people need to know what dangerously explosive sentiments are cherished by many people among us. The writer is a woman of genuine enthusiasm for human betterment. She sees certain evils which do really exist She feels the hate and bitterness which these evils have produced in some classes. We may learn much from her, but thoughtful people will surely be repelled by many of her claims and much of her reasoning. For instance: "He [the industrial worker] destroys or injures a machine as an owner would destroy it if its continued operation was destructive" (page 220). One who claims that these two cases are similar has thrown morality to the winds and trampled logic under foot. To throw away my pen because it spatters ink is one thing: for my neighbor to spoil my pen so that I cannot write is quite another thing. A person who cannot see this clear distinction is in no condition for sane or safe teaching on social problems.

President Lincoln's Attitude towards Slavery and Emancipation. By Henry W. Wilbur. 140 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia: Walter H. Jenkins.—In this book of 200 pages the lately deceased president of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society sums up his studies in the history of slavery in the United States, the story of the emancipation of the slaves under President Lincoln, and the present political status and outlook of the American Negro. Step by step he traces the growth of the emancipation idea in President Lincoln's mind, and the influences which opposed his ripening purpose. The reconstruction period, the more recent attempts to nullify the fourteenth constitutional amendment by Southern communities; the injustice and wrong perpetuated against the colored citizens among us through political, industrial, and social discrimination; the aftermath that awaits a nation thus opposed or indifferent to the enforcement of its own fundamental principles, are treated in brief, compact, and telling chapters. The work forms a fitting conclusion to a career largely devoted to the uplift of the American Negro, and will keep alive Henry Wilbur's influence in furthering the causes he had so much at heart. Fundamental justice, he tells us, must be done the Negro. The public conscience, especially in the North, must be aroused. The Negro's possibilities must be measured, as they are for any other race, by the best and most successful among it, and not by the worst and worthless. "The supposition that the so-called weaker race was made inferior by the Creator, that its members might become and continue menials for the so-called superior race, needs to be overthrown. Whatever may have been the civic folly of unqualified suffrage in the nineteenth century, it cannot be atoned for by qualified disfranchisement and denial of privilege purely because of color in the twentieth. The right conscience in our national life will not long permit these things to be. We shall finally cease to whisper our fears into the face of commercial advantage, and to live a lie because of trade and traffic. Rather shall we shout our hope for justice into the face of class and race prejudice, and deal morally, economically, and politically with men as men, and not because they are white or black."

Shall I Drink? By Joseph Henry Crooker. The Pilgrim Press. $1.—Any one familiar with Dr. Crooker's literary work would expect to find this book what it is, effective and strong; and if it does not always preserve a strictly judicial attitude in dealing with the subjects of which it treats, one who is face to face with the facts as they are here arrayed may be forgiven for betraying some emotional bias. Intemperance is surely one of the greatest, if not the very greatest curse under which humanity suffers. But perhaps Dr. Crooker does not interpret quite fairly the mood of "respectable" people who are not engaged in a furious crusade against it. Dr. Wasson's book on *Religion and Drink*, recently reviewed in this column, presents another side which is worth consideration. Dr. Crooker states with much force the arguments for total abstinence and prohibition; but he cites only the medical evidence against alcohol, and gives no hint that there is medical evidence in its favor. With regard to the use of law to restrict the evils of intemperance, while he states fairly and clearly what law can and cannot be expected to do, the only law which he seems to favor is the Maine law; and the local option law of Massachusetts receives from him but scant attention. Yet the latter form of prohibition should commend itself to reasonable people in that, wherever it is applied, there is enough public sentiment behind it to make it effective. However, this book is a strong and timely reminder that among the multifarious reforms attempted in our day the attempt somehow to curb the evils of strong drink should still hold a foremost place.

The Religious Philosophy of Plotinus and some Modern Philosophies of Religion. By W. R. Inge, D.D. London: The Lindsey Press.—It is seldom that one finds so much food for thought in so few words as in this Essex Hall Lecture by Dean Inge. It is, to be sure, somewhat disdainful in tone here and there, and rather implies that William James, Bergson, Psychical Research, and Christian Science stand together among the eccentricities of modern thinking.

Digitized by Google

It is probable, however, that this English Churchman's view of such matters is taken at rather long range, and that he is more nearly on his own ground in dealing with the Modernist movement among Catholics. If, as he tells us, that movement was based on an attempt to unhinge Christianity from its historical foundation, perhaps the late Pope did no great harm in causing its suppression. It was on a blind trail anyhow. Dean Inge sees in present-day tendencies of thought a threat of the capture of the world by Dualism, and goes back to Plotinus to find a remedy. This philosophy he sketches with masterly skill. But why this dread of Dualism? He himself acknowledges that in morals there is a practical dualism which we cannot get rid of. Now the modern world appears to be not much intent upon pushing that dualism back into the deeper and more fundamental mysteries of being. On the other hand, it is quite disposed to let those mysteries alone. What it does insist upon is that no faith in Monism or in the Absolute shall be used to obscure these oppositions in the realm of every-day fact and experience, upon the recognition of which our moral welfare appears to depend. Plotinus is extremely interesting. Yet we have an idea that there must be a great many other paths through the high realms where he takes us. The man of to-day is much inclined to wait till he gets there for intimate knowledge of what these paths may be, and to concentrate his attention more on the immediate facts of experience.

THEY WHO QUESTION. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.—The publishers of this story by a writer whose name is withheld suggest a comparison with *The Inside of the Cup*, but many readers will doubt the wisdom of this suggestion. It is a problem story. That problem is: Why should evil exist in a universe whose Creator is good? The characters are few, but clearly drawn and well sustained: the dean of an English cathedral, tolerant and human, who meets the reader at the beginning and then practically disappears until the end of the book, where his sermon is placed to justify the ways of Providence; Sir Philip, an agnostic artist, who loves and marries Enid, a beautiful young woman of earnest faith; Mrs. Bretherton (Sir Philip's sister), a bright, selfish woman of the world, without faith, whose husband is insane, and who fears that her idolized son will also become insane. Two tragedies run side by side through the story,—the working of the inheritance of insanity, and the suffering of the daughter of Philip and Enid, which for a time almost destroys Enid's faith, while it helps Philip to believe. Finally, both come, through the pain of the child, to clear vision and firm trust. Other minor characters play incidental parts, but the problem centres in these facts. The book contains some interesting situations, much well-managed conversation, and numerous wise sayings. There is no plot, and only a touch of love-making.

Magazines.

The October *Hibbert Journal* is late this month because the presses had to be held for the leading article of the issue, which is by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts on "The Supreme Duty of the Citizen at the Present Crisis." This is the only article written by one of the foremost British military authorities directly for American and British readers. The editor-in-chief, Prof. L. P. Jacks, has an article under the rather baffling title of "Mechanism, Diabolism, and the War," which is keen and pertinent. Sir Henry Jones writes on "Why we are Fighting," and this goes deep into the influences that dominate the war. This article is supplemented by Prof. Gilbert Murray's "Thoughts on the War." Then the significance of German literature, politics, and philosophy in relation to the German position and the attitude of the German people and government toward the war is considered in T. W. Rolleston's "Literature and Politics in Modern Germany," and in Prof. Hicks's "German Philosophy in the Present Crisis." Besides these war articles (which in themselves make this issue a notable number), there is a group of ethical, philosophical, and religious articles. The writers are: William M. Salter, on "The Philosopher of 'The Will to Power'"; J. W. Marriott, on "Modern Utopians in Conflict"; Meyrick Booth, on "Religious Belief as affecting the Growth of Population"; Prof. H. A. Overstreet, on "God as the Common Will"; Principal J. E. Carpenter, on "An Ancient Buddhist University"; and Prof. Gibb, on "Goethe's Friendship with Lavater." These make it an unusually brilliant number.

Miscellaneous.

The general interest in Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany's story of his life, in his new book *A Far Journey*, gives especial importance to the announcement that the American Unitarian Association is acting as distributer for it, and that the book may be had at 25 Beacon Street, where orders may be sent.

LECTURES BY DR. SUNDERLAND

Rev. J. T. SUNDERLAND, D.D., who has recently returned from an extended tour through the Orient (as Billings Lecturer of the American Unitarian Association and as organizer of International Congresses of Liberal Religion in Japan, China, and India), is prepared to give Lectures and Addresses within a reasonable distance of New York upon the following among other subjects.

POLITICAL

1. ASIA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD'S CIVILIZATION.
2. POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN CHINA. WILL THE REPUBLIC ENDURE?
3. PRESENT CONDITIONS IN JAPAN. IS THERE A "JAPANESE PERIL"? JAPAN'S FUTURE.
4. CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES. SHOULD THE PEOPLE BE GIVEN INDEPENDENCE? IF SO, WHEN?
5. POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN INDIA. IS BRITISH RULE A BENEFIT? WILL IT ENDURE?

RELIGIOUS

1. THE GREAT RELIGIONS OF ASIA.
2. THE GREAT SACRED BOOKS OF MANKIND.
3. THE PLACE OF JESUS AND CHRISTIANITY IN THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.
4. WORLD BROTHERHOOD.
5. PRESENT RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN INDIA. WILL INDIA BECOME CHRISTIAN?
6. THE BRAHMO AND ARYA SOMAJES: THE TWO NATIVE UNITARIAN MOVEMENTS IN INDIA.
7. THE WIDE OPEN DOOR FOR UNITARIANISM IN THE ORIENT.
8. RECENT PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN JAPAN, CHINA, THE PHILIPPINES, INDIA AND CEYLON.

ILLUSTRATED

1. PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC INDIA.
2. BRAHMAN AND BUDDHIST INDIA.
3. MOHAMMEDAN INDIA.
4. UP AND DOWN PALESTINE ON HORSEBACK.
5. TWO WEEKS IN JERUSALEM.

Terms reasonable. Address 423 W. 120th Street, New York

THE SURVEY

Social Service ***Civic Progress*** ***Industrial Problems***

THE SURVEY is a weekly magazine for all those who believe that progress in this country hinges on social service; that legislation, city government, the care of the unfortunate, the education of children, the work of men and the homes of women, must pass muster in their relation to the common welfare.

THE SURVEY brings to bear upon such subjects through its weekly issues the hard-won experience, the analysis and judgment, and, still more important, the ideals, of the social and civic workers of the country. Among these, ROBERT A. WOODS, FLORENCE KELLEY, and OWEN LOVEJOY are frequent contributors. The editors are EDWARD T. DEVINE, GRAHAM TAYLOR, JANE ADDAMS, and PAUL U. KELLOGG.

Scholarly readers will find that the regular departments devoted to civics, industry, health, education, church and the community and social agencies, which appear weekly, facilitate reference to it on special subjects. For this reason THE SURVEY is used as collateral reading for courses in social economy, sociology, economics, and social service, etc., in leading colleges throughout the country.

The subscription price is $3.00 a year; or we will send to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER six months' issues for $1.00.

THE SURVEY ASSOCIATES, Inc.

105 East 22d Street, New York, N.Y.

The Home.

A Belated Violet.

Very dark the autumn sky,
Dark the clouds that hurried by;
Very rough the autumn breeze
Shouting rudely to the trees.

Listening, frightened, pale, and cold,
Through the withered leaves and mould
Peered a violet, all in dread.
"Where, oh, where is spring?" she said.

Sighed the trees: "Poor little thing!
She may call in vain for spring";
And the grasses whispered low,
"We must never let her know."

"What's this whispering?" roared the breeze.
"Hush! a violet," sobbed the trees,
"Thinks it's spring, poor child. We fear
She will die if she should hear."

Softly stole the wind away,
Tenderly he murmured, "Stay,"
To a late thrush on the wing,—
"Stay with her one day, and sing."

Sang the thrush so sweet and clear
That the sun came out to hear,
And in answer to her song
Beamed on violet all day long.

And the last leaves here and there
Fluttered with a springlike air.
Then the violet raised her head.
"Spring has come at last," she said.

Happy dreams had violet
All that night; but happier yet,
When the dawn came dark with snow,
Violet never woke to know.

—*Oliver Herford.*

Daisy Dutton's Ride.

BY E. E. M.

"Oh, yes, Daisy Dutton is just as bright as they make them," said her big brother, proudly. "She can go alone on the electric car just as well as I can."

"She is a careful little girl," added her father, affectionately. "I know you can trust her, Mother."

Daisy Dutton sat still, placidly eating her oatmeal.

Daisy was going to play the part of Little Red Riding Hood, at least so far as to take a basket of something good to eat to her grandmother,—grapes, if you really wish to know. Harry would usually be the one to do such an errand; but Harry had to catch in a baseball game that morning, and he couldn't. Patty, the maid, had to help in the ironing, and she couldn't. Mother had a dressmaker, and she couldn't. Father had an important engagement at the office, and he couldn't. So there was no one left but Daisy, who hadn't a thing to do.

This was all discussed while Daisy was eating her oatmeal; but as she pushed her saucer away she smiled serenely and said, "Why, of course I can," and the thing was settled.

Daisy's grandmother lived a few squares away, and Daisy had often walked there and back; but a new line of electric cars had been opened up between Llewellyn Park, where the Duttons lived, and Sunderland, a pleasant town about six miles to the eastward, and the fun of riding on them had not yet become familiar. She had not taken the full ride yet, although the day the line was opened she went with her mother down town and back. So the idea of even a short ride was most attractive.

"Now, Daisy," said her mother, "here are five cents to pay your fare there, and here are five cents to pay your fare back. You may stay till eleven o'clock, if you like; but be sure to come then, so I shall not be worried about you. Grandma will probably see that you get on the car all right; and, if she doesn't, Harriet will. But, in any case, remember, don't take a car marked 'Harrison'; for, if you do, that will switch off at Vine Street and you will have to walk two blocks home. Take any car that says 'Llewellyn Park,' and you are all right. There isn't any other car anyway, if you don't take the Harrison car."

"All right," said Daisy; and she walked down to the corner with her father, feeling very important, and carrying the basket of grapes with especial care. Her father held up his hand and the car stopped, and he lifted Daisy to the front seat and told the motorman where to let her off.

Daisy didn't quite like it because her father said that, just as if she weren't big enough to know when she came to her grandmother's and get off at the right place. The ride was altogether too short. Whizz, whizz, went the car, and before Daisy realized it they were there.

Her grandmother was not at home, after all. "She took an early start, Miss Daisy, and went to Harrison to do some errands," explained Harriet. "She'll not be back till luncheon time, either."

"Then I guess I'll go right back home," said Daisy, giving her the grapes; "and I'm going to ride back, too. See, here are the five cents."

"All right, Miss," said Harriet, who was in a hurry. "Don't you want me to put you on?"

"No, of course I don't," rejoined Daisy, not huffily but with the distinct consciousness that she was quite big enough to go on the cars alone, if she liked. Hadn't Harry said so that very morning?

"Be sure to get into a car with the sign 'Llewellyn Park,'" cautioned Harriet, wondering if she ought to leave her work and go out with her, but compromising by thinking she could watch her from the window.

Daisy tripped down the steps; and, as the car wasn't coming, she walked to the next corner, and then to the corner beyond that, partly for the sake of having a longer ride and partly to escape Harriet's watchful eyes. The first car that came along was marked "Harrison." Of course, she didn't take that. The next car came in the opposite direction; but, as she glanced carelessly at it, there stood on the sign, in plain, staring letters, "Llewellyn Park."

"Any car that says 'Llewellyn Park,'" she murmured to herself; and quick as thought she darted to the other side of the street, held up her tiny finger, and in half a minute more she was aboard the car and spinning up the road in the direction of—Sunderland.

When the conductor came round for the fare, she gave him her remaining five-cent piece, and then said timidly, "Does the car *always* go to the place it says on it in front?"

"Yes, of course," replied the conductor, smiling reassuringly.

That was enough. She settled back and began to enjoy her ride. On flew the car, leaving soon behind it the pretty houses with their smoothly shaven lawns and taking its ways through green meadows and past gently sloping hills. Just before they came to Sunderland the conductor came round again.

"Where do you wish to get off, little girl?" he said.

"Oh, I'll know when I get there." And she smiled in the most friendly fashion.

"Don't you know the name of the street?" he persisted.

"Why, of course I do. It's Quincy Street," she replied with dignity.

"Oh, all right. That is the last street before the end of the route."

Daisy said nothing and continued to enjoy the ride. There were only three other persons in the car, and they were several seats behind her, so she felt as if she had the whole place to herself.

Pretty soon, after the houses had begun to be thick again, the conductor rang the bell and the car came to a stop. Nobody stirred.

"Here is Quincy Street, little girl."

"Oh, but I don't mean to get off here," piped back a clear treble voice.

The conductor ran the bell twice rather impatiently, and made his way quickly to Daisy's side.

"Didn't you say you wanted to get off at Quincy Street?"

"Oh, yes; but it's Quincy Street in Llewellyn Park," said Daisy, sweetly. "You said a car always goes just where it says it will; and so I am waiting."

"Do you mean you are going to ride right round? *This* car goes to Sunderland."

"It says 'Llewellyn Park,'" insisted Daisy, mildly; "and it always says just where a car is going."

The conductor looked puzzled. Then he spoke to the driver, who slowed up a bit; and then they both twisted their necks and stared up at the sign over the front platform.

"For the land's sake," said the conductor; "the little girl is right. It does say 'Llewellyn Park,' sure enough. Jim, you forgot to turn that sign over when we started."

Daisy did not care. She was permitted to take any car that said Llewellyn Park, and if she had a ride to Sunderland thrown in, so much the better. So she sat still while the conductor explained and told her they would start back in just fifteen minutes. She waited patiently, changing her seat as the conductor advised, and enjoyed every minute of the wait as well as the ride. She had often been to Sunderland in the carriage, but this was a new and much more exciting experience.

Soon they started back with more passengers then they had before. When the conductor came round for the fare, he stopped at Daisy's side; but she said gently, "Oh, but you know I haven't any more money. Mother gave me just a five-cent piece to ride home with."

"Well, I guess that's one on me," said the conductor; and a minute later Daisy could see him telling something to the motorman, and they both laughed.

After a while they passed her grandmother's house, and Daisy could see Harriet shaking her duster out the window. Four minutes later they stopped at Quincy Street; and Daisy ran home, well satisfied with her morning.

"You said, 'Any car for Llewellyn Park,' Mother; and so did you, Harry," declared Daisy at luncheon, as they talked it over.

"Yes, that is so," admitted Harry; "but tell me now, Daisy Dutton, didn't you know all the time that that car was on its way to Sunderland?"

Daisy never said a word, but she glanced

up at her father with bright eyes and a roguish smile.

So Harry ended the story just as he began it, with saying: "Oh, she's just as bright as they make them. She can go on the cars alone as well as I can."

Daisy's Lesson.

BY KATE HUDSON.

Dick and Daisy loved their world-wandering uncle very dearly though in rather different ways, as one may plainly see from the two letters received by Uncle Richard in answer to one in which he asked Mother whether she could have him spend "next Saturday and Sunday with you and yours, dear Sister Nannie."

Dear Uncle Richard [ran the one letter],—Mother says to be sure and come on that early train and I hope you will stay on over Monday and hear me and Dick speke our peaces at the New School House opening. I am going to wear my new white dress with a brawd pink sash and I am going to have my hare done a new way; and Mother's going to throw me a bunch of flours just like they do on really-truly class-day. Dear Uncle Richard what are you going to bring me and Dick from town?

Your beloved neice
DAISY EMMELINE DEAN.

This is the other one,—

Dere Uncle Richard,—Daisy and me are so glad you are coming and she has got a butifull new dress; and we have a new caff and she is glad to. We have manny things to show you and our cat has four new kitens and last frieday I found a new kind of shell for your collection. Five pares are on my little tree and one of them is for you so hurry and come; from

DICK.

In answer to these missives, Uncle Richard turned up bright and early on Saturday quite prepared to "stay on over Monday." He handed Father the big bunch of reading-matter and Mother the huge box of lollipops without which he never appeared at the farm; but, though Daisy lingered long over the big brown valise under which Dick presently staggered manfully up-stairs, Uncle Richard evidently had nothing stored away for niece and nephew in its leathern depths.

"He us'ally 'most always does bring us something," mused Daisy, busily helping Mother set the midday dinner-table. "He must have clean forgot there's something in his bag for me—and maybe for Dick—and I guess I'll just have to put him in mind of it." She placed an immaculate sweet-fern scented napkin in the very centre of Uncle Richard's dinner-plate.

Accordingly, after Mother's favorite brother had finished his second helping of huckleberry roly-poly, and while Dick—having conscientiously obeyed Father's previously uttered "not until after dinner, Son"—was spreading out a handful of queer-shaped delicately tinted shells for his uncle's approval, the little girl began her remindings.

"Oh, Dick!" cried she; "don't bother Uncle Richard with those horrid smelly shells! Come away and let Uncle Richard think of things!"

"*Think* of things!" echoed her uncle, absently squinting along the narrow, corrugated razor-shell he was admiring.

"Think of *things!*" repeated Mother; "*what* things?"

"Why, the things," explained Daisy, a bit uncomfortable under Mother's astonished scrutiny, "the things he's got in his bag for me—for me and for Dicky."

"There, Nannie," cried Uncle Richard, "I *told* you so!"

"I told *you* so," reiterated Mother, serenely, while Dick laughed joyously as he said,—

"He's brought us his very own self, and that's the very best thing he could bring, isn't it, Mother?"

"Oh, yes, of course," assented Daisy; "but then gen'rally he brings us something else besides, don't you, Uncle Richard? Something really for us—something we've never had before nor even seen before."

"Something for each of you that you've never even seen before? Well, now, Dearie, if Mother will give me the run of her pantry I can give you something you've never seen before. Now here's something," he continued, returning from the pantry with both hands tight shut, "for you and something for Dicky, something you've not only never seen before, but will also never see again; you'll not and neither will anybody else ever see it again. Now guess what it is."

"I don't see how," marvelled Dick, "for you must have seen it when you got it for us. I don't see"—

"Oh, hurry, hurry," squealed Daisy, hopping fro 1 one foot to the other; "show it to us quick, Uncle Richard; let's have it right away."

Then Uncle Richard opened both hands and showed the children a hazelnut in each—two hazelnuts out of the big basketful he and they had gathered last fall on the edge of the big pasture. With a sharp tap of his heavy pocket-knife he cracked them and took out the aromatic little brown kernels and handed each child one of them.

"Here's something," he laughed, "no one ever *has* seen, and"—popping them into the round red mouths wide open in smiling surprise—"no one ever will see again. And now, Dicky-boy, take us out to the five-acre lot and let us look at that new calf."

The Dogs of War.

The British expeditionary force that crossed from Southampton to Havre and started for the front in comfortable London motor busses also brought with them several hundred ambulance dogs, a few bloodhounds, but mostly Airedale terriers. These dogs are likely to prove of very great value in searching out wounded soldiers, having been trained to hunt for wounded men in rough and woodland countries where sufferers might be missed by searching parties. The Airedales will undoubtedly prove the best of all the dogs to be employed in this war. They are more active, more sensible during the rush and roar of battlefields—and after. The dog during the past few years has proved useful for military purposes. At the outbreak of the war Germany had two thousand trained dogs, Airedales and German shepherd dogs. The Airedale requires little sleep and can go for a long time without food or water. Its sense of smell is acute, enabling it to give an alarm long before a sentry could detect the approach of a foe. Every Russian regiment has thirty of these dogs for protection on outpost duty. Both the French and Belgian armies have troops of dogs which have been trained by customs officers on frontiers. The British dogs were the gift of private owners and were trained mostly by Major Richardson of Harrow, England.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Mail-bag Keys.

All over this whole great country, from Maine to California, and from St. Paul to New Orleans, every mail lock is the exact counterpart of every other one of the many hundreds of thousands, and every one of these the key in any post-office in the country, whether it be the smallest cross-roads settlement or the immense New York City office, will lock and unlock. Every key is numbered; and, though the numbers run high into the thousands,—the key which I last used was number 79,600,—a record of every one is kept by the government, and its whereabouts can be told at any time. Once in six or seven years, as a measure of safety, all the locks and keys are changed. New ones of an entirely different pattern are sent out, and the old ones are called in and destroyed.—*St. Nicholas.*

New Acquaintances.

Margaret has been limited in her zoölogical knowledge to the three common domestic animals she had seen, until recently, in the Catskill Mountains, where she was spending the summer, two performing bears came along. She shouted with delight, but was much puzzled to know what they were. First she called them *meows*, then *bow-wows*, then *moos*. But when they at length stood up on two feet and walked around, she called out in a tone of disgust at herself for her stupidity, "*Oh, man!*"—*Congregationalist.*

One day Jack said, "Oh, I wish I had a little brother to play with me!" "Well," said Mother, "if you had a little brother, he would be Mother's little boy, and you would have to be very kind and unselfish with him." "I don't want a little brother!" the little fellow exclaimed. "I wish I was twins, so I could play with myself!"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Bliss, Mary S. Brooks, Alliston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
379 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Southern Letter.

Southern churches must of necessity take long summer vacations, and "opening-up time" in the fall comes later with us than for the churches in the North. For that reason, perhaps, when the beginning comes, it comes in good earnest, and activities are promptly resumed with encouraging vigor. The Southern Conference is, of course, a sprawling territory, with a half-continent between our Eastern and Western borders; and the story of our denominational growth in this section is everywhere one of checkered vicissitude.

The church in Charleston, S.C., oldest of the family, with a dignified past, pursues quietly and serenely its pleasant career of modest prosperity, its pastor, Rev. Clifton M. Gray, continuing his pastorate of thirteen years with the unremitting affection of his people, opening the new season with no novelties of method, but the persistent fidelity of past years. The church at New Orleans, also with a dignified and even picturesque past, has felt the ebb and flow of many shifting tides of fortune since its beginning, seventy years ago, but now is certainly the time of vigorous flow in the tide of its prosperity. The church was probably never stronger or more useful than at the present time,—a good symbol whereof is the necessary enlargement of the auditorium and the building of the new chapel and parsonage now reaching completion. The opening service of the season was held in the hall of the parish house, which was overcrowded in cordial welcome of the minister on his return. Owing to the upset due to the new improvements, Mr. Kent is trying an interesting experiment with his Sunday-school, making its regular session a strongly religious service, with a brief sermon-lesson for all except the primary classes. The enlarged auditorium will soon be ready for occupancy, however, and the minister's family "at home" in the new parsonage.

The church at Jacksonville, Fla., has at last solved the baffling problem of pastorate, which for a year has been perplexing it, and Rev. Walter C. Pierce, recently of West Somerville, Mass., has accepted a call to its ministry. Mr. Pierce is no stranger to the Southern Conference, having been pastor of the church in New Orleans in days when its meeting-house was the romantic old building on St. Charles Street, and more recently having served the society at Oklahoma City. Our youngest child, the society at Houston, Tex., organized last spring under the inspiring leadership of Rev. James C. Duncan, who spent two months as Billings lecturer in that city, is now in charge of Rev. S. M. Maxwell, a recent recruit to our fellowship from another denomination, who brings to this new field the zest and enthusiasm of a vigorous personality. At San Antonio the season opened up well, with a gratifying "first congregation" to hear a sermon on "The Church of the Good Neighbor." A committee has been appointed to work out plans for a building. While the depressed state of Texas business conditions, due to troubles in "Neighbor Mexico," and the paralysis of the cotton market, due to the European war, make it unlikely that a campaign for raising a building fund can be undertaken very soon, it is the determination of the people to be ready with a workable programme as soon as the opportunity for building presents itself. The season's sociability began promptly with a charming little entertainment of pictures and music and a sale, given by the young girls of the Sunbeams' Junior Alliance, comprising misses from three to thirteen years of age; and the sum netted was sufficient to set up a children's hospital bed in the Protestant Orphan Asylum. Mr. Badger has announced a series of sermons on "Seven Devils in the Church and in Society: How cast them out?" his demoniac family consisting of the devils of bigotry, insincerity, hypocrisy, timidity, worldliness, cynicism, and indifference.

Sometime we must have a church in Austin, Tex., the capital of the State, and seat of the flourishing State University, which enrolls over two thousand students. At a Sunday evening service held last spring by Mr. Badger of San Antonio, a congregation of over seventy appeared, and plans were laid for beginning a series of services under his direction this fall. A hall was engaged, music arranged for, and printing ordered for the series to begin in October, when a sudden disarrangement of the time schedule of the connecting railroad abolished the only available Sunday afternoon train, and the plans came to nought, which means, we trust, postponement, and not surrender.

The church at Atlanta, Ga., is immersed in the anxious joy of completing its new church building, which will be ready in a few weeks, and meanwhile only evening services are being held. The people are full of enthusiasm, and at the recent annual meeting reports of most encouraging character came from all departments of work. An interesting incident in church method has been a change in the form of church government from the usual congregational way of discussing and deciding all matters in open meeting to a virtual commission form of government. The testimony of the Atlanta people is that the new idea works well.

The reorganized society at Oklahoma City is perhaps the livest thing in the great Southwest so far as Unitarianism goes. An attractive calendar of the season's expectancies just comes to the hands of your correspondent, and it is full of promise. For one thing, the minister, Rev. Clarence J. Harris, starts right out with a challenging course of sermons on "What think ye of Christ?" Indeed, the calendar has the courage of much frankness as to the importance of this course. "It will be the strongest ever delivered in this city by the pastor, and will be a challenge for Christians to return to the Christ of the Gospels, who is too often the antithesis of the Christ of creed and dogma." The attractive programme of the Browning Club fills the larger part of the calendar, announcing two meetings in the month, alternating lectures by the pastor at the Carnegie Library with meetings of more informal programme at the residences of members. The women's work of this church is distributed to a group of separate committees with a common chairman and secretary for the federated committees, but each committee acting otherwise through its separate organization. A study class and needle-work guild alternates an afternoon of study in Unitarian thought with one for needle-work and sociability each month, while a social service committee has charge of the philanthropic activities of the church. We regret to note that there is no Women's Alliance in Oklahoma City.

We wish that we might report in this initial letter more from the other members of our Southern sisterhood of churches. Each surely has an interesting story of new beginning to tell, but the lines thereof have not yet reached your correspondent's ears.

A. H. B.

Cyrus W. Heizer.

Rev. Cyrus W. Heizer, for thirteen years minister of the First Unitarian Society of Ithaca, N.Y., entered into rest on the 13th of October, his death due to heart failure. Mr. Heizer was born in Iowa, April 21, 1849, and was brought up in the orthodox atmosphere of a Presbyterian home. He was educated in the State University of Iowa, and afterward studied law and divinity in Harvard. At Cambridge he came into contact with many of the great liberal leaders, including Emerson, the result being a determination to enter the Unitarian ministry. His first parish was Waterville, Me.; he subsequently preached to congregations at Reading and Chicopee Falls, Mass., Manchester, N.H., and Wayland, Mass. He came to Ithaca in the late autumn of 1901. On the first Sunday of his ministry a flood raged in the lower part of the city; he held a short service, and then, putting on hip-boots, went down to help rescue the unfortunates in the path of the flood. This spirit of helpfulness was characteristic of his entire ministry. He went about doing good, caring nothing about the creed of those whom he helped, never seeking to make Unitarians of them, but desiring always to make them better men and women, and to improve conditions of living, to make life nobler and fuller of meaning for those with whom he came into contact. For the formal organization of the Church he cared little; its spirit and inner life were everything. In a very real sense he became the minister of the whole city, and numbered among his warmest friends men and women of all varieties of faith, inside and outside of churches. He was chaplain of the Lodge of Elks; a charter member of the Cosmopolitan Club, in which he took the deepest interest; a director of the Associated Charities; and a trustee of the George Junior Republic, to the work of which he gave much time and energy. He was also deeply interested in the work of the City Hospital.

The funeral, held on October 16, from the church, was largely attended. The service was conducted by the Rev. Edwin A. Rumball of Rochester; and, in addition to his remarks, addresses were made by Dr. Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University, and Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt. Dr. White said that he and Mr. Heizer, though unlike in many ways, and differing in their points of view on many matters, had come thoroughly to love and respect each other. Mr. Heizer strongly reminded him of Samuel J. May; one personality was strong and attractive like the other. Prof. Schmidt spoke of his work in the community. He did not wait for men to come to him; he went to them in their homes, their clubs, their offices. Of the life hereafter he said little; he cared much for a full and rich life here and now.

At the memorial service on Sunday, October 18, Prof. Schmidt spoke further of his reverence for greatness of mind and of spirituality, his wonderful sympathy with

Digitized by Google

the peoples and races of all lands, his horror of war, his broad conception of his duty as a minister.

European Correspondence.

BY C. W. W.

At length we receive information from our faithful Bulgarian missionary Mr. Toplisky, who writes us from Doubnitza:—

"As regards this terrible European war, I must tell you we are neutral and safe until now. What may be to-morrow, I do not know. The injustice that has been committed upon us by our surrounding Balkan states and some of the Great Powers, leads our government into temptation to do something to correct the ethnographical frontier of our state. I think now it will be impossible to undertake anything more than to make diplomatic representations before the world's conference of peace, when the great European war shall be at an end. We have very many Bulgarians outside of our Bulgarian frontiers. I am sure that the injustice of the treaty of Bucharest, that did us so much wrong, will be admitted and corrected, if the world wants a permanent peace in the Balkans.

"Our Unitarian friends here are all right. One member of the society at Sofia has died. My mother, alas, died a month ago, in her seventieth year.

"Our Unitarian hall is almost ready. All my attention, energy and time were occupied by it. This work was very hard for me, because I had very little money for it, but I am glad to tell you that at last we have a comparatively comfortable hall for our public Unitarian services in Doubnitza. How much I would rejoice if it were possible, now in this time of war, for you to come to our country to dedicate our first Unitarian church! It is surely proper for you to perform this joyous and glorious ceremony in the beginning of our religious work and moral for our people.

"A photograph of the hall will soon be taken and will be sent to you.

"We have a small debt yet on the building, but by and by we shall pay it.

"My American correspondence is coming, irregular but sure, as it is coming from a neutral state. I receive also the *Christian Register*. How good it will be for the European peoples and for universal Christian civilization if your government does all that it can to stop this terrible European war in the near future."

A Dutch theologian of eminence writes us:

"I was highly interested by the proceedings of the last meeting of your Free Religious Association. The words spoken there, the plan of a series of Oriental conferences for the expression of interreligious sympathy and the promotion of world brotherhood, come to us like the twinkling of a star in the night.

"All around us is darkness in these terrible days. Our noblest aspirations and the best signs of the world's civilization during the last century, our ideals of brotherhood, peace and co-operation between men, nations and races, our striving for unity, better acquaintance, more reliance and love between the leaders of the religious and moral movements all over the world—all of them seem to perish in a whirlpool of war fury, hate, barbarity, and infatuation. The great world distress of to-day is still more a world shame.

"But we know that night is but the transition of a new day and darkness the way to new light. So we welcome thankfully every gleam that can be the prophecy of better days. Perhaps it is now the task and the mission of America to save the higher ideas and ideals which Europe has abandoned. What you are doing cannot be idle or useless. Your American broad-minded idealism has again shown us, in the darkness of our war-wasted Europe, the only way to a higher humanity and a more dependable civilization. The way to the moral regeneration of men, nations and society is by religious unity and universalism in religion."

From Italy Mr. Conte writes us of the disappointments and disarrangement of plans which the war has brought him. At the time of its outbreak he was busily engaged with preparations for the first convention of his Society of Free Believers to be held in Florence in the last week in August. It became necessary to defer it to the coming spring, should the war be ended by that time. Such a meeting addressed by eminent liberal religious speakers could not fail to make a deep impression in Italy and greatly enlarge the influence of Mr. Conte's movement.

Mr. Conte writes us from Florence concerning his magazine *La Riforma Italiana*:—

"I suppose you are following the publication and note its policy. I am glad to have been able to improve the form and contents. With the same expense, we now have better paper, better cover, better type, and more copies. It is printed in a small town where the cost is less. Each issue brings an editorial article often written by Romolo Murri, then an article which is a synopsis of a chapter of Sunderland's book on the 'Origin and Character of the Bible.' I do not know where Mr. Sunderland is, but I wish to thank him. Then there is another article on a Unitarian topic, which is generally taken from an English author, and a weekly review of the most important events of the month by Murri. Carlo Bianchi (a Waldensian pastor) writes in each issue an article on Christian Sociology. I follow with a practical subject such as 'Minimum of Wages,' 'Night Labor,' and others of similar character. The woman's department is conducted by Mrs. Giulio-Benso. I follow with a sermon which is Unitarian in tone. Murri writes also a review of the most recent religious publications, and makes some comments on recent facts. I follow with 'Answers to Correspondents.' At the end of each incomplete page I put a motto, a sentence from Mazzini's works, which gives with authority and learning the Unitarian or liberal meaning to all the articles above printed.

"So the *Riforma* has taken its character, secured its writers and goes on nicely. Though small in size, I am not ashamed of it. People speak well of it, and I am convinced it is doing good work."

Concerning the war Mr. Conte writes:—

"We Italians, as you know, are out of it, but we suffer just the same. Foreigners have all left us, many could not even pay their bills because they could not get any money from the banks. All exportation is stopped by law, consequently importation too. We have plenty of food in the markets and it is at the usual price, but everybody buys the least possible—also the government has acted to prevent speculation in food products. We have called out over 70,000 soldiers. They are mostly in northern Italy. Very many passenger trains do not run any longer, as they are used for transportation of soldiers, provisions and ammunition to the north. Stores do not sell much of anything, as people can only get a payment of 5 per cent. from the banks. As to the common life, all is peaceful but sad. Unemployment is found everywhere and many working people are demonstrating, asking work. The government, city administrations, etc., are doing their best. The trouble is that money is out of circulation. However, so far as possible, people are doing their best to give to life the usual routine. But it is not the present but the future that is threatening. Can Italy remain neutral? Every one wants it to, but circumstances may bring us into the struggle at any minute. We are all united in one thought, to be neutral, but Germany and Austria are pulling hard. The conditions are that if the government should decide to go with Austria, the people would refuse, and we would have a revolution, and probably the end of the monarchy. If the government should decide against Austria, the people would go willingly, but it would be too late, and dishonorable as well, as we were allied with Austria. This is the true nature of our neutrality."

American Unitarian Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1914, at 2 P.M. Present, Messrs. Brown, Carr, Dole, Eliot, Howe, Kyle, Little, Pierce, Robinson, Wiers, Williams, and Wilson, Miss Bancroft, Mrs. Dinsmoor, and Mrs. Lombard. The treasurer presented the following statement for September:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand Sept. 1, 1914	$30,465.36
From donations	115.48
Interest	32.87
Income of invested funds	5,735.33
Reimbursement for advances on New England States account	45.25
Reimbursement for advances on Unitarian Building account	5.03
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, repaid on loans	680.00
Investments, received for reinvestment	34,225.00
Foreign Relations, gifts for Distress Fund, Essex Hall, London, Eng.	151.00
	$61,455.52

PAYMENTS.

For Missionary purposes (societies, etc.)	$14,397.35
Salaries and other missionary expenses	1,880.03
Expenses of Unitarian Building	386.06
Payments on account of sundry trust funds	2,182.50
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, loans	7,300.00
Investments	8,730.00
Publication Department	2,000.00
Cash on hand Oct. 1, 1914	24,598.08
	$61,455.52

The Finance Committee reported the following votes, which were adopted:—

Voted, To add to the budget for the Middle States the sum of $300 uncalled for in the previous budget and cancelled at the close of the last fiscal year and to send this amount to the treasurer of the Conference of the Middle States and Eastern Canada.

Voted, To appropriate a sum not to exceed $50 to provide for the distribution of the new catalogues of the Circulating Library, and to meet the Association's share of the additional expenses of cataloguing and rearranging the Library.

Voted, To transfer to the Beacon Press the balance of the appropriation for the *Beacon* for the present year, and

Digitized by Google

to authorise the payment of further instalments on this account direct to the Beacon Press.

The Committee on Church Building Loan Fund reported the following loans to churches, made since the last meeting of the Board:—

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada	$2,500.00
New Orleans, La.	3,000.00
Palo Alto, Cal.	1,000.00
Yarmouth, Me.	800.00
	$7,300.00

An application for a loan to build a chapel in Kingston, Jamaica, was referred to the secretary as the possible subject of an appeal in the *Christian Register* or otherwise, at his discretion.

The secretary read the resignation of Mr. Charles P. Osgood as director from the Pacific Coast, referred to the Committee on Pacific States. It was

Voted, That the Board accept with regret the resignation of Mr. Charles P. Osgood, and that Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, D.D., be nominated to fill the vacancy thus created.

In response to an application for aid it was

Voted, That the appropriation of $130 for missionary work in the Middle States Conference be made available for the Unitarian Society in Passaic, N.J.

A resolution was read from the Essex Conference regarding the appropriation in aid of the society in Haverhill.

A possibility of introducing Unitarian preaching at the University of Virginia was presented and referred to the president for further study.

The president was encouraged to accept, for the Association, an offer of land at Deer Isle, Me., if the conditions of the gift can be satisfactorily arranged.

Reports of the various building enterprises now under way were made, and a letter was read from the Boston Federation thanking the Association for the use of a room for its monthly meetings.

The treasurer explained the recent developments in Oklahoma.

The meeting adjourned at 4.30 P.M.

Lewis G. Wilson,
Secretary.

An Appeal for Jamaica.

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association has authorized me to present the following appeal to the readers of the *Christian Register*.—

Word has just been received from Rev. E. Ethelred Brown, who has organized the First Unitarian Church in Kingston, Jamaica, that a lot of land has been donated to his society, with the understanding that a small chapel will be built thereon at an early date. Plans of the chapel, with an itemized account of the expense of building, have been forwarded to headquarters. Mr. Brown, by his own exertions, has succeeded in raising $700 as a building fund. The modest and attractive chapel which he wishes to construct will cost $1,300 above the ground. This leaves a balance of $600, which he desires to secure for the completion of his church. The little group of people in Kingston who are identified with the movement propose to secure the furnishings necessary for the interior. Mr. Brown, who graduated regularly at Meadville, has thrown himself into this work with great energy and wisdom. His addresses have been reported in the newspapers of the island, and he has won the respect and confidence of all who know of his intelligent methods and high ideals. We commend this enterprise to the attention of those who can contribute sums of money, either large or small. It is our sincere hope that the amount may be secured without delay. Contributions for this purpose may be sent to 25 Beacon Street, in care of the treasurer, Henry M. Williams.

Lewis G. Wilson, *Secretary.*

Hymn-books Wanted.

The First Unitarian Church of Long Beach, Cal., organized a little over a year ago, is in need of hymn-books. Any one of our churches having a supply of hymn-books to spare, on account of having introduced the new Hymnal, will please communicate with Rev. Francis Watry, Santa Ana, Cal.

Books Offered.

The Northside Unitarian Church of Pittsburgh, Pa., has about ninety copies of "Responsive Readings," which will gladly be given to any church, by the payment of transportation charges, upon request to Rev. Charles E. Snyder, 1024 Sheffield Street.

New England Associate Alliance.

The autumn meeting was held in Hartford, Conn., Thursday, October 15. While the meeting was not large in numbers, it was enthusiastic and inspiring. In greeting the delegates, Rev. Albert C. Dieffenbach, minister of the church, said that the cause of the liberal church has never found fertile ground in Connecticut, and Unitarianism has never numerically flourished in Hartford, but there are many people in the other churches as liberal as in our own, and the clergymen of the city are particularly cordial in their attitude toward one another.

The address of the morning was given by Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany, on "The Message of the Times."

"The highest form of civilization has been reached in America, where laws are of our own making. No higher form of civilization can be evolved than that *right makes might*."

The roll-call showed an attendance of one hundred and fifty, including many men, who were attracted by the address of Mr. Rihbany.

At the afternoon session Mrs. B. W. Braley brought reports of the work accomplished by the four Branches in Vermont. Each has a flourishing Junior Alliance, which promises well for the future in Vermont.

Mrs. Edward Ellis Allen told of the intellectual and moral uplift an Alliance can be when the more practical work is done by other organizations.

The closing address was by Rev. Sydney B. Snow, on "An Immediate Unitarian Opportunity." He said, in part, that the opening of the Panama Canal shows vast possibilities in the closer relation of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Church life, like everything else, will feel the quickening impulse, and now will be the great opportunity for Unitarianism. No foundation has been better laid than that on the Pacific Coast. There are Unitarian women everywhere, and the Alliance Branch at San Francisco is the largest in the denomination.

While there is a far deeper feeling of permanency in New England, there is a permanent atmosphere of growth in the far West. The meeting of the General Conference in San Francisco next summer will be a great opportunity for the church to serve the times and the country.

Jessie M. Fisher,
Secretary-Treasurer.

The Illinois Conference.

The Illinois Conference convened at Alton, October 13–15. The opening address was delivered by Dr. William Hanson Pulsford, who spoke on "The New Outlook," and, as usual, was clear and forceful. Rev. Ernest C. Smith spoke on "The New Idea in Missions," with the thought that "the old idea was conversion, the new is consultation." Wednesday forenoon, October 14, Mr. Smith spoke on "Conference Autonomy," and made it clear that the proposition now before the Western Conference is one of method, not secession. Rev. H. H. Burch spoke on "The Church and the Community Life," declaring, "We have no community in Bloomington. We have men, women, and children."

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Robert H. Davis addressed a woman's meeting, on "Woman's Duty to the Church," a splendid address. Mrs. George E. Wilkinson and Mrs. Zilla Foster Stevens, both of Alton, spoke on woman's place in politics and claims on business.

On Wednesday evening every seat in the Alton church was occupied, and the choir space did double service. Dr. Percival Chubb of the St. Louis Ethical Society spoke on "World Ethics," and was at his very best. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones spoke, sanely optimistic, on "World Religion," defining it as world ethics touched with emotion.

On Thursday forenoon was a most remarkable service. Good Brother Jasper L. Douthit told of his thrilling pioneer experiences, and Rev. Albert R. Vail spoke on "The Bahai Movement." This session was marked by a deep, quiet, wholesome emotion. Many said it was the most thoroughly spiritual Conference session they had ever attended. The writer of this article is inclined to err on the side of rationalism, but he frankly admits that this service convinced him of the power of mysticism.

Thursday afternoon Dr. John W. Day spoke on "The Church of To-day," Rev. Albert R. Vail on "The Church of To-morrow," and Rev. Fred V. Hawley on "After the Church—What?" Dr. Day admitted that the Church of history is a failure, and pointed to the liberal branch as the only hope. Mr. Vail said mysticism would be the soul of the Church of to-morrow. Mr. Hawley spoke of the possibility of a perfect humanity that would need no church, and reached his climax by quoting from John, who in his description of the New Jerusalem said, "I saw no temple therein."

On Thursday evening, October 15, Dr. George R. Dodson and Rev. Ernest C. Smith brought the Conference to a pleasing close, Dr. Dodson speaking on "The God Idea," and Mr. Smith on "The Jesus of History and the Christ of Faith."

Throughout the entire programme broad, profound thought was practically applied; quiet, deep spirituality was wisely directed; and hopeful, sane optimism was convincingly proclaimed. The following officers were elected: president, Rev. William Hanson Pulsford; vice-president, Rev. Fred V. Hawley; secretary, Rev. Curtis W. Reese; treasurer, Mr. George L. Parker.

The Iowa Conference.

The Annual Joint Unitarian and Universalist meeting was held at Cedar Rapids, Ia., October 6. The delegates of the several parishes of the State were royally entertained by the members and friends of the Liberal Christian Church (Universalist). The opening session was a platform meeting, with Rev. J. P. Newton presiding. After his fitting words of welcome, he introduced Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Lincoln Center, Chicago, in the following words: "When I think of Mr. Jones I think of that famous quartet of which he was one, and who helped to make Chicago better: David Swing, Dr. Thomas, Rabbi Hirsch, and Mr. Jones. It is my private opinion that when God made Jenkin Lloyd Jones, he did nothing else that whole day, and it was a good day's work."

Mr. Jones took for his subject "The Gates of the Future stand wide open." The experiences of many years of active and useful service, the reflections of a keen observer, the wealth of a rich and wholesome faith, and the optimistic hopes and visions of a great soul, that has climbed far up toward the mountain top of achievement, found expression, during the rapturous hour.

The next joint session was at 11.30, and Rev. F. W. Miller of Osage preached the occasional sermon, after which the communion service was conducted by Rev. R. De Estein Van Tassel of the Unitarian church, Sioux City, and Rev. Effie K. M. Jones of the Universalist church, Waterloo.

At 3.30 P.M. another joint session was held, and Rev. E. Dean Martin of the Unitarian church, Des Moines, in his characteristic way, delivered an address upon the topic "New Testament Ethics," an address intended to provoke discussion, and Rev. J. P. Newton was called upon to make the first reply to Mr. Martin.

The Fellowship banquet, held at 6.30 P.M., Wednesday, was one of the most successful yet held by the two bodies. The spirit of Cedar Rapids is provocative of good-fellowship, and the delegates from other cities brought their greetings and their humor, all of which helped to make a very enjoyable and profitable evening.

Thursday morning was devoted to the reading of reports, all helpful and encouraging. Rev. H. L. Haywood of Webster City delivered a suggestive address upon "Approved Methods of doing Efficient Church Work." At 7.30 P.M. a platform meeting, with Rev. E. C. Smith presiding, was held. Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly of the Unitarian church of Lincoln, Neb., was the first speaker. It is hoped that his address, "The Religion of Democracy," may be published in pamphlet form for distribution. Mr. Weatherly is a keen and clear thinker, with his face toward the heights of progress.

Rev. W. H. McGlauflin, D.D., the general superintendent of the Universalist denomination, was the next speaker, upon the subject "Our Faith and Our Field." This was an interesting sketch of the history of the birth, growth, and opportunity of the Universalist church, and Unitarians may well profit by the missionary zeal and sacrifices of some of the Universalist leaders. The joint session of the Young People was held Friday morning, with addresses by Rev. Stanly Manning of Minneapolis, and Rev. C. M. Perry of Iowa City.

The following resolutions, among others, were offered and adopted by the Unitarians.

Resolved, That a systematic effort be made this year, to increase the endowment fund to $10,000, that we may have a more satisfactory income for the prosecution of our State work.

Resolved, That the secretary, under the direction of the Missionary Committee, be instructed to gather data, as to the towns most promising as fields of missionary effort.

Resolved, That this Conference cordially commends to its constituents, the advisability of making a great effort, to send a representative to the next National Conference at San Francisco, August 24 to 27, 1915.

Resolved, That the parishes of Iowa be urged to provide in their budgets for the current church year, a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of at least one delegate who should represent the parish.

The officers and trustees of the Association for the coming year are: president, R. J. Andrews, Sioux City; vice-president, Dr. C. M. Perry, Iowa City; secretary, Rev. R. De Estein Van Tassel, Sioux City; treasurer, Mr. H. H. Griffiths, Des Moines; trustees, Mr. Johnson Brigham, Des Moines, Mrs. Mary E. Adams, Mason City, Mrs. Sadie Passig, Humboldt, Rev. E. Dean Martin, Des Moines, Mrs. George M. Soper, Sioux City.

The Wisconsin Conference.

For the third time the Universalists and Unitarians of Wisconsin held a joint conference at Stoughton, October 13–15. The church in Stoughton (Universalist), like several others in the State, dates from the early days when the population was small and composed almost entirely of New England and New York people. Following the location of the capital at Madison in 1836, these Easterners came to Wisconsin, laid the foundations for a commonwealth, and shaped its legal and educational systems. In several towns liberal religious societies were founded, Stoughton being one of the earliest (1859). Others were at Lacrosse, Oshkosh, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, etc. Just before the Civil War the tide of European travel set in, and has been flowing ever since. Settlements which were wholly American became German or Norwegian. These people made excellent citizens, but no one who knows them would expect them to support a liberal church. They are Catholics or Lutherans, and naturally remain loyal to their ancestral faith. It is only to the second and third generation, the children who have passed through the public schools, that we can look for the supporters of religious liberalism. The transforming process has been going on in many places; it is, of course, slow. Catholic and Lutheran churches have been established everywhere, and their well-known thoroughness and persistency have succeeded in holding the great majority of their people. Some of the early liberal societies were obliged to suspend; the members moved away, and all the new people were foreigners. Others have kept on through the loyalty of the original members and their children, and are now in a position to welcome such of the European element as have become interested in liberal ideas. Liberal societies are now maintained at Hudson, Augusta, Menomonie, Wausau, Oshkosh, Milwaukee, Markesan, Mukwonago, Lacrosse, Kenosha, Racine, Madison, Stoughton, Monroe. Baraboo has no building, but keeps up its organization and retains its funds, and the same is true of a few other places. Some of these are Universalist, some are Unitarian; the friendly feeling between them has led to the holding of joint conferences with results entirely satisfactory. Two years ago the first was in Madison; last year the Conference was in Lacrosse, and now in Stoughton. The Conference was opened with two addresses, the first by Prof. E. A. Ross of the Wisconsin University, on "The Church as a Moral Power-house." Prof. Ross declared the true and permanent function of the Church to be, not the work of reform, nor the administration of charity, though both may have a place in the Church, but as a generator of spiritual ideals, where good will grows. There are abundant chances for active service, but the power which makes things go is what the world most needs. Rev. Mr. McHenry of the Universalist church, Oshkosh, gave an earnest address, telling us that the modern church cannot rest content with the ideas of the past, but must discover the truth of God for to-day, and carry through the tasks of the present age. On Wednesday, the 14th, communion was administered by Rev. T. B. Fisher of Stoughton, and Rev. F. A. Gilmore of Madison. Much interest was shown in the reports of the women's societies. At Augusta the women have kept open the church and help pay for the services of a minister who visited them once each month. Madison Alliance raised over sixteen hundred dollars in the past year. Mr. Benjamin Bull of the senior class of the University of Wisconsin presided at the young people's meeting. Rev. F. A. Gilmore reported that one hundred dollars had been received by him from both Unitarian and Universalist churches in the State, for the employment of student help. Twenty-five dollars was received from the National Young People's Religious Union. This is the only joint undertaking of the two bodies in the State, and seems to be satisfactory to all. Interesting and encouraging reports were given. Stoughton ladies provided luncheon, and for supper the delegates repaired to the Baptist church. The evening addresses were made by Mr. George Kroncke, of the Madison church, and president of the Board of Education, who spoke on "The Dignity and Value of Work"; Rev. Dr. Carter of Racine, just returned from a trip around the world, brought "The Message of the Orient to the Occident." Thursday morning devotions were led by Rev. F. A. Gilmore of Madison, Conference

POSITION WANTED.

Should any one know of a position as secretary or matron available to a woman of culture, energy, and kindliness, the widow of a university professor, recently president of one of our Unitarian women's leagues, who now has to make a living for herself and her little daughter, I should be glad to hear of it.

REV. GEORGE KENT,
NEW ORLEANS.

business was finished, and an address was given by Rev. L. B. Fisher of the Ryder Divinity School of Chicago.

Delegates were present from Wausau, Augusta, Oshkosh, Lacrosse, Markesan, Mukwonago, Madison, Racine, Monroe, Stoughton. The Madison delegates numbered eighteen. An interesting feature of the Conference was the presence and participation of the people. Justice R. G. Siebecker presided at the opening session, Judge Gilbert of Stoughton at the second evening; Judge Reed of Wausau came as a delegate. Mr. George Kroncke of Madison gave one of the principal addresses. Mr. Walker, a business man from Racine, is president of the Conference. Mr. Wood from Monroe, eighty-four years old, a life-long liberal, was present.

F. A. Gilmore.

King's Chapel Services.

Week-day services in King's Chapel, which have been held for two winters, will be started for the season on Monday, November 2. The services, as in previous years, will begin at noon, and will be one-half hour in length, including a ten-minute organ prelude at the beginning. There will be a short address each day excepting Saturday, when the whole service will consist of organ music by Mr. Malcolm Lang, organist of the Chapel. On each Wednesday the service will be devoted to the cause of peace, and the speakers for next week have been chosen for their special interest in peace propaganda. The first service on Monday, November 2, will be conducted by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, Arlington Street Church, Boston, who has only recently returned from Europe. Mr. Edwin D. Mead of the World Peace Foundation will speak on Tuesday, November 3; Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, who has just organized the Christian Endeavor International Peace Union, including thousands of members all over the world, will speak on Wednesday, November 4. Rev. James L. Barton, secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose world-wide connections have made it a powerful worker for peace, will conduct the service on Thursday, November 5; on Friday, November 6, Prof. Jay William Hudson, Ph.D., of the University of Missouri, who is spending a year in Boston as special lecturer for the Massachusetts Peace Society, will speak.

Sunday evening services, which were last year substituted for afternoon vespers in King's Chapel, will begin next Sunday, November 1, at 7.30 P.M. Rev. Sydney B. Snow, associate minister of the Chapel, will preach.

The Revere Fair.

The Alliance Branch of Revere, Mass., will hold its annual fair in the vestry of the Unitarian church, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of November. The church is dependent upon this autumn sale for means to pay its current expenses. The faithful women whose untiring endeavors, assisted by sister Branches, have helped the historic meeting-house to continue its services under great difficulties, will be much cheered by contribution of articles from other Branches. This church will celebrate in October, 1915, its two hundredth anniversary. A resolute effort is being made by pastor and people to clear the society from the debt on its building, and all other financial obligations, before its bicentennial celebration. All contributions may be sent in care of Mrs. Charles Tufts, president of the Revere Branch, 66 Proctor Avenue, Revere.

Department of Religious Education.

The Minister in the Sunday School.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT.

At the Third Church in Cambridge, last Sunday, a service of installation was held such as does not often occur. The new pastor, Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge, feeling himself to be the minister of the children and young people as well as of the adult members of the parish, planned the day to include a special service in the Sunday school. That this service was added to a day otherwise full of installation ceremonies makes it the more significant. The secretary of this Department joined with the superintendent of the school and the new minister to install Mr. Rutledge as pastor of the school and guide of the young life of the parish. At the close of the service the entire school, beginning with the children in the kindergarten class, came forward and gave the new minister, each in turn, the right hand of fellowship. May this fine example inspire many to a similar course!

Not every minister is fitted to be the superintendent of his school, and it may well happen that in many if not in a majority of cases it is better that some one else should take that office. Especially where the school is held immediately after the morning service it is often necessary for the minister to meet strangers and otherwise be engaged at the moment when the school should assemble. A still more important place for the minister in the school may be that of director of instruction. It is true that not every minister is equipped for this work, but it is not far from the truth that every minister should be. The preparation for the ministry should always include training in religious education so that the pastor of the church should be the best-equipped person in it to regulate the instruction of the young. Even where this ability or training is not found, there is much a minister can do.

Several instances of a kindly service by the pastor to the children of his church have come to the notice of this department. Our minister in Somerville, Mass., sent the following letter to every pupil in his school at the beginning of the year:—

My dear (Donald):—

Once again the time draws near for us to renew our friendship as co-workers in the great work of the Sunday school.

Some one has said that everything comes true if one only wishes hard enough. I am therefore wishing hard that during the coming year we may have just the best times together that could possibly be! I am also wishing that before the end of the school year we shall have learned much that is good and true and beautiful!

I am sure that all these things will come to pass if you and I are loyal to each other and to the great and good work which unites us.

Chester A. Drummond.

The writer has in mind another minister who makes it a rule never to be away from his church more than one Sunday without sending some reminder to every boy and girl in the parish. The minister of our church in Palo Alto, Rev. Clarence Reed, during a recent trip to Japan, sent attractive picture-cards with a personal message to every child in his church. In several instances ministers have arranged programmes of Bible reading or suggestions for other reading by the pupils during the summer, thus giving them a pleasant reminder from day to day of their minister's interest in their welfare.

Rev. Charles E. St. John of Philadelphia, during a prolonged midwinter sojourn in Bermuda, wrote a letter each week to his school. These letters were of a personal and friendly nature, but in almost every one there was some touch of religious sentiment that must have reached the hearts of the young people. Thus in one letter he says: "I miss you more and more, but am trying to make the best of it. There is a queer little plant growing by the roadside here which they call the Life Plant. Cut a leaf of this plant and pin it against the wall and it will throw out roots and so begin to grow. What splendid vitality! Wouldn't it be grand if we all had such health as that! Well, I think we can have it in our human way. We can so live that, wherever we are, good influences will reach out from us. We can keep our courage in hard times. And we can be good always: that is the finest health, the good health of the soul. God bless you all."

In another letter he speaks of a boat-trip on which they viewed the bottom of the sea through the glass floor of the boat. After a vivid description of the beauty thus displayed, he writes: "Think of all the beauty that is out of human sight under the sea. Wherever the coral reefs rise in tropical seas, and in somewhat less lovely form wherever the ocean skirts the land, these living forms of beauty appear. And whenever we notice them we find rest and delight, and are led to the precious thought of God."

In still another, speaking of the working of the coral insect, he says, "Now if minute, unthinking creatures of the sea can do so much by working together, how much more can we human beings, who think, accomplish for the upbuilding of the whole world when we intelligently work together."

All in these letters is not a cataloguing of delights, however. After describing some of the drawbacks of the place, he says, "So even this fair land has its troubles, and must learn to be provident. The teachers will tell you what that means."

Other delightful quotations might be given, but this will suffice to show how a minister can continue teaching his school even though absent from it.

In another school it is customary to present a Bible to each child on the tenth anniversary of his baptism. The inscription in this Bible, signed by the minister and president of the church, is as follows:—

Digitized by Google

"Presented to —— by the Wollaston Unitarian Society in commemoration of his baptism (date given), and as a reminder of its protective interest in him, and with the wish that his youthful days of association with our church will ever be both a cherished memory and a life long inspiration."

The ability thus to touch with an inspiring hand the lives of children and young people lies not so much in the intellect as in the affections. Miss Elizabeth Channing used to say that she would rather have presence of heart than presence of mind. It is a good motto for us all. Let the minister truly love the children of his church, and ways of helpfulness will open on every side.

The Young People's Religious Union.

The Pilgrim Federation.

The Pilgrim Federation met at West Bridgewater, Mass., on Friday evening, September 25. Miss Fannie Brown, president of the West Bridgewater Union, welcomed the federation. The meeting was then given over to the president of the federation, Mrs. Buckley. Mrs. Hattie E. Cary was appointed secretary *pro tem*. The secretary, Mrs. Walker, having gone to Middleboro, asked that her place be filled. The federation thereupon voted that the Middleboro friends be asked to join the Pilgrim Federation, that Mrs. Walker might be retained as secretary.

There were sixty-four members present. It was decided that a play be given during the winter if the members would take part; and a committee was later appointed by the president.

North Easton reported that meetings were to be held twice each month while Brockton and Bridgewater had not decided definitely. West Bridgewater reported that its meetings had been held twice each month and at the opening of the church would be held every Sunday evening.

Rev. D. H. Ferrell, Rev. A. D. K. Shurtleff, and Mr. Ryder urged the unions to assist in the raising of the $30,000 before 1915, emphasizing the importance of a field secretary, especially in the West, where unions are small and somewhat scattered.

At the close of the business meeting, Rev. E. R. Leach of the Pearl Street Methodist Church of Brockton spoke of tramping through Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine the past summer with a brother minister. This was pronounced most entertaining. A rising vote of thanks was given Mr. Leach.

A social hour followed, ice cream and cake being served by the West Bridgewater Union, after which games and a general good time ensued.

HATTIE E. CARY, *Secretary.*

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Woman's Ministerial Conference will meet on Monday, November 2, at 2 P.M., at 25 Beacon Street. An address will be given by Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, on "England and the War."

The first meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, November 2, at 10.30 A.M. Subject, "Social Service in Connection with the Church and Alliance." Speakers, Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell and Mr. Frederick M. Eliot. General discussion. All cordially invited.

The Cambridge Association will meet on Monday, November 2, at 1 P.M., at 165 Hunnewell Avenue, Newton. Charles W. Wendte, host. Paper by Prof. Kirsopp Lake of Harvard. Subject, "The New Christianity that must issue from the War." Train from South Station at 12.25 to Newton. Any trolley route to Nonantum Square, Newton.

The first meeting of the season of 1914–15 of The New York League of Unitarian Women will be held on Friday, November 6, at the Church of the Messiah, 34th Street and Park Avenue, New York City. Mr. Henry White Callahan of Brooklyn will speak on "The Barbarians." A cordial welcome will be extended to all who desire to attend.

The Plymouth and Bay Conference will meet with the First Parish in Scituate, Wednesday, November 4, at 10.15 A.M. Addresses will be given by Rev. E. L. Houghton of Norwell, on "The Church Efficient"; Rev. L. C. Cornish of Hingham, on "The Work of the Association of Free Believers in Italy"; and Mr. T. Philip Terry, F.R.G.S., of Hingham, on "The Story of Christianity in the Far East."

Meetings.

THE PLYMOUTH AND BAY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.—The autumn meeting was held in the home of Rev. E. B. and Mrs. Maglathlin at West Bridgewater. Messrs. Billington of Abington, Nash of South Hingham, and Pierce of Kingston were voted into the membership. Those present were Mr. Billington of Abington, Robins of Kingston, Shurtleff of Bridgewater, Gale and Ferrell of Brockton, Cross of Scotland, Rich of Belmont, Walker of Middleboro, Rev. W. I. Lawrance and Dr. C. W. Wendte of Boston. At the invitation of the president, Mr. Maglathlin, Mr. Lawrance outlined the work of the Tuckerman School, and urged the opportunity of delegate representation. Dr. Wendte also spoke regarding our foreign relations as affected by the war, and the fortunes of our liberal brothers abroad. The sermon by Rev. L. A. Walker of Middleboro was generously criticised. The essay by Rev. A. D. K. Shurtleff, on "The Religion of the Head and of the Heart," was of high character, and inspired discussion. Mrs. Maglathlin, assisted by ladies of the church, served a sumptuous dinner in the vestry, which was much enjoyed. During the dinner Rev. A. J. Rich read a poem on the ministry of Rev. Courtland Y. De Normandie. With expressions of appreciation for the hospitality accorded the Association, adjournment was informally taken at about two o'clock. Rev. L. A. Walker, Scribe.

NORTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The ninety-seventh session was held with the First Unitarian Society at Milford, N.H., Rev. Edward P. Daniels, minister, Thursday, October 15. Mr. Thomas H. Elliott of Lowell presided, and there was an attendance of 16 ministerial and 214 lay delegates. Rev. Leverett R. Daniels of Yarmouth, Me., offered the opening prayer. The president welcomed the delegates. The former officers were re-elected. Rev. P. H. Cressey, Groton, Mrs. Wm. P. Heald, Pepperell, were added to the Prudential Committee; Rev. E. P. Daniels, Wilton, Mrs. H. T. Bancroft, Tyngsboro, Rev. D. R. Child, Pepperell, to the Sunday-school Committee; Rev. J. R. Pennington, Westford, Rev. O. J. Fairfield, Littleton, Rev. J. S. Moulton, Stow, to the Missionary Committee. The Conference was organized at Littleton, Mass., Dec. 18, 1866, and it was proposed that the one hundredth session be held there. "Missionary Opportunities" was the subject of the morning, with Rev. H. C. McDougall, Franklin, N.H., and Rev. M. B. Townsend, Nashua, N.H., as principal speakers. Mr. T. H. Elliott, Rev. G. C. Wright, Lowell, and Rev. E. M. Grant of Wilton took part in the discussion. The noon devotional meeting was conducted by Rev. J. R. Pennington. A bounteous dinner was provided by the ladies of the society. "How to secure Better Teaching of Religion" was the principal subject of the afternoon, with Rev. Wm. I. Lawrance, secretary of the Department of Religious Education, as the speaker, in his usual clear, convincing, informing way. Mr. Frederic M. Eliot of the First Parish, Cambridge, told of "The Duties of Young People in a Free Church," with sincerity, simplicity, and directness. It was voted unanimously "that this Conference goes on record as unalterably opposed to the liquor traffic, and urging Christians everywhere to work for the abolition of the saloon." Votes of thanks were passed to the First Unitarian Society of Milford, N.H., for its generous hospitality, and also to the speakers of the day. Rev. Wm. H. Walbridge of Milford gave the benediction, and the Conference adjourned. George C. Wright, Secretary.

Deaths.

REED.—In Belmont, October 26, William Howell Reed, in his 78th year. Funeral services were held at the Unitarian Church, Belmont, Wednesday, October 28, at 2 P.M.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 73-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address: "Undertaker, Boston."

A YOUNG LADY, thirty years old, in good health, would like a position for the care of children and household management. Has had five years' practical experience also one year in Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital in training for nursing. An American, born and reared a Unitarian. Can give references. Address A. M., care *Christian Register*.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Churches.

Andover, N.H.—Unitarian Church, Rev. H. G. Ives: Andover has shown remarkable courage in rising above the terrible losses by death of the past year. While no one can take the place of Mrs. Walter S. Carr and of Mrs. Susan Whiting Ives in the life of the neighborhood, the daughter of Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Joseph Odlin, has bravely taken up her mother's interests, while Miss Jeanette W. Kimball, who helped Mrs. Ives for three years in the parish, is now acting as an efficient parish worker for Mr. Ives, besides looking after his home. It put new courage into Mr. Ives to receive a warm welcome from his people, upon his return from Europe. The annual fair, held October 2, netted about $250. Mrs. Farr has undertaken, as superintendent of the Sunday-school, to make this department more effective than ever before. Andover enjoys the largest Sunday-school, for a village of its size, in the Unitarian body. The Alliance has become such an effective Woman's Club that it has attracted intelligent orthodox women.

Lynchburg, Va.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. J. T. Fitzgerald: During October the minister's subject has been "Have Faith in God," with these topics: "What Faith in God does not Mean"; "Faith in God as the Ruler of Heaven and Earth"; "Faith in God as the All-Father"; "Jesus, the Exemplar of that Faith he Demands." On Sunday, October 25, was celebrated the first anniversary of the church. On November 1 will be organized a Sunday-school. The motto is, "Go Forward." The people of Lynchburg cannot do without Christianity, and some cannot do with the orthodox type of Christianity. This being true, there is nothing to be done but to go forward.

Middleboro, Mass.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. Louis A. Walker: The attendance and interest shown at the installation of Rev. Louis A. Walker, Sunday evening, October 18, were very gratifying. Rev. E. B. Maglathlin read the Scriptures and offered prayer. The sermon was preached by Rev. William I. Lawrance, and was full of the richness of his years of service in the Unitarian faith. The charge to the minister was by Rev. Fred R. Lewis, North Easton, minister of the Middleboro Society for about three years. The charge to the congregation was given by Rev. C. W. Wendte, D.D., of Boston. Rev. C. P. Christopher, pastor of the Central Congregational church of Middleboro, and a schoolmate of Mr. Walker at Colgate University, greeted the new minister in behalf of the community in which he has come to live "for better or for worse." Mr. Walker has every reason for feeling gratified at the auspicious reception accorded him at his installation service and for the words of appreciation spoken by older ministers who have seen years and years of service. He has every reason to look forward to a pastorate of great service and co-operation.

Scituate, Mass.—First Parish: This ancient church will be the host to the Plymouth and Bay Conference, which will have its autumn meeting early in November. The parish is preparing for the event, and anticipating it with great pleasure. Rev. Henry W. Pinkham, lately pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church (Unitarian) of Denver, Col., now living in Boston, is supplying the pulpit for an indefinite period. On Peace Sunday the collection for the Red Cross Society was $18. The church is smaller in numbers than at certain other times in its long history, but a little band of Unitarians by conviction are devoted to it and determined that it shall continue to bear effective testimony to the liberal religious spirit. The Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, a former pastor, universally beloved and honored, attends as regularly as his health permits, and his presence is a benediction.

Wilton, N.H.—Liberal Christian Church, Rev. Edward Perry Daniels: Mr. Daniels was ordained and installed as minister jointly of this parish and of the First Unitarian Society of Milford, N.H., on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 14. The beauty of a perfect autumn day, adding its charm to the associations of the place and the significance of the service, made the event one to be long remembered. After a delightful dinner the Council was convened at the house of Mrs. H. Whiting, and Rev. H. C. McDougall chosen moderator. The examination of the pastor-elect was brief but searching. In the service of ordination and installation, Rev. James P. Harper of the Wilton Congregational church gave the invocation. Rev. Eugene M. Grant of Wilton Centre read the Scripture and announced the hymns. The sermon on "A Forceful Christianity" was given by Rev. Charles E. Park of Boston, a summer resident in Wilton. The prayer of ordination was offered by Rev. S. R. Maxwell. Hon. George G. Tolford welcomed the minister to the life of the community and parish, and pledged him loyal co-operation. The charge to the minister by Rev. Leverett R. Daniels was particularly impressive as given by a minister to his son, and reminded many present of a similar occasion two years before when the former minister, Rev. John H. Wilson, was installed. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. Charles A. Wing of Concord, N.H., who had been with Mr. Daniels in Meadville; and the charge to the congregation was impressively given by Rev. H. C. McDougall of Franklin, N.H.

The Tuckerman School.

The parish assistant, the Sunday-school worker, the parent—any person at any time may have opportunity of helping in case of bodily illness. "It is one thing to wish to be of assistance. It is another thing to know how." In her practical lectures on home nursing, Miss Tracy emphasizes "the duty of knowing how" to prepare simple food for the sub-normal in health; the duty of knowing how to be of use in emergencies; the duty of having ready knowledge that shall enable one to direct or advise whenever or wherever the opportunity may present itself. Two valuable lectures have been given, and the subjects only hint at the practical instruction which is included in the course given on Fridays at half-past ten. The remaining lectures are as follows: III. Digestion *versus* Indigestion; care of mouth; care of alimentary tract. IV. Assimilation *versus* Malnutrition. V. Oxygen,—ventilation; nose, throat, lungs, Hygiene and treatment. VI. Blood,—pulse, aids to circulation, hemorrhages. VII. Body Heat,—function of skin, baths, clothing, temperature of rooms. VIII. Nervous Control,—emotional stimuli. IX. Emergencies. X., XI., XII. Reproduction. XIII. Infant Feeding. XIV. Sick Children. XV. Review. The price for the course is five dollars, with appropriate fee for single lectures.

In Mr. Lawrance's opening lecture on Hebrew poetry, he showed that the elements of poetry which are form and substance, or high thoughts worked out in poetic language, are very noticeable in the poems and parts of poems found in Hebrew literature. Different poetic forms were illustrated from the Psalms, and the recurrence of quotations was pointed out. The hour was interesting and profitable, and will be followed by four lectures only, which all Sunday-school workers will do well to hear. The series is given at ten o'clock, Saturday mornings, and is free to all who will come.

Proctor Academy.

Proctor Academy has won the highest praise from the New Hampshire State Superintendent of Public Instruction for its efficient courses of instruction. For quality of valuable instruction few educational institutions in America are probably now giving the same advantages to its young people that this low-priced school now offers for a nominal sum.

It has already enrolled 89 boys and girls, or 15 more than last year.

From the Unitarian Temperance Society.

Sunday, November 8, has been set aside to be observed as Temperance Day by all the Sunday-schools throughout the world. Surely this is something in which we Unitarians shall desire heartily to join. This is a matter on which we must have our children see clearly and act truly.

The temperance movement has reached a stage of imperious importance. It is mobilizing mighty and unsuspected forces. A new note of victory is in its voice. On every side allies are hastening to its colors. New and fascinating aspects of the movement are enlisting thousands who have been hostile or indifferent. The children should be taught the real personal and scientific aspects, and they should know the new industrial and political developments. It is

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Gwenet), 387 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

more than probable that every child now in our Sunday-schools will grow up to vote on the question of the very life or death of the liquor traffic. We should have them properly equipped with both true knowledge and right sentiment. They should have a buoyant sense of gathering multitudes and sure victory.

Our Sunday-school hymn and service books have temperance services. At least let these be used that November Sunday, with appropriate hymns. The superintendent or some other specially qualified person should speak to the children about temperance. Any one who desires material for such a talk will find Dr. J. H. Crooker's new book, "Shall I Drink?" a perfect arsenal of the latest facts. It can be obtained for one dollar from the Book Room at 25 Beacon Street. If the entire Sunday can be devoted to these temperance services, full information concerning special services for the day can be obtained from Rev. Chester A. Drummond, 29 Central Street, Somerville, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"He's a self-made man." "I know. He surely made a mistake in not consulting an expert."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"These things," said a real Mrs. Twickembury at the Mohonk Conference, "have mitigated constantly against the advancement of the Indians."

A pessimist, said Representative Fess, asks, "Is there any milk in that pitcher?" But an optimist says, "Pass the cream, please."—*Washington Star.*

They mean to rear tall students out in Wisconsin. A local paper says, "The Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred pupils three stories high."

The young man had just been accepted. In his rapture he exclaimed, "But do you think, my love, I am good enough for you?" His strong-minded fiancée looked sternly at him for a moment, and replied: "Good enough for me? You've got to be!"—*Judge.*

The *Epworth Herald* once had a symposium on "Recollections of my First Watch." Chauncey Depew, Joseph Cook, and others gave their experience. Thomas A. Edison wrote as follows: "I never carried a watch in my life. I never wanted to know what time it was."

Prince Bismarck was once pressed by a certain official to recommend his son for a diplomatic place. "He is a very remarkable fellow," said the proud father. "He speaks several languages." "Indeed!" said Bismarck, who did not hold a very high opinion of linguistic acquirements, "what a wonderful head-waiter he would make!"

The fare at a certain boarding-house was very poor. A boarder who had been there for some time was standing in the hall one day when the landlord rang the dinner-bell. An old dog that was lying outside on a rug began to howl mournfully. The boarder watched him a moment, and then said, impatiently, "What on earth are you howling for? You don't have to eat it."—*Tit-Bits.*

A gentleman and lady came out of the Albert Hall one night to find it raining, while they were without an umbrella. "Why, Charles!" the lady cried, "it's raining." "So I see," said Charles, calmly. "Well, what shall we do?" "I rather think we shall have to let it rain," replied the matter-of-fact husband. Excited by the disaster, the lady amused the bystanders by saying, "Why, Charles, how can we, when I have on this light dress and bonnet?"—*Tit-Bits.*

The candidate for the position of locomotive fireman had studied the impressive figures, showing the aggregate loss of the company each year resulting from waste of coal and oil. The first question put to him was what he would do if he found his freight train confronted by an oncoming passenger train. He hesitated only a moment, then replied: "I'd grab a lump of coal in one hand, the oil-can in the other, and jump for my life."

Senator Martin of New Jersey tells of a farm-hand who philosophizes. One morning, when the Senator was wandering over the farm, he came upon his man feeding the chickens. Alexander stopped him with: "Good mawnin', suh! I been thinkin' this mawnin', and I made up my mind, suh, as I's lookin' at these heah chickens, that they's the usefullest animal they is. You c'n eat 'em 'fo' they's bo'n, and aftah they's daid!"—*Washington Star.*

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors. Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free. C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Parrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

Commendations.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry P. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.

115 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
17 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Investment Securities
Commercial and Travellers
Letters of Credit

CORRESPONDENTS OF

BARING BROTHERS & CO., LTD.
LONDON

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston

BY

JAMES H. STARK

"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."

LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID

For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.

Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

The Christian Register

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 45 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 1057
- Optional Obedience 1058
- The Crisis before the Churches 1059

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
- The Secretary's Notes, No. 2 1060

CURRENT TOPICS 1060

BREVITIES 1061

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- Good Will *versus* Gunpowder; A Sure Preventive of War; Dr. Eliot's Critic 1062

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- Henry Whitney Bellows, by William Laurence Sullivan 1063
- Reminiscences of Dr. Bellows, by Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, 1064
- A Woman's Centenary, by Aubertine Woodward Moore, 1065
- The Silence of God, by C. G. Adams 1067
- Letters and Notes on the War, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 1072
- International Helpfulness; War Distress Fund for Essex Hall, London; An Appeal from France; New York Letter 1073
- Chicago Letter; Summer Services in Fitchburg . . . 1074
- The Children's Mission; Report of Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, by Florence Buck 1075
- Summer Union Services in Lynn; The Michigan Conference 1076
- The Middle States Conference; The Tuckerman School; Acknowledgments 1079

LITERATURE.
- Books 1068

THE HOME.
- What a Little Prince Did, by Kate Lawrence; The Lucky Penny; The Horse that wore Spectacles . 1070
- Nelsie's "Cheeruping," by Minnie L. Upton; Grandmother's Baking-dishes 1071

POETRY.
- Ring Around a Rosy, by Augusta Larned 1070

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- South Middlesex Federation; District Supervisors . . 1076

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1076

PLEASANTRIES 1080

Editorial.

WE hear more or less pessimistic talk about the hardships that are likely to be imposed upon our people by the war in Europe. If only the pressure of hard times and lack of business opportunities should become so great that everybody was reduced to a lower level of expenditure and luxury, no hardship would really be imposed upon any one excepting those on the lower level of comfort and prosperity. Let all well-to-do people come to the place where they would have a good excuse for putting aside the conventionalities of fashion and custom, and their lives would go on with just as much real comfort and satisfaction and even, perhaps, with more ease and pleasure because artificial bonds were relaxed. Nobody enjoys more freedom and the absence of luxury than the millionaire who, with a single guide, makes his camp in the woods and lives on the country. When it is possible to do so, the most fashionable people enjoy for a time an outing where they fall back upon the primitive conditions of lodging, food, and clothing. One-half of all the burden borne by society is imposed by the arbiters of fashion, and the customs which forbid the free exercise of hospitality and neighborly good will.

THE formation of opinion is a curious and not simple matter. Rarely does it begin with patient and thorough accumulation of facts. It generally starts with a sympathy, a liking, or an antipathy. Then facts gather round this centre, like iron filings round a magnet, and very quickly there is a considerable mass of very good reasons for the position taken at the start. When they are compared with other facts there is advocacy rather than examination; one side is defended, the other attacked; one accentuated, the other minimized. When facts seem to go against one's position, loyalty, counting surrender shameful, seizes everything that can be turned to advantage. By this time, truth has a poor show. Those who at the present time try to form an opinion of the great events that are transpiring get the more confused the more thoroughly they examine the statements laid before them. Contradictoriness means that some one is mistaken, or worse. Which side is the more mistaken, no one can say. Out of the perplexity some one breaks by declaring that no one can be believed, and gives up trying. From this despair the inference is then drawn that things cannot be so bad as they seem, since so much is untrue. Meanwhile, things may be

Digitized by Google

worse than they seem, even while many specific statements are exaggerations. For every fabrication of the scavenger of news there may be a dozen facts of worse import that fall outside his reach. While much that is told is untrue, much that is true is untold. Common sense, looking at known conditions, may reasonably conclude that the reality is worse, rather than better, than the reports.

*

With the awful consequences of war must be reckoned the great forces of good will that follow in its train. One of the first wounded soldiers to be brought back to England said that war brings out the best in men. In barracks they used to quarrel as to who should get the best things; but now, he said, they all tried to give the best to each other. The enormous outflow of aid is an exhibition of the same spirit. In England one fund, for families of soldiers and sailors, has reached the vast sum of fifteen millions, and it is still growing. The Red Cross Fund has passed the million point. In this country there are funds for the various countries concerned, besides the usual objects, like the Red Cross, and, if the aggregate of all gifts flowing toward the suffering, which would not have been called forth but for the war, could be reckoned, the result would be astounding. We are far from hinting that war is ever to be excused on any such account, or that any argument for a Providence in war is to be started; but it is a fair thing to put this in our reckoning of religion in modern times: with its failures is to be counted this great success which no former time can equal, and the consequent binding together of peoples in the bonds of obligation and gratitude, making future wars so much the less probable.

Optional Obedience.

Last summer, Mr. Lloyd George, speaking of the relation of the army to civil control, used the expression "optional obedience." He condemned the doctrine that officers could be loyal in their service and yet retain the right to decide when and how far they would obey orders.

No one could take exception to that condemnation of optional obedience, but in a wider sense also it is to be condemned. The principle of individual liberty is often in conflict with the necessities of loyalty and duty. The nerve is taken out of obedience by the reservation of liberty to determine when and how the obedience shall be exacted. The power and usefulness of law is dissipated when every man is a law unto himself and does what is right in his own eyes. That way lies disorder, confusion, and the very reverse of liberty. There is only haphazard and precarious education where election is given full sweep. There is no real moral training where choice follows command, and nothing is required without the consent of those of whom it is required. Men acquire no benefit of discipline who follow it only when they feel like doing so. The very essence of such training is that it shall be maintained when men do not feel like it. Regular exercise strengthens no one who makes regularity rest on inclination or caprice. Let such obedience become optional, and the life has gone out of it. Law and liberty neutralize each other when they are combined in proportions that will not unite. They belong together, but they will not coalesce by being thrown together. The chemical combination which makes out of these elements a new substance must be exactly made. The method of optional obedience puts in more freedom than can be taken up into a law. The method of arbitrary obedience puts in more law than is consistent with realizing freedom. The world seems to try one and the other without satisfactory results in either, because it does not notice the exact point at which a balanced combination occurs, or because it thinks that the point ascertained in one matter will serve as well for all matters.

There are obediences in which there can be no option at all. Nature presents these to us. Its ways do not swerve to our preferences nor to our prayers. It makes no exceptions in particular cases. A storm on the sea is unaffected by the morals of a liner's smoking-room, or by the romances of the deck. Nature is not good-natured. Faith sometimes asserts otherwise, and religion cherishes the delusion that God uses a good deal more of nature than the facts show that he really does, more than honest reason shows is best. The only way that we can get any good out of Nature is to learn her rules and keep to them, and on the basis of this conformity we can put all the goodness into action that the situation allows. But we cannot do this by bargaining, or by any immunity from obedience. Optional obedience in everything that lies in physical nature is mutual incompatibility,—what is optional flies out of the union, and what is obedience is turned out. When this happens in matters of great importance, people are apt to say that there is no God; but they can make no claim, because they took an option where he never granted it. If there is any notice written distinctly where every one may see it, and proved plainly in all that happens, it is that no exemptions hold in nature. It is share and share alike, with prince and pauper, sinner and saint. In this sense, indeed, Nature is good; she is absolutely square; what she gives she gives without favor; when it is sun, to the evil as to the good; when it is rain, to the good as to the evil. On second thought, the man whose disappointment has led him to say his disaster shows there is no God, will conclude that no power but God could be so reliable, exact, and impartial. The absence of the option and the perfection of the machinery are far above the power of human will or the accidents of chance. To contend otherwise is like denying its good purpose to a printing-press because it must necessarily crush a man's hand placed where a sheet of paper was intended to be.

Hard as this is to understand, in the light of unscientific ideas of what nature is, the same idea becomes more puzzling, and to every one, when it is taken into the field of human nature. There we undoubtedly have a will in things. We know that we have got to be allowed our own way in order to learn, in the only school where it is taught, the art of using our will to advantage. We know what a man is who has been trained only to obey some one or something. He is a stick. The better the thing is that he has been trained to obey, the more conspicuous stick he is. If it is erudition, he is a pedant. If it is morals, he is a prig. If it is responsibility, he is a fool. He is so subject to control by the habit of severe training that, left a moment without control, he is as helpless as a cripple.

But our over-reliance on this principle has its rude awakening. We see it in manners, in the raw blunders of the self-assertive nature, in the general discomfort that follows a lack of regard for others' thoughts and ways. We see it in morals, in the toleration of liberties that have a contagion of harm for those not strong enough to exercise them, in revolt against constraints which carries youths into premature experiences they are unready to assimilate, in the encouragement of license which has a manly look and an effect destructive of manliness. We see it in family life, in the absence of some of the old graces of deference, with confused subordinations and shattered obediences, and with loss of unity. In throwing away the stiff forms of control, many beautiful

compliances have vanished. Obedience has become so optional as to lose its character in the training of children, in home and school. The swing away from tyrannies, domestic and school, has flung children into pert and precocious independence, as unlovely as it is hurtful to their own development.

The remedy does not lie in another reaction. The old-fashioned ways had their evils into which none of present evils would incline us to fly. The freer intercourse that oversteps the bounds of politeness is, after all, better than the correctness that puts a wall between children and their elders. But there is opportunity for a little more pulling the string of obedience. All control never makes self-control, much less does no control. In the widening spirit of liberty the training-places that will keep producing it must be kept. Fewer obediences may be forced upon others, and more chosen, but what obediences there are must be observed. What progress has really brought is more options in obediences. What can never make progress is optional obedience. To love to choose and see our way is not bad. We learn thus what way to take. What is bad is to have pride rule our will, and sooner or later we find that the prayer "Lead Thou me on" belongs to the free mind. The true manliness in young or old is to say to duty, "In the light of truth, thy bondman let me live."

The Crisis before the Churches.

The churches are facing a crisis. It arises from the evident bankruptcy of the ordinary, habitual, conventional Christianity. We have suspected that it was not meeting the claims upon it. Now, in the flames of the great war, we know this. We have been talking about "Christendom" and "Christian nations" and "civilization." We see that there is no such thing as a Christian nation, and that we are living in a rather barbarous world. Steam power and automobiles and siege-guns do not make civilization. They have great state churches in Austria, in Germany, in England. France is full of splendid temples and cathedrals. Multitudes of people are praying in these churches every day. What have the churches in any one of the warring nations ever done to put a stop to war? We in the United States think ourselves more humane and enlightened than other people, but we are spending the larger part of our national taxes upon the expenses of war. What have our more than a hundred thousand churches been saying or doing to stop this heathen waste, and to turn our money into the service, the education, and the actual civilization of our people?

The great European war largely grows out of the play of mischief-makers upon race prejudice. Austrians and Hungarians have despised the poor Slovaks or Servians; Prussians have held themselves haughtily toward Poles and Alsatians. German theologians and philosophers have worked themselves into a frenzy over the "Russian peril." Englishmen have imagined that the Germans were bent on crushing their national life. What is all the theology in the world good for, if it cannot bring any gospel of humanity or faith in God to the members of Christian churches in their treatment of Christians of another language from their own?

The fact is, it has been the fashion not to expect much of religion for the world that we live in. A sort of *moratorium* has been declared by all the churches. Is it possible to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"? "Only for the few" or "for one grand leader," the churches have answered. "Might men really live as if this were God's world?" "Might men safely do business by the Golden Rule?" "Not yet," the churches have substantially said. Religion, except for the few, like preferred creditors, was for another life.

But perhaps "liberal" churches are exempt from the contagion of this general loss of spiritual credit. Is this true? Is the effect of their church service, on the whole, to send their people to their homes and shops and schools with a new and definite will to do whatever is fair, kindly, and right, and to maintain everywhere a friendly temper toward all kinds and conditions of men? This is doubtless the test of a valid religious service. If this is generally the effect of the "Unitarian," or liberal, form of faith, let its people be filled with gladness. But why, if this is true, can they not impart their secret to the weary world?

When we call a business or an institution bankrupt, we do not necessarily speak in the tone of despair. It may have very valuable assets. It may have a grand and successful work before it. It has come to a crisis; that is, to a place of judgment and examination, and therefore the chance for a new life. Thus the city of Salem faced the terrible crisis of a conflagration last summer. The fire merely revealed what careful men are saying every day of most American cities. If you build fire-traps, you will see them go up in flames. But Salem is now at once on the way to being a safer and better city than ever before. There are ways to guard a city against fire. They are really cheaper than to let your cities burn.

So with the mighty war in Europe. It is not unexpected. The nations had all been doubling up their fists against each other, as if to pour contempt upon their Christianity. The United States has been doing the same thing, and inflicted and suffered the needless Spanish War in consequence. This new crisis is a judgment-time, trying the world out. There is no need of wars. Will you move toward the abolition of war and the armaments of war as you have abolished slavery? The crisis is an opportunity upward. Have we power enough in our religion to use it so? This is substantially to ask how far we believe in God, in any true sense of the word. Are we living souls, or only bodies? Are we animals, or men? Do we honestly believe in right, or only in might? We stand against these tremendous questions, the issues of life and death.

The spiritual assets of the world are enormous beyond men's common belief. Religion is like radium. Wherever you try it wonders are worked, but the world has seen so little of it that most men doubt almost its existence. The faith in goodness at the heart of the universe, the open mind that follows truth, the friendly heart, the law of the constant good will, what men call "the spirit of Christ" (which we may see even in those who do not profess a belief in Christ),—these things are infinite in their reach and momentum. They change lives; they make homes beautiful; they are strong enough to build cities, to bind States together, to maintain the peace of the world.

Religion is like radium, but it is unlike radium in that there is an infinite supply to draw upon. It is herein like a mighty reservoir. But the Church has never yet been organized to distribute the life-giving waters. If it has claimed to be a sort of pumping-station, it has been mostly out of commission for doing the work of distribution.

Do the churches hear the new call? Must there not be now and henceforth an entire reorganization, with distinct reference to the one end which justifies the existence of churches? It is going to be of no use to have decorous worship, ornamental symbolism, well-enunciated prayers, eloquent sermons, excellent historical theologies

Digitized by Google

in however modernistic language, or a mild and kindly philosophy in easy essays, or any other conventional semblance of a church, even the good Christian names and story. The churches must minister to life, they must hew to the line of their much taunted and much neglected lesson, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three." In plain words, their one use is to help make good will prevail in the lives of men here and now, and so to annex this world to the kingdom of God, not at some distant time, but now, while we all cry out for the need of it. This means devotion, consecration, loyalty, as natural to men, and practicable, but only larger, more constant, nobler, as the similar devotion that thousands of plain uninstructed, misled peasants are showing on a hundred battlefields of Europe. Can we not all learn gladly to do for one another the same kind of thing which it is in the hearts of common men to do unstintedly in war time for the name of their emperor or their fatherland?

C. F. D.

American Unitarian Association.

The Secretary's Notes.

No. 2.

Ministers alone can know what it means to return to a former parish to take part in a service of installation; and if it be after a period of about ten years, to a church that one served for nearly twenty years, the mingling of happiness and pathos is quite impossible to describe. Such was the pathetic happiness of the secretary on October 11, at the installation of Rev. C. A. Henderson at Hopedale.

What were once the little trees on Adin Street where the parsonage is located now overhang the thoroughfare and nearly meet in the centre. The boys and girls are men and women; and the men and women of 1885 are physically different—only their hearts remaining as young as ever, and the warmth of their hands vital with an affectionate welcome.

The church was filled with an attentive congregation, but the secretary saw a congregation that was quite invisible to every other speaker. The seen and the unseen both were real to him, and under his breath he kept saying, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," and he enlarged the old apostolic expression until it ran, "There is a natural congregation and there is a spiritual congregation"; and which was the larger of the two it would be difficult to say.

Dr. Charles F. Dole preached the sermon, showing the essential naturalness and simplicity of religion, taking for his text, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" He revealed the soul of religion. Around the earth storms of social revolution are sweeping, all the ancient standards are in jeopardy, all the accustomed methods are called in question, all the great achievements of the race are challenged; but whether one be concerned with the life of nations or the ordinary decisions in daily conduct, religion remains a simple affair of justice, mercy, gentleness, and the sense of the Divine Presence.

Space forbids a detailed account of the service, with adequate reference to the vigorous and thrilling addresses that composed it. It gave convincing evidence that a real church in the course of time becomes more than the congregation present, more than the minister, and more than both combined. It is a local power; it is a force at work through numberless personalities scattered abroad; it is a vital energy guiding and inspiring hundreds through memory and the sense of past associations; it is a source of hope and comfort for those who, in the world that now is, contemplate the assurances of the world to come.

The next day was a holiday, "Columbus Day." It was not particularly easy to be enthusiastic over Columbus, because, following his remarkable achievement, such torrents of blood deluged the innocent and inoffensive kingdoms of Montezuma, and all in the name of Christ! But to have a whole day off duty! Well, that justified the discovery of America, for it ought to be known that the officers of the American Unitarian Association, as a general rule, work seven days a week and rest on the eighth.

Nobody cares what the secretary did on his holiday, and nobody ever will care unless he selects the wrong breed of hens to reside in the hen-coop that on that day he began to build. In that case only the neighbors will have something to think about.

But the law of compensation is inexorable. If Columbus had possessed any bowels of compassion he would not have discovered America on the day before our Board Meeting. The only compensating factor in such a proceeding consists in our having on our Board infinitely better people than Ferdinand and Isabella had on theirs—and no thanks to Columbus for that! I have many times prayed that all the Unitarians of our body, and especially all those who have a grievance and all those who *think* they have one against the Association, could have a chance to break bread with each and every one of our directors. Suspicion, misunderstanding, and impatience would flee away. Such men and women, in every case giving of their precious time and in every instance putting into determined practice the text that Dr. Dole used at Hopedale, could no more be governed by petty and personal considerations than Cortez could have practised the beatitudes when he invaded Mexico.

And so, by having nothing in particular to do on Columbus Day, and everything in general to consider on the day after, the balance of work and responsibility was sustained for the executive officers. It was only a short time after this that the president of the Association, after celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding, took a fond farewell of his family, and started for distant scenes and duties, while the secretary packed his grip and retraced the steps of the young Lochinvar.

Lewis G. Wilson.

Current Topics.

The causes of potential friction between the United States and Great Britain as a result of the control of the sea-ways by Great Britain are being gradually cleared away by negotiations between Washington and London. The latest issue to be settled in a manner satisfactory to the United States is the status of cotton. The British government informed the State Department through Ambassador Spring-Rice, on October 26, that the British authorities would not interfere with shipments of American cotton to Germany in neutral ships. This assurance was received with great satisfaction in Washington, as the stagnation in the export of raw cotton to Europe owing to the war has caused a wide-spread depression in the South, and energetic efforts have been undertaken by bankers to tide over the cotton producers pending a resumption of normal activities in the cotton market. The pledge of the British government on cotton, coming so soon after a practical indication of its willingness to adopt a considerate attitude on the question of the exports of American oil to Europe, created confidence in Washington.

Digitized by Google

THE entrance of Turkey into the war of the nations is the outstanding event of a notable week in the great struggle. The participation of the Ottoman Empire in the hostilities became an assured fact when on October 29 the cable brought the news that the former German cruisers, the Göben and the Breslau, now flying the Ottoman flag, after being purchased by Turkey, had made an attack upon Theodosia and Novorossysk, Russian ports on the Black Sea. The commission of this act came as a climax to a long series of incidents which the Allies regarded as hostile to their interests, and at the moment when strong pressure was being exerted at Constantinople by the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, and Russia in an attempt to bring about a cessation of these hostile moves by Turkey. Now that the first shot had been fired, it became exceedingly unlikely that Turkey, by disavowal or apology, could restore a normal situation. In the absence of an actual declaration by any of the powers directly interested in the situation in the Black Sea, it was regarded at the opening of the week that Turkey had at last joined issues with the Triple Entente in behalf of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

TURKEY once a belligerent, the attitude of the other Balkan powers on the issue became a matter of immediate importance. It had been assumed since the close of the second Balkan war that Greece was not only ready but eager for war with the Ottoman Empire, on account of the chronic friction which had existed between the two countries without interruption since the treaty of London was signed. The position of Roumania was not so definite, owing to dynastic interests in Bucharest, where the late King Carol and his successor, Ferdinand, had shown a disinclination to declare themselves against their native Germany and their Hohenzollern kin. The temper of the Roumanian nation, however, was sorely tried by the pro-German sentiments of the royal family, and vigorous demands have been made upon the government to take an active part in the universal hostilities as an adherent of the Allies. It was regarded as probable at the beginning of the week that the entrance of Roumania into the war was a matter of time—possibly a very short time.

THERE was much less certainty, to all outward appearances, about the attitude of Bulgaria on the new issue which had confronted Europe. Statements purporting to originate from authoritative sources in Sofia represented the position of Bulgaria as entirely pacific under all circumstances except an attack upon it. Emphatic denial was made of the persistent reports that a treaty had been negotiated between Turkey and Bulgaria whereby Bulgaria was bound to cast in its lot with Turkey in a war against the Allies. On the other hand, assurances were forthcoming of the determination of the statesmen at Sofia to hold their country aloof from the struggle which is convulsing the world. It was evident that Bulgaria, despite its grievances against Greece, Servia, Montenegro, Roumania, and the great powers which acquiesced in, if they did not encourage, the war of spoliation waged by the four states against it in 1913, was determined to keep the peace if such a thing was possible in the face of the passions which had been let loose by the injection of Turkey as an active factor in the international situation.

THE first official statement to be issued by any government in explanation of the extension of the range of hostilities was published by the British cabinet, which last Sunday gave out the text of a note presented at Constantinople by the British ambassador. It is pointed out in this document that Turkey, despite Great Britain's traditional defence of Ottoman interests and the protection pledged to the Ottoman Empire by Britain in the present complications, had assumed an attitude of hostility to the British government since the beginning of the struggle, and had endeavored to arouse the Moslem world under British rule to sedition. The note, which was in effect an ultimatum, demanded that Turkey forthwith dismantle the German cruisers Göben and Breslau, repatriate their officers and men, and give assurances of pacific purpose toward Britain. As Turkey failed to reply to these representations within forty-eight hours, the time specified, the Ottoman ambassador in London received his dismissal last Monday.

RUSSIA received with enthusiasm the participation of Turkey in the war. The Russian press evidently reflected official opinion when several of its influential organs pointed out that Turkey had placed the Eastern question upon the tables of statesmen, and that now was the time to push it to its final solution. Coupled with the acceptance of the challenge was an announcement of Russia's purpose to press the new military operations with energy. The tone of the Russian press and the evident spirit of the Russian government and people indicated a lively desire to pursue the line of action suggested by Turkey's overt act of hostility to its logical conclusion. Whether this conclusion is to fall short of the main contention between Russia and Turkey—the opening of the Dardanelles to the Russian sea-power and the ending of Turkey-in-Europe—was one of the interesting questions of an hour fraught with issues of the gravest significance, not only to Europe but to the entire world for a long time to come.

Brevities.

Exaggeration defeats its own purpose, because it alienates listeners.

That growth which is spontaneous and unconscious in the formation of character is finest and most durable.

At the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore there is a completely fitted theatre for the use of the insane patients. The patients themselves act in the plays presented, and in many cases with most beneficial results.

One of the great tasks of life consists in a constant readjustment to an ever-changing environment. He is wise who sees this need and is able to readapt his thoughts and practices to the newly evolved world of each year.

We need more experiences of the long vision. Too much we bend over books and near at hand tasks which atrophy our powers of seeing. We should look more often at clouds and stars, mountains and distant objects, letting the eyes habitually rest thereon.

We sometimes think we are monotonously prosaic when we are not. The glimpse of a bright flower, a strain of haunting music, the laughter of a little child, or the trembling tones of emotion in another often bring to us a new and deep sense of the poetry and romance of life.

Every girl should be educated not only for her own personal development, but in order that she may rightly relate herself to the social group of which she is an adjustable unit. Says Prof. Earl Barnes on the vocational

training of girls: "An absolutely idle girl can never understand her father or mother in terms of service, devotion, and sacrifice. She can never understand the communal whole in terms of mutual responsibility, obligation to play a fair game, loyalty to leaders, and admiration of human excellences."

Letters to the Editor.

Good Will *versus* Gunpowder.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In that spirit of chastened receptivity which I always try to assume when I take up the *Register* I read the first editorial paragraph in your issue of October 22. I found that my stubbornness insisted on maintaining a direct proportion to my receptivity.

No one will deny that the development of the force of good will can alone banish warfare from the face of the earth. That sentence contains what is almost a tautology. But is it true that the surest contribution the individual can make to that end is to increase in some measure the sum total of good will in the world? As though the world were a barrel of gunpowder, and good will were water, and the surest way to prevent the gunpowder from exploding is to pour into the barrel so much water that it cannot ignite.

This does offence to my cosmology, for I have a notion that we do not add any element to the barrel nor subtract any from it. We simply transmute the elements already present. If we can so transmute the given elements that there shall be less gunpowder and more water, the desired end might be attained.

But that process of transmutation seems to me a rather more complicated one than your writer makes out. With him, the generation (or as I should prefer to call it, the extraction) of good will is apparently a simple matter of volition. The individual says to himself, "More good will is needed," and forthwith slips the belt on to his divine dynamo and begins to generate (or extract) more good will.

That I cannot see. Good will is primarily a by-product of honor and justice. It is not in itself an elemental property. It is the result of certain causes. Even the good will which I feel toward an utter stranger is only a pale and bloodless anticipation of the good will which I hope my ensuing experience with him will provoke in my heart. It is the first tentative move in the game of spiritual give-and-take that I am about to play with him. I may take it back or push it on the next moment, as I see adequate cause.

Assuming that I am an honest soul, I can no more generate (or extract) the feeling of good will toward him out of an uncongenial experience with him than I can extract honey out of toadstools. My good will is about the most precious thing I have to offer him; because it connotes my sympathy of purpose, my moral approval, my appreciation, my sanction, my agreement toward him. Unless I would become a mere spiritual bawd, I must in very self-respect withhold it until he has shown himself worth of it.

It is all very pretty to talk about good will, just as it is interesting to compare thermometer readings on a cold day. But good will does not primarily create a condition, any more than the thermometer controls the temperature. It is primarily an index of the existing condition. It seems to me far more to the point to talk about those elemental principles of human living which engender good will,—honor and justice; to emphasize their permanence and their importance. It seems to me this is the real contribution which the individual can make to the need of the time, to insist, with all the force of a conviction tragically resuscitated and clarified, upon the enduring value of honor and justice and other basic virtues as the only true foundation for lasting peace and prosperity.

Good will may be trusted of its own accord to gush forth in ample streams where human relationships are controlled by these principles. I can see no other way to increase the sum total of good will in the world, nor can I see that the good will thus increased has any but a symptomatic value. The thermometer will go up if only we shovel on more coal; but in our admiration over the workings of the thermometer let us not forget that the coal has got to be shovelled.

I write this chiefly because the editorial note in question served to accentuate rather than to allay the indignation of my soul; and that were a pity.

Charles E. Park.

Boston, Mass.

[The writer of the editorial note to which Mr. Park objects probably had in mind that active good will, unaffected by race or religious prejudice, which acts quite otherwise than as water acts on gunpowder. It need not connote sympathy of purpose nor moral approval, and it certainly makes justice more easy of attainment.—Editor.]

A Sure Preventive of War.

My idea of the best cure for this war condition would be "more baseball." I believe that if they had had a regular baseball league in Europe with Berlin, Paris, London, Vienna, Antwerp, etc., participating, as well as a minor league taking in Belgrade, Brussels, and a few other such places, the fans would never have tolerated the breaking out of this war during the baseball season, and if they had postponed it until the World's Series was over it would have given them all time to cool off, and they probably would not have had any war. They say that baseball has done more to civilize the Philippines than all the American army, constabularies, and missionaries put together.—*From a private letter.*

Dr. Eliot's Critic.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot's recent utterances about the war and his articles published in the New York *Times* have brought him so many letters that he has been unable to answer them all. He writes to the Boston *Herald* that a majority of these letters approve his reasoning and his conclusions, but a fair minority condemn them. Among those of the latter class, unfortunately anonymous, he gives the following as an interesting example:—

Doctor Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, Cambridge, Mass.:—

Highly Esteemed Sir,—I have read with intense indignation your un-neutral, and therefore un-American, fulminations.

I have not forgotten any more than other devout Christians your remarks on Christianity.

I have not forgotten that you have stated that no thinking man believes that Christ performed any miracles nor that Christ rose from the dead.

Your insincere war articles are on a par with your blasphemous articles on religion.

Therefore, I say from the bottom of my Christian heart, may God Almighty forever damn you and all your descendants. (Signed) John Smith.

Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Henry Whitney Bellows.*

BY REV. WILLIAM LAURENCE SULLIVAN.

It is the happy fortune of this day of commemoration, as it was the distinction of Dr. Bellows, that he played so great a part in the larger civic and national life about us that even to one who was not acquainted with him history supplies abundant material and an ample record. It is not merely the minister of this congregation that is recalled to-day, for whether Dr. Bellows was ever pastor of this church or of any other, it would be entirely proper that the city of New York itself should hold his memory fresh, since he was a great citizen of it; and, should the city not hold him in remembrance, it would be fitting that even the nation should not pass by in entire silence a memorial day like this. He was in his day eminent, and he left a memory of conspicuous service too noble to be forgotten.

Henry Whitney Bellows was born in Boston, of mingled English and Huguenot ancestry. I shall not say whether the New England of this day has greatly changed from the New England of that day: it is a matter beside the point. This, however, is certain, that it was the New England of that time which lifted that little stretch of Atlantic seaboard to a place of primacy among our States, and which in the space of one or two generations was an incomparably prolific parent of great men. That old New England had for its characteristic qualities, in the first place, a passionate courage in the cause of human liberty; in the second place, a rigorous religiousness; in the third place, the conviction that private righteousness must issue in public service; and, finally, the quality of a simplicity and frugality which called for hard work, being unacquainted with the blessing or the curse of a too easy opulence.

Of those traditions and of that spirit Henry Bellows was the child and the inheritor. He entered Harvard at the age of fourteen. He became pastor of this church at the age of twenty-five, and, though that is young for the entrance into what may be called a public life, he was not long in making himself a man of distinction in it. He was, let me say with joy, in the first place, a friend of the poor. He was one of the most prompt and energetic supporters of the Children's Aid Society. He was the organizer of the Employment Society, which is one of the oldest of the beneficent organizations attached to liberal churches in this city. He was a friend likewise of every movement, and there were many such in that day, that looked toward a better citizenship, a happier life, and a larger truth. He was associated, for example, with Horace Mann in the founding of Antioch College of Ohio, which, I believe, was the first of our institutions of higher learning in this country to open its doors to every one, man and woman, black and white. In this city he was one of the organizers of the Sketch Club, which became the Century Club later; one of the organizers of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; one of the organizers of the Union League Club.

In a broader sphere than that he was responsive to every call of oppressed freedom from whatever corner of the world that call might come; and, whether it was for Hungaria in persecution, for Ireland in despair, or for Poland in ruins, his voice and his assistance were promptly given. Neither was he afraid of any cause which was novel, much less was he afraid because it was unpopular. In 1857 he gave an address in this city which became memorable in its way. That was an address in defence of the theatre, in defence of the essential nobility of the actors' profession, in defence of the possibilities for good which lay within the opportunities of that profession. This, of course, would be an old story now. There would be nothing of innovation in praise of the drama in these days, but then it aroused a smile of pity and called forth the word of criticism and even scorn. Little cared he for criticism then or later, so long as the cause on which he set himself approved itself as right. One of the interesting consequences (for probably it was a consequence) of this address was that it was to Dr. Bellows that Edwin Booth went for comfort and for counsel when the great actor's life was shaken and shadowed by the terrible catastrophe of his brother's assassination of the President.

Again, as a mere indication of this spirit of quite fearless advocacy of an unpopular cause, he gave an address in this city when the people were aroused to talking of and planning for retaliation for the cruel treatment of Federal prisoners in the Southern States during the war. It was before an angry and reluctant audience that Dr. Bellows rose on that occasion to oppose the principle of retaliation from its very roots, to counsel magnanimity and moderation, and to show the unmorality of crying out against a crime while ready to commit another equally heinous.

But as his life covered that mighty period in our history when this republic faced a crisis,—the greatest we have yet encountered,—it was natural that in that epoch he should have something to do with the question of slavery and with the conduct of the Civil War. The moral issue then was whether this Union should be half free and half in bondage. The political issue was whether we should be a country united or a loose federation of States. In the great debates before the war and in patriotic service during it Dr. Bellows reached the most conspicuous eminence of his public life.

That measure which is particularly associated with his name, which will be remembered, I dare say, when every other public service of his may be forgotten, is the foundation of the Sanitary Commission. With three or four friends Dr. Bellows founded the Sanitary Commission, which had for its purpose to supply aid to the sick and wounded soldiers, and comforts of all possible sorts to those soldiers that still were on the field of battle. From this little corner of the city it spread to the whole city, from the city to the State, from the State to the nation, so that there was scarcely a town or village of consequence in the North in which there was not a branch established. Immense sums of money and vast quantities of supplies flowed into the directors' hands. It is estimated that five million dollars in money and fifteen million dollars of supplies were sent to it, all of it distributed with exemplary efficiency. The centre of this nation-wide work, which indeed brought Dr. Bellows recognition from abroad as well as from his countrymen, was upon his shoulders. He was busy here and in the central office of the Sanitary Commission in Washington with that vast work of benevolence. During those visits to the capital, he became intimately acquainted with the President, with Stanton, and with Seward, and with many more who were then at the head of our national affairs. He remained president of the Sanitary Commission throughout the war.

It may be added in connection with this widely extended philanthropy that a sum of money, considerably large, which had been collected by the members of this parish for the building of a tower which was to complete the architectural scheme of this church, was not given for the building of a tower, but was devoted to the Commission. That is a thing worthy of our recollection,

*Address in the Church of All Souls, New York City, on Sunday, Oct. 18, 1914, in commemoration of the one hundredth birthday of Rev. Dr. Henry Whitney Bellows, for forty-three years the pastor of that society.

and we may add as we leave it: May that spirit never depart from this body of worshippers to whom the memory of this man is dear!

Naturally, moving through our history at that particular time and occupying a place so distinguished in the life of his age, he knew most, nearly all, very probably, of the great men of that day, and of most of them he was a friend as well as a mere acquaintance. He knew those distinguished in the anti-slavery movement, and collaborated with them,—Garrison and Phillips and Sumner and many more. With the literary men of that era—our richest and our greatest era thus far in letters—he was likewise acquainted intimately,—with Emerson and Lowell and Holmes and with Thackeray; and on the occasion of Thackeray's visit here was as close to him, I believe, as any American. He knew particularly well George William Curtis and Peter Cooper and William Cullen Bryant, for all three were members of this congregation and worshipped here. He assisted with his counsel Peter Cooper in the founding of the Cooper Institute. Thus from the lowest to the greatest he counted friends, from those who were most deep in poverty to those who were most high in fame, and graciously and sweetly and with dignity he moved among them all.

As we depart from this place to-day we shall be helped by looking upon that figure of a man, simple, genial, friendly, carrying private rectitude into public good, fearless in attacking wrong, however highly placed, giving up his talents or his time or his strength with generosity, if only the spirit of humanity and of brotherhood might be advanced. It was a busy, hard-working life, but how soft upon such dust the sod must lie! One life gloriously given! The lesson is too obvious for me to linger upon it.

This, however, dear friends, let me in conclusion say: Whenever the temptation may come to you—and to those who are thoughtful and reflective it does come—to say that human life is a cheap thing and humanity a poor business altogether, and when those hours come when we feel the dangerous seduction of an easy cynicism, look to the heroes of the kingdom of God. They took life as destined to be filled with power, to be glorified with truth, to be made rigorous with sincerity. They deemed it not a matter of indifference whether we shall go through the adventure of life idly or actively, not a matter of no consequence whether our guesses are true or possibly false; but rather held the belief that a law of righteousness governs this mad turmoil of a world; that the light of truth goes out never in the sky above our head; that the ideals of conscience, being eternal and imperative, are not to be manipulated by expediency, not to be abandoned for gain.

This beautiful and blessed lesson we learn from the contemplation of such men. In the proportion that we hold that lesson fast shall we produce others of their kind.

Reminiscences of Dr. Bellows.

BY DR. SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Mr. Sullivan has fittingly spoken of the work and the influence of Dr. Bellows in the city and the nation, but my memory turns, and doubtless that is true of those of you who remember him, to the work that he did in this place and to the manner of his doing it.

Like most men of influence, Dr. Bellows was at once an idealist and a successful man of affairs. His feet were firmly set on the ground, but he had his mountain visions. Prophetic gifts were united in him with unusual executive power. There was in him love for all humanity, and, at the same time, capacity to make each individual his friend. Bubbling over with fun, at the same time he had deep reserves. The things that are so often separated in men were in him united, and that made the wealth and the largeness of his personality. His whole bearing was expressive of a big, magnanimous nature. He was keenly interested, as you have been told, in a hundred good causes, educational, philanthropic, social, political; but you and I remember that his whole life centred here. This pulpit was his throne, and in all those busy and tumultuous years in which the burdens of public responsibility rested on his shoulders he seldom missed his Sunday appointment in this place.

The message that he brought here was the utterance of his whole life. He had overmastering consciousness of the goodness and the presence of God in this universe, and he was deeply concerned for his fellow-men. To quicken in our hearts his sense of that divine good will, to build up the constructive energies of a Christian character, to encourage and to lead his people in all public-spirited activities,—that was the Father's business in which he had a partnership. He was not so much interested in the discovery of truth as he was in the application of truth, and he was not given to philosophical analysis. His preaching was rarely critical or controversial. He seems to have accepted certain interpretations of life and truth that appealed to his temperament, and then he concerned himself with making those teachings fruitful in our daily lives. He was not, on the one hand, narrowed by bondage to antiquity, nor, on the other hand, by the passion for novelty. He did not try to prove what he clearly saw. He let the light that was in him shine, that it might show to his fellow-men the way of a more abundant life.

In his public speech—well, you and I remember that he liked a big subject and plenty of room to develop it. He couldn't be confined to any narrow limits. There was virility in his style, and warmth and color. His sermons were written, as he would say, "at one lick." I well remember my boyish wonder as I sat ostensibly reading by the study lamp, but really watching that flying pen. I marvel at it still, used in my own and my family experience to much more painful and labored composition. That pen never paused for a moment or for a word. Nothing was ever erased or altered. It was a written style as extemporaneous as speech. When I used to sit in the minister's pew yonder, my immature attention was sometimes exhausted long before the sermon was finished, but often he made the time seem short by the electric energy of some unpremeditated utterance.

He was never an iconoclast. He loved the law of historic continuity. He did not mistake restlessness for progress, or revolution for reform. He believed that to develop a nobler future we must use the impulse of the toiling generations behind us. So, while he reached for something before, he held on all the time to something behind. He did not destroy. He tried to fulfil.

Dr. Bellows was pre-eminently a man of religion, and at the same time distinctly a man of the world. The common distinction between things sacred and things secular did not exist for him. Religion, as he conceived it, was not something apart from life, dependent upon some special or supernatural revelation. It was a part of life, just the consummation and the transfiguration of our own human experience. And so, of course, he was an optimist, always a bearer of good tidings. There was contagious joyousness about that life and preaching. He believed in human nature. He had confidence in the good purposes of the universe. He did not expect to fathom the unfathomable, but he found ample scope within the obvious limits of human experience for the

Digitized by Google

exercise of noble faculties, for flights of imagination, for disinterested and prophetic achievement.

Dr. Bellows was the most sociable of human beings, a "clubable" man, an all-round man, one of the principal founders, as you have just heard, of the Century Club and the Union League Club and the Harvard Club, often to be found at their rooms, and there always surrounded by a group of talkers almost as pithy and brilliant as himself. There was nothing frugal or ascetic about Dr. Bellows. He lived an expansive life. No one could isolate himself from the abundance of that nature. He habitually emphasized the virtues of his people and of his neighbors. He had generous confidence in other people's motives and purposes. His mind was given to hospitality, but there was nothing weakly amiable about him. His backbone was singularly straight and strong. He did not purpose for the sake of what is expedient to give up anything that is right.

Wherever he saw the fruits of the spirit, then he was convinced of the presence of the Holy Spirit. But no loud assertions could make him believe that the Spirit was present in factions that yielded only the fruits of bitterness or arrogance. It is a great temptation to quote some of the things he said about people who were more conspicuous for ecclesiastical decorum than for their humility and their public serviceableness. He exploded many a pretension with a pointed jest. Your memories delightedly recall some of such sayings.

Here was a man who took life in a large way, unchilled by disappointments and unspoiled by successes, giving wholesome energy to good causes, and ever sunning himself in domestic and neighborly joys.

One thing more it concerns us, I believe, to remember. For many years the influence of Dr. Bellows was second to none in the development of that movement for the simplifying and the socializing and the spiritualizing of religion with which this church has always been honorably associated. He was, not by ecclesiastical preferment, but just by right of God-given attributes, the leader of those who in all parts of this country were trying to rationalize and simplify theology, to reaffirm the fundamental teaching of the gospel, and to turn from outward authorities in matters of faith to the inward witnesses. He was the inspiring force of the men who were appealing to people to be religious not with the old arguments of self-reproach, but with the arguments of self-respect, the people who were trying to join together Christian faith and broad, public-spirited service, close fellowship with God and neighborly good will, the life that now is and the life eternal.

More than that, it was Dr. Bellows who gave direction to the effort to organize the free churches, into whose inheritance he was born, into an efficient fellowship. He showed the Unitarian churches that freedom is not the end, it is only the way of achievement; that it is perfectly consistent with co-operative efficiency; and that liberty is not more essential than co-ordinated action. Had the Unitarian churches been more plastic, more flexible to his guidance, the movement for a free and spiritual Christianity would have developed much more rapidly and extensively than it has. Again and again, in the tasks which you commit nowadays to me, I find myself treading in the paths where I discover Dr. Bellows's footprints going on still ahead. Sometimes autocratic he was, but his motives were always catholic; sometimes almost reactionary he was, but more often boldly adventurous. The cause of that seeming inconsistency was to be found, I suppose, in those gifts of imagination which made him a great preacher as well as a great administrator.

All the time that Mr. Sullivan was speaking there was ringing in my ears, and perhaps in your hearts, the word of the prophet of old, "Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." What would be the message of Dr. Bellows to us this morning if he could speak to us? What would be the questions he would ask? He would ask what use we were making of the inheritance he helped to win for us. He would ask if the blessings of religious liberty were now the common possession of all Americans. He would ask if freedom had, as he believed it would, led on to brotherhood and unity and honorable serviceableness. And what answer could we make to such questions? Would it be nothing more than an excuse for our insufficiency? Have we been true to the trust that he left us? My friends, it is for us to determine whether his name shall remain among the immortals. It is for us to perpetuate his principles and unfalteringly to pursue the ideals that he set before us.

A Woman's Centenary.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

The present year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Mercy Warren, one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable women of the American Revolution, and it seems not inappropriate to recall her to the minds of her fellow-countrywomen of the present day. She was the younger sister and confidential friend of James Otis, the distinguished lawyer, orator, and patriot, the strong factor in shaping the stirring events that gave us a free United States. Her friends and correspondents were among the choice spirits of her time. John and Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and other famous patriots consulted her on momentous occasions. She even wrote speeches for aspiring orators of deficient education, and one of these was detected in his "borrowed plumage" because of the superior style of his oration and his lack of familiarity with its classical allusions.

Mercy was born Sept. 25, 1728, in Barnstable, of the old Plymouth Colony, and was the third child of Col. James Otis. Doors to educational opportunities were not flung wide open to girls and women in her day, but she was one of those who sought and found means of acquiring an amount of learning and culture that might well dazzle the new woman. No college training fell to her lot, but Rev. Jonathan Russell, who prepared her brother for Harvard, accepted her as a pupil, quite as though she were a boy, giving her free accesses to his rich library. She became well versed in history, in the classics, and in English literature.

Her most absorbing studies were never permitted to interfere with her domestic duties, which for the eldest daughter of a large family, in a home noted for its gracious hospitalities, were by no means light. She also became proficient with the needle, then regarded as woman's most characteristic weapon. A piece of her handiwork, in the form of a card-table cover, wrought in worsted from a pattern of her own design, is carefully preserved by one of her descendants in Quincy.

Her first journey from home was in 1743, when she went to Cambridge to attend the graduation of her beloved brother James. She had greatly missed him during his absence, and rejoiced when she could once more claim his daily companionship. It did not occur to her to feel aggrieved because she, with learning that compared favorably with his, was left outside the fold of college graduates.

When she was twenty-six years old, she was married to James Warren, a college-mate of her brother, at the

time a merchant in Plymouth, Mass., but eventually serving his country in continental conventions, legislatures, and congresses, besides in other official positions. A man of well-poised nature, possessed of excellent judgment and wholesome cheerfulness, he won respect in all his undertakings. He encouraged his wife in her literary pursuits, but prized her loving heart quite as much as her intellectual gifts and attainments.

Mercy Warren was as loyal in the discharge of her obligations as Mercy Otis had been. A noble wife, mother, and home-maker, she yet found abundant time for her favorite studies. She believed the cultivation of her intellect to be essential to the proper care and guidance of her children and the correct understanding of her husband and his interests. The letters she wrote her sons during their college days are full of wise counsel.

There were a number of representative women in the group of her close correspondents and friends. One of these was Martha Washington, who visited her in her home, and manifested for her a regard that was shared by the commander-in-chief. Her most intimate friend and most constant correspondent from youth up, known to posterity as the wife of one President and mother of another, was charming, sprightly, sincere Abigail Adams, whose simple, piquant letters testify to the consolation and support she received, amid many trials, from her sympathetic friend "Marcia," the poetic name adopted by Mercy Warren.

Frequent subjects of communication between the latter and her friends were Colonial difficulties and the signs of the times, and the letters she received show the warm friendships her true heart inspired. These friendships were enduring ones, that could not be shattered by time, distance, or intervening obstacles.

Her home, before and after the outbreak of the Revolution, was a popular resort for friends of their country. She herself writes: "By the Plymouth fireside many political plans were originated, discussed, and digested." During the war her place of residence was occasionally changed that she might be near her husband, but wherever she was patriots were always made welcome.

A blessed solace was afforded her by her pen in lonely moments when husband, kinsfolk, and friends were engaged in field and cabinet. Her writings, prose and verse, though betraying the ponderous style of her day, are characterized by clearness and vigor of thought, and reflect the sentiments of Revolutionary times. Much of her verse was collected in a volume entitled "Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous," dedicated to Gen. Washington, and published in Boston in 1790. How warmly she espoused the cause of her fatherland is proved in every page she wrote.

Thinly-disguised personages from the great world-drama being enacted about her move through her plays. One of these, "The Group," a satirical drama in two acts, for which several leading Tories served as models, became a strong factor in the political situation. Some misgivings troubled the author when she learned how keenly her daring satire had been felt by those at whom it was aimed, but kind Abigail Adams assured her that, dangerous though satire might be in the hands of some, it became meritorious when blended, as in her case, with love of virtue and abhorrence of vice.

Her two tragedies received high praise from distinguished contemporaries. Of one of these Alexander Hamilton wrote to the author, July 1, 1791: "In 'The Ladies of Castile' the sex will find a new occasion for triumph. Not being a poet myself, I am in less danger of feeling mortification at the idea that in the career of dramatic composition, at least, female genius in the United States has outstripped the male."

From London, Dec. 25, 1787, John Adams writes: "'The Sack of Rome' has so much spirit in itself that for the honor of America I should wish to see it acted on the stage in London before crowded audiences. The dedication of it does so much honor to me, that I should be proud to see it in print, even if it could not be acted. It requires almost as much interest and intrigue to get a play acted as to be a member of Parliament."

Her poems received equally strong praise from Mr. Adams and other celebrities. They were chiefly occupied with the agitations of the day. "A Poetical Review" foretells in a practical way the future greatness of America and the punishment of her oppressors. The Boston Tea Party is portrayed in "The Squabble of the Sea Nymphs," whose style has been compared with Pope's "Rape of the Lock." Her best-known and by many considered her best poem concerns the necessaries of life, especially in matters of female attire, to be exempted from the threatened suspension of trade with the mother country, and was addressed to Hon. John Winthrop, in 1774.

During the dark days of her country's brave struggle she kept a faithful record of events. This was of great value to her in the preparation of her "Rise, Progress, and Termination of the American Revolution," issued in Boston in 1805, a history that is valuable because of its author's wide acquaintance and fine powers of observation.

Unfortunately, her portraiture of John Adams failed to please that great statesman, and led to a controversy which sorely wounded tender-hearted Mercy Warren, who felt she had been wholly misunderstood. The matter was finally settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, and Mrs. Adams, in token of reconciliation, sent her dear friend a ring containing the hair of John and Abigail Adams, which is still in the Warren family.

Her memory is revered by her descendants to-day as she was herself by relatives and friends while she lived. It was said that she alone could calm the disturbed mind of her brother, James Otis, during periods of that sorrowful mental aberration occasioned by a blow on the head from a political opponent. Over every one with whom she was closely associated she exercised a wholesome influence.

Many strange vicissitudes were known in the long life of Mercy Warren. Chief among her sorrows were the insanity of her beloved brother and the death of her husband. James Warren, her congenial life partner, died in the Plymouth home, Nov. 27, 1808. In her lonely years of bereavement she was upheld by her memories, her hope, and her useful activities.

The failure of her eyesight afflicted her in her last years, but she bore the trial with resignation, receiving the friends who continued to frequent her home with unabated cheerfulness, even continuing her correspondence with the aid of a secretary. In an account of his travels in America, Rochefoucauld, who visited her when she was advanced in the seventies, mentions her extensive reading, and declares she had lost neither mental alertness nor personal grace.

Her portrait was painted by the famous Copley, and from it the well-known engraving of Mercy Warren is made. It compares with the pen-picture of her by a lady who saw her in her later years, and describes her as erect in person, with countenance and conversation intelligent, sprightly, and eloquent, attired in a steel-colored silk gown, with long waist and short sleeves, and wearing gloves reaching the elbows and cut off at the fingers, a white lawn apron, and a white lawn mob-cap.

The beautiful faith that had accompanied Mercy

Digitized by Google

Warren through life sustained her to the end. She had always prayed that her mental faculties might be spared as she approached death, and her prayer was granted. Her reason was clear, her spiritual vision unclouded, as she passed onward, Oct. 19, 1814, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

MADISON, WIS.

The Silence of God.

BY REV. C. G. ADAMS.

We talk of silence, but there are very few of us who know what it really is. Life is a medley of sounds. The very term "life" predicates motion and sound. In the quiet of your own room the noises of the street come to you. In the quiet of the country the air is full of sound —the humming of insects, the call of birds, the rustling of animal life in the grass and bushes. If one should deliberately set to work to find some spot where no sound of any kind could come to his ears, he would find that he had set himself an impossible task.

There are lessons to be learned from silence which mere words are powerless to teach. In the violent electric storm the power lies not in the terrific din of the thunder-crash, but in the silent leap of the dread lightning spark. You come each Sunday out of the noise and bustle of life into silence, the church, a place of silence, secure from the intrusions of the outer world, to commune with your own souls. You come for a brief period of rest and quiet to think, to worship, and to aspire. The silence and the peace give to this hour a greater strength to enable you to go out again into the strife and take your appointed place in the world of men and things.

Is not the same thing true in our relationship with God? When we use the name "God" let us not attempt to define God. God has no qualities or attributes of which we can conceive. There is an infinite mystery at the bottom of all things, an infinite mystery underlying the universes, of which we can for the most part but guess. That infinite mystery, that infinite secret, according as you or I may be conscious of it, we call God. Each of us according to the measure of his consciousness acknowledges and worships that God. As each and every soul-consciousness differs from every other, so its conception of God differs. Our knowledge of God is so limited in this way. On our side is understanding of some things, a little, very little, relatively speaking such a little, just what we have dug by hard labor through the millions of years of existence out of the cosmic womb: on that other side is silence, appalling, awesome, grand, wonderful, and inspiring.

Yes, there is something inspiring in silence. Absolute silence is magnificent. To me the silence of that other side, the silence of God, is eloquent of certain things. Paradoxical as it may sound, the silence of God speaks to me of some things. Upon the blank wall of that other side I can see a handwriting. Let me tell you what I see.

In the majestic calm of that silence I see power, a power that is invincible, moving on and on in ceaseless rhythm forever and forever. Nothing can disturb it; nothing can destroy its equilibrium. That majestic silence speaks of an eternal power forever existent. Do we not find it so,—the stars moving on in their paths, the universes in their courses, the whole cosmogony in its greater aspect moving, moving, down through the mists of incalculable time? The silence of God speaks of power. Out in the spaces and voids, through all the planets and fiery orbs, there is a vast mysterious power moving and working, toward something, for something. We talk learnedly of gravitation, resistance, molecular energy, of electric ions, of orbits and parabolas; but these are, after all, simply manifestations, and the names that we have given them, of a power that underlies all, that infuses all—a power that is immeasurable and incalculable.

The silence of God speaks also of an infinite placidity, an infinite calm. Out on the ocean in a great storm the waves are high, the water violently disturbed, often the crest of each wave separated from its trough by hundreds of feet, vessels are broken and wrecked, the greatest of steamers are rocked in the mighty deep as though they were tiny cradles, and fear and panic fill the souls of those on board; yet all this great disturbance which seems so terrible and is so awe-inspiring is merely superficial. It is all on the surface. Less than a hundred feet below the surface there is not a motion in the water; all is as peaceful as though nothing were taking place above; all is as quiet as though great ships were lying placidly on a sea of glass, and not straining and creaking in every seam and joint. The real ocean is solemn, silent, and still. The whole great storm and wild display are but ripples, after all, on the surface, and the great ocean itself lies eternally asleep, eternally calm, eternally silent.

Is it not the same in the life of the worlds? The struggles of men, even of nations, a murder here and there, a battle in which thousands are slain, a flood in which tens of thousands perish, a famine in which hundreds of thousands die, a great war which pours its devastation over half the world,—all of these are but as ripples on the surface of the life of the universes. That life itself moves on calmly and serenely through all the millions of years, through all the infinite past on and on into the eternal future. Under the little storms that seem so big to us in our near perspective there exists through all a wonderful, majestic calm, the course of evolution pursuing its eternal way.

That mysterious silence of God speaks to me also of infinite security. Where there is silence there is no threatening, no condemnation, no terror, no fear. Out of the vast abysses of universal voids and spaces there comes no ominous note. All is well; all is secure. The universes are working out their destiny. I have no fear of that vast silence. I have no fear of God. Though things here seem not as they should be, out there in that mysterious realm of silence there is infinite security, and I may lie down at night to the unconsciousness of sleep with a sense of inward peace, or when my time comes I may stretch out my wearied limbs in the sleep of death, quite secure, quite peaceful, in the consciousness that out there in the mystery of the universes all is well.

The din and the tumult of the world matter not. After we have done all that we can here in our own little way, the silence of God, speaking to us of infinite power, of infinite calm, of infinite security, is sufficient for us; it is enough. God reigns!

The key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can be reformed only by showing him a new idea which commands his own.—*Emerson.*

He only believes truth who feels it: he alone has religion whose soul knows by experience that to serve God and know him is the richest treasure. And, unless truth come to you,—not in word only, but in power besides; authoritative because true, not true because authoritative, —there has been no real revelation made to you from God. —*F. W. Robertson.*

Literature.

A Far Journey. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.—Mr. Rihbany has added another to the stories of achievement that make an American realize afresh what his country may mean in terms of opportunity to one who escapes from fettering conditions of early life, provided he has the innate power and the invincible determination to take advantage of them. It is good in these days, when tales of destruction and conflict fill the air, to turn to a book that describes, with wonderful clarity and simplicity, the process of building up a character and a life that affect others in ever widening circles of beneficent influence. The primitive Oriental home, with its two rooms (a living room and a storeroom), its twelve children, its silkworm industries, and its clan animosities, was the beginning. With comparatively few words Mr. Rihbany transports the reader into his childhood world. Incidental allusions remind one constantly that this is the land of the Bible, the illumination of half-understood passages in many a Bible narrative. When the Syrian boy landed in America with assets of nine cents and liabilities of forty dollars, unable to speak English so that he could be understood, the story becomes intensely interesting. The trials of adjustment to new conditions are described graphically, but with reminiscent humor. Posting a letter or ascending in an elevator becomes here an event. Never has there been better illustration of the truth that when one door shuts upon a man of this temper it is but the necessary condition of the opening of another door which leads to better things unguessed before. One door after another closed relentlessly upon the young immigrant, but always he sought the better door and always he found it. It is an inspiring story, one that will be read throughout the length and breadth of the land. May it carry encouragement to many another toiler in the humbler ways of life, and may it take to all Americans, too apt to forget the blessings by which they are surrounded, a new sense of gratitude, of will to make more of themselves, and of desire to extend opportunity to others.

The Spiritual Message of Dante. By W. Boyd Carpenter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.—The six lectures of the William Belden Noble Foundation are given yearly at Harvard University. The range of subjects is wide, no restriction being placed upon them beyond that indicated by the purpose of the Foundation, namely, "the perfection of the spiritual man, and the consecration by the spirit of Jesus of every department of human character, thought, and activity." They are to consider the highest interests of humanity. In accordance with this purpose, Dr. Carpenter's lectures are not intended as a contribution to critical study of Dante, but thoughts on religious experience as exemplified in his great poem; and we can think of hardly any subject better chosen for the ends in view. The qualities in Dante's character which fitted him for this great work, and the inexorable demands of righteousness, the educative discipline of slow redemption, and the wonderful victory of love, as worked out in unforgettable cantos, are so presented here as to send one back to his *Divina Commedia* with all the old zest and with new insight. There is no better service than to make living and vital the eternal message of Dante, and it is the more potent because of the wonderful form in which it was clothed. The canon of Westminster gave this message to the young men at Harvard in words that encourage and inspire.

The Real Turk. By Stanwood Cobb. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.—Stanwood Cobb spent three years in Turkey during the period which saw the rise of the Young Turk party, and he lost no opportunity of analyzing the character of the modern Turk and the influences that have made him what he is. Mr. Cobb is one of those who have never given up faith in the ultimate salvation of these people. He prefers deliberately to present mainly the good side of the Turk, believing that his point of view, thoroughly justified, gives a better understanding of a race that has been much maligned. There has probably never been a time when sympathetic interest in all the nations of the earth has been more definitely aroused in America than in this period of terrible European conflict. We want men to be brothers, and we welcome everything that can make us think more highly of races in all parts of the world. The disappointments of the present outcome of all our hopes for truer internationalism cannot be easily made up, but we catch at straws in the determination that the hope at least shall not be entirely given up. Mr. Cobb's book is continuously interesting. It depicts Turkish life in many phases, beginning with the influence of climate on character, and ending with a chapter on "Brotherhood of East and West," which appeals to America to extend its sympathy, its educational ideals, and its best thought to those who look to us for help. The illustrations of the book are new and interesting.

The Spell of Japan. By Isabel Anderson. Boston: The Page Company. $2.50 net.—Mrs. Anderson has had unusual opportunities to yield herself to the spell of Japan. She visited it first on her honeymoon, fitted by disposition and training to appreciate things novel and beautiful. In 1912 her husband was appointed ambassador to the court of the Mikado, and, as Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole says in his introduction, "She witnessed functions to which they were admitted only because of their official position, they were granted every facility for seeing aspects of Japanese life which ordinary visitors would infallibly have missed, and they became acquainted with the very flower of Japanese civilization." The book shows Japanese life in many phases, however, not merely as seen from an embassy. Mrs. Anderson has quick insight and ready sympathy for all kinds of people, with no prejudices against new customs or manners. She is interested in art, literature, and varying modes of life, but chiefly in people; and she finds hearts the same in the Orient as in the more prosaic atmosphere of Western civilization. She writes not so much of Old Japan as of New Japan, social and diplomatic intercourse, present-day education, bear-hunting among the Ainos, and cruising in the Inland Sea. The illustrations, some of them in colors, add much to the charm of the book, which is one of an attractive series.

Modern Values and their Christian Sources. By Philip C. Walcott. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.—Mr. Walcott has given us in the four chapters of this little book a frank and helpful discussion of many fundamental problems. We have here a good example of the nobler form of modern "apologetics." The claims for Christianity are asserted with moderation. The good outside is admitted, but it is convincingly reasoned that Jesus did actually increase the world's sense of "the worth of life,"—the theme of the first chapter. In the next chapter, the "Transcendence of the Spiritual," the verities of the soul are clearly vindicated. In writing next of the "Sovereignty of Righteousness," the author calls attention forcibly and sympathetically to the ethical transformation in progress in Christian doctrines, ideals, and practices. His last word on the "Consciousness of God" is frank and helpful. He points out how the "fear of God" has practically vanished from all minds. He admits that trust in God has been greatly lessened, even among nominal Christians, but in a very earnest manner he shows that the "God-consciousness" is a supreme factor in human life,—adding value to all other values; the tap-root of noble character; the beauty, glory, and power of Christian manhood and womanhood.

Eternal Peace, and Other International Essays. By Immanuel Kant. Translated. With an introduction by Edwin D. Mead. Published by the World Peace Foundation, Boston.—In this small but precious volume the immortal treatise of the great German thinker on international peace is reprinted in an English translation, and prefaced by a valuable introduction by Edwin D. Mead, who has done much to make real on earth the vision of the illustrious pioneer of international justice and good will and the organization of the United States of Europe. In these days, when war is raging abroad and German militarism is so generally condemned as one great cause of international strife, it is good to read this profound and ethical treatise written by one of the most eminent of Germans, which anticipated and prefigured the great movements for universal peace now going on in every civilized country of the world by a century or more. After this cruel war is over we shall turn the more readily to the sources of that great social and political reform, which will bulk larger than ever in the estimation of all lovers of their country and their kind, and will usher in a new and better era for humanity.

The Democratic Rhine-Maid. By Franklin Kent Gifford. New York: Devin-Adair Company. The Rhine-maiden who is the attractive heroine of this romance has the golden hair and the bewitching grace of other Rhine-maidens in poetry and art, but she has also the faithful heart and the frank simplicity that make her a fit companion for an American of to-day. She is wooed and won, not as the baroness of ancient lineage, but, as she desired to be, for

Digitized by Google

her own sake, and the impetuous lover, who taught her the reality of love at first sight, makes it plain that her rank and wealth are not the magnets that draw him closer. The romance is dedicated to Harvard Eighty-Four:—

"To Eighty-Four, that marched with me,
And fought its battle round the Tree,
This blossom from that Festal Day
I found and sent upon its way";

which indicates that the opening chapter is a description of the struggle at the Tree, formerly a significant part of Class Day, though the lady of the graduation was not the fair Etelka of ten years later. Mr. Gifford is author of two earlier books, *Aphrodite* and *The Belle-Islers*.

IN GEORGIAN TIMES. By Edith L. Elias. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.—These short character studies of the great figures of the Georgian period supplement admirably the ordinary history text-book. Such chapters add the personal interest that makes vivid the story of movements and national development. The story of the four Georges, with Walpole, the Pitts, Fox, Burke, Warren Hastings, Grattan, and Canning, acquaints one with the history of the state in those days and makes it human and real. There were great names then in the army and navy,—Gen. Wolfe, Lord Clive, Lord Nelson, and the Duke of Wellington,—and their names count for much in the present renewed interest in wars of the past. That the age did not lack for travellers and inventors is shown by the chapters on Capt. Cook, Arkwright, James Watt, and others. Religion and philanthropy are illustrated by Wesley, Berkeley, John Howard, and William Wilberforce, while Hogarth and Reynolds are the representatives of the fine arts. The book is a useful addition to the brief biographies now available.

THE CHARM OF SCANDINAVIA. By Francis E. Clark and Sydney A. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.—Dr. Clark is the best-known traveller through foreign lands who is writing to-day. His journeys in the interests of the Christian Endeavor Societies, of which he was the founder, have taken him northward and southward, to the Orient, and to the islands of far seas in different quarters of the globe. He is a keen observer, a trained student, and a graphic narrator. He enjoys outdoor life and nature, but he loves people; and his pictures of these Scandinavian lands illustrate his breadth of sympathy as well as his ability to enlighten the minds of his readers. The second-named author is Dr. Clark's son, who upholds the charms of Norway and Denmark "with youthful vehemence," while his father is more interested, perhaps, in Sweden and Finland. There is no contradiction, however, in their claims for the charm of Scandinavia. The book is admirably illustrated.

SCOUTING WITH DANIEL BOONE. By Everett T. Tomlinson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.—The present interest in boy scout organization makes especially timely this interesting story of one of our first, and our greatest, pathfinders. Daniel Boone is a heroic figure, with the courage, the unselfishness, and the simplicity that should be the natural attributes of one who reads his way by the stars and finds his pathway in uncharted woods. No more picturesque figure brightens the romantic pages of our early history, and Mr. Tomlinson, who has written much and well for boys, has known how to bring out characteristic traits and to include noteworthy incidents. There are a few adventures here, incorporated in the story of the two boys who cross the country with Boone, which do not strictly belong to this tale, but Mr. Tomlinson vouches for the truth of every one, and they help to give a faithful picture of the early days.

THE HOME BOOK OF GREAT PAINTINGS. By Estelle M. Hurll. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.—Lovers of great paintings and those who recognize the place that art should hold in education recognize the debt we all owe to Miss Hurll, who for years has worked steadily on long lines for the ends she has had in mind. She has been able to impart something of her own intelligent enthusiasm to others, and her interpretations are always interesting without insisting that one should always agree with them in detail. The present volume presents us with a collection of one hundred and five famous pictures, each described and explained. The chapters were published separately some years ago and were popular in the earlier form, but in the present edition they become fairly imposing, and the book will undoubtedly claim a foremost place in the lists of buyers during the coming holiday season.

NED BREWSTER'S CARIBOU HUNT. By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.20 net.—Ned Brewster has appeared in two books before this one, and his prowess in the Northern woods is already familiar. As a caribou hunter he has as many adventures and narrow escapes as when out for bear, although he confesses that the camera hunter is the real sportsman, and that to shoot with the camera requires more skill, more patience, and more knowledge of animals than to bring them down with a gun. Dr. Hawkins is a minister who preaches in Jamaica Plain. He is a direct descendant of Daniel Boone, and he is only maintaining the traditions of his boyhood by going each year into forest depths away from people. His books are illustrated by the photographs he has taken.

THE THIRD STRIKE. By Leslie W. Quirk. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.20 net.—Third in the Wellworth College Series is this lively story of undergraduate life, in which hard work, straight athletics, and moral training contribute to the all-round development of the boys whose careers the reader follows with interest. The author recognizes the truth that even for youngsters life holds interests besides the winning of a game of football or the outcome of college rivalries, and he writes accordingly on long lines, prefiguring the men that the boys are to become. The influence of his books is on the right side, although they neither preach nor scold, and the boys have plenty of mischief in their make-up.

THE GAY AND FESTIVE CLAVERHOUSE. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.—Miss Warner delights to show how well she can carry off a perfectly absurd plot, and her story of the man who, believing he was about to die, set out to cure his dearest love of her affection for him, that she might not suffer in his death, brings incidents into play that border on the grotesque. If one were able to take the book more seriously, one's chief feelings would be sympathy for the tormented girl and wrath at the lover who could thus play with her, but, as it is, one can only wonder at the writer's inventiveness and dexterity.

THE SURVEY

Social Service ***Civic Progress*** ***Industrial Problems***

THE SURVEY is a weekly magazine for all those who believe that progress in this country hinges on social service; that legislation, city government, the care of the unfortunate, the education of children, the work of men and the homes of women, must pass muster in their relation to the common welfare.

THE SURVEY brings to bear upon such subjects through its weekly issues the hard-won experience, the analysis and judgment, and, still more important, the ideals, of the social and civic workers of the country. Among these, ROBERT A. WOODS, FLORENCE KELLEY, and OWEN LOVEJOY are frequent contributors. The editors are EDWARD T. DEVINE, GRAHAM TAYLOR, JANE ADDAMS, and PAUL U. KELLOGG.

Scholarly readers will find that the regular departments devoted to civics, industry, health, education, church and community and social agencies, which appear weekly, facilitate reference to it on special subjects. For this reason THE SURVEY is used as collateral reading for courses in social economy, sociology, economics, and social service, etc., in leading colleges throughout the country.

The subscription price is $3.00 a year; or we will send to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER six months' issues for $1.00.

THE SURVEY ASSOCIATES, Inc.

105 East 22d Street, New York, N.Y.

The Home.

Ring Around a Rosy.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

Down the street I hear it,
That remembered chime,
Ring around a rosy,
Dear old silly rhyme.

Little maids are whirling,
Twinkling little feet,
Loosened locks are flying,
Down the squalid street.

Ragged skirts are swishing,
Twirling, tossed about,
Fast the fun is waxing,
With a song and shout.

Grandma must have played it,
Skipping heel and toe,
In the sunshine weather
Of the long ago.

Mother, when a girlie,
Knew the pretty play,
So did you and I, my dear,
Though our locks are gray.

Baby here will learn it,
Hop, and skip, and twirl.
Ring around a rosy,
Dearest little girl.

All the plays are ancient.
Whither did they come?
Some old fairy made them
When the world was young.

Then she called the children,
Set them in a ring,
Taught them all her jingles,
How to dance and sing.

Oh, the world were dreary,
Oh, the world were sad,
If the heart of childhood
Did not make us glad!

Down the street I hear it,
That remembered chime,
Ring around a rosy,
Dear old silly rhyme.

What a Little Prince Did.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

This is a true story about a little English prince. The good Queen Victoria was his grandmother. His father and mother were King Edward the Seventh and Queen Alexandra.

When Prince George was a boy he had an older brother, so it did not seem very likely that he would ever be a king; for the oldest son of the sovereign is always heir to the throne. Queen Victoria was reigning then, and his father and mother were known as the Prince and Princess of Wales.

When they were in London they lived in a beautiful palace which belongs to the people of England, but they had a home of their own, just a quiet country house such as nearly every gentleman in England has, and here the five children spent most of their time. They had servants to wait on them, governesses and tutors to teach them. But they were very natural, happy children, and spent more time with their father and mother than many rich children do. Prince George was called "the rogue" of the household, because he was often in mischief.

One day a new carpet was brought home for one of the parlors. It was a pretty carpet, which the Prince of Wales himself had selected in Paris, for he was particular to have everything in his house handsome and tasteful.

When it had been laid down the Prince of Wales went into the parlor to look at it. He was surprised to find his little son Prince George in there. Prince George had a large watering-pot in his hand, which he had brought in from the garden. He was watering the flowers in the pretty velvet carpet.

What do you suppose his father said to him? I do not know, but I know that when children in that family were naughty they were sometimes undressed and put to bed.

Prince George is now King George the Fifth, for his brother died even before his father became king.

The Lucky Penny.

"Isn't it pretty?" Bobby asked his mother.

A shiny new cent lay on Bobby's rosy little palm. Of course the penny was a present. Uncle Will gave it to Bobby.

"What are you going to do with it?" Bobby's mother asked.

"Oh, it's a lucky penny," Bobby explained. "I'm not going to spend it; it's going to stay in my pocket and bring me good luck. I think I'll go and show it to Betty." Bobby snatched up his cap and ran out of doors and down the street. He hopped and skipped as he ran, for he was very happy on that bright Saturday morning.

If Bobby thought the penny would stay quietly in his pocket, he was quite mistaken, for the penny really had ideas of its own. It didn't like the thought of staying in a dark pocket with some bits of dirty string and a few nails for company, so when Bobby jumped the penny jumped, too. Right out of Bobby's pocket it bounded down to the sidewalk!

The sidewalk ran down a hill and the penny ran, too, and Bobby ran after. Then the penny ran faster and at last made another jump. This time the penny leaped into a deep ditch and hid in the soft earth. When Bobby peeped down he could not see the penny at all!

But lucky pennies are not to be so easily lost. Bobby ran home and got his little shovel, and soon he had climbed into the ditch and was busily turning over the ground looking for that runaway penny.

"What are you doing there?" called a voice from overhead.

Bobby looked up to see old Mr. Whitman leaning on his cane and gazing down at him.

"I lost a penny, sir. It rolled in here," Bobby answered.

"Tut, tut!" cried the old man. "Don't hunt any longer. I'll give you another penny."

"Thank you, sir," said Bobby; "but this was my lucky penny. I must find it."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Whitman again, and he walked off, tapping the ground with his cane.

Bobby dug and dug, but still he could not find that runaway penny. By and by Mr. Whitman came again.

"Found it yet?" he inquired.

"No, sir, not yet; but I think I shall soon," Bobby replied hopefully.

"I think I'll go home and get my shovel and help in the search," said the old gentleman.

"Oh, no, sir, that wouldn't do at all, sir. I lost it, and I must find it. You're very kind, but I must find it myself," Bobby answered.

"Tut, tut!" said the old man, looking down at Bobby. "I hear there is going to be a ball game this afternoon. Going, Bobby?"

"Yes, sir, if I find my penny in time," Bobby said.

"What's a penny got to do with a ball game?"

"Nothing; only I must find it before I do anything else."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Whitman as he strode off.

He could not have gone far, however, for a few minutes later, when Bobby scrambled out of the ditch with the lucky penny in his hand, Mr. Whitman was waiting near by.

"Found your penny, eh?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bobby; "isn't it a fine penny?"

"H'm, yes," said the old gentleman, fumbling in his pocket. "I said I'd give you another penny, and I will, Bobby. Here it is—here's a penny because you are persistent."

Bobby took the two pennies in his hand and ran home.

"Oh," cried Bobby, "I think my penny was very lucky, if I did lose it. I'm glad I was that big word Mr. Whitman called me. I'm glad I was per-sistent."—*Frances Kirkland, in the Churchman.*

The Horse that wore Spectacles.

"Say, boys," said Tom Phelps, at recess one Friday, "what do you think we've got in our barn? You never could guess!"

Then the guessing began, and a great many queer things were thought of; but none were right, and finally they had to give it up.

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "of course you couldn't guess it, for you never heard of such a thing. It's a horse that wears spectacles!"

"Oh!" said all the boys who had gathered around Tom; "it's mean to fool us that way. Didn't think you were joking." And they were turning away to their games when he called them back.

"But I'm not joking. You know our horse Prince?"

"Yes!" came from a dozen boys at once. Didn't they know him! Hadn't they ridden behind him, filling Mr. Phelps's wagon running-over full if ever he chanced to drive along just as school was let out, a hundred times? And hadn't they ridden on his back in the pasture three or four in a row, and tumbled off three or four in a heap, and petted him, and given him apples or sugar whenever they saw him? Every boy in Manlius knew Prince, and to know Prince was to love him; for a more intelligent, kind, and gentle horse never lived.

"What about Prince?" said several in a breath.

"Why, Father thought he was getting blind. He has always acted as if he couldn't see just right, and so the other day Father took him to a—what do ye call it?" said Tom, trying to think of the big word he wanted.

"Was it an oculist?" said a voice.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom; for it was the teacher, Mr. Bragdon, who spoke. He had

joined the group, and was listening with interest to the news about Prince.

"The man looked at Prince's eyes just the way he would look at anybody's, and found he was near-sighted, the way some people are. Then he wrote out something to tell how to make spectacles for Prince. Father had them made and put upon a bridle, and Prince wore them yesterday."

"How did he act, Tom, the first time the spectacles were put on?" asked Mr. Bragdon.

"He acted at first as if he was sort of frightened, but it didn't take him long to get used to them; and now we think he likes them."

"Well, that is wonderful!" said Mr. Bragdon, as he turned to go into the school-room; and before recess was over half the boys had agreed to go to Tom's the next morning to see how Prince looked in his spectacles. Mr. Bragdon was invited, too; for all the boys liked him, and thought they always had a better time when he was along.

Bright and early Saturday morning a troop of jolly boys called for the "teacher," and were tramping gayly up the carriage-road to the Phelps farm-house, when whom should they see but Tom and his father in the big wagon, driving Prince right toward them. How funny Prince looked with his great goggles, and how the boys laughed! It seemed as if Prince tried to laugh, too; for he shook his mane, and opened his mouth in such a funny way.

"He looks like a professor," said one.

"Or an owl," said another.

"Doesn't he look wise?" said a third.

"Why shouldn't he? He knows more than any of us," retorted one of Prince's most ardent admirers; and so the talk went on until Mr. Phelps ordered the visitors to "pile in" and go for a ride. They needed no urging, and their gay laughter as they went through the quiet town brought more than one staid body to the window to see what the matter was. No doubt more than one turned away with a sigh, to say, "It's only Deacon Phelps and that parcel of boys he's so fond of carting around with him."

When the ride was over, Mr. Phelps said, "Now I'm going to turn Prince out to pasture. Yesterday he acted kind of queer and sorrowful when I took the bridle off. I wish you would watch him to-day, Mr. Bragdon, and see what you think is the matter."

So they all waited and watched eagerly to see what Prince would do, and the boys who were used to his playful ways were astonished to see him walk slowly part way across the barn with his head down, and then stand still like a person who is blindfolded and does not know where to go next.

"I believe he's crying," said little Jack White, in an awed whisper; and I think the boys would not have been astonished to see real tears drop from his eyes.

"Go on, Prince," said Mr. Phelps, kindly; but he did not stir until taken by the nose and led out-of-doors. Then he walked slowly down the path toward the meadow, the whole group watching him in silence.

"He seems to miss the spectacles," said Mr. Bragdon, after a moment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Phelps, "that's just the way it seems to me."

"Look at him now!" cried the boys. "He is coming back!" And, sure enough, Prince had turned and was on his way back to the barn. Slowly he came, went straight by the boys, never stopping for sugar or caress, to the barn door, which had been closed, and there he stood whinnying softly.

"He's asking for those spectacles, Father," said Tom, eagerly. "Do put them on."

"Yes," said Mr. Bragdon, "why not see what he will do?"

So the bridle was put on, bit and all; but Prince did not seem to mind the bit. Just as soon as the spectacles were on and fastened he rubbed his nose lovingly against Mr. Phelps's arm, as if to say "Thank you," and then kicked up his heels and pranced away down to the pasture in the happiest possible manner.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Bragdon, "that *was* what he wanted." And he and Mr. Phelps talked it all over while the boys ran away to the meadow to have a romp with their friend.

This is a true story. The horse who wears spectacles is now living, and I'm sure you will all join with me in hoping that he may live to wear them many years.—*Christian Advocate.*

Nelsie's "Cheeruping."

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

"Cheerup! Cheerup!" quoth Madam Robin, who, with Sir Robin, was feasting off late choke-cherries by the back kitchen window.

"Cheerup! Cheerup!" repeated Sir Robin.

"I won't!" snapped Nelsie, and then felt sorry as soon as she said it; for, since Sir and Madam were so kind as to stay all winter when all the other birds whisked away to some "resort" or other, it did seem as though the least one could do was to be civil to them and take a bit of advice occasionally, if they pleased to offer it.

"Please excuse me. I didn't really mean it," murmured Nelsie, wiping her eyes with the corner of her blue tier, and reflecting that she *could* go nutting some other day, and that things *might* be worse, even if the rain *was* pouring right down at the very hour when Cousin Bert was to call for her to go to Chestnut Wood for a long, long day of fun.

"Cheerup! Cheerup!" persisted the happy pair, between cherry bites.

"I will! I will!" responded Nelsie. "But *whom* shall I cheer up? And how shall I do it?"

The door opened just then, and the answer came in a glimpse of grandma, sitting by her south window, and looking out over the brown fields.

In a moment Nelsie was by her side.

"Mayn't I read for you, Grandma? I have *such* a nice book!" chirruped she.

Might she! Grandma was as fond of stories as any of her grandchildren, and at the word "story" she brightened up as if by magic, and settled her cap and apron for a long forenoon of delight.

Of course, Nelsie would much rather have curled up in the window-seat and read it all by herself. Grandma knew that,—grandmas are such knowing folk!—and that's why she remarked to the robins (after the book was finished and Nelsie had gone out on the piazza to look for weather), "Ain't she the dearest girlie?"

"Ye-up! Ye-up!" came in a silvery duet from Sir and Madam.

"She can listen to advice!" said Madam.

"And take it!" added Sir.

"Yes, take it!" trilled Madam.

"And make it," warbled Sir, swelling his glossy throat with enthusiasm.

"Of use," crescendoed Madam; and then the time and tune and words got so mixed up that only an expert in Robinese could ever understand them.

Grandma was not an expert. She only said: "Do hear the dear sweets! Their voices sound just like my Nelsie's!"

Grandmother's Baking-dishes.

"Guess you'll have to get a new baking-dish pretty soon, Mother," said Helen, as she stood at the sink, washing the dishes. "This one is nearly baked out."

Sure enough, there were three little holes wearing through, owing to constant use.

"I shouldn't wonder if I'd better get some like your grandmother's," laughed Mrs. Kelso, mysteriously, "like the ones I have seen her bake her brown-bread on. Then after using we could throw them away."

"Dishes!" exclaimed Helen, economically. "Weren't they just like these?"

"Some of them weren't; they grew."

"Why, Mother Kelso!"

"But they did," laughed Helen's mother. "I'm not joking."

"Tin dishes couldn't grow. They're made," said Helen, convincingly.

"They weren't tin, dear. They were cabbage leaves. Many a time I've seen mother put her little round loaves of brown-bread on cabbage leaves, and then put them into the oven to bake."

"Did—did the bread bake just as well?"

"You'd never know the difference. Perhaps some day I'll try it."

"Then we'll not have to wash the dishes," laughed Helen, eagerly. "We can throw them away, the same as grandmother did!"—*Sunbeam.*

The teacher had been giving her little ones some lessons in table manners. "If you want to leave the table," she said, "before the others do, you should always say, 'Excuse me.'" The next day, wishing to see how well they remembered her instructions, she asked, "Fred, when should you say 'Excuse me' at the table?" "When we have company," was the earnest reply.—*N. R. Miller.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,280 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Bliss, Mare S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Letters and Notes on the War.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

We have recently received a letter from a valued friend, Rev. Dr. Traub, a member of the Prussian Chamber and also the president of the Liberal Protestant Alliance of Germany. Dr. Traub will be remembered as a victim of Prussian State Church tyranny, which expelled him from his large and influential church in Dortmund, Germany, on the charge of heresy and insubordination. During the war he has rendered much patriotic service in looking after the wounded and writing copious letters to the German press concerning the condition of things which he found at the front of the German army in Belgium and France. This seems to have restored him to general favor, even with the ecclesiastical zealots. His letters are printed in the very religious journals which a few months ago denounced him as an infidel and a man dangerous to Germany. In his paper, *Christian Freedom*, he also wages a campaign in behalf of the integrity and justice of the German side of the war. Dr. Traub writes us under date of September 20:—

"One has his hands full nowadays, and weeks of work must now be concentrated into hours, and with it comes the whole weight of the intellectual valuation of events; and this daily becomes heavier and heavier Not as if our enthusiasm had ceased, or because we are depressed over the momentary cessation of the forward movement, but because the questions of the future development of our affairs now become ever more clear and present themselves as mighty problems to our souls.

"I do not think you are one who must be provided with news items, but because I value your sympathy for Germany, and in order to support others, I should like to impart to you various informations which perhaps will not find the right expression in your American journals.

"When we went in a rush from the northeast of France to Paris all the world thought we were going to take Paris, but that was not our intention. Rather was it our intention to fall upon the rear of the lines of strong defence between Verdun and Épinal, as well as Belfort, and thus save ourselves the unnecessary shedding of blood, which in the case of a frontal attack from the west against these fortifications would have unquestionably been required. As this implied a decisive action, the French army threw itself into our way with great energy and courage, and endeavored to break the line of our troops between Paris and Lorraine. If it had succeeded in this, our right wing would have become prisoners. In consequence of it, our right wing withdrew more than eighty kilometres. This gave it the advantage of remaining in constant connection with our army in the west. Our withdrawal was universally represented by the critics who are opposed to us as a confession of a blunder on our part. We are convinced that, although we pressed forward our infantry a little too rapidly for the reason that our soldiers were so filled with enthusiasm for the conflict that they could not be held back, and often did not remain sufficiently long to assure themselves of the artillery support which was to cover their advance, yet the whole situation of affairs as it has developed since did not imply any strategic mistake. Since that time the two armies, gripped like two dogs, have closed with each other, and every foot of land costs a vast deal of bloodshed. When this final battle is fought, the existence of France will be essentially decided.

"In the east the situation of our affairs is entirely satisfactory. Eastern Prussia has been cleared of the Russians. We are marching from the north into Poland, and thus we are able to relieve our Austrian friends in the south. Besides this security which our arms have achieved, we have also had brilliant results with our war loan of over a thousand millions, which has been subscribed for three and a half times over.

"The feeling of the whole country could not be better. The great number of wounded who are sent back cannot depress us. The wounded themselves strengthen those at home and are filled with a burning desire to once more get at the enemy. The universal unity of parties and confessions among us stands unshaken. That human beings have not been able over night to put off entirely their old Adam is true enough, but after all we are filled with thankfulness over a moral grandeur which we have never conceived to have existed before in our people.

"We have just received word of the brave deed of a single German submarine which, near the Hook of Holland, sent to their doom three English armored cruisers with their twenty-seven hundred men. This has filled us with great joy. We hope that this last stroke against England will open the eyes of the world. But before this we had already wrought much greater damage on the sea to England than England has been able to inflict upon us. The total tonnage of the English warships that have been sunk was double that of our own ships lost in action. The English, with their insular conceit and their taciturnity, will, according to our expectations, find themselves to have seriously miscalculated the issue. We hope that America will remain truly neutral; that is, will appreciate the worthless and lying reports of the English authorities and press at their true value, and will be ready to hear the actual truth concerning the war.

"So far as a proposal for peace is concerned, we have no desire to entertain it. The Pope, as you know, has recently tried to make peace, but such a peace can be initiated only by those with whom we are at war, and we hope that we shall be the ones to dictate its terms, otherwise we cannot conceive of any lasting peace; and if at last peace is made, it must surely be so framed that we shall enjoy its fruits for a hundred years to come. To bring this about no nation or power is competent which is external to the conflict we are waging. Therefore we have been greatly pleased at the correct position assumed by your American President, who has refused to listen to the flattering voices which surrounded him, and placed himself upon the just standpoint that only when one of the powers concerned in the war requested it a discussion of the subject was possible."

As we desire to deal impartially with all our friends of different nationalities who are concerned in the present terrible war, and as our German co-workers have complained that hitherto their side of the great conflict has not been adequately represented in these columns and in those of the American press in general, we venture to add the following personal and family letter to the one which is quoted in the foregoing. It is a letter written by a prominent citizen of one of the larger towns of Germany, a graduate of a leading German university, and a lawyer of standing and reputation. It shows how intense is the patriotism of the people of Germany at the present day, and how united they are in their stand for the Fatherland in the present conflict. The personal note which prevails throughout the letter will be pardoned because of its interest as a human document in the present struggle.

"Your sympathetic words prove that you understand how the Germans, betrayed by the English, are fighting for the highest culture, religion, and true morality. There is a God in heaven who will not permit a great cause to fail, and he battles with us! In trustful confidence, but also in deepest humility, we Germans in this darkest hour bend on our knees before him. The churches of all confessions are open daily, and in them those remaining at home pray for the fathers, sons, and brothers who stand at the front, for our whole people, and for our exalted peace-Kaiser, whose endeavors to maintain the world's peace were fruitless. We have the reassuring conviction that our Emperor and our people did not desire the war. We have been suddenly assailed, basely and treacherously, but did not surmise what mighty patriotic forces were concealed in our German people, and that all ranks and classes among them would rise as one man to defend their country. In this great and uplifting time, high and low, rich and poor no longer exist. Our police and courts have hardly anything to do. All order themselves willingly beneath the law of the highest exertion of all our personal and social forces to repel the common enemy.

"In the history of our planet and for the next century a frightful harvest has been sown by England. In the future there can be no community of interests of whatever kind between English and Germans. On our side there has arisen a bitter hate against perfidious Albion, which does not observe the laws of international justice, arms its troops with infamous dumdum bullets, and has displayed a satanic treachery toward the cause of Germanism. This mark of Cain England will henceforth ever bear. No German will ever forget the year 1914. If this war does not bring about the punishment of England, I am convinced that the thought and aim of every German man for decades will be controlled by the sentiment 'Down into the dust with England.'

"But we are desirous that the United States of North America shall not only have a better understanding of the sudden invasion of Germany, long planned and prepared for by our enemies, and the necessity which this brings with it for a bitter struggle of Germany down to the last man capable of bearing arms, but also that we gain for the future the sympathy of the American people. We devote to the preservation of our most sacred treasures all that we possess. We do not fight for base mammon or from love of booty. The Americans have often shown that they can rise above the struggle for daily bread and make sacrifices for ideal interests and ethical values. Will not German civilization and aims also be appreciated in America? I think yes!

"You ask concerning us and ours. Two days since the twenty-first member of our family has gone into the field. My eldest

Digitized by Google

son fought at Louvain and Namur, and now is in front of Maubeuge. He commands, as a substitute of the wounded chief of his battalion, the infantry escort of one of the mortar batteries with which our troops smashed the powerful forts of Namur, those mysterious cannon with which Krupp has presented us. My second son, because of his unusual bodily strength, despite his youth,—he is only seventeen—has been accepted as a volunteer and assigned to a battalion of telegraphers. K. L. was lately in command of a fort at Kiel, but is probably now occupied as an officer in the aëronautic corps. His younger brother, Will, a former cadet, now drills recruits for the army. The brother of my wife, in spite of his forty-six years, has volunteered and now stands as an officer on the frontier in France. The husband of my sister, your cousin, H. B., forty-eight years of age, leads a company of the Landsturm. The son of your cousin, the senior teacher, Dr. G. W., has taken part as a volunteer private in the ranks in a series of battles in Belgium and France. He has been wounded, but not seriously, and continues his military service.

"You will see from this that every man in our family capable of bearing arms, irrespective of his age or liability to military service, has placed himself at the disposal of the Fatherland. It is held among us to be shameful for a competent man to withhold himself from military service. Two million volunteers have enlisted. Two million more substitutes and home guards are being drilled. Five million soldiers, thoroughly equipped, stand in the east and the west ready for war. When in human history has there been witnessed such a vast army of men who in glowing enthusiasm fight for their Fatherland? 'A mighty castle is our God.' With such troops, led by the best of the nation, shall we not conquer? Our faith in the triumph of our cause cannot be overthrown! Therefore do not be anxious about us, but be of good courage, with us, that the Almighty King of kings will send a blessing upon our prayers and our arms, and give us the victory."

International Helpfulness.

The following words are taken from the monthly letter of the British League of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women. The secretaries call attention to the special work the International Union has found to do in keeping up intercourse with the representatives in the neutral countries, through whom the League committee hopes to be able to render help to members of the German *Verein* who may be in England.

"Up to the time of printing this letter, nearly one hundred people have availed themselves of the Union's offer of help in communicating with relations and friends in Germany and elsewhere abroad. All concerned must be grateful to the Dutch and Danish women who made this possible. There were, of course, tiresome conditions to be observed, and it required two visits to Scotland Yard and very explicit explanations on the part of the English secretary before the English authorities were convinced that nothing underhand or inimical to law and order was being undertaken.

"It is hard work in these days to live up to one's Christian ideals. The Golden Rule is desperately hard to practise! Those who have tried to get help and shelter for the many helpless German women and girls left stranded here have found this out. It is a fine chance we women have—let us set an example in our attitude, let us not *only* be satisfied with *not ill-treating* them, but even go a little out of our way, and in the persons of our innocent alien enemy neighbor return good for evil. Let us remember to behave to them as we hope their people will behave to ours in Germany. Let us remember that in every one whom we so succor and shelter England may have in the future a firm and faithful friend, and some of the awful bitterness and hatred by just so much be lessened. Let us show that fellowship means something real, and 'quicken our religious life' by really living it."

War Distress Fund for Essex Hall, London.

Under date of September 3, with the caption "The Shadow of War," Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, secretary, presented the opportunity for participation in the relief of the distress in England and elsewhere, caused by the present war, through the channel of the activities of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at its headquarters at Essex Hall, London. It will be interesting to know that there has been considerable response, and that already $651.38 have been forwarded to Rev. W. Copeland Bowie at Essex Hall, the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

How much this assistance is appreciated and what good use of it is being made is best indicated by the copy of a letter just received from Mr. Bowie in acknowledgment of the first remittance sent a month ago:—

"It was exceedingly kind of our American friends to send through you such a generous gift to our War Distress Fund. The money will prove very useful. It is only befitting that it should be employed internationally. We have and are assisting Belgians, Hungarians, and Germans as well as English people. To-day there are two stranded German ladies coming to see me who were recommended by the minister of the German Church in London. The terrible part of all this war is that the innocent are everywhere suffering for the guilty. The sight of the crowds of Belgian refugees would melt the hardest heart. I wish the Kaiser and the military leaders could witness the fruits of their invasion of Belgium! There will be an end to the horror one day.

(Signed) W. COPELAND BOWIE."

Another considerable remittance, much larger than the first, has just gone forward, making up the total sum given at the head of this notice.

While it is well known that many of our people prefer to make their gifts for relief through some of the other channels, such as the Red Cross or the general Belgian Relief Fund, there are still others who will be glad to learn that there is this opportunity for giving in a very direct way through channels with which they are well acquainted, and into hands which they know are competent. Those of us who know Mr. Bowie and his business-like methods feel sure that whatever may be intrusted to the care of his Association will be expended where it will do the most good without waste and without delay. Any further gifts which may be forwarded to this Association and designated for the Essex Hall Distress Fund will be promptly sent to London. Any portions of such gifts as may be marked especially for the benefit of the Belgian refugees will be so treated, and distributed under Mr. Bowie's direction.

HENRY M. WILLIAMS.

An Appeal from France.

The following appealing letter from the wife of Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, son of the eminent preacher Father Hyacinthe Loyson, has been received. Mrs. Loyson is an American by birth and education. Besides her own family cares she is desirous of aiding the cause of France, her adopted country, to which she devotes her means and her life. We hope her appeal may meet with a hearty and generous response.

"To help meet the present great need I have decided to open in our Paris home a small hospital. Could you help me by collecting some money among your friends for the poor wounded soldiers? I have been nursing already nearly two months in the Protestant hospital here, but the need is so very urgent for more and more nurses, for more and more beds to receive the wounded, that I want to do all in my power to help. But I in my turn need help,—for, though I have decided to give everything we have, still it is not sufficient,—so I am turning to our American friends, feeling sure that they, who are enjoying peace, instead of living through the horrible nightmare our daily life over here has become, will lend a helping hand.

"My husband went off on the first day. By his position of interpreting officer on the army staff he is a non-combatant, so, thank God, will have to take no human life, though his own must necessarily be exposed often. But so far all is well, and one must live but one day at a time, else the load of anguish would be more than one could bear. The only joy one can still have is the joy of helping to lighten the pain and sorrow about me.

LAURA JAYNE BUCKNELL LOYSON."

Contributions large or small may be sent to Mrs. Charles W. Wendte, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and will be duly acknowledged and promptly forwarded.

The New York Letter.

The churches of Manhattan have opened this fall with exceptionally large congregations. At the Church of the Messiah Mr. Holmes's sermons have dealt largely with the problems raised by the great war. Sunday, October 4, in response to President Wilson's appeal, a significant meeting was held at this church, with Rev. Frank O. Hall, Mrs. Florence Kelley, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise as speakers. Mr. Holmes presided and spoke briefly.

At All Souls' Church, Rev. William Sullivan has been speaking to much larger audiences than has been usual at that church in the opening Sundays of the year. The most significant meeting was on October 11, when a memorial service to Dr. Henry W. Bellows was held. In addition to the usual

audience many of Dr. Bellows's parishioners were present from various parts of the city.

The New York Tercentenary is now being celebrated, continuing from October 25 to November 21. The Board of Education is co-operating with the Tercentenary Commission in giving great music festivals in various public school buildings.

The celebration was begun with a union religious service at the Hippodrome, in the arrangement of which all leading denominations were represented. The appropriateness of thus opening the celebration was voiced in the words quoted from Ex-Police Commissioner McAdoo, "Were it not for religion and the faith behind it, there are not enough policemen in all the world to keep order in New York City."

Some interesting facts were brought out regarding the comparative growth of New York's churches for the half-century from 1855 to 1905. In that time the increase in the number of churches has been as follows: Catholic increase equals 173; Lutheran, 116; Protestant Episcopal, 93; Baptist, 90; Methodist, 90; Presbyterian, 51; Congregational, 26; Reformed Dutch, 21. The Unitarians foot the list with an increase of 4. The Universalists have precisely the same number as in 1855, and the Society of Friends has 6 less churches than fifty years ago. In the half-century Protestantism increased its property-holding over 10 times; Roman Catholic property increased 27.3 times; and Jewish property 75 times!

The Continuation Committee of the World Alliance of Churches for promoting International Friendship, which was appointed by the Church Peace Conference held at Constance, Germany, in August, held a meeting in New York last week, the chairman, J. Allen Baker, M.P., being the only member present who was not an American. This committee, which at present consists of thirteen members from America and twelve from Great Britain, plans to enlarge its scope to include sixty members, representing different denominations in all nations.

Such an undertaking must inevitably move slowly in these tragic times. However, the committee reported that Prof. B. F. Battin and Dr. John R. Mott are now in Germany, trying to pour oil on troubled waters and enlist the co-operation of churches in spreading the peace propaganda. It is to be hoped, that wherever the Church fails, she may not fail here, in what is just now the world's greatest need.

And now the pen hesitates to record the sad news which touches many hearts, and especially those in the churches of New York.

Like a bolt from the blue came the word that our much-beloved Mrs. Slicer had passed out from among us. To those who knew her the world this morning seems more lonely; and what it means to stricken Dr. Slicer one dare not think, for in these two we beheld the beautiful fact of a perfect marriage.

They had common intellectual interests and thus Mrs. Slicer brought into the varied avenues of Dr. Slicer's strenuous life a sympathetic understanding which helped and inspired. Through all the busy years she kept up a wide reading of good books.

She also devoted a generous share of her time and her ability to various educational and philanthropic enterprises. At the time of her death she was vice-president of the New York Browning Society.

When living in Providence, R.I., she was elected a member of the school board. To her also belongs the honor of having founded the free kindergarten in Buffalo, N.Y.

For years she has been a trustee of the Friendly Aid Society, which has under its care the Warren Goddard Settlement. Here also, as chairman of the Missionary Sewing School, her faithful and helpful work will be greatly missed. During the later weeks of her life her hands were busied with the merciful task of knitting for the Red Cross.

On the occasion of a visit of Dr. Slicer's in the West a number of years ago, the writer expressed to him the desire that she might sometime meet Mrs. Slicer. Dr. Slicer's face lighted up as he said, "I hope you may; she is good to look upon." When some years later it was the writer's privilege to meet Mrs. Slicer, the words recurred to her, "She is good to look upon." Then after an acquaintance of several years with this gentle-souled and gentle-mannered friend, the description was made complete by adding, "She is good to know." L. C. H.

Chicago Letter.

The men's clubs are beginning their sessions with great interest and enthusiasm. This branch of our service is very popular, and draws in a part of the great unchurched who are yet really religious men.

The Unity Church Club has begun its sessions, with Mr. Wandell Topping as chairman. The topic for the first meeting was "The Probability of Peace in Europe." The Round Table meets weekly for heart-to-heart talks. Once a month on Wednesday a dinner is served by the ladies of the society. It is noticed that after serving it the ladies gather about the room and listen most earnestly to the paper and discussion.

The Chapel Lecture Club will hold its first meeting in November. They, too, meet once a month on Friday, at the call of the minister, and they also begin with a dinner.

The Third Church Fellowship Club includes ladies in its membership, often three generations of one family being present. The meetings are held every Tuesday evening during the season, in the club-room of the church. This year they will discuss "Moral Problems of the Individual and Society as they are depicted in the Social Organizations and in the Events of our Day." The November topics for two evenings will be "Nineteenth-century Europe," and two evening readings of "The War God," by Zangwill, and "The Great Adventure," by Bennett. Miss Jennie Wilcox is president.

The Associate Alliance gave a luncheon to Mrs. Robert H. Davis in the church parlors of the chapel while she was here on her way from the Illinois to the Michigan Conference. Representatives from all the city churches were present, a goodly company, and after a delicious menu had been served by the ladies of the society Mrs. Davis was called on for a talk. For once, I think, she had all the time she wanted, and she gave one of her most inspiring accounts of her experiences. She began in Texas, carried us up the Pacific Coast and through Canada, and we all joined in her enthusiasm. The only drawback was the absence of Mrs. E. N. Delano, who has always been active in such gatherings, but who is not yet able to bear the excitement of meeting many friends at once.

At the Evanston church on Sunday Charles J. Woodbury spoke on Emerson from a personal experience, with great pleasure and profit to his audience. The next week he will give a lecture Friday evening on the same subject, for the benefit of the Alliance, at the Third Church.

The Hinsdale church has called Rev. Newton Ben Knapp, and he has accepted and will begin his work there November 8.

F. LE B.

Summer Services in Fitchburg.

Several readers of the *Register* have asked for an account of the experiment in summer services made by our congregation in Fitchburg.

"Early Mass" is what some of our people called it, in good humor. We met at 9.30 Sunday mornings, early enough so that people had the rest of the day free for outdoor benefits. As it was expected that the attendance would be small, the chapel or Sunday-school room was chosen as the place of meeting, and there we learned again that a smaller number of people almost filling a smaller room seems larger and much warmer than a greater number scattered through an auditorium.

The most distinctive feature was that the nine services were conducted by nine different laymen of our own congregation. Even before the first service began it was an inspiration to the congregation as well as to the minister to have these nine men consent to serve the parish as leaders in worship, and, best of all, to have them consent not grudgingly but generously, as they all did.

It was easier for them to consent than it would have been otherwise, by reason of the fact that a service book, "Jubilate Deo," was at their disposal, so that those who felt diffident about producing their own expressions had the different parts of the service ready to read from an open book, if they chose to do so. One of the men offered prayer in his own words, and a genuine, beautiful prayer it was. The "Jubilate Deo" was well suited to our purpose, and we are indebted to the National Young People's Religious Union for the loan of their extra copies. Toward the beginning of each of the nine services the worshippers repeated together the covenant of the parish, "In the love of truth and the spirit of Jesus we unite for the worship of God and the service of man."

The music was in charge of the leader of the choir, and his services, generously given, contributed much to the success of the undertaking. Several members of the parish who are trained musicians volunteered to sing and play the piano at different times, which was another big help.

As to sermons, the laymen were at liberty to produce their own or make selections, as they saw fit. Two gave their own, on "The Importance of Sunday-school and Church" and "The Need of Religious Faith." Both of these were so good and so short that their listeners wanted to hear more. Of the seven others, one read from a book of practical advice passages which he had found helpful on "Decision" and "Attention to Details"; another read a sermon by Dr. Putnam,

Digitized by Google

"Thou shalt say 'No'"; another, a tract on "Social Service"; another, from "The Fulfilment of Citizenship," a valuable pamphlet published by the American Unitarian Association, containing tributes to the church by some of our most famous men; another read from Salem Hyde's address "The Layman and the Church"; another, "The Church of the Free Spirit," by Dr. Crothers; and the last was "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Drummond.

The week-day occupations of the men who conducted the services are shown as follows: dentist, shoe manufacturer, lawyer, insurance agent, office clerk, salesman in hardware store, farmer, paper-hanger, steam-engine manufacturer. All did well, took the matter seriously, and made their services interesting and helpful. None did better than the man who says that he never before spoke in public, even so much as to second a motion.

The average of attendance during July was 65, during August, 50. The services had a stimulating effect. Those who attended seemed to find fresh enjoyment and spiritual benefit in these exercises of worship conducted by volunteers. They were happy and a bit proud to see men of their own number doing that service and doing it so well. After one of the services a man of the congregation happened to see me there, and said in a confiding way, "If you're taken away we can get along all right. The woods are full of 'em." Not a few people outside our parish have expressed their admiration for this scheme, and we share their feeling. It certainly is a natural development of congregationalism, of democracy in religion.

ROBERT F. LEAVENS.

The Children's Mission.

The annual report of the Children's Mission has appeared in its usual attractive form. The Mission is continuing with its work, which has been broadening in its scope from year to year, though in the past year, owing to reduced subscriptions, it has been obliged to somewhat curtail its activities, reaching during the year but 840 children.

The report of the Mission is especially interesting, as from year to year it approaches its subject from the point of view of a different group of readers. This year it is written in popular style for the layman who, failing to understand, or perhaps care for details and methods, is interested in actual cases where help has been rendered. A number of these are cited, each one varying greatly in its character from every other.

For example, a "delinquent" girl sent to the Mission is found to be far from delinquent, her conduct having been affected by untoward influences.

Another is that where patient work with the head of a family has taught him to husband his resources, and so furnish that support for his family which before had been impossible to him.

There are cases of crippled or neurotic children restored to health, children saved from the influence of vicious or foolish parents, and two sensational rescues from distressing conditions are also described.

It is also interesting to see that the Mission has for years been helping financially some mothers to rear their children at home.

The presentation of all these cases goes to show that the Mission is achieving quite as important results with those children which it does not take into charge as with those which must necessarily be removed from their homes and cared for in its selected families.

The clerk in his report announces the recent foundation of the Frances S. Merrill Fund, which now amounts to $1,100. This is especially gratifying, as it commemorates the suggestion by this twelve-year-old child that the children ought to do something to help the less fortunate. From the time of this suggestion, 1849, to that of her death in 1898, Miss Merrill was actively interested in the welfare of the children at the Mission and in the Howard Sunday-school of the Bulfinch Place Church, where the plan for the Mission was first formed.

The very complete financial report, audited by a professional accountant, inspires confidence that the funds are carefully husbanded and expended.

A new feature of this report is a statement, in the beginning, of the general community plan for the welfare of Massachusetts children, and the exact place in this plan which is held by the Mission. It also shows the districting of the State between the different societies, that all parts may be covered, and gives specific information as to that section for which the Mission holds itself responsible.

The illustrations in the report are attractive as usual, each one showing a different and a definite type of work accomplished by the Mission. It is evident that in selecting these illustrations all distressing or repulsive features have been carefully avoided.

Report of Autumn Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

BY REV. FLORENCE BUCK.

The fellowship of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association was invoked in behalf of the autumn meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society for a joint session, which was held on October 21. The Sunday-school programme occupied the entire afternoon. Our church at Manchester, N.H., was well filled with representatives and friends of the Conference and Sunday School Society. The meeting opened with a brief devotional service by Rev. George L. Thompson of Laconia. President William I. Lawrance, who was presiding, gave opportunity for the transaction of any business, and gave notice of publications of the Department of Religious Education on hand for free distribution.

The first address of the afternoon was given by Jay William Hudson, Ph.D., special lecturer for the Massachusetts Peace Society, who spoke on the subject, now of such vital importance, "Peace Teaching, and the Present Crisis." The address was a well-organized and forceful presentation of the definite instruction which should be given to children and young people everywhere in this country. The speaker pointed out that the present European war is the worst in history, not alone because of the fearful loss of life and the destruction of the world's treasures, but because war can no longer be localized. By it the fortunes of every nation are affected. In order that such wars be prevented in future we should teach the children of this country certain great peace principles. Let us notice some of them.

We should teach the truth that human nature is fundamentally social. The individual is more than his own body, more than family, more than his own community, State, or even nation. His relations are now world-wide, and he fulfils himself only when he enters fully into these enlarged relations. To show this we must make youth acquainted with the customs of foreigners, so that they do not look upon them as "queer," and therefore inferior. We must also teach the history of Christianity, so that the contributions of all peoples to this great faith shall be readily seen.

We of this nation are the only people ready to teach that world welfare is prior to national patriotism. This is a reversal of the old conception of obligation to one's country. Human brotherhood is a greater conception than association by national boundaries. Its practice brings about not only the greater good of the world, but the higher profit and advantage of one's own nation.

Our instruction for peace must be based on the greatest of all considerations, that of international morality. Other arguments against war have been used, notably the economic, the waste of world wealth, as set forth in that remarkable book by Norman Angell, "The Great Illusion," and the biological argument—the deterioration of the human stock—as presented by Dr. David Starr Jordan. True as these are, we must teach that nations as well as individuals live under the moral law, that murder is murder even when it hides under a uniform and stalks abroad in the name of war.

The United States expresses that international morality in its new internationalism. Heretofore the relations of nation with nation have been almost wholly upon the basis of national selfishness,—national aggrandizement at the expense of any other nation which stood in the way. But America has adopted an entirely new international policy, a policy not so blindly selfish, and yet in reality making far more for national greatness in view of the present interrelation of peoples. Notable in her recent relations with Mexico, America has been the apostle of an internationalism which deems it a solemn obligation to consider the welfare of the country with which she may have a dispute, and not take advantage of its weakness, save to make it strong to serve itself and the world in the interests of civilization.

The speaker enumerated several teaching points which he had not time to amplify: (1) That America has always led the world in the demand for international arbitration. (2) That the peace movement is now positive, constructive, and aggressive. To-day it is war, not peace, which is on the defensive. (3) We must teach constructive peace proposals, like the demand for an international court for the settlement of international difficulties. (4) We must show youth how to use the combative instinct, not against other individuals or nations in war, but against the forces of evil; to conserve and improve life, not to destroy it.

In closing, the speaker pointed out that Christianity is in favor of all these ideas, and that to extend them is to work for Christ's kingdom of righteousness and peace on the earth.

The second address of the afternoon was given by Rev. Florence Buck. It dealt with a matter of practical importance to superintendents and teachers,—the method of grading a small Sunday school. The substance of the address will appear in this column among the articles on methods of Sunday-school work which are to appear from time to time throughout the year.

The president of the Society then led a Round Table on the problems of the Sunday school, in a concise and helpful manner, keeping the questions and answers within the limits of time assigned for this, the closing part of the programme.

Summer Union Services in Lynn.

The second season in the series of union services was brought to a successful close Sunday, September 6. This year the Central Congregational joined with the First Universalist and Unitarian churches. The pulpit was supplied by representative men of the three denominations, and the music furnished by the choirs of the respective churches.

The names of the ministers who participated are as follows: Rev. Albert Lazenby (Unitarian); Rev. Frederic W. Perkins, D.D. (Universalist); Rev. H. H. Tweedy Ph.D., of Yale Divinity School (Congregationalist); Rev. Ulysses B. G. Pierce, D.D., of Washington, D.C. (Unitarian); Rev. Frank O. Hall, D.D., of New York City (Universalist); Rev. C. Thurston Chase (Congregationalist); Rev. Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo, N.Y. (Unitarian); Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D.D., of Tufts Divinity School (Universalist).

The plan now is to hold these services next summer in the Congregational church.

The Michigan Conference.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Michigan Conference was held at Ann Arbor, October 22 to 23. This was a twenty-hour Conference, it being felt by many that it is only by artificial means that enough interest is aroused to get an attendance for the usual three-day Conferences. Since all delegates could reach Ann Arbor by travelling in the morning, the meetings began Thursday afternoon, stopped for supper, and continued Thursday evening with a platform meeting. In that time the Conference had reports from the churches, and two business sessions, with plenty of time for all matters brought forward, and six set speeches. On Friday morning the Michigan Associated Alliance held a business meeting, and had four addresses. In addition to the speakers from Michigan the Conference had the pleasure of listening to Secretary Smith of Chicago and to Secretary Wilson of Boston, and The Alliance welcomed the national corresponding secretary, Mrs. Davis.

The Conference elected the following officers for the year: president, Rev. R. S. Loring of Ann Arbor; vice-president Rev. E. R. Shippen of Detroit; secretary-treasurer, Rev. D. R. Freeman of Grand Rapids; directors, Gov. W. N. Ferris of Michigan; Mrs. William M. Vosper of Toledo, Rev. G. F. Patterson of Kalamazoo, Mrs. E. L. Fuller of Jackson, and Mrs. van der Haagen of Grand Rapids. While the nominating committee did not give any public information as to the principles upon which they acted, it seems evident that they determined that, unless an unusually good excuse was evident, no person should be elected or re-elected as officer or director unless present at the Conference meetings. This rule of these efficiency experts is respectfully recommended to all other Conferences.

The Young People's Religious Union.

South Middlesex Federation.

The Metcalf Guild of Winchester entertained the South Middlesex Federation, Sunday, October 25. The following were elected officers until the spring meeting, for hereafter the Federation year will end in the spring: president, Mr. Carl B. Wetherell of Cambridge; vice-president, Mr. Harold Benjamin of Watertown; treasurer, Mr. F. Stanley Howe of Cambridge; secretary, Mr. Alden V. Keene of Watertown. It was voted to charge the individual Unions a small annual membership.

After the roll-call showed 116 delegates present, Mr. Wetherell spoke of "Making the Young People's Organizations More Efficient in the Churches."

Most important service may be rendered in connection with the church school. He advised all who could to prepare themselves for service by going to the Tuckerman School or elsewhere, and by attending the Isles of Shoals meetings. Supper was served by the members of the local Union.

Devotional service, led by Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs of Medford, opened the evening session. Rev. Francis Raymond Sturtevant of Taunton spoke on "The Certainties of Religion," finding the eternal foundations of religion to be: first, the existence of God; second, the distinction between right and wrong; and third, the law of love.

Alden V. Keene,
Secretary.

District Supervisors.

The following are the supervisors for the various districts, and these all stand ready to advise Unions and young people in their sections:—

Boston, Miss Marian D. Richards, Brighton, Mass.; Connecticut Valley, Miss Helen F. Schadee, Florence, Mass.; Essex, Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Beverly, Mass.; Middlesex, Mr. Carl B. Wetherell, Cambridge, Mass.; Pilgrim, Mr. Arthur Ryder, West Bridgewater, Mass.; Worcester, Miss Virginia McGarry, Grafton, Mass.; Upper New England, Rev. Henry G. Ives, Andover, N.H.; Rhode Island and Connecticut, Miss Edith R. Nason, Newport, R.I.; New York and New Jersey, Miss Clara de L'Berg, New York City, N.Y.; Atlantic States, Miss Elsa Waldie, Germantown, Pa.; Meadville and Eastern Canada, Mr. Joseph C. Kiley, Jamestown, N.Y.; Southern States, Miss Rita E. Stemm, New Orleans, La.; Middle West, Mr. Malcolm MacGillivray, Urbana, Ill.; Rocky Mountain, Rev. H. Houghton Schumacher, Helena, Mont.; North Pacific, Rev. Fred A. Weil, Bellingham, Wash.; Central Pacific, Mr. Berkeley B. Blake, Berkeley, Cal.; Southern Pacific, Rev. Paul McReynolds, Pomona, Cal.

Union Notes.

Christ Church, Dorchester, Mass.—The Y. P. R. U. of this church, henceforth to be known as the George F. Pratt Society, is beginning its season auspiciously; and, although the parish is bereft of its beloved minister, the future is faced so courageously that an impetus is lent to every undertaking, whether inaugurated by the young people or others. On a recent Sunday our treasurer, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie, was the speaker, being most enthusiastically received.

West Bridgewater, Mass.—Our union is alive and busy as usual. The Lawn Party and Clam Bake netted quite a sum, and we start the year feeling quite encouraged. We have lately presented some of the new hymn-books to the church, and the Union voted in the summer to pay the tenor singer in the choir.

Yarmouth, Me.—The Y. P. R. U. has issued an attractive programme, with meetings every Sunday evening in the month.

Meadville, Pa.—The Edward Everett Hale League also shows monthly Sunday evening meetings, when the great ideas of men like Channing, Theodore Parker, Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, etc., are to be made prominent, interspersed with week-day meetings, when discussions on dancing, athletics, dress, tobacco, etc., will be in order.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Ministers' Monday Club will meet at 25 Beacon Street, November 9, at 11 A.M. Rev. Harold G. Arnold of West Roxbury will preside. Rev. Joseph P. MacCarthy, Ph.D., of Waltham will speak on "What can we do to Make our Churches Grow?"

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from John Irwin Flick, formerly of the Baptist ministry, an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this Committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, Secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

At a meeting of the Fellowship Committee of the Middle States held at 104 East 20th Street, New York, on Monday, Oct. 26, 1914, Dr. Addison Moore was duly admitted to our fellowship in the Unitarian denomination, and is hereby commended to its ministers and churches. William M. Brundage, chairman, L. A. Harvey, W. R. Hunt.

Rev. William Daniel Grant, Ph.D., formerly of the Presbyterian denomination, for eight years pastor of the South Bergen Reformed Church, Jersey City, and later pastor for eight years of the First Presbyterian Church of Northumberland, Pa., has applied for fellowship to the Fellowship Committee of the Middle States. He is at present a member of the Manhattan Association of Congregational Ministers. He is the author of the well-known book "The Victim."

Digitized by Google

For Sundays in November the following preachers have been announced to preach at the Goodhue Memorial Chapel, Hackley School, Tarrytown, N.Y.: Rev. Hubert C. Buehler of Lakeville, Conn.; Rev. Roger S. Forbes, Dorchester, Mass.; Rev. Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Rev. Palfrey Perkins, Brighton, Mass.; and Rev. Robert Davis of Englewood, N.J.

Noonday services were begun in King's Chapel for the season last Monday, and all the services during the present week are devoted to the cause of peace. Hereafter there will be a peace service every Wednesday. Speakers next week will be as follows: November 9, Rev. W. S. Jones; November 10, Rev. L. V. Rutledge; November 11, peace service, Rev. C. F. Dole, D.D.; November 12, Rev. Sydney B. Snow; November 13, Rev. C. A. Drummond; November 14, musical service, Mr. Malcolm Lang, organist.

The Unitarian Ministers' Wives' Association, which was formed at the home of Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot last May, will hold its first regular meeting Friday afternoon, November 13, at two o'clock, in the parlors of the South Congregational Church, corner Exeter and Newbury Streets. Use Exeter Street entrance. Mrs. Henry C. Parker of Woburn will read a paper on "Should a Minister's Wife keep in or out of Church Activities?" All wives of Unitarian ministers are cordially invited, and requested to send to the secretary, Mrs. Emily M. A. Horst, 39 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass., topics they would like to have discussed.

Meetings.

SOUTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE.—The one hundred and thirty-ninth session was held at the First Parish Church in Cambridge on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, October 21, Vice-president Rev. John M. Wilson presiding. At the business session Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs of Medford was elected to fill a vacancy in the board of directors. The first address was given by Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, Ph.D., of Winchester, who spoke with the authority of an astronomer and the ardor of a religionist on "The Larger World and the Larger Faith." Rev. Lyman V. Rutledg of Cambridge discussed the theme. Dr. J. P. MacCarthy of Waltham concluded the discussion. Rev. William S. Nichols addressed the Conference on "Our Missionary Opportunity in New England." Discussion by Dr. Crothers, Rev. Charles A. Allen, and Rev. William H. Ramsay. Rev. Sydney B. Snow made a brief announcement on behalf of the General Conference regarding plans for the session at San Francisco next summer. After a social hour and a supper in the parish house the evening session was opened with a devotional service at 7.30, conducted by Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs of Medford. The address was given by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, who spoke of "Our Religious Times" in the presence of the great war, and the imperative need of our building the spirit of fraternity into the fact of a world federation as the immediate outcome of the European conflict. The Conference closed with hymn and benediction.

NEW HAMPSHIRE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting was held in Manchester, October 20 and 21, in conjunction with the autumn meeting of the Sunday School Society, and also a meeting of the New Hampshire ministers, who united for a round-table conference under the leadership of Rev. Lewis G. Wilson. This joint session proved to be one of the best and most satisfying held in a number of years, due perhaps to the ideal weather conditions, the friendliness and hospitality of the Manchester parish, and the excellence of the programme. On recommendation of the ministers the Association voted to hold again a summer institute at Proctor Academy, and the following committee of arrangements was selected: Messrs. McDougall, Powell, Thompson, Mitchell, Townsend, and Clayton. It was unanimously voted that the New England Council shall continue as an advisory body only, but it would recommend to the officers of the American Unitarian Association the importance of an active missionary campaign in the State of New Hampshire. A resolution favoring the abolition of the saloon was unanimously adopted. The following persons were elected: president, Judge Franck C. Livingston, Manchester; vice-president, Hon. James O. Lyford, Concord; general secretary, Rev. H. C. McDougall, Franklin; recording secretary, Rev. H. Sumner Mitchell, Keene; treasurer, Mr. Frank Proctor, Franklin. The sermon on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Albert Lazenby, was a most inspiring and hopeful utterance in this period of serious doubts and questionings, upon the subject "Is an Age of Faith dawning?" The devotional service on Wednesday morning was conducted by Rev. Manley B. Townsend of Nashua. A fruitful topic for discussion, participated in by several members, was introduced by Rev. Charles A. Wing of Concord, who set forth clearly some reasons for "The Present Social Unrest," his contention being that the solution rests in a more comprehensive brotherhood. Rev. Sydney B. Snow drew an interesting picture of the promise California will offer to friends from the East who shall journey thither to the next General Conference, not forgetting to emphasize the immeasurable good which such a visit will do our churches on the Pacific Coast. The increased opportunity for service, and the far-reaching good which the men of our churches may render, was earnestly proclaimed by the energetic organizing secretary of the Layman's League, Rev. S. B. Nobbs, whose optimism ought to inspire a like spirit of cheerful expectancy and eagerness to serve the larger good. After partaking of a generous luncheon provided by the Manchester parish, the Association adjourned. H. Sumner Mitchell, Recording Secretary.

Churches.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.—All Souls' Church, Rev. Thomas S. Robjent: The annual meeting of the church and congregation was the most largely attended gathering in the history of the church. Reports showed great gains in all departments of the work. Resolutions were passed expressing affection and loyalty to Mr. and Mrs. Robjent, and appreciation of the splendid results of the minister's labors and preaching. It was also resolved to redecorate and recarpet the church, which has not been done since it was first built. The work was put in hand immediately, and completed by Sunday, October 25. Mr. Robjent is adding to his labors by lecturing one Sunday evening in each month at the Princess Theatre. At the first service, October 4, he lectured to six hundred people, on "The Death-cry of Superstition."

NEWPORT, R. I.—Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones: There was a larger attendance than usual at the annual meeting of the corporation of the Channing Memorial Church on Monday evening, October 19. The president, Mr. Walter A. Wright, was in the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, Dr. A. P. Squire; secretary, Mr. William H. Lee. Members of the board of trustees for three years: Mr. John H. Scannevin, Mr. William H. Lee, Mrs. Francis A. Corbett. (The board of trustees has nine members.) Mr. Edward K. Stevens, the efficient secretary of the corporation for three years, felt obliged to decline a re-election. Mr. Thomas B. Congdon, who for four years has ably administered the finances, declined to serve longer as treasurer, in view of the many demands upon his time. A nominating committee was appointed and recess taken for a month. Meanwhile, Mr. Congdon will continue in office. Many hope that he may be prevailed upon to serve for the church year. The reports of the various allied societies proved of much interest. The societies have been very active and successful. The Ladies' Sewing Society, The Women's Alliance, and the Helping Hand Society have been of great service. The Sunday-school has an enrolment of nearly one hundred. The Channing Club, the men's club, has a membership of over one hundred. The Unity Club has four hundred members, with ninety on the waiting list. The Young People's Service Committee of the Sunday-school has been organized with much enthusiasm to continue the work of the Channing Guild. In the reports, feeling reference was made to the deaths of Miss Elizabeth B. Durfee, Miss Mary B. Burdick, and Mrs. William Binney, workers in the church and active members of the corporation. It was learned from the report of the minister that the building which is now the Home for Friendless Children, and which was the birthplace of Dr. Channing, is to be suitably marked with a simple wooden tablet. Members of the Ministers' Institute, recently in session here, visited the house, and, noting the absence of a tablet, suggested one. A subscription was at once taken, and Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D., made chairman

Deaths.

SAWYER.—In Cambridge, at her home, 1840 Massachusetts Avenue, suddenly, on October 23, Caroline Louisa Sawyer.

IN MEMORIAM
MARY ELIZABETH COTTON
November 3, 1906.

A YOUNG LADY, thirty years old, in good health would like a position for the care of children and household management. Has had five years' practical experience, also one year in Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital in training for nursing. An American, born and reared a Unitarian. Can give references. Address A. M., care *Christian Register*.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

of the committee. The managers of the home have given permission for the marking of the building, and it has been proposed that the inscription on the tablet read thus:—

In this House
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING
was born
On the Seventh of April, 1780.

This inscription will be submitted to the Board of Managers of the Home for their approval. The treasurer of the corporation was authorized to accept the bequest of $1,000 made to the church by Miss Mary B. Burdick. This will bring the vested funds of the church up to nearly sixty-seven thousand dollars. Mr. Jones is now rounding out nine years in the service of the parish, and is looking forward to celebrating next year the tenth anniversary of his settlement.

New York, N.Y.—First Unitarian Congregational Society, Rev. John H. Lathrop: The Church of the Saviour, "the old first" of the Brooklyn churches, was opened for service the first Sunday in September, with congregation of Plymouth Church uniting, and the assistant minister of that church in the pulpit. There is a most cordial feeling among the churches of the Heights, in Brooklyn. Last winter, for several weeks, the people of the Sands Street Methodist Church worshipped in the First Church, the ministers sharing the service, and in June an invitation came from Plymouth Church to Mr. Lathrop asking him to preach the sermon in Plymouth Church on Thanksgiving Day, when several churches will have a union service. The second Sunday in September the regular services of the church began, with the minister, Rev. John Lathrop, at his post, and the congregations have been gradually increasing as one and another family come back to town. The new service book has been placed in the pews, and all are pleased with its simplicity. A most complete Year Book has been issued. Every member is thus brought in touch with church activities, and can even know the names of the congregation. It is interesting to note how widely scattered the people are, from the Heights to Flatbush, and from Columbia College to New Jersey, one young woman coming regularly from Newark. The church Sunday-school opens with promise, with graded classes, and a kindergarten department in session during the church hour. Miss A. M. Vanston, a Tuckerman School graduate, is in charge and has an excellent corps of teachers. The Samaritan Alliance had its first meeting October 14, with good attendance. A busy winter is anticipated by the women, especially along benevolent lines, for the effect of the war is felt severely. The Bureau of Charities and the district nurses, whose officers are in this church, will need all the assistance the society can give. Plans are already being made for the annual fair for the Willow Place Chapel work, and it is hoped to raise $1,000. The chapel, now in charge of the assistant minister, Rev. Walter Howlett, begins the season most auspiciously. He seems able to make the church people feel that their personal help is needed to make the chapel work a success, and has already enlisted many volunteers for Sunday-school and week-day classes. The Unitarian Club of New York, whose president, Mr. Cyril Burdette, is a member of this society, planned an interesting evening for the first dinner of the season, October 21, held at the Hotel Manhattan. The speakers were Miss Rachel Crothers, Mr. Walter Eaton, and others, who discussed "The Stage and Modern Drama."

Philadelphia, Pa.—Girard Avenue (Spring Garden Society), Rev. K. E. Evans: Morning services were resumed September 6, and evening September 27. The latter for the first six weeks have been devoted to the discussion of questions suggested by the European war, various speakers, university professors, etc., taking up such topics as "Geography and Civilization," "Is the World Overpopulated?" "What is International Law worth?" "Is a Federation of the World Possible?" "Race Prejudice in the Light of Modern Science," etc. Later, social, educational, and semi-religious issues will be taken up, Mr. Edmunds, one of the foremost Buddhist scholars in the country, speaking on "Buddhism and Christianity," and Dr. Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, on "The Old Testament in the Light of New Discoveries." The pastor's morning addresses have been largely devoted to the spiritual needs of to-day, though October 18 he spoke on "Ernest Renan." The Alliance and Men's Club have both resumed work, the latter with monthly suppers, and smoke-talks on public questions. Beginning in November, monthly meetings of the congregation will also be held to discuss questions of church efficiency.

Rochester, N.Y. — First Unitarian Church, Rev. W. C. Gannett, D.D., Rev. Edwin A. Rumball: As much inquiry into the character of the religious thought of the great European nations has been provoked by the war, an attempt to answer it will be made by the minister, Rev. Edwin A. Rumball, in his sermons this month. On November 1 his topic was "Character and Progress of Religion in England," to be followed by "Character and Progress of Religion in France," "In Russia," "In Germany," and "Religion in War-time and After." The many church activities are in full operation. A new superintendent begins work in the Boys' Evening Home, which will hold two sessions each week. The young people's parlor will be open to young men and women three evenings each week, in charge of a chaperon, and will be reserved one evening for girls only. The Neighborhood Friendly for Girls will hold its first meeting, Saturday morning, November 7. The meetings of the Gannett House Girls' Club are held one night a week from six to ten o'clock. Among the other work are addresses to parents and teachers, the first of which, on "First Lessons in Religion," will be given November 19 by Rev. William I. Lawrance. At the Rochester Unity Club, November 17, Prof. John R. Slater of the University of Rochester will give a lecture on "The General Principles of the Modern Drama." The Economics Club will have for subject this month "The Study of Production." As usual, the congregation will meet in a union Thanksgiving service with the Universalist and Temple Berith Kodesh congregations, to be held this year in the Temple. In response to the President's proclamation, these congregations joined in special peace services, at which Dr. Max Landsberg of the Temple made an unusually able address. A collection for the widows, orphans, aged, and refugees afflicted by the European war was taken, amounting to $73.75. The fact that nine members of the church were candidates for various offices throws some light on the sense of civic responsibility the membership feels. On the Republican ticket, Representative Henry G. Danforth was again candidate for re-election in his district; on the Democratic ticket, James S. Havens, former Representative, is delegate-at-large to the Constitutional Convention, and J. Vincent Alexander was a candidate for State Committeeman; on the Progressive ticket, Daniel M. Anthony ran for Representative from the Thirty-ninth District, George H. Smith for sheriff, and William S. Titus for county perishing agent; on the Prohibition ticket, Elmer Brewster Myers sought election to the State Committee; and on the Socialist ticket Mrs. Florence Cross Kitchelt was a candidate for Secretary of State and Mrs. Isabel C. Darrow for State Senator. The Missions Committee is extending its work by running advertisements of Unitarian tracts in the largest of the Rochester daily papers and in four newspapers in surrounding counties. Dr. and Mrs. Gannett are spending the winter with their children in Cambridge, Mass.

Sudbury, Mass.—First Congregational Society, Rev. Ida C. Hultin: The Columbus Day dinner and sale given by the ladies of The Alliance has become an established annual event. It not only brings returns of money for the good cause, but it also affords a pleasant social occasion. People come from far and wide. The last one fell upon a beautiful autumn day, which brought many automobile and pedestrian parties as well as those by train. Something like three hundred people were present, which assured financial success as well as social enjoyment.

Wheeling, W. Va.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Howard A. Pease: A beautiful new church building was dedicated with impressive services on Sunday evening, October 25. Dr. Samuel A. Eliot preached the dedicatory sermon, and other out-of-town ministers who officiated were Rev. Charles E. Snyder and Rev. L. Walter Mason of Pittsburgh, and Rev. F. M. Bennett of Youngstown, Ohio. In the morning Dr. Mason preached on "The Function of the Modern Church," saying that the business of the church is not to produce at one point a profound experience, but to nourish life from the beginning. Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron followed with a fraternal greeting

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 380 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

from the Eoff Street Temple, where the congregation has been holding services pending the completion of the new church.

WOBURN, MASS.—First Unitarian Parish, Rev. Henry C. Parker: The church opened after vacation with good prospects for a year of activity. The subjects of the pastor's sermons have been: "Causes of War, and Things that make for Peace," (which was published in the daily local newspaper), "National Prohibition," "The Line of Least Resistance," "Peace," and "Enlarging our Spiritual Lives." On October 11, Rev. Marion F. Ham of Reading preached on "Wisdom is better than Weapons of War." By the efforts of the various organizations of the church, a substantial hardwood floor and comfortable seats have been provided for the vestry. A new motor for the organ has also been installed. The organist, Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, has arranged fitting and impressive musical programmes for the services each Sunday. The L. C. S. Alliance Branch held a meeting and lunch for members only, October 1. The wives of the ministers of the city were guests. Mrs. Powhatan Bagnall gave an entertaining talk on "The Negro in Music," illustrated by unique and charming songs. The next meeting will be held November 5, when an address on Count Rumford will be given by Mrs. Francis B. Hornbrooke of Newton, followed by supper and entertainment by the Lend-a-Hand Club. The L. C. S. and Covenant Club (an organization composed of the men of the parish) have arranged interesting programmes for the season. A goodly delegation attended the Conference at Cambridge, October 21.

WOLLASTON, MASS.—The Unitarian Church, Rev. Carl G. Horst: The society is erecting a commodious parish house for the better accommodation of its various social, educational and philanthropic activities. The building will be in the same general style as that of its attractive church edifice, which was dedicated twenty-five years ago this coming July. On the first floor will be the supper-room, kitchen, and committee-rooms. On the second floor the hall and stage to be used for entertainments, lectures, dramatics, dancing, moving pictures, etc. The parish house will supply a long-felt need in this active and growing church.

The Middle States Conference.

The Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada will meet at the May Memorial Church, Syracuse, N.Y., November 16, 17, and 18. At The Alliance meeting on Monday, 2.30 P.M., addresses will be given by Mrs. Leon A. Harvey, Rev. Charles H. Lynde, and Rev. John Haynes Holmes. Dr. William M. Brundage of Brooklyn and Dr. Addison Moore of Schenectady, N.Y., will address the ministers' meeting at 4.30. The Conference sermon will be preached Monday evening by Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, D.D., on "The Spiritual Tradition of Independency."

On Tuesday morning, after the address of the president, Hon. Adelbert Moot of Buffalo, an address on "The Organization of the Church to meet Modern Conditions" will be given by Mr. F. W. Clark of Erie, Pa., with discussion led by Mr. Robert Lynn Cox of Montclair, N.J. A memorial service to Dr. Bellows will be in charge of Rev. William L. Sullivan. After the business session of the afternoon Rev. Lewis G. Wilson and Rev. John H. Lathrop will speak on "The Discussion of the Unitarian Name." At the evening platform meeting Rev. R. W. Boynton, Rev. Edmund H. Reeman, and Rev. William L. Sullivan will speak on "Our Unitarian Gospel."

The business session of Wednesday morning will be followed by a religious education session, with an address by Rev. William I. Lawrance. Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer's address in the afternoon will be on "The Correlation of Social Forces," and discussion will be led by Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes. The platform meeting in the evening will be devoted to the consideration of problems raised by the great war, with Rev. H. H. Saunderson, Miss Marion Tilden Burritt, and Rev. John Haynes Holmes as speakers. Several members of Mr. Saunderson's congregation have gone with their regiments to the front.

It will be noted that the discussion of church efficiency is to have a large place in the programme. The Tuesday evening addresses have especial significance in view of the wave of orthodox revivals now sweeping over the country.

The Tuckerman School.

The Saturday morning sessions of the School begin at half-past nine, the regular hour for beginning on other days. A conference on Sunday-school problems is conducted by Mrs. Guild, and continues until ten o'clock, the time of Mr. Lawrance's Bible reading. The particular subject for the ten sessions before the holidays is "Little Children in the Sunday-school." In the several discussions already held the points discussed have been the relation between the day and Sunday kindergarten, with emphasis on the aim of each; equipment for the class teaching, including room and furnishings; and some suggestions regarding time of holding sessions. The succeeding conferences will be on the material for teaching these same little children and the ways of conducting their exercises, with some specially arranged programmes for this youngest grade, prepared by members of the class. All who are interested are cordially invited to join the group about the table at these conferences and to contribute to the profit of the half-hour whatever their experience may show to have been helpful in this important part of Sunday-school work.

The attendance on Saturday mornings is larger each day; but many more can be accommodated, and each one is asked to be a special committee to spread the invitations to these free lectures. Thus shall be developed increased interest and value in the Sunday work of a much larger number of schools.

The School unites again this year with the Social Service Department in announcing a special course of lectures by Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer, on Thursdays, November 12 and 19, and December 3, at eleven o'clock and at two o'clock.

The lectures of the previous course on "Classes in Modern Democracy" showed how society can care for, help, and use the submerged one-tenth, the struggling one-quarter, and the successful one-half, and how society can heed and follow social leadership. Those who were privileged to hear these lectures will recall their comprehensive scope and the vigor and clear thinking which marked them.

This year Mrs. Spencer will present "A Social Programme" in the six lectures, with the aim of showing what has already been accomplished by the wise and good in moral reform and social betterment, and the demand the time makes of us.

To present the entire programme in a short period of time, and to eliminate more successive trips from New York, Mrs. Spencer will speak twice on each date—at 11 A.M. and at 2 P.M.

At 12.30 P.M. there will be an informal discussion of the leading points of the morning lecture, and at this time coffee and sandwiches may be procured in the hall at a nominal price. This will accommodate those who may be able to come in only at the noon hour and also convenience those who will wish to stay for the two o'clock lecture. Will not laymen and ministers, Alliance workers, social workers, and the members of social service committees take advantage of this opportunity of hearing the timely subjects effectively presented? The programme is as follows:—

Thursday, November 12, at 11 A.M. "Militarism and Economic Exploitation: What they mean." At 2 P.M. "Reformers who helped to abolish these evils: What we must do."

Thursday, November 19, at 11 A.M. "Vice, Crime, and Abnormality: What they mean." At 2 P.M. "Reformers who helped abolish these evils: What we must do."

December 3, at 11 A.M. "Disease, Poverty, and Ignorance: What they mean." At 2 P.M. "Reformers who helped abolish these evils: What we must do."

The tickets for the course are one dollar, and the single tickets twenty-five cents.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$9,897.97
Oct. 6.	Miss Adeline Willis, Naples, Me.	10.00
14.	Miss Amelia M. Symmes, Winchester, Mass.	50.00
19.	Society in Alton, Ill.	20.00
20.	Society in Green Harbor, Mass.	10.00
24.	Society in Sterling, Mass.	25.00
31.	Associate Members	24.65

RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Oct. 6.	Sunday School, Canton, Mass.	20.00
16.	Society in New Bedford, Mass.	25.00
20.	Second Church Sunday School, Salem, Mass.	20.00
23.	Frederic H. Hedge, Brookline, Mass.	10.00
		$7,102.62

DISTRESS FUND FOR EBBEN HALL, LONDON, ENG.

Already acknowledged		$151 00
Oct. 26.	Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, Berkeley, Cal.	5.00
31.	First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, Pa.	495.58
		$651 58

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

POSITION WANTED.

Should any one know of a position as secretary or matron available to a woman of culture, energy, and kindliness, the widow of a university professor, recently president of one of our Unitarian women's leagues, who now has to make a living for herself and her little daughter, I should be glad to hear of it.

REV. GEORGE KENT,
NEW ORLEANS.

Pleasantries.

"The wind," said Mrs. Twickembury, "was blowing at a terrific velocipede."

Parson: "How is it I haven't seen you at church lately?" Hodge: "I ain't been." —*Printer's Pie.*

"Daddy," said a boy, "I know what makes folks laugh in their sleeves." "Well, my son, what makes them?" "'Cause that's where their funny bone is."

Getting Them to Talk.—Hostess: "People are very dull to-night, Adolph. I really can't get them to talk." Host: "Play something, dearest."—*Judy.*

It was Smith's first Sunday as usher in church, says the Boston *Transcript*, and he was somewhat embarrassed. Turning to a lady who entered, he said, "This way, madam, and I'll sew you to a sheet."

School-teacher: "What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?" Bobby: "I ken, please." Teacher: "Well, Bobby." Bobby: "The home of the swallow is in the stommick."—*Golden Rule.*

"Do you think only of me?" murmured the bride. "Tell me that you think only of me." "It's this way," explained the groom, gently. "Now and then I have to think of the furnace, my dear."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I wish," said Jorkins, as he looked at the streets, "I wish some prisoners would escape." "Why do you wish that?" asked Mrs. Jorkins, astonished. "Why, whenever prisoners break jail, the papers tell us that the country for miles around is scoured."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Will," said she, "I am afraid my bank is in a bad way." "How foolish, Mabel! It's one of the strongest financial institutions in the State. Whatever got that idea into your head?" "Well, it's very strange," replied Mabel, unconvinced. "They've just returned a check of mine for $40 marked 'No Funds.'"—*Harper's Magazine.*

"So you come from New York," said an English lady to a travelling American. "I supposed, of course, you came from Boston." "Why did you think that?" inquired the New York lady. "Because I supposed all cultivated, intelligent Americans came from Boston." "But what in the world made you think that?" was the natural question. "Oh, I don't know, exactly. I think it was a Boston lady who told me."

A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate. "Hello, Ben!" said the youngster, "do you get anything fer cuttin' the wood?" "Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day fer doin' it." "What you goin' to do with yer money?" "Oh, she's savin' it fer me; and when I get enough, she's goin' to get me a new axe."

Mr. Jinks was wakened in the night by his wife's startled exclamation, "William, there's a burglar downstairs!" William was out of bed in a minute, slipped into coat and trousers, and vanished from the room. After several minutes, his wife, hearing nothing, crept to the stairs, looked down, and at last ventured to call, "William!" "What is it?" replied her husband's voice from above, and not below. "Why, what are you doing up there?" whispered Mrs. Jinks. "Didn't you say there was a burglar downstairs?" asked her husband.

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Hersey, Montreal, Can.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.
Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 1039 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

Librarian of University ... GENERAL LIBRARY NOV ...

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 46 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1081
Perspectives; Case-hardened Philanthropy 1083

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Secretary's Notes, No. 3 1084

CURRENT TOPICS 1086

BREVITIES 1087

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Prayers in Russia 1087

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The American Liberal Churches and the Unitarian Churches of Hungary 1087
Hoffmann von Fallersleben, by A. Kampmeier; The Time Factor, by Percy F. Bicknell 1088
A Minister to his People, by John Haynes Holmes . . 1089
Can, Will, and Must, by William C. Gannett 1090
Notes on the War, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. . . 1098
William Howell Reed; Francis Bacon Sears; An Appeal for Jamaica; Kingston, Jamaica 1099
Ann F. Greely; The Church Peace Union Prizes; A College Enterprise; The Alliance Pin 1100
The Revere Fair; The Tuckerman School 1102

THE PULPIT.
The Duties of Religious Persons in Time of War, by Rev. Walter Walsh, D.D. 1091

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1093

LITERATURE.
Books 1094
Miscellaneous 1095

THE HOME.
The Use of One Grandmother, by Frances Harmer; The Mystery about Sam 1096
The Wise Crow 1097

POETRY.
A Prayer, by M. Franklin Ham 1088
Remembrance, by Oliver Penmark 1090
For Every Day 1096
Hymn of Dedication, by John Haynes Holmes . . . 1098

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1100

PLEASANTRIES 1104

Editorial.

IF there is one lesson that we need to learn more than all others in civic and national life, it is that real reform is of the centre, and not of the circumference. In other words, the source of social righteousness is found in the individual citizen, and not in the collective citizenship. While the culmination is necessarily of the mass, the forces that make the culmination possible are always to be found in the aspirations and efforts of the individual. Life is ever more powerful than law. Legislation is powerless to work beneficent results unless the life of the individual and average citizen backs it up and is worthy of it. Always law lags behind life. If it runs ahead, it falls to the ground, being without support. A law that is better than the life of the average citizen will sooner or later be disclosed as a hollow farce, a still-born political babe, a benignant bluff. Where the law is the result of the imperative demand of righteous life, it becomes a factor in real progress, or, better, it registers in terms of the social will what has been determined by the individual unit. Viewed thus, the huge importance of such work as the liberal church is doing becomes apparent. Leaving aside the question of ferreting out the causes of social evils that blight the individual, the other task of making the individual live up to the limit of his power under any circumstances must be conceded by all to be the one great mission of the liberal church. To postulate a social Satan as a convenient scapegoat for individual lack is to deny the one saving force,—the power of the individual to assert his divine prerogative under any circumstances whatsoever.

WHOEVER desires to "take a hand" in the work of making a church successful may well take the phrase literally. To those initiated it is known that the liberal faith has its full effect upon both head and heart in making clear the thought of the one and strong the love of the other, but, unless the religious impulse finds expression in the use of the hand, those still outside the circle must remain unaware of the fact, and so outside. It is the hand that breaks the insulation, and sets free the electric thrill of the fraternal. Thermos bottles are well enough for picnic purposes, but the same principle cannot with profit be applied to the waters of life. The self-development which is the purpose and result of liberal religion tends to form an encrustation of reserve, which wholly misrepresents the real attitude and spirit

Digitized by Google

of the individual. It may therefore wisely be resisted, if the church is to confess itself socially before the newcomers, and present its real character in attractive form. The brotherhood of man, however eloquently preached from the pulpit, can mean little unless the pew practises what the pulpit preaches. The primary "social problem" that any church must solve is to find a way whereby its real social intentions may be revealed to those it fain would reach, but who misjudge it by reason of the lack of outward evidence of the inward reality. Dr. Hale's advice to "lend a hand" suggests one way in which all may help.

Though economy is the word of the hour, it has no kinship with parsimony. To cut down expenses out of necessity, or for the sake of meeting the needs of others, is one thing; to take advantage of such saving to put by all the more for one's own benefit is quite another. This is a time of extraordinary need, and to the regular calls for charity will come new and multitudinous claims on sympathy and pity. From all over the world they are coming, and all are deserving. Each must have our aid, and from none is there any excuse for withholding help. The making self-denial a science is a challenge to ingenuity and pleasure. The turning of thoughtless expenditures of one sort into thoughtful spending of another; the discovery of what one can just as well do without, thus furnishing what others cannot do without; the giving not from one's plenty, but from one's own substance; the opening of resources to a larger world than one ever lived in before,—all this is the transmutation of sacrifice into happiness. To deny one's self, and nothing more, is a stingy process; but to deny one's self for the sake of more giving is the spring of all blessedness of giving. Even a miser could have his wonted joy and then add the joy of the spendthrift; he could gain the whole world and then gain the soul of it.

In our classification of luxuries to be denied in these times of dispensing with unnecessary things, we should not include the enjoyment of music and the finer forms of drama. Music specially deserves a place among the things of first necessity. It makes an atmosphere for a whole community of refinement and purer air. Its beauty is impalpable and invisible and elusive. For this reason it cannot be made once for all, like paintings and statuary, to remain without further attention. Music must be constantly generated out of genius and feeling, for our delectation and inspiration. It is like food to our nature, and when it is denied us, even for a little while, some finer parts within get emaciated and almost die. No success in fixing it by skilful invention succeeds in continuing that life; it only preserves one instance of it. In giving up unnecessary things we should think what they are, give up the things we need least first, and the things we need most last. Music is the most catholic of the arts, and brings spiritual messages for which every other medium is too gross. In counting religion the prime necessity, we should recken music indispensable in religion.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* in a recent issue devotes several pages to an appreciative article on the practical activities of the Unitarian church of Montclair, N.J., citing it as an example of genuine effectiveness in community life. Such a tribute makes clear the opportunity that is before every church to make itself a living force in its local environment. After all, religion has broadened so greatly that it may well be regarded as inclusive in its scope. Instead of having to do merely with the word of truth, it has to do with the deeds of service. If religion is life, as liberals are wont to declare, then is the interpretation of religious duty into terms of social action entirely appropriate. Or if the ultimate aim of religion is the development of life to its highest, then is it needful for the church to take cognizance of every influence that helps to produce character and to assist in every way to accomplish their betterment. Liberalism will win its way by its action rather than by its affirmation. A truth in action is irresistible. Religion lived out in helpful service and altruistic venture is certain to win recognition. The man who became the Christ of Christendom was one who "went about doing good." Times have not changed, save to make the demand for the practical and the actual more great. The methods of Montclair may therefore be recommended to those who desire to see the church take its rightful place in modern life.

Canonization awaits the man who will make one organization grow where twenty try to grow. Every zealous advocate of a good cause straightway forms an association, every great object has its multitudinous expression in societies of various names and with slight differences of working, all aiming to accomplish one result. But the result really accomplished is to make people tired. There are so many committees, so many annual fees, so many divided efforts, that those most attractive for their aim have to be ignored for their number. We have to line them up in our minds, as the cabmen are lined up in great cities. For half a mile, at sunrise, one may see them, at times, gradually working up to the place where they are taken. Some get left, not because one's choice is against them, but because of the number ahead of them. The last charity to reach us may touch our hearts, but, alas! our attention is already taken. Churches should take the lead in absorbing rather than multiplying organizations.

It is a hard thing to say, but it needs to be said, that in these times of imminent distress imposture will flourish. The genuine needs must more than ever be protected against unworthy advantage. Weeds grow from favorable soil as well as grain, and, when the public heart is tender to distress, the vagrant and indolent and designing will be quick to take advantage of the state of the charity market. Gifts should be carefully directed to authorized and responsible channels, and to keep the vitality of giving they must be encased in hermetically sealed coverings of judgment and caution. When these tests are passed, generosity should flow unchecked, but a false benefaction is more harmful now than in ordinary times.

The times bring out the truth of prophecy. Results the last to be accepted as possible within a week of their happening were nevertheless clearly foretold by careful observers and students years ago. More wonderful claims of prescience could be made now for these men than ever were made for prophets of old. If such powers were now made a ground for claim of divine information and inspiration, there would be several promising candidates for canonization. The old prophets were the historians and students of their time. The historians and students are the prophets of our time. True prophecy is not the prevision of things in the future, but the true vision of the things of the present. Knowing

Digitized by Google

what men have done, and measuring the length and breadth and thickness of events, a careful judgment can indicate with astonishing accuracy what is going to happen. The prophets who foretell scientifically are not much more heeded than were the prophets who were supposed to do so supernaturally. Some severe lessons of experience will perhaps incline people to prepare for things before they happen rather than after they happen.

Perspectives.

If life is a jumble of happenings in which the only perspectives possible are those men establish of their own choice, it is of little consequence what each man chooses except the consequence to himself. But if there is a wholeness to life, some order in which the jumble falls into sequence and purpose, then the matter of perspective is of the first importance. It is just as important to the individual as to the race, because each man's place is governed by the tendency of the whole; and it is just as important to man as a great body of individuals, because what happens to the race waits upon the issue as to each individual. The larger a man's outlook the larger his own life; and, however he starts, and with whatever theory of his universe, he soon finds that the choice of a perspective is the most momentous choice he has.

It is generally the case that men draw their plan of life with some perspective larger than their personal ends, even when they are conscious of no very large view of life. The innate demand men make of things is that they shall be provided with a scale of values in which the largest possible variety of human facts shall be explained. For example's sake, we can mention a few of them, and compare their adequacy to include the facts. There is the narrowly natural framework in which men try to fit life. A good deal comes naturally into such a scheme of things. We are born and we die, and betweentimes our harmonious course is an adjustment to the physical order. The main point being to live, a picture of existence drawn on that scale includes a good deal of our experience. But it does not include it all. There are ideas in the field. A place has to be found for them and what they lead toward. So a new perspective has to be selected—a perspective which broadens and lengthens life with the measure of thought. Then the welfare of others forces itself on the attention even if it does not rise spontaneously in the mind. We have to get along in this world together. The plan drawn to the scale of one man's convenience gets pulled askew with the entrance of another man's demands. The intellectual Titan cannot make a plan so big that it may not be out of drawing with the rights and desires of his neighbor. So the perspective has to be such as gives room for other lives along with the single life, and for many of them, always increasing in complexity. Then enters conflict. The perspective is subject to contrary wills. The question comes as to what shall be the deciding principle in this conflict of wills. Force is the first principle to be set up. The rule of the stronger is taken to be the law. But the elements of strength are not few. They include more than physical forces. The stronger and decisive power is generally not mere force. There grows up within it elements that it can subdue because they have not its kind of strength, but which have a way of not staying subdued. They keep on growing and asserting their kind of mastery. Very often the brute mastery fails in achieving its ends without them. It owns the superiority of this unpowerful but yet masterful influence. By itself it cannot achieve results so desirable as that finer principle brings. So brute force goes to school to spiritual force. It submits appeal to a higher rule than its own, and all men see life on the scale of certain laws, partly made for mutuality, but also rooted in immutable things not made by convention. Such things as justice and fidelity and truth and good will rise above men's ways and assume command over them. They are not made in any country. In such a scale of life more facts than ever fall into line. Drawn with reference to a spiritual horizon, all life comes into the picture.

The business of life is to make spiritual perspectives manifest. The other perspectives come without much trial. It is easy to drop into the natural order; it is not very hard to set a scale of selfishness; to adopt a rule of expediency does not strain any one's energy; and to sing "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die" never required a martyr's spirit. But in face of popular wrong to set up a standard of idealism and work it into reality, with horrors ready to craze us to hold to kindness as stronger than cruelty, and in hatred and lying to cling to love and truth, in suffering and want to show that pity and generous sacrifice are sufficient for them,—this is what tries the souls of men. The making of perspectives after the order of love and sacrifice is an exacting business. It is a venture of faith, and in it we must give and hazard all we have. But it is backed by experience. History throbs with the power of it. Tyranny melts in the heat of it. By it there is more cheer in distress than in comfort without it, more hope in the worst life brings than in the best without it. It was never said that all things work together for good by themselves. What was said was, that loving God made them work together for good. The real love of God that makes his children love each other and serve together the lovely laws of harmony and peace, the love of God that makes the love of man, and the love of man that reveals the love of God, is the beauty and the music of life. Other perspectives we may see, or the fulness of this, in some other life; but none that this life has for us can go so far to make its darkness light and its confusion peace.

Case-hardened Philanthropy.

It is small blame to anybody in particular that there is such a thing. Any effort, however vital, that is organized and grows beyond the range of personal acquaintance will get regularized and mechanical. Most persons, however warm and genuine their sentiments, will, when those sentiments are called on constantly, lose more or less of the freshness of interest and closeness of touch that make human helpfulness most helpful. A certain stiffness and hardness gets into anything that is systematized. Even religion—but enough has been said of that. Though there is still underneath the same genuineness of feeling, habit brings a way, a tone, a slot-machine dealing, which neutralizes the real purpose.

Organized charity is often misunderstood and unfairly estimated. No one should put the weight of a word on the wrong side of appreciation. But in this matter organized charity itself is speaking. It knows its limitations. It feels the defects of its qualities. It comes to confession, and it frankly avows that in many places and directions organized charity is organized almost to death. It is systematized down to the ground. Human beings have to be mere numbers. Calls for sympathy become mere cases. Ways of meeting distress degenerate into ingenious methods. The field of human need becomes coterminal with the societies entering it, and horizons are lost, vast regions lie untouched and un-

known. Experience naturally classifies, and with the fact that conditions naturally fall into divisions, and each new case is apperceived by its class, there follows the tendency to think of successive wants as not original, but the repetition of a few monotonous complaints. The work crowds those employed in it, the time at the disposal of individuals gets shortened, and so an atmosphere of pressure takes from the service its most important ministry, personal relationship. The changes of name indicate a consciousness on the part of the helpful forces of society that something is wanting on their own side.

But the name, whether it is philanthropy, organized charity, or social service, is of comparatively slight effect. Soon the thing gets into its ruts, and we have the perpetual difficulty,—remoteness, coldness, and mechanism. Some of the characteristics of the lofty and condescending almsgiving, satirized in English novels, reappear in our own day, and are recognizable in spite of the difference in dress. All the perfection of modern scientific charity methods have not brought the ends of society much nearer together, nor made them understand each other much better than Lady Bountiful and her peasant dependants understood each other. Between the patronizing aristocracy of earlier days and the lifeless efficiency of the most approved benevolences of our own there is not so much, after all, to choose.

There could easily be advice given that would tend to mitigate the disadvantages we all admit go with all forms of social service. We could make a list of the kind of persons who never would be missed, so far as the best sort of helpfulness is concerned. We should mark for execution the meddler, who offends by petty intrusions of service; the snob, who enters the society of misfortune with no proper introduction, ignorant of its language, and, however well-meaning, unqualified for its sympathy; the dilettante, whose chief right to the gratitude of a constituency is in the amusement it gains; the tactless, whose earnestness and kindness only make their unimaginativeness and awkwardness more dreadful; the indolent, whose main reason for social service is that there is nothing else to do; and, without benefit of clergy, the climber, who seeks the company of a lower class in order to gain the acquaintance of a higher. We could assure the faithful social workers that the penalties of system may be lessened through their watchfulness, their good sense, their insight, their deepened springs of resource, and their daily renewals of spiritual life.

After all is said and done, the root of the matter lies deeper than mere remedy. The root of the difficulty is the resort to system and organization for what can only be reached by the natural channels of human contact. Philanthropy that is always content to take a place in relieving human necessities and in organizing such relief, will always tend to become case-hardened philanthropy. It will have a monotonous and deadening task so long as it does nothing to prevent that which it seeks to relieve, or lessen the causes which produce the demands upon it. Any heart will get calloused to distress that is fatalized and appears hopeless. That philanthropy gets case-hardened is the proof that it settles down to despair. It takes things as they are, and its incessant occupation in dealing with cases withdraws its attention from causes. The worker, become a part of the machinery of social burden-sharing, will be a slave himself, a victim himself; and his service to others is case-hardened because his own hope is pressed out. The creative spirit gone out of any work will deaden it, though its name be "charity."

It was a wise comment made on certain perfect systems of meeting a public need,—that the trouble with them was precisely that they were perfect. They were too perfect. It was a wise decision of a worker in a community where philanthropy had been brought to a high state of efficiency, to go to another place where there was something more to do than to do something. If people who are in benevolences which turn out their benefits the way a type-setting machine turns out slugs would keep from becoming machines, they must use their own inventiveness instead of merely employing inventions. They must take each case as a challenge to their own energies instead of a mere case for the philanthropic mill. They must ask also not only what is the best thing to do, but what made it necessary to do it. They must not only meet social conditions, but study them, deal not only with effects, but with causes. All forms of social service are but exploratory operations to find out what is the matter. Their service is introductory to a deeper service. They ascertain the sources of trouble, and set people to work clearing out the springs. They show their fellows that philanthropy cannot be delegated and done with. They are Nathans saying unto Davids, "Thou art the man." Their great mission is to the world helping, not to the world helped. They say, any philanthropist that is left to do this work will inevitably get case-hardened; the fault is not in the philanthropy, but in the people who make it necessary and then leave it to itself.

American Unitarian Association.

The Secretary's Notes.

No. 3.

1. What more could be desired?

"Than what?"

Why, than a commodious and beautiful church edifice, centrally located; a parsonage with every appointment adapted to a minister's social and domestic requirements; every facility for the conduct of the Sunday-school, Alliance, Men's Club, and young people's organization; with lines of influence running out into practically all the great humane and civic institutions of a great city; a minister known for his fearless championship of every good cause, and a congregation and choir worshipping in harmony with the reverent presentation of modern spiritual ideals! Surely, what more could be desired? It was on October 18 that the secretary found all this and more at Springfield, Mass. Several columns might be devoted to this one visit, and ought to be if a fair report of the well-systematized interests of the Third Congregational (Unitarian) Society of that city were to be made, but there is that meeting of ministers at Manchester, N.H., on the 20th, which was by no means an insignificant matter.

2. Sixteen or more ministers took luncheon together at the New Manchester Hotel and then spent the afternoon considering the Unitarian situation in upper New England. The Unitarian churches in the valley of the Merrimac, not to mention other sections of the State, were never better manned, better equipped for definite work, more enthusiastic about the future, or more confident concerning the character and importance of the Unitarian message.

Several factors contribute to this condition, as follows: (*a*) a group of level-headed and large-minded ministers, men who know what they are for and have the ability to work together in harmony with a large national policy; (*b*) a state superintendent who cares more for the general cause than for personal advantage; (*c*) the Downing Fund which makes it possible for the churches of New Hampshire to be intimately associated in the achievement of

Digitized by Google

common enterprises. Would that every Unitarian conference had such a fund, the income of which could be used in the interests of ministerial and congregational cooperation! That single gathering of ministers, with a representative from the Association, contributed not a little to a denominational consciousness which can assure practical results and add to the efficiency of the churches as centres of spiritual uplift and local support.

3. When the train, a trifle late, rolled into the station at Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 22d of October, the Michigan Conference was in session. The fragrance of that Conference was detected by the secretary a long distance away, enabling him to give the proper directions to the taxi-driver who otherwise would have put me down at the door of the Baptist church. What odor is more grateful to a hungry missionary than that of a Unitarian collation! It is more to be desired than frankincense and myrrh. If it floats aloft and finds its appropriate sphere in heaven, it will be an easy matter for Unitarians to locate their everlasting dwelling-place.

There was an earnestness at this Conference, an intelligence in the exposition of practical methods, and a clarity of statement concerning the responsibilities that await us, which promises a substantial progress. It was good to see many familiar faces, among them that of Mrs. Mary B. Davis of New York, whom to know and hear is to believe in miracles of endurance and in the power of human speech to awaken the latent energies of indifferent or inadequately informed Unitarians. The church at Ann Arbor under the masterful leadership of Rev. Robert S. Loring has become a vital force in the community. The Conference, so cordially entertained by this church, could not fail to be a source of inspiration and strength to all the churches represented.

4. Late at night it was good to reach the home of Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Shippen in Detroit,—a place of hospitality and rest, where a group of beautiful children imparted that nameless vitality which keeps the transient guest, not to say the human race, forever young.

In the majority of instances the officers of the Association have to deal with churches that need counsel and assistance and are confronted by practical problems not easy to solve; but occasionally it is their good fortune to visit one that is like a ship under full sail, that has every inch of canvas thrown to the favoring winds. Such was the case with the church in Detroit, which, during the short pastorate of Mr. Shippen, has found its place as a commanding force in the city, with a growing constituency in all its departments and on the way to ever-increasing responsibilities.

5. Early the next morning the secretary found himself carried over the prairies of Ohio on his way to Cincinnati, where he spent the night with his son, who is now associated with Dr. Thayer. No Unitarian can pass in and out of Cincinnati without being impressed by the work which Dr. Thayer has accomplished in his residence of thirty-five years in this great city. Aside from his power as a preacher and pastor one is not surprised to hear him referred to as "the first citizen of Cincinnati."

6. On Saturday, October 24, with the weather suddenly turned cold, the secretary reached Dayton to spend two and a half days with Dr. and Mrs. Troward H. Marshall, who since the flood have literally marshalled the Unitarian forces of that city with wonderful success. The new church, which is now completed, is located on the highlands above any possible floods which may in the future overflow the Miami Valley. There were at least three gatherings of the people besides the services in the church, enabling the secretary to estimate with considerable accuracy the present and promised strength of the society. It is only fair to say that, under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Marshall, one can see no reason why, in the course of a few years, we should not have at Dayton one of the strongest Unitarian churches of the Middle West. Space is too brief to discuss in the present article the novel and effective methods employed by Mr. Marshall in the Sunday-school and in his pulpit work. The new church is located in a section of the city where a large neighborhood influence is possible, and already the capacity of the church promises to be overtaxed by those who have expressed a desire to attach themselves to it.

7. The meeting of ministers at Indianapolis, October 27–29, may in a general way be described in a quotation from a letter received from one of the ministers in attendance:—

"At the risk of some repetition I want to tell you again how much my visit to Indianapolis meant to me, a young man in the profession and comparatively unacquainted. We continued the Institute even to St. Louis, for Mr. Vail, Mr. Greenman, and Mr. Douthit were upon the same train part of the way home. . . . I cannot enumerate to you the many, many profits and delights of my visit—acquaintance with my colleagues—with admittance into the beautiful home of my host and hostess—the addresses so inspiring and helpful—the consideration together of common problems. All conspired together to make my week in Indianapolis profitable and memorable to me."

Again space prevents any adequate description of this Ministers' Meeting. There were public meetings on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, but the day sessions were devoted to the discussions of ministers only. A brief list of the addresses affords the best idea of the subjects that occupied the attention of the ministers. They are as follows: "Our Denominational Fields East and West, and How to Improve and Unify Them," Rev. John W. Day of St. Louis, Mo.; "How can we relate the Church to the Life of the Nation?" Rev. George A. Thayer, D.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio; "The Influence of our Message upon Young Men," Rev. Albert R. Vail of Urbana, Ill.; "How to Finance a Church," Rev. F. S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis, Ind. The secretary of the Department of Social and Public Service, Rev. Elmer S. Forbes, made an address upon the work of his department, and Rev. Troward H. Marshall of Dayton, Ohio, took for his subject, "The Sunday-school Problem and How to Solve It." At the public meeting on Tuesday evening the secretary of the Association gave an address upon "Our Immediate Duty as a Christian Body," and Rev. George R. Dodson of St. Louis, Mo., spoke upon "The Justification of our Faith in the Progress of the World." At the meeting of Wednesday evening the speakers were Rev. Minot Simons of Cleveland, Ohio, and Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., of Boston, the former speaking upon "Showing the Way," and the latter on "Team Play." Devotional services were interspersed throughout the two days.

No work being done by the Association at present is of more value to our denomination than such meetings. Men widely scattered and deeply absorbed in their local responsibilities have few opportunities to meet with the brethren, compare notes, and receive the inspiration which comes from united effort. The spirit of fellowship predominated, and, while all questions were frankly and fearlessly discussed, the utmost harmony prevailed. Out of such gatherings there should come an increase of vitality throughout our entire body, and a common vision of denominational purpose and effort.

The abounding hospitality of the church in Indianapolis should not pass unmentioned. Every possible detail necessary to the carrying out of the purpose of the Min-

isters' Meeting was carefully considered, and the homes of the local society were open to their ministerial guests. Mr. Wicks, minister of the church, made good use of the occasion to familiarize his people with the personnel of our ministry and the character of our gospel.

8. Thursday evening and Friday morning saw the departure of the ministers from Indianapolis, the president of the American Unitarian Association beginning his long journey to the Northwest and the Pacific Coast, and the secretary of the Association, together with the secretary of the Department of Social and Public Service, hastening on to Youngstown to take part in the installation of Rev. Frederick M. Bennett as minister of the Unitarian church in that city. In this installation Rev. Minot Simons of Cleveland, Rev. Franklin C. Southworth, D.D., of Meadville, and L. Walter Mason, D.D., of Pittsburgh also took part. The congregation entirely filled the church, and Mr. Bennett begins his ministry in this thriving city under most promising auspices. Here is located the one and only portable church used for missionary purposes, and if the present prospects are fulfilled it will be a matter of only a comparatively short time when a larger and more permanent church edifice should be provided.

It was 12.40 A.M. when the train departed from Youngstown, and nearly midnight on November 2 when it arrived in Boston. This ended what might be called a rapid journey, covering more than twenty-five hundred miles, but one which revealed many encouraging conditions among the churches of the Middle West.

Lewis G. Wilson.

Current Topics.

An international charity of vast scope was inaugurated last week, when the Rockefeller Foundation undertook the task of providing relief for the suffering non-combatants in all the countries involved in the War of the Nations. This announcement was supplemented at the beginning of the present week by the further offer by the Rockefeller Foundation to furnish transportation for whatever contributions might be made by other agencies in aid of the needy beyond the Atlantic. This great work is to be done by the Foundation in carrying out the purposes outlined in its charter, "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." The first ship laden with supplies in the Rockefeller campaign of world-wide charity sailed from New York last week. Other steamships with similar freight will be hurried to Europe as soon as possible for preliminary relief. The needs of the stricken regions will be studied at first hand by a commission which will be sent out by the Foundation, in order that the work may be done with the scientific thoroughness which is characteristic of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's charitable enterprises.

The Mexican complications entered into a new phase last week, when the convention at Aguas Calientes, confronted by the apparently insuperable deadlock between Villa and Carranza, elected Gen. Eulalio Gutierrez Provisional President, to hold office for twenty days, pending the holding of another convention in Mexico City. Hard upon the election of Gen. Gutierrez, however, came the announcement by Venustiano Carranza that the provisional executive had been arrested and lodged in prison by Gen. Villa. Thus the crisis was renewed, and entered into a more dangerous stage than the situation to which it had been sought to put an end by the selection of a compromise candidate for the office which is being sought by both Villa and Carranza. In the mean while, the State Department at Washington is observing with concern the growth of a movement in Mexico to apply drastic measures against American residents in that country unless the American forces are withdrawn from Vera Cruz without delay.

The participation of Turkey in the War of the Nations became inevitable on November 1, when the Allies withdrew their ambassadors from Constantinople upon the expiration of the time fixed for the acceptance by the Porte of the demand that the Ottoman fleet in the Black Sea be dismantled and that the Turkish army be demobilized. These demands were presented after the former German warships, the Göben and the Breslau, purchased by Turkey last summer, had bombarded several Russian ports on the Black Sea and sunk Russian vessels without a previous declaration of hostilities. The Ottoman government, on receipt of the ultimatum of the allied powers, expressed its regret for the incident, but the powers took the ground that Turkey must go much further than a mere expression of regret and must relinquish the power of further damage by disorganizing its offensive forces. Inasmuch as the government at Stamboul did not show a desire to accede to the terms offered, the alternative of a commencement of hostilities was adopted by the Allies.

It cannot be doubted that Russia, at least, was anxious to bring about the situation which was precipitated by the exploit of the Göben and the Breslau. The Russian press for many weeks has expressed the fervent desire that Turkey might be involved in the struggle and thus furnish to Russia the opportunity of settling once for all the perennial "Eastern Question," and settling it at a time when the balance of power in Europe is in favor of Russia and not in opposition to it. The Russian government, therefore, undertook with visible eagerness the military movements designed to bring Turkey to the green tables of diplomacy for what Russian statesmen believe will be the last act of dismemberment. The first problem that confronted Russia was the status of the Black Sea, in which Turkey for the present holds the preponderance of naval power, owing to the opportune acquisition of the two first-class German cruisers, which narrowly escaped capture in the Mediterranean in the first fortnight of the hostilities, and eventually found refuge in the Dardanelles.

To Italy the entrance of Turkey into the field of strife presented an interesting situation. The belligerency of the Ottoman empire was reflected in a marked resumption of the activities of recalcitrant Mohammedan tribes in Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. The Bedouins, chafing under restraint since the termination of the Turko-Italian conflict, have responded with readiness to the call to a Holy War which has been preached by dervishes throughout the Moslem world. At the outset of the new hostilities the Italian war office found it necessary to adopt comprehensive measures for the dispatch of fresh troops to maintain the authority of Italy in the African colony. These activities were accompanied by bitter resentment at Rome, based upon the assertion that Turkey had given pledges not to undertake the sort of agitation which is now menacing the peace of Tripolitania. There was a pronounced demand in the Italian capital for the adoption of a vigorous attitude toward Turkey for this breach of faith with Italy.

Digitized by Google

A SIMILAR attempt to tamper with the loyalty of a Moslem population to a Christian master was evident in Egypt in the first week of Turkey's war against the Allies. Constantinople has made no secret for weeks past of the fact that there has been a steady movement of Ottoman troops in the direction of the Sinai Peninsula, which is intersected in the North by the Suez Canal. It has been assumed that Turkey would attempt to strike a telling blow at England by invading Egypt and blowing up the Canal in the first phase of the war. Against such an adventure the British officers in command of the Egyptian army had taken early precautions by establishing a heavy native guard in the region of the Canal. The reliability of these troops, however, remains to be determined. There is a strong belief at Constantinople—perhaps based upon a mere hope—that in the first contact with Ottoman troops the Egyptian army would make common cause with the invaders and thus facilitate the invasion of Egypt.

ON the main lines of conflict—the frontier of France on the west, and the frontier of Russia on the east—the military operations in the past week have resulted in a clear advantage for the Allies. The German attempt to flank the Franco-Anglo-Belgian armies by a turning movement through Northern Flanders and thence by the coast of France has evidently resulted in failure, although at the beginning of the week the German forces evidently were engaged in a new effort to accomplish that result. The check administered to the German advance at this point threatened the entire plan of campaign on the Western front with failure. Along the Polish, Silesian, and Galician frontiers the Austro-German commanders were also facing superior forces and superior efficiency. The Russians, by the end of last week, had recovered completely from the repulse administered by Gen. von Hindenburg in October and had resumed the invasion of Germany with prospects of continuing their advance until they should be confronted with greater numbers than the Germans so far have been able to put in the field.

Brevities.

Science and religion alike build their structures of belief by faith in the invisible and unknown Reality.

Life will not allow us long to rest satisfied with ease. It calls incessantly for activity and heroism. Hard experiences throw us out of the ruts of satisfaction and routine into forward-looking progressive life.

The discovery of radium and its marvellous properties has made science more modest and less dogmatic. To have one's theories and beliefs suddenly shattered not only lays a broader basis for future building, but it creates a more receptive mind and a humbler heart.

To keep young in spirit when the muscles grow stiff and the mind seeks for ease and familiarity is one of the noblest and most compensating efforts of human life. We are only "as old as we feel" in our thoughts and desires and dispositions. When Dr. Channing was asked how old he was, he replied, "Sixty years young."

How fortunate it was that Jesus had the wisdom to make his mission, not one of carrying a mass of rites, rules, and customs to his fellow-countrymen, but that instead he taught only a few great moral principles and spiritual truths, such as can be applied to human life everywhere! He made it thus a progressive religion—one that can always grow toward perfection.

As American citizens, we have a high respect and even reverence for the judicial body known as the Supreme Court of the United States, and yet how scant our knowledge of the personnel of that Court, which can reverse the action of Congresses and Presidents, and by its decisions vitally affect the lives of a hundred million people.

Letters to the Editor.

Prayers in Russia.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Prayers for the unfortunate men who are being pushed forward for slaughter in Europe are offered. It has remained for Russia, however, to intercede for the four-footed allies, the horses and mules that are also, alas! being slaughtered. Here is the form of prayer authorized by the Russian Church:—

"For those, also, O Lord, the humble beasts, who with us bear the burden and heat of the day, and offer their guileless lives for the well-being of their countries, we supplicate Thy great tenderness of heart, for Thou hast promised to save both man and beast, and great is Thy loving-kindness, O Master, Saviour of the world. Lord, have mercy."

A nation whose leaders arrange for and whose people offer such a prayer as that can hardly be regarded as uncivilized. W. I. L.

The American Liberal Churches and the Unitarian Churches of Hungary.

The following correspondence is self-explanatory. We reproduce it here partly for the information of our liberal churches and in the hope also that it may reach the eyes of our Unitarian co-religionists in Hungary. The letters we have sent them during the present war have all been returned as "undeliverable." We hope better success will attend the present correspondence. If not, this printed word may possibly meet their sight and reassure them of what they know already, the sympathy and good will of the religious liberals of America.

"25 Beacon Street, BOSTON, MASS.

"His Reverence,
Bishop JOSEF FERENCZ,
Kolozsvár, Hungary.

"Honored and Dear Sir,—The sudden and terrible intelligence of the general European war, in which your heroic nation is also involved, has filled us with profound sorrow and the deepest sympathy. I do not know whether this message will reach you, but I am moved to send you an expression of our personal regard as your fellow-believers, and to assure you that our hope and prayer is that you and yours personally may be spared great sorrow, that our sister churches in Hungary may suffer no permanent disadvantages, and your beloved country may emerge from this ordeal of blood and tears stronger, more united, and more spiritually minded than ever before in her long and honorable history. Give our affectionate greeting to Profs. Boros and Jozan, and all the other faithful friends, and believe me, affectionately yours, CHARLES W. WENDTE."

We have also received from Rev. Carlyle Summerbell of Wolfeboro, N.H., the following communication, which it gives us sincere pleasure to transmit, together with our own Unitarian letter, to our friends in Hungary:—

"The American Christian Convention in session, Springfield, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1914, adopted the following

Digitized by Google

resolution, offered by Rev. J. F. Burnett, D.D., secretary of the Convention:—

. ."*Whereas*, in a time of profound peace the Unitarian Christians of Hungary sent their cordial Christian greetings to the fellowship of the Christians in America, and *Whereas*, these Christian brethren in Hungary, through no act of their own, are suffering from the ravage of a terrible and devastating war, therefore, *Resolved*, that the American Christian Convention extends its warmest sympathy to these our brethren in the hour of their calamity, and we assure them that we shall fervently pray that God in his infinite mercy may presently grant to them and to the nations in conflict the restoration of honorable peace and concord."

Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

BY A. KAMPMEIER.

A. H. Hoffmann, the author of the song "*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*," called von Fallersleben from his native village, was born in 1798, and died in 1874. He was a quiet scholar, known for his antiquarian and philological research in the German language. He knew nothing of Nietzsche or Bernhardi, or of their spirit. He passed most of his life in a time when Germany was nothing but a number of small states with hardly a uniting bond. In his younger days he had even to suffer deprivation of his professorship by the Prussian government for publishing a volume of "Unpolitical Lays," as he entitled them. No one who has read Hoffmann's song entirely in German, with a thorough knowledge of that language, will say that it is "catchy and bombastic," or that it has anything to do with the spirit of modern Germany which Mr. Van Ness criticises in his recent sermon. It simply expresses love of the native country, as does "My country, 'tis of thee." The phrase "*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt*" does not in any way imply desire of power over other countries, but simply that, to any true German, Germany is the dearest and most beloved thing in the world. He must be a pitiable creature who is bare of warm and deep feeling for his native country, with which he has been connected since infancy by thousands of strong and sweet bonds. Even if his native country has done him wrong, something which Hoffmann experienced fully himself, unless he be a miscreant, the love of the native country will not be extinguished, but always beat deep in the heart. If Hoffmann expressed any political ideas in his song, they are those of the desire for more liberty in his native country and greater unity in his distracted fatherland. But he probably never dreamed of a modern Germany. He himself was too childlike and simple in character to think of such things.

Of his poetry in general the International Cyclopædia says, "It has a close alliance to popular song, and hits the tone of genuine simplicity, tenderness, and pathos to a degree that scarcely any other poet of recent times has succeeded in doing." Whoever is acquainted with Hoffmann's simple lyrics and his own general character will be astonished to see him brought into connection with a Nietzsche or Bernhardi.

I will add a personal experience. When in my younger days I was a student in Germany, at a farewell meeting of a circle to which I belonged Hoffmann's song was also sung among others. I and another American were then asked to sing a national American song. We sang "Columbia, the gem of the ocean." After the first stanza the German students always joined in the refrain. Hoffmann at least had not made them ultra-German.

Iowa City, Ia.

A Prayer.

BY REV. M. FRANKLIN HAM.

God of the worlds, our little earth is shaken
By sudden storm of devastating strife!
In dumb despair, by other help forsaken,
We blindly turn to Thee, the Lord of life!

The shrines of peace that with such patient dreaming
We slowly reared are crumbled into dust;
And on their ruin war's huge engines gleaming
Shriek their wild creed of blood and battle-lust!

Where yesterday we wrought with faith undaunted
Fair structures for the ages yet to be,
We stand aghast, by war's grim horror haunted,
And lift up idle hands in prayer to Thee.

Is this the end of all our upward reaching?
The goal of all our sacrifice and tears?
Is this the garnered fruit of all his teaching
Who gave his life to light the blood-stained years?

O Father, hear our broken supplications!
Speak Thou, that war forevermore may cease!
Bind up the wounds of all Thy stricken nations,
And give the world Thy great best gift of peace!

The Time Factor.

BY PERCY F. BICKNELL.

Impatience at the slowness of the march of events is one of the last of human weaknesses to be outgrown. "Time travels in divers paces with divers persons," says Rosalind to Orlando, but the thief on his way to the gallows is the only person she names to whom time seems to gallop.

It is difficult for any one following the course of current European history to suppress a desire for more immediate and more decisive results in the titanic international struggle now in progress. Both the neutral-minded observer, if there be any such, and the zealous partisan, as well as the humanitarian horror-stricken at the thought of sufferings so grievous and so prolonged, chafe at the seeming slowness with which the players in this terrific game of chess are developing their positions. Pawns are sacrificed, it is true, with apparent recklessness and fury, but the prospect of a checkmate on one side or the other is still remote, despite the vaunts of either party. Lord Curzon has expressed himself as "shocked" by the light-hearted prophecies of certain of his fellow-countrymen, that the war will be over by Christmas. Promises of German banquets in Paris and of Russian feasts in Berlin for the holiday season tickle the palates of the men in the trenches, and doubtless help to keep up their spirits; but they lead to little else.

One might do worse, in tense and feverish times like these, than turn to the history of the Second Punic War, that seventeen years' desperate struggle on the part of republican Rome against the war-lord of oligarchic Carthage, and read or re-read, for example, Plutarch's account of the consummate generalship of the famous Cunctator, Quintus Fabius Maximus. Hannibal's hope of conquest lay in early and decisive victory with the admirable war machine he had brought with him from Spain. Fabius, as no one else in Rome, appreciated the importance of delay, and knew that time was his strongest ally, cut off as his enemy was from ready reinforcements and supplies from home. His sturdy refusal to be hurried into an engagement with a redoubtable foe when defeat would mean ruin to the Roman cause, and his imperturbable calm under the taunts and reproaches of the populace and of their Tribune, Mitilius, are beyond

Digitized by Google

praise. Our own taciturn General Grant, in the long series of operations leading up to the siege and capture of Vicksburg, a wearisome period during which the public and indeed the government itself became more and more clamorous for results, could not have borne himself with greater stoicism than did Fabius twenty-one centuries earlier. And the Roman commander, it is perhaps worth recalling, did not have the ever-present consolation of a cigar to mitigate the sting of the affront put upon him by the elevation of his Master of the Horse, Minucius, to equal command with himself in the field. The incident that led to this division of authority is noteworthy. Fabius had been summoned to Rome by the priests to assist at certain solemn sacrifices, and had left the army in charge of Minucius, enjoining upon him as one military officer instructing a subordinate, and entreating him as one friend pleading with another, not to engage the enemy in battle while he, Fabius, should be absent. But the impetuous Minucius, one day when a great part of the Carthaginians were out on a foraging raid, ventured to attack the remaining forces and succeeded in driving them back behind their intrenchments, an exploit that greatly elated him and gave to the enemies of Fabius a new argument for the latter's dismissal from his post. The old general's remark when he heard of his lieutenant's action was that he had dreaded nothing so much as success on the part of Minucius. Of this over-confident officer's subsequent rashness, and his rescue from destruction by the timely succor of Fabius, and of the ultimate vindication of the Fabian policy, Plutarch and Polybius and later historians have given their several versions, which need not here be further drawn upon. The very name of Cannæ has since that time served as a warning to those who would hasten the progress of events and ignore the strategic value of delay.

Another curiously significant page of history, though a very different one, is that on which is recorded the impeachment of Warren Hastings and his acquittal after a trial extending over seven years. In February of the year 1788 Edmund Burke, amid expressions of deep and sympathetic emotion from his large and distinguished audience, depicted with unequalled wealth of diction the high crimes and misdemeanors of which the illustrious defendant stood accused. Handkerchiefs were called into service on the part of the more susceptible hearers, as Macaulay tells us, smelling-bottles were handed around, hysterical sobs and screams made themselves heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. "I impeach him," concluded the orator, "in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy of all." And yet this whirlwind of governmental and popular indignation against the alleged oppressor of India died down as suddenly as it had arisen, and only the first few sessions of the high court assembled to try the case were remarkable for any demonstration of public interest in the proceedings; so that, when the wearisome details of the numerous charges in the indictment had finally been examined and, in the spring of 1795, the verdict was rendered, the general bitterness against the defendant had given place not merely to indifference, but to a general sentiment in his favor, chiefly by reason of the softening influence of time and the later appearance of the case in something like its proper perspective. Though the friends of Hastings were doubtless indignant that he should be so long under the cloud of a criminal trial, and though they made several attempts to put a stop to the protracted proceedings, it was probably this very delay that saved him from conviction of guilt in the public estimation, if not by formal vote of the House of Lords. As it was, in a languid attendance of only twenty-nine peers at the end, there were but six who voted against him on the gravest and most clearly proved charges, while on others he was unanimously acquitted. A too harsh judgment had been averted by the passage of time, which may also have procured a too generous absolution.

A third illustration of the potency of the time factor suggests itself, in this instance from the pages of fiction. Jonathan Oldbuck, the antiquary of Scott's novel of that name, remarks to the hero of the tale, on one occasion: "It is at such moments as these, Mr. Lovel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us—those inanimate things which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in anxious and scheming manhood—they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold, unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, or feelings—changed in our form, our limbs, and our strength,—can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as being separate and distinct from what we now are? The philosopher who appealed from Philip inflamed with wine to Philip in his hours of sobriety did not choose a judge so different as if he had appealed from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age."

The Baroness von Suttner more than once takes occasion in her memoirs to deny that she is the same person at sundry widely separated periods in her life. Certainly the changes wrought by time in both individual and national existence are almost equivalent to a complete metamorphosis.

MALDEN, MASS.

A Minister to his People.

BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Many times it has been my privilege, after long weeks of separation, to send to you my word of greeting and of summons, but never before under conditions of such awful moment as exist to-day. When, but a short time since, we spoke our farewells to one another, we looked upon a summer as fair with promise as any that our generation has known. Now, as we prepare to meet again in grateful worship of the "one God and Father of all," we find ourselves facing the blackest prospect of storm and stress that all the wretched history of human ill can show. With a suddenness that smites the mind with confusion and the heart with terror, the world has been plunged into "the grievousness of war" as into the seething crater of a volcano. From end to end the continent of Europe is one vast conflagration of lust and hate; a hundred far-flung fires blaze in Asia, Africa, and the islands of the seas; and over the Americas there hang the smoky clouds of economic disaster, social distraction, and spiritual despair. Millions of men are at this moment engaged in mutual slaughter. Thousands of armed ships are sweeping the highways and havens of commerce, to capture, plunder, and burn. The mightiest engines of destruction that fiendish ingenuity can devise are being set in motion, to reap to its last dread tare of misery the hideous harvest of blood and iron. Famine and pestilence are again abroad. The dance of death begins anew. Civilization, with all the myriad interests of its industry, art, literature, religion, and social progress, is gone in one fell instant; and in its place is barbarism, with all its train of robbing,

Digitized by Google

ravishing, and killing. Wars have despoiled the earth ere this; blood has been spilled upon a thousand battlefields before now; Cæsars, Attilas, and Napoleons have again and again achieved their dreadful handiwork. But never before in all the history of mankind has war been joined upon such a stupendous scale, been armed with such monstrously effective weapons, and threatened such incalculable slaughter and destruction. Already the losses of blood and treasure surpass anything suffered in the greatest conflicts of the past—and we are told that the struggle is but begun! What the end of this cataclysm of fire and sword will be—what nations will be swept away, what peoples ruined, what kings dethroned—no one of us, however wise, can say. That civilization, however deeply wounded, will actually perish, as some surmise, is doubtful; but that we are at this moment facing, in all its horror, one of the supreme calamities of history, is certain.

In such an unprecedented crisis it is perhaps inevitable that we should be tempted to yield to utter despair. For what of all things that we have most implicitly believed and firmly trusted still stands amid this flood of savagery? Where are the commercial interests that bind the nations in ties of mutual advantage? Where the schools and universities that unite men of every kindred in the quiet pursuits of science and philosophy? Where the international labor movement with its threat of a call to lay down tools as the answer to a call to take up arms? Where the churches with their age-old gospel of "peace on earth, good will among men"? What is civilization, that it avails nothing at this hour? What is religion, that it is impotent to still the devouring passions now raging through the world? What is God, that his holy will should be successfully defied by Emperor, Czar, and Kaiser? We have talked much, in the days gone by, of progress, brotherhood, and peace. What now, in the lurid light of present events, do these things mean? Are they not manifestly "vanity of vanities," and shall we not be wise to abandon them forthwith?

Such is the temptation of this dread hour, and many there are who yield,—but none of you, I trust, with whom it is my privilege to be associated as minister and friend. For seven years I have been preaching to you the gospel of Christ and serving with you the cause of his kingdom upon earth, but never until the black darkness of this night of war engulfed the world have I understood the need of this gospel and the worth of this cause. The ideals of our souls are as true to-day as ever. Justice, mercy, and peace may be flouted, but not refuted. The horror of this hour proves nothing but that progress is not yet fulfilment, and that love has still its perfect work to do. If civilization fails, it is because at its heart are the lusts of the flesh and not the aspirations of the spirit. If religion is impotent, it is because it has ever cared more for the bowed head than the pure heart. If God's will is not yet done upon the earth, it is because he is without witnesses numerous and brave enough to convince the minds and sway the hearts of men. The present situation is terrible beyond all that the world has ever known, but it registers not the defeat of the soul, but only the measure of that soul's need and opportunity.

Therefore, with a stronger faith in the truth of our ideals, a firmer coviction of the worth of our religion, a clearer realization of the need of our labors and our prayers, than I have felt in any previous period of my ministry, I summon you again, at this opening of our new year, to a new pledge of fellowship and service in the high things of the spirit. Never was there such a call for our great gospel of good will as there is to-day. Never was there such a time for the preaching of the message of brotherhood. Never was there such a demand for the doing of the work of love. Hatred and lust are ravaging the world. The brute passions of the jungle are loosed to do their worst. Barbarism is for the moment everywhere triumphant. Now if ever is our opportunity to reveal to men the iniquity of war, and, in the exhaustion which soon must come, turn them again forever to the pleasant paths of peace. The blood of battlefields, the flames of burning cities, the desolation of homes, the wounds of men, the tears of women,—all these call to us day and night, from east and west alike, that from this hour wars and rumors of wars shall be no more. Far removed from the stress and agony of the conflict, ours is the task not only "to bind up the nations' wounds," but also "to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." And in this we shall not fail if our faith and zeal and consecration do but equal the full measure of the hour.

To deeper faith, to truer service, to gladder and fuller sacrifice, I call you, one and all! No time is this for dismay or faltering. "No stay" . . . but "on, on, on," as never before, to grander hopes and nobler triumphs of the spirit!—*Church of the Messiah, New York City.*

Remembrance.

BY OLIVER PENMARE.

When I am gone afar,
  Beyond—I know not where—
Beyond the evening star
  Into that Otherwhere,—

One little thing I pray,—
  Just one: That those I love
And leave, to go away
  Beyond this life,—above
The smiles, the tears, the stress
  Of earth,—Oh, may there be
A hundred hearts to say,
  "He was so kind to me!"

Kind words! Not much to leave.
  And kindly acts each day
Are but the little things of life
  To strew along the way;
Yet this is all I ask may be
  In memory of me.

Can, Will, and Must.

BY REV. WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

"Can," "will," "must,"—three little words; but Fate writes all her formulas with them. *I can* is the raw material of life, *I will* rough-hews this raw material, and *I must* rounds it into career, consolidates it into character. Or call them the three life-forces which correlate with one another, the *can* transforming itself at first into will, and then through *will* to *must*.

The *can* is small at best. "Can't" is in everybody's dictionary. For the ablest, impossible to possible careers stand a hundred to one; and this limitation of power relieves from corresponding ranges of responsibility. Nevertheless, the *can* is a very real amount in all of us. No one but can. Its elements are power of body,—health; power of mind,—sanity and faculty; that power mixed of body and mind which we call temperament; and, besides all these, whatever favors circumstance may show us. These elements, our raw material, are hardly ours by earning; they come, like birth and wedding gifts, from goodness not our own. But they are very *ours;* nobody but can. Some one career, at least, is open to the worst endowed; and probably several careers are open, all the powers within us combining well for fair success in them. Nobody but can. Hence

Digitized by Google

the cowardice of suicide, and the cowardice of that spiritual suicide which does not dare the bullet or the bridge, but which almost as truly gives up life in giving up endeavor. Even when doing can be no more than bearing, what a hero's *can* is left to us in that!

The *will* rough-hews this raw material of life. Philosophy may doubt the will, and logic argue it away; but all the while and all the same nothing is more certain to our consciousness than the fact that we are more than clocks that go,—more by this, that we in some degree do *choose* our going. The will is real. Yet its avail is only to rough-hew the ends of life. Few become that which they first intend; still fewer reach their goal by the intended road. Even the "self-made" men are failures first and often, and great succeeders they who have the power to greatly fail and yet go on. Blessed is the young man's confidence that he can do that which he will, and be the thing he thinks; and pitiful the youth without enthusiasm. By those signs he is to conquer. Better think too much than think too little of one's self, for the world is full of medicine for self-conceit. Better be a crank than a gone-out fire at twenty-five. But the years, the years! They tell us each in turn that *can* is little, and the strongest *I will* weak. In telling that, however, they tell us, too, in whispered thunder, that one's *I will*, though weak, is all-important, and that the will, and not the *can*, is in the deepest sense the man. The will is *you*. And so, to each and all, life's lesson reads, Get your *I will* early, and train it endlessly! The special *I will* of the thing we are to do in life—get that; and even more,—the general *I will*, which makes us that we are to be in life, that larger will of manly courage and prompt energy and lasting purpose in everything we undertake. The question that determines mainly our career, and almost wholly our quantity and quality of being, is, How much do we *try*? There was a regiment in the English army called the "Die-hards": the "*Try*-hards" are the heroes in life's battles. Not they who do things easily, but they who do things with difficulty; and in the end these are the regiments who accomplish most. Jesus' parable tells about ten talents, five, and one; but men differ even more in their amount of will than their amount of *can*, and one's individual success or failure is established more by his own amount of will than his amount of can. The practical and great consideration is not, How much can I do? but, How much will I do of what I can?

Then gradually the further transformation follows: *I can* has become *I will*, and now *I will* becomes *I must*. "Must" is the third correlated force. "Must" rounds and finishes and fixes fast what the will rough-hews. I speak not now of outward musts, but inward,—those which we grow within ourselves, and which are conglomerate of can and will. There is the great unconscious must of habit,—our self-generated fate. "Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny," says some one. There is the lesser, half-conscious must of reputation. We establish expectations of ourselves in others' minds, and feel obliged to live up to them. Such expectations become a part of our working force,—a blessed, helping power; and many a time have we been braced by them to be our better selves. And then there is the conscious must of duty, by which the original *I can*, passing through *I will*, becomes the grand *I ought*. That is the compulsion which lifts us, past our better, to our best,—lifts and holds us there, and still wakes dawns of an untried better in the skies above our heads. Now a marvel happens, which convinces that the moral, the most *will-like*, elements within us are still subject to a natural law. This must of duty, at first so conscious, at first hardly obeyed with straining, becomes, by processes of obedience, as unconscious as the mechanic skill in any working fingers. The ideals, made our reals, become in us organized instincts for the right; the endeavoring virtue becomes compacted character, automatic and self-acting. Are we thereby "clocks," at last and after all? We might be, if it were possible to halt for good at any place or moment of attainment; but above us break those dawns of untried ideals, yet to be made real; and even that instructive automatic virtue we seem to have gained becomes again the field of very conscious, very painful trying, if ever by sin we violate its sanctity.

So it's true, with Browning, that

> "Life is just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on, educe the man."

And this is true, too, from Arthur Clough,—

> "Ah, the key of our life, that passes all wards, opens locks,
> Is not *I will*, but *I must:* I must, I must,—and I do it!"

This, too, is true: "The height of blessing comes when we take some hard *I must* of duty, against which task and wish we rebel, and, turning it heartily into an *I will*, then find it a perfectly possible *I can*. Wherever this is done, in that place miracles begin,—as in the garden and the dark, where once One said his 'Not my will, but thine be done!'"

The Pulpit.

The Duties of Religious Persons in Time of War.*

BY REV. WALTER WALSH, D.D.

The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.—LUKE ix. 56.

The power of love, as the basis of a state, has never been tried.—*Emerson's Essay on Politics.*

This is the first duty of religious persons in time of war,—to remain true to man's mission as a savior, not a destroyer. This redemptive principle in human nature has, in our time, been strongly assailed from two sides—from pseudo-science on the one hand, and a false philosophy on the other. The destructive agency of war has been expounded in every civilized country as a "biological necessity." The evolutionary principle has been proclaimed as a competitive instead of a co-operative principle. The scientific theories of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest through natural selection have been applied to things not contemplated by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, and it has been argued that man must continue to go on in the ancient prehuman destructive way. This is to ignore the very principles of science itself as well as of religion, for the significance of the ascent of man is precisely that he is able to substitute social and international co-operation for the ante-human internecine system of combat. With man has arrived the age of reason, and of the sovereignty of will over instinct, and love over egoism. While destruction was the characteristic of the ancient animal type, salvation is the characteristic of the new human type. Those who conform to type shall survive, while those who refuse to conform shall perish. Those who persist in living according to the old egoistic, selfish, destructive instincts of the lower orders of creation shall perish; while such as accept and live according to the new vision of love and neighborliness and mutual aid shall survive. That is the truth that is being written in blood on the plains of Europe to-day. It is excellent biology. It is equally pure religion. To that religion all who believe in God and in the divinity of man must cling in the teeth of all contradiction.

* Preached at the Theistic Church, London, Sept. 20, 1914.

Digitized by Google

The religion of salvation is, I said, assailed also in the name of philosophy—and that in more civilized countries than one. The doctrine that might is right, that the earth with its treasures of life, land, gold, love, women, is nothing but booty for the bold, has been preached by the philosophers of more than one nation. They have returned to the worship of power in the person of the superman, the egoist, in other words, the tyrant, represented by such names as Nero, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, while lesser persons are to be admired in proportion as they embody the fruits of ambition, success, physical health and beauty, to the enslaving and slaying of such as have not the ability or the will to dispute their passage. To be a "full-blooded Dionysus" is the goal of the perfected ego. Peasants and children may continue (proceeds this philosophy) to admire suffering saviors like Sakya Muni, who surrendered a beautiful wife, a palace, and a kingdom, in order to deliver mankind from evil; or Jesus, who permitted himself to be nailed to the cross for the sake of his people; or Socrates, who drank the hemlock that Athens might know the truth; but such specimens of weakness are scorned by the devotees of the Overman, whom they imagine to have the right merely because he has the might, who is without fear or pity or remorse, and who is free to impose his will equally by club or sword or gallows. The revolt against the gospel of salvation—against the mission of man to be a savior—has been in full blood in Europe and America, while a gospel literally of damnation has been substituted which on the battle-plains of Europe is being proved a desolating delusion. The aim of religion is to foster love, unselfishness and co-operation, neighborliness and mutual aid; while to keep this aim ever before our own minds, and to keep it ever before the people, is the first great duty of religious persons in war-time.

The second duty flows necessarily from the first—the duty of exalting moral forces over physical violence. In times like these tremendous pressure is brought to bear upon our faith in moral forces, perhaps by our friends even more than by those who are opposed to us. The temptation to interpret religious duty in terms of destruction rather than salvation is enormously strong. True religion will resist and overcome that temptation. True religion will ever put thought above strife. Religion will resist the effort of the world to drag it down to its lower ethical plane, and will rather strive to lift the world up to its own divine height. The world never ceases its effort to secure religion for its ally, to bring religion over to its side, to get religion to condone its actions and methods; but religion must strive with all its divine energy to impress its ideals upon the world. While the world strives to get religion to fight, religion must more successfully strive to get the world to love. The world and its way may be illustrated by the words of a native chief who had heard Dr. Moffatt preach on the resurrection of the dead: "Father," said he, "I love you much; your visit has made my heart white as milk; the words of your mouth are sweet like honey. But I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again. The dead cannot rise! The dead shall not rise! I have slain thousands, and—shall they rise?" The chief's voice is the voice of mankind resisting the Spirit: "Religion" (protest the nations) "cannot condemn war. Religion shall not condemn war! We have slain our millions—and shall war be irreligious?" As against all such protestations, religion must remain firm to its divine call. Religion must exalt character over conquest, piety above policy, martyrdom over killing. The way of war is to take away the sinners, the way of religion is to take away the sin, of the world. Amid the extremest necessities of war-time the religious person must never permit himself to be so transformed into the citizen or the warrior as to be forgetful of that.

These considerations apply with peculiar force to the pulpit as the voice of religion. It is peculiarly incumbent on the preacher to resist the pressure of such times, and to remain faithful to the divine principles of religion. The powers which make for destruction are sufficiently strong without his endorsement and alliance. As God's spokesman, it is his place to keep alive the great facts and truths of salvation both human and divine, both on this sphere and in spheres beyond. No truly religious citizen will seek to drag the preacher from his great vocation as the exponent and upholder of moral forces and spiritual principles. It is at a nation's peril that it degrades its pulpit into an advocate and apologist for war. The pulpit should provide an anchor amid the storm; it should be the still small voice of God above the earthquake and the thunder. It should never cease to protest against a double standard of morality, one for individuals and another for nations; never cease to insist upon the same law of God in personal and national affairs. It should, in season and out of season, magnify the value of reason over force, of love over violence; and plead for the arbitrament of reason in place of the arbitrament of the sword; plead for the substitution of justice and international law. Were this course followed by all the pulpits of the civilized world, there would never be another war.

The third duty of religious persons is to search their own hearts, and to assist the nation to a searching of conscience, with a view to discovering those moral causes which precede and give rise to every war whatever. Something more than political entanglements have turned Europe into an Aceldama. The ultimate cause is in the hearts of the belligerent nations. No doubt there are immediate and direct causes connected with political exigencies and military necessities, but while conflict rages no mind is capable of setting them forth with just analysis. A state of war grievously warps the judgment, so that nothing less than Omniscience can determine the various degrees of error and affix proportional responsibilities upon those who bring about such international cataclysms as that in which we are to-day participants. But the spirit of religion is a spirit of justice. There are questions the spirit of justice cannot help asking under the influence of true religion. For many years statesmen have been warning Europe that the continuous and increasing armaments with which she was loading herself were bound to become intolerable, and were likely to bring about the very cataclysm they were designed to avert. In two great international conferences, held contemporaneously with the growth of the "armed peace," they provided the means of pacific adjustments through the machinery of the Hague Conventions. It is evident, therefore, that, if Europe had organized for peace as wholeheartedly as she has organized for war, she would to-day be saving instead of taking life, building homes instead of burning them. In one way or another all the contending nations participated in the mutual suspicion, sellishness, and jealousy which created the "armed peace" and brought about this unspeakable calamity, and therefore suffering has come upon them all, in greater or lesser degree. Therefore, when we have searched the national conscience, it is our duty to bravely confess to the Father of men our own share in these sins against humanity.

The fourth duty of religious persons is to encourage in themselves and in their fellow-countrymen, as far as their influence extends, the spirit of charity so divinely chanted in our first lesson. Our religion should keep us calm and sane, and faithful to its immutable ideals. Our faith commits its professors to belief in "the Fatherhood of God

Digitized by Google

to all mankind, irrespective of race, creed, or moral difference," and enjoins upon them "the paramount duty of brotherly love." These religious and ethical principles preclude harsh judgments and thoughts of revenge. The doctrine of "reprisal" is alien to religion. To the true believer in God, no man, no nation, can be "the enemy," but each is a brother, a sister, even when they seem to be erring and provocative and shameful. Our divine religion recognizes no racial differences among the common children of him who "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Therefore the cause of human unity and peace is bound up with the progress of true religion. We can be the friends of all other countries without being the enemy of our own, and therefore our efforts to succor those in distress, particularly non-combatants, should not exclude those with whom we are at war.

Further, our religious principles forbid us to participate in that mockery of prayer which obtains more or less among all the Christian nations at the present time. Theistic religion teaches that there is only one God, and that God is one. What then, mean those vain petitions which all the Christian nations are offering against one another, at the same moment, to the same Deity? It is obvious that petitions offered by warring worshippers for results which are totally contradictory to one another cannot influence the judgments and decrees of Omnipotence. Many of the prayers which are being offered in the capitals and cathedrals of Europe at the present time are nothing but profane appeals to the old tribal deity who ought to have yielded place to the one God and Father of all. Therefore our prayers should be directed toward those ends which include the blessings of mercy, peace, prosperity, and justice to all the contending peoples, "irrespective of race, creed, or moral difference." We dare not impiously dictate to Deity in what manner or proportion he should distribute those blessings; but we should trust him to render to every man and nation according to the deeds done and the policy pursued, in full assurance that each shall receive the exact reward or punishment necessitated by Eternal Righteousness. The principles of religion require us to follow the path of virtue "uninfluenced by fear of punishment or hope of reward." We do not believe that prayers can constrain or deflect the justice of God. We make no mean attempts to degrade the Eternal into a tribal deity, and to enlist the Universal Father as a partisan. We believe that the judge of all the earth will do—right.

The fifth duty of religious persons is to foster such a spirit and create such conditions as will render such an international sin impossible for all time coming. As no man can foresee the end of Europe's folly, so none can foretell in what shape society will emerge from the gulf; but we can adopt the memorable words of Abraham Lincoln, and strive "to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." As believers in the one God—the sole Father of all the warring peoples alike—it is possible for us to render effective help toward building up the future commonwealth of Europe. We can help to organize the world for peace as it has hitherto been organized for war. With Emerson, we can deem it not impossible to make love the basis of the state, instead of violence. We can strive to substitute the co-operative sisterhood of the nations for the competitive militarism which has brought them to ruin. We can promote the federation of Europe on lines already roughly drawn by the Hague Convention. As we mournfully survey the slaughtered heaps, the devastated fields and homes, the million crowds of desolated women and children, and as we further reflect upon the long impoverishment of the peoples, the far postponement of the reformers' hopes, we can fold our hands in solemn vow to the All-Father, that the expectation of his poor shall not perish forever.

It is our duty to hope and pray and strive for the removal of the conditions which make war possible. If we recall Chorley's great hymn to be sung, in war-time, it is with a difference, for we look forward to the passing not of this war only, but of all war. Our prayer is grander than "Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!" Our vision is wider than our own race and our own generation. We pray that God may give peace to all men through all time, and we believe the supreme opportunity has come to co-operate with God in the answering of our own prayers.

Spiritual Life.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—*Victor Hugo.*

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.—*Bishop Hall.*

We dig and toil, we worry and fret; and all the while close over us bends the infinite wonder and beauty of Nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Feel my smile, and be glad!"—*George S. Merriam.*

In the end thought rules the world. There are times when impulses and passions are more powerful, but they soon expend themselves, while mind, acting constantly, is ever ready to drive them back and to work when their energies are exhausted.—*President M'Cosh.*

Get at the root of things. The gold-mines of Scripture are not the top soil; you must open a shaft. The precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the Word of God.—*Dean Stanley.*

When we turn from sensuous delights to the higher life of spiritual conflict, of effort after the ideal, then, and not till then, do we realize what God is daily giving of riches and power and glory to his child, man,—love, to light him in the dark places of human experience; courage, that he may brace himself, if need be, against all worlds; infinite resource, that he may call himself a son of God, and lay hold on immortality.—*James C. Hodgins.*

Clear, O Lord, our inner vision, that we may see through the false shows of life, and be kept calm and true by thy great realities. Waken us from the dreams of the earthly mind in its forgetfulness of thee. Reveal to the young what it is to live this great life of opportunity; and fill them with the pure and undefiled religion which will keep them unspotted from the world. In the hearts of elders let not the fires die nor their work linger, till they are overtaken by the lengthening shadows of their appointed time. Though we know nothing of the morrow, may we be faithful to-day; gladly accepting the humblest task that waits for us by thy will and shines with the holy light of thine approval. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

Literature.

The Modern Church. By Philip A. Nordell, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.—There is brought together here in concise form information concerning church organization, new movements and methods within the church, and the relation of the modern church to the great social movements of our time. Although arranged in the form of lessons for classes, the index is so complete, and the chapter-divisions are so clearly marked, that the book will be a valuable reference work on its topic for any library. Of especial interest as well as importance is Part IV., which treats of the church and the social awakening. It deals with the relation of the church to industrial warfare, race antagonisms, charities, the liquor question, prisons, the public school, and world peace. The religious press is admirably dealt with; a concise summary of the history of religious journalism in America gives the dates of the founding of several of the pioneer religious papers, including the *Christian Register*. The period of prosperity and the present period of decline of such papers are carefully treated, while the abiding function of the religious press is pointed out with keen appreciation. The book is designed as one of the senior grade manuals of the Bible Study Union Series of graded Sunday-school lessons. This accounts for the order of arrangement of the subjects treated. The lessons begin with Sunday-school organization and management as the part of the church nearest to the pupil's interest, and then take up the wider church activities and relations. It may well be questioned whether pupils from seventeen to twenty years of age need to study church organization and management in such detail; whether they can wisely consider such problems, for example, as "getting people to church" or "the pastor's parish work." Granted that some study of the modern church is desirable for Sunday-school pupils of senior grade, the more interesting and logical approach would be through the great social service themes which are placed last in this volume, for these subjects are vital to young men and women eager to take their part in world-betterment. When they have considered the church's relation to these problems, they might wish to understand the form of organization through which the church seeks to accomplish its world mission.

Live and Learn. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.—This is an admirable little book, especially for young people, but interesting and helpful to persons of all ages. It contains eight short chapters, originally given as sermons or lectures,—"Learning to Think," "Learning to Speak," "Learning to See," "Learning to Hear," "Learning to Give," "Learning to Serve," "Learning to Win," "Learning to Wait." The treatment of these vital themes does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it is suggestive and stimulating. Dr. Gladden has poured into these pages the riches of his long experiences. They are full of the wisdom of life. It is not so much a book of dictation and advice as of friendly conference. With sobriety and sanity, with an optimism full of youthful enthusiasm but chastened by years of experience, he frankly tells the young some of the secrets of the good life which he has discovered. The spirit is everywhere especially wholesome. In every respect the book is up to the high level of diction, thought, and sentiment which his many writings have led us to expect of this eminent divine. Every page tempts to quotation,—flashes of insight into the deep things of life; observations that light up dark places; trumpet calls to service, discipline, and patience. But space forbids. However, one point needs particular emphasis,—the earnest protest in Chapter VII. against the present tendency to make education a mere pastime. These are golden words. Fortunate the young man or woman who reads and ponders this little book. To be commended to parents and teachers as an admirable Christmas present.

Social Life in Old New England. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.—The Puritans have been often depicted as men of long countenances and strict restraints, but they were also the descendants of merry Englishmen who loved sport and enjoyed life Miss Crawford's account of early New England life shows the working out of the two strains in society and ordinary intercourse, and this book is not less interesting than those that have preceded it. It may be, in many points, even more novel and entertaining. She tells us how children went to school and boys to college; how maidens were courted and married, and how the young couples set up housekeeping; how our ancestors kept their diaries, had their pictures taken, and amused themselves generally; what books they read (or wrote); and how they at last were buried. Miss Crawford has known where to find interesting anecdotes, and there are probably few descendants of the Puritans who, if they have ever dipped for themselves into available records for their own genealogy, will not find some mention of a noteworthy ancestor. There is ample reason for the publication of this book. New England families have sent their children out to every part of the country, and it is right that these children should know how their forefathers lived; and they were no rigid adherents of impossible conventions, but red-blooded men and women, with the virtues, the follies, the antiquated customs of their day, people who lived on long lines and built for the generations after them even better than they knew. That Americans of every nationality owe much to their early ideals and their sturdy convictions may be gratefully acknowledged. The book is fully illustrated.

The Great Society: A Psychological Analysis. By Graham Wallis, author of *Human Nature in Politics*. New York: The Macmillan Company.—The "Great Society," as Mr. Wallis uses the term, is simply another name for modern society, which chiefly differs from earlier forms of social organization in that what were formerly small and almost self-supporting groups of men have now become dependent parts of a great industrial and commercial whole. The book is, first of all, a study of some new problems and difficulties developed during recent years, and an attempt to find in the newer psychology suggestions as to the best way for meeting these difficulties. Whether it is worth while to undertake the analysis for the sake of these suggestions each reader must decide for himself. It should be said that no panaceas are prescribed, and to this extent, at least, the book may commend itself to a world somewhat weary of such nostrums. It is written in an attractive style, and made lucid by many illustrations drawn from all ages of the world's life. One distinct service it performs in making clear the distinction between social organism and social organization. The unjustified use of the former term often leads people to speak of the "social will" and the "social consciousness," as if the social whole were an entity having such attributes of its own. There is also a very interesting account of parliaments and legislative bodies at the present day, showing how their original function of settling public questions through oral discussion has become little more than a farce.

The Story of Dartmouth. By Wilder Dwight Quint. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.—It is an inspiring story, this of the gallant little college which held its own through nearly two hundred years, then came to a great awakening that established it as a leading modern institution, and now continues to grow and develop on permanent and most efficient lines. Dartmouth's beginnings date back to a Macedonian call for English subscriptions to an Indian charity school in the interests of which Occom, a full-blooded Mohegan Indian from Connecticut, and Nathaniel Whitaker, a Princeton College Presbyterian, visited London and enlisted the patronage of the Earl of Dartmouth and others. The Indian charity school was owned and conducted by Eleazar Wheelock, a noted educator and controversialist, who was, by the way, great-grandson of that dissenting preacher Ralph Wheelock, who in 1653 was appointed to manage a collection for the benefit of Harvard College. Wheelock became the first president of Dartmouth, and the history of the college from that day to this has never lacked in picturesque incidents. Strong and loyal graduates have given to it not only money, but the prestige of noble lives and enthusiastic support. Mr. Quint has been most happy in his general manner of writing and in his accumulation of illustrative anecdotes, and the book is interesting not only to the sons of the college, but to every one at all drawn to studies of early New England.

The Religion of the Spirit in Modern Life. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Mr. Dresser's definition of religion as "the soul's relation to God from the point of view of inward experience," is perhaps hardly broad enough for historical purposes, since there is much religion in the world that is practically atheistic. But the definition expresses very well what we feel to be the soul and substance of nature, well-developed religion; and there can be no doubt that, more and more, the idea of God tends to become that of an all-pervading, indwelling holy spirit. The implications of this faith, and the experience connected with it, Mr. Dresser sets forth with much insight and comprehensiveness. In the chapter on the spiritual nature we have what is rarely attempted, that is, a kind of portrait of the spiritual man. We should be grateful for any sketch, however

Digitized by Google

inadequate, which thus begins to give wholeness of form to the facts of our inmost being. Again, we may be glad of a point of view which does away with the old dispute between individualism and collectivism. Mr. Dresser sees that the spiritual man is not only in some sense alone with God, but is eminently a social being, and can only develop himself through right relations with others of his kind. For the rest, there is much thought in the book of a very practical kind bearing on the deeper problems of our life, which will well repay careful perusal.

MEDITATIONS ON VOTES FOR WOMEN. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 net.—It is a delightful experience to find discussion about political equality and democratic suffrage put into such a form that one may read it for pure pleasure of the reading, no matter on which side of the mooted question his convictions and sympathies rest. To be sure, one might begin the book on one side and find himself progressively agreeing with the author until he surprised himself at the end, his apprehensions set at rest, and the simplicity of the case made clear. Whatever Dr. Crothers writes is sure to be read. His temper in the present case may be judged from the following passages taken from his introduction: "There may be good reasons why women should not vote, but there is no reason why you should not throw aside the poor reasons. They only clutter up the mind. It is not a matter of personal preference but of public policy. What is required is a certain mental detachment and good-humored willingness to look at the subject from many angles. The great thing is to be willing to think it over." That is exactly what Dr. Crothers does in this volume. He illustrates the advantage of meditation over discussion, examines the matter from various angles in the light of common sense, and meditates to some purpose.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGANIZED FOR SERVICE. By Marion Lawrance. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.—Here is a comprehensive treatment of Sunday-school organization in less than a hundred pages. The author explains the duties of officers and department superintendents, but takes up such related subjects as teacher-training, music, athletic, and social committees. Two charts, one for small and one for large schools, present the complete plan of organization so that it may be seized at a glance. The text of the book is an explanation of the charts. That the author is one of the best-known Sunday-school workers in the world will give added value and interest to this little volume. The reader must know how to choose from the exhaustive organization here set forth just those features which are best adapted to the school in which he is working. The word "service" in the title is misleading. What the book presents is organization for efficient management of the Sunday-school.

THE RIGHT TRACK. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—"The development of a soul—little else is worth study" might be Miss Burnham's motto, for in each of her recent books she has tried to show how only soul development and trust in the higher powers of the universe can win man or woman from error and bring them into assured confidence. Life is a success in proportion as one puts self aside and trusts absolutely, unquestioningly, to the Love that is in all law. The miracles, natural miracles, performed by the apparently insignificant little household helper who sees the truth and consistently follows it, seem altogether possible as here narrated. If the writer does not turn all her readers into Christian Scientists, she at least deepens in them the respect for honest goodness and unaffected helpfulness in the world.

PLANTATION STORIES OF OLD LOUISIANA. By Andrews Wilkinson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.—Lovers of Uncle Remus and his kind will welcome these folk-tales, shrewd, amusing, and illustrative. The Birdland twins live on an old sugar plantation, and Jason, the gray-headed negro who works about the place, is a respected authority on all the ways and doings of the feathered or furred folk of the woods. How Mr. Lynx got his striped face and lost his long tail, how Mr. Fox fooled Madam Possum and later fooled himself, why Mr. Woodpecker has a red head,—all these and many more tales will interest not alone the children, but others who enjoy negro lore and characteristic interpretations of natural phenomena. The illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull are decidedly effective.

UNCLE REMUS AND HIS FRIENDS. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—Books may come and books may go, but a few of the old favorites go on forever, and among these the tales of Uncle Remus may surely be counted. The present edition contains a biographical sketch of Mr. Harris, written by Myrta Lockett Avery. It is brief, but it is crowded with anecdotes that illustrate his kindness of heart, his gentle courtesy, his whimsical impulses and expressions. The spirit and tone of the sketch are worthy, in simplicity and genuine feeling, of the man about whom it is written.

Miscellaneous.

The Ford Hall movement in Boston is doing a work in which every intelligent citizen must be interested, and which offers great ideas to others who are trying in their own way to improve social conditions and increase the desire for brotherhood among men. The Ford Hall Associates publish a weekly paper, *Ford Hall Folks*, of which Thomas C. Dreier is editor-in-chief and Mary C. Crawford managing editor. A recent number reports, for instance, the stirring talk by Mary Antin, heard by 1,370 persons, by actual count, with crowds outside who failed to gain admittance. These Ford Hall folks have developed a family feeling, inclusive and generous, which emphasizes the genuineness of their interest in human brotherhood. They draw no lines, and welcome all.

Established 1793

THE OLD

FARMER'S ALMANACK

For 1915

ROBERT B. THOMAS.

WILLIAM WARE & CO.

110 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Price, 10 Cents.

Interleaved, 20 Cents.

THE SURVEY

Social Service *Civic Progress* *Industrial Problems*

THE SURVEY is a weekly magazine for all those who believe that progress in this country hinges on social service; that legislation, city government, the care of the unfortunate, the education of children, the work of men and the homes of women, must pass muster in their relation to the common welfare.

THE SURVEY brings to bear upon such subjects through its weekly issues the hard-won experience, the analysis and judgment, and, still more important, the ideals, of the social and civic workers of the country. Among these, ROBERT A. WOODS, FLORENCE KELLEY, and OWEN LOVEJOY are frequent contributors. The editors are EDWARD T. DEVINE, GRAHAM TAYLOR, JANE ADDAMS, and PAUL U. KELLOGG.

Scholarly readers will find that the regular departments devoted to civics, industry, health, education, church and community and social agencies, which appear weekly, facilitate reference to it on special subjects. For this reason THE SURVEY is used as collateral reading for courses in social economy, sociology, economics, and social service, etc., in leading colleges throughout the country.

The subscription price is $3.00 a year; or we will send to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER six months' issues for $1.00.

THE SURVEY ASSOCIATES, Inc.

105 East 22d Street, New York, N.Y.

Digitized by Google

The Home.

For Every Day.

God, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God, make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

—*Mrs. B. M. Edwards.*

The Use of One Grandmother.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

"No, my dear" (grandmother wrung out the dish-towel with the vigor which marked all her actions); "I appreciate your asking me, but my party days are over. You young folk make merry without me."

Grace and Gladys Carter looked at her despairingly, but Grandmother Carter looked like a person accustomed to have her own way, and they turned from her and walked out into the garden.

They had spent the last three months with her, that they might attend the high school, and, having come from a home in which the elders were at least as prominent as the youngers, they had been as much puzzled as distressed at the prominence of their position in the new home. They had left a grandmother, but she was a very dainty old lady, who wore white lace caps and beads, and whose circle of friends commanded their respect and stirred their admiration. She was their mother's mother. Grandmother Carter, with whom they were to spend the next year, was very different. She seemed to regard them as requiring many luxuries she denied herself, and even waited on them till they were embarrassed. Their own efforts to wait on her had been scoffed into discontinuance. She wanted no footstool, no shawl, no attentions!

"I really can't do it," said Gladys. "Give a party and not have any grown-up to help us carry things off! I don't like the idea at all."

"The others have done it," answered Grace. "At the Graysons' and the Newtons' and the Carrs' the mothers all seemed to be in the kitchen, seeing to things. That's what grandmother will do, I suppose."

"But we'll see to things beforehand," protested Gladys, "and one of us can slip into the kitchen for hot water, and to make cocoa. I want grandmother as hostess."

"I wonder," suggested Grace, "if she has party clothes?"

They ran back to her.

"Grandmother," pleaded Gladys, "please don't think that we want to bother you or ask you to do for us things you don't wish to do, but we've gone to so many parties, and we want to show a little return hospitality."

"To be sure," agreed grandmother, cordially. "I want you to do it, and I'll see to a nice supper for your friends."

Grace sat down at her feet.

"But we need you; we can see to the supper," she said. "O Grandmother! Don't you understand? We'd feel so cold and lonely and unsupported without you."

Mrs. Carter looked down at the bright young faces. A pretty pink color rose in her faded cheeks.

"Bless the children," she cried. "I believe they mean it!"

"Why, of course we mean it!" chorused Grace and Gladys. "Why shouldn't we mean it?"

"I thought you were being nice to me," replied the old lady,—"trying to make me feel I was still—somebody; and you needn't, my dears. We elders have slipped into our places down here. We are ornamental no longer, but quite useful, when it comes to pies and cakes."

Gladys rose and leaned over her grandmother's chair; Grace knelt up and put her hands into her grandmother's lap.

"It would be quite dull without you," she explained. "We're used to—to props, don't you see?"

"Well, if you *want* me" (Mrs. Carter spoke thoughtfully), "of course, that's another matter; but I don't see what I can wear!"

"Oh," they spoke together, "let us make over your things, Grandmother. You won't know yourself from a Dresden china duchess."

Mrs. Carter laughed, and turned the talk into a culinary discourse, but the girls, as soon as they could, set to work on the traditional black silk which she handed to them.

They paid a visit to the store, and came back armed with lace and lavender ribbons. As they fashioned a cap and a fichu, Grace said,—

"I wonder how all the grandmothers—there are plenty of them here—all sank into such a state of 'innocuous disuetude'?"

"I don't know," said her sister, thoughtfully. "Too much unselfishness, first, and then—laziness, I shouldn't wonder. Wait till they see ours!"

The girl members of the various families—the Carrs, the Newtons, the Graysons, with some others—opened their eyes when they came to the Carters' party. Grace opened the door; Gladys conducted them to a room where they could deposit their wraps, and then escorted them to the sitting-room where Mrs. Carter received them. The formula of presentation was always, "Grandmother, may I introduce my friend, Lily Grayson?" and so on; and Grandmother Carter, whose snowy hair was actually marcelled under her dainty cap, and whose face was pink from excitement, looked, as one of the girls said, "like the picture of a queen!" The party went off very well indeed, and was none the less enjoyable that grandmother's presence kept the revels from degenerating at any time into a romp. Before long, indeed, some of the girls had found plenty to say to her, and she had found plenty to say to them.

"I wish we had a grandmother like that," said Lily Grayson, frankly, to her young hostesses; "but you can't tempt ours out of the kitchen when there's company. She says she's too old."

"I have a scheme," said Grace. "What one grandmother has done, others may be made to do."

The scheme soon developed. The Carters issued invitations for another party, but this time the invitations, addressed to the grandmothers, merely included the girls.

There was a great rush for lace and heliotrope ribbon, and the grandmothers very much enjoyed the party. Only two refused to come.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Grace to Lily, when the latter apologized for her defaulting relative. "Why wouldn't she come?"

"I don't know," answered Lily. "I told her I thought that when we girls tried to do something for the elders, the least they could do was to take it all in the spirit in which it was meant—but it was no use."

"I should imagine not," cried Gladys, indignantly. "We'd never have had our grandmother at a party if we hadn't really wanted her—for *our* benefit. What grandmother wants to be patronized and have her grandchildren '*kind*' to her? Next time we'll say 'No one admitted *without* a grandmother'!"

The Mystery about Sam.

Sam Dingleby was nine years old, and he had not one brother or sister; and he was always so hungry for company that his mother said he sometimes nearly drove her wild. Sam seemed to have everything to enjoy himself with. He had the loveliest little Shetland pony, and a beautiful big St. Bernard dog, and the prettiest, cleanest little stable built on purpose for them; and he had a cote of pigeons with breasts and heads and necks of soft colors that made you think of rainbows and white clouds and blue June sky. To be sure he didn't have a bicycle, for nobody had bicycles then; but he had a little printing-press, and he had drums and a Chinese dragon-kite, and he had a corner in the library full of story-books.

I do not know what Sam could have wanted that he did not have except company,—that is to say, all the children he wanted and all the dogs. His mother didn't like children as visitors very well, and his Aunt Sarah did not like them at all. His Aunt Sarah lived at his house; and dogs, common dogs, both she and his mother absolutely refused to "have around."

The summer he was eight Sam almost lived at the washerwoman's, several blocks away, on a back street. She had eight children. They were good-enough children, even Aunt Sarah said, except, of course, in their grammar. Their house was small, and it was always filled with washing-steam, and the back yard was always full of clothes drying; but yet there was room for glorious playtimes. So Sam only came home that summer, all through vacation, for his meals and to sleep; and, when he did come, he was brown with dirt from head to foot, his trousers were ragged, his shoes were filled with sand, and often his stockings were muddy.

Nobody would dream, Aunt Sarah frequently said, that this boy, so ragged and tousled, could be a Dingleby!

The next summer the washerwoman moved out of the neighborhood; and, when school was out, Sam was very lonesome for a while and openly discontented, and fretted a great deal. But all at once there was a change. Aunt Sarah and his mother both noticed it. Whenever Sam was asked to do an errand, he did it so very willingly,—he seemed really thankful to be asked. It is true that sometimes he was rather late in returning from his errands, but his mother

Digitized by Google

said the weather was so warm you could not expect a boy to go any faster.

Sam was at home nearly all the time except when he did errands; but he was not around "under foot" as usual, which made it very agreeable. He might be up in his pleasant room, or in the library, or taking a ride on his pony for a few blocks, or out petting Milton, his big dog, or busy in the garret with his printing. Nobody ever seemed to think just where he was, only you had a pleasant sense of his never being in the way.

There was another queer thing about Sam that summer. That was his eating. He ate less and less, and soon he began to grow thin. You could see his shoulder-blades right through his gingham waists, and they had to keep putting smaller belts to his trousers. His mother one day actually dropped tears on the little slim new belts, when she was working the buttonholes, to think that Sam was growing so pale and thin at the same time he was growing such a good, patient, sweet-tempered little boy.

Aunt Sarah said she would simply *make* him eat! There was no use in a boy being finicky. So his father put a big juicy piece of steak on his plate next morning, and said sternly: "Sam, now you eat that steak! You've been notional about your meals long enough."

Sam gazed down at the steak, but did not touch it. He seemed to choke, and then he choked again; and then the next minute he sat back in his chair and cried out: "I *can't*, Father! I haven't any right to!" Then he got up and left the table.

"Well!" said Aunt Sarah, when she could find breath to speak. "I must say it's a good thing you have only one child, John Dingleby! I believe that boy has been reading novels and got romantic!"

"Oh, no, he never reads novels," said Sam's mother, still trembling. "Why, he's only nine. He likes his little Hawthorne 'Wonder Book' better than anything. I know he must be ill!" And she was obliged to leave the table, too; for she could not keep back her tears.

After a while, when breakfast was over, Sam came into the house whistling as if he were the happiest boy in the world. He brought in some wood for Janet, the cook, and he mended the canary's cage; and then he sat down quietly in a sunny corner to draw pictures, for he had taken it into his head to illustrate his "Wonder Book." His mother was sitting near him with her sewing, thinking what a dear good boy he was, when she heard Janet's voice, very loud, in the kitchen. She went out to see what the matter was; and there Aunt Sarah was, and she was saying to Janet: "You amaze me! Where is that boy? *He'll* know what it means, I'll be bound. *Dogs—eleven!*"

When Janet saw Mrs. Dingleby she burst forth anew: "Eleven dogs, ma'am, in the loft of the pony's barn,—yes, there is! and the scrubbiest, outlandishest dogs,—burnt and scalded and broken-legged and blind,—every one of 'em a sick dog or else crippled, some with bandages and some with slings! And, ma'am, they're all with the nicest rows of beds in boxes, and clean tin pans to eat from; and they're all contented like they was in heaven, a-wagging their tails!"

Now Janet had gone up to the stable-loft to see if she could find the stamp that stamped the elegant floral design on her jelly-glass covers. She remembered having heard Sam tell the washerwoman's boy once that the stamp machine looked like a mad little "water-dog," and would be good to have in an animal show; and, as she could not find it in the closet, she thought Sam might have borrowed it. She went to look; and there it was, on a beam of the loft, as wicked-looking as ever. But she had forgotten to bring it down, after all, with the surprise of the sight that burst on her,—all those dogs, all gazing at her and wagging their tails.

"You just go out and see for yourself, you, ma'am, and you, ma'am!" she burst out, turning first to Mrs. Dingleby and then to Aunt Sarah, when in rushed Sam from the dining-room where he must have been standing.

A great storm of entreaty and eloquence poured from his trembling lips. "They're mine,—I'm curing them! O Mother, please don't take them away! I'm going to get homes for them,—*good* homes! Just give me time, Mother! I never meant to keep them, truly,—only until I had cured them! They're poor dogs that I've found everywhere, and heard of and gone after them; and they haven't got a friend in the whole world but me! I *had* to take out meat and things to them, Mother; but I did without myself! I never meant to take out more'n my share of things! And they're growing jolly fellows,—they're getting 'long fine! Say you won't make me turn off my dogs just yet,—say it, Mother!"

For a moment Sam's mother stood silent. The mystery was cleared up about Sam. He was not ill. Then she put her arms around her boy and drew him close, and she laughed, and she kissed him. "You shall keep the very last dog until he is cured," she said, bending down and looking straight into his scared eyes. "They shall have all the nice good meat they need, and so shall you. If you'd just take mother into partnership, Sam, how lovely it would be!"

And Sam cried joyfully: "Oh, I will, Mother! I will!"—*Lucia Chase Bell, in Little Folks.*

The Wise Crow.

Nelson R. Wood, a taxidermist at the Smithsonian Institution, after having made practically a life study of the crow, claims that it is the most intelligent bird in existence. In my youth, he said, I was a farmer-boy, and one of the few pets I possessed was a crow given me by my teacher. This crow, Jack, became something of a "Mary's little lamb" pet. No matter where I went he would be near. When I was out working in the field he would hang around looking for food. Sometimes I would catch a worm and would call out "Come here, Jack, and see what I've found," and over he would scurry and gobble it up. The wild crows, incidentally, did everything they could to coax him back with them, and, while Jack refused, he lived in constant terror of them.

I have seen some wonderful instances of intelligence on the part of crows, Mr. Wood continued. One bird, I remember, took a keen delight in tobogganing. He would take a shoe-blacking box top to the top of a board which leaned against the house, climb into it and slide down. This seemed to be his chief pleasure, in which he was ready to indulge at all times.

Another crow preferred his bread soaked in water One day I caught him picking around a jar top. He finally got it the way he wanted, dropped his bread in it, and then, picking the top up, took it over to his trough. After holding it under the water for a second he proceeded to eat the bread with evident relish.

While crows are exceptionally intelligent they are at the same time abnormally afraid. Their fear is silly, and as many times as not without foundation. One bird I had was afraid of a soda-cracker. The mere sight of it sent him scuttling to his perch, and so long as it remained in evidence he could not be coaxed down. He was equally afraid of a swinging door.

Another bird was afraid of black to the extent that a black tie affected him the same as an entire black suit. Still another feared peanuts. Were a peanut put on the top of his food he would go for hours without touching a morsel.

Crows are usually affectionate, almost as much as dogs, Mr. Wood claims. Once a crow becomes attached to you he will always be your friend. Leave him, and, while he will make one friendship during your absence, he will come back to you as soon as you return.

Crows must have playthings, and with these they play as intelligently as children. When I am hammering away at something my crow will hammer away in his cage with a tiny stick.

More than this, crows are naturally clean. When they are eating, if the tiniest particle sticks to their plumage they immediately stop to remove it.

Altogether, I consider the crow the most intelligent of birds and one which more than repays any one for the time and trouble required in training them. They are more than mere pets, they are companions.—*Boston Globe.*

Congressman Brownlow of Tennessee has a granddaughter, the delight of her parents. The other day she came to her grandfather with her face all smiles. "Grandpa," she said, "I saw something this morning running across the kitchen floor without any legs. What do you think it was?" Mr. Brownlow studied for a while, and gave it up. "What was it?" he asked. "Water," said the youngster, triumphantly.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,389 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Becoe, Mrs. Clara B Beatley, George R. Bliss, Mars S. Brooks, Allston Burt, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Hymn of Dedication.*

BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The voice of God is calling
Its summons unto men;
As once He spake in Zion,
So now He speaks again.
Whom shall I send to succor
My people in their need?
Whom shall I send to loosen
The bonds of lust and greed?

I hear my people crying
In cot and mine and slum;
No field or mart is silent,
No city street is dumb.
I see my people falling
In darkness and despair.
Whom shall I send to shatter
The fetters which they bear?

We heed, O Lord, Thy summons,
And answer, Here are we!
Send us upon Thine errand,
Let us Thy servants be!
Our strength is dust and ashes,
Our years a passing hour—
But Thou canst use our weakness
To magnify Thy power.

From ease and pleasure save us,
From pride of place absolve;
Purge us of low desire,
Lift us to high resolve.
Take us, and make us holy,
Teach us Thy will and way,
Speak, and behold! we answer;
Command, and we obey!

*Written for the opening of the Eighth Biennial Bazaar of the Young People's Religious Union.

Notes on the War.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

De Hervorming, a liberal Dutch journal of Amsterdam, appears in a new and handsome form, and announces itself to be hereafter the organ of the Protestantenbond of the Netherlands. Its responsible editor is H. de Lang. The statement of purpose of this Protestant union is given in Article I. of its Constitution, as follows: "The Protestantenbond of the Netherlands is a union of those who desire to work together to further the free development of the religious life in the circle of fellowships which belong to it in Holland and in its colonies." Noteworthy in this journal is its absolute neutrality in the present struggle so close at its doors. The uncertainty of the issue of the war, and the grave results which may possibly attend any attempted political and religious reconstitution of the kingdom of the Netherlands when peace is declared and when the future relations and destinies of the nations of Europe are decided, presumably make the editors very cautious as to any expression of opinion, and still more of sympathy, in the present crisis. One would hardly know from reading this journal that a war was being waged on its borders,—and such a war!—and that the population of the little kingdom had increased two-thirds of a million during the past few weeks. Holland is making a noble contribution to the cause of peace and humanity, not only by its neutrality, but by its active and noble labors for the welfare of exiles from Belgium and its relief of the unfortunate and suffering. Whatever happens, we trust that Holland will maintain its independent sovereignty, and continue to be the home of freedom, of education, of religion, and of charity.

More should be said concerning the wonderful unity of the French people of all classes and conditions, of all forms of faith, during the present struggle. The splendid testimony which Germany has given of universal unity and sacrifice for the national idea has been equally displayed by the French people in this terrible hour of trial. As yet England has not awakened to the great danger and need of a similar display of national unity and unselfish service, because she was quite unprepared for the present conflict and because the imminence of the war has not been brought home to her. The first bomb, however, which drops upon a building in London, the first warship that bombards her shores, will unquestionably awaken the whole nation to an equal display of heroism and concerted activity.

The admirable and brave conduct of the Protestant Pastor Goenin and his wife of Rheims during the three weeks of the bombardment of that city has called forth universal approbation. The people had taken refuge largely in cellars, and here the pastor visited them as counsellor and helper, thus celebrating several times a day a true worship of the catacombs. Like the other inhabitants of the town, this good pastor and his family lost everything.

We have been unable to hear anything definite from our liberal Belgium ministers and their congregations. Revs. Messrs. Hocart and Teissonniere of the Liberal Protestant Congregation of Brussels have presumably remained behind to do what they can in this dark hour of their capital city, although Mr. Hocart is so advanced in years and of such delicate health that we hope he has found a safe refuge in England, which was the mother country of one of his parents.

From Hungary, also, we have been unable to obtain direct information, our letters being returned to us as "undeliverable." An appeal has now been made by the Foreign Department of the American Unitarian Association to the government at Washington, asking their kind offices in forwarding correspondence and money for the payment of missionaries in the Balkans, Hungary, and Germany, which cannot be intrusted to the post-offices in those countries in the present disordered condition of things. We learn that the beautiful Unitarian college in Kolozsvár has been converted into a hospital for the reception of the wounded. The great danger which our Unitarian friends are facing is this: Transylvania, the most easterly province of Hungary, has about 700,000 Magyars and Hungarians, and 1,100,000 Roumanians in its population. The latter are mostly farmers and mechanics. The Magyars are the ruling race, and possess the greater part of the wealth of the country. It is to this race that the Unitarians belong, yet the latter are mostly poor, ninety-five per cent. of them belonging to the agricultural and working classes; but they are remarkably intelligent, and lovers of liberty. The kingdom of Roumania, immediately south of Transylvania, is very desirous of incorporating the Roumanian element of that country into itself. It has mobilized the greater part of its army of 600,000 men upon its borders and is anxiously awaiting the turn of affairs. Should the Germans and Austrians be defeated, this army will doubtless advance at once into Transylvania and annex that province to its kingdom. Just what the fate of our Unitarian church would be in such case it is hard to foretell. Although Roumania is Greek Catholic in religion, it would doubtless extend entire freedom of worship to the Hungarians, who are mostly of Roman Catholic faith. Yet this annexation could not be accomplished without a terrible struggle, both moral and physical, and in this conflict our Unitarian church, which for nearly four hundred years has maintained itself against so many hostile influences, might have to undergo the severest trial in its history.

We hardly realize how many religious problems are involved in the present war. At present the German Empire is three-fifths Protestant and two-fifths Roman Catholic; but if Austria were to be disintegrated as a result of the war, and its German-speaking provinces were to be united with the German Empire, it would result in a population three-fifths Roman Catholic and only two-fifths Protestant. This might lead to important changes both in the history of Germany and of Protestantism throughout the world.

In an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, Viscount Bryce writes concerning small nationalities:—

"The small states, whose absorption is now threatened, have been potent and useful—perhaps the most potent and useful—factors in the advance of civilization. It is in them and by them that most of what is most precious in religion, in philosophy, in literature, in science, and in art has been produced. . . . The world is already too uniform and is becoming more uniform every day. A few leading languages, a few forms of civilization, a few types of character are spreading out from the seven or eight greatest states and extinguishing the weaker languages, forms, and types. . . . Although the great states are stronger and more populous, their peoples are not necessarily more gifted, and the extinction of the minor languages and types would be a misfortune for the world's future development."

The last number of the German Modernist journal *The New Century*, published by Dr. Phillipp Funk of Munich, contains ample testimony that the patriotic spirit of the German people is to be found in the ranks of the Catholic as well as of the Protestant element in its population. The whole number breathes the most ardent love of country, and is filled with the hope that the present unity of sentiment in Germany may continue after the war, and shame out of Europe the petty denominational and theological rivalries which have so often disfigured German religious history in the past. It sadly confesses, however, that the war is a drastic comment on the inadequacy of the existing forms of Christianity to influence and control the moral life of nations and peoples. "Deeply depressing," it says, "is the conception that after nearly two thousand years of the preaching of Christianity such a conflict could come to pass as now we behold. The war to-day displays such brutalities and coarseness that, so far as inhumanity is concerned, it may be measured with the most horrible epochs of the Middle Ages. When we find Protestant England pouncing with cold malevolence upon bleeding Europe, like a jackal, when Catholic Belgium, the most clerical land in the world, has given birth to the most degraded and

ferocious murderers, there is sufficient reason why both confessions should give up their quarrel concerning which of them is morally superior to the other. Here as there one may realize the sad truth, how very little Christianity there is in Christendom, how slightly religion has been able to check the nature of man. If, on the other side, moral qualities have been developed by the war, if a wisely organized and joyously self-sacrificing humanity seeks to relieve, so far as possible, the terrible wounds and injuries of war, it yet remains difficult to decide whether this comes from a natural tenderness of the human heart or whether it is the product of religion. It seems certain that we must acknowledge humbly that we are no longer or not sufficiently Christian, that dignity of soul may prosper without church influences, and that no church sacrament, no matter how plentiful, can prevent men from degradation."

This journal also publishes the stirring appeal of the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society, which pleads with the great Christian powers, and begs them not to carry the war into Africa or Asia or any other non-Christian country, lest they destroy the precious fruits of two thousand years of Christian missionary effort among those peoples.

William Howell Reed.

William Howell Reed, who died at his summer home in Belmont on the 26th of October, leaves a great vacancy in that circle of Boston men who took a deep interest in the benevolent activities of our day. In everything concerning our denominational matters he was for many years wisely prominent. His father was editor of the *Christian Register* for a long period. Volumes containing the complete numbers of this paper from its first issue Mr. Reed had carefully bound, and showed to his visitors as one of his real treasures, and by means of which he had always kept himself abreast of everything concerning the Unitarian body.

In the Sanitary Commission, under Dr. Bellows, Mr. Reed's services were most valuable and unwearied. He always counted this as one of his most satisfactory and rewarding labors.

In the South Congregational Church he was so much identified with all its interests he might well be called one of Dr. Hale's assistants, for Dr. Hale frequently said, "I could not get along in my church without Howell Reed."

And he returned the confidence and affection Dr. Hale had for him. When the time came to place in Boston some memorial of this great humanitarian, Mr. Reed's intimate association with him in all his work for so many years made his help invaluable to those who were in earnest to have the statue of Dr. Hale completed. An enduring record of Mr. Reed's labors is written over manifold of our denominational interests. We turned naturally to him to help us, and he naturally accepted, for his life was a life of service—a service of love; and he brought good judgment, untiring zeal, a persuasive spirit, and a good heart with them all. The most decided bent of his mind was toward the things which were to help humanity, and to these appeals he gave himself as a matter of course. But there was no easy and weak assent: there was with him a certain sternness born of a desire for justice as well as mercy. Downrightness and straightforwardness, warmth of affection, steadfast and faithful friendship, a gracious thoughtfulness toward the poor, the dependent, and those in trouble, marked the daily ways of this unselfish worker for a true and fine ideal of social betterment. Into the quiet of his beautiful home he carried always the same spirit of service.

A faithful friend is the medicine of life.

Francis Bacon Sears.

Although nominally apart from the wider communion of liberal Christianity which his distinguished father adorned, and following Bishop Brooks in that broad, cloistered garden of exotic flowers, walled about from destructive winds of controversy, yet Mr. Sears always regarded himself as abiding in the faith of his parents, which he failed to find in our less dogmatic, modern Unitarianism.

In our freer atmosphere of boundless inquiry he lost the pervading sense of "that glorious song of old" which re-echoes at Christmas, in his father's verses, wherever the English tongue is sung.

One who remembered his contributions as a lad to his father's magazine would sometimes regret that Francis Sears's fine abilities had not been devoted to the improvement of our literature instead of the advancement of our business relations, but of the usefulness of his life there could be no question.

His friendly smile and quiet cordiality amid the hurly-burly of the business world about him was a delightful remembrance of a more gracious vanishing past. His was an ever-youthful companionableness, equally appreciated by his oldest acquaintance and his youngest grandchild. His one enjoyment, the daily consciousness of the immediate duty well performed, illustrated the virtues of his Pilgrim ancestors. A Puritan without the Puritan angularities, his was a life forever repeating itself in the motives inspired by his example; and therein as immortal as that immortal law of service of which it was so integral a part.

W. P. A.

An Appeal for Jamaica.

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association has authorized me to present the following appeal to the readers of the *Christian Register:*—

Word has just been received from Rev. E. Ethelred Brown, who has organized the First Unitarian Church in Kingston, Jamaica, that a lot of land has been donated to his society, with the understanding that a small chapel will be built thereon at an early date. Plans of the chapel, with an itemized account of the expense of building, have been forwarded to headquarters. Mr. Brown, by his own exertions, has succeeded in raising $700 as a building fund. The modest and attractive chapel which he wishes to construct will cost $1,300 above the ground. This leaves a balance of $600, which he desires to secure for the completion of his church. The little group of people in Kingston who are identified with the movement propose to secure the furnishings necessary for the interior. Mr. Brown, who graduated regularly at Meadville, has thrown himself into this work with great energy and wisdom. His addresses have been reported in the newspapers of the island, and he has won the respect and confidence of all who know of his intelligent methods and high ideals. We commend this enterprise to the attention of those who can contribute sums of money, either large or small. It is our sincere hope that the amount may be secured without delay. Contributions for this purpose may be sent to 25 Beacon Street, in care of the treasurer, Henry M. Williams.

LEWIS G. WILSON, *Secretary.*

Kingston, Jamaica.

Allow me to second Rev. Lewis G. Wilson's appeal for contributions for a small church building at Kingston. I know Rev. E. E. Brown and his work, and can heartily commend both. Kingston is a new city since the great earthquake. The larger proportion of the population are of the colored race, many of these being almost as white as ourselves. Many are highly intelligent and cultivated. They are lawyers, doctors, school-teachers, and clerks in the employ of the government, but none of them receive good pay for their services, from the American point of view.

Mr. Brown is well equipped to guide their thought and quicken the higher forces of life. He has made strenuous efforts for the spread of our cheerful and rational faith, and has created an interest in Unitarianism all over the island. To permit his work to languish or come to naught will make Unitarianism a scoff and by-word in Jamaica. I hope that the readers of the *Christian Register* will furnish contributions somewhat in excess of the modest sum suggested by Mr. Wilson. Make it a thousand dollars, to fill with joy and new courage the heart of this ardent and able apostle of our cause. Such have been the obstacles against which he has had to contend, that I wonder his courage has not failed him long ago. With this outgoing mail I am sending my own

HANDKERCHIEFS
WOMEN'S MONOGRAM HANDKERCHIEFS
Sheer all-linen handkerchiefs with 2-letter monogram hand-embroidered; 170 different combinations now in stock. Box of 6 handkerchiefs 1.75
MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED
R. H. STEARNS & CO.

Digitized by Google

modest subscription of five dollars to Mr. Henry M. Williams, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association.

Hilary Bygrave.

Ann F. Greely.

The generation that led the revolt from orthodoxy and founded the first Unitarian societies in New England has now gone on to another world. We are fond of dwelling on its culture, its courage, and its quiet loyalty. But there was another class of Unitarians in those days, fully as faithful, intelligent, and courageous, but not gathered into churches, because of their isolation either in the country or in small towns. Such believers required more firmness and bravery, because of the lack of companionship and the support of numbers, but when they had such a character they were doubly interesting and refreshing.

In a certain farming town in Maine, bearing a name well-known, in fact famous, in Massachusetts, it was a pleasant surprise to find in an unassuming house a library of classics well printed and handsomely bound, and to have the meal served with old china and silver that told of birth and youth in other circumstances, and it was a delight to find the conversation turning to Boston ways and ideas, especially to the churches and champions of the liberal faith. The Lord's song was gladly sung in a strange land.

It was a connection of this old and seasoned family that died in Ellsworth, Me., a short time ago, Mrs. Ann F. (Jarvis) Greely. Every one in the little lumbering city, the county capital, knew and was glad to see her strong face, to hear her firm voice, and to dispute with her vigorous mind upon matters dear to her heart—anti-slavery, temperance, and Unitarianism—in the millinery store which stood upon the main street. Even those who were not interested in other than every-day matters liked to "give and take" with her, generally with more take than give, for she had not only clear and well-seasoned opinions, but a strong mind, a vigorous vocabulary, and a quick wit. The side of the right she took with a man's courage and defended with a woman's flow of language. Behind her lively humor was always a clear, tenacious, and fearless loyalty to truth and justice, and men who were conscious of not having been "square" preferred to "pass the time of day" rather than to lay themselves open to the lash of her strong moral sense. Yet underneath and readily coming to the surface when occasion allowed was a woman's tenderness and pity. Most of her friends smile first when they think of her, but the tears follow soon when out from under her masculine vigor of conscience comes to memory the deeply feminine affection and sympathy.

When the First Unitarian Society was founded in Ellsworth, in 1865, she, with her family traditions and her own mind's preference, became one of its first and most generous members. There had been, earlier in the century, a church of the same character, but it had grown weak and was absorbed in the Congregational church, giving it a leaven of kindlier religious influence. The later society was started largely by Baptists who, having already liberal tendencies, were repelled from their church, where they were already restless, by the desperate attempt of the minister to defend a man of somewhat doubtful character who had been blown up while splitting off rock with gun-powder. Determined to find some way of assuring his family that he was "saved," the desperate preacher is said to have exclaimed in his funeral oration, "But who knows what repentance may have come between the starting of the charge and the moment of death?" or words to that effect. Who indeed? But what was certain was that a substantial fragment was blown off from the church, which formed, with survivors of the earlier society, the organization which now exists, and has been a solid basis of influence not only in the city, but throughout the county, where several small gatherings of liberals have persisted to this day. In this border warfare and frontier self-defence Mrs. Greely's influence was always to be felt. Descendant of members of Dr. Channing's church in Boston, she carried his gospel *in partes infidelium*.

Surely of such strong champions as well as of little children in the faith is the kingdom of heaven.

W. H. L.

The Church Peace Union Prizes.

The Church Peace Union reminds all clergymen, divinity students, and members of churches and Sunday-schools that the contest for the five thousand dollars ($5,000) in prizes closes the 1st of January. There has already been a wide response from all parts of the United States.

The first prize is one thousand dollars for ministers; the next is a series of three prizes, five hundred dollars, three hundred dollars, and two hundred dollars, for divinity students; the other three thousand dollars is to be divided among young church members and Sunday-school pupils.

The present awful war in Europe affords an opportunity for constructive writing on the most vital subject now before the world, and it is especially hoped that the clergy of the United States may write freely and frankly on the relation of the church to this calamity.

Detailed information concerning the prizes can be obtained from the office of The Church Peace Union, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A College Enterprise.

One of the finest, most enduring benefits won from college life is a splendid spirit of devotion to one's Alma Mater. When Wellesley, called "The College Beautiful," met with its disastrous loss by fire, the flames of enthusiasm stirred the hearts of the students. They devised many plans for contributing to the Restoration Fund of their loved college, and all sorts and conditions of things have been attempted. One of the most sensible ideas, and by far the most successful one, credited to Miss Elisabeth Patch of Framingham, was to have special, first-class lead pencils made by Eberhard Faber and lettered in gold, "Restoration Fund, Wellesley, 1916."

Everybody buys lead pencils. These are the best that can be made. The price is reasonable—fifty cents a dozen, post-paid. Those who remit for a half or a full gross are quickly entered in the Gratitude Book of the girls of 1916! This is not girls' play. It is business. Miss Patch has already paid into the Fund twelve hundred dollars profits on her enterprise. More than forty-eight hundred dozen pencils have been already sold, and more are being made, the ambition being to sell something like a thousand gross.

This is an easy way to help. Every one must have pencils. They may be ordered from Miss Elisabeth Patch, Wood Cottage, Wellesley, Mass.

The Alliance Pin.

As this season's meetings of the branches are about to begin, let us, members of The Alliance, hold a rally day in the cause of the Alliance pin. Let our presidents impress upon us seriously the necessity for getting one, even if it is only one of those costing twenty-five cents. The pins stand for loyalty to our work; no one can wear one without feeling that they are a real bond of union.

They also arouse a true spirit of hospitality, for it has been proved in many cases that the wearing of them has meant a welcome to the stranger within our gates. Many of our branches have taken only a few, but the earnest hope is that *every member* will have one to wear when attending any Unitarian gathering. Let us therefore put aside the prejudice that some have concerning the pin, and not only get one ourselves, but see to it that our neighbor in the branch has one too.

Ida Slade,
Chairman of Badge Committee.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from John Irwin Flick, formerly of the Baptist ministry, an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this Committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Speakers at the week-day services in King's Chapel next week will be: November 16, Rev. M. Franklin Ham, Reading; November 17, Rev. Charles E. Park, Boston; November 18, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Brookline; November 19, Rev. Sydney B. Snow, King's Chapel; November 20, Rev. Dudley H. Ferrell, Brockton. The services on Saturday are, as in previous years, entirely musical, with Mr. Lang at the organ, usually assisted by a soloist. All are cordially invited to these services.

The Unitarian Sunday-school Union of Boston will meet at Arlington Street Church, Wednesday, November 18. Subject, "Efficient Teaching," by Prof. Henry W. Holmes. Supper at 6, address at 7 P.M. Membership tickets for the remainder of the season, at $3.50 each, may be obtained from the treasurer, Mr. Amasa W. B. Huff, on the evening of the meeting, or by addressing him at 41 Park Street, Newton, Mass. Single supper tickets for non-members, 65 cents. The meeting at 7 P.M. is open to all.

Digitized by Google

Churches.

BOSTON, MASS.—The Second Church, Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell: In the presence of a congregation that crowded the church to the doors, the fifth building of the Second Church was dedicated November 8. The service began with an invocation by Rev. Edward A. Horton. Rev. William Herbert Dewart led the responsive reading, and the first and second lessons were read by Rev. Palfrey Perkins. The prayer of dedication was offered by Rev. Dr. James De Normandie. After an address by Rev. Ambrose W. Vernon, the dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham. Mr. Vernon said in part: "You have expressed undying loyalty in that great word 'Congregationalism,' yet I am hoping to live to see the day when it will be as hard to tell apart our various denominations as twins who must be distinguished by a blue and a gray ribbon. When we begin to discuss the differences between the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, we find the difference is in words merely; and discussion destroys the last hope of herding us in different stalls." Rev. Mr. Frothingham said in part: "Human nature is not going to outgrow the church because the church has grown out of human nature. The religion that endures and awakens the real respect of mankind is a trumpet call to service, a spiritual sword of justice. The church must help to reconstruct society, and the question looms up bigger than ever as to what is the church's place in social work. We must recognize that the church of to-day has miserably failed in getting war out of people's minds as a means of settling disputes, and as the church has aided in abolishing human slavery, in improving the factory system, and other social reforms, it must labor unremittingly to bring about peace." Greetings from the First Church of Boston were brought by Rev. Charles E. Park, after which Dr. Gordon, on behalf of the Old South, presented a silver loving-cup inscribed "To the Second Church in Boston from the Old South Church in Boston, in happy memory of a similar gift in 1844 to the Old South Church. In grateful recognition of 245 years of fellowship and in worship of the Highest, this is a symbol of the love of the Third Church for the Second Church." The presentation of the building to the congregation was made by Dr. Francis B. Brown.

FITCHBURG, MASS.—First Parish, Rev. Robert F. Leavens: The educational motor-car of the Unitarian Temperance Society was used to good effect in Fitchburg on the evenings of Thursday and Saturday, October 22 and 24, under the auspices of this Society. This car carries a stereopticon in the rear, and in the front a frame which may be elevated, holding a sheet upon which are thrown twenty-four anti-alcohol slides. These slides tell the working-man the nature and the cost of alcohol. Mr. Leavens presided for the church and introduced Mrs William Tilton, who, with her enthusiasm for the cause, her fund of up-to-date information, and her ability in public speaking, was most effective in explaining the slides. It was gratifying to Unitarians of Fitchburg to know that their church had sponsored this exhibition. Mr. Leavens feels that this outdoor education is thoroughly worth while, and recommends it to all ministers interested in getting the facts about alcohol to the unconverted.

MADISON, WIS.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. F. A. Gilmore: A six-page bulletin has just been printed, containing news of the several departments and organizations, directory of church officers, notices of coming events, and a word from the minister. Annual reception to students came on October 5. A reception committee of church members met the young people; games and music were followed by dancing. These affairs bring out the new students, many of whom are from Unitarian homes. Sunday evening, October 25, the State Insurance Commissioner gave a forceful talk on the proposed amendments to the Wisconsin constitution, voted on November 3. The Unity Club, made up of liberal religious students and faculty members, held its first public meeting in the parish house, October 18. Mr. George Kroncke, president of the city Board of Education, and a trustee of this church, spoke on "The Dignity of Work." On October 28 came the semi-annual meeting of the parish, filling the hope expressed in the bulletin, "We want it to be a gathering of all our people, new and old, big and little—just a good time together." Each Friday evening the boys' club tournament meets in the pool-room. Two days in the week the parish house is used for music lessons, and on Saturday evenings by the Presbyterian choir, their church having been badly damaged by fire. Once a month the children and young people are invited to attend church, when the services are arranged to give them a part. The boys' club furnishes collectors at the regular services. The pastor's class—ten high school lads—has had its photograph taken. The class visits various State and county institutions, such as hospital for insane, poor-farm, jail, etc. Occasionally there is a supper and social. The new hymn and service book is giving satisfaction. The new hymns by Hosmer, Gladden, Holmes, and others give the collection a more modern note, while the familiar and endeared hymns are not lacking. A few of our most beloved hymns, such as "He leadeth me" and "O thou lover of my soul," have been discarded, much to our regret. We intend to have these printed on a separate card for use when desired. The liturgical and responsive services are a great improvement upon the old book. It is thoroughly good to give congregations a chance to join in the great act of prayer, and to sing the choral prayers and responses. These together with the psalms give the young people a share in the service, a thing much needed. As a rule, services are too exclusively adapted to adults. An occasional carol or anthem by the children at the morning service does much to waken their interest. The Sunday-school starts in with a good attendance and excellent spirit. The Bible class at noon is studying what the Bible has to say about poverty. At the recent joint conference of Unitarians and Universalists at Stoughton, eighteen delegates were present from this church, and several of the laymen took part. The pastor is preparing an illustrated talk on "The Wisconsin Capitol," to be given here and elsewhere. The Madison Board of Commerce has issued a guide-book of the city, prepared by the pastor of this church during his summer vacation.

MONTAGUE, MASS.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. Richard E. Birks: The annual fair will be held the second week in December. Alliance members are hard at work preparing

Deaths.

PENDLETON.—In Milford, N.H., Saturday, Nov. 7, 1914, Rev. A. M. Pendleton.

GREELY.—In Ellsworth, Me., October 28, Ann F., wife of Everard H. Greely, aged 83 years.

MRS. ADELINE SLICER.

The sudden death of Mrs. Slicer, wife of Rev. Dr. T. P. Slicer, on Wednesday, October 28, at her home in New York, has been a great shock and cause of profound grief to her family and numerous friends. I cannot forbear a word of personal tribute to this lovely lady, whose gentleness, kindness, and humanity, whose rare intelligence and culture, rendered her so dear to those who knew her.

She had the rare gift of devoted friendship. Her placid nature, the peace and quietude that seemed to hover round her, made it restful to come into her presence, and carried with it a benediction. A beautiful personality, a most attaching nature, drew to her people of divers temperaments and held them faithful. No one who knew her in her home, in the varied duties of a large city parish which devolve on a clergyman's wife, could fail to feel the charm and sweetness of her influence. She had intellectual breadth and insight, was a student of the best books, and felt a special devotion to Browning, having conducted classes in the study of his works with great acceptance. She possessed a fine balance of character that made her literary and critical judgments always valuable.

Her devotion to Dr. Slicer since his illness began has been beautiful and touching beyond measure. It is impossible to estimate the loss to him and to the home she filled so hospitably with her gracious presence. The sympathy of hundreds of devoted friends goes out to Dr. Slicer in this hour of affliction and loneliness.

Mrs. Slicer was warmly attached to the cause of liberal religion, and gave her interest and encouragement to the activities of the church in many helpful if unobtrusive ways. Her nature, profoundly womanly and home-loving, did not invite publicity, but responded to every call of real and devoted service.

She was a spirit of light and leading to those who knew her, and now that she has departed we are aware that something rare and precious has gone from the earth, but the memory of her worth and goodness and spiritual loveliness will always be with us as a blessed possession.

"But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful to thee."

A. L.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 78-78-78
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address. "Undertaker, Boston."

A YOUNG LADY, thirty years old, in good health would like a position for the care of children and household management. Has had five years' practical experience, also one year in Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital in training for nursing. An American, born and reared a Unitarian. Can give references. Address A. M., care *Christian Register*.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

for the event. For two years they have given annually $300 for the support of worship, and this year have also generously helped in the work of renovating the church. They have also responded to many appeals from other Alliances. Montague is but a small society, and there is no endowment. All, therefore, have to work hard to have regular services with a resident minister, and much depends on the annual fair and the various social events that help in raising funds. Help in the way of donations or articles will be thankfully received by Miss Ellen S. Birks, Secretary.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Clarence J. Harris: This church is well organized in its various departments. The writer of the Southern Letter recently regretted, in the *Register*, that there is here no branch of The Alliance. This is a mistake. There is not only an Alliance, but some feel that it is an Alliance plus. The women's organization is called the Needle-work Guild, which, with the other women's bodies, is affiliated with The Alliance. During the past year these women have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and carried on a work of love and helpfulness that has well expressed the principles of our faith. Mrs. John Van Meter is president. The Sunday-school, under the direction of Mrs. George V. Buchannan, wife of the city superintendent of education, and Prof. J. Lee Carter, is growing every week. There are classes for adults and young people, and the children's departments, with an excellent primary department with Mrs. Rasco Branin as superintendent. A young people's society is now organized, called the Outlook Club, which will affiliate with the National Young People's Union. It has a membership of fifty, and has for president Mr. C. O. Davison, a medical college student. A recent banquet was an event of interest. A Browning Club, affiliated with this church, includes many ladies of the city. This club is the outgrowth of the two years' course of lectures given by Mr. Harris. The president is Mrs. J. L. Daniel, wife of the president of the Board of Trustees. Mrs. Daniel is an enthusiastic Browning student, and was the real means for the inauguration of Mr. Harris's lectures. It is expected that the membership of the Browning Club will exceed seventy-five, and it already is a great influence for good in the society and city. The church is favored with the presence of Rev. James Kendall Hosmer, D.D., who, with Mrs. Hosmer, is the guest of his son, Ernest C. Hosmer, one of the most prominent workers in the church. The connection between the Oklahoma City church and Plymouth Rock through the Hosmer family is a link which the church values. Oklahoma City is ripe for a harvest, and no mission field to-day offers the inducements that present themselves to the workers here. A church lot is now secured, which is in the centre near six large churches, and, with a house of its own, the society believes it will soon prove to the denomination its reasonable basis for optimism. Young people are growing greatly interested and joining our church. The pastor had a singular experience recently, when he was called to a home at midnight, when a dying man of eighty, formerly an attorney, had begged to receive the offices of the Unitarian minister. Up to a few weeks ago he had thought himself an infidel, but, meeting the Unitarian pastor, learned he believed as Unitarians believe. The old gentleman, after an hour's talk, expressed a desire to join the church, and at one-thirty in the morning signed the Bond of Union, happily exclaiming, "You are the first man that ever awakened serious thoughts in my heart; now I belong to your church and I am so happy." Other pleasant experiences are occurring which prove the church is of value here.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.—The Unitarian Church, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D.: The Sunday morning sermons announced for the present season consider "The Modern View of the Bible," including discourses on its place, claims, origin, contents, and interpretation. Two courses of special Sunday evening lectures have been announced: the first on "Religion and Evolution"; the second, to begin November 29, on "Problems of the Orient" with the following divisions: "Political Conditions in China. Will the Republic Endure?" "Present Conditions in Japan. Is there a Japanese Peril?" "Political Conditions in India. Is British Rule a Benefit? Will it Continue?" "Conditions in the Philippines. Should the People have Independence? When?"

Uxbridge, Mass.—The First Parish, Rev. A. N. Foster: The church building has been extensively renovated: the outside has been painted, and the interior decorated in colors of white and buff; a new carpet and new pulpit and choir draperies, all of crimson color, have been placed. The changes have been so thorough that the society feels as though it almost had a new church. Sunday services were resumed early in October, and work progresses with good spirit. The annual Unitarian fair was held in the town hall on Wednesday, October 28, and was termed a Hallowe'en Party. Supper was served in the church vestry, and at eight o'clock in the town hall a dramatic play was given, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," an adaptation from Longfellow's poem. The interpretation by home talent was natural and lifelike. The Colonial costumes and the scene of the interior, with spinning-wheel, warming-pan, antique china, etc., helped to make the play seem very real. It was followed by the dancing of the minuet by the four participants of the drama. The entire occasion reflected most pleasantly the social interests of the people, and gathered marked financial returns.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.—All Souls' Church, Rev. Horace Westwood, D.D.: A course of Sunday morning sermons on "The New Puritanism" includes the following topics: "A New Salvation"; "The New Method"; "Personality's Compelling Power, or The Leadership of Jesus"; "The Here, the Now—the Hereafter!" and "The God who works, and You and Me!" In his Sunday evening lectures Dr. Westwood is interpreting "The Message of the Modern Drama" with five studies: of John Galsworthy's "Justice"; Maurice Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene"; Henrik Ibsen's "Ghosts"; George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman"; and Israel Zangwill's "The Next Religion."

Personals.

Rev. C. W. Wendte is to address the Liberal Ministers' Club in Philadelphia on the 9th of November, and arrange for a forthcoming meeting of the National Federation of Religious Liberals in that city. On the evening of the 11th inst. he will be the speaker at the Men's Club of the Unitarian church in Washington, D.C., and later visit New York in the interest of world religion.

At the meeting of the Women's Alliance, of the First Parish, Westwood, Mass., held on November 9, Mrs. Roland N. Cutter of West Roxbury gave an enlightening and entertaining address on the community at Brook Farm as described by one of its members. Mrs. Cutter was an intimate friend of Mrs. Rebecca Codman Butterfield, a woman of remarkable gifts and character who had spent several years of her girlhood in the community. It was from Mrs. Butterfield's own account, a lecture which she frequently gave in her lifetime, and the manuscript of which is now in Mrs. Cutter's possession, that the address was given. A peculiarly realistic and authoritative insight into the life of that interesting experiment conducted so long ago at Brook Farm in West Roxbury was afforded to all those who had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Cutter.

The Revere Fair.

Friends of the Revere Alliance branch who are planning to attend its annual fair, which is to be held in the Unitarian vestry, November 18, 19, and 20, will find it convenient to reach the church by a Revere Beach car *via* Beach Street, from Scollay Square Station, north side of Square, leaving the car at corner of Beach and Payson Streets. The Alliance women hope to welcome a large delegation to its historic meeting-house on this occasion.

The Tuckerman School.

The school or institution with an endowment often includes in its observances Founders' Day. The Tuckerman School is not endowed yet with money, but it has a valuable legacy in its name. In memory of Joseph Tuckerman a group of interested people meet each year by invitation of the School, and in some appropriate way pay tribute to the man for whom the School is named, and show how the name is justified for the School.

As November 5 seems to have been a significant date, it is the one chosen for this yearly observance. Rev. Christopher R.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

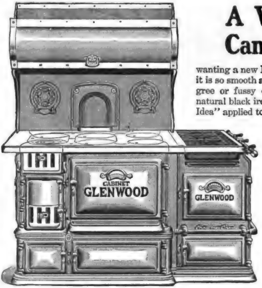
President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 381 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Sooner or Later

Glenwood

The Range that Makes Cooking Easy



A Woman Can't Help

wanting a new **Plain Cabinet Glenwood**; it is so smooth and easy to clean, no filigree or fussy ornamentation, just the natural black iron finish.—**"The Mission Idea" applied to a range.**

The improved baking damper, heat indicator, revolving grate and roller bearing ash pan make it the most wonderful Cooking Machine ever devised to make housekeeping drudgless.

This Range is also made with Elevated Gas Oven instead of End Style as shown.

If gas is not desired, it can be had with large copper reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box at either right or left of oven, as ordered.

Write for handsome free booklet to

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass. Manufacturers of the celebrated Glenwood Coal and Gas Ranges, Parlor Stoves, Furnaces, Water and Steam Boilers.

Eliot presided at the meeting, and in his introductory remarks spoke of Dr. Tuckerman as one whose methods of philanthropy were so well known, but whose life and work as a minister Mr. Eliot liked especially to emphasize.

Three graduates of the School had been invited to speak on "The Modern Application of the Spirit of Joseph Tuckerman." Mr. Eliot first introduced Miss Mary Lawrance, who showed how her work as director of religious education in Dr. Lord's church in Providence was in accord with the principles which were found in Dr. Tuckerman's "Reports." Mrs. Emma Abbott Allen then told of the "Hale Class" of thirty-nine young men of Christ Church, Dorchester. The young men are loyal supporters of the work of the church and are students of social questions and needs. Mrs. Allen paid tribute to the unknown generous givers whose means and interest make possible such work as she is doing for the young people of Christ Church. Miss Caroline Lee Carter of Hingham very aptly described her work as assistant in an old New England First Parish whose limits are as wide as the town itself. The work for young people in the church and for many people outside the church, in ways that give instruction to the one and comfort to the other, fills heart and time of such an assistant.

A social half-hour followed the speaking, when present and past members of the School were happy to meet each other and the friends from outside who joined them.

Mrs. Spencer's lectures begin Thursday, November 12, at eleven o'clock.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "we've been hibernating up in the country all summer."

Traveller: "Now, what ought little boys to say when a gentleman gives them five cents for carrying his bag?" Little Boy: "Tain't enough."

Kind Party: "What are you crying that way for, little boy?" Little Boy: "'Cause it's the only way I know how to cry."—*Life's Calendar.*

Mother (at the breakfast-table): "You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie." Georgie: "I am usin' it, Mother: I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

Sincere Wishes.—Jones: "I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Golightly. I've taken a house on the river." Mrs. G.: "Oh! Well, I hope you'll drop in some day."—*Exchange.*

An exchange says a man's full mental power is not reached before the age of twenty-five. Either this is wrong or the college Freshman has been misinformed as to himself.—*Boston Transcript.*

Strategy.—Captain: "What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it." Sergeant: "Well, strategy is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but keep right on firing."—*London Tit-Bits.*

When Mr. Peaslee asked for his fourth cup of water the waitress brought it, but remarked, "You seem to be fond of coffee." Mr. Peaslee, nothing abashed, smiled upon her benignly. "I *be* fond of coffee," he admitted, placidly. "Ain't you quick to notice things! I'm dretful fond of it. If I wa'n't," he concluded slowly, "I don't believe I'd drink so much water for the sake of getting a little."—*Youth's Companion.*

The little girl was new to Sunday-school, but she became much interested. One morning she came from the library, dressed ready to start, with the latest magazine hugged closely in her arms. "Why, Mary," said her mother, "you don't want to take that to Sunday-school." "Oh, yes, I do, Mother," she replied. "You know they sing:—

"'I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
And a *Harper* in my hand.'"

Robert Collyer told the story of an old Methodist blacksmith who was also a local preacher. He went to a Quaker meeting, and by and by he said to his friend, "Let's pray a bit." "No, Sammy," said he, "thee must not pray here." After a while he said again, "Let's sing a bit, then." "No, Sammy, we can't sing in Friends' meeting; and, if we did, we should have to wait till the Spirit moved." "Well, now," said Sammy, "at the Methodist meeting we think we do pretty well if we move the Spirit."

Rev. Dr. Black of the Barony Church, Glasgow, and another minister once spent a vacation in Cumberland, and on the Sabbath attended a little Scotch kirk, sitting in a remote corner so that the minister should not notice them. The eagle eye of the minister detected them, and in the introductory prayer he so expressed himself as to make sure of some aid from them. The good man's words were these: "Lord, have mercy on thy ministering servants who have come in upon us so unexpectedly. One of them will preach in the afternoon, and the other in the evening."

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents | Geo. H. Ellis Co.
By mail, 50 cents | 272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Universalist:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. E. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.

PRINTERS

272 Congress Street, Boston

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston

BY

JAMES H. STARK

"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."

LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID

For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 47 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1105
Making a Conscience of Economy 1106
Non-partisan 1107

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Notes of an Itinerant, I. 1108

CURRENT TOPICS 1109

BREVITIES 1110

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Robert Collyer; The Modernist Movement; Unitarian Local Missions 1111

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
The Afterglow, by Augusta Larned 1112
The Unitarians of Liverpool, by Joseph H. Crooker, D.D. 1113
Foreign Notes and News, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D., 1122
The Unitarian Club of Boston 1123
The Unitarian Name; The Alliance 1124
A Coming Sale; Boston School of Social Science . . . 1126
Religious Education; The Tuckerman School 1127

THE PULPIT.
Christ or Superman, by Rev. Charles E. Park . . . 1115

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1117

LITERATURE.
Books 1118
Miscellaneous 1119

THE HOME.
Learning How, by Kate Hudson; Tillie's Knitting-work Lesson 1120
The Homesick Squirrel; Nimble and Fleet; Baby's Crackers 1121

POETRY.
The Harvest, by Sarah E. Burton 1113
Thanksgiving 1120

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
A Monthly Rally Day at Petersham, Mass. 1124

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
South Worcester Federation; The $30,000 Fund; Two Requests 1125

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1125

PLEASANTRIES 1128

Editorial.

THE practice of religion through exercises and meditations and prayers, bringing the nature into direct relation with the living God, has to be relearned from age to age. The ways of former times will not suit the ways of our time, although the same single fact is just as true and serviceable now as ever and in some ways more needed than ever. There is no real incompatibility between religion in this sense and religion which is too busy doing the will of God to think much about him. Galsworthy says: "Whatever else be the outcome of this business [the war], let us at least realize the truth: It is the death of mystic Christianity. Let us will that it be the birth of an ethic Christianity that men really practise." The men who succeed best in practising an ethic Christianity will be the men who put underneath it the currents of a mystic Christianity. The trouble has been not that Christianity has been mystic, but that it has been imperfectly mystic. The new need will be more Brethren of the Free Spirit, who will show that kind of ecstasy in the feeling of God which sends them with clearer mind and firmer will to the work set before them. We do not say of the war that it shows the death of love, and hope for the coming of good will in its place. We say that it shows the lack of love and the need of enough of it to make good will triumphant. Love is a mystic fact out of which is born the loving fact. So out of the best praying will be born the best doing.

THE advice Lord Roberts gave to the Eton boys had two sentences that deserve wider hearing. After having said that now was the time to show what they were made of, that there were bound to be many dark hours, and that great calls would be made on courage and patience, he said: "Be careful to spread no rumors or gossip, and be kind, gentle, and unselfish to all. Cheer others on, and help them to bear hardships, privations, and sorrow in the spirit of true patriotism." In all our struggles we owe much to those who, though having no part in them, sustain us by their cheerfulness and their good nature, more, even, sometimes, than to those who actively reinforce us. The background of light puts the darkest situation in the realm of hope. A very serious mistake, and keen injustice, is sometimes caused by supposing that persons who are cheerful in times of grief thereby indicate indifference or lack of affection. They are, on the

Digitized by Google

contrary, the persons who feel most deeply the nature and depth of grief, and their mode of meeting it goes further in comfort than the conventional consolations of gloom. To be taken out of our troubles now and then gives us the more strengtn to bear them when we cannot get out of them.

The annual address of the president of the British Association, alluding to the belief that men were born equal, declared that, so far from being born equal, they stood to the naturalist as the very type of a polymorphic species. "From the population of any ordinary English town as many human breeds could be isolated as there were now breeds of dogs." While he asserted that genetic research would make it possible for a nation to elect by what sort of beings it would be represented not very many generations hence, he declined to consider practical measures, saying that the remedies proposed in America which aimed at eugenic marriage seemed to him devised without regard to the needs either of individuals or of a modern state. Possibly they could breed a population to a uniform Puritan gray, but he doubted if timid respectability would make a nation happy or strong. If some fancier with the catholicity of Shakespeare would take us in hand, well and good; but he would not trust even a body of Shakespeares meeting as a committee. Let them remember that Beethoven's father was a drunkard, and that his mother died of consumption.

The sense of injustice is the element in injury which outlasts resentment. One may forget a wrong that is ended, but one cannot make believe that an unending wrong is done with by merely being forgotten. Whatever forgetting and forgiving can do, they cannot make unrepentance of the same effect as repentance, nor a continuing untruth as one that has been stopped. There is this reality in everlasting punishment: that we can see in this life whatever we believe about another life; doing a wrong thing cannot be otherwise named and judged, however indignation against the doer is softened; what once was wrong is always wrong, and to remain attached to it is to share that penalty. An ingenuous and good-natured and easy-going confidence that ignoring injustice will do away with it really makes reconciliation harder. What is needed is to do away with the injustice; all the rest will follow. But after time and spirit have purged life of its hates, its chagrins, its angers, and its revenging, and there remains the sad grief of a trust broken, a sorrowful sinning against the light, some further penance must be done. There is such a sin as a sin against the holy spirit, and, whatever other form of it there may be, this is certainly one such sin: maintaining a wrong and standing on it, knowing all the while that it is wrong. No victory of arms or a man can vanquish that enmity, for it is the enmity of the God of things as they are against the gods of things as they seem.

For one mighty collapse of the time we should take intense satisfaction,—the collapse of the idea that God brings about great evils, and that, however wicked and cruel and needless they are, we must accept them as his way of bringing about good. This idea, it is true, is still entertained. There are men whose throats will not choke, whose intellects will not falter, whose sense of humor will not rise, as they mouth the wretched commonplaces of this disgraceful and absurd theory of Providence, but such men are few, and their hearers in overwhelming numbers will do some keen and uncomplimentary thinking of their own. They will marvel at the comatose state of mind of men who can show such helplessness, and they will call on their common sense and their reverences to demolish such folly and blasphemy. What is against God's will surely cannot have been ordered by it; what is disobedience certainly cannot be rechristened and given divine title; what is so plainly and flagrantly against all his orders cannot be furbished forth as wearing the uniform of God's commands. The facts are too monstrous to be held up longer by a silly, inane notion of God's will as anything that may happen by the chance and device of wickedness. The mechanical and arbitrary theories of Providence and God's will have collapsed. All men can see their ruins. No argument is needed. There are the pieces, the fragments, never to be reconstructed. Now more people than ever will go to work helping God's will to be done, turning man's will away from what it has done to what it ought to do; for the will of God is not what is, but what is as it ought to be.

Making a Conscience of Economy.

Thrift is not a popular virtue. Economy comes too close to parsimony to be prized. The generous instincts are repelled by retrenchment. There is an incompatibility between unselfishness and saving which puts any one who practises saving in a relation likely to be uncomfortable. A nature naturally helpful to others can easily bear a reputation for stinginess by the very effort to gain means to help others. The persons who watch each outgo, to guard against waste and to scrutinize value, are the most valuable persons to a community, because they increase the ability of the community to expend for the common good. In the same way the open-handed man may be the least helpful man to others: he has always given his last cent to the last applicant, and has no fund for the next one; his likableness makes his habit of indiscriminate giving infectious, or at least admirable, so that the praise of his grade of generosity makes it seem desirable that every one should avoid any semblance of meanness by never giving much thought to money. In short, counting the cost is counted vulgar.

But among the subjects the times compel us to give thought to, which never before were so deeply felt, is the subject of waste and thrift. The tragic wants of the world send us looking for means to meet them. If we find ourselves unable to do what our hearts move us to do, our regrets amount to distress. Our generous impulses leave us feeling mean that we have so little to gratify them with. Then we have to ask, Why? Why is it that everybody is limited a little unnecessarily in his giving? Why is it that we all have not more to give?

When we ask that question, we think of what we can get on without. Then we have to consider what we might well have got on without. Then we may reckon up what a fund we should have at our disposal if we had not wasted so much of our substance in what was unnecessary. We think what generosity a little more thrift would have enabled us now to indulge. There faces us—how closely and pitifully there faces us!—appalling destitution. Starvation clutches thousands whose lot but yesterday was as fortunate as ours. The great monster War has clutched whole populations in his ruthless and relentless claws. All sorts and conditions of men have suddenly become one sort,—refugees. Their daily bread has suddenly become precarious. But for us it will fail them. Then our careless ways come up before us for judgment, and this is the judgment that falls on them: while we allow them we are actually

doing this unthinkable thing,—we are looking at pinched faces of women and children, at men driven without resources from their homes, and while they hold their hands for food we are throwing the food we might give them away, we are turning from them and are spending what we might give them in useless luxuries and petty enjoyments. In the light of the present situation, waste, always a serious question to the economist, always the chief root of poverty, becomes a crime, a heartless cruelty; and in our wasting we are helping to starve those whose hunger we pity.

Last spring there was published a book by an English economist of standing, a book entitled "Poverty and Waste." The book was a clear, interesting exposition of a doctrine which is one of the commonplaces of political economy, an indisputable doctrine, which, nevertheless, every one disregards and not a few in their ignorance deny. It is the doctrine that the reason of poverty lies chiefly in the waste, by everybody, of real values in extravagance, luxury, and all sorts of needless and unprofitable expenditure, and that the sufficient remedy of poverty would be the care by everybody to prevent destruction of wealth, and to increase its utilization. The book was more than an essay in political economy. There is not a dry line in it. It was not a passionate tirade of a reformer with nothing but his reform in his mind. It was, however, such a presentation of the facts as set its readers thinking, and thinking with a guilty sense that they must henceforth do something more than think. Now the book comes into the tragic problem of events like a prophecy, and, though without passion, one gains a passion from it. The reviewer said a sober truth who said that in this book the author is saying to each reader what Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man."

The sad part of the matter is that he is, as to most of us, saying it in vain. Few truisms are so ignored, or so contentedly and conclusively denied, by those who do not know what they mean. Most people are like the good-natured person mentioned by this author, who "imagines that he is doing something that is good for trade and helping to give employment by buying six motor-cars when one would be quite enough for him." Most people would not see any reason for thinking that "this gray-whiskered fallacy, which is cherished by a majority of the people who have money to spend, is the cause of much of the tangle into which the business affairs of mankind have been twisted." Because "the fallacy is all the more dangerous because it is only half a fallacy and contains just enough truth to be deceptive," most people think it sound common sense instead of being specious economical coin. For us it is beyond dispute that, "since the output of goods and services at any moment is limited by the amount of labor, capital, and raw material that is to be had, and since most goods and nearly all services are more or less quickly consumed, it follows that the divisible wealth of the world is like a great heap, the size of which cannot be enlarged at will, though the articles of which it is composed may vary." But how many people who learned this, and believe it, think of it as a fact which places any obligation upon *them*? Suppose everybody realized that "when we encourage the organizers of production to turn out motor-cars, part of the wealth heap will consist of motor-cars, and that, if there had not been this demand for motor-cars or some other luxury, the heap would have consisted less of luxuries and more of necessities, which would therefore have been more plentiful and cheaper for those who need them." Suppose every one assented to the conclusion of the whole matter, "Every purchase of an article of luxury stiffens the price of articles of necessity, and makes the struggle of the poor still harder," what would be the result? The result would be that these little excursions into theoretical economy would be voted tiresome, and their discoveries most unwelcome. Most people therefore dismiss the subject and go their ways.

What is needed is a conscience, as well as a mind, in thinking of this subject. What is needed is the reading of such a book as this at the moment when our pity is aroused, so that we may connect things so far apart as the starving Belgians and the dollars that by the gaiety of many Americans went into the sewer last night. What is needed is a sight of misery, the quick imagination of it, at the precise moment when we are told that "money spent on luxuries has gone into something that will not increase production," so that we may be convicted of the cruelty we inflicted on the people we pity, when, instead of sending them more money, we put it on our backs. Our duty is to put more political economy into our religion, and more religion into our political economy. We need to take to heart that part of the teaching of Jesus about the money spent for ointment, usually overlooked, and remember that the poor we have always with us and when we will we may do them good. For the lesson of the story is not that waste, even for precious things, is allowable. The lesson is that such use is permissible only as a rare, unprecedented exception, and that the rule of duty is precisely what the disciples had in mind, to sell our luxuries and give their proceeds to the poor.

Non-partisan.

When people request their guests not to mention the war in a mixed company, and when shopkeepers do the same thing by posting up notices, the tension is certainly intense though it is felt mainly in silence; but absolute neutrality is impossible, otherwise the public would be reduced to stultification and would abrogate the power of judging the just and the unjust cause. To be strictly non-partisan is therefore to be stupid and ignorant, or selfishly indifferent to the great concerns of the world. But all the rules of a strict neutrality can be observed with a sacred respect for the opinions of others who differ from us.

The thought comes that we cannot be strictly neutral, or non-partisan, about anything that excites our interest and sympathy or stirs the depths of feeling. We all believe ourselves tolerant in religion, but are we so in the depths of the heart? We often feel that we are judged unfairly if not ignorantly by our orthodox neighbors, but do we always take needful pains to learn their point of view and to find out exactly wherein they differ from us? Too often it seems that both sides live in intrenched camps and will not try to learn the point of view of the opponent.

It is often the same in families, where one or two members have gone over to the liberal fold and are viewed with a kind of suspicion by their orthodox kinsfolk and friends. Admiration, friendship, good will, and love may survive and partly heal the breach, but still there is a little rift in the lute, which, if it has not entirely muted the music of confidence and affection, has still done something to mar the harmony of life.

There are good orthodox families where it is considered a kind of disgrace to have it known that one of its members has gone into the liberal ranks. The impulse which carried that member—whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather perhaps were of the straitest sect—into the alien fold remains always a matter of

Digitized by Google

contrary, the persons who feel most deeply the nature and depth of grief, and their mode of meeting it goes further in comfort than the conventional consolations of gloom. To be taken out of our troubles now and then gives us the more strength to bear them when we cannot get out of them.

The annual address of the president of the British Association, alluding to the belief that men were born equal, declared that, so far from being born equal, they stood to the naturalist as the very type of a polymorphic species. "From the population of any ordinary English town as many human breeds could be isolated as there were now breeds of dogs." While he asserted that genetic research would make it possible for a nation to elect by what sort of beings it would be represented not very many generations hence, he declined to consider practical measures, saying that the remedies proposed in America which aimed at eugenic marriage seemed to him devised without regard to the needs either of individuals or of a modern state. Possibly they could breed a population to a uniform Puritan gray, but he doubted if timid respectability would make a nation happy or strong. If some fancier with the catholicity of Shakespeare would take us in hand, well and good; but he would not trust even a body of Shakespeares meeting as a committee. Let them remember that Beethoven's father was a drunkard, and that his mother died of consumption.

The sense of injustice is the element in injury which outlasts resentment. One may forget a wrong that is ended, but one cannot make believe that an unending wrong is done with by merely being forgotten. Whatever forgetting and forgiving can do, they cannot make unrepentance of the same effect as repentance, nor a continuing untruth as one that has been stopped. There is this reality in everlasting punishment: that we can see in this life whatever we believe about another life; doing a wrong thing cannot be otherwise named and judged, however indignation against the doer is softened; what once was wrong is always wrong, and to remain attached to it is to share that penalty. An ingenuous and good-natured and easy-going confidence that ignoring injustice will do away with it really makes reconciliation harder. What is needed is to do away with the injustice; all the rest will follow. But after time and spirit have purged life of its hates, its chagrins, its angers, and its revenging, and there remains the sad grief of a trust broken, a sorrowful sinning against the light, some further penance must be done. There is such a sin as a sin against the holy spirit, and, whatever other form of it there may be, this is certainly one such sin: maintaining a wrong and standing on it, knowing all the while that it is wrong. No victory of arms or a man can vanquish that enmity, for it is the enmity of the God of things as they are against the gods of things as they seem.

For one mighty collapse of the time we should take intense satisfaction,—the collapse of the idea that God brings about great evils, and that, however wicked and cruel and needless they are, we must accept them as his way of bringing about good. This idea, it is true, is still entertained. There are men whose throats will not choke, whose intellects will not falter, whose sense of humor will not rise, as they mouth the wretched commonplaces of this disgraceful and absurd theory of Providence, but such men are few, and their hearers in overwhelming numbers will do some keen and uncomplimentary thinking of their own. They will marvel at the comatose state of mind of men who can show such helplessness, and they will call on their common sense and their reverences to demolish such folly and blasphemy. What is against God's will surely cannot have been ordered by it; what is disobedience certainly cannot be rechristened and given divine title; what is so plainly and flagrantly against all his orders cannot be furbished forth as wearing the uniform of God's commands. The facts are too monstrous to be held up longer by a silly, inane notion of God's will as anything that may happen by the chance and device of wickedness. The mechanical and arbitrary theories of Providence and God's will have collapsed. All men can see their ruins. No argument is needed. There are the pieces, the fragments, never to be reconstructed. Now more people than ever will go to work helping God's will to be done, turning man's will away from what it has done to what it ought to do; for the will of God is not what is, but what is as it ought to be.

Making a Conscience of Economy.

Thrift is not a popular virtue. Economy comes too close to parsimony to be prized. The generous instincts are repelled by retrenchment. There is an incompatibility between unselfishness and saving which puts any one who practises saving in a relation likely to be uncomfortable. A nature naturally helpful to others can easily bear a reputation for stinginess by the very effort to gain means to help others. The persons who watch each outgo, to guard against waste and to scrutinize value, are the most valuable persons to a community, because they increase the ability of the community to expend for the common good. In the same way the open-handed man may be the least helpful man to others: he has always given his last cent to the last applicant, and has no fund for the next one; his likableness makes his habit of indiscriminate giving infectious, or at least admirable, so that the praise of his grade of generosity makes it seem desirable that every one should avoid any semblance of meanness by never giving much thought to money. In short, counting the cost is counted vulgar.

But among the subjects the times compel us to give thought to, which never before were so deeply felt, is the subject of waste and thrift. The tragic wants of the world send us looking for means to meet them. If we find ourselves unable to do what our hearts move us to do, our regrets amount to distress. Our generous impulses leave us feeling mean that we have so little to gratify them with. Then we have to ask, Why? Why is it that everybody is limited a little unnecessarily in his giving? Why is it that we all have not more to give?

When we ask that question, we think of what we can get on without. Then we have to consider what we might well have got on without. Then we may reckon up what a fund we should have at our disposal if we had not wasted so much of our substance in what was unnecessary. We think what generosity a little more thrift would have enabled us now to indulge. There faces us—how closely and pitifully there faces us!—appalling destitution. Starvation clutches thousands whose lot but yesterday was as fortunate as ours. The great monster War has clutched whole populations in his ruthless and relentless claws. All sorts and conditions of men have suddenly become one sort,—refugees. Their daily bread has suddenly become precarious. But for us it will fail them. Then our careless ways come up before us for judgment, and this is the judgment that falls on them: while we allow them we are actually

Digitized by Google

doing this unthinkable thing,—we are looking at pinched faces of women and children, at men driven without resources from their homes, and while they hold their hands for food we are throwing the food we might give them away, we are turning from them and are spending what we might give them in useless luxuries and petty enjoyments. In the light of the present situation, waste, always a serious question to the economist, always the chief root of poverty, becomes a crime, a heartless cruelty; and in our wasting we are helping to starve those whose hunger we pity.

Last spring there was published a book by an English economist of standing, a book entitled "Poverty and Waste." The book was a clear, interesting exposition of a doctrine which is one of the commonplaces of political economy, an indisputable doctrine, which, nevertheless, every one disregards and not a few in their ignorance deny. It is the doctrine that the reason of poverty lies chiefly in the waste, by everybody, of real values in extravagance, luxury, and all sorts of needless and unprofitable expenditure, and that the sufficient remedy of poverty would be the care by everybody to prevent destruction of wealth, and to increase its utilization. The book was more than an essay in political economy. There is not a dry line in it. It was not a passionate tirade of a reformer with nothing but his reform in his mind. It was, however, such a presentation of the facts as set its readers thinking, and thinking with a guilty sense that they must henceforth do something more than think. Now the book comes into the tragic problem of events like a prophecy, and, though without passion, one gains a passion from it. The reviewer said a sober truth who said that in this book the author is saying to each reader what Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man."

The sad part of the matter is that he is, as to most of us, saying it in vain. Few truisms are so ignored, or so contentedly and conclusively denied, by those who do not know what they mean. Most people are like the good-natured person mentioned by this author, who "imagines that he is doing something that is good for trade and helping to give employment by buying six motor-cars when one would be quite enough for him." Most people would not see any reason for thinking that "this gray-whiskered fallacy, which is cherished by a majority of the people who have money to spend, is the cause of much of the tangle into which the business affairs of mankind have been twisted." Because "the fallacy is all the more dangerous because it is only half a fallacy and contains just enough truth to be deceptive," most people think it sound common sense instead of being specious economical coin. For us it is beyond dispute that, "since the output of goods and services at any moment is limited by the amount of labor, capital, and raw material that is to be had, and since most goods and nearly all services are more or less quickly consumed, it follows that the divisible wealth of the world is like a great heap, the size of which cannot be enlarged at will, though the articles of which it is composed may vary." But how many people who learned this, and believe it, think of it as a fact which places any obligation upon *them?* Suppose everybody realized that "when we encourage the organizers of production to turn out motor-cars, part of the wealth heap will consist of motor-cars, and that, if there had not been this demand for motor-cars or some other luxury, the heap would have consisted less of luxuries and more of necessities, which would therefore have been more plentiful and cheaper for those who need them." Suppose every one assented to the conclusion of the whole matter, "Every purchase of an article of luxury stiffens the price of articles of necessity, and makes the struggle of the poor still harder," what would be the result? The result would be that these little excursions into theoretical economy would be voted tiresome, and their discoveries most unwelcome. Most people therefore dismiss the subject and go their ways.

What is needed is a conscience, as well as a mind, in thinking of this subject. What is needed is the reading of such a book as this at the moment when our pity is aroused, so that we may connect things so far apart as the starving Belgians and the dollars that by the gaiety of many Americans went into the sewer last night. What is needed is a sight of misery, the quick imagination of it, at the precise moment when we are told that "money spent on luxuries has gone into something that will not increase production," so that we may be convicted of the cruelty we inflicted on the people we pity, when, instead of sending them more money, we put it on our backs. Our duty is to put more political economy into our religion, and more religion into our political economy. We need to take to heart that part of the teaching of Jesus about the money spent for ointment, usually overlooked, and remember that the poor we have always with us and when we will we may do them good. For the lesson of the story is not that waste, even for precious things, is allowable. The lesson is that such use is permissible only as a rare, unprecedented exception, and that the rule of duty is precisely what the disciples had in mind, to sell our luxuries and give their proceeds to the poor.

Non-partisan.

When people request their guests not to mention the war in a mixed company, and when shopkeepers do the same thing by posting up notices, the tension is certainly intense though it is felt mainly in silence; but absolute neutrality is impossible, otherwise the public would be reduced to stultification and would abrogate the power of judging the just and the unjust cause. To be strictly non-partisan is therefore to be stupid and ignorant, or selfishly indifferent to the great concerns of the world. But all the rules of a strict neutrality can be observed with a sacred respect for the opinions of others who differ from us.

The thought comes that we cannot be strictly neutral, or non-partisan, about anything that excites our interest and sympathy or stirs the depths of feeling. We all believe ourselves tolerant in religion, but are we so in the depths of the heart? We often feel that we are judged unfairly if not ignorantly by our orthodox neighbors, but do we always take needful pains to learn their point of view and to find out exactly wherein they differ from us? Too often it seems that both sides live in intrenched camps and will not try to learn the point of view of the opponent.

It is often the same in families, where one or two members have gone over to the liberal fold and are viewed with a kind of suspicion by their orthodox kinsfolk and friends. Admiration, friendship, good will, and love may survive and partly heal the breach, but still there is a little rift in the lute, which, if it has not entirely muted the music of confidence and affection, has still done something to mar the harmony of life.

There are good orthodox families where it is considered a kind of disgrace to have it known that one of its members has gone into the liberal ranks. The impulse which carried that member—whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather perhaps were of the straitest sect—into the alien fold remains always a matter of

Digitized by Google

wonder. There is more unhappiness resulting from this silent tolerance, which is real intolerance, than we often suspect. The deepest and holiest convictions are necessarily locked within the breast.

Out of these circumstances, in the effort at readjustment, there is apt to come constraint and silence that bars discussion of the most vital and important subject. The heterodox member is subjected to loneliness and isolation in the spiritual realm. There is no subject on which feeling is so quick and ardent as on the subject of religion. To shut our dearest convictions in an airless and unventilated chamber is a kind of martyrdom. Sympathy on vital subjects is the fresh air of the soul.

Mr. Conway in his autobiography tells us that Francis Newman, the liberal, confessed to him his inability to hold any real converse with his brother the cardinal. "I have given up calling on him," he said. "Whenever I went the conversation was limited to one or two words about this or that relative, and altogether so constrained it became painful." A barrier was raised by difference of faith between these two remarkably gifted brothers that made them practically strangers.

It is very sad when creedal differences, doctrinal puzzles, and the indefinable feeling of religious estrangement places a neutral zone of reserve and suspicion between otherwise loving and harmonious natures. Liberal people who have come out of bondage through the emancipation of truth do not commonly talk of the sufferings they have endured owing to broken friendships and severed ties. It is a peculiarly painful experience, owing to your dearest convictions to find yourself outside the pale of warm and intimate relations—tolerated, perhaps, but never believed in and trusted in the old way.

Those who have passed through it know how humiliating it is to be accepted by our orthodox friends who love us to a limited extent in spite of our pernicious views. There is a secret belief that some direful influence must have been exerted upon us, some spell cast about us, for thus only can the change be accounted for. They cannot be convinced, good people that they are, that heterodoxy, so called, has not something about it that eliminates the spiritual element and means either cold intellectualism or radical indifference.

On the other hand, we of the liberal faith may not always judge our friends of other connections with perfect, impartial fairness. Occasionally we may accuse them of believing in obsolete doctrines, like eternal damnation, predestination, total depravity, and other dogmas that have dropped out of the conscious religious life of most Christians of whatever name, or have been quietly ignored. Sometimes one may detect certain fast and hard prejudices in certain liberal minds that shut the door against better acquaintance with their orthodox friend's and neighbor's actual state of mind. To one who sincerely seeks for religious sympathy, and desires ardently to extend the friendly hand, some delightful discoveries may be made in the orthodox camp. There are people there who do not know they are liberals any more than M. Jourdain in Molière's play knew that he was speaking prose. The heart glows and warms to make such a discovery, and perhaps we might make such more frequently if we carried about with us always the open sense of the kinship of the spirit.

That which stands between those of opposing sects is often a gossamer web that can be brushed aside by the full acknowledgment of our common humanity. An honest doubt, said Tennyson, is worth half the creeds. An honest unfeigned recognition of brotherhood is worth them all.

We sometimes have a dream of a time coming, and not far off, when men and women of differing shades of belief will be really tolerant of each other's opinions, and the question will not be asked, What do you believe theoretically, like a talent wrapped in a napkin, but, What do you practise actually? Do you live on the spiritual plane, and is the love of God now in you leading to the glowing impulses of peace, mercy, and charity? Our tolerance is yet far from such a point of glorious achievement. When that time comes, the barriers of silence, constraint and cold indifference, and dislike of the neighbor's religious life will be thrown down, and there may be a real communion of saints, where those of differing shades of belief will be glad to give and receive help and inspiration from those who differ as well as from those who agree, but are all endowed with the open mind, the desire for light and leading, and the same spirit that lived in their Master Jesus Christ.

American Unitarian Association.

Notes of an Itinerant.

I.

There are few things so satisfactory to an ardent Unitarian as the sight of a thoroughly serviceable Unitarian church, competently led in its work and its worship, efficiently managed, and with streams of beneficent influence flowing from it for the enrichment of the community. Such a church is the one in Pittsburgh, Pa. Here is a devout and sagacious minister, a large and well-trained congregation, a beautiful church building with all the necessary appointments, including the New Hymn Book, —a church of standing and influence, abounding in good works. The best of it is that one whose denominational memory is no longer than my own can remember when it was a struggling missionary outpost, supported by large appropriations from the Association and with a brave pioneer minister going from door to door trying to raise the money to build a modest chapel. It is a development which may encourage us to believe that similar transformations are possible in and for the little missionary churches in the neighboring States. There are good roots in the ground at Youngstown, Dayton, and Wheeling. All have admirable pulpit leadership and loyal groups of adherents. Youngstown has a fine lot and a pleasant if temporary church home. Dayton is about to dedicate an unusually attractive church, and at Wheeling the plucky little society has just dedicated a unique little building, the fruit of much careful planning and generous giving.

After a happy Sunday morning preaching at Pittsburgh I was able to reach Wheeling in the evening and join with Dr. Mason, Mr. Snyder, Mr. Bennett, and the local minister, Dr. Pease, in the dedication of this house. The society in its new home takes upon itself some pretty serious burdens, but it may now reasonably expect the increase in numbers and resources which it has been hard to achieve while the society has been existing in rented halls.

From Wheeling my westward way took me to Indianapolis for the two days' session of the ministers' gathering, a meeting productive of much stimulating intercourse and one that promoted mutual confidence and good will. I hope the secretary, who arranged that meeting, has told about it in the *Register*, though doubtless he has not mentioned how wise and animating was his own opening address.

The history of the Indianapolis church repeats that of the church in Pittsburgh. I can remember the very first meetings, the disappointments of the earlier years, at one

Digitized by Google

time the apparent failure of our hopes. Then came the strong backing of a generous Boston Unitarian who accepted the challenge that with a gift of $5,000 the Association could and would guarantee to plant a live Unitarian church in any well-selected centre. That money was put into Indianapolis and gave the movement the start it needed. Mr. and Mrs. Wicks took hold, confidence and numbers grew, strong and able men and women gave their allegiance, and now what church stands higher as a power-house of public-spirited activity and the inspirer of all good causes in the handsome and flourishing capital? The beautiful house of Mr. Landon, one of the directors of the Association, was my home during the stay in Indianapolis, and there was good talk among the ministers gathered round his hospitable board.

A score of times I have crossed the great plains on the errands of our churches, sometimes with infinite delight in the wide horizons, the expanse of sky and prairie, and the changing colors of grass and cloud, sometimes with great weariness of spirit at the dull and dusty miles, the muddy streams, the monotony of both nature and human nature; but, whatever the mood, there is always a lift when the mountains at last spring out of the plain and the snow-peaks of the Rockies begin to shine against the western sky. On Saturday evening I was greeted at Great Falls, Mont., by Senator Gibson, the vice-president of the Association, Mr. Lillicfors, the minister, and by many other friends, old and new. The minister and trustees dined with me at the hotel, and later the ladies had a reception at the pleasant church home. The next morning I preached to an attentive congregation that filled every available seat and then I hastened on up the winding valleys among the hills to Helena, where there was another cordial greeting and an evening meeting at the church. Mr. Brockway, the minister at Butte, added his word to the large and loyal congregation which is enjoying the second year of Mr. Schumacher's ministry. Then on Monday on over the Great Divide to where the waters flow toward the western sea.

Montana! How one longs to have a hand in shaping the ideals and building up the institutions of that inland empire! Shall not the foundations of the State be laid in righteousness and in real democracy? Shall not the principles of a pure and rational religion be built into the thought and life of the people? Shall not the men who believe in human brotherhood, in the moral law, and in the reign of righteousness have as much to say about the development of Montana as the religious bigots, the non-resident capitalists, and the reckless and riotous agitators? There are good people in Montana,—brave optimists like Paris Gibson, and valiant women like Maria Dean, both of them over eighty and still untiring in good works. Montana needs more people of that kind. In other words, it needs more people of the Unitarian type. There are groups of these Unitarian people in the three chief cities. Helena has a self-supporting church with an excellent building and an influential constituency. Butte has a good property, part church, part parish house, part minister's dwelling. Great Falls has a splendidly located corner lot with an attractive building, which serves all the present purposes of the society, and which will ultimately be the parish house or parsonage. The ministers are able and devoted, and undaunted by the conditions which have this year paralyzed the chief local industries. The war has closed the copper markets, and acute labor troubles have disturbed the peace of the industrial centres. At Great Falls the smelters have shut down, throwing thousands of men out of employment. The labor riots at Butte have necessitated putting the city under martial law. Machine guns command the streets near the Unitarian church. Public meetings, including religious services, can be held only by permission of the military governor. The mines are working only half the time, and stockades, topped with barbed and electrified wires, are built about the properties of the mining corporations. Business is at a standstill. The bank where the minister and the Women's Alliance kept their deposits has closed its doors. It takes pluck and patience to be a Unitarian minister in Butte in the best of times, and downright heroism to be a minister's wife there; but I have heard no word of complaint over the present hardships, only joy in the old battles of temperance and peace. Shall we not hold in remembrance the fortitude of these Unitarian pioneers and strive together to hold up their hands?

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

THE federal reserve banks in twelve of the great cities of the continent came into existence last Monday, when the new currency law passed by the present Congress after a notable legislative consideration went into effect. The success of the new system of credit and finance, with the resources and the authority of the government and the co-operation of the banks of the country at its back, is assured at the outset by the evident public confidence in its workings. Much is expected of the experiment now undertaken with the help of the best expert advice obtainable in America and Europe. One of the direct results of the reserve bank, it is predicted, will be the establishment of a financial equilibrium beyond the power of individuals or even of groups of individuals to upset. The prospect is that no such disturbance as that which characterized the crisis of 1907 will occur again under similar circumstances. Such cataclysms will be prevented, it is pointed out by the advocates of the new financial machinery, by the existence of a central control, which will sustain legitimate credit under stress and enable the banking interests of the country to meet situations which under the old conditions have proved disastrous at several periods in American history.

THE diplomatic resources of the United States are being exerted to the utmost in an endeavor to adjust the new crisis which has been developing in Mexico under the stress of apparently irreconcilable rivalries between Venustiano Carranza, the former supreme chief of the Constitutionalist forces, and Francisco Villa, his principal lieutenant. One expedient which the Mexican factions have adopted, in the hope of preventing the continuance of a state of civil war, is the election of Ramon Gutierrez as provisional president for a limited short term by the convention at Aguas Calientes. Carranza, however, has shown a disposition not to comply with the decrees of the convention, on the ground that it was under the domination of Carranza when it elevated Gutierrez to the contested presidency. In the new disagreement, fully as serious as any that have preceded it, both sides are attempting to reach a compromise which shall eliminate the possibility of a general struggle. These endeavors are meeting with the sympathetic interest of the State Department at Washington, which realizes, though no more keenly than the enlightened portion of the Mexican nation itself, that a renewal of the civil conflict on a general scale would be an evil of vast and sinister possibilities for the future.

THE destruction of the British dreadnought Audacious off the north coast of Ireland, on October 27, will be recorded as one of the mystifying events of the War of the

Digitized by Google

Nations. No news of the disaster which has been inflicted upon the British naval establishment by either a German mine or a German submarine was permitted to go out of England through the customary channels. The censor, basing its precautions upon some consideration yet to be divulged, prevented any mention of the affair by cable, and it was not until the end of last week that information about the loss of the Audacious began to trickle across the Atlantic by means of the mails, over which the censor is unable to exercise any sort of comprehensive control. The destruction of the super-dreadnought, which was built less than two years ago and was therefore among the most efficient units in the British navy, was the most significant naval achievement of the war. The Audacious is the second dreadnought to be sent to the bottom so far in the conflict. The other was an Austro-Hungarian battleship of much earlier build and smaller capacity than the splendid British fighting-machine, whose end still remains enshrouded in some mystery, in the absence of any official explanation from the admiralty in London, which, as a rule, has made no effort to conceal reverses to British arms.

The military operations in the new region of war created by Turkey's intervention in the great struggle of the nations has extended with significant rapidity during the week. At the three points where Turkey is in contact with the forces of the Allies—the Caucasian frontier, the Sinai Peninsula, and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb—the Ottoman power has apparently suffered reverses. At Bab-el-Mandeb a British naval detachment has bombarded and destroyed the fort of Sheik-Said, an achievement which practically deprives Turkey of control of the entrance to the Red Sea. In Trans-Caucasia the Russians at the beginning of the week reported the presence of a large Ottoman contingent, which, however, was facing a difficult military problem in the form of winter conditions combined with a complete preparedness on the part of the Russian defenders. In the region of the Sinai Peninsula alone was there any indication of a possible Turkish success, inasmuch as the Turkish army of invasion was progressing with some degree of rapidity toward the Suez Canal, the apparent Turkish objective at this point in the field of offensive activity. The British, on the other hand, were devoting a large part of the military resources of Egypt to strengthening the line of their road to India.

The Scandinavian countries, whose access to the rest of the world by sea has been greatly imperilled by the wide distribution of mines by the belligerents, and especially by Great Britain and Germany, have been making diplomatic inquiries in the past week with a view to some collective action by the neutral powers to insure safety at sea. The question of mine-sowing is also arousing keen interest in Washington, where the diplomatic representatives of the Scandinavian countries have made representations pointing out the disastrous effect of the offensive measures undertaken by Germany and Great Britain upon the commerce of all nations whose ships or cargoes traverse the North Sea. It is becoming increasingly apparent that Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, possibly with the co-operation of the United States, will soon bring their grievance to concrete action by the presentation of some sort of memorandum to the warring powers, in an effort to achieve immunity of neutral shipping from the floating dangers of mine-strewn seas.

On the Eastern front of the operations on the European continent, Russia during the past week has been conducting an aggressive campaign which offers the prospect of a grave problem for Germany and Austria-Hungary. The fate of Przemysl, now reinvested by the fourth Russian army under the Bulgarian general Radko Dimitrieff, is evidently determined already by the failure of the Austrian advance movement. The fall of Przemysl, by releasing the fourth army, will make the defence of Cracow, the only other considerable Austrian stronghold in the Eastern borderland of the dual monarchy, practically untenable; and it appears even that the war office at Vienna is considering the surrender of the ancient Polish capital as a humane measure. In the North, Gen. Rennenkampf is pursuing the offensive operations with energy, and the German general staff is attempting to divert his forces by a fresh advance movement on the line of Plotsk and the Warta River. Along the Silesian border the Germans evidently are finding the pressure of the invaders too strong to be resisted.

Great Britain, by the action of the men who are governing her, gave new indications last week of the profound conviction in the British mind that no sacrifice must be considered too great in the carrying out of the declared purpose of the government to bring the war to a final conclusion with sufficient guarantees for the peace of the future. The House of Commons last week received the government's request for an appropriation of more than a billion dollars for a doubling of the military strength of the empire by the recruiting of a million men more than are provided for under the existing army plans. Such an augmentation of forces will bring the total up to two million men, a larger establishment than England has ever before attempted to place in the field. In view of the unparalleled international situation, the question of conscription—a method of recruiting an army which is peculiarly abhorrent to British instincts—is being raised again as the only logical solution of a peculiarly difficult problem.

Brevities.

Half a century ago a woman practising medicine was almost unheard of, and was considered unwomanly. To-day there are between six and seven thousand women practising medicine and surgery in America alone.

Profit-sharing has recently been adopted by many manufacturing and business companies. It is the belief of competent judges that in this method lies the tie which will best bind employers and employees together.

Dr. Bacon, in his "History of American Christianity," describes "the low tide in religion" a hundred years ago. Yale College in 1795 was "in a most ungodly state. The college church was almost extinct. Most of the students were sceptical."

The New York Juvenile Asylum receives unruly boys from the streets of the city and, by means of manual training of various kinds and life in cottage family groups, makes of them self-respecting and self-supporting citizens. More than 70 per cent. of the boys return to the city and make a fair success of life.

Lord Kitchener has again called upon the recruits to keep themselves thoroughly fit by "hard work and strict sobriety," and the Archbishop of Canterbury has come out with an open letter in which he asks everybody to join this "strict sobriety" rule while the war lasts. By doing so, he says, people would strengthen the hands

of those soldiers who are manfully resisting temptation. He adds that of course it would be impertinent to censure those who prefer to stand outside such effort.

The opportunity to advance in this country in any line of business and activity is a safeguard against discontent. "When a man has a chance to reach the top he is less apt to attempt to pull the top down to his level."

A sudden and radical change seems to have come over the civilized world-mind concerning the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquors. In face of a dead weight of tradition and prejudice, the abstention movement is spreading in England, France, and Germany.

Letters to the Editor.

Robert Collyer.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

At the request of the members of the Collyer family, I have undertaken to write the biography of Robert Collyer. This biography, I am convinced, will have the interest and value which should attach to so rare a personality and so great a teacher. just to the extent to which the doctor himself is permitted to tell his own story in his own inimitable words. The "Life and Letters" must be mainly "Letters," or a "Life in Letters," and thus a kind of extended and glorified edition of the "Some Memories."

To this end may I herewith ask any of your readers who may have letters from Dr. Collyer in their possession, to send them to me at the address given below? I am particularly eager to have early letters from his pen, covering his life in England and Pennsylvania. Such letters as are sent to me I shall have to retain for quite a period, as my time for this work is extremely limited; but I can promise that they will be carefully safeguarded and returned.

Other material bearing upon Dr. Collyer's life, such as pictures, newspaper clippings, circulars, church notices, rare copies of sermons and lectures, etc., will be welcomed. The more this biography can be made the work of those who loved Dr. Collyer in his lifetime and now revere his memory, the better.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Modernist Movement.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Your reviewer, in a recent issue, speaking of Dr. Inge's Essex Hall lecture on "The Religious Philosophy of Plotinus," credits the author with being on his own ground in dealing with the Modernist movement, and adds, "If, as he tells us, that movement was based on an attempt to unhinge Christianity from its historical foundation, perhaps the late Pope did no great harm in causing its suppression. It was on a blind trail anyhow."

This is a surprising attitude. Modernism, contrary to the misunderstanding of it by the late Pope and his Jesuit advisers, is no single co-ordinated system, such as the traditional Catholic theology professes to be. Modernism has many roots and springs up in every province of research. Modernist writers approach the problem of Church doctrine from every conceivable angle, especially from that of the philosophy of religion.

Not all Modernists by any means are historians or historical critics, although a free examination of the alleged historical foundation of conventional Christianity is a part of their general programme. The most eminent representative of such historical criticism in the Modernist movement is Prof. Alfred Loisy, now of the Collège de France, where he occupies the chair made vacant by the death of the late Prof. Jean Réville. Any one who has looked through Loisy's well-known book "The Gospel and the Church," not to speak of his great commentary on the four Gospels still untranslated, must realize that his entire effort is to *find* a historical foundation for Christianity while rejecting foundations that are merely mythological. It was because the late Pope and his advisers were not willing to have the historical foundation of Christianity laid bare, but preferred to keep the faithful under the dominance of the prevailing dogmatic subversion of that foundation, that Loisy and others were excommunicated, and all free criticism of the Bible and of the historical origins of Christianity absolutely forbidden within the Catholic fold.

The Modernists were men of a tendency to unfettered historical investigation. If this was a "blind trail," we might as well all of us go back under the protection of the Holy Father at Rome.

RICHARD WILSON BOYNTON.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

Unitarian Local Missions.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

A familiar note was struck at the Unitarian Club in Boston recently; but, though familiar, one that has not been sounded with sufficient force among us of late years. It was a clear statement of our precious inheritance: "National prosperity and greatness follow not from military force, but from the prodigious efficiency of individual freedom and initiative."

To the Unitarian liberal that principle is basic. The Unitarian stands squarely for personal independence and voluntary co-operation. Hence his religious life with his fellow-beings is that of independency and congregationalism. He recognizes that, while no individual can be independent of his environment, he must nevertheless be independent of all restraint upon his reaction from within to all stimulus from without,—in other words, the individual is, by the very constitution of his nature, a free and responsible moral agent. He insists also upon congregational organization of his church associations; since he is responsible himself for his moral judgments (a responsibility that he cannot, in the nature of the case, delegate to any group, however large or imposing), he must stand upon full moral equality with his associates. Futhermore, as a man's religious principles, so will his political and economic principles of action be determined; consequently, independency and democratic equality will be insisted upon in civic organization and industrial relationships.

Against these principles of personal independence and collective equality tremendous opposition has been brought to bear, the world over, the last half-century. "Organize, or die!" has been the slogan of this opposition. The genuine Unitarian revolts against this demand. Therefore we have arrayed, on the one hand, liberty, independency, and voluntary co-operation; on the other hand, authority, submission, and compulsory co-operation. This is all the difference between *natural* organization and *artificial* organization. Over against the free man, the free state, and the free church stand the shackled man, the autocratic state, and the authoritative church. Our fathers, successful in the awful and weltering struggle for individual freedom and religious and civil liberty, "bent the knee to God, but not to man," and proclaimed "the church without a bishop and the state

Digitized by Google

without a king." Surely, their children must insist upon the same eternal principles, if men and women are to grow up into the fulness of the stature of the sons and daughters of God.

Since, from inheritance without and the moral imperative within, we have laid upon us the nurture, the defence, and the dissemination of the principles of personal, religious, and civil liberty, is it not the duty of Unitarians to be more active than ever in missionary endeavor? Some of us feel this profoundly, and the need is imperative in our own localities. The American Unitarian Association looks after the larger national and international seed-sowing, but our individual churches should look to the local work. To this end, in one of our churches, a course of monthly, Sunday evening, illustrated talks is being given this season; also a movement is on foot to gather neighboring churches into groups of, say, half a dozen churches, that union services, conducted by *all* the ministers of the group, may be held in rotation in the churches thus associated. Such services should be a great stimulus to the churches in which they are held; and should operate as effective missionary endeavor in the several communities. The expense would be slight, and each minister together with his people would constitute a natural committee of arrangements for the service in their particular community. Such local missionary labors could not possibly conflict with the more extensive work of the American Unitarian Association.

Why not, fellow-Unitarians, such local missions for the dissemination of the liberal faith? Is anything more fundamental to American liberty and Christ's idealism than personal independency and voluntary congregational co-operation? If the New World fails, the Old World conquers. Authority, and the rule of the few; liberty, and the self-government of and by and for the many,—that is the great world-issue. Unitarian liberals cannot possibly hesitate. "Seedtime and harvest shall not fail"; if good wheat, however, be not sown, tares will be the only harvest. Surely, as never before, the Spirit calleth unto the churches, Go forth and preach, not only far away, but near at hand, the truths of love and liberty and righteousness!

A. W. Littlefield.

Needham, Mass.

The Afterglow.

By Augusta Larned.

In the windless weather of the season's afterglow, my little furry friend has come back to stay with me—perhaps all winter. He is dressed in a fashionable suit of gray, and his eyes are bright and twinkle like stars. I am grateful to him for his friendly ways, his cheeriness and good nature, although he has stripped my hickory-tree of every nut upon it from the topmost bough to the lowest branch.

When he finds a nut on the tree, he plucks it, comes down to the ground, and, holding it between his paws as he sits up on his haunches, deftly strips it of its shell. Then he proceeds to bury it in a place he thinks very safe and secure from marauders. Having cached his find like a prudent arctic explorer, he returns to the tree to find more booty to add to his winter store of provisions. Where did the little frisky, frolicsome creature come by his foresight and learn to make provision for the winter that in these golden days still looks to be far off in the dim and dreamy future?

Surely he could teach us something worth knowing could he reveal to us the working of his little mind, or what in the squirrel universe stands for mind. Whether the afterglow of summer is not more beautiful than summer itself is an open question. The passionate, hot, intense summer is not dead, but softly, gently passing to its immortality, where the ghosts of dead summers live in celestial radiance.

The sky has a spiritualized glow that speaks of depth on depth of harmonized tints—gray and rose, red shading to orange flushing to gold, with calm crystalline interludes where you look through and catch glimpses of new firmaments where the youngest stars are born into stellar space. The color of the afterglow is not so brilliant this season as in some past years. The long drouth shrivelled the leaves upon the trees before they had time to ripen, to use Thoreau's apt expression. But the radiance though low toned is more diffused, so that on fair, still afternoons the air seems palpitating with prismatic rays that stream athwart the opening in the forest trees and sprinkle a mysterious and indefinable beauty over the dim recesses where suddenly a bright sumach or maple bush starts out in a red or yellow flare.

When the first frost fell, early in September, the chorus of insects stopped without warning. The conductor's baton fell on a moonless night, and all the little cheepings and dronings and scrannel pipings ceased at once, and a great night-silence fell like something ominous. We know not how much we miss the little soothing murmurs of earth and air until they are no more. They form a kind of sing-song accompaniment to our thoughts, like a lullaby to a baby's ear.

Flights of blackbirds and sparrows still settle upon the earth at times, and make a sudden whir as they rise in unison that reminds you of the waving wings of an angel or a Zeppelin destroyer. When the afterglow came and made the nights and days of one soft mellowness that touched the heart with peace, neither the birds nor insects would come back. They had found other skies, fresh woods and fields. The music-halls of Birdtown were deserted, and no concerts are advertised for this season. But yesterday I heard a song-sparrow send a silvery, rippling strain of delicious notes from the top of a maple-tree. It was just an interrupted warble, like the voice of a street-singer or wandering troubadour; to hear the end of the strain we must go to the Carolinas or to Florida.

We, the unscientific, know really less of the life and habits of familiar insects than of other creatures who are less persistent in their appeals. We have been hearing lately of a wonderful old man in France who, by simply watching the small inhabitants of his garden for forty or fifty years, has produced books containing his observations more fascinating than any fairy-tale. The world neglected or forgot him for a long time, and it is said he was on the point of starvation when at last discovered, and now the work of this marvellous genius is to be given to the world.

The different varieties of wasps are such curious builders that they awaken a kind of interest that counterbalances a little the suspicion and hatred we naturally feel for them. One could never love a hornet or a yellow-jacket. It is beyond the scope of fancy to think of making a pet of one of these vicious creatures, and yet we cherish honey-bees, who differ so little from our garden enemies. If a bee does happen to sting us, we forgive it because probably it thought it might find us sweet and was disappointed.

The evolution of the house-fly from a harmless, necessary nuisance to a monster of iniquity is a very curious fact in natural history. Many years ago a well-known poet wrote some pretty stanzas on inviting the friendly, sociable little creature to sip a breakfast out of his cup.

Digitized by Google

Such a piece of sentimentality would now excite a kind of horror. The house-fly has become a deadly enemy, a disease carrier. Children, while encouraged to do away with them, are told that the act must not be performed as a favorite juvenile amusement, but as a solemn sacrifice for the health of society.

The bee is the insect we know the best, and yet he remains the most wonderful and inexplicable. He has advanced so far the wonder is he cannot go on and arrive at reasoning powers, cannot advance from a monarchy to a republic, and, adopting civilized habits, put the drones into prisons and almshouses, fattening them with good living instead of killing them off. They already have flying machines, and a kind of wireless which tells them where the best honey-producing flowers are to be found, developed long ages before slowly advancing man had invented them.

The afterglow of rich autumn when the fall work is nearly finished is the pleasantest time for real country people. The crops are nearly all gathered and housed, and in the long, soft, genial, dreamy hours it is cheerful work to clean up the debris of summer and rake it into the purifying fire. It is that preparation for the new and the expected that is eternally going on. The good farmer makes his land neat for the coming winter as a fine lady dresses herself for a ball. The face of the plainest land is beautiful when it shows the loving care of the master.

The time is coming when he may rest. What the earth has yielded is hidden away in barn and cellar, garret and store-room. He has doubtless his telephone by which he can speak sociably or on business to a neighbor.

He can thus communicate with the whole circle of the country-side and come in touch with every interest. He is no longer isolated as of old, but is the centre of a little world of his own. His rural delivery brings him his daily or semi-weekly newspaper, his favorite magazine, all the news of the world. His automobile will carry him in a few hours to the nearest large town or city, where he can learn how much better it is to abide in the wide open country and breathe the pure untainted air than to dwell in the midst of crowds.

How different from the old times, when a letter from any distance was a fortnight in delivery, and cost from twenty-five cents upward in postage! Then the old shay and the farm horse were the only means of getting to distant places. Then the little hair trunk from which the Saratoga and the wardrobe trunk have been evolved was brought down from the garret and strapped on behind, and a box of luncheon was tucked under the seat along with a bag of oats to comfort the old nag, until some cousin's house should be reached,—distant, perhaps, both materially and in the degree of kinship. "Cousining" was an institution in those remote days, and was always gladly repaid in kind. A little seat was pulled out between father and mother, for the youngest child. Madame's cap-box was held securely in her lap, and away at a jog-trot went the old nag, who had acquired a gait that might easily slacken, but could not be accelerated. Time was of no value in the slow, sweet progress of the hours, when the swamp-bushes were on fire, and the air was flushed with the rich wine of the afterglow of the year. Those tranquil journeyings have given place to the honk of horns, the whir and rush of wheels, great clouds of dust, and the acrid smell of petroleum. It is good to look back to those days when as a little tot—the smaller, the better—you sat on a little sliding seat between the knees of the elders, and, as the old horse jogged his slow pace along, wondered at the bigness of the world and why it never came to an end.

SUMMIT, N.J.

The Harvest.

BY SARAH E. BURTON.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Oh, blessed promise unto all who mourn,
And few are they who do not sow in tears,
But every burden that has e'er been borne
Hath in it blessings for the passing years;
The heart with sympathy divine is filled,
And daily visions of a shining goal
Where life's great purposes are all fulfilled
Through consciousness of God within the soul.
And when that Presence hallows every hour,
Faith, hope, and love bloom into perfect flower.

The Unitarians of Liverpool.

BY JOSEPH H. CROOKER, D.D.

The Americans who go abroad in such large numbers every year would do well to spend more time in Liverpool. As it is, they usually hurry on to London by the boat train, or, at most, spend the night at the Midland Adelphi, and then make a tour down to London through Chester, on the one side, or, on the other, through Stratford. But they miss a good deal in this way, because Liverpool contains many things of great interest.

Its parks are numerous, extensive, and beautiful, especially Calderstone, with its druidical remains. Its great docks and the world's shipping which clusters about them are worthy of attention. Its Cotton Exchange merits a visit. Its churches, schools (the university is gaining prominence), and philanthropic institutions are numerous; it will soon have a fine cathedral. Its public library is interesting, not so much for its size as for its early date. The birthplace of Gladstone, on Rodney Street, deserves to be seen. The pleasure-resorts near at hand are attractive. The country on both sides of the Mersey is interesting and contains many beautiful villages.

But to American Unitarians, Liverpool is full of special interest and inspiration. The history, spirit, and method of the Unitarian movement in general are admirably illustrated by the story of our churches in that city: their beginnings so characteristic; their constituencies so eminent; their contributions so large. Again, their life is, in many ways, closely linked with the religious life of Boston.

To begin at the beginning, one must visit the Ancient Chapel of Toxteth. Any tram marked "The Dingle" will take the visitor from the business centre of Liverpool to the quaint old church in a quarter of an hour. Three centuries ago that neighborhood lay quite outside the city, up the river; and it was known as Toxteth Park. It is now near the slum area, but, turning round the Chapel to the left, up Ullet (little owl) Road (on which the largest Unitarian church is located), one soon reaches fine large estates; only a short walk to "the Nook," a spacious house in a sheltered spot, built by a wealthy parishioner for Dr. James Martineau. He needed protection from the raw ocean winds, and here the great sermons and essays of his early life were written.

The land in the vicinity of the Ancient Chapel had belonged to the Crown since the days of King John, but it was bought in 1604 by Richard Molyneux, made a baronet in 1611, his descendants now earls of Sefton. One of the city parks around which the mansions of the rich long clustered is known by this name. At that period the parish church in the city, St. Nicholas, leaned toward Puritanism, and evidently the settlers at the head of the Dingle (just a mere hamlet) were Puritan in spirit.

Digitized by Google

These farmers set up a school in 1611, and hired as teacher, Richard Mather, then only fifteen years old, a bright lad, born not far off, in Warrington, a place closely associated with the life of Joseph Priestley, the great Unitarian preacher and scientist.

After teaching a few years, Mather went to Oxford University to complete his education, and in 1618, at the age of twenty-two, he was called to preach to the people whose children he had previously taught. The Chapel dates from this period, though it has been several times rebuilt and slightly enlarged. It is a small brick building, almost a cube in form, largely covered with ivy. The inside is most quaint and interesting,—box pews; a high pulpit near the centre; galleries on all sides; the head of the preacher about on a level with those sitting in the gallery pews, while he looks down upon his hearers on the floor as into a pit.

Richard Mather, very much of a Puritan, somewhat reluctantly accepted ordination at the hands of the bishop, but he seems never to have worn a surplice. He apparently preached for fifteen years (until 1633) without criticism. In that year, charges were made, and the bishop suspended him. After four months he was restored to his pulpit, to be suspended again the next year. These experiences led him, in 1635, to embark for New England, where he became the minister of the First Parish in Dorchester, continuing to preach there for thirty-four years. This fact closely links Toxteth Chapel to Boston. He became the founder of the "Mather Dynasty": Increase, his son; Cotton, his grandson; Samuel, his great-grandson,—all mighty men in those days.

The ecclesiastical fortunes of Toxteth Chapel greatly varied from time to time. It was nominally Episcopal at first, then later alternately Independent and Presbyterian, and for many years with both elements in its congregation. About 1688, certain families (others in the city joining them) with leanings to Independency formed a church in the city, long known as Renshaw Street Chapel, now Ullet Road. In 1692, others, with Presbyterian sympathies, likewise went into the city and established another church, long known as Paradise Street Chapel, now Hope Street Church. But these three chapels have always been in close fellowship, and their progress to Unitarianism was practically simultaneous. In this connection it may be noted that the *English* Presbyterian chapels of that period were quite unlike the Scotch Presbyterians,—they were not subscribers to the Westminster Confession, and they were not bound together in a rigid ecclesiastical organization.

In 1777, Hugh Anderson, a broad and progressive young man, was ordained as minister of the Ancient Chapel. He remained in full charge until 1827, while he participated in its services until his death in 1832. It was under his ministry that the congregation became Unitarian in belief,—a slow broadening of religious life as in certain New England Congregational churches over a hundred years ago. About the time of his ordination some of the more conservative members of the society withdrew and formed a church, which is now known as the Great George Street Chapel, Congregational.

For over a hundred years Toxteth Chapel and its daughter churches have represented the Unitarian movement in Liverpool. In 1839, three ministers, Rev. Dr. James Martineau (Hope Street), Rev. Dr. John Hamilton Thom, a man of rare gifts of mind and heart (Renshaw Street, now Ullet Road Church), and Rev. Henry Giles (Toxteth Chapel), engaged in what is known as the Great Unitarian Controversy, answering in thirteen discourses the sermons against their faith preached by thirteen Episcopal clergymen. Their "Defence" long remained the most eloquent, comprehensive, and convincing exposition of our doctrinal position. The wide scholarship, the logical acumen, the glowing diction, the prophetic spirit, the gracious temper, and the lofty sentiments abundantly displayed in his contributions by Dr. Martineau raised him at once to a high position, where he remained for sixty years, as the supreme representative of English Unitarianism, a religious genius of whom orthodoxy had to take account and from whom all sects have been glad to learn.

Besides these three churches there are at present in Liverpool over a half-dozen others, including two missions which carry on a very extensive work among the poorer people. One of these, the *Mill Street Mission*, forms in a way another bond between Liverpool and Boston Unitarians. Its foundation in 1836 was largely due to Rev. Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, our beloved apostle to the poor, who at that time was on a visit to England. Its facilities in the way of buildings and activities have recently been largely increased. Nowhere in the world is a nobler work being done to help the destitute and discouraged, reaching several thousands of persons every week. All the better because these philanthropic efforts carry religious life. It is now, as it has been for a third of a century, in charge of Rev. Thomas Lloyd Jones, a tireless apostle of all the humanities, like his distant cousin of Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

The prominence of Liverpool Unitarians in all the activities of that great city, even at the present time, is out of all proportion to their numbers, many-fold larger than could reasonably be expected of them. The fact is not mentioned in pride, but simply to illustrate the truth that this form of faith stands the gospel test, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The graveyard of Toxteth Chapel clearly demonstrates the same truth. On its many monuments are the names of a large majority of the families which in various fields of activity have made Liverpool famous for over a hundred years,—a list too long to give here. There are names that represent its leading shipping interests; its great manufacturing activities; its strong financial institutions; its literary, philanthropic, and reformatory achievements; the discoveries of science and the triumphs of progressive politics.

Two personal references may be permitted here. A few years ago the minister of Hope Street Church, Rev. Richard A. Armstrong, a man of philosophic insight and vast civic enthusiasm, led in a public movement (effectively supported by the strong men and women of his congregation as well as others in the city at large) which actually changed the moral atmosphere of Liverpool, putting a needed check upon vice and intemperance. In the rooms of the Reform Club a majority of the portraits are those of Unitarians, and Sir William B. Bowring (his father a cousin of Sir John Bowring, who wrote "In the Cross of Christ I glory") is honored, along with Gladstone, with *two* fine portraits,—an appropriate and well-deserved recognition, for, besides many other claims upon the respect of the people, he gave a large park of one hundred acres to the city. There, in its spacious manor-house, crippled children, in groups of fifty, are given throughout the year a month's holiday. Also, while lord mayor of Liverpool, he led in securing Calderstone Park.

The Unitarians of Liverpool are a sturdy folk, not only active in works of human betterment, but loyal to their faith. This is shown by the history of the Liverpool Book-store. They were annoyed some years ago because the book-stores would not carry in stock any distinctly Unitarian books. They had to wait for them to be ordered, and no publicity was given to such books as was given to those of other authors. To remove this disad-

Digitized by Google

vantage they organized a company, rented a building in the very centre of the city, established a general book business, where Unitarian books had a fair chance with all other religious books, and in this way soon achieved both a business and a missionary success. Recently, the wealthy Unitarians of the city bought the building, in this way making the enterprise permanent.

All honor to the Liverpool Unitarians, who are doing valiant services in many ways to the whole city, who take their faith seriously and give it the best that they have, and who stand loyally by their churches and make them homes of vital Christian nurture and sources of spiritual power.

BOSTON, MASS.

The Pulpit.

Christ or Superman.

BY REV. CHARLES E. PARK.

This my joy therefore is fulfilled. He must increase, but I must decrease.—JOHN iii. 29-30.

Those are rather striking words. They arrest attention. It is John the Baptist who utters them; John the Baptist, that strange, dim, uncouth figure, of whom we know little, but whose character so far as we can know it commands our deepest admiration and love. He declares that he has reached the zenith of his influence and his efficiency. The prominence and the power which he has built up for himself as a spiritual guide to his people, he declares, must now be transferred to another and a better man—a chosen agent of God. Now that this Christ, this chosen agent of God, has appeared upon the scene, his own function must henceforth be one of self-suppression and self-obliteration. "He must increase, but I must decrease." To that extent there is nothing especially noteworthy about the words. We all recognize it as a moral duty to get out of the way and let a better man do the thing which has to be done, assuming, of course, that there is a better man in sight. We are well trained in the philosophy of the division of labor. It is one of our axioms that each particular function in any industrial process should be reserved for him who, by training, by experience, by natural temperament and aptitude, is best qualified to undertake that particular function. To get the right man in the right place is one of the slogans of our industrial theory, and wherever we see the wrong man presuming to undertake that function, wherever we see the fireman presuming to take the engineer's place at the throttle of a limited express, or the chief steward presuming to navigate the ocean liner, there we pour out the vials of our contemptuous wrath. We say such a man must be a lunatic. In so far as John recognized in Christ a man better fitted than himself to undertake this task of moral and spiritual guidance, we agree with John that the only thing for him to do was to step aside and give this better man an open field. He may do so with sorrow and disappointment, but there is no alternative. It is a clear and simple duty. "He must increase, but I must decrease."

But the strange thing about it is that there is neither sorrow nor disappointment in John's heart. It is not a case of sorrowfully repudiating his native right of individual self-assertion for the sake of the common good. It is not a case of laying aside, with disappointment, his privilege of self-development and self-expression just because the good of the whole demands that a better man should take his place. The plain inference from John's words is that in this harsh duty of self-obliteration he saw not a piece of sorrowful self-denial, but a piece of joyous self-fulfilment. "This my joy therefore is fulfilled. He must increase, but I must decrease." John made his self-sacrifice joyously, because he found in that very act of self-sacrifice not a sorrowful and disappointing denial of self, rendered imperative by the exigencies of the situation, but a joyous and comforting fulfilment of self.

At once there opens out before us a wide and inviting field of metaphysical speculation, through which we must regret that we have not time to roam at leisure. How can we reconcile John's natural disappointment with John's alleged joy? John was not an indolent spirit. His joy is not the mere relief of the lazy man at being spared an exacting task. How, then, are we to harmonize the sense of self-suppression which he must have felt with the sense of self-fulfilment which he says he found? What is self-fulfilment, anyway? Or, to put the question still more simply, what is self?

Suppose we were to ask some musician, let us say some violinist, how he defined that little word "self," what concept or picture was aroused in his mind by the word "self," what form or direction or quality his self-consciousness assumed. If he were a man of any thought he might answer that there were two more or less distinct meanings that were connected in his mind with the word "self," one of them richer and bigger and more satisfactory than the other. The first thing that he means when he says "self" is this single and solitary unit of mortality, this animated object whose reflection he sees in the mirror, this detached and independent embodiment of musical genius and musical skill, which answers to a certain name, and lives in a certain locality, and happens to be controlled by a certain unique set of tastes, ambitions, passions, and preferences. That is the first thing that the word "self" means to him. But the other thing that the word means to him—the bigger and richer and more satisfactory thing—is this same animated object, this same embodiment of musical genius and skill, no longer independent and detached, but brought into a company or a cluster of similar animated objects, each one of whom is moved by a desire common to them all, and controlled by an intelligence acknowledged by them all, and in brief organized as parts or fragments into a larger body which in spite of its greater size is still a unit,—the orchestra. Those are the two forms or mental pictures which his self-consciousness assumes: first, the creature that he sees in the mirror, controlled by a purpose peculiar to itself, subject to a law that begins and ends in itself; second, the same creature, no longer detached and independent, but co-ordinated with a group of similar creatures, organized as a part in a larger unity, controlled by a purpose which is not merely his, but is common to the group, and subject to a law that has its beginning and end not merely in himself but in the group of which he is now a member.

If we were to ask him what he means by self-fulfilment, he would probably tell us that self-fulfilment was the satisfying sense of having entirely obeyed the law of self, whatever that law may be. If by "self" he means the face in the mirror, and if by "the law of self" he means the purpose and the destiny that involves nothing but that creature in the mirror, that has its beginning and its end within that mirrored form, then his self-fulfilment must mean the complete obedience of that law, the complete realization of that narrow personal destiny. Such a self-fulfilment must consist of personal passions indulged, of personal ambitions ruthlessly carried out, of personal ideals pursued, of personal hopes and cravings relentlessly gratified. There we have a Herod the Great, or a Nero.

Digitized by Google

But if by "self" he means this little atom of life and power and skill brought into co-ordination with other similar atoms, and organized as parts in a vaster unity,—in an orchestra, in a brotherhood, in a business firm, in a state, in a system of civilization, in a kingdom of God, whatever that larger unity may be,—and if by "the law of self" he means that larger law which governs the unity of which he is a part,—that larger purpose which controls the orchestra or the business firm or the state or the civilization of which he is a member,—then his self-fulfilment must mean the obedience of that larger law, the service of that vaster purpose; and such self-fulfilment must consist of personal passions not indulged, but regulated to the demands of that higher law. It must consist of personal ambitions not ruthlessly carried out, but modulated to the requirements of that vaster purpose. The higher law may sometimes demand that this individual craving or ambition shall be suppressed and denied. Very good: then that little bit of self-suppression, of self-denial, becomes at once a portion of that man's self-fulfilment. The sovereign purpose may sometimes require that the individual's native aptitude or genius be neglected or obliterated. Very good: then that piece of deliberate self-neglect, of deliberate self-obliteration, becomes at once a factor in that man's self-fulfilment. The conductor of the orchestra may sometimes reach out his wand to motion our violinist into silence. It is true that the violinist can play. He is not wanting in skill. It is true that he longs to play. His fingers are itching for the strings. He is not lacking in desire. But the nature of the symphony, whose proper performance is the purpose of the orchestra, whose proper performance is the accepted purpose of every man in the orchestra, requires that this particular player shall keep silent at this particular spot. Very well: then in that bit of self-suppression, in that moment of silence, our violinist perfects his self-fulfilment just as much as in those other passages where his eager bow sweeps rapturously across the strings.

All of which would seem to indicate, would it not, that the case of John the Baptist is no such contradiction as it had appeared at first, but that it is possible to reconcile his personal sacrifice with his self-fulfilment. "He must increase, but I must decrease." We are both members of a larger unity—the Kingdom of God. We both think of ourselves in connection with that greater organism, as parts and fragments in that larger unity. We both acknowledge the law of the Kingdom of God to be our law, the purpose of the Kingdom of God to be our purpose; and in the obedience of that law, and in the fulfilment of that purpose, we each find our self-fulfilment, and discover all the holy joy that self-fulfilment brings. The service of the Kingdom of God, that is our accepted ambition. The performance of that divine symphony, that is the private desire of each one of us. That is what we are here for. Now, the exigencies of that divine symphony require that at this point he shall increase, and that I shall decrease. Very good: because it is demanded by the purpose which we both acknowledge, in my personal decrease I find my self-fulfilment no less than he in his personal increase finds his self-fulfilment; and, in so far as I am able to make that sacrifice of personal obliteration, this my joy is fulfilled. In obeying the law which he recognizes, a man finds his truest self-expression. In serving the purpose which he acknowledges, a man attains his highest self-fulfilment. If that law bids him develop and employ his native powers, there is self-expression; but if that sovereign purpose demands that he should deny and repudiate his personal power and ability, even in that act of personal denial and personal repudiation is his self-fulfilment, even in that heavy and disappointing sacrifice of personal eagerness and skill is his joy fulfilled.

We are beginning to see very clearly that the present war has its source ultimately in sundry metaphysical antipathies. In a very true sense this is a conflict of philosophies, a warfare of theories. It is neither political ambition nor racial spite and prejudice nor the greed of wealth and power that have primarily caused this strife, though these factors have all subsequently put in their appearance. It is primarily a philosophical doctrine which must stand sponsor for all this bloodshed and ruin, and, since in the last resort religion and philosophy are identical, we are wholly justified in saying that, of all the religious wars which the world has seen in the thousands of years of its history, the greatest and the most critical is the one which is being waged to-day. It appears that, during the last generation only, the teachings of two eminent men have been exerting, quietly and in unsuspected ways, a vast and increasing influence upon the mind of Germany. One of these men was Heinrich Treitschke: the other was Friedrich Nietzsche. If they had lived, one would have been seventy-eight years of age, the other would have been seventy years old on October 15. Of these two men, whose teachings were quite similar, the younger one, Nietzsche, was the greater philosopher, the more profound and fearless thinker. It is his thought which has exerted the greater influence, and which has been working, throughout these past thirty years, as quietly and insidiously through the minds of his countrymen as the little lump of yeast that in time leavens the whole mass. He was essentially a lover of life, a believer in humanity, an ardent apostle of self-fulfilment. He believed that the true outcome of this evolutionary process, which has been at work since the beginning of time, must be and is a full, splendid, powerful human creature,—what he called the Superman,—physically and intellectually able, competent, and powerful: a Siegfried, or a Charlemagne, or a Richard Lion-Heart. That Superman, that magnificent human creature, that splendid embodiment of physical and intellectual power is the true aim and object of the evolutionary process; and it is only as the evolutionary process succeeds in evolving or producing that type of mankind upon this earth that it vindicates itself and is satisfied. That is his tremendous gospel. Everything else depends upon that. We are placed here upon this earth to fulfil ourselves, to develop and unfold our latent possibilities, both physical and intellectual, in such fashion that we shall ultimately evolve from this present half-manhood into our full manhood, into the Superman type of humanity—the embodiment of human power. With this Superman in view as the proper end and object of human evolution, it becomes necessary at once to examine our standards of moral conduct, our notions of right and wrong, our ideas of good and bad, for it is evident that only that which helps to realize the Superman is moral and right and good, while everything that hinders is immoral and wrong and bad. We find, as soon as we begin such an examination, that there is much of what we have always called good conduct that does not help to attain the Superman, and much of what we have always called bad conduct that does help to attain the Superman. Therefore it is necessary to correct our moral standards, and to redistribute our moral values; gathering together under the head of moral conduct everything that helps to attain Superman, and gathering under the head of immoral conduct everything that hinders. This process of redistributing our moral values the philosopher calls transvaluing our values. "Transvalue your values or ye perish," he cries. For example, we have always considered it good morals

Digitized by Google

to pity the weak, to help the needy, to succor the distressed; but what effect have such actions upon the attainment of Superman? Evidently they hinder that attainment, for they make it just so much easier to stay weak and needy. They have the tendency to perpetuate human distress and incompetence. Therefore these actions are not moral, but immoral. Again, we have always considered it sinful for the strong to take what they want from the weak, for the able man to ruin his humbler competitor, for the rich man to turn a deaf ear to the cry of the hungry little street-urchin; but how might such actions affect the attainment of Superman? Evidently they help that attainment, for they brush aside a lot of petty obstacles and allow the strong man to stride on to the true goal of his self-fulfilment. Therefore they are not sinful, but good and moral actions. In view of the Superman we must transvalue our values. We must build up a new moral code, and the strong man who sacrifices himself for the weak, like Jim Bludso, whose ghost went up alone in the smoke of the Prairie Belle, must be regarded by us as a recreant; and Major Archibald Butt, and some other strong men, who stayed on the Titanic so that the women from the steerage might have seats in the life-boats, were not heroes or noblemen. They were sinners.

When this philosopher came to study Christianity he was relentlessly consistent. How did Christian theory and practice affect the attainment of Superman? "Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God"? "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"? "Whosoever would be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me"? "Go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me"? Does this sort of talk point to Superman? Assuredly not. Or here are some samples of Christian practice. Here is a hospital, or an asylum, or a charity organization. It is instituted in the name of Christianity. It takes money and time and thought and strength to run it. Does this sort of thing help to attain Superman? Plainly not. It simply serves to glut our society with incompetents. Therefore it is all wrong. Christianity, root and branch, is all wrong, because it means mercy and pity and self-denial in behalf of the weak, and because it engenders a race of incompetents, and because it restrains the strong in their onward stride to self-fulfilment and the Superman. It is all wrong; and the Good Samaritan was a fool, and Christ richly deserved his death.

Perhaps that is enough to indicate in a very crude way what Nietzsche's philosophy is and what some of its applications are. It is very difficult for us to consider these things dispassionately, but that is precisely what we must do. The times call for straight, hard, quiet thinking. These doctrines were first received with indifference, with ridicule, and with downright repugnance; but they have lingered, they have gradually grown in favor, they have been taken up and adapted by political writers, they have spread to other countries, and we are beginning to see that they form the intellectual background against which, and against which alone, the present war becomes intelligible. There is much here with which we can agree heart and soul. We all believe in self-fulfilment. We all have our ideal of manhood, our Superman, embodying the ineffable power of God-likeness. Paul has expressed our aspiration in his own magnificent words—that we may all attain unto the full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. We all deplore the fact that the practice of the Christian virtues of charity and mercy and helpfulness and self-denial so often seems to pauperize its objects instead of setting them on their feet, and so often seems to increase rather than diminish the number of the weak and the incompetent; and we are bent heart and soul upon the discovery of truer methods of philanthropic treatment, which will not merely alleviate the condition, but remove the cause. To this extent we are all disciples of Nietzsche, and can honor him and profit by his teachings. But there comes a moment where agreement ceases, and open conflict begins. That moment we have reached. The gage is flung down. It is Christ or Superman. Will you follow this Superman,—this embodiment of power and selfhood? this Moloch who devours the weak and the helpless? Will you tread his iron pathways of self-fulfilment, taking what you want, crushing what is in your way, striding on to your goal, only to find when you arrive there an empty temple and a deserted shrine? Or will you follow this Christ, this embodiment of God's love and tenderness, who spent his life in deeds of mercy and helpfulness and gave his life in obedience to God's will, and who in that supreme act of self-denial fulfilled himself? Will you tread his thorny path of self-fulfilment in company with John the Baptist, and Peter and Paul, and many a humble saint and many an unknown martyr, who knew but one thing—that their lives were in the life of God, that they were strong only as God dwelt in them, that they were themselves only as they gave themselves to God's will, and did the work he commanded, and made the personal denials that he asked? Will you learn with them at the last that, by thinking of yourself in connection with God's life, acknowledging his law to be your law and his purpose your purpose, by giving yourself to his Master Will, you shall find yourself, and the joy of your manhood and womanhood will be fulfilled?

It has seemed best to an all-wise Providence to lay this question again before the world for tragic settlement. We cannot tell what the outcome will be, but the moment is a wonderful clarifier of our thought and a wonderful reinforcement of our faith in the Christ we have served and in whose name we have built up our institutions of thought and idealism and moral conduct. It may be that Christ must again suffer rejection and crucifixion at the hands of men, but Christ lives by reason of his crucifixions. It may be the God of Christ will be spurned and repudiated, but he who undertakes to resist the God of Christ has embarked upon an immeasurable enterprise. After all, our hearts cannot doubt, our faith cannot falter. God is real, and Christ is worthy, and the confidence of his disciples is not misplaced.

BOSTON, MASS.

Spiritual Life.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.—*George Herbert.*

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—*Longfellow.*

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and say, "'Tis all barren!" And so it is, and so is all the world, to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers.—*Sterne.*

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.—*Farrar.*

Digitized by Google

Literature.

The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy. By Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.—When Prof. Vedder expounds to us the gospel of Jesus, he is admirable. And it is indeed good to hear such an exposition coming out of one of the strongholds of orthodoxy. The Church truly is awakening when it is possible for a teacher of Church history in one of our schools of theology to declare explicitly against the old doctrine of the atonement as the essence of the gospel, and to proclaim that first of all the aim of Jesus was to establish a kingdom of heaven here on earth. But when Mr. Vedder goes on to apply this gospel to the life of the world, he is far less convincing. Jesus himself did not much so apply it. He left it to work itself out in practical affairs, and that in the end is what it will have to do. This book is mostly devoted to a bitter impeachment of the existing social order and to advocacy of collective ownership of the tools of industry as the proper remedy to apply. It is possible that our existing machinery of production is radically wrong Certainly it is in many respects inadequate and defective. But there is something else that is still more wrong, and that is the spirit in which this machinery is managed and directed. Socialists generally seem to think that when the proper machinery can be invented and set going the proper spirit will follow as a matter of course. But is it not far more likely that men with the right spirit would administer our present forms of social order so as to get what we want out of them, than that men with the wrong spirit could make good machinery go right? The present mood and temper of the "world's workers" does not promise well for collective ownership. They have too much of the militant and too little of the co-operative spirit. Collective ownership, if it might grow out of such roots as co-operative societies have planted in England and Belgium, would have a good chance to succeed. Set up out of hand, by legislation, it would probably prove a dismal failure.

Rambles Around Old Boston. By Edwin M. Bacon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50.—Mr. Bacon has been happy in bringing out the Old-World flavor of the streets and byways and houses of that Boston which still remains to connect the passer-by of to-day with the colonial period. Books may come and books may go, but the interest in the Boston of the past only deepens as modern ideas make their way and cities spring up untouched by the ancient traditions. These chapters dwell lightly on many a significant reminiscence, and recall men and women whose influence on the history of their times is recognized by many who never walked these streets. It seems sometimes as if the Western inheritors of Old Massachusetts names were more keenly alive to the interest of such chapters as these than their cousins who might be supposed to be more familiar with Old Boston. Yet we are not sure of this, and it is certain that these rambles through Boston streets with such a guide as Mr. Bacon, the antiquary, and Mr. Hornby, the artist, will give information as well as deepened appreciation to the reader.

O James. By H. M. Edginton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.—James is a new character in fiction,—a generous man whose wife simply refuses to help him spend his over-large income, and who coils himself into impossible complications by engaging, in perfect innocence, five young women to perform her duties in that direction. The girls accustom themselves quickly to luxury, as might be expected. When the wife's awakening comes, however, she quickly takes matters into her own hands, and how she settles the situation is the best part of the story. It is all extravagant humor, which depends largely on the conviction of James that the world is truly good and that nobody can misjudge him for setting up five establishments, besides his own home, in as many different cities, in each of which a deserving young woman shall enjoy the luxuries to which she has hitherto been a stranger.

Good Stories for Great Holidays. Edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.—This admirable collection of short stories, though intended for the children's own reading and for reading aloud, is also especially adapted to story-telling. They are of many kinds, taken from many different sources, but all delightfully told, making a real treasure-store. They are grouped under the holidays, a convenient arrangement, which, however, need not be too strictly observed, for all the stories are good for any day in the year. Besides the stories connected with the older holidays, there are groups for Lincoln's birthday, mother's day, bird day, arbor day, etc. As far as possible the stories are given in their original form, but for the editor's purpose many have naturally had to be rewritten, a work which Miss Olcott has performed with care and notable success.

The Lure of London. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.—The London of these chapters is not the darkened city, harassed by tales of war and anxiously planning relief for soldiers and refugees, but the London of history and romance, of social splendor and its startling contrasts, of radiant art and literature, sports and amusements, serious thought and generous philanthropies. London can allure no less than Florence and Rome, and Miss Whiting has had opportunities to discover the secrets of its allurement. She writes with a glow and an enthusiasm which has won for her a multitude of appreciative readers, and the numerous handsome illustrations with which the book is thickly besprinkled combine with the text to make this a very attractive gift-book, of more permanent value than gift-books generally have.

The Little Buffalo Robe. By Ruth Everett Beck. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.—Little Buffalo Robe is a child of the Omahas who lives on the great prairies in the days before the coming of the white man. She is taken prisoner by a hostile tribe, and when she escapes from imprisonment makes her way back to her own people. The story has a peculiarly Indian atmosphere, partly because it is told in short, direct sentences and characteristic imagery, and partly because it is illustrated by Angel De Cora and Lone Star, of the Art Department, Carlisle Indian School, who have known how to make accurate and intelligent drawings to accompany it. Mrs. Beck, the wife of an American army officer, has a deep interest in the Indians, and draws her little heroine with sympathy and appreciation.

A Knight on Wheels. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.—*The Right Stuff*, *A Safety Match*, *A Man's Man*, and *Happy-go-Lucky* mark the successive stages in Ian Hay's triumphant career into the affections of novel-readers. His bluff, masculine point of view and his irrepressible humor combine with a real genius for creating unusual characters and situations to make his books "different." To whatever grade of society or personal type his men and women belong, they are always interesting, and landlady Grice with her presents from Sir Percy, Miss Jennings the stenographer, Brand the Socialist foreman, and other minor personages are as clear-cut as the more important *dramatis personæ*. The book is thoroughly enjoyable, as readers of his earlier books are quite ready to believe.

The Dot Book. By Clifford Leon Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 net.—Children like to do things themselves, and this book, which must be completed by the fortunate boy or girl who receives it, contains ingenious provision for satisfying this desire. It is a happy combination of nursery rhymes and pictures which at first appear to be only a confused conglomeration of dots, but which by proper treatment transform themselves into illustrations. The parent or friend who adds this to his Christmas store will do well if he resists the temptation to "try just one picture," himself. As there are twenty-seven pictures, the entertainment will last a long time, and when the illustrations have been finished the book will still remain.

Left End Edwards. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.—That this is a football story is sufficiently indicated by the title, and boys all know that Mr. Barbour writes football stories with spirit and sustained interest. Not one of our writers for boys has portrayed preparatory school life with its various phases of athletic competition more vividly and faithfully than Mr. Barbour, but he also includes something of the deeper side of school-boy development. He shows here that hard knocks may not be a misfortune and that defeat may be the best preparation for victory. His boys are real boys, bright, clean, and active, and the book is the more interesting for its connection with the life beyond school limits.

The Little Mother Goose Prize Picture Books. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.—Each season brings some attractive new idea in the form of books for children, like *The Hole Book*, *The Dot Book*, or those extraordinary German books which, with an arrangement of strings, become a toy theatre. Carolyn Wells's versions of Mother Goose stories are not dependent for their interest, however, on the fact that the six small volumes make, when properly

Digitized by Google

put together, a puzzle-picture of Mother Goose herself. Each is a real story. Jack Horner, Tommy Tucker, Miss Muffet, Bo-peep, Polly Flinders, and the little Robin Redbreast who "sat upon a tree" have characteristic experiences.

THE ESKIMO TWINS. By Lucy Pitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 net.—Mrs. Perkins's story about the twins who lived in the far Northland, had their home in a queer little igloo which they entered by a tunnel, and amused themselves in strange ways, will be found quite as interesting as the stories about the Dutch, the Japanese, and the Irish twins, already favorites with small readers. Child nature is not altered by climate, and the fat, jolly little twins are real children, whose ups and downs, adventures and narrow escapes, are all told in a way to delight other children born amid more ordinary surroundings. Mrs. Perkins illustrates her own stories.

THE ROSIE WORLD. By Parker Fillmore. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.30 net.—Rosie is a heroine of *Everybody's Magazine*. Her world, bounded by a newspaper route on one side and an exacting family on the other, might seem narrow to readers who prefer tales of fashionable society, but it took wit and wisdom to steer her way safely through its mazes. It wasn't her fault that her sister's love affairs did not run the way she desired, for she certainly took them seriously enough, and played the part of watch-dog to perfection. The story is marked by consistent characters, vivid glimpses of life in a tenement district, and humorous episodes.

BIG TREMAINE. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.—It would be a sad mistake if the novel writers should strive unremittingly for new themes and new plots. The old play between honor and self-interest, the dual impulses that urge a man two ways at once, the thrill that readers feel in successful self-conquest and renunciation, and the satisfaction of having things come out all right through devious ways,—these are all here in a well-written and interesting novel. Big Tremaine is the kind of hero who will always be popular as long as the love of romance endures, and Isobel, with her honest, natural outlook on life and character, is a fitting mate for him.

BLUE BONNET IN BOSTON, OR BOARDING-SCHOOL DAYS AT MISS NORTH'S. By Caroline E. Jacobs and Lela H. Richards. Boston: The Page Company. $1.50.—The Page Company have published some most successful series of books for girls, as the Little Colonel stories proved some time ago. The Blue Bonnet Series falls into the same class, with a charmingly impulsive heroine, whose warm heart may get her into trouble, but whose honest common sense usually shows her the straight way to get out again. It is a bright, entertaining story, with happy girls, good times, natural development, and a gentle earnestness of general tone.

SUNSHINE RECORD BOOK. By Anna Sanford Thompson. Boston: Pilgrim Press.—This is a book planned especially for shut-ins, not in order to instruct them, but to entertain them and to suggest sunshine and cheer, giving them something to do as well as to think about. Here are calendars for the weather record, places for Christmas and birthday lists, guest and letter records, blanks for quotations and jokes and puzzles, and scattered everywhere are sunshiny poems and quotations. Perhaps the most useful page is that which contains suggestions for keeping the records and shortening dull hours. The book is appropriately prefaced by a picture of Helen Keller.

THE REFORMATION OF JIMMY. By Henriette Eugenie Delamare. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.20 net.—The opening chapter of this book introduces a most disagreeable family, in which each member shows serious faults of training and purpose, such as appear at the outset quite hopeless of betterment. When Aunt Emma comes she begins the reformation, and what she accomplishes in a year makes a story of surprising accomplishment. Jimmy is by no means the only brand plucked from the burning, and it is evident that if all such families could only have such an Aunt Emma, our reform schools would be unnecessary.

THE ROSE OF ROSES. By Mrs. Henry Backus. Boston: The Page Company. $1.25 net.—This is called by the publisher "a story that adheres to convention under the most unconventional circumstances." It begins in the Rathskeller at Bremen, thickly strewn with German words and phrases, and is continued during a voyage across the Atlantic, the record of which occupies the greater part of the book. The love story has a happy ending.

THE BAILEY TWINS. By Anna C. Chamberlain. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.—The seven-year-old twin girls whose amusing conversations and laughable doings are chronicled in this book were no angelic little patterns of propriety, for they quarrelled and made up, fell into scrapes and wriggled out of them, and kept things lively generally in their much-enduring family. They are very likable, and the story of their experiences will entertain small readers.

Miscellaneous.

The Harvard University Press publishes *The Spiritual Message of Dante*, by W. Boyd Carpenter. It will be remembered that the six chapters of the book were first given by Bishop Carpenter as lectures of the William Belden Noble Foundation of Harvard.

THE MIND OF CHRIST

LEAFLET SERMONS

By

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

1. The Mind of Christ
2. The Gospel in the Gospels.
3. Ethics of the Sermon on the Mount.
4. Sermon on the Mount. How Jesus fulfils Law.
5. Sermon on the Mount. The Beatitudes.
6. The Central Idea of the Sermon on the Mount.
7. Sermon on the Mount. Three Degrees of Hatred—Anger, Defamation, Contempt.
8. Sermon on the Mount. The Sin of Anxiety.
9. Sermon on the Mount. Saying and Doing.
10. The House on the Rock and the House on the Sand.
11. How the Insight of Jesus led Foresight.
12. What did Jesus himself teach concerning Probation and the Condition of the Heathen?

Sent gratis for the use of Post-office Mission Workers, or to any one interested

Address, Miss L. Freeman Clarke
91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE SURVEY

Social Service ***Civic Progress*** ***Industrial Problems***

THE SURVEY is a weekly magazine for all those who believe that progress in this country hinges on social service; that legislation, city government, the care of the unfortunate, the education of children, the work of men and the homes of women, must pass muster in their relation to the common welfare.

THE SURVEY brings to bear upon such subjects through its weekly issues the hard-won experience, the analysis and judgment, and, still more important, the ideals, of the social and civic workers of the country. Among these, ROBERT A. WOODS, FLORENCE KELLEY, and OWEN LOVEJOY are frequent contributors. The editors are EDWARD T. DEVINE, GRAHAM TAYLOR, JANE ADDAMS, and PAUL U. KELLOGG.

Scholarly readers will find that the regular departments devoted to civics, industry, health, education, church and community and social agencies, which appear weekly, facilitate reference to it on special subjects. For this reason THE SURVEY is used as collateral reading for courses in social economy, sociology, economics, and social service, etc., in leading colleges throughout the country.

The subscription price is $3.00 a year; or we will send to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER six months' issues for $1.00.

THE SURVEY ASSOCIATES, Inc.

105 East 22d Street, New York, N.Y.

Digitized by Google

The Home.

Thanksgiving.

I'm glad I am a little girl,
And have the afternoons for play;
For, if I was a busy bee,
I s'pose I'd have to work all day.

And, if I was an owl, I'd be
Afraid to keep awake all night;
And, if I was an elephant,
How could I learn to be polite?

And, if I was the Jersey calf,
I might forget my name and age;
And, if I was a little dog,
I couldn't read the Children's Page.

My sakes! When I begin to count,
It makes my head go all awhirl,
There are so many reasons why
I'm glad I am a little girl.

—*Anna M. Pratt*

Learning How.

BY KATE HUDSON.

November was drawing to its close, and Trinette was wondering whether this Thanksgiving Day would find her feeling more Thank-you (as she called it) than last year, when she had been but six and a half years and entirely untouched by the inner significance of the day.

"But, mother, I don't feel Thank-you at all; really and truly I don't," she had declared, and had repeated the statement over and again until all the family—all, that is, but mother—had grown very tired of it.

"What! not for all that turkey and pumpkin-pie," Uncle Dick had marvelled, "nor for this morning's long auto-ride, nor for all those brand-new Victrola records this afternoon? Well," as Trinette solemnly shook her curly pate, "you are an ungrateful atom!"

"She's a most dreadfully spoiled child," had been stern Aunt Sophia's verdict; "and if she were mine she'd never have another chance at a day like this!"

"What a very odd child!" Cousin Natalie had sighed, gazing at Trinette through her long-stemmed eye-glasses until that little lass squirmed in her seat. "Really, she is too queer for comfort."

"Queer, did you say, Natalie?" father had cried with his hearty laugh. "She's a dear, that's what,—father's dear, aren't you, Trinkette?"

But mother had drawn her little daughter to her lap and had murmured, "She'll know better and feel as thankful as anybody next year when she's seven, won't you, honey?"

Now it had become "next year" and Trinette was quite seven and over, knowing less than ever about the real Thanksgiving.

On Monday afternoon, while Trinette was playing paper-dolls by the window, Uncle Dick and Cousin Natalie were taking tea with mother.

"Really, Millicent [that was mother], you and Frank [and that was father] make me weary! To think of declining an invitation like this one just because you cannot take Trinette! Why, it's absurd. The child will be perfectly safe here at home with her nurse and the other maids."

"And she doesn't believe in Thanksgiving, anyway," laughed Uncle Dick, "do you, Trinette? I'll wager she doesn't know a bit more about that Thank-you feeling this year than last year, do you, Trinette?" Above the giggling that followed Trinette's sober "No, sir," father was heard to disclaim any intention of leaving his small daughter to a solitary holiday.

"No, indeed!" he continued. "Millicent and I will drop her at mother's, at Hopedale, on our way to Lenox. You'd like that, honey-girl? Wouldn't you just love to spend your Thanksgiving at grandma's on the farm?"

This was why, on that Wednesday evening, after helping grandma clear away supper and wipe dishes, and following that busy woman round generally below stairs, Trinette, while being made ready for bed upstairs, was telling grandma all about it.

"You don't say!" exclaimed grandma, deeply interested. "They couldn't teach you how to feel Thank-you in kindergarten?" Trinette shook her head.

"Nor in dancing-class?" Trinette shook it again.

"Nor even in Sunday-school? I declare!" cried grandma, with a wondering shake of her head. "Well, then, you'll just have to go about with me to-morrow and take a few lessons from us farm-folk. We'll have to look sharp, too, so's you'll know enough to feel thankful on Thanksgiving Day."

She heard Trinette say her "Now I lay me," tucked her snugly in, and then sat with her, "just for this once because the room is new and strange to you," until she fell asleep.

All grandma's pets had their breakfasts before grandma herself sat down to hers, and it was while fetching milk for the kitten and water for bird and window-plants that Trinette had her first lesson.

"Now watch Muffins," suggested grandma, when that small pussy, after a hearty meal, first washing both front paws and then his pink nose, rolled himself into a furry ball and loudly purred his satisfaction. "That's the way Muffins shows his Thank-yous."

"Look at Twitters," said grandma, with a smile, when the elderly canary-bird, after a dozen dips into feed and water mugs, fluttered to his perch and trilled and tremoloed in shrill delight. "That's his way of showing it. And here's my bonny cyclamen," grandma concluded, carefully watering her favorite plant. "Just stick your small nose right in here among the pink and white blossoms and take a long, long sniff. Smells good, doesn't it? Well, that's the way my posies breathe their Thank-yous."

After breakfast, in jacket and tam, Trinette went with grandma to see the chickens.

"Each one," explained grandma, "after drinking puts back its head and looks up at the sky. That's my hens' Thank-you."

In the barn Dan and Dobbin turned away from their overflowing manger to look at grandma and give her a happy whinny by way of showing how they felt, while Clover fixed them with a softly solemn black eye and blew a fragrant, gustily contented sigh at them, and outside Rover bounded about and barked, and wildly wagged his heartiest Thanksgiving feelings.

"All of them," declared grandma, quite seriously, "feel, show, and say, each in his own peculiar way, that they know how to feel Thank-you. Now let's go in and get ready for our company."

All morning long Trinette helped manfully, fetching and carrying for grandma and saving that busy woman "some seventy thousand steps," as she called it. The company consisted of four very elderly ladies from the Town Home, who greatly appreciated grandma's turkey and "go-witherums," and waxed enthusiastic over the luscious pumpkin-pies. After dinner the six celebrators gathered before the open fire, while Trinette, at grandma's urgent request, spoke some kindergarten "pieces" and even danced the dew-drop dance for the guests. Then, in the early twilight, the little girl sat on her own particular hassock at grandma's knee while the five old ladies told of former 'way-back Thanksgiving days.

Somehow, whatever the beginning and the end of each story, and whatever lay in between, the sum and substance of each old-wife's tale was one, big, cordial, really truly Thank-you, until Trinette felt this same warm Thanksgiving spirit enfold her little heart like velvet.

Suddenly there were steps and a knock at the front door, and, when grandma opened, there—just fancy!—stood father and mother come to spend the evening and the night with their little daughter at grandma's!

"Come in, dearies," said grandma. "Come in. How glad and thankful I am you've come to help us keep Thanksgiving!"

But Trinette hurled herself upon her parents. "Oh, mother, mother!" she cried. "I've learned how to feel Thank-you, mother! I learned it this morning, father, just in time for Thanksgiving, from everything on grandma's farm!"

Tillie's Knitting-work Lesson.

When my grandma was young, little girls were taught to do many useful things. Little girls thought it no hardship to wash and dry the dishes, and spread up the beds after a stronger hand had shaken the great feather mattresses; and all the doll-clothes of those days must have been well made, because the "little mothers" were given every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting, or knitting, as soon as they were old enough to learn.

One day, one summer, grandma's mother called her three little daughters to her, and said: "I am going to teach you to knit. I will give a reward for the first pair of socks; and how proud father will be to wear them!"

Then she gave Lucinda, Alida, and little Tillie each a great ball of yarn and a set of shining knitting-needles. She patiently spent a great deal of time in showing them how to "set up a sock" on three needles, and how to hold it, and how to use the fourth needle to really "knit."

The upper maid, Dinah, was to show them how to shape the heel and toe, and "narrow" and "bind off," as she herself was to be away for some weeks.

So every day, very soon, each little girl took her ball and needles, and went away to her own favorite nook, and for some time a very lively race went on for the prize.

For at least a fortnight the little girls knitted industriously. Then Alida began to weary, even before one sock was completed; and Lucinda's sock grew very slowly, though the knitting always showed even and smooth.

But how little Tillie did work! Her small fingers fairly flew. Her little white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of yarn, and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say

Digitized by Google

to them. Every day she took her little stool out into the grape-arbor and diligently knitted away, though the shouts of the children paddling in the brook came to her ears, the loudest among them the voices of her two sisters.

"I *will* finish first," she said. "I *will* win the prize! I know I *can!*"

After a very long time to Tillie, and a surprisingly short time to the sisters, Tillie announced—it was on the day after mother's return home—that her socks were finished; and then Alida wished she had not been having such a good time and had more to show than just one-half of a sock, not very tidy-looking. Lucinda had finished one sock, and it was very prettily and evenly knitted; but she, too, was ashamed that little Tillie had outdone her.

Tillie laid the pair of socks on mother's lap with a triumphant little smile.

The three little girls hovered near while mother slipped one of the socks over her hand.

But what do you think?

There were about a hundred little holes where Tillie had dropped a stitch every now and then! Alas! And the other sock was quite as bad.

Mother smiled as she said, "These socks will have to be darned before they can be worn."

Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda put her arms around poor little Tillie, whose tears were falling softly over the careless work.

"Never mind, Tillie," she said; "you will get the prize, for you *did* knit the first pair."

Well, grandma's mother—grandma was Tillie—gave them each a prize for learning to knit,—a little work-box, with needles, scissors, thread, and tiny thimble.

"Tillie has learned something else, too, I think," said mother as she stooped to kiss the tear-stained and sorry little face. Then she gave Tillie her work-box, a pretty blue one, and said in a whisper, "Make haste slowly!"

Grandma says it has been over fifty years since she won that prize, and she has forgotten how to knit; but the lesson she learned along with her knitting she will *never* forget.—*Mary Goodwin Hubbell, in Little Folks.*

The Homesick Squirrel.

A physician who loves animals, and is much interested in the squirrels of Central Park, while out walking one day found one of these pets ailing, and carried it home. Not having time to nurse the invalid, she brought it to a friend who she knew was also fond of the squirrels. This friend tells the following story about her charge:—

I fixed a box with leaves and excelsior, and in this it lay quiet, and when hungry would lap the warm milk I offered it. After a few days it began to show signs of improvement, and soon it became so lively as to frisk about the house, begging for nuts, apparently fully recovered. Then, to my surprise, one day it began to mope. All my petting was useless. In no way could I induce it to eat or play. The next morning I found it buried under the excelsior in its box, and there it lay indifferent to all my tempting and coaxing. I sent for the physician, who came and examined it.

"I can't find anything the matter with it," she said, looking puzzled. "You don't suppose it's lonesome for the woods?"

"It may be," I replied.

"Well, let's take it to the Park and see what it will do," she proposed.

When we reached a woodsy part of the Park, we set the box down at the foot of a large tree and opened the lid. With one bound the squirrel reached the tree and went up like a flash. That was the last we saw of it.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Nimble and Fleet.

Nimble and Fleet had a small house to themselves in the corner of the porch. It was fixed on the railing, and a thick grape-vine shaded it from the hot sun. There was a back bedroom, and in front a parlor, so to speak, with bars for walls, and a big wheel.

This wheel served two purposes. It kept the pair of bushy-tailed, bright-eyed squirrels entertained and at the same time it gave them exercise. Whirl, whirl, whirl, it went when they jumped on,—sometimes so fast that Larry, standing on the outside, could not tell which was wheel and which was bushy tail.

Nimble played the wheel oftener, maybe because he needed exercise more, being round and plump, with the bigger appetite; maybe because he had a merrier squirrel heart than his brother.

Fleet was soberer than Nimble, and thinner and longer. He was often found sitting in the bedroom, watching the other's fine antics with the wheel. Sometimes he played with it himself, though not in Nimble's crazy fashion; but generally, when he came into the front room, it was to sidle up to the bars and push his nose through wistfully.

The truth was, Fleet longed and longed to be free. He could not make himself contented like Nimble, whirling forever on a dizzy wheel, for in his little squirrel heart he pined for the big woods and tall trees that he faintly remembered, the wide, clear spaces where he used to run before that dark day when a trap had caught himself and his brother before they knew what was happening.

One sunny September morning, Arthur, their young master came softly up to the cage and stood looking at his pets. It was the first time in many moons that he had seen them, for he was just up from a long, weary illness.

Nimble was having a wild time with the wheel; but Fleet crouched, a sad little ball, against the bars of the front room, staring out. Now and then he rose on his hind legs and scratched at the cold steel.

Arthur stood and watched him a long time, forgetting Nimble, who was showing off for dear life. All at once there came a flash of understanding into his eyes, and his heart grew warm with pity. He knew what was the matter with Fleet. All those long, tiresome days in the sickroom, surely he had felt like that! He had looked out of the window at the bright summer fields and ached all over to be free. In Fleet's sad little squirrel eyes was the same ache.

Nimble halted for an instant to get his breath, then went at the wheel again, madly. Such a racket he made, that neither heard the door of the cage softly swing on its hinges. Yet there it was, presently, wide open, nothing at all between the small room and the woods where ripe sweet nuts were dropping, dropping,—nothing at all!

A moment later, Fleet blew a short breath that was really a squirrel sigh, and turned with a little scuffle to patter wearily back to his bedroom. Then he saw.

Like a wild, gray streak he was gone. His hind feet scratched the cage floor with the jump he made; his body leaped the porch's edge; as fast as freed arrow he was off and away.

Nimble heard the scratch, and glanced down from his sport. The wheel stopped with a click; he could not believe his tiny senses. But he did not whirl any more. The wheel was a great game; but oh, the woods, the woods, the woods! A flurry of flying fur, he sped after his brother.

Arthur shaded his eyes and looked after them, but almost instantly they were lost in the happy sunlight. An hour later he crept out to the woods, peering among its soft lights and shadows. He felt very happy. At the foot of a tall slim tree he looked up and gave a little cry. Of course, squirrels are all very much alike. He could not be in the least sure, yet in his heart he was certain that here were Nimble and Fleet, for on the highest branch, their tails curved above their backs like triumphant banners, their eyes black with joy, sat two gray squirrels.

"Hello, old chaps!" sang Arthur. "Isn't it great?"—*Nancy Byrd Turner, in Sunday School Times.*

Baby's Crackers.

No one noticed baby as he toddled quietly out of the room, leaving his blocks scattered over the floor. When I missed him, I searched in all his favorite hiding-places, under the dining-room table, in the linen-closet, and even in the coal-bin. Then I began at the top of the house, and worked my way down, looking in every room until I came to the pantry. There I found him sitting before a new box of crackers. Piled up around him, like a wall of fortifications, were those he had already taken from the box. I stooped to pick them up, and found that a bite had been taken out of one corner of each, leaving the little circle of his mouth and the print of his teeth. There were just eight whole crackers left in the box.

A. T. N.

"Mother," said little Catherine, "I just saw a robin out of Jessie's window, singing so happily I didn't disturb him away."

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, Rev. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Bliss, Mars S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Foreign Notes and News.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

Rev. Tony André, the pastor of the French and German Swiss Protestant church in Florence, Italy, writes us a fraternal letter from that city. This is the church that is proprietor of the Protestant cemetery in Florence in which Theodore Parker, Mrs. Browning, Arthur Hugh Clough, Admiral Napier, and other great men and women have been laid away. Dr. André is an earnest friend of religious freedom and progress. He is also an archæologist of ability, and has made numerous visits in Oriental lands in pursuing his favorite science. He has recently returned from Tunis and Algeria, where, however, his researches had a somewhat unfortunate ending. He was overtaken by the decree for the mobilization of the French army. His return journey occupied twenty-two days. His brother and brother-in-law were called to arms in France, and it is an anxious hour with him and his people. He writes, "In these hours of anguish we appreciate doubly the testimony and sympathy of President Wilson and of the American people."

A recent death which deserves attention is the passing away of Miss Emily Sharpe of London, in her eighty-seventh year. Miss Sharpe was the daughter of the late distinguished Oriental scholar Samuel Sharpe, and a devoted and able helper in his two worlds of business and of learning. She mastered three ancient tongues,—Hebrew, Latin, and Greek,—and had a fair knowledge of at least three modern languages. She was remarkably well versed on the history of the Christian Church and the study of comparative religion. She was a thinker and writer of force. Her knowledge of the history of Unitarianism, not only in the British Isles, but also in Hungary, America, and other foreign lands, was remarkable. She was one of the most devoted members of our Unitarian fellowship, standing for intellectual sincerity in theology as well as for religious experience. A thorough student of the Bible, a faithful attendant at public worship, a generous contributor to small churches struggling to uphold the free faith in the midst of a world that is either indifferent or does not want to take any pains to learn about it, she was a noble figure in the life of our free fellowship in Great Britain. She founded scholarships for Hungarian students, aided the Ministers' Benevolent Society, helped the students at our denominational theological schools, and scattered books and pamphlets and papers advocating our views of religion and of life with indefatigable zeal. She was personally a woman of the greatest simplicity and unselfishness. No wonder there was a great attendance of leading Unitarians and friends at the funeral service, which was conducted by Rev. Dr. Tudor Jones of Unity Church, and other clergymen. The writer will never forget a visit which he paid on Miss Sharpe two or three years since, and the lesson it taught him of faithfulness and hope and trust even when advanced years have come upon the soul.

We have to cull news concerning our own colonies from a British journal, *The Christian Life*, which tells us: "A remarkable bonfire occurred recently in Northern Luzon, in the Philippine Islands. Two thousand five hundred Bibles were publicly burned in the plaza of Vigan, the largest and most important city of that section. It appears that these Bibles had been distributed by a Mr. McLaughlin in connection with a cinematograph exhibit of Scriptural films. The Catholic authorities in turn also gave a cinematograph exhibit, exacting as an admission fee one of the thousands of Bibles that had been distributed by McLaughlin. Some two thousand people gave this unique fee, and then the Bibles were publicly burned on the plaza by the Catholic authorities. The result, however, was that on the day after the bonfire three thousand Bibles were disposed of by the representatives of the American Bible Society. This unique advertisement of the Bible will doubtless make for the furtherance of Bible reading in the Philippines, as wide attention has been attracted to the event."

The same journal tells us: "There is a school in Queensland, Australia, the diameter of which is thousands of miles. Instead of having several schoolmasters in the scattered country, the government employs one competent schoolmaster, providing him with a powerful motor-car. He travels from farm to farm, making stops for two or three days at each, distributing books and mapping out a course of instruction by which the youngsters may teach themselves The teacher's car carries sixty gallons of petrol, ten gallons of oil, thirty gallons of water, and one hundred and fifty pounds of school-books. During the first term the schoolmaster travelled four thousand miles without ever seeing any railway anywhere."

An interesting item is that which we find in an English newspaper which quotes from the *London Times* of one hundred years ago, as follows: "On this day [Oct. 18, 1814] is published, price one shilling, 'A Discourse, delivered in Boston, North America, at the Solemn Festival in commemoration of the Goodness of God in delivering the Christian World from Military Despotism, June 15th, 1814. By William Ellery Channing, Minister of the Church in Federal-street, Boston. London: reprinted by J. and J. Hardy, 164, Shadwell High-street; and sold also by Messrs. Black, Parry and Co., Leadenhall-street.'"

The present writer may be, perhaps, forgiven a personal reminiscence in this connection. At the time of the Spanish-American War he preached to his Los Angeles, Cal., congregation a sermon in behalf of international peace, pleading for patience and fairness of judgment, and expressing the hope that pacific measures might still be found to prevent the evils of war, in accordance with the urgent advice of our American minister at the Court of Madrid. The Los Angeles *Times*, a paper of a very different character from that of its great London prototype and engaged in fomenting discord and international hatred, in a heated editorial denounced the preacher as a "traitor to his country and to his God," as "the orang-outang of the American pulpit," and in other choice epithets warning the community against him, giving orders that his name should never again be allowed to appear in its columns. The writer was not greatly affected by this tirade, though some of his church members were. A few days later an aged man with white locks and feeble steps came to his house and introduced himself as the only son of Dr. William Ellery Channing. He expressed his entire sympathy with the peace sentiments of the sermon under discussion, and to emphasize his feeling he presented the preacher with the manuscript of the great sermon which his father, Dr. Channing, nearly a century before, had preached in behalf of universal peace and the deliverance of the Christian world from military despotism. This significant and generous act more than compensated the preacher for the abuse that had been visited upon him. In later years he gave this much-prized manuscript to the library of the American Unitarian Association, where it may be handed down to future generations as one of its treasures.

There is a strong feeling arising in Switzerland that the proposal for peace between the fighting nations of the world should proceed from that country rather than from the United States. The writers in the Swiss journals ascribe only selfish motives to the tentative endeavors of the United States in the matter of securing a world peace, and seem to be actuated more by the spirit of international jealousy than of international justice and good will.

Prof. Martin Rade in his paper, the *Christliche Welt*, still writes in a large-minded and unprejudiced manner on the question of the war. No German journal which comes to our table is so fair, so brave, and so truly religious as this. Thus in a religious contemplation in the last number of his paper he says:—

"Jesus is amidst those who know him even on the battlefield, and teaches his disciples ever again and again to turn to Him in confidence who is their Father, whose voice is heard in the thunder of the cannon and the dreadful sights of the conflict; and now, what is more wonderful than all, he does not remain at our battle-front or in our hospitals he passes over to our enemies and there also seeks his own. He does not betray us, but he tells us that he knows of others on the other side of the conflict whom he loves and who need him. Before we ourselves come to appreciate it, he is binding us and them together in bonds of mutual respect among the contestants, of mutual helpfulness among the wounded, of faith in the coming necessary proclamation of peace. In the midst of battle Jesus does not give up his work among the children of men, even if they seem to have forgotten the lesson of the Sermon on the Mount. He says to them, 'Know ye not what spirit ye are of?' At first only one will listen to him, then certain others pay attention, but at last they all will understand and will testify that he and he alone is in the right in this matter. We have not yet reached this happy conclusion. There are some who even think that one should not say anything like this at present. It makes the soldiers soft and tender, and now the demand is for hardness and for standing fast in the conflict. We also believe in standing fast, but we could not do it if we did not ever look up to the higher ideal which Jesus shows us. We could not do it without finding in all the hatred and anger and conflict of our time the evidence of that Divine Love which He has planted in our hearts, and which includes even the love of one's enemies."

Rev. Clay MacCauley, our Unitarian representative in Tokyo, writes us:—

Digitized by Google

"I see in the war, above all, the struggle of two mighty principles: that which results in autocracy against that which secures democracy; monarchy against popular government, a long-prophesied social order against the ancient subjection of mankind to some 'divinely ordained' one man or group of men. I really believe that ere long the one great inspiration of our own life as missionaries is to receive through this struggle the biggest inflow of strength and promise of spread among mankind that it has ever had. We are blind and groping in the darkness; we lament that vision has ceased and our footsteps are brought to a stop; but by and by our eyes will be opened, our light will come, and we shall see that much has been removed which in the past has made our progress slow and discouraging. And we shall take courage, thank God, and go forward in a path made far easier than we had ever imagined it could become. Our work will be made to prosper in the coming days as it could not in the days that are gone. Let us make these days of enforced international inaction useful in preparing us for that 'more effective service when peace is declared,' of which you speak.

"All goes well here. We shall be ready for your Oriental pilgrimage when the time comes to move again. Our Tokyo work goes on without any special change. Dr. Peabody (the M.D.) has been here, and I have seen a good deal of him. He will tell you of things. Of course we are feeling the influence of the war, for Japan is now hammering away as participant in China. Our own country, because of the 'yellow press,' is much in discussion here. I am attending conferences often in which the relations of Japan and America are discussed. I am going to an important dinner of the Japan Peace Society next Tuesday. As one of the Committee of Publicity of the American Peace Society, as well as vice-president, it is supposed that I am on the 'lookout' about yellow journalism in Japan. Some important phases of this have occupied me. Next Sunday our Tokyo church is to have a baptismal service, when a goodly number of new members will be added to us. And then there will be an afternoon meeting of welcome."

Rikugo-Zasshi (or *Cosmos*), our Japanese Unitarian magazine published in Tokyo, devotes its 404th monthly number for September to Prof. Eucken and his philosophical opinions. It is quite remarkable to see how thoroughly informed our Japanese fellow-workers are on the literature of this topic and on German theology and philosophy in general. Other articles are on the war in Europe and its relation to both race and religion.

Prof. Eucken was prevented by the war, as we know, from visiting Japan. The last, or October, number of the magazine is increased in size to about 140 pages, and deals principally with the German people,—their civilization, literature, education, science, politics, and national characteristics. We are unable, alas, to read the Japanese original, but the programme of the sixteen articles is certainly very interesting. Among the writers are Prof. Anesaki, the Harvard exchange professor, Prof. Minami, who was educated in Germany, our Unitarian minister Rev. S. Uchigasaki, a former student at Oxford, Prof. Abe, who has charge of the social work of our Mission with its 2,500 members, and others.

The Unitarian Club of Boston.

"Laymen and Social Progress" was the topic discussed November 11, at the Somerset, by Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs of Marlboro, organizing secretary of the National League of Unitarian Laymen, Col. Frank L. Locke, president of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, and Rev. Elmer S. Forbes.

In opening the after-dinner exercises, President Kyle spoke feelingly of three members of the Club who since the last meeting had passed on to the larger life—William Endicott, Col. North, and William Howell Reed, the last-named having been one of the original members and for a long time secretary. Each of these men, he said, has been a conspicuous example of the high-minded honorable business man of Boston—mindful of every civic duty and responsibility, generous and helpful to worthy causes, and all of them devoted Unitarians.

Introducing the topic of the evening, Mr. Kyle said that this was an epoch of the social conscience and it is realized as never before that no man liveth unto himself.

Mr. Nobbs said in part:—

"When you come to think that 999 out of every 1,000 men are laymen anyhow, if there is to be any social progress it will have to be very largely by them. The National League of Unitarian Laymen was born some years ago, but stood still in its growth. What we have been trying to do for nearly a year has been to bring it healthy life and assure the world that it is here for a purpose. About one hundred of our five hundred churches have men's clubs, and over forty of these are now affiliated with our League."

Mr. Nobbs suggested various lines of work for men's clubs. There should be systematic publicity, to clear away the misinformation and haziness now existing in regard to Unitarianism. A second line of work is social service—a convenient phrase which covers a multitude of charities and also sins. It is not intended to suggest a programme for reconstructing the universe, for this world is not subject to cataclysms even of a reforming sort. The Unitarian church believes, however, that religion is a practical and this-world concern, whatever else it may be. It is for the men of a local church to give practical demonstration of what religion means in our interpretation of it. We have our feelings aroused in regard to pending measures, and, if there was some way of getting united effort, how much might be achieved!

Col. Frank L. Locke opened his address by reading a newspaper tribute to the late William Endicott, who scarcely five days before his death, with his eighty-nine years and the encumbrances of ill-health, went to the polls and performed his duty of citizenship. "I suspect we shall have social progress," Mr. Locke said, "in measure as the layman assumes toward it the same responsibility he readily accords every day to commercial and business affairs. Inefficiency results from duplication and lack of team-play. We need a general staff, a board of strategy."

Speaking of the Young Men's Christian Union, Col. Locke said that its main effort is for the development of citizenship in its highest sense, a policy it has followed from the beginning. "We need in the Union the financial assistance of the philanthropist and business man; we need the personal interest of the business man, and his active participation; and we need the college men, the graduate and the undergraduate, as fellow-members."

Rev. Elmer S. Forbes said in part:—

"The development of laymen's clubs in our churches makes a distinct epoch. This is not the time or place to suggest a programme for anybody, but there are certain things which can be done. Continually legislative measures are proposed which require the help and assistance of good men. In the coming winter the vice commission will have its recommendations which will make for the security of our young men and women. The building commission will propose a measure which will have far-reaching influence upon the lives of working men and women. The prison commissioner will propose measures of the utmost importance. When the moment comes I hope that we may have the privilege of asking your assistance upon some of these vital measures.

BELL'S SEASONING

Used by your Grandmother and every Generation since to deliciously flavor Dressings for Turkey, Chicken, Game, Meats, Fish.

A NICE TURKEY DRESSING. Toast 7 or 8 slices of white bread. Place in a deep dish, adding butter the size of an egg. Cover with hot water or milk to melt butter and make bread right consistency. Add one even tablespoon of Bell's Seasoning and one even teaspoon salt. When well mixed stir in 1 or 2 raw eggs. For goose or duck add one raw onion chopped fine.

JELLIED MEATS OR FOWL. 1 pint of cold meat or fowl, 1 teaspoon Bell's Seasoning, ½ teaspoon salt, liquid enough to fill pint mould. Add to liquid when hot, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine. Cool and serve on a base of lettuce leaves over which thin sliced lemon is placed.

DELICIOUS HOME MADE SAUSAGE. To each pound of fresh, lean pork add one level tablespoon of Bell's Poultry Seasoning and 1¼ even teaspoons salt. Sprinkle over the meat, cut fine, thoroughly mix to a stiff dough, then make into cakes and fry.

Bell's Booklet of valuable cooking recipes of your grocer or on receipt of postal.

For delicious Sausage flavor as directed, either with Bell's Spiced Poultry Seasoning, Bell's New England Sausage Seasoning, or Bell's White Sausage Seasoning.

MADE ONLY BY THE WILLIAM G. BELL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

52

Digitized by Google

Shall it be said that the only forces which cannot stand together for the right are the churches? Under wise leadership the men's clubs can make themselves so felt in sound, sane, right ways that their influence will be sought when it is wished to carry good measures, and that their power must be reckoned with when an attempt is made to pass bad measures. When we are all united for that which is reasonable and right, we may be sure that this old Commonwealth will advance even faster in the future than she has done in the past."

The Unitarian Name.

At the semi-annual meeting of the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Detroit, held Wednesday evening, November 4, about one hundred present, Rev. Eugene Rodman Shippen, minister, the following resolution offered by Miss Alice V. Guysi, a former trustee of the church, was adopted without a dissenting voice,—

"Believing that to the members of this church the name 'Unitarian' stands for that which is highest and best, mentally, morally, and spiritually; that the history and traditions of the wise men and women who have been leaders in the faith and works Unitarians believe in, as well as the more intimate associations and memories of this our home church and its people, constitute a most precious heritage with which we are unwilling to part, be it *Resolved*, That the members of the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Detroit assembled in semi-annual meeting address the commission appointed by the American Unitarian Association to consider the advisability of changing the denominational name, and make known to them our desire as a church to retain the name 'Unitarian,' a name we have learned so to love and revere that it has become a part of our very lives. We could not find an alternative, and we hope that this name will be handed down with our faith, to be a very present help to all future generations of men."

The Alliance.

The regular meeting of the Executive Board was held Nov. 13, 1914, the president, New England vice-president, treasurer, recording secretary, and twenty-one directors in attendance, representing Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York.

The president spoke with enthusiasm of her recent visit to the Vermont branches. Brattleboro rejoices in the facilities for larger service afforded by the new parish house. Windsor, although at present without a minister, was able from a branch membership of twenty to bring together thirty people to meet Miss Bancroft. Montpelier had its Junior Alliance present with the regular branch, all showing a fine spirit and excellent work. Burlington has a large, strong branch in a church that never neglects its young people, the latest sign of its interest being the new quarters in the basement of the church for the boys' club, rooms that the boys themselves helped to make ready.

From Vermont Miss Bancroft went to Washington, where the branch entertained the Baltimore ladies, to West Roxbury, Mass., for gentlemen's night, to Scituate for a neighborhood meeting, to Middleboro for a conference of branch presidents at the director's house, to West Newton, to Exeter, N.H., for a neighborhood meeting, then to Concord for another New Hampshire neighborhood gathering, to Beverly, Mass., that had Essex County branches as guests, and to Somerville.

The corresponding secretary reported in writing from Omaha that she has travelled or spoken every day, Sundays included, since she left New York. Mrs. Davis has met branches and advised with officers in Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and was then on the way to Wisconsin. She has spoken on Sunday from the pulpit, met men and women at evening sessions, and addressed State conferences and a special gathering of the Chicago Associate Alliance.

Mrs. Frank E. Sweetser of Brookline has become a life member. The name of Mrs. Mary Nason Gray has been placed *In Memoriam* by the Newburyport branch, and that of Miss Sarah Parker by Channing Branch of Newton.

The committee on college centres read a letter from Ithaca, N.Y., telling of the great interest of students in a class for the discussion of the ethics and duties of social life. The letter speaks of the grief caused by the death of Rev. C. W. Heizer, who was greatly loved by the students. The first Sunday in October Dr. Samuel A. Eliot preached in the Unitarian church at Northampton and addressed the Smith College Unitarian Club immediately after the service. Rev. Roger S. Forbes is announced to preach at Wellesley Hills on November 15, a special notice having been sent to each Unitarian girl.

The appreciation of the Executive Board was voted to the Holyoke branch for a reception given to students of Mount Holyoke College. Universalist and Unitarian students were invited, and a pleasant feature was the interest the guests felt in learning, for the first time, who of their fellow-students were connected with these churches.

The appeals committee recommended and the Board endorsed an appeal for $300 for East Lexington, Mass., for a new heating plant in the church; an appeal for $150 to help with the building of the church at Mount Pleasant, Fla., in the circuit ministered to by Rev. Francis M. McHale; and the renewal of the annual appeal for $100 for Northumberland, Pa., to help maintain preaching in the Joseph Priestley Memorial Church.

On recommendation of the international committee, greetings were voted to our liberal Christian sisters in France and Germany. It was voted to put before the branches an appeal for $300 for the Italian mission of the American Unitarian Association, with the hope that the women's movement may receive consideration. This is in continuation of work already begun, for last year the branches contributed $200 to Signor Conte's mission. There is an opportunity to employ the services of Mr. Murri, a brilliant ex-priest who has formed a circle of Free Believers in Rome. Signora Benso of Turin is secretary of the women's department. During this period of unusual stress some financial help from the Alliance will be particularly appreciated.

A recommendation was approved, that Alliance branches be asked to respond promptly and as generously as may be to a general call for funds for war relief. The money is to be sent to Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, treasurer of The Alliance, and will be forwarded to the relief committee of the British League, or, as requested by the donors, to committees in the other countries affiliated with the International Union of Liberal Christian Women. The League committee is co-operating with Mr. Bowie for international relief purposes both in England and on the continent. Belgians, Hungarians, and Germans have already received assistance from this source. Those branches that wish to respond to the call of Mme. Loyson printed in the *Register* of November 5 will so mark their contributions.

A new branch is reported at Stockton, Cal.

The branch at Norfolk, Va., had lapsed. It has now been reorganized with the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt to Virginia.

The next meeting will be held at Unitarian Headquarters, 104 East 20th Street, New York City, on Friday, December 11, at 10 A.M.

Department of Religious Education.

A Monthly Rally Day at Petersham, Mass.

BY REV. ROBERT C. DOUTHIT.

The Petersham Sunday school, recognizing the value of the "Rally Sunday" idea, resolved to carry the spirit of Rally Sunday through the year. During the past year a teacher or officer of the Sunday school has been appointed to take full charge of the exercises of the school on the first Sunday of each month, being given full liberty in arranging the programme. Thus there has been a pleasing variety in the character of the special services, more persons have taken responsibility, more have helped, and the result in a decided increase of enthusiasm, regularity, and interest has fully justified the experiment.

One teacher had a "Bulb Sunday." On that day the lessons of life and care and growth were illustrated by a quantity of narcissus bulbs. These were given to the children to be cared for, and to be brought when in full bloom to enrich and beautify the services of the early winter. One month brought its lesson of seedtime and harvest, one emphasized the Christmas spirit, one New Year resolutions, while one found valuable material from the lives of Lincoln and Washington. One Sunday was devoted to our duties to dumb animals, and another brought with it a charming story from the Bible, well told by the members of a class of girls. On each of these special Sundays the Sunday-school orchestra played several selections, to the especial delight of the younger listeners and to the general interest of all.

The minister of the church, who is the teacher of the class of "gentlemen lads," was asked to take charge of the service on July 5. This being the Sunday nearest the anniversary of the death of Dr. John Fiske, which occurred July 4, 1901, it was decided to have the exercises in commemoration of him.

On Sunday morning the school assembled

Digitized by Google

to pay honor to this historian and philosopher, who during his life was intimately associated with Petersham and at his death was buried in the old Petersham cemetery.

One of the older boys read a sketch of the life of Dr. Fiske, while another read selections from his writings. Then the little tots of the primary department led the way, the very youngest of them at the front carrying a beautiful silk United States flag, the rest following, to the cemetery, but a short distance from the meeting-house across the village common. This group of children and grown folks on their silent pilgrimage made a very impressive and never-to-be-forgotten picture.

At the cemetery all joined in singing "America." Mr. Douthit spoke of Dr. Fiske as a historian of our country, of his sincerity and devotion to the truth and the highest type of patriotism. He also spoke of the importance which Dr. Fiske gave in his scientific essays to lengthened infancy and childhood. Tender mother love and care of the helpless and dependent babe have been very important factors in bringing out the sweeter and finer qualtities of human nature. This made it seem especially fitting for children to do their part to keep fresh the memory of Dr. Fiske.

At the close of the address the youngest of Dr. Fiske's grandchildren, Master Brooks Fiske, of the primary class, laid a laurel wreath by the sacred plot of earth, and each member of the school passed reverently, dropping a blossom or a spray of evergreen.

The Young People's Religious Union.

South Worcester Federation.

The fall meeting was held in Hopedale, Mass., on Sunday, Oct. 25, 1914, with an attendance of about fifty. Mr. Albert Marso, the president, presided. The speaker of the afternoon was Rev. C. A. Henderson of Hopedale, on "Religion of Young People." At the evening session, Rev. Alson H. Robinson of Newton Centre was the speaker, and he spoke of "The Conflict between Conservatism and Progress."

MAY A. LELAND, *Sec'y.*

The $30,000 Fund.

The following letter, for the purpose of stimulating interest in and adding to the Endowment Fund, will be self-explanatory:—

The Executive Board at the October business meeting voted to authorize the circulation of a chain letter for the benefit of the $30,000 Endowment Fund. In order to get this letter into quick and wide-spread circulation, it has been decided to send a copy of the first link in the chain to each member of the Board and to each Supervisor as well as to certain other interested individuals. It is hoped that the recipients of these letters will realize the importance of getting their three copies off to others in their own districts as soon as possible.

Every one interested should spread the word that this letter is intended to reach the older members of our Unitarian parishes as well as the young people, and that every one is urged to contribute as generously as possible in order that the Young People's Religious Union may be enabled to employ the permanent field organizer toward which it has been working for a number of years; that it may do still further work among the young people in educational centres; and that the handicap of constant financial shortage may be lifted from the working force of the organization.

The promotion of this fund is something definite that every one can help in, wherever he or she may be located, and all Unitarians should become thoroughly imbued with the idea that the gathering of this $30,000 should be pushed in every legitimate way until the desired end is attained.

For the Board,

MARIAN DUDLEY RICHARDS.

Two Requests.

A request for a new or a second-hand copy of both "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Peterkin Papers" has recently come from the North Carolina Industrial School at Watha, for the library there. The object is a good Unitarian one and one which the Young People's Religious Union has never been called upon to assist in any way before. So if any one knows where a copy of these may be had kindly write to Miss Torr, Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or send the books direct to the School. Should the latter plan be followed, however, be sure to write to Room 11, stating what has been done; this to avoid an influx of duplicates.

A second request is at hand, for young ladies to act as volunteer teachers for Saturday morning sewing-classes in the South End Industrial School, Eliot Square, Roxbury, Mass.,—another worthy Unitarian cause, about which all our young people might become much better informed.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The next meeting of the New York Unitarian Sunday School Union will be held at Unitarian Headquarters, 104 East 20th Street, New York City, Friday, November 20, at 5 P.M. Rev. Milton S. Littlefield will speak on "Records and Reports," with discussion in the evening.

The speakers at the noon-day services in King's Chapel next week will be as follows: November 23, Rev. H. G. Arnold, West Roxbury; November 24, Rev. L. C. Dethlefs, Medford; November 25, Rev. Abbot Peterson, Brookline; November 27, Rev. Adolph Rossbach, East Boston. On Thanksgiving Day the union service with the First Church will be held in King's Chapel, the sermon being by Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D. At the musical service on November 21, Mr. Malcolm Lang, the organist of King's Chapel, will play, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, who will sing a solo.

Meetings.

NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The League met at the Church of the Messiah, New York City, Friday, November 6. Mrs. W. U. Lawson, the new president, welcomed all, and read a poem by Rose Henniker Heaton, entitled "In Everything give Thanks." She spoke with deep sorrow of the deaths of Mrs. Pierre M. Thomson, Mrs. H. G. Bell, and Mrs. Thomas R. Slicer. Rev. Leon A. Harvey opened his remarks on "The Present Problem of Intellectual Integrity in the Churches" by complimenting the League on its systematic conduct of business. Mr. Harvey said he had found the title for his talk in article he had been reading on "Heresy-hunting in Germany," and felt that, in facing the present, an awful significance had been given to the theme. Quoting, he said that, deplore it as we may, enlightenment destroys religion. Forty thousand persons have withdrawn from the Prussian church in Germany, in spite of the fact that membership in the church is necessary to enter the civil service, and that religion is taught in the schools. Most people, of every class, attend church from compulsion only. Never, however, has there been a greater time for teaching the doctrine of sincerity than now. The safety of religion rests upon its loyalty to truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Dr. Henry White Callahan had for his subject "The Barbarians." He described the barbarians as belonging to every race under heaven, and in comparing them with the Greeks said, "We are the Greeks: those who do not do things our way are the barbarians." The difference is in viewpoint. Philosophically, it is the subjective and objective of life. Different points of view are held by many, but only when a sense of superiority is developed do we get the Greek and barbarian attitude. A disdain for the less fortunate and a disregard for their rights is the result. Civilization has travelled in a spiral, encircling the camps of the Greek and the barbarian with absolute indifference.

The Greek is conservative, the barbarian aggressive and radical; the Greek is the present, the barbarian the future; the Greek is going, the barbarian is coming; the Greek is many, the barbarian is one; the Greek is finishing his course, the barbarian has begun. So long as we remain in the present stage of evolution, where the Greek looks with

Business Notices.

Thanksgiving stimulates sales in the Crockery Stores which are busy for Thanksgiving and the holidays. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, Franklin Street, have an exhibit open to both admirers of ceramics and actual purchasers.

Deaths.

SEVERANCE.—In Los Angeles, November 10, Caroline M., wife of the late Theodoric C. Severance, in her 95th year.

MISS FANNIE SULLIVANT.

Miss Fannie Sullivant of Pensacola, Fla., died at the Emergency Hospital at Annapolis, Md., Nov. 5, 1914. She was a lifelong Unitarian, and, although living where we have no church, yet she always kept the faith. She was actively identified with the civic and social life of Pensacola, and in its philanthropic and literary life. Her active work in the Equal Suffrage Association brought her into touch with the best workers of that city. F. H. M.

A YOUNG LADY, thirty years old, in good health would like a position for the care of children and household management. Has had five years' practical experience, also one year in Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital in training for nursing. An American, born and reared a Unitarian. Can give references. Address A. M., care *Christian Register*.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. References, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

Shall it be said that the only forces which cannot stand together for the right are the churches? Under wise leadership the men's clubs can make themselves so felt in sound, sane, right ways that their influence will be sought when it is wished to carry good measures, and that their power must be reckoned with when an attempt is made to pass bad measures. When we are all united for that which is reasonable and right, we may be sure that this old Commonwealth will advance even faster in the future than she has done in the past."

The Unitarian Name.

At the semi-annual meeting of the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Detroit, held Wednesday evening, November 4, about one hundred present, Rev. Eugene Rodman Shippen, minister, the following resolution offered by Miss Alice V. Guysi, a former trustee of the church, was adopted without a dissenting voice,—

"Believing that to the members of this church the name 'Unitarian' stands for that which is highest and best, mentally, morally, and spiritually; that the history and traditions of the wise men and women who have been leaders in the faith and works Unitarians believe in, as well as the more intimate associations and memories of this our home church and its people, constitute a most precious heritage with which we are unwilling to part, be it *Resolved*, That the members of the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Detroit assembled in semi-annual meeting address the commission appointed by the American Unitarian Association to consider the advisability of changing the denominational name, and make known to them our desire as a church to retain the name 'Unitarian,' a name we have learned so to love and revere that it has become a part of our very lives. We could not find an alternative, and we hope that this name will be handed down with our faith, to be a very present help to all future generations of men."

The Alliance.

The regular meeting of the Executive Board was held Nov. 13, 1914, the president, New England vice-president, treasurer, recording secretary, and twenty-one directors in attendance, representing Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York.

The president spoke with enthusiasm of her recent visit to the Vermont branches. Brattleboro rejoices in the facilities for larger service afforded by the new parish house. Windsor, although at present without a minister, was able from a branch membership of twenty to bring together thirty people to meet Miss Bancroft. Montpelier had its Junior Alliance present with the regular branch, all showing a fine spirit and excellent work. Burlington has a large, strong branch in a church that never neglects its young people, the latest sign of its interest being the new quarters in the basement of the church for the boys' club, rooms that the boys themselves helped to make ready.

From Vermont Miss Bancroft went to Washington, where the branch entertained the Baltimore ladies, to West Roxbury, Mass., for gentlemen's night, to Scituate for a neighborhood meeting, to Middleboro for a conference of branch presidents at the director's house, to West Newton, to Exeter, N.H., for a neighborhood meeting, then to Concord for another New Hampshire neighborhood gathering, to Beverly, Mass., that had Essex County branches as guests, and to Somerville.

The corresponding secretary reported in writing from Omaha that she has travelled or spoken every day, Sundays included, since she left New York. Mrs. Davis has met branches and advised with officers in Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and was then on the way to Wisconsin. She has spoken on Sunday from the pulpit, met men and women at evening sessions, and addressed State conferences and a special gathering of the Chicago Associate Alliance.

Mrs. Frank E. Sweetser of Brookline has become a life member. The name of Mrs. Mary Nason Gray has been placed *In Memoriam* by the Newburyport branch, and that of Miss Sarah Parker by Channing Branch of Newton.

The committee on college centres read a letter from Ithaca, N.Y., telling of the great interest of students in a class for the discussion of the ethics and duties of social life. The letter speaks of the grief caused by the death of Rev. C. W. Heizer, who was greatly loved by the students. The first Sunday in October Dr. Samuel A. Eliot preached in the Unitarian church at Northampton and addressed the Smith College Unitarian Club immediately after the service. Rev. Roger S. Forbes is announced to preach at Wellesley Hills on November 15, a special notice having been sent to each Unitarian girl.

The appreciation of the Executive Board was voted to the Holyoke branch for a reception given to students of Mount Holyoke College. Universalist and Unitarian students were invited, and a pleasant feature was the interest the guests felt in learning, for the first time, who of their fellow-students were connected with these churches.

The appeals committee recommended and the Board endorsed an appeal for $300 for East Lexington, Mass., for a new heating plant in the church; an appeal for $150 to help with the building of the church at Mount Pleasant, Fla., in the circuit ministered to by Rev. Francis M. McHale; and the renewal of the annual appeal for $100 for Northumberland, Pa., to help maintain preaching in the Joseph Priestley Memorial Church.

On recommendation of the international committee, greetings were voted to our liberal Christian sisters in France and Germany. It was voted to put before the branches an appeal for $300 for the Italian mission of the American Unitarian Association, with the hope that the women's movement may receive consideration. This is in continuation of work already begun, for last year the branches contributed $200 to Signor Conte's mission. There is an opportunity to employ the services of Mr. Murri, a brilliant ex-priest who has formed a circle of Free Believers in Rome; Signora Benso of Turin is secretary of the women's department. During this period of unusual stress some financial help from the Alliance will be particularly appreciated.

A recommendation was approved, that Alliance branches be asked to respond promptly and as generously as may be to a general call for funds for war relief. The money is to be sent to Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, treasurer of The Alliance, and will be forwarded to the relief committee of the British League, or, as requested by the donors, to committees in the other countries affiliated with the International Union of Liberal Christian Women. The League committee is co-operating with Mr. Bowie for international relief purposes both in England and on the continent. Belgians, Hungarians, and Germans have already received assistance from this source. Those branches that wish to respond to the call of Mme. Loyson printed in the *Register* of November 5 will so mark their contributions.

A new branch is reported at Stockton, Cal.

The branch at Norfolk, Va., had lapsed. It has now been reorganized with the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt to Virginia.

The next meeting will be held at Unitarian Headquarters, 104 East 20th Street, New York City, on Friday, December 11, at 10 A.M.

Department of Religious Education.

A Monthly Rally Day at Petersham, Mass.

BY REV. ROBERT C. DOUTHIT.

The Petersham Sunday school, recognizing the value of the "Rally Sunday" idea, resolved to carry the spirit of Rally Sunday through the year. During the past year a teacher or officer of the Sunday school has been appointed to take full charge of the exercises of the school on the first Sunday of each month, being given full liberty in arranging the programme. Thus there has been a pleasing variety in the character of the special services, more persons have taken responsibility, more have helped, and the result in a decided increase of enthusiasm, regularity, and interest has fully justified the experiment.

One teacher had a "Bulb Sunday." On that day the lessons of life and care and growth were illustrated by a quantity of narcissus bulbs. These were given to the children to be cared for, and to be brought when in full bloom to enrich and beautify the services of the early winter. One month brought its lesson of seedtime and harvest, one emphasized the Christmas spirit, one New Year resolutions, while one found valuable material from the lives of Lincoln and Washington. One Sunday was devoted to our duties to dumb animals, and another brought with it a charming story from the Bible, well told by the members of a class of girls. On each of these special Sundays the Sunday-school orchestra played several selections, to the especial delight of the younger listeners and to the general interest of all.

The minister of the church, who is the teacher of the class of "gentlemen lads," was asked to take charge of the service on July 5. This being the Sunday nearest the anniversary of the death of Dr. John Fiske, which occurred July 4, 1901, it was decided to have the exercises in commemoration of him.

On Sunday morning the school assembled

Digitized by Google

to pay honor to this historian and philosopher, who during his life was intimately associated with Petersham and at his death was buried in the old Petersham cemetery.

One of the older boys read a sketch of the life of Dr. Fiske, while another read selections from his writings. Then the little tots of the primary department led the way, the very youngest of them at the front carrying a beautiful silk United States flag, the rest following, to the cemetery, but a short distance from the meeting-house across the village common. This group of children and grown folks on their silent pilgrimage made a very impressive and never-to-be-forgotten picture.

At the cemetery all joined in singing "America." Mr. Douthit spoke of Dr. Fiske as a historian of our country, of his sincerity and devotion to the truth and the highest type of patriotism. He also spoke of the importance which Dr. Fiske gave in his scientific essays to lengthened infancy and childhood. Tender mother love and care of the helpless and dependent babe have been very important factors in bringing out the sweeter and finer qualtities of human nature. This made it seem especially fitting for children to do their part to keep fresh the memory of Dr. Fiske.

At the close of the address the youngest of Dr. Fiske's grandchildren, Master Brooks Fiske, of the primary class, laid a laurel wreath by the sacred plot of earth, and each member of the school passed reverently, dropping a blossom or a spray of evergreen.

The Young People's Religious Union.

South Worcester Federation.

The fall meeting was held in Hopedale, Mass., on Sunday, Oct. 25, 1914, with an attendance of about fifty. Mr. Albert Marso, the president, presided. The speaker of the afternoon was Rev. C. A. Henderson of Hopedale, on "Religion of Young People." At the evening session, Rev. Alson H. Robinson of Newton Centre was the speaker, and he spoke of "The Conflict between Conservatism and Progress."

MAY A. LELAND, *Sec'y.*

The $30,000 Fund.

The following letter, for the purpose of stimulating interest in and adding to the Endowment Fund, will be self-explanatory:—

The Executive Board at the October business meeting voted to authorize the circulation of a chain letter for the benefit of the $30,000 Endowment Fund. In order to get this letter into quick and wide-spread circulation, it has been decided to send a copy of the first link in the chain to each member of the Board and to each Supervisor as well as to certain other interested individuals. It is hoped that the recipients of these letters will realize the importance of getting their three copies off to others in their own districts as soon as possible.

Every one interested should spread the word that this letter is intended to reach the older members of our Unitarian parishes as well as the young people, and that every one is urged to contribute as generously as possible in order that the Young People's Religious Union may be enabled to employ the permanent field organizer toward which it has been working for a number of years; that it may do still further work among the young people in educational centres; and that the handicap of constant financial shortage may be lifted from the working force of the organization.

The promotion of this fund is something definite that every one can help in, wherever he or she may be located, and all Unitarians should become thoroughly imbued with the idea that the gathering of this $30,000 should be pushed in every legitimate way until the desired end is attained.

For the Board,

MARIAN DUDLEY RICHARDS.

Two Requests.

A request for a new or a second-hand copy of both "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Peterkin Papers" has recently come from the North Carolina Industrial School at Watha, for the library there. The object is a good Unitarian one and one which the Young People's Religious Union has never been called upon to assist in any way before. So if any one knows where a copy of these may be had kindly write to Miss Torr, Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or send the books direct to the School. Should the latter plan be followed, however, be sure to write to Room 11, stating what has been done; this to avoid an influx of duplicates.

A second request is at hand, for young ladies to act as volunteer teachers for Saturday morning sewing-classes in the South End Industrial School, Eliot Square, Roxbury, Mass.,—another worthy Unitarian cause, about which all our young people might become much better informed.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The next meeting of the New York Unitarian Sunday School Union will be held at Unitarian Headquarters, 104 East 20th Street, New York City, Friday, November 20, at 5 P.M. Rev. Milton S. Littlefield will speak on "Records and Reports," with discussion in the evening.

The speakers at the noon-day services in King's Chapel next week will be as follows: November 23, Rev. H. G. Arnold, West Roxbury; November 24, Rev. L. C. Dethlefs, Medford; November 25, Rev. Abbot Peterson, Brookline; November 27, Rev. Adolph Rossbach, East Boston. On Thanksgiving Day the union service with the First Church will be held in King's Chapel, the sermon being by Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D. At the musical service on November 21, Mr. Malcolm Lang, the organist of King's Chapel, will play, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, who will sing a solo.

Meetings.

NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The League met at the Church of the Messiah, New York City, Friday, November 6. Mrs. W. U. Lawson, the new president, welcomed all, and read a poem by Rose Henniker Heaton, entitled "In Everything give Thanks." She spoke with deep sorrow of the deaths of Mrs. Pierre M. Thomson, Mrs. H. G. Bell, and Mrs. Thomas R. Slicer. Rev. Leon A. Harvey opened his remarks on "The Present Problem of Intellectual Integrity in the Churches" by complimenting the League on its systematic conduct of business. Mr. Harvey said he had found the title for his talk in article he had been reading on "Heresy-hunting in Germany," and felt that, in facing the present, an awful significance had been given to the theme. Quoting, he said that, deplore it as we may, enlightenment destroys religion. Forty thousand persons have withdrawn from the Prussian church in Germany, in spite of the fact that membership in the church is necessary to enter the civil service, and that religion is taught in the schools. Most people, of every class, attend church from compulsion only. Never, however, has there been a greater time for teaching the doctrine of sincerity than now. The safety of religion rests upon its loyalty to truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Dr. Henry White Callahan had for his subject "The Barbarians." He described the barbarians as belonging to every race under heaven, and in comparing them with the Greeks said, "We are the Greeks: those who do not do things our way are the barbarians." The difference is in viewpoint. Philosophically, it is the subjective and objective of life. Different points of view are held by many, but only when a sense of superiority is developed do we get the Greek and barbarian attitude. A disdain for the less fortunate and a disregard for their rights is the result. Civilization has travelled in a spiral, encircling the camps of the Greek and the barbarian with absolute indifference.

The Greek is conservative, the barbarian aggressive and radical; the Greek is the present, the barbarian the future; the Greek is going, the barbarian is coming; the Greek is many, the barbarian is one; the Greek is finishing his course, the barbarian has begun. So long as we remain in the present stage of evolution, where the Greek looks with

Business Notices.

Thanksgiving stimulates sales in the Crockery stores which are busy for Thanksgiving and the holidays. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, Franklin Street, have an exhibit open to both admirers of ceramics and actual purchasers.

Deaths.

SEVERANCE.—In Los Angeles, November 10, Caroline M., wife of the late Theodoric C. Severance, in her 95th year.

MISS FANNIE SULLIVANT.

Miss Fannie Sullivant of Pensacola, Fla., died at the Emergency Hospital at Annapolis, Md., Nov. 5, 1914. She was a lifelong Unitarian, and, although living where we have no church, yet she always kept the faith. She was actively identified with the civic and social life of Pensacola, and in its philanthropic and literary life. Her active work in the Equal Suffrage Association brought her into touch with the best workers of that city. F. M. M.

A YOUNG LADY, thirty years old, in good health would like a position for the care of children and household management. Has had five years' practical experience, also one year in Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital in training for nursing. An American, born and reared a Unitarian. Can give references. Address A. M., care *Christian Register*.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

disdain upon the barbarian, we may definitely prophesy more and more trouble. Until the human race is extinct, the last barbarian will butcher the last Greek, and he himself die alone. As social consciousness awakes, the time will come when the struggle will be for higher ends. The collection of the day was taken for Wheeling, W. Va.

Churches.

Boston, Mass.—Bulfinch Place Church, Rev. Christopher R. Eliot: On Friday evening, October 30, the parish gave a reception to Rev. and Mrs. Christopher R. Eliot in recognition of their twenty years' association with this church. It was a happy occasion, one which will always live in the memory of those present. Mr. and Mrs. Eliot received the guests in the parlors, which had been beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, and flowers. On a table at their right stood a silver vase with twenty roses, the gift of the parish. During the evening Dr. James De Normandie expressed to Mr. and Mrs. Eliot the greetings and congratulations which filled the hearts of those present and of many friends who could not be there that evening. Mr. Eliot then responded in a way that revealed his deep appreciation. There was no special committee appointed for this occasion. Every member of the parish helped to make it a success.

Erie, Pa.—The First Unitarian Church, Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes: The annual meeting and fellowship supper was held November 5. The Women's Alliance served dinner to a large gathering. The annual meeting was called to order by President S. A. Drake. The secretary's report showed that the business of the church had been carried to a high degree of efficiency. The church building has been repaired and decorated. The treasurer's report showed that the church had raised more money than in any year of its history, and that it had a good balance in the treasury. The financial secretary's report showed that 219 people were making regular contributions to the support of the church. The King's Daughters, a society of twenty young women, do social and philanthropic work for the church and the community. There has been an increase of 25 per cent. in the attendance of the Sunday-school. The general chairman of the working committees reported that the work of the church had been conducted by seven committees with a combined membership of 115 people. The Women's Alliance has 62 members, has had a very prosperous year, and subscribed $300 for current expenses. The Men's Club is a lively organization of liberal-minded men, which discusses once a month the pressing questions of the world. The work of the Unity Club is to lead in the social life of the church, and many successful entertainments have been held during the year. Mr. Byrnes reported that he had conducted 70 religious services and preached 70 sermons on Sundays, conducted 30 open forums, addressed 25 conferences of religion, delivered 20 addresses to organizations outside of the church in the city, delivered 150 lectures in 70 towns outside of Erie, conducted 10 funerals, officiated at 8 weddings, received 38 new members into the church, besides many parish calls and services in the civic life of the community. Trustees were elected for three years. It was voted to increase the pastor's salary.

Green Harbor, Mass.—Grace Chapel, Rev. George L. Mason: Mr. Mason returned from an enforced vacation of about four weeks in time to resume work November 8. The cause of this temporary cessation of work was a nervous breakdown, and on order of the physician Mr. Mason took a rest among friends in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. He is now greatly improved, but for some months will attempt no serious mental work outside of the weekly sermons. This little society continues loyal. The local Alliance is a fine working body, and the Sunday-school is doing good work.

Lynchburg, Va.—The First Unitarian Church: A Sunday-school was organized November 1. Mr. W. L. Gibson, one of the most loyal Unitarians in the world, was elected superintendent. The church also decided to hold a midweek service every week. One week in the month the life of Jesus is studied; the next week a lecture on some live problem is given; the third week the history of Unitarianism is studied; the fourth week current events are considered. The Women's Alliance under the leadership of Mrs. John H. Lewis, is doing well.

Newton, Mass.—Channing Church, Rev. Harry Lutz: The first Young People's evening service for the season was held November 15, and was conducted by Mr. Ralph W. Angier, who spoke on "The Young People of To-day." The services will be held monthly through the winter.

Reading, Mass.—Christian Union Church, Rev. M. Franklin Ham: The work of the church begins with every evidence of renewed interest and vitality. During the summer the church organ has been partially rebuilt, with very satisfactory results. On October 30 the trustees of the parish carried through a men's supper with a gratifying attendance. The supper was followed by a brief organ recital and an illustrated address on church architecture by Mr. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., of Boston.

Personals.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton of Boston, Mass., is certainly a woman who is extraordinarily skilful in the telling advocacy of a cause. Impressed, by the awful witness of the present war, against all militarism, she set to work to bring the matter home to the American people. She went through hundreds of photographs and illustrations in the English weeklies, choosing a few of the most representative pictures which she had made into posters, with pithy inscriptions, ending in each case with "This is War." For instance, above a poster showing German soldiers marching to the front is printed, "Here go Good Men—Needed by their Families," while below we read, "To kill other Good Men—Needed by their Families." Another shows a group of refugees making for Holland, with the words, "Here are the Poor made Poorer, the Hungry more Hungry." Mrs. Tilton had her posters made into lantern slides, and went about the populous districts of the city in a motor-car with a lantern and sheet ingeniously mounted upon it, and showed her pictures by night to the crowds. Peace propagandists and progressive women took a hint from her and devised further schemes,—protest post-cards to the President and picture stamps among them,—so that a "War against War" is now being vigorously prosecuted throughout the United States.—*The London Christian World.*

A Coming Sale.

The Church of the Messiah, Boston, of which Rev. Powhatan Bagnall is minister, will hold a sale in Parker Memorial, Appleton and Berkeley Streets, on Wednesday, December 2, from 2.30 to 11 P.M. The drama "Pink Tea" will be presented in the evening at eight o'clock. Contributions for the sale will be welcome, especially gifts of home-made candy, aprons, etc.

It is hoped that there will be a large attendance to encourage the work of the progressive colored people who make up this society.

Boston School of Social Science.

The Boston School of Social Science has come into existence in order to provide a place where social and economic problems may be fairly presented and intelligently discussed. It offers an opportunity to know the facts, the basis for sound conclusions. "What the Ford Hall meetings have been doing on Sunday evenings, the School for Social Science does on Mondays." On November 23, Dr. Levi M. Powers, author of "The Superior Civilization of Germany," and Mr. Philip Davis, of Russian birth, and head of Civic Service Settlement, will discuss "Where lies the Hope of Social Progress,—in the Success of Germany or of the Allies?" On November 30, Mr. William English Walling will talk about "Socialists and the War," with a second lecture, December 7, on "The Socialist Outlook." Mr. Edwin D. Mead and Rev. Bouck White will be the leading speakers at the December meetings. Discussion at the close of the lectures is perhaps the main aid in furthering the objects for which the School was started. The talks are preceded by motion pictures, and these are expected to prove of great educational value as well as an entertainment.

Health conferences, conducted by Dr. Fillmore Moore, are held Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock. "Music and Exercise" is the subject for November 25, and the December topics for the next three weeks are: "Food Values and Value of Foods," "Cookery as a Health Craft," "Feeding One's Genius."

It is hoped that this work will enlist not only the interest and sympathy of many

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relation for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 381 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

men and women who believe in the spirit of international brotherhood, but also their active co-operation.

Religious Education.

As a part of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Brown University, four addresses on "Religious Education" were delivered by representatives of the four religious denominations mentioned in the charter of the institution. These speakers were President Edgar Y. Mullins of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.; President Isaac Sharpless of Haverford College; President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College; and the Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, bishop of Rhode Island.

President Thomas, representing the Congregationalists, took his theme from the first rules of Harvard College, which state that the main end of studies is to know God. He dwelt upon the fundamental place of religion in the educational scheme of the New England colleges of Congregational ancestry. He urged that the Puritans were as sincere in this type of education in desiring the welfare of their children as later educators have been; that the catechism was for the children, not the children for the catechism. He raised the question how much of the Puritan emphasis on religion should be maintained to-day, and claimed that, "divested of the forms of thought and the religious manner of a particular day, their principle that the religious motive, which is the establishment of freedom in the soul of man, shall guide and inspire every study and every instructor is as valid and valuable as in the age when the founders of New England education applied it so resolutely and in a manner so foreign to our thought. The main end of studies still is the victory of the spirit in the life of man. By health of body, keenness of mind, and intensity of will, we seek to enable them to put up a good fight; by discipline of spirit and nobility of character we endeavor to lift them above every defeat, that, whatever the buffeting, baffling world may do to them, they may be secure in inner triumph."

As to courses in the Bible and religious history, President Thomas said: "There is no department in which the instructor needs more to remember that he is teaching, not primarily a subject, but men, than the department of Biblical Literature. Religion cannot be taught disinterestedly, as a pure science. It has to do with vital concerns of those who learn and with the deepest problems of their life. They cannot be kept in the class-room from inquiry as to what they shall believe and what principles they shall adopt. They should not be kept from such searchings of heart as to personal convictions when they study the faiths and the struggles for faith of the human race. They have a right to expect that their own serious interests shall be borne in mind and that some light may dawn for them on the problems of their own souls. Any course in religion, scientific though it must be in method, with full welcome to the severest critical analysis and respect for its results, must nevertheless have its bearing on the permanent religious problems of men, which were never more pressing than at the present day.

"Religious instruction in our colleges has failed of its largest effect because it has not been sufficiently religious. In the reaction from unscientific methods in theology and uncritical use of Scripture we have filled up our courses with criticism and science and left out the spirit and the soul. We have analyzed the husk and forgot the kernel. If the courses in the department of religion were known as searching and vital studies of the enduring religious problems of humanity and of the questions of faith which confront every man who lives earnestly, on the basis of the great literatures which deal with those questions, and if it were a matter of common knowledge that every student taking such courses would be brought day after day to real grip with the very issues of life, our religious teaching would strengthen mightily its hold upon the student heart. Only by such procedure can we carry out the Puritan tradition in religious education, and that much of the tradition, at least, we can doubtless all agree should be preserved."

The Tuckerman School.

Because Mrs. Spencer in her trip from Meadville was on a train where an accident delayed her arrival, the opening lecture in the series on "Some Ancient Evils and How to Destroy Them" was given by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead. The particular subject of the morning was "Militarism and Economic Exploitation." Mrs. Mead gave a most stimulating address on the subject, although she substituted for the announced speaker at a moment's notice.

The causes of the present condition in Europe were first explained. Fear because of their armaments, lack of time because there was no treaty demanding deliberation by an international commission and a year's interim before war should be entered upon, and entangling alliances, were three prominent causes discussed. "It is a consolation," said the speaker, "that no nation wanted war." No enthusiasm was shown for it in any of the countries which Mrs. Mead visited during her recent stay in Europe.

The economic illusion that increase of wealth *per capita* must follow increase of territory is largely responsible for war. Trade does not necessarily follow the flag. Illustrations were given of various countries that have added to their area to be policed and built up, but that have not added correspondingly to their wealth or power.

In the afternoon Mrs. Spencer explained the title of the series of lectures and said that the choice and arrangement had been made long before the subject of militarism held so important a place in our thought. "Militarism," said Mrs. Spencer, "is not a recent growth, but the oldest form of organization, and it has grown into the very structure of economic conditions. This growth is a larger contributing cause of disorder than the influence of vested capital or making of armaments. The fundamental attack on militarism and economic exploitation is the same, and we can't fight either unless we become democratic. Read Channing on 'War and Peace' and on 'Industrial Conditions.' His writing is not that of an outgrown type. This is the testing-time of all churches of democratic order, and they should prove their leadership. Moral opportunities are made for us, and if ever one was made it is to-day."

On Thursday, 19th, at eleven and two o'clock, Mrs. Spencer spoke on "Vice, Crime, and Abnormality."

A correspondent of the London *Christian Life* tells, on excellent authority, of a curious coincidence that took place recently. Some two years ago a market-gardener in the outskirts of London went to Belgium to work in a garden there, that he might learn the art of intensive open-air culture under glass. Not long ago he happened to be in Charing Cross Station when a trainful of Belgian refugees were passing out into the station-yard. He was startled to recognize among them his old employer in Belgium. The latter, landed penniless and apparently friendless in a foreign land, was amazed to hear himself hailed by name in a kindly voice. He is now installed as foreman over the garden of his former employee.

CROCKERY
CHINA and GLASS
FOR
Thanksgiving

Turkey Platters—large and extraordinarily large platters on which to serve the national bird or joint of beef; also plates to match.

Dinnerware Patterns in complete dinner sets or parts of sets.

Kitchen Crockery—yellow mixing bowls—yellow nappies—pudding pots—blue edge pie plates—blanc mange moulds—blue banded ice chest pitchers, also blue banded bowls—covered jars for the ice chest—popover cups.

Table Glassware—We carry as stock patterns, enabling the housekeeper to match the family table glass as needed.

One price in plain figures, and we are not undersold on equal wares if we know it.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.
Crockery, China & Glass Merchants
33 FRANKLIN STREET

Pleasantries.

"His views on social questions," declared Mrs. Twickembury, "are altogether too ultramarine for me."

The Daughter of an Editor: "Why did you reject him?" "He was not accompanied by stamps."—*Life's Calendar.*

She: "How do you suppose the apes crack the hard shells of the nuts they pick?" He: "With a monkey-wrench, of course."

The making of anagrams on the words "Kaiser Wilhelm" is said to be popular in England, and a contemporary suggests "See war kill him."

Retailer (of odd lengths of table oil-cloth): "Only one-and-six, ladies and gentlemen. Why the King of Hingland ain't got a better bit of oil-cloth on 'is dinin'-room table.—*London Opinion.*

"This bell," said a well-meaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of a visit from the Lord Bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamities."

"The Senator who has just sat down," whispered the guide in the visitors' gallery, "began his public career as a page." "Indeed!" said the visitor. "I judge from his speech that he has developed into a volume."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Father Cummings, once superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home, attended a watch-night service, and closed his testimony by saying, "It may be but a month longer that I shall be here, perhaps a week, or even before the close of another day I shall be gone." He had hardly seated himself when a young man in the back of the vestry started the old song "Oh, why do you wait, dear brother; oh, why do you tarry so long?"

The new flagman could not leave until the limited express, due at two minutes of seven, had safely passed. One night it was late. About twelve minutes past the gateman heard it in the distance, and seized his red lantern. The engineer was making up lost time, but brought his train to a standstill at the wave of the red light. He jumped off and ran ahead to find out why he was signalled. "What made you signal?" he demanded angrily, seeing no danger. "What kept ye?" calmly questioned the gateman.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

On the way to the station, Father O'Leary ran into his bishop "Well, what's the hurry, O'Leary?" said he. "Sure, its the Dublin express I'm after, your lordship." The bishop pulled out his gold watch. "Well, there are seven minutes yet. Let us walk together and both catch it." They arrived at the station in time to see the train steaming out. "Do you know, I had the greatest faith in that watch, O'Leary," said the bishop. "Ah, my lord, what is faith without good works?" replied the angry O'Leary. *Saturday Journal.*

In Colonel Roosevelt's autobiography is an incident that enlivened a tedious deadlock in the New York Legislature. It occurred before the legislature was organized. A member named Brogan suddenly rose. Brogan: "Misther Cler-rk!" The Clerk: "The gentleman from New York." Brogan: "I rise to a point of order under the rules!" The Clerk: "There are no rules." Brogan: "Thin I object to thim." The Clerk: "There are no rules to object to." Brogan: "Oh! (nonplused, but immediately recovering himself). Thin I move that they be amended until there ar-r-re."

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.

The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.

Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.

Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.

President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.

Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.

Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.

Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 12 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.

Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."

Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.

The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.

Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.

Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.

President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.

Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.

General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston

Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Lee A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1900, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."

Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.

President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.

Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Harvey, Montreal, Can.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."

President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.

Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.

Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 1239 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

ESTEY PIPE & REED CHURCH ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University U

The Christian Register

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 48 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 1129
- Thanksgiving 1130
- Blessed Sunshine 1131

CURRENT TOPICS 1132

BREVITIES 1133

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- A Year in England; Rutherford B. Hayes 1133
- The Marriage at Cana 1134

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The Unity for the Times, by John W. Day 1134
- Conventional Christianity, by Frank A. Gilmore . . 1135
- Our Common Congregationalism, by Ambrose W. Vernon, D.D. 1136
- How to prevent War 1138
- The Blue Hills in November, by Kate Louise Brown . 1141
- A Novel Anti-Alcohol Campaign; Foreign News and Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D. 1146
- Chicago Letter 1147
- A College-town Pulpit, by Lyman Ward; The Italian Free Believers Association, by Gaetano Conte; War Relief 1148
- The Private Hospital Fund; A Union for Common Tasks; A Proposed Christmas Card 1149
- Nations at War; Relations between the Churches of Europe and America; The Tuckerman School . . 1151

THE PULPIT.
- Prayer and the Price of Peace, by Rev. George Kent . 1139

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1141

LITERATURE.
- Books 1142
- Magazines; Miscellaneous 1143

THE HOME.
- Something that Bob and Dorothy didn't Know, by Susan Perry Peckham; The Ogre of Grim Goblin Castle 1144
- Mrs. Crimson's Afternoon Tea; Some Things that are not So 1145

POETRY.
- Noblesse Oblige 1139
- The Garden of My Soul, by Elizabeth West Parker . 1142
- "Tuck the Children in" 1144
- A Thanksgiving Party 1145
- The Watcher, by Leila Peabody 1146

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- A Chance for Children to Help 1149

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
- A Letter from the Finance Committee 1150

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1150

PLEASANTRIES 1152

Editorial.

"PEOPLE are feeling more religious nowadays," was the comment on an unusually large congregation in one of our churches. It is undoubtedly true. To the horror and despair of the times there succeeds the sense that nothing can sustain us, and carry men and women through the strain, but great spiritual forces. It is not that religion offers a retreat, but that it brings out the spirit that sends us sobered and consecrated into the world of our duties and cares. Prosperities and pleasures divert human nature from its real reliances, and seduce us with specious comforts. To see them torn from whole populations, and the means of life with them, and to realize that we ourselves could be in the same case, since but a day before they were as far from any thought of such possibility as we are, brings us to our senses. The great sayings of psalms and Gospels seem written for us. Nothing brings what they bring. They say brave and daring things that the bravest would hardly dare say for themselves. The comfort of a classic is that when we grope in our darkness, and feel about for some stay and find none, there come deathless words from a forgotten age, which we clutch and hold to as the very fingers of God.

THE response to the call for food and clothing for those whom the war has suddenly made hungry and destitute is one of the modern facts to encourage us in the face of the wickedness that brought the need. The American Red Cross reports that it has received information that in one corner of Brittany alone there are 42,000 wounded, and that supplies for nurses and surgeons are precarious. On one morning before six o'clock 380 wounded men were brought in without warning. There were so few doctors that some men did not get their wounds dressed till the following morning, and they had been travelling four days. Some died. What is wanted specially is good wool, either to knit into socks and wristlets or to make up by the yard for mufflers and chest-protectors. For these immeasurable needs there is loving-kindness spreading through our land turning itself into money and clothing. From the Rockefeller Fund come vast sums that will make the love of God felt by the hungry and the suffering. The springs of humanity and pity will be found inexhaustible, and they keep our faith in human nature from perishing in the fierce heat of conflict. Money becomes sacred, its good use holy, and its waste more cruel than

Digitized by Google

war, for war's cruelties affect those in and near its fields, while the waste of money denies to the needy all over the world the succor it could purchase. May it not be true that one dollar destroyed causes more deaths than any bullet?

Among all the claims upon American sympathy, that of the Belgian refugees seems to have the first hold upon our hearts and heads. Other countries are taking care of their destitute people,—there is a France, and a Germany, and an England, and a Russia; but there is no Belgium, and her people are thrown helpless, through their courage, upon the chivalry, magnanimity, and admiration of the world. They are guests of honor at English hearthstones, and are welcome in American homes. What we can do is a privilege and a happiness, and has none of the flavor that is associated with charity in its philanthropic sense. It is rather charity in its Scriptural sense—it is love—that animates us. Our people should not only give all they can, but should stint themselves to give; they should suffer with their brethren, and not only out of their plenty but out of their self-denials should show how

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need."

A German scholar has reminded us of one fact about Harvard College which has been generally overlooked. The college shield, containing the word "*Veritas*" inscribed on three open books, is commonly taken to mean that the aim of all research is truth, and that the aim of the University was the open-minded investigation and study of truth. The important fact has been lost sight of, that what was meant by *Veritas* was revelation—the revelation transmitted in the Bible. The Bible was the source of all knowledge, and, as the college was founded as a school for ministers, it was fitting that the seal should represent the truth and its source. From this developed, naturally, the second motto of the college, *Christo et ecclesiæ*. The two mottoes have been contrasted, and the *Veritas* chosen as preferable and modern. The fact that it is the earlier one and that its original meaning will not bear the inference frequently drawn need not be blinked. Words are not relics, but living things, and absorb new meanings. "*Veritas*" now has a larger meaning than the founders of the college would have accepted, a meaning so authoritative that it needs no erroneous authority read into a past age from our own and then quoted from that age. The larger revelation does not put the Bible aside; it includes it, and in a horizon of truth that makes revelation a grander and more sacred thing than any books could hold.

There is a story which everybody has heard, the humor of which, however, makes it always fresh, about the sign in a border church: "Don't shoot the organist. He is doing his best." It is true that in some cases the fact that he is doing his best is the most discouraging fact in the case. If that is the best he can do, hope is gone! But every criticism ought to keep fairness and conscience as a check on its lips. Does it begin with full appreciation of the excellences of what it censures? Does it measure the difficulties that have to be contended with? Does it consider precisely what it wants in place of what it does not want? Are its censures specific and exact so that they could be taken hold of by those whose duty it is to do so? Do they concern things that can be changed rather than things of inherent and inseparable difficulty? May not the fault be with the organ, too? Are they ready to say precisely how the critic would improve things if he were in the seat? Everybody who has heard shots flying about him while he is conscientiously and humbly putting his very best work and his unresting labors into his task will sympathize with the organist in the story, and the very persons who make others suffer by their inconsiderate attacks are probably themselves complaining about the same sort of unappreciation of their own efforts. The best thing to take for granted is that no one wants to do the best thing more than the persons whose failings are marked, and that the best way to get it done is to help and not shoot.

It is strange to find the use of the word "intercession" used to designate meetings held for the purpose of praying for peace. One is at a loss to know whether it denotes a misconception concerning Deity or simply the perpetuation of words and phrases outgrown. The term denotes the belief that God is able to stop the war and will not do it unless there is special supplication on behalf of those who suffer therefrom. Surely no modern mind can believe in such a conception. It repudiates the love and wisdom of God, and harks back to the Deity whose favorable action might be secured by frenzied appeal. To pray for peace may express the normal desire of the individual, but to beg God to "intercede" postulates either a God outside the universe or careless of what happens within it. Is it not rather true that God is doing for peace all that human power and willing permit, and that the only kind of intercession that has any unpagan significance is that with those men and women who have the power to will and achieve peace? Is it not true that God through all the centuries has been praying to man to bring about the realization of the Christ-song of peace and good will, and that the highest duty of man is to discover within himself the answer to that prayer?

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving has a significance this year such as it has never had. There have been tragic times when its festival of plenty and good cheer met hearts heavy with sorrow and portent. When our land was torn with civil conflict, and mourning stalked through the days, darkening the sun, the family reunions and pious remembrances had a solemn meaning. There were vacant places then which struck prosperity poor, and benumbed gratitude. The keenness of the contrast between the sentiment of Thanksgiving and the facts of experience was brought home to our people then. But now the same contrast fronts us with vaster reach. Never has the tragedy of war been presented on so large a stage and with such immeasurable magnitude. Never came its horrors with such sudden precipitancy, after such long and deliberate preparation, and against such confidence in peace. In every way the contrast is without precedent. It smites us even more than when we were directly involved. Then, our national life was threatened; now, the larger life of which that is a part is jeopardized. Then, the question of a country was at stake; now, the question of any country's safety is at stake.

As Thanksgiving thus meets an incongruity, there is the more reason for its celebration. It faces a terrible challenge. What is its answer?

There is more than one answer. For one thing, no real advance of peace has been checked. Its premature confidences have been shattered. Its delusions have been exposed. Its complacency has been broken up. Its insufficient foundations have been shown. But no valid attainment has been touched. We live in a world

Digitized by Google

whose actions are tested by standards higher than those of any time. There is no disposition to abandon those standards or deem them impossible. The present outbreak is the convulsion of a dying order, not the destruction of the new order. When it is over, the new order will be found intact and more authoritative than ever. The court of real power is for a time overborne, but it is not destroyed. Its sittings will be resumed. A great judgment-day is coming, and in no other world than this. The laws to be administered then are impregnable. They cannot be torn up, or burned, or pounded to bits. They exist in the might of God, which he has not delegated to any royalties or armies. The mills of God grind slowly, and it is hard to wait for the grist; but they do grind, and grind fine. It was long ago said of the great Cæsar that he had ever on his lips these lines of Euripides, "If wrong may e'er be right, for a throne's sake were wrong most right: be God in all else feared." The world has lived to see that even for a throne's sake wrong cannot be right, and that God must be feared in all things without exception. The great Cæsar is dust, and his throne a name. It is a great Thanksgiving which realizes this gift to men, the authority of right.

Another way of finding the reality of this Thanksgiving is to make it a giving. Not a giving of thanks for what we have got, but a making of thanks by others for what we can give. What a mighty thanksgiving it is in this respect! What measureless giving has redeemed mankind! In the rivalries and competitions of business, and its greeds, a voice has gone forth and a spirit risen such as the world has never seen. After conflict is over, history will deal with two facts, not one. Not only with the size of armies and the sacrifice of combatants, but with the size of benefactions and the sacrifices of non-combatants. Men who have had nothing but abuse for what was deemed the injustice of their wealth are now deserving blessing for their devotion of their wealth to the relief of destitution and to succor for suffering. At this time, when the law of Christ is by nations flouted and violated, we must not miss the significance of this fulfilment of the law of Christ. For when have so many people illustrated the saying "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ"? If any one feels depressed at this time by the circumstances in which Thanksgiving comes, let him set himself some part of the paradox to dissolve. Let him take hold of the awful incongruity of the day and do away with some of it. Let no one dare to sit at a full board who has not filled some other board. Let no one reckon the advantages of living in this country who has not helped his brethren live in other countries. Let no one take the happiness which belongs to him in his home without remembering the homes, as happy, which have been ruthlessly destroyed, and sending some joy into them.

Thanksgiving sends us searching thus for compensations. It bids us strengthen the things that remain, and shows us what they are. It has a prophetic suggestion also. We scrutinize the future and descry its outlines, and from it "try to take while living our freehold of thanksgiving." When we look farthest into the significance of the present conflict, the issue that stands in clearest relief is the issue between a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and government of authority, in which right comes by might and an assumed divine sanction. This issue had been fought out in one nation and another. It had its conspicuous testing in English history. Kings lost their thrones and their heads because they insisted that they ruled by commission from on high, with which parliamentary majorities had nothing to do, and tried to enforce that theory of their right by force of arms. The issue was fought out, and the right of a people to manage their own affairs and make their government was successfully and permanently vindicated; but, while this issue has been decided with reference to each country concerned, it has never been decided with reference to the commonwealth of nations. The people of no country can get on happily and prosperously with the people of other countries while in any country related to them there is government radically incompatible with democracy. Sooner or later, as the world becomes amalgamated, will such incompatibilities hinder progress and prosperity. A nation whose ruler says: "The soldiers and the army, not parliamentary majorities, have welded together the empire. My confidence is placed on the army," will inevitably clash with countries resting on the opposite idea. Even if people under royal and military rule submit, and approve of their method, and have no envy of the blessings of nations broad-based upon a people's will, yet in the fellowship of nations the consummations of civilization will find continual friction from this incompatibility. It must be overcome. The people in every land must have the advantages of people in any land. Peace can never be sure while war is thus incipient. It will come when, throughout the world, government of the people is by the people and for the people. That hope may put a thanksgiving even into this time. Perhaps it may make us thankful for the time, a time with this ideal, with forces consecrated to it, and a faith that these things shall yet be.

It can hardly be assumed that if the churches of Christendom had held a different belief, a belief in harmony with the teachings of their leader, they would have been able to keep back the great war. If all their members had been Unitarians, with the ideals Unitarians hold in common as to righteousness and good will, it is not sure that they could have prevented recourse to arms, for membership and belief in churches form a small part of the controlling power. The best of beliefs have to be subordinated to the necessities brought about by those who are not governed by them. All we have a right to say is, that if our beliefs had been held by all the people of the nations now at war they would have been so much less likely to have let matters get to the fighting stage. Perhaps we are liable to be a little unfair to the Christianity whose breakdown in the present crisis is noted. We might not have done better ourselves with so many people entirely indifferent to any form of Christianity, any influence of religion. The problem is a little more complex than our first judgments assumed. The most that we have a right to say is that the ideas and machinery of the established churches could never be expected to have much effect on a people as a whole, and that a purer and more direct religion, with training in consistent behavior, would have shown more fruits.

Blessed Sunshine.

A sunbath window is a sensible affair, and you should have your writing-desk and your sewing-machine where the sun can creep across you and penetrate to your spine with its rays some time in the forenoon. Babies should be born in brightness, and should be kept out of the shadows; and school-rooms should be shot through and through with sun-rays. The true paint for girls' cheeks comes from red blood, and red blood comes from three things,—plenty of laughter, plenty of work, and plenty of sunshine.

The sun should be let into every room of your house at some hour of the day. The worst bacteria die of sunshine, while moulds are the product of shade. Morning sun is the best sun for growth and for health. Get up before the sun does, and kiss your hand to the rising orb

as the first rays kiss you. Establish cordial relations with the morning. Nature knows when to make it dark. Folk naturally go to sleep then and the birds to their perches. All fowls get up with the sun, and we are sure that almost all folk ought to do the same.

When work is done, retire; when work is to be done, get at it. When work is over, follow the bees and the birds. Bartlett pears ripened in the sun are flavorless; they should be spread in dark rooms to complete their ripening, that is, their sweetening. Everything needs sleep at some season, and cannot be denied it without disaster. In Florida they cannot raise many grapes, because all winter they are kept awake when they should be asleep—that is, the grapes are.

Sunshine is the chief regimen for most things as well as folk. Some of our best apples are unfit to eat if grown in close orchards and in the shade. A Northern Spy is not only superbly striped by the sun, but the inside is turned to gold. A Rhode Island Greening grown in a close orchard has neither richness of color nor has it flavor; but in an open tree in the open lot it is sweetened to a luscious delight not generally known by the ordinary apple consumer. Found Sweets inside an orchard are both pithy and bitter—good neither to bake nor join with quinces in the best of all marmalades.

You can spoil even a Spitzenberg if you exclude sunshine while it is growing, and a sunless Winesap is not fit even for cider. We called the Delicious the crowning glory of the modern orchard, the one apple that pretty nearly touches the ideal; but leave the limbs untrimmed, and leave the apples unthinned, and you get a second-grade fruit. Open your trees and open the limbs and let the sun have its way or you will not get that grandest of all things, a perfected apple.

Cherries from a shaded corner of your garden are sour; and Green Gage plums when robbed of sunshine lose their hearts of gold and their superb cheeks of crimson. Gooseberries demand that we plant them in rows that lead north and south, so that the sun may run its sentinel rays up and down the field and touch the fruit at midday. Such gooseberries served on your table decline sugar, for sunshine is better than sugar. So you see that in a fruit-garden as in a house-garden not anything must be crowded. All day, all summer, there is not only growth, but a marvellous chemical process going on to adjust growth to our palates and our health. Blessed sunshine! Truly it is the king of life that looks over our eastern hills in the morning, and his reign is none too long when he dips down among the crimson clouds at night.

Current Topics.

A vigorous note of confidence in the immediate industrial and commercial future of the United States is struck in a letter addressed by President Wilson to William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, on the occasion of the application of the new federal bank reserve system. Writing under date of November 17, the President reviews the tariff and financial legislation written into the statute books recently, and adds in conclusion: "The future will be very different from the past, which we shall presently look back upon, I venture to say, as if upon a bad dream. The future will be different in action and different in spirit, a time of healing because a time of just dealing and co-operation between men made equal before the law in fact as well as in name. . . . A new day has dawned for the beloved country whose lasting prosperity and happiness we so earnestly desire." The utterance of the chief magistrate of the nation in this time of universal crisis was received with wide-spread attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

A characteristic incident of a period of world-wide warfare occurred in the Gulf of Smyrna on November 17, when a launch from the United States armored cruiser Tennessee was fired upon by a Turkish shore battery as it was about to enter the harbor, and was compelled to return to the warship, anchored outside. For the first twenty-four hours after the event, details of which were not obtainable from official sources by the Department of the Navy because of the interruption of communications, it appeared as if the work of the guns of Smyrna might create a diplomatic controversy, with dangerous possibilities, between the United States and Turkey. When the explanation came, on November 21, the affair was reduced to its proper proportions by the statement of the Ottoman government to Ambassador Morgenthau, that the shot had been fired as a friendly warning to the launch that the harbor had been mined and closed to navigation on account of the danger to shipping. This version of the affair was accepted at Washington as a sufficient disclaimer of hostile purpose.

The attitude of Great Britain toward the war, and the determination of the British people that it shall be carried to a definite conclusion, was indicated in striking fashion in the House of Commons on November 16, when the House voted, almost without debate, an issue of $1,125,000,000 as a provision for the enlistment of another million men to augment the army of almost 1,200,000 men already in the ranks at home or abroad. The presentation of the government's proposal for this vast increase in war-like resources was made the occasion for the expression, by the opposition, of its unqualified support of the cabinet in its purpose to spare no means to bring about the triumph of the arms of the Allies. A feature of Prime Minister Asquith's statement before the House was his desire that everything be done to promote an intelligent publicity of events at the front in order to encourage enlistments. One of the chief sources of revenue will be the increase of the tax on incomes to the unprecedented high mark of 33⅓ per cent. in some cases.

If the British tax-payer, speaking through his accredited spokesmen in Parliament, has placed himself on record as pledged heart and soul to the completion of the task undertaken by the British nation, belated news from Berlin as to the fiscal operations of the German people in supporting the war indicates a no less vigorous determination to hold up the Kaiser's hands to the last. The latest German loan of more than $1,000,000,000, which obtained the practically unanimous approval of the Reichstag, was taken up by the German banks and the German people with an avidity which argues complete loyalty to the government and a firm confidence in the final outcome of the great struggle in which the world finds itself involved. The spirit of parliaments and tax-payers on both sides of this unparalleled conflict bears out the contention of psychologists in either camp, that the War of the Nations is not the work of sovereigns or statesmen, but an outcome of the passions of peoples fanned to a white flame through at least a generation of belligerent influences.

An unexpected development in the operations in the field is the resumption of the German offensive in Poland and Silesia. Striking with tremendous force, the Ger-

man commanders succeeded, by the beginning of the week, not only in checking the Russian advance into Silesia and Posen, but in recovering practically all of the ground which the Austro-Germans had lost at the beginning of November, and in menacing Warsaw, the capital of Russian Poland, for the second time at a stage of the conflict wherein dispassionate observers were disposed to regard the continued advance of the Russian armies upon Berlin as assured. This new assault upon the Russians was ascribed in Petrograd to the superiority of the German artillery and to a rapid shifting of German forces from the Western theatre to the Eastern for a decisive blow. At any rate, it appeared at the beginning of the week that German tactics were in a fair way to destroy all the advantage which had been gained by Russia during the steady advance of a month and to restore to the German armies the superiority which was theirs at the beginning of the operations.

IN the conflict with Turkey, too, the Russian general staff did not develop that efficiency which had been predicted for it. On the line of Transcaucasia the Ottoman forces, probably commanded by German officers, and certainly under the chief command of Gen. Liman von Sanders, were developing an offensive strength at the beginning of the week which confronted the Russians with the necessity of halting the offensive movement pending the organization and arrival of reinforcements in large numbers. In the borderland of Egypt the Turkish forces were developing a successful initiative which the war office at London showed no disposition to underestimate. It appeared last Monday that the Turks, after defeating the Anglo-Egyptian forces at El Kantara, on the right bank of the Suez Canal, were on the point of striking a blow at Great Britain's short route to India. Such an event threatened Great Britain with a disaster which London did not attempt to minimize.

CONFRONTED with a development of an offensive strength by Turkey which had not been counted upon, the Allies at the beginning of the week were exerting themselves to direct a counterbalancing force against Turkey by the reorganization of the Balkan League. In the pending negotiations the element of uncertainty is Bulgaria, which has been nursing its resentment since the second Balkan war, in which the other Balkan states, under the patronage of Russia and France, deprived the Bulgarian people of a considerable portion of the territory which had been liberated from Turkish rule by Bulgarian arms in the preceding year. There is excellent reason to believe that, to overcome Bulgaria's hesitation, the allied powers are endeavoring to induce Servia, Roumania, and Greece to conciliate their former ally by territorial concessions as a condition to the entrance of Bulgaria into the war, side by side with the other Balkan states, in support of the cause of the Allies. Such a movement, of course, would confront Turkey with a peril in Europe which would hamper or nullify her operations in Asia and Africa.

Brevities.

As early as 1822, Emerson filled ten pages of his Journal with his views on slavery, which were later made more radical. He called the abolitionists "bitter sterile people whom I flee from." We learn that the Fugitive Slave Law stirred Emerson as nothing else ever did, and Webster's support of it was a heavy blow to the Concord seer. He wrote: "Oh, if God had given to this Demosthenes a heart to lead New England, what a life and death and glory for him! Now he is a fine symbol and mantel ornament."

The true test of all religions is to be found in the character of the lives of their adherents. The best men and women of any religious faith constitute the invisible Catholic Church of to-day.

In some way every secret thought tends to find related expression, open or hidden, in the eyes, the smile, the face, some small gesture, the walk, or attitude. In some reaction it invariably finds its physical and psychical expression.

Nearly one million dollars are paid in wages to the more than one hundred thousand employees of the Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company; and of the seventy thousand stockholders, nearly one-half are women. Each subscriber's telephone represents an average investment of $153, while the gross average revenue of each is $41.75.

From prayer of Rev. Walter Rauschenbusch in *The Independent:* "May our land remain an island of peace in this red sea of trouble. Grant our people a sober and neutral mind, fair and friendly to all nations, remembering our own sins; and, when the hour comes, may our nation be fit to serve all mankind as the spokesman of peace and the healer of wounds.

Letters to the Editor.

A Year in England.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In a letter just received from Rev. Gertrude von Petzold, minister of the Waverly Road Church, Small Heath, Birmingham, England, I see among other things the following sentence: "I wish I could find some enterprising young American minister to exchange pulpits with me for the next twelve months, but am afraid that nobody would care to do so." I assume from what she says further in this connection that her present position in England is, for obvious reasons, a trying one.

I am taking the liberty of publishing her request in your columns, in the hope that some one of our ministers may be able to arrange the exchange which she proposes. Here, it seems to me, is the chance of a lifetime for some one of my colleagues who is so fixed that he can take advantage of it.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

NEW YORK, N.Y.

Rutherford B. Hayes.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In the Life of Rutherford Birchard Hayes, by Charles Richard Williams, published this fall by Houghton Mifflin Company, there is a passage which your readers, I am sure, will be glad to see. It is from a letter of Mr. Hayes to Miss Webb—the Miss Webb who came to be known as Lucy Webb Hayes.

"I have read another book, not yet finished, calculated to fill one with hope, 'The Life and Works of Dr. Channing.' The Doctor may be in error as to some doctrinal points, but the great features of his system are founded on the rock of truth. If ever I am made a Christian it will be under the influence of views like his. He says the test of Christianity is the state of the heart and affections, not the state of a man's intellectual belief.

Digitized by Google

If a man feels the humility becoming one prone to sinfulness, looks above for assistance, repents of what he does that is wrong, aspires to purity of intention and correctness of conduct in all the relations of life, such a man is *a Christian*, for he adopts the spirit of Christ's teaching and imitates his example,—this, too, in spite of his faith, whether it be Calvinistic, Unitarian, Universalist, or Papist. That I can comprehend. The half of the orthodox creeds I don't understand and can't fully believe."

Then, too, in a letter to Mrs. Herron (who, by the way, was the mother of Mrs. William Howard Taft), a rare woman with whom Mr. Hayes maintained an intimate correspondence throughout his life, there are some striking words on immortality. Mr. Hayes's favorite author was Emerson, and toward the end of his life he and Mrs. Herron agreed to go through Emerson again and "compare notes." The passage is as follows:—

"I have gone next to 'Inspiration.' But you will ask me, Are you done with immortality? Yes, for now. We can return to it. What are the results so far? I am sure you have them all. There is *no assurance* of the great fact in question. All the arguments are mere probabilities, analogies, fancies, whims. We believe or disbelieve, or are in doubt, according to our make-up, to accidents, to education, to environment. For myself I do not reach either faith or belief in the fact in its true sense, namely, that I—the conscious person talking to you—will meet you in the world beyond, you being yourself a conscious person—the same person now reading what I say.

"Do you ask, What have we gained? Not much, I admit. But it is something to know that, with the best mind of our time and race, we do not know. I confess that I have 'a longing after immortality,' in the ordinary sense of the word. But I am far more content with whatever may come since I have read Emerson's calm, quiet, self-satisfied way of dealing with the deepest questions. It is something to trust God."

This Life, which for its literary qualities is a rare piece of work, discovers to us that our nineteenth President was several times the man he was thought to be, by the most of us.

John Baltzly.

Hudson, Mass.

The Marriage at Cana.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

In the *Christian Register* of October 8, in the article by Hope West, I notice the reference to the wedding at Cana. I believe I have discovered the true meaning of that incident.

I think most persons must have been surprised at the apparent statement that there were seventy-two gallons of wine furnished for about six new guests. Commentators think that the wine was insufficient because of the arrival of Jesus with five or six disciples. Having occasion to study this passage for a Bible class two or three years ago, I found the clue in Westcott's Commentary on John (although Westcott himself does not follow it up). Westcott says that the verb used in the sentence "Draw out now" implies the drawing from the *well itself*, and not from the water-pots. This at once throws a light upon the passage and makes any miraculous interpretation unnecessary. Jesus had given orders to draw off the tepid water from the top of the well, and, that it might not be wasted, he desired that the water-pots should be filled up with it. Water is a precious commodity in Oriental countries, and the water-pots were probably almost empty, the contents having been used to bathe the feet of the wedding guests. Now the cold, clear water at the bottom of the well was drawn out and taken to the ruler of the feast, to be mixed with the wine. It increased the amount of the beverage and must have made it quite delicious.

Another puzzling point in this story is that the mother of Jesus said to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it," for the usual reading of that passage is held to contain a refusal and a reproof to his mother. Instead of "woman" read "lady" (see Cambridge Bible), a word denoting respect, and not contempt; instead of "What have I to do with thee?" read "What is there between thee and me?" (*i.e.*, "There is nothing between us"); instead of "Mine hour is not yet come," read "Is not mine hour come?" Mary's order to the servants now seems perfectly natural.

Real miracles are sure to produce a nimbus of erroneous stories, in which, though the incidents related are perfectly natural and simple, a miraculous element is supplied by the imagination of the reporters. Such are the stilling of the waves on the lake; the multiplication of the loaves and fishes; the sending of demons into the swine; the cursing of the fig-tree. In all these the laws of nature seem superseded for the time. The incidents themselves are perfectly natural and capable of simple explanation.

L. Freeman Clarke.

The Unity for the Times.

By Rev. John W. Day.

Many of our ministers are thinking now as never before of the main aim of their faith. We must all feel a new sense of the importance in our denominational work of selecting for main emphasis those few central things which most deeply characterize our purpose and holding to them, subordinating rigorously individual choices of topics and treatment. Unity cannot come if there are a great many differing ideas of what makes unity. This aim can divide our forces as well as any other aim. The only way really to make such aim effective is to agree on the points of attack. The only way to pull together is to find the directions toward which we can pull together. We deceive ourselves if we think this is being done. I doubt if it is realized how scattered and guerilla-like our preaching is. We have fundamental agreements, but they are not enough used. Individualism in the form of personal preference for topics covering a wide variety of fields is all the time counteracting the influence of things in which we agree. If there could be some composite picture of the popular impressions of what Unitarianism is trying to do, the result would be far from corresponding to our accepted definitions of our aim. One man's type of socialism, another's philanthropic interest, another's hatred of the creed he has fought free from, another's latest philosophic bent, colors in each case his preaching to such an extent that distorted views of the purpose of the Unitarian church in America would be carried away by the persons who attended their churches for the purpose of finding out what they were all about. The impression is gained that we are revolutionary, or intellectual, or erratic, or iconoclastic. Reports of these impressions we are likely to discount because they are so far from true of each one's intention, but a general impression cannot all be accounted for by presuppositions and prejudice and ignorance. There is no one who is able to follow them down to their source and can testify from personal knowledge of our preaching as to the fairness or unfairness of these judgments. I feel the danger of too great complacency about them, too ready an as-

Digitized by Google

sumption that they are smoke without fire. Through lay channels, not likely to be brought to the attention of those most concerned, I have had some surprising disillusionizings, and if some preachers were to be informed what impression their preaching has made they would be as much surprised as any one. I do not suppose it would do much good for us to know all the unjust impressions that people have about the Unitarian gospel; but I am sure that fresh attention to the matter of choice of subjects and dominant treatment, with the main aim of our denomination in mind, would bring more constructive and reinforced action. This would bring a unity of feeling, and mass our forces in such a way as to compensate for their wide separation in location.

The possibility of doing this is impressed upon us now with solemn and infallible force. Already accordant voices have shown what gospel is the gospel for the times and for the world. If there were no such body of religious workers as our own, the sad exposure of the inadequacy of conventional and institutional Christianity in the present crisis would lead men to form one. Our central theme is the one that proves to have been most neglected and least appreciated. The lust of dogma has perverted the Christian consciousness, and around dogma, as truly in our denials of the creeds as in others' acceptance of them, the will of Christendom has revolved. "Love to God and love to man" has been only another statement. Now it has become the way of deliverance of the modern world, deliverance from an awful and an imminent fate. All the churches of Christendom ought to rise to the higher synthesis, which the plea of their Master has so far failed to bring them, in which they will take some account of his question, Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say? That one gospel ought to be preached, and preached with such heart and soul of conviction and with such definiteness of suggestion as to ways of carrying it out that it shall make a revival among us, and work in our communities with irresistible conversion. In one form and another it ought to form the continuous theme of our pulpits. All the resources of inventiveness, of experiment, of enterprise, ought to be called out in the effort to devise means of making the gospel of truth and love a working force in life. Sentiment and theory, legislation and treaties are in the same class with church professions and membership,—all have failed to make the least impression on the powers that make war, and on people whose passions create war. Peace societies might as well never have existed for all the influence they have had over people who do not belong to them. None of these methods go deep enough. Congresses and resolves leave the roots of war untouched. Christianity as a daily behavior of kindness and mutuality and good faith has never entered into the minds of men as citizens of the world. Its exponents and defenders have never shown any more intention of practising it than the Kaiser had of letting his professions of peace stop his manufacture of engines of destruction. Christianity as a life has been talked of till the talk is stale. But what a life! Who has made it operative, save in some lonely and ineffectual and faddish way? Where has a Christian church become a fellowship of persons bound in the single bond of good will, committed to the practice of good will, and toiling to establish ways, ever new, of demonstrating its practicability? Where have its catechumens been drilled in the tactics of brotherhood, and its members made proficient in the arts of peacefulness? It is peace, peace—an abstract thing; but where peacefulness, peacefulness the concrete thing? People cry peace, peace where there is no peace; but do they devise peacefulness? On the contrary, you may hear more vindictiveness and acerbity among peace advocates than you would be likely to hear among generals and captains. The easy road of argument is full of recruits for the cause of peace on earth, but the hard and steep path of temper and habit remains untrodden. Seldom is the truth so much as spoken in love; much less often is the act ordered in love.

The open secret of the world is the secret of doing justly, loving mercy, while walking humbly with God. Have we ministers used our powers to this high end? Have we employed the trained mind, the consecrated will, the devout soul, in the preparation of lessons and exercises of self-control and respectable gentleness? Are our churches, more than any other, schools of good will, training-grounds of effectual peace, and fortresses into which the righteous may run and be safe from strife? Have we much of the real unity to show for our preaching of it?

If I had the power to form a mission in the world, I would form it about this principle, and I would send its evangelists into churches of every name, and into the highways and byways of the world, to gather men, women, and children into groups of learners and workers of the love of Christ. I would teach them one cry, and but one cry: Love one another, love one another, men and nations, peoples and races: there is no religion, no Christianity, no salvation here or hereafter on any other terms. For if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? I think this cry in the wilderness of our world is native to our faith. I have no other interest in it, no other hope, than this: that our churches shall become one in the love Jesus preached and lived, and shall become voices such as a heedless generation must hear.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Conventional Christianity.

BY REV. FRANK A. GILMORE.

I should not venture to add another drop to the flood of communications about the European war, were it not that I have nowhere seen expressed the thought that has been growing clearer in my own mind with all that I read.

In a recent issue of the *Register* Dr. Dole told us, with characteristic sincerity and earnestness, that the war proves the bankruptcy of the older churches. "The glare of the conflagration reveals a great system of religion in process of dissolution; a civilized world has no use for it." The blame for this war rests on "conventional Christians and conventional Christianity," by which he means inefficient Christianity. Christianity is inefficient because it failed to stop the war; therefore the world has no use for it.

One feels impelled to ask why the Church is singled out for judgment? Why condemn Christianity and say no word about the other institutions, elements, and forces of civilization which their administrators and friends have been proclaiming as the true saviors of society from all its evils? Grant that conventional Christians are as bad as Dr. Dole says they are, can we stop here and not condemn science, literature, philosophy, music, theology, and socialism?

What of science? Have its great teachers and its great discoveries been less impotent than conventional Christianity? Let Ernst Haeckel be the spokesman of science. He is just as outspoken and absolute in his views as any member of the military class. For him, if I rightly recall his words, this is a righteous, a holy war on Germany's part.

What of literature, that humanizing force which we church people have been pityingly told—oh, so many

Digitized by Google

times!—is much more able to soften the world's antagonisms than we are? Let Hartmann and Maeterlinck witness how the greatest European writers feel about the "softening of race feeling" and national jealousy. How much more gentle and forbearing and noble the apostle of letters is than the mere conventional Christian!

What of philosophy? Has she been any more successful than the Church in checking the tide of militarism? Recall what her foremost teachers have said and the tone in which they said it. Both Eucken and Bergson have spoken. In what are their views superior to those of the guilty conventional Christians? In nothing; and the "queen of all the sciences" is in the same case with the discarded Church.

What of education? What especially of the German universities, those beacon lights of all the world? Have they destroyed the war spirit? Have they even checked it? As one reads Bernhardi's book "Germany and the Next War" the conviction grows that the great seats of culture have been active and powerful feeders of the war fever. Must they, too, be called failures? There is one sentence from Bernhardi's book which, so far as I am able to judge, expresses not merely the conviction of the soldier caste, but that of her scientists, her writers and philosophers, her theologians and her manufacturers. "We Germans have a far greater and more urgent duty toward civilization to perform than Japan. We, like the Japanese, can fulfil it only by the sword" ("Germany and the Next War," p. 258).

What of socialism? Never have men seemed more sure that they possessed the infallible remedy for all strife than the modern socialists. Shall we condemn them also? Were those only "conventional" socialists, having the name but not the spirit, who voted solidly in Germany and France to support the war? If it be urged that this surrender of socialist principles was only after war had been declared, that socialists never favor war but always do what makes for peace, we correct that error on the authority of Ferraro, who has expressly declared that it was the socialists in Italy who forced the government into the war with Turkey.

Four hundred out of eight hundred Protestant ministers in France have gone to the war. They have gone to help the French armies fight the Germans. This they feel to be their sacred duty. Does this act prove them only nominal Christians? Then does Bergson's advocacy of his country's cause, and his cutting remarks about the Germans, show him to be only a nominal philosopher? Is Eucken also only a nominal theologian for sending his son into the army? And Harnack, too! What chains of custom, or "bonds of iniquity," or superficial Christianity must hold a man who speaks as he speaks of England?

I have questioned the justice of Dr. Dole's position, and tried to show that his strictures apply with equal force to all the agencies of European civilization; yes, even to the home, for those must be conventional mothers and sisters who urge their men-folks to take up arms. Instead of the collapse of religion, it would be possible to argue that the war shows conclusively the vitality of religion. The nations have looked to the religious devotion of the people to preserve them. It may be all a mistake; we may call it a huge illusion; yet the facts appear to prove that with wonderful unanimity, an agreement and spontaneity almost never equalled in ancient times, the populations of all the countries now at war have risen to defend what is dearer than life to them. They are dying for their country, and it is their religion that makes them do it. Is this the mark of conventional religion? What would they do if they had the real and true religion? Follow Tolstoi's advice and refuse to fight no matter what happened to the fatherland?

I hesitate a bit for fear I am not doing Dr. Dole full justice. I may be attributing things to him to which he will not agree, but unless I have misconceived his argument it is that the people now at war, who have caused or permitted the war, who think that the war is necessary or that it is right, are only nominal Christians. They are not and never have been true children of the Christ; but they are now laying down their lives, the very mothers and daughters are inciting them, the teachers and philosophers assuring them that this is a "holy war." If, then, their previous attitude has been wrong, and their consent to war without any sanction, then is their present sacrifice merely conventional too, for what they do now is just the result of their "conventional" training and ideas. Must there not be something wrong when we can only damn with the faint praise of conventionality that nurture which makes a Servian die rather than have his native land swallowed up by Austria? Or a Belgian die to keep a foreign army out of his own fields and cities? Or a Frenchman die rather than again to see *la belle France* undergo the humiliation and loss of a German triumph? Or a German die to save the fatherland from the Cossack?

Finally, if any element or custom or institution in the life of the nations to which we had looked for salvation from war has failed to prevent it, then they have all failed—schools, universities, homes, ethical culture, music, and letters—no less than the Christianity of custom.

Madison, Wis.

Our Common Congregationalism.*

BY AMBROSE W. VERNON, D.D.

Rarely have I felt so great delight on receiving an invitation as on being asked, as pastor of a church adhering to the other section of the Congregational churches, to take part in the services of dedication of the new edifice of this historic church. Invitations from one group of Christians to another on occasions of this kind are usually for an address to young people in the evening or for a congratulatory speech at the opening of the parish house, but you have included me in the actual service of dedication. I am to speak not as one on the outside who welcomes, but as one on the inside who consecrates. You have not reached over the fence; you have taken it down, and I at least shall never put it up again. We live still in two houses, but we are each proud of the other's house, and we have decided to keep up the lawn together. I should not wonder if we one day built some sort of a passageway. With all your well-founded loyalty to that noble group of God's prophets who have been dubbed Unitarians, and whose clarifying and purifying services to Christianity we all at last acknowledge, by this invitation to me you have given expression to your feeling of a wider loyalty which we hold in common, a loyalty which is expressed by the uncouth but precious word "Congregationalism." Indeed, my friends, I cherish the hope that it is easier for you—as it is for me—to express loyalty to those things which we have in common rather than to those things which may still differentiate us though they no longer divide. Both groups of us are Congregationalists; we are both of us Protestants; we are both of us Christians; we both find our refuge as well as strength in God, being thankful that we have been forgiven by his grace. Is it not to these great common possessions that our chief loyalties lie? I am frank to

*An address delivered at the dedication of the Second Church, Boston, Nov. 8, 1914.

Digitized by Google

confess that they do for me. I hope that I shall live to see the day when it shall be as hard to distinguish our two branches of Congregationalism from each other as it is to tell twin daughters apart who have forgotten to tie up their braids with a blue and a red ribbon. Even now I find it difficult to find two theological ribbons for us, whose colors are so dissimilar that they would make confusion impossible, for if I should call you Unitarians, some of you wouldn't like it, and I should then be obliged to call us Trinitarians, which some of us entirely disavow. If I called you radicals, you would allow the term only in its etymological meaning, and we, who would then be labelled conservatives, would wish it clearly understood what we were endeavoring to conserve. If, as a last resource, I should declare that you denied the divinity of Christ and that we affirmed it, there would immediately arise a discussion regarding the word "divinity," which I believe would destroy the last hope of herding us in different stalls. It is true that I might with vehemence and truth deny that I believe in salvation by character, and affirm that I believe with all my soul in salvation by grace; but I am not sure that we don't both of us believe in salvation to character by grace, and I am not anxious to found two great communions of Christians upon two prepositions. It is my deliberate belief that there is a greater difference between "Unitarians" and "Unitarians" and between "Congregationalists" and "Congregationalists" than there is between Unitarians and Congregationalists. I really fear that our extremists will discover that, in spite of their violent efforts to divide us, there is One who is our Master and all we are brethren. Is it too much to hope that armed neutrality, which is now in such desperately bad odor even between nations, should come to a definite end between Christians, and certainly between Congregationalists?

Shall I really then be cleared from all charge of boorishness if I enter into the family circle at your magnanimous invitation and express our common delight in setting apart this building in the name of Congregationalism?

We rejoice in Congregationalism, then, because of its ancient and enduring accomplishments. Other polities have their triumphs, but to us there are no successes so significant as the founding of the Christian churches in the first century and the founding of New England in the seventeenth. There is little doubt that the first was done by means of Congregationalism, and there is no doubt that the second was done for the sake of Congregationalism. These two accomplishments are so unique for Christians and Americans that we prefer not to mention other enduring and precious creations of our order.

We rejoice in Congregationalism, also, because it is the most perfect expression in the realm of church organization of the essence of the Christian religion. "It is for freedom that Christ hath set men free,"—freedom from sin, first of all, but also freedom from tyranny. "If the Son makes us free, then are we free indeed." Nothing shall separate the Christian freemen from the love of God, neither presbyters nor bishops nor popes nor councils of his fellows. To his own God and his own conscience he standeth or falleth; it would be treason in him to allow the introduction of any obstacle in the spiritual path which Christ has forever cleared between him and his God. This fundamental of the individual Christian life we claim Congregationalism throws in the boldest relief when it affirms that the individual church must be treated as is the individual soul.

We rejoice in Congregationalism because it makes for the highest fellowship in the world, the fellowship of the free through the drawing of their own hearts. Such fellowship is difficult to command, and it fails lamentably at many a point where the fellowship secured by authority succeeds; but we believe that such fellowship increases instead of drying up the springs of spontaneous love, which makes the water of other springs taste flat.

We rejoice in Congregationalism because through its prohibition of uniformity it draws the poison from ritual. Worship must be orderly, and it should suggest the vastness of the God of the Universe; but, so long as its form may vary in each church, the order will not obscure the underlying life which must ever shine through it and should often burn through it. History shows that ritual is religion's subtlest foe. Congregationalism enables us to pray sincerely, Lead us not into that temptation. Any church that deems its ritual perfect thereby manifests that its religion is dead.

We rejoice in Congregationalism because through its prohibition of uniformity it relieves the church from the narrowness of dogmatists. Congregationalism has all the room in the world for extreme conservatives and extreme liberals, but it has no place at all for bigots. The only orthodoxy it knows is the freedom of the Spirit and insistence on the recognition of that freedom. It believes in covenants and allows creeds, but they all must confess their tentative character. We have a crowd of cranks, but we have mighty few hypocrites. We believe in loving God with all the mind we've got, and in keeping our lips in step with our minds. We revere the past partly because we believe that God hath provided some better thing for us without which it cannot be made perfect.

We rejoice in Congregationalism because it has no priests. Unlike our brothers, the Presbyterians and the Methodists and the Episcopalians and the Romanists, our ministers do not constitute a separate class with special privileges. We hope that they study diligently, but we do not believe that their study lets them further into the secret of religion than the daily toil of other men. They have no desire to have any more than one vote, or to put it in a special ballot-box. They have less authority than other ministers, but there is one sacrifice they never make,—they never sacrifice manhood for priesthood. They believe that after God has ordained us Christian men there is no other ordination that counts. They know nothing higher than a Christian man.

We rejoice in Congregationalism because, while it is a good means, it is an impossible end. Congregationalism won't move without the Spirit; there are no wheels that keep moving round when the Spirit leaves. When spiritual life is at a low ebb, the Congregational churches suffer the most quickly. We have deliberately discarded the gaudy trappings of monarchical and aristocratic church government. There is nothing in our simple democracy or in our simple worship to impress men who are not in the control of the Spirit. All our living takes his presence and inspiration for granted. When we withdraw from him, there is no beauty about us that men should desire us. We are organized not for the sake of accomplishing our ends, but for the sake of not interfering with his and of setting no obstacle in their way. When he removeth his breath, we languish and die.

We rejoice finally in our simple polity because it is impossible for any of us to believe that Congregationalism is our refuge and strength; because we know that it is through its weakness that it is strong; because it may be a power in the world only as its members put their trust not in mechanical expedients, but in spiritual realities; because it is forced, for its own existence, to pray, Lord, take not thy Holy Spirit from us; because our only chance of power in this world is to be completely swayed by the spirit of Christ, without whom

Digitized by Google

we can do nothing. We rejoice most of all in Congregationalism because we are forced to find our greatest joy in something far greater and nobler than it,

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

and shines upon us in fullest glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

Thus, fellow-Congregationalists, as we dedicate this noble building to the purposes of Congregationalism, shall we not dedicate ourselves to it anew; to refuse any adventitious advantages at the cost of departing from its simplicity; to allow its spirit, that has caused us to reject pomp in worship and authority in doctrine, to force us also to disregard academic degrees and trappings, social pretensions, and racial arrogance; and, above all, to see that it is forever completely dominated by the spirit of him who alone has shown us the full beauty of loving God with all our hearts and our neighbors as ourselves, in whom, although we see him not and can explain him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory?

Brookline, Mass.

How to prevent War.

When the war closes there will be tens and even hundreds of millions of thoughtful sympathetic people in the world who will earnestly desire to have war banished from the face of the earth.

Already thousands of men and women are protesting against war. Somewhat blindly they are demanding peace on the instant. But any real lasting peace cannot come in this abrupt way, although this desire for peace, this condemnation of war, is a step forward; men who a year ago looked with indifference upon the efforts of peace workers now meet this problem with seriousness and even eagerness, and this world-wide interest in peace should presently crystallize into a world idea, and that world idea will guide the world will, which can reshape all international relations and banish war as it has already banished other scourges like yellow fever and small-pox.

But what is this world idea? In what way can war be prevented? Two methods which have been advocated in the past show themselves valueless when measured against the laws of human action and many of the patent facts of human life. One of these rainbow-garlanded fallacies is that two or more nations can be bound indissolubly together by the signing of a "scrap of paper" called a treaty. The harsh but undeniable fact is that the path of human progress behind us is strewn with the shreds of torn-up treaties; each of them has been like the pasteboard vizor of Don Quixote's helmet—quite satisfactory until put to the test.

In the very essence of things such agreements are fragile because, human nature being what it is, there is at present no power to enforce them; those twenty and more treaties which our Secretary of State has gathered are as uncertain as a 10 per cent. investment in "coppers," and they would restrain but slightly the contracting nations if national self-interest led the other way. Such exchanges of documents, with high official signatures and imposing seals, wear the appearance of progress, and the negotiating of them is pleasurable, but they aid only slightly the cause of world peace; they serve to draw attention to that great reform, but there is danger that they will tend to undermine the sincerity of the contracting parties and of all who urge them while distrusting their validity.

A second plausible but futile remedy for war is disarmament. We are told, in disregard of the law of self-preservation, individual or national, that armies and navies generate war, and that wars would cease if dreadnoughts and machine guns were "scrapped"; but wars sprang up and brought their evils long before such mechanisms were dreamed of, and few if any of the wars of the past hundred years can be traced to the influence of large armaments. The last four wars in which the United States was involved were the war of the Rebellion, the Spanish War, the war with Mexico, and the War of 1812, and not one of those wars grew out of large armaments, not one of them was the United States really prepared for. The facts of history utterly confute this rainbow-wreathed theory of disarmament as a preventive of war.

It has been charged frequently of late that armaments do not insure peace. The obvious rejoinder to this is: armaments insure neither peace nor war; wars arise from other causes—greed, vanity, revenge, and other springs of human action, and cruisers and siege-guns are only instruments and not causes. Granted that there is a measurable desire on the part of a well-equipped army or navy to test itself against the equipment of some other nation, yet this impulse has been enormously magnified, out of all reason, by earnest peace advocates who know little of the personnel of an army and navy like Great Britain's or our own.

Furthermore, even if disarmament would insure the abolition of warfare, the urging of such a disarmament is utterly futile, for disarmament cannot be brought about. After this war, as before it, the nations will not disarm; no more would the "Forty-niners" disarm in the frontier days of early California. Probably each man would have consented to disarm if sure that all the others would do likewise. And what was it in those troublous days that led men, good, order-loving citizens, finally to lay aside pistol and knife? It was the same thing, the only thing, which will make the nations lay aside or reduce warships and soldiery,—it was the establishment and maintenance of courts of law and an efficient police force.

This natural evolution out of disorder and the rule of brute strength and skill in that small California group is precisely what must come in the largest known group of human beings, namely, the world group of nations. At present the world, as a congeries of governments, is in the "frontier stage," and each nation goes armed because it distrusts its neighbors; but we are nearing the time when we shall evolve beyond the frontier stage, and our appalling European war is pushing the minds of thoughtful, just men and women rapidly on to that higher sociological stage where they will grasp the "world idea" and exercise the "world will," which will demand and support by federation a "world court" and a "world police." These are the natural substitutes for the predatory acts of individual nations.

Such a step in social and international evolution is close before us. This is the one only rational method of abolishing war,—the summoning of law to take the place of war by federating the half-dozen leading nations in judicial procedure and in the enforcement of judicial decrees. Such a method of settling international contentions will not be flawless (nothing human is flawless), but it will be enormously superior to the tyrannies and plunderings which it will supersede. Granted that there are difficulties in the path of this advance, they will easily be overcome when the millions of war-stricken men and women in all civilized lands who to-day cry

Digitized by Google

blindly for "peace" shall learn how alone peace can be attained, and thus the "international mind" and the "international will" shall guide and impel the civilized world toward that ideal of world federation, of world unity, to which the various arbitration conferences and commissions, and the Hague Conference, have all been tending. It beckons the world to-day as never before.—*Bradley Gilman, in the Springfield Republican.*

Noblesse Oblige.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code—
By love inspired—
Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.
The tuneful throat is bid to sing,
The oak must reign the forest's king;
The rushing stream the wheel must move,
The tempered steel its strength must prove;
'Tis given with the eagle's eyes
To face the midday skies.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then,
To you the braver deeds belong!
And so, again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I, who, giftless, sunless, stand
With barren life and hand.

—*Carlotta Perry.*

The Pulpit.

Prayer and the Price of Peace.

BY REV. GEORGE KENT.

This America of ours, whose church bells ring to-day in one appealing call to prayer for war to cease, is beyond all doubt more closely drawn by ties of race and family and affection to the nations now in conflict than any other land on earth. Why, our hearts' blood as a people is a mingling of the very blood with which those awful leagues of battle-front are being marked against each other. I venture to say that half the homes in America are knitted by some bond of kinship to those homes of Europe that are being broken and bereaved by the ravages of war, while how many of us—dear and trusted friends on this side of the sea—have relatives and friends in deadly opposition on the other side! Ah, how instinctively and irrepressibly we cry for peace! Who, indeed, can read from day to day even the half-told tale of the cruelties, the miseries, the destruction and death the war inflicts, alike upon combatants and non-combatants, without such a cry for peace bursting from his own breast?

Our President speaks for the burdened soul of all America in that solemn call that he has issued, "Let us pray." Not just because our own interests are suffering so desperately; no, but because of the yet sorer hurt—the wounds and famine and destruction and slaughter that great nations are inflicting upon each other—we feel the old, old impulse of our human perplexity and helplessness, and say to each other, "Let us pray."

But in saying this to you I dare to call you, even in this great darkness, even as I would if you yourselves were in the shadow of death,—I dare to call you to that higher and truer way of prayer that we have learned together.

The little child, in his utter ignorance and inability and fear, has nothing but a cry for mother or father to deliver him,—to take away the pain, to relieve him of the task, to withdraw the bitter medicine from his lips. But the son who grows toward manhood and the daughter who begins to be a woman enter into a nobler fellowship with father and mother. We find them striving more and more to understand the parents' loving purpose, seeking more and more to share whatever pain and toil life costs, learning better and better not merely to submit their will to the parents' will, but to have the same will for a brave, clean, kindly living that father and mother have for them.

Such is the closer fellowship with God, that as sons and daughters of the Highest we have sought together, growing up to it with the growing manhood and womanhood of our mind and will. Prayer for us must not be the little child's feeble and fearful cry, to be saved from things that hurt and puzzle us.

It must be the uplift—of a better wisdom than the child's, of a braver heart and a stronger will—into closer fellowship with God as he purposes and toils and suffers and waits with us for the infinite, immortal ends of our being.

Yes, if I were speaking to those who held only this universe of ours, and not our Christian God and Father, as the one reality, I should say the same thing: Prayer should be, for grown-up men and women, no little child's foolish and feeble outcry to be rescued from the processes that pain, the problems that perplex. It should be the splendid uplift of mind and heart into more and more of an understanding, willing, helping partnership with our universe in that mighty creative evolution that has led, even on this little earth, to the greatness of our human thought and will and helpfulness.

But with the faith we dare to cherish and to live by, that this universe of ours and its order have a soul, with our faith that they are the expression of a spirit and a power, an intelligence and life and will akin to that we know in ourselves, whose wisdom and goodness we can trust, and grow with as children with a father, we mean more. When I say, amid this raging and havoc of war, "Let us pray," I mean no less than our joining with God, according to our power, in the truth of thought, the breadth of loving sympathy, the unshrinking faithfulness to diviner ends of justice and worth that he himself, our Father, is giving to make us his grown-up sons and daughters out of the little children he began us with.

To give that truth of thought to the awful problem of this present warfare is to see higher and more priceless ends of human welfare being worked out than could possibly be gained by our Father forcing peace upon his contending children. There are creative ends of justice, liberty, self-mastery, and self-devotion worth more than peace to the children of God. If it were not so, God would have made this a world where his creatures could be at peace, instead of the one he *has* made it, where they must fight.

The learned head of the Church of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, told a vast audience in Westminster Abbey the other day, "The thing which is now astir in Europe is not the work of God, but of the devil," and he went on to say that war is due to man's undoing and thwarting the will of God. But no such easy interpretation is open to the truest thinking. No such offhand explanation explains or settles anything.

Who made a devil to stir up warfare among men? Who gave men power or will to undo and thwart the power and will of God? Such explanations contradict themselves. Then I could have taken the great Archbishop with me on my journey north last summer into the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, and there he could have seen for himself the monstrous saurian that

God grew here on earth while his creation was yet upon the way to man. And what would that huge saurian, dug from the slime of ages before man lived, have plainly told him? In savage tooth and claw and spine and armored plate, it would have told him that fight and slaughter, and the means of it, were here in the world, by the creative handiwork of God, long, long before any devil had a creature he could tempt or any man existed to be blamed for it.

Then from that fighting saurian, with its cold reptile blood, and cold, unfeeling heart, and meagre, unthinking brain, I could have invited the Archbishop to trace with me God's great creative process,—for we both believe in God,—the infinitely patient and persistent teaching to a fighting brute the affections and fidelities and self-masteries, the thoughts and hopes and ideals, which by and by should shine from human eyes and be wrought into the fabric of a human heart and brain. Then I could have asked the Archbishop to follow up with me the real path of our human history, the wonderful, complex making of a man, who still must be a fighting animal, with hungers and lusts that he must satisfy or perish from the earth, with battles to fight against wild beasts and stormy seas and deadlier cold and famine and disease.

As the great scholar that he is, the Archbishop could have helped me trace the matchless art of the Creator who in the man with lifelong war to wage,—for food, having to kill something for every mouthful that he eats; for health, fighting wet and cold and poisons and infections and his own unruly appetites and passions; for freedom in age-long battle against fear and ignorance and oppression; for right, seeing something wrong to be opposed in every past achievement just because of ever-lifting ideals,—in the man so born, to fight is creating the Christ of gentleness, making God's perfect gentleman.

What other creative task approaches it,—in the man who must not only remain a fighter, but with a thousand-fold the courage, the vigor, the tenacity, the weapons and armor of the dinosaur to intertwine with this undiminished, this developed fighting power the holy passion for fair play, the divine control of self, the pitying tenderness, the generous good will, the love of enemies, the forgiveness of injuries, the dying for other's sake, which are being wrought into God's making of us men!

I tell you, brave thinkers that you are, to pray with such true thought as this, trying as God's sons and daughters to think his thoughts after him,—this is to make war itself yield to us deeper meaning than a devil at work or men's will defeating God's.

It is to realize amid the hurricane and earthquake and fire of this present war the still, sure forces of unity and liberty and integrity and sanity, whose perfect and enduring victories are only won as yet on battle-fields like these.

To pray with such true thought is to face—with breaking heart, indeed—every blackest horror of the war, and yet to ask no peace or truce from God if any tyranny or cruelty or false idea of ours needs fighting to a standstill.

Then, secondly, the prayer which tries to join with God, as growing sons and daughters with a parent, besides a truth of thought will mean to us a breadth of loving sympathy akin to our Father's love. How fearfully, how pathetically false and wrong appear to us the reasons with which, on one side or the other, the contending nations justify their rushing into war! I guess God sees it, too. I know that the order of his universe will inevitably brand whatever lies are being told, and wreck whatever wrong is thinking itself right. But for us to pray as we want to pray, trying to feel in our own breasts God's breadth of loving sympathy, what fellowship it is to find with the loyalties, the self-sacrifices, the heroisms, the sufferings of the great mass, alike of the German, the Belgian, the French, the Austrian, the Russian, and Servian, and English people!

I take the side that I believe in. I hope and trust that it will win; but I feel for the people I want beaten, and I rejoice that in the great host of them the war is bringing out the same devotion and sense of rectitude, it is revealing in them the same great qualities of courage and constancy, as in their foes.

When I fain would lift my heart to feel as God feels toward these warring nations, it is to find myself desiring only that outgrown and obstructive men and methods be discredited and thrust aside. I do not ask that any nation be dragged in the dust of dishonor or crippled beyond recovery and growth to real greatness.

God, in his love toward all his children, is bringing the nations to such merciful good will; and we to whom prayer is the lifting of our souls to think and feel with our Father, we should join in the breadth and fulness of his sympathy.

Finally, and above all, I want you to pray in that hardest uplift of all, the noble raising of your heart and will into fellowship with God's faithfulness to the eternal values—justice, freedom, character. We want peace and plenty and prosperity; yes, but not at the cost of any higher good. Oh, with what pity and almost desperation, do we long for peace! But we do not want it at any cost of freedom; not by the gift of political and industrial despots; not by the sacrifice, for sordid ends of ease and luxury, of any people's manhood and womanhood. I can't pray for peace at any price. I will not pray for God to work some miracle of change in human hearts just for the sake of peace. I can pray, and I do pray, as we have learned to pray together, in the lifting of my thought and heart and will to all I can attain of my Father's thought and heart and will; and, trying to think his thoughts after him, seeking to feel his breadth of sympathy with men, nerving my will to the perfect faithfulness of his, I come to this:—

I catch the vision of countless battles we are here to wage, of the brave, indomitable, loyal fighters we are meant to be, of the courage, fortitude, grim tenacity we mustn't lose. I see the sublime and stupendous achievement God is teaching us, no less than to outdo all fighters of the past in strength and skill and arms and heroism, while we turn it all from warfare against each other to warfare against jungle and desert, against city slum and suffering, against poverty and wretchedness, against inequity and cruelty, against disease and stunted growth, against all that has come to be outgrown and should be left behind.

Seeing this,—man made a fighter, and meant to be,—I see how the peace of man with man can come only by patient victories of wisdom and good will that cannot be won without the patient years to help us. My human fellow-feeling broadens and deepens, till in prayer I fain would feel the kindness and compassion of my Father for his children, while I stagger at the cruelties and desolations of our wars. I pin my faith and hope to the nobilities of courage and devotion on the battle-front and where the doctors and nurses do their duty at the rear, and of patriotism and self-sacrifice in the millions of men and women behind the soldiers on the field. I feel that, even in this Gethsemane of nations, with the innocent suffering the scourge and cross of war, they, too, have a Christlike part to play, and amid all their woes may learn to pray, "Nevertheless, thy will be done."

Digitized by Google

Last, and highest of all, in prayer I can rise to something of God's integrity, and, lifting my will to loyal fellowship with his, I am ready to pay the cost of blood and tears and anguish—though with two or three of my own dear ones at the front—as long as any rights or precious liberties of men must be fought for or any outgrown tyrannies or savageries are to be driven from the thrones or altars where men bow before them.

Oh, prayer for us is no simple crying of little children for what seems upon the surface easiest and sweetest for us. Let us make it the uplift of full-grown men and women to think their Father's thoughts with him, to feel his ungrudging sympathies, and yet to will his unswerving and righteous purposes. So shall our prayer for peace be gravely wise and pityingly tender and yet be faithful to the ends that only brave, indomitable fighting may be able to achieve.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The Blue Hills in November.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

There is a time, just at the opening of winter, which holds a peculiar beauty of its own but little praised by poet or novelist. The first violet born under the spring sunshine; summer, with its dreamy calm of placid waters and daisied field; autumn, with its miracle-play of gorgeous coloring; that mad carnival of frost and north wind, of snow-drift and cutting sleet, that midwinter brings, —all these have been made immortal. But this season of withered leaf and yellowing sward, of dull skies and chilly mists, how few to do it honor! The flowers have, one by one, left their haunts. Even tansy, most valiant and plucky of all the roadside troop, turns to the sky her tarnished buttons. Their showy glory is of the past. The little hollows, once tenanted by legions of martial golden-rod, are now the asylums of trembling grayheads, the veterans of that royal army that unfurled its glittering banners at the great October pageant.

In the fields a few feeble comrades linger, pallid immortelles, scattering their white tresses among the dying grasses. The fields are of a dull yellow-brown, contrasting sharply with the dark, rich earth just turned by the plow. By the meadow-side the white birches stand, their slender stems gleaming like columns of pearl over the sullen waters. Beautiful is the birch in the glowing summer time, with its delicate garniture of trembling green; but there is a spirit beauty about it now, as it stands fair and lonely amid the soft dusk of its naked branches. The cedars are clad in velvety golden-brown, the pines stand like ridges of iron against the sky, and the oaks yet wear ragged dresses of rust and deep umber. Among the tangled grasses start plumes of fern, now turned to ghostly white and coffee-color by some subtle alchemy of the November air.

There is a marked peculiarity in the softness and delicacy of cloud forms. We do not find the deep, luminous blue of autumn or that tender softness of spring. The sky is rather ridged and crossed with whirls and billows of pearl-gray, with something of the effect of a painting on porcelain. The sunshine sifts down furtively through the little rents, or pours a flood of wild glory through some great rift made by the ardor of the west wind. At morning-tide the sky is covered with dun gray, and a light mist shrouds the earth. It is not one of the damp, clinging mists that nothing save a fierce August sun can dissipate. It is rather the effect of frost, the glittering sparkles of which tip every grass blade. A dull crimson creeps into the east. It grows and deepens until the sky is one flame. The glow plays magically about the stems of the naked trees, bringing out a vivid crimson along the edges of trunk and branch. The ditches in the swamps are changed to pools of blood. There are deep, rich tints of dark brown and purple-black from every thicket and morass. Out of the cold heart of the dying year is poured a passionate wealth of color, almost fierce in its wild brightness, that may well vie with the tropics.

At noon the sky overhead is covered with dainty, shell-like ripples of dove-gray dotted with whirls of slate; but on the southwestern horizon are banks of rose-pink, against which, fair and evanescent as a dream, rise the lovely Sharon Hills, old Moose one cone of perfect azure. The Blue Hills roll away to the south, their rounded slopes veiled in deep violet, while the sun from behind some cloud crowns their summits with gold. At such a time as this there are the rarest and most striking contrasts in the effects of light and shade. The pines and hemlocks wear a dull slaty lustre, the cedars are masses of golden-brown, and the pale yellow grass-sward deepens into a rich and satiny coffee-color.

At eventide great masses of slate-blue hang in shrouds and bars over the western horizon; but they are broken by rifts of crimson, vivid and soft as the heart of a June rose. This crimson merges into primrose at the northern and southern horizons, against which the hills rise, solemn and watchful in the early twilight. Once more the ruddy glow is reflected, but this time in the winding Neponset. Once more the dark stems of tree and shrub are transformed in the tropic glow. Then the darkness steals on, the miracle-play is ended, and only the stars keep watch over Great Blue.—*In Every Other Saturday.*

Spiritual Life.

Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—*Saint Bernard.*

The golden age is not in the past, but in the future; not in the origin of human experience, but in its consummate flower; not opening in Eden, but out from Gethsemane.—*Chapin.*

Perfect trust casts out anxiety. The child reposes on the bosom of its mother like a pilgrim in some immortal shrine, like a shipwrecked traveller in some indestructible ark, who, while a mad sea is raging around, feels safe and strangely assured.—*P. C. Mozoomdar, in "The Oriental Christ."*

Learn to live *for the day*, putting forth all your powers in the joy of present service, leaving the past with its omissions, and the future with all its uncertainties, in the hand of Him who is able to care for it, and so ceasing to glean from the fields of the one a burden of repinings, from the other a burden of fears.—*H. W. Foote.*

Every sublime life, deep in its experiences of joy and of sorrow, of struggle and of triumph, symbolizes the joys and the sorrows, the struggles and the triumphs, of our common humanity. Every great poem which records such a life is your history and mine, written large. The best have been cast down as we are cast down: we may be lifted up as the best are lifted up.—*Frederick A. Hinckley.*

The Garden of My Soul.

BY ELIZABETH WEST PARKER.

It seems that never yet the sun
Did set save on some ruin done
Within my House of Dreams, some Room
Of Life dismantled in the gloom;
While from the Windows of Desire
I watch the last beams' flick'ring fire
On ragged sails,—some ship's return,
Empty of that for which I yearn.

Yet am I not disconsolate;
Nor ever shall be, while the gate
Swings wide that guards that precious goal,
The little Garden of My Soul.

Far flung along the seas it lies,
Swept by the stars' unchanging skies.
Storm-shaken, ocean-rocked its shore,
Within, soft winds blow evermore
Across earth's fairest memories,
The flowers of great Past Poesies.

My feet may walk the city street,
But, oh, my Self! I roam the sweet
Old paths of fancy, blessed goal,—
The little Garden of My Soul.

Literature.

The Church School. By Walter S. Athearn. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.—The title of this book is used in place of the more hackneyed term "Sunday-school," and the treatment of the subject is so complete and scientific that churches of the liberal faith will find it eminently satisfactory. There is no attempt to bring together the practices of different schools as examples for others to follow. Instead, well-established theories of pedagogy are applied to the problem of religious education with rare skill and insight. Each department of the school from kindergarten to adult is separately treated. The Cradle-Roll, Home, and Teacher Training departments are carefully studied. In each section a group of test questions is offered, and many schools would be helped by applying these tests as a measure of their standard of efficiency. The classified lists of books, pictures, music, memory work and hand work for each department are of especial value. The author of the book, Walter S. Athearn, is professor of religious education in Drake University, and has conducted teacher-training classes which included all denominations, Unitarian with the rest, in Des Moines for several years. The theories here advanced have therefore had careful testing, and are presented by a trained specialist.

Without effort or ostentation, a deeply religious spirit pervades the treatment of the subject. How acceptable liberal churches will find the book is shown from the attitude of its author as stated in the foreword: "This volume is an attempt to give religion the advantage of the scientific research that has done so much to increase the efficiency of secular education. It accepts as its fundamental proposition the doctrine of growth. It believes that every child is God's child from the beginning, capable of growth and unfolding until he 'attains unto the perfection of the Father.' It seeks those methods by which a child may 'grow up a Christian and never know himself to have been otherwise.'" In discussing the nature of the curriculum in the school of religion for pupils from fourteen to seventeen, the scheme embodied in our own proposed New Beacon Course of an optional double curriculum, one a historical, the other a social series, is especially commended. Readers of the *Register* will find this the most satisfactory book on Sunday-school methods and principles which has yet appeared. If the teachers' libraries in our schools can afford but one book on method, it may well be this one.

The Youth of a People. (Genesis to Kings.) By Benjamin S. Winchester. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.—This little volume of five chapters is intended for the use of a training-class for teachers who are already teaching in the Sunday-school. The subdivision into twelve studies, bearing such titles as "God and Man," "Fatherhood," "Brotherhood," and "Leadership," makes a convenient arrangement for either a twelve-weeks' course or for monthly meetings. A large section of the Bible text is covered in each study, so that teachers may gain a comprehensive view of the first ten books of the Old Testament. The suggestions for wider reading are not confined to the chapter subjects, but include references on child psychology and pedagogy. Topics for special study are offered with each lesson, intended for home work after the lesson has been considered in class. The author suggests that these be made the basis of a report or essay to be handed to the leader at the following meeting. The outlines are well prepared and comprehensive, but they ignore (except in a few instances such as the blending of two accounts in the flood story) the results of modern critical scholarship. The three appendices—"A Teacher's Reference Library," "Charts of Childhood," and "Distribution of Bible Material"—are of especial value.

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.—The personages in this story (or, as it may be considered, sociological tract) are a boorish, jealous, and tyrannical husband, a conscientious young wife groping blindly in her small world in search of the meaning of life, a well-meaning, invertebrate, innocuous lover, and some minor characters. The theme is the necessity for the independence of woman. Much is said of the slavery imposed on women by the existing laws of marriage, and a great deal about the difficulty of providing proper hostels for working-girls. The discussion of the subject hardly goes beneath the surface, and there is no suggestion of a solution of the problem. A woman is independent, it is declared, when she may walk out with any man she may choose—surely, not too bold a standard of liberty. On the other hand, the analysis of the perturbations and struggles of the three chief characters of the book is exhaustive and interesting, and the workmanship of the story is good.

The Boys' Book of Battles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.—The compiler of these descriptions of famous battles has had two objects in mind: first, to choose only such selections as have undoubted interest in themselves as important pieces of good literature; and secondly, to give, by their aid, a graphic picture of the development of warfare from the earliest times down to the memorable retreat of the British army from the Belgian border toward Paris, and the mid-air fighting of only a month or two ago. In 1326 B.C., Rameses caused to be inscribed on the walls of temples the great war-poem that celebrated the victory over the Khita, and this appropriately begins the selections. Fiction, poetry, and biography have aided history in these chapters. No better descriptions of battles could be found than Bulwer-Lytton's account of the last Danish invasion, Victor Hugo's story of the revolt of the Vendée, or Zola's illuminating story of the fight before Sedan. It is a long record this of warfare and carnage, a story with high lights of heroism to witness to the power of our common human nature, but on the whole so terrible, so pitiful, much of it so needless, that it stirs the heart to revolt. How can we enlist such energy, such devotion, such endurance, in effort for the higher ends of civilization?

The Place beyond the Winds. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.—The success of Mrs. Comstock's earlier books, *Joyce of the North Woods* and *A Son of the Hills*, has been a happy augury for her latest novel, which again tells the story of a woman's development through bitter obstacles toward ideals of love and service which the writer desires most earnestly to place before all women. Mrs. Comstock has written much for the *Register*, and her whole-hearted advocacy of justice to all, opportunity for everybody, is well known. This underlies each story that she writes, as she strives to set forth natural human beings in their close-bound relations to each other. She writes with dramatic force and terseness. Mrs. Comstock has been fortunate in finding for her tales the appropriate setting in scenes that she knows well, and this Canadian trading-station hidden behind rugged red rocks and hemlock-covered hills seemed "waiting for something to happen" until she told its story.

The Boy with the United States Explorers. By Francis Bolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50.—If any writer for boys has been more successful in combining worth-while, present-day knowledge with a good story than the author of the United States Survey Series, we do not know who he is. He shows how the uttermost ends of the earth have been explored in order to bring to our farmers hardy plants from the North and grasses from the tropics; how Nature has revealed, and is revealing, secrets to her lovers and students comparable only to those that opened magic treasure-chambers; how the scientific young farmer of to-day has been called to reign over a kingdom, conquer his enemies, and extend his limits,—all in the interests of peace and humanity. Yet with all this the story interest has by no means been left out. It is enough to say that the sixth volume of the Series is quite as good as the others.

Martha and Cupid. By Julie M. Lippmann. Boston: Henry Holt & Co. $1 net.—Martha is a character whom one likes at the beginning and likes the better as books about her increase. The new book

Digitized by Google

tells about her own love affair and how it turned out, and the way in which she managed, quite unobtrusively, affairs of other people. Her reason for marrying Sam Slawson, or at least the reason she gave him, might not seem conclusive to everybody, but it certainly turned out all right. The humor is unforced, and the human friendliness true and direct, not at all a matter of sentimentality. In times like these it is good to read books that put one in a hopeful, sunshiny state of mind, caring much to do one's own part in the helpful ways that are always open to everybody.

THE OLD DILLER PLACE. By Winifred Kirkland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 net.—Why two girls came by different paths to recognize the possibilities of a tea-room in an automobile-visited village, how they proceeded in different ways to carry out their ideas, what happened when their ideas came into conflict, and how, after unexpected developments, each succeeded in her dearest wishes and gained something else besides,—this is the story of the book. It gives us charming girls of different types, some very trying older people, not so easily understood, and even an incipient love story, developed on unconventional lines. Miss Kirkland's name is already pleasantly known to readers of stories for children.

HER WINGS. By Frances Symmes Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—Enjoyment of this charmingly told story is not at all dependent on the reader's views about votes for women, even though the heroine is an advocate of political equality. Even an anti-suffragist may sympathize with her courageous acceptance of life, and her final surrender to love and happiness is a triumph, from whatever point of view one looks at it. Mrs. Allen puts into the story a warm, friendly liking for all kinds of people, a sense of justice toward various phases of social expression, humor that relieves more serious passages, and a facility in making the characters real persons. The story is thoroughly enjoyable.

THE SISTER OF THE WIND. By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.—A delicate charm pervades this book, as of sunlight on marigolds in some peaceful old garden. Always freshness of view and beauty of music greet the reader, as,—

"O hush, my heart, while I recall
The rosy-footed years
When I had no heart at all,
Only quick smiles and tears.
O sweet it was and safe it was,
And O I would I were
Still running with white dreams that pass
Like clouds across the air"

THE BIRD FRIENDS OF A COUNTRY DOLL. By Caroline Stetson Allen. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net. Readers of the *Register* already know something about Miss Allen's stories with their gentle, wholesome charm and their understanding of child thoughts and desires. Alice's conversations with the birds bring out their characteristics in an unobtrusive and entertaining way, and the book is attractively illustrated.

THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE. By Albert E. Trombly. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.—To Byron, Shelley, and Bliss Perry (happy trio!), and others, this author addresses sonnets which in the large admiration of his publishers are compared to Rossetti's "House of Life." We wonder how this will impress Bliss Perry, the

"Great-hearted friend, who from the busy hour
Deignest to hear mine ill-attuned song."

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW. By Louise W. Kneeland. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.—These are womanly, delicate fancies and dreams of this flavor,—

"Hark!
Through the soft, cool, flower-scented dark,
A bird's note,
Liquid, compelling,
Afloat
On the stillness of night."

Magazines.

The Christmas *Century* presents striking and cheerful stories, several essays, a broad treatment of the present European situation from every side, two poems inspired by the war, a strong and vivid serial, pages in color by Paul J. Meylan, Lester G. Hornby, W. T. Benda, Maginell Wright Enright, John Sloan, Thelma Cudlipp, and a delightful humorous department. Mr. Schoonmaker, in his article "From Cæsar to Kaiser," sees the shadow of Cæsarism and militarism moving steadily northward on the Continent. As it rose from Italy twenty centuries ago and lowered over France in the time of Napoleon, so it now hovers over Germany. Russia, says a well-known English author, is "a nation united by war." He prophesies that after the war the revolutionist influence in the government will make the Czar the head of a state much more like England in its constitution, with no need for violent internal revolution, and that the Russian peasant's work will have a weight in councils of state which it never had before. In a third article, "If Germany Loses," an English Privy Councilor is persuaded that the defeat of the Kaiser will precipitate a movement against his dynasty that may become too violent to check. Another descriptive article, "France, 1914," gives extracts from Lester G. Hornby's diary of the first days of this war, illustrated with his own pictures. He makes his reader live in Paris and in Rouen through those first mad days.

Miscellaneous.

From Oliver Ditson we have received *Standard Anthems for Men's Voices*, edited by George B. Nevin, and motet for men's voices, *Omnipotence*, by Frederick Stevenson.

Quite wonderful in charm and fitness is the sheaf of dainty cards and booklets which Frances L. Lester, 1151 East 55th Street, Chicago, Ill., sends out in anticipation of the coming call of the holidays. Here are friendly greetings for many occasions—birthdays, wedding-days, and "thank you's"—as well as calendars, Christmas cards, and the like. There is not one that does not show thought in selection or good taste in form. "Blessed are they who have said our good things for us," is the appropriate quotation on the outside of the little circular leaflet which will take the announcements of The Laurel Series to those who may wish to know more of them in detail.

"He is a new writer who is an old master" was the word pronounced last year by the reviewer of the New York *Sun* when Conings-by Dawson's book *The Garden Without Walls* appeared. The second novel, *The Raft*, is more comprehensive even than the other. "We girls are adrift on a raft," said Jehane, "and we can't swim. Over there's the land of marriage with all the little children, the homes, and the husbands. Unless some of the men see us and put off in boats to rescue us, we'll be caught in the current of the years and swept out into the hunger of mid-ocean." Poor Jehane struggles hard in her efforts to reach shore, but the boat to which she trusted was unseaworthy. Peter, the wonderful boy who sees life objectively and takes responsibilities, is the real centre. The characters are distinctive and some of them are painfully lifelike. Life, as here revealed, is no holiday pursuit, but a grim demand for an equivalent for each treasure it may yield. The novel is published by Henry Holt & Co. ($1.35 net.)

CHRISTMAS SERMONS
BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

What has the Birth of Jesus done for the World?
Old and New Ideas concerning the Divinity of Jesus.
The True Coming of Christ.
Christ and Other Masters.
The Joys of Christmas.
What Good has the Birth of Jesus brought to the World?
Jesus as Author and Finisher of Faith.
The Original Element in the Teaching of Jesus.
The Influence of Christ an Increasing Power in Human Life.
The Leadership of Jesus.

For the use of Post-office Mission Workers and any one interested. Sent free of any charge.

Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke
91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE MIND OF CHRIST

LEAFLET SERMONS
By
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

1. The Mind of Christ.
2. The Gospel in the Gospels.
3. Ethics of the Sermon on the Mount.
4. Sermon on the Mount. How Jesus fulfils Law.
5. Sermon on the Mount. The Beatitudes.
6. The Central Idea of the Sermon on the Mount.
7. Sermon on the Mount. Three Degrees of Hatred—Anger, Defamation, Contempt.
8. Sermon on the Mount. The Sin of Anxiety.
9. Sermon on the Mount. Saying and Doing.
10. The House on the Rock and the House on the Sand.
11. How the Insight of Jesus led Foresight.
12. What did Jesus himself teach concerning Probation and the Condition of the Heathen?

Sent gratis for the use of Post-office Mission Workers, or to any one interested

Address, Miss L. Freeman Clarke
91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

The Home.

"Tuck the Children in."

O mother, tuck the children in,
And draw the curtains round their heads;
And, mother, when the storms begin,
Let storms forbear those cradle beds.

And if the sleepers wake too soon,
Say, "Children, 'tis too early yet,"
And hush them with a sleepy tune,
And closer draw the coverlet.

O Mother Earth, be good to all
The little sleepers in thy care;
And when 'tis time to wake them, call
A beam of sun, a breath of air!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Something that Bob and Dorothy didn't Know.

BY SUSAN PERRY PECKHAM.

One sunny morning, when the air was cold and the leaves were mostly red and yellow, Dorothy and Bob were on the piazza, talking. Dorothy sat in her rocking-chair, putting her doll Lydia's things on. Bob was on the floor, rolling back and forth for a little while. Soon they were going to do something, but they had not yet decided what it should be.

"Thanksgiving Day," said Bob. "Thanksgiving. I don't know what that means. Was anybody born on that day—anybody like Washington?"

"I don't know. I guess so," said Dorothy.

"Maybe Aberham Lincoln?"

"Might be," said Dorothy.

"I want to know about that. Ma-a-ma-a!" called Bob. "Mother, was Washington born on Thanksgiving Day?" Mrs. Mason came to the door.

"Why, no, Bob," she said, "you know that isn't what Thanksgiving Day means, don't you?"

"No, Doffie doesn't, and I don't know what it's for,—unless you just want us to say 'thank you' lots of times, and so you give us turkey and all sorts of special things. We might get so used to saying 'thank you'—'Thank you for this turkey, thank you for this ice-cream, thank you for this jelly, thank you for the apples and oranges and nuts, thank you, thank you, thank you'—might get so used to it we'd never stop, hardly, and then you wouldn't have the trouble to remind us all the time."

"That would be a good thing," said Mrs. Mason, "but I should think boys and girls could remember to say 'thank you,' without their mothers' having the Thanksgiving dinners just to give them practice."

"Yes," said Dorothy.

"What *is* it for, then?" said Bob.

"Why, it isn't all for children. It's really more for grown people."

"*Is* it? Do *you* thank? What do you thank each other for?"

"Bobbie, dear, we don't thank *each other* especially on that day. You see, dear, Thanksgiving is a day when we all think especially of how *much* we have to be thankful for."

"Children?" said Dorothy, "and good homes?"

"Yes, yes, indeed; and healthiness, and beautiful country and weather, and good times—such *lots* of things! And, you know, we don't thank *each other* for those so much as we thank"—

"I know," said Bob quickly, "God."

"Bobbie, dear, you don't know much about that. Little fellows can't, Dorothy can't yet; but by and by— You keep your eyes open, keep trying to be sensible, to do what's the right thing, and then some day you'll know lots of good things that you don't know now. But you can keep on learning all the time, you and Dorothy."

"M-m. Specially when we go to school," said Bob.

"Well, you can be learning now, all the time. Just try to do what's the right thing. That's what makes people learn,—Daddy and me and everybody, children and old people."

"Not tell stories?" said Dorothy, "and not slap and scream?"

"To be sure," said her mother.

"And be kind to people, and say 'thank you,'" said Bob. "But then, what is the Thanksgiving dinner for, and the big lot of people, grandmother and everybody, babies, too?"

"Why," said his mother, "don't you see? After they've been to church, people think it's lovely to be thankful *together*. It's a great pleasure to be thankful. Haven't you ever noticed? You know how happy it makes anybody to be thankful to somebody for a gift? Well, you see you don't know much yet, but you will. Why, yes, grandmothers and grandfathers and the fathers and mothers like to be together and feel how much there is to be thankful for, and, of course, they want their children to be with them."

"Oh, well, now I know," said Bob.

"I never knew Thanksgiving was such a day as that," said Dorothy.

"Oh, yes," said her mother, "it's a lovely day, when you know."

The Ogre of Grim Goblin Castle.

"It's too hot for *anything*," sighed Dorothy. "The crabs won't bite any longer, and my face is burned almost to a blister."

"Well, then, let's row up under the bridge, and get cooled off in the shade," suggested Tom; and Dorothy gladly nodded her assent.

Once under the shadow of the long wooden bridge, life began to seem more pleasant to Dorothy. Tom was really exerting himself to entertain her; for she was only a visitor, while Wood's River was his home.

They were cousins, and Aunt Anne had sent over for Tom to come to the Gables that afternoon, to take Dorothy out on the river, crabbing.

From their present position beneath the bridge the chimneys of the Gables were just visible.

"When I was a little chap, I used to call it 'Grim Goblin Castle,'" said Tom, as he pointed the Gables out to Dorothy.

"And the goblin?" she queried, laughing.

"Was Uncle John! You ought to have seen the way he used to scowl at me whenever I went to the Gables with mother to see Aunt Anne.—it used to scare me blue! I believe I'm a bit afraid of him still," he added, laughing.

"So am I," confessed Dorothy. "I don't know why,—but he's so big and so gruff,—and I heard him tell mother that children ought to be kept shut up in the school-room until they were grown."

"What a funny echo there is under this bridge!" said Dorothy. "Didn't you notice it? Well, listen now." And she screamed.

Then Tom tried it himself with wonderful results.

A moment later they heard the distant patter, patter, of a horse's hoofs at the entrance of the bridge.

"Now wait," said Tom, "let's wait till he gets just over us, and then let's yell together. One, two, three,—are you ready? *Now!*" Such a shout as they sent up, both of them together, and how the echo caught it up and repeated the dreadful sounds!

There was a sudden plunge overhead, the gentle pit-a-pat changed into the sound of galloping feet. Tom and Dorothy lay back in the boat and laughed heartily over the horse's evident astonishment.

They lingered for another hour, and then Tom leisurely pulled back. As they were walking up the pathway they met Michael, the hired man, hurrying down toward the river.

"Begorra, an' I was jest comin' out to look for yez. A great excitement we've been havin' here. There's tramps about, hangin' around under the bridge yonder; an' they hollered, an' scared Brown Bess so she ran away, an' yer uncle was throwed out and hurted his arm. An' he's declarin' he'll have 'em arrested an' locked up in the county jail. 'Better *catch 'em furst*,' sez I. But Miss Anne she sent me out to find yez; for 'the river ain't safe,' sez she, 'with such ruffians hangin' about.'"

Tom and Dorothy exchanged a rapid glance; and Dorothy's color paled, while a quick flush overspread Tom's olive cheek.

"Is Uncle John badly hurt?" he questioned anxiously.

"He's badly shook up, but he's madder than hurt, I guess," he said shrewdly, as he turned off toward the barn.

"Oh, what *shall* we do?" whispered Dorothy. "I *never* thought we were doing any harm!"

"Nor I," said Tom. "So just you keep still, Dorothy, and don't say a word. Nobody knows we were under the bridge. They think it was tramps, you see."

"Yes, I know—but"— objected Dorothy.

Tom flushed hotly. "We can't help it *now*," he said.

Uncle John's arm had been bandaged, and he was in the library, resting. He had given strict orders that he was not to be disturbed.

Shortly afterward, in spite of his orders, Uncle John was disturbed by a knock.

"Come in," he said gruffly; and the door opened to admit his nephew Tom.

"What do you want?" he growled.

"I want to say I'm sorry for the—accident, uncle," Tom began awkwardly; "and I hope you are not much hurt."

"A sprained arm and plenty of bruises; but wait till I catch those rascals!"

Tom drew a quick breath.

"I did it, Uncle John!"

"You?" The gleaming eyes under the shaggy brows were suddenly turned full upon him.

"I did not think it would do any harm. It was thoughtless. I am very sorry."

"Who was with you?" demanded Uncle John. "There were two voices."

Digitized by Google

"That I cannot tell you. The blame is altogether mine."

His uncle looked at him in silence for a moment. Then he pointed to the door. "You may go home," he said gruffly. "I will not pardon you to-day."

It was already dusk when Uncle John was disturbed again. This time the intruder was a pale-faced, fair-haired girl.

"I'm so sorry you were hurt," she murmured in a rapid, half-frightened way; "but I had to come and tell you—it was—it was I—who did it. I never dreamed it was going to do any harm."

"Oh, ho!" said Uncle John. "So you were the ruffian who frightened Brown Bess! And who was the other one?"

"Oh, but I cannot tell you!" Dorothy said bravely.

Uncle John stared hard at her. "What did you do it for?" he asked at length.

"The echo under the bridge was so funny! We—that is I—had been trying it; and then when we—I—heard the horse's footsteps coming, oh, so slowly—we waited, and counted one, two, three—and then we shouted as loud as we could, and we—I laughed so to hear the horse jump and go galloping away! But I never thought of doing any harm, or that you—or any one—would be hurt."

"And who was your companion under the bridge? I insist upon knowing," said Uncle John again.

"I cannot tell you," she repeated bravely, trying to steady her shaking voice. "No one would have thought of doing it if it had not been for me."

"Very well, Miss Obstinacy! I shall know what to think of a girl who refuses to answer her uncle's questions. You may go now, but come here again in the morning at a quarter-past ten. I shall then have something further to say to you."

At breakfast the next morning Tom received this note.

"*Nephew Tom*,—I wish to see you in my library this morning at ten. Be punctual.

UNCLE JOHN."

Again Tom was standing before his uncle in the library, and he had just again refused to tell who had been his companion on the river the day before, when there was heard a gentle tap, and in came his pretty cousin.

"Dorothy!"

"Tom!"

Each looked as if trying to fathom the reason which had brought the other hither. Then their eyes sought their uncle's face, and they saw his eyes gleaming upon them from under his shaggy brows.

"I'd like to know what I'm to do," he said gruffly, "with these two obstinate offenders who both so resolutely refuse to tell me their confederate's name."

"Uncle!" cried Dorothy. "You aren't really angry, after all!"

Uncle John actually smiled.

"Not very angry, my brave little woman, only still rather lame. Come here, sir! I hate a sneak; but I'm glad to have found you both out. Some day you shall take me out on the river, under the bridge, and let me hear that 'funny echo,' but not while there are any horses passing overhead,—do you understand?"

"I declare," Tom said to Dorothy afterward, "he isn't such an ogre, after all. I guess I'll never be scared at him again."

"Nor I," smiled Dorothy. "Uncle John is like a chestnut-bur, the prickliness all outside."

Uncle John, nursing his lame arm in the quiet library, had come to the conclusion that there were some young people he didn't dislike very much, after all.—*Judith Spencer, in the Churchman.*

A Thanksgiving Party.

Thanksgiving Day I had some friends
To dinner, five in all.
I spread my table in the yard;
My guests were very small.

Miss Chickadee quite early came,
Dressed all in black and gray.
A Woodpecker flew to her side,
Red-capped, with neck-band gay.

Pert Mr. Nuthatch next arrived,
A gymnast of renown.
He could do stunts on any tree
With head or up or down.

Miss Sparrow then came, smartly dressed
In pretty mottled brown.
And last of all a Squirrel gray
From home in Squirrel Town.

When all my friends had found a place
At my Thanksgiving board,
They made a very charming sight,
And I could well afford

To give them all that they could eat,
For I knew in the spring
They'd be my unpaid foresters,
And gaily work and sing.

—*Helen M. Richardson.*

Mrs. Crimson's Afternoon Tea.

It was all ready. The table—a smooth, white toadstool—was spread with a tempting feast. A sliced strawberry represented ice-cream and ices, the plates were rose-petals, and the goblets honeysuckle-blossoms with a drop of honey in each.

The guests were—Dorothy's dolls? No, indeed! Hollyhock ladies in silky robes of crimson, rose, pale pink, yellow, and white, with soft green shoulder-capes. Their heads were green grapes, upon which features were marked with a pin.

Dorothy had worked hard to get everything ready, and was tired. Leaning against the old apple-tree root, she closed her eyes for a moment. Suddenly, however, she opened them in surprise, for Mrs. Crimson was saying:—

"Madame Blanche, do take some of this delicious strawberry cream."

"No," drawled Madame Blanche, peevishly: "you know I don't like strawberry cream! Why didn't you have vanilla?"

Dorothy's face became almost as red as Mrs. Crimson's dress, for she recognized the very words she had used that day at dessert. Mrs. Crimson went on,—

"Miss Pink, Miss Rose, won't you have some ices?"

"I hate ices," replied Miss Pink, tossing her head.

"So do I," chimed in Miss Rose.

"Oh," exclaimed Dorothy, "you're spoiling the party! What makes you behave so?"

"You taught us!" they all cried. "Our stalks are just outside the dining-room window, and we hear you complaining at every meal."

"But I don't do so at parties," said poor Dorothy, half crying.

"It's just as bad to do it at home," returned Madame Blanche, severely.

"Besides," cried Miss Pink, in a shrill voice, "you can't expect people with green-grape heads to have pleasant dispositions!"

At this all the hollyhocks pulled off their heads and began pelting Dorothy with them.

"Dorothy, Dorothy!" called some one. Dorothy gave a start and looked about her. There were the hollyhock ladies, their heads all in place, each wearing the same fixed smile she had scratched upon it with a pin.

"Dorothy, come to supper," called mother.

As Dorothy took her seat, father said: "Here's some nice hot toast. Pass your plate, Dorothy."

She began to say "I hate toast. I wanted muffins for supper," but she thought of Madame Blanche, and, shutting her lips firmly, passed her plate in silence. She ate her supper without a complaint, and, looking toward the window, fancied the tall hollyhocks outside were nodding kindly at her. After supper she told mother about it. "I'm never going to forget that dream!" said she.

"I hope you never will," replied mother, with a kiss.—*A. M. Keith, in Our Little Ones.*

Some Things that are not So.

Cayenne pepper doesn't come from a pepper plant, nor Burgundy pitch from Burgundy. Jerusalem artichokes do not come from Jerusalem, nor turkeys from Turkey. Camel's-hair brushes are made from the tail of the squirrel. German silver is not silver, and it was invented in China. Cork legs are not made of cork, neither do they come from Cork, Ireland. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia. Irish stew is not an Irish, but an English dish. Cleopatra's Needle was set up a thousand years before that lady was born. Chamois leather is not the hide of a chamois, but the flesh side of sheepskins.

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from country to town, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, said: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened to our house." Her younger brother added his impression by declaring, "I like to live where the sidewalks have edges."

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

The Watcher.

BY LEILA PEABODY.

He stood beside the sea of life,
Restless and eager-souled,
And watched the waves with vessels rife,
As on and on they rolled.
The evening sun was setting, red;
"Why comes not in my ship?" he said.

Fear not, O friend, although the hour be late!
For all things needful come to those who wait!

A Novel Anti-Alcohol Campaign.

(Inaugurated by the Unitarian Temperance Society.)

The American people, it is said, will not have education imposed on them from above, as do the Germans, but, if you go to them and personally explain the reason why, they will put their hands to the plow with a will. We who are interested in social welfare are beginning to find this out, and the result is exhibits. But we have yet much to learn concerning exhibits: first, they must be much simpler; and second, they must be taken *outdoors*, for there you get what you seldom get indoors,—large crowds of indifferent and opposed listeners.

The writer took the anti-alcohol exhibit of the Boston Associated Charities to the Biennial in Chicago last June, and there made a study of what the strolling truth-seeker could and could not take in. Charts have their place, but they are for teachers already interested; long posters, no matter how good, simply are not read. The poster that teaches the many must teach in a glance. Advertisements teach in a glance, and exhibits in the end must do the same. The poster most read and making the most impression was a large print:—

PROMOTION ONLY TO TOTAL ABSTAINERS.
NEW RULE, CARNEGIE STEEL WORKS.

"Really!" said everybody. "Why! there must be something besides fanaticism in total abstinence."

But even so, I recognized that I had *inside* a fairly selected group. I saw to do efficient work we must get the exhibit outdoors.

When I got home I talked it all over with the Unitarian Temperance Society, and we thereupon pledged ourselves to develop *outdoor* alcohol education. We devised the educational motor-car. This car carries a stereopticon at the back, and when the car stops a little sheet goes up in front, and on it appear slides with pictures telling what alcohol is and what it costs the community and the individual.

This car moved around Boston all last summer. Often there would be standing around it about five hundred men. Where *inside* could you get five hundred men listening to alcohol education on a hot summer's night?

Of course, these same slides can be thrown from a shop window or lawn, and it is my earnest hope that the Unitarians will come aggressively into the anti-alcohol campaign and have these slides thrown in their parks and squares next summer.

Rev. Robert F. Leavens of Fitchburg, Mass., has already held two open-air rallies with the slides, and feels so sure that the method is right that he is making plans to present the campaign to his Conference in January, asking its members to see that the exhibit is shown throughout the county.

Such a church settlement as the Abraham Lincoln Settlement of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones in Chicago could make outdoor education their contribution to the anti-alcohol movement, showing the slides in the parks of Chicago next summer.

Of course, the slides can be used for a lecture indoors. One excellent use for which they have already been secured comes from Bridgewater, Mass. They are being shown to the school children, and the little circular (see picture) is being given to the children, and they are asked to weave the picture posters into an essay, for which some of the townspeople are offering a prize.

ELIZABETH TILTON,
Director Unitarian Temperance Society.

Foreign News and Notes.

BY CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

From Rev. Carl Konow, the well-known liberal preacher of Bergen, Norway, we receive the following message:—

"I am much obliged to you for sending me regularly the *Christian Register*. It has been a delight to me to see from the editorial words that this paper, without admitting any exception, abhors war absolutely. I do not wish to judge the peoples engaged in this terrible encounter. They may all have their faults and their excuses. All the great nations, at least in Europe, stand as yet under the force of the idea that soldiers and guns are a necessary equipment for a people, and that it is a duty for a nation to defend its greatness and independence also with military forces. The Christian ideal, the maxim that all that is really desirable is to be won only by the forces of the good, is as yet nowhere admitted to be the true one also in regard to public affairs. The world as a whole stands as yet on a level lower than that of Christianity. For this very reason it is a necessity that the true Christian standard shall be openly unfurled, and a joy to behold it."

The Dutch liberal organ, *De Hervorming*, in its new and improved form is very handsome. We spoke recently of its careful avoidance of all questions connected with the war, but this is no longer true, the last number being filled with articles and poems bearing directly upon the great struggle now going on in Europe, although naturally the writers speak with great caution.

The *Indian Messenger* tells us that one David Unaipon, an Australian aboriginal, has shown distinct signs of inventive genius. He is now engaged in inventing an aëroplane which will rise vertically without the necessity of having to run along the ground for some distance before leaving it. He hopes to apply the principle of the boomerang to this new invention. The same native Australian has been attracting large audiences in Melbourne to his lectures on religion. Little

Digitized by Google

by little we shall begin to revise our opinion concerning the less favored races of the world.

The Waldensian Church in Italy is having a hard time to keep up its missionary work at the present day, owing to the great reduction in the contributions which it has hitherto received from foreign countries and especially from England and Scotland. It is a dignified and noble Church rooted deep in the history of the Italian Peninsula, and deserves to be sustained in its efforts for the evangelization of Italy. We do not always share its doctrinal point of view, but we wish it God-speed!

In an article on the printed sermons produced by the war in Germany, Prof. Niebergall, the eminent German teacher of homiletics, gives an interesting summary of their arguments and the spirit which animates them. They are all intended to increase faith in the war and to make the war effective for the protection of faith. Very few of them look beyond the immediate present of their country to the larger interests of humanity and the fulfilment of the ideals of Jesus, and of the kingdom of God which he came to proclaim to mankind. There is much that is noble and true in these sermons, yet they rarely rise above the sentiment of patriotic duty and sacrifice for the immediate welfare of their own country.

L'Indépendance Belge, a long-established and influential newspaper of Belgium, has transferred its staff and publication to England.

There are many signs that the splendid act of Russian patriotism by which the sale of spirituous liquors has been forbidden in Russia is having a profound effect also upon the British people. Traffic in alcohol, it is claimed, is necessary for the welfare of England in this struggle, because so large a part of its revenue is derived from it. But what Russia has done England can do, and the great uprising in the United States against the liquor traffic must also help form a better standard of public opinion in Great Britain, so sadly ravaged by drunkenness.

The symbol of protection for suffering animals is the purple cross, just as the red cross is sacred to wounded human beings. Base hospitals for wounded horses have been established in France, a step which should appeal strongly to humanitarian feeling in civilized countries, and not less in military circles.

The missionary pastors who are settled over German congregations in England, Belgium, France, and Russia have been undergoing great straits during the present conflict. Some have already been driven out from those countries. Others still remain for such service as they alone can render.

A curiosity of religious literature is a treatise which was published in 1881 by Dr. Nagel, a vegetarian, in which he contemplates the Gospel from his standpoint, and makes out that Jesus also was a vegetarian, and that this was the burden of his message. The author reminds us that the three New Testament sects were the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes. Of these the last-named are not mentioned or criticised in the Gospel, from which it appears that Jesus was an Essene. Now we know that the Essenes were vegetarians. Hence Christianity was originally a vegetarian sect. Through a wise policy Jesus did not lay too much emphasis on these new views, in order to introduce them gradually to his disciples. The festival institution of Christianity was the Last Supper. In accordance with Mosaic custom there was a sacrificial lamb upon the table, but Jesus did not partake of it; on the contrary, he takes a piece of bread and says, "This is my body," and then a sip of wine, saying, "This is my blood." The author goes into a curious exegesis of the raising of Lazarus to the same effect. This story also must be understood figuratively. Lazarus had lain long enough in the grave to have become offensive. All flesh-eaters are equally characterized by a disagreeable odor. Jesus "raised" him, *i.e.*, converted him to vegetarianism, and thus made a new and higher life possible to him. But it is useless to follow this worthy interpreter any further in his eccentric reading of the Gospel.

The London *Spectator* says that the talk that civilization is being destroyed by the present war is rubbish. Such a war is indeed evidence that they have been deluded who reposed on the assurance that civilization was complete. To think that this war or any war could destroy it is to betray a blindness to what civilization has become and what it is sure to hold. The world will be more civilized, not less, after peace is won.

Chicago Letter.

The lecture given by Charles J. Woodbury on his personal recollections of Ralph Waldo Emerson is well worth hearing. When a young man of twenty-one he came into familiar personal touch with Emerson, whom he calls "the foremost American," "the greatest ethical force in America." The vivid description of the individual, his appearance and manners, and the anecdotes illustrating different traits of character will long remain in the memory of all who are privileged to hear him.

The League of Religious Fellowship is one of the most interesting and unique organizations in Chicago. It was organized under the leadership of Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley in 1902, for the purpose of preparing its members for the Parliament of Religions that would meet here during the World's Fair. That year the programme included addresses showing the theology and spirit of the great religions not called Christian. During the intervening years the topics have been varied, but with a background in harmony with the original plan. Last year theosophy and Bahaism were among the subjects discussed by members of those cults. This year the programme promises an address by Rev. W. H. Pulsford, on "Religion to be Religious must be Free"; one by Rev. Albert R. Vail of Urbana, on "The Oneness of Religion"; one by Rev. Walter F. Greenman of Milwaukee, on "Life after Death"; and one by Mrs. Ella Peattie, on "Woman's Progress." It is quite by accident that so many Unitarians appear on this year's programme. The membership includes many Jewesses, and members of all denominations are welcome. The places of meeting this year show the undenominationalism: Lincoln Centre, North Shore Congregational Church, Temple Sholom, McCabe Memorial Methodist Church.

It is hard to know where to begin in the enumerations of the many interests that centre about Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones's work at Abraham Lincoln Centre. There are the usual classes found in all "settlements." There are the usual Browning, George Eliot and similar classes that inevitably spring up wherever Mr. Jones is at work. The Tuesday Club of over one hundred members is over twenty years old. It meets in sections Tuesday mornings and Friday evenings, and early on Sunday mornings to discuss Biblical topics, this month studying Corinthians, Romans, etc. The newest club is the Fellowship Club, just organized, of men and women. It meets monthly for a dinner to be followed by addresses by leading thinkers. Prof. Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, Dean Davenport of Illinois State University, and Hon. Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of Michigan, are among the first speakers. This fall Mr. Jones has started a series of sermons on New Testament characters, John the Baptist the Reformer, Stephen the Martyr, Paul the Planter, Peter the Sectarian, etc. The desire to hear the whole of the series is having the effect of increasing the attendance. The Abraham Lincoln Centre corporation holds the property, in the city and elsewhere, and attends to the business. All Souls' Church is the centre, the dynamo, as Mr. Jones says, that furnishes the power for it all.

Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley's many friends in the Unitarian denomination will be interested to hear about the work into which she is putting much thought and nerve force. Frequently Douglass Centre opens its doors and issues invitations to a dinner at which gather many of the leading philanthropists of the city, including many prominent Unitarians.

The prime article in Mrs. Woolley's Race Creed depends on the fundamental need of genuine human interest and some degree of reciprocity and social exchange between separate groups which otherwise through force of long habit, mutual distrust, and popular sentiment are held apart and have little real knowledge of each other. Knowledge of the Negro's former status as a slave make these feelings the more acute in his case. Our American race problem is a problem of caste rather than color. The white man is still under the dominion of old habits of thought and conduct, old standards and rules of behavior, no less and quite as harmfully as the black man. As between the two schools or theories of Negro education, the Frederick Douglass Centre has never allied itself with either to the exclusion of the other. Mottoes from Dr. Washington and Prof. Du Bois are on the walls of the Assembly Room:—

"I am resolved that no man shall drag me down by making me hate him."—Booker T. Washington.

"Liberty, Equality, Opportunity! Give us, O World, the chance of being men."—William E. Burghardt Du Bois.

"It is impossible to say," says Mrs. Woolley, "which is the primary need in the Negro's case, that of immediate social uplift, personal improvement for the better performance of life's everyday duties, or a wider recognition of his equal rights as man and citizen. When I see the crowds of colored people on State Street at night seeking every form of low indulgence, wasting their money, I wish we had a dozen Booker Washingtons to preach the gospel of thrift and common sense. When I hear of some fresh case of cruelty and wrong practised against the black man solely because he is black, and

Digitized by Google

reflect on the growing wish to exclude him from common privileges and benefits on flimsy grounds of race prejudice, I feel that the great need is for a better understanding of our political principles and the true meaning of democracy." F. LE B.

A College-town Pulpit.

BY LYMAN WARD.

Early last August, after a visit to Ithaca, N.Y., I had in mind to set down my impressions of this college-town pulpit. I wonder if I may yet give these impressions. I have visited Cornell several times, but the college-town minister was never exerting a finer influence than this past summer. All the other churches were closed and the ministers away. College was not in regular sessions but there was a summer school, with teachers and students from everywhere. Mr. Heizer seemed a sort of spiritualized intelligence-office. My specific errand was to see about a young fellow from Mississippi who was working his way through Cornell. He had graduated from Camp Hill, and Mr. Heizer had taken him under his wing; and a problem had arisen as to the boy's life for the next year or two, which necessitated the outlay of a little money. As soon as I arrived, Mr. Heizer laid the situation before me, and said that a hundred dollars would be needed. I readily assented to the plan, but said that I knew the lad's parents could not raise the money. "Oh," said Mr. Heizer, "I merely wanted to get your judgment, and if you approved I will let the boy have the $100 myself."

The minister's house was literally an open house, never locked night or day. A young colored woman was cooking, and working her way through the Ithaca high school. This young Mississippi fellow, with his brother, for whom Mr. Heizer had also provided a place, was being regularly housed there during the summer. On Sunday Mr. Heizer and myself were invited to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Andrew D. White. Mr. Heizer pleaded a previous engagement, so that I went alone. Later in the day he said to me, "You know, Ward, Sunday is such a long day for the boys! They were to have dinner at the college cafeteria, and I thought I had better eat with them."

One morning bright and early during my stay a young Chinese student came to consult the minister about the Cosmopolitan Club. I found that the Cosmopolitan Club consisted of many nationalities, all students at Cornell, and that Mr. Heizer was their chief counsellor and friend. One night, just as we were getting ready to retire, a young instructor blew in—he had just come in to have a chat. How his eyes burned as he talked of his work and how Mr. Heizer had helped him over more than one hard spot!

The interest that the minister has taken in the George Junior Republic, and the help he had rendered, were wonderful. He, in these last trying months, has been a friend indeed. He believed profoundly in the Republic idea, as well as in Mr. W. R. George. Perhaps no living man knew the ins and outs of the whole movement as Mr. Heizer. Did I not know of his many other activities I should say that it seemed to consume all his time and energy, and once he remarked to me, "This thing is killing me."

After all, it seemed as though his best work was in his Sunday-school and church. Rarely have I spent a more beautiful Sunday than the one I spent with him. The young soloist had been offered twice the salary to sing somewhere else. He was, as I remember it, a Presbyterian, but he said, "You know, Mr. Heizer, I would rather stay here with you." Late on Sunday afternoon of the same day we were sitting together in the beautiful Sage chapel, listening to the throbbings and murmurings of the great organ. Mr. Heizer seemed wrapped in revery until the organ ceased, and then he said, "I wish I could sit here a lifetime." I thought then, and I think now, that no man could be better fitted for this position than this simple, devout man. There will be thousands who are grateful for this college-town pastor, and who view his importance from quite another angle than the usual one, not the least of whom are these two graduates from Camp Hill.

The Italian Free Believers Association.

BY GAETANO CONTE.

The Italian Free Believers Association was started four years ago. Like every work of study and propaganda, ours, unlike a popular one, is not subject to emotional enthusiasm, but goes through its selected channels daily gaining ground.

Our monthly magazine, *La Riforma Italiana*, has lately improved in form and substance. Each issue contains two or three articles on Unitarian doctrines, critical studies on current events, sociological questions, bibliographical notes, and a sermon and a monthly letter for the Women's League.

Among the contributors are two leading Modernists, namely, Hon. Romolo Murri and Mrs. Luisa Giulio-Benso. The publication is now more and better appreciated. The Postal Mission has always been active and promising. Among the letters received, I wish to quote from one of Sig. Torquato Gili, professor of chemistry in the University of Pisa. He writes: "I appreciate very much the purposes and the work of the Association and the religious sentiment inspiring it, which I consider so beneficial to our country. I think the Free Believers ought to try to reform the existing religious organization especially, which since it has lost its temporal power it has much improved. Therefore, I do not believe that it would be better or successful to substitute another organization outside and against the existing one."

The work of the Women's League is especially intrusted to Mrs. Giulio-Benso, who maintains quite a private correspondence, and both her personality and her past have opened to us the way to the Modernist feminine field that a too radical attitude would have kept closed. For the fall, she is preparing a series of meetings to be held at her home, and a circulating library of Modernist works, which will undoubtedly be useful.

Mr. Murri's co-operation has also proved, above any expectation, a precious help. He has a leading part in the *Riforma*, whose articles are of course very much appreciated. As he did last spring, he will also hold this autumn weekly meetings at his home in Rome. There was a selected and scholarly attendance. No doubt lectures given by him throughout Italy will prove immensely beneficial to the work, and we shall have them as soon as the war will be over.

In Florence we have organized the "Brotherhood Club." Several residing Americans and Italians have joined. Its motto is: For the truth, in brotherly spirit, for the good of the neighbors. In harmony with such principles the purposes of the Club are: (*a*) to make always more and more cordial the relations already existing between Anglo-Saxons and Italians, trying to eliminate prejudices and misunderstandings which sometimes lessen their mutual sympathies; (*b*) to welcome, advise, and in any way possible assist Anglo-Saxon visitors in our city who, ignorant of our laws, customs, or language, may find themselves in some difficulty; (*c*) to co-operate in the diffusion of better methods of living and advocating civic and religious reforms, etc.

We have also organized a small Italian Unitarian church, composed of the few resident Unitarians and those scattered all over Italy. If we recognize in other Free Believers the right to keep faith to their church, no doubt they must recognize the same right for us. So we hold a Sunday afternoon meeting, and, in order to reach those Unitarians who are not in Florence, we expect to publish a little paper called *The Unitarian Herald*, a very modest enterprise, on the purpose of our little church, and it will grow with the growth of the same church.

However, while we are looking with great expectation to the new season of work, the war has paralyzed Italian life, and, of course, to some extent also our work. As every one knows, Italy is neutral at present, but we suffer, for the war affects everybody. Seven hundred thousand soldiers have been called, stores do not sell anything, savings-banks give only five per cent. of the deposit, unemployment is all over the country, and the coming winter will undoubtedly be the hardest. There is little doubt that the whirlwind of the war may bring us into it.

While this will distract people from the study of religious and civil questions, it will open to us the way to new duties which we shall try to fulfil. We are already planning to do something for the children of those who have been called to the war, and for the wounded—if the war should come.

More than ever we feel it our duty to intensify a pacific propaganda, and the best arguments and the greatest opportunity will be given us by the cruel present war and its atrocities.

Florence, Italy.

War Relief.

We have been asked to print addresses to which aid for the sufferers from the war may be sent. Each city has its own local relief stations which may be easily found. The American Unitarian Association, however, is receiving aid from all parts of the country and is acting in conjunction with the British and Foreign Unitarian Association through the Essex Hall Distress Fund, as announced in the appeal recently printed.

Money for the hospital fund of Mme. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, about which a short article appeared recently in the *Register*, will be transmitted by Mrs. Charles W. Wendte, 25 Beacon Street.

Digitized by Google

Subscriptions for the Boston branch of the Belgian Relief Fund may be sent to Joseph H. O'Neil, Federal Trust Company, 85 Devonshire Street, Boston. Contributions for food and clothing for the Belgians, especially for the women and children, should be sent to William Firth, 15 Columbia Street.

F. L. Higginson, 44 State Street, receives the subscriptions for the Massachusetts branch of the Red Cross, and the Red Cross sewing for hospitals is at 685 Boylston Street, the Public Interests League.

Funds for the American Ambulance Corps in Paris should be sent to Mrs. Edward Brandegee, 82 Devonshire Street. Mrs. Philip Gardner, 74 Commonwealth Avenue, receives money, and F. Murray Forbes, Trinity Court, 177 Dartmouth Street, Boston, receives clothing, for the smaller hospitals on the north coast of France. Mrs. Donald M. Blair, 5 Wabon street, Roxbury, treasurer of the board of the Boston City Federation, will receive money and send it to any destination desired by the donors.

Contributions to the Shilling Fund (25 cents) for anesthetics, greatly needed, may go to the British War Relief Association, with American headquarters at 108 East 30th Street, New York.

The Private Hospital Fund.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the following contributions received in response to the appeal made in the *Christian Register* for Mme. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson's private hospital, in her residence in Paris, for sick and wounded soldiers. Other contributions are earnestly solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. C. W. Wendte, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Mrs. J. Chapman Bates, $50; Miss Caroline H. Baslington, $25; Mrs. Constance J. Bessey, $10; Miss Esther T. Boland, $5; An Earnest Sympathizer, $3; Miss I. L. Grant, $1; Mrs. B. P. Moulton, $10; The Misses Kimball, $50; Mrs. C. W. Wendte, $25; V. P., $1; Mrs. Prescott Keyes, $5; Mrs. M. A. W., $25; Miss Helen A. Brown, $5; Mrs. Isaac Sprague, $25. Total, $243.

A Union for Common Tasks.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Council of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches (of which Dr. S. A. Eliot is first vice-president) at a meeting held November 9, at which were present delegates of eleven out of fourteen communions affiliated, representing all but thirty of over two thousand local churches:—

"*Resolved*, That in view of the increasing unity of the churches, the deepening sense of social obligation, and the general seriousness of mind created by momentous international events, this Council recommends a concerted appeal for personal consecration to the service of God and man, to be made by all the denominations, each in its own way and in accordance with its own conviction of truth, with such co-operation, general or local, as may be found possible and desirable; and that such effort be made so far as possible during the period beginning with the Week of Prayer in January and closing with Easter, 1915."

The Federation is simply the agency through which the several communions may secure such concert of action as they desire. The executive committee, which meets December 1, is asking what already are the plans of each denomination in this line, what further steps it is ready to adopt, and it asks also for personal suggestions.

A Proposed Christmas Card.

The following message has been suggested for use on a general mailing-card to be sent out in advance of Christmas:—

Every Christmas season makes your friendship and mine more precious and our love more tender. This year the thought of that love has been bringing to me a new consciousness of the needs of the whole world for Christmas cheer and love. Desolate homes, stricken countries, and imperilled lives abroad; slackened industry and impending suffering at home,—all are calling. I want you to know that my Christmas gift to you will be quite simple but warmed with the fire of a new love, for I am going to give an extra gift to the needs of all those whom I have never seen but whom I deeply love. My joy in this new service will be greater if you join me in its spirit that our Christmas celebration may be kept simple, filled with good will, winged with sacrifice, and devoted to peace.

Department of Religious Education.

A Chance for Children to Help.

BY REV. FLORENCE BUCK.

Parents and teachers are asking, with eager desire to know, how children may be trained to give of their possessions, their time, themselves, in service to others. Much of the present usage in home or church school does little more than permit the children to play at giving. If a money offering is made, parents usually furnish the pennies, and little or no self-denial on the child's part is secured. If the boys and girls are required to give certain of their few cherished possessions to others, the spirit generated in their hearts by the act may be one of resentment rather than generosity. Yet we are all eager to help children, even while they are very young, to enter into the joy of giving and sharing, to take some part, small though it must be, in the service of helpfulness. Home and school of religion should together furnish the opportunity and direct the method of training in social service.

The present situation in Europe furnishes an unparalleled opportunity for such training. The appeal to childhood's sympathy is great since other children are in need. It is an intellectual as well as an emotional appeal, because it comes from a knowledge that suffering exists without actual sight of it. Adults must do all in their power to relieve the appalling conditions which war has caused in many countries of Europe, but should they not help children also to participate in a work so beneficent? Will it be sufficient to tell the children in our homes that they must be content with fewer presents at Christmas because father and mother are giving to Red Cross and Belgian relief work? Such passive participation in service trains children and young people only in cheerful endurance of the ills that must be borne. It gives them no active share in the work of human helpfulness.

A way has been opened by which the children in our homes and schools may take their part in the world-wide service which the conditions of our time make necessary. An appeal to the children themselves has gone out from our Association, in the following form:—

"We can hardly realize, in our peaceful country and in our quiet homes, how in this European war thousands and thousands of men are being killed, houses burned, and food either eaten or destroyed by the invading armies. As a result, a great many little children are homeless. Many of them—without fathers, and some without mothers—have been sent to foreign countries to be taken care of, and good people everywhere are trying to help them.

"Let us do something for these suffering children. Some of you can knit and sew, and can make mittens, wristers, stockings, caps, rompers, and underwear. Or you might hold candy and cake sales, give little concerts or children's symphonies, act plays, hold fairs, or do other things that you can think of to raise money. You may send this money, or, if you prefer, you may use it to buy such articles as have been mentioned, and send these. Do this as soon as you can, for the cold weather is coming soon and our little brothers and sisters must not be left to suffer when we can help them."

With this appeal goes an endorsement from this Department, and full directions for shipping the packages. Tags are sent, one set to be used on the separate parcels and one on the outside box. The use of these tags is essential, to make a record of articles sent and to secure the free transportation by rail which is promised us. All the expense of printing, tags, postage, and office help in handling and acknowledging receipt of the packages or money is borne by a benevolent friend, so that everything the children and young people of our churches do for the relief of other children will reach those for whom it is intended. Christmas cards, nuts and raisins, and toys and playthings if not too heavy, may also be sent, so that the little ones who are clothed and fed may also receive a ministry of the spirit, something which appeals to their natural endowment of play and joy.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

WANTED, TWO GIRLS to board. Near schools. A good home, good food, and good care given by an experienced woman: reasonable charges. Address D, care *Christian Register*.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

Of course, if the children of our churches are to do this work of helpfulness, grown people must assist them. They must help them plan and carry out their entertainments with which to raise money. They must supervise their sewing or knitting, help them expend their funds, and ship their packages. Some there are who will feel that the work would be more efficiently done if the children were not asked to take part in it; but our care is not alone to relieve cold and hunger: it is to train the coming generation in service. The effort will be worth in child-training all that it costs. When any church sends us a box containing separate packages from each Sunday-school class, club, and young people's society, secured by their own efforts, that church will have done a real work in training its youth in social helpfulness, in awakening the Christ spirit of love and service in the hearts of its little ones.

The Young People's Religious Union.

A Letter from the Finance Committee.

To the Members of the Young People's Religious Union:—

It is the custom of the Finance Committee to issue a circular letter each year asking the various Unions to contribute as generously as possible to the National Union. Heretofore the letter has not met with the expected success inasmuch as replies have been received from less than half the Unions enrolled, with an average contribution of less than $5, or an average of about $2 including the Unions which did not contribute. (Do not have your Union counted among the latter this year.)

The officers and directors of the National Union are particularly anxious to receive a generous response to this letter in order that they may carry out the great amount of work that has already presented itself. Never in the history of the organization have we had so much work before us and never have we had so little with which to do.

We need $2,000. This will enable us to carry on our Student Assistant work, pay the secretary, and pay for miscellaneous expenses such as the issuance of publications, office expenses, etc. Please realize the importance of your bearing your share of the burden.

The work cannot be continued without funds, and it is up to each and every Union to do its share. The work of the Unitarian young people must go forward.

The Finance Committee: Chester R. Allen, *Chairman*, Emily J. Cline, Arthur E. Ryder, Belle I. Smith, Rev. Percy E. Lyndon.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Monday, November 30, at 11 A.M. Speaker, Rev. Henry C. Parker of Woburn, Mass. Subject, "The Case Method in Theology."

The first At Home of the New York League of Unitarian Women will be held at the League Headquarters, No. 104 East 20th Street, on Monday, November 30. The Samaritan Alliance of the First Church, Brooklyn, will be hostesses, and it is earnestly desired that many will take advantage of this afternoon gathering to extend their acquaintance among members of the Alliances.

The New York League of Unitarian Women will meet at the Second Unitarian Church, corner Clinton and Congress Streets, Brooklyn, on Friday, December 4, at 11 A.M. Mrs. Martha Foote Crow will speak on "The Country Girl." At one o'clock the women of the Alliance will serve tea and coffee with the usual box lunch. Every one most cordially welcomed who is interested in the League.

The Executive Board of The Alliance has been invited by the New York League to meet with them on the morning of Friday, December 11, at the League Headquarters, No. 104 East 20th Street. At two o'clock there will be an open conference, to which Alliance members are invited. An address will be given by Mr. Charles Stelzle on "The Call of the New Day to the Old Church." Discussion will be followed by a social hour.

The regular meeting in November of the Post-office Mission workers of the Middle States and Canada will be held at 104 East 20th Street, New York, on November 30, at 2.30 P.M. Miss Ida Slade will preside, and Mrs. C. E. Fiske will speak. The At Home of the New York League will follow. All interested are cordially invited. Reports are expected from branches in New Jersey, Canada, Delaware, West Virginia, Maryland, and Washington, D.C.

A special peace service will be held in King's Chapel on Saturday noon, November 28. Dr. David Starr Jordan will speak. Speakers at the noonday services next week will be: November 30, Rev. S. M. Crothers, D.D., Cambridge; December 1, Rev. Charles W. Gilkey, Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago, Ill.; December 2 (peace service) Rev. C. W. Wendte, D.D.; December 3, Rev. Sydney B. Snow, King's Chapel; December 4, Rev. Sheed Anderson, Roxbury. The usual Saturday musical services will be resumed on December 5.

Meetings.

The Chicago Associate Alliance.—At the meeting at Unity Church, November 5, Mrs. Medora Long, the president, was in the chair. To the question "Is the church of to-day serving its purpose?" the essayist, Celia Parker Woolley, replied in part that the answer is affirmative in so far as a comparison of the present-day church with that of any preceding age is concerned. We think that questions and doubts of this nature belong essentially to our own age, but the church, like every other human institution, has always been as introspective and critical and anxious to improve as it is to-day. Neither is the wish to democratize the church—make its work more practical, bring it nearer to the every-day needs of the home and the community—a feature which belongs exclusively to our own age. Religion has always preached the double gospel of worship and work. It is only because of the rapid growth of the civic and social conscience of the day that it seems to be more earnestly directing its attention to the great questions of life and duty apart from matters of doctrine and creed. The church is a vital, enduring element in our common life and consciousness. No passing trials to faith or external hardships, no changing opinions or diversions of human interest and activity, can displace it. Its original source in human need and aspiration lies too deep. An interesting discussion followed the paper, Mr. Smith, the Western secretary, and Mr. Hawley, minister of Unity Church, leading the discussion. Mrs. Houston gave an excellent report of the State Conference at Alton. Mrs. Chamberlain gave a report of The Alliance luncheon in honor of Mrs. Robert Davis. There were about fifty in attendance. Mrs. Davis always carries with her and leaves behind her new hopes and fresh inspirations. A vote to send a letter of thanks to the board of directors for sending Mrs. Davis received hearty support. It was also voted to ask Miss Bancroft to arrange her dates so that she might be present at either the January or the March meeting. There were present fifty-seven members and ten visitors. After adjournment, luncheon was served in the parlors by the ladies of Unity Church. Eleanor Johnson Lynn, Secretary.

Churches.

Newport, R.I.—Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones: At the annual meeting of the Newport Ministers' Union, on November 16, the minister of this church was unanimously elected president of the Union for the coming year. This is the first time that a Unitarian has ever been elected to the presidency of that body, which includes in its membership Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Protestant Episcopalians, and Methodist Episcopalians. Mr. Jones is also serving as chairman of the committee of arrangements for the twelfth annual union Thanksgiving Day service, which will be held this year in the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. N. J. Sproul, D.D., minister, with Rev. William Irving Ward, minister of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, as the preacher. Twelve churches will unite in this service. On December 13 Mr. Jones will exchange with Rev. C. E. Silcox, minister of the United Congregational Church. As another proof of the growing spirit of Christian unity in this community it might be mentioned that the Unitarian minister is the chairman this year of the education committee of the Young Men's Christian Association; and of the other two members one is the organist and choirmaster of the Channing Memorial Church, a Unitarian, and one, a young judge, an Episcopalian.

Stoneham, Mass.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Everett S. Treworgy: The

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1834. Incorporated 1864.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Christian Forum inaugurated its second season, Sunday, November 15, with a very able address by Dean Charles R. Brown. The church was crowded. The speakers to follow, a month apart, are Dr. Charles Stelzle, Prof. Harry F. Ward, Hon. Samuel J. Elder, Supt. F. B. Dyer, and President M. L. Burton. This work is unique in being part of the co-operative community work planned by the committee of the Federated Council of Churches; hence the organized and the voluntary good will of the community are back of the movement. Dr. George William Bell spoke Sunday, November 15, on the "Personal Responsibility for War."

Personals.

Rev. John Baltzly has resigned the pastorate of the church in Hudson, Mass., to accept a call to become the minister of the church in Plainfield, N.J. He resigned Sunday, November 15.

Nations at War.

Several Unitarian ministers have asked me where they could get lantern slides on the "Nations at War" for laymen, clubs, etc. I would say that Cyrus Weekes, 181 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., has such slides, with written lectures as guides for their use.

HERBERT FRANK MOULTON.

Relations between the Churches of Europe and America.

The administrative committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America will recommend to the executive committee, consisting of official representatives of all the constituent bodies of the Council, which meets at Richmond, December 9 to 11, that messengers, to include the secretary of the Council, be sent to visit the Christian churches of the nations of Europe to convey the good will and sympathy of the Christian churches in America, and that they may hold prayer and conference together, at such time as may be found most advisable and opportune.

It will also be recommended that the Federal Council issue a suitable utterance with the same end in view, in response to the communications which have come to the Council from the leaders of the various European churches.

The Council's Commission on Relations with Japan had already designated the president, Prof. Shailer Mathews, to go to Japan to convey to the Christian churches, missionaries, and people of that nation the good will and desire for friendly relations of the American churches.

The Tuckerman School.

The regular Tuesday morning devotional service, which is held at half-past nine o'clock, is an important part of each week's opportunity. A sympathetic leader with a fresh point of view and a strong helpful message has much influence in shaping the thought for the day or for the week. The School is indebted to all those who contribute time and thought to this service, and will be glad if it can share its privilege with others. An occasional half-hour, even if given in a valuable part of the day, will be well spent by any who may come in, and one may often hear a speaker who might not otherwise be heard in such service.

The leaders for December are Rev. C. R. Eliot on December 1; Rev. Edward A. Horton, December 8; Rev. Sheed Anderson, December 22.

At the close of Mrs. Spencer's lecture on the 19th, one who was present gave a testimonial in which all heartily joined. "The instruction given," he said, "the point of view, and the wide knowledge of the speaker with her convincing force of utterance make the lectures of unusual value, and I wish all of our ministers and all of our people could hear them." The third and last group in this series will be given on Thursday, December 3, at eleven and at two o'clock. The subjects are "Disease, Poverty, Ignorance" and in the afternoon "What shall we do about these Evils?"

Rev. Florence Buck began her course of five lectures on Saturday, the 14th. The general subject of this series is "The Use of the Bible in the Liberal Sunday-school," and on December 5 Miss Buck will speak on "The Use of the New Testament."

The Thanksgiving recess begins at noon Wednesday, the 25th, and continues to the following Tuesday.

Snow appears white because it is an aggregation of an infinite number of minute crystals, each reflecting all the colors of the rainbow. These colors, uniting before they reach the eye, cause it to appear white to every normal eye.

Mr. Frederic C. Wolcott, a New York banker, has made a practical test of the theories of conservation with gratifying success at Norfolk, Conn., where he has several thousand acres of mountainside and lake ideally serving as a game refuge. The experiments there have run for four years.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

This is the season of the year when there is usually a strong demand for Household Linens, Blankets, Sheets and Pillow Cases, and Fancy Linens for table decorations.

We take satisfaction in being able to offer practically everything that you will naturally want and in almost every case at old prices, and in some cases at very marked reductions. As we have explained several times before, we are able to do this because the houses with whom we have dealt for many years apparently took pleasure some weeks ago in seeing to it that we were thoroughly supplied for our natural Fall business.

It is a matter of common knowledge that prices on Linens have already advanced sharply and it is also a matter of general opinion amongst those who are posted that as the Fall goes on there must be still farther advances. Therefore it is the part of wisdom, we believe, that you anticipate your wants.

DECORATIVE LINENS

Our customers know that these Linens are a specialty with us. We always count on a good business in Fancy Linens during the Summer and early Fall, because of the demand from visitors from the South and West. Our early preparation for this trade was a very fortunate thing for us, because it brought our goods in early, so that we have to-day an assortment (without any advance in price) such as it would now be impossible to gather together at any price.

R. H. STEARNS & CO.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"The solicitude of this little town," remarked Mrs. Twickembury, "would get on my nerves after a while."

General: "I see here's an article on 'Revolution in the Mince Pie.'" Colonel: "That's the kind of revolution you like to put down, I suppose, General?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I wish I were the enemy," wailed Bridget, aged eight, who had walked from Kemp Town to Hove. "Why, dear?" "Then I'd be driven back," was the irresistible answer. —*Truth.*

Jack: "I'm not up on these things. Suppose a girl has sent you a very beautiful and artistic penwiper." Tom: "Yes." Jack: "Will she feel hurt if you spoil its appearance by using it, or will she feel hurt if you don't?"

A witty barrister was asked, on returning from circuit, how he had got on. "Well," was the reply, "I saved the lives of two or three prisoners." "Then you defended them for murder?" "No," was the rejoinder, "I prosecuted them for it."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Brown (whose new cook is worse than the last): "It was you who recommended that new cook to my wife, wasn't it?" Jones (with diffidence): "Yes, old man." Brown (vengefully): "Then I must ask you to come home to dinner with me to-night."—*Sketch.*

Auntie felt called upon to chide Annie for getting wet so often. One day mother and auntie were sitting by the dining-table talking of Annie's still being out when it was beginning to rain. Just then they heard the kitchen door open softly. "There she is now," said mother. "Who has wet feet now?" called auntie. An ominous stillness for the space of three seconds, then a gruff voice replied, "The ice-man."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Alderman Curran worked his way through Yale College. After graduation he went to New York and worked even harder. A friend asked him, "Henry, what are you doing?" "Why, I have three jobs," he answered. "I am studying law, I am a newspaper reporter, and I am selling life insurance." "How do you manage to get it all in?" asked his friend. "Oh," replied Mr. Curran, "that's easy. They're only eight-hour jobs."—*Youth's Companion.*

The politician was addressing his constituents in a frenzied speech, and each eloquent proposition received wild response. Judge Dolan, one of the auditors, said he was reminded of the Irish leader who was cheering his men on to battle. "Min," he says, "we are on the verge of battle, an' I want to ask ye, before ye start, Will yez fight, or will yez run?" "We will," says they. "Which will ye do?" says he. "We will not," says they. "Aha, thank ye, me min!" says he. "I thought ye would."

A Canadian named Casey was appointed to a government place. Technically, it had to be held by a lawyer, which Casey was not. The Benchers of the Law Society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality. "Well, Casey," said the examiner, "what do you know about law, anyway?" "To tell the truth," replied the candidate, "I don't know a single thing." The examiner reported in his affidavit "that he had examined Mr. Casey as to his knowledge of the law, and, to the best of his information and belief, he had answered the questions that he had put to him correctly." The aspirant was thereupon admitted.—*Law Notes.*

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 FAYAL STREET, LYNN, MASS.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.

PRINTERS

272 Congress Street, Boston

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston

BY

JAMES H. STARK

"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."

LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID

For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School For Girls
Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.
Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

The Christian Register

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 49 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1153
Accountability 1154
The War God 1155

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Notes of an Itinerant, II. 1156

CURRENT TOPICS 1157

BREVITIES 1158

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
A Good Book; A Word for Us All 1158

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Recommendations Wanted; Violent Remedies, by Percy F. Bicknell 1159
Agreements between Nations, by Hon. Samuel J. Elder, 1160
Hard Things are Good for Folks, by Mary P. Wells Smith 1162
Shall I Drink? by Christopher R. Eliot; The Invention of Submarine Torpedoes 1166
Southern Letter; John Visher; The Appeal for Jamaica, by E. Ethelred Brown; Paris Relief Work; The International College 1170
American Unitarian Association 1171
Conference of the Middle States and Canada 1172
Books Offered; On Preaching 1175

THE PULPIT.
Thanksgiving in the Year of the Great Betrayal, by Samuel McChord Crothers, D.D. 1163

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1165

LITERATURE.
Books; Magazines; Miscellaneous 1166

THE HOME.
The Story of a Pumpkin-pie; Dora and the Collie; Ray's Bedfellow 1168
All on Account of the Fog; "Nelly, shake Hands!" . 1169

POETRY.
In War-time, by Frances Whitmarsh Wile 1159
Happiness 1166
A Child's Thought, by Oliver Penmark 1168

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Three Cities on a String 1173

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1173

PLEASANTRIES 1176

Editorial.

WE are told that when Ulfilas, the Arian bishop to the Goths, translated the Bible into Gothic, he omitted the book of Kings because of its warlike character. His parishioners did not need any edification in that direction. His caution was a sound one, and, in spite of the scorn poured without stint upon those weak-minded persons nowadays who counsel avoidance of whatever stimulates a warlike sentiment, it is a caution not at all inconsistent with patriotic appreciation of readiness to use force when it is necessary. It is one thing to make sober preparation for a necessity, and another to inflame the feelings and excite occasions that bring on conflicts when they are not necessary. It is one thing to put military training in the place actually required by real conditions, and quite another thing to give babies and children toy guns, and dress boys in uniforms, letting them indulge in miscellaneous shooting, and making a glamour of attractiveness about what real soldiers approach only under grim necessity and with no delusions of spurious glory. It is one thing to insist that right should make might to defend it, and another so to exalt the process that the making might is more thought of than the doing right. Fighting comes quite readily enough by nature in our day as with the Goths; it needs no pious provocations. The forces of right that make might unnecessary are all too readily overlooked; there needs no effort to divert attention from them. By all means let us dispense with our books of Kings, and men who inspire them, especially when war is dispensing with all holy words of truly inspired scriptures.

IF a bombardment could do to the dogmatic structure of some cathedrals what it has done to their architectural structure, there would be less reason for tragic regret. The world can never condone the destruction of its places of reverent beauty, its shrines of universal worship, because no restoration can replace them, but there are ideas in the plan of salvation erected in their teachings that could be broken down without much regret, for the very reason that they could not be restored. They are kept because they are there, and because they are intertwined with a past that is cherished; no one wants to destroy them. If they were destroyed, no one would want to restore them, and, if the truth were told, a good many of those who now faithfully preserve them would be much relieved to be relieved of the task, and much interested to rebuild their system of faith in simpler fashion and with

Digitized by Google

regard to present effectiveness and truth. Then there would be a chance to build a Christianity worthy of the name and appealing to all that makes for the love of God and man. With such an inner structure of faith and good will, in which men of every opinion could unite, drawing their co-operation in a realm of God here on earth, there would be no likelihood that war would come again bringing bombardment and destruction. The rebuilding that will most appeal to people now is the rebuilding of the inner temple of the loving heart. With that temple founded within, the outer temple would stand forever.

The sovereign remedy for worry is to do something and keep doing it. No one ever conquered his worry by direct exercise of the will. To say "What, ho! I will not worry" is to keep the mind on the worry and make the will useless. It is the indirect will that does the business. Something quite other than and different from the things that worry us ought to be kept constantly on hand. Blessed in the man who has a garden which he must tend and can tend whether prices go to smash and markets disappear. Welcome the social service which shows a woman with private crosses to bear how she can work out the tragedy of others' lives and thus bear her own. Sweet the incongruous tasks which in time of sorrow's tidal wave keep the feet on solid ground of reality, and the homely cares which keep the mind from being shattered. Though people can do for others ever so little, that little does much for themselves if it takes them out of themselves and removes the will from the interior tangles, where it is like to be knotted, to the outside things, where it finds freedom.

The doctrine of the immanence of God is so grand, so deep and high, so far-reaching in its applications and conclusions, that no human mind has or can ever receive it in its fulness and through it trace out all the ways of Divine Providence; and yet in the atmosphere of this doctrine we live and move and have our being. Prophets caught sight of it, apostles proclaimed it in part, and holy souls in all ages have taken comfort in the thought of it; but nowhere has it yet been proclaimed with power in all its fulness. If we take only the lowest form of belief in God and affirm that he is "the infinite energy," we get a good beginning of faith. At least we can know that energy that we did not and could not generate comes into our finite lives with every breath we breathe, every morsel we eat, every cup of cold water we drink, and in some way, out of these materials, energy in us rises into the wonders of the intellect. Getting so far on our way, we may soon find a key to unlock the nobler mysteries of the soul, and discover the glorious fact that not for one moment do we live apart from God.

The most heart-rending poverty is that which has come suddenly, and in extreme form, upon those who have had no experience in enduring poverty. The maddening misery is the torment of anxiety and want among those who have never known anything but plenty. There may be mean places in people that will make them exult that the proud are brought low and the mighty fallen, or think complacently how good it is for them to know by experience what other people have suffered. To those who merit such lessons they will have their salutary ministry, but the finer lesson is that of deeper sympathy and helpfulness all round. We must be brothers to each other as never before. We must devise helpfulnesses to those who are distracted under overwhelming disaster. We must be tender in misfortunes that, like an ambushed enemy, rob the bravest of the power to resist. We can trust also that the pluck and courage of true nobility will show itself and keep every energy and cheer alive. The most helpful sympathy is not always that which weeps with those who weep. Sometimes to make them laugh shows a finer sense of service.

Accountability.

A sympathetic critic of some recent editorials on the human and divine aspects of what we call "Providence," very properly objects to the adjective "Almighty" as applied to God. If the epithet is ever applicable to the Deity, it certainly is not and cannot be so after man has appeared upon the earth and been endowed with opportunity, freedom to choose between the evil and the good, and power to act in accordance with, or in opposition to, the established laws of the universe. To say that within the realm of human choice and action God is omnipotent is to imagine a vain thing, because in that case human choice and accountability could not exist, and, mankind being only automata, God would be the only responsible agent of all the evil in the world.

Human accountability is both the key to the mystery of evil and the source of all the moral grandeur of human thought and action. Because men can love and hate, plan evil and work righteousness, one-quarter of the human race is now engaged in a deadly struggle of which the end cannot be foreseen. Meanwhile prayers of "intercession" are addressed to that being in whom "we live and move and have our being," calling upon him to put an end to warfare which he did not originate, and for which he is not responsible. Now is not this the very attitude which so excited the wrath of the Hebrew prophets, who demanded of their fellow countrymen works of reformation and restitution rather than "vain oblations"?

That trinity of royal cousins (Georgie, Willie, and Nickie) who, with the rulers of allied states, are now making war upon each other, are in no sense agents of the Divine Providence, nor can they be reached by any appeals to that source of all power that hides itself in light. While in their own persons they do not represent the sum of freedom and accountability involved in this war, they do represent a vast mass of human impulse and responsibility; for behind them is an irresistible flood of racial antagonisms, national prejudice, commercial rivalry, cherished hatreds, unholy ambition, and thirst for dominion and revenge.

For these things God is not responsible, and all the prayers in the world will not cause him to depart from the plan by which the worlds were made, populated, and, to the present day, controlled. He governs the world not as he pleases, but as we please. The prayers of all the Christians in the Roman Empire could not stay the madness of Nero, or cause the gentle Marcus Aurelius to see that in persecuting the Christians he was committing an act of folly.

The Holy Father at Rome, in making his appeal to the warring nations, has set the Christian world a good example. He casts the responsibility upon them and not upon God, and even, it is said, in personal communications to that honored son of the church the venerable Emperor of Austria, tells him in plain language that unless he mends his ways hell will be his portion hereafter.

We are only recently beginning to put aside the ancient beliefs which distributed the responsibility for human action between God, man, and Satan. Once the writer

Digitized by Google

read an indictment in which a young man was accused of crimes and misdemeanors. The printed form, which was filled out with names and specific charges, contained a mass of verbiage from which emerged the clear-cut statement that this young man, "being moved and instigated by the Devil," committed these crimes. This was a legal form in Vermont half a century ago. No doubt similar blank indictments are still in use in the United States. The belief thus expressed certainly persists, although it is not so commonly expressed as that other obsolescent habit of thought which causes God to be held responsible for pestilences, catastrophes, accidents, and disasters which wise men now attribute to the ignorance, carelessness, or guilt of human beings. What were formerly and by everybody described as "acts of God," are now regarded as wholly within the range of human responsibility.

In a storm at sea Mr. Moody organized a prayer meeting in the saloon and claimed that the prayers offered on that occasion saved the ship. Had any question been raised as to the agency of the good man in the cabin in converse with the Infinite Wisdom, or as to the accountability of the captain of the ship, on the bridge, studying the laws of the power that rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm, it is certain that the captain would not have been released from his responsibility. Montaigne reports the saying of an ancient mariner who, in a great tempest, said to Neptune, "O God, thou may'st save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou may'st destroy me; but whether or no, I will steer my rudder true." Choice, freedom, responsibility, accountability,—these are the burdens and the prerogatives of men and women who have arrived at the stage of self-conscious moral activity.

From the lists of unhappy events once described as "acts of God," we are rapidly withdrawing some of the most portentous and woeful. We cannot control cyclones, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions; but even worse things than these have now been brought openly and unmistakably within human control. If there is no yellow fever or malaria in Panama, Havana, or Vera Cruz, it is not because God has ceased to send the pestilence that walketh in darkness and stalketh at noonday, but because men have shut out the deadly mosquito. If the bubonic plague is stayed at our seaports, it is because the plague-carrying rat has been exterminated and not because God has ceased to inflict his judgments upon sinful men. Satan has been banished from all the higher realms of human thought and speculation; while between the judgments of the Lord and human responsibilities the line of demarcation is sharply drawn, leaving man for good or for evil the arbiter of his own destiny and accountable for his own deeds and misdeeds.

G. B.

The War God.

Perhaps this day in some of the cathedrals and churches of Europe Te Deums are sung, prayers are offered, and praises put up to God because hundreds of men are shot down, shattered in the trenches where they fought up to their waists in mud and water, left to perish on the field of blood of neglected wounds or buried hastily in ditches, not one at a time, but in piles and heaps.

There are people who rejoice in these horrors, and thus avow that their God is the god of war. They worship not Mars or Athene, but an ideal lower, more bestial. In our time the god of force has reared his crest portentously. We were hardly aware of his existence as a reigning deity until the war cloud broke and showed us the hideous features of this new old deity,—old as the world, but who has gathered new features of horror, owing to the infernal machines of man's invention. The god of battle presents more terrible and ferocious aspects than ever before, and his zest for carnage was unequalled in all the past. His testimony is not the still small voice in the human heart and conscience, but the boom of cannon, the ping of rifles, the explosions of bombs, and the onrush of men in the fierce hand-to-hand conflict.

The war god is in all the new inventions that work on earth, in the air, and under the water. No method is too mean, too despicable, for use in destroying an enemy. The traditions of noble and chivalric warfare have no longer any meaning. Knavery, trickery, low cunning, are all allowed in the work of implacable destruction. And those who excuse such means, if they do not practise them, go to church and chant psalms and bend in prayer, and claim doubtless to be followers of Jesus Christ. The world seems appalled and rendered dumb by the ferocity of this war. Day by day we expect to hear a great clamor of indignant and pitiful voices raised against the atrocious methods used, but there is only a pained and horrified silence. However, it seems certain that a storm of protest must soon break out which will make itself heard the world round.

Up to this time we have felt superior on moral grounds. We have flattered ourselves on our humanity, on our high ideals, on the quelling of the beast and the viper in the human breast, but to-day we have cause to go low down into the valley of humiliation and mourn in sackcloth and ashes. Our high places of pride have crumbled, and we see into the horrible depths of a world governed by force and the law of the strongest. We cannot ignore the lessons that are being forced upon us, nor fail to shudder at the thought of the triumph of the new gospel that might makes right, while the Juggernaut of power crushes all the instincts we have cherished as noble and righteous and as giving meaning and purpose to life.

When we think seriously of the significance of the present world conflict, something terrible opens before us like the vision of the Apocalypse, where the seals of a new book of human destiny is opened and out of it proceeds things unimaginable for horror.

The old god of war we thought, because of the teachings and affirmations of the peace societies, had been killed, or at least maimed and rendered comparatively helpless; but gods, it seems, die hard, even the worst of them, and here is the red terror again in forms that seemed to us a few months ago inconceivable. It is long ages since good people have fulminated against human sacrifice, and here it is again in a form the most stupendous the world has ever seen, with victims by the hundreds of thousands offered to that old deity we thought was at his last gasp.

There were traits of mercy and humanity in the war god of the old Bible hardly to be expected from the divinity who had conquered Canaan for the children of Israel, as when Jehovah determined to save repentant Nineveh from the destruction he had at first prepared for it, although his prophet Jonah was filled with grief and wrath to find his predictions of impending doom gainsaid. There was no merciful and relenting divinity at hand to spare Louvain and Rheims, although the people of those ravaged towns were not guilty like the people of Nineveh, but innocent victims. To give thanks to God for the conquering of an unarmed populace, burning and looting their homes, destroying their cherished monuments, and casting them out naked upon the world is a terrible spectacle for our boasted highly civilized twentieth century.

We are led to form new conceptions of what constitutes a Christian nation. When the test is applied, the

old pagan temper asserts itself, Christ's teachings are trampled under foot, crushed in the tramp of armies and under great siege-guns that kill a hundred men at a single discharge. Amid the roar of artillery that shakes the earth, Christ's doctrine of love to the brother is not heard. This horrible conflict is the touchstone of religion and life. It searches the churches and the lives of men and tries them as in fire, to discern where they have come short, in what they are wanting. The prospect of the seeds of hatred, suspicion, and discord it will sow, from which the inevitable crops will spring up in the future to breed new conflicts, forces itself upon the mind. What will be the aftermath we ask with dread, but there is no answer forthcoming. It is a desolating prospect, and lends itself almost to despair.

Not until the fighting god, who hates his human children and delights in seeing them destroyed, is banished from the earth can a purified and spiritualized religious faith spread over the planet. We have heard the speedy coming of the millennium predicted for many years, but have been rudely awakened as to the facts of unregenerate human nature. We must constantly remind ourselves that the spirit of the true God has not left the world. It glows still in some hearts. Its love and fervor are working, we know not how, toward new revelations of the divine,—a new evangel. Men will be raised up to utter new truth, to lay bare the hollowness and hypocrisy of the immediate past that seems going up in smoke and flames. Though the material world perish in part, what matters it, if it points the way to spiritual regeneration. Truth and righteousness, love and brotherhood, will, it may be predicted, assert themselves with new power when the old false and rotten foundations of force and greed have crumbled in the dust. Then the great army of martyrs will not have died in vain, and, though we weep now with pity for the thousands who have lost their dear ones and have suffered all the indignities that destiny can heap upon them, still we must trust these sufferings are not meaningless, and shall count in the day of retribution.

American Unitarian Association.

Notes of an Itinerant.

II.

It is a somewhat weird experience to revisit Seattle. Twenty-seven years ago I was a pioneer young missionary there. It was an unkempt town of some twenty thousand people, the dwellings straggling up the steep hills, the streets unpaved and for the most part unlighted, the big stumps of the great forest sticking up in the roads and in the house-yards. The plank roads along the harbor front were lined with cheap stores and saloons. Indians in their blankets squatted on the sidewalks, selling fish and basket ware. Loggers from the camps and sawmills sometimes made the nights riotous. A bob-tailed horse-car occasionally jingled out to the northern suburbs, but except for that primitive conveyance we did our errands on foot. If we wished to visit our neighbors about the Sound, we journeyed in flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamers, that poked into the shallow rivers and bays wherever there was a little settlement or a logging-camp to be supplied.

But in spite of the ragged beginnings, every one that lived in Seattle in those times was sure that it was going to be a great city. The people had a kind of indomitable resolution that soon came to be known as "the Seattle spirit." Conditions justified this confidence. The materials were at hand. The great inland sea of Puget Sound opened out to the Pacific and the short way to the Orient, an inexhaustible supply of splendid timber covered the shores, a tremendous water power was waiting to be harnessed in the valleys of the Cascades. Behind the city were great deposits of coal; before it, rich fisheries. In the dairy lands along the river bottoms the grass was green all the year round, and across the mountains were boundless and fertile plains for wheat and fruit growing. Soon, too, the Alaska trade opened, and centred at Seattle. The transcontinental railroads, though at first they made their Pacific terminals elsewhere, were forced to build into Seattle, and now I come back to find a splendid city of three hundred thousand people, handsomely built, thoroughly paved, brilliantly lighted, with miles and miles of beautiful park roads, comfortable houses and luxuriant gardens and lawns. There is nothing left of the town I once knew save the names of the older streets. Even the great gravel hills have been bodily removed. Fire swept the down-town district some years after I left the city, so every building in that section is new to me. But still the snowy cone of Mount Rainier closed the southern vistas, and still the craggy peaks of the Olympics shine across the dark waters of the Sound. Still, too, there are dear friends, substantial citizens now with boys and girls in Eastern colleges, but who still call me by my first name, and are ready for a chat over the old times when we worked and played and sang together, and were happy on an uncertain income of about a dollar a day. There must have been more than a score of people at church on Sunday who had been members of my little congregation twenty-seven years ago.

The church, of which I may not unduly claim to have been one of the founders, goes on its beneficent way with ever increasing influence and power. Mr. Powers preaches to large congregations, and enjoys a very wide acquaintance in the city and State. He has just added to his efficiency by renting the comfortable dwelling immediately adjoining the church, so that his work is now conveniently centred. The sessions of the North Pacific Conference in the church brought forth stimulating addresses and promoted good-fellowship among the isolated ministers and societies on the Northwest Coast.

The Second or University Unitarian Church occupies a most promising field four miles to the north of the First Church. This is the newest "College Town Church." It is adjacent to the University of Washington, and its constituency is largely derived from the University faculty. This section of the city is rapidly building up, and the University attendance is increasing by leaps and bounds so that the problem of providing class-room and housing is very pressing. Our new society now meets in a rented chapel in an inconvenient location, but the Association has purchased for the church an excellent corner lot in just the right position, and, if the means can be obtained, an attractive chapel should be built there this winter so as to be ready for dedication about the time the General Conference excursion reaches Seattle next August. Dr. John C. Perkins has this fall assumed the leadership of this new movement, and his congregation is already outgrowing the rented quarters. The Sunday-school and The Alliance are both vigorous, the people are enthusiastic and optimistic and the prospect is very gratifying.

At Tacoma, to the south of Seattle, another new movement is under way, under the leadership of Rev. Marshall Dawson, a recent graduate of the Pacific Unitarian School at Berkeley. He is bringing together the members of the Ethical Society, who have been for some time without a leader, and the hitherto unattached liberals in the city. The meetings are held in the former build-

ing of the Ethical Society, which was originally the home of a Unitarian church. Mr. Dawson is interesting some of the keenest and most wide-awake people in Tacoma, and is active and useful in civic affairs.

At Bellingham, to the north, Mr. Weil and his loyal congregation are doing excellent work. The chapel is a charming bit of architecture. Mr. Weil serves a considerable circuit with indomitable and self-sacrificing zeal. He has been in Bellingham longer than any other minister in the city and is the alert and respected leader in all good causes.

I have been able to visit all four of these centres, preaching on Sunday morning at Tacoma, and on the evening of the same day giving the Conference sermon at Seattle, making the closing address of the Conference, speaking to the people of the University Church at an evening reception, and making three addresses at Bellingham, one at a men's luncheon at the hotel, one in the afternoon to the faculty and students of the State Normal School, and one in the evening at the Unitarian Chapel. It was pleasant to meet at these gatherings delegations from Mr. Weil's outstations at Blaine, Lynden, and Sedro Woolley. I have a new appreciation of the pluck and patience of these devoted ministers and congregations and a deeper confidence in the future of our cause in Western Washington.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

A NOTABLE addition to the machinery of industrial conciliation and arbitration was made last Monday by President Wilson by the appointment of a Commission, consisting of Seth Low of New York, Charles W. Mills of Philadelphia, and Patrick Gilday of Clearfield, Pa., to serve as a medium for the settlement of future disputes between miners and operators in Colorado. In his announcement of the creation of the new body the President pointed out that the effort to end the pending controversy by the instrumentality of the conciliators now on the scene of the recent disorders in the mine districts of Colorado will not be abandoned. The Executive, however, expressed the earnest hope that both labor and capital will avail themselves freely of the services of the Commission in the future, to the end that a crisis similar to the present may not be repeated. The circumstances of the present struggle President Wilson characterized in his communication as "distressing and tragical."

THE gradual return to normal industrial and financial conditions in this country has been signalized within the past fortnight by the reopening of the cotton exchanges and the stock exchanges in many parts of the country. The resumption of trading in the cotton exchanges was justified by a revival of demand for cotton at home and abroad, although the prices of the staple were not such as to satisfy the planters of the South, many of whom find themselves in distress by the interruption of textile industry by reason of the war. The reopening of the New York Stock Exchange for restricted trading in bonds, on November 28, brought to a test the tenor of values. The first day's trading demonstrated the essential soundness of the situation on this side of the Atlantic. Side by side with these first steps toward a return to a normal state of affairs, the productive industries of the country are feeling to an encouraging degree the stimulating effects of a growing demand for various articles of manufacture for purposes of peace or war at home and abroad.

A MOVEMENT to bring about a partial localization of the naval operations of the war has been inaugurated by the chief nations of South America, whose representatives at Washington last week laid before President Wilson a tentative plan designed to exclude the warships of the belligerent nations from the waters of the two Americas. This pacific project is the outcome of the restrictions to which American commerce has been subjected by the presence of British, French, German, and even Japanese warships along both coasts of South and North America, which have exercised the right of search at sea and have otherwise hampered the legitimate interests of the two continents. The South American representatives were received with sympathetic interest in Washington, but the administration had given no indication at the beginning of the week of a desire to participate in the proposed request that the various belligerents pledge themselves to abstain from naval activities on the American highways of maritime commerce.

COMING less than a month after the sinking of the British battleship Audacious off the Irish coast by a German submarine, on October 27, the destruction of the British pre-dreadnought Bulwark, off Sheerness, on November 26, has created a stir of anxiety in the United Kingdom. In the face of the guarded assertion by the British admiralty that the Bulwark was probably blown up by an explosion in her magazines, the suspicion still prevails in the British mind that the latest loss to the British navy was the work of the enemy, either through strategy or by treachery. The event produced so profound an impression at home and abroad that on the day after the fresh disaster the admiralty felt obliged to issue a reassuring statement to the public. It was pointed out in this official declaration that the German naval successes so far had not affected in any appreciable degree Britain's unquestionable superiority on the water, and that the destruction of one battleship a month for a year to come would not result in a shift of the balance of maritime power to Germany.

A SURVEY of the operations of the war at the end of four appalling months of fighting leads to the conclusion that, in spite of temporary successes on either side, the military situation on both fronts remains in doubt. In a review of the events of the past two months, Field Marshal Sir John French, the British commander-in-chief in France, pointed out last Monday that on the Western front the Germans have failed to reach a base on the French coast, which evidently has been the objective of the German commander. On the other hand, neither have the Allies succeeded in beating back the invaders from the advanced positions in Belgium which menace the coast of France and the English Channel. On the Eastern front, at the beginning of the week it appeared that the German advance upon Warsaw had been effectively checked. On the other hand, however, the Russians had not yet succeeded in their drive upon Silesia, the industrial heart of Germany. In response to many optimistic reports of an overwhelming victory for Russian arms within the preceding ten days, the general staff at Petrograd last Saturday issued a statement reminding the public that no decisive results had yet been achieved.

MILITARY experts outside of Germany are disposed, as the fighting in Russian Poland develops, to take a pessimistic view of the chances of the German army to accomplish the task of frustrating the Russian advance movement on Silesia for any considerable length of time.

In spite of the Kaiser's act of last week in promoting General von Hindenburg, the commander on the Eastern front, to the rank of Field Marshal in recognition of the success of German strategy in that region, the conclusion appears to be inevitable that the German armies in Poland are on the defensive and that the fast-accumulating forces of the Russian Empire are bound to turn the tide of battle before many weeks. But the fact remains that German strategy has succeeded so far in preventing a Russian invasion of Silesia and in forcing the fighting, in the main, on Russian soil. How long Field Marshal von Hindenburg will be able to maintain this advantage is one of the overshadowing military questions of the hour.

In the mean while, the generous impulses of America and the rest of the neutral world are responding to the tragic demands of one of the most pitiable situations in which a nation has ever found itself—the situation in Belgium. The Belgian nation, in normal times one of the most prosperous and enterprising in the world, has been reduced to a condition of abject want by the devastating operations of invading armies. The Rockefeller Foundation and the American Red Cross are exerting themselves to the utmost to relieve a population of well-nigh seven million people whose homes have been destroyed by hostile guns, and who find themselves, as winter comes on, in a state of complete destitution in a country picked bare of the means of sustenance. The plight of Belgium is perhaps only a degree worse than that of Poland, over which contending armies have been marching back and forth in destructive warfare since the struggle began. And the end of suffering in Poland, as in Belgium, is yet far off, if present conditions are any criterion of the future.

Brevities.

The Educational Motor-car of the Unitarian Temperance Society seems to be in great demand. It spent last week in Fitchburg and Holyoke, holding four anti-alcohol rallies in the open street.

Concentration of effort as the best method for attaining results is illustrated in the phenomenal success of Henry Ford, who says, "The thing is to find out something that everybody is after, and then make that one thing and nothing else."

It has been said of civilization that "it is man's own invention." This is because he has chosen to make it his own possession, and it slips from him as soon as his desire or his will-power falters. Therefore as soon as a man ceases to care to be civilized he at once tends to revert to his original savagery.

There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of new discoveries in certain lines of research and invention. The original wonders of wireless telegraphy are scarcely to be believed as possible, and yet just now a new marvel is announced as practically accomplished, namely, of wireless messages sent from shore under the sea for miles to some station or submarine vessel.

Another old-fashioned belief has been attacked. Prof. H. D. Bailey of Muhlenberg College is sure that our so-called natural dread of some creatures is not a natural feeling at all, but rather an acquired condition brought about by some unfortunate personal experience, or by influences coming from the teachings of older persons. He tells of a boy of two years who showed a fondness for snakes, a black one five feet in length being his favorite, and of a little girl of three summers who cared greatly for a box turtle, and of other children who had no fear of dragon-flies and caterpillars.

When Mr. Fielding Hall claims that "prayer means obtaining by begging, and that only," he reveals a surprising ignorance of the real object and essence of this highest function of the human mind. There enters into genuine prayer-aspiration the wish to come into harmony with the divine will, the desire to "clothe with life the weak intent."

Letters to the Editor.

A Good Book.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

May I commend to your readers an admirable little book, "Things Learned by Living," by the late John Bascom, well known as a president of Wisconsin University and a teacher at Williams College. My attention was called to it by a very appreciative review in the New York *Nation*. It is one of the "wisdom books," and all the more readable on account of its autobiographical flavor. You hear the real man talking to you and of his own experience. I wish that the Unitarian Association might secure permission to print the closing chapter on "Religion" as one of its pamphlets. Here is the grasp of a strong mind upon the eternal realities. I read now and then books upon religion that bear the prestige of eminent names, perhaps of a foreign university. They must be good, or people would not be reading them. It is easy to see that they have a use. But often I feel happy at getting through with them, as if I had been sawing a log. I rarely wish to read another of the worthy professor's books. John Bascom's book leaves me with a different feeling. I am hungry for more of his excellent company. I should like to talk with him along with Socrates in the Elysian Fields.

Charles F. Dole.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

A Word for Us All.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

One of the big facts of the great war is that our own nation is almost completely exempt from its suffering. Our share in it, such as it is, is indirect and thinly distributed. It comes in the shape of industrial depression and unemployment, slightly raised prices perhaps, and our hundred millions of war-tax; and these effects may be more than offset before long by increased demands for our products from the countries at war. Instant calculations were made by our selfishness of the amount of profit that might accrue to us through the distress of the peoples abroad. Under these circumstances of immunity does not all the *un*selfishness in us move us to take some large and definite part in the relief of the suffering there as well as to take more than usual care of our own distress-needs at home? Our contributions for Red Cross work, Belgian relief, and the like, are as yet small, and they come from comparatively few. How many among us have yet made any personal *sacrifice* to lessen the infinite sacrifices suddenly forced by the war on the millions over the sea?

The coming Christmas gives multitudes of us an opportunity to make such a sacrifice in a small but a real and effective way. Many thousands of homes—not of the wealthiest, either—are in the habit of spending at Christmas what in the round must amount to ten, twenty, thirty, perhaps a hundred, dollars on Christmas gifts

Digitized by Google

between members. We may not wish to cut off entirely our festival expression of love; but why not by household agreements cut our usual amount, whatever it be, in thirds, and *make two-thirds our family offering* to the two fields of distress, abroad and at home,—assigning it where each family prefers, perhaps dividing it equally between the two needs?

Some one in the *Survey* last week proposed something of this kind, suggesting extension of the compact to one's whole circle of involved and expectant relatives,—with due notice given in the form of invitations to join! Good! Let the idea *catch* far and wide through the land, and the Christmas offering from the United States to the war-woe alone would startle us all by the beautiful leap in the various funds. Does it not seem as if great, rich America, safe in her distance, might take little Belgium into her arms and feed it through this first winter of terrible ache and starvation? Is that too large a part for us to take in the war, too large a contribution for us to make at the cost of some personal sacrifice? The little people to-day are like what we are told has been seen here and there in her land,—one of her own babes with its hands cut off! Thank God that no nation as a whole can be fairly accused of such deviltry to individual babes; there are devils in all armies at war,—let us call all such "men without country." But here is this babe of a people with hands cut off! Whoever is responsible, cannot the Christ-child in the world's heart do something for it this Christmas? And perhaps Germany-in-America will not be last in wanting to help.

W. C. GANNETT.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Recommendations Wanted.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The nominating committee of the American Unitarian Association has organized with Richard Webb, Portland, Me., as chairman, and Harold G. Arnold, 54 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass., as secretary. The other members of the committee are as follows: Mrs. Morgan Brooks, Urbana, Ill.; Mrs. Prescott Keyes, Concord, Mass.; George Kent, New Orleans, La.; J. H. Lathrop, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Arthur Maxson Smith, Berkeley, Cal.; and Charles A. Wing, Concord, N.H.

In accordance with the resolve creating the committee, the secretary is ready to receive in behalf of the committee "suggestions and recommendations of names to be put in nomination" for the following offices to be filled at the next election, viz.: president; a vice-president from each of the following districts,—Northern New England, Southern New England, Middle States, Southern States, Central West, Rocky Mountain States, Pacific Coast, and Dominion of Canada; secretary; assistant secretary; treasurer; six other directors, four of whom must be from New England, one from the Middle and Southern States, and one from the Western States and Pacific Coast; and four members of the nominating committee, two of whom must be from New England, one from the Pacific Coast, and one from the Western States.

"Suggestions and recommendations" to be of service to the committee should be sent in at the earliest moment, and preferably no later than January 1. The resolve requires the committee to issue the preliminary ballots "on the first day of April or as soon as practicable thereafter," and the ballots must be returned before May 1. It is therefore obviously impracticable for the committee to wait until April 1 before approaching any one in regard to the use of his name, especially as the candidates must be taken from widely separated localities.

In War-time.

BY FRANCES WHITMARSH WILE.

Thy ways are not the ways we know,
  Thy path is in the deep;
Thine are the winds of death that blow,
  And Thine the lives they reap.
Though darkness hides from us Thy face,
  Our fainting hearts have known
That justice is Thy dwelling-place,
  And righteousness Thy throne.

Through all the warp and woof of time
  War's crimson thread has run;
But slowly dawns the dream sublime
  Of peace beneath the sun.
And if to elder faith Thou art
  The Lord of battles still,
Thy constant voice in many a heart
  Proclaims a higher will.

Oh, surely on the people's sight
  That vision yet will shine
Which seers of old, in blacker night,
  Beheld, and knew divine.
Then war's red star shall fade away
  And stain no more the skies,
As down life's margin sank the day
  Of human sacrifice.

Embattled hosts by sea and shore
  That advent cannot stay;
In wrath or love, men evermore
  Thy hidden laws obey.
Although through fire and flood we go
  By paths we cannot see,
The way Thou takest Thou dost know,
  And we will walk with Thee.

Violent Remedies.

BY PERCY F. BICKNELL.

An absurd story used to be told of a certain country doctor of little skill who, unable to diagnose and cure any other disease, followed the practice of first throwing his patient into a fit and then treating the fit, confident of his ability to handle that malady in any event. One might imagine that some such method was now being pursued in curing diseased Europe of her many minor ills by first throwing her into the frightful convulsions of the present war and then, with continued powerful doses of pills and powders (lyddite bombs and other violent purgatives), reducing her to a condition in which exhaustion from the greater distemper should render all other ailments so insignificant by comparison as to be virtually non-existent.

Almost from the beginning of hostilities there have been wonderful accounts of the submerging of lesser animosities in the torrent of international hatred that swept over the greater part of Europe. In Germany the social-democrats have ceased from troubling, and the empire is described as one big family zealously defending its hearthstone and roof-tree; in France questions of party politics have suddenly become devoid of meaning, and patriotism unites all factions; in England the home-rule issue and the suffragist agitation sink, as by magic, into insignificance; and in Russia one hears of nothing but the most unselfish love of country. Some recent words of the Czarina are reported in a Danish journal. "Have you noticed," she asks, "how the war has welded the people into unbreakable unity? As long as the war lasts there will be no political parties in the lands over which the Czar rules. The labor party is going hand in hand with the other parties. Poles, Finns, and Jews have become Russians. They are collecting money for

Digitized by Google

our hospitals and have voluntarily joined the colors. Many already have distinguished themselves in battle. From the Arctic to the Black Sea, and from Vladivostok to the Baltic, you will find one united Russia which can and will be victorious." Sick Turkey undoubtedly hopes to emerge reinvigorated from the war, which of course is waged to the greater glory of Allah.

A writer in one of our literary reviews has expressed the opinion that the awful tragedy now in progress was really needed to elevate our ideals, purge our minds of pettiness, enlarge and strengthen our souls, and turn the pens of our poets and romancers and dramatists to high and worthy themes. "Man does not live by bread alone," he reminds us. "The commercial era through which we have been passing practically declared that he could, and the result is the 'Get Rich Quick Wallingfords' and the 'Potashes and Perlmutters.' Wars are largely protests of the human reason in favor of imagination and high spiritual things. They are generally worth the treasure and blood that is poured out in them. Would the North and South to-day resign the robe of glory which the Civil War threw over them? Could half a century of dull material progress equal the value of that war to us? We believe that the present unparalleled struggle will be equally beneficial; that it will clear the air like a great thunder-storm; that it will energize human character; and that especially it will revitalize literature which was becoming not only commonplace, but common." Of course the cheapness and ready availability of this sort of consolation for agonies that are three thousand miles away will be obvious to any one. It has long been noted how philosophically men are able to bear the sufferings of others. Moreover, this writer's protest against the evils of a prosperous commercialism sounds a little queer when raised in defence of the present war, which was started, as the majority of observers agree, to promote the commercial prosperity as well as the political importance of the nation most active in precipitating the conflict.

Mr. Graham Wallis, the English writer on social and political themes, has a recent book entitled "The Great Society," which contains matter for careful pondering. On one page, for example, there occurs a significant passage in a chapter called "Disposition and Environment." Let it be observed that the publication of the book antedated by two months the outbreak of the war. "One peculiarity of the state of 'baulked disposition,'" we read, "is that it is extremely difficult for the sufferer to find his own way out of it. The stimulus must come from outside. When one is 'dull' or 'flat' or 'sick of things,' or whatever the name may be which he gives to his feelings, he cannot, unless he is a man of quite exceptional resource and nervous elasticity, invent anything to do which will 'stimulate' him. Now, for instance, that the European nations keep hundreds of thousands of men under arms in time of peace, the colonels of regiments and the captains of war-ships know by experience that their men become 'fidgetty' or 'fed up' by a life which gives play only to a few dispositions; and when that occurs they prescribe in a haphazard way a smoking-concert, or a route march, or, on board ship, a dance, or clothes-mending, or gun-drill, for them all alike." That the struggle now going on is a sure cure for the fidgets here referred to, though at the same time the cause of other and far worse fidgets, no one can deny. Whether the disease was serious enough, however, to justify so violent a remedy is open to dispute. In this connection another quotation from the same book may be in order. The author remarks that "the fact does remain that a rather large proportion of the members of the Great Society honestly feel from time to time that they would be improved by a war, and are only restrained by the fear of 'the infinite'—by the strong probability that they may get more war than is necessary to improve their digestions." And after admitting the beneficial effects that may follow a recourse to arms, he wisely adds: "But meanwhile I would plead that it would be not only more effective but more economical if we aimed at these results directly, instead of trusting that we may find them among the accidents and uncertainties, the fatigue and monotony of modern warfare."

It undoubtedly is true that human errors and weaknesses are sometimes corrected by the most dire inflictions, but to feel an unctuous satisfaction in the awful visitation (that has come upon others) is little short of impious. A person may gain in strength and character through the loss of all his relatives and friends in an earthquake or tornado, but should he therefore indulge in felicitation and thanksgiving because the painful death of others has redounded to his own spiritual advantage? It is conceivable that the only corrective possible for a moral taint should sometimes take a form too abhorrent for the mind to dwell upon. Certain wrongs do seem to be incapable of getting themselves righted except by still greater wrongs. This may be nothing but an illusion; one who has a firm faith in the moral order of the universe must believe it is an illusion. Nevertheless, so illogical, so baffling is the very nature of sin, that one is prepared to encounter all sorts of puzzles and paradoxes and contrarieties when once one begins to study the problem of evil, though the inexorable necessity of wholesale torture and massacre as the remedy for any earthly ill whatsoever is indeed a hard thing for one to believe in while still retaining the conviction that this is the best of all possible worlds.

Malden, Mass.

Agreements between Nations.*

BY HON. SAMUEL J. ELDER.

I ask your attention for the moment to such agreements between the nations as we hope may come by their voluntary action after hostilities have ceased.

In considering the question we must not blind ourselves to the fact that the situation will be fraught with hatreds which will last for a century, perhaps—decades, certainly. It was told in the very last days of the Franco-Prussian War, that a German soldier beat a French innkeeper well-nigh to death because he had failed to furnish him the wine that he demanded. Upon being called before his superior officer and asked why he did so brutal a thing, he said, "One of Napoleon's soldiers beat my grandfather, who was an innkeeper in Germany, because he could not furnish him a French wine that he asked; and my people have vowed that some time we would avenge the outrage upon our kinsman." The hatreds of war, the animosities of war, hold out. The statue of Strasburg, draped by the French people in memory of the Franco-Prussian War, and the flowers placed almost daily about it, showing the resentment of the French at the dismemberment of their country, testify to the same thing. We do not need to travel across the seas. Many of those here recall the way in which the elderly people spoke in our childhood and since of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812. When we go down to New London to the boat race we look again and again at that shaft at Groton, commemorating the place at which an American garrison was put to death. Nor have they forgotten along the Long Island shore the burning of the towns during the war. Animosity toward the mother

*From an address delivered before the Unitarian Club of Boston.

Digitized by Google

country was a prevailing and powerful political consideration for many years. It is only within the last few decades that we have come into closer union, to understand Great Britain, and to forget the past. To come even nearer our time, in our own Southern country we have seen the animosities of the Civil War survive for decades, and the sufferings of the Southern people were burned into their souls. So in considering what is possible as a matter of agreement after this war, long-lived resentments must be borne in mind.

There are other things, however, which lead us to be more hopeful. This war is so terrible, the situation is so gigantic, the agonies of life and death and suffering are so great, that it is utterly inconceivable that the peoples on the other side of the seas should not say, "What is it all worth? What are we doing it for? What really counts in the face of this agony?" Aghast in view of the men who fall to their death, of the cities devastated, the homes desolated, the families destroyed, it can but be that with the awakened life of the present time the peoples themselves will take a hand in the adjustment. Nor is it impossible that at the end of it all, the autocratic power, the militaristic spirit, will have been shattered. One thing is proved,—that armaments do not preserve peace. We have been told in all the discussions of peace that the way to avoid war was to be prepared for it; the way to preserve peace was to be prepared to fight. That argument is ended, so far as this generation is concerned, once and for all. Armament has not preserved peace. No one, however blind, can address that argument to his own soul or to any other human being. It was because Austria was ready to fight that she sent an ultimatum that could not be accepted. It was because Germany was prepared to fight that she sustained the ultimatum. I am not passing judgment on the one side or the other, but it was the preparedness for war that made the war; and the peoples of the earth will say that such preparedness must not come again.

The whole world to-day in its soul is in favor of peace. You remember the marvellous propaganda only a few years ago in this country, responded to in England and in France by overwhelming meetings with tens of thousands in attendance, on the proposal of general peace treaties without exception as between the United States and those countries. The propaganda of education has not failed. It accomplished the object of spurring more and more and more the conscience of those countries to a sense of their obligation and of their duty.

Now we ask how peace is to be safeguarded, how the nations are to arrange their lives so that such a war may not occur again. We hear again, and then again, and then again, the phrase "The United States of Europe," from Metternich, perhaps, first, but it has been echoed by speakers and writers whose words carry weight. It is significant of the thought of the time. I do not think we ought to deceive ourselves for a single instant as to the possibility of any such United States of Europe as we have in America. The hostile feelings, the deep centred and seated resentments to which I have alluded, the differences in race and speech, prevent a parliament or congress of Europe. But I do not think we are wild or visionary or "peace advocates," in the sense in which that phrase is often used, when I say that a federation of the nations of Europe, with certain basic principles and certain laws as between themselves, may be proved possible by the outcome of this war. To that I wish to call your attention, but to only a single phase of it. What can be the constitution or terms of a federation of Europe? Is it not possible that the limitation of armaments—the strict, positive, definite limitation of armaments—may become a part of the terms of that federation?

This is not a new proposal; it has not sprung up in these months for the first time. When it was proposed in 1899 it was truly said, "This is not new, it has been suggested before." But it was suggested then. The Czar of all the Russians in calling the first Peace Conference at The Hague made the prime purpose of the meeting the limitation of armaments. The cost and burden bore so heavily upon the nations of Europe that it seemed a possible proposition; it was advanced and urged at the Peace Conference, sustained by many of the great nations, and opposed, unfortunately, by others. The argument then was merely the cost and burden. Europe was staggering under the weight of its preparedness. They were not prepared to advance the argument that the armaments would themselves lead to war, but they were prepared to set up the stupendous burden of expense under which they were laboring.

The call in 1907 by the Czar for the second Peace Conference at the close of the Japanese war, did not contain the proposal of limited armaments, but placed its weight upon the arbitral determination of international disputes, on which some progress had been made at the first conference. Some important and promising advance had been made, but Secretary Root, speaking for the United States, reserved in his note of acceptance of the Czar's proposition the right of the United States to renew the proposal for the limitation of armament. I cannot refrain from quoting from Mr. Root's note, setting out the necessary position of this country. "They" —meaning the people of the United States—"are therefore free from apprehensions from attack which to so great an extent are the cause of great armaments, and it would ill become them to be insistent and forward in a matter of so much more vital interest to the nations of Europe than to themselves. Nevertheless, it sometimes happens that the very absence of a special interest in a subject leads a nation to make suggestions and urge suggestions which more deeply interested nations might hesitate to present."

So at the second Peace Conference the proposal was renewed, seconded ably by Great Britain and by France and by Russia. There again it was urged the armaments were themselves burdensome. Attention was called to the fact that the expenditures of Europe for arms in times of profound peace had been in 1897 £250,000,000, and the expense had increased between that and 1906 to £320,000,000. Again the proposal failed. It was a proposition upon which even a majority of the nations could not agree unless the other nations joined with them. There could be no limitation of armament when your next-door neighbor was arming to the teeth. If it could not be accepted well-nigh unanimously, it could not be accepted at all.

But the situation has now been changed. The red-hot iron of suffering is burning into the souls of men and is bringing conviction. The struggle is so titanic that victor and vanquished will be prostrate, benumbed, bankrupt. It seems inconceivable that in the end these belligerent powers will not seek and find measures to prevent the recurrence of their own suffering. I spoke of the United States of Europe, only a moment ago. Europe consists of 3,754,000 square miles of territory. The United States of America consists of 3,616,000 square miles, well-nigh the same. We have found it possible to unite here under a great constitution. Why may not at least a federation with certain defined powers be possible on the other side?

We are not without examples of the limitation of armaments. At the end of certain wars the victor has imposed limitation upon the vanquished. One cannot doubt that now the nations may be prepared to impose

it upon themselves. We think of the stupendous fortifications along the frontiers of the various countries of Europe, and then of our three thousand miles of boundary, without a fort, without a gun, without a redoubt, without a ship to protect it, and yet we are about to celebrate a hundred years of peace with our neighbor on the north. The very building of fortifications, the very preparedness to resist attack and to furnish a base for counter attack, is a menace all the time. Why may not the nations of the earth reach the conclusion that fortifications may be levelled?

You say, How is a limitation to be enforced? How are you going to know that a nation is not violating such a convention? I want to say this, that while a congress or parliament of Europe is impossible, a supreme court of Europe with certain definite jurisdiction to my mind is not impossible. In the last Peace Conference an agreement was reached in regard to an arbitral court. It advanced in all its stages up to the selection of the members of the tribunal, and there it broke down with a reference to the next conference, the next coming together of the delegates of the various nations. A convention of this kind between European nations would not be burdened by the number of signatory powers that the Hague convention was. The breakdown was because each of the signatory powers, about forty, were insisting upon having a member of that court. Such a convention as the one I speak of for Europe would not break down by the demand of too bulky a tribunal. One of the points of jurisdiction of such a court might easily be to determine whether the convention in regard to armament and fortification had been violated, with power in any one of the signatories to call the question to the attention of the court.

You say treaties may be broken. Oh, yes, they may be broken, but only after the armaments have become so powerful that it is believed the treaty may be broken in safety. The treaty would not be broken if there was possibility of restraining armaments by early appeal to the court.

Then again, how will you enforce the decrees of the court? What is the sanction? We have been told throughout all the peace discussions that there your scheme broke down, there was no possibility of enforcement. The suggestion is often made of an international police. It does not appeal strongly to my mind. Numberless difficulties in the way of marshalling, commanding, and sending out an international police provided by a dozen or more nations occur to your mind at once. Who shall command it? Shall the court have a marshal or sheriff who shall be generalissimo and take this international police, formed from all the countries, to a recalcitrant power and compel its obedience? There you have war again. You are only suggesting that you may secure peace by fighting for it. It seems to me—and I throw it out for consideration, though it is far from being new—that an infinitely more powerful way of enforcing the decree of the court with reference to over-armament, or with reference to any other infraction of the conventions, would be that of non-intercourse. If the signatory powers to such a convention bound themselves in case of the violation of a decree of the court to abstain from intercourse with the recalcitrant nation, what would be the result? Suppose no one of them would permit exports to the nation, suppose no one of them would permit imports from the nation, suppose they refused to transmit the mails to or from that nation, how instantly compliance would be enforced. You say it would cost the neutral nations, those not concerned in the trouble, too much. Well, would it cost them too much? We are not likely to be involved directly in European troubles, and yet I venture the assertion that the United States would become signatory to such a convention as that and would carry out its obligations, both as to exports and imports and mails. Yes, it would cause disturbance of our business, but think of the disturbance of the business to-day. Think of the indirect results that come to us from the war. Yes, it would hurt this country that it could not trade with such a nation, but it is but a drop in the bucket by comparison with the injuries that come now and one that we would willingly undergo, I think, as would other nations, if thereby we could insure the carrying out of the decrees of a court.

Let us take an illustration. The nations of the earth were not pleased with our exempting our coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls through the Panama Canal. They did not stop our exports or imports. They said they wouldn't come to our fair. They didn't put it that way, but they said they wouldn't come, and we knew what the reason was. The weight of authority—I know now I am on dangerous ground—the weight of legal authority was that we were entirely within our rights in exempting our ships; but our President told Congress that we had better back down, that whatever our views of our rights were, the nations of the earth were unanimously against us, and we backed down. Think what compulsion nations can exercise by absolute non-intercourse, before you decide that the decrees of a European or a world court cannot be enforced.

If we say "This is visionary, this is too much to hope for," we are only echoing what was said in 1899 and what was said in 1907, that limitation of armament cannot be secured. No, merely upon the argument of the expense of maintaining war preparations in time of peace, it could not be done; merely upon the argument of the economic waste of war, it could not be done. But in the presence of a calamity world-wide in its blood, in its suffering, and in its devastation, it may be possible and I believe will prove to be.

Hard Things are Good for Folks.

BY MARY P. WELLS SMITH.

This was the long title of a small book that stood on the shelves of our Sunday-school library many years ago. The book's contents are forgotten, but its title returns to memory now and then, at times when it seems to fit surrounding circumstances. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" is a more poetic way of expressing the same idea.

Is it true? Are hard things good for folks? Certainly "folks" do not desire or welcome them. Instinctively we all seek the easy and pleasant road, shun the hard, up-hill path, the narrow, tortuous way. For ourselves and our dear ones we covet good things,—ease, popularity, prosperity, the sunshine of life; but in spite of us the storms come, we are driven out of our shelter, we must face and meet as best we can stern, hard facts. Is it "good" for us?

Against our inclination, perhaps, we are often forced to admit the truth of the quaint old saying. Little as we enjoy hardship and trouble, often out of them is born a new spirit, an aroused energy, capacities of which we had not dreamed ourselves possessed, above all, a new tenderness of sympathy for those in sorrow or trouble. Because we have sojourned in the dark valley ourselves, we know how to feel for others called to dwell in the shadow. We learn so much more of life, are such vastly stronger, wiser, truer men and women, because we have been roused from the "flowery beds of ease" where we

Digitized by Google

languished securely, and taught that we too must "fight to win the prize" and "sail o'er bloody seas."

History tells us that many an eminent man has been "nursed in the cradle of adversity." Rarely does a great genius spring from the home of wealth. Many a father, a self-made man, who has struggled to success through seemingly insuperable obstacles, says, "My boy shall have a different life from mine. He shall not know such hardships as I bore," and the sheltered, pampered child has all the budding possibilities of his young soul crushed by the too-much-ness of his luxurious life. Not only is the stimulus of necessity lacking, but his capacities are smothered in pleasure and indulgence. Yes, hard things are "good for folks," little as they are desired.

The present war recalls this saying. Our country is as yet fortunately exempt from the unspeakable ruin, devastation, loss of life and property desolating Europe. Yet still the war comes home to us. We all feel its depressing influence, and may yet more seriously, if the struggle is prolonged. Expected dividends are not paid, the income shrinks, expenses rise. On every side we hear of factories reducing their number of employees. Where will these discharged men—upright, steady men, discharged through no fault of their own—find work for the coming winter, support for their families? Calls to aid the distressed Belgians are already coming from Europe, and will pour in more abundantly as the winter comes on, while demands to help the unemployed in our own midst are sure to be many—greater, perhaps, than ever known previously. No one faces a peculiarly joyous, care-free winter. It is another case of "hard things," hard indeed. Will it be "good" for us?

Perhaps! Students of social conditions and thoughtful people generally have deplored the trend of recent years in American life toward a constantly increasing luxury and devotion simply to pleasure. To get and to have seems almost becoming the national ideal. Life around us seems sometimes a mad rush of mere money-getting and pleasure-seeking,—a whirl of automobiles, dancing, dashing from one amusement to another. Sunday has become largely a week end, a time for excursions and visits. Churches are nearly deserted, lectures poorly attended, all serious efforts to better mankind struggle with indifference and feeble support, while money is lavished in the wild scramble for display and amusement. People so often have "no time" to read, or think, or work for good causes. The poorer people, instead of, as formerly, putting spare cash in the savings bank, working toward a home of their own, and independence in their old age, lavish their change freely (often to the neglect of the grocery bill) on the "movies" and other cheap pleasures, trusting to "luck" for the future.

If the pressure of this war should give us pause, may it not be good for us? Perhaps we shall come to ourselves and take life more seriously, more becoming rational human beings, more fitting the descendants of those Puritan ancestors who lived consciously as God's children placed here for a purpose. We may learn, perforce, to do without many fancied necessities, to walk instead of ride (vastly to the benefit of our health), to live more simply and earnestly, to return to the old ideal of "plain living and high thinking."

This calamity of war may, in the end, help give our country something of the elevation prophesied for Great Britain by Lloyd George. In a recent speech, he said of the war:—

"It is bringing a new outlook for all classes. The great load of luxury and sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish. And the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation, the great peaks of honor we had forgotten,—duty, patriotism, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to heaven."

GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Pulpit.

Thanksgiving in the Year of the Great Betrayal.*

BY DR. SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, D.D.

He took the cup, and gave thanks.—LUKE xxii. 17.

The governor of the Commonwealth begins his proclamation, which I have just read, with the statement that he issues it in accordance with "an ancient custom." There doubtless was in his mind, as in ours, a sense that on this year a Thanksgiving proclamation needs an apology. Why should we have a day of thanksgiving? Why not a day of humiliation? There is something in the reference to our abundant harvest and our comparative prosperity that grates upon us. We are half-ashamed of them. Should we give thanks because God has chosen us out for blessing, while he condemns others to misery? Is it such a tribal God whom we worship?

I am sure none of us is so base, so lost to the sense of human sympathy, as to make this a season of national self-congratulation. None is so childish as to rejoice in the contrast between our lot and that of our neighbors.

It is not a time for merrymaking. The calamity is too great. But it is possible that the day of humiliation and of sympathy may also be a thanksgiving day. When we really appreciate the meaning of religion, there is no incongruity in the joining of the two. There are times indeed when the usual symbolism of Thanksgiving seems incongruous. We cannot deck our church with the fruits and flowers of the earth, jubilant that we have that for which others long in vain. To-day the symbolism of Thanksgiving is not that of gratified fulness: it is rather that of expectant emptiness, the emptiness acknowledged by the purified soul. It is the empty bowl you see to-day before this pulpit, and it is the emptiness of the human heart throughout the world to-day, that ought to be the thing in our minds. And unless we can find some hope in the world's present emptiness, then we are forlorn indeed.

On the same night on which Jesus was betrayed he sat with his disciples, and he said, With great desire have I desired to take this Passover with you. Then he took the cup,—the cup which meant sacrifice, that which seemed the outpouring of human blood in vain,—he took the cup and gave thanks. He gave thanks for this the bitterest experience of his life.

This year, 1914, will be remembered for centuries to come as the year of the great betrayal of human hopes. It is the year in which mankind has been betrayed. And in this year when mankind has been betrayed, when the ideals of Christianity have been betrayed, we are called to take the cup and give thanks. And only as we do take the cup, as we realize, not superficially, but deeply, what it means,—the sorrow, the unutterable loss,—will there be any reason for our posterity to give thanks that we of this generation have lived. If we do not take the cup, if we pass it by as if we were indifferent to what is happening, the sacrificial blood has been shed in vain.

* Preached in the First Church (Unitarian) of Cambridge, Nov. 22, 1914.

Let us take the cup. Let us taste its bitterness. Let us not with pious phrases try to cover up the plain facts. Let us remember the dead bodies of young men. Let us remember the widows so young and so innocent of this great transgression, but who are bearing its griefs. Let us remember the fatherless children. Let us remember the devastated homes. Let us remember the priceless works of art—the inheritance of generations past—ruined in the fury of these days of wrath.

This hideous ruin of young lives, of fair hopes, of ancient beauty, has not been wrought by a convulsion of nature or by the madness of a mob. This has been an ordered desolation, a calculated and scientifically planned destruction. This return to chaos and old night has been directed by those to whom had been intrusted the forces of modern civilization. This has not been a people's war. The people have been led as sheep to the slaughter. We need not agree in laying the blame of the catastrophe on the rulers of any particular nation. We do not have, as yet, all the facts necessary to a final judgment.

But this is sufficiently clear, that there was a time when the fate of the world was in the hands of a very few men. A little more wisdom, a little more patience, a little less hard-hearted ambition, a little less foolish desire to test their instruments of destruction, and the crisis of last summer might have passed over and been forgotten as a diplomatic flurry. The business of these men was to keep the world's peace. Great powers had been given them. Behind them was the unwavering loyalty of the masses of the people, who could die for their own countries but not direct their policies. It is these people, those whom Jesus spoke of "as the least of these my brethren," who to-day form the sacrifice for the sins of selfish statecraft.

Let us not try to make excuse. You say that it was necessary in such a world as ours. Yes, but let us have the candor to admit that our world is what it is because we would have it so. It is the world of human will and human ideals that has gone wrong. "Woe to the world [our world] because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

As we take the cup, let us with solemn resolution give thanks. So men have ever done when in a great emergency they have determined to resist an ancient evil till it be destroyed. Not in a mood of depression, but with a new hope do they respond. When they know the worst, they feel the impulse of the better will that struggles against it.

Why should we give thanks? There are two kinds of thankfulness: one is very easy and very pleasant, the thankfulness of escape from calamity, of having been given, without effort, some pleasant thing for which we say, "We thank you," and go our way forgetting; and then there is that deeper kind of thankfulness, the thankfulness which comes from a great opportunity of service, from a great opportunity to do something that has never been done before, to take the cup that shall mean salvation for ourselves and others, the opportunity to do something, to be a part of some redemptive work, to do away with some evil which for ages has gone not only unchecked, but not understood.

When such a period of rapid change comes, it is joy to be alive, "and to be young is very heaven." Those who are young not only in years but in spirit rejoice to have lived in that time of purifying tribulation when a great ideal becomes recognized and the means for a great work come to be understood.

We have been singing Luther's hymn, which has in it something very incongruous to our minds. It is a defiance of personified evil. But I think it is good to sing it in an unexpurgated way, to get that sense of the joy of spiritual conflict, of being in the presence of something that we must contend against for our lives. And then there is a purifying sense in that appeal to us as individuals with no help whatever from the outward world, because the outward world is wrong.

"God's word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The spirit and the gift are ours
Through Him that with us sideth."

The spirit and the gift are ours. We are not called upon to give thanks for the outward world as it is to-day. Luther simply scorns it. He gave no thanks to these world powers, he defied them; and that power which sideth with us is the power that is in our souls. And in our disappointment with the outward world we are thrown back upon ourselves, and in our personal helplessness we are thrown back upon a power like ourselves but greater,—not machinery, not outward civilization, but that which speaks to us in the accents of the spirit. "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee."

The great experience of mankind is that out of the depths of spiritual need comes the sense of a depth of spiritual power answering to that need, never realized until the need comes, then trying to moralize the world; and the world is not fully moralized. Shall we despair? No. Let us thank God and take courage because thus far we have gone. Because the foe is strong we need to call the reserves in the spiritual nature. All that has been of good and beauty and truth has been wrought out, not fatalistically, but morally. It is not what has happened, but the human response to what has happened, that counts. To him that overcometh has always been given power. And in our day also the sense of evils to be overcome brings out the moral power that has been long latent.

If you would get the best conception of a religious attitude, do not go to churchmen who are thinking only of the safety or the progress of their church, nor to statesmen who are thinking of the state and its glory: go to a company of eager, earnest physicians and hear them talk and learn their spirit. They are cheerful men, most of them: they have to be cheerful. They are courageous, they are kindly, but they never yield to sentimentalism. They never minimize the evils which they would overcome. And the thing which strikes you is how glad they are and how thankful they are for a kind of knowledge which to the ordinary layman seems to be a kind of despair.

Here is a disease which has existed from the beginning. It is as old as the race. And here are men engaged in medical research who come together to rejoice over a new discovery. We jump at conclusions at once, and say, "These men must have found the cure for this disease." Not at all. They haven't found the cure, but they are on the way to finding the disease. They are tracing it back. They have recognized the germ that causes this disease, and they give thanks. They are rejoiced. They are getting on.

Ah, but why don't you bring the disease to an end? These men know that you cannot cure that disease until you recognize its cause. When you have recognized its cause, when you have seen it as it is in its beginning, then you are on the way which long has been sought. That is a victory, a very great victory.

Or you have men engaged in preventive medicine. They have found no cure as yet for some great malady, but there are ways of prevention. But how can that prevention be made real? Only by that which to the general public seems an aggravation of the evil. They must go forth and give publicity to the evil itself. They must

Digitized by Google

make people understand that it is an evil, and that it should be avoided. And then the general public becomes alarmed, as if something new had happened. It isn't anything new; it is simply that the news comes to them, a warning that is necessary.

Said that American philosopher, whose fame has been lost in the greater fame of his sons, Henry James the elder, "The most hopeful thing," he was accustomed to say, "is that there are no fresh evils." The worst was at the beginning. Those evils which we recognize to-day have not been lately invented. They were accepted as a part of the nature of things. When we come to a clear consciousness that certain things are evil, then we have made a very great gain.

What moral gain has this year brought to the whole world? It has brought a new conception of what war is. It is possible for us, I think, to appeal in the future, not to the self-interest of one nation, but to the common sense of all, when we seek to make peace in the world, because more people than ever before will, when this war is over, be thinking along sane and reasonable lines. The glamor of war is going. For that let us at least thank God. The other lesson is that which the physician learns, of the ways in which disease may be carried. We are learning that the worst things may accompany the best things, and that it is only when we continually scrutinize the best things that we can find safety from ancient ills.

In two ways unsuspected by our fathers some of the most devastating diseases have been carried, through water and through milk. That which satisfies the natural thirst and the natural hunger form the best mediums for noxious germs. In the necessities of life men have found death. We are coming to see that the most devastating evils of this world are carried about and perpetuated by two things, by patriotism and religion. The horrors of this war do not arise from a mere recrudescence of that which people recognize as brutal passion. They come through the finest passions to which our nature appeals, the patriotic impulse and the religious impulse.

Now what does that mean? In order to eliminate typhoid fever, must we give up drinking water or using milk? No. We want to get pure water and we want to get pure milk, and we want to know the source of our supply. Shall we give up patriotism and preach a sentimental or a sullen individualism? No. Shall we give up religion, with its worships and its enthusiasms and its incitements to sacrifice? No. But, if we are to get rid of one of the greatest evils of the world, we must carefully scrutinize both.

If into your patriotism you allow foolish pride and arrogance to enter, if in your patriotism you allow envy and suspicion of other nations to enter, if you praise these things in order to incite to sacrifice for your country, if you are in the habit of saying continually, "My country, right or wrong," then these noxious germs find here just the medium in which they flourish.

If your religion is not scrutinized and criticised, if you are content simply with a religious feeling that is as instinctive as animal passion, then what you see going on to-day will go on continually. The tribal gods are cruel, and demand the sacrificial blood of the best youths of each generation. And frenzied priests sanctify the acts which cold-hearted rulers find it profitable to do. The gods of the nations always sanction the nations' wars.

When we purify religion from its selfishness, from its superstitions, from the narrowness of sect or party or nation, only then have we something strong enough to be a power for peace. We must learn to worship not the God of the Americans or of the Germans or of the Englishmen, but the God of us all. We must conceive of a justice that is not in the likeness of our revengeful passions. "His eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." The evil deed is evil even when it is profitable to ourselves. The good deed is good even though it is done by our enemy.

When our religion is purified from the germs of selfish passion, it takes its place as a power to be reckoned with. When the outer world grows dark, we feel its inspirations. Even now, in the year when the multitudes whom Jesus loved and whose sorrows he shared have been betrayed by those who should guide them in the ways of peace, we need not despair. In the overturning of our hopes for the speedy coming of the happier times, we have a new challenge to our courage. The task set before us is harder than we had thought and the way is longer. But the way we know,—we know it better for this experience. In this our day of humiliation there is the awakening to an opportunity. In the failure of a narrow patriotism and a narrow religion there is the call for a patriotism and a religion strong enough and pure enough to keep the peace. They are coming—"through great tribulation." Let us rejoice in tribulation, for they are coming. Let us take the cup, and give thanks.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Spiritual Life.

When God does his best work he needs the best men to help him.—*George Eliot.*

Learn as if you were to live forever; live as if you were to die to-morrow.—*Ansalus de Insulis.*

The most difficult thing in life is to keep the heights which the soul has reached.—*Rev. David Riddle, Jr.*

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—*George Eliot.*

The whip of words,—short, sharp, incisive words,—chosen with care and knotted well together, is a terrible weapon. One brief indignant couplet of such words, or a prophetic warning of three small syllables only, like "*væ victis*," will go round the globe, and man has no power to stop it.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Fear, then, to do evil. That is the attitude of mind and heart we should all have. Be brave to face danger, difficulty; but shrink from sin with fear. There is reason for this, believe me,—reason written in the very foundation of the universe, and permeating through all the fabric of conscious life. Determine that your life shall be genuine. Seek character above reputation.—*Charles E. Perkins.*

Our Father, may we remember those who, in trying times and under difficult circumstances, have given themselves to the life of human service. May we rejoice in their memory and in their work, and may we learn to take our work, whatsoever it may be, however small it may be in itself, as a part of that great human effort through which righteousness comes. May we in our generation enter the gates of righteousness and rejoice, knowing that for every one of us there is a work and a challenge for our every power, as we give ourselves to Thy service. Amen.

Happiness.

I read a bit of vagrant verse,
And straightway all the universe
Has blossomed into flower.
I hear a strain of music low,
In measured cadence, sweet and slow,
And golden grows the hour.
—*Mrs. E. Mead Lane.*

Shall I Drink?

BY CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

May I call the attention of the readers of the *Christian Register* to a recent publication in which will be found valuable material for temperance addresses and Sunday-school teaching, namely, "Shall I Drink?" by Rev. J. H. Crooker, D.D.?

A subject which many people think worn out is here treated with a freshness, vigor, and enthusiasm that will surely reawaken our interest and hope. Here is no sentimental appeal to the emotions, but a straightforward presentation of facts and arguments. The latest results of scientific experiments and business experience are given—results which are rapidly convincing men of the harmful effects of even moderate drinking, and the practical wisdom of prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages. From every point of view—health, business efficiency, personal morality, social order and welfare—the subject is considered. Authorities are quoted, references given, with a carefully prepared list of authorities. The old belief, the "drink superstition," that alcohol is a life-giver is shown to be false. It is not even a stimulant, medical men agree. It paralyzes and depresses; it is the "great deceiver"; it is a life destroyer: this is the verdict of science.

The immense importance of the alcohol problem as related to other social evils and problems is clearly shown in this book. Conservative statistics are given for poverty, pauperism, child destitution, insanity, crime, and divorce, to show the direful influence of alcohol on the social welfare. The economic argument, from the point of view of business and society in general, is most convincingly presented, showing the enormous waste in money, industrial efficiency, and life itself, caused by drink. The new attitude of insurance companies, railroads, hospitals, even military authorities, is fully set forth. Such subjects as parental responsibilities, infant mortality, sex morality, alcohol as a medicine, scholarship, and athletics, are discussed from the standpoint of alcohol, with interesting statistics and testimony. The argument that moderate drinking is morally advantageous is squarely met and shown to be fallacious, as also the claim that light liquors are a cure for intemperance. The rapid increase of drunkenness in Germany, France, and Italy, and the alarm felt there, are adduced as evidence. The argument that the saloon should be retained as the "poor man's club" is riddled, and the hope that "substitutes for the saloon" will be effective is shown to be weak. This leads to a chapter on "The Function of the Law," in which the right of the people to prohibit the liquor traffic, and the wisdom of such a policy, are maintained. Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and progressive legislation in many States are quoted, and the rapidly rising sentiment in favor of abolishing the saloon and making prohibition national is counted one of the "signs of promise" to which the closing chapter of the book is devoted.

Here, then, is a book replete with information, ready for our use in the cause of good citizenship and social progress. Chapter by chapter the argument gains weight until it would seem that no one could withstand it. In preparing it Dr. Crooker has done our denomination and the temperance cause a great service. Like Polyanna, ought we not to be "very glad," and to carry this message of duty and hope into all our churches, Sunday-schools, and homes?

The Invention of Submarine Torpedoes.

With the general use of submarine torpedoes in the present war, it is interesting and surprising to remember that they were invented by a student in Yale College. In his new book, "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men," just published by the Yale University Press, Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes describes David Bushnell and says that "in his Freshman year he conceived the idea of the modern torpedo, which he perfected shortly before graduation." Mr. Stokes includes an interesting description of the machine in a quaint Latin letter (so written probably to prevent the invention from possible discovery by the enemy) sent to Ezra Stiles, afterward president, by Tutor Lewis, when Bushnell was a Senior.

Mr. Stokes continues: "It was therefore on the Yale campus, and probably in Bushnell's room, that the torpedo was invented. Timothy Dwight, the year before he became president, wrote,—

"'See Bushnell's strong, creative genius, fraught
With all th' assembled powers of skilful thought,
His mystic vessel plunge beneath the waves,
And glide thro' dark retreats and coral caves!'"

Literature.

Through Realms of Song. By Isaac Bassett Choate. Boston.—These are the verses of a book-lover who has ranged widely over literature and here records in nearly two hundred sonnets his feelings for great authors, old legends, and the like.

Magazines.

"The War and the Way Out," by G. Lowes Dickinson, in the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a most thoughtful discussion. Mr. Dickinson's philosophy and internationalism protect him from intellectual bias, and what he has to say should be heeded. Geheimrat Albert's defence of the German conduct of the war in deft paragraphs attempts to turn the flank of the British argument by a series of counter-attacks on the behavior of the Allies and explanations of charges against the Germans. This number of the *Atlantic* opens with a highly romantic story of actual adventure by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, whose autobiography ran in the *Atlantic's* pages last year. Mr. Rihbany, who was brought up in the shadow of Mt. Lebanon, describes an adventure with necromancers which might be a modernized version of some tale of Scheherazade. "The Failure of the Church," by Edward Lewis, is by an English clergyman who has lately resigned his pastorate because he felt his comfortable position incompatible with his desire to be a "man of God." In "Some Remarks on American and English Fiction," a discerning English critic, Edward Garnett, separates the wheat from the chaff of our best sellers and upsets several established reputations. Prof. Roland G. Usher writes with discernment of "Germany's Ability to Finance the War." John Trowbridge, president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, contributes a highly unfavorable "Estimate of German Scientific Culture." "The House of Sorrow," an anonymous paper, discusses the spiritual uses of adversity, and "Rab and Dab," the interesting story of the Woman Rice-Planter, is continued. There are essays by Annie Kimball Tuell and William Austin Smith, while Mr. Franklin James writes with pleasant humor upon the chop on his neighbor's table. The fiction, by Elizabeth Ashe and Cornelia A. P. Comer, is vigorous. There are war poems by John Finley and Grace Hazard Conkling.

Miscellaneous.

An interesting publication, particularly to those who know Old Boston or wish they did, is *Days and Ways of Old Boston*, edited by William S. Rossiter and issued by R. H. Stearns & Co. In the preparation of the book, well-known writers have contributed from their store of reminiscence or special study. The opening chapter, written by the editor, gives a picture of the Boston of 1847, before the time of street-cars, when the population was composed chiefly of native stock. Col. Higginson's chapter, written in February, 1911, is crowded with animated reminiscence and character sketches of people he knew well. Frank H. Forbes writes of "The Old Boston Water Front," recalling the traditional glory of the old wharves in the days when they were the crowning pride of commercial Boston. Maud Howe Elliott writes charmingly of treasures found in her mother's wonderful old rosewood secretary, with anecdotes of both personal and local interest. Robert Lincoln O'Brien has made a study of "Advertising in Boston" during the last half-century. Heloise E. Hersey, the beloved school-mistress, contributes a chapter on "Boston as a Shopping City," incidentally discussing shopping as a barometer of social evolution. Walter K. Watkins of the Bostonian Society writes of "An Historic Corner" (Tremont Street and Temple Place), tracing the procession of owners and uses from the time when it was a half-cleared pasture in which grazed the cattle of Henry Webb, a prosperous merchant. A closing chapter is about "Old Boston Banks," written from information furnished by Francis R. Hart. In such a book the illustrations are important. These are from drawings furnished by Malcolm Fraser and Jacques Reich of the *Century Magazine* art staff. A reviewer can have only commendation for the high literary and artistic excellence of a book which good Bostonians, no matter where they may live, must welcome and value.

Digitized by Google

This Is Going to Be
The Best Christmas Ever

No Scarcity of Toys Here

Notwithstanding the Trouble Abroad we have Received Every Dollar's Worth of our Toy Purchases and are showing the Largest and Finest Assemblage of Things We Ever Had to Delight the Child Heart—All Grouped in

Our Great Toy Section

On the Third Floor of the New Building

Lots of brave little hearts have been trying hard to be cheerful in the face of a persistent rumor that this would be a very lean Christmas. Let there be an end to this gloom.

We want to tell the good children of New England that Santa Claus is bountifully supplied with all the toys and games that will possibly be needed.

And here you will find his choicest gifts for New England boys and girls—a larger and more complete showing than we ever had before—so you see there is no reason to fear a shortage of Santa's supplies.

DOLL LAND

A separate room of immense size, where dollie and her things reign supreme—dresses, furniture, doll houses, hats, shoes, anything and everything for dolls. The most beautiful realm of dolls in the world.

Jordan Marsh Company

The New England Home of Santa Claus

Digitized by Google

The Home.

A Child's Thought.

BY OLIVER PENMARE.

A little child upon the sands,
Beneath a sapphire sky,
Holding up her dimpled hands
While on the quiet beach she stands,
As though she fain would try
To clasp the fleecy clouds that pass
So high above the wondering lass.

"I am so small a maid," said she;
"The sky and clouds are far,—
And farther still the stars must be,
So far their light I cannot see,—
I wonder where they are!
All are so far above my reach,
I'll just play here upon the beach."

The Story of a Pumpkin-pie.

Polly and Patty had come from the city to spend a month with grandpa and grandma at Hope Farm. Polly and Patty thought Hope Farm, with its big orchards, the very nicest place in the world. Of one thing in particular they were quite sure—in no other place in the world were there such pumpkin-pies made as those grandma made.

She made them every Saturday because the minister came to tea every Sunday after he had driven eight miles to preach his afternoon sermon, and he was very fond of pumpkin-pie. Patty and Polly thought it such fun to help grandma make her pies. They were very good little cooks themselves for ten-year-old twins. Mother Rogers had seen to that.

Early one Saturday morning word came that Uncle John Rogers down at Clifton had fallen and broken his leg. Grandpa and grandma got ready in a great flurry and drove straightway to Clifton, leaving Polly and Patty to keep house until they should return at night. Patty and Polly were very sorry about Uncle John, but they were greatly elated over being left to keep house.

"It makes one feel so responsible," said Patty, who liked to drag in a big word now and then when no grown folks were by to laugh at her.

"But," said Polly, soberly, "what about the minister's pumpkin-pie?"

What, indeed? But Patty was equal to the problem.

"*I* shall make the pumpkin-pies," she said.

"Oh!" Polly was almost scared. She was never so daring as Patty. "What if you spoil them?"

"I won't spoil them. You must help me. I am sure I can make them all right. I know just how grandma goes about it."

So the two little maids put on very bright, clean, new gingham aprons and ran down to the cornfield behind the big fir grove. Polly was always a little frightened to go through that grove, it was so thick and gloomy, but Patty never thought of such a thing. The pumpkins were there, round and yellow as gold, and the twins picked the best and ripest to make their pie.

Patty, having rolled her sleeves high above her dimpled elbows, peeled and diced the pumpkin and put it on to stew. She could not find the granite saucepan grandma always used, but Patty was not to be stuck by a trifle like that. She stewed the pumpkin in a round granite milk-pan, and it served the purpose very well.

Meanwhile, Polly had hunted the haymow for fresh eggs, had fallen through a hole into the calf-pen and nearly frightened the spotted calf to death. But she found the eggs and brought them in triumph to Patty.

Patty made the crust while Polly watched her. Patty clean forgot to put any baking-powder in, but Polly remembered it just in the nick of time. Then they strained the pumpkin and beat it up with eggs and sugar and milk and cornstarch, and dusted in the cinnamon and nutmeg and ginger very carefully, for the minister was very particular about the flavoring of his pies. Polly and Patty both tasted the mixture and pronounced it all right and just like grandma's. Then they popped the pies into the oven, and when they came out they were golden brown and looked delicious. So delighted was Patty that she danced around the kitchen three times waving a holder aloft.

Grandma was very much surprised when she came home and saw the pumpkin-pies. Secretly she doubted if the pies could be good enough to put before the minister; but she was careful not to hurt the twins' feelings by saying so, and anyway there was nothing else for him this time.

That night Patty had a terrible night-mare, and woke up Polly to tell her about it.

"Polly, I dreamed that we put mustard in those pies instead of ginger! Oh, we didn't—did we?"

"No, of course not," answered Polly, reassuringly, and went right to sleep again.

But Patty couldn't sleep. She was afraid she would dream that terrible dream again.

Next afternoon after preaching the minister came. When he had finished his second helping of pie he said politely:—

"Your pumpkin-pies are always delicious, Mrs. Rogers, but you have surpassed yourself in this one. It is the most delicious I ever ate."

Grandma's eyes twinkled.

"I'm sorry I can't claim the credit for it," she said. "Patty made it."

Patty blushed scarlet beneath the minister's eye.

"Polly helped me," she said honestly.

And the minister—he had driven eight miles, you know, and preached a long sermon, and his wife never made pumpkin-pies—took a third helping.—*L. M. Montgomery, in Zion's Herald.*

Dora and the Collie.

Dora is a little girl who thinks dogs and horses and cats understand what people say. She talks to all her pets, and they really do seem to understand her. When she says to Gray Brother, the pretty Maltese cat, "Come, get your catnip," he trots upstairs after her and waits till she takes the catnip out of a little box on the mantel. In summer she has fresh catnip for Gray Brother, but in winter he has to be contented with the dry herb.

Last summer Dora was at the railroad station waiting for the mail when she saw a beautiful collie on the platform. He looked sad and forlorn. He was with a very kind-looking man who petted him once in a while. The man looked worried. Dora spoke to the dog, as the others on the platform had done. To the others he made no response, but when Dora spoke he looked up eagerly, as if he understood.

Dora overheard the man talking about the collie. He said he was taking him home with him on the train. He liked dogs, and he had bought this dog on a farm because he was such a beautiful collie. He was worried about him, however, because the dog would not eat. During this conversation Dora came nearer.

"Have you explained things to the dog?" she asked.

"No, I haven't," said the man, laughing down at the dear little girl. "Will you explain things to him?"

Dora nodded and went right up to the collie.

"You are homesick—you poor doggie," she said. "You miss the farm and the sheep and your old friends, don't you? Well, you are going to a new home, and you will love that new home. You must eat something, because you have to go on the train."

The dog leaped about her and barked, and the bystanders laughed again. Then the little girl pointed to a plate of bread and meat on the platform, which the man had bought in the restaurant, and which had been untouched by the dog. "Eat it up," she said, and the collie ate every bit. "He'll be all right now," said Dora. "He just didn't understand!"

Then she ran back to her mother a little shyly, for all on the platform were clapping their hands and the dog was barking happily. —*Exchange.*

Ray's Bedfellow.

Ray was spending the week-end at grandfather's on the farm twenty-eight miles from home, and it was the first time he had ever travelled on the cars alone or stayed over night without his mother. But he was getting big and brave, and he could travel alone—for he was nine years old in September.

Father gave him the money so he could buy his own ticket, and went with him to the station to see him aboard the train safely. When the train came all father did was to help him up on the steps, and to say real loud to the conductor,—

"This young gentleman is going all the way to Schwenksville."

Ray thought that was very nice of his father, for every one in the car looked and smiled at him, and the conductor looked pleased and said,—

"Why, of course, why should he not, he is such a big fellow."

The ride was very short that morning, and it hardly seemed possible that the journey was complete when Ray heard the brakeman call into the car:—

"Schwenksville! All out for Schwenksville!"

Ray jumped up quickly and hastened to the door with his own new little suit-case in hand, and jumped from the car without aid from any one.

Grandfather was there to meet him, and Ray drove Napoleon all the way to the farm.

It was in late October, and the leaves were falling and the nuts dropping from the trees, so Ray had a fine time gathering chestnuts, and he had a full peck to take home with him.

Digitized by Google

Jasper, the hired man, was Ray's special favorite and chosen companion all that day, for he told him many wonderful things as the boy followed him about as he did his work out in the barn and about the farm. Jasper *showed* him that the cows had no teeth in their front upper jaws; he climbed up in the old buttonball-tree and got him an abandoned oriole's nest; he found three cocoons on the currant-bushes, and told Ray what was inside and what would come out in the spring; he gave him a beautiful red ear of corn, and three peacock feathers, two bantam eggs, and a duck egg. And besides all this he showed him the squirrels carrying nuts into a knot-hole above the kitchen roof.

When night came Ray was tired, and had treasures sufficient to fill his suit-case, and the over-flow grandmother packed in a little basket.

"May I sleep in the garret, grandmother?" Ray asked when it was time for him to retire.

"In the garret!" exclaimed grandmother. "Why do you want to sleep there?"

"Father told me he used to sleep there when he was a boy," said Ray.

"Of course he did," spoke up grandfather, "and so did I."

"And may I sleep in the funny little tum—tumble-bed, too?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, you mean the trundle-bed?"

"Yes, that's what father called it. May I, grandmother?"

"Certainly you may, and Jasper will be at the other end of the garret for company."

Grandmother fixed up the little trundle-bed, and Ray, with a candle, went to bed just as father used to do. He was a little timid, but he was brave, and he had his pajamas' pocket full of nuts, not to eat, but for company.

It was a *little* lonesome and awfully dark up there after the candle was put out, but Ray soon fell asleep, and he slept until—

"Grandmother! Oh, grandmother!" came a startling voice from the garret some time toward morning. Grandfather, grandmother, and Jasper were all awakened and quickly at the side of the trundle-bed.

"Oh, grandmother, something is after me," cried Ray in frightened tones, "it's here," and he held the covers tightly in his clenched hands.

Grandmother hastily pulled down the covers, and as Ray let go his hold—out scampered a frightened little gray squirrel, and whisked away up among the rafters and disappeared.

How Jasper laughed!

"That little scamp!" he said. "That's Frisky, and he has frightened me, too, and more than once, by coming into my bed, or by running across my face. I've petted him, and as it's cold to-night he was hunting a warm place, and—maybe these nuts in your pocket were tempting."

"Oh, but it felt funny when something furry and tickling brushed my face and then wiggled down by my side," said Ray.

"Hadn't you better go down with me and grandfather, and sleep in the spare-room bed for the rest of the night?" asked grandmother.

"No, I'll stay in the tumble-bed till morning. I'm not going to be afraid—not of a little squirel, anyhow," declared Ray, bravely.

Ray could hardly wait until Monday came, so he could return home and tell father about his adventure.—*Frank E. Graeff, in Sunday School Times.*

All on Account of the Fog.

The boarders were nearly all gone home from the big hotel on the cliff, but Bobbie and Fred did not care one mite.

"Old Capt. Dobbs is left an' the beach an' the clams," they said; and surely they were right.

But one morning something happened, and it was a very sad happen indeed. Old Capt. Dobbs got a crick in his back; and, when Bobbie and Fred came to see him, he sat all bent over in his wooden chair beside the vine-covered porch.

"An' aren't you able to dig clams?" exclaimed Fred, in dismay.

Old Capt. Dobbs shook his head.

"No," he said sadly, "I can't dig a clam to-day, nor to-morrow either, I reckon. I've got it bad this time. The fog gave it to me. I couldn't dig any more'n your baby sister; and there's that bucket a-waiting for Mrs. Pool's clams, and she to have company to dinner, and me promising 'em to her, and then not keeping my promise!" The old captain sighed a loud, long sigh.

"And it's all on account of that fog," he declared.

Bobbie and Fred sighed, too.

"It's such a lovely clam-dig day!" they said.

"And we're disappointed," added Bobbie, very low; "but we're sorry 'cause the fog hurt you, Capt. Dobbs, and—and we'll come and see you to-morrow," he continued brightly, "and maybe you'll be better."

Then the two little boys walked slowly down the narrow shell-bordered walk and out on the sandy beach.

"There's heaps of 'em this morning," declared Fred, sorrowfully. "There's little holes for 'em to breathe out of everywhere in the sand."

"Then let's you and me dig 'em," exclaimed Bobbie. "Let's you and me dig a whole pailful for Mrs. Pool! Let's surprise Old Capt. Dobbs 'most out of his wits; and let's get the money and put it in his letter-box, and write, 'It's for Mrs. Pool's clams, an' she's entirely welcome.'"

Bobbie jumped up and down in his excitement, and his face was red, and his blue eyes bright; but Fred looked thoughtful.

"We'd have a backache and blisters, and be tired as anything," he said slowly.

Bobbie shrugged his shoulders.

"Who cares for blisters?" he said quickly; "and I'm bigger than you think. I dug 'most a whole pailful of clams my own self on last Saturday morning when you had gone to ride. I'm going to do it, and I'm going to do it right now!"

Bobbie put down his large wooden pail and commenced to turn up the moist sand with his funny clam-rake. And Fred—well, he did the same thing, too.

And I'm sure that the clams were giving a morning party, for they were thick as berries in a wood, and the boys had their pail filled in a trice and then up to Mrs. Pool's they trudged.

"And you filled this great pail all yourselves?" said Mrs. Pool, with a smile. "Well, well! I never did!"

Bobbie beamed.

"Yes," said he proudly, "we did; and we filled it full away up to the top, and we're only tired a tiny speck, and we didn't get so very many blisters!"

Fred looked at his hands ruefully.

"I've got big ones," he said with a sigh; "but then," he added quickly, "I don't mind, 'cause, you see, we did it to s'prise dear old Capt. Dobbs."

Mrs. Pool opened her pocket-book.

"I guess I'll have a surprise, too," she said. She took out a stiff green dollar-bill. "You give that to Capt. Dobbs, my dears."

"O-oh!" gasped Bobbie, breathlessly. "A bucket full of clams only costs"—

"Never you mind, Bobbie," interrupted Mrs. Pool. "This dollar is my surprise, you know."

And this is not the whole of the story. Bobbie and Fred had a big surprise, too. And what do you guess that it was? Boats! And they found them on the steps of the broad piazza the very next afternoon.

"For Fred and Bobbie, from a friend that's thankful," the paper read.

"And it's Capt. Dobbs made 'em for us!" said Bobbie.—*F. Margaret Bremner, in Sunday School Times.*

"Nelly, shake Hands!"

One day my brother was out driving in the country, when a stranger stopped him by exclaiming, "Hello! that used to be my horse."

"Guess not," replied my brother. "I bought her at a livery stable, and they told me she came from Boston."

"H'm!" said the man. "What do you call her?"

My brother answered that the horse was sold to him under the name of "Pink."

"Ho!" said the man, "that isn't her name."

Suddenly he cried out sharply, "Nelly!"

Quick as a flash the horse pricked up her ears and looked around.

"Nelly," said the man, stepping in front of her, "shake hands!"

Up came the horse's right hoof for the man to take.

"Now give us the other hand, Nelly." And she raised her left forefoot.

"There!" said the smiling man; "d'ye suppose that wasn't my horse?"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Aunt: "Harry, do you love your baby brother?" Harry: "What's the use? He wouldn't know it if I did."—*Selected.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Bliss, Mare S. Brooks, Alston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
270 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Southern Letter.

King Cotton is surely sharing in the grouchy conditions which have fallen over all princes and potentates in the days of demoralizing warfare, which means that the shadow of commercial depression lies somewhat gloomily over the Southland and affects not less all church enterprise than all other activities of social significance. But it is hard for Southerners to take discouragements seriously. The cotton situntion is sure to brighten; a certain degree of prosperity's sunshine may staunchly be counted upon to triumph in our latitude; and the work of our churches will go on as pluckily as ever, although upon our newer societies the embarrassments of the times may bring some taxing perplexities

But surely not to our vigorous church in Dallas, Tex.! *The Informant*, a church bulletin published by that society, says: "The First Unitarian Church of Dallas is a comparatively young church, but it has gained a firm position among the acknowledged institutions devoted to the good of the community. . . . We are entering upon our fifteenth year under circumstances that should call out the maximum of interest and activity and sacrifice. If ever there was a golden moment in the history of our church it is here and now, in our adequate and attractive headquarters and in the glorious opportunity for carrying forward the work of the society." Of The Alliance work it says: "The first business meeting was one of the largest open meetings we have ever had. We have obligations to meet among these: we donate to the Milk Fund, Baby Camp, Denton Home, Aged Ministers' Fund, and our Church Music Fund; we also have our church charities to look after." Certainly this is an Alliance of liberal civic and philanthropic interests. The minister, Rev. George Gilmore, writes: "We go forward this year feeling that the time-spirit is somewhat on our side." . . . After fifteen years of work and waiting it is good to feel that their time of strength has come and that what they stand for is receiving its proper recognition in the community.

From Oklahoma City comes word that the minister is now drilling a company of forty children from the Sunday-school, aided by some adults, to render an original operetta entitled "Flora in Flowerland." An Outlook Club of young people, with forty charter members, has been organized to be affiliated with the National Young People's Religious Union. A banquet was recently held, and meetings are growing in interest.

Rev. Eleanor Gordon writes from Orlando, Fla., that the outlook is good for a successful year's work. There has been an addition to the chapel built during the summer, and the interior has been repainted and redecorated. While the services did not begin until November, owing to illness in the minister's family, the attendance then was most encouraging. The church in Jacksonville began services the first Sunday in October, and with the coming of the new minister may hope soon to feel a tide of new encouragement and promise.

Our work in Tennessee is represented by two churches—at Memphis and Chattanooga. The Memphis enterprise has been one of checkered vicissitudes, and the ebb and flow of fortune has involved elements of peculiar discouragements. At one time, more than two decades ago, the field seemed exceptionally promising, as it was important; then fortune went against us, and the work was suspended for several years. Three years ago Dr. J. W. Rowlett assumed charge of a new enterprise, and under his leadership a church property was acquired, and a convenient house of worship gave token of permanent strength. We regret to learn of Dr. Rowlett's recent resignation. He came into our fellowship from the Methodist church and has proved himself a vigorous worker in our ranks, serving first the church at Atlanta, from which he went to Memphis. For several years he has acted as secretary of the Southern Conference.

The church at Chattanooga had more favoring fortunes at the start, and under the leadership of its virile pastor, Rev. Hal H. Lloyd, proves itself quite alive in community and religious work. One of the most interesting features of its activity is a well-attended adult class in Sunday-school, which is studying Buckle's "History of Civilization." The Alliance meetings have been filled with a spirit of enthusiasm, and an active canvass for the increase of its membership has been undertaken this fall. A recent sale netted The Alliance nearly $50, and a Christmas sale and oyster supper are planned for December. On alternate Wednesday evenings there are forum meetings at the church, with addresses by prominent laymen and friends of the liberal cause, open discussion following each address.

From our church in Louisville, Ky., comes word of encouragingly large attendance ever since services were resumed in September. All the organizations are active and largely attended, and a young men's club and a Friday evening dancing class are filling a long-felt need. The Alliance has given two coffee sociables at the homes of members, and so raised a tidy sum of money to be used for charitable work and denominational purposes. Chain teas are still being held, and $150 added to the treasury without taxing any one. A Henry Bethel Vincent lecture-recital was recently given, and an annual fair comes soon.

The Atlanta church people are believers in the value of social activity as a means of developing church power. Their Women's Alliance reports good meetings, with eight new members added this autumn. $100 is pledged toward the running expenses of the church besides material help to the furnishing fund for the new church building, which with the aid of sister branches has now accumulated to $700. A food sale is planned for December, and a cooking-school for two weeks has already brought fruits to the treasury of The Alliance as well as wisdom to the ladies subscribing. A. H. B.

John Visher.

In the death, November 20, of John Visher, the *Register* has lost an occasional contributor and a constant reader for thirty-five years.

Though educated for the ministry at Chicago Theological Seminary and Harvard Divinity School, he felt a special call to charity work, first under Charles Loring Brace of New York. He began the Charity Organization Society of St. Paul thirty years ago, and for twelve years held a leading place in the philanthropies of Chicago. He was associate editor under E. E. Hale on *Lend-a-Hand* magazine, and his book on "Chicago Charities" in three editions is a standard work.

The Appeal for Jamaica.

BY REV. E. ETHELRED BROWN.

I desire to thank Lewis G. Wilson for the kindly worded appeal which recently appeared in this paper on behalf of the small church I am building here. I would add a few words. The gift of land was given under conditions which forced my hands to speedy action. But I felt confident that the enterprise would appeal to the Unitarian churches of America, and that $600 would not very seriously affect the responses to other more important calls. I have just received a very encouraging letter from a minister whose Sunday-school contributed $5 toward my church, and it appears to me that, if one hundred of the larger churches would similarly ask their Sunday-schools for a collection next Sunday, the full amount would be received. With $700 in hand I have taken the risk of starting operations, and the work is now well advanced. I have therefore to ask my ministerial brethren, in spite of the calls which this dreadful war has brought to them, to take especial notice of this first West Indian Mission and contribute however modestly to the $600 required, so that the work now proceeding may by their missionary gifts be carried on to an early conclusion. Such an act will greatly encourage the little band of workers here as well as commend our cause to others in this island.

Kingston, Jamaica.

Paris Relief Work.

A strong appeal comes for the McAll Relief Fund, which is doing much to relieve the bitter suffering among the women and children of France. A letter just received from Paris repeats the story of the great need of money to keep open the relief work-rooms, where the women and girls receive only twenty cents for four hours of work, but are most thankful for that. Every cent of the fund is used strictly for relief; every dollar counts for its full value, and means payment for twenty hours of work, that is, for twenty meals. The fact that the McAll Mission is already so strongly established in the confidence of the people is a great help at this time. Miss Florence St. J. Baldwin is the president of the Boston Auxiliary, and money may be sent to her at 89 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston.

The International College.

Dr. Mary L. Burnham, field secretary for the American International College, of Springfield, a school for immigrants, is in Boston to enlist the sympathies of earnest and patriotic people in this work, which will be of lasting value to the country. Any agency which raises the quality of the New Americans deserves our help and sympathy.

Dr. Burnham feels that this work should especially appeal to the Unitarian societies, and she will personally visit the pastors of this vicinity, to ask for their co-operation. She takes this opportunity to present the fol-

lowing endorsement of the College by Rev. Augustus P. Reccord of the Church of the Unity, Springfield, who has every opportunity of knowing of its work:—

"I am glad to commend the American International College to the generosity of our Unitarian people. It is doing a worthy and much needed work in providing an intelligent leadership, raised up from their own numbers, for our so-called New Americans. It is religious without being sectarian, and, under the able administration of Chancellor McGown, is transforming foreign-born young men and women into American citizens, and acquainting them with the principles and ideals of American citizenship. It is worthy of whatever support our Unitarian people may be inclined to give. AUGUSTUS P. RECCORD."

American Unitarian Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Board of Directors held their regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, November 10, at 25 Beacon Street, at two o'clock. Present: Messrs. Atherton, Brown, Carr, Dole, Fox, Howe, Hutchinson, Kyle, Little, Richardson, Wiers, Williams, and Wilson, Miss Bancroft, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Dinsmoor, Mrs. Loud, and Mrs. Lombard. Owing to the absence of the president on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Carr presided.

The treasurer presented the following monthly statement:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand Oct. 1, 1914	$24,598.68
From donations	204.65
Bequest of Miss Katharine Allen of Worcester, Mass., to create the Katharine Allen Fund	3,000.00
Asheville Church Fund, additional	3.61
First Unitarian Congregational Parish of Petersham, Mass., to increase the First Unitarian Congregational Parish of Petersham, Mass., Fund	111.11
Gift of Mrs Lucetta S. Carter of Wichita, Kan., to create the Lucetta S. Carter Fund, on account, additional	833.45
Interest	20.22
Income of invested funds	7,674.28
Reimbursement for advances on Unitarian Building account	13.58
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, repaid on loans	1,116.89
Foreign Relations, gifts for Distress Fund, Essex Hall, London, Eng	500.38
British and Foreign Unitarian Association, for salary of missionary ministers in Canada, additional	256.72
	$38,333.57

PAYMENTS.

For missionary purposes (societies, etc.)	$3,305.74
Salaries and other missionary expenses	2,869.40
Expenses of Unitarian Building	1,001.00
Payments on account of sundry trust funds	4,866.32
Church Building Loan Fund, sundries	.10
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, loans	2,293.75
Investments	3,304.50
Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1914	20,612.70
	$38,333.57

The Finance Committee reported the following votes, which were adopted:—

Voted, That the treasurer be and hereby is authorized, in the name and on behalf of the American Unitarian Association, to make such compromise of and to sign any agreement for the settlement of the claim of this Association under any will of Sarah J. Colburn, late of Somerville, deceased, and to execute any papers, and to affix the corporate seal thereto, which in his judgment may be necessary.

Voted, That the president and treasurer be and hereby are authorized, in the name and on behalf of the American Unitarian Association, to execute an agreement, which has just been read, for the holding of certain land in Deer Isle, Me., as the John Raynes Memorial, with powers of disposition under certain circumstances, all as approved by the donor, Frances L. Hosmer of Wakefield, and that the secretary express to Miss Hosmer the appreciation of this Association for her gift.

Voted, That the income of the Minneapolis Free Christian Church Fund be available for the work of Rev. Amandus H. Norman in publishing the *More Light* magazine.

The treasurer read correspondence with one John J. Ray regarding the attitude of the Association toward a change in the provisions of a will in which both Mr. Ray and the Association are interested. The treasurer also reported the purchase of property in Oklahoma City for the use of the Unitarian society of that place; also the completion of the new church building at Dayton, Ohio.

The secretary offered the following vote, which was adopted,—

Voted, To transfer to Publicity the balance of $239.16 remaining uncalled for of the appropriation for "Summer Work."

Mr. Wilson reported that the arrangements had been made with Rev. Gilbert Reid, Rev. A. G. Pettengill, Prof. F. G. Peabody, and Rev. W. L. Sullivan, to lecture during the year under the Billings Foundation.

Rev. Earl C. Davis and Rev. A. P. Reccord, representing the Connecticut Valley Conference, appeared and laid before the Board suggestions for missionary work in that district, in which the aid of the Association was desired. After discussion of the suggestions it was

Voted, That a committee of three be appointed by the chairman to confer with the committee from the Connecticut Valley Conference with a view of co-operative work in the district; and that Messrs Reccord and Davis be requested to formulate their plans in writing as to what work may wisely be undertaken.

Messrs. Atherton, Carr, and Robinson were appointed as this committee.

A communication was read from Mr. St. John, urging the financial co-operation of the Association in a campaign to be carried on by the Unitarian churches of Philadelphia in

CHRISTMAS SERMONS

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

What has the Birth of Jesus done for the World?
Old and New Ideas concerning the Divinity of Jesus.
The True Coming of Christ.
Christ and Other Masters.
The Joys of Christmas.
What Good has the Birth of Jesus brought to the World?
Jesus as Author and Finisher of Faith.
The Original Element in the Teaching of Jesus.
The Influence of Christ an Increasing Power in Human Life.
The Leadership of Jesus.

For the use of Post-office Mission Workers and any one interested. Sent free of any charge.

Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke
91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Appropriate Books for Gifts

MEDITATIONS ON VOTES FOR WOMEN

By SAMUEL M. CROTHERS. A quiet consideration of the subject, showing that the granting of the suffrage to women at the present time is a conservative measure. The book preserves throughout the lightness of touch and urbanity of tone for which Dr. Crothers is so well known. $1.00 net.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY

By JACOB H. HOLLANDER. This authoritative and brilliant book maintains that poverty is a "preventable disease" and suggests a programme for its prevention. 75 cents net.

A CENTURY'S CHANGE IN RELIGION

By GEORGE HARRIS. A comparison of religious beliefs and practices of to-day with those of the first half of the nineteenth century. $1.25 net.

BYWAYS IN BOOKLAND

By WALTER A. MURSELL. In this book Stevenson, Dickens, Borrow, Jeffries, George Gissing, and many other writers are appraised with humor and discrimination. $1.25 net.

WAR'S AFTERMATH

By DAVID STARR JORDAN AND HARVEY ERNEST JORDAN. A short, authoritative study of the effect of war on the quality of manhood for generations after, of special timeliness. 75 cents net.

THE JOYFUL HEART

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER. Written with the dash, humor, and originality which made his "Musical Amateur" so successful. $1.25 net.

IS CONSCIENCE AN EMOTION

By HASTINGS RASHDALL. In three able lectures, this work discusses the question, "Why do we approve some kinds of conduct and condemn others?" $1.00 net.

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Maud Ballington Booth writes. "The tender little story of selfless patient sacrifice, of life and tears and love has stirred my heart and must stir all hearts." $1.25 net.

THE POET

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. "A tale of sunshine and good cheer."—*Detroit Free Press*. Illustrated in color. $1.30 net.

THE WITCH

By MARY JOHNSTON. A fascinating story of the days of Queen Elizabeth, written in Miss Johnston's richest vein of imaginative insight. Frontispiece by N. C. Wyeth. $1.40 net.

GOOD STORIES FOR GREAT HOLIDAYS

By FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT. 120 stories on subjects connected with 17 of our most important holidays. Attractively illustrated in color. $2.00 net.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. The first dramatic version of this famous story. Boards, 60 cents net; paper, 35 cents net.

THE DOERS

By WILLIAM J. HOPKINS. Tells in a way to interest little children just how a house is built. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY'S A FAR JOURNEY

"Mr. Rihbany's book will stand with those of Jacob Riis and Mary Antin, an eloquent tribute to the efficacy of the American melting pot."—*Chicago Tribune*. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY

By DR. RICHARD C. CABOT. A physician's contribution to the conduct of life. Out of the remedies tried in all ages, Dr. Cabot has selected four,—work, play, love, and worship,—because in his experience they have proved their healing power, and because they prevent as well as cure. An ideal gift for the Christmas Season. $1.50 net.

Send for Illustrated Holiday Bulletin

HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN COMPANY
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON

Send for Illustrated Juvenile Bulletin

Digitized by Google

connection with the forthcoming visit of Billy Sunday to that city. After discussion it was

Voted, To appropriate a sum not to exceed $500 for the Philadelphia campaign, and to appoint Mr. Wiers to serve with the executive officers of the American Unitarian Association as a committee to co-operate with the Philadelphia churches in this effort.

The secretary presented resolutions from the Unitarian Society of Atlanta, Ga., expressing the appreciation of that Society for the assistance rendered it by the Association in the carrying out of its present enterprise.

At the suggestion of Miss Bancroft, a proposal to amend Article I. of the By-laws, making the time of meeting one-thirty instead of two o'clock, was suggested, and it was

Voted, That notice be given in the call to the next meeting that such an amendment would be presented for adoption at that time.

The meeting adjourned at 4.47 P.M.

Lewis G. Wilson,
Secretary.

Conference of the Middle States and Canada.

The Conference met at Syracuse, Nov. 16, 17, and 18, 1914. A brief meeting of the board of directors was followed by a meeting of The Alliance. Mrs. Voigt, vice-president for the Middle States, presided, and greetings were presented by Mrs. Irving S. Merrell, director for the Syracuse region. A brief summary of work done by the New York League relative to securing headquarters in New York City for the Conference and the League was presented by Mrs. Walter U. Lawson, president of the League. Mrs. Leon A. Harvey made the first address on "Our Future Workers." She dwelt especially upon the efficiency of the work done by our orthodox neighbors for their young people, citing in particular the remarkable work of the Christian Endeavor, which includes eighty denominations, as illustrating the most carefully planned system of work for young people that has ever been devised. A membership campaign lasting for two years had added thirteen societies a day. This was followed by an efficiency campaign that was equally remarkable for results. She closed with a plea for greater interest of the ministers in the young people's work.

Rev. Charles H. Lyttle of Brooklyn made his first appearance before the Conference in an address on "The Spiritual Value of Work." His plea was for the realization of life through one's tasks by making them a fulfilment of his ideals. Mr. Holmes followed with a vigorous presentation of the obligations placed upon us both by social conditions and by war problems. He closed with an appeal for the greater interest of women in public service, and said the social responsibilities of the times could be adequately met only when women take their share in directing the government, and that meant "Votes for Women."

About forty were present at the ministers' meeting, where Dr. Brundage of Brooklyn, and Dr. Doan of Summit spoke on the question "Are Our Churches meeting the Vital Needs of To-day?" To this meeting the venerable Dr. Calthrop came and added his word of benediction. At the dinner given by the men of the Syracuse church at the Century Club, Mr. Harvey presided, and there was a general discussion of the question as stated, in which many ministers took part.

The conference sermon was given by Dr. Merle St. Croix Wright, on "The Spiritual Tradition of Independency." The striking summary of the history of the spiritual progress of the race issuing into the independency which is our Unitarian heritage was set forth with Dr. Wright's usual vitality and power.

At the business session next morning, Hon. Adelbert Moot, president of the Conference, gave a brief address, dwelling largely upon the obligation resting upon the churches in view of the present war. The solution of the problem must be in new emphasis upon the brotherhood of man, which is fundamental to our faith. Routine business followed.

The address of Mr. Fay W. Clark of Erie, Pa., was on "The Organization of the Church to meet Modern Conditions." Mr. Clark has done remarkable work in organizing the church at Erie. The plan proposed divides the church into committees, to one of which every person sufficiently interested is assigned. The directors of committees constitute a board of managers. The programme concludes with a dinner where the work of the year is summarized and criticised. Results in the Erie church have been most gratifying. Mr. Graves of Albany led the discussion, and other speakers were Mrs. R. H. Davis, Mr. Garvin of Lancaster, and Mr. Byrnes of Erie.

The memorial service to Dr. Bellows, in charge of Rev. William L. Sullivan, was a splendid interpretation of this noble life, and it left his hearers with a new sense of responsibility for the expression of our liberal faith in terms of service.

The Conference then had the first experience of the hospitality of the Syracuse ladies at luncheon: this was repeated on the following day. The same careful planning was manifest here as in all details intrusted to the local congregation.

At the afternoon business meeting the amendment to the Constitution providing that persons elected in November should take office the following May was unanimously passed. The purpose is to make the official year of the Conference correspond with the official year of the Association.

At three o'clock Rev. Lewis G. Wilson presented a paper entitled "The Discussion of the Unitarian Name." He stated that since his address at the May meetings, when the proposition was made to adopt a new name for the denomination, or a name that might be used as an alternative for the name "Unitarian," the discussion had been largely one-sided. He had taken the pains to estimate the amount of space in the *Register* by the articles upon this subject and found that it would measure about sixty-three feet. He summarized clearly the arguments presented upon both sides, and left his hearers entirely open-minded. Rev. John H. Lathrop followed, and discussion became general. The feeling against a change of name was very marked. If one may prophesy from the temper of this meeting what is likely to happen next May, when the commission appointed to consider the problem reports, we may safely conclude that the name of the denomination will not be changed nor will any alternative name be adopted.

The platform meeting in the evening, in which our Unitarian gospel was presented in three addresses by Messrs. Boynton, Reeman, and Sullivan, was an inspiring occasion. Mr. Boynton's unique presentation of his theme so identified the individual with the social whole that Mr. Reeman's splendid presentation of the Gospel of Social Salvation followed very naturally, and both addresses were a fine preparation for the noble words of Mr. Sullivan on "Our Gospel as a World Religion." The audience was large for a week-day night.

At the business session Wednesday morning the following officers were elected: president, Mr. William R. Billings, Brooklyn; vice-presidents, Mr. Adelbert Moot, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Rev. John H. Holmes, Rev. F. C. Southworth, Rev. H. H. Saunderson, and Mrs. Alice P. Jackson of White Plains, N.Y.; trustees, Mr. Norman W. Storer, Pittsburgh, Mr. Charles H. Strong, New York, and Mrs. H. W. Dresser, Buffalo; directors, Rev. Oscar B. Hawes, Mr. Edwin M. Wheeler, Brooklyn, and Mrs. Walter U. Lawson, New York; nominating committee, Mr. George W. Smith, Brooklyn, Mrs. Jessie Voigt, New York, and Mr. Edward Letchworth, Buffalo, N.Y.

The most important resolution that came before the Conference provided that the Conference should pay the full salary of the secretary instead of dividing this with the Association. After an animated discussion in which many of the ministers and several of the laymen took part, the resolution was carried with but one dissenting vote. The following resolution relative to the death of Rev. Cyrus H. Heiser was passed,—

Whereas, this Conference has lost in the death of the Rev. Cyrus W. Heiser a minister who has not only endeared himself to the ministers and members of this Conference, but who by his extraordinary service in the university community of Ithaca, N.Y., and the George Junior Republic of Freeville, N.Y., has bereaved the Ithaca church and city of one of its most admirable servants:

Be it *Resolved*, That this Conference shares the bereavement of the Ithaca church, and sends its sympathy to its members and its administration for the man who has filled so wide and deep a place in their homes and city.

A message of sympathy and condolence was also sent to Dr. Thomas R. Slicer.

Mr. Lawrance's address on "Looking Forward to the New Course of Study" followed. The work of the committee in charge of this course was brought vividly home, and all felt that the time taken by the committee was amply justified. The various churches will look forward eagerly to the use of the new course. Unfortunately there was not time for discussion, and Mr. Secrist was unable to say the word which all would have liked to hear.

The devotional service conducted by Miss Padgham was truly beautiful and inspiring. It had added significance in that Miss Padgham is a native of Syracuse, and her message must have gratified her old friends.

Mrs. Spencer's address at the afternoon session had the illuminating quality that all have come to expect from her. It truly justified the inclusive title, "The Correlation of Social Forces." With a wide outlook upon the social problems of the times, she showed how the church should be a centre

Digitized by Google

for inspiring work in all. Mr. Byrnes, in discussion, presented a splendid illustration by showing how the Erie church had succeeded in uniting many of the charitable organizations of the city in such a fashion as to prevent the duplication of giving and the large expense involved in administration of many different societies.

The closing meeting on Wednesday evening was devoted to the problem which had several times come to the front and which lay like a great shadow over the Conference as over the world, the problem of the war. Rev. Henry Hallam Saunderson of Toronto brought the word of a Canadian pastor whose congregation has already sent several of its young men to the front. Miss Marion Tilden Burritt of the New York Peace Society, a grandniece of Elihu Burritt, told of the meaning of the war to woman, and Rev. John Haynes Holmes of its meaning to the Church. It was a memorable evening and made a fitting close to a Conference at once informing and inspiring.

The Committee on Credentials reported fifty-seven delegates present, representing thirty out of the fifty churches of the Conference. The attendance from the local church was most creditable, and the hospitality unstinted. The presence of Dr Calthrop at several of the meetings helped to make them memorable. The careful planning of Mr. Applebee, and the way in which the wants of the guests were anticipated by him and his people, added greatly to the success and satisfaction of the Conference.

LEON A. HARVEY,
Secretary.

Department of Religious Education.

Three Cities on a String.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

The phrase is Dr. William C. Gannett's. It was several years ago that he urged the writer to hold "a Peripatetic Institute" in the three cities, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, going from one to another, back and forth, holding meetings in the interest of a better religious education. The plan has never been carried out in its fulness, but a pretty close imitation of it has just been accomplished. The secretary of the Department preached in Syracuse on Sunday morning, November 15, spoke to the Sunday school immediately after, and then addressed the Men's Forum. The following evening he met the teachers and officers of the Buffalo Sunday school, spoke on the forthcoming series of manuals before the Middle States Conference at Syracuse on Wednesday, and held a meeting in Rochester on Thursday evening, returning to Boston in time for his address on the Book of Psalms before the Normal Class on Saturday.

Of the Middle States Conference a full account will doubtless be given in another column of the *Register*. It was a notable gathering, in its spirit and in the high character of the addresses given. That the people of Syracuse made exceptionally good hosts both in their homes and at the church was the enthusiastic testimony of all. The church seems to be in a prosperous condition, thanks to the deep foundation laid by Dr. Calthrop in his long and splendid ministry, and, equally, to the fine leadership of the present devoted and beloved pastor, Rev. John H. Applebee, and his efficient wife.

A persistent rain on that Sunday morning at Syracuse, and the equally dampening presence of an unknown stranger in the pulpit, did not deter the loyal people from attending to the number of 125. The Sunday school, which followed, is not large, but has grown and is growing, and is especially rich in the presence of a fine group of children from six to twelve years of age. Many adults were also in attendance, and the room was filled to its capacity. The visitor's greetings and story were heard with every evidence of interest. From the school the visitor went upstairs to the Men's Forum, where 30 men, leaders in church and city, listened to a half-hour discourse on "The Chief Function of the Church," later discussing it with vigor. The speaker's contention that the church's business is to "produce the best people in the world," and that the most promising method for the accomplishment of this is through religious education, seemed to be accepted by all.

The Buffalo Sunday school ranks as one of the best in the denomination both in its general prosperity and in the excellence of its teaching. Superintendent Letchworth sets the pace, and the rest loyally follow. One of the busiest and most capable attorneys of the city, active in municipal affairs and a leading officer in the church, Mr. Letchworth devotes many hours a week to planning and carrying out the best methods of Sunday-school procedure. Although the speaker's topic at this recent gathering was technical, dealing with the method of studying a lesson with a view to teaching it, the teachers and parents present manifested an eager interest, joining heartily in the discussion, while the superintendent took copious notes, these to be developed and typewritten for further study at later meetings of the Sunday-school faculty.

The Wednesday address before the Conference at Syracuse was crowded into the last half-hour of a morning session by discussion of matters vital to the Conference, and no space was found for Mr. Secrist's address which was to follow and which would have shed much light upon the topic; but the secretary's story of the progress already made upon the new Beacon Course in Religious Education was heartily received.

In Rochester, on Thursday evening, a notable group of people—professors, doctors, lawyers, teachers, manufacturers, and parents—heard the secretary's discourse on providing right religious impressions in childhood, and then joined in an animated discussion, the session lasting nearly two hours. Through the earlier part of the meeting echoes of the games, classes, drills of a large number of boys in the lower rooms of Gannett House, came up to illustrate and punctuate but not to disturb the meeting. The Rochester church stands in a striking preeminence in the variety and extent of its good works. It is quite believable that nowhere can a church of its size and financial ability, and rarely can a church of any size, be found so active in promoting and so closely related to the moral betterment of the community in which it stands. Nor can this be a matter of surprise when it is remembered that here Dr. and Mrs. William C. Gannett have labored for twenty-five years, and that now Rev. and Mrs. Edwin A. Rumball are carrying on the work with ever increased vigor.

In the Rochester Sunday school, among many excellent features is one which deserves special mention here. It is the provision for three superintendents instead of one. In the rewritten Bulletin No. 1, published by this Department, the secretary urges some such course as this, since it is often easier to find the necessary qualities for successful superintendence in two or three persons than in one. In Rochester the minister's wife, as "service leader," conducts the service of worship, Mr. W. S. Titus, the superintendent, acts as director of instruction and general director, and Dr. Albert Brown, as assistant superintendent, looks after attendance, membership, and the school spirit.

The memory of most gracious hospitality, of happy reunions with old friends and of acquaintance with new ones, and of hours of consultation with interested workers about the affairs of Sunday school and church, form the "string" on which the visitor will ever keep the three cities hereafter, a memory happy and reassuring. With Syracuse, Buffalo, and Rochester all is well!

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The regular meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, December 7, at 10.30 A.M. Subjects: "Unitarian Work in Italy," Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D.; "Work of the Unitarian Union," Miss Fanny Field. All branches cordially invited.

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from Frank Byron Crandall of the Harvard Divinity School an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this Committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, Secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

The Cambridge Ministers Association will hold its next meeting on December 7, at 35 Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Rev. Lyman

Deaths.

MRS. FRANCES LANGDON CHANDLER.

On November 18, Mrs. Chandler, wife of the late Henry R. Chandler, passed on into the Silence in the same quietness and serenity which had always characterized her life. We recall her gentleness of spirit, her gracious personality and the quick intelligence which went at once to the heart of every theme. Mrs. Chandler was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Barrett, the well-known Unitarian minister, so she was free born to the simplicity and liberty of our faith. While others have fought to gain this freedom, it was hers by birthright, and she lived always in the strength and joy of it. With her, belief in the Eternal Life was a spontaneous and victorious conviction. Mrs. Chandler was from the beginning a sympathetic friend in all the early struggles of the little church in Flushing, where she lived, and for twenty-one years she was a member of the Branch Alliance there. Her memory will long be cherished by those who knew her.

J. H. E.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

V. Rutledge, host. Subject, "The Futurist Message." Luncheon at one o'clock. Take surface cars on Massachusetts Avenue from Harvard Square or Central Square.

Rev. Charles Elmer Beals of the Congregational ministry, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of the New England States, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. Certificate granted Nov. 27, 1914. Committee: Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens.

The season of vesper services of the Second Church in Boston, Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell, minister, will open Sunday, December 6, and continue until Easter. Services will be at four-thirty o'clock and will be preceded by fifteen minutes of organ music. The choral service will be sung by the vested choir. A short address will be made by the minister.

Rev. William L. Sullivan of All Souls' Church, New York, will speak at four of the noon-day services at King's Chapel, from Monday, December 7, to Thursday, December 10, inclusive. Rev. William I. Lawrance, president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, will speak on Saturday, December 5. Malcolm Lang, the organist, will be assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto of the King's Chapel choir.

The Joseph Priestley Conference will meet in the First Unitarian Church, Wilmington, Del., Thursday, December 10. At the morning session, Rev. William M. Gilbert will speak on "The Unity of Self Service and Social Service." In the afternoon, Rev. Elizabeth Padgham will speak on "Unitarianism," to be followed by an experience meeting on "What has Unitarianism done for me?" and a closing address by Rev. Edmund Henry Reeman. In the evening, addresses will be given by Rev. Frank C. Doan, Ph.D., Rev. Alfred R. Hussey, and Rev. Oscar B. Hawes.

Rev. Thomas Van Ness will be installed minister of the Second Unitarian Society of Brookline on Sunday, December 6, at 7.45 P.M. Rev. William L. Sullivan will preach the sermon; Rev. William H. Lyon will offer the prayer of installation; Rev. Edward D. Towle, the first minister of the Society, will give the charge; and Rev. A. M. Rihbany will deliver the address to the people. The greeting to the town will be given by Rev. O. P. Gifford of the Baptist Church, and Rev. Palfrey Perkins, representing the First Parish in Brighton (Boston), will have charge of the services and read the Scriptures. The services will be held in Sears Chapel on Colchester Street at Hawes near Beacon Street (Boston-Brookline). The committee extends a cordial invitation to every one.

Churches.

BANGOR, ME.—The Independent Congregational Society, Rev. Alva R. Scott: The annual supper and meeting of the parish were held November 6, with an attendance of 175. The event was a most happy one. A feature of the evening was a report of the financial work of the parish for the last ten years, the period of the present pastorate. For the complete renovation of the interior of the church, building a new organ, the renovation of the parish house, installing electric lights, for a new piano, and improvement of grounds, nearly $13,000 have been expended. $22,000 have been added to the endowment fund of the Society, $10,500 of which were pledged recently, with bright promise of generous gifts between now and 1918, when the Society will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary. "The Unitarian Church's Room" at the Eastern Maine General Hospital has been furnished and its maintenance endowed. All organizations of the parish are in good condition, and everybody is enthusiastic over the excellent work of the Sunday-school. It is hoped that this Society of fine traditions is entering upon a wholesome revival of interest and prosperity.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Unitarian Chapel, Rev. Fred Alban Weil: This society is rejoicing over a visit from President Samuel A. Eliot, D.D. Dr. Eliot arrived at noon and was met for luncheon at the Hotel Leopold by 31 men. He addressed the students of the State Normal School; inspected the church property; and spoke in the evening to a chapel filled to capacity with delegations of Unitarians present from Sedro Woolley, Blaine, and Lynden. A double quartette of Icelanders sang at the evening service. Dr. Eliot's visit will result in great good not only to Bellingham, but throughout the surrounding territory in which Unitarian preaching is conducted; as well as to the community at large aside from church affiliations. His educational address at the Normal School was generally declared the high-water mark of addresses in that institution. The fine sermon in the chapel in the evening will ever continue to ring out as a challenge and inspiration for Unitarians and the Unitarian cause. Although this was Dr. Eliot's first visit to Bellingham and a Unitarian church, he landed in a row-boat at Whatcom, now a portion of Bellingham, twenty-seven years ago, and so takes a place as one of our pioneers. The minister, the church, and the community heartily thank Dr. Eliot for the helpfulness of his presence and look forward eagerly to his next visit.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Second Unitarian Church: Rev. Charles H. Lyttle was ordained to the ministry and installed pastor of this church on Thursday, November 19. The installation services began with an invocation by Dr. Howard N. Brown and readings by Rev. John Howland Lathrop, pastor of the Church of the Saviour. The ordination sermon was preached by Dr. Franklin C. Southworth, president of Meadville Theological School, and the ordination prayer was by Rev. William Sullivan. Dr. Southworth said in part: "For the third time in its history this church has chosen as its minister a recent graduate of our school at Meadville. Augustus Staples was the first, after a short apprenticeship at Lexington and Milwaukee. Samuel Dutton was the second, now rapidly winning a name for himself on the Pacific Coast, in a pulpit made illustrious by memories of Starr King and Horatio Stebbins. As on every previous occasion, you have called a young man with his career still before him, because you seem in this church to believe in young men. He will enter it after having received the best the schools can give; for he claims allegiance not only to Meadville, but also to Western Reserve, Berlin, Marburg, and Harvard. Of this you may rest assured, that the man whom you have chosen for this work will, like each and every one of his predecessors, preach from within out. May the man whom you are ordaining to-night as a minister of God find ever in his heart the high courage to summon you from that which is and has been to that which is to be. So may there fall upon his shoulders the mantle of poet and prophet which has been so graciously and withal so bravely worn by others."

The charge to the minister was delivered by an old friend of Mr. Lyttle, Dr. Charles Francis Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, who charged him to live the life of a student, the life of an interpreter, the life of a prophet, and the life of a priest. Rev. John Haynes Holmes extended to the minister the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the ministers of the Unitarian churches of Brooklyn and Manhattan. "Throughout the length and breadth of this land," he said, "you will not find any body of men more attached to each other. You are entering also a larger fellowship, for here you will find men of other denominations who are prophets of light: Episcopalians like Melish and Grant, Presbyterians like Steizle, Jews like Wise, and Universalists like Hall. Full often you must forget that you are a Unitarian, and give yourself to this larger band. On behalf of all these men I greet and salute you." In delivering the charge to the people, Dr. W. W. Fenn said: "It seems almost like a Yankee trick to invite one who knows this congregation well enough to know its virtues, but not well enough to know its faults, to perform this duty. My only charge is a simple one. Take your minister seriously. It is a minister's function to preach for the people, not at them, not to them, but for them." Rev. Leon Harvey, secretary of the Middle States Conference, brought greetings from the conference, and Rev. William Brundage greeted him on behalf of the sister churches of Brooklyn. Of the three hymns sung, two were written by former ministers of the Second Unitarian Church, and the other, the Ordination Hymn, was written especially for this occasion by A. Emerson Palmer, a member of the church.

DAYTON, OHIO.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. Troward H. Marshall: Services of dedication of the new church were held November 22 and 23. At the morning service on Sunday Rev. Minot Simons (who, personally and also through his church, has been very influential in making possible the new church) gave a lofty and inspiring characterization of the spirit of Unitarianism under the title "A Modern Gospel." The church was well filled; the Sunday-school room had to be used, and seats placed in the aisles. At the

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

evening service the building was a little more than packed. Rev. E. C. Smith of the Western Unitarian Conference gave a most cordial greeting from the unseen and real fellowship throughout the land. Welcome and encouragement to this new local enterprise were given by Rabbi David Lefkowitz. The sermon of the evening was given by Rev. John Haynes Holmes. He spoke on "The Necessity of God in the Life of the Soul," a message that carried all into the deeper realities of life, and gave a new vindication of the religious spirit. The whole congregation owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Simons and Mr. Holmes, who, by their presence and message, have given to this community perhaps the greatest day in its religious history. A man, a complete stranger, was overheard to say, after the evening service, "This is the greatest day in the history of Dayton." Anew the thanks of the society go out to the wider fellowship who have made possible this building. The people now turn to the longer task, the sober problem of the long years, of bringing to the community all the light and leading which is implicit in the Unitarian gospel.

HUDSON, MASS.—First Unitarian Society, Rev. John Baltzly: Sunday morning, November 15, Mr. Baltzly resigned the pastorate of this church to become the minister of the church in Plainfield, N.J. At a meeting of the Society called to take action on the resignation, held November 25, the following resolutions were adopted, accepting his resignation with earnest expressions of regret "at losing a pastor who has served us loyally and faithfully for sixteen years; who has during all that time maintained and elevated the dignity and beauty of the church service; who has ably and convincingly placed before the Society the highest ideals of practical Christianity; and who has in many ways been a strong factor for the welfare of this community. He and his family have been kind neighbors and loving friends, and in leaving they have our sincere wish that the change they are about to make will be pleasant and profitable to them, as it will surely be to their new parishioners." Mr. Baltzly was called to the pastorate of this church, Feb. 7, 1898, and was installed in it the following first day of March. As he had preached here four Sundays before he was installed, and once as early as the middle of January, his pastorate practically comes very near to being seventeen full years in length. It is his first pastorate in the Unitarian fellowship, into which he was received in January, 1898. Mr. Baltzly is to be free to have the pulpit supplied in the event of his desiring to be away from it a few Sundays between now and the end of the year.

MEADVILLE, PA.—Independent Congregational Church, Rev. Henry T. Secrist: During the summer and fall the interiors of both the church and the large parish house have been thoroughly repaired and refreshed at considerable expense, and the church has been newly carpeted. The grounds about the three buildings making the church property have been graded. The old buildings are thus kept very attractive and make an excellent equipment for the church with its many activities and its increasing strength. The church is rejoicing that Prof. Robert J. Hutcheon, of the Theological School, formerly our minister at Toronto, has become superintendent of the Sunday-school. Sermon subjects for four November and December Sunday mornings are: "The Christian Character," "The Christian Motive Power," "The Christian Purpose," "The Christian Type." They represent an attempt to set forth positively the Christian life as inclusive and yet distinctive; to point to its sources and its applications; to call forth the clear and warm response which it has to make to the demands which these days increasingly make.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.—The Unitarian Society, Rev. Alson H. Robinson: The second season of the public forum connected with this church opened on the evening of November 1, under encouraging and auspicious circumstances. The meetings of this series, which were held last year, were arranged under the direction of Mr. Robinson, and he alone was responsible for them. So rapidly did they pass out of the experimental stage, however, and were seen to meet such a genuine demand in the community, that they have now been taken over by the executive committee of the Society, and made a regular department of its activities. The attendance last year for all the meetings averaged two hundred, and this number is certain to be very considerably increased during the coming season. The list of speakers so far as it has been arranged follows: November 1, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Subject: "Organizing Public Opinion." November 22, Dr. Stanton Coit, leader of the West London Ethical Society. Subject: "Europe in the Melting-Pot." December 13, Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, New York; Hon. Samuel L. Powers, Newton. This meeting will be under the auspices of the Newton Equal Suffrage League. January 3, Mr. Charles Zueblin, Boston. Subject: "Militancy and Morals." January 31, Mr. U. G. Wheeler, superintendent of the public schools of Newton. Subject, "Our Schools: What we are doing, and Why." February 14, Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, secretary of the British Sociological Society, and editor of the *Sociological Review*, London. Subject: "America and England: A Comparison and Contrast." February 28, Mr. Walter C. Fish, general manager of the General Electric Company, Lynn, Mass. Subject: "Industrial Welfare." An interesting commentary upon the hopes of the Unitarian Society in Newton Centre is indicated by the fact that during the past two months, or since the reopening of services in September, fifteen new families have identified themselves with the church. These accessions are a perfectly natural corollary of the steady and substantial growth which this community is now enjoying; while the constantly broadening activities upon which the Society is engaged affords ample opportunity for all who come to be of service to the community and to the faith for which we stand.

NORTON, MASS.—Congregational Parish, Rev. Herbert H. Mott: The *Christian Register* readers may be interested in a small effort to help the Red Cross that resulted from a union of forces in this village. The young people of the Unitarian church wished to raise money for their parsonage, and gave a play, under the direction of Miss Gertrude Mott, in the town hall of Norton, November 20, the cast including members of the Sunday-school Junior Alliance and Young People's Guild, and also three high school girls from the Orthodox church. When the drama proved a financial success, the cast showed their gratitude by making a contribution to the Red Cross. A number of children are knitting for the Red Cross also. It is said as village gossip that one little lass had the misfortune to stumble and fall. Her unusual and loud crying brought her mother in haste, and on asking where she was hurt, her wail was: "Oh, my Red Cross needles are broken!" Fortunately nothing else was damaged.

Books Offered.

The Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y., will be glad to give to any church desiring them about two hundred copies of the "Psalter" arranged for congregational use, published by the American Unitarian Association, 1893, bound in cloth and in excellent condition. Address Rev. J. H. Lathrop, 98 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Books Offered.

Having secured a supply of the new Hymn and Tune Book, the First Unitarian Society of Schenectady, N.Y., has fifty copies of the "Hymns for Church and Home," abridged, which it would like much to dispose of to some other society. The books are in excellent condition and will be sold at a low price on application to the treasurer, W. H. Clarke, 1106 Nutt Street, Schenectady, N.Y.

On Preaching.

At one time Drs. Onderdonk, Wainwright, and Schroeder were the three chief preachers in Trinity Parish; and a witty layman undertook to give the style of the dogmatic Onderdonk, flowery Schroeder, and courtly Wainwright, as exemplified in brief sermons on the text "Two Beans and Two Beans make Four Beans," somewhat as follows:—

Dr. Onderdonk would say, "The Church, in her wisdom, has decreed that, if two beans be added unto two beans, the product shall be four beans; and if any self-sufficient mortal shall presume to question this conclusion of the law and the prophets, together with the canons, let him be *anathema maranatha*."

Dr. Schroeder, after enunciating his text, was supposed to wake at sunrise, wander into the dewy fields, and pluck one pearly bean after another, and finally go into ecstasies over the quartet of shining beauties which he held in his hand.

But the point of the satire was reached in Dr. Wainwright's case, who was made to say: "It has generally been conceded, and nowhere that I know of denied, that, if two beans be added unto two beans, their product shall be four beans. But if there be in this intelligent and enlightened audience any who may venture to have conscientious doubts upon the subject, far be it from me, my brethren, to interfere with such a person's honest convictions."—*The Living Church*.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Of course," said Mrs. Twickembury, "it's very nice that your son has become such a famous athlete, but aren't you afraid sometimes that he'll receive more adulteration than is good for him?"

"Making any money these days?" asked Hicks of the mill-owner. "Hardly any," said the other. "We are beginning to realize the truth of the old saying that it takes ten mills to make a cent."

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that Mrs. Twickembury has been writing for the *Register*. In the *Register* of November 5 she spoke of the gentleman who was nominated by the Progressive party for the office of "county perishing agent."

At the Bookstore.—Customer: "But this book bears a date prior to the invention of printing." Dealer in Rare Volumes: "So much the more valuable, sir. It was only after the invention of printing, you know, that the counterfeiting of old volumes was possible."—*Boston Transcript.*

Diner: "So you are hard at work studying French. What is the object of that?" Waiter: "I've been offered a steady job at big pay over in Paris if I learn French before going there." "Humph! there are plenty of French waiters in Paris." "Y-e-s; but, you see, they can't understand French as English-speaking people pronounce it."

There are sections of the South where Lee's capitulation of 1865 is still regarded as an affair of only the other day. Travelling a back road in Virginia I called to a bent old colored man in a field, and asked where a certain Mr. Johnstone lived. "'Deed I don't know, suh," he replied, "I ain't so much 'quainted round yeah. I jest come into these pahts sence the surrendeh."

The river Clyde has been brought to its present draft by dredging, and the Scotch are very proud of it. A party of Americans scorned it one day. "Call this a river?" said they. "Why, it's a ditch in comparison with our Mississippi or St. Lawrence or Delaware." "Aweel, mon," said a Scotch bystander, "you've got Providence to thank for your rivers, but we made this one ourselves."

One day Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, the author, walked down a street in Nashville. The street was crowded with negroes, who were forming in line for a parade. "What's the occasion for the parade, Tom?" she asked of a boy. The boy looked at her with a grin. "La, Miss Daviess," he replied, "don' you-all know colored folks well 'nough to know dat dey don' need no 'casion foh a p'rade?"—*New York Sun.*

One day Benjamin Disraeli found a tenant eating dinner by the roadside, although his house was close by. "Well, Henry," asked the kindly landowner, "why are you eating out here?" "Oh, sir," stammered the tenant, embarrassed, "I can't eat inside because—because the stove smokes so much. And"—"Well, that's too bad," said Disraeli. "I will see what the trouble is." Before the tenant could speak, Disraeli hastened to the house, but scarcely had he opened the door when a woman's shrill voice piped out, "You take yourself right out of here, you lazy good-for-nothing!" The statesman returned, he put his hand on the man's shoulder, and said, "Cheer up, Henry, my boy! My stove at home sometimes smokes, too."

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Hersey, Montreal, Can.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.
Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 1039 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

ESTEY PIPE & REED CHURCH ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. Stephenson, Mfr., 19 Foster Street, Lynn, Mass.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

DEC 14 1914
UNIV. OF MICH.
Librarian of University

The Christian Register

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 50 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1177
Grace 1178
The Anonymity of Courage 1179

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
Notes of an Itinerant, III. 1180

CURRENT TOPICS 1181

BREVITIES 1182

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
The Pedigree of Genius 1183

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Italy and the War, by Gaetano Conte 1183
"Temperate" Intemperance, by Dr. William C. Gannett 1184
The United States of Europe, I., by Edward Everett Hale 1186
The Church and the Crisis; A Petition 1188
Belief in God 1189
The Constant Aim; Christmas Booklets 1190
New York Letter; A Foreign Missionary Journey in the Northwest, by Elmer S. Forbes 1194
Rev. Andrew Jackson Abbott 1195
Practical Accomplishments at Proctor Academy, I., by Henry G. Ives; A Distinguished Indian Scientist in America, by J. T. Sunderland, D.D. 1196
The Dollar Christmas Fund; An Appeal for Green Harbor 1197
Acknowledgments; Hymn-books Offered 1199

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1189

LITERATURE.
Books; Music Received 1191

THE HOME.
The New Kingdom, by Frances Harmer 1192
The End of a Kitten Hunt; Dogs' Friendship 1193

POETRY.
In Jocund, by Carolyn Stickney Powers 1183
A Story in Stone 1190
A Letter from a Cat 1192

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
The Flag in the School 1197

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Boston Federation 1198

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1198

PLEASANTRIES 1200

Editorial.

It is unquestionably true that there are as many opportunities and needs of heroisms, and exhibitions of it, in the work of the world as in any of its battling; but the assertion of this fact will not take away the glamour of war, nor put halos round the humdrum tasks. What is needed is the dramatic presentation of things, some color and light about the enterprises of peace, that will stir what the call to battle stirs. There must be the taste of adventure, the risk, the chance of glory, the inviting cause, the thrill of a patriotism. There must be a noble appeal of a sort so genuine and so pertinent that it will swing the mind above the usual incitements of ambition. The hope of wealth, the necessities of living, the pride of advancement, are dull incentives. The professions should not be reserved about their ideal sides, and should present them in inspiring fashion. Business men should bring out the adventurous aspects and the human side of their callings. From every side beckon problems that challenge all that is heroic and daring in human nature. The enemies of happiness, not only the happiness of those concerned, but of those who look miserably and helplessly on, face the candid man. If we are to utilize in peace what is thrown away in war, we must make more of what brings out courage and generous rivalry and the fighting spirit in men. The painful fact about goodness is that it is too often uninteresting.

It is quite possible that the people may be mistaken who expect that the vast catastrophe of the times will be followed by a great reaction; that, the war over, war will be so hated that its powers will be lessened and peace advance to her greatest construction. Men may prepare yet more thoroughly for the next time, the unreadiness of nations may be corrected by new measures of military training, and the unprecedented experiences of conflict may become but an incentive to greater efforts to attain invulnerability. We must admit that it is not a likely, logical, or natural result of this great war that it shall crush out all its own powers. The structure of ages is not likely to fall to pieces after its most tremendous exhibition, nor human nature change in one generation. We must not expect too much, lest disappointment poison or paralyze hope. What we can expect with confidence is that work toward the establishment of peace will go forward with a new intensity of purpose and direction; that there will be less

Digitized by Google

fervid oratory and more practicable measures, less vague and dreamy idealism and more distinct proposals, less inefficient protest and more productive action. The development of the science of warfare reveals a wonderful resourcefulness of invention, and intellectual power. War is no longer merely brute force, but the most skilful exercise of force that the human brain can conceive. Peace must be as enterprising, as plodding, as thorough, and as ingenious. If we are to make the gain we pray for, it will not be by waiting for it to fall into our hands. The advocates of peace must be as persistent, as matter-of-fact, and as strategic, as the apologists of war. An ineffectual angel is not the adequate symbol of modern peace.

A courtesy and delicacy in its presentation will prevent the unusual view of religion from shocking those who come upon it suddenly. Dogmas we reject are associated, in the minds of those who have long held them, with reverences and faiths we do not reject. It is less what we reject than what we seem to reject that makes timidity and distrust about Unitarianism. A new-comer says: "We liked your church very much. It was very different from what we supposed it would be. We have relatives who were Unitarians, and what they said seemed blasphemous, so we got prejudiced about Unitarianism." Such testimony as this is worth studying. Of course, nothing blasphemous was said. That it seemed blasphemous is the fact to consider. The fault is not likely to lie with the hearer alone. Why not take Emerson's advice, "Always put the best interpretation on a tenet"? And the art of putting the best interpretation on our own as well as on others' doctrines is worth cultivating. It is surely not an unworthy art.

It was one of the great popes who said that pictures were a text-book for those who could not read. Even in these days of abundance both of reading and ability to read, the saying is true. Pictures are a text-book for those who can read, but who willingly accept a picture that saves them the trouble and imparts what no reading gains. The painting of Scriptural scenes on the walls of churches had a quite prosaic purpose. It gave information of the contents of the Bible. Incidentally, it produced and perpetuated great works of art. The images and symbolism of the Roman church were ruthlessly destroyed because the Puritan thought them degrading superstition and idolatry. They are now seen at a higher value, and appreciated as good pedagogy and a valid channel of true religion. If sometimes the art is crude and the ornament tawdry, the psychology of the matter holds. Will the time come when worship in churches of every name will appropriate every fine aid to imagination, and employ pictorial expression to suggest interest in the Bible classics, and contain memorials of the saints of each generation worthy of emulation by the next?

The English Chancellor of the Exchequer puts with valuable distinctness a point of view which is frequently covered with a faint thin haze of confused objection. "To precipitate ideals," he said, "is to retard their advent. The surest way of establishing a reign of peace on earth is by making the way of the transgressor of the peace of nations too hard for the rulers of men to tread it. That is what we are engaged in doing now." He had urged that to have disarmed under the circumstances would only have delayed the period that we are all praying for. It must be admitted that a state of things has been disclosed which not only would have made any one disarmament inimical to peace, but which shows that the lack of preparation is lengthening the war now in progress. The logic of the real situation is now fulfilling itself. It goes to the bitter conclusion to show the absurdity, not of the logic, but of the condition in which that logic is inexorable. The condition is a mighty and constant increase of every known engine of warfare by one nation and another nation for use against each other. While that condition existed such a war was inevitable. It was no surprise, but the open secret of the world. The great hope of the future is that nations shall make armament not against each other, but for all against any one that shall disturb or threaten international agreement and good will. The extremest advocate of peace could show no advantage in proving theoretical disarmament. What will most help peace is not preaching, but practice. The prime necessity is a new temper among nations, and to make it effective nations must combine to enforce it. Eloquence is out of place; what will help is a higher statesmanship.

Grace.

What makes the tourist's round of cathedrals most interesting is to see the transition from the sombre and massive Norman style to the aspiring beauty of Gothic construction. One observes the process taking place as if before his eyes. There is a plain tower of immense proportions, perfectly simple and without ornament save the lines which bring the touch of another spirit. Take, for instance, the cathedral at Coutance, for it is in France that the transition can best be followed, and note the treatment of the tower from the ground up to the beginning of the spire. Its broad sides have slender columns carved upon them, which are joined in delicate arches at the top. They are not intended to be noticed in themselves. They are not separate from the tower. They make mere lines on the gray expanse of stone. And yet any one sees at once what those lines are for: they modify the mass of the tower and heighten it. By an optical illusion, which we frequently have examples of, these parallel lines make the mass appear different from what it really is. They make it less ponderous and heavy. They make it higher, and transform its plainness into a surface on which one may look with continual delight. They melt into the whole with ineffable grace. They have a beauty much more appealing than the beauty of the style which has become wholly decorative. The beginning of the process has an effect that fails in the end. It fails from very completeness. Beauty in love with beauty runs riot. But all the crowded forms of splendor, all the luxury of sculpture, all the opulence of design, do not have the charm which these first modest expressions possess. For in them we see the two together, strength and grace, power and delicacy, and see how the lightest touch of grace has a power transcending power.

In these times of stress there is one proof of this power of grace which has quite wonderful manifestation where it is shown, and quite irresistible possibilities where it is not. The proof is in every successful application of the principle of courtesy to the rigidity and weight of life. Nowadays opinion brings a great strain on those who differ about the supreme issues before the world. Differences get hot and irreconcilable. No one could wish them to be otherwise, burning and incompatible as they are. What people hold most deeply must bring sharp decisions, and the more solemn truth becomes the less will men give up each his hold upon truth. Compromise is a poor peacemaker. There is no doing away with

Digitized by Google

the mass of a fact. There is, however, a force in courtesy which is quite incalculable. Its delicate lines modify the effect of what they cannot change. They make what we may call an illusion, if we will. But the illusion is a fact, and makes things different from what they were. It blends with the impossible situation and makes it bearable. It furnishes a resource when every other means of grace is wanting. It is the finest product of culture, and the rarest. But when we see it drawn on the hard gray surface of life, and note its effect, we think how easily it might be the common grace of experience.

There is one view of courtesy which must first be cleared away. It is often regarded as necessarily in some measure an insincerity. Morals are severe and manners are not, and the two do not easily understand each other, or coalesce. But they need each other. There is as little good in morals being hateful as there is in manners being immoral. Both extremes are unnecessary. Candor is not always necessary nor always admirable, and when it does not accept the constraint that courtesy may lay upon it, candor turns rude. If courtesy expresses a fact, the fact of gentleness and delicacy and good feeling, there is no insincerity in its pushing into the background for a moment other facts which would crush these facts. A man might as well be called insincere for following a garden path instead of walking straight across flower-beds, as be called insincere for taking the path in discussion that will not wound susceptibilities and injure self-respect. The reason for the ill repute which the rules of courtesy have fallen into is that they may become mere superficial decoration, mere ornament, and display nothing but their own elaboration and pride. But because there is this excess is poor reason for despising the grace that is exceeded. For when this grace is seen in fine proportions and with noble truthfulness it is a marvellous potency in the building of life.

So, while courtesy without truth is empty, truth without courtesy is obtuse. There is no advantage gained over an enemy, much less over a disputant, in showing bitterness, malignity, and implacable hatred. Overemphasis is always weakness. Beyond a certain point, the superiority over an adversary turns to disadvantage. The glut of hatred disgusts the beholder and degrades the hater. If a cause had no other vulnerability, this would be its tendon of Achilles. If its hate is the worst, it is likely to be the worst. The most impartial and considerate neutral at the very moment of persuasion would be driven to disapproval by language which added poison to argument. We note with grief and with pity expressions so venomous and so vile, applied by men of piety to their enemies, as to be unfit for quotation. They show that culture and religion must be thin, that so quick there should flame from beneath them a fury from the pit. Our heart shrivels within us when some disputant applies to our views adjectives of scorn and contumely that reduce us in his mind to a creature so mean and despicable as to be hardly worth the credit of imbecility. We have a worse despair than that our contention will win when we are thus met with arguments that are merely intellectual bludgeons: the worse despair is that charity and decent mutuality will ever win, that men can ever be brothers who thus cut souls apart.

While the instances we have chosen for illustration are of the more violent sort, the principle is the same through all the range of difference. Discussions and controversy need to be judged by the law of courtesy as well as by the laws of argument. The best argument will lack its best success without them. Why is it that in business we see signs forbidding any discussion of the war, and that in many offices the subject has had to be prohibited? Is it because it is a bad subject to discuss, or that it is impossible for men to compare views about it without danger of conflict? Is it not rather because in their discussion they do not keep the rules of the game, they do not preserve each the other's self-respect, veracity, intelligence, and good-nature? Is it not because asperity, contradiction, self-sufficiency, dogmatism, and then anger and violent speech, take the place of comparison of facts and search for more of them?

The practice of courtesy will always prove its grace. It is not decorative and superficial. It is not a mere ornament of life. It is for substantial good. It is of an efficacy truly marvellous. It is a growth of the beauty of the soul; and when we see its lines tempering the stones of life with grace as of flowers, merging itself into the mass of experience, imparting to the whole a nameless charm, we feel that a might above might has been shown us,—the might of the spirit.

The Anonymity of Courage.

The President of the French Republic has contributed a phrase to literature in praising the French soldiers. In speaking of the glorious anonymity of their courage he has also given precision to the idea of courage. Anonymous courage is the only kind that will stand the test and prove unalloyed. There are other kinds of courage, and they are admirable. It is no reproach of them, however, to say that virgin courage is anonymous. Any motive that will give courage to men in the strife and strain of life is commendable. If it is egotistic, or hereditary, or clannish, or even selfish, and the courage is there with its seal of daring and endurance and sacrifice, it must be respected. When men lay down their lives for a cause, nothing invidious is to be thought of their motives. Death brings an alchemy that turns all to gold. They are to be judged by their peers, and have passed into a fellowship to which none living belong. Only the dead are worthy to estimate the dead, and they are silent.

But when it can be said in praise of courage that it has been anonymous, a standard has been erected to which the noblest must bow and which ennobles the meanest who attain to its height. As for pure courage, there is no other kind; it must be anonymous. "The bravely dumb," of whom Lowell sang,—

> "The unknown good that rest,
> In God's still memory folded deep;
> The bravely dumb that did their deed,
> And scorned to blot it with a name,
> Men of the plain heroic breed,
> That loved Heaven's silence more than fame,"—

they, in every land and in every time, have defined true courage.

It is fitting, however, that the living should take counsel of this idea of courage, for the spurious thing has cheapened the word. It flaunts its counterfeits, which are received everywhere because counterfeits are given in exchange; it struts with boldness along the safe places, and sounds trumpets for the sake of vainglory; it boasts of daring for truth, having never once dared under strain to be true; it mouths the phrases of independence behind muzzles of expediency; it exhorts others to sacrifice that ambition may have the easier ascent; it lauds self-surrender with a self-awareness which no humility ever penetrated; it exhibits pride, which is vanity marching alone; it sings the martyr-song, but walks wide of the martyr-throng. The words that describe courage have become trite, and have been dragged in literary gutters. Anonymity has not been of this class. Those who say most of courage leave no example unmentioned of their own. They not in-

Digitized by Google

frequently, indeed, comment on the modesty of courage in some instances, but it is as curious and rather inexplicable exceptions that these instances are mentioned. In the next sentence we often see that they have been mere description with no infection.

The worst effect of the courage that is not anonymous is that it gets to be the custom to think that there is no other. The currency is debased so that people instinctively look for some motive for courage outside itself. They find it hard to believe that any courage is quite disinterested. To dare anything, a man must, in the common thinking, have some ulterior purpose. Why does a man fly in the face of his own prosperity in declaring his convictions when he might so easily keep still? He must have some far end in sight, or it must be for enjoyment of self-assertion, say regretful friends. Why will he be so peculiar and deny himself ordinary associations in his social ways, in his politics, in his religion? It must be out of a singular oddity, say the commentators on such living epistles of the courage of conviction. Why make so much of a little thing, a mere matter of words, when just to tear up a scrap of paper would be so advantageous and become so soon forgotten? These queer sticklers who make martyrs of themselves forget they have to live in the world as it is, reply the worldly-wise men. How foolish to pretend to fly expediency when everybody knows there must be an expediency underneath which accounts for the choice,—this is what we most often hear about persons who have taken their own way in disregard of the way other persons choose for them.

It is all very fine and admirable, in a way, say moral modernists of the business and society world; but the main thing in life is to get on, to mount and climb; and it is much better to stifle a scruple now and then and swallow one's words than to drop out of the processions of conformity and gain forgetfulness for reward of self-imposed exclusion.

Yet, in spite of the penalizings of courage and the imputings to it of only a shrewder bargaining, the very people who ridicule and scorn such folly concede that now and then comes a brave example that they cannot explain on any other basis than that of a chaste and high-minded devotion. They would not go so far themselves, but they cannot help admiring a little those they belittle. Such deeds have one quality which the common-sense behavior cannot show. They have a singular radiance, and, if they are such as history records, they shine with luminous continuance, like a mysterious emanation from everlasting light. One may look down from windows which reflected the fires in which Ridley and Latimer burned, or turn into the heedless market-place where Jeanne d'Arc drank flame, and ask whether the world where faith witnesses no such good confession is much the better for its immunities. Do improved and shortened creeds bear the sanctions which glorified those they have outgrown? Do men sacrifice the more for them, according as they are better than the old? Are they improved as much for truth's sake as for policy's, and do they command even so little, in comparison with the lives men once gave for their faiths, as their testimony and their goods?

There are legitimate urgencies for a faith which may be of serviceable propriety, and they ought to be used, each in its place. But the best and correctest of faiths will go heavily in the world with only reasons and utilities and welfares behind it. Until life goes into it, disinterested and self-regardless life, it will plod with the rest of the world. When it is animated by pure courage its growth will not need to be promoted, and without such prevailing life no promoters will be much more. We generally call it consecration, this needed spirit of a church. We could not do better than to adopt for it this other expression, and earn some title to *l'anonymité glorieuse du courage.*

American Unitarian Association.

Notes of an Itinerant.

III.

Two brilliant autumn days in British Columbia have enriched me with new friendships, with fresh appreciation of the courage of our isolated fellow-workers, and with memories of matchless peaks, fiords, and forests. The time sufficed for a pleasant dinner at Vancouver, followed by an evening meeting with addresses at the church and a brief conference with the trustees; a Sunday morning service and a quick jump across the city to the noon steamer for Victoria; four golden hours over the glistening waters among the rocky islands with mountain peaks behind and before and the great snow cone of Mount Baker against the eastern sky; then a cordial welcome at Victoria and an evening service of installation at the attractive little chapel. The next day interviews with the trustees, a luncheon of some thirty gentlemen, with a speech, tea with the minister and his wife, and then the evening boat up the Sound to Seattle to catch the midnight train for Portland.

The city of Vancouver is hard hit. Before the war came it was feeling the inevitable reaction from its boom times. Now its chief industries are paralyzed, business is almost at a standstill, and there is a great deal of unemployment. The Unitarian society though young in years is well rooted in the loyalty of a chosen band of people. It has built an excellent chapel, and with returning prosperity its future usefulness is well assured. For the present the society must carry forward its work on a modest scale. The minister feels that under the existing financial conditions the people are bearing too heavy a burden, and with self-abnegating fidelity he proposes to withdraw. The society may be obliged to relinquish his services, and if so can probably avail itself of the help of the minister at Victoria, who can reach Vancouver on Sunday evenings.

Victoria is a substantial and handsome provincial capital. It is an old-established community, a city of residences rather than industries, conservative and very British. It is the headquarters of the military and naval forces of the Province, and one is constantly aware of the fact that one is no longer under a neutral flag. While there is no real fear that any enemy can get inside the Strait of Fuca, yet batteries are posted on the points, and the passages at the northern end of Vancouver Island have been mined. The Unitarian society is happy in the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. B. Speight, who have recently come out from England and who have taken hold of the work with resolution and abundant resources of heart and mind. The society is as yet small, but it has built an exceedingly pleasant chapel and also owns an adjoining cottage, which the minister occupies. Ultimately this cottage will be removed and a church built where it stands. The present chapel will then become the parish house. Mr. Sharpe, the minister at Vancouver, joined me in the conduct of the evening service, and a congregation too large for the seating capacity of the chapel united in welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Speight. In spite of the hard times and the prevailing conservatism, I have the utmost confidence in the rapid and permanent development of our cause in Victoria.

Digitized by Google

The history of our church in Portland is written large in Oregon's institutions of education and philanthropy. It has been the nursery of a score of good causes. It is the Mother Unitarian Church of the Northwest Coast. Its ministers, father and son, are known and honored all over Oregon and Washington. As we say "back East," they are of the kind of people who have to hold on hard to the huckleberry bushes to avoid being translated. Even to bear the same name is to possess an entrance to the confidence of all good citizens. A day in that family circle is sure to be a day of good counsel and real inspiration. In the evening there was a reception and dinner at the church with an address and with lively evidence that the society in every department is as serviceable as ever. It is a rare company of people, representing all sorts and conditions, with some of the founders still actively helpful, with the allegiance of the stalwart leaders of the city in business and in public affairs, and with plenty of bright young people. It is a church that carries on its worship and its work modestly and quietly, but with splendid efficiency.

The next morning I had the privilege of conducting the morning exercises at Reed College, and then journeyed through the beautiful and fertile Willamette Valley to the State capital, Salem. At Salem there was another reception and dinner, with a speech, and another conference with the trustees. The Salem church has had a somewhat checkered history and it has never been able to develop sufficient resources to enable it to become self-supporting. Under its present vigorous and cheerful minister, Mr. Tischer, there is reason to hope that numbers and resources can be enlarged. The church property has recently been put in good order, a new organ purchased, and all the activity of the Society reinvigorated. With harmony among the people and some increase in the scale of their giving, the material welfare of the society can be assured and the way opened for larger usefulness.

The next morning Mr. Tischer accompanied me to Eugene, the seat of the State University. There I was certainly not allowed to be idle. First there was a luncheon of some twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, at the hospitable table of Mrs. Osburn, then a business conference about the affairs of the church; at 2.30 a public meeting with an address at the chapel; at 4.00 an address to students and members of the faculty at the University; at 6.00 a dinner given by President and Mrs. Campbell; and at 7.40 I boarded the southbound train a reasonably tired man. Our cause in Eugene is well worth while. The city is one of the pleasantest places of residence in Oregon. It is to be increasingly important as a commercial centre, but at present its chief distinction is the presence of the University and of the cultivated people who naturally gravitate to an academic town. The Unitarian society is only four years old, but already it has acquired an excellent property, a particularly charming chapel, and a capital constituency. It has had three young ministers in rapid succession, and is now enjoying the sermons of my dear old friend of Colorado days, Rev. Stephen Peebles, who was one of the founders of the society. Mr. Peebles is now well advanced in years and his home is a number of miles south of the city, but his spirit is as sweet and modest as ever, and his insight into spiritual verities seems to grow keener. This cause in Eugene is, from the character of the place and the quality of the people, one of the most interesting and promising of our newer churches. To help upbuild such a cause and establish this church in stability and fruitfulness ought to be the delight of all our churches East and West.

I cannot leave the Northwest without a word about our incomplete tasks. I have briefly described in these letters some of the things that are being done, but I have said nothing about the things left undone. We have planted in this great empire of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia a dozen churches, centres from which the influence of a rational practical and spiritual Christianity can radiate. All of these churches except that in Spokane are situated in the growing cities of the great valley between the Cascades and the Coast Ranges. They stretch in a line almost due north and south from Vancouver to Eugene. They are well-placed at the strategic points, but most of them are still in the formative period. Only three of the twelve, those in the largest cities, Portland, Seattle, and Spokane, are self-supporting. All the others need and at present receive the aid of the sister churches through the Association. What assurance can be given them that this aid will be continued until they are able to take care of themselves? Are the contributions of the churches to the work of their Association going to permit the Directors to maintain these promising missions, or must they be abandoned? Are the efforts of the ministers and people of these churches to be encouraged by the sympathy and support of the friends of this cause, or must they be told to pull down the flag, close the chapels, and give up trying to further the higher life of these great commonwealths?

And what of the opportunities of service as yet untouched? What of the communities where there are already groups of friends, but where we are forbidden to enter because of the insufficiency of our resources in ministers and money. There are many opportunities: let me mention only two. One is in the great fertile valley of Eastern Washington and particularly in that part of it where three important centres are closely connected by transportation lines. These are Pullman, the seat of the Agricultural College of Washington; Lewiston, the chief commercial centre of Northern Idaho; and Moscow, the seat of the University of Idaho. The other is in the Rogue River valley in Southwestern Oregon, with a centre at the flourishing city of Medford, and reaching out to the neighboring cities from Roseburg to Ashland. I ask each Unitarian seriously to consider whether helping to found and maintain the churches that promote simplicity of religious faith and form, sincerity of speech, clear thinking and disinterested doing, is not one of the most sacred of privileges and obligations. I can but believe that the national vision and spirit, the fidelity and generosity of our people, can be depended on, and that the word of our churches to their representatives, expressed in their increased contributions, will be to go forward with fortitude and confidence.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

As the great international catastrophe drifts on its tragic way to a conclusion, there are increasing evidences that Italy is preparing to take an active part, if not in the actual hostilities, then certainly in the congress that is to settle the affairs of Europe at the end of the war. The sentiment of the Italian people toward the Austro-German alliance was indicated plainly at the opening session of the Italian parliament on December 3. In a comprehensive statement to the country, Premier Salandra related the course of Italian diplomacy in declining to participate in the struggle as a member of the Triple Alliance, and informed the chamber that Italy could not confine its action on the greatest problem in modern times to a declaration of neutrality. The

Digitized by Google

announcement of the purpose of the government to make complete preparations for any eventuality was greeted with an outburst of anti-Austrian cries which indicated a complete agreement with the policy outlined by the premier. A resolution of confidence in the government was carried with an enthusiastic acclaim which must have produced anxiety at Vienna.

In the mean while, the latest events on the Russo-German front indicate successes for the Austro-German armies which explain the recent official declaration in Petrograd, warning the Russian people to accept with reserve the frequent reports of gigantic Russian victories, emanating from foreign correspondents with the Russian armies. By the end of last week it was evident that the German commanders, by a military feat which must be regarded as a wonderful achievement, had broken the "iron ring" which earlier reports from Petrograd had described as closing upon von Mackensen's army in Russian Poland. So far had the newly resumed German offensive been successful by last Monday, that the Germans had taken Lodz and were in a position to relieve the pressure upon Cracow, despite the energetic attacks of the Russians upon the last-named city. The victories at the Eastern front, it appeared, had been achieved by means of a rapid movement of troops from the Western front—the sort of movement which the Germans have been repeatedly accomplishing through a wonderful organization.

In Flanders and along the Verdun-Toul-Belfort line the situation has resolved itself into a struggle of endurance. Trivial gains by the Allies in the past ten days have not affected the main alignment. Fresh attempts by the German commanders last week to break through the lines of the Franco-Belgo-British forces across the Yser to the British Channel were repulsed with terrible losses to the invaders as well as the defenders. Although the British war office is doing its utmost to insure success by a constant accumulation of fresh troops from the organization camps in England, German sentiment evidently is not prepared to accept defeat as inevitable. The determination of the German people to continue the war indefinitely, if need be, was brought to international attention on December 2, by the voting of a new war credit of $1,250,000,000 in the Reichstag with a single dissenting vote—that of Herr Liebknecht, the Socialist leader.

A new international problem, arising out of the workings of State authorities, assumed concrete form last week, when first Great Britain and then Italy presented protests at Washington against legislation put on the statute book by a referendum vote in Colorado, prohibiting the employment, except in specified small proportions, of non-citizens by individuals, corporations, municipalities, or the State. In response to the appeals of British and Italian subjects in Colorado, the embassies at Washington informed Secretary Bryan that the act of the people of Colorado, expressed at the polls, is in violation of treaty rights secured respectively to British and Italian subjects, and invited the State Department to interest itself in the situation with a view to the removal of the limitations imposed upon the aggrieved aliens. The action of the two European powers comes at a time when a similar issue between the United States and Japan, as a result of the enactment of anti-Japanese legislation in California, is taxing the diplomatic resources of Washington and Tokio.

The fall of Belgrade, the capital of Servia, before the advancing Austrian armies, on December 2, marked what military critics on either side of the great struggle are disposed to regard as the beginning of the end of Servian resistance to the neighboring empire. Austrian victories south and west of Belgrade have placed the Austrians in possession of the road to the new capital, Nish, and the invaders are pushing through the main railway artery of the country toward the Bulgarian line. In fact, there is every reason to believe that the Servians have already removed their capital for the second time, and have established it now at Uskub, on the territory acquired by Servia in the second Balkan war, and within a few miles of the Bulgarian frontier. The Austrian advance, now that it has been fairly begun, is so rapid that the other Balkan states—Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece—are already confronted with the prospect of menaced frontiers. This phase of the operations, accordingly, is bound to press as choice as between neutrality and belligerency upon these three countries.

It is explained at Vienna that the pressure exerted upon the Servian front at this time is the outcome of the participation of Turkey in the war as the ally of Germany and Austria. With the Servian section of the Belgrade-Sofia-Constantinople Railway in Austrian hands, it would be possible to transport a Turkish army into Galicia. Such a possibility, however, is based upon the supposition that Bulgaria would either take a direct part in the hostilities as an ally of the Austro-Germans or permit the passage of Turkish troops through Bulgarian territory. For such a supposition there is no warrant in the attitude of the Bulgarian people or their government. On the contrary, despite the semi-official statements on the subject emanating from the Austrian capital, it is almost certain that Bulgaria, despite her resentment for the taking of Bulgarian territory by Servia in the war of 1913, will not join in the war against Servia and permit the participation of a Turkish army in the military operations in Galicia, and perhaps on the Franco-German front.

Brevities.

Give your dollar to the Dollar Christmas Fund, sending it to Henry Clews, Broad Street, New York, and give it now. Every cent in the dollar will go to the starving Belgians.

The memory which remains longest in our minds, and will not be effaced, holds in some subtle way a personal and intimate relation to our innermost life. We may not be able to trace the relationship, but it is there and active.

The United States Steel Company was the first of the great corporations to demonstrate conclusively the possibilities of the "safety first" campaign. During the past ten years by thus organizing for safety, it has reduced the number of its accidents about one-half.

In the stricter sense of the word it can hardly be said that we Americans, being such a migrant people, have a permanent home life, at least in the meaning attached to it by Saint-Beuve when he defined home as the happy fortune "to be born, to live, and to die in the same house."

To see things as they really are is a rare gift. Absence in another environment sometimes enables us when we return to see persons and things more clearly. When a young man returns home from college he is often made aware for the first time of the changed vision with which

Digitized by Google

he sees the personal peculiarities of his parents. When we return from a journey of some distance and time we are often struck by the new aspect of familiar objects. The changed effect is due to the changed personality.

The ability to be wise after the event is familiar. The number of prophecies which now come into publicity about foretellings of the coming of the present European war are an evidence. Said Thomas B. Reed, "Rear platform observation has this disadvantage,—you don't observe things until you pass beyond them."

In the early days the religious intent of the *Christian Register* was emphasized even by its book reviewers. In the fifth number appeared a long review of Percival's poems, in which the writer prefaced his quotations by saying: "The following verses are among those of a religious character. I should not think it right in these columns to quote any other."

Letters to the Editor.

The Pedigree of Genius.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

You printed recently a short editorial quoting the views of the president of the British Association on the subject of applied eugenics. After reading this I quoted to a friend that "Beethoven's father was a drunkard and his mother died of consumption." "Well," said she, "if his parents had not had these drawbacks he might still have had his genius, and perhaps have been happier. Their eugenic imperfections didn't contribute to his genius."

We have a surface unwillingness to think of good as born out of evil. We like to think of great things as dignified by a good pedigree. We like to look back toward the finite sources instead of forward toward the infinite in which we have our being. But experience teaches that many particular goods come more or less remotely out of particular evils, and also that the good belongs not to us alone, but to families also. Experience teaches that some of the great works of "genius" are born out of conflict with heredity. The productions of genius may be the thunders and smoke of battle. Its sweetest songs number among them some that are the contending voice of the spirit locked in a death-grip against the flesh. Some great artists, possibly Beethoven, inherited contradictory temperaments that mix like fire and water—in steam. On the other hand, there is a kind of genius which is born possibly out of the level of Puritan or Quaker gray. In a statesman like John Bright we have the inherited genius of simplicity and democracy and the passion of moral earnestness entered into politics. But neither more nor less than in the other sort of case does this genius belong in part to the strain. Why did Jesus put the Prodigal above the Elder Brother and Mary Magdalene above the legally righteous? Possibly because they had fought hard—and maybe even harder than is necessary for some.

Failure to recognize the mixed good and bad pedigree of genius leads to pessimism about the large facts of evil. However, the condemnation, on this score, of applied eugenics is another matter, because we have to fight humanity's battles collectively as well as individually. The genuises like Beethoven are the exception: those who fail partly on account of heredity are legion by name. Let us distinguish between a recognition that good often comes out of evil and a condemnation of applied eugenics.

SIDNEY S. ROBINS.

KINGSTON, MASS.

In Jocund.

BY CAROLYN STICKNEY POWERS.

He is not four years old;—his hair
Lies golden on his forehead fair.
A blue, half gray, a gray, half blue—
Such seems of his clear eyes the hue.
As something strangely wise and sweet
His little sayings we repeat.
But most we like to hear him tell
Of things that often him befell
In "Jocund."

It is a land whose pleasant name
He spoke before his lips could frame
The music of his own;—its fame
Grows daily with us. If he fail
To win our credence for his tale,—
If, smiling in disproof, we say
"The apples do not come in May;
Birds do not speak, nor horses fly,"—
He looks up boldly to reply:
"They do! they do!
In Jocund!"

In Jocund skies are always fair.
He has a band of playmates there,
Brothers and sisters all his own;
And, never lonely when alone,
He stays content, absorbed in play,
In some self-taught and chosen way,
Conversing, joyous and serene,
With Twilt,—Mariam, Willamine,
In Jocund.

And if at twilight in my room
I sit oppressed with care or gloom,
A touch as soft and cool as dew
Falls on my burning temples; through
The darkness comes a tender voice
That makes my drooping heart rejoice:
"Does something hurt you? Come with me
And they will cure you instantly
In Jocund."

. . . . . .

Where, happy dreamer, art thou, now
That locks of chestnut shade thy brow?
Toward the separating sea
I strain and yearn and long for thee,—
For magic touch of fingers fine
To heal this haunting pain of mine.
O come again! or bid me come
Across the desert and the foam;
Call me to joy, to health and home,
In Jocund!

Italy and the War.

BY GAETANO CONTE.

What do the Italian people think of the war?

I say "people" purposely, because never was it more difficult than now to know what the government thinks. Very few are initiated into the mysteries of diplomacy, and the key-note of any communication from the high sphere of politics is "trust and obey." This may be justifiable in times like ours, and still is in contradiction to the true spirit of a democratic country. In this historic moment of our national life we really do not know which is the direction taken by our country.

Trust and obey! This, of course, is possible when those who are at the helm are so highly esteemed by the people as to deserve more confidence than one gives to one's own judgment, or when a people is so ignorant and feeble that it prefers to abdicate and submit its will to the leadership of the wiser and more powerful. Such is not the case with us. Our Prime Minister was not elected to that position in view of the European conflagration, nor did the people and the king intend to give Mr. Salandra so many and great responsibilities. Of

course, we all believe in the patriotism of those who are now at the head of the nation, but that does not necessarily mean to trust the political school they represent, and the method they would probably follow.

Who is the man embodying an especially high principle, respondent to the conscience and will of the people, to whom we can yield our will, and in whom we can put our trust? Lacking such a man, what remains but for each party to follow its own interest and opinion?

Let us briefly review what the different political parties in Italy think about the present war.

We may begin with the Catholics, the most conservative. Of course, when we speak here of the Catholics we mean the political, not the religious, party; that is, those who are Clericals. Through their organization and newspapers they say clearly that their tendency is to help Austria at any cost. This is not in consideration of Italian interests, as they are first Clericals and in a secondary sense Italians. Austria is the only country in which the papal temporal power is still spoken of, and whose constitution is thoroughly autocratic. For the Clerical party the defeat of Austria would not only mean the loss of their best friend, but the victory of the hated French revolutionists. Therefore, in the beginning they exhorted all to support Austria, and now that they understand the absurdity of this they are strongly for the next best thing, *i.e.*, neutrality at any cost. Even if it were by the instrumentality of Protestant Germany, their object is to defeat Catholic but anticlerical France.

To the Clerical is joined the Moderate party, whose best exponent is the present ministry. They also are for neutrality. There is no good which they would not desire for their country, but without daring anything. They are very prudent, and, being very uncertain, they wait for the best. There is only one thing they really care for, and that is the monarchy. They are not the representative of the majority of Italians, and if they are of the government of the country it is only because no other party, taken singly, is strong enough to assume that position. A newspaper thus expresses their thought: "Why must we decide if everybody is to decide? Why must we take responsibility if others take it?" Yet they are at the helm, and to any inquiry concerning the war they answer, "We are conscious of the interests of Italy and have them at heart." It seems that they do not understand that the question is not about their feeling, but about their method. As a matter of fact they are for neutrality, because they are also, as between democracy and imperialism, with the latter, this being nearer to monarchy.

How about the Socialists? Of course they are divided. The "official" Socialists are also for neutrality at any cost. The world for them is not divided at all into nationalities, into ethical systems, or commercial interests, but the issue is between capitalists and proletarians. They are pacifists of a special kind, since they do not desire war between nations, but between the different social classes. After all, they were elected on the platform of opposition to the war in Libya, and this may have an influence on their attitude.

But there is another section of Socialists, and it is the best—the so-called Reformists. Like the Republicans, they are for war against Austria. They think that the ideal of peace does not involve the crystallization of every injustice, and that peace in order to last must be based on justice. They really seem to be the only ones obeying real principles, but unfortunately they are but few.

Finally, there are the Nationalists, who are for the war at any cost. They were with the Catholics in favor of the Libyan enterprise, and against France in the beginning of the present war. Lately, as the Clericals are for neutrality and they absolutely desire war, they are strongly declaiming for war against Austria. Desiring a greater Italy, they are ready to sacrifice any principle to this end.

The lack of guiding principles is evident, the lack of great authoritative leaders is still more evident, and the great actual crisis finds us divided. Still, when the real "moment" shall come the man and the inspiration will come too. Meanwhile, who is to educate the nation, prepare the way for the future, advocate and represent lofty principles? The Church? It is too busy with its political intrigues. Sectarianism still less. "The present war shows the utter inadequacy and failure of the popular official, dogmatic, and conventional types of Christianity to religiously inspire and morally uplift mankind": so an American has written, and this is also my opinion. If this is true of any other nation, it is even more true of Italy. Who, then, shall represent and propagate such principles? The school? It is too poor and subordinate. The state? It has not realized yet that politics must have an ethical basis or it will be a danger and not a help to human society.

However, if going about the streets one looks at the faces of the people and hears them talk, one will see the Italian soul pulsating, conscious of the importance of this historical moment, eager to hear the inspiring word and to find the leader for the fated action of tomorrow. Where in these days shall we find another Mazzini?

Florence, Italy.

"Temperate" Intemperance.*

BY DR. WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

The old story of hard drinking and all its doomful consequences is pretty well known. It is the story of the 19 per cent. of divorces, the 25 per cent. of insanity, the 25 per cent. of poverty and 37 per cent. of pauperism, the 46 per cent. of child destitution, and the 50 per cent. of crimes. If but for mere pity's sake, it is worth while learning by heart this gruesome little table of statistics that almost sings itself like a dirge, —"19, 25, 25, 37, 46, 50." This is the table of misery at which the saloon-keepers fatten, and the brewers and distillers become millionnaires. That old story stands; but the story of "moderate drinking," of "temperate intemperance," of the one-glass habit, is only beginning to be rightly understood. To tell this latter story Joseph H. Crooker has written another of his useful little books, solid with facts and careful in reasoning, as always with him. "Shall I Drink?" is the title. As president of the Unitarian Temperance Society he has written much on the subject before; now he condenses the thought and study of years into these two hundred and fifty pages, and his statements carry authority.

To many of us the question he asks seems so radically different from the question "Shall I get drunk?" that we snap out directly opposite answers, "Yes" to the one as promptly as "No" to the other. The immediate surface-effect of moderate drinking is certainly exhilaration; and when little was known about the hidden effects that are just as certainly there, wise men and good women did not sacrifice much of their wisdom and goodness in choosing the cheer, so long as they practised the virtue of self-control in the choice. The evil, as they believed, lay all in excess, and they honestly urged that temperate

* Taken from an article in *Unity*.

Digitized by Google

drinking is the only true temperance. To-day these hidden effects have been traced, and the conditions of choice are no longer the same. Even twenty years ago, to Dr. Crooker's question "Shall I drink?" a young man facing his life might have answered "I will," and still have been intelligent and earnest; to-day, if one knows the recently proven facts about alcohol and decides so, it is equivalent to saying "I am willing to take strong chances of being not more than four-fifths of my possible self, and I am going to trade the chance of losing my other fifth for the pleasures of drink." Whoever thinks that such a statement as this exaggerates facts, but cares to examine these facts and judge for himself whether or not it is true, will find all that he needs for his purpose in Dr. Crooker's new book. The book covers in brief all the more important aspects of the alcohol problem. . . .

Now to tell where for many the book's chief helpfulness lies! It lies in its up-to-dateness about certain investigations, referred to above, of "moderate drinking," that are only beginning to be known and utilized here in America. Not all even of those long interested in the subject realize how much the campaign against alcohol has been recently strengthened by these investigations, and by the recent awakening in Europe which they have caused. Those who would learn more of this awakening should read another new book, Ernest Gordon's "Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe." By careful scientific experimentation it has lately become a verified fact that, speaking in averages, "moderate drinking," spite of the unlimbered tongue and the hour's exhilaration it gives, lessens human efficiency from 10 to 20 per cent.; and that, when it becomes a habit, it lowers in at least that degree one's all-round human vitality. By moderate drinking is meant a mug or two of 5-per-cent.-alcohol beer or a glass or two of light wine. By efficiency is meant alertness, accuracy, and steady endurance in work, general good judgment, and power to resist diseases and get along easily with people; by all-round vitality is meant these things and any others that make for the long life of health and happiness. The "10 to 20 per cent.," though of necessity a rough estimate from the various comparative tables of moderate drinkers and total abstainers, is no overestimate; it may be too low, and this is a scientific verification.

Ten to twenty per cent., then, of that which makes for my human efficiency and vigor and length of life, as against the hour's tickle to palate and prod to the spirits,—that is a startling fact to face for each individual who learns it. For him it is henceforth a conscious choice between those two values,—and then a question of self-control, "Have I the will-power?" This follows: Inasmuch as there are many "moderate drinkers" to one who badly befuddles himself, and many of *him* to the one poor fellow who reaches the gutter, asylum or prison through drink, this verified fact strongly suggests that it is not the legion of drunkards, but the Grand Army of Moderate Drinkers taken in mass, who are responsible for the larger part of the totalized social ravage wrought by the alcohol demon. He is a wise demon, and knows that he can secure far greater results through a hundred unconscious subjects than by two or three out-and-out victims. He has both, but it is "temperate intemperance" that gives him his heartiest chuckles.

To be more specific: Take any efficiency test that we will among these or their like—the shooting straight at a mark, the miles one can walk at a stretch, and other athletic competitions, the figures one can add or the lines one can memorize in a half-hour, one's time-reaction as shown by the alertness and sureness with which one can respond to signals, the amount of day's work one can do at his trade, the number of slips and mistakes he will average in that work during a day, and his liability to serious accidents in it as well as to scraps with fellow-workmen, the number of sick days off he will probably need in the course of the year, and the duration of the sickness when he has one, his danger of death, if the sickness be severe, and especially if it tend to pneumonia or tuberculosis, the years he is likely to live as the insurance company will figure them, should he apply for a policy, the stamina bodily, mental, and moral he will be likely to transmit to his offspring, and their likelihood of surviving the diseases of infancy. All these and other similar tests have been applied to groups of a dozen, a score, or a hundred, first of "moderate drinkers," and then of as many "total abstainers," or, where the case allows, to the same men, first on moderate alcohol, then on abstinent, days. The work has been done by experts in scientific experiment; and the averaged results in the two classes have been figured out in per cents.

They indicate what? That you and I, who fancy that no bad consequences ever happened or can happen to us through our guarded drinking, who in all sincerity believe perhaps that we are enabled to shoot straighter, walk farther, work better with body and mind, that we are less subject to sickness and get well faster, if we drink just a little, and who think it impossible and won't admit for a moment that that little daily drink of ours has anything whatever to do with friction at home, or with our child's liability to sickness, or with the small white casket in which perhaps we laid him early away, or, if he outlived the diseases of infancy, with his nursery waywardness or his backwardness in school or his lack of grip and success in after life,—that you and I, by our daily one or two mugs of beer or one or two glasses of wine, have in strong probability lowered our general efficiency and general vitality from 10 to 20 per cent.; and that experiences such as are pointed to here, if they have not already become, are all liable to become, our very own. The percentages and the likelihoods vary, of course, according to individual make-up and conditions, and I may escape this consequence, you that; but unless one is superman, living above all human averages, liability to all of them, and likelihood of many, attach to you and to me and to every other Brown, Jones, Smith, and Robinson, moderate drinkers who have never once been other than temperate in our intemperance.

Something like this, of course, is what temperance fanatics always have urged,—that alcohol *per se* is poison, and that the least of it injures. Yes, and the difference now is that it is proved that those fanatics were right, more right than they themselves were able to prove or to know. That doctrine of theirs is no longer a say-so of any one's prejudice or faith, but an uncolored scientific determination. Alcohol is a narcotic poison, to be classed with ether, chloroform, opium; its use in the body, such as it is, is that of a poisonous drug. "Proved where, and when, and how, and by whom, is all this?" Mainly abroad; mainly within the fourteen years of this century; mainly by German university professors and their like, men of exactness and thoroughness, masters of research and experiment, who have carried out long investigations of themselves, of soldiers, of workmen in factories, of children in schools, of mothers in homes, of patients in hospitals and asylums, of life and accident insurance statistics, and of government reports concerning dependents and criminals. Their results have been verified by different investigators, with different groups, in different countries. The experiments have sometimes gone on for years, and the groups on which

Digitized by Google

some of the percentages are calculated embrace hundreds of cases. We may as well surrender to the evidence, or we shall soon be Brudder Jaspers, denying that the earth goes round the sun.

It is true that results contradicting theirs are still occasionally reported; and these reports are naturally welcomed by moderate drinkers and paraded with loud acclaim by the liquor trade. But such reports grow fewer and fewer, and re-examination of the evidence offered in them seems almost fatedly apt to reveal careless—sometimes it looks like careful—misrepresentation of facts, and so in the end to add confirmation to the other conclusion. It is hard to see how these contrary reports can be honestly believed very much longer by intelligent men. Many of the liquor advertisements admitted to-day by respectable papers, such as those claiming for beer important value as food, will soon become lies of the liquor trade, and the papers admitting them become partners in fraud. Nothing is more noticeable in the whole change than the growing consensus of the more competent medical men and medical journals in the new views. The use of alcohol in hospitals as a stimulant is approaching non-use,—it acts in so many more ways, and so much more potently, as a poison than as a food.

The new knowledge is bound before long to filter down and spread widely through society. The brewers, distillers, saloon-keepers may believe as they will; and many a moderate drinker, of course, will take chances in the old way, and to the question "Shall I drink?" answer "I certainly shall"; and many of these by their example will still tempt brothers to take the chance and reap the consequence; and some of these chancers will graduate as of old into drunkards,—what other source is there of drunkards than moderate drinkers? But there are certain men, already convinced, whose conviction will soon tend strongly to settle the decision against drink for thousands. Captains of industry and large manufacturers, hard-headed business men, far-seeing, forceful men looking out for their profits, are already believing the newly proved facts and beginning to act on the belief. This is the age of efficiency. With competition keen as it now is, a recognized 10 per cent. difference in the efficiency of a workman is going to make the difference between employment and non-employment, between promotion and non-promotion, between a higher wage and a lower. The job is going to turn preacher and win more converts to total abstinence than the Father Mathews ever have won; and the burden of the new preacher will be that there is no such thing as temperate intemperance, that the one glass not only breeds danger of the second and third glass, but is itself a definite, measurable, devitalizing intemperance. The accession of large employers of labor to this view of the matter will be followed by that of smaller employers, and is not unlikely to change the whole front and push of the temperance movement. Railroad companies were among the earliest to recognize the new evidence and, with the hearty approval of the public, to require abstinence in their employees. At first they required it of them only on duty, but now they are passing beyond this to require it when off duty as well, because the effect of even yesterday's drink is found to beget accidents and endanger the passenger to-day. Next come the great manufacturing and mining companies. Another cloud with a silver lining shall be instance: the very last word from the scene of the Colorado mining tragedy is that "with the advent of the federal troops all saloons in the coal-mining districts were closed, and as a result the efficiency of the workmen has greatly improved, the average production of coal per man increasing about 10 per cent.,—in one district from 5.85 to 6.52 tons per day, which meant an average increase in wages of over 11 per cent. per man." It is typical: wherever saloons and drinking can be eliminated, employers, employees, and the general public are all immediately and greatly benefited.

One special new feature of industry, the compensation for injury laws, now fast spreading from State to State, under which employers are becoming responsible for accidents to their employees,—this and the whole growing group of growing "social insurance" ideas are sure to work strongly and rapidly in the same direction. Why employ a man whose moderate alcohol habit renders him 10 per cent. more liable than another to costly accidents? The public conscience will certainly approve the refusal, the more readily if the costs of the compensation are transferred to the public in the form of raised prices. Insurance companies, sick benefit societies, even the trade unions, not sensitive to the ethics of differentiated labor, will see the point and begin to apply it; and if, in future, society is going to take better care of its dependents and victims, it will claim, and justly claim, increasing right to prevent the habit which more than any other source breeds the dependents and victims. That makes the growing justification of prohibition and, by and by rather than now, it may justify the proposed Constitutional Amendment.

The United States of Europe.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I.

[This remarkable paper by Dr. Hale was first printed in *Old and New* in 1871, just after the Franco-German war, and reprinted a few years ago in the Appendix to the edition of "The Great Design of Henry IV.," published by the World Peace Foundation, which has also just published in pamphlet form Victor Hugo's famous address upon "The United States of Europe," given at the opening of the International Peace Congress at Paris, in 1849. Sir Max Waechter in England and President Nicholas Murray Butler in this country have recently revived the idea of a United States of Europe, the latter as a practical proposal for the solution of the present distractions and almost anarchy of Europe. In connection with this revival, Dr. Hale's prophecy of a time when a United States of Europe and a United States of America should work co-operatively side by side for a united world has new and distinct significance.]

In the midst of war this phrase begins to assume its importance as the promise of peace. It embodies the policy which the republican leaders of Europe propose. More than this, although most of the republics of Europe are yet to be born, still the phrase "The United States of Europe" begins to be spoken among princes and in their cabinets. For three hundred years, at the very least, every war in Europe, and every treaty, has prepared the way for such a union. For the last five and fifty years the advance has been more rapid and sure.

It is very true that, as the proposal for such a union has been discussed in the literature of Europe, as in the essays of Saint-Pierre, Rousseau, Immanuel Kant, Bentham, or de Maistre, the burden of proof has been always against it. Men speak of it now, whenever it turns up, as if it were a part of the dreamer's store of visions, belonging with Ovid's Golden Age or with the fabled knights of the Round Table; and, as the world goes, to say that we shall

Digitized by Google

have the United States of Europe only when all princes are as pure as King Arthur, all ladies as lovely as the peerless Oriana, all knights as brave as Amadis, is to put it off indefinitely to the perfect world. But it happens, very fortunately, that over a part of another continent, which is for practical purposes larger than Europe, this system, which it is so easy to call a dream, is already extended. It happens that the transitory vision has lasted as a sober reality in America for eighty years. It happens that in that eighty years it has twice met the shock of foreign war and come out only the stronger for the conflict; nay, in the course of that eighty years the United States of America has been threatened once by terrible internal convulsion. The question was then brought to the test of arms, whether, as Mr. Lincoln says, "A system light and easy enough for the freedom of the people must of necessity be too weak for its own preservation." And in that terrible test the United States of *America* stood the rack and the convulsion. After that terrible test the United States of *America* was stronger than ever and it seemed more certain that it would abide for another century the greatest Peace Society that the sun ever looked down upon.

The real question, then, for Europe at this hour is, whether there is any fatality in that continent which prevents such a union among her sixteen states as has proved possible, though not easy, among seven and thirty States in America. History has changed the Saxon Heptarchy of seven kingdoms into one England. History has united that England with Wales. History has knit England, Scotland, and Ireland into the United Empire of Great Britain. History has knit all the Russias into the Empire of Russia. History has united Normandy, Brittany, France, Navarre, Lorraine, and Alsace into the Empire of France. History has united Aragon, Leon, and Castile into the Kingdom of Spain. History has woven a dozen states of yesterday into the Kingdom of Italy of to-day. Even in the last summer and autumn, history has transformed the confederation of Northern Germany into a union close and sure. The question for Europe is, whether this is all? Must the process stop here? Is there any reason why America should be the only continent for permanent peace? Is Europe to be given over to permanent war? Or may Europe, in the future, learn its great lesson from this side of the water, and the United States of America point the fundamental system for the United States of Europe?

The public writers of Europe, when they look across the ocean, are wholly deceived even by our great success. They write and speak as if mutual peace were of course here, as if we had been always one nation. They forget that the Spaniard in Florida and the Englishman in Georgia hated each other and fought each other as cordially as ever Queen Elizabeth hated King Philip of Spain, till the United States of America compelled Georgia and Florida to be as one. Such writers forget that between Louisiana and Kentucky there was as little natural love as between the France whose children were in Louisiana and the England whose children were in Kentucky. They do not choose to remember that the Catholic who planted Maryland and the Puritan who planted Massachusetts had just the same causes for mutual hatred as had the Catholic and Roundhead in Ireland who fought there in the days of Cromwell.

The truth is, that at the period when the Constitution of the United States was formed there was not one of the old thirteen States but had serious questions of controversy with its neighbors. Massachusetts had by charter a right to a strip of country as wide as Massachusetts, running to the Pacific Ocean. The State of Connecticut had rights similar, though not so large. Each of those States had a controversy with each other, both of them with New York, and all of them with Virginia. These are only illustrations of open questions, just like the questions which once and again deluge Europe with blood. What settled these questions? Nothing in the nature of things. They were settled simply and only by the establishment of the nation—one out of many—which we call "The United States of America."

And, unless all coming history is to be the record of blood, a lesson is in that history which is to be learned and wrought out in practice in the establishment of the United States of Europe. The experiment has been tried here under some signal advantages, but meanwhile the preparations for a like experiment have been going forward there. It is nearly three centuries since the diplomacy of Europe began to meditate upon the plan. The accomplishment of that plan is easier than ever now that these three centuries have worked toward its fulfilment.

It seems worth while just now to examine the history of that diplomacy, because it seems possible that this country, with an example so admirable of peace secured in face of every difficulty, may at this moment speak the word of the great pacification, "Let us have peace." The most sublime expression that has yet fallen from the lips of the taciturn President is the great word which United America has a right to speak to disunited Europe. I do not know whether at this moment there are any statesmen in the world. If there are, is not this very moment of war, of defeat of the proud and victory of the prudent, the very moment to bring forward again the hope which two centuries and a half ago seemed so near accomplishment? Has not the time come for a power as strong as ours to speak in the interests of permanent peace in Christendom? Has not the time come for us all to be ready to say the right word and to do the right thing when the great man of to-day, whoever he may prove to be, speaks the great word which the greatest king of France spoke before this country was born? Has there ever been a moment when all true men could act together as in this sea of troubles they might act to establish the United States of Europe? And if the great man of Europe, whoever he may be, speaks that great word and lays the plans for that great harmony, may not this land of ours, which has given the great example, do more than any land to make real the sublime idea? Our statesmanship, our policy, our international science —they have no object at this moment so noble, nay, they have none so real, as the advance, by one of the great strides of history, of a permanent peace among the states of Christendom.

With this conviction, I ask the reader's attention to the first appearance in diplomacy of this "Great Design."

Henry of Navarre, the first sovereign of his time as he was its first soldier, had been born almost in poverty, and had been trained in misfortune. It would be fair to say, almost, that he had been nursed on the battle-field. Protestants have looked askance on him because he permitted himself to be received in form into the Roman Church; but probably the severest critic will admit that Henry in this apostacy, if it were such, acted with the noblest motive, in the hope, which was well founded, of securing France from civil war. This is certain, that he earned the eager love of his Protestant followers and the complete respect of his Catholic subjects. Through the poverty, persecution, bloodshed, and struggle of youth, he wrought his way at last to the united throne of France and Navarre, and founded that dynasty which came to its end in 1830.

His friend and minister, de Rosny, afterward Duke of Sully, has left us in his memoirs better material for the real life of this great sovereign than we often have for such history. Once and again in those memoirs is allusion

Digitized by Google

made to the king's "ten wishes." Some of them were such as any man may share. Some were peculiar to kings.

The first wish of the king is for divine grace and the safety of his soul; the second is that his Protestant subjects may live in peace; the third, that France may hold her own against all enemies; and the *fourth*, alas! that he may be rid of his wife forever.

One of the ten wishes is that he may win a battle in person over the king of Spain in person, and so they vary, now personal and now political, till nine of the ten are named. These nine, it seems, were well known at court —matters, perhaps, of conversation and amusement there. The king had ten wishes, and the courtiers knew nine of them. The tenth was more secret; he only spoke of it with statesmen and his wisest counsellors. The tenth wish was always spoken of as the "Great Design"; and it would seem that unless one were well trained in the secrets of diplomacy in those days one knew nothing more of it. This tenth wish of the soldier-king, this Great Design, which was to crown all his laurels with a new wreath of glory, was his design for the United States of Europe.

It is convenient now to speak of such a project as a dream; but, as we have seen, it is a dream which has proved a living reality here in America. And when in America even ten States rebelled, which had been permitted to nurse one institution false to every principle of a republic, when they tried the strength of the dream they found that the Christian commonwealth was what it was said to be eighteen centuries ago; they found it was strong with the strength of a divine builder; they found it was reared upon the Rock of Ages. "Whosoever shall fall on that stone shall be broken; on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder." They tried the experiment; and now they know the meaning of the prophecy. It is convenient for people who distrust God's power and Christ's kingdom to look on such a project as a dream; but that is not the way it was considered when it was last brought forward, when the condition of Europe seemed ripe for it, and it needed only, one would say, two or three great men to carry it through. Are there possibly two or three such men at the helm of affairs in America or in Europe now?

(To be continued.)

The Church and the Crisis.

The present situation of the world is an impeachment alike of our statesmanship and our religion; but it is our religion which stands impeached most gravely. Why is it that when Christian England and Christian Germany, or the United States and Spain, fall out, or their interests conflict, the English and the German part of it steps instantly to the front, and the Christian part of it goes instantly into abeyance? Is a misnamed "patriotism" forever to take first place in the affairs of nations, and religion, the responsible representative and sponsor of humanity, in every real crisis silently to take second place?

Is this order of precedence and influence to be patiently accepted as the permanent order in Christendom? Has the Church Universal, the world's great international body, with its constant preaching that above all nations is humanity, no such real identification with its preaching, no such corporate consciousness, imperative or power, as to keep its members in momentous times from forgetting themselves in their religious and international capacity and acting only in their jealous national capacity? If this is so, then clearly the world must develop some new agency for the expression and application of its moral forces.

There was a time when the Christian Church took no such humiliating and ineffective place in the political life of Christendom. Because of that era we are in the habit of reproaching it with being far behind this free time in spirit, and under almost despotic control. The Church of the Middle Ages would have scorned to be silent amid the disputes and conflicts of nations. The Holy See at Rome was a continuous peace tribunal; and the sundry Merovingians and Carolingians and Plantagenets were never permitted to forget, amidst their rivalries, that there was a mighty international religious power above them, which their own subjects respected and revered, which would and did bring them sharply to book if they went too far. The "truce of God" was called with drastic power when turbulence became too menacing.

Is the Church in this day of greater democracy content to be less virtuous and potent than the Church in the day of despotism? Have the forms of religious freedom no instrumentalities by which the Church can make itself count for something in the hour of men's greatest need? Must the Church merely fall into line with the tavern and the club in the supine and ghastly chant of "Fight to the finish?" Is there nothing for the world's organized moral forces to do until the exhausted fighters themselves beg them to do something?

We surely know what an American Church, made up of free and democratic Hildebrands would do. Within a fortnight it would send twelve apostles to the churches of England and, after conference with these, to the churches of Germany, taking English apostles with them and bringing German apostles back to England. The talk would not be of how the war began, or who was to blame, but how the war could be stopped and reconstruction begun on Christian principles. Where are the hundred English Christians and the hundred German Christians who, half-a-dozen years ago, exchanged such demonstrative fraternal visits? Have all forgotten the Christianity of it, only to believe to-day, as Englishmen and Germans, that courteous and serious conference between them, which might light some lamp in the darkness, is not possible? The thought is not to be tolerated.

The trouble with the Church is that it forgets, in time of stress, as the mediæval Church at its best did not forget, that it is indeed an international organization, existing not for the salvation of England or Russia or America, but for the salvation and control of men. If it understood its own definition and commission, if it had as much faith as fear, ten apostolic voices would on the morrow become ten thousand; and no man shall say that even the Christmas bells might not be bells of hope.—*Edwin D. Mead, in the Boston Advertiser.*

A Petition.*

As a small congregation of plain men and women, we feel our utter powerlessness in the presence of the appalling calamity in which the present war is involving mankind. But we are conscious of belonging to a great nation whose influence in world affairs is mighty. To you as the head of this nation various appeals have come from the warring countries themselves. Any word that you, as representing the people of the United States, may send to them will be received with utmost respect. We therefore earnestly petition you, as spokesman for this neutral nation, to appeal to the peoples now at war for an immediate cessation of hostilities in order that the international conference, by means of which existing controversies must eventually be settled, may begin at once.

We believe that four months of a war participated in by nations in the van of civilization amply suffice for the

*From the congregation of the First Parish Church, Scituate, Mass., to the President of the United States.

Digitized by Google

teaching of whatever lessons for mankind such a war may contain. It is our conviction that the establishment of a durable peace, founded on international justice and good will, will be rendered vastly more difficult if this war shall be fought to a finish. The governments and the peoples of the countries now at war know what war means as they did not four months ago. All are chastened, but as yet neither side is elated by victory or humiliated by defeat. The ambition of the victor to dominate forever, and the longing of the vanquished for revenge, do not now exist as obstacles to permanent peace as they will if the war be prolonged to a decisive issue. Whichever side might win, humanity as a whole would lose by the sacrifice of lives through which humanity might have been enriched and ennobled.

These are reasons why our country should take a strong initiative for peace, nor wait to be formally asked to mediate. The time to act like reasonable, civilized human beings is always now. Postponement is never advantageous, never necessary. And an appeal to reason is always in order. If our country's influence is in favor of prolonging the war, how can we escape responsibility for its inevitable cruelties, its irreparable destructions?

Furthermore, it is not simply in the interest of civilization and of humanity as a whole that our nation has a right and a duty to speak in the present crisis. We ourselves are suffering, and shall suffer, from this war. Our accumulation of wealth which ought to finance a conquering war against disease, ignorance, poverty, vice, and crime in our own country must be heavily drawn upon to repair the ravages of the war in Europe. Worse by far than our financial loss is the moral deterioration which is unmistakably manifesting itself among us as the natural consequence of this war. Our overtaxed sympathies are becoming blunted to its horrors, and we seem to be beginning to regard it as an intensely exciting spectacle, a football game on a colossal scale in which we are eager to see points scored before time is called. Various business interests are clutching with greedy joy opportunities afforded by the distress of foreign competitors, and insidiously the deadly evil of militarism, whose natural outcome is war, is fastening upon us.

Moved by these and other weighty considerations, and remembering that "the time draws near the birth of Christ," with its powerful suggestion of peace and good will, we implore you, Mr. President, to disregard precedents in an unprecedented situation, and speak to the warring peoples, through their governments, your strongest possible word for common sense, for civilization, for humanity, for the Christmas spirit of all-embracing love.

Belief in God.

In this great mystery of life, if we have faith but as a grain of mustard-seed, let us be thankful. We need not be troubled because we cannot comprehend the infinite, nor because our thought of what it is like may change. Our symbols fail because knowledge grows. Our dearest customs may come to seem like an old garment no longer fitting, but this may be due to a profounder reverence and a purer conscience. When we are weary of discussion and form, and catch some glimpse of the sublime meanings of the least things in Nature, or are deeply touched by some passages in our own experience, or a still small voice speaks to us from some depth of power or tenderness, oh, then, let us wrap our face in our mantle, and be still and know that it is God. What God is we may not understand, but that he is may yet be the strongest assurance of the reverent mind. We may be able to give little account of him, and yet trust in the unknown depths of being may deepen through all our faithful experience. If only we keep close to the simplicity of the fact, if only we do not require the impossible, if only we avoid every kind of pretence, then our faith in God may become the sustaining power felt in all that we have to do or bear. It will seem good to us that he is greater than our highest thought. We shall not murmur because there are problems which are forever dark to us, and we shall refrain from counsel in which is no light.

We need not the ambitious thought, but the heart of living trust and simple faith. We need a link of communion between our lives and the life of all. We need a reliance that is strong amid the glooms and mists of our finite lot, the feeling that there is something there beneath all our weakness and want of knowledge on which hope and love may rest.—*Rev. Austin S. Garver.*

Spiritual Life.

Not what we think or say, but what we do, will have its effect upon the world. Let, therefore, the thinker do and the doer think.—*Rob Roy McNully.*

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasms. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

There are few signs in a soul's state more alarming than that of religious indifference; that is, the spirit of thinking all religious equally true, the real meaning of which is, that all religions are equally false.—*F. W. Robertson.*

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Almighty and Everlasting God, who hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and who hast taught us by the mouths of holy prophets, which have been since the world began, that Thou art our Father and all men our brethren: Speak, we beseech Thee, amid the fear and sorrow of this hour, Thy rebuke of lust and hatred, violence and force, lest we forget that all Thy laws are loving-kindness and all Thy paths are peace. Dispel the ignorance and blast the superstition which see in the drawn sword the security of nations, that we may learn to trust, in quietness and confidence, the work of righteousness and love. Reveal to us our sins of prejudice and pride and passion, that we may see the sowing of the tares of misery now reaped in blood and tears and know Thy judgments still are true and righteous altogether. Comfort with Thy pity and shelter with Thy grace the unoffending women and helpless children who mourn their loved and lost, and flee in unfamiliar places the waste of fire and sword. Strengthen those who minister to the wounded and forsaken. Bless the peacemakers of every land who live in hope and work in faith. Stay the tide of slaughter now ravaging the world. And speed, oh, speed the happy day, foreseen of old, when all nations and races and peoples shall be one, and wars and rumors of wars be at last no more. Amen.—*Rev. John Haynes Holmes, in New York Herald.*

Digitized by Google

A Story in Stone.

The Nubian Desert lies before,
The sun shines on the yellow sands,
The Nile glides by the golden shore,
Where Abou Simbel's temple stands

On either side the portal wide
Behold a noble, stately pair;
With princely plumes, in pomp and pride,
Colossal, calm, the brave and fair.

King Rameses, the strong, we read,
The monarch great in peace or strife,
Made this for one he loves indeed,
And who loves him, his royal wife.

Thus reads the hieroglyphic tale
Three thousand years engraved in stone;
One glimpse it gives behind the veil
That time has o'er their story thrown.

The tale the distant ages tell
Is still the theme of life and song;
Nor high nor low escape the spell,
While human hearts beat true and strong.

No more we see a king and queen,
But simple man and woman know,
Though centuries have rolled between,
Love was three thousand years ago.

—*Emily Tolman, in "To a Summer Cloud, and Other Poems"*

The Constant Aim.

The work of an American naval officer in improving the marksmanship of the navy is well known. By his training and inventiveness, our gunners stand in the first rank in this respect. The method by which proficiency has been reached is interesting. It consists in compensating for the movements of the vessel in the swell of the sea. Hitherto, aim could be centred on the object, and, if that had been all that was necessary, it would have been successful. But the remaining element of chance came from rise and fall and roll of the ship. It was a matter of luck whether the best aim would not the next instant be neutralized. The difficulty was overcome by placing a telescope on each side of the gun and a mechanism by which the man looking through the glass could keep his side unvaryingly on the mark. However the vessel tossed and swayed, there was a man on each side of the gun keeping it true. Thus has been realized a constant aim.

The constant aim in the perturbations of human experience is the hardest part of life to fulfil. Not only wind and tide bring disturbance beyond control, but the variations of will itself sway our aim. Different worths appeal to us. One cause lifts us in one direction, and another cause in another; we get involved in comparisons which divert our attention and set us discussing whether this aim is to be uppermost in our minds, or another. When one person is perplexed to know how to adjust his effort, another has tied his will to a chosen direction which sends him as far from the main object as though he also had been confused. It is hard to say which is more unfortunate, the vacillation of choice or the fixity of decision. Both may miss the target. The trouble is that neither can stay on the mark. Inward uncertainty and outward circumstance sway the will, and action fails to score.

The men who have gained skill through experience in compensating for other forces in order to keep true to one purpose sometimes appear to be unreliable. We see them among various aims moving up and down, this way and that, and we say that they are evasive and uncertain. We cannot interest them in what interests us to the same degree that we feel interested. They show appreciation and sympathy, and then they veer away in another direction. The reform we think goes to the root of the matter they study and then neglect. Our pet scheme for improvement they look at and then seem to forget. They have a reputation for public spirit and generosity, and we hear of good works which prove the reputation valid; but when we go to them with our enterprise they are as unyielding as though they were not generous at all. After our disappointment is over, and inquiry succeeds blame, we generally find a reason for what disappointed and offended us. These persons had concluded that, if their interests and abilities were to be at the disposal of all the calls of life whenever they happened to come and at the valuation each puts on itself, they would never achieve anything in particular, and might find themselves lost in everything in general. They had settled with themselves what was to be their mark. They had made up their mind that if they were to hit this mark they must keep a constant aim, and they had made the valuable discovery that in order to keep fixity as to this mark they must move easily up and down among all other aims. They had found the way to attain the constant aim, and their seeming inconstancy was but a means of acquiring this constant aim.

It is probably best for all concerned that the constant aim should be kept even at the risk of seeming indifference to other aims just as good or better. It is more for the benefit of the world that men should strike their mark, if it is worth hitting, and be sure of it every time, than it is for them to make a hazard of the matter and hit all round the bull's-eye. It is better to keep true to one chosen object than it is to accommodate the aim to every nearer expediency. Life is more like a vessel than a cement foundation. Whatever we rest our wills on moves. It is only in ethics that behavior can be worked out to a finish. Only in moral discussion can a fixed basis be assumed and duty reckoned from a stable support. When we carry from such discussion its conclusions, and expect life to yield the same result, we are bound to suffer lack. We not only have not allowed for perturbations, but we have not devised any way of making the allowance accurate. Then we wonder why a course of action so carefully prepared went awry. The reason was that we assumed what does not in fact exist. Circumstances alter, we alter, and are never in one stay. So our best aim went wild. We forgot that we shot from a continually shifting base, and made no allowance for the fact.

This method of attaining a constant aim is to be commended to the chastened reflection of those who are specially apt to pride themselves on their consistency, on their rigid adherence to principle. Such strong-willed and clear-minded people are the puzzle of themselves and their too obsessed friends. They are so direct, and positive, and noble, and admirable. Yet of them it is oftenest said that the things they take in hand are less apt to be put through than less worthy things in less worthy hands. Very good people, who genuinely desire the best things, do not work for them or vote for them when they are put forward under these irreproachable auspices. The common explanation turns us into pessimists. It says that this is no kind of world for very good people to live in or for very good things to get done. The explanation with the best chance of explaining the thing, and of showing us the way, is the explanation based on the necessity of obtaining at the start, not a fixed and immovable standpoint, but a very easily movable one. It is the target that is to be kept in the line of the gun, the bull's-eye that we must keep steadily on the cross-lines of the telescope. It is not our fixity that is important, but its fixity; and to keep that fixity we must have a certain power to keep variable. As to the very unstable ground which experience is, we must keep alert, never fixed to that ground; as to the object we have in mind, we must keep true and steady. The only way to achieve our aim is to be able to veer and rise when the support falls, and fall when it rises. Shooting with a rest is all right when the rest is not moving; but when it is itself capricious, the free arm is requisite, and a nice adjustment of mechanism that does with the big guns what the free arm does with the small ones.

This necessity is what will always make human nature necessary. In the battles of living there are no rules so perfect, no laws so comprehensive, no sciences so complete, that men and women can always be sure of themselves. The tides and waves of life make a very complex sort of movement. That is what we have to stand on. There is no solid rock of immunity from temptation or freedom from disturbance. That is the one fact we have to allow for. When we look for assurance we had best be content with this assurance. And then we can set about the real business of principle, which is to hold itself so true that it has no adhesions to the things that are shaken, that it keeps free of them and unattached among them. The will that is strong in a less flexible way will not be will at all; it will be obstinacy. The aim that is high without such quickness of adaptation will never, for all its height, hit its mark. But with the constant aim, constant in always keeping in view its purpose, and doing so sometimes through a seeming inconstancy, willing to forego lesser advantage for the sake of the truer advantage, and using vitality more than conformity, the achievement is bound to follow. One may even see how it was truly said: "He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall save it."

Christmas Booklets.

The booklets published by the North End Union School of Printing are especially desirable for Christmas remembrances. Many of them have been written by Rev. Charles F. Dole with that definite purpose in view. There are now nearly forty different titles, most of which are appropriate for Christmas. They are attractively printed and sell at a uniform price of ten cents. A full assortment is carried by the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street. The

Digitized by Google

School of Printing, 20 Parmenter Street, will send a list of the booklets on application and fill orders by mail.

Literature.

THE KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.—A charming little allegory (teaching perfection and happiness through self-surrender to the Highest), whose Indian framework and touch of asceticism need not prevent a Westerner's enjoying it and taking its lesson to heart.

THE JOYFUL HEART. By Robert Haven Schauffler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.—The ethical function of joy is too little considered by most people. This volume may be considered a sort of non-theological exposition of the injunction "Rejoice alway." The author brings out the value of enthusiasm and sympathy, and shows how a human being may enjoy in a good way his own society without undervaluing the society of his fellows.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS. By Noah Brooks. New York: Scribner's.—It is pleasant to read the announcement of a book by Noah Brooks, and the fact that it was written almost forty years ago does not impair its interest. It is the story of a search for gold in the days when the wagon of the emigrant toiled for weeks over trails that are now crossed in a few hours. The story of the early pioneers should not be forgotten, and Mr. Brooks, as a careful historian, knew how to tell it faithfully, bringing out the interest without sacrificing truth. His boys are no impossible heroes, and far from perfect. Their adventures and deserved success illustrate a tale of hard work and plucky determination.

PROBLEMS OF CONDUCT. By Durant Drake. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.—This book may be recommended to high schools and colleges, and, indeed, to all persons interested in ethical discussion. Prof. Drake, discarding as far as possible the technicalities of the schools, writes plainly and convincingly of the origin of moral ideas, the nature and function of conscience, and of the scope of private and public morality. His treatment of the part played by instinct in our ethical judgments is suggestive. As the title indicates, he discusses many practical problems of to-day, and always with so much good sense, good feeling, and absence of prejudice that the book makes enjoyable reading, and will help the reader to understand and perhaps to solve some of the questions that meet us in our daily life.

THE GRAND ASSIZE. By Hugh Carton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.—In this striking and most suggestive book sinners of to-day appear before the Court for judgment. The plutocrat, the grand lady, the Circe, and Mrs. Grundy make their honest confessions no less than the derelict, the drunkard, the prostitute, and others between these types. The motives of each are laid bare, the process and the results of sinning analyzed, the mitigating word spoken by a friendly advocate, and then comes the decision of the Judge with the penalty required. The working of injustice and the transgression of those laws which poor human nature has worked out for its own guidance are pictured with steady force and insight. It can hardly be but that some who read this book will in their own hearts feel the pain of the confession and take to themselves the words of the Judge, in which stern condemnation and a thought of the redemptive power of suffering and struggle blend.

THE CRUISE OF THE JANET NICHOL. By Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Scribner's. $1.75 net.—Cruising in the South Seas is described here with a realistic richness of detail that would make the chapters interesting even without the magic of the name of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mrs. Stevenson originally intended this diary to be a collection of hints to help her husband's memory where his own diary had fallen behind, and it often happened that incidents she narrates were amplified and used in his. These are now omitted and the book is therefore a supplement of his travels, and not a repetition of material already used. The two had many strange and interesting experiences together and met many astonishing persons, natives of the islands and others. They bore discomfort with rejoicing if they won thereby a better acquaintance with natives whom most people would seek strenuously to avoid. Mrs. Stevenson speaks of this as perhaps the happiest period of her life. It would be hard to imagine a period more crowded with unusual sights and incidents.

THE CHANGING DRAMA. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.—Mr. Henderson here makes a study in part of the drama generally, but particularly of the contemporary drama. This is changing, he says, from the old individualism to a portraiture of social conditions; it reflects in its serious, critical tone the spirit of our age; it takes the real, living time and deals with its problems. Doubtless, a similar function belongs to the literature of every age; but it is natural for a critic of the present day to lay stress on the presentation of social evils and ethical perplexities that is prominent in so many plays. Mr. Henderson's historical and æsthetic interest leads him to ascribe great educative influence to the drama; it is, he thinks, the most effective form of appeal to the people. It is not necessary to go as far as that; there are many factors that go to create our ethical atmosphere. But this volume will help preachers and other moralists to form a proper estimate of the function and the power of the drama, and may induce some to lend a hand in purifying and elevating it. Many important questions, æsthetic and ethical, are touched on by Mr. Henderson, answers to which would require a volume.

Music Received.

From William A. Pond & Co.

Three Little Maids from School are We. Trio. Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, No. 5 in G. Solo and Chorus. By Albert J. Holden.
Jubilate Deo. Solo and Chorus. By Albert J. Holden.
Beautiful Isle of the Sea. Quartette for mixed voices, without accompaniment. By J. R. Thomas.
In My Father's House. Anthem for mixed voices. By Charles B. Blount.
O Sing unto the Lord a New Song. Cantate Domino. By Albert J. Holden.
Te Deum Laudamus. Solo and Chorus. By Albert J. Holden.
Soldiers of Christ, Arise. Solo in F. By Edward M. Read.
Soldiers of Christ, Arise. Solo in D. By Edward M. Read.

CHRISTMAS SERMONS
BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

What has the Birth of Jesus done for the World?
Old and New Ideas concerning the Divinity of Jesus.
The True Coming of Christ.
Christ and Other Masters.
The Joys of Christmas.
What Good has the Birth of Jesus brought to the World?
Jesus as Author and Finisher of Faith.
The Original Element in the Teaching of Jesus.
The Influence of Christ an Increasing Power in Human Life.
The Leadership of Jesus.

For the use of Post-office Mission Workers and any one interested. Sent free of any charge.

Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke
91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

This book was printed as a memorial volume to commemorate Dr. Clarke's one hundredth birthday. The sermons were selected from the large number of those which expressed Dr. Clarke's spirit of hope, a spirit which never failed him in the darkest hours of life, and, therefore, may bring a little strength and comfort to others at this time when hope, founded on faith and the Providence of God, is so much needed.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF LIFE

SERMONS BY

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

The Joys of Christmas; A Happy New Year; How to Get the Most out of the Coming Year; The Transformation of Years into Life; The Genuine Prayer; The House of God and the Gate of Heaven; Homes in Heaven and on Earth; The Old and New View of the Hereafter; Souls Already Risen with Christ; What God Gives He Gives Forever; From Faith to Faith; Man Doth not Live by Bread Alone; The Unknown God and the Known God; Be not Weary in Well-doing; Do not be Discouraged; Rejoice Evermore; All Things are Yours; The Unspeakable Gift; The Transfiguration of Life.

NOT BEFORE PRINTED IN BOOK FORM

PRICE, $1.00 (by mail, $1.10)
ADDRESS
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

The Home.

A Letter from a Cat.

Dear Editor:—

I hereby take
My pen in paw to say,
Can you explain a curious thing
I found the other day?
There is another little cat
Who sits behind a frame,
And looks so very much like me,
You'd think we were the same
I try to make her play with me;
Yet, when I mew and call,
Though I see her mew in answer,
She makes no sound at all.
And to the dullest kitten
It's plain enough to see
That either I am mocking her
Or she is mocking me.
It makes no difference what I play,
She seems to know the game;
For every time I look around,
I see her do the same.
And yet no matter though I creep
On tiptoe lest she hear,
Or quickly dash around the frame,
She's sure to disappear.

—*Oliver Herford.*

The New Kingdom.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

Myra Darrell looked round the depot in surprise. She had never before returned from her summer vacation without seeing her father's welcoming smile, and Dora's dancing steps, just outside the gate.

She waited for a minute or so and then, a little hurt, rather indignant, but chiefly troubled, she took the street-car home.

Her spirits rose as she neared her destination. Much as she had enjoyed her visit to Aunt Kate, home was dear, Boston an adorable place in which to live, and the coming winter, with its classes, it's congenial companionships, its intellectual and artistic pleasures, comprised all that she wanted, except, perhaps, that trip to Europe that must come in a summer or two.

"Why, here's Myra!"

It was Dora's voice, shocked and startled, that first made Myra realize that this dismantled place was really the home she had left. Now it was bare of furniture. Her father was directing the packing of some of his best-beloved pictures; her mother was bestowing china in a barrel filled with excelsior. Their faces were tired and sad. Dora alone, with the vast horizon of thirteen years, seemed fairly cheerful.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

Myra returned her mother's embrace, and then rushed into her father's arms.

"Mother! Father! What is it?"

It was soon told. Heavy losses, including the loss of her father's position; the decision that he must return to the farm left so many years ago; and the sudden chance to sublease the town house, if it could be immediately vacated,—these were the contributing causes to her lonely return home, and the condition of the home itself.

Dora, vaguely conscious that she ought to be much more unhappy than she was, was trying to subdue her excitement at the prospect of the change. Myra understood and resented her cheerfulness, but her father's crushed and hopeless expression made her force her own sorrow into the background.

"It is for you that he feels so bad," explained her mother. "He wrote to Miss Chester, to see if by any way you could remain here with her for this first winter. But she has been given six months' leave of absence, and we should not like to leave you with any one else."

Miss Chester was a woman of fifty, Myra's best-loved teacher. Her absence was an added blow, for Myra had not heard of the six months' leave until now.

The next few days were crowded with work. Dumb misery and resentment were in the back of her mind, but Myra was sadly proud that she spoke no word of complaint.

The day that they reached the farm, however, she broke down. It was the first of September, a cloudy, chilly day. As she stood alone on the threshold of the farmhouse—her father and mother had gone back to the station with the wagon, and Dora had accompanied them—she gave way to the hitherto repressed tears. The present was sad enough, but the future appalled her. Everything that she cared for was behind her. A low horizon of poverty, care, and manual drudgery, for which she felt she had neither strength or taste, bounded her view.

At last she dried her eyes, and went into the kitchen. The old woman who had made the house presentable was waiting to be paid and dismissed. Myra gave her her money, and then put the kettle on the fire. They must have supper after one more trip.

She unpacked the trunks, as far as she could. Then came the first load of furniture. Dora rushed out to her.

"Here's a letter for you, waiting at the post-office," she cried. "It's from Rome."

She looked shyly at this strange, silent sister. She had missed Myra's companionship, and she dimly understood that if she had been more unhappy Myra would have been better pleased.

"Thank you," answered Myra, coldly. "Please see that the bureaus are carried upstairs before the men go back."

Dora's lip quivered a little, but she obeyed at once. Myra waited till the wagon had driven away again, and then opened her letter. After explaining why she had written directly to the farm, Miss Chester wrote:—

"I know what you must be feeling and suffering. I know that you will feel cramped and imprisoned by small means, and poor, even as to time. But I beg of you, dear child, not to think that life has closed all avenues of delight upon you. Take my word that pure and keen pleasures are still within your reach. What I most dread for you is the mood which wilfully turns from all that is not what you desire. So, even if you think that your misery cannot be mitigated, try, for the sake of one who loves you very much, to enter one of the gates I point out.

"I know the place to which you go. It is not beautiful. You have no mountains, hardly any hills. There is little water, if I remember. But the 'skyscape,' to use a modern word, is remarkably fine. Begin at once the study of the sky. Look at it when you wake, before you sleep, and many times a day. You are familiar with what Ruskin has written about clouds, and you will remember some of Turner's etchings—I showed them in class. But, even with this knowledge, you will be surprised to note how seldom the sky and clouds repeat themselves. Take mental photographs, and store your mind with pictures. You can make your sky a gate to such a garden of pleasure that your artistic instincts will not be starved.

"Of course, I must refer to books! I specially recommend that you keep up the study of history, not vaguely, but with one set purpose. Look for all monarchs who came to their thrones suddenly, and compare and contrast their use of a newly acquired power. Or choose some great movement and trace its slow progression, its many setbacks, its final triumph, in different countries. Here I hope to be of some practical service to you. I have arranged with a library to send you such text-books as you will need, from time to time.

"What I most fear for you is that mood to which I have alluded—the mood that will not admit, that hardly desires, a mitigation of the ills it resents. My child, pray against that! It amounts to saying, to the Power which is wisely guiding your life, 'I will have what I want, or I will be miserable!' I know how much you will miss the lectures, in which you always took an intelligent interest; the libraries and picture galleries; the companions, always sensibly chosen. But do not turn your back on the crumbs of comfort I offer you. The crumbs will grow!

"Here is one sugar-plum of fancy I have kept for the last. Picture yourself as a princess in exile! Think how the Dauphin's sister would have welcomed all you enjoy now—freedom, pure air, loved companionship; and your prison gates of circumstance will one day open. In our free and beautiful country no gates are closed perpetually.

"I need not tell you to share any joy you can find with your fellow-exiles. Your father, your mother, need help and cheer just now more than you do."

Myra put the letter carefully away. The second load of furniture was at the door, and she ran forward with a lighter step to see to its disposal.

"Father and mother have taken the wagon back," explained Dora. "What shall I do?"

"Let's have supper ready for them when they come back," was Myra's unexpectedly bright reply. Dora looked at her in amazement. "See, dear, we'll eat in the kitchen, and make the living-room a bit of Boston."

Myra saw the tears come into Dora's eyes. She caught the child, and kissed her, and then ran out to help the man, who had remained, with his work.—

In a little time there was not enough furniture to take long to place—the living-room was a cheerful nook indeed. Into it the girls put the round table, the big arm-chair for father, the low rocker for mother, the bookcase, the few pictures.

Myra now regretted her despairing inactivity of the last few days.

"Let everything go! What does anything matter?" had been her mood. Only her mother's wise forethought had saved what they now owned of beauty and usefulness in the larger life.

Her father and mother came in slowly, from the last trip. A slow, cold rain was falling, and the outer world looked dreary indeed. But Myra ran to them, and their faces lightened as they saw that the silence of her resentful reserve was broken.

"Supper's ready," she said, as she kissed them. "We have hot biscuit"—

"And preserve," put in Dora, who now felt free to expand joyfully, "and brown bread and molasses cookies!"

"And fried potatoes and sausages," went on Myra. "Moreover, if any two people in the world deserve coffee, it is you two!"

Digitized by Google

No restorative could equal in its recuperative power the lightened note in her voice. When Mr. Darrell bent his head to say, "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful," he was offering praise for more than meat!

"And such a surprise after supper!" cried Dora, who had never yet kept a secret.

The surprise was the living-room, with its cosy fire, and a crimson shawl on the round table. A lamp, already lighted, was placed near an open book. Dora dropped, like a kitten, on the rug. Mrs. Darrell's work-basket was near her chair, and Myra had some mending

"Please read to us, father, dear," she said, as she handed him his glasses. "That book is Hans Christian Andersen's life. The first words are: 'If at the beginning of my life a good fairy had bidden me choose, I should have asked for nothing more than I have had.' Perhaps we'll all say that some day."

Her voice nearly broke over the brave words, but she saw that no one had noticed that. Her father lifted the book, and smiled for the first time since the falling of the blow.

"We shall never be too poor to gather together like this," he said, and began to read.

As they passed through the gate Hans Christian Andersen had opened into the Kingdom of the Mind, Myra's thoughts rested with her letter.

"'A princess in exile!'" She almost smiled. Then came the note of responsibility. "My conduct must be royal."

The End of a Kitten Hunt.

Dot and Charlie were going through the barn on their way to play in the orchard, which they could see through the open barn doors. They had baskets of luncheon with them, for mother had said they might stay till past supper-time if they liked.

But in the middle of the long barn floor Dot stood still with her finger on her lip.

"Look, Charlie," she whispered, "the old cat is climbing the ladder to the haymow. Now we can find out where she has hidden the kittens." The two children had been hunting more than a week for those kittens, which old Floss, the mother cat, had carried off one day. But they had not found them, though they had looked twice on that very mow.

"She does hide them in the littlest corners," whispered Dot. "But if we creep up the ladder just as still as mice we can see where she goes."

They waited till the old cat had jumped off the ladder into the hay. Then they crept up step by step and peeped over into the mow. They could see the cat's eyes shining in a dark place under a beam, and they went tiptoeing over to her.

Floss did not run away this time, as she usually did when any one came near. She looked up at them from a cozy nest in the hay, and beside her they could see the kittens looking up, too, with round, bright eyes.

"Oh, you darlings!" cried Dot, taking the kittens up carefully into the skirt of her dress. "See, Charlie, Floss is purring and acting just as happy as can be."

"That's because she sees we're not going to hurt them," said the boy. "Let's go now and show them to mother before we go up to the orchard."

They went to the edge of the mow with Floss purring at their heels. She had made up her mind that her babies were in good hands, though she had been so afraid at first.

At the edge of the mow the children stopped with a cry of dismay, for the ladder had slipped down out of reach.

"Oh, oh, how will we ever get down?" cried Dot, looking over into the barn floor, which seemed a long way below.

"We can't," answered Charlie. "Let's sit down on the hay and consider what to do next."

They "considered" a good while, but nothing came of it.

"Mother thinks we're spending the afternoon in the orchard, and perhaps nobody will come to the barn till milking-time to-night," said Dot.

"We left the luncheon-baskets down on the barn floor," added Charlie, "and I'm hungry now; but Floss isn't worrying."

Floss had curled up beside the kittens when Dot put them down on the hay, and they were all asleep in a bunch.

The children waited and waited, but nobody came. They called once or twice, hoping their mother would hear; but she was making pies in the kitchen, and that was too far away for the small voices to reach her. By and by they tried to play on the hay for a while, but they were too hungry and worried to care much about it.

"Suppose," said Dot, "that father couldn't hear us when he comes out to milk? He always shuts the tie-up door, and the mow isn't so very near anyway."

Charlie laughed at this at first; of course father would hear, he said. But when at last they heard the tinkle of pails in the tie up, they shouted in vain. Between the noise the cows made as they reached for the grain in their boxes and the noise the milkers made as they talked and laughed and rattled the pails, nobody heard the two little voices calling from the haymow.

"There, they've gone away with the milk now," said Dot at last. "Oh, dear, we've got to stay up here all night, and it will be so dark and lonesome and hungry."

She sat down on the hay, and the big tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Floss," said Charlie, rolling the old cat over on her back on the mow, "you got us up here, now you just show us how to get down."

Floss sat up and looked wise. You would have thought she understood just what Charlie said. But the truth was that she had heard the tinkle of those milk-pails and knew that there would be a foaming saucerful of milk waiting for her in the kitchen when the milkers brought the pails in.

She started straight for a higher mow near by, and, though the children told her that she was going up and not down, they followed her to see what she would do. She went to the top of the higher mow, and stopped beside a little window away up under the edge of the barn roof.

Charlie looked out of the window and then he stood on his head in the hay, for right below was the slope of the high roof of the L. It was quite safe to slide down, too, for at the foot of the L roof was the flat top of a wide piazza with a good stout railing all around it, and from the piazza top there were stairs leading right down into the garden.

"Cats do know things that folks don't, sometimes," said Charlie, when they were showing the kittens to mother in the kitchen. —*Mabel S. Merrill, in Zion's Herald.*

Dogs' Friendship.

The wife of an English gentleman in Wiltshire owns two delightful dogs, Jasper, a large collie, and Sandie, a rough Skye terrier. The pair are devoted friends, always going out together if possible. A visitor at the house tells in the London *Spectator* an anecdote of this canine friendship:—

"One afternoon I called them as usual, to go for a walk, and, making my way to the lake, I determined to row across and wander about in the deer-park. Without thinking of the two dogs, I got into the boat and pushed off.

"Jasper at once jumped into the water and gayly followed the boat. Half-way across, he and I were both startled by despairing howls, and, stopping to look back, we saw poor little Sandie running up and down the bank, and bitterly bewailing the cruelty of his two so-called friends in leaving him far behind.

"Hardening my heart, I sat still in silence and simply watched. Jasper was clearly distressed. He swam around the boat, and, looking up into my face, said unmistakably with his wise brown eyes, 'Why don't you go back for him?'

"Seeing, however, that I showed no signs of intelligence, he made up his mind to settle the difficulty himself, and swam back to forlorn little Sandie.

"There was a moment's pause, I suppose for explanations; and then, to my surprise and amusement, Jasper stood still, half out and half in the water, and Sandie scrambled on to his back, his front paws resting on Jasper's neck, who swam across the lake and landed him safely in the deer-park. I need not describe the evident pride of the one, or the gratitude of the other."—*Woman's Journal.*

Little five-year-old Nettie, who had been brought up in the city, was spending a few days in the country. "Grandma, what are those funny little green things?" she asked, as they were passing through the garden one day. "Why, those are peas," was the reply. "Peas!" exclaimed Nettie. "I'm s'prised. I thought every one knew that peas come in tin cans."—*Exchange.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1884.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided for 289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY
270 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

New York Letter.

The event of particular significance to the Unitarians of Brooklyn in the month just closed was the ordination of Rev. Charles H. Lyttle and his installation as minister of the Second Church on November 19. In accordance with Congregational tradition, the services were preceded by the gathering of the Council, composed of neighboring brother ministers and two representatives of the congregation. Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, the senior minister of this section, presided as moderator. This custom has lapsed in our Unitarian household, though it is still usually observed in the Orthodox Congregational churches. After the usual statement, followed by questions and answers, the Council unanimously recommended to the congregation the ordination of the candidate. The programme had an interest aside from the usual, by including as speakers distinguished teachers and preachers under whom Mr. Lyttle had received his training, to whose services as guides in his intellectual and spiritual life he thus gave courteous and grateful recognition. Of these, Franklin C. Southworth, D.D., president of the Meadville Theological School, preached the ordination sermon. This was a fine summary of the history of the church with tributes to its former ministers, Samuel Longfellow, Nahor Staples, John Chadwick, and Samuel Dutton. Charles Francis Thwing, D.D., president of Western Reserve University, gave the charge to the minister; Rev. William Wallace Fenn, D.D., dean of Harvard Divinity School, gave the charge to the people. Of the neighboring ministers Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright gave the foreword, Rev. John Howland Lathrop read from Scripture, Rev. William Laurence Sullivan offered the ordination prayer, Rev. John Haynes Holmes gave the right hand of fellowship, Rev. Leon A. Harvey brought the greeting from the Conference, and Rev. William M. Brundage brought greetings from the sister churches of Brooklyn. The ordination hymn was written for the occasion by A. Emerson Palmer, a member of the church. The closing hymn, "One Holy Church of God Appears," was doubly appropriate as coming from the pen of Samuel Longfellow, who was the first minister of the church, from 1853 to 1860.

At the First Church, the church school opened the year with greater promise than for some years past. The kindergarten and the graded school are in charge of an excellent corps of teachers. With Mr. Lathrop's energetic work supplemented by the able assistance of a new parish worker and superintendent of religious instruction, much can certainly be hoped for the continued development of the school and for increasing growth of interest among the young people of the parish. A Young Women's Club has been formed, which holds an informal "At Home" at the Pierrepont Street Chapel every Sunday afternoon from four to six, to which both men and women are invited

The splendid work at Willow Place Chapel is going on with apparently ready response to most of the appeals for the many helpers needed. Mr Lathrop takes an active part in local philanthropic enterprises. He is serving, as last year, on the committee in charge of the Social Service Conference which meets at the Church of the Holy Trinity. His church observes the beautiful and time-honored custom of holding vesper services. These half-hours of music and prayers are held every Wednesday at 5.15 P.M. On Thanksgiving Day the union service of the Unitarian churches of Brooklyn was held here, the sermon being given by Rev. Charles H. Lyttle, the recently installed minister of the Second Church.

At Unity Church the Women's Alliance has placed a memorial tablet to Alexander S. Kirkman on the wall of Unity House. It was made at Tiffany's, and is of marble and glass mosaic. Dedicatory services were held on Sunday evening, November 29, Dr. Brundage making the address. The tablet bears this inscription, written by Dr. Brundage: "A. S. Kirkman, reverent disciple of truth; an ardent lover of beauty; a loyal fellow-man in all relations of life."

The demand for more neighborhood work seemed urgent and thus came the necessity for more money. Dr. Brundage proved himself equal to the situation by raising $600 for that purpose, early in the fall. Leaders were secured, and two boys' clubs and one girls' club now meet regularly at the parish house, and are thus rescued from the streets. A Wordsworth class has been formed in the church, which meets every Friday night under the leadership of Dr. Brundage. The usual unity watch-night services will be held, with Rev. W. L. Sullivan of All Souls' participating with the Brooklyn ministers in conducting the service.

The Fourth Church, Flatbush, has shown a marked increase this fall in the number of new attendants. The desperate seriousness of the times may have something to do in turning minds to the consideration of the deep realities of life. Mr. Harvey's sermon subjects for November have been: "Religion and the Intellectual Life"; "Religion and the Moral Life"; "Religion and the Affections"; "Religion and Human Dignity." A series of Sunday evening lectures has been given on "The Case for the Nations at War," by representatives of those nations. The case for Germany was presented by Rev. J. F. Dickie, who was for twenty years pastor of the American church in Berlin.

The case for England was presented by a member of the congregation, Mr. Henry Rowly, an Englishman by birth and education, but for some years a resident of New York. The part of Servia in the war was presented by Mr. George Miller, a social worker among the Bohemians and Servians of New York, who has recently returned from a two years' stay in the Balkan States. Dr. Narayan Krishna of Bombay, India, whose knowledge of the history and politics of the various nations is remarkable, told "Why India is loyal to the Empire." Dr. Krishna recently came here from his home in Paris, owing to war conditions, and is now lecturing in New York and other cities. He is a member of the Brahmo Somaj, an accomplished scholar, and a lecturer who will be highly acceptable to our Unitarian audiences. The case for Austria was presented by Mr. Hans Brandeis, an Austrian, educated in Vienna and Paris, for three years an Austrian cavalry officer, who is now on the reserve list. The case for France is to be presented by Prof. Charles A. Downer, head of the Department of French Language and Literature in the College of the City of New York.

A day long to be remembered in the Flatbush church was that of November 22, when David Starr Jordan spoke at the morning service on "The Confessions of a Peacemaker." It seemed that no one in that congregation could go away without dedicating some portion of his or her moral energy henceforth through life to the eradication of the war curse.

Mr. Harvey's term of service as secretary of the Middle States Conference ends with the year. Thereafter he will be able to devote all his energies to the demands of his church.

The Belgian Relief Committee has opened a Brooklyn branch office, and appeals are urgently made for contributions of food and clothing. Churches and individuals are responding generously. Prompt assistance is urged.

Into the midst of our reflections on the miseries in Europe comes the Christmas reminder card from the Consumers' League requesting us to do our shopping early. So we are reminded that "charity begins at home." We are asked to help lighten the burdens of those whose burdens are heaviest at the Christmas season, by being *considerate* of them. So we shall all begin right now to bring in the true Christmas spirit!

L. C. H.

A Foreign Missionary Journey in the Northwest.

BY ELMER S. FORBES.

The secretary of the Department of Social and Public Service left Boston at two o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon and two days later found himself at New Ulm, Minn., in the heart of Germany. It was like stepping into a prosperous town in Württemberg –with a difference. The architecture of the post-office, the churches, and many of the residences is reminiscent of the Fatherland. Two or three buildings have the mural paintings so common in Germany; the children on the streets shouted in German at their play; the supper at the hotel included three kinds of sausage, two of pickles, and coffee-cakes; and in the park, a short distance from the centre of the town, rose a great monument surmounted by an heroic figure of the German hero Hermann. More than ninety per cent. of the people are said to be either German-born or the children of those who came from across the sea. We have no church there, but it was an appropriate gateway to the foreign lands beyond where Unitarian churches are not unknown.

Half an hour's ride by train from New Ulm is the Norwegian village of Hanska, in local coloring almost as far removed from New Ulm as the latter is in space from old Ulm. More than twenty years ago Kristofer Jansen established here the Nora Free Christian Church, Nora being a poetic name for Norway. After his departure Rev. Amandus H. Norman became the pastor, and under his wise and energetic leadership the church has attained to a large measure of prosperity. Some four hundred people are resident in the village, but the number outside living on farms is larger. It is not surprising, therefore, that the church is not in the village, but some three-quarters

Digitized by Google

of a mile away, where it serves the convenience of the greatest number. The parish owns six acres on Mount Pisgah, a hillock which is the highest point of land for miles around. Here are grouped the church, standing beside its "God's acre," where peacefully sleep the saints of earlier days who have been gathered to their fathers, an attractive and comfortable parsonage, a *kaffestube*, or social hall, so built that it can easily be turned into an open pavilion, and a band-stand. In the village is a parish hall, where Sunday evening meetings and week-day gatherings are held. This is a substantial building built of concrete and brick, and contains a large hall which seats four hundred. It is equipped with stage and stereopticon. Downstairs there is a fine, light, dry room, of the same dimensions as the hall above, which it is hoped will be equipped in the near future as a gymnasium. The whole building admirably serves the social needs of the village. It is the more noteworthy because it has been built in the main by the people themselves under the guidance and direction of Mr. Norman.

The secretary spent a most interesting Sunday in Hanska as Mr. Norman's guest. At morning service the church was crowded, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, as is the general custom. Several times a year the congregation remain after service and break bread together. They did so on this occasion, and the *kaffestube* was filled several times before every one had partaken of the appetizing luncheon. One of the organizations which Mr. Norman has developed is a fine band of some thirty pieces. About two o'clock in the afternoon the band unlimbered their instruments and gave a most excellent concert, lasting for an hour or more. At four o'clock the people departed by carriage and automobile to their homes after a thoroughly enjoyable day. In the evening the young people's society met in the parish hall. A large number were present, 125 or more; perhaps 40 of them were from the older portion of the congregation, but the remainder was as fine a group of young men and women as the secretary has met in all his travels. After a religious service and an address, the company spent an hour in playing simple games in which all joined. Mr. Norman has done a great work in Hanska, and has built up a strong and enduring church, which we believe will be a centre of light and leading for generations to come. Another of his activities is the printing and circulation of a magazine in the Norwegian language, which bears the title of *Mere Lys* (More Light). This magazine of liberal principles goes far and wide among the Norwegians in the United States and it is believed will be the means of building up a large liberal Norwegian constituency.

From Hanska the secretary proceeded to Minneapolis. In Mr. Norman's company he visited a small group of Norwegians at Hudson, Wis. This was once a thriving congregation, but changes in population have greatly diminished the number. After a period of inactivity occasional services are now being held there by Mr. Norman. The young people are growing up and are beginning to make their wants known, and we hope soon to see a revival of interest.

In Minneapolis the Rev. David Holgren has organized a Swedish congregation which bears the name of "The First Scandinavian Unitarian Church of Minneapolis." This is largely a group of working-men and their families which for the present is meeting in the large hall of Pillsbury House, a social settlement in the southern part of the city. The congregation averages from 40 to 50. There is considerable enthusiasm, and we shall all watch the movement with interest. Mr. Holgren also serves small congregations of Swedes in Spring Vale and North Cambridge in Isanti County. The Spring Vale church is seven or eight miles from the railway and stands alone by the roadside in the open country, as do so many churches of all denominations in the rural districts of Minnesota.

On Sunday the secretary interrupted his missionarying long enough to take part in the ordination and installation of Rev. Walter A. Smith at St. Cloud. Rev. Ernest C. Smith, secretary of the Western Conference, preached the sermon, Rev. Mr. Backus of Minneapolis gave the charge to the people, the secretary charged the minister, and the rector of the Episcopal church gave the newly ordained minister a most graceful and cordial welcome to St. Cloud. From here on the next day the secretary went to Underwood, where Mr. Norman has another Norwegian congregation. This is a little village of about two hundred inhabitants and a much larger population outside. It was a wet, disagreeable night of inky darkness, yet a group of 30 men and women came to the comfortable little church to hear what the secretary had to say, some of them driving several miles through the mud in order to attend. There is a flourishing Alliance, and some true-hearted people who ought to have more than the occasional service which Mr. Norman is able to give them.

At Fargo, N.D., the secretary met several of the friends, and at Grand Forks he gave an address at the University of North Dakota on the housing question. Finally, one evening at midnight he reached Winnipeg, his farthest North. Here Rev. Gudmunder Arnason ministers to a church of Icelandic Unitarians. The church building is a substantial structure, well-equipped, on a busy corner in the heart of the city where two street railway lines intersect. On Sunday the secretary preached at the English Unitarian church, All Souls', and in the evening, after the second service was over, he addressed the Icelanders on the work of the Social Service Department. It is very certain that a good many of the congregation could not understand him very well, but they listened attentively, and Mr. Arnason interpreted afterward the substance of what had been said. Mr. Arnason is to be congratulated on the successful outcome of his labors in Winnipeg. His church has no members of great financial strength, but even in these troublous times it is meeting its current expenses. After the war, when business revives, the church will very likely find it profitable to dispose of its present location and follow its people farther away from the more crowded parts of the city. There are other Icelandic churches on the shores of Lake Winnipeg and near Lake Manitoba, but it was impossible to visit them in the time available.

At Virginia, Minn., on the great Mesaba iron range, the secretary spent a pleasant day with Mr. and Mrs. Risto Lappala, the minister of the Finnish church and his wife. Virginia numbers some fifteen thousand in population, and about one-fifth are Finns. The church in Virginia is an attractive building and there is a very comfortable parsonage on the lot adjoining. While the Lutheran church is in the main the church of the Finns as of the Scandinavians, yet there is a strong liberal movement among the Finns. Mr. Lappala, who is a graduate of Meadville, is thoroughly awake to the situation, and as soon as circumstances permit will begin church extension work among his people in other centres both East and West. He is building up a strong movement in Virginia and undoubtedly will be heard from as time passes.

At Virginia the secretary's foreign travels ceased. From that point he visited Duluth, Davenport, Indianapolis, where he spoke at the ministers' meeting, and Youngstown, where with Secretary Wilson he took part in the installation of Rev. Mr. Bennett. He returned to Boston realizing that it is not necessary to leave the United States in order to embark in the adventure of foreign missions, and more than ever convinced that such work is abundantly worth while.

Rev. Andrew Jackson Abbott.

In the death of Rev. Andrew Jackson Abbott, at the age of eighty-three years, which occurred at Ashland, November 27, after a lingering illness, the Unitarian denomination lost a pastor whose service in the ministry extended over half a century, and covered many pastorates in the middle West and East.

Mr. Abbott was a native of Ohio, born April 14, 1831, the son of Rev. Benjamin and Mary Ladley Abbott. He is a descendant of James Abbott, who settled on Long Island in 1700, and a grandson of the noted Methodist organizer, Rev. Benjamin Abbott, whose monument to his memory was erected at Plainfield, N.J., by the Methodist denomination. Although Mr. Abbott retired from the active ministry several years ago, he continued occasionally to supply Unitarian pulpits.

As a boy he went to Indiana and later studied at the Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio. He was ordained to the ministry and served several parishes in that State. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Fifty-ninth Ohio Regiment, and served three years in the Army of the Cumberland, as hospital steward, chaplain, and recruiting officer. He participated in seven battles and marched on foot over five States. He was mustered out at Lexington, Ky., in 1864, whereupon he resumed the duties of the ministry.

He married at Neville, Ohio, July 29, 1855, Sarah Ann Cummings, whose death occurred but a few years ago. In June, 1912, he married Miss Ellen J. McKay of Halifax, N.S., at New York City, who survives him. Two children of the first marriage also survive, Rev. Edgar C. Abbott of New York and Mrs. John B. Swinnington of Ashland, and a grand-daughter, Miss Ruth Abbott of North Wilbraham, the daughter of the late Rev. Cary F. Abbott.

During Mr. Abbott's ministry he held pastorates in Ohio, New York, Maine, New

Digitized by Google

Hampshire, and Massachusetts. His longest pastorate was in Francestown, N.H., whence he went to Warwick, Mass., his last pastorate previous to his residence in Ashland.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Carl Horst of Wollaston, Mass., Rev. J. C. Duncan of Clinton, Mass., and Rev. R. B. Lisle, pastor of the Methodist church of Ashland. The G. A. R. service was used, a large delegation of Post 18 being present.

Practical Accomplishments at Proctor Academy.

BY REV. HENRY G. IVES.

I.

The word "practical" is a much-abused term. In its deepest sense, bits of knowledge which contribute to vital efficiency are equally practical. For example, nothing may more truly enable a man to do his life-work than such a thorough understanding of the roots of the English language as will enable him to speak and write with intelligent discrimination and clearness. Yet the word is generally used to describe those interests in immediate proximity to the needs of the average life. Every man should know how to use simple tools, every woman be able to cook and sew, and manage a home successfully. The power to read and write and calculate problems in simple arithmetic lie at the threshold of modern successful living.

Consequently, the practical accomplishments at Proctor Academy are those features of its curricula that will meet its graduates the moment they leave its doors to begin their life-work. To be sure, those who enter college may be still longer shielded from external competition, yet even they will find later on that higher education does not dispense with the need for sound elementary training along the lines of universal experience, but instead rests upon it and dignifies it with the light of a more comprehensive appreciation of its due place in life. The college-trained girl who is less willing to sweep a room than she had been before higher education came into her life has missed the lesson the college had to give her. Similarly, a boy who has been so privileged should be all the more anxious to plough straight and to see "things picked up" around the farm.

As a matter of fact, however, only a small minority of our students enter college. Fortunately, an increasing proportion of them are asking themselves whether they cannot get an adequate living from agriculture. Similarly, the girls are not so indifferent in regard to the possibilities of home-making as they were before the course in domestic arts was started.

Proctor Academy lies in the open country, where farming is the chief occupation, and the natural course for its young people to pursue is to follow agriculture unless greater rewards can be found elsewhere. Farming in itself is not necessarily unpleasant, or home-making inherently distasteful to the girls. For a while, indeed, it became unpopular in this section, and factory or shop life with shorter hours and more certain wages appeared to better advantage; but a friend of mine, himself a manufacturer, who has spent a lifetime in these parts, tells me that he notices a coming change of attitude in this matter. He attributes the reaction toward farming to the agitation that has gone on in its favor, and also to the better methods of crop production that have come into successful operation. Just as the city life has been found to be hampering and its apparent large rewards illusory, except for the few, so the freedom, independence, and open-air existence of the farm with its variety of interests appeared in their true value. Again, opportunity for its health of body, development of initiative, and quiet mental development have been better realized.

It is a saying in New York City that her first-class men were born outside her limits. This fact is based on natural causes, and bids fair to continue indefinitely. America must still look mainly to her farms for strong men and women that have developed the personality which makes for leadership. In the past the ambitious and alert country boy or girl has been given to understand that hard work awaits them at home, with no reasonable prospect of getting ahead. Such unprofitable toil, of course, becomes slavery which no self-respecting individual wants to undergo.

This is why the rural districts of New England have been so largely emptied, and it must be confessed that the country schools have done little or nothing to stop the movement. Indeed, they have largely promoted it by fitting the country boy or girl to cope intellectually with the city child, thus qualifying him to enter the larger centre. Again, his text-books have been too largely devoted to descriptions of urban life, intoxicating his mind with dreams of large buildings and what the country life of course lacks, great crowds of people. On the other hand, the country school has not until the last few years even tried to show him how he can profitably remain at home. So general has become the exodus from the home town that not to join in it has almost seemed a badge of dishonor, as though every one would leave who did not lack the necessary brains.

Of course there are exceptional country children who should always go to the city, for they have abilities along specialized lines that can only find expression in a large centre. Such are the musical geniuses and the mechanical prodigies or the intellectual stars, who would be utterly miserable apart from the one calling to which nature has summoned them. Again, as I have said, the cities may always have to look to the country hills for its leaders. But is it too much to say that the average country boy and girl, born in the best environment for the development of character, with the occupation to his hand that after all most satisfies human nature, should be encouraged to choose his life-work at home?

This is the task to which Proctor Academy has addressed itself within the past two years. Located in the country, in a region where hay grows naturally and corn and apples can be produced with profit, close to the best markets, it is trying to show its students that the fullest life which most of them can know lies right to their hand.

Only lack of money has prevented it doing more in this line than it has accomplished. Business depression has compelled the institution even to accept the alternative of debt rather than abandon the work which is so vital to the rebuilding of our New England life. Friends who believe in its programme and management have got to come to its help before it can satisfactorily meet this great opportunity. Is rural New England worth helping? If so, to what extent should it be assisted, and can a better place from which to work be found than in this institution that has ministered under different managements to this community for more than ninety years? Proctor Academy is no new venture which has come to-day and may vanish to-morrow. It is part of the history of these hills, and nestles deep within the consciousness of the people of the North Country. Four generations have come to its doors, and to-day its lack of means reflects the struggle against poverty that has characterized the people who have settled this region since the year 1760.

(To be continued.)

A Distinguished Indian Scientist in America.

BY J. T. SUNDERLAND, D.D.

When Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, the eminent poet of India, made an extended visit to America two years ago, his presence was hardly known until the eve of his departure, and, except for the fact that the conferring of the Nobel Prize upon him attracted the attention of the whole world to his genius, few of us would even now be aware that we had had among us one of the world's most remarkable and most original writers. This shows how little we of the West know of the civilizations or of the great men of the Orient.

Five years ago we had in America, for a few months, a man from India of almost equal distinction with Mr. Tagore. It was Prof. J. C. Bose of the University of Calcutta, a scientist with a world-wide reputation among original investigators in physics, electricity, physiology, and especially electrobiology. Yet few persons outside of the universities and scientific associations before which he lectured knew of his presence, or dreamed that India had produced a man of such scientific attainments.

Not only scientists, but all Unitarians whether scientific or not will be interested to know that Dr. Bose is in America again, having arrived in New York on November 22. He is to spend most of the winter in the United States lecturing before various scientific bodies and at Columbia, Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, and other universities. He comes here from England and the Continent of Europe, where he has been since April last, delivering lectures in London (before the British Royal Society), Paris, and Vienna. He had his trunks packed for Germany when war was declared and put an end to his lecture engagements there.

The special interest that Unitarians as such have in Dr. Bose's visit to this country grows out of the fact that he is a prominent member of the Brahmo Somaj. While he desires to be known above everything else as a scientist, devoting his time and strength almost exclusively to his university teaching and to his extended and important scientific researches, yet he is deeply interested in the religious welfare of India, and especially in the Brahmo Somaj. This means, of course, that he is in close sympathy with Unitarians. In England Unitarians showed him distinguished attention. It will interest American

Digitized by Google

Unitarians to know that he has done much to promote the cause of the International Religious Congresses in India. When I was in Calcutta he was there. Not only did he entertain me in his home, but he did all in his power to aid me in my plans for the Congresses and in my Billings Lectureship work. It was he who opened Calcutta University to me. He invited men of distinction and influence in education and public life to meet me in his home, to confer regarding the Congresses. His eminence in India also enabled him to give me letters of introduction to leaders in connection with all religious faiths, that were invaluable to me.

It will be a pity if Dr. Bose is permitted to leave the country without forming the acquaintance of many of our Unitarian leaders, and being made to feel that his fellow-religionists as well as his fellow-scientists extend to him a welcome to America.

Dr. Bose is accompanied by his wife, a lady of culture, belonging to one of the most influential and honored families of Calcutta, and a leader in Brahmo circles. In her husband's former visit here she was also with him, and made an extended study of educational, social, and religious thought and methods in America, with a view to turning the knowledge gained to practical uses in India. The success of the excellent Brahmo Girls' School in Calcutta is due in no small measure to her. It has long been her dream and very earnest desire to see some arrangement made whereby a number of Brahmo young women may be brought from India to America, perhaps two at a time through a succession of years, to receive here the best American training as teachers and then return to India to become leaders in the much-needed education of girls and young women there. She feels that such an arrangement would confer upon India the greatest of conceivable blessings. Is not such a plan a possibility? Would not American Unitarians—would not our Unitarian Alliances—like to interest themselves in a project so fine, so inspiring, so immeasurably useful as this? It is to be hoped that our Alliance leaders may form Mrs. Bose's acquaintance.

NEW YORK.

The Dollar Christmas Fund.

The Dollar Christmas Fund, which is backed by a representative American committee, is now co-operating actively with the London Shilling Fund to avert starvation among the Belgians this winter. The Shilling Fund has collected over $400,000, and has arranged to receive donations from New York by cable so that American subscribers desirous that their donations shall allay distress at Christmas will be gratified. To achieve success generous help is still needed, and for this purpose Mr. Henry Clews, treasurer of the Dollar Christmas Fund, makes a renewed appeal. It is proposed to cable money from New York as late as December 23, so that American help will be available almost to Christmas Day. A cablegram received in New York this week from the London Fund, which is well organized to distribute relief among the most necessitous cases, says: "We are all very grateful to America for generous assistance, but the necessities of the Belgians are so great that more donations are urgently required. Do your level best before Christmas." All donations should be sent to Mr. Henry Clews, Broad Street, New York.

An Appeal for Green Harbor.

The Sunday school at Green Harbor, Mass., Rev. George L. Mason, pastor, would be glad to receive a dozen kindergarten chairs and a low table for children from any school that has such articles on hand and is not needing them. Perhaps some kindly disposed person, knowing the excellence of the work being done at Green Harbor, will be glad to supply this need. The school also needs a half-dozen Bibles, not too large, but with good print and containing maps. Before sending any of these articles it would be well to communicate with Mr. Mason, or the arrangement could be made through the Department of Religious Education.

WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE.

Department of Religious Education.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

The Flag in the School.

The use of banners in Sunday-school work is not only legitimate, it is to be commended. The flag of a country gathers about itself the finest sentiment of the people. The same is true of the banners adopted by States and provinces. Legislative assemblies have their emblems as well, and when in session proudly raise them over their halls of legislation. Many local churches have adopted symbolic flags or shields. There has been an effort to have the Christian Church use a common banner, the Flag of Conquest.

The Unitarian Sunday school in Fitchburg keeps the Stars and Stripes floating over the parish house in which the school meets, every day in the year. The formal adoption of such a plan, the raising of money to procure the flag and the pole, the formal dedication of the banner and the ceremony of flag-raising, all tend to promote a wholesome enthusiasm for both country and school. The loyalty of the children for the school takes on a new breadth from this association with national well-being, while patriotism becomes more sacred by association with a religious movement.

One of the most impressive scenes in connection with Sunday-school work the writer ever witnessed was the flag service at our church in Burlington, Vt. After the minister had recited a few verses of Scripture, and while the school was singing, two boys came forward and slowly raised two flags, one on either side of the superintendent's desk. One of these was the Christian Conquest flag, the other the Stars and Stripes. As these went up the school rose to their feet, slowly and with a solemn dignity, and at the close of the hymn gave a flag salute. This salute was in the form of a pledge of loyalty to school, church, and native land, joining all in one declaration of consecrated devotion and elevating all to a religious level. At the end of the session the school reversed this ceremony, lowering the flag just before the benediction. This ceremonial, followed every Sunday, is calculated to have an uplifting effect.

A variation of this flag service is described in the following quotation from an editorial in *The Beacon* for March 2, 1913. Miss Buck had just spent a Sunday with the Flatbush church and thus reports this feature of the Sunday-school service: "In the Sunday school of the Fourth Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, N.Y., a very effective opening service is used. The superintendent names three of the pupils as bearers of the banners. They go to the rear of the room and receive the three flags, one the Stars and Stripes, one the banner of the school, and a third that was won by the school in competition with other Sunday schools for the highest average attendance. These are carried forward and held while the whole school sings 'My country, 'tis of thee,' led by piano and violin. The banners are again carried at the head of the school as its members march to their classes."

Even where it is not desired that any such formal course be followed, the presence of the flag of our country is of value. Sometimes, as recently observed at Syracuse, it is fastened against the wall back of the superintendent's desk, and is, therefore, forcefully impressed upon the eyes and the minds of all. In other cases, as in many Sunday schools and public schools, the flag is displayed at the beginning of the session and laid away at the close with at least an approach to the ceremony officially adopted by our army and navy. That the flag should never be permitted to touch the floor or the ground, that it should never be used for any commercial or for practical household purpose, and that it should never be unfurled before sunrise or be allowed to float after sunset may seem to the non-military mind trivial regulations. But such things are closely related to some of the sacredest emotions.

At no time in our history has it been more important than at the present that our young people be impressed with the deeper meaning of patriotism. And at no time has the church had a greater opportunity to blend love of country with all that is

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 72-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

14,000 MILES
A Carriage and Two Women
BY FRANCES S. HOWE
Private sale only. Price, $1.50; post-paid. Address Miss Howe, 60 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Leominster, Mass.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

most sacred in our religious ideals. Let the flag, then, be found in every school and used to the best purpose. And if in connection with the Stars and Stripes we can have a church flag or a school flag, so much the better. Each will help the other. And the formal dignity thus introduced will help to impress the seriousness of our work upon the hearts of all.

The Young People's Religious Union.

Boston Federation.

The semi-annual meeting of the Boston Federation was held on Sunday, November 29, at the First Church, West Roxbury. The business meeting was opened with a devotional service led by Rev. Harold G. Arnold.

The Friendly Service Committee gave an interesting account of its new form of activity, which is the work of creating and strengthening social service work in the individual Unions; the Ways and Means Committee reported; and the Membership Committee reported a revision of the list of possible Unions, and gave an idea of the thorough canvass of such, which the Committee is carrying on.

It was voted to give $15 to the lunch fund at the Massachusetts General Hospital. An amendment to the constitution, concerning the creation of life memberships, was proposed. Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie spoke briefly for the central organization of Young People's Religious Unions and the $30,000 fund.

The evening meeting opened with a devotional service led by Rev. Philip C. Thacher. Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge of Cambridge spoke from the text "The Salt of the Earth," and Mr. Frederick M. Eliot followed him, speaking from the subject, "The Justification for a Young People's Religious Union."

Abigail A. Eliot,
Secretary.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Unitarian Sunday School Union of Boston will meet at Arlington Street Church, Wednesday, December 16. "A Christmas Story" will be told by Miss Harriet Cooper, and Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham will make an address. Christmas-tide songs will be sung by Miss Nellie L. Woodbury. Supper at 6, address at 7.

The Ministers' Monday Club will meet at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on December 14, at 11 A.M. Rev. Henry W. Pinkham of East Boston will preside. Mr. William J. Stanton, general manager of the Massachusetts Credit Union, will speak on "Thrift in Investment Saving and Borrowing," explaining the reform in the matter of loans, and giving free privilege of questions.

Speakers at the noon-day services in King's Chapel will be: December 14, Prof. Kirsopp Lake; December 15, President A. P. Fitch, D.D., Andover Theological Seminary; December 16, peace service, Rev. Harry Levi, Temple Adath Israel; December 17, Rev. A. H. Robinson; December 18, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D.D. The Saturday musical service, Mr. Malcolm Lang, the organist, will play.

Mr. Joseph G. Garrison, who graduates from the Meadville Theological School the present month, has applied for Fellowship in the Unitarian denomination, through the Fellowship Committee, of the Middle States and Canada. In accord with a rule of the Fellowship Committee the name is published one month in advance of action by this Committee. William M. Brundage, chairman, Walter R. Hunt, Leon A. Harvey.

Meetings.

The Unitarian Ministers' Wives Association.—The Association met Friday, November 13, in the parlors of the South Congregational Church, the president, Mrs. S. A. Eliot, presiding. After a short business meeting, Mrs. Henry C. Parker read a most interesting paper on "Should a Minister's Wife keep in or out of the Church Activities?" There was no question but that a true minister's wife would help in the church work. Discussion followed the paper. Tea was served, and a social half-hour enjoyed. There were not as many present as there had been reason to expect. Another meeting is being planned in connection with the next New England Alliance meeting. The secretary will be glad to receive subjects proposed for discussion at these meetings. Send to Mrs. Emily M. A. Horst, 39 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

Worcester County League of Unitarian Women.—The first meeting of the League since its reorganization as an Associate Alliance was held in the South Unitarian Memorial Church, Wednesday, November 18, at 11.30 A.M. Representatives were present from Millbury, Grafton, Barre, Sterling, Leicester, Farnumsville, Leominister, and Sturbridge, as well as the Worcester churches. The president, Mrs. Joseph M. Davis, called attention to the desirability of each Alliance branch in Worcester County sending at least two delegates to each meeting, and paying $1 into the League treasury, this payment making members of the various Alliance branches members of this organization. It is earnestly hoped every Alliance branch in the county will become affiliated. Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton spoke upon "The Next Step in the Work for and with our Young People." Miss Sarah C. Ebersole, head of the Department of Social Service at Memorial Hospital, spoke upon her work in that capacity. The life of Rev. Henry W. Bellows, whose one hundredth anniversary is being celebrated this year, was reviewed by Mrs. Frank E. Davis of Worcester. After a pleasant social hour, the afternoon speakers were Mrs. C. B. Perry, Millbury, on "Women in Business," and Miss Ethel P. Underhill, head of the children's department of the Public Library, on "Literature of To-day for our Young People."

Churches.

Boston, Mass.—Bulfinch Place Church, Rev. C. R. Eliot: The Lend-a-Hand Clubs connected with the Sunday-school have been working for the Red Cross, enlisting The Alliance and other societies, and several sewing meetings have been held. Over $50 was expended for material, and this has been made up and sent to headquarters. In addition a collection for the Red Cross was taken on Thanksgiving Sunday, amounting to $57. The Sunday-school, after talking it over in the separate classes on November 22, voted unanimously on the following Sunday to do without the usual ice-cream, cake, and candy horns at the Christmas tree, and to send the money thus saved—about $35—to the Belgian children. This is made known, thinking it may encourage other Sunday-schools to help.

Concord, N.H.—Second Congregational (Unitarian) Society, Rev. C. A. Wing: No better beginning could our church have made for the coming season than to have Rev. Florence Buck here over a Sunday both as pulpit preacher and as adviser in Sunday-school matters. Parents and teachers were given a chance to meet Miss Buck at a little reception. All realized anew her ability to charm and convince and inspire. The opening evening of the Parish Fund Society was enlivened by an hour of capital vaudeville, followed by refreshments and dancing, the parish house lending itself conveniently to these various uses. To the last Alliance meeting were invited neighboring Alliances, in order to hear the national president, Miss Bancroft, who spoke with her accustomed force and persuasiveness. Over a cup of tea the members later met Miss Bancroft socially. The engagement has just been announced of the minister, Mr. Wing, to Miss Leila Virgin of Concord, and sincere congratulations are being tendered both.

Lynchburg, Va.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. J. T. Fitzgerald: The following subjects were taken for sermons during November: "What Faith is"; November 8 (Health Sunday in Virginia), "Good Health"; "The Problem of the Poor"; "National Thanksgiving"; "Why I am a Unitarian." The women of the church have recently enjoyed a visit from Miss Elizabeth Marquard of Newburyport, Mass., a director of the National Women's Alliance. Out of the abundance of poverty the society contributed $7 to the Belgian Relief Fund, and wished it could have been more. With a resolve to be constructive and not destructive, to declare what they believe rather than what they do not believe, to feed the people who attend the church with good wholesome food rather than talk about the cook-book, this society is pressing on, and the people are very optimistic.

Orange, N.J.—First Unitarian Church of Essex County, Rev. Walter Reid Hunt: Dur-

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene) 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

ing the summer the trustees gave the use of the parish house to the Day Nursery Association of the Oranges, as during this time they were without a home, on account of the renovation of their own building. About 40 children were cared for in this way, and much good done. On Sunday morning, October 18, a new pulpit was dedicated, the gift of a son in memory of Mrs. Margaret Lyman Aborn, formerly of Wakefield, R.I., and a charter member of the Orange church. On Thanksgiving Day a union service of the churches in the neighborhood, without regard to creed, was held in the Presbyterian church. The sermon was preached by the minister of the Baptist church, and the Jewish rabbi, the Methodist, the Swedenborgian, and the Unitarian ministers all took part. This was the third of such union services, and a large congregation was present. A federation of the Men's Clubs of Orange has been formed, and the first of the meetings will be held in the parish house of the Unitarian church on Monday evening, December 28. Mr. Frank Moss of New York will be the speaker. This meeting will be followed by others, monthly, when the civic and social interests of the community will be taken up for careful study and proper action.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Church of the Messiah, Rev. John W. Day: The church has recently commemorated the eightieth anniversary of Rev. Dr. W. G. Eliot's arrival in St. Louis, when the church was founded. Mr. Day was assisted by Dr. George R. Dodson, pastor of the Church of the Unity, which grew out of the Church of the Messiah, and by Rev. Dr. Samuel Sale, rabbi of Temple Shaare Emeth, who made congratulatory addresses. There was also a sprightly letter from Rev. Dr. J. W. Lee, presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Dr. Lee, after congratulating pastor and members on "eighty years of history made in St. Louis," said: "If the value of churches were to be estimated like roses, by the aroma they exhale, I think it might truthfully be said that no ecclesiastical organization in St. Louis has filled the air with more fragrance than the Church of the Messiah. Father Taylor, the Methodist preacher to the sailors in Boston, was a great friend of Emerson. Some one asked Father Taylor if he thought Emerson would go to hell. 'No,' said Father Taylor, 'I don't think Emerson would go to hell. If he were to go there he would change the climate and start emigration in that direction.' Let me say that the spiritual climate of St. Louis has been made saner and sweeter by the presence of the Church of the Messiah."

WATERVILLE, ME.—The First Unitarian Church: This church, which has been closed for nearly a year, is now in excellent and hopeful condition. The parish, which was almost ready to abandon the attempt to maintain public worship, is now cheerfully and vigorously at work, and the congregations are growing. Waterville is an enterprising and beautiful city of strategic importance in Maine, as it is the seat of Colby College, with four or five hundred students, and of Coburn Institute, with another one hundred and fifty. The parish here has a fine church and a very attractive and well-equipped parish house with parlors, Sunday-school rooms, minister's study, and an excellent stage and auditorium. These buildings stand on the main street of the city, and the property is very valuable. Rev. Frank L. Phalen came to Waterville the middle of September to advise and assist the parish, and the people have been so urgent and unanimous for him to remain that he is still temporarily in charge of the parish, though he has declined to consider an invitation to settle. The transformation in the parish, and its outlook, is encouraging.

Personals.

Rev. Paul H. Drake of Mattapan has accepted a unanimous call to be minister and superintendent of the Barnard Memorial Children's Church, Boston. He was formerly minister of the Unitarian church in Saco, Me.

A window of remembrance is to be placed in the new Unitarian church of Atlanta to Dr. and Mrs. George L. Chaney, who served not only the church but the entire city in many ways while with the society in Atlanta, Ga. It is a fitting tribute, in which many friends desire to share and thus express their admiration and gratitude.

Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D.D., has accepted a call to the pastorate of Christ Church, Dorchester, corner of Dix Street and Dorchester Avenue. He succeeds Rev. George F. Pratt, who has gone to Maine. Dr. Crooker has recently returned from abroad, where the war interrupted his plan to devote the next two years to European travel and study.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of the American Unitarian Association:—

Already acknowledged		$7,102.63
Nov. 2.	Society in Montclair, N.J.	81.50
3.	Society in Trenton, N.Y.	5.00
3.	First Parish, Brookline, Mass., additional	25.00
6.	Society in Sharon, Mass.	50.00
9.	Society in Lexington, Mass.	161.00
9.	L. S. Terry, Vernon Center, Minn.	11.00
12.	Society in Arlington, Mass.	194.92
12.	Society in Newburyport, Mass.	202.67
14.	Mrs. Frederick Grinnell, New Bedford, Mass.	500.00
16.	Society in Neponset, Mass.	40.00
19.	Society in Newport, R.I.	146.32
21.	Society in Jamaica Plain, Mass.	293.41
23.	First Parish in Milton, Mass.	958.89
25.	E. H. Nixon, Walla Walla, Wash.	2.00
25.	C. L. Lempesty, Walla Walla, Wash.	1.00
28.	Society in Concord, Mass.	250.00
30.	Society in Rochester, N.Y.	30.00
30.	Associate Members	32.00
	RECEIVED THROUGH THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.	
Nov. 19.	West Newton, Mass., Branch Women's Alliance	25.00
	KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I., CHURCH BUILDING.	
Nov. 16.	Rev. Hilary Bygrave, Montpelier, Vt.	5.00
16.	Sunday School, Nashua, N.H.	5.00
16.	New South Branch Women's Alliance, Boston, Mass.	5.00
16.	Mrs. C. J. Steedman, Providence, R.I.	5.00
19.	In Memoriam	20.00
19.	Miss M. E. Smith, Arlington, Mass.	5.00
20.	S. H. Tingley, Providence, R.I.	25.00
		$10,182.33
	DISTRESS FUND FOR ESSEX HALL, LONDON, ENG.	
Already acknowledged		$651.38
Nov. 3.	First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, Pa., additional	20.00
9.	Miss Lucy F. Young, Winchester, Mass.	10.00
13.	Henry Dyer Locke, Watertown, Mass.	2.15
13.	Mrs. W. L. Locke, Watertown, Mass.	5.00
14.	Miss Ophelia S. Brown, Tyngsboro, Mass.	1.00
17.	Second Church, Boston, Mass.	331.25
18.	Friend	.60
19.	Miss M. E. Smith, Arlington, Mass.	5.00
20.	S. H. Tingley, Providence, R.I.	25.00
21.	First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, Pa., additional	10.00
24.	Guild of à Kempis, Hopedale, Mass.	67.80
		$1,149.18

HENRY M. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Hymn-books Offered.

The Unitarian Society in Wellesley Hills, Mass., has one hundred Hymn and Tune Books (A. U. A. Revised Edition, with services) which it will be glad to present to any church or society in need of them. Many of the books are in rather poor condition, but they might serve a temporary use. Apply to Mr. Edward A. Perkins, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Suggestive Items
OF
China and Glass
Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.

Dinner Sets—Dessert Sets—Tea Sets,
Toilet Sets—Breakfast Sets—Fish Sets,
Umbrella Holders,
Oyster Cocktail Plates with Tabasco Cups in Centre,
Salad Sets—Game Sets,
Guest Room Sets—Coffee Sets,
Toast Racks, Ramekins,
Doulton Nursery Rhymes China,
Bouillon Cups and Saucers,
Cracker and Cheese Stands,
Almond Sets Tea Strainers,
Window Boxes—Whipped Cream Bowls,
Bread and Butter Plates—Fruit Baskets,
Cigar Jars, Chocolate Pots,
Individual Breakfast Sets,
Rail Plates, Fine Lamps,
Ice Cream Sets, Dresden China,
India Cuspidors—Old Blue Canton China,
Entree Plates—Grape Fruit Bowls,
Bric-a-Brac,
Palm Pots, Hock Glasses,
Rich Service Plates,
Flower Vases of all values, China and Glass,
Fern Pots, with linings—Hungarian Pottery,
Ivory open-work ware,
Sandwich Plates, Rich Pitchers,
Cheese Dishes, Cut Glass Pieces,
Lemonade Bowls, Rich Plates in dozens,
Electroliers,
Wedgwood Historical Plates in China, also in Earthenware,
Plaques—Beer Mugs—Celery Trays,
Hot Water Pitchers,
Wedgwood Jasper, Marmalade Jars,
Rich Carlsbad Glass, Carafes,
Mayonnaise Bowls,
Tobacco Jars, China Tea Caddies,
Bath Room Sets, Cracked Ice Bowls,
Candlesticks, Decanters,
Vestibule or Piazza Seats,
Revolving Breakfast or Luncheon Trays,
Pudding Sets, Bronze Figures,
Japanese Gardens.

In Brief, everything in Crockery, China and Glass. Low Price—Inexpensive—Moderate Price—To the Rich and Costly

Special Holiday Tables—Classified values—many items marked down to close out—25 cents, 50 cents, $1.00, $2.00, $5.00.

Everything marked in plain figures, and we are not undersold if we know of it.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.

Importers, Wholesalers and Retailers
(10 Floors)
33 Franklin Street
Near Washington & Summer Streets

Pleasantries.

Western Visitor (accosting citizen): "Can you tell me a good place to stop at?" Citizen: "Certainly! Just before the 'at.' Good day, sir."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Whenever he calls at the house," said Mrs. Twickembury, "she pays the most acidulous attention to him." "Serves lemonade to him, I suppose," commented Mr. Twickembury.

"Look here!" said an excited man to a druggist. "You gave me morphine for quinine this morning." "Is that so?" replied the druggist. "Then you owe me twenty-five cents."

O'Reilly: "Good mornin', Phelan; and how's the boy?" Phelan: "Fhirst rate! fhirst rate! An', d'ye know, he's the pictur' ov me." O'Reilly: "Shure, what need you care, as long as he's healthy?"

The Customer: "These grand opera phonograph records are no good. I can't get anything out of half of them." The Salesman: "They are our finest achievement. You never can tell when these records will sing, they're so temperamental."—*London Opinion.*

Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck-hand): "Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?" Deckhand: "Take a word from an old salt, mum: the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-makin' henquiries about it."—*Pick-me-up.*

Little Eunice was very fond of her mother's friend, Mrs. Clayton, who had stopped in for a few moments on her way to an afternoon party. Little Eunice gazed at her for several seconds, speechless with admiration, and then burst out delightedly, "O Mrs. Clayton, you look just like a fashion dish!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Oscar Wilde once asked at a restaurant for a watercress sandwich, which proved to be a more substantial affair than he expected. In settling his score he said to the waiter: "Tell the cook, with the compliments of Mr. Oscar Wilde, that when I ask for a sandwich I distinctly do not mean a loaf with a field in the middle of it."

Extraordinary Conduct of Mr. Guzzleton's New Chef.—"No, sare! I cannot permit zat you eat *zis effort* ven you are so hongree. You must vait till zat I prepare somezing to take ze rough edge, ze indiscriminating *férocité*, from your appetite; ven you have eaten *zat*,—*zen* you can eat—and appreciate."—*Life.*

The late Prof. Cleveland, for so many years connected with Bowdoin College, was very witty upon occasion. A medical student in attendance upon the college once asked him if there were not some works on anatomy more recent than those in the college library. "Young man," said the professor, measuring the entire youthful scholar at a single glance, "there have been very few new bones added to the human body during the last ten years."

Breathlessly he rushed into the barber shop and sprang into the chair. "I want a shave and a hair cut, and I have only fifteen minutes," he said. Old Fritz stopped to consider, and asked, "Vitch do you vant the most?" "A shave." The shave took about eleven minutes. As Fritz removed the towel from his customer's neck, he said, "Mine friend, don't nefer again ask a barber to cut your hairs and shafe you in fifteen minutes, pecause sometime you might find a barber vat would do it."—*Youth's Companion.*

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, By mail, 50 cents | **Geo. H. Ellis Co. 272 Congress St., Boston.**

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE. Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid. To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO. 272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.

Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free. C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.

PRINTERS

272 Congress Street, Boston

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston

BY

JAMES H. STARK

"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."

LARGE QUARTO, 378 PP.

PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID

For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL

West Newton, Mass.

Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,

MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.

PROCTOR ACADEMY

ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School For Girls

Springfield, Mass.

Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.

Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.

Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Digitized by Google

The Christian Register

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 51 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
- Notes 1201
- The Discovery of Christmas 1202
- Christmas 1203

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
- Notes of an Itinerant, IV. 1204

CURRENT TOPICS 1204

BREVITIES 1205

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
- On Giving; A Suggestion from Canada 1206

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
- The First Cold Snap, by Augusta Larned 1206
- Give! Give! 1207
- The Wishbone 1208
- The United States of Europe, II., by Edward Everett Hale 1209
- Our National Blessings, by Howard N. Brown, D.D. . 1211
- A Suggestion for Christmas 1215
- Anniversary of the Unitarian Mission in Japan . . . 1218
- Rev. Andrew Jackson Abbott; The Boston Unitarian Club; Mr. Ellis and the Open Shop; For Belgian Relief; The Alliance 1220
- The Tuckerman School 1223

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1208

LITERATURE.
- The Christian Life in the Modern World; Books . . 1214
- Miscellaneous 1215

THE HOME.
- Lottie's Christmas Secrets; The Automobile Doll . . 1216
- A Christmas Poet; The Maple's Visitor 1217

POETRY.
- The Morning-glory, by Kate Whiting Patch 1206
- The Kings have Gathered, by Mary Hall Leonard . . 1214
- The Star 1216
- Christmas Candles 1217

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
- Our Belgian Appeal 1222

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1222

PLEASANTRIES 1224

Editorial.

BEFORE the seventeenth century painters used to paint the Holy Family and the saints with nimbuses around their heads, to indicate their divine nature and beatitude. We can hardly understand to-day the full significance of that mystic glory, touching maidenly brows or baby forehead with the seal of divinity; but in certain periods a Holy Child without the golden fillet would have seemed no Holy Child at all, but only a little peasant baby, loved with the common, every-day love of its own mother. Christmas has around it a dear halo of tradition and sentiment and association. We could not if we would, and certainly we would not, separate from it this sign of the vital place it holds in the heart of mankind. Yet it is true that the deepest, truest things in Christmas are those which need no halo to make them sacred. They spring eternally from the affections and aspirations of humanity, only coming year by year, let us trust, to better understanding and fuller, nobler expression.

> "Baby glory in the place,
> Star-look in the mother's face,"

—these are as real to-day as ever; and still may the wise men bow down at the feet of the child who brings peace on earth, good will to men. What are two thousand years when we remember the unchanging impulses that have given birth to and maintained the celebration of this day? Even the halo, for centuries the sign of divine power, served not in one age alone, nor for a single race. Homer knew its significance, and Virgil chose his most vivid words to picture its power. That it was of pagan origin mattered nothing to the painters, who added to the Eastern meaning of power only the significance of something divine and consecrated.

IF the gentle Mary Mother and the Holy Child were in truth resting to-day on the straw of a manger, and the truth could be known far and wide, would not one great wave of rejoicing and love fill our hearts with eager desire to give our best to the little child, and to smooth his path before he should be called on to face the trials awaiting manhood? In a very real sense this is true. The Christ Child, born to redeem the world, born our brother and our charge, lies still untended and unrecognized. To the awakened heart he needs no halo to prove his divinity, no star to assert his claim to our tender care and love. What is our Christmas worth if it is the

Digitized by Google

halo alone that we reverence, the Christmas of tradition and association, while we forget the living child that, in the name of the Elder Brother, calls to us this holiday season? Not only by our carols and our holly, our gifts to each other, and our merry-making, may we remember the wonderful life, born into the world as a little child, that is the central meaning of our Christmas to-day, but by thoughts and deeds that recall his spirit, his mission on earth, his divine helpfulness.

The amount of theology people really use is one of the plainest directions toward our theology. No matter how thoroughly they believe in the old scheme and assert its indispensableness, there is very little on deposit in their running account. It is like the overplus of a man's wealth, which after the main necessities of life are provided for is of very little personal use. He would be astonished to find how much of it he would never really miss if he were brought to the test. So we need not spend much ammunition in attacking positions which our brethren in other churches have themselves practically abandoned. Some one has told of a sign in Paternoster Row which read, "Modern Theology, Greatly Reduced." Modern theology is greatly reduced, and we look to see it reduced to such proportions that it will be within easy reach of all wayfaring men. That is certainly the way to get it used,—to reduce it.

In one of our churches lately two visitors placed together were known by a few persons to be the one English and the other German, each lately come from her native country. Unconscious of the fact, they worshipped side by side, sharing the same service. When one of these worshippers was informed who her neighbor had been she exclaimed, "Fancy! and there I was passing her a hymn-book. Well, I suppose I should have done it, anyway." A church which could do for nations what one church did for these persons would begin to do what the world needs of a church. Once get people on a common ground where the lessons of love and duty and justice come from beyond their differences and draw them into common recognition of the Father of all, and good will takes root in soil likely to bring forth the fruits of righteousness. If once could be got into one church, praying God to forgive each his own sin, the eminent personages whose names it is not necessary to repeat and those under them in dominion, this might be the last great war in history. The Christian Church was founded for this purpose. Where will it ever be found accepted and adopted as really such a church? Who will arise able to be a missionary of the gospel of Christ to all nations called Christian, and carry conversion to the heathen in the centres of civilization?

The comfort of work, as everybody knows, puts all consolation in its debt. The dull mechanic round, which is so deadening under ordinary circumstances, is just what makes it good for the oppressed or overstrained mind. The new emphasis on this, in place of the overworked idea of rest, as a cure for nervous exhaustion, is simply the systematic and careful application of experience. Purely physical fatigue leads to rest which would not come to the spirit left to itself. Having some very ordinary things that have to be done, which seems a paradox in sorrow, is really the salvation of persons in grief. The friend who has the good sense to set sadness to some task is the best of comforters. It is not merely that work distracts the mind from what threatens distraction, or that it narcotizes sensibility for the time, or brings healthy fatigue. The secret is more likely to be that we strike hands with the creative force in the world. In trouble, of which we say there is nothing to do but bear it, we find something to do. It does not touch the trouble, but it puts us in line with energy which mends something or makes something, that betters things. Our gloom may be hopeless, but something is not hopeless. When we can feel that, no matter in what connection, we are on the mend ourselves. We are lifted out of brooding; and, in these times of tragic helplessness, to be workers together with God, in whatever task, is not to forget him.

In the "Dawn of Christianity," by Mr. A. W. Martin, there is a quotation from the Shepherd of Hermas of special interest to us. We generally know of this book only as one of the writings of New Testament times, contained in one of the oldest manuscripts of the New Testament, but not much read now because it was not included in the number of books finally accounted proper to be called sacred writings. Mr. Martin does the service of acquainting us with the suggestive teaching of the author, showing that "he set himself against the error that, once baptized, all subsequent error, however unethical, could in no way annul the saving efficacy of the rite, repudiating and denouncing the attitude of those who sought to construe baptism as devoid of direct relation to the moral life. He insists that bound up with baptism, as an inalienable element, is the desire and endeavor to live the moral life, and that by no cunning device can morality be separated from religion." "Whosoever beareth the name of God," says the Shepherd of Hermas, "ought to bear also the names of these maidens, for their names are their raiment—Faith, Continency, Strength, Patience, Simplicity, Innocence, Purity, Joy, Prudence, Concord, Love." Teachers in our Sunday-schools who know how serviceable Mr. Martin's Life of Jesus has been will find in this book also valuable surveys and fine appreciations.

The Discovery of Christmas.

If the child whose birth is celebrated as none other in history has ever been celebrated had died in youth or early manhood, he would never have been known or remembered outside Nazareth in Galilee. No angels would ever have been thought of, no heavenly songs, no awed shepherds, no pilgrim kings, no lavish gifts. His birth would as well not have happened so far as the world is concerned. There is no indication that it was marked or known until his ministry had ended and Scriptures and imagination were searched to furnish material for filling out the obscurity and ignorance surrounding birth, childhood, and youth. The Gospels which contain accounts of the birth show in no other part any knowledge of that event, proving that the accounts were an addition to and not a part of the Gospels. If there had been anything remarkable or remarked about his birth, is it conceivable that his parents would have ignored the fact, that they would have thought him crazy, that the neighbors should never have heard of such witness, and that through all the course of his teaching and suffering and death there should have been no appeal to what would have silenced all question and turned all opposition into worship? No; it was what he did, and what people long afterward realized that he had done, that cast back on his origin a sacred and exceptional light. The wonderful significance of that

Digitized by Google

birth was considered only after long meditation upon his life and work.

In a somewhat similar way Christmas itself has gone on from year to year through centuries without being wholly known or realized. The world has yet to discover its significance and make full use of its lesson. Exchanging gifts does not utilize it, nor singing quaint carols, nor reading the wonderful story, lovely and touching as it is, nor making merry, nor much preaching about what humanity owes to Jesus. That Christmas comes, that Christ once was born, leaves us still much in the dark as to what the real Christmas is. Christmas came to be because men searched in the past for signs which they might apply to Christ's life. Christmas will completely come only when men look into the future and discern what its fulfilment may be. The world has not yet discovered Christmas. Time has received it and transmitted it, but it has not fully understood it. We must peer ahead to see its meaning. We must prepare ways of fulfilling it before the fulfilment will be intrusted to us.

Suddenly has loomed before us a new continent of opportunity. Giving, giving, giving, has become as much to us with regard to those we have never known as it has been with regard to our nearest friends. We have found the world in our heart, and are realizing how God has set it there. Giving has an unwonted joy. It has hitherto been connected with receiving. Now it is pure, unalloyed, disinterested, commanding our love for its own sweet sake. There are many people who never knew before what it was to give. They have given, indeed, and given generously, lavishly. But they have never given as they are giving now. They have never given to such vast and deep want. They have never had their gifts buy so much for others. Gifts have before bought pleasure, beauty, remembrances, and tokens. Now they are buying life. They are buying relief from hunger and cold and perishings. They are buying unpurchasable things of love and gratefulness. And many a selfishness, which unawares had woven invisible chains binding people in invisible prisons, has now dissolved in the light of angelic visitants, producing a freedom before unfelt and unknown. Giving has enriched the words, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." And the life most precious of all that giving has brought is the new life in the givers, creating in them a new heart, revealing them to themselves, and, as when Moses smote the rock in the wilderness, opening a spring within of exhaustless flow.

Another Christmas remains to be made. It is the Christmas of a wide good will that is not sung as a hope, but made as a fact. How fruitless it is to sing of angelic songs to words of peace on earth, good will toward men—and only sing! Ezekiel's words come again, "Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not." The generosity must produce more than gifts. It will engender good will that must yield more than gratitude. Peoples who become bound together in the bond of obligation cannot keep enmities and animosities and aversions at their former temperature. They must be affected by sentiments so deeply human. Antipathies that have great sympathies stirred into them must yield to their potency. Just at the moment when the world is convulsed with its most awful conflict begin prodigious works of good will, of international amity and fraternity. How can their influence end when the need is over? Will peoples thus associated not form a coalition, a mighty coalition, more binding than the force of treaties and interests? Will they forget in what a spirit they have been brought together, what holy fellowship has sealed their pity and their appreciation, when future strain shall come? Must not the greatest benefactions the world has known inevitably produce a new and greater relationship? At any rate, this is the Christmas yet to be, and one that men must labor in good faith to bring, if they would save their celebrations from mockery.

Let there be no tinge of doubt that, far as we are from fulfilling all that the birth of Christ signified, and his life forwarded, the centuries have not been in vain. Let no voice fail, no faith falter, no good works languish, nor this Christmas be less productive of joy than others because of the gloom that spreads over the face of heaven. Less than we had thought came to pass has really been gained, but much more has been gained than men of the ancient world dreamed could come. The task before the world is seen now in truer proportions. Centuries are but as hours before such mighty consummations as Christmas contemplates. But in the Christmas spirit the power also is mighty. It is not vanquished, nor even checked. It leads on the minds of men. "Behold my servant, whom I uphold," still saith the Lord; "mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my Spirit upon him. . . . He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth."

Christmas.

Christmas is the wonder of the world, the marvel of the ages. It commends poverty and virtue, simplicity and good will. For one day in all the year we commemorate gentleness and universal love. It is the one perpetual pledge of ultimate good will on earth. It shows civilization on its knees to the humblest citizen it has ever produced—but the one it slaughtered in cowardice. It lowers the flag of wealth and power to the one who, above all others, denied the value of organized wealth, and affirmed the supremacy of love.

The world does all this, unquestionably, without knowing its hero, and without adopting his rules of life. It does, however, see clearly enough to confess that it accidentally begot an ideal, one whom it cannot deny, and that some day it must yield everything to his opinions and will. Christmas is not only backward-looking historically, but forward-looking prophetically. The years bring us steadily nearer Jesus, and not nearer Cæsar. The flag over his birthplace was "On earth peace," and universal peace is now the one problem that humanity is thinking over and working out.

Christmas is a miracle in the form of it. It is the day of giving, of self-forgetting, of making other people happy—from the babe to the bedridden; a day that enshrines childhood and glorifies old age; a day that laughs and rejoices, that forgets death as the last enemy that shall be put under foot. Christmas makes cheer, drives out sorrow, makes life out of death, and proclaims that life is the law of the universe. Christmas divides and shares. It equalizes. What would the world be with Christmas left out! It is the entering of the wedge of good will to all mankind,—the rule of love and loving-kindness. It is the day for sowing smiles.

Christmas is an upward-looking day. It does not stop to argue about God and godliness, but undertakes to demonstrate the great creed that makes love for God and love for man our whole duty. The more one considers it, the more wonderful it seems, even in days of discord and war. Some day Christmas will cover the whole year, and to make all men happy will sum up the full aim of every human being. Give! Christmas of

Digitized by Google

1914, give on! Warm your hearts, oh, children of men! Love the least; wrap children to your heart; reverence the poor,—these are the opportunities God has given you. Wonderful is He who stoops to lift us. Only he is great who, Godlike, knows how to give himself.

It is a glorious thought that selfishness is not eternally strong, but essentially feeble; that he who would save himself and himself alone, even in a heaven of eternal bliss, that man is lost.

What will this world be when at last God has got through creating us, when the Christ shall really have risen into all the affairs of mankind, and the Golden Rule will be greater than all constitutions and all legislation, because its spirit will fill them all and inspire human purposing!

American Unitarian Association.

Notes of an Itinerant.

IV.

The week about San Francisco Bay has been full of rich and varied experiences. Let me make brief record of some of each day's occupations, and then if space permits add some comment on what I have seen and heard in the field of service most interesting to the readers of the *Register*. On the Saturday morning of my arrival from Oregon there was a chance, too short, alas! to catch up with some of the accumulated mail. At noon a luncheon at the Union League Club, and an opportunity for discussion about the arrangements for the entertainment of the General Conference next summer. Then by motor to the First Church, where the ladies were gathered, and out to the Fair grounds for a look over the splendid group of buildings nearing completion on that matchless site. On Sunday morning I preached in the Memorial Church of Stanford University, then motored to San José for a visit to the church there, and back to Palo Alto for an evening address to Mr. Reed's people. Monday was given to a visit to Santa Cruz with a luncheon in Hackley Hall and a conference with minister and trustees. On Tuesday I was glad to meet and speak to the students of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry at Berkeley, then to Oakland for luncheon with our ministers of the Central California district, fifteen in all, and at 4 P.M. train three hours to Stockton to preach the sermon at the ordination of Mr. A. B. Heeb, a recent graduate of the Berkeley School and the leader of our new cause at Stockton. An early start on Wednesday enabled me to get back to the city and out again three hours to the north for a visit to Santa Rosa and a luncheon with minister and people. Thursday was Thanksgiving Day, and the charming hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur at Berkeley made it a day of refreshment and an opportunity of meeting many friends old and new. Friday, I travelled to Sacramento to see the new chapel which is nearing completion, and to dine with minister and people, and then boarded the Overland Limited which is now bearing me to my Sunday appointment at Salt Lake City.

People sometimes permit themselves to suppose that the Unitarian cause is not a growing or advancing movement. Let the contrasts of my first and latest visits to this Central California district dispel that delusion. At the time of my first visit the First Church in San Francisco, then under the majestic leadership of Dr. Stebbins, stood alone, though unorganized beginnings had been made at San José and Oakland. Since that time these two missions have grown into well-established churches and there have been added across the Bay the churches at Alameda and Berkeley; to the south, Palo Alto and Santa Cruz; to the north, Woodland, Sacramento, and Santa Rosa; to the west, Fresno, Hanford, and Stockton. In the same period a vigorous and most promising training-school for the ministry has been founded, and a capital monthly magazine, the *Pacific Unitarian*, admirably maintained. Circulating libraries, Sunday-schools, Alliances and Unitarian Clubs flourish, and a Headquarters office in San Francisco serves as a clearing-house for all these interests. Two excellent chapels are now building at Sacramento and Hanford, and when these are completed Stockton, the newest of the churches, will be the only one without a church home.

The coming of the General Conference to San Francisco next August will doubtless awaken new interest in our cause. The arrangements for the meetings are in the hands of zealous and experienced committees, and there will be ample opportunity to deepen the life and extend the influence of our California churches. Let "San Francisco, 1915" be, wherever possible, the watchword and purpose of loyal Unitarians.

Samuel A. Eliot.

Current Topics.

The President's message, which the Congress heard from the lips of the Executive on Tuesday of last week, was devoted in part to a reply to an agitation which has been going on for a few weeks past, in the direction of an augmentation of the military resources of the country. "We shall not turn America into a military camp," said Mr. Wilson, evidently adverting to the current discussion. As to the best means of defence the President pointed to the national guard of the States. On this head he said in his message, "We must depend in every time of national peril, not upon a standing army nor a reserve army, but upon a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms." This phase of the nation's defences, the Executive recommended, should be "developed and strengthened by every means which is not inconsistent with our obligations to our own people and the established policy of our government." On the general question of the defensive policy of the country the President said, "We shall not alter our attitude toward the subject because some among us are nervous and excited."

The perils of the situation on the Mexican border were illustrated by fresh developments last week, when the President, acting through the State Department, caused the two main factions in the Mexican conflict—the Carranzistas and the Gutierristas—to be informed that, in the event of a continuance of the firing across the American boundary in the course of the pending military operations, the United States might be obliged to employ such force as may be necessary to protect American territory. The warning had especial reference to the fighting near Naco, Tex., where several American citizens had been wounded or killed by the bullets of the belligerents across the frontier. To this representation Gen. Carranza replied that he would regard as an unfriendly act any attempt by the American authorities to employ force for the prevention of firing on the Mexican side. In the mean while, the fighting near the border continues, and three victims were added last Sunday to the list of casualties on American soil.

The German advance toward Warsaw, which furnished an impressive feature of the war operations a fortnight

Digitized by Google

ago, evidently has been terminated by a general Russian victory, which by the end of last week had once more put the invaders on the defensive after an exploit which had brought them to a point only twenty miles from the walls of the ancient Polish capital. The German attempt to relieve Cracow—a secondary aim of the general offensive movement by the Germans—had also proved abortive last Monday, after ten days' fighting in the course of which both sides suffered enormous losses. The ultimate result of the fighting on the Eastern front was summarized in an official bulletin issued at Petrograd last Sunday, in which the Russian general staff announced without qualification that it had assumed the offensive all along the line. In spite of the growing odds against them, however, the German forces under Gen. von Hindenburg, who recently was created a field marshal in recognition of his tremendous achievements in driving the Russian army back, are fighting with a courage and a skill which have aroused the admiration of even hostile military observers.

A SPECIFIC and important result in the operations on the oceans was recorded last week, when the British fleet under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee sank the German cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Leipzig in a battle off the Falkland Islands, and subsequently destroyed the cruiser Nürnberg. The Dresden, the remnant of the squadron which had been inflicting heavy losses upon the commerce of the Allies in the Atlantic, was evidently either interned or put out of service at the beginning of the present week. By this victory, won by means of an unquestioned superiority in tonnage and gun-power, the British admiral, who is chief of the war staff, put an end to the offensive capacity of Germany in the Atlantic Ocean. The Germans, all of whom apparently fought to the last, had succeeded in making their presence in the world's sea-ways an effective menace to the trade of the allied powers. By the South American countries on the Atlantic seaboard the demonstration of mastery by one of the belligerents was regarded with satisfaction.

THE project for the neutralization of the waters of the American continent during the present conflict, advanced by the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, and other South American republics, reached concrete form last week, when at a meeting of the representatives of all the American countries an agreement was reached for the appointment of a commission of nine members to take up the subject and outline the preliminary steps in the movement. The State Department at Washington, under the express understanding that the desired neutralization should be advocated only as a voluntary act on the part of the belligerents, accorded its approval and co-operation. Although the destruction of the German cruiser squadron in the Atlantic has ameliorated the situation to a great extent, the American republics desire to continue the effort to define a zone of neutral waters, in order to relieve the commerce of the New World from future hampering interference by the warships of warring nations.

ENDORSED by the chamber of deputies at the recent opening of the Italian parliament, the cabinet at Rome, while adhering scrupulously to its announced policy of neutrality, is sparing no effort to place the nation in an effective condition for military action in the event of any necessity that might arise. The world was informed by Premier Salandra less than a week ago that Italy intends to take an active part in the settlement that is to follow the termination of the conflict. Although the Italian statesman's words on the subject were moderate, the chamber and the Italian people understood him to say that the government had no intention of foregoing whatever territorial acquisitions might be secured for Italy. The shouts of "Trentino!" and "Triest!" which greeted Salandra's declaration gave sufficient indication of the mental attitude of the deputies and of the nation toward those parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire which Italians still designate as "Unredeemed Italy."

THE voice of assent in the chamber of deputies at Rome was heard clearly at Vienna. Despatches from the Austrian capital indicated that Austria-Hungary regarded the statement by the Italian premier as a veiled menace and was responding to the danger by a considerable movement of troops in the direction of the borders of Italy. Evidently the directing minds at Vienna are prepared to make substantial sacrifices to placate the former member of the Triple Alliance. There appears to be some color of truth in persistent reports from Rome that Austria has already indicated its willingness to give partial satisfaction to the territorial aspirations of the Italian people, by the cession of, say, the Trentino, upon certain conditions, probably comprising the co-operation of Italy with the German-Austrian Alliance. A compliance by Italy with such terms, however, may well be regarded as hardly probable in view of the intense spirit of hostility to Austria that animates the bulk of the Italian people.

Brevities.

Some one has said, "It is better to economize when you can than when you must." Let us begin now.

The thing we admire raises in us the desire to become like it, the moral corollary of which is: Never allow yourself to admire anything that is not pure and good, manly and heroic.

It has been said that "a child is a bundle of possibilities, a woman a bundle of inconsistencies, a man a bigger bundle of inconsistencies." In this statement there is enough truth for each of us to carry away our portion without discussion as to the relative size of the bundles.

We hear or read about objects aggregating hundreds of millions, but the imagination is unequal to the task of mentally realizing these numbers. Only by comparison, by some means of relative illustration of certain familiar and known quantities, can we form some estimate of their approximate meaning.

Some wars name themselves, geographically or otherwise, as, for instance, the Thirty Years' War, the Crimean War, the Revolutionary War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the Balkan War. This present European war should be called the Great War, involving as it does so many nations and such vast armies.

How unconscious we are of certain anomalies of everyday life and activity! We go to school and college to get preparation for our after life-work, but few of the most active men of to-day ever use the facts and knowledge obtained by them in school and college. Formulas and exact facts disappear as we work, but certain mental and moral impressions made upon the mind in school life remain indelible.

Digitized by Google

Letters to the Editor.

On Giving.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I was glad to see Dr. William C. Gannett's letter with the excellent suggestions in regard to Belgian relief. I had a friend whose rule was "to give until you feel it." May I add a word to this subject interesting to us all? All of us who can possibly afford it should give something every month to the Belgians. The danger is that those who have given once liberally may feel that they have done their part, and stop there, but the Belgians will need food next month just as much as they do this month.

One thing more! Let us not neglect our home charities; that is "robbing Peter to pay Paul," and also it means that our own poor are paying that debt for us which we owe to the Belgians. Every right-minded person must feel that the help sent to Belgium is an act of justice, not of mere charity. Let what we give come from curtailing our personal indulgences, not from the charities to which we are accustomed to give annually. That is to neglect to provide for our own household. We are grateful to God that we have the means to help these suffering foreigners, but let it not be done at the expense of neglecting other duties.

Lilian Freeman Clarke.

Boston, Mass.

A Suggestion from Canada.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

There are over twenty million boys and girls of school age in the United States—enough to make a line, if they were placed shoulder to shoulder, that would extend from the northeast corner of Maine to the southwest corner of California. Each one of these boys and girls is interested in the war of the nine nations, now raging. Each of these boys and girls might contribute a roll of bandage cotton, or its cash equivalent, for the work of the Red Cross, if the suggestion could only be given to them. Let the cash be sent by mail, for instance, to Joseph H. O'Neill, 85 Devonshire Street, Boston, for Belgian relief, and parcels to 426 Boylston St., Boston.

We have received the tags sent out by the American Unitarian Association and I doubt not our boys and girls will do something to co-operate, but we had already suggested to the school board of Ottawa that the girls in sewing classes be taught how to cut down large outworn stockings, by using the leg only, into smaller stockings and mittens, and that the boys in manual training classes be shown how to make unbreakable toys to be sent as Santa Claus gifts to boys and girls in Belgium. The school board were good enough to endorse the proposition, and as a result there was sent from Ottawa last week upward of fifteen hundred pairs of stockings and separate gifts to children in Belgium.

The war causes much suffering here. Factories are closing and no new building operations are projected, so that we are now planning to do for Ottawa boys and girls what little we can to add to their Christmas cheer. The members of our Alliance, co-operating with the Associated Charities, will provide full Christmas dinners for a number of families where the bread-earner is out of work, and will include in the baskets to be distributed stockings and mittens for the children. Let this be the winter in which we shall show our blessings as never before.

C. Seymour Bullock.

Ottawa, Can.

The Morning-glory.

By Kate Whiting Patch.

Thou teachest me, my simple flower,
That glory need not be
A trumpet blast, or laurel wreath,
But just a flower, like thee.

Thou teachest this, my broken bloom,
How frail, how frail it be,
This glory that rough hands may crush,—
A broken bloom, like thee.

The First Cold Snap.

By Augusta Larned.

Yes, it is just like the spring of a steel trap that catches us unawares while we imagine that the Indian summer has arrived and there will yet be long interludes of mild, sunny weather when we can sit on the veranda and dream over a book or idly rest our eyes on the moving clouds and waving trees. But suddenly the languid mood is scattered, the world is winged with power, and the winds shake all the dried leaves loose. It spreads great hovering pinions to darken and brighten the skies with gleams and glooms. It scatters the hoar-frost like the manna of the Israelites, and spreads little thin scales of ice over the pools.

What days are these for kite-flying, not only for adventurous boys, but for all those who would free themselves from petty circumstance and cramping cares! There are entangling barbed-wire fences around most of us which we can escape only by sailing over. I call these frosty mornings and inspiring fresh gales kite days, for, although we are attached by a string to the earth, we can still rise at moments into the clear blue and behold things as they are below in our habitual petty sphere contrasted with the glorious freedom of a larger outlook. We shall be pulled back to earth by the winding up of our string far sooner than we could wish, but the inspiration of the high view will remain with us for a time, and render all our tasks and duties easier and pleasanter. We may pity sincerely those people who have no kite days and can never look over the hedge of their tasks and duties.

With the first cold snap the house begins to enclose us like a shell. Summer, the warm months, early autumn, gave us the sense of the freedom of the earth, presented us with the keys of the country of God, opened the doors of the forest and hills. How well we breathed then; how the chest expanded, and the eye brightened, and old faces caught a gleam of youth and freshness! But the naked trees and the first chilling blasts that search the marrow of the bones seem to say to many people, "Get into your den or your cave, sit close hugging the fire, bundle and lay on integuments as trees thicken their bark in arctic climates and animals their furs." There are several deadly enemies of whom they are afraid—draughts, loose windows, cracks in the wall, all must be made tight to keep out fresh air. These people I have noticed are seldom free from colds. They have formed what may be called the cold habit, and expect to contract several during the winter. Influenza and sore throats are like old friends to them. They are the very people who take the most pains to keep out the enemy fresh air. They coddle and feed on patent remedies, and always have the odor of cough lozenges about them, or are taking little pellets and drops on the sly. The cold habit may be considered by some a distinction like chewing gum or tobacco. They may look upon certain persons who have not had a cold for many years as abnormal. I am happy, however, to say there are such people,

Digitized by Google

and, as a rule, they owe their immunity to making friends with fresh air.

There is one class, the school-children, who love the outer world with all their souls. It is a delight to see them pour out of the school-house like a freshet, shouting at the top of their brave little voices. The shouts of children are a delight to the ear, for they express all the spontaneous joy of the world. Times have changed since children were taught to be seen not heard, and schools were institutions for instruction in primness and inaction. Long years ago there was a certain lady teacher who had the enviable reputation of being a walking dictionary of elegant terms. On one occasion, at recess, hearing her girls making a little noise, she exclaimed, "Young ladies, young ladies, do not vociferate so loudly. Your explosions of untimely mirth painfully affect the tympanum of my ear, and shock both my nerves and my sense of propriety."

The wind is sometimes a rude blusterer at this season, but always has a pleasant side if you know where to find it. What joy to run before it like a hound seeking his quarry, when the sky laughs in sudden bursts of sunshine behind loose, moving masses of cloud snow-white and gray, or touched with fragments of the golden fleece or the tawny mane of a lion!

What pranks and tricks the wind is up to this first afternoon of real winter, as it whirls the dust of the road in little cyclones, picking up paper and sticks and making them dance in wild glee, while it invades open doors and casements with a rush and rustle of dead leaves! How gracefully the naked limbs of the elm-trees bend and bow in great sweeping curves! They make hoarse music as they swish through the air such as is not heard in summer. The tune has poignancy and sharpness shrilling to high mournful notes like the wailing in a march for the dead. The flying leaves imitate birds in their high sailing. They glide and skate and play leap-frog on the ground, then rush away in great gusty clouds. These windy days bring strange, wild sunsets.

To-night the ball of the sun showed an angry eye, a great red portent, apoplectic in the intensity of its color as if it might burst into flames and consume. The thin mass of vapor through which it shone seemed stained with blood. The moon, hanging like a fairy shallop in the southeast, had caught the same dark luridness. Above were threatening clouds, those wind clouds that set storm-signals along the coast for ships at sea when the blasts, sudden and violent, raise vast, heaving, and sullen billows that roll and tumble and cast up enormous white combers upon the beach. In my mind's eye, as the red light shows a last vivid gleam it rests on a lighthouse, a strip of sandy shore, a little harbor, a few fishermen's cottages, a church spire, and burns a moment on the white sail of a boat rocking and bending in the salt spray and the biting wind.

But it was only a sharp blow after all—a wind that blows itself out without scattering wrecks upon the shore. Just before the evening star comes in, the sky smooths and placates its surface, little clouds of rose and gold scatter over it, and the orange moon, setting early, shows a horn above the horizon. The silence is all the more impressive because of the tumults of the day. How quickly the world grows innocent and peaceful, like the hand of a loving father stretched out to caress a grieving child and quiet its sobs with sleep! The little frets and worries of this tiny sphere are soothed to rest, and then the divine hand draws aside the curtain that hides infinitude. After her revels Nature meditates. She takes us by the hand and leads us into the world of reverie. Without God as the great companion, how awful before her vastness would be our sense of loneliness and mystery! And yet sometimes we ask doubtfully, is there a God, and if so why doesn't he manage the world according to our little plan?

It brings to mind the fable of some sceptical birds, I think they were blue jays, who lived in the crack of a mighty temple so vast and wonderful that only the smallest portion of it could be seen or comprehended by them. Their voices were very shrill and high-pitched like some learned theological disputants, and they were always discussing themes quite beyond the capacity of their little bird-brains to grasp, indeed, problems that have never been solved by even the wisest of human beings. "If there is a God," they kept vociferating, "why doesn't he repair our holes and bring us plenty of nice fat insects to feed our clamorous, hungry young? Why has he made kites and bats and hawks and cats and other predatory creatures to prey on birds of nobler instincts and aspirations who are smaller and weaker than themselves. No, there is no God, though there may be some kind of demon who loves to see us suffer and die. If there was a God we could find him, for we can fly quite high and have even seen the stars on summer evenings. But they are all empty of God, so let us go out and attack those foolish little wrens over there who seem so comfortable and happy building their nests and rearing their young. Perhaps they, foolish little things, believe there is some divine power that will protect them because they are innocent. Let us show them that force alone rules this world." And then they went out and destroyed the wrens, their eggs and young, and glorified themselves immensely, saying they were the greatest, noblest, and most cultured bird-people in the world, and had rid themselves of all pernicious nonsense.

Give! Give!

Never within living memory has there been such a need, or rather such an opportunity, for giving as there is in this country to-day and will be to an ever-increasing degree through the winter that looms ahead.

From the far-flung battle-fields of Europe, where thousands of wounded are waiting the ministrations of surgeon and nurse; from Belgium, France, Prussia, Galicia, where fruitful fields have been turned into deserts, and quiet resting-places into haunts of terror; from refugee camps of Brittany, Holland, and England, where miserable women and children, driven from their homes, stripped of their possessions, robbed of their loved ones, are crying out for bread, clothing, shelter, and "the sweet sacrament of consolation"; from villages and cities of our own country, where myriads will soon be tramping the streets in quest of jobs and alms,—from all these scattered areas of misery goes up a cry for help.

In the first place, we must not desert the institutions and movements to which we have been contributing in the past, in order to answer the new appeals incident to the European cataclysm. We must give to-day what we gave yesterday to the National Consumers' League, to our State child labor committee, to our local association for the improvement of the condition of the poor. We must keep our pew in the church, renew our pledge to the missionary or charity fund, make our subscription to the settlement. To permit any long-standing constructive and beneficent piece of work to suffer or mayhap perish, because of even such an emergency as this which now confronts us, would be inexcusable.

Secondly, we must answer the needs of our own poor and helpless.

Thirdly, we must send succor in a generous and never-failing stream to the stricken millions of Europe. The

Digitized by Google

Red Cross Fund, the Belgian Fund, the Committee of Mercy Fund, and all the rest, must be kept "full, pressed down, shaken together, running over."

What we must do to-day is to give not merely the pennies which we can spare, but the dollars which we think we need. To have what we usually have, do what we usually do, enjoy what we usually enjoy, is, these days, impossible even for the millionaires. This is the hour of sacrifice, and sacrifice means—*sacrifice!*

Therefore, give—give what you cannot afford, to the needs which have long held your highest allegiance and now touch your deepest emotions.—*John Haynes Holmes, in the Survey.*

The Wishbone.

One of the most fascinating things in life is occasionally to take time and think on the significance of little actions, to remember them as links in the great chain of humanity that stretches back and back into dim ages and brings us into touch with the beginnings of things when we like to believe that the world was fresh and beautiful, and untainted by the vile necessity for making money or waging war. In certain families certain formalities are religiously observed, the division of the wishbone, the rites consequent on the upset of the salt-cellar, the correct procedure to observe on walking beneath a ladder. All these are punctiliously carried out, but their real significance has usually become obscured by the mists of time. How many realize that they carry us right back to the days of familiar gods, of spiritual powers to be propitiated and sacrificed to—the time when men lived very close to the heart of things, when the veil of Nature was so thin that in places it seemed possible to rend it and see beyond into the regions of the supernatural? The tendency of civilization has always been to build a fence round mankind. The savage or the member of the early races is obsessed by the sense of his defencelessness—of being set solitary in the midst of a waste controlled by invisible forces infinitely stronger than himself, against which his only chance was by any means to win their good will. Communal life, cities, families, all tended to deaden this sense of oppression. Daring experiments resulted in his partial control of the very forces that had seemed to threaten him most. Men learned both to evoke fire and to destroy it, to chain the power of water or the electrical fluid in the air, to look upon these things as servants instead of worshipping them as gods.

In time this sense of mastery led to the inevitable contempt born of familiarity, and doubts crept in that there might be nothing beyond what could be seen or at all events realized. Forces were tabulated, docketed, measured, put into classes and categories of various degrees of usefulness; their personality and majesty and the awe they formerly bred were lost in blue books and primers and treatises. This was the downfall of what we know as superstition. Why should a man who lived in a city and turned the flood into pipes and taps fear drowning or destruction of his property, and sacrifice to the god of the flood tide? Why should a man who was guarded by police and received the news of the world by wire and cable inquire of an oracle who sometimes refused to answer as to the success of his business undertaking? Only in the countries and districts where imagination held a more important part than dry fact did belief in omens and supernatural portents linger. The people of Devon until recent years consulted the White Witch, the girls of the Green Isle of Erin still visit the wishing-wells and keep up the glamour of Hallowe'en, the man of the town or city from instinct still avoids a ladder, or throws the salt over his shoulder, or uncrosses the knives, with no clear insight into the reason for so doing.

Why is it, then, that recently we have had a recrudescence of fortune-tellers' stories of prophecies made six hundred years ago, and now fulfilled, of horoscopes and palmistry, and omens of every description? Is it not that once more the defences of civilization are crumbling, that the wall man has built up all round himself has proved to be as flimsy as the materials of poets' dreams, that once more he has come face to face with primitive powers and realized himself to be the pygmy that individually he is? A feather to be tossed on the wind of circumstance, he turns to signs and omens from these powers to seek his destiny. Desiring victory in battle, he seeks for proof in horoscopes and prophecies and curious utterances of sibyls or mind-readers; wishful of the downfall of his enemy he gathers consolation from any stray scrap of evidence which may tend to reassure him of that end. Curious coincidences are found which lend color to his desires, and are published as sober facts. The men on the battle-field, nerve-strung and overwrought, prone to set false values on any occurrence they cannot measure by the ordinary standards of life, are credited with seeing visions, with receiving ghostly warnings, and with the gift of foreseeing happenings which afterward actually occur. The same phenomena have been known in all callings of life attended by acute physical danger,—the sailor on his ship, the miner in the bowels of the earth, have many times received warnings of impending danger, much as the savage in the bush or the wild beast in the jungle at the mercy of an unseen enemy becomes aware of his presence before it is manifested.

In the past, in the times when peace and the ramifications of an elaborate civilization have bred the feeling of security, these things have many times been investigated, been put on one side merely as "idle superstitions," or by the more scientific labelled as the working of a subconsciousness of which we have no knowledge in ordinary conditions of existence. Now, in a time of upheaval and stress, such as we are living through, tales of superstitious origin are published in serious journals as sober fact. Are we to take this as a first step toward a revival of interest in the supernatural, after the days of material belief in which we have been living? Scientists themselves have been asserting their increasing conviction in the fallibility of the laws they had regarded as inviolate. Once more imagination and personality and romance seem about to play a part in the ordering of our lives and the economy of Nature.—*The Academy.*

Spiritual Life.

Religion is the human mind standing in reverence and inspiration before the infinite energy of the universe, asking to be lifted into it—opening itself to inspiration.—*Luthardt.*

Religion is often the most beautiful and sustaining in the humble, obscure walks of life, where, serving the Master with a quiet and contented mind, very many put more honor on the Gospel than do those whose names are heralded to the world.—*Bishop Jaggar.*

When a human soul draws its first furrows straight, the rest will surely follow. Henceforth your existence becomes ceaseless activity. The universe belongs to him who wills, who knows, who prays; but he must will, he must know, he must pray. In a word, he must

Digitized by Google

possess force, wisdom, and faith. Be conquerors on the earth. Your convictions will be changed to certainties.—*Honoré de Balzac.*

That man has lived to little purpose who has not learned that what the great world pities, and its teachers disallow, even though mixed with tokens of weakness, is many times deepest in truth and closest to the real sublimities of life and religion.—*Horace Bushnell.*

The New Testament is only the beginning of books, not a finished and sealed document, according to popular notions of finality, but the beginning of a literature punctuated and paragraphed by tears and laughter, by battle and pestilence, and all the changes of a tumultuous yet progressive civilization.—*Joseph Parker.*

The United States of Europe.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

II.

It was a little before the first planting of Virginia, nearly twenty years before the landing at Plymouth, that Henry, acting in concert with Queen Elizabeth in her old age, conceived this plan of what he called the Christian commonwealth, to be formed among the powers of Europe. No man called this a dream then, when such a soldier as Henry agreed to it, and such statesmen as Sully and Cecil planned for it. The death of Elizabeth, and the elevation of a fool to the throne of England, was its first misfortune. But Henry IV. was not born to be crossed by fools; and to the moment of his murder, in 1610, he persevered. The diplomacy of France and of Northern Europe for more than ten years seconded his endeavors. His plan in brief was this, to reduce the number of European States, much as the Congress of Vienna eventually did two hundred years afterward, or so that all Europe should be divided among fifteen powers. Russia did not then count as part of Europe; and Prussia was not then born. Of these powers, six were the kingdoms of England, France, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, and Lombardy; five were to be elective monarchies, viz., the German Empire, the Papacy, Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia; and there were to be four republics,—Switzerland, Venice, the states of Holland and Belgium, and the republic of Italy, made up somewhat as the kingdom of Italy is now. These fifteen powers were to maintain but one standing army. The chief business of this army was to keep the peace among the states, and to prevent any sovereign from interfering with any other, from enlarging his borders, or other usurpations. This army and the navy were also to be ready to repel invasions of Mussulmans and other barbarians. For the arrangement of commerce, and other mutual interests, a senate was to be appointed, of four members from each of the larger and two from each of the smaller states, who should serve three years and be in constant session. It was supposed that, for affairs local in their character, a part of these senators might meet separately from the others. On occasions of universal importance they would meet together. Smaller congresses, for more trivial circumstances, were also provided for.

The plan contemplated a grand army of Europe of 320,000 men, and a navy of 120 vessels, to be provided in quotas agreed upon by the respective members of the association, and from the beginning the members of the association announced that no secession was to be possible or to be permitted.

With generosity such as few princes have shown, Henry proposed that the executive which should carry out the decisions of the senate should be the elected Emperor of Germany for the time. This was probably the weakest part of the plan, the point to be secured being, of course, then or now, the most difficult. But, as the Emperor was chosen in an assembly in which so many of the several powers had a voice, this seemed the simplest adjustment.

What gave the practical character in its very outset to a scheme so bold was the absolute disclaimer, both on Henry's part and Elizabeth's, of any desire to increase their own territories or power. Henry satisfied even the jealousy of the Pope in this regard; and so loyal was he in his diplomacy, always looking forward with this Great Design, that, according to Sully, at the moment of Henry's murder he had secured the practical active co-operation of twelve of the fifteen powers who were to unite in this confederation. They had avouched this co-operation by raising their contingents for the army, by which they proposed to crush the pretensions of the house of Austria and the King of Spain. The co-operation of Switzerland also would be secured at any moment it was wanted, so that really Austria and Spain had at that moment all Europe in arms against them; and the leader of all Europe was this chivalrous Henry, in whom the Pope had confidence, and with whom the Protestants were all allied,—Protestant at heart, Catholic in ritual, a man possessed with this great design, still in the very prime of life, in command of an admirable army, with a treasury full, a people prosperous, himself the first real soldier of his time.

No man said that the Great Design was a dream then!

It is easy to see that the central wish which bound these powers together was the wish to humble Austria. Under Charles V., Austria and Spain, with all the new wealth of the Indias at their command, had domineered over all Europe. Philip II. would have been glad to do the same thing. The Great Design of Henry offered, therefore, to the various powers this immediate prize, that they would humble the Emperor of Austria, and tie his hands. This was just as the great alliance of the nations of Europe against the first Napoleon was animated by a determination to humble him and the power of France. But, beyond this immediate purpose, Henry and Elizabeth and the King of Sweden looked to such a control by the allied powers that no single sovereign should so claim the lion's share again. The Great Design looked beyond the immediate purpose to the permanent peace of Europe.

The very jealousy with which Austria was regarded was the strong support of Henry's diplomacy. He was enough of a Catholic to obtain even the Pope's secret support in his negotiations. The scheme, therefore, had the advantage which such a scheme could hardly have had from that time to this, that it was not a mere sectarian alliance of Protestant against Papist. It proposed a combination of Catholic Italy and Catholic France with Protestant England and Protestant Sweden and Germany. This was its element of strength.

Its weakness was that before it could even be set in motion the separate states of Europe had to be reorganized within. Thus the republic of Belgium was to be created, the kingdom of Lombardy was to be created, the republic of Italy was to be created, and so on; and every petty prince who in this process had been turned out of the crumbling owl-hole which he called a palace would be grunting and scolding and doing his little best to stop the progress of the Great Design. Nay, every scullion that washed the dishes in the courts of such a potentate, and every beggar-boy that screamed at his horse's tail, would consider that their perquisites and

Digitized by Google

honors were stolen from them. The Great Design was encumbered from the beginning with such difficulty of detail.

But it was not left, alas! to any fair test of its allies or of its enemies. Just as Henry was maturing his last preparations for that great campaign, in which, at the head of united Europe, he would offer Austria peace and the Great Design or war against all the world beside, another issue came. Henry entered his lumbering carriage of state, to make Sully a last visit at the arsenal. They turned from the Louvre into one of the narrow streets of Paris, when some obstacle stopped the progress. At the moment, a very tall man, in a cloak, muffled heavily, and with a broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, stepped upon the wheel of the coach, dashed his arm into the window, and struck the king with a knife; to make certain, he drew back the knife and struck again at the heart,—the most loving and gallant heart in all Christendom,—and the king fell dead. With that blow the Great Design died. It was to have made real, perhaps for centuries, the dying prayer of the Saviour of the world, that "they all may be one"; and at the blow of a crazed fanatic this hope vanished for well nigh three centuries.

How like another stroke by another fanatic, which stopped the beating of the most loving heart in America at the moment when that heart was seeking the pacification of our warring States, full of kind wishes and kind hopes for all!

That scrap from the history of courts is a proper illustration of the duties, the hopes, and the prayers of the citizens of this Republic. It is one of the few illustrations in history where the kings of the world have distinctly chosen peace, permanent peace, as the great object of policy. Such is not the habit of kings. No; but it should be the habit of peoples; it should be the habit of republics. The diplomacy of a republic, because it is a republic, should look to the strengthening and maintaining peace among the nations of mankind.

We are constantly misled in this matter because we go to school and study the histories of mere families—of Bourbons, of Tudors, of Hapsburgs—and their wars. We get excited over these wars. Unconsciously, we come to think that there is no great nation but a nation which is great in war. We might as rightly wish to have our nation great in earthquakes, or great in pestilences, or great in conflagrations. To do our duty in war when it comes, that is one thing; to enjoy war, or to seek it, that is another. The great soldiers have always been great pacificators. The great Napoleon is no exception. But we are deceived by the books. Because an old feudal nation followed war and has war written all over its history, we take a notion that we, though we are not a feudal nation, must repeat that history. On the other hand, the whole being and nature of our nation is different. This Republic exists simply that so many men and women may have happy homes. That is what it is for. It is not for the extension of any boundary, it is not for the propagation of any theory, it is not for the glory of any leader, that our States are founded or our Union set in order. No; it is that forty million men and women may live in happy homes. George Frisbie Hoar said the other day that the business of the people of this country is to see that "no more history is written." He alluded to Montesquieu's maxim, that that people is happy whose history is not written. Well, that is our duty,—to keep outside of the sensation life, the poor life of the scene-shifter in the melodrama, which makes up the common record of the vulgar histories. It is our duty to cultivate and to illustrate those relations of peace in which, and in which only, come in the true prosperity of nations.

As it happens, this great necessity of keeping the peace at home has cost us one great civil war. Very fortunately for us, that great duty of ruling out of our own affairs once for all the one relic of feudalism we found here has shown to the world that there is no such military strength, where strength is needed, as the strength in arms of a free people. That has been happily proved for a century. That being known, our policy is, and our duty is, to watch this blessed moment which, after three centuries, may be sweeping round even now upon the dial, for securing the permanent peace of Christendom. It sometimes seems as if in statesmanship we were living on the reputation of the fathers; but, whenever we shall have a statesman at the front worthy of that name, he will actively and with steady system carry forward plans which look to a pacification of Europe as sure and as well-founded as the pacification which the fathers wrought out for America. The plans of Henry are already half carried through. The jarring duchies and electorates and principalities of Europe are already reduced to a lesser number than he proposed; and in the present position of the Pope, in the union of Italy, in the very weakness of France, in the asserted strength of Germany, in the anxiety of Austria, in the change of dynasty of Spain, in the new institutions of Russia, and in the overthrow of landed rights of England, the moment has come which some great man will certainly choose for trying to work out the other half of Henry's problem,—for establishing the United States of Europe.

If we have any statesmen and if we have any diplomacy, the men will guide the policy toward the solution of this problem.

Does any man say that we have a quarrel of our own with England to be adjusted first? This is not so, as we have said before. There was an England with which we had a quarrel; but not with this England, not with the England of to-day. There was an England once—the England of the Tudors and Stuarts, the England of George the Third, of Bute and North and Grenville—with which our fathers had a quarrel. That England still survived in its dotage nine years ago, and some dregs of that quarrel were ours then. But five years past have wrought a revolution. That old England has been swept away as thoroughly as old Virginia is swept away, and ought to be forgotten as Jefferson Davis is forgotten. The government of England has been taken from the landholders of England and given to the people of England. The feudal aristocracy has been bidden to take its place. The workingmen of England have stepped to the front to take theirs. They are willing to pay us what they owe us. Let them pay us. They are willing to give us security for the future. Let them give it. And then, while they wage their war in England with what are left of the old Warwicks and Stuarts, barons and cavaliers, and all such standard-bearers of the past, let our statesmen see to it that we are the friends of the free institutions of the new-born England. We must not trip the feet and hold the hands of our own allies,—of such men as John Bright and Thomas Hughes and the workingmen of Lancashire,—who never once failed in their loyalty to truth and freedom.

This Republic is founded for the happiness of home. When once that truth can be understood both by noisy politicians and by quiet statesmen, the great victory of truth will be nearly won. Not for the record of slaughter, but for the happiness of unmolested homes; for this the true statesman resolves, as the true Christian prays. And this nation works out its destiny, and its public officers achieve their own true honor, as its word is spoken in the great plea for the Christian commonwealth. At the present moment, the next step in the advance toward it is the upbuilding of the United States of Europe.

Digitized by Google

The United States of Europe and the United States of America would not quarrel, and they would hold the power of the world in their hands. The international policy of the world would be developed as in the vision:—

"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

Our National Blessings.

BY HOWARD N. BROWN, D.D.

I wonder if we have not all a feeling at the bottom of our minds as if we had no right to be thankful for ourselves while so many of our kind are suffering extremes of privation and sorrow. There is always suffering enough to make a sensitive mind somewhat ashamed of the prosperity or good fortune that has protected it from such hard fate, but much of the time this suffering does not obtrude itself upon our notice or appeal to our imagination. Now it is like one continual earthquake horror. Every day forces of destruction quite as deadly as those which issue from a great volcano are inflicting as much woe upon humanity as could be charged to the worst volcanic eruption.

Who are we that we should be spared what so many of our fellow-mortals must endure, and how have we deserved immunity from the calamity by which they are overwhelmed? To thank God that we do not stand in their wretched case may seem a little as if we considered ourselves special favorites of the Almighty, so that his hand had been extended to shield us from the storm when others less worthy were permitted to be overwhelmed. That implication of a good deal of belief in what are called "special providences" has a hard and unlovely aspect. How can people think that God has put forth his might to rescue them in time of danger while he has not interfered to save others, without accusing the Divine Power of wicked partiality or assuming that they, the rescued, are more worth saving than others who were lost?

Yet we should be doing great wrong to numberless sincere and simple hearts if we supposed them capable of making any such assumption. They have believed that the power of God was directly exercised for their benefit, but they have not thought that he loved them more than others. We have no right to attribute spiritual arrogance to those who have believed themselves especially under divine protection, for they have generally thought that any others might have that protection if they would. We can be thankful that we dwell in a land over which the dark shadow of war does not brood, without hardness of heart toward those less fortunately placed; because our situation gives us a right to hope that our national pathway shows a way out at last for all mankind. We are grateful, that is to say, not only because a blow which has fallen heavily elsewhere has not fallen upon us, but because in our escape there is promise of final deliverance for all that live from one of the worst of human ills.

We dwell in a land which cannot easily be brought into deadly strife with other nations of the earth. Such confidence on our part may be somewhat shaken by the fact that war has descended upon others like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Why, one may ask, should it not come upon us as it came to people across the sea, like a thief in the night, without warning? We cannot deny the possibility of this, but to any sober reason I must think it seems extremely improbable. Should a great world empire emerge triumphant from the struggle across the sea we might have to wrestle with that power for our own independence, but such an issue of that contest is almost unthinkable, and, setting aside that risk, the danger from without is to us very small. No nation in our part of the world is in the least likely to make an attack upon us, and, should any old-world power that we know of cast envious eyes upon our domain, we are too far off to be reached by a very deadly blow. There is more danger from the reckless element among our own people which might embroil us in some quarrel not properly our own. But the past year has brought that risk about as near to us as it is ever likely to come, and the unwillingness of the country, as a whole, to be drawn into the conflict is an immense encouragement for the future. At all events, whatever distant probability of war there may be in our case, we do not dwell under the constant threat of it, as other people have been forced to dwell; and we have reason for profound gratitude that this is true.

We have also, as I feel, great reason for wonder and thankfulness as we survey our own national domain, because of the way we are getting on with the problem and difficulty of race antagonism which has always been a very large stumbling-block in the way of human progress. In some near Eastern lands, like Macedonia, where the population is made up of a mixture of many races, these elements have long been at perpetual strife. The tumult and disorder and bloodshed which accompany this strife are an effective bar to any social and industrial development whatever. But we have here a mixture of races equally or even more complex, and very little trouble comes from it. Some feuds of ancient standing have been brought across the sea, but they are much softened by the transition. On the whole, we are giving the world a magnificent illustration and example of the truth that men of all races can live perfectly well side by side, with a fair degree of mutual respect and esteem.

That race hatred which is supposed somehow to run in the blood, and to be so much a matter of heredity that there is no escape from it, turns out to be nothing of the sort. It is rather ridiculous, when we come to think of it, to have it regarded as something that exists in the order of nature, as if a man with one cast of countenance were born to despise and fear a man with another cast of countenance. Race antagonism is probably nothing but a tradition kept alive from one generation to another by the education of young minds in the prejudices of their elders, and here with us the spring of this mischievous passion is surely beginning to fail. The feeling between the white man and the negro is probably the worst and most stubborn exhibition of it that we have, and one must say that this appears to be very largely fictitious, as it is mostly the white man's fault. If the past could be forgotten, the two races would get on very well together. All sorts of things are alleged as racial differences so marked that friction and antagonism must result, but the real truth is that the negro has mainly to suffer because of passions that were developed by a white man's quarrel, and on the whole he is working out his destiny, in the face of that handicap, with remarkable patience and a not wholly insufficient degree of courage. No one now can see the end of the negro problem. But year by year it tends to become less rather than more acute, and in many places the two races have found such a satisfactory method of living and working together that it must be only a question of time when the difficulty, as a whole, will cease to be just cause for national anxiety.

Digitized by Google

As for the rest, when we see what fearful strife results elsewhere between two races that are brought near together, we can but view with astonishment the almost unbroken peace of our society so far as racial antagonism is concerned. I do not say that we are free from it, and that there are not many petty and foolish exhibitions of it, sometimes leading to crime. What I do say is that nowhere else on the face of the earth is human society such a conglomerate of all sorts of human material, and that these diverse elements, which have been in other places so hostile to each other, are settling down with us to peaceful and neighborly relations wonderfully well. With the second and third generations race friction almost totally disappears and ceases to be any alarming feature of our situation. We can show to all the world the utter folly of the assumption that men of different racial stock were born to be enemies, and that with mutual acquaintance they easily come into good relations despite their differences.

It is a lesson extremely valuable for mankind to learn, and, if we can learn it so well ourselves as to moderate race pride till it ceases to play an overweening part, we shall have given the world an example still better worth its attention. We who call ourselves Anglo-Saxon in our origin have a right to feel proud of the achievements of that branch of the race, but among us there is now almost no talk of the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon to dominate the planet and give laws to the rest of mankind. That foolish bravado does not thrive well in the American atmosphere. One wonders whether if the Teutonic people were less homogeneous the idea of "Germany over all" could ever have swelled to such large proportions. We do not think of the people of other races as being so worthless that, in the interest of the general civilization, we are entitled to crowd them out and take their place. On the contrary, we know that most of them want only a decent opportunity to take up and utilize the best that the world has to give.

If ever we are tempted to believe ourselves so much superior to the rest of mankind, the object lesson of the capacity of other races is here always before our eyes. Out of them come some of our foremost experts and discoverers. We get statesmen and engineers and physicians and artists of the very highest rank out of this alien stock. How can we talk any longer of the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon, as if that were the world's salvation?

We have learned that humanity is richer because of the diversity of racial inheritance which the past has established; that the thing to do is not to obliterate these separate nationalities as some of the bigger powers of the earth have been attempting to do, but to cherish and shelter their growth. It would be a calamity if, for example, the great Russian nation should succeed in Russianizing the Finns till they had lost their national characteristics. It was really a crime against civilization, as well as a political blunder, when Poland was deprived of its autonomy as a nation. Nature has wisely broken our race up into these different groups, and there is not one of them that we ought to wish to spare.

If any race in its ancestral home finds its own soil too limited for its support, let it spread out among other peoples. Of all the fanciful and ridiculous notions which go to make up what is called "Pan-Germanism," no idea is more absurd than that it is a misfortune to the motherland to send her children into other countries to make a part of their life. It is the last idea that Germans in America ought to entertain, and the very statement of it as a pretext for aggressive warfare on the part of Germany should be an insult to their intelligence. That nation never has done anything better for itself or for the world at large than to send to these shores the children of her rearing who now make so large an element in the life of this great republic. Any other estimate of that transplanting is either mere sophistry or the deliverance of a perverted mind.

However dark these considerations may be elsewhere, here they are as plain as daylight. Here, as perhaps nowhere else, differences of race have almost ceased to be any bar to good understanding and peaceful relations. It is an enormous benefit, and it can but have a powerful influence throughout the whole world of men. Knowledge of a land where men of every branch of the human family dwell together on friendly terms, and work together as peacefully as if they were of one blood, must tend to mitigate the rancor with which the same kind of men are apt to regard each other elsewhere.

Carrying out this same thought a little further, we have much reason to be grateful that we dwell in a country where what has been called "religious toleration" begins to blossom into something for which that phrase is a rather inadequate name. It is not only that all religions are here free, so far as the State is concerned, to establish their shrines and practise their rites. The ancient Roman Empire granted that liberty, though it afterward, and unhappily under what were nominally Christian influences, fell away from that good custom. But the Roman Empire had a State religion of its own, and it was more or less contemptuous of the many faiths and cults that took shelter under its protecting care. We grant religious liberty out of a certain respect for the religious impulse of the human mind, and a feeling that there must be some needed good in every form of faith that can secure for itself sincere and humble worshippers.

Nowhere else, I think, has religious freedom been carried so far, or borne such fruit, as here in our own land; certainly not in England where, though persecution has long ceased, the immense State Church has such prestige that other churches are as bushes trying to grow under the shade of a huge tree. There is a tone of bitterness throughout the whole field of religious work in England that is almost entirely absent here. The Dissenter there is under a kind of social ban. Members of the State Church do not scruple to speak of him with a scarcely veiled contempt, and he, on his part, is too sorely tempted not to answer sometimes scorn for scorn. In a country like France there is religious liberty, but only one kind of church is there regarded as a force to be seriously reckoned with. With that church the State has been at times in open strife; and there is no other body of religious opinion large enough to count as a marked factor of the national life. If one wants to see what religious freedom can come to, and what religion can grow to be in an atmosphere of liberty, he can see that better here, I think, than in any other land upon which the sun shines.

We have no reason, I am sure, to be ashamed of that exhibit as we compare ourselves with other nations. Religious prejudice is by no means extinct among us, and it sometimes takes an ugly form, but I am confident that there is more good will with us between religionists of every kind than can easily be found elsewhere. Christians and Jews, for instance, hate each other less, and hold a higher place each in the other's esteem.

The effect of this on the quality of religion itself can but be most beneficial. The worst of sectarian bigotry and prejudice is its deadening influence upon the whole tone of our spiritual life, and that different types of religious faith can live together peaceably must be good for each and every one of them. We have had our religious quarrels and squabbles, and some people rather lament that the good old days of uncompromising con-

Digitized by Google

troversy have so much passed away. Who is so good a friend, it is sometimes asked, as your enemy? Who so well as he searches out the weak places in your armor and puts you on your defence to prove the faith that is in you. But it is mainly the intellectual man which thrives on that kind of combat. True religion does not flourish in an atmosphere of strife. The Church in America has not been altogether free from bitter animosity, but there is very little of it left, as we compare our day with former times. When one Christian pulpit does thunder against Christians of another kind it is mostly a formal denunciation, pronounced in obedience to what is felt to be a good old custom, and everybody understands that it has no very serious meaning.

In this era of peace and good feeling among the churches, religion has taken a new start; it has made a real new departure and begins to promise a rebirth of Christianity itself. It is an immeasurable joy and inspiration to feel the new currents of life and thought springing up in the Church everywhere throughout our land. Voices issue from every known division of the Church, proclaiming the truths of Christianity in forms that the enlightened reason of our day can heartily accept, and setting forth the gospel in terms that clothe our whole human life with wonderful meaning and sublimity.

This must be the beginning of a new day for Christian faith and Christian ethics. We may freely grant that, take our people as a whole, there is less religious profession than in days gone by, but this results chiefly because an immense amount of profession has been secured in the past under the lash of fear; and we need have no doubt whatever that religion, what there is of it, is a far more vital force in the minds of men than ever it has been before. Christianity is not dying. It is preparing itself for a mightier work than it has thus far accomplished; and we may rejoice to feel within it the spring of a new power that is shaping itself for conquest of the world in days to come.

Last but not least in this brief and imperfect catalogue of our national blessings, let us consider the advantage of living in a land so free as ours from the system and the spirit of caste. That is one of the great and important meanings of our democracy. Democracy is defined in many ways, and is made to include all sorts of ideals, but, whatever else it may signify, it stands for the abolition of those lines of caste which arrange society in fixed and arbitrary layers from which there is almost no escape. Caste means that, wherever a man is born, there, in that layer of the social strata, he must forever abide. Should he be born to high station he cannot easily be so recreant or so wicked as to lose his caste; should he come of humble parentage, even the most brilliant gifts do not easily raise him above that despised position.

Now in the light of our own experience we can see what treasures of the mind the world must have long wasted by locking those gates through which genius, when it appeared in lowly place, ought to have been allowed to make its way out into the great world's life. Our national record abounds in the names of men and women who, beginning low down in the social scale, have made their way to high position, becoming thereby great benefactors and even saviors of their kind. Under a rigid system of caste, all that enrichment and ennoblement of the world's life would have been prevented and lost. It was for centuries repressed and held down save as the Church opened a small way by which the son of a common man might rise to sit at the council board of kings. It has been an incalculable sacrifice of the possible resources of our race which might have been applied to the world's betterment and enlightenment.

Caste has another effect not quite so obvious though far more deadly. It means the enthronement in high place of persons who have not won the right to be there. It means that the upper class of society almost inevitably comes to look down in scorn and contempt upon the rest of mankind, and that this fixed attitude of disdain for what is of lower rank spreads downward through all the various social classes. It means that they who are low look up to those who are high, and worship there, not the great qualities of being which are alone worthy to be worshipped, but the mere gilded trappings in which the life of wealth and luxury is able to adorn itself. The poison of all this spreads far, and is most deadly in its effect upon our higher life. Nothing could be worse for the strong, who should be helpers and guides to the weak, than to come merely to despise the weak. If they do not then, as is often the case, make the weak their prey, they certainly kill what is noblest in themselves, and they render themselves entirely incapable of giving the best help to their fellow-men. Nothing could be much worse for the more incompetent portion of mankind than to remain blind to life's nobler qualities through their envy and admiration of the mere wrappings of human greatness, and their humble adoration of the rank which is not gold, but only the "guinea's stamp."

India is the country where we may see the system of caste at its worst: I make bold to say that ours is the land where that baleful system has been most nearly put aside and cast off forever. England is often said to be a more democratic country than our own. I must think that, as tried by this test, which is far more to the purpose than most standards of comparison that are used, the boast cannot be made good. We have our little notions about social classes, but they are mildness and innocence itself compared with the rigidity of ideas about that matter even in freedom-loving England. Our society is far less crossed by inflexible and unvarying lines, so that through our social mass individuals both rise and fall with greater ease until they find their proper level.

It is an inestimable advantage to our life as a people, and it is one of the facts that should enable us to face the future with confidence, that our wonderful career thus far is but the beginning of a greater development to come. We have our problems,—what human life has not?—and vexatious enough they often appear. There are threatening portents upon our national horizon big enough to scare the stoutest heart, but they are no worse than the signs of the times generally appear to thoughtful minds; and meanwhile I hold that the reasons for thankfulness and hope here set forth are great enough to overbalance that fear.

We are a people but little subject to the devastation of war. We are a people possessed of a most remarkable capacity to assimilate into something like a harmonious whole the many diverse elements that have thronged to these shores. We are a people who ought to develop the best and purest and most spiritual religion possessed by any great body of men since history began. We are a land practically without caste, which means something like equal opportunity for all, and an open door for the best that is in us wherever it may appear. We follow a faith whose Founder was known as the "carpenter's son" and who was born in a manger. Surely out of what we account the humblest elements of our own life great good will yet appear. I will not believe that American society is decadent or bad. It has great qualities and wonderful advantages, and we may go forward with high hope that it will not prove false to the fortunes of humanity that are so much in its keeping.

BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

The Kings have Gathered.

BY MARY HALL LEONARD.

The kings have gathered! Did the prophet's eye
The Apocalyptic vision clearly see?
And is it true? Or do we merely dream
That now the long foretold cometh to pass?
The kings have gathered! Does it then foreshow
Crowns tottering, fallen sceptres, monarchs gone?
Ends now the "Dispensation"? Cometh next
The Devil bound, the thousand years of peace?
We hold our breath; God knoweth, He alone,—
All-Knowing and All-Loving is His name.

We do not look to see from open graves
The saints foregather, mighty Babylon
(Whoe'er she be) o'erthrown, and angels seven
Pouring their vials. Bible imagery
With mystery teems; but still unbroken stand
Seals of the judgment-books and Book of Life.

One thing we know. This war and every war
Shall have an end; and a new earth shall rise
Whereto the glory and the honor pure
Of all the nations shall at last be brought.

This dear old planet with its many ills
Is now our home, the only world we know;
Its orbit swings through boundless time and space
Which God pervades—and we are in His hand.
What more can us concern than to ally
Ourselves in loyalty to God and Good?

Literature.

The Christian Life in the Modern World.*

It is seldom indeed that so wise and sane and comprehensive a book is put before the readers of the present day. If Dr. Peabody's earlier books had done nothing else, they have opened a way and prepared an entrance to many minds for one of the best statements of Christian faith and Christian ethics ever made. It ought to have an immense steadying effect upon those minds amid the conflicting currents of opinion in our time; and it is a very great contribution toward the reshaping of Christianity itself as it is being forced to adapt itself to the demands of a new age.

In the very first chapter the author sets us right with regard to some of the most prominent vagaries that are leading Christian thought astray. As against those who would have religion freed from entanglement with historic personalities, he tells us that the very core of Christian faith is bound up with the personal loyalty of the individual soul to the teaching and the person of Christ. To substitute for Christ some "beloved community" as the object of this loyalty is to give Christianity no more advantage than, for example, Shintoism possesses. He will listen to none of the schemes proposed in these later days for saving orthodoxy at the expense of the name and fame of the historic Founder of the Christian faith. When it comes to a choice between the actual Jesus and some ideal or "eternal" Christ, he stands for the Man of Nazareth, and considers the other no better than a broken reed on which to lean.

He is not to be drawn aside by the notion which some scholars have taken up, that the ethics of the Gospel are of *interim* character, designed only for those who waited till the end of the world should come. No one has shown how they were specially appropriate for that purpose, or in what they failed to be adequate for the Kingdom of Heaven when it should appear. But we are here convincingly shown that, whether or not they were designed to apply to a settled and stable world, at all events they are entirely capable of such application and will work out for us an ideal society. This theme is elaborated through successive chapters on the home, the business world, the State and the Church.

The whole treatment of the subject is luminous and strong. It is the work of a clear and dispassionate mind, having great breadth of view, which is altogether intent upon seeing the realities of human life. They who are inclined to think that our life is held within the limits of an orderly development will find in this book abundance of reasons for their faith that Christianity is a vital part of this progressive movement. They who are inclined to think that the way to get on is to tear things to pieces and begin all over again, if they will give these reasons candid consideration, should see much new light on the problems of human welfare. They who are now saying, rather thoughtlessly, that Christianity is a failure may discover from these pages that they never truly understood what Christianity was, and that what has failed was only some poor travesty of it masquerading, here and there, in its place.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, HIS LIFE, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS. Edited and supplemented by Edward Lind Morse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50 net.—The inventor of the telegraph died forty-two years ago, but only now has an adequate, authoritative biography of him appeared, one that provides for the clearer understanding of the man and his great work by those of later generations than his own. He had a remarkable personality and an interesting career. Of the former we learn in the first volume, which records his early years, his art studies in this country and abroad, and his career as a painter. The second volume tells in fuller detail than we have hitherto had the story of the events leading up to his great invention, the various troubles that always make, in one way or another, the path of the inventor one of struggle and sometimes of discouragement, and the final full establishment of all his claims. Morse was born in Charlestown, son of that Rev. Jedidiah Morse who dreaded and disliked the encroachments of the new Unitarianism. The accounts of his youthful years show from the first the truth of his biographer's statement that his versatility and abounding vitality were astounding. He threw himself ardently into the work at hand and drew from every demand the secret of its fulfilment. He went to England with the Allstons, and his letters from abroad have the interest that belongs to clear descriptions of the people and incidents of that period in the early interesting years of the nineteenth century. Indeed his biographer has allowed Morse to speak for himself, through his letters and journals, from the earliest days to the latest. The greatest interest centres, naturally, in the struggles attendant upon and following his great inventions. It seems astonishing now, when the honor due to his name is universally acknowledged, that there should have been any to dispute his attainments and make more difficult the road to success. The story stands here, simply written, and it is a good thing that we can now know him not as the inventor only, but as the man among men, a generous friend, a courageous scientist, a true gentleman.

PRINTS. By Emil H. Richter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.—This review of the history and technique of prints fits in well with a widening interest in the subject, which has hitherto remained chiefly in the domain of special students and collectors. Even well-educated persons calmly admit their ignorance of the difference between relief, intaglio, and planographic processes, and very few are competent to appreciate the art in its most famous illustrations. The field for study is very rich, and the result of explorations most rewarding. These lectures, after a chapter on processes, explains the origin of woodcut and reviews the early days of engraving, then takes up the art as it has expressed itself in the different countries (Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, France, England, and the United States), and closes with a chapter on "The Nineteenth Century," which is especially adapted to awaken the reader's interest in further study. The book has some seventy illustrations, and although warning is given that the charm and value of a print cannot be indicated by the half-tone reproductions, yet great care has been taken with them, and they are fine examples of the success to which book illustration has attained.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.—It was a fortunate occurrence that brought the publication of this book on the eightieth birthday of Henry Lee Higginson, to whom the music-loving public owes an eternal debt of gratitude. Mr. Howe declares at the outset that this book is historical, the work not of a music critic, but of an editor and annalist. From a considerable body of record he has constructed the story of the Orchestra. Allen A. Brown's collection of newspaper clippings has helped, but much of the material—especially that which relates to Mr. Higginson's personal dealings with the enterprise—has never before been in print. It is a story that every Bostonian should be familiar with, that he may understand something of the patience and devotion that has gone into each successive step of this search after an ideal. The reminiscences here narrated will recall earlier days to many.

THE CLARION. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.—The fight against patent medicine frauds and newspaper domination by private interests can rouse the blood and stir responsive thrills no less than tales of battle-fields. Human courage is not limited to one area of contest, and a book like this is a reminder that there is work enough for good men to do after they have ceased to war with other good men. Mr. Hopkins knows newspaper work from the inside, having had ten years of experience on a New

*THE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Digitized by Google

York daily. It is he who was primarily responsible for the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act, so that if a man drinks whiskey now under the disguise of a patent medicine it is not because he has not had warning. The story has plenty of exciting incidents and situations, brightened by a good love interest.

THE CLEAN HEART. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.—If there is anywhere a more graphic picture of the man gradually breaking down under the strain of monotonous overwork and the sin of self-centred brooding, we do not at the moment recall it. The recoil from this physical and mental state, the reaction to irresponsible, whimsical excesses, and the sudden realization of other standards of life and brotherhood give a chance for free play of humor mingled with a human sympathy and such pathos as comes inevitably when life is honestly brought to view. Mr. Hutchinson's earlier book *The Happy Warrior* made his name known. It is good that his latest novel has a reasonably happy ending, for in these times of sadness novels must be more than ever a refuge.

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—Hardly any novel of the present season has received more general appreciation than this love-story which plays itself out in Vienna among people who have learned by experience that life is of "a mingled strain, good and ill together." Harmony, the fresh, earnest, lovable young heroine, and Peter, one of the lovers who turn romance into a lifelong possession, win their way with all kinds of people. The Balkan spy is a reminder of the serious days through which the pleasure-loving capital is now passing. To the people of this book life is for the most part a serious undertaking, a destiny to be worked out according to the rules of the game. It is a story worth reading and remembering.

THE NIGHTINGALE. By Ellenor Stoothoff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—It is good that Mrs. Ferris Greenslet has not insisted on keeping the uncouth pen-name by which her identity has been for a time obscured. Her story of the woman whose bad-mannered nerves needed radical and most original treatment may have a half-dozen morals tucked away under its blithesome narrative, but they are not insisted on and simply reinforce Hilda's unusual daring and her husband's most uncommon patience. This is a gay, thoroughly enjoyable tale. Hilda's management of the affairs of others, and her adventures with lambs and bathtubs and music lessons, are undoubtedly important. The publishers call it "the first motor novel which is not a guide-book."

DIANE AND HER FRIENDS. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—These sketches, written in the restrained and artistic style of an author who has never been in danger of writing too much, have appeared separately as short stories. Diane is a Frenchwoman of the type which women of other nations can rarely emulate, to whose wit and grace and charm there have been sacrificed none of the more practical, womanly qualities with which they sometimes seem incompatible. The characters are entirely French, and the tales are worked out in harmony with the general setting. Each one is worth reading, and together they gain in breadth and interest.

A POET'S CABINET. By George L. Raymond. Edited by Marion Mills Miller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Such a collection of passages, mainly poetical, chosen from the works of Prof. Raymond and carefully arranged according to subject, is striking testimony to the influence he has had and the enthusiasm which he awakens in his pupils. The compiler, Dr. Miller, has presented this as the best form of unconscious autobiography, making it a synthesis of the philosophic ideas and his poetic ideals which have been a formative inspiration to many in Williams College, Princeton University, and George Washington University. The book is a substantial cyclopædia of nearly 450 pages.

JANICE DAY. By Helen Beecher Long. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. $1.25 net.—We have had the *Glad Book* and now we have the *Do Something Book*, the story of what a bright, happy, loving girl could accomplish in a shiftless community, partly by the influence of her example and partly by her active efforts in the interests of a more cheerful life. What Janice did and how she did it, what happened to her, and how her hard times end in the culmination of a simple love story, all this is in the book itself, illustrated by Walter S. Rogers.

THE ANIMAL SCHOOL. By Frances Weld Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.—Here are a half-dozen stories about animals, tales of the barnyard, in which the animals go to school to Miss Willow, try to learn dancing of Madame Swan (who, however, loses her influence when she wishes to teach her pupils to walk) and singing of the City Canary, and have a picnic and a circus. The pictures as well as the stories will please the small children for whom they are written and who will appreciate the various jokes and amusing incidents.

Miscellaneous.

Attendants at the Shoals' meetings will be glad to know that the attractive Candlelight Service Cards, designed by Miss Blanche A. Russell, may be procured from The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston. The price of the single cards is 10 cents. In simple frames the price is 25 cents.

The Old Farmer's Almanack appears promptly and will be a trusted companion for a twelvemonth to come. This is the one hundred and twenty-third annual publication, and it is equally interesting whether it "relates to the heavenly bodies, the earth, or to the institution and affairs, public or domestic, of men." Its astronomical calculations and advice are available for all the New England States. The almanac may be had in three forms: that with the familiar yellow covers, for ten cents; interleaved, for records and memoranda, for twenty cents; or bound in neat dark-green cloth. Published by William Ware & Co., 110 Summer Street, Boston.

A Suggestion for Christmas.

Instead of sending to your young friends more or less meaningless Christmas or Easter cards, why not, as good bird-lovers, use as your tokens of remembrance one or more of the beautiful colored portraits of birds issued by the National Association in their Educational Leaflets. Every child loves pictures of real animals—will treasure such a mark of attention far more than an ordinary "card," because it will mean something to him. One might imagine a generous person giving himself the joy of distributing dozens of these among the eager youngsters of his neighborhood.

They will not only please a young child by their beauty, and by the fun of coloring the accompanying outlines, but will enable the older ones to learn the names of the birds seen daily about the house. As a more substantial present the bound volume of the first fifty-nine Leaflets is available, containing more than sixty pictures.—*Bird-Lore.*

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

This book was printed as a memorial volume to commemorate Dr. Clarke's one hundredth birthday. The sermons were selected from the large number of those which expressed Dr. Clarke's spirit of hope, a spirit which never failed him in the darkest hours of life, and, therefore, may bring a little strength and comfort to others at this time when hope, founded on faith and the Providence of God, is so much needed.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF LIFE

SERMONS BY

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

The Joys of Christmas; A Happy New Year; How to Get the Most out of the Coming Year; The Transformation of Years into Life; The Genuine Prayer; The House of God and the Gate of Heaven; Homes in Heaven and on Earth; The Old and New View of the Hereafter; Souls Already Risen with Christ; What God Gives He Gives Forever; From Faith to Faith; Man Doth not Live by Bread Alone; The Unknown God and the Known God; Be not Weary in Well-doing; Do not be Discouraged; Rejoice Evermore; All Things are Yours; The Unspeakable Gift; The Transfiguration of Life.

NOT BEFORE PRINTED IN BOOK FORM

PRICE, $1.00 (by mail, $1.10)

ADDRESS

25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

The Home.

The Star.

When the birds and bees and flowers
All have gone to bed,
Did you ever see a star
Shining overhead?

Many, many years ago,
In a land afar,
Wise men followed all the night
Such a little star.

And it led them to a barn,
Where among the hay
Safe within His mother's arms
Christ, a Baby, lay.

—*Florence L. Patterson, in the Churchman.*

Lottie's Christmas Secrets.

When a little girl has five times as many pennies to spend for Christmas as she is years old, she ought to be very happy. This it was that made Lottie Pringle so happy. She was five years old, and she had twenty-five cents to buy Christmas presents for her father, mother, Brother Joe, and her four sisters.

"Now, mother," said Lottie, "let's talk about what I'll get, 'cause you'll have to help me think; only Sister Mary did tell me what to get for you, but I'm not going to tell. I mean, I don't think I'm going to tell."

"No," said mother, "I can wait till Christmas. But what will you get for father?"

"I did buy his present, when I went out with Sister Mary, and bought your darning—Oh!" and Lottie's hand was pressed tightly over her mouth. "Did you hear, mother?"

"I heard only one word, dear."

"Well, it takes two words to tell it, so I guess you don't know."

"I think we would better talk about what to buy for Mary," said mother. "How would a lead pencil do for Mary, and one for Brother Joe, too?"

"I know they'd like that, mother. They're always saying 'Where's my pencil?' when they're going to study, and I won't tell."

"No, you mustn't tell."

"Mother, I can tell you what I've got for you, 'cause, of course, I'll tell you all the things; but I won't show it to you."

"Maybe you'll be sorry if you tell me now; you'd better keep it for a Christmas secret."

"Oh, no," pleaded Lottie, "I'll just have to tell. It's a darning-needle, it's a darning-needle; but you mustn't see it till Christmas." And then Lottie had to give her mother a hug and a kiss. "You like it, don't you, mother?"

"Indeed I do, dear; and I shall know just what to do with it."

Lottie was delighted. The next day she went out with her mother and bought the pencils for Mary and Joe. When Mary came from school they had just been carefully hidden away; but the eager little girl whispered to her mother that she could show Mary the one she had for Joe, "and you know, mother, she won't know about the one I've got for her."

"Now, be careful," whispered mother. "Don't bring but one."

Lottie flew to bring the pencil, and came running back. "See, Mary, what I've got for Joe; and don't you tell him."

"Not I," said Mary, as she took the pencil. "How very nice! He'll be so pleased."

"Yes, and I got"— But, seeing mother's warning finger, she caught the pencil from Mary and ran out of the room. The door shut behind her with a decided slam, and mother was thinking the secret was safe, when, lo! it opened just a crack, and a little voice called back: "There's one for you, Mary, just like it."

Nothing would do but Joe must see Mary's pencil, and when he praised it and said it was a nice pencil for Mary to lend him sometimes, what did Lottie do, in spite of warning looks and coughs from Mary and mother, but tell him, while she jumped up and down with delight, that he was to have one for his very own.

When Alice and Margie asked mother one morning for money to buy a paper pad to carry to school, Lottie shut her lips very tightly, clapped her hands over her mouth, then laughed, and, pointing to mother's bureau, said mysteriously, "You can't guess what's in there this minute, that I bought with my own money."

Another time mother overheard her saying to Sarah, in the next room, "When Christmas comes you won't have to use that old penholder any more, and I only know why."

Whenever father used a postage-stamp Lottie was always at his elbow to ask "if his stamps would last him till Christmas," or if he thought "postage-stamps made good Christmas presents."

Indeed, Lottie found so many times and ways to tell her Christmas secrets that the family finally gave up trying to prevent it.

But, after all, what do you think she said when Christmas Day really came?

"Oh, I'm so glad it's come, because now I shan't have to keep my Christmas secrets any longer."—*Helen Ames Walker in Herald and Presbyter.*

The Automobile Doll.

There was once a little girl who had no home. Her father owned houses and lands and was worth thousands and thousands of dollars; her mother had beautiful gowns and everything she wished, and in the beginning there was a home.

One day, the little girl's father took her on his knee and told her he had sold their home and for three years the family would do nothing but travel. At first the little girl was delighted, but one morning in London she was suddenly homesick. She wished to go back to America and sit in her own rocking-chair. But that, of course, was impossible.

"Let's go and buy a doll," suggested mother.

"All right," agreed the little girl, "and let's buy one that likes to travel!"

To Peter Robinson's famous shop went the whole family—father, mother, and little girl; there for a gold sovereign they bought a beautiful doll from Germany.

"She hasn't any clothes," suggested the little girl.

"She must be dressed like a princess," her father said, laughing.

"If that is so," said mother, "we must take her to a court dressmaker."

"What's a court dressmaker?" asked the little girl. "Does it mean that all the dressmakers who have 'Court Dressmaker' on their signs make dresses for princesses?"

"We will see," replied mother. Whereupon the whole family called upon a French dressmaker on Bond Street, who told the little girl that she designed gowns for the royal family and for all the titled ladies of England.

Madame agreed to provide the proper wardrobe for the doll if the little girl's father cared to pay what it was worth. Father consented. He felt so sure little girls belonged in homes that he was willing to do anything to make his little girl forget that she had no home.

From London the family went to Paris, and from Paris they travelled all over Europe. Wherever they visited, the little girl bought treasures for the doll; in Paris, hats and gowns; in Switzerland, a tiny watch; in Holland, Dutch costumes; in Germany and Austria, beautiful little dishes; and in Italy, necklaces and jewels. Perhaps there was never a doll so bountifully supplied with personal belongings as Henrietta Maria Florabel Jane. That was the name father gave the doll one day when he wished to make the little girl laugh.

Owning things never made any one happy. The doll cared nothing for her wee fans and tiny parasols. She was soon tired of travel, and if she ever wished for anything it was for a home. She was particularly tired of the automobiles in which the little girl's father took them flying through the country.

At the end of two years the family returned to America and, without asking the doll if she preferred staying in Boston, they took her to California for the winter.

To be sure, the doll didn't know that the little girl's father talked of buying a home in the West; all she knew was that from one week's end to another she passed most of her time in an automobile.

The little girl enjoyed the rides, but the doll slid back among the cushions and fell asleep every time she had a chance. If the little girl tried to make the doll sit straight, she was sure to pitch forward.

"Her sawdust is getting all wibbly-wobbly," the little girl said to her mother one day.

"Well," laughed mother, "it is no wonder. Think how many miles the poor thing has travelled. She doesn't seem to enjoy automobiles."

"I never thought of it before," remarked the little girl, "but I suppose she is like me, and would rather have a home than anything else, especially when to-morrow is Christmas. Always hanging up your stockings in a hotel fireplace! Dear me!"

It was perhaps five minutes later that the automobile broke down beside an orange grove a few miles outside of Redlands.

The doll fell asleep the minute the little girl and her mother climbed out of the back seat. The accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon. Father walked to a ranch house and telephoned for help. Hours passed, while the family ate oranges and watched the men work at repairing the machine.

"Let's take a walk," suggested the little girl; "let's go straight back through the orange grove."

Hidden among the trees, the two came upon a tiny cottage covered with climbing roses.

Digitized by Google

"Oh, it's a real home!" whispered the little girl.

"Children live here," added mother.

"Yes," the little girl went on, "and look at the tracks of bare baby feet going along by the irrigating ditch. Let's play it's an adventure and follow the footsteps."

"Oh, they're having a good time!" whispered the little girl. "Hear them laugh! Let's hurry! Oh, it's a Christmas-tree!"

A group of children were so busy decorating a little cypress-tree that they didn't notice the strangers until the child and her mother saw what they were doing. They were tying paper dolls to the tree, and the dolls were cut from a merchant's catalogue.

"To-morrow's Christmas," explained the oldest child, twisting her apron and digging her toes in the sand when she saw the little girl and her mother. The other children, mere babies, ran away.

"It's a 'streemly pretty tree," ventured the little girl.

"It's for the children," went on the sister, "our children and two little boys that never even went to Redlands. Mother said we could have a tree."

"It's—it's 'streemly pretty," repeated the little girl.

"There's a present for everybody." The sister's face brightened as she spoke. "Not presents that cost money, but mother and all of us have made things and it's going to be lovely. We're to have it in the morning."

"Are you going to have any presents your own self?" demanded the little girl.

"Why, yes," was the reply. "Of course I won't get anything big, like dolls, because our orange grove isn't paid for yet, and you always pay for your orange grove and water tax before your mother *can* buy big things, but everybody'll get something. Our mother is—is pretty, too!"

This the small sister added as she realized for the first time that the little girl's mother was beautiful.

"I just wish," she continued, "that we could give her something lovely. I'm afraid she'll be disappointed."

"Would she like a new hat?" asked the little girl's mother.

"Would she?" echoed the small sister. "But, you see, a hat's a big thing!"

"Can you keep a secret until to-morrow morning?" inquired the little girl's mother as she untied a pink silk scarf and took off her hat. "Because if you can, here is a Christmas surprise for your mother."

"That lovely hat?" gasped the small sister.

"That lovely hat!" echoed mother, laughing, while the little girl clapped her hands. "I'll wear my scarf home."

The sun went down and the moon rose before the automobile was in order. The cottage children were asleep when the little girl remembered Henrietta Maria Florabel Jane.

"Oh, wake up, wake up," said she, giving the doll a shake. "You'll never have to take another journey. Mother, mother, may I put her on that Christmas-tree? Those children will love her, and she acts as if she doesn't like automobiles. I am sure it will make her happy to be a Christmas doll in California, and have a home!"

Through the orange grove went the whole family until they reached the Christmas-tree in the shining moonlight. Father tied the doll where the little sister could reach it in the morning, and then, fearing to be seen, the three ran back to the automobile and were soon speeding away toward their hotel.

Father had planned a Christmas surprise, and, if the automobile had not broken down where it did, Henrietta Maria Florabel Jane might have ended her days in the attic of the new home instead of in the little cottage among the orange trees, where she helped the small sister take care of the babies.

"If you're good," the small sister used to say to the little ones, "you may hold the automobile Christmas doll."

If smiles mean anything, the doll was happy ever after.—*Frances Margaret Fox, in Little Folks.*

Christmas Candles.

Christmas angels bend and see
Blooming on the Wonder Tree
Golden fruit and silver star,
Fairer still the candles are.
Angels, hear my Christmas prayer,
Keep my soul as white and fair,
Keep my spirit pure and bright
As the shining candle-light!

—*Gertrude Knevels.*

A Christmas Poet.

No other Christmas celebration is quite like that held by hundreds of children who gather on a sunny slope in Trinity cemetery, on Riverside Drive, New York, on Christmas morning, to do honor to the one poet of all who has immortalized "Saint Nick."

Is there a boy or girl the whole world over who does not know by heart "'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house"? This is as far as any grown-up can recite without interruption, or rather without accompaniment, for no child hearing the first words of the poem fails to chime in by the third line and go on to the close.

There are many hundreds of homes where a part of the regular festivities of Christmas Eve is a reading of that wonderful visit of Saint Nicholas, and now it is becoming the custom with hundreds of children in New York City to join the group that assembles on Christmas morning to place a wreath of holly on the grave of the writer of the verses, and to sing carols in loving tribute to his memory.

Clement Clarke Moore, whose name is honored and loved by children, not only in the United States, but in many foreign lands where the poem has been translated, was the son of a bishop, and professor of Oriental languages for forty years in a theological seminary. He was also a very rich man, owning valuable property in New York. It was neither his ancestry nor his learning nor his wealth, however, that brought him fame. It was the writing of a simple poem that has kept his memory green.

Mr. Moore's father was once rector of Trinity Church, and now that a beautiful new Trinity Chapel is being built in the cemetery on Washington Heights, there is a peculiar propriety in the fact that the children of all Sunday-schools included in the many parishes of old Trinity should unite to set up a bronze tablet in the wall of the new church, on the side overlooking the grave of Mr. Moore.

"This poem," it has been said, "has really given to children their idea of Santa Claus. No one ever before knew how he looked, how many reindeer he drove, or their names, or how he got to the roofs before he went down the chimneys."

So on Christmas morning over a thousand children will meet to do honor to the one who has given them this wonderful picture of the patron saint of Christmas jollity.—*The Christian Advocate.*

The Maple's Visitor.

"Whew!" whistled the Birch, with a shiver that shook off a great handful of leaves. "Winter is coming!"

"Why should you sigh over that?" said the jolly rosy Maple. "The garden will be so clean and white, and then the icicles! How they will sparkle on the tips of our fingers! You know they are ever so much brighter than those gold and crimson leaves that everybody likes so well."

"But the robins will be gone," sighed the Birch, shaking her head, "and the phœbes and bluebirds!"

"Never mind, we shall have plenty of company," said the Maple; and just at that moment a squirrel ran along her branches and, peeping into a hole in her trunk, asked if he might come in.

"Certainly," said the Maple. "Stay all winter, if you like."

The Squirrel seemed pleased with the invitation; so he stored in the Maple's spare room all his baggage, which consisted of one hickory-nut. He soon brought another, however, and another and another, until the room was almost full. Then he curled himself up comfortably in the warmest corner.

"I told you we would have company," said the Maple. "Now I have some one to talk to on dull winter days."

And, sure enough, in stormy weather we always hear her rattling her branches and talking very fast in her fashion. But I am afraid that the Squirrel is not a good listener; for, to tell the truth, he is sound asleep.—*Youth's Companion.*

Hazel Hatch was playing in the yard, near where her mother had some clothes hung out to dry. "Hazel," called out her mother, "go and feel of those clothes, and tell me if they are dry yet!" So Hazel went to them, and felt. "Well, Mother," she said doubtfully, "they are just about luke-dry!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Bentley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burt, Mrs. Philip Y. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY.
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Anniversary of the Unitarian Mission in Japan.

The recent celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Unitarian Mission in Tokio, held November 7–9, is deserving of the space which the *Christian Register* devotes to it in this issue. A brief historical review may fitly introduce our account. In 1884 a movement began in that country, looking to the introduction of a rational Christianity, the leader being Yukichi Fukuzawa, a prominent statesman, head of the Keiogijiku University, and editor of the leading newspaper. In 1886 Fumio Yano, after a visit to England, took up the same on many occasions to highly educated audiences, and had opened a wide-reaching correspondence.

On his return to Japan, in 1889, Mr. Knapp was prepared to begin systematic work in behalf of rational Christianity. With Mr. Knapp were associated Rev. Clay MacCauley as colleague, and also Garrett Droppers, John H. Wigmore, and William Shields Liscomb, who were to become professors in the Keiogijiku, a leading university, situated in Tokio, and to give such aid as they could to the Unitarian Mission. With these men was soon associated Rev. H. W. Hawkes, a young English minister, who gave his services to this important work. Japanese Unitarian Association, the American Association continuing to give it generous financial aid and counsel.

As already indicated, the purpose of the Mission has not been Unitarian propagandism as such. It has been that of religious enlightenment, the bringing to the Japanese, in a catholic and humanitarian spirit, of the body of religious truths and convictions known as Unitarianism, and then permitting them to organize themselves after the manner of their own national life. No churches were organized by the representatives of the American Unitarian Association. Those that have come into existence have been wholly at the initiative of the natives. Early in

mission, and urged the adoption of Christianity as a moral force in the life of the nation. The latter interpreted Unitarianism as being the form of Christianity needed in Japan, and strongly urged its acceptance. Other prominent men joined with these two in commending a rational Christianity to their countrymen. Not long afterward the American Unitarian Association was asked to establish a mission in that country. In 1887 Rev. Arthur M. Knapp was sent to Japan to investigate the situation, and in the spring of 1889 he returned to report the results of his inquiries. He had been welcomed by the leading men, such as the Marquis Tokujawa and Kentaro Kaneko, who opened to him many avenues of influence. He had written for the most important newspapers, had come into personal contact with the leading men of all parties, had lectured

There also accompanied the American party Mr. Saichiro Kanda, who had become a Unitarian while residing in San Francisco, and had attended the Meadville Theological School. In the winter of 1890–91 Mr. Knapp returned to the United States, and a little later Mr. Hawkes went back to England. Mr. MacCauley remained in charge. In 1891 Rev. William I. Lawrance joined the Mission force; and he continued with it until 1894, when a severe illness compelled his resignation. Prof. Wigmore returned to America in 1892 to accept a chair in the Northwestern University; Prof. Liscomb came home in 1893, dying soon after his return; while Prof. Droppers remained until the winter of 1898. In the beginning of 1900 Mr. MacCauley, after having had direction of the Mission for nine years, returned to America; and it was left in control of the

1894 was erected in Tokio, Yuiitsukwan, or Unity Hall, shown in our illustration, with money furnished largely from the United States. This building serves as the headquarters for Unitarian work, including lectures and social and religious meetings. In 1896 was organized the Japanese Unitarian Association for the work of diffusing Unitarian principles throughout the country. In 1909 Rev. Clay MacCauley, after nine years of absence from Japan, returned to that country as the representative of the American Unitarian Association. A more or less complete reorganization of the work followed. Mr. Kanda, who had served it so long and well as secretary and business manager, was compelled by private family reasons to withdraw. Rev. S. Uchigasaki, who had obtained his education largely at Manchester College, Oxford, a Unitarian

Digitized by Google

foundation, was elected minister of the "Church of the One God," a position he has filled with honor to himself and valuable service to our principles. Mr. Suzuki, in charge of the social work of the Mission, has had wonderful success in organizing the working-men of Tokio, bringing them into fraternal relations with the professors of the universities of Japan, and making Unity Hall the centre of a great social movement (the Friendly Society) which now has over thirty-six hundred members.

The Society publishes a handsome magazine devoted to social uplift, industrial and labor news, etc. The theological review published by the Japan Unitarian Mission, *Rikugo-Zasshi*, or *Cosmos*, is one of the ablest, as it is the oldest, publication of the kind in Japan. Its editors are Rev. Prof. S. Uchigasaki and G. Yoshida. Prof. Minami, also of the Unitarian Mission, whose education was gained in Germany, Prof. I. Abe, president of the Unitarian church, and Prof. Kishimoto are staff contributors.

An interesting recent development of the Mission is the attendance and growing interest of Japanese women in its services and work. It is now proposed to erect a second church of our faith in the student quarter of Tokio.

In concluding this brief review of the activities of the Unitarian Mission in Japan, we may affirm that never before in the twenty-five years of its history has it occupied so conspicuous and honorable a place in the religious world of that empire, wielded so large an influence, and displayed so many evidences of abounding life and enthusiasm. The Japan Mission is a feature of modern Unitarianism of which it may well be proud, and which should greatly aid the denomination at home in conceiving of their religion as a world faith, good for all peoples and for all times.

It is this quarter of a century of testimony and service which has just been celebrated in Tokio by a series of meetings at once characteristic and inspiring.

THE CELEBRATION.

The Semi-Jubilee of the Unitarian Mission was ushered in by a dinner on November 3 tendered to Mr. MacCauley by his friends and fellow-workers. It was a delightful occasion. One who was present reports:—

"Our meeting on November 3 was a shining success. There was a delightful radiance over the whole affair. Sixty sat at table, among them representative liberals of various affiliations. Of course, our good friend Keirn of the Universalist Mission was present and made a most cordial address. The German Liberal Mission was represented by its new Swiss member, Pfarrer Hunziker."

The head of the German Liberal Mission, Dr. Emil Schiller, wrote Mr. MacCauley from his post at Kioto:—

"I have only now learned from the newspapers that you have just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of your work in Japan. I must not omit to send you my own greetings and congratulations, and those of the General Evangelical Protestant Missionary Society, whose representative I am in this country. You look back upon your rich work and have the satisfaction to have earned for yourself many friends in all the different church circles. May a long term of further and fruitful years of work be assured to you! As I know how painful the world war is for you, and how much you have at heart the cause of world peace, I add my wish that peace may soon be made, and that after the terrible experiences which so many peoples have had of war the cause of peace in the world will be mightily promoted."

The president of the Aoyama Methodist church was at the festival and spoke most cordially. There was present also the president of the Episcopal College, Dr. Reifsnider, as a friend and besides as a big-souled man. A Roman Catholic, too, was at table, and men of the very opposite extreme in theological and ecclesiastical thinking, also men of Japan's ethnic faith, Shinto, and a good Buddhist. The whole gathering was a sort of college of the faith within the creeds—altogether a most genial gathering of personal and spiritual friends and comrades. Excellent speeches were made, and the fame thereof has gone far, as a pleasant communion of many households in the spirit.

On Saturday evening, the 7th of November, the commemorative exercises began. Before a crowded audience Mr. Kanda made an interesting talk on his twenty years as secretary of the Mission. Rev. Clay MacCauley gave an able exposition of Uni-

tarian beliefs and aims, which we hope to see in print some day. Rev. Danjo Ebina, the eloquent and liberal Congregational minister, spoke on "Progressive Christianity in Japan," and Hon. Schimada Saburo, a statesman and reformer of national fame, on "The Development of Political Ideals in Japan."

On Sunday morning, the 8th, Rev. S. Uchigasaki preached the memorial sermon on "The Gift of Liberal Christianity to Modern Civilization." At this and the two succeeding services Unity Hall was filled. In the afternoon a women's meeting was held, and Dr. I. Nitobe, a distinguished educator and literary leader, treated of "The Future of Japanese Women." It was a most genial, stimulating, and optimistic oration, as one would expect from the author of "Bushido." No less inspiring was the address of his colleague, Dr. K. Ukita, one of Japan's most eminent orators, on "Women's Problems." But the amazing thing was the presence of over a hundred women in the audience, an almost unheard-of sight in masculine Japan.

In the evening a full audience listened patiently from six-thirty until after ten o'clock to four addresses by Profs. N. Kishimoto, I. Abe, and H. Minami on religious and social issues in their native country, and by Prof. Inoue of the Imperial University, Japan's leading philosophic thinker and exponent of inter-religious communion, on "Christianity and Confucianism."

The whole proceedings made a fine impression on the religious community in Japan and the missionary world in general. A pamphlet will be issued giving the Japanese side of it. The English and native newspapers printed quite full and favorable reports. The illustrations which appear in these columns are of Unity Hall, Tokio, with Mr. MacCauley at the left, and a group of the leading spirits in our Mission, Rev. S. Uchigasaki with ministerial white tie in the centre, and an insert above containing the portrait of Rev. Clay MacCauley. To the latter is chiefly due the continued prosperity and encouraging outlook of our work in the Land of the Rising Sun, and we tender him on behalf of the many readers of the *Christian Register* and the Unitarian fellowship at large their congratulations and good wishes.

Rev. Andrew Jackson Abbott.

The Unitarian Association Building at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, is not only a religious, but also a social centre. Its favorable location, its free atmosphere, and its numerous other advantages make it a delight to those privileged to know it. Of this number, almost from the first opening of the doors, has been Rev. Andrew Jackson Abbott. When in Boston or vicinity the place was home to him, and to-day those who find the Headquarters miss something in cordiality and helpfulness because this minister has been called from earth. When they read that eighty-three years had been given to him they are surprised, because this man had so young a heart that he was thought of as comrade and co-worker rather than as an example or an adviser.

At his funeral, friends were present from distant places, and in all ways the esteem felt for him as a man, a minister, a citizen, and a soldier was evinced. The day was fit for the service,—the last day of autumn, with the sunshine through gray clouds, and no leaf or branch stirring in the hazy atmosphere. The peace of God seemed to be about the form of the soldier, at rest beneath the flag he loved devotedly. M. A. D. B.

The Boston Unitarian Club.

The December meeting of the Boston Unitarian Club was held at the Hotel Somerset on Wednesday evening, December 9. An unusually large number of guests sat down to dinner. Many ladies joined the company after dinner to hear the address, which was by Rev. William L. Sullivan of New York, on "A Free Faith as an Element in a Free State." President Kyle introduced Mr. Sullivan with an eloquent tribute to his sacrifices in behalf of freedom of faith. The address was one of the most impressive utterances of Mr. Sullivan yet heard in Boston. Tracing through the history of ancient nations the course that religion has followed, he showed how, even in countries in which religion had been pure and had struggled for liberty, yet when it had gained freedom the worst elements in it had become dominant until it fell into corruption and even engaged in persecution. Mr. Sullivan drew the lesson, especially for the United States, that the kind of religion that is professed by its citizens is of vital importance, and that our own free faith, the possibilities of which have not begun to be realized is the ideal faith for a democracy.

Mr. Sullivan's address will appear in an early issue of the *Register*.

Mr. Ellis and the Open Shop.

Readers of the *Christian Register* will be interested in the following correspondence. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* recently referred to the election of Mr. George H. Ellis to the Massachusetts Senate as follows:—

"The George H. Ellis case in Massachusetts already is familiar to *Transcript* readers. Mr. Ellis runs a non-union printing shop, and told the voters that he would continue to do so if elected to the Senate. His opponent exploited Mr. Ellis's attitude toward organized labor, and at the election Mr. Ellis ran ahead of his ticket in Framingham, and it is a matter of general knowledge that the union labor men who heard him in many cases voted for him, although they were ordinarily Democratic."

The following correction and statement appeared in the *Transcript* of December 3:—

"To the Editor of the *Transcript*:—

Will you kindly allow me to correct a statement appearing in your Washington correspondence in last evening's edition to the effect that 'Mr. Ellis runs a non-union printing shop, and told the voters that he would continue to do so if elected to the Senate,' etc. This is a mistake. Had your correspondent used the words 'open shop' instead of 'non-union shop' the statement would be absolutely correct.

The quotation used by my opponent and by which I stand was as follows: 'I shovelled gravel as a boy, and I will shovel gravel again as a man before I will run a "closed shop."'

There hangs conspicuously in our counting-room, and I think in the counting-room of most of the large printing offices in Boston, except the so-called State Printing Office and the Municipal Plant, the following notice, drawn some ten years ago by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis:—

'This is an Open Office.

No discrimination is to be made between union and non-union employees.

It is one of the terms of employment that no employee shall refuse at any time to handle material on the ground that it has been prepared by union or non-union men or to work with union or non-union men, and that no employee shall subject any fellow-employee to annoyance because he is a union or non-union man.'

For this principle I stand and for this principle I spoke in Framingham.

I have no sympathy with the 'closed shop' whether closed to 'union' or 'non-union' men. I have many times paid tribute to organized labor and to the good it has done even with its limitations, many of which it is outgrowing; but I will not stand for its abuses, among which the 'closed shop,' un-American as it is, stands pre-eminent.

Geo. H. Ellis."

For Belgian Relief.

The New England Belgian Relief Fund Committee has opened headquarters at 426 Boylston Street, Boston (Berkeley Building), and is devoting all its time and energy to filling a special ship for Holland to carry food and clothing for Belgian refugees, and Belgian sufferers in their own country. Food and supplies can be sent here free of expense. We want every one in New England who can help to do so at once. Ship sails about Christmas.

Charles S. Rackemann,
Secretary.

The Alliance.

The regular meeting of the Executive Board was held December 11 at New York Unitarian Headquarters, Miss Bancroft in the chair. Five vice-presidents were in attendance, representing New England, Middle States, Canada, Western States, Southern States East; nineteen directors from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Canada; both secretaries; the chairman of the Post-office Mission Committee; and guests from the New York League.

In memoriam have been placed the names of Mrs. Anna Jaquith, Billerica; Mrs. Edwin A. Goodrich, Fitchburg; Mrs. Anna S. Foster, Chestnut Hill; Mrs. Emma Angier and Mrs. John E. Alden, Newton.

Mrs. Davis gave an animated account of her trip through the Middle West, showing anew the importance of the personal touch gained by visits of officers. A vote of thanks was offered Mrs. Davis for her much-appreciated service.

Mrs. Osgood made clear the double purpose of the Post-office Mission, to reach the isolated Unitarian and to bring to the dissatisfied and unsettled a religion they may welcome. She suggested that Post-office Mission workers get together for conference in connection with Alliance meet-

Digitized by Google

ings in various parts of the country. At the Boston meetings this year definite points are to be considered,—methods of work, advertising, associate membership, use of temperance and social welfare tracts. Miss Slade reported for the Middle States committees.

The Junior Fellowship Committee mentioned an excellent paper by Mrs. Leon A. Harvey on "Our Future Workers," given at the Middle States Conference. It is suggested that branches when they arrange the year's programme ask the Junior Alliance or other young people's organization to furnish the programme for one meeting. A glowing account of the Montreal Junior Alliance was given by Mrs. Glasgow.

Mrs. Peterson told of the growing interest in the preaching of our Southern circuit ministers. They reach the people also through the papers, and by various forms of friendly service that in the circuits are an important part of the minister's duties.

Miss Marquand reported correspondence of thrilling interest with English, German, Dutch, Swiss, and Italian liberal Christian women. The International Committee hopes for a prompt response to the appeal for war relief. Now is the need. It was voted to give the International Committee power to distribute contributions for war relief through the committees of the International Union that may at any given time be best able to render such help. Money designated for a particular country will, of course, be forwarded to the representative there.

It was voted to have a book-plate that may be put into books given to a library by any branch or committee. This is a form of church extension showing the Unitarian or Alliance donor. A committee, consisting of Miss Whitman, Mrs. Voigt, Mrs. Standish, was appointed to present a design for this book-plate.

The resignation of Miss Susan A. Smith of Kingston, a director for Massachusetts, was accepted with regret.

There is a new Alliance branch in California at Hanford, Mrs. E. R. Nash, 222 Keith Street, secretary.

A vote of thanks was offered for the unbounded hospitality of the New York League, that, in addition to all other arrangements for the comfort of the visiting members, entertained the Board most delightfully at

Buy Early-By Telephone

To make work easier and life happier for the store employees; to get better goods, better service and better satisfaction, and to avoid the rush and crush of the Christmas crowds at the counters—*Buy Early-By Telephone.*

Shop *"Over the Heads of the Crowd"* and let the ease and convenience of telephone buying add to the pleasure of your Christmas giving.

All up-to-the-minute stores pay careful attention to orders from telephone shoppers

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

W. R. DRIVER, Jr., General Manager

P.S. By the way, why not order a telephone by telephone—as a Christmas gift for some one you love. Please act promptly.

FOR HIS CHRISTMAS

Depend upon Practical Gifts as the most acceptable and depend upon our unusual and exclusive ideas in proper Dress Accessories—the kinds HE would select.

Purchase in a Man's Store—just INSIDE MAIN ENTRANCE.

NECKWEAR

Generous assortment in the newest and most exclusive ideas of Foreign and Domestic makes 50c to $3.50

GLOVES

Fownes', Dent's and special lines in Squirrel Lined, Lamb Lined, Wool and Silk Lined, Unlined Cape, Chamois, Buck, Mocha, Suede and Kid . $1.15 to $9.00

House Jackets . . . . $8 to $25
House Gowns . . . . $10 to $30
Sweaters . . . . . $4 to $12
Walking Sticks . . . $1.50 to $6
Umbrellas . . . . . $1 to $10
Motor Mufflers . . . $1.50 to $8
Silk Mufflers . . . . . $3 to $5
Silk Shirts . . . . . $5 to $12
Silk and Dress Suspenders $1 to $2.50

Linen Handkerchiefs, plain and hemstitched . . . . 25c to $1
Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, 6 in box $1.50
Angora and Cashmere Jackets $6 to $18
Silk, Madras, Cheviot and Flannel Pajamas . . $2 to $8

Handsome Holiday Gift Boxes.

Macullar Parker Company
400 Washington Street
BOSTON

Digitized by Google

luncheon. Reports were received from the South and the Rocky Mountains.

At 2.30 P.M. a conference was held in All Souls' Church, Mrs. Lawson, president of the New York League, in the chair. Miss Bancroft spoke a few words of greeting. Mr. Charles Stelzle gave an earnest and suggestive address on "The Call of the New Day to the Old Church." This was followed by short papers on various subjects connected with our work and by a general discussion. A social hour brought to an end what will be marked as a red-letter day in Alliance annals.

Department of Religious Education.

Our Belgian Appeal.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRANCE, SECRETARY.

The response to the appeal sent to Unitarian Sunday schools in behalf of the children of Belgium has barely begun, but is of sufficient volume to show that it will be full and hearty. Some of the most distant churches have been among the first to send in their contributions. It should be borne in mind that in sending packages the tags furnished by the Department of Religious Education must be used in order to insure free transportation to Boston. Persons sending money should make their checks payable either to the American Unitarian Association or to the writer of this article with the word "Special" added to his name.

Cash contributions have been received to the amount of $171.51. The various offerings are as follows:—

Ashby, Mass., $25; Philadelphia, Pa., First Church, $13; Northampton, Mass., $5; Salem, Mass., First Church, $2; Brookfield, Mass., $2; Erie, Pa., $8; Worcester, Mass., South Memorial Church, $2.50; Fitchburg, Mass., $8; Ashby, Mass., additional, $6; Stow, Mass., $5; Westford, Mass., $20.25; Wilton, N.H., $17.76; Concord, N.H., $5; Marietta, Ohio, $3; Duluth, Minn., $5; Evanston, Ill., $35; San Antonio, Tex., $9.

A very large number of barrels and boxes are at present in storehouses in Boston and will be sent on a ship that leaves within a few days. This ship goes directly to Belgium by special permission of the German government and with assurance from the German ambassador at Washington that the articles will be distributed precisely as desired by the senders. The American minister in Belgium is to superintend the distribution.

The articles so far received include clothing of all kinds, apples, potatoes, and other food stuffs that bear transportation. No appeal was made for toys for the Belgian children, but the desire of our young people to furnish these has been irrepressible, and many are being sent.

The offering of the society in Hanska, Minn., has been one of the most generous. It indicates also the various ways in which help may be given, and shows the great seriousness with which our Norwegian friends in this church have taken the appeal. They have sent four boxes and six barrels full of valuable goods. The most of the articles are new. Those that are not new are of excellent quality. Our minister, Rev. Amandus Norman, has gone over the entire offering, rejecting every garment that was not up to a high standard. He estimates that the contents of one box is worth about $100, and that of another somewhat more than this. These articles are strictly new. Of one box he says it "is as nearly as possible an expression of the good will of our entire community. It is the men's box. It comes from our Farmers' Co-operative Store, a corporation of some 250 farmers. I laid this matter before the Board of Directors and the box is the result."

Of another box Mr. Norman says: "It represents a vast deal of loving labor. For one whole week our Liberal Union was turned into a workshop, and every day from a dozen to sixty women turned out to sew. The girls served over four hundred free lunches during the week. Many Lutheran, some Methodist, and even two or three Catholic women helped. Most of the articles made are intended for winter wear; that is, they are made of fleeced flannel."

While this offering from Hanska is the largest that has so far been received, it is a fair sample of the devotion and self-denial evident everywhere. The Belgian consul at Boston assures the writer that the need is even more urgent than has been so far represented. Many of our schools are planning to make a special exertion at Christmas-time. We shall be ready to receive offerings as long as they are sent, but should be glad to have the matter closed by the end of January.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The American Unitarian Association and the Allied Societies will keep open house on the afternoon of Friday, Jan. 1, 1915, from four to six o'clock, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The people of the Unitarian churches and the friends of the liberal cause are cordially invited to this informal reception.

At the noonday services in King's Chapel, Boston, the speakers will be: Monday, December 21, Rev. F. R. Sturtevant, Taunton; December 22, Rev. S. R. Maxwell; December 23, peace service, Rev. James De Normandie, D.D.; December 24, Rev. Sydney B. Snow, King's Chapel; December 25, 11 A.M., Rev. H. N. Brown, D.D.; December 26, musical service, Mr. Lang will preside at the organ and Mr. R. A. Simonds will sing a solo.

Meetings.

NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The League met at the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, Friday, December 4. Mrs. Walter U. Lawson was in the chair. Four new members were added to the membership list. The first speaker, Mr. Cranston Brenton, presented by the Philanthropic News Committee, described very fully "Claims of the Red Cross," which is absolutely non-sectarian and makes no distinction as to race, class, or creed. It is responsible to the government, and all accounts are audited every year by the Secretary of War. Every cent of money now received goes for war relief. All expenses are paid from a special fund. Its concern is with the wounded, the outcasts, and the refuse from the machines of war. Many lie uncared for on the field, not because the Red Cross has failed, but because of the stupendous slaughter, that was beyond human consideration. One thing that will help to bring nations together is the thought that the Red Cross stands absolutely for human service irrespective of nationality or creed. If we help, we are hastening the day when there shall be universal peace in the name of brotherhood. Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe spoke on "The Country Girl," of whom she has been making a special study. Tremendous things may be expected of six millions of country girls. Mrs. Crowe wondered what we should do if some of these girls did not come to the city; if they did not take up social work, and did not enter into industries. They are taking places in the highest ranks. The collection was taken for the Pacific Coast School and Bellingham, Wash. Mr. Lathrop made the appeal for them.

Churches.

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Unitarian Chapel, Rev. Fred Alban Weil: The Episcopal rector and Mr. Weil have issued a call for Belgian relief, which has resulted in the formation of a working organization. Already $250 in cash has been received, and a carload of potatoes. Another carload of food supplies is being gathered. Following a sermon, preached Sunday morning, November 29, in the Unitarian Chapel, prominently printed in the Bellingham daily papers, and favorably commented upon editorially several times, a "clearing-house" for Bellingham charity work is under way. At the meeting in the Chamber of Commerce there came together for the first time in the history of Bellingham the ministers of practically all the different denominations and also representatives of lodges and the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Mr. Weil presided and was elected temporary chairman pending the formation of a permanent organization. There is much need for organized relief work in this section at this time. One paper in speaking of the meeting called it the most remarkable ever held in Bellingham, and hoped it would mean a new era in the city, in which there

14,000 MILES
A Carriage and Two Women
BY FRANCES S. HOWE
Private sale only. Price, $1.50; post-paid. Address Miss Howe, 60 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Leominster, Mass.

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M., Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants
Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.
Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.
Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.
Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.
PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Agent, Miss B. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

will be a more united Bellingham along religious and civic lines. It is possibly difficult for some of our Eastern brethren to realize the significance of these ministers of different denominations meeting together in one room. Mr. Weil declared it was worth seven years' work in Bellingham to witness such a gathering.

BLAINE, WASH.—On Sunday evening, November 29, following a service attended by 125 people, the First Unitarian Society of Blaine was organized by Rev. Fred Alban Weil of Bellingham. Fourteen adults signed the covenant—"We unite for the worship of God and the service of man in the spirit of Jesus"—and much interest was manifested. A constitution has been adopted, and new names will be added and officers elected at an adjourned meeting. This organization is the result of a number of services at Blaine conducted by Mr. Weil. Most of those interested are Icelanders. A feature is the choir, consisting of 24 voices at the last service.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.—First Unitarian Church: Acting on a suggestion that had been urgently made by the United Charities of Rochester, the church decided before Thanksgiving Day to help needy families in a more permanent way than by providing them with an elaborate Thanksgiving dinner. United Charities has expressed doubt of the wisdom of sending on one day in the year a sumptuous dinner to a family that is in financial distress, so the church planned to express its Thanksgiving good will largely by aiding in such ways as the payment of rent, the buying of shoes for a child or children, sending coal, providing warm clothing, furnishing necessities for the sick, etc. To make this work possible, and especially in view of the extraordinary distress that has begun to appear in the city, an emergency offering was taken the Sunday before Thanksgiving Day. Instead of holding its regular session the Sunday before Thanksgiving, the Sunday-school gave a Thanksgiving play, "The Harvest of the Nations," in its usual hour. The people of the church and others were invited to see this. The Sunday-school recently sent the price of a girl's scholarship to a Brahmo-Somaj school in India, and its members and those of the Boys' Evening Home put their signatures to a monster children's peace petition that is to be sent from America to the rulers of Europe. Charitable work of the church has included the sending of two barrels of clothes to William E. Benson of the Kowaliga School, Alabama, and warm coats have been provided for distribution among needy persons in Rochester. The sermon subjects for the month announced by the minister, Rev. Edwin A. Rumball, follow: December 6, "Great Difficulties, Enterprised with Answerable Courages," words of Gov. Bradford of Plymouth Colony; December 13, "Laocoön: the Pagan Atonement"; December 20, "If Possible, Live Peaceably"; December 27, "The Fear and Lure of the Future."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Second Unitarian Church, Rev. Charles H. Lyttle: The *Register* regrets that the recent report of the ordination of Mr. Lyttle was incorrect in details, something that too often happens when no report has been sent to the paper and the editor is obliged to depend on an inadequate newspaper report. A correspondent writes that Dr. Howard N. Brown, who was said to have given the invocation, was unable to be present, and further: "We are much amazed by the entire omission of Dr. Wright's name and part of the programme. Dr. Wright was the presiding genius, came to our rescue brilliantly when a fuse blew out in the middle of the service, taking organ and lights with it, and he has been for years a very dear friend of the church." We are sure that whatever part Dr. Wright took in the service was ably and effectively performed.

WOLLASTON, MASS.—Wollaston Unitarian Society, Rev. Carl G. Horst: The annual union Thanksgiving service in which the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Unitarian churches are in the habit of uniting, was held this year in the Unitarian church on Thanksgiving Day at 5 P.M., an ideal hour for such a service. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell of the Second Church in Boston. Both the personality of the preacher and his presentation of Christian truth appropriate to the day made a profound impression upon all who were privileged to attend the service. The annual Candle-light Christmas Service, a most beautiful and impressive service, which always taxes the seating capacity of the church, will be held Sunday evening, December 27, at 7.30.

The Tuckerman School.

The group of social service lectures by representatives of churches of other denominations than our own is being continued on Thursdays at ten o'clock. On the 10th, Rev. William L. Clark of the Church of the Ascension (Episcopal), Boston, told of the activities of that church. Those who are not connected with church or Sunday-school are no longer admitted to the clubs and classes. The playground with its trained director and the gardens for spring and summer planting and care are freely used by the community whether of the church or not.

The Saturday Normal Class will finish the course with Dr. Weigle and Miss Buck on the 19th as announced in the circular. After the holidays special subjects of practical value in the administration of Sunday-schools will be taken up, a single subject for each succeeding month. The series promises to be as rich in suggestion and interest as the present Saturday course has been. The definite programme will be ready before the holidays.

"Lest you forget"

WE SUGGEST THAT

If you want things that are always good and wholesome—

If you want to get the Christmas supplies for the table at a fair price—

If you want to send a Christmas Box to some needy family—

If you want to select from a stock which comprises every CHRISTMAS REQUISITE—go to

COBB, BATES & YERXA CO.'S

55 SUMMER STREET

(One block down from Washington Street)

87 and 89 CAUSEWAY STREET 274 FRIEND STREET 6 and 8 FANEUIL HALL SQUARE

—ALSO IN—

MALDEN, SALEM, TAUNTON and FALL RIVER

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

A summer boarding-house.—Mrs. Twickembury says, "My breakfast has really become a negotiable quantity."

Said a lady to the famous actor Garrick, "What a pity it is you are not taller!" "Madam," replied the wit, "I should only be too happy to stand higher in your estimation."

"Do you know Mr. Drydust?" said Maud. "Yes," replied Mamie. "He is very learned, isn't he?" "What makes you think so?" "He can talk so long on such uninteresting things."

"When does a man become a seamstress?" "When he hems and haws." "No." "When he threads his way." "No." "When he rips and tears?" "No." "Give it up." "Never, if he can help it."

Skipper of Tramp (having lost his bearings on a dark, stormy night, and trying to get his position on an old chart): "If that's Cardiff, Bill, we're orl right; but if it's a fly-spot, 'eaven 'elp us!"—*London Opinion.*

Governess: "How long is it since Rome was founded?" Little Fanny: "Rome was founded 2,848 years ago." Aged Grandmother: "Dear me! How time does slip away!"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Daughter (looking up from her novel): "Father, in time of trial, what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?" Father (who is a district judge): "An acquittal, I should think."

Small Boy: "Good fishin'? Yessir; ye go down that private road till ye come to th' sign 'Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted,' cross the field with th' bull in it an' you'll see a sign 'No Fishing Allowed'—that's it."—*Life.*

The publisher of *Bentley's Miscellany* was telling Douglas Jerrold of the doubts he had about the name of the magazine. "I had thought once," said the publisher, "of calling it *The Wits' Miscellany.*" "Well," replied Jerrold, quick as flash, "but you needn't have gone to the other extreme."—*Exchange.*

A boy of seven protested earnestly after his vacation against being sent back to school. "What!" said his father, "don't you want to go to school?" "Yes, but not to that school." "And why not to that one?" "Because they want to teach me a lot of things that I don't know anything about."—*Youth's Companion.*

It is little Edna's first year in school, and, like all beginners, she is very enthusiastic about her lessons. She is learning to read by the phonetic system, and takes delight in practising at home. Not long ago some one stepped on the cat's tail, and the poor beast gave utterance to an agonized wail, followed by a prolonged hiss. "O mother," Edna eagerly exclaimed, "did you hear kitty give the 'th' sound? I suppose she learned it from me."—*New York Press.*

Ralph Connor was once invited to a reception in honor of Barrie. Coming in late, the Canadian met Henry Drummond. "Have you seen Barrie?" asked Drummond. "No. I should like to see him," was the reply. "Well," said Drummond, smiling, "look around till you find a hole, look down the hole, and you will see Barrie." Ralph Connor found Barrie later in a quiet corner, evidently looking for a good hole, and somewhat distressed at not finding it.

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 205 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 165 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Ames, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Hersey, Montreal, Can.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.
Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadman, 1039 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

PIPE & REED
ESTEY CHURCH ORGANS
120 BOYLSTON ST.
BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary.
Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Christian Register

DEC

VOLUME 93 . . . . TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION $3.00 PER YEAR
NUMBER 52 . . . . SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1225
The Child Labor Cause 1226
The Failure of the Universities 1227
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
The Impulses of American Life 1228
CURRENT TOPICS 1229
BREVITIES 1230
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
A Suggestion from England 1230
"Decently and in Order" 1231
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
Flags in Sunday-schools, by An Old Soldier 1231
Shall we celebrate Christmas this Year? by Frederick R. Griffin 1232
On the Voyage, by William Ware Locke 1233
Some Lancashire Unitarians, by Joseph Henry Crooker, D.D. 1234
In the Face of War, by Charles F. Dole, D.D. . . . 1235
A Plea for Peace 1237
The Mayflower 1238
Iowa Letter; Practical Accomplishments at Proctor Academy, II., by Henry G. Ives 1242
The San Francisco Trip 1243
The Joseph Priestley Conference; American Unitarian Association 1244
New Year's Eve Communion; The Tuckerman School; Belgian Relief; The Temperance Motor-car . . . 1247
SPIRITUAL LIFE 1232
THE PULPIT.
The Appeal of the Church, by Rev. Charles E. St. John 1235
LITERATURE.
Books 1238
Miscellaneous 1239
THE HOME.
Joey's Trip, by Frances Harmer; Two Brave Boys . 1240
Ralph's Christmas Courage; Audubon's Birds; Boy Scouts and Birds; For You to Guess 1241
POETRY.
My Gift, by Benjamin R. Bulkeley 1231
In a Scrap-book 1238
Marjorie's Feast 1240
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Grading a Small Sunday school, Part I. 1244
YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Field Notes; Pilgrim Federation 1245
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1246
HERE AND THERE 1247
PLEASANTRIES 1248

Editorial.

WHEN the Jason, bearing Christmas gifts and toys from the United States to the children of the belligerent powers of Europe passed the training-ship Impregnable on entering Plymouth harbor, the boys of the ship, five hundred strong, sat in clusters on the yard-arms and up in the rigging, and shouted cheers for the United States and for the Jason. There were five million articles, we are told, in this "Santa Claus Ship," including stockings, caps, and blouses. The correspondent of the *Times*, quoting the special commissioner of the United States, who said that the apples they brought were from Spokane, Wash., the best in the world, said: "Whether they are the best in the world is possibly disputable. That they are sent to us in the best spirit in the world is indisputable, for it is the spirit of charity, kindliness, and good will toward all men, and especially toward all children." That is a celebration of Christmas that has never been equalled since Christmas began to be celebrated. Every child with his presents will feel in it a Christmas such as no wealth could bring him. Every child this year should have some such Christmas,—should give up some expectation of gratification, and see that he gives something that shall spread his joy across the sea.

IN the vast enterprises of benevolence and succor to starving and suffering populations abroad, there is the possibility that organized relief may not reach some of the most pitiful needs because they are not, so to speak, on the line of relief. And in their desire to be assured that their gift will not fall into irresponsible hands, people will send to the chief authorized agencies of relief, and overlook distresses not met by these agencies. But it must be remembered that some of the unofficial relief organizations are bearing heavy burdens and meeting sore needs. Mrs. Duryea, chairman of the relief committee at Dinard, near St. Malo, France, has written to *Life* a letter which has been widely read, though seldom could any one have read it aloud. In a private letter she says: "Don't, don't forget us. The big funds go to the big centres, and we with our sixteen thousand refugees have no fund at all. When I read your letter out loud to our committee this afternoon, we were like children with a Christmas. You would have both laughed and cried to hear our joy. We will get everything through without duty. So have no fear, send along anything from a dollar bill to a pair of mittens,

Digitized by Google

and they will go straight to those who need them, with no red tape to be unwound. . . . Send old clothes for men, women, and children. Nothing is too poor. Besides the refugees, we have four thousand wounded soldiers in our 'hospitals.' These men arrive here, sometimes two deep, on straw in cattle-cars, with uniforms torn by bullets and bayonets. When they return to the front to live for days and nights in the trenches and under winter skies, they need mufflers, earcaps, mittens, and chest protectors. The government never gives such luxuries, so be kind and send me some." No one, therefore, must think that one giving finishes our duty, nor one destination. We must give continuously and everywhere.

The foes of a true denominationalism have very little to stand on. The friends of true denominationalism need not apologize for their choice of union instead of dispersion, but there needs to be a clear idea of what makes a denominationalism true. It is not the sentiment which in patriotism says "my country, right or wrong." It is not the loyalty which pretends all one has is the best, and that nothing on its side can be improved. It is not the courage which thinks it necessary to be always shouting one's name. It is not the caution which conceals every imperfection. A writer on Norway and the Norwegians in *Scribner's* puts it none too bluntly in saying: "It is as much a betrayal of one's country to betray our fellow men and women to ignorance as to betray them to the army or navy of another country. No spy, no traitor, ever did a country the harm that is done by the flatterers of ignorance. The politician who tells his American audiences that in our school system, in our morals, in our physique, in our general well-being, we are leading the world, is verily a Benedict Arnold betraying our country into an ignorant satisfaction with mediocrity. He pleases them that they may be pleased with him." The truth of this applies just as aptly to religious loyalty. The denominationalism we stand for is that which is not mechanical, or boastful, or blind, but that which is of the whole body, and for the wholesome body, and for every possible improvement that will better its service in the world.

The Child Labor Cause.

The report of the National Child Labor Committee just published contains information of great significance gained from the Occupations Volume of the Thirteenth Census of the United States, which appeared last August. From the classified record of all occupations of children ten to thirteen years of age and fourteen to fifteen years of age, and of the numbers of these children employed in the various States, we learn that of all the children ten to fifteen years of age in the United States more than one in six were found at work. Almost half were less than fourteen years old, but a large majority were employed in the various forms of agriculture. During the last decade the number of children under fourteen in non-agricultural work was reduced from 186,358 to 95,839, which may be regarded as largely due to the work of the National Child Labor Committee and the various State committees, which were organized during this period. In 1900 there was not a State in the Union with a common fourteen-year age limit for any common industrial occupation except mining (excluding Louisiana's fourteen-year limit for girls in factories). In 1910 thirty-one States had fixed this minimum for at least one other kind of work. Public opinion has been growing against the employment of children of fourteen and fifteen years of age. Certain understatements in the report are noted which show that in some respects the situation is even less favorable than the reports show. The facts about street-trading children, for instance, and the canning industries are not adequately represented.

Still more interesting and significant facts are brought out in the report on the condition of women and children wage-earners. It is shown that the common idea that work keeps children out of mischief is mistaken. If Satan finds work for idle hands to do, this report shows that he finds much more for working hands to do. Among working children, both boys and girls, there is a greater tendency than among non-workers "to go wrong, and to keep on going wrong after the start has once been made." The occupations producing the greater number of delinquents are those in which the child works largely without supervision. Newsboys, errand-boys, delivery-boys, are the ones who are most often going wrong. As regards the serious offences it is found that they are in large proportion committed by working children, non-workers being responsible for a little over one-third, the workers for a little over two-thirds, of serious offences. "The excess of working delinquents is not confined to any one class of offences. With a few exceptions they lead in all forms of wrong-doing." As the repetition of offences shows a graver moral condition than the commission of one breach of the law, it is noteworthy that the repeaters (*recidivists*) are far more numerous among the workers than among the non-workers. This proportion is also large among those who are working while attending school. To the possible objection to these conclusions, that the conditions and surroundings in which working children live are worse than in the case of non-workers, it is replied that in one particular only, the loss of parents, are the working delinquent children worse off. In other matters they are either practically the same or better off than the delinquent children who have not been working. The working child more frequently than the non-working child goes wrong even where home conditions are favorable. Working children furnish far more than their proportionate share to the group of juvenile delinquents, and this excess is found wherever they are studied, in every age group. It is not limited to any one offence, and it cannot be adequately accounted for by parental condition, race, or character of home or home-training.

The same volume reveals important conditions as regards the mortality among children employed in cotton-mills. Though in some instances mill-owners can show favorable conditions under their management as compared with the home conditions of children whose parents are low in the scale, the claim that the cotton-mill is a health resort cannot be entertained. The report says that the age group fifteen to forty-four, in which the great majority of operatives are massed, is one in which the mortality for operatives and non-operatives alike should be low. Yet the operative death-rate in each locality and for each period studied exceeds the non-operative. Women of every age between fourteen and forty-four show a higher rate among those who work in a cotton-mill than among those who do not. Boys succumb in largest numbers before they are twenty, while in the case of the other sex the difference reaches its climax between the ages of thirty-five and forty-four. Among boys from fifteen to nineteen the death-rate is nearly twice as high as among boys of the non-operative population. Relatively more girl operatives than boy operatives die under twenty. There is an enormously high death-rate from tuberculosis. One of every two deaths between fourteen and forty-four is due to tuberculosis. Among women operatives the ratio of death from tuberculosis is five times as high among cotton-mill workers as among the rest of the population. The conditions as to humid

Digitized by Google

atmosphere required in cotton-mills tend to a harmful excess of moisture, which may account for the fact that operative work predisposes to tuberculosis. In other diseases, also, the operative death-rate is higher than the non-operative, without exception.

Those who believe that reform as to child labor is of the greatest importance both from a humanitarian and welfare point of view, and that it underlies the good name and the future strength of the State, will be inspired to new endeavors and more confident hopes by the facts brought out in other parts, also, of the *Child Labor Bulletin*, which may be obtained of the committee at 105 East 22d Street, New York City. Those who are somewhat affected by the charges of hysteria and sentimentalism made against these reformers, and conclude that there is likely to be much exaggeration in their representations, will do well to read the latest results of investigation, and observe the trend of sober opinion as indicated in the establishment and support of the Federal Children's Bureau, and in the respect which its leadership and work command.

The Failure of the Universities.

People have been saying lately that civilization has broken down, and even that the current Christianity has come to bankruptcy. It is time to see that what we call the higher, or "liberal," education has broken down, and that the universities of all the great nations have failed. This terrible war is not a war of kings or of peoples: it is a war for which the educated men of Europe are responsible, which they certainly have not possessed the will or the wisdom to prevent. The universities have had the education of kings and generals and peoples in their hands, and have led and directed public opinion. They have wofully misdirected and miseducated their pupils.

No feature in the war has been more alarming and pathetic and significant than the manifesto issued a few weeks ago by a large group of the most eminent men in Germany—philosophers, theologians, men of science, men hitherto respected everywhere in the realm of thought, yet now divested of their guiding intelligence and possessed with the spirit of the "crowd," or the mob. These men can see no other side than their own; they are unable to put themselves in the place of other peoples; they have shrunk from the ideal of humanitarians to a narrow nationalism; they have lost their historical perspective; they seem not to have learned the first principles of our common human nature. Where is their religion? Where is their God? Or, have they no God to trust in? They bespeak fear, passion, race prejudice. Meanwhile, like all angry or frightened people, their sole confidence is in brute force and the issue of battle, as if fighting had ever successfully settled human differences! Can we ever go to school to Germany again?

Germany, however, is not alone in showing violent symptoms of a world disease among the intellectuals. What have the men of light and learning in the centres of culture in France been doing to show up the folly and inhumanity of "revenge," and to clear the minds of their countrymen of the virus of that poison? What have Oxford and Cambridge done with their scholarship and their lofty chairs of history to lead the people of Great Britain in the one secure way of humanity, to free them of fears, to hold their government back from one-sided alliances against Germany, from piling fuel on the suspicions of their neighbors by their continual increase of dreadnoughts? Do not wise students know what always happens when boys or men divide in groups and double up their fists and scowl in each others' faces? Do they not know that big guns and the frequent talk about expected wars always play the part of scowls and angry voices? Is it unknown in the universities that religion is "in spirit and in truth," that is, in frankness, sincerity, mutual forbearance, and good will? Or, what do the teachers of religion in the universities think the essence of religion is? Certain it is, that university men might have stopped this war—we will not say, after the nations had slipped to the brink of the precipice, but long before the war came on—by the simple means of teaching a philosophy of humanity instead of yielding, like ignorant people, to the current doctrines of militancy and paganism, and inviting war by getting ready for it.

Meanwhile, there are certain simple and reasonable tests and conditions of a liberal education which would seem to commend themselves to the most humble intelligence. Why may they not then appeal also to the bright minds in the lofty chairs of the universities? First, we ought to be able to ask of the educated men an open mind, free of prejudice and prepossessions, with a bit of kindly humor, trained to the normal habit of seeing all sides of any subject, willing on occasion to listen to what the other man says, instead of trying to beat him down with a flow of passion. Next, should we not ask for a reasonable modesty, free of arrogance, pride, conceit, egotism (those dismal diseases of the intellect!), quite free, too, of racial and national suspiciousness,—the modesty of a real "man of the world." Have we a superior man in mind? So much the less does he need to lay claim to his superiority, as small and ignorant people do.

Again, we ask of the educated man the habit, desirable even in a trained dog or horse, of self-control and good temper. He ought to go beyond "forgiving enemies"; he should not have enemies. What is wisdom or power of mind good for, if its possessor has not learned to do better than to cherish petty resentments and to want to punish some one?

Once more, it does seem as if a liberal or university education should give a man a vision of an orderly universe of which he is a citizen, as distinguished from the chaos of animalism and passion in which barbarians habitually live. Do we not find implied in all our thinking a soul of the world with whose beauty and purpose our lives may move? Is there any mind so great as not to come to confusion without this ruling thought?

The world is seeing anew to-day what makes war and destroys the fair semblance of civilization. It is fear, pride, selfishness, ill will, contempt of others,—in short, the lack of the informing essence of real religion, and of philosophy also, in so far as the word means wisdom. The bad philosophy of force and militarism breaks down and reveals the heights of the eternal justice, truth, faith, and humanity. You may be loaded with the facts of science, history, or literature, but unless you add the "fruits of the spirit" you are not yet human, least of all educated or enlightened.

The world is finding out that religion, at its best, is not a fragment of human life or a holiday indulgence. It is the wholeness and fulfilment of life. The world is finding out that we cannot have a bare secular education by virtue of which leaders, as yet harsh and overbearing, or unprincipled and self-indulgent, may be trained to run factories and govern great cities and steer a safe way amidst the strife of nations. There is no education good enough to fit a man, however gifted, to lead and control his fellows, to order vast industries, to safeguard the welfare of states, which is not steadied by a supreme faith in the Eternal Goodness, and by confidence in a divine nature to be found, assumed, and trusted in the heart of every man who bears the human form.

America has her mighty opportunity. She sees what the methods of education and government are which

Digitized by Google

make autocrats, egotists, and conventionally polished idiots. She sees also the type of education which lifts the common man to stand unafraid before kings, to be at once noble and friendly. America has her choice, to govern herself by her fears and to try again the vain, wretched, and preposterous business of getting her armaments ready to destroy friendly peoples, or, on the other hand, to make herself strong beyond the reach of fear or hurt by doing simple justice and trusting her neighbors as she would have them trust her. You can never mix these opposite theories of education. C. F. D.

American Unitarian Association.

The Impulses of American Life.

The readers of this column in the *Register* are aware that I have just completed one of the many journeys which often take me, on the errands of our churches, across and about the continent. One cannot mix with all sorts and conditions of Americans in different parts of the country without acquiring some pretty clear ideas about the controlling impulses and sentiments of American life. Every nation seems to have a genius of its own, a distinctive essence which constitutes its personality and defines the part it is to bear in the great drama of humanity. We are apt to say, for instance, that to the Hellenic peoples we owe beauty and wisdom; to the Hebrews, spiritual discernment and the sense of moral obligation; to the Romans, law and organization; to the Anglo-Saxons, the pioneer energies and virtues, the love of free institutions, and the laws that are self-created from the sense of justice in the commonwealth.

Does it not become increasingly manifest that this republic of ours—this melting-pot of all the nations and races—has its own characteristic and animating spirit? America is not an accident. It is not a fortuitous gathering of exiles and emigrants. It is not the demonstration of an abstract theory of government. It is the natural development of a distinct life—an inward life of visions, passions, and hopes embodying itself in an outward life of special customs, institutions, ways of looking at things and doing things. America has a personality of its own which defines its place and function in the world.

The distinctive spirit of America has indeed been variously interpreted and misinterpreted. An extraordinary diversity of judgment has been displayed by both native and foreign observers. At one time we are told that we Americans are a crude, sordid folk, indifferent to the unbought grace of life and to all finer feeling; and then again we are told that ours is fundamentally a land of visionaries and idealists. Most of the historians or critics are obviously inclined to emphasize the purely material causes of our national development. They are apt to interpret our history as a matter of chance, or of geographical environment, or of economic necessity. They would have us believe that the Puritan conscience and the capacity of our forefathers for hard work was simply a product of the harsh climate, the sterile soil, and the hostile conditions of New England. They would have us believe that the American Revolution was primarily commercial in its motives, an effort on the part of debtor colonies to escape from paying their creditors. They would have us believe that the anti-slavery movement was material in its origins, and that the morals of slavery were not questioned "until New England, having discovered the economic unfitness of slavery to her boulder-strewn soil, took the lead in the crusade against it."

I do not care to deny the influence of industries or geography, but I do want to emphatically affirm my own conviction that back of all the tangible explanations of the events of American history the historian who would really interpret them must seek for deeper causes in certain inspiring sentiments that have touched the hearts and fired the imaginations of Americans. I must affirm, as the result of my own observations over the length and breadth of the land, the accuracy of the statement that America "is a nation of incurable dreamers." We are a commercial nation, but we are not a commercialized people. Our hearts are not in our ledgers, and our aspirations are not expressed in profits.

Not that one does not discover plenty of sordid materialism in America. There are many Americans who care for nothing that cannot be expressed in dollars and cents, as there are a few Americans who foolishly mimic certain undesirable European ideas or traits; but deep in the heart of the nation there is a passionate attachment to the ideals of freedom and brotherhood. The soul of the people is expressed not in the record of bank clearings, but in the far-flung visions of the national poets and heroes. There is everywhere a kind of instinctive devotion to certain principles of democracy which are not primarily political theories or programmes of civil organization, but which are really ideals of spiritual progress. America is itself a vision realized. On this very journey, from which I am but now returned, have I not seen the lands that once I knew as arid wastes turned into smiling orchards? Have I not seen the regions where once I was actually lost in a trackless forest transformed into a splendid city park? Have I not listened to chamber music in a beautiful concert-room and realized that within my own lifetime no sound broke the stillness of the wilderness where that flourishing town now stands save the howl of the wolf? But these, it may be said, are material achievements. That is true, but every one of them was the result of a vision, the working out of men's dreams and hopes.

One of the most singular and impressive facts of American life is the substantial unity of view among all kinds of people in regard to fundamental questions of government and of conduct. Despite the enormous distances, the great differences of climatic conditions, and the infinite variety of race origins, all Americans—or so nearly all as to make the exceptions unduly conspicuous—believe in liberty under law, in complete religious toleration, in fair play and equal justice, and they follow the ideals of freedom and of national unity which have been transmitted to them from the leaders and heroes whose names they all hold in honor. It would be hard to find individuals more unlike than the alert business men of the seaboard cities, the prosperous farmers of the inexhaustible prairies, the restless cattlemen of the plains, the rude pioneers of the logging-camps of the Northwest, the skilled mechanics of the industrial centres; but common to them all is the English tongue and the sense of justice and personal liberty which are our inheritances from the English common law. The large, and perhaps unconscious, principles which all Americans have inherited or adopted lead out into certain distinct traits of character and ways of looking at things that are well-nigh universal.

To say that the American is pre-eminently an idealist is only another way of saying that he is instinctively and intensely religious. That is a fact written on every page of our history, but a fact which has escaped the observation of many critics. "In the name of God, Amen," wrote the Pilgrims at the head of the compact which they signed in the cabin of the Mayflower as she swung at anchor in the harbor of Provincetown. "In the name of God, Amen," echoed the framers of the Constitution which a hundred and sixty-nine years later welded the separate States into a nation. The ideals of freedom and

Digitized by Google

democracy, in which I find the real interpretation of American history, are not, that is, themselves spontaneous forces. They are really rooted in spiritual experiences, and they are the product of the religious hopes and aspirations of men. Americans, as no other occidental people that I know, believe in the projectile force of spiritual truths. Of course that instinctive religiousness has often been wofully abused and misguided, as in the irrational "revivals" that periodically and disastrously sweep through American communities. Of course it sometimes finds expression in antiquated or fantastic forms. But still the inspirations and solaces of American life are characteristically to be found in the religious associations and experiences.

In every crisis of the national existence men have found the natural utterance of their emotions in religious symbols and expressions. The founders of New England were sustained by the Old Testament pledges of the promised land, and by the Psalmist's assurance that "he that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." The pioneers of the vanishing frontier, as they defended their homesteads against savage foes, recalled the battles of Israel. The book that the homespun soldier at Quebec or Valley Forge read by the light of the campfire told how the walls of Jericho fell before Joshua or how Gideon's three hundred overthrew the Midianites. In the days of civil warfare the forms of expression which uttered the deep emotions of American life were always pre-eminently religious. They were based, like Lincoln's second inaugural or the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," on the old prophetic forms. They were filled with the same mystic idealism and used all the imagery of the Bible. The dominant note of the Old Testament is an intense national spirit. It is alive with heroic traditions, with songs of deliverance, with prophecies of the reign of justice and righteousness upon the earth. The expression is sometimes fierce and barbaric, but it is real and it fits the mood and meets the need of men confronted with like perils and similar obligations.

And if the Old Testament is thus still the channel of expression for deep national emotions, is there not in the New Testament teaching the inspiration of the larger brotherhood and of the federation of the world that is more and more becoming the hope of free men? The Hebrew prophets concentrated religion within the boundaries of their own little country, but the vision of the Christian apostles saw far beyond the borders of Israel and their tongues spoke a universal language. Christianity declares those spiritual truths which are independent of race or clime,—the elements of duty and of faith that belong to every land. Christianity deals with the world as if it had no map and no political divisions—even as if it had no history. May we not, even in these terrible times, dare to believe that under that influence shall gradually disappear the barriers that hinder the sympathy of land with land, that there shall be upbuilt the sense of common justice, and revealed to men the possibility of an international court, the code by which it can be administered and the cosmopolitan executive which can enforce its decrees? Shall it not be revealed that a nation can preserve no nobility of character if it cares only for its own ambitions, security, or gain? "It is," said Martineau, "the sympathy of person for person that puts a soul into private life—and of nation with nation that touches the world with moral nobleness and turns history from a statistic almanac or a volume of the prices current into the Epic of Humanity—nay, into the very biography of God. It is Christian idealism that will yet put the eternal law of God into the hearts of men and make subservient all lower ends, all expediencies of worldly good, all less durable allegiances. It will deliver us from the transient into the permanent,—from the limitations of the seen and temporal into the boundlessness of the unseen and eternal." SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

Current Topics.

A DISTINCT promise of better times for the great railroad lines of the country is seen by financial experts in the decision given out by the Interstate Commerce Commission on December 18, granting the application of the roads in official classification territory for an increase of 5 per cent. in the rates on all class shipments and commodities with the exception of coal, coke, and iron ore. It is estimated that the carrying corporations, under the right granted by the Commission, will increase their revenues by $30,000,000 or $40,000,000. It is expected that, with the assurance of augmented resources, many projects of construction and improvement which had been abandoned or deferred under the uncertainty of the immediate past will now be revived and put into execution, to the general improvement of industrial conditions within the territory affected by the decision. The action of the Commission constitutes a recognition of the plea of the railroads, that an increase in revenue is made imperative by the growing cost of construction, repair, and operation due to the universal upward trend of prices, not only in America, but throughout the world, even before the war began.

SENSATIONAL accounts in the daily press of New York and elsewhere of the unpreparedness of the country to cope with a foreign foe have elicited, within the past fortnight, replies from the Departments of the Army and the Navy, in the form of reports indicating the advisability of a gradual augmentation of the defensive resources of the nation both in men and equipment, but deprecating the allegations that drastic measures are necessitated by the international situation. One of the specific charges of a lack of foresight had to do with conditions at the Panama Canal, where, it was asserted, Gov. George W. Goethals was put to it to guard the neutrality of the great waterway by the lack of adequate naval forces. On this last head it was explained officially last week that an army board had been in session at Washington considering the military situation at the Zone, in common with the condition of affairs at all points of strategic importance along the coast of the United States, and that certain definite conclusions, constructive but not disquieting, had been reached.

THE question of what constitutes a breach of neutrality was brought before the attention of the State Department afresh last week by the introduction of a bill by Representative Bartholdt of Missouri, forbidding the manufacture or sale of arms and ammunition intended for the use of participants in the struggle which is now desolating the world. Representative Bartholdt based his projected legislation upon the fact that the allied powers are receiving artillery and other war equipment from American manufacturers. No sooner was Mr. Bartholdt's measure put before the House than the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, conveyed to the Secretary of State the intimation that Great Britain would regard the prohibition proposed by Mr. Bartholdt as a violation of neutrality, inasmuch as Great Britain, by obtaining command of the seas, was entitled to the strategic advantages implied by that achievement, and also that such legis-

lation, in view of Germany's exclusion from the oceans, would confer upon that country a benefit which would very largely nullify the effect of her marine reverses and her maritime inferiority.

The first great territorial result of the War of the Nations was effected with hardly a tremor of special international disturbance last week, when Great Britain gave out official information of the establishment of a British protectorate over Egypt, thus terminating the shadowy suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey, and of the recognition of the French protectorate of Morocco. By this joint Anglo-British action the partition of the whole of Northern Africa with the exception of the Italian possessions was effected, and these territories were placed beyond the scope of subjects to be discussed by the congress which will be called to settle the affairs of Europe and a large part of Africa at the close of the war. The British annexation of Egypt—for that is what the change in status amounts to—involves the deposition of the Khedive Abbas Hilmi, who is succeeded by Prince Hussein Kemal Pasha, his uncle, under the designation of Sultan of Egypt. Sultan Hussein will be supported and controlled by a British High Commissioner, who will be the actual ruler of the land of the Pharaohs.

An incidental effect of the erection of Egypt into a sultanate and the setting up of a sultan in Cairo will be the creation of machinery to counteract the claims of the Sultan of Turkey to a dominant position in the Moslem world, implied by his title, "Commander of the Faithful." With a British sultan in Cairo, whose realm is already territorially more important than the Ottoman Empire, Great Britain will be enabled to foster and encourage the pretensions of British Moslems to hegemony in Islam. A severe blow has been dealt to Ottoman leadership in this war by the failure of the Mohammedans of Russia, Britain, and France to rally to the call of the prophet, as issued by his theoretical successor, Mehmed V., in a *jehad*, or holy war. In fact, not only was the Ottoman appeal fruitless in positive results, but it failed to prevent the Moslems of Algeria, of India, and the Crimea from ranging themselves under the standards of the Allies. With the disintegration of the once dreaded peril of a union of the Mohammedans of the world in an onslaught upon Christianity, British Mohammedanism, with its new centre at Cairo, is destined to prove an increasingly dominant factor in Islam.

The latest German naval exploit—the bombardment of Hartlepool, Whitby, and Scarborough, on the North of England coast, on December 17—brought to issue once more the question of the right of belligerents to subject unfortified places to gunfire. The British foreign office unequivocally advanced the accusation, on the day after the bombardment, that the Germans had been guilty of an act forbidden by the laws of nations, the concessions internationally vouchsafed in an attempt to rob war of some of its inherent hideousness. The German government, in a semi-official statement issued at the end of the week, made the equally unequivocal assertion that the part of the coast raided by cruisers was "fortified" within the meaning of the term in international law, inasmuch as the towns named had been garrisoned and provided with defensive positions constructed with pick and shovel, although the locality, with the exception of West Hartlepool, adjoining Hartlepool, was devoid of "permanent" fortifications, that is, fortifications constructed of stone, steel, or concrete.

Brevities.

The present is a time of testing of many things religious and political heretofore thought beyond the need of examination. To aid in such an investigation as between true and false political philosophy, Edwin D. Mead advises, "If ever there was a time when all men should be reading Emerson anew, that time is now."

The loon is a large, extremely shy, and rare bird inhabiting our northern inland lakes. It is nearly as large as a swan and rides the waves as majestically, diving at the slightest danger and remaining under water for a long time. Lake Winnipesaukee is one of its favorite breeding-places, and there at times one may hear what Whittier calls its "weird laughter."

The Census Bureau has recently published some encouraging figures showing that the death-rate is steadily falling in the registration area of the United States. In 1913 the death-rate was 14.1 for each one thousand of population, which is a decrease of 13 per cent. from the average rate from 1901 to 1905. The rate of decrease in Massachusetts was reported as 9.6.

To love unlovely people and things requires a height of sympathy and nobility to be attained by few persons. When we are urged to "love our neighbor as ourselves," a good deal depends upon who is our neighbor. Perhaps if we could bring ourselves to believe that the injunction meant simply to respect and honor our neighbor and to treat him justly, there might be found more of us who could obey this commandment.

The use in high schools and colleges of magazines and weekly journals of the higher class as an incentive to wider reading and better written expression is proving a permanent benefit to students. It requires the teacher to be alert. Says Hamilton Holt: "With a live magazine as a text-book, I defy any teacher to conduct a class and go to sleep. Unless he bestirs himself he is likely to find the knowledge of the class on many points exceeding his own."

Letters to the Editor.

A Suggestion from England.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

From an article in the September issue of *The Ethical World*, published in London, the following extracts are made. Shall we not carefully ponder them?

"'Hatred does not cease by hatred; hatred ceases by love: this is an *old* tale,' said the Buddha about twenty-five hundred years ago. Nor has this old tale become less true with the flight of the ages. France was defeated by Germany some forty-three years ago, and ever since then the defeat poisoned both the life of Germany and France. . . . And what of the results of the present war? Suppose Germany, France, England, or whoever it might be, is thoroughly humiliated, has to pay a large indemnity, and has some limb torn from its body; will that make for a permanent settlement, for the cutting down of monstrously swollen armies and navies, and for a spirit of peace brooding over the waters of European life? It certainly will not. Not only does hatred not cease by hatred, but it increases, and stable peace becomes an unrealizable hope. . . . What, then, is to be done? The friends of peace must labor that good should come out of evil, that there should be no cruel humiliation, and that in the eventual treaty of peace

Digitized by Google

the Powers should agree to the establishing of a permanent international court for the settling of all disputes between nations. This task must be taken up now, right at the beginning of the war, and must be completed before the war is over, or else it is too late. Foreign Offices have ample time during the military operations to elaborate terms of peace, and members of Parliament are in the same position. The present moment is therefore auspicious. Let us not delay. . . .

"The establishment of an international court of law would put an end to secret diplomacy, the arch-foe of peace. It is not that diplomatists are made of different or inferior metal to common mortals, but that where there is secrecy, there are suspicion, intrigue, trickery, callousness, and all the gravest sins. You can no more avoid these in the circumstances than you can ultimately prevent war when disputes must be settled by the disputants themselves. . . .

"While the legal side of the international life remains unorganized, wars such as the present mass war cannot be avoided. Let us, then, do our utmost to have that side initiated as a very outcome of this war. Let us appeal to the United States to urge on the combatants that the intolerable situation in which the civilized world finds itself cannot be relieved by 'punishing' some adversary, but by overcoming the cause of all wars—the absence of an international court of law. Let the United States collect at once our international thinkers and lawyers in a public conference, and draw up an 'instrument' whose essential feature shall be embodied in the coming peace treaty of the Powers (may it come soon!)—an instrument which shall secure the immediate establishment of an international court of law to settle all disputes between nations. All of us in the Ethical Movement and all the friends of peace must at the same time make an effort to influence in this direction public opinion, our national representatives, and our governments. Such a move is quite consistent with the belief of each people that it is fighting in a just cause. Indeed we expect to have all those patriots on our side who believe in justice and not in spoliation, and who are anxious that in future the legal side of the international life should be so organized that wars between nations shall become as unlikely as wars between towns."

Here is a challenge to sober thought. Is it not also a challenge to prompt action? K. H. A.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

"Decently and in Order."

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Why is it that Unitarians, on serious occasions like the dedication of churches or the ordination or installation of ministers, are so fond of exciting laughter and of giving it? Are they not in earnest? Do they not take religion seriously? Or do ministers, doubtful whether they can excite any more serious emotion, like to hear laughter, as a sign that they can produce some effect? The fault is not confined to Unitarians, for others appear to be quite as unmindful of the proprieties of the occasion, to say nothing of the duties. They might take a good lesson from the officers and members of a mere business corporation, in dignity, seriousness, and efficiency for the purpose in hand. These realize that they have grave interests in hand, and must address themselves to them with a grave spirit. The lightness of Unitarians toward the more important interests for which they come together seems to indicate a lack of appreciation. Let us hope that the appearance is deceptive, for the world to-day has no time for make-believes.

X. Y. Z.

My Gift.

BY BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY.

What the gift that I may bring
For the Prince's cradle meet?
'Tis no costly offering
I may lay beside his feet.

Not of gold, as wise men brought,
For my store is very small,
But the gift of reverent thought,
Quick to list when he doth call.

Not the frankincense of old,
But some fragrance, if I may,
Of good deeds which, we are told,
Rise to God and seem to pray.

Nor the myrrh, though costly too,
But the love that serves instead,
Helping spread the Kingdom true,
Promised in that lowly bed.

BEVERLY, MASS.

Flags in Sunday-schools.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

May I be allowed to add a few words to what was said in the *Christian Register* of December 10 by Rev. W. I. Lawrance about the use of flags in Sunday-schools? I am a veteran of the Civil War and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic; this tells how much I love and honor the flag of my country. But no one knows better than an old soldier how much jingoism, what narrow views of patriotism, and what hostility toward other nations, is associated with the use of the flag all around us. This spirit is evil, it is unchristian, and it is especially deplorable now when we should all be doing everything in our power to teach everybody, especially our children, to abhor war and to dedicate their lives to the service of peace. In the minds of nearly all boys (and girls, too, for that matter) the flag instantly suggests soldiers, bands playing martial music, and that kind of so-called patriotism which means fighting some other nation. Therefore we must be careful or else the introduction of our national flag into our Sunday-schools for constant use there will produce results very different from what we desire. How can we prevent this danger? Let us be sure that we cannot prevent it without an effort.

I think we may get a suggestion of value from Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. In his Sunday-school at the Abraham Lincoln Centre he makes much and very effective use of the flag; but he robs it of its objectionable and almost inevitable war suggestion, and turns it into a splendid symbol of peace and all the glories of peace, by bordering it with white. This flag, thus white-rimmed, is no less the old Stars and Stripes, is no less the old-honored national ensign, but now it symbolizes a nation not warlike, not defiant of other nations, but friendly, stretching out the hand of peace and brotherhood to all the world. Thus the significance of the flag is distinctly elevated and nobled. Mr. Jones has recently made an appeal in print for all Sunday-schools and churches and also public schools to adopt the white-bordered flag as a symbol of that brighter nationhood, that higher patriotism, that truer love of country, which sees national greatness to consist in peace and the things of peace, and not in war or great armanents or anything that tends to create hostility toward other nations.

We must take up more earnestly than we have ever done the work of educating our children for peace. Especially must religion do this. In no other way can

the success of the cause of peace in the future be assured. The flag is a powerful symbol: if we introduce it into our Sunday-schools, as well we may, let us use it as an agency through which to educate for peace.

In addition to the white-bordered national flag suggested by Mr. Jones, we may also use effectively for peace ends such emblems of peace and friendship as the dove and clasped hands, and such peace pictures as Christ, the Prince of Peace, and the Bethlehem angels singing in the sky their song of "Peace on earth, good will to men," and such peace mottoes as "Blessed are the peacemakers," "Put up thy sword!" "God is our Father, all men are brothers," "Peace is heaven, war is hell," "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," "Above all nations is humanity." Such emblems, pictures, and mottoes made conspicuous in our Sunday-schools cannot fail to have an influence greater than we are likely to realize, in silently educating our children to love peace and to hate war, and in impressing upon their minds the thought which is central in all the teachings of Jesus, and which we must make central in modern civilization, if our civilization is to endure, that all men are brothers, and that only love and good will can ever save the world.

In the December 10th issue of *Unity*, a pupil in the senior class of one of the Chicago high schools describes, at Mr. Jones's request, how she and a number of others (pupils and teachers) made for their school a beautiful and unique Peace Flag, which is attracting wide attention. It was felt among the faculty of the school that everything possible ought to be done to cultivate in the minds of the scholars sentiments of peace and that larger patriotism which abhors war, and sees in all nations friends and not enemies. "Old Glory" was already much used in the school: could it not be rescued from its narrow militaristic and jingoistic associations and suggestions, and given a signification worthy of our country, our civilization, and our Christianity? It was determined that at least an attempt should be made. Accordingly a fine new United States flag was purchased, of excellent material and rather large size; also enough strong white bunting was bought to form a border eighteen inches wide on the upper and lower edges of the flag and on the free end. The desire was to plan a banner which should strikingly symbolize peace and also something more, something even better still, namely, world-wide brotherhood, by grouping the flags of other nations round about our own. So the white border around our flag was made a background on which to place a row of small flags of sister nations. There are so many flags in the entire world that all could not be used, and it was decided to select those of such nations as had at some time done something to promote universal peace. As a result twenty-three were chosen. These little flags were made of silk and were as perfect miniatures as possible of the larger national banners. Two of each kind were provided so that both sides of the large flag might be alike. These little flags were arranged on the white border as artistically as possible, and of course were sewed on very strongly.

When the large Peace Flag (or flag of peace and world brotherhood) was done, it quickly became the admiration and pride of the school, alike of pupils and teachers; and when the next Commencement came, there was a public presentation of the flag to the school with appropriate ceremonies and with wide notice of the same throughout the city.

The flag is so attractive and striking, and the idea it embodies is so fine, that other schools are beginning to follow the example which has been set. Why not? Why should not the good movement, so auspiciously begun, for a flag which shall stand distinctly for a higher patriotism, for peace and brotherhood among all nations, be taken up by all the schools and especially by all the Sunday-schools of America?

Spiritual Life.

To restore a commonplace truth to its first uncommon lustre, you need only translate it into action.—*Coleridge.*

I have pity for all unhappy ones, but most for those, whosoever they be, that languish in exile, and visit their country only in dreams.—*Dante.*

The only thing I have any satisfaction in, as respects myself, is the consciousness I have that I loved the truth, and, above all things, have desired to know it.—*Horace Bushnell.*

You go forth into the world at a time when the rushing current of modern life threatens to take every man from his feet whose feet do not stand upon duty and whose hands are not stretched forth toward God.—*Noah Porter.*

When the mason carries up the wall, the course of the brick which he laid yesterday is the foundation on which he is laying another course to-day; and all that you do to-day on the structure which you are building will remain as a basis for that which you do to-morrow.—*Beecher.*

All things, the pressure of reason, the disappointment of society over the results of a complex faith, the demand for noble men and women, the natural tendency of intellect toward simplicity, require that he who "gets religion" in these years should secure one that shall stand close by the simplicity and broadness and rightness of the central Christ.—*David Swing.*

There is an apostolical succession. It is not the power conveyed by physical contact; it is not a line of priests. It is a succession of prophets, a broken, scattered one, but a real one. John was the successor of Elias' spirit. In the spiritual birth, Luther was the offspring of the mind of Paul. Mind acts on mind, whether by ideas or character; herein is the spiritual succession.—*Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D.D.*

Shall we celebrate Christmas this Year?

BY FREDERICK R. GRIFFIN.

It is not strange that this question should spring into our minds. Christmas, of all days in the year, is associated with joy. Christmas has been in the past the day and the season of maximum happiness, the time when we have made merry and when we have said and felt peace and good will. But this year the world is possessed by the antithesis of the spirit of Christ. How, then, can we speak of peace and good will when we are all bowed down by war and hate? How, also, can we arrange for good times when whole nations are darkened by sorrow and anxiety, and when hundreds of thousands of self-sacrificing young men are dead, or wounded, or sick, or in peril on the battlefields?

Whatever our answer to these questions, it is certain

that we cannot celebrate Christmas as we have celebrated the day in the past. If there is mirth, it will be less buoyant and free; and if there is happiness, it will be more sober and less selfish.

But to pass over Christmas, to leave the carols unsung, the trees unlighted, and the gifts unmade, would be a confession that we do not understand or do not approve of the Christmas spirit. For Christmas means the happiness which comes through kindness and generosity, the joy which comes through giving joy to others. Christmas means the triumph of our hopes over our fears. It is the time which freshens our vision of a world of peace and good will. Then with that clarified vision we go forward to realize it.

During recent years some have drunk a toast to "The Day" and others have said "It is bound to come." If that spirit hastened the war then cannot all who love Christmas drink to "The Day" of peace and say of good will, "It is bound to come"? And will not a festival of confidence and determined hope be of some help to the cause which is greatest now?

If, again, there are so many thousands who are in sorrow and pain to-day, ought we not to try the harder to spread Christmas joy? In doing this much, joy will come back to the givers. We remember what Scrooge's nephew said, "I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."

It will be hard to keep Christmas this year, if we try to keep it on a level below its true meaning, but we can be very thankful that Christmas comes even when the world is at war, if we rise to its demands. We can make it the most hallowed Christmas in nineteen hundred years, by responding to its call to good will and generosity and kindliness, and by pledging ourselves to work for "The Day" of universal peace.

By all means, let us keep Christmas. By all means, let us give cause for many to say, Surely the spirit of Christ is alive in the world.

MONTREAL, CAN.

On the Voyage.

BY WILLIAM WARE LOCKE.

There are three pathways of escape from a world of discord and confusion, the love of art, the joys of a good comradeship, and the sense of an infinite and eternal order.

I. The orchestra plays selections from "Faust" as we sail down the bay, but for a while the people are more interesting to me than the music. Each one has his own story to tell, as good as a novel. That swarthy Armenian merchant, that group of vaudeville actors, that woman in black with two little children, all have a part in a wonderful drama. They come from many countries, have various occupations. Where are they going after this journey is over?

Through all the confusion the steward and porters, brass buttoned, in blue uniforms, move hurriedly hither and thither. One of them raps at a stateroom door to answer a summons. Soon he returns with refreshments. He departs with a courteous bow and a satisfied smile. Perhaps a good dinner will be the best solution of my troubles also.

Ah! but the music,—that is a beautiful air; where have I heard it? I do not look at the programme, but close my eyes,—and listen. As by a magical charm, again on my wedding journey, suddenly I am transported to the Opera House in Paris, brilliant with color and lights and crowded with people. From fortunate seats with the gods in the Olympian heights of the theatre, I can look down on men of all nations. In the box on the left of the stage is the grand Shah of Persia. The President of the Republic sits by his side, while in the opposite box a group of American Beauties is sharing the honors. That is the frame or the setting containing a wonderful picture showing the desperate struggles of man, the tender devotion of woman, and then the joyous assurance of the glorious future, all the heights and depths of emotion expressed by the music. Art is the greatest magician. Goethe is greater than Midas. All the material world is translated into the realm of the spirit. Why do the people break in with their clatter and vain applause?

II. The lights shine clear from the shore where the boat will soon make the landing at Newport. What a bustle and noise! Why are those gaily clad girls out there on the pier in the evening, surrounded by lively young men who are dressed in the height of the fashion? The note of good comradeship sounds from the group, a strain of wonderful music composed of love and enjoyment. Through the discordant notes of the fishermen's horns comes the sound of laughter and the merry chatter of girls. Soon a carriage drives rapidly up to the pier, escorted by heralds with banners and trumpets. Showers of confetti and rice are hurled as the couple descends in confusion and tries to run through the tumult. Blessings upon that policeman! Gladly would I have given a five-dollar bill had he been at my wedding. The bridegroom, saved from his friends, pushes his way through the crowd and hurriedly runs up the gangway. Rattle and bang go the trunks on the two-wheeled trucks, trunk after trunk and truck after truck pursuing each other. Rushing and pushing, coming and going, two lines of stevedores whirl round the corners and dash up the plankway. They seem like so many blue-legged ants runing in and out of an ant-hill, or like shuttles in a machine that is weaving some wonderful fabric. All have blue overalls and are stripped to the shirt or have light linen jumpers. See that tall man run and jump in the air when his truck has been emptied, and that fat little jolly-faced man who keeps the rest jolly. Here comes a trunk that is tied up with ribbons, a valise with a satin shoe tied to the handle. Again sound the horns and the laughter. The bride and the groom come on deck greeted with songs and farewells. "Be good to her, old man; you may not get another."

III. Under the peaceful stars, the light of the town slowly fading, I stand alone in the darkness on the upper deck of the steamer. There is no noise but the swishing song of the waters and the deep-toned throb of the engine. All the sharp lines of the shore, wharves, chimneys, and headlands are gathered up in the twilight. Here is the music of silence, the sense of an infinite order, the rhythm eternal.

Under the peaceful stars, on the other side of the world, men are fighting each other. There, in the carnage of battle, men are lying with upturned faces, but the stamp of death is upon them, and the mark of a horse's hoof or the deep, dark slashes of crimson. The rising moon is red with the bloody reflection, bloody and hot at the sight of the flames and the carnage, a great conflagration of war spreading from country to country. Is there no Christian nation, after two thousand years, to stand for the gospel of peace?

Under the peaceful stars, steadily gazing in silence,

Digitized by Google

other battles are fought without havoc of battle or bloodshed; in the dark city streets there is the cry of the children, and brutal noise of carousal, and in the still darker homes the weary struggle and heartache. Is all this sorrow and strife an inevitable part of the great plan of life? What is the end of it all? Have we no goal as a guide in the journey?

Under the peaceful stars, all alone in the moonlight but for the silent helmsman standing above me, from the upper deck of the vessel forward I gaze through the distance. The forces urging me onward, the dangers which threaten my journey, both are beyond my control. I love the stars too fondly to be fearful about the night, but the mysterious future—what do I know of to-morrow? All that I ever have done is but a ripple of water; all that I ever have thought, only a passing reflection. Soon I shall be forgotten, a drop in the infinite ocean.

Under the peaceful stars, here on the deck of the steamer, nothing is heard but the swishing song of the waters and the deep-toned throb of the engine; but from the vast gray silence comes the sound of music eternal, the song which the stars sang together when earth was created, the music of spheres as they steadfastly whirl in their orbits.

Boston, Mass.

Some Lancashire Unitarians.

By Joseph Henry Crooker, D.D.

My friend said to me: "Why are you going to Burnley? Its smoke will choke you; its soot will make your face look as black and dismal as its rows of stone houses; and the clatter of its clogs and looms will drive you crazy." Nevertheless, I went to Burnley. I prize the experiences there as among the most interesting of all my English visits.

Of course there is smoke: from the station platform I counted over a hundred tall chimneys,—"monuments of industry,"—and there are many more. The people fall into two classes: clog-wearers and shoe-wearers (the women among the former wear shawls over their heads); and these clogs do make a mighty clatter on the hard pavements. There are over 100,000 looms weaving cotton cloth in this city of 110,000 people; that woven in ten days would put a bandage round the earth! The streets do look hard and forbidding,—monotonous rows of soot-covered stone dwellings. The streets were full of people when I was there; the war was on and the mills had suddenly closed. The street talk was solemn, and almost unintelligible to an American; the language was not English, but *Lancashire*. But when mastered one finds it wonderfully original, poetic, and expressive. It has already found some place in literature, but fame is waiting for some genius with quick ear and sense of humor to record this speech and portray the characteristics of the people.

Burnley is a grimy spot perpetually overhung with noisome smoke. But this blackness is surrounded by very beautiful country. A short train-ride takes one to Townley Hall (now city property), with fine grounds and gardens, ancient and impressive walls, rooms well filled with attractive art treasures and associated with romances and tragedies. Close at hand also is Gawthorpe Hall, the home of Lord Shuttleworth, equally beautiful, on whose spacious lawns the Liberals have their great political rallies. About the city the hills rise in gracious folds one above another, one (Pendle) reaching the dignity of a real mountain. The drive to Bolton Abbey, not far away, leads through one of the most pleasant parts of England.

As with Burnley and the neighboring countryside, so, contrariwise, with these sturdy Lancashire people. The exterior may not be inviting at first glance. But within you will find a spirit-landscape as surprising as that in which the black city is set. To know and understand them is to love and honor them. Our host was an Adam Bede sort of man, from whose lips bits of golden wisdom constantly fell. When he was asked what the Unitarian did when hit by an Orthodox man, this was the reply: "The kind look which he gave him hurt worse than a blow." When I congratulated another man upon what he had done in turning a rocky field into an attractive and fertile garden, his simple reply was, "The only real joy in life is in making some spot a bit brighter."

A stalwart business man met the argument that war improves business by the simple remark, "When a soldier is killed, I cannot sell him any goods." At a large convention of manufacturers, of which he was chairman, he resisted the raising of prices, saying, "We must not take advantage of this calamity to make money." His language was classic Lancashire, which I wish that I could reproduce, but the substance of one statement sticks in memory: "You will have to go *bad*, yes, very *bad* to find a country more beautiful than that about Burnley,"—a true statement.

Lancashire may be called the home of English Unitarianism; about a quarter of its churches are in that county. In Liverpool and Manchester the Unitarians have exercised, proportionately, a more dominating influence than in any other places in Great Britain. The Sunday-schools are large, the philanthropic activities are numerous, the church buildings in many towns are large and beautiful, the congregations are very loyal, and the young people are being held to the faith.

The Trafalgar Street Unitarian Church in Burnley (there is also "a mission" in the city) was established some sixty years ago. It was *home-grown*, not intruded. A few strong men and women thought themselves into rational Christianity. At first, some street-corner preaching, then services in a hall, finally a plain but substantial and commodious church home. The story of its origins shows heroic stuff in its founders. Men with large, growing families who received some thirty shillings a week ($7.20) pledged themselves to give to the church *one-tenth* of their income until the building was finished. If American Unitarians had been equally generous to their denomination for the past hundred years, what great things they could have done for their faith, which would have meant even greater things for our country!

I had the good fortune to become acquainted with the sons and daughters, now in middle life or past, of a half-dozen of the leading families who built up the Burnley church. I gratefully remember them, not only for their gracious courtesies to Mrs. Crooker and myself (we both occupied their pulpit for two Sundays), but for their keen, broad intelligence, for their sterling character, and for the abundant evidences of their large contributions to the higher life of their city. They are active and influential, both men and women, in all the educational, humanitarian, and reform enterprises of the town, teachers, temperance advocates, and political leaders. Inside the black walls of their houses we found homes of refinement—everywhere books by American authors: Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Irving, and many others.

Their church life is what we would call "strenuous": a morning Sunday-school at 9.45, preaching at 10.45, Sunday-school again at 1.45, preaching once more at 6. Many, both children and adults, attend all four services. A large adult class at 1.45 is a notable feature.

After Mrs. Crooker had given a brief address to it on Whittier, various members followed with remarks or readings which showed not only familiarity with him and his poems, but wide knowledge of literature and insight into the finer things of life. Some of the people attending these services live several miles from the church.

Two incidents impressed me very deeply. The last Sunday afternoon, an aged member (in frail health), a mason who built the church and who pointed affectionately to special stones in arches and foundations, came to visit me. He brought me a copy of Samuel J. May's life of Garrison which showed his much handling, and he expressed great interest in these men and Wendell Phillips, with whom he seemed very familiar. He most interestingly described his conversion to liberal Christianity, due to a book of Theodore Parker's which he by accident picked up at a bookstall, not knowing who he was. It was a benediction to come into touch with this humble workman, with a spiritual insight so keen, with an intellectual horizon so wide, with a grace of manner so refined.

The other incident is this: We were in Burnley in the early days of this awful war, and it was clear that its cotton industry would be harder hit than the business interests of many British towns. What should the church do?—it had no minister. It was decided that the men and women of the congregation (one member is an able lay preacher) would fill the pulpit in turn, so that they might use the money usually devoted to the minister's salary for the general needs of the community incident to the war. Piety and patriotism went hand in hand. They said one to another solemnly, "We must stand by our church as never before, and as a church we must stand by our country." It was indeed splendid.

BOSTON, MASS.

In the Face of War.

BY CHARLES F. DOLE, D.D.

Gloom is over the earth. Armies have drenched the fields with blood; homes are in ruins; women and children suffer famine. Where the beautiful mountains stand, the darkness lowers. Who can carry glad hearts or smiles in the face of the storm?

But all that made the storm was here before. We knew that the world is on its costly road upward. We knew the ocean of barbarism behind us. We knew that anger, suspicion, misunderstanding, envy, arrogance, jealousy, selfishness, lie still untamed in a myriad hearts. We had seen the monster ships built to devour one another. We had seen soldiers practising to fight and kill. There were plenty of signs of the coming storm. The clouds were over the tops of the mountains.

The mountains are standing unharmed. The same sky is over us, blue in the infinite depths. The light has never ceased. What great spiritual reality is not coming into view clearer than ever? Loyalty, devotion, sympathy, heroism, gleaming out of a multitude of humble lives, faith in Justice and Right, more fervent than ever, lift themselves above the gloom. There is serenity, wisdom, and confidence, foretelling better days. There are happy homes and brave hearts, solemnly glad in the grand gift of love. There is light in the eyes of the children.

Whose heart has grown smaller in the presence of sorrow? Who desires to run away from his post, or have no share in the burdens that all are set to lift? Who resists the flood of generous impulse that pours through the world?

The noble memories are with us as ever. Saints and heroes, prophets and poets, saviors and lovers of men, are calling to us. They have stood as we stand now, unafraid in the face of the storm.

No clouds are black enough to shut away the shining ideals. We see what is precious and permanent. We will give ourselves anew to do justice, to love mercy, to follow truth, to make good will prevail, to accomplish lasting peace among the nations. We turn from the chaos of passion and force and lift up our eyes to the hills of Beauty, Goodness, and Power.

Who tells us that this Christmas is the darkest that ever was? No! That first Christmas when a little child lay crying in a manger, doomed to death on a cross, was inexpressibly darker,—darker in tyranny and oppression, darker in its savagery and ignorance. Since then faith and hope and love have been shining into the world.

To-day, then, in the face of the storm, let millions of children sing carols of joy, blending a deeper human note in their music. Let us all join hands to live through sunshine and tempest as the children of God. Even the sufferers forbid us to shut our hearts against gladness. They cry out for courage and smiles. Now is the time to pass on every ray of light that shines from heaven.

The Pulpit.

The Appeal of the Church.*

BY REV. CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—ISAIAH lv. 1.

Wherever Christian people dwell, the appeal of the church to human nature is made strongly and persistently. O stranger in a strange land on the Sabbath day, it is for you that the mellow bells, near or far, are ringing. Flowing westward with the sun, that tide of resonant music floods every Christian land, an unwearied expression of God's summons to the house of prayer. Follow up the inviting sound, stranger, and you come upon something that has a still more significant appeal. There, beyond the hills, or across the village green, or on the city corner, you see the slender spire or imposing tower of the church building. Instinctively you know that those heaven-seeking symbols are calling unto you. Those open doors below have been swung back for you. Among the people that are passing in, there are some that would give you a welcome. Among those people will be found wisdom and pity and justice.

The people that are gathering in the church yonder have their faults. They may be thinking very much about themselves, but on the whole you will find there friendly souls, and in their company you may obtain friendship, counsel, comfort, guidance, and hope. So let all men give heed to the call of the church, the call so vividly uttered and so grandly supported. The church,—what is it but the body of them that have together answered the high appeals of the noblest hearts of the olden time, such appeals, for instance, as this: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." That appeal still goes out

*An address delivered at St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, on the occasion of its Centennial Celebration, at the request of the rector, Rev. George C. Richmond.

Digitized by Google

from the heart of the church to every lonely and troubled soul. Come in and find rest. Come and gain the meek and lowly spirit. Come and take upon yourself the yoke of the common life, the burden that is so much easier than that of the selfish heart.

It is a most friendly call, this summons of the church; for it is always a call to the individual. That church bell yonder, set up you know not when, rung by you know not what unseen hands, throws out a summons to you, particularly to you, to go yonder and see what God has to say to you. You enter the open door and place yourself among the unknown congregation. Do not think your presence there a matter of little consequence. It counts with God. He has watched your halting steps as you turned finally and went to the house of your Father. You have sought him and it is he that bids you welcome. There in your Father's house you and your God are one again.

Some may think that the minister is not an unprejudiced witness to the importance of the appeal of the church. His personal interests are indeed very closely involved. The church provides his life-work and pays his salary The ringing bell and the open door mean to the minister the ripe hour of duty. Very true; but what a glorious, what a divine task it is for the true minister! It is a joy beyond compare to lead the worship of a congregation of the children of God. I can conceive of nothing more conducive to happiness than the minister's wonderful opportunity to preach upon serious themes to a throng of people who give heed to what he says. But these are not selfish delights, and the minister's opinion about the church does not need to be discounted. Nevertheless, set his opinion aside for the moment, if you will, and consider the subject from the layman's point of view. I have seen on the faces of men and women, as they were entering the churches of God in answer to this summons of the bells and the high arching doors and the sacred day, a light that is not of earth alone, a peace, an inspiration, a sense of joy in having come again into their Father's house, that meant very much to me and showed that all those persons as well as the minister had heard an inspiring and overpowering challenge from the bells and spires of Christendom. They had felt something in that summons that touched their very lives, something that suggested the eternal things of God. They had heard the call of the past, the demand of the present, and the revelation of the future. They had heard the promise of the good life and they had answered gladly.

You have answered the call of the bells, you are seated in the house of prayer; but the appeal of the church moves on to ever deeper things. It touches you first, perhaps, through memory. You are in the country church where you attended as a child. Placed in a diminishing community it has had no way to balance its losses by death and removal, and you observe great changes. The pew in front of you is empty; in the next sits one old man; beyond him a gray-haired lady in black sits alone. Then you observe a little family of three or four, and then a chill expanse of several empty pews. So it is all over the ancient meeting-house. Yet you do not feel lonely there. Memory comes to enrich your worship, and you seem to see in every pew the dear faces that thronged it in the bright past. All that they did for you is in your heart now. All that they meant to your growing soul inspires your prayer to-day. The hard-featured auditorium glows with the beauty of these thronging memories. In case you are a stranger, and have never before entered that little congregation, let sympathy do for you the tender work of memory. If the church be an hundred years old, you can be sure that you bow there with a choir invisible of them that in past years have found there what you are seeking to-day.

I am sure you will pardon my introducing here an illustration from the history of my own denomination, inasmuch as I recognize that similar narratives glorify the records of every denomination. In the sixteenth century there existed in the then powerful kingdom of Poland a considerable number of Unitarian churches, but those were days of religious persecution. The Roman Catholic government of that land decided to blot out its Unitarianism, and did so by legislation which compelled every Unitarian to renounce his faith, or remove from the country, or lose his life. The majority surrendered and joined the dominant church. A few congregations fled and joined their fellow-believers in Hungary, where their descendants remain Unitarians to this day. And one small congregation escaped into Prussia. There they were allowed to build homes and a church under the stern restriction that they should receive no new members save such as were born into their own families. Under that ruling they decreased in number until at last there were left but three old men. Every Sunday they went to worship in their church of precious memories. Soon only two formed the congregation; and finally one was left alone. Every Sunday he opened his church, and there worshipped God, alone with his memories and his faith and his vision of eternal life.

Clearly there was something more than tender memory in the call of his church to that old man. Clearly there is more in it for to-day and for you. When you have come into the church, you find there springing up in your hearts thoughts and dreams and prayers which give you comfort concerning the troubles of your life. You receive suggestions from many different sources which give you knowledge of the principles on which your life should be founded and by which it ought to be commanded. High thoughts are prevalent there. From Bible or minister or choir or the voice of a friend, from the printed service or hymn, you catch the inspirations of many minds and hearts. You hear the best things that men have uttered in past years, the best that they can to-day express as they dwell in seriousness on the opportunities offered to every soul. You come within these sacred walls again and again, and every time something in the spirit of the place or something in the silence or the song of the congregation lifts up your heart. You take fresh courage. You feel loftier power flowing through your nature. You have renewed your allegiance to God, and with deepened conviction you know that, although you may have wandered from him in days that are past beyond recall, although you may have forgotten him for a little while, yet he has not forgotten you. So in all penitence and love and devotion you bring your heart back to him.

Still the high appeal sounds on. Looking up you see emblazoned on the sacred walls, "Hear, and your soul shall live," and you meditate upon that for the good of your soul. You hear the preacher say, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." You believe that he speaks with authority, and you know what it means to repent; but perhaps you wonder what it means to have the kingdom of heaven at hand. If it is near, and if it can be helped by loyal men and women, we wish to help it in, to help broaden it, and to rise up with it. We are here to-night because we wish to have it said again with power unto the United States and unto Mexico and unto all Europe, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Best gain of all, our answer to the insistent appeal of the church brings us into practical fellowship with Jesus, the foundation of the church and the heart of its message.

We find him here revealed in the earnestness of human faces and in the beauty of holy lives.

With Jesus there enters into the appeal of the church the uplift of great beliefs which you are at liberty to accept as your own. It is true that the beliefs which the churches proclaim for the guidance of the world differ widely, often fundamentally. But at least they are all sincere. With glorious intensity each church enunciates its doctrines, and all for the good of your soul. Whether you agree with the teachings of this church or with that, or in case you agree with none, you must at least accord grave sincerity to them all. They are trying to serve you. Remember this always and you will be more patient with the differences in doctrine. Often, indeed, rival doctrines are but diverse ways of expressing the same truth. Thought finds expression in many languages. If you understand but one, seek the books that are printed in your native tongue. But remember that they will tell you nothing that is concealed from the reader of German or Russian. So among the diversified sects there must be one that speaks to you more clearly than the others can, and therefore will seem to you to have more truth than they. To that church you are summoned. It has blazed for you the way of life. Give it heed.

We are concerned most, however, with the convictions that are the vital word of all the churches. The most stirring appeal of the church lies in those beliefs that are too mighty to be shut within the bounds of any sect. All the churches are to-day sounding the inspiring note of the real presence of the living God—in our world, in our streets, in our temples, in our hearts. We are called unto trust in this perfect source of strength. We are offered peace through such contact with the love of God. All the churches are reiterating the Law of Brotherhood. We are charged to look upon every being as our brother, and to deal with his needs as if they were our own. The churches would arouse in the hearts of all a magnificent passion for morality, a torrent of victory over all selfishness, a willingness to serve that shall make one's career a sparkling and satisfying thing like the daily light of the sun. The churches proffer salvation to all,—salvation from whatever is unworthy within; salvation from all the sorrows and evils of the present; and access to the brighter and happier days that are to be. With all this the Church Universal urges us to appreciate the life eternal. "Be not disheartened," the churches cry. "There will be time for repentance to produce its perfect works. There will be time for the building up of character. There will be eternal time wherein to find wisdom, wherein to gain cheeriness, wherein to learn to be patient in the working with God."

The churches say to every man: Do your own thinking, but think. Think about God and the soul and its destiny. Think about the conditions of the world and your brothers everywhere. Think what you can do to remedy bad conditions, and so by your thought make your life a power for good. The church everywhere, this church in particular, is offering you to-day peace in the midst of all uncertainties and difficulties,—peace which springs from high endeavor; peace from the recognition that none need fall short in knowledge, nor be cramped, harassed, or delayed beyond endurance by material things; peace through a beautiful faith in God; the peace, in short, which passeth understanding. Time will be given you. There is opportunity to come, and whosoever will be strong and persistent shall move on with God to the large achievements of a perfect success.

So with lavish variety in doctrine and ritual religion charges all souls: "Forget your weakness and narrowness and the cramped conditions of earth. Put away your sins and whatever thing there is that shuts your heart apart from human need. Forget your pride and selfishness. Learn to live more nobly. Make life deeper and sweeter and thus become builders in the kingdom of God." All this, O friend or stranger, is the call of Christ to the human nature in you. In your heart you need and desire to pray. Lo! here all things inspire you to prayer. You most earnestly desire to develop a nobler life. Listen here to the proclamation of the eternal laws of the perfect life. You long to be like Jesus in your heart. Here through his disciples his heart beats loyally for you. With heart and mind and strength and soul you would find God. Then why so slow in appreciating that here for an hundred or a thousand years men have succeeded in finding him?

To that which is most vital and enduring in you—to your soul, the immortal self of you—the church keeps on appealing until you happily yield. God be praised for the tenderness and the grandeur of the call. God be thanked that so great a company has made brave answer, that

> "Ten thousand times ten thousand
> In sparkling raiment bright,
> The armies of the ransomed saints
> Throng up the steeps of light."

But come you, O stranger, though last of all. The appeal of this and every church is sounding unto you.

A Plea for Peace.

The religious press, perhaps, does not quite understand how difficult many of us ordinary mortals find it to be faithful, in all our moods and provocations, to the inner voice, the Holy Spirit of peace and love which broods over our storms, and bids the waves of passion be still. We long for a Sabbath rest from the excitement of the week, and a clear reminder that there is one God and Father of all, Germans as well as English; that the tears of the bereaved mothers of Germany are as sorrowful and sacred as those of England; that the life freely sacrificed on the battle-field because duty calls is equally acceptable from every land; that we all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; and that the pitying Love which calls for our grateful worship is pleading also with our enemies, and requires us, the much-forgiven, to forgive our fellow-servant. It is only too evident that national hatred is rising. It may be necessary in the present un-Christian state of the world to repel violence by violence, but evil can be overcome only by good, meanness by generosity, cruelty by compassion, hatred by love. Evil is fierce and violent, but weak at the core, and will pass away; but if the great peace is to come in, much will depend on ourselves, and our religious press must make it its first aim to bring the higher peace to our own troubled souls, and give us strength to subdue that natural but unspiritual wrath of man which works not the righteousness of God. That this hideous carnage, carried on by helpless multitudes at the bidding of statesmen, should end without leaving behind it feelings of bitterness and vengeance can hardly be expected of our frail human nature; but let those to whom Christianity is something more than a name for theologians to quarrel over, strive against the evil temper which in some quarter is the ultimate cause of all wars, and watch and pray for the dawn of the coming day of justice, mercy and peace. Let the churches and the religious press help us to overcome in the war with our own evil, and to understand as never before the meaning of Christian Love—love as Christ has loved.—*James Drummond, in the London Inquirer.*

Digitized by Google

In a Scrap-book.

Here, gathered from all places and all time,
The waifs of wisdom and of folly meet
High thoughts that awe and lilting words that chime
Like Sabbath bells heard in far valleys sweet;
Quaint fancies musical with dainty rhyme
Like the soft patter of an infant's feet,
And laughter radiant as summer skies,
The genial sunshine of the happy heart;
And giant hopes looking out from human eyes
With thrilling hymns that make the quick tears start.
Are here, in garlands of strange fantasy,
To catch the careless passer's casual look,
And show, within the limits of a book,
Unto him his life's own large epitome.

—*Richard Realf.*

The Mayflower.

It is good to pause upon occasion and review incidents which have been landmarks in the progress of liberty, civil and religious. On Sept. 6, 1620, the frail little ship Mayflower left Plymouth upon her adventurous voyage. She carried but a handful of men, women, and children. The hearts of these men and women were big with a high resolution They at least would not bow the knee to the Baal of kingly assumption or civil tyranny. They and their fellows had hoped much from the advent of that monarch who was the first of the ill-fated race of Stuarts to sit upon the English throne. He had been bred among ministers of their own severe faith; hence, not altogether unnaturally, they dreamed that he would establish the form of religion dear to them in England. They little knew the true character of James, his keen appetite for unctuous flattery, his love of a ceremonial in which he played the chief part, his enormous vanity, and his characteristic obstinacy in the maintenance of his prerogative.

James soon showed his hand at the Hampton Court Conference of 1604, to which he had come with his mind made up and his purpose fixed. He uttered the famous adage "No bishop, no king," by which the hopes of the Puritans were dashed to the ground. Neither the Episcopal party nor the Puritans had any idea of tolerance. Each would have freedom for itself; each would force the other into conformity with its own ideas. Yet the Puritan party had within itself the seed of that which would finally ripen into civil and religious liberty. When men and women are willing to face the perils of the deep with their children to secure the liberty to worship God according to their own conscience, sooner or later they are bound to concede to others what they demand for themselves.

We can read the story of their narrowness and bigotry in the pages of Cotton Mather. We can also read the undying story of their heroism and nobility under trial and privation. These began on board the little ship which bore them over the storm-vexed Atlantic. Their hearts must have clung about their ancient homes. As the last sight of it faded across the waters they must often enough have longed for the green England which they were leaving behind for conscience' sake. When one or the other of the little company passed onward, they would commit his body to the great deep sadly, yet with keen hope and fierce purpose burning in their hearts. When they landed on the wild shore, the elders knelt down and thanked God for bringing them thus far in safety. They cleared the ground for tillage; they reared their simple log-houses; they built their plain meeting-house. They had to face dangers from the savage beasts and from the wild Indians. They had to toil hard and to fight often. They had to accustom themselves to a new climate and adapt their farming to its needs. All these and many more burdens they were compelled to bear. They bore them with a rugged strength and a sublime trust in God. Here at least they could worship him in their own stern fashion; here they trusted that he would bless them in all that they did. For truth and freedom they had sought this uncultivated land; for truth and freedom they lived and died in the hope of a glorious immortality. They conquered in their trials with a courage and persistence, with a resolute trust in God, and a consequent confidence in themselves, which led directly to the foundation of a mighty nation. The old prophecy in their case was abundantly fulfilled, "The little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong people." Thus it is that out of small things in the eyes of the great world mighty results are achieved.

The Pilgrim fathers loved freedom as their own souls. They loved it first for themselves. They would suffer none to differ from them. They knew that they were called to be true to their own conscience. They were long in learning the greater truth, that they ought to extend such liberty of conscience to others Even to-day, after the long battle of the centuries, that great truth has not been fully learned. There is an approach toward unity amid the sects of non-conformity. The leaders have yet to learn that the only true unity can come in "the unity of spirit in the bond of peace." They are inclined to insist upon "orthodox" standards as the basis of such a unity. If that be their final view of the matter, we shall have to wait many generations, if not in vain, for any final unity. Freedom means something more than tolerance, and its exercise is wider and richer Tolerance usually means "putting up with something which we cannot avoid." Liberty means the recognition of the right and duty of every man to think for himself upon what concerns him most. That great truth has not been learned fully yet. To leave out the Church of England, there is still an Evangelical Free Church Council, which had its narrowing adjective tacked on to it by a great Methodist leader of the past, with the set purpose of excluding Unitarians. We need not complain of any such piece of unwisdom; we can only remark that it is opposed to the true Christianity of the Christ. Until men and women realize that salvation does not depend upon an adjective, however full of meaning, but upon righteousness of life and communion with God, they will never be able to form a unity. Nay, they will not understand the fundamental meaning of the religion which Jesus lived and for which he died.

The fight, then, for liberty of conscience is not yet over. There are tens of thousands still who would exclude from salvation those who differ from them in intellectual thought. No doubt there are many favorable signs of a more charitable and truthful perception of things. These must not be exaggerated We have much work to do, both in clearing the ground from ancient error and in securing absolute freedom, religious and civil. We cannot agree with the rigid theology of the Pilgrim fathers. We can imitate their sturdy loyalty to truth as they saw it, their determination to exercise liberty of conscience, their sublime trust in God, their heroic endurance of trial and difficulty in the object dear to them as their lives. We can so train our children that they will consider it treason to fall off to fashionable churches simply because they are such. We can attend worship in our churches regularly, and take a large and faithful part in their work. We can strive to share with others our simple and beautiful Unitarian gospel, never wasting our time by shying at the name which alone describes all of us correctly. The resolute strength and fervid faith of these devoted lovers of liberty can be ours Then, like them, we shall do something worth doing, and help forward the kingdom of God in our land.—*London Christian Life.*

Literature.

The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century. By William Edward Mead. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4 net.—The influence on English customs by the general habit of sending young men of the eighteenth and earlier centuries to travel in Europe, for the sake of completing their education in the most approved way, was probably not slight, and there is a great deal of interesting material in this connection that the writer of this book found hitherto unutilized and which he has used to good advantage. The grand tour was usually made under the guidance of a tutor, more or less fitted for such a task, and no education was considered complete without this desirable finish. Water travel, roads, carriages, and inns in France, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries have each a chapter. As far as comfort was concerned, travel under the necessary conditions would seem to offer more annoyance than pleasure The eighteenth-century journey was a serious affair, and perhaps it is no wonder that prayers were usually offered in the churches for the safe return of travellers. Perils by land and sea included danger of sudden wars in danger which would have seemed more remote last spring than now), robbers, suspicion of strangers, and the filth of cities. After discussion of these general topics the author follows a typical tour and makes plain the value of "the grand tour" as a system of education, surveying the most representative towns that attracted the tourist a hundred and fifty years ago. The book is interesting, with lively comment on the world as it appeared to the well-to-do of the times, and an abundance of information in regard to the habits, the enjoyments, and the acquisitions of the travelling public

The House of Deceit. Anonymous. New York Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.—Politics, like its nursing-mother, the Demos, is a many-headed, many-sided creation; it has its higher and its lower aspects. Our author has chosen to depict its less lovely forms,—its vague, ill-directed ambitions; its narrow or selfish or sordid motives; its disappointments or defeats. The central figure goes down under the double burden of failure and moral incapacity. The personages that attract us accomplish nothing. Whether Non-conform-

ist or Anglican or Roman Catholic, they are none of them quite satisfactory. To bring out the contrast clearly the colors are laid on heavily. There is a good deal of humor in the story, and there are not a few suggestive observations touching errors and evils that are common to all societies. The author stands apart from his characters and describes them as an amused spectator. There is a beginning of development in the persons of the story, and the outcome is left to the imagination or the constructive power of the reader.

THE EARLY LIFE OF MR MAN. Told and pictured by E. Boyd Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.—The life of man before the days of Noah gives Mr. Smith free scope for the exercise of his characteristic humor and his wonderfully clever drawings. It would be a great mistake for Christmas buyers to fancy that the book is intended only for children, though it is true that children somewhat instructed may easily find it the most fascinating book of their Christmas collection. Man certainly had difficult times in those early days. The record of his successive achievements is not without its moments of thrilling crisis. At one period, during a storm, new possibilities of water opened, when its good effects on the complexion were discovered. Sprinting ability was developed in the days of the cantankerous rhinoceros, though surely a more good-natured looking beast never displayed similar agility. The success of the earlier books is repeated here.

WHAT GERMANY WANTS. By Edmund von Mach. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.—Prof. von Mach has probably made more people tolerant of German claims and ready to listen to the German side of the long argument than any one of the other German-Americans who have ranged themselves on the side of the Fatherland for the enlightenment of Americans. We welcome all that these advocates have to say. To know "What Germany Wants" is a help toward fair judgment, and we believe that the American people are sincerely trying to know the truth and to exclude none from their reasonable sympathy. The horror, and pity of it all includes all the combatants, and whatever can be said in the explanation or defence of their actions let us hear. This book supplies perspective and date for the author's interpretation of the diplomatic and military acts with which Germany opened hostilities.

THE DOERS. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1 net.—Any one who knows how children love to do things will know that this is a book they will enjoy. One small boy of our acquaintance enumerated the best things he had had in his experience thus: "The motorman let me ring the bell, and the railroad gateman let me raise the gates with him, and the milkman let me drive his horse, and the newspaper boy let me leave some papers for him, and I rowed a boat on the pond." These honors came not by teasing, of course, but as the result of growing acquaintance and interest. We have been reminded of that small boy's experiences in reading how David watched the diggers and the masons, the bricklayers and the plumbers, the carpenters and the painters, and all the other workers, until the house was finished and David knew all about how it was built.

THE READING PUBLIC. By MacGregor Jenkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.—Mr. Jenkins's analysis of the people who read books and magazines is likely to reveal many facts hitherto unsuspected by the people themselves. There is the sponge-reader, and the sieve-reader, and the duckback-reader; and every intelligent person, says Mr. Jenkins, ought to elect himself into one of the three classes, all of which are described with insight and varying appreciation. Certainly publishers could spare not one of these classes. In fairness to editors, contributors may well read and take to heart those bright explanations for their seeming obtuseness. Fortunately the book is seasoned with humor, which means that it is more likely to spread enlightenment on these dark matters.

TALKS TO FRESHMAN GIRLS. By Helen Dawes Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.—Miss Brown's book has a better chance of reaching the readers for whom it is intended than many books of advice. If every college girl could read this in conjunction with the similar books of President Briggs of Radcliffe, its directness and common sense would have their proper influence, and we hope that at least they will have the opportunity. Its demands on girls are not excessive. The chapter on the use of the pen is really practical and helpful, in spite of the fact that it encourages girls to think they can write, something most of us are afraid to admit. Altogether the book would be a help to anybody who cared to make the most of her chances.

THE WITCH. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.40 net.—Miss Johnston's latest novel is written with the intensity and the picturesque treatment which carry all her books and which seem to withstand even the probability that the ending may be tragic. The story opens in the death chamber of Queen Elizabeth, when great issues were involved and an eager spirit swayed the minds of men. As the title indicates, the witchcraft mania has no small part in the development of the story. The characters are strongly drawn and the incidents are illustrative of the period in which the drama is set, as they could not be in the hands of one less imaginative or less able to sink herself in the realization of past scenes and tendencies.

WAR'S AFTERMATH. By David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan. 75 cents.—This preliminary study of the eugenics of war, as illustrated by the Civil War of the United States and the recent wars in the Balkans, adds force to the conviction that is pressing upon all thinkers to-day regarding the terrible cost which future generations must pay for the horrible waste of good material. The men who serve as food for the cannon are those upon whom the race should depend for its sturdiest, most efficient representatives. Beyond the immediate loss of war follows the weakening of national stamina. This inquiry into actual effects has been conducted on broad lines, and the results are given as observed by those most familiar with the conditions.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL. Dramatic Version. By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Helen Ingersoll. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 60 cents net.—The dramatization of the Christmas story of Carol and the Ruggles family has been cleverly done, the pathetic portions minimized and softened, and the humor brought out by additions to the text and appropriate action. Amateurs have long been tempted to adapt its chapters for dramatic performances, and the changes and additions here brought in by the author herself make it even more suitable for the stage.

Miscellaneous.

With sixteen pages of four-color work and a hundred illustrations to enrich the descriptions of "Young Russia, the Land of Unlimited Possibilities," the November number of *The National Geographic Magazine* is especially timely and attractive. It furnishes one of the many suggestions that after the carnage of war is over the deserts of human life may again blossom and new things come to light.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

This book was printed as a memorial volume to commemorate Dr. Clarke's one hundredth birthday. The sermons were selected from the large number of those which expressed Dr. Clarke's spirit of hope, a spirit which never failed him in the darkest hours of life, and, therefore, may bring a little strength and comfort to others at this time when hope, founded on faith and the Providence of God, is so much needed.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF LIFE

SERMONS BY

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

The Joys of Christmas; A Happy New Year; How to Get the Most out of the Coming Year; The Transformation of Years into Life; The Genuine Prayer; The House of God and the Gate of Heaven; Homes in Heaven and on Earth; The Old and New View of the Hereafter; Souls Already Risen with Christ; What God Gives He Gives Forever; From Faith to Faith; Man Doth not Live by Bread Alone; The Unknown God and the Known God; Be not Weary in Well-doing; Do not be Discouraged; Rejoice Evermore; All Things are Yours; The Unspeakable Gift; The Transfiguration of Life.

NOT BEFORE PRINTED IN BOOK FORM

PRICE, $1.00 (by mail, $1.10)

ADDRESS

25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Home.

Marjorie's Feast.

"Oh, won't you have a piece of nice mince pie?
And here's a bit of lobster salad, dear;
These oysters, fried, you'll surely like to try:
And *do* you take your coffee strong and clear?"

Much more I heard behind the maple-tree
About ice-cream and caramels and cake.
I thought, "What careless mothers there must be,
When children these forbidden courses take!"

I passed the open gate and entered there
The Land of Make-believe,—enchanted land!
And Marjorie, with hospitable air,
Gave me a generous dish of clean white sand!

—*E. E. M., in the American Kitchen Magazine.*

Joey's Trip.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

Joey was only seven when his father took him to town, seven miles from the farm. He had been such a good boy in school, listening so quietly when teacher told her class about nature things, that mother told father he ought to have a treat. Just before he climbed up into the wagon, mother said to Joey:—

"Don't talk all the time, dear. If father is very quiet, let him think."

Joey had always been taught to "let people think," and, as father did seem to want to be quiet, Joey sat still and looked at the things on the road.

First, he saw three elms. Teacher had told the children they were elms, and had spelled the word on the board. A little further on there was a stream with a little waterfall dashing down over the stones. Then father stopped thinking for a time, and Joey knew he could chatter to his heart's content, which he did. After a mile, when the road was very straight, father took out some papers and let Joey hold the reins, so he began to notice the things again, and saw a big, black walnut-tree and a field of black-eyed Susans. All the way along, Joey noticed and noticed, always trees, or waterfalls, or flowers, that teacher had talked about. Just before they entered the town he saw five elms in a row.

The town was a small one, but it seemed very large to Joey, who had never seen so many people before. Father took the horse to a stable, and went from place to place buying household things for mother. He met some people he knew, and then he and Joey had dinner. After dinner, father had more places to go to, and then it was—Joey never knew how—they were separated. A group of people squeezed between them, and Joey could not run fast enough to catch up again! He came suddenly to a corner, with more people, and father nowhere in sight.

He was very frightened, but he did not cry. He went on—trying to catch up—so fast that no one thought he was lost. If they had, he might have received help, for by that time his father was running back quite fast, to find his little son, and asking every person he met if he or she had seen a little boy looking lost!

At last, when his legs ached and the tears would come, Joey saw five elms in a row! Then he was on the road to home! He dried his eyes with the handkerchief mother had put in his pocket the very last thing, and he forgot how his legs ached! He went on and on. Whenever the road forked into two, he knew which turning to take because he had noticed that such a tree or such a hedge was on the right-hand side. Now, he was careful to keep right-hand things on his left, for teacher had told them to notice that, too.

When he had gone about five miles, his steps dragged sadly. The ache had come back, and come to his feet, too. He was very hot and very tired, and tears had made clean channels down a dusty little face. But he struggled bravely on, passing black-eyed Susans and the walnut tree, and still on, until he saw the waterfall! That cheered him very much. He took a drink from the stream, and washed his face, drying it on the useful pocket-handkerchief, which he hung on his shoulder to dry! Then he went on and on, until he was seized with a new fear. He was afraid that somehow he managed to find the wrong road! For there were trees he did not think he had seen before, and flowers he was sure he had not. Can you guess what had happened? He was travelling over that part of the road on which he talked to his father, and not noticed! But he dared not turn back. He went on, watching and watching. At last, to his great joy, he saw three tall, straight elms! Now, he knew he was near home.

In a few minutes, the lane was in sight; a few minutes more, and he was at the end of it, and in his own yard; and then he was where it is nicer to be, when you are tired and hot (or cold) and hungry and scared, than any other place in the world—his mother's arms!

As soon as she understood she ran to the store to telephone to the town, that father might know his boy was found. Then back to Joey she went, and soon he was clean, and in clean clothes, and eating hot bread and milk.

"Mother," he said as he finished the last drop, "isn't it a good thing teacher makes us notice so?"

Two Brave Boys.

"You haven't forgotten Jimmy, have you, Edward?" asked mother.

Edward's book was very interesting and he kept on reading.

"Edward, it's almost nine o'clock! You haven't forgotten Jimmy, have you?" repeated mother, a little louder.

Edward looked up half guiltily. "It's a lot of bother, mother."

"Yes, but you promised, Edward, and Jimmy watches for you every morning."

Edward flipped the pages of his book back and forth. "The day he was hurt I thought it would be easy to go over every morning but now I—sometimes it's an awful bother. How much longer will he have to stay in bed?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied his mother.

"He doesn't even sit up yet! The doctor comes every day to fix his leg, and it hurts him like everything after all this time. Why, it may be weeks before he's really well. I—I—mother, I wish I hadn't promised. What is the use in going *every* morning?"

"You promised to go every morning during vacation, Edward, and a promise should be kept always, unless you have a very good reason for breaking it. There is nothing to excuse you from keeping your promise to Jimmy. It was made by a kind-hearted boy to his best chum, and of course it must be kept."

Edward closed his book slowly, put it on the table, picked up his cap and started to make his morning visit to Jimmy. "Mother's right, of course," he said to himself as he walked along, "but I wanted to finish that book this morning. I had to leave that brave boy fighting the bear. My, wouldn't I have run! I wish I was brave enough to tackle a bear."

"Come right in, Edward!" said Jimmy's mother. "We're waiting for you. I want to go down street on an errand, and if you're here with Jimmy I won't worry a bit. I'll not be gone long."

She hurried away, and Edward sat down beside the bed and began to tell him about that brave boy and the bear in the story-book.

The door opened and the doctor came in. "We weren't looking for you until after dinner," said Jimmy, "and mother went down street."

"Well, we'll get along all right," said the doctor, cheerily. "Edward can help, and we'll have it done before you can say 'scat'!"

"Without mother?" Jimmy faltered.

"Why, yes, Jimmy! Let's surprise mother. Just think how happy she'll be when she comes back and finds that your sore leg has been dressed, and that I said it was better, and that you were so brave, and all that. Why, she'll sing 'Yankee Doodle' the rest of the day! Edward can take your mother's place."

Edward's heart thumped just as if it would break clear through. He felt weak and shaky, but there was the doctor telling him what to do and talking cheerfully to Jimmy between-times. Edward saw Jimmy shut his teeth hard and grip the edge of the bed, but he heard no sound. "If Jimmy can do his part, I ought to do mine," he thought. So he braced up and was very careful to do just what the doctor said.

"Now, Edward," said the doctor, "you can talk to Jimmy for a little bit. Tell him something very interesting—the most wonderful thing you ever heard of!"

Edward could think of nothing more exciting than that brave boy and the bear—the story he had begun to tell Jimmy just as the doctor came in. It was very thrilling. Edward talked as fast as he could, and the tighter Jimmy held his hand the faster Edward talked and the more exciting the story grew. "Wouldn't you like to be as brave as that, Jimmy?" asked Edward. "Brave enough to walk right up to a bear, double up your fists, shut your teeth tight, and tackle him?"

"I couldn't. I'm not brave enough. I'm a coward." Jimmy's voice was jerky. "Could you?"

Edward's voice was jerky, too. He knew Jimmy's leg was hurting. "No, I couldn't," he hurried on. "I'm not brave, either. I'd run as fast as I could. I'm a dreadful coward, Jimmy. I guess we're both cowards."

"There, boys, it's done," said the doctor. "Getting along fine. I believe that the worst is over, Jimmy. Lucky you happened to be here, Edward. I really don't know what we should have done without you."

"Edward comes to see me every morning," said Jimmy.

"Every morning?" asked the doctor, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes, he hasn't missed a single morning," replied Jimmy.

"Well, now, I call that fine!" declared the doctor, smiling at Edward. "What if you hadn't come this morning?"

The doctor put one hand on Jimmy's head, and the other on Edward's shoulder as he stood beside the bed. "And say, let me tell you this—I think you're the bravest boys I ever saw. I'm proud to know you. You're away ahead of that boy in the story-book. The bravest boys are not always found in story-books—just remember that; and they're not always found fighting bears, either. Thank you for helping me, Edward. I'm glad you were here."—*Anne Porter Johnson, in Sunday School Times.*

Ralph's Christmas Courage.

Ralph was the minister's son, and lived in the little parsonage by the village church. There were a great many things about this that he liked. He liked to see the people coming to church and to Sunday-school, and he liked to see the church being decorated for weddings and for Thanksgiving and Christmas times. He liked to hear the choir practising on Friday nights.

This year he was twelve years old, and a big boy for his age; so he had been kept very busy indeed helping with the Christmas-tree decorations. There was the great cedar-tree on the platform of the Sunday-school room, and that, of course, had to be hung with all sorts of glittering decorations. A twelve-year-old boy is about the handiest way in the world to get some things done, so Ralph had little idle time that Christmas Eve. There were cedar wreaths to be made, too, and garlands to be woven and hung, and letters to be covered; and all the big boys and girls were busy, and laughing and talking and singing at their work.

When the decorations were all in place and the last of the goodies hung on the beautiful tree everybody went home, gayly trooping down the village street, and laughing and singing as they went.

After supper they were all coming back, but for an hour or two the church was left alone.

Ralph had an errand to do for his father, and was coming home when he heard a little gasping cry right on the church steps. Of course it would have been an easy matter for him to hurry right past and then go home and tell his father about it; but that isn't a brave boy's way of doing things.

When he got to the door he heard Miss Allensworth's voice say in a frightened half-whisper: "Is that you, Ralph? Oh, I'm so glad you've come! Mother and I came early to the Christmas-tree, and I thought we'd just come on in and turn on the lights; but there's *something in here.* It must be something dreadful, and I'm so frightened I can't find the light-switch."

Ralph knew exactly where the light-switch was, but it was away up near the front of the church where the awful noises were coming from. There was the sound of a heavy, slow-moving footstep, as if some giant creature were lumbering about the chancel, and then a heavy breathing and puffing as if the giant thing had as much breathing-room as a big bass drum. In the darkness and quiet of the little church it had a fearsome sound, and Ralph understood exactly how Miss Allensworth might feel, and he sympathized with her very deeply,—though of course he couldn't afford to feel that way himself. So he marched straight up the aisle toward the awful sounds, and he found the light-switch and turned on a flood of light.

Then he *was* glad he was a boy and not afraid to do things in the dark! For there inside the chancel rail and just stepping up on to the platform was old Mr. Duke's big black cow. She had broken out of the beautiful green turnip-patch, where she was allowed to range around and eat all day and all night, and, wandering into the churchyard, she had found a side door open. She went in and smelled the Christmas tree and started to find it. Just as Ralph turned the light on she had found the tree and helped herself to a juicy red apple; and she liked this so well she was about to get another before Ralph could get to her and take hold of the halter strap round her neck and lead her out of the door and home to her own turnip-patch.

If Ralph had waited at first to go home and call his father, old Mrs. Black Cow might have pulled the whole Christmas-tree down and given herself and the two ladies both a terrible fright, and given all the eager children a sad disappointment too, to find their beautiful tree all torn down.

Ralph was very glad indeed that he was a boy, and a big boy at that.—*Francis McKinnon Morton, in Sunday School Times.*

Audubon's Birds.

"Take care! O Ben, see what you've done!"

"I didn't mean to, Betty."

"What's the trouble?" asked mother, looking up from her book.

"Ben tipped over the ink on my lovely catbird sketch I was making for father's birthday!"

"I'm sorry, Beth!" pleaded Ben.

"You might have looked where you were going!" murmured Beth, sulkily. "Look, mother, please," and she held up her drawing, all one blotch of black.

"It's too bad, dear, but what if you had a thousand bird pictures ruined instead of one?" Here mother actually smiled a little. "That's what happened to the great Audubon's first drawings for his 'Birds of America.'"

"How did it happen?" Ben and Betty cried together, settling down at mother's feet.

"Audubon," mother began, "was living in a village on the banks of the Ohio, when he had to go away on business. He took all his magnificent drawings of the native wild birds in their homes and haunts, placed them carefully in a box, and gave them in charge of a relative. He was away several months. On his return home he soon asked after what he called 'his treasure.' The box was brought and opened, and"—

"Oh, what had happened?" whispered Betty.

"A pair of Norway rats had moved in and reared a little family among the gnawed bits of paper which only a short time before had represented a thousand lovely feathered folk of the air. The destruction was complete. Poor Audubon could neither eat nor sleep for several days. Then he took his note-book and pencils and went forth to the woods."

"Fine!" cried Ben.

"He said," concluded mother, "that he 'felt pleased that he might now make better drawings than before.'"

Betty looked at Ben. "Forgive me," she said, "for making such a fuss!"—*Lucile Lovell, in the Youth's Companion.*

Boy Scouts and Birds.

The six requirements to gain a Boy Scouts Ornithology Merit Badge are as follows: Each boy must have a list of 100 different kinds of birds personally observed on exploration in the field; have identified beyond question, by appearance or by note, 45 different kinds of birds in one day; have made a good, clear photograph of some wild bird, the bird image to be over one-half inch in length on the negative; have secured at least two tenants in bird-boxes erected by himself; have daily notes on the nesting of a pair of wild birds from the time the first egg is laid until the young have left the nest; have attracted at least three kinds of birds, exclusive of the English sparrow, to a "lunch counter" which he has supplied.

For You to Guess.

Take a word of four letters that means lady; re-arrange the letters and make a word that means "did make"; re-arrange again and make a word that means the name of a refreshing drink.

Take a word that means the hair on a horse's neck; re-arrange the letters and make a word that means "intend;" re-arrange again and make your name.

Dorothy was taking her first ride in the country, when suddenly the carriage-wheels began to squeak. After a few moments, she exclaimed in apparent distress, "I—I think I'd better get out, the wagon's groaning so!" *Exchange.*

Little five-year-old Bessie had just paid her father a visit at his office, and was much interested in the working of a typewriter. Upon her return home she exclaimed, "O Mother, I saw Father's dressmaker write a letter on her sewing-machine!"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1894.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,289 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Maro S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip F. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Iowa Letter.

The latest word from Des Moines, Ia., is, "The minister's home has been quarantined, the minister, and some of his books, fumigated and fired out." The Des Moines correspondent informs us that this has been done for two reasons. The first brings a note of sadness. One of the minister's children is sick with scarlet fever. A friend passing through Des Moines saw Mr Martin, Friday, December 11. The little one is out of danger, and another sick but also on the road to "Wellville." The second reason given is, "This precaution was taken to prevent scarlet-fever germs from germinating all over the city, and especially among the members of Unity Church."

The city is besieged by Billy Sunday, and, judging from the cartoon that appeared on the front page of an Iowa daily paper, November 29, and the published remarks of this modern champion of ancient demonology, there are no angels in Des Moines, much less in the Unitarian church. The Des Moines correspondent informs us that "Mr. Sunday is hitting all kinds of follies a hard blow, and is giving the rum demon an extra hard knock," but that he is "trailing everything that is sacred and spiritual in the dirt."

We who live in other Iowa cities still believe there are some angels in Des Moines, and especially in the Unitarian fold.

The parish of Iowa City sends an optimistic message. The annual parish meeting and supper was held on November 27, with an unusually large attendance. Mrs. Davis of The Alliance was present and added interest and zeal to the occasion by her instructive and inspiring talk upon the missionary work. Under the direction of Mrs. Claud Horack, a very successful bazaar was held on December 10. Prof. Thompson of the English department of the State University is conducting a Sunday-school class in the "Literary Study of the Bible," and several new students have been attracted to the church in this way. Announcements of the regular church services and the Y. P. R. U. are mailed regularly to several hundred students, and notices are also published in the University papers. Prof. Starbuck has returned to the University after nearly two years' absence, and is a great help. Mrs. Starbuck presides at the organ. Morning congregations are excellent and everything looks good.

Services at Cherokee have been resumed, and the amount of money necessary for the year's expenses nearly all pledged. Miss Mabel Hoyt, recently of Chicago, has opened a musical studio in the city, and has been engaged as organist, and Miss Ladd of the high school has been engaged as soloist. The property at this place is increasing in value because of the encroachment of business, and it is hoped that it can be disposed of in the near future and the chapel moved to a cheaper lot, and the funds from the sale invested so as to furnish a larger income for work. The street south of the lot was paved last summer, at an expense of about $330, and this takes nearly all the rent from the parsonage to make the annual payments, including the repairs upon the property. Mr. Van Tassel finds time, out of his busy life, to get over to Cherokee every two weeks for Sunday evening services and spends the following day in parish work. The friends at this point have several times been on the verge of nervous prostration and giving up their efforts, but why should a healthy Unitarian or Universalist ever get discouraged? It is not according to our great faith. So the people try, and then try again. So far as plans and numbers are concerned, they are starting the year under more favorable conditions than since Mr. Van Tassel took charge of the mission. The congregations are larger and the response to requests for support have been more willing and generous.

The people of the Christian or Disciples' Church recently held a revival in this little city and added one hundred members to their church. Work wins. Enthusiasm counts. Consecration inspires.

The ladies of Unity Circle, Sioux City, have been busy with their annual fair and supper, from which a goodly sum of money was realized. The younger women of Unity Guild were busy last week with their annual sale of fancy and useful articles, and met with excellent success. Several families of Unity congregation are spending the winter in Los Angeles, Cal., Florida, North Carolina, and Arkansas.

This makes a thinning among the ranks of regulars, and places an added responsibility upon those who remain at home. The congregations have been excellent all the fall in spite of the chronic stay-at-homes on Sunday morning. This thinning among the ranks of regulars affords the trustees an opportunity of asking the latter to reform and be worth something more than "a sleepy head and a grouch" on the Sabbath.

The choir is doing excellent work under the able leadership of Mr. John Hainer. Mrs. R. H. Burton-Smith began her third year as soloist on December 6, much to the satisfaction of her many friends. This is the third year of the chorus and vested choir, which is liked very much. The people who attend the sessions of the People's Forum Sunday noons are to discuss the minister's sermon of Sunday morning, December 27.

R. D. V. T.

Practical Accomplishments at Proctor Academy.

BY REV. HENRY G. IVES.

II.

With small funds Proctor Academy has within the past two years dared to be a pioneer along these new lines, and already the results show that the effort is worth while. The institution has become more than a school. It is a demonstration centre showing what can be done at home when science and technical knowledge is linked with New Hampshire common sense and thrift.

Two years ago a farm was purchased adjoining the school buildings and placed under the control of the teacher of farming, so that he could give his students actual experience in raising crops. Last year the boys raised 25 bushels of turnips, 15 bushels of beets, and 8 bushels of carrots. Only the close of the school year in June prevents the boys from assisting in raising the larger crops. Possibly a summer term may have to be added, so that they with the teacher can be on hand when the farm is most active. Eight acres were put under cultivation, raising 330 bushels of potatoes from 2 acres, 8 tons of hay from about 2¼ acres, 70 barrels of apples, 350 dozen ears of sweet corn, 500 pounds squash, 1,000 pounds pumpkins, 60 boxes of strawberries, 35 bushels of stringed beans.

The book-keeping of the farm shows the following results:—

On hand Jan. 1, 1914:		
Live stock and hay	$383.00	
Expenses of labor, live stock, feed, fertilizer, and lime	1,075.05	
On hand Oct 31, 1914:		
Live stock, produce, fertilizer		$842.50
Supplies of vegetables, milk, fowls, and eggs to boarding department at Cary House		713.03
Team labor around school buildings		70.00
Cash received for pork, calf, and apples		71.19
Profit on farm for ten months	238.67	
	$1,696.72	$1,696.72

In addition to this the girls in the domestic arts course put up the following preserves: 10 quarts carrots, 6 quarts beets, 20 quarts string beans, 10 quarts piccalilli, 8 quarts green tomato preserves, 86 quarts mustard pickles, 105 pounds crab-apple jelly, 20 pounds red grape jelly, 16 pounds wild-cherry and crab-apple jelly, 90 pounds apple and barberry jelly, 30 pounds apple butter, as also sauce for croquettes, creamed cabbage, escalloped onions, chocolate cornstarch pudding, cream cheese, caramel junket, chocolate farina, blanc-mange, cereals, cornmeal, oatmeal, cream of wheat, candies for Thanksgiving.

These girls have also made curtains for Cary House from inexpensive materials, which they stamped from an original design prepared by them, hemstitched, and hung in place. They made twenty-eight pairs of these last year, and are making more now. It will be an easy matter to make sheets and pillow-cases when materials are furnished to them. Bit by bit the Proctor Academy girls are furnishing the buildings of the school with feminine skill and ingenuity. Each girl looks out for her own room, and in addition it is proposed that certain rooms in the Mary Lowell Stone House, which is given up to domestic science, shall be designed by them, in order to develop their originality and taste.

A feature of which the friends of Proctor Academy are justly proud is that of the self-boarding girls. This is a survival of early pioneer days, and explains how many of the brightest women that New England has produced obtained their education. A comfortable kitchen has been provided for those who continue this custom in Mary Lowell Stone House. Sometimes the girls do not sufficiently feed themselves. Again, dainty and careful habits of eating have to be urged at times upon them. There is a tendency to eat in a hurry from the shelf, and to depend largely upon cold lunches. It would be preferable if the girls would bring raw materials and cook it under the supervision of the domestic arts teacher. Still, who can sufficiently estimate the character-forming value of this old method of self-dependence and initiative?

Opportunity is offered some girls to assist in the boarding department, where food is purchased, cooked, and served for a cost of

thirty-five cents a day. The matron is furnished a kitchen, utensils, and heat free of cost. Otherwise she pays for the material and help and is able to furnish the following menus for this amount: *breakfast:* cereals, liver and bacon, fried potatoes, muffins, coffee, cream, or cocoa; *dinner:* roast pork with dressing, mashed potatoes, lima beans, buttered beets, chocolate pudding, hard sauce, tea or coffee; *supper:* hot buns, meat hash, macaroni and tomato, apricots, cookies, and cake. Menus covering two weeks, taken from her daily order book, show meals of this character, varying, of course, from day to day, so that the pupil will not be able to prophecy in student fashion of what the coming meal will consist.

The Sunday dinner forms the most substantial meal of the week, and on Thanksgiving Day turkey was provided. General satisfaction has existed with regard to the food since the school inaugurated the boarding department. Previously a capable woman from the village furnished meals for $3.50 a week per head, being furnished kitchen utensils and heat free. On twenty-nine boarders, two years ago, we saved $1,000 by running the department, besides completely controlling it and enabling the domestic arts students to see how it was managed. One lesson taught the girls has been the avoidance of waste, and another is the opportunity for ingenuity to provide dainty and nutritious dishes from unexpected sources. Scientific cooking has much to teach the average housewife as to how she can save.

The mechanic arts department of the school enables the boys to construct simple furniture for the school and to undertake the minor repairs around the building. They have built a hood for the chemical laboratory, shelves, a ladder, potato sieve, hot-bed frame, seed-boxes, a table for the physical laboratory, stands for oil-stoves at Mary Lowell Stone House, and farming tools. At the present moment they are sheathing the walls of the play-room at Gannett House. Later they may repair a hen-house on the farm. The question of time seems to be forgotten by them when interested in constructing something. Whether working at the iron forges or dealing with wood, they put their mind on the task with an intentness that obviously has real educative value.

It is satisfactory to notice in the buildings of the school increasing evidences of their activity. The very simplicity of the articles made, often indicating the use of second-hand material, shows that contriving skill has been used to make something answer the purpose that was sought. Like the farm, the boarding department, and the domestic arts course, this mechanic arts work brings to the school a profit when the cost of teaching is not considered. Out of an expenditure of $64.51 for materials, articles that were needed by the school and would have cost $109.49 were made.

Who can estimate the effect upon the boys of finding out that they could do this, and of realizing that not only are they students at the institution, but actually creators of its equipment, and helpers in its growing life? The time should come when every boy at Proctor Academy will get a practical acquaintance with simple tools, but at present this is impossible on account of lack of room and teaching force. The carpentering-shop and blacksmith's forges are kept in the basement of the school-room building. The sound of the anvil and the fumes of the forges must make the classes overhead fancy that they are studying in the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

The class-room building for which the Academy has been asking is yet to come. Endowments are still needed so that a competent staff of sufficient numbers can be hired to teach these practical subjects in addition to carrying on the studies that modern schools have to teach. Even current expenses have to be met by appeals to voluntary gifts, for pioneer work in any line is expensive. Yet surely if those who want to help rural New England really care for her, here is an old institution that has proved her good faith by many years of faithful service under discouraging circumstances. Since Unitarians took hold of her affairs, more than a thousand boys and girls have here received their only opportunity to enter a secondary school. Before that time how many other thousands did it similarly assist to an education?

Boys and girls still come to her. The community still needs her as a centre from which shall go out the education that shall help New England. To-day she stands ready with the new programme, and all she asks is that she be given the means to demonstrate the possibilities of the new country life so clearly that from White River Junction to Concord, N.H., a revived farming and an efficient, contented home life may arise to win back to this section the prosperity it once knew.

When that is accomplished it will be clear to other rural portions of our country now suffering from the same causes that have emptied this section how they too can rebuild their life. Then one of our great national problems that is now seriously affecting the welfare of the American people will have been solved.

The San Francisco Trip.

Circulars giving full details of the excursion to the session of the General Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches in San Francisco next August have just been issued. The trip has been planned with special reference to the holding of missionary meetings *en route*, and to give the best possible sight-seeing facilities. The missionary meetings are to be in charge of the American Unitarian Association, which will send a group of speakers to address them. As the plans have worked out, the journey constitutes a circuit of about eight thousand miles in the United States and Canada through their most interesting regions. As it is pointed out in the circular, it would be impossible, for time and money expended, to plan a more complete tour of this continent. The party goes across Canada, and nearly all of the Pacific Coast of the United States is traversed. Of a return journey there is a wide choice of routes. It is expected that most will come with the main party via the Santa Fe, including a visit to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, or via Salt Lake City and Colorado points, where meetings will be arranged.

The party will leave Boston on Tuesday night, August 10, and will leave Montreal on special Canadian Pacific sleeping-cars the next morning. Members of the party from New York and Worcester will leave also on Tuesday evening, joining the others at Montreal, while those from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington will go to Chicago, where they and Western members will leave for Winnipeg on the night of August 11, joining the main party on the morning of the 13th. At Winnipeg the party makes its first stop, spending the day there until 10.15 P.M. There will be a special sight-seeing trip, and a meeting in the evening. The next stop will be on Sunday, August 15, at Calgary. The meeting there will be in the morning, the party leaving at two o'clock in order to approach the mountains by daylight. Two days and a half will be spent in this beautiful region. The first stop will be at Banff, late Sunday afternoon, for a drive to the Upper Hot Springs and dinner at the Banff Springs Hotel. The short run to Lake Louise will be made during the night. The day will be spent at the Lake Louise Chalet, from which point many walks and drives can be taken. Early Tuesday morning the journey over the mountains will be resumed as far as Field, where a drive will be taken to Emerald Lake. In the afternoon the party will proceed to Glacier, where Wednesday morning will be left free to visit the Great Glacier. The mountains will be left during the afternoon. Vancouver will be reached early Thursday morning, and Victoria by boat in the late afternoon. At 4.30 on the following afternoon, the party will go again by boat through Puget Sound to Seattle. Saturday, August 21, will be spent in Seattle, with one or more meetings. At 11.15 P.M. the party will go down to Portland by train to spend Sunday in that city. The last stage of the journey to San Francisco begins at 8.15 on Sunday night, San Francisco being reached Tuesday morning, August 24. The journey down the coast is through a mountainous region, the train passing the base of Mt. Shasta.

The Conference will begin on Tuesday night, and will continue until Friday. Most of the meetings will be held in the Unitarian church, where the headquarters of the Conference will be located. Those who go on the tour from the East will stay at Hotel Normandie, which is conveniently located both in respect to the church and to the grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Those who return in the main party will leave San Francisco Monday night, August 30, arriving in Santa Barbara early the next morning, and not leaving till 2.15 in the afternoon. Los Angeles will be reached at six o'clock, and the next two days will be spent in this interesting region. There will, of course, be meetings in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and while in Los Angeles at other near-by points. Those who return by way of the Santa Fe railroad will leave on Friday, September 3, will spend all day Sunday, September 5, at the Grand Canyon, will reach Chicago on September 8, and Boston on the evening of Thursday, September 9. For those who return with the speaking party through Colorado points, the schedule will be a little different to allow for stops at Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, and Denver; but the return journey will take about the same length of time.

The trip is under the management of

Digitized by Google

Thomas Cook & Son, 336 Washington Street, Boston. From this firm, or from the Rev. Sydney B. Snow, 2 Chestnut Street, Boston, chairman of the Committee on Transportation, further information may be obtained. Circulars giving full particulars of the journey may be had of any Unitarian minister, or at any Unitarian headquarters. In order to obtain best hotel accommodations and to provide for special trains (as can be done if 125 or more make up the party), early registration is desirable, but the deposit of $10 can be withdrawn up to thirty days prior to leaving, when the balance is due.

The rates for the round trip from Boston, Montreal, and Worcester is $291.50; from New York, $291.80; from Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia, $283.95; from Albany, $288.80; and from Chicago, $236.00. These rates include every expense of the journey,—meals, berths, rooms in hotels, transfer to and from trains, sight-seeing autos, etc. The only exceptions are luncheon and dinners in San Francisco and Los Angeles, where the party will be so scattered that it will be impracticable to provide for all together. Those who wish to travel with the party going out and to return independently can do so. Such an arrangement, which includes all expenses paid up to the end of the San Francisco stay, and a railroad ticket home, may be used by one travelling from Boston for $227.25, with differences in rate from other points corresponding to the difference in railway fares. Those buying such tickets should decide, if possible, upon the date of return and engage sleeping-car accommodations in advance.

The Joseph Priestley Conference.

At a meeting of the Joseph Priestley Conference held at the Unitarian church in Wilmington, Del., Dec. 10, 1914, the following resolutions were passed, unanimously except the final paragraph of the first resolution, from which five persons dissented:—

Resolved, That at this time of world struggle and upheaval this meeting of the Joseph Priestley Conference of Unitarian Churches assembled in session at Wilmington, Del., desires to place upon record its unwavering faith in the brotherhood of man and the righteousness of peace between nations; it views with horror and repugnance the present terrible conflict between the nations of Europe, and, without assigning blame for the causes of the outbreak to any nation, emphatically declares that in its judgment all such conflicts between nations are futile as solutions of national disputes.

This Conference further announces its uncompromising opposition to the spirit of militarism, wheresoever and in whatsoever form it manifests itself, and declares that peaceful co-operation is the only true law of Christian teaching for the righteous prosperity of nations. The Conference therefore favors the reduction of all armaments to the lowest minimum of an efficient and international police force charged with the duty of maintaining the peace of the world.

The Conference, rejoicing in the neutrality of the United States of America in the present conflict, assures the government of its hearty support in the maintenance of the same, and prays that this country may be the promise of a new era of world peace that may abide forever.

Resolved, That the Joseph Priestley Conference in meeting assembled, deeply conscious of the terrible evil of the liquor traffic and the tragic outcome of the use of intoxicating drink, expresses its protest against this evil and its sympathy with the work of the Unitarian Temperance Society.

Resolved, That the Joseph Priestley Conference in meeting assembled at Wilmington, Del., approves of the principle of true democracy, and expresses its sympathy with the effort to secure for the women of our country the right of sharing by their votes in our affairs of government.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Joseph Priestley Conference that the Unitarian church should take the initiative in every field of endeavor for the social uplift of the people and thus demonstrate to all churches that, no matter what may happen to break the hold of creeds and render untenable ancient statements of faith, the church can still live as a most powerful instrument in every community, for the preservation of all that is worth preserving in our civilization and for the continuous progress and advancement of mankind.

MABEL M. ROBER,
Secretary.

American Unitarian Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association held their regular monthly meeting at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1914, at 2 P.M. Present: Messrs. Atherton, Brown, Carr, Dole, Eliot, Fox, Homer, Howe, Hutchinson, Little, Robinson, Wiers, Williams, and Wilson, Miss Bancroft, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Dinsmoor, and Mrs. Lombard. The treasurer presented the following statement:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1914	$10,612 70
From donations	3,079.71
Bequest of Mrs. Lucretia J. Tilton of Chicago, Ill., on account, additional	670.00
Interest	29.81
Income of invested funds	9,373.37
Reimbursement for advances on Unitarian Building Account	3.25
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, repaid on loans	450.00
Investments, received for reinvestment	45,552.50
Foreign relations, gifts for Distress Fund, Essex Hall, London, Eng.	477.80
British and Foreign Unitarian Association, for salaries of missionary ministers in Canada, additional	60.93
	$80,310.07

PAYMENTS.

For missionary purposes (societies, etc.)	$5,409.88
Salaries and other missionary expenses	1,711 91
Expenses of Unitarian Building	518.07
Payments on account of sundry trust funds	5,841.14
Church Building Loan Fund, sundries	9 51
Investment Church Building Loan Fund, loan	7,500.00
Investments	41,170 70
Cash on hand Dec. 1, 1914	23,848.91
	$80,310.07

The Committee on Church Building Loan Fund reported the following loan made since the last meeting of the Board:—

Edmonton, Can.	$2,500.00

The Finance Committee reported the following votes, which were adopted:—

Voted, That the American Unitarian Association assents to the construction of the fountain to be erected by the city of Boston as provided in the will of Mehitable C. C. Wilson at the location decided upon by the Art Commission.

Voted, That the American Unitarian Association as the owner of land in Ziegler Avenue in the Borough of Queens cede and convey the same to the city of New York for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar ($1.00), the balance of the consideration to be supplied by the exemption provided for by section 993 of the Greater New York Charter, and that the treasurer of said Association be and hereby is authorized to execute and deliver the papers necessary to carry such conveyance into effect and to obtain the necessary consent of the Supreme Court of the State of New York thereto.

The Publication Committee presented the following vote, which was adopted:—

Voted, To present, with the compliments of the Association, twenty copies of the New Hymn and Tune Book with Services to the Tuckerman School, and to authorize the Publication Agent to have these books marked with the name of the School, at the expense of the Association.

The president submitted a series of letters from the minister and people of the society in Long Beach, Cal., and it was

Voted, To sanction the exchange of lots desired by the society in Long Beach, Cal., upon condition that the exchange involve no further expense to this Association, and to authorize the president and treasurer to sign the necessary papers.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to confer with the representatives of the Connecticut Valley Conference reported through the chairman, Mr. Carr. After a thorough discussion it was

Voted, To accept the report, and to authorize the expending of $400 in missionary work in the Connecticut Valley under the direction of the special committee of the Board acting in co-operation with the committee of the Conference.

In accordance with the previous notice it was

Voted, To amend Article I. of the By-laws of the Board by omitting the words "at two o'clock in the afternoon."

A letter was presented from the Harvard Biblical Club thanking the Association for the use of a meeting-room in the building.

Resolutions of appreciation were read from the North Pacific Conference and from the Society in Edmonton, Alberta, for assistance rendered by the Association.

The meeting adjourned at 4.55 P.M.

LEWIS G. WILSON,
Secretary.

Department of Religious Education.

Grading a Small Sunday School.

BY REV. FLORENCE BUCK.

PART I.

There has been no more marked advance in Sunday-school ideals in recent years than that which relates to its system of instruction. A graded course of lessons, progressive, systematic, and adapted to the age of the pupil, has become the goal. Educators approve it. Many schools have already adopted it. It meets the needs of childhood and youth at the different stages of development. In short, the graded system for Sunday schools has come to stay. Every school, then, small or large, should wish to secure its advantages.

Many schools, however, are still using the uniform system in which every member, from the youngest to the oldest, studies the same lesson on the same day. The disadvantages of this practice ought to be obvious. They were fully demonstrated during the years when this was the generally accepted method in Sunday-school work. That it still persists is due in some cases to sheer inertia. The only apology or defence offered is the familiar excuse, "We have

always done it this way." To make any change in method seems to superintendent and teachers difficult, or indeed impossible. The old way, because familiar, seems the good way.

In other cases those who cling to the uniform lessons defend their practice on several grounds. One of these is, that in this way the unity of the school is preserved; that the common theme gives opportunity for a summary of the lesson before the entire school. It may well be questioned whether the unity thus secured is not more apparent than real; whether a lesson-talk to the school each Sunday is desirable. The pupils have just heard the same lesson. Its application to life and character has presumably been made in the classes. To repeat it seems to imply that the teachers have to some extent failed in their task. For the school as a whole some general exercise such as questions on the Bible, a catechism of our faith, or a story or bit of history which carries its own message is to be preferred. The unity of a school is not dependent on the use of a lesson in common. It inheres in the spirit which animates the school, in the active participation and interest of all the members, in the sense of a common purpose and a common faith. Real unity of spirit is a quality so vital that it cannot be created by so simple a device as the uniform lesson, nor destroyed by the lack of it.

Again, there are those who oppose the introduction of graded lessons in place of the one-topic system on the ground that with a graded course it is not possible to hold teachers' meetings. What is meant is, that a certain type of teachers' meeting, that in which the succeeding lesson is studied, is no longer feasible. Is that special type so desirable that we must keep it unchanged? Does it do so much for the children in our schools as has been fondly imagined? The teachers, without doubt, profit by it. They secure some immediate preparation on the lesson material. They learn to some extent what to teach; do they learn at the same time how to teach?

That is surely equally important, quite as necessary to be secured through the teachers' meeting. There is need also of conference on the general welfare and management of the school. There are common aims and interests to be cultivated. Obviously, the teachers cannot meet to study together the next Sunday's lesson, if they are not all teaching the same lesson. But they may study together a subject which has direct relation to their work as teachers. It may be some part of the Bible, which, though not just at that time the teachers' subject, is part of her general equipment. A study of child nature, the characteristics of the different epochs of child life, is a fruitful theme for the teachers' meeting. The topic may for a time be teaching methods, a practical survey of the task in hand and an earnest effort to learn the best ways of accomplishing that task. Varied indeed are the subjects which the teachers of any school may study together with profit. A graded course, so far from making teachers' meetings impossible, gives opportunity for a great improvement and extension of their scope and aim. Each teacher comes to see her work as part of a progressive plan. She studies her own subject in its relation to that plan and to the topics in the course which precede and follow hers. The meetings become not merely an hour for quick and easy preparation on a single lesson, but an opportunity for gaining a broad view of her work and securing adequate training for the whole of her task.

(To be continued.)

The Young People's Religious Union.

Field Notes.

Portland, Me.—The Young People's Society of the First Parish of Portland has "already held two meetings, and plans for the winter's work are under way. Considerable enthusiasm has been developed, and I have no doubt that the organization will be a permanent success."

Carlisle, Mass.—"Meetings are held every Sunday evening at seven o'clock; the first Sunday evening of each month we hold a song service generally with a little something different from the other meetings. Socials and sales are held frequently. The past year has been one of the most successful. Last month the Guild presented the Wilson Memorial Chapel in our cemetery here with the old church organ, which was in excellent condition. Being without a settled minister hinders our work, for we look to our pastor for help and assistance in various ways in our Guild services."

Channing Church, Dorchester, Mass.—"We have the prospect of a prosperous year to come. Eight new members have joined since October 1, and all seem enthusiastic. We have just held an entertainment which we called a 'Café Chantant.' The patrons were served with light refreshments at small tables, while songs, amusing dialogues, and other features were in progress. While the price of admission to our performance was small, a goodly sum was realized from the sale of refreshments, and every one seemed to be having a delightful time."

Hyde Park, Mass.—"We are to have two evening services a month, with a soloist, and our pastor gives a short talk. Our union is to pay for the solo singer and the organist. We have pledged two dollars a Sunday toward the expenses of a solo singer at the morning service. We have charge of the flowers every Sunday; also give a supper every other month, and plan to have a social once a month. We hope to increase our membership this year so we may be stronger and more active."

West Roxbury, Mass.—"We are getting the younger members of the parish in, and before long we hope to have as large a showing of interested members as we had a few years back when sixty was our number. We have a fine programme for an Old Folks' Concert."

Oklahoma City, Okla.—"A live young people's union is now in active work. The name of the organization is 'The Outlook Club,' with forty active members, and new names coming in weekly. The president is a medical student, thoroughly alive to the interests of the organization and a young man of influence and leadership. The organization began with a banquet, served by the ladies of the Needle-work Guild. The meetings are held Sunday nights at half past six, and are full of enthusiasm."

Eugene, Ore.—"The new young people's society will become a branch of the Y. P. R. U., and promises well. The members are a group of nice young people, most of them students."

Dallas, Tex.—"The Young People's Religious Union of the Unitarian Church is composed of people as old as eight and as young as eighty—virile and courageous voyagers upon the great ocean of moral, religious, and intellectual adventure. The meetings are held fortnightly at seven o'clock. It was said of Sir Galahad that his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. To realize this spirit the Young People's Religious Union aims to inspire its members to study the lives of the great human examples in the conduct of life; to develop in our hearts the spirit of sympathy, loyalty, and unselfish service to humanity; to fit ourselves for intelligent and useful membership in the Unitarian church. We would have the spirit that puts truth and truth-living in the first place, not in the second."

Pilgrim Federation.

The Pilgrim Federation met for its annual meeting with Unity Guild of Brockton, about forty present, representing North Easton, West Bridgewater, Bridgewater, and the local Guild. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mr. Russell Mack, North Easton; vice-president, Miss Florence Holland, North Easton; secretary, Miss Gladys Hunt, West Bridgewater; and treasurer, Miss Mildred Hall, Brockton. One representative from each town was also chosen to constitute the Executive Committee. The $30,000 fund was widely discussed, and ways and means for raising money toward it were planned. Steps have been taken for giving a fine play in the several towns about, to raise some of the Federation's donation. Brockton's Unity Guild contemplates starting a mile of pennies for the same fund. After the business meeting the members present listened to an inspiring talk by our president, Hon. Sanford Bates. His subject was along the line of keeping the Federations alive and furthering the work of organization

Marriages.

At Billerica, Mass., Dec. 13, 1914, by Rev. William L. Walsh, Frank Andrew Edwards, of Somerville, Mass., and Hattie Frances MacDonald, of East Billerica.

Fifty-sixth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS
Incorporated
UNDERTAKERS
2326 and 2328 Washington Street
Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station.
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive salesrooms.
Complete equipment for city and out-of-town service. Automobile Hearses.
Frank S. Waterman, President.
Joseph S. Waterman, Vice-President.
Frank S. Waterman, Jr.
Telephones Roxbury 73-73-74
Marconi Telegraph and Cable Address, "Undertaker, Boston."

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M. Boston. Reference, Dr. Edwin R. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

here and in the West. Later, refreshments were served by Unity Guild, and a social hour followed.

Mrs. Herbert B. Holmes,
Secretary pro tem.

South Middlesex Federation.

The young people in the South Middlesex Federation are planning a midwinter meeting on Friday evening, Jan. 22, 1915, to be held in the Unitarian church, West Newton. The programme includes supper, an entertainment, "The Twig of Thorns," a two-act play presented by the Junior Parish of West Newton, followed by dancing. Tickets at 50 cents each are on sale by members, who are reminded that the number of tickets sold should be sent on or before January 18 to the secretary, Mr. Alden V. Keene, 40 Fayette Street, Watertown, Mass.

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The women of Messiah Branch Alliance, New York, will be hostesses at the second At Home of the season 1914–15, at the League Headquarters, No. 104 East 20th Street.

The Ministerial Union will meet in Channing Hall, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Monday, December 28, at eleven o'clock. Mr. Geo. H. Ellis and Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., will speak (upon the *Christian Register*).

The New York League of Unitarian Women will meet on Friday, January 8, at the Lenox Avenue Church, corner 121st Street and Lenox Avenue, at eleven o'clock. Mr. L. W. Barclay will speak on "The Social Significance of the Pageant." All interested will receive a cordial welcome.

A meeting in honor of Forefathers' Day will be held in the Harvard Street Congregational Church, Brookline, on Sunday, December 27, at 4.30 P.M. The participating churches will be the Harvard Street Congregational, the Leyden Congregational, the First and Second Unitarian of Brookline, the Second Church in Boston, and the Church of the Disciples. Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany will deliver the address. Subject, "A New Pilgrim's Testimony."

Speakers at the noon-day services in King's Chapel next week will be as follows: December 28, Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, D.D., Tabernacle Baptist Church, Boston; December 29, Rev. W. H. Branigan, Wayland, December 30 (Peace Service), Rev. A. M. Rihbany, Boston; December 31, Rev. J. Austin Richards, Mount Vernon Church, Boston; January 1, Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., Brookline. The usual service on New Year's Eve will be held at 8 P.M. Mr. Snow will speak at the Saturday noon musical service, December 26.

Churches.

Hudson, Mass.—First Unitarian Society: Organizations in the church joined with the Standing Committee of the parish in giving a farewell reception in honor of Rev. and Mrs. John Baltzly on the evening of December 16 in the church parlors. Mr. Baltzly has accepted a call to become pastor of the Unitarian church in Plainfield, N.J. His farewell sermon was preached December 13. At the reception Mr. George E. Greeley, chairman of the Standing Committee, presented to Mrs. Baltzly a silver bread-plate, a token of love and esteem from the Society, and to Mr. Baltzly a purse of gold. Mr. Greeley expressed for the parish sincere appreciation of the work done by Mr. and Mrs. Baltzly during the seventeen years of Mr. Baltzly's pastorate in Hudson, and deeply felt sorrow at their departure to a new field of endeavor. To Mrs. Baltzly, who has been active in the work of the King's Daughters and superintendent of the Sunday-school, another gift was presented by the King's Daughters. Mr. Baltzly, in leaving Hudson to take up new duties, carries with him the best wishes of the entire community, which has not failed to recognize that it is losing a man of marked scholarly attainments and high ideals. Mr. Baltzly's address after January 1 will be 917 Madison Avenue, Plainfield, N.J.

New York, N.Y.—Church of the Messiah, Rev. John Haynes Holmes: Mr. Holmes, considering the issue of our time, which is most pressing for discussion and possible solution, announces a series of sermons to begin January 3, on the general subject of "Force *versus* Non-Resistance," as follows: "The Statement of the Problem," "The Logic of Force," "The Fallacies of Force," "What Non-Resistance Means," "Exemplars of Non-Resistance," "The Practicability of Non-Resistance as a Policy for Individual and National Security," "Are there Limitations to the Policy of Non-Resistance?" "Is War ever Justifiable?" "The Duty and Opportunity of America in the Present Crisis." At the close of each service during the continuance of this series a discussion class will be held in the church house, under the leadership of Mr. Holmes.

Portland, Me.—First Parish, Rev. Charles R. Joy: On Wednesday evening, December 9, the men of the church gathered in the parish house to consider the possibility of organizing for more effective work in the church and the community. Supper was furnished by the Women's Alliance, and after the supper Rev. Samuel B. Nobbs, organizing secretary of the National League of Unitarian Laymen, was presented. His stirring words as he told what a group of earnest men united for helpful service might accomplish brought clearly before the gathering a vision of responsibility and privilege. His address was much appreciated, and after some questions and discussion it was voted to form a men's club, and temporary officers were chosen to draw up plans and call another meeting to perfect permanent organization. The temporary officers are: chairman, Thomas L. Talbot; secretary, Frederick Tompson; committee, David W. Snow, Sidney Noyes, and Latham True.

Shelbyville, Ill.—First Unitarian Church: Beginning Sunday, November 29, and closing Wednesday, December 2, a mission was conducted in the Unitarian church. The first and last days were rainy, but nevertheless the average attendance was over fifty. This church has had no regular services for some time, but at the close of the mission arrangements were made to resume services, and a committee was appointed to solicit funds. Shelbyville offers a great opportunity for real constructive work. Good Brother Douthit has labored there for many years and has made a host of friends for Unitarianism. The building is adequate, and the members are ready to do real work. Rev. Ernest C. Smith of Chicago, Rev. Albert R. Vail of Urbana, and Rev. Curtis W. Reese assisted in the mission. The Shelbyville *Daily* was most generous with its space, giving from half a column to a column and a half each day to reports from the meetings. All in all, this was one of the very best Unitarian missions. This and other Unitarian missions in Illinois have demonstrated that it is not necessary to be evangelical to be evangelistic.

Springfield, Mass.—Church of the Unity, Rev. Augustus P. Record: The Springfield churches observed Thanksgiving by holding a union service in the new municipal auditorium. More than two thousand people, representing thirty-seven different churches, among them the Greek Orthodox and the two Jewish synagogues, were present. The Roman Catholic churches were invited to participate but declined. It is hoped that by another year they will be ready to reverse this decision. Rev. Daniel Evans of the Andover Theological School delivered the address, and the music was furnished by the chorus choir of the Trinity Methodist Church. Rev. Augustus P. Record, president of the Ministers' Association, under whose auspices the meeting was held, conducted the service, the Governor's proclamation was read by one of the colored ministers, prayer was offered by a Methodist minister, the closing hymn, "America," was announced by one of the Jewish rabbis, and the rector of the Episcopal church pronounced the benediction. Springfield has never witnessed a more striking illustration of interdenominational harmony and co-operation, and it is being predicted on all sides that such a service will become an annual custom.

All of the activities of the Church of the Unity have been resumed with characteristic energy. The Sunday-school is having the largest attendance in recent years; the Men's Club, in conjunction with the Men's Club of the South Congregational Church, is arranging a series of people's meetings for Sunday evenings in January and February; while the Women's Alliance, realizing that the calls from the war-ravaged countries of Europe had served to distract attention from the needs at home, has raised a fund to be placed at the disposal of the charity organization society for the purpose of re-

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

President, Mrs A. D. SHEFFIELD.
Secretary, Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
Treasurer, Mrs. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 382 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss B. M. LOCKE, 270 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

lieving emergency cases which have their origin in the industrial depression of the times. Already over $100 have been raised for this purpose by a dance held under the auspices of the young people's committee of The Alliance, and it is planned to add to the fund during the winter as occasion demands. Mr. Reccord, in addition to his regular parish duties, is serving upon the citizens' committee, which is revising the Building Code, and also upon the drafting committee of the "Commission of 100," which is trying to secure a new city charter. If the worth of a church is to be measured in terms of community service, the Church of the Unity would seem to be meeting the test.

WOLLASTON, MASS.—Wollaston Unitarian Church, Rev. C. G. Horst: The annual Candle-light Christmas Service will be held Sunday evening, December 27, at half past seven o'clock. Christmas carols, old and new, will be sung by the girls' choir, and Miss Marion Moorhouse, the 'cellist, will render several selections. The Quincy via Wollaston cars from Dudley Street pass the church, corner Farrington and Beale Streets.

New Year's Eve Communion.

On Thursday evening, December 31, at eight o'clock, there will be a service of communion at the Church of the Disciples, Boston, corner of Jersey and Peterborough Streets.

This is the church so long associated with James Freeman Clarke and Charles Gordon Ames, whose precious ministries, great as they were in life, are even greater in their influence after death. This, too, is the church of Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, the story of whose life is now stirring many minds and hearts throughout our country.

All friends of the church in the past and the present are invited to attend this New Year's Service.

Rememb'ring blessings in the past,
We'll firmly trust the future, too;
For hope and mem'ry closely bind
The Old Year and the New.

C. B. H.

The Tuckerman School.

"The real spirit of social service in churches is an outgrowth of the fundamental principle of democracy," said Rev. Harrie R. Chamberlin in his address explaining the social service work in the Baptist church. This principle with those of toleration, of separation of Church and State, and the religious conception of the kingdom of God are back of all the efforts of the Baptist denomination.

One of the first commissions appointed by the Northern Baptist Convention was that on social service. This well illustrates the universal principle—the passion for democracy—which marks the thought of all radical leadership in this and other denominations. Lloyd George and John Clifford were spoken of as leaders in progressive thought in England, and in this country the denomination is honored by the thought and writing of Dr. Walter Rauschenbush.

An exceptionally fine reading of Sophocles' Antigone marked the close of Mr. Billings's course of lectures on comparative religions. The high plane of thought and the beautiful literary expression were shown to be parallel to the finest that we have in Hebrew literature. Mr. Billings used Jebb's translation, which is considered by Greek scholars to be the best.

The Christmas holidays begin at noon on Wednesday, December 23, and extend to January 5, when regular sessions will be resumed.

The course of lectures which has been given by Rev. Charles T. Billings concluded on December 23. But little time has been available for the study of any one of the many religious beliefs, and only an outline of each has been presented, the thought having been to show the leading distinctive characteristics rather than to pursue a detailed study.

In connection with the lesson on the religion of the Greeks, attention was called to the contribution to civilization of the Greeks through their philosophy and their literature generally, and the way in which the Greek tragedies had influenced the intellectual and moral life of the people. As an illustration of the power of that literature, Mr. Billings read Sophocles' Antigone on the morning of December 16 at half-past ten o'clock.

In her closing lectures on December 3, Mrs. Spencer presented the meaning of the evils of poverty, disease, and ignorance, and showed the great danger in an attitude other than one of determination to destroy these evils. In the closing half-hour, a programme for the churches was suggested. While there are fundamental differences of thought among those of the various denominations, and great variety of thought held by those of the same faith, yet all can come together to talk over questions of common welfare, and all would associate together for social work.

An organization should be formed for religious bodies not included in the Federation of Churches of America and with a name broad enough to include progressive Jews, liberal Christians, and the Ethical Culture people. Thus would the force of the influence of leaders gain in coherence and thus would our Unitarian churches be more nearly living up to their inheritance—the influence of Channing, Lowell, Tuckerman, and many others—an inheritance equalled by that of no other religious body.

Belgian Relief.

Special attention is called to the fact that no provision has been made for paying express charges on packages sent to Unitarian Headquarters for Belgian relief. People wishing to contribute are requested to follow directions carefully and send by freight, using the tags furnished at 25 Beacon Street. Where this is not convenient, it is important that express charges be prepaid.

The Temperance Motor-car.

The Unitarian Temperance Society is in the peculiar position of receiving an embarrassment of offers for its anti-alcohol motor-car. Exhibiting last week in Fitchburg, Holyoke, Northampton, requests have come this week from Lynn, Melrose, Somerville, Attleboro, and Dorchester, and the charity organizations of Philadelphia have sent for Mrs. Tilton to give them a week, when she can explain the scheme to Philadelphia in the hope of starting a similar outdoor propaganda there.

In Fitchburg, the car was abandoned and a sheet was placed outside on a church, on which the slides were thrown, attracting large crowds.

Here and There.

India has perhaps a greater variety of plants than any other country in the world, having fifteen thousand native species, while the flora of the entire continent of Europe only embraces about ten thousand.

Sir William Ramsay, emeritus professor of chemistry at London University, writes to the *Times*, "I am too old to be of use in the fighting line; but am willing to give my services gratis in any capacity as a chemist if my so doing will release any one fit to defend his country."

The first census of native birds was undertaken by the Department of Agriculture some months ago. Returns thus far announce that there are approximately 2,026,000,000 field birds in the territory east of the Great Plains States. A suburb of Washington reports the most numerous bird life, with an average of seven pairs to the acre. The census is being taken by volunteer observers.

The *Christian Life* speaks of the pathetic advertisements that are now abundant in the Parisian newspapers, inserted by refugees who want to learn where other members of their families can have taken refuge. In a single issue of the *Matin* our friend counted no fewer than ninety-three such advertisements. This is a vivid illustration of the suffering and misery which war brings, even to those who take no combatant part in it.

"IVY" CORSET

Made of TRICOT WOVEN material. Boneless, having only one flexible bone on the side for holding the corset in place. The garment measures 16 inches from the waist line down and 3 inches from the waist line up. Equipped with six heavy hose supporters. Front steel 11½ inches long, finished with hook and eye at bottom. Top is trimmed with a wide band of lace. Sizes 19 to 30.

Price $5.00

Model 58

Palmer's Corset Store
52 Winter Street
Boston, Mass.

Pleasantries.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "I thoroughly approve of the deportment of all undesirable immigrants."

"How old are you, Ethel?" "I'm five, an' mother says if I'm good an' eat lots of oatmeal I'll be six next birthday."—*Life.*

Caller: "Is your daughter an equestrian?" Proud Mother: "Either that or valedictorian. These class offices are so confusing, don't you know."—*Buffalo Express.*

Would you mind having this strictly theological question asked and answered in the *Christian Register:* "Should a *canon* of the Church be required or expected to be up in pistology?"—N. H. D.

"Mother," asked Tommy, "is it correct to say that you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?" "Yes, my dear," said his mother. "Well, then," said Tommy, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

As an architect met a lady of his acquaintance on the street he remarked that he had just been to see the nave of the new church of which they were both members. "You needn't mention names," said the lady, with an apprehensive glance; "I know the man to whom you refer."—*Selected.*

When Thomas B. Reed's daughter was a little girl, her kitten was once asleep in the easy chair when he was about to sit down. In sudden horror she pulled the chair away and he sat heavily on the floor. Instead of losing his temper, Reed rose slowly to his feet and said, "Kitty, remember that it is easier to get another kitten than another father."

A booking agent for a Chautauqua bureau visited the most prominent man of the town. "Mr. Jones," said he, "I called to see you in regard to a Chautauqua." "It won't do a bit of good," spoke up the prominent citizen. "My wife and I have looked over all the catalogues carefully, and have already decided on another machine."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"Wasn't King John a wicked man?" said the professor's little daughter the other evening. "He used to run over people with his motor-cars." The professor was puzzled. "Haven't you made a mistake?" he inquired doubtfully. "Surely your teacher didn't tell you that?" "Oh, yes, she did. She told us that King John ground down the people with his taxis."—*Town and Country.*

During one of his early campaigns for the House of Representatives, Hon. Champ Clark met a working-man who confided to him: "At first, Mr. Clark, I didn't intend to vote for you; but one afternoon you were going by my house, and stopped to pat my goat, Henry, and give him an apple. I says to myself, I says, 'If Mr. Clark's so sociable as all that, he must have my vote.'"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked him his name. "My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho." "Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John." John smiled all over, and asked, "What your namee?" "My name is Mrs. Melville Landon." "Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul London. I call you Tommy."—*Watchman.*

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL

Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte

Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.

Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

HEART AND VOICE

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS AND SERVICES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND THE HOME

Prepared by

Rev. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

COMPILER OF "THE SUNNYSIDE," "THE CAROL," "JUBILATE DEO," ETC.

At this season, when pastors and superintendents are considering how to improve the musical and liturgical services of the Sunday-school, we would call their attention to the merits of this latest and best work of a compiler whose previous ventures in this field have met with unprecedented favor in liberal religious circles in the United States and England, and whose large experience in Child Song assures a collection of hymns, tunes, and liturgies in harmony with the present standards and needs of the liberal Christian Sunday-school and home.

The book contains 365 hymns and poems, 264 tunes, together with 24 liturgies for the regular sessions and special occasions of the children's service.

The endeavor has been made to present in these simple liturgies the noblest utterances of the Old and New Testament, so far as these are applicable to childhood and capable of a liturgical treatment. The poetic and ethical values of the selections in verse have been carefully considered, while the music to which they are wedded is throughout tuneful and singable, and of a high order.

The best way to be assured of this is to *send for a copy of the book for examination.*

"Heart and Voice" has already been adopted by a large number of our Sunday-schools, whose testimony as to the enrichment their services have received through its introduction is most gratifying. A list of these will be furnished those who desire to make further inquiry. We give herewith the opinion of a few experts in Sunday-school affairs, formed after a careful examination of the book.

COMMENDATIONS.—*From Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., in the Christian Register:*—

"There is an astonishing amount of new matter and a still more astonishing amount of admirable matter. The most marked quality of the music is what it should be in a book for children,—brightness."

From Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D.D.:—

"It seems to me the fullest, most elaborate Sunday-school Manual yet issued in this country, or elsewhere, so far as I know. . . . I am stirred to congratulation."

From Rev. George H. Badger, in the Unitarian:—

"A more successfully wrought-out work of definite usefulness has rarely been the good fortune of the liberal fellowship. . . . It makes a decisive step in advance. . . . There is a most excellent collection of service, with a generous range and logical development combining simplicity, dignity, and variety, with rare discrimination."

From Rev. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary Religious Education Society:—

"It is refreshing to find a book consisting apparently wholly of songs which young people may sing without loss of self-respect, and normally without breach of veracity, so well arranged and attractively printed. . . . I am looking forward to using the first part of the book in my own family."

Send for copy of HEART AND VOICE.
Price: Single Copies, 60 cents each, postpaid.
To Sunday-schools: 50 cents, carriage prepaid.

Publishers: GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?

Underground Garbage Receiver

No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 Ferry Street, Lynn, Mass.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.

PRINTERS

272 Congress Street, Boston

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston

BY

JAMES H. STARK

"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."

LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.

PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID

For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.

Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean,

MRS CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.

PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

The MacDuffie School For Girls

Springfield, Mass.

Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Situation Half way between Boston and New York. *No raw east winds, as on the seacoast.* Three houses. Beautiful grounds.

Studies General and College Courses. Certificate. Music, Art, Domestic Science.

Athletics Gymnasium, basketball, tennis, driving, ponies and riding master, swimming, and country excursions.

Published Weekly by the
CHRISTIAN REGISTER ASSOCIATION
272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Librarian of University

The Christian Register

Volume 93 . . . . Terms of Subscription $3.00 per Year
Number 53 . . . . Single Copies 6 Cents

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914

Established 1821

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.

Contents.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 1249
The Hard Newness of a Year 1250
Old and New 1251

CURRENT TOPICS 1252

BREVITIES 1253

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Grapes in Florida 1253

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
A Rare Friendship, by Caroline Louise Dodge 1254
Preparations for Peace, by Horace Westwood, D.D. . 1255
The Church in Germany 1256
Is the Bottom dropping Out? 1257
Literary Portraits; A Free Faith as an Element in a Free State, by Rev. William L. Sullivan 1258
The Power of a Few 1261
From German Newspapers, by Kate Hudson 1262
Foreign Notes, by Charles W. Wendte, D.D.; Chicago Letter 1266
Southern Letter; International Union of Liberal Christian Women 1267
Peace Conferences on the War; Revivals in Philadelphia 1268
Earl Roberts's Message 1269

SPIRITUAL LIFE 1261

LITERATURE.
Books 1262

THE HOME.
Happy New Year's Gifts; The Presents 1264
Why the Daisy was Praised; Where Lilies would not Grow 1265

POETRY.
Another Year, by John White Chadwick 1254
The Imperialism of Ideas, by William Ware Locke . . 1256
My Sunset, by Henry W. Pinkham 1258
A Non-combatant, by Mary Stebbins Savage 1264

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
From Prohibition States 1269

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
Grading a Small Sunday School, Part II. 1269

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.
Student Assistants 1270

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE 1270

PLEASANTRIES 1272

Editorial.

AT last there is forced upon the minds of men the fact that if the kingdom of heaven ever becomes a reality upon this earth it will be as the result of human efforts. Through all the centuries mankind has looked to an exterior deity as the source of its salvation from individual and social damnation. Religion has expressed itself mainly in the appeal to that source for saving power. The Messianic hopes have been expressions of this conception of superhuman mediation. But centuries have come and gone, and little has come of it. Nineteen centuries after the Christian Messiah lived and died a war breaks out which plunges the world into purgatorial chaos. Though the prayers of millions ascend as of old, the war goes on and hell persists. Yet is there recognized a distinctly defined tendency on the part of the average man to undertake to a degree not before in evidence the salvation of the world from war. It is finally recognized that this world will be just as much a heaven or a hell as human beings make it, and that God made adequate contribution by supplying the materials by which the former could be built, and guarded human freedom by refusing to play the arbitrary part of compulsory construction. Hence the inference is, as Charles Ferguson expressed it, "Come, let us take our kit on our shoulders and go out and build the city here."

SEVERAL rational plans have been suggested for the reorganization of civilization in Europe. They are all admirable, but they suggest a difficulty similar to that which arose in the minds of the mice when it was suggested that it would be a good thing if the cat were made to wear a bell. The question asked was, "Who will bell the cat?" It is desirable and essential to any lasting peace that racial prejudice, national traditions, and ancient loyalties shall be respected and provided for. The power of making war must be taken from kings and chancellors and given over to the people. The Preacher many centuries ago considered "all the oppressions that are done under the sun," and he saw that those who were oppressed had no comforter, and "on the side of their oppressors there was power." In the readjustment, who is going to make effective the wishes of some little principality or take off from the common people the weight of the government which now oppresses them? In 1848 the beginning of such a movement aroused in Europe the hopes of many patriots. Some advance was made toward liberty, and

Google

after this war is over one or two more steps may be taken in the right direction, but this generation will not see the well-meaning men who are ruling the people for their own good dispossessed, stripped of authority, and deprived of the awful power of making war, which is now the prerogative even of our republican government.

That was a touching and significant story that drifted out of the city of Rheims at the time of its bombardment by German guns. A young German officer, with sight destroyed, who had been taken prisoner, was groping his way out of the cathedral after the bursting of a shell. Colliding with a priest, he swore at him, but, finding by touch that he was a priest, exclaimed, "Pardon, father, I am blind!" May it not rightly be taken as symbolic of the whole situation? Militarism is to-day rampant. At last it has accomplished its end, and rides full tilt upon the battle-field. The ways of peace have been abandoned, and the wheels of human progress turned back. They who put their faith in the sword are unrestrained in its exercise. Yet is not the time coming, and coming soon, when they shall realize how blind and mistaken they have been? Is not the time rapidly coming when the advocates of peace will be hailed as the open-eyed leaders who can guide the blinded nations into safer paths? One does not have to be ultra-radical to predict confidently that new era which will be ushered in when the peasants of Europe see that they have been blindly led into a conflict in which they have no quarrel and as a result of which, whoever wins, they must be the losers. Humanity cannot be always blind, and there are not lacking signs that the miracle of sight is not far distant.

It was said of Walter Bagehot that he had an experiencing nature. It was a providential endowment. Nothing else is of so much value in bearing life and learning it. The lifelong burden which Bagehot bore, as Lamb did, of having a near and dear relative subject to fits of insanity, could hardly have been sustained without such a nature. "This trouble makes all other troubles ridiculous," he said. And the constant renewal of the world and of life with such a nature is its greatest providence. The secret of perpetual youth is the experiencing nature. The usual penalty of age is stiffness of mental as well as physical movement. How hopeless it is to argue with most people far past middle life! They remain of the same opinion still, whatever is massed against them. But the experiencing nature has its fixities always broken in upon. It shares the changes of circumstance and thus keeps supple and flexible. It is accessible to new evidence, and open to appeal. It keeps young because it never lets go of creation. It never says, "Thus was I made, and I cannot be changed." Even if it thinks so, it never allows the thought to infect the will. It keeps on experimenting and experiencing, and finds itself changing against all convictions of fate.

One difficulty about making religion contagious is that there are undoubted immunities. Some of them are connected with faults, some with dispositions, some with hindrances. There is one immunity which merits respect. There is such a thing as keeping one's spiritual skin with its tough side out for the sake of protecting it from injury. Many people are probably very religious, while seeming, unlike the Athenians, to have no worship at all. They do not make a confidant of any one, or any several persons, simply because the topic of religion is talked about. Prayer shrinks to their inner rooms when it is invoked. Make it the conscious effort, and it ceases to thrive. There may be nothing of discordant condition, and yet the flame does not spread. There is one quality in sacredness which keeps it from expression. It is the quality which hides safe within his mind the words a man used to tell his love, or those dearest of words he heard before the great Silence descended. Such fine sensibility it is advisable to protect. The contagion of religion may be trusted. We do not need to make it contagious, since it is contagious. With every method a new mysticism arises. There is no perfect prayer except in secret. Even his chosen friends were not taken with Jesus where he prayed.

We have in fact many kinds of ministers. There is the minister of action, the one who must "do things" or he disintegrates. There is the minister of vision, the one who sees what ought to be rather than what is, and he must prophesy or his vocation is gone. There is also the minister who is foremost as an orator, one who must dramatize his message from the pulpit. There is the minister of keen sympathies and deep emotion, and he touches the needs of his people with tender solicitude. Then there is the minister who can be the practical helper and intimate friend of every one in his parish, who is in demand by the community as a whole. There is the minister who seems in his rightful place at funerals and weddings and in social life. There is the minister who is primarily a student and who has his chief interest in theology and denominational affairs. Then there is the minister who wants an easy way to make a living, and who is always looking for an ideal parish and a larger salary. Lastly, there is the minister who happily combines the most desirable of these qualities, who is "a friend to man," and whose ministry is long remembered by his people.

The Hard Newness of a Year.

We naturally assume that what is new is therefore better. Progress associates itself with time, and habit confirms the union so that we soon take for granted a kinship that really never existed, for we have taken a figure of speech and then have treated it as if it were a figure of life. Progress is a forward movement in quality; but to infer that the forward movement is progress is a fallacy. The new may be the worse for being new. The old, like the wine in the parable, may be the better for age.

The good woman who accompanied her praise to the new minister with the remark that she always said this to the new men because she thought it a good thing to encourage them had the right idea, that encouragement was a note of progress. It is a good thing everywhere to put the best face on a situation. At the beginning of a new year this duty becomes a religion. There is opportunity. Ahead is the possibility of what has just become a fixed fate of impossibility. One sees an old heaven and earth pass away, and a new heaven and a new earth open. He hears the invigorating words, "Behold, I make all things new." The stimulus of a coming year to those who look ahead is that it is new, that it bids us take a chance, sure that, whatever is uncertain about the outcome, the chance is certain.

In faring forward into a measure of time which opens hazards of new fortunes, this spirit of enterprise sometimes meets probabilities which threaten to quench it. The year we now enter presents such probabilities to a degree none now living ever knew. It is a year big with portent. Its outcomes will decide the course of human events for generations after our own, and for a breadth of the human

Digitized by Google

race never before so affected. We can see clear into not improbable fates that may set back the hands of time and reverse the course of civilization. Some possible outcomes make a fate which it makes us faint to contemplate. We do not mean that we think such reversals are coming, but their possibility has come. Things are actually possible that at no new year before could have been thought possible. Already happenings have thrown the confidences of an age into the scrap-heap of delusions. Barbarities unrealizable in anticipation have actually been committed. Ruthlessness which belongs to the lowest level of human condition has been deliberately practised on the highest. Contingencies pronounced outgrown have suddenly been announced as imminent. Options of the sort William James called dead now spring into life and haunt our own street corners. Alternatives undreamed of stare us out of countenance. If we faced them all and kept our eyes on them long, we should be like those soldiers who come back from what they have been through bereft of reason; we should go mad. For the times are bereft of reason. With the destinies of millions of men and women and children in their hands, governments have flung away reason and have said, "Evil, be thou my good," and proved the saying in doing. The dominant fact of the time is its sure and immeasurable uncertainties.

It is wise to encourage each other, but no sweet conventionalism of encouragement will do. The new year has hardness in it,—we cannot hide it under our hopes. It will bring unlooked-for strain, tragic surprise, load on load of anxiety, suffering, and fear. It is a new year, but with hard newness is it new. The true encouragement is to face this fact. The true preparation is to find what will best carry us through whatever may come.

One such preparation is to think of a larger unit than a mere year, and to remember how progress has often come in spite of, and even by means of, reaction. Advance is never as steady as the calendar would lead us to think. It goes forward and backward; it has its ebb and flow. When it has swung ahead too far, or farther than can be sustained, it settles backward again. What seems, therefore, the contradiction and the irony of progress is really its condition. Its nature is to move in complex fashion. Its accomplishment is set to longer stretches than time can measure. The fact makes premature confidences ridiculous. But it is the stuff and fibre of a solid confidence. The lesson that has not been learned had better land the pupil in confusion than delude him into a fate worse than confusion. It is better to know that progress has been very small and have it than think it large and lose it. The times are showing how slight progress has been. We face the new year with this residuum. It has survived the tragedies of centuries. It will not therefore be vanquished in another year.

There is a valid ground on which to stand, at the worst estimate of progress, in facing the new year in its most threatening aspect. There is much more to make our hearts stout again in thinking of what sort of human spirits dominate the time. The fight conducted by great captains, vast as it is, presents no more high courage than the fight that is being waged by non-combatants, the fight of succor, endurance, and persistent good will. There is an idealism supreme over the materialism of even war's horrors. Men who keep sane and cheerful and courageous in such a time are its real conquerors. Women who never lose heart, like the woman in Maccabean times who "stirred her womanish thoughts with a manly stomach," are the pattern heroes of the day. Human nature is what it is at its best as well as at its worst; and human nature is what we take into the new year with us.

These are what make happiness, more than fortune and prosperity and ease. The powers which could make a year happy through all a year could bring are the powers to consult now. They are the powers of the steadfast mind, able to see fairly the things which remain that cannot be shaken, and of the courageous heart, strong to bring to pass things good and true. There are natures not a few in whom happiness rises highest when there is most to do and dare. Such natures point the way of the new year. In their spirit it may yet be a happy new year.

Old and New.

In another column may be found a brief notice of the concluding volumes of Dr. Bentley's Diary. The four volumes contain about twenty-five hundred pages, and contain notes and comments on almost every subject or event that could claim the attention of an intelligent observer one hundred years ago. The reason for calling attention to them in this column is that they furnish running comments on the origin and growth of religious denominations in Massachusetts at a time when the long controversy, between what may be called the established church of the Puritans in New England and the itinerant forces of dissent that have finally crystallized into Baptist, Methodist, and Universalist denominations, was in full blast. The half-dozen Congregational churches in Dr. Bentley's time, he leading the way in fellowship with his classmate Mr. Freeman in Boston, were divided into what after Dr. Channing's time were known as Orthodox and Unitarian Congregational churches.

The Andover Theological School was founded to offset and counteract the so-called "evil tendencies of latitudinarianism" rife in Harvard College and especially obnoxious in Salem. The founding of the School was not a peaceful transaction. Charges of heresy were met by accusations concerning doubtful methods employed in the raising of funds. When the transaction was completed the School as the organ of undiluted orthodoxy gave out no uncertain sound, for the professors were required upon oath to oppose not only atheists and infidels but also "Jews, Papists, Mohammedans, Arians, Pelagians, Antinomians, Arminians, Sabellians, Socinians, Unitarians, and Universalists." All of these words denoted heresies that had been entertained by Unitarians, by Dr. Bentley, his neighbors and friends, or by some of his Eastern correspondents in Asia. The oath has been abolished, the Andover School is now housed under the eaves of Harvard College, and joint courses of study are pursued by students in this School and in the Harvard Divinity School which it was founded to abolish.

About a hundred years ago a movement was started to put stoves in the churches; but "night meetings were abhorred by churches of the old dispensation, and Universalists were censured by Dr. Bentley for yielding to popular revival methods and holding evening meetings for the preaching of the principles of Universalism. About fifty years after the death of Dr. Bentley, the breach between Unitarians and Universalists having been closed and pulpits exchanged, it was planned to hold union services between the Universalist church and the four Unitarian churches, visiting each in turn through the winter months, when it was discovered that two of the Unitarian churches in Salem had never been lighted in the evening and the round of services could not be made until gas had been put in.

It was during Dr. Bentley's ministry that the Universalist, Methodist, and Baptist churches settled down to a permanent residence in Salem. For a long time previous to their adoption of the settled habits of the older churches they had been served by itinerant preachers

Digitized by Google

and exhorters. There was a considerable floating population made up of people who were engaged in the various industries connected with the foreign trade, the distilleries, the leather business, and various other mechanical trades and occupations. Some of these people were permanent residents, some of them were descendants of the many bond-servants who came over with the first settlers, many of them were transient laborers who came and went with the waxing and waning of prosperity before and after the War of 1812. The negroes were former slaves, emancipated at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, or their children. In religious matters there was little in common between these men and women and the staid, conservative, and prosperous representatives of the ruling class in the old colony.

For the Episcopalians and the Catholics Dr. Bentley had more sympathy than he had for these newer forms of religious dissent, and, liberal Unitarian although he was, the first of his kind in Salem, he viewed with apprehension the "night meetings" when this unclassified mass of his fellow-townsmen came under the influence of preachers who applied with zeal the methods of the old-fashioned revivalists, and he blamed the Universalists for encouraging such miscellaneous assemblies. His fears were not wholly groundless, for twice during his ministry he saw religious manias sweep through the town, recalling the state of mind which in 1692 broke out in the "Witchcraft Delusion." In one case when a girl declared that she had been bewitched, one-tenth of the population gathered in the vicinity of her residence and were with difficulty restored to the rule of common sense. The old revival methods are obsolete; Congregationalists, Orthodox and Unitarian, now meet on a common level of mutual respect with Universalists, Baptists, and Methodists; but the old feuds and prejudices died slowly, and it is within forty years that a well-known Congregationalist said to the writer about a neighbor, a reputable merchant, "I would not deal with that man; he is a Methodist and I should expect to be cheated if I did."

When a Catholic priest appeared in Salem looking in vain for a place where he could gather the few Catholics in the town and give to them spiritual consolation he appealed to Dr. Bentley, who promptly found a place for him to officiate and also took him into his own house and entertained him for several days, much to the disgust of the zealots. It is well that the feuds and prejudices that so long separated various Protestant churches have abated, and a pity that the relations of friendship existing between Dr. Channing and Bishop Cheverus, and Dr. Bentley and this unknown priest, could not have been maintained with frank loyalty to principles and open-minded good-fellowship on both sides of the line.

G. B.

Current Topics.

The cause of national prohibition became an issue of wide interest on December 22, when the House of Representatives in Washington, by a vote of 197 to 189 (when passage required a two-thirds majority), defeated a resolution providing for the submission to the various States of a constitutional amendment making the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors illegal throughout the Union. Hardly had the result of the balloting been announced when Representative Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama, the author of the rejected measure, announced his intention to keep up the contest in the present session and to advance a similar resolution to a vote in the Senate. Leaders in the prohibitory movement at many centres professed themselves satisfied with the outcome of the test vote on a constitutional amendment, and rallied their forces for a new and decisive struggle before the next Congress. To the opponents of the proposed sumptuary legislation the success of the "dry" advocates in mustering 197 yeas in the House proved an impressive indication of future possibilities.

An abortive seditionary movement in parts of the Philippine Islands during the Christmas holidays has given to the opponents of the Home Rule legislation proposed by the administration at Washington an opportunity to contest with redoubled energy the projected extension of the right of autonomy in the archipelago. As to the actual extent of the so-called revolt, there appears to be a wide discrepancy between the official and some of the unofficial accounts. The movement appears to have been handled with discreet vigor by Winfred T. Denison, Secretary of State for the Philippines, in the absence of Francis Burton Harrison, the governor-general of the Islands. From the official report of the incident transmitted to the War Department at the beginning of the week it would appear that the "revolt" consisted of two or three local disturbances, the outcome of an agitation conducted from Hong-Kong by Ricarte, an outlaw, which were quickly suppressed at the cost of only one life.

While the distress caused by the War of the Nations is finding ready response in America, the situation in Mexico, as a result of continual fighting for two years, now appears to be such as to demand immediate succor. A series of appeals from American consular authorities in the neighboring republics, sent out last week by the American Red Cross, indicate a wide-spread disaster which vies with the tragic situation in those sections of the fighting ground of Europe over which conquering armies have marched and countermarched. In the mean while, the restoration of peace in the region south of the Rio Grande appears to be as remote as ever. A hopeful feature of the situation is to be found in the fact that Gen. Hugh L. Scott, of the United States Army, apparently has succeeded in inducing the warring factions to withdraw their operating forces from the districts across the border in the United States which the State Department recently notified the Mexican authorities must no longer be subjected to the fire of the belligerent factions on the Mexican side.

Christmas Day was signalized, in the annals of the War of the Nations, by a spectacular raid by British aërial and marine forces upon the German naval base at Cuxhaven, near the mouth of the Kiel Canal. This demonstration, which does not appear to have resulted in any material damage to the Germans, and cost four aëroplanes and one expert aviation officer to the British, was undertaken as a response to recent attacks upon the British coast by land and sea. The engagement was an event in warfare, inasmuch as it involved, for the first time in history, the simultaneous employment of aërial engines with surface vessels and submarines in a concerted attack upon an enemy's position. If the manœuver is to be interpreted as an attempt to destroy the effectiveness of the Kiel Canal, Germany's great naval asset, it proved entirely futile. As a demonstration of naval and aërial efficiency for home consumption, in view of the enterprising feats of the Germans, it was productive of important moral results.

Some indication of the probable length of the struggle which is devastating Europe and gravely inconvenienc-

ing the rest of the world is to be found in the military and fiscal plans which are being put into execution by some of the belligerents. From Vienna come circumstantial accounts of military preparations in the interior of the Dual Monarchy which refute persistent rumors, evidently originating in interested quarters, that Austria-Hungary is preparing to withdraw from the alliance with Germany and sue for a separate peace agreement with the Triple Entente. The belief that the hostilities will last for at least another six months is reflected in the action of the French Parliament, which on December 23 voted a credit of $1,700,000 for the expenses of the republic, including the continuance of the conflict for another half-year. In London, in Berlin, and at St. Petersburg the same pessimistic outlook upon the future appears to prevail. The industrial and financial life of all the countries involved in the strife is adjusting itself gradually to a protracted period of war-conditions.

A NEW element in the already complicated situation in the Balkans was introduced last week, when Italy sent a naval force to the harbor of Valona, the capital of the kingdom of Albania, landed a marine detachment and announced its intention to restore order in Albania. The occupation of Valona assumed an air of permanency at the beginning of the present week, when the government at Rome despatched a considerable number of troops to the Albanian capital. This action was coupled with an unofficial expression of a hope that the pacification of Albania might be carried on without a clash with any other power. This warning, no doubt, was intended for Austria-Hungary, Italy's partner in the creation of Albania out of territory captured from Turkey by Servia, Montenegro, and Greece in the first Balkan war. The southern part of Albania, constituting Northern Epirus, already has been occupied by Greece, with which country Italy now enters into unsympathetic contact.

THE strength of the anti-militarist movement in Japan was demonstrated in dramatic fashion on Christmas Day, when the Diet refused to accede to the government's insistent demand for an augmented military appropriation, and was promptly dissolved by the Mikado, who had committed himself strongly in favor of a greater armament. The dissolution of the Diet was followed immediately by the suspension of the House of Peers, and Japan found itself under an extra constitutional *régime*. The crisis, which is unparalleled by any previous event in the history of the modern Japanese empire, was the outcome of wide-spread disapproval of the government's policy in joining the struggle among the European powers. There is evidently a strong feeling in Japan that this intervention was not justified by the vital interests of the country. On the other hand, the administration, under the leadership of the Emperor himself, regards the pending military and naval operations by Japan as imperatively dictated by the highest considerations of state.

Brevities.

At the recent general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a plan was enthusiastically adopted for the union of that church with the Methodist Protestant and the Methodist Episcopal Church, North. This movement tallies with a similar one inclusive of all the main branches of the Presbyterian Church, North and South. These are sensible steps toward unity of organization, and ought to have been taken long ago.

It is stated that Prof. William Sanday, the veteran New Testament scholar at Oxford, has at last definitely allied himself with the "Modernists" in the Anglican struggle over the creeds. This accession to the forces of liberalism is regarded as a significant occurrence.

Within the last year a new method of marketing the products of the farm, by carrying them directly from the producer to the consumer in the city, has come into use. The parcel post cuts out the commission merchant and the retailer. The products thus purchased may save the consumer 20 per cent. over former prices.

Wisconsin is one of the few States in which the schools have organized a systematic "film service" such as Mr. Thomas Edison has advocated. Districts have been arranged there, courses mapped out, and a circulating library of films sent to each district, town, and city. Harvard, Cornell, and Pennsylvania are among the universities now using the cinematograph in connection with certain kinds of class work.

Letters to the Editor.

Grapes in Florida.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

Being an ardent disciple and advocate of sunshine, I have only praise for your editorial in the *Christian Register* of Nov. 26, 1914; but in the light of large experience I was constrained to smile when I read that "In Florida they cannot raise many grapes, because all winter they are kept awake when they should be asleep—that is, the grapes are."

There are seasons and seasons, grapes and grapes, varieties and varieties! All through middle Florida, at least, the native Scuppernong of the Thomas variety are prolific bearers,—white and purple, of large size, and, properly cultivated, of delicious flavor. A sister variety, the Flowers, are smaller in size and amber in color, with a pungent flavor. The vines spread from a central twisted trunk of gigantic proportions often, and are trained over upright trellises strongly propped, often covering a quarter of an acre. For three or four weeks in August and early September the loaded vines keep hundreds busy, wine-making, canning, preserving, jelly-making, and pickling. For years we ourselves every fall put up over forty gallons of unfermented grape juice from a perfected formula of our own, requiring no sugar or boiling, being merely brought to the boiling point for a short time. Nectar for the gods surely, "like drinking grapes," but requiring infinite patience, exactness, and unceasing labor; adding a hundred or more jars, seeded and unseeded, for future use with unlimited feasts all the way along.

In fact, no one can realize Florida without spending summers there. Imagine forty-five acres of glossy picture,—orange trees, and acres of Desmodium or beggar-weed rising forest-like with spikes of fine purple bloom; corn, seventeen to twenty feet high; sugar-cane; cassava, with its wide-spreading leaves and cotton-like blossoms; Spanish peanuts, bright with golden bloom; velvet beans, with purple spikes hanging from their poles; and the surrounding forest growths more sombre in tone, but the whole a dazzling panorama of glistening light and beauty, as our Florida foliage is glossy in its brilliant greenness. I write of the days before the "big freeze" which wiped out this perfection and broke up hundreds of homes. A new Florida has arisen of which we cannot speak.

MARY L. BRADT.

NEW YORK, N.Y.

Another Year.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By Winter's snow concealed.

Another year of Summer's glow,
Of Autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at Beauty's feast,
At every moment spread;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God.

A Rare Friendship.

BY CAROLINE LOUISE DODGE.

Not the least among the pleasures of the biographer is that scrutiny of old letters and books which strengthens the vision, clarifies the retrospect, and brightens the backward look. In arranging certain letters of Mary A. Dodge (Gail Hamilton) I find above all lesser lights the steady flame of a great friendship shining athwart her whole life; and with her books, our precious heritage, there is one highly prized both for associations and intrinsic value. It is the "Journal of John Woolman," and it bears the inscription, "To Mary A. Dodge, from her friend J. G. Whittier, 4 mo. 28, 1871."

The Civil War was over, the Union saved, and hard-pressed abolitionists found time to breathe and edit other people's journals. It is a pleasing, restful process, deliberately undertaking to bring out all the best of a good life, dwelling as lightly as possible on its dark side, and that more for the sake of emphasis than truth, since in times of national strain the hard, unvarnished truth makes poor reading. And in going over Gail Hamilton's letters I am continually reminded of the 17th of December, the anniversary of a poet's birth. It seems natural that the author of "Snow-Bound" should have arrived in winter. In those days December usually brought plenty of snow, and a green Christmas was the exception rather than the rule as now; while November was the month for skating, before the ponds put on their winter's dress. It was the "old-fashioned winter" to which our fathers like to refer. Also, it is not inapt that Gail Hamilton, the brightest and breeziest of American writers, was born in May, the month of nature's annual outbreak into life and loveliness. From earliest girlhood when his manly worth and encouraging words won her heart, she seems never to have forgotten Whittier's birthday. It was good Gamaliel Bailey of the *National Era* who sent her the conclusion of a letter from the poet, asking "Who is Gail Hamilton? That last poem was a fine one." And upon learning her identity he wrote to Mr. Bailey, "Respects to Mary A. Dodge, from her devoted admirer J. G. Whittier (at a distance)." And she copies it for her mother, adding "Has any other girl such an autograph as that?"

In a recent letter Harriet Prescott Spofford, a lifelong friend of Gail Hamilton, writes, "She came to our home at a time of great sorrow, and filled it with the inextinguishable laughter of the gods." Gail Hamilton herself writes to Whittier, replying to his letter which tells of his sister's failing health:—

"*My Dear Friend,*—Thanks for your kind words, you know they are coin of the realm to me. Your letter pains me. Death to me is not dreadful, but disease is. If she did not suffer I should not mind the loss of health. It is the very goodness of God that strikes me with terror. He is utterly good, yet he lets such terrible things happen, and where can one look for refuge? Nevertheless, do not think this, for it is right now and in the end it will be seen right and the best thing. Doesn't it give you light at the heart's depths to think of the future—the exceeding and eternal glory, so exceeding that it is even a weight of glory? Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words. Don't be cast down. I see such an ineffable brightness before you. I don't see, I suppose, the darkness that surrounds you, yet I feel the shadow of it, but the light is just ahead. Give my love to that darling little drooping, sensitive plant in this pell-mell world, and to your own blessed self, and don't mind my adjectives, which won't suit your Quakerly reticence, but they are the sweetest matter-of-fact. Good-night, and always good-morning."

She was then thirty years of age, and he more than twenty years her senior; and while her great relaxation, if not chief method of procedure, with men was to disagree merrily and provoke a lively argument, with him it was seldom so. She did not bother or bombard with literary fusillade the friend who took life so seriously and loved the world even as she loved him. She realized Whittier's greatness as compared with other men,—his superiority to ambition, his utter reverence for truth and righteousness; and, in a time when political and religious revolution threatened an engulfment, she, though conspicuous in reform and innovation, recognized the man whom no blast could weaken, no storm uproot. This she admitted when she wrote, "He is a king among men, and what is the use of talking?"

It was one of her regular pilgrimages, that trip to Amesbury; and though Oak-Knoll brought him nearer, she writes to J. G. Whittier:—

"*Dearly Beloved,*—I never would have believed it possible that the pomp of this world and the deceitfulness of riches would have so hardened your heart and blinded your mind to the poor working men and women of your own country. Why don't you write to me? Why don't you come to see me? Because you have perched on Oak-Knoll, and are lapped in luxury and petted to death by your cousins. When you were in Amesbury you were definite and local, but now I have lost you out of Amesbury and don't find you anywhere else. And here is your pretty book with your 'Witch of Wenham,' and I shall reserve it for Sunday reading. If only we could have a continuation of these October days to read it in! I have dipped in enough to see that it is you, and that you are stout in the faith that we shall be enjoying better Octobers when we have handed ours over to our successors. Gay deceiver, fickle and purse-proud, do you know that I have been building a barn,—not very fast, because the working man of Massachusetts has so much to do that he cannot finish anything at once. But it has got to the point where it is habitable,—Dutch hip, lightning rods (not paid for and already in law suit), box stall (too small), turn-table (won't turn), hennery (made

Digitized by Google

wrong and too cold), battened (only battens have not come); still it is great fun to have a barn, and if you had the least remains of regard for me you would come to see my new fence. But you care for none of these things. Are not the fountains of Oak-Knoll better than all the waters of my tank and cistern? Miss P. is also likeminded with you. She has lost all enthusiasm for good society and is now prancing around among bloated bondholders, with her soul completely absorbed in Kensington embroidery. And as a result of it all Butler will be governor of Massachusetts."

There was apt to be a slight political flavor to her letters; and no man objects to a woman's interest in politics if it is intelligent and just. Here is an allusion to the poet in a letter written in October of '65, where she says, "Thursday I had a letter from Whittier saying that he was ill and could not come, but would come some other time, unless the invitation were like some railroad tickets 'good for this day only.' Whittier's niece is going to school at Ipswich after Thanksgiving, and he wants me then to come over and make a long visit, and says, 'Thee shall sleep on feathers above and below, like a Dutch woman, if thee like, and say and do just what thee pleases, and I will be pleased with everything.'" None of his letters to Gail Hamilton are accessible to me now, but I doubt not he could uphold his side of a controversy. As late as 1880 she writes, "I had a letter from Whittier asking me to come over as in the old days, and I started off and found him well and pleasantly situated in his old home."

Gail Hamilton never lost the adventuresome, volatile ways of her girlhood. Dying at the age of sixty-six, she was alert and sprightly, her last trip to Washington to aid Mrs. Maybrick being made hurriedly, in the heat of summer. It was from our home and one of her delightful visits with her namesake niece, our little Mary, that she made her last sortie, and collapsed at Washington.

So it was that she stood by Whittier to the last. She would hasten at his call, from any place whatsoever, and one of my brightest pictures of her is that of the faithful, loving friend, hieing away to his home to congratulate the comrade of her early womanhood, and bear him roses on his natal day.

BEVERLY, MASS.

Preparations for Peace.

BY HORACE WESTWOOD, D.D.

The time to talk peace is *now*. We should have in our minds the terms of peace, and they must be so broad, humane, and equitable that they will leave with them no vestige of hate. I agree with the professor of modern history of the University of Chicago when he declares: "If the European man does not acquire a new set of dominant ideas, the present war, irrespective of who wins or loses, can only add another mass of terrible rancors to those already existing. Rancor piled on rancor—that way madness lies. Europe has followed a wrong track and must imperatively call a halt."

In order that this "new set of dominant ideas" may be acquired, the institutions and organizations believing in "peace" must start their educational campaigns to-day.

If we can approach the question of peace with the thought "that even though in the present instance we are in the right, yet in the past we have sinned," we shall have gone a long way in preparing the moral ground which can be the only foundation upon which the international settlement must be built. I believe that, even though the dream of a federated Europe may be a "far-off divine event" we may not hope to achieve in the immediate present, yet there is one thing we may achieve, and that is a Concert of Europe, which would be a league of peace composed of all the nations of Europe, a league banded not on the principle of "the balance of power," but on the principle of an European international police composed of nations who would pool their armaments against any nation that threatened to break the peace.

It stands to the credit of our nation that even as early as 1815, at the end of the last great war of allied Europe against military despotism, England sought to establish such a Concert of Europe. Castlereagh, the English representative at the Congress of Vienna, says Prof. Gilbert Murray, "concentrated his efforts upon a great object, a really effective and fully armed Concert of Europe, which he just failed to obtain, owing chiefly to difficulties about Turkey. He wished for a united guarantee from all the Powers that they would accept the settlement made by the Congress, and would in future wage collective war against the first breaker of the peace." This was a great dream and noble purpose even a hundred years ago. We must remember, too, that Castlereagh stood practically alone. He had no body of public opinion behind him in its favor. In fact the tide of public feeling was one of bitter enmity against France, and not a few wished to see her further humbled in the dust.

Now I am convinced of this: that our ministers—sent to meet the delegates of other nations—will approach the problem from the same high point of view. But we must remember that alone they will be powerless. They will have the representatives of other nations to deal with, who may not feel as we do. If the Allies are victorious we have no means of knowing what the attitude of Russia may be, and, flushed with victory, there may be the desire for further conquest and aggrandizement on her part, and if we are not careful there may be a new alignment of the nations and the balance of power will merely be shifted. It may even come to pass there may be a new "Triple Entente" composed of France, Germany, and England against Russia. There are more unlikely things. We have no idea of what the attitude of other nations may be, but of this we may be sure, that our representatives shall go instructed to accept peace on no other terms. In other words, the voice of the people must declare no treaty shall be signed unless there is guarantee of the immediate establishment of the "Concert of Europe." Otherwise the whole miserable business will repeat itself, and we shall find ourselves at the close of forty or fifty years in the midst of even a bloodier war. At the treaty, in the anxiety to come to an amicable understanding, there undoubtedly will be the tendency to compromise, just as Castlereagh was compelled to compromise in 1815, and unless there is united public opinion behind the treaty-makers, an opinion which declares it will accept peace on no other terms, one can perceive difficulties ahead. From now on a new objective must be given to the war: the thought must not be the destruction of militarism in Germany alone, but in the whole of Europe, otherwise the war will have been fought in vain.

The trouble is that we have so many problems resultant upon the war just now, we lose sight of the larger problem. Under our immediate pressure we may fall into the error of leaving it to a few to decide the terms of peace, just as they had the power to declare war. One has no doubt that they will do their best. It is unquestionable that their motives will be of the highest, but we must remember that their hands may be powerless to do what they would desire unless they have with

Digitized by Google

them an educated, enlightened, and determined public opinion that knows what it wants, and is familiar with the terms which will make possible what it wants. This work of education must be accomplished before the treaty. At the treaty it will be too late. The time to begin is NOW.

When the war first broke out, a man for whom I have great admiration, whose intelligence and fairness have always commanded my respect, said, "I hope Germany will be so thoroughly licked that her name may be effaced from off the map of Europe." I did not rebuke him, for he said what he did say on being heated after reading reports of the Belgian atrocities, and in his heart of hearts I do not believe he really meant it. I am sure this sentiment would find little sympathy in any section of the British Empire. In contrast with this it is refreshing to read the utterance of Winston Churchill soon after the outbreak of the war:—

"We do not seek in this war the subjugation of the German or Austrian people. Nothing is further from our intentions. However complete our victory may be, however shattering our defeat may be, they need never fear that the measure they meted out to Alsace or to Denmark, to Italy or Transylvania or in Poland will be meted out to them. Their independence, their customs, their language, all that they care about in their own government, their rights as citizens and free men, will never be assailed by us. We shall hold these rights inviolate and inviolable. These rights stand out, not on the basis of the struggles of nations, but on the necessary vital foundations of human society. We are fighting for the elementary rights of civilized men and states. We are not going to give them up, no matter how bitter our defeats may be, and we are going to maintain them, however complete our victory. The ultimate exaction which the victorious Allies will inflict upon the peoples of Germany and Austria is the liberation of the imprisoned nationalities within their grip."

This is a worthy and noble sentiment, an expression that brings a thrill of pride to each of our hearts, but a pride mingled with profound sorrow that war was deemed inevitable to bring this about.

Such weighty utterances as these should cause us to see the importance of preparing for "the peace" now while the war is raging. Not the problem of peace in general, but the peace which shall come at the end of the war.

I would that every newspaper right now would begin to discuss the terms of peace. I would that every church society would form classes for the study of international polity and the preparation for peace. I would that every minister of the gospel upon whose head has been laid hands ordaining him to declare and propound the message of the Prince of Peace should from now on make his pulpit a platform for the preparation of peace. I would that every teacher who holds the ideal of patriotism before her scholars would now instil in their minds a love of peace. I would that every mother in talking to the children that clamber around her knee would in this month of December, when we commemorate the birth of the lowly Jesus, lead their minds away from the Great War to the Great Peace. We have discussed the war enough. We must now discuss the peace.

Before the treaty! Before our minds become hardened to the thoughts of death and bloodshed. Before our spirits become embittered through the loved ones that have been slain by our enemies on fields of battle. Before the fires of racial hate burn so strongly that they deprive us of our calm judgment and sober reason. Before the knowledge of devastated lands, ruined homes, smoking cities and villages, starved women and children, cause us to cry aloud for vengeance and punishment. Before the hardships that may come upon us lead us to forget the high resolve and exalted motives in which we entered upon the struggle.

While far away those who are dear to us are lying in open trenches beneath the star-lit sky, while men who might have called each other friend are struggling in death agony and fearful fight, while the only sons of self-sacrificing mothers are facing the murderous hail of shrapnel and shell—shall we not dare to dream of peace for them and for the world? Shall we not resolve that now we will commence to work for such a treaty, that when it does come it shall bind bleeding Europe in bonds that cannot be broken?

WINNIPEG, CAN.

The Imperialism of Ideas.

BY WILLIAM WARE LOCKE.

The next great war shall be against conditions and not men.

Our visions are the boundaries of our fate,
Within whose magic circle we may sleep,
But dreams are only dreams, and, soon or late,
The thought must turn to action, small or great,
Would we those boundaries win or visions keep.

The clang of arms which rang in days of old,
Resounding still within the minds of men,
Awakes the spirit of the warrior bold
Which occupies our heart when tales are told
That bring the hero-lives to earth again.

Though blood still flows in streams for some great cause,
Inflamed by national pride and racial hate,
The time shall come when our most glorious wars
Shall be against conditions, and our laws
Redeem the time and bless the growing state.

We mourn the comrades lost, the leaders slain,
The many thousands who have bravely died,
But as their visions live and we maintain
Their faithful efforts, nought has been in vain,
For death itself shall fight upon our side.

The Church in Germany.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1905, Prof. Kuno Francke discussed with ability and insight the situation in the Germany of that year as contrasted with the Germany of thirty years earlier. From the point of view of a lofty idealism he surveyed its amazing progress in the sciences and arts of living, and asked whether, out of these stirrings of life, there would come a reawakening of spiritual strivings. He said:—

"In Germany the Church has ceased to be a moral leader: it has sunk back to the position of a defender of creeds. The inner life has been secularized in Germany: the men who shape spiritual ideals are philosophers, poets, artists."

In Germany the Church had gone so far in its reaction from the free ideals of liberty that in Prussia, for instance, cremation was forbidden by law, on the ground that it is prejudicial to the resurrection of the body. Prof. Francke's word, as good for America to-day as for Germany then, was:—

"Nowhere is there a greater chance, a wider opportunity, for the Church to become a spiritual leader, to receive into its own stream all the higher aspiration of the nation, than in Germany. No people is at heart more deeply religious than the German: nowhere is there more individual reaching out after the infinite. No view of life seems more clearly destined to become the common creed of modern humanity than the noble optimism, the joyous trust in the universe, the belief in the affinity of all things,

the sympathy with all existence, the faith in work, in continual endeavor, as the royal road to redemption, which are the living legacy of our classic literature and philosophy. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in these convictions which the Church might not assimilate. By placing herself on the same intellectual level with our thinkers, poets, and artists, by relinquishing the unworthy notion of an extramundane deity residing somewhere in a corner of the universe, by abandoning the childish conception of a single revelation of this deity in times past through the mouths of a few men and to a few chosen people, by resolutely casting aside the incongruous idea of the salvation of mankind through one vicarious sacrifice, by openly adopting a religion which is in harmony with the modern view of the universe, which is broad enough to include the demands of every human instinct, and which listens without fear to every message of Nature and all her interpreters, the Church would at once rally around herself all the longing, striving, aspiring minds of the nation, and a new era of popular religious life would be at hand. Germany, the home of free thought, would become the home of a new, free religion, also."

Is the Bottom dropping Out?

A man across from me at a dinner the other night took a fifty-cent cigar out of his mouth and replaced it with the following remark (it seemed to me a pity to take out a fifty-cent cigar for a thirty-cent remark, but probably he felt driven to it):—

"Well, there's one thing about this war; it's giving us all a chance to see through human nature. The mask is stripped off from civilization. Now we know at last what men and women are really like."

I suppose the remark irritated me too much, but the man looked so comfortable and contented with it, and I was so afraid he would make another, or that every man with a fifty-cent cigar at the table would pile in and agree with him that—well, I don't remember just what I said, but the general idea was that the world was full of old respectable rubber-tired remarks that everybody had been running on for ten thousand years, and nobody could puncture them.

This idea about civilization being a mask, for instance.

"Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage" was Noah's favorite retort. When Noah had been trying in vain for three hours to get some poor wild reckless relative to come into the ark, that was what he said to him. Jacob one morning got up from breakfast saying something horrid to Rachel and flinging himself out of the room, and Rachel, looking after the retreating form of her suave and elegant husband, said to her sister, "Scratch Jacob and you get Esau."

Some people assume that every time a man is ugly he has just smashed a hole down through into his real self. Everybody can see what he is. And when he is decent he is pretending. All virtues (they tell us) are put on, and all beautiful and harmonious things are a kind of rouge. Civilization itself for ten thousand years is a colossal affectation, everybody keeping guard on himself lest he should give himself away, and everybody spying on everybody else and keeping them up lest everybody should give everybody else away and the bottom should drop out of the world.

Of course the nearest thing to having the bottom drop out of the world is what is happening in Europe to-day.

When a man sitting quietly and comfortably at table watching the bottom drop out of a world turns to me pleasantly and says, "I told you so," and acts rested and relieved by having human nature look as mean and savage as he always thought it was, it seems to me something ought to be done or said by the world to this man which will make him feel lonesome and uncomfortable.

How many people agree with him?

The most important thing that is getting ready to-day in behalf of Europe is what America thinks and is going to do with this man's remark.

When this war is over, and a world has to be made once more painfully and slowly out of the human beings that are left, the older nations of the earth are going to gather around our boundless, thoughtless, mighty youngster-nation and say, "What does America think of human nature? What kind of a next thousand years does America pick out for it and propose to get for it?"

Then they will wait and hear what we say.

Two opposite theories of human nature are going to be laid before the American people. One or the other of these theories we are daily getting ready to vote on and adopt as our national faith—as our programme for a world. Soon there are going to be but two flags, practically, in the whole world. On one flag will be written the strange and tragi-comic saying that has plunged a whole continent into war because it believed it, "Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage." On the other will be inscribed in letters of light, "Wake up a savage and you get a gentleman!"

I believe that our American people are going to rally around this latter standard—this flag of humanity—and hold it up among the graver, older nations of the earth. We are going to proclaim it upon the air as our national religion. We are going to sing with it, dedicate nations to it, build skyscrapers to it, and cathedrals and railroads and cities to it!

Both of these sayings are different ways of putting the same idea—the idea that every man is mixed, woven part out of gentleman and part out of savage. But put it one way and you have what Europe has now, a civilization that is merely waiting to be smashed. Put it the other way and you have a civilization that is waiting to wake up. In other words, we turn it around.

"Scratch a savage and you get a gentleman."

America's peace is the fruit of the American theory of human nature. The war in Europe is the final sublime and awful culmination of Europe's theory of human nature. It is not merely a huge gun-battle that is raging in Europe. It is a theory of human nature that is raging there—the Krupp theory of human nature—"Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage."

All Europe has rallied to this belief. They have formed huge fanatical bodies of men called armies, all devoted to the faith that the only final sure way to deal with people is to assume that just underneath they are savages. They have conceived and built the dreadnought, a kind of vast sacrificial altar on water, a kind of cathedral to hate and fear and suspicion of human nature, filled day and night with the worshippers of a negative religious faith—the faith that Right cannot make Might, the faith that guns make human nature think, that only armor plate can protect God! . . . Without Krupp what is to become of poor helpless God?

. . . . . .

Last week two cold, dead soldiers—a German and a Frenchman—were found lying in a long death-grapple under the night sky. For many hours they had been lying there together like two strange statues of their own hate—effigies of their own fear and despair about themselves and about one another. Their dead fingers had to be pried away from one another's throats. Let no man tell me these men were being themselves, that they were

Digitized by Google

being themselves when they died. They died crazed with the lie they had been taught about human nature.

The only people in Europe to-day who are being their real selves are the Red Cross people. It is they who represent human nature. It is they who are the delegates to-day from all human nature, appointed by all of us to represent mankind on a sick and hysterical continent.

It is a harsh and bitter thing to say of a savage that he would do what the gentlemen of Europe are doing now.

San Francisco had a mere earthquake. Merely the ground under people's feet shook, and mere stones and iron girders fell on people's heads. But the people were fearless, steadfast, great-hearted, quiet about their souls and about one another. And men and women stood out above the ruins, heroic, unmastered, and with a sudden strange godlikeness on them. Like stars in a wide heaven the men and women stood while the flames licked up the stones of the earth and the skyscrapers rocked like poplars in a wind. Human beings looked in each other's eyes and knew themselves, and knew God! This is what human nature is. It is what European human nature is. But in San Francisco they had a mere earthquake. In Europe they are having a manquake Their religion or theory of human nature—the hell-about-people which they have been drilled into believing for forty years, and which now millions of other men who did not believe it have been cheated into believing—has worked its way to the surface and produced its manquake.

Nobody knows what human nature is, who judges it, or constructs a world for it, on the way it acts during a manquake.—*Gerald Stanley Lee, in Mount Tom.*

My Sunset.

BY HENRY W. PINKHAM.

I cannot reproduce that sunset glow
Upon the canvas, nor with words that flow
In colors from the poet-painter's pen
Have I the skill to make it live again
For you and others; but for me it lives,
And always will abide, the while it gives
A grateful sense of ownership sublime
Of treasures far beyond the risks of time.
Mine was, and is, and e'er shall be
That sun and sky, that land and sea.

Literary Portraits.

A curious lack in our contemporary criticism is the absence of that kind of literary portrait which Mr. Howells drew of Mr. Norton and of Mark Twain, and which he had drawn before in his masterly volume entitled "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances." The expertness of Mr. Henry James in this field of concrete criticism needs no testimony. But after we have mentioned these two artists, who is left? Think what a portrait of Norton Sainte-Beuve would have painted, after his devouring eyes had run through the two volumes of the "Letters"! What charm and color there is in Howells's picture of Cambridge in the eighteen-sixties and eighteen-seventies!

But there is charm and color in the newer Cambridge, too; or rather there was, only the other day! Why has no one painted it? There was Shaler, who wrote the early chapters of his autobiography with the concreteness of a Defoe, the grace of a Le Sage. He was known by thousands of Harvard men: he was an intimate of many scientists and men of letters: he has been dead only eight years, yet he is already the shadow of a shade. No one has really drawn him in any of his characteristic poses; no one has pictured his insight and his vanity, his flashing brilliancy and his human charm. There was Shaler's friend, William James. His books are read by scholars and pupils all over the world. But who will record the vibration of his rich baritone voice, his shyness, his whimsicality, his kindness, the strain of the irresponsible Irishman in him? Or take, finally, one other Cambridge personage, John Fiske, with his huge body, big brain, and big heart. Who dares render the actual breathing, hungry and thirsty animal of him, and his Rabelaisian laughter, his follies, his sentimentality, his intellectual and commercial makeshifts, in short, the whole lovable weakness and strength of that great boy! John Fiske was as real as Boswell's Johnson, and in another ten years he will be as remote as Jared Sparks.—*Bliss Perry, in the Yale Review.*

A Free Faith as an Element in a Free State.*

BY REV. WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN.

This subject, "A Free Faith in a Free State," calls us to investigate certain historic influences which we may see religion exercising upon mankind, certain vital influences likewise which we may observe religion exercising upon political institutions and the temper of a state. You will not think that I am proffering an excuse for a quite probable failure in dealing with this matter when I remind you that it is difficult. It lies in a field of reflection in which generalization is easy and quite possibly fatal to the facts and to truth. This I say in order that you yourselves may be on guard against taking with too much easy credit the conclusions which I shall venture as I go on with this subject. It is difficult, and it is a subject in which it is hard to come to perfectly solid ground—the influence of religion upon national character, upon political institutions, upon the destiny of freedom. All that is a thing not by any means clear, although one would think that we had traversed history enough to give us definite conclusions and some stable grounds for careful inference

I shall ask you to bear with me as I proceed somewhat inductively to approach this subject. That is to say, rather than give you at the outset what it is I am driving at and what I wish to impress upon you as conclusions, I will proffer for your own consideration certain facts upon which those inferences have been founded, so that, if you wish, you may accompany me in the process of inference and possibly reach conclusions that will differ from mine.

It is just cause for wonder, why the intelligence—not merely the state of freedom, not merely the political institutions, but the intelligence—of old Greece fell so quickly into deep decay. Look at the dramatic contrast. Consider first the age in which the older Greek religion had been purified by the mythology that had been clothed in shapes of beauty by Homer in verse and the artists in stone. Look at the age when Greek thought reached its most splendid elevation in Plato and Aristotle, when Greek tragedy reached the sublimest height of all tragedy, I think, in Sophocles and Æschylus. You will observe that Greek thought is here clean and clear, its religion is comparatively clean and clear and rational, for the tales of nine-tenths of its mythology no one believed, and there was a manifest monotheistic bent in that thought, as there ever has been in any high philosophic thought of any age and time. Religion, philosophy, politics, were guided by *saphrosyne*,—that untranslatable Greek word,—rational decency, temperateness, order, fineness. Now look at the other side of the contrast. Only a few generations later—after these stars had leaped out in the sky

* An address delivered before the Unitarian Club of Boston, Dec. 9, 1914.

Digitized by Google

of Hellas, after Plato and Sophocles, after Aristotle and Æschylus, after the cleansing of the Greek faith, after these beautiful accomplishments of mind and art—you will find that that same nation, that same keen mind, that same people of exquisite *sophrosyne*, sense of decency and fitness and order, had sunk in their philosophy to futility, had sunk in their religion to Oriental orgies and orgyism. The Greeks had met the Oriental world; they Hellenized it and died in the process. They took the poison from the patient they cured. Greek religion, instead of having in it that stateliness and cleanliness and order, became a religion of ecstasy and orgy, with mysterious initiations, with rites and sacraments and sacramentals, that belonged to primitive savagery. It would be a man not much given to deep reflection upon the issues of our human nature who would not ask himself, Why did it happen? What happened I may express to you in the happy, if somewhat colloquial, term used by Gilbert Murray, the eminent Greek scholar of Oxford, borrowed by him from Prof. Bury of Cambridge, when he said, "Greek religion lost its nerve, and so did Greek thought."

What does that mean? It means this: Greek thought as it was developing under the teaching of Plato and Aristotle was on its way toward solving the problems of conduct and life and religion rationally. It was on its way in the methods of fair order and decent reasonableness to solve the problem. Monotheism was practically achieved; a sound ethics was really founded and given form and body. But because that emancipating effort of reason was not seductive enough sentimentally, not agitating enough emotionally, the beautiful clean Greek race listened to the Asiatic siren with its religion of orgy, spiritual intoxication, diseased mysticism, and flung itself head forward to greet it, preferring the seduction of emotional excitement and perturbation to the normal development of clean thought which their own thinkers had taught them. They "lost their nerve"; they did not trust the orderly ways of reason; they wished rather for an infallible assurance of sanctity, for an infallible assurance of truth, for some inward mystical union with the gods by rites, by symbol, by sacrifice and sacrament, and so opened the gates to extravagance that they pitched headlong both to spiritual despotism and spiritual disease.

Secondly, another instance! When the Teutonic tribes, coming fresh and clean from their northern forests, overwhelmed the old and rotten empire of Rome, they brought with them, as every primitive and forest people will, priceless physical and spiritual advantages. They had been unspoiled by inveterate abuses; they had breathed the air of freedom; they were clean of body; they had a high regard for the individual value of a man. They were no serfs: they were children of liberty; they had trodden free paths.

Observe them shortly after their conversion to Christianity. That conversion to Christianity was both inevitable and beneficent. It is not to be interpreted from what I am saying that I deplore that conversion. That would run counter to my understanding of that event, but while they received the benefits of Christian culture they likewise exhibit to us certain deplorable declensions of spirit. These freemen who had looked up into a free sky, whose heart had leaped out to greet the wild winds in their native forest, presently had become shivering victims of idle terrors. There can be no adequate understanding of mediæval religion unless we understand the great part that was played in it by terror; and it will not be at all misestimating the high value of the conversion of those northern tribes when we realize the plain fact that one of the prime motives that led them from idolatry to Christianity was dread, terror, panic, at the thought and expectation of hell. These freemen consequently became, first, the victims of their terror; secondly, the serfs of a clerical despotism. Those proud heads, that had never bent in servitude when they were in their natural condition, were ground to the dust, and Teutonic kings, not in a beautiful humility, but in a servile fear, held the stirrup of the pontiff who might rise upon his horse with that assistance.

Thirdly, they who had brought the clean sense of human values from their original forest homes now became of so different a temper that we find them bringing into their codes of written law what had never been in their codes of unwritten law while they remained savages,—the law of torture, and not only torture, but torture inflicted for opinion's sake. These freemen of the north gathered fagots for the piles of how many thousand heretics we cannot estimate.

Is it not again the case that these Teutonic peoples "lost their nerve"? They had liberty in their blood and bone, and they did not trust it. They had valor in their soul, and they did not trust it. That valor, manifest upon their fields of conflict, became a shuddering horror when they contemplated the old wives' tales about devils flying through the air and about furnaces lighted for the reprobates hereafter. They who had been free "lost their nerve" for freedom, and they imposed upon others of their own blood and kin a yoke of iron clerical conformity and coercion which casts a shadow upon human history for very near to a thousand years.

Look at a significant incident in the wonderful history of the Netherlands as they fought against Spain for their freedom. The people of the Netherlands had been visited by that prince of butchers, the Duke of Alva, who, as representing Philip II. of Spain, had put to death by sheer butchery for conscience' sake probably twenty thousand perfectly innocent people in the course of six years as captain-general of the Netherlands; and for that, we may say, he received from the highest pontiff in Christendom a decoration which up to then had been reserved for crowned heads. The people of the Netherlands had fought against Alva, had witnessed this desolation of their homes, their families, their country-side. They had seen the most infamous side of religious persecution. This is what the people of the Netherlands proceeded straightway to do themselves. You know that they fought for their freedom eighty years. Midway of that term of eighty years there was a truce of twelve years declared between Spain and the Netherlands. When the Netherlands became at peace for this truce period of twelve years, almost at once a controversy broke out among themselves as to which of two types of Calvinism was correct—whether it was the strict Calvinistic type or the Arminian type, the liberal form of Calvinism. So fierce was the conflict that there were riots in the streets; there was danger that the little confederation of Holland states would be rent hopelessly asunder, thereby giving up their chance of liberty forever. In the course of the bitterness of that conflict between the two types of Calvinism the greatest statesman of the Netherlands, John of Barneveldt, was judicially murdered,—this by a people who had just come through the persecution of the Duke of Alva; this by a people who had been inflamed by the holy thirst for liberty. As soon as they got twelve years of borrowed liberty they turned upon one another and rent one another asunder, and the chief of the victims of that fratricidal and most senseless struggle was the greatest statesman of their country.

Finally,—and this is the end,—there was a political revolution in England which cost a king his crown and head. It was a movement for freedom, laid, created, guided by the Puritan spirit. Charles I. was overthrown

Digitized by Google

and slain. The Puritan Parliament was in complete control of the kingdom. Liberty had begotten that. Whatever may be the later fate of the English revolution, liberty conceived it and brought it forth. But as soon as the Presbyterian influence became dominant, as soon as their power was without question, instead of giving liberty the full right, again they "lost their nerve." You will pardon this repetition of Prof. Bury's phrase; it goes to the heart of the matter. Liberty must not be trusted too far, they said, and hence the coercions, the restrictions, the unwise laws which interfered with nearly every private activity of human life. Hence their laws, for example, against the freedom of the press, which drew forth that pamphlet, the "Areopagitica," which none of us has read without a leaping of the heart, by the greatest of all lovers of liberty, John Milton. Likewise, it was this spirit which led Milton to write that admonishing line, as sadly he turned away from his Presbyterian fellow-Puritans to die alone, "New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large."

To sum up these four significant instances: Greece mistrusted the guidance of clean reason and free inquiry, and plunged into ecstatic orgy, wanted to be dramatically certified about salvation, preferred turbid emotionalism to a rationally progressive faith. The barbarian peoples who became Christians in gaining much lost much. They lost the temper of liberty and themselves became serfs—to fear first and to a clerical despotism later, which it took a revolution to break. Thirdly, Holland and England both show us that even in mighty movements of human freedom, begun by independent congregations of free believers and free worshippers, there likewise it happens that liberty mistrusts itself, and that which begins in the holy cause of freedom is likely to end with freedom chained to the chariot of tyranny.

In order that we may see with some nearer approach to justice how those lessons of history may possibly apply here, I will venture now to draw these inferences which I think are made legitimate by these facts:—

The mere fact that a people or a movement is free is in itself no guarantee that it is going to remain free forever. In other words, freedom and progress are not mechanical, but human. There is not, I think, in the laws of gravitation or the revolution of the heavenly bodies anything which makes progress absolutely inevitable, for the thing does not produce itself by mechanical contrivances or by physical law. It depends upon human will and human character, and, if these decline progress, liberty will likewise decline. Hence I have just uttered that sentence again; namely, because a movement begins in freedom, and because a people opens its history as free, that in itself is no guarantee that they will remain so, since there is no mechanical necessity making either freedom or progress either continuous or perpetual.

Secondly, I think this generalization, disinclined as I am to generalize, is substantially true; namely, whenever a religion becomes powerful its worst elements are likely to gain the supremacy over its better elements, so that, if a religion gives us, let us say, high emotional and holy exaltations at the same time it tends to repress and coerce the intelligence, sooner or later the second of these two things, namely, the coercive tendency, will become so predominant as to jeopardize the value of the first. When religions are highly successful, their worst elements come to the fore and are likely to become thenceforth the dominant element.

Thirdly,—and this inference has most pertinence here,—whenever religions have decayed and declined and become a danger and a source of corruption and weakness in a state, it is because they have abandoned liberty, and that trust in human reason and human nature which is the basis of liberty. Never has there been a religion which has cherished liberty as its foundation which has been other than beneficent while it cherished it.

These three inferences I think the facts of past history justify.

Now is there in the United States at the present time any notable passion for a religion of liberty? I do not think there is. On the contrary, it is a matter for wonder, remembering who we are, remembering what spirit is at the bottom of this venture upon this new continent, remembering from what traditions we have drawn our inspiration, it is remarkable that with that history behind us, with that spirit in our heart, the religions which have prospered chiefly upon this continent are those which most stringently commandeer the human intelligence and prevent it from asking the plain and instinctive questions for validity, for proof, for truth.

We have seen here—I am speaking not merely of one religion; there are indeed more than one, and let us not make any mistake about it—religions which choke the question which the honest mind asks; religions which would coerce, which would keep in tutelage, which would surround us with the attentions of the cradle as though we were to be forever immature. These have wonderfully prospered. A religion based upon liberty? We have scarcely felt the pulse of it in our public life; we have observed it very little in any community of this republic.

Are we, too, "losing our nerve"? Is the old primitive passion dead? Are we to see the system of spiritual coddling, the prohibition to ask questions or to open free lips, going forward and increasing ever and ever until, subtly and seductively, that spirit of sensitive independence, without which we stand for nothing in the world's history, has been weakened year after year, until in some crisis we open our minds to find that it, the American heritage, is dead? Do we dare to trust liberty?

A religion which has liberty for its foundation, for its spirit, for its fundamental law and charter, without compromise or tergiversation or the subtle use of words, is such a religion as we profess. This is no time or place for us to boast, and that is a temper far from any of us, I hope, for the consciousness of our failures would probably push back the words into our throat. But I do say, however, speaking as frankly *pro* as I would *contra*, that, as far as I know, there is not any other form of religion which consecrates liberty and is less likely to lose its nerve in following liberty to the uttermost,—there is no other religion that I know so characterized as our own.

This may be as much to our humiliation as to our praise, for why have we not, then, made more of it? I mention it only to bring before us all the necessity of a type of religion like ours in a country like ours. As for the task of a liberal Christianity being done, it has not yet been attempted, much less achieved. A religion which is to consecrate liberty, which is to utter that word into the ears of slaves and serfs who surround you and me,—such a religion in a country like ours may very well yet have a mighty share in determining the destiny and achieving the salvation of this republic.

This idea of liberty, not losing our nerve, but carrying it forward and consecrating it in every department of life, I think we may keep in mind likewise when we deal with other religions. For example, there is fortunately,—the movement must be welcomed and fostered,—there is growing up the spirit of co-operation between ourselves and other faiths, particularly Oriental and Asiatic religions. That is splendid and just. I only ask, however, should there be any need of it,—I do not think that there is,—that we do not forget, whether in that relation or in any other, that our principle is spiritual liberty, first

Digitized by Google

and always. We are kindred with Islam by pure monotheism. We are at the furthest possible distance from Islam because Islam is despotic, based upon the iron orthodoxy of a book, and that we never possibly can tolerate.

Likewise there will be such a movement as the Aryo-Somaj of India. The Aryo-Somaj of India is based upon Vedic orthodoxy. It declares to the Hindu, "No light of the spirit comes from the West that your old India does not possess and did not possess before," and the Aryo-Somaj is making a determined effort to reconvert those Hindus who have become Christians on the principle that the Vedic orthodoxy is higher than the Christianity to which these Hindus have turned. Here, again, there is a spirit of the narrowest nationalism, of the most pronounced book-idolatry, which stands in the way of such liberty as I conceive to be our charter and our foundation.

All that I have said will really amount to about this: One may judge roughly, as substantially one may judge of the drift tendency, even the future of a nation, by watching the development of its religions, for they will indicate, perhaps before the political institutions or the temper of citizenship indicate, what spirit is coming upon us. If that is so, then there is sufficient reason for keeping our eyes open and our hearts open over the spread among us of religions which never have been at home with liberty. Yet such religious ideas, such religious spirit, are spreading among us, and for that we shall, of course, have no remedy except to understand better the foundation of liberty which is beneath our own feet and to renew our loyalty and allegiance to that liberty which is the breath of our nostrils.

Let us understand, then, that a new and bold vocation awaits us, to preach the greatest word that falls from human lips, liberty—the liberty of the children of God.

You might ask me to define it. I have not yet defined it. What is liberty? Does it mean that we should invite to our churches and establish in our pastorates men who preach free love, who would consecrate murder by a sentimental anarchism? Nothing of the kind is meant by liberty. Liberty means, if you will pardon the descriptive definition, letting God do with us what he will, that is to say, letting the Supreme Truth lead us to the best truth we can achieve; and over every obstacle of sect or synod, over every fear within or terror without, it is letting the Supreme Righteousness guide us to the greatest righteousness that we can achieve, fearless of public opinion or of censure, if only we are faithful to the inner and the upper Light.

This description of liberty as leading to divinity and divineness, leading to cleanness of thought, to clearness of life, to vigor and ardor, is the religion which I think our nation most needs and without which conceivably it shall not live.

We are not destined in the fates to live unless we ourselves are worth living; and this liberty, this idea of liberty which does not "lose its nerve," which will not run after an emotional agitation or a sweet sentiment, if thereby the light of our intelligence is even dimmed,—that religion, so far as I can understand it, is the one bestowed into our hands. These two or three propositions will, once more and for the last time, sum it up:—

A nation cannot be indifferent to the religion that is professed within its boundaries. Religions that are predominantly religions of tutelage, of the childhood and immaturity of the race, will, if victorious, end in a deformation of institutions that are free. Thirdly, though there is good unquestionably in many religions which have this fashion,—of coercion, of tyranny, of terror,—though there is much that is good, sweet, noble, in them, I think it a law of religious history that, once a religion is victorious, its worst elements become predominant and guiding.

Finally, the religion which has never yet been to the uttermost tried among men is a religion which does not "lose its nerve," but which is based upon the freedom of the spirit of man, and which has the faith unshaken that man's spirit, if free altogether, is going to find truth uncreated and everlasting, is going to find an ideal love that lives when all our hates are dead, is going to find a righteousness which was before the eternal hills. This is the liberty of the children of God, the faith without which I think a free nation is in danger, the faith which without much merit of our own we have had intrusted to us, the faith which I hope you will never be tempted to misunderstand because here it is small and there it is insignificant, remembering only the mighty idea which it holds at its heart and remembering that to a greater extent than we are now able to judge the future of the nation that we love and the future of the religion that we love are one.

NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Power of a Few.

One of the tremendous evils of the world is the monstrous accumulation of power in a few hands. Half a dozen men may, at this moment, light the fires of war through the world, may convulse all civilized nations, sweep earth and sea with armed hosts, spread desolation through the fields and bankruptcy through cities, and make themselves felt by some form of suffering through every household in Christendom.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

Spiritual Life.

All errors spring up in the neighborhood of some truth; they grow round about it, and for the most part derive their strength from such contiguity.—*Rev. T. Binney.*

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent.—*Grimke.*

There being in man a sense of right and wrong, religion becomes a most potent influence, because it announces a judgment-bar before which all must stand. It completes the theory of virtue and vice, by reminding the soul that it is daily approaching a final rendering of its accounts.—*David Swing.*

Prayer.

O Thou, unseen, yet ever near our souls, be with us as we remember our struggles and our failures. Day after day we are upheld by thy love. In the midst of our waywardness or indolence, thou dost still shed on us the sunshine and the rain. Still with thy constancy dost thou remind us of our unfaithfulness, and summon us to earnest work. Lord, we would confess our unworthiness, and ask of thee more strength for duty, and a deeper faith. Let us not shrink from the high tasks to which thou callest us, or tremble at the burden or the mystery of sorrows or temptations we had not foreseen. Take us into the fellowship of all pure hearts that cry to thee. Teach us our kin with all who have conquered in difficulty, and loved even through their pain; and so make our worship fruitful in toil and trust. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

From German Newspapers.

BY KATE HUDSON.

In nearly every many-branched big family, especially in those transplanted root and stock from patriarchal Germany to our own more friendly soil, there will be one who by reason of position, ability, or age is universally accepted as that particular family's head, to be visited, consulted, written to, and regarded as a sort of Home Office. Which goes to explain why she whom the infirmities of eighty-three well-spent years keep pretty firmly anchored to her room still hears so much at first hand for and against the land which her father, with his wife and a big family of small folk, was forced to leave in stressful, stormy 1848.

From all over the Union there come fluttering toward her letters telling of agonized half-days spent in getting out of Europe; of a last state-dinner in the newest Parisian hotel, just before it was closed by the government because its owner had been detected as a spy of long standing, to be accordingly dealt with; of being turned back on a vacation trip to the English Niagara Falls because of one's quite unmistakably German looks and surname; of being overrun by hordes of Austrians and Germans evicted from Canada and flocking into Seattle in search of employment. From all over Germany there are arriving belated missives telling of over a score of relatives—of whom, alas! more than half have already returned wounded, or have been reported killed and missing—flocking to the front; and of their martyr women-folk, settling bravely down to dreary waiting and hoping, to harassing anxiety and despair.

Every other letter announces local papers which the writer has ordered sent (by the publishers "free of charge"), by order of the government to let America know the rights of Germany's case. These small and flimsy journals, purporting to give the only reliable war news, strike the American reader as most inadequate and hopelessly confusing, but, intermingled with sickening battle details, harrowing loss lists, blood-curdling invective and pertinent advertisements, there occurs an occasional news-item recalling gentler German national traits and standing forth brightly from the dismal German gray background.

Just glancing at the statement that in Ellwangen the *Gymnasium* (high school) will reopen as usual, but without the upper class because that same head class has, in a body, marched to the front (trying not to see the one describing the German small street-boy as varying the popular "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home" into "Zeppelin, Zeppelin, fly o'er the foe"), we turn to the "Lost and Found" column, in which a back-country *Landwehr*-soldier advertises the *Quartier* offered him by two elderly ladies in fashionable West-Kassel as "lost," and begs for directions, so he may reach the same, such directions to be sent to the restaurant Wilhelmshöhe, Allee 118; and signs himself "A Stranger-within-the-City-Gates, Landwehrmann, Substitute-Bataillon 83."

In wittily expressed horror of calumnies upon the enormous German appetite, one article quotes a Belgian newspaper, which makes three thousand German soldiers consume forty thousand pounds of meat and sixty thousand pounds of bread a day—more than thirteen pounds of meat and twenty pounds of bread per capita! "No wonder," is the concluding sentence, "they fear a fighting capacity built up on such rations."

There are many allusions to the dearth of news, and the hankering for newspapers among the soldiers. One very middle-aged *Landwehrmann* writes that, if permitted to choose between comfortable quarters for the night, a fine dinner, a box of good cigars, or a couple of "last editions," he would unhesitatingly take the newspapers, "although," he naïvely adds, "I can appreciate good food and good cigars, and have for full five weeks gone to bed in my boots and all the rest of my uniform. One no longer knows what's going on anywhere, and the wildest and most impossible rumors are afloat."

Queer bits "from America" are occasionally found, such as that an American "newspaper-king is trying to form a cotton corner in America by trying to induce every adult to 'buy a bale' by way of speculation." The lengthy article ends with the diatribe of another New York paper against said newspaper-king for joining America's leading German daily journal in advancing the interests of Germany. Another report on conditions in Canada wonderingly shakes a figurative head over "the American who knows no patriotism. He [the American] considers the Germans altogether mad for fighting like savages with most of the rest of the world." We also come in for considerable ridicule for believing all we read about German losses; there's a quotation from a big daily, "If Germany wants war she's getting her heaped-full measure of it," followed by an appalling casualty list which, let us hope, is as ludicrously impossible as the Cologne *Weekly* seems to think it is.

An editorial deplores, and cannot possibly understand, the general American attitude toward Germany, although upon the selfsame page an article on the "German Brussels" commends the military authorities for assuming the "*right*, as they have the *might*, to nip in the bud the slightest incipient disturbances," and cites some of the penalties for offences just committed,—"one year in prison [in a remote corner of Germany] for hindering a soldier in discharge of his duty; six months in prison [also in distant Germany] for a woman who publicly denounced the German military; and capital punishment for aiming at a soldier from up in a tree.

The experience of an officer now in the hospital at Bonn makes pleasanter reading. He was badly wounded in the arm while in France's battles, and received first aid from a French priest to whose humanity he testifies as being on a par with his skill. "Wherever there was need, there also was the *curé*; his soutane well tucked up, he ministered to the wounded, friend and foe alike, just as they came along, with the skill of a surgeon and the tenderness of a woman."

Let us close with this little episode before Rheims where a German sergeant of the Sanitary Squad was quartered with many others upon the village *curé*, "right next door to the tiny church, in which it occurred to me to hold an evening service. The *curé* was willing, and services began at half-past eight. All the many soldiers occupying the wee townlet, Protestants as well as Catholics, attended. The candles on the altar to the Virgin were our only light. A young medical assistant played the melodeon, and I read prayers from the camp prayer-book. At the close of the service the French priest—who had considerable German—made a short address in which he praised the reverential spirit of the soldiers and fervently thanked God for raising up for himself so many young men worshippers."

Literature.

The Life of Thomas B. Reed. By Samuel W. McCall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.—Mr. McCall has done a valuable piece of work in his study of a man whose part in the history of his times was important, and whose personal character and quality make him an exceptionally interesting subject for biographical treatment. We seem to see Reed here as he was, as boy, as youth, and as the brilliant, high-minded leader. He is presented in just proportions, not overshadowed by the political history of which he was so large a part, but shown as the man himself, whose convictions about the great questions which were before the country while he was in Congress naturally expressed his inner mould and temper. Bowdoin College has been the *alma mater* of many distinguished men. Nearly thirty years after Reed's graduation he said of it: "Bowdoin has many superiors in wealth and size, but for the production of men of good sense, culture, intellectual grasp, and capacity for affairs it has few rivals and no superior." His first service in Congress coincided with the election of Mr. Hayes as President, when a new set of questions at once came to the front. The story of his career there supplies such good reading that one wonders his speeches have not yet been collected, since these citations reveal so much interest and significance. Speeches may endure the lapse of time when they touch upon eternal questions. Mr. Reed took broad views. As Mr. McCall justly says, "He was an unyielding advocate of equality of rights for all citizens, and steadily maintained the principles of the Declaration of Independence." The chief reason for his retirement from public life was the annexation of over-sea territory, an act which he believed violated the foundation principle of self-government. Every speech here noted shows also the true quality of Reed's humor. He was far from being one with whom the telling phrase or the witty story counted most. On the contrary, he seems never to have brought in a story for its own sake, but always for the sake of its illustrative quality, while his impromptu remarks, his spontaneous repartee, indicate his instinctive readiness and resource. If one should begin to quote, it would be difficult to stop, and we mention only one example of "excellent fooling." After Reed had been chosen leader of his party in the House, some of the newspaper writers nominated him for the presidency, an honor for which Gov. Long and Frank Hiscock had been similarly proposed. Reed gave an interview in which he explained how he had put his two rivals out of the running and drew up a platform which is a first-rate satire on candidates who try to please everybody. Here is his description of the

Digitized by Google

way he got the better of Gov. Long: "Long and I assembled ourselves together, held a caucus, and agreed that the announcement, so far as we are concerned, was both timely and judicious, but we decided by a unanimous vote that Hiscock was not available, for reasons that must suggest themselves to every thoughtful and patriotic man. This action having narrowed the contest down to Long and myself, I suggested, with the kindest and most disinterested motive, that for the sake of harmony he ought to withdraw. He demurred to the proposition and did not appear to take much interest in it until I offered to make it an object to him and volunteered to pay him $5 in lawful money if he would agree to retire in my favor and make a speech nominating me in the presidential convention. He replied that he was not a $5 man, whereupon I raised him to $8. I'm not the man to let a few dollars stand in the way of harmony, so when he refused I asked him how much he would take." Long finally agreed to take $15, which was "pretty steep," but the bargain went through, Long being willing to let Reed write the speech of nomination himself. There is especial pleasure in reading these pages for one who remembers vividly the successive events during the score or more of years which it chronicles, but there must be hardly less profit in them for the younger people who have known of Reed only as a name and perhaps as the man who inaugurated the quorum rule in the House.

HOME TRAINING OF THE PRIZE BABY. By G. Hardy Clark, M.D., and Margaret V. Clark, M.D. Waterloo, Ia. 40 cents.—The purpose of this attractive booklet is to "direct attention to weaknesses that are at the foundation of mischief and crime, and to propose for the general use of parents a system for training children in correct living." Great social diseases, the authors assert, result from bad training in the first sixty months of the lives of children. Idleness, disorderliness, and selfishness are prime causes of these evils. Their cure in houses of refuge, reformatories, prisons, and sanatoriums is effected, if at all, through teaching habits of industry, orderliness, and kindness. Why not lay the foundations for healthy moral adult life by teaching these saving elements of character in childhood? The main part of this teaching must be done while the child is still under five years of age, yet many parents think the child of five has yet to begin his education. To give assistance in this fundamental work of child training is the purpose of this little booklet. Score cards are furnished as a means of testing the mentality and moral character of children from eighteen months to four years of age, and of children above four, and adults. Character and mentality of every child over eighteen months of age, say these physicians, should be tested not less often than once in three months; and *his parents, teachers, and playmates should also be as regularly tested.* A few very simple but essential principles of training are given in the form of a catechism. All the little child activities are scheduled as games, and a list of these for each three months of life up to two years, and each six months up to five years, are given. The pages furnish opportunity for additional records of the child's achievements. Here is the sort of "baby book" that the fathers and mothers of young children would do well to keep. Its suggestions and tests are thoroughly scientific, yet directions and suggestions are given in simple terms and may be easily understood. Two illustrations, a child's head on the cover and a double-page picture of home-training work done by children under three years of age, add to the attractiveness of the book. It is worth many times its price to parents and teachers, and may be secured by mail from the authors.

THE DIARY OF WILLIAM BENTLEY, D.D. Pastor of the East Church, Salem, Mass. Vol. III., January, 1803–December, 1810. Vol. IV., January, 1811–December, 1819. Including Subject Index to Volumes I.–IV. Salem, Mass.: The Essex Institute, 1914.—Dr. Bentley was an old-fashioned minister of a kind now almost extinct, for he knew and ministered to every man, woman, and child in his parish. He knew also and had relations of some kind, friendly or otherwise, with every man who was worth knowing in Salem, Boston, Cambridge, and Washington. Outside of his own parish he knew and was interested in the fortunes of all the people of Salem, and was equally interested in the Arab and other chiefs about the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf with whom he exchanged letters by courtesy of the many ship-masters hailing from Salem, and from whom he received many rare and curious manuscripts, Persian, Arabic, and Chinese. The products of his industry and learning are, in part, preserved in the library of the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., whence the contents of the four ponderous volumes of the diary before us are derived. With reference to his versatility and learning Thomas Jefferson once addressed him as "Doctor of Physics, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Laws, and Doctor of Divinity." Students of biography and genealogy who are searching for material in Eastern Massachusetts a hundred years ago will find in these ponderous tomes a mine of information. People who are looking up their ancestors may or may not find that which will minister to their pride, for the good parson was a veracious chronicler, and set down the record of the events as they occurred without reference to the effect that might be produced upon the mind of posterity. Many eminent persons appear in casual notes as they come and go in private life or on public occasions—John Adams, Timothy Pickering, Samuel Adams, Joseph Story, William Gray, and numerous other men eminent in business or politics. For further notice see editorial on Bentley and his diary.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND SCHOOLS. By Walter H. Small. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.—This book proves to be a storehouse of facts that relate to the early schoolmasters of New England, and the conditions under which they labored. Early records and town histories have been searched and all items relating to educational methods and achievements carefully put together. All the early settlements are laid under tribute, and the amount of historical information thus preserved is significant and interesting. It must make mothers of the present day shudder to read the chapter on discipline, so stern, not to say barbarous, were the arbitrary punishments. One wonders that the children were not all spoiled, but the author concludes that out of this rigidity came "a survival of the fittest, a sturdy, self-reliant people,—poor readers, poor spellers, but generally good writers, with no knowledge of geography or history or grammar, with little knowledge of arithmetic, but sturdy of character." Perhaps our poor forefathers could have spelled better had they been beaten less. It would be a mistake, however, to think that discipline is a major consideration in the plan of this book. On the contrary, it occupies but a small place, and great and genuine service has been done by the patient compilation of important records. Of the book Mr. George H. Martin, formerly of the State Board of Education, says: "No book has ever been prepared which begins to be so full of information or to cover so wide a range in so exhaustive a way. As a source book of the story of one phase of New England's history it will occupy a permanent place by itself. It would serve admirably as a basis for class study in educational history." The book needs an index.

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—There are not so many books written about home training that we could spare this one from the list. It is particularly successful in suggestions to "put yourself in the child's place," with better comprehension than most parents have of the way things look to a child. Theoretically, the days are past when parents felt that they must "break" a child's will instead of training it, or plead for the moral right of parents to dominate, even affectionately, their grown-up children; but actually, in many families, the arbitrary, irresponsible commands of the mother or her unconscious selfishness infringe on the child's right to be led into ways of self-reliance, and in later years bring about the untrue generalization that "one generation cannot understand another." For any mother or grandmother these are fascinating pages, which many a woman who shrinks from educational books in general (as most of us undeniably do) will read with absorbed interest.

SONGS OF THE OUTLANDS. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.—As the writer of *Overland Red*, Mr. Knibbs comes well recommended. The spirit of the Western plains and mountains, the dash and thrill of border life were in it; and somehow it is no surprise to find the same spirit swinging in measured stanzas and proving the writer of that California romance a poet as well as a story-teller. It is a good thing to have a volume of new poetry as fresh and clear as this is. It seems like the real thing with no breath of the study or of city walls about it.

THE GOLDEN GOBLET. By Jay T. Stocking. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1 net.—These short stories are charming both in subject and treatment, and happy the child who found one on Christmas morning. The Christmas spirit is in them, and, as the Christmas spirit ought to go through the year, it follows that they are good for any season. There are several full-page illustrations in color.

Digitized by Google

The Home.

A Non-combatant.

BY MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

They took the schoolground for a mimic world,
And made a mimic war in foolish play;
Wood swords unsheathed, and patchwork flags unfurled,
The noisy factions mocked a general fray.
With Zepp'lin bombs and wireless at command,
With chargers, each a sapling or a weed,
These warriors clashed; they could not understand
The Red Cross work, or wounded soldiers' need.

One lone observer watched the battle; then,
"Come join our ranks!" each hostile army cried.
"We're English." "Russians." "French." "We're Kaisermen."
"These are the Allies standing side by side."
It was a "Holland-man" who shook his head:
"I fights mit Peace," the little hero said.

Happy New Year's Gifts.

Little Happy New Year was out in the kitchen with her mamma. It was a very pretty kitchen. The walls were painted bright blue, and all around the walls were blue-and-white tiles. Each tile had a picture to suggest one of the holidays. On one tile was a whirling pinwheel. Which holiday did that mean? On a second was a horn so full of may-flowers that a few were dropping out. Another tile had white snowflakes hurrying across the blue square, and a sprig of holly in one corner. That meant a day you can't forget, and so on.

Happy New Year and her mamma were making molasses candy. Mamma was stirring the molasses as it stood in a kettle on the stove, and Happy New Year was just as busily buttering two deep pans. Mamma kept dropping a little of the hot molasses into a cup of cold water to see if it had become thick enough; and when finally the molasses, thus put into water, at once became solid, she knew the candy was all ready to be poured into the pans.

"But don't forget the peanuts!" said Happy New Year.

"There! I *should* have forgotten them," said mamma. The peanuts were then placed in orderly regiments along the bottom of the pans, and the candy—a charming golden-brown—poured over all.

"My! It'll freeze in a jiffy, I guess," said mamma, as she opened the back door and set one pan out into the ice-glazed porch. Happy New Year then put out the other pan. "Now let's rest ourselves and have a cozy talk," said mamma. So they sat in a deep old wooden rocking-chair (quite near the stove, yet not too near), Happy New Year in mamma's lap. It was true comfort, and the ancient clock over in the far corner seemed to say approvingly, "That's right! that's right!"

"Well, dearie," began mamma, stroking one little sticky hand, and, of course, not minding the stickiness, "have you thought of any return you can make for all the good times the Day cousins gave you last year?"

"I've thought of one or two things I might do," replied Happy New Year.

"Suppose we talk them over, then," said mamma, "and see which plan would answer best."

"I thought maybe I'd send each one of them a box of candy," said Happy New Year.

"That would hardly do, darling," said mamma, "because St. Patrick's won't look at anything that isn't green, and the twins—His and Her Birth Day—get too much candy as it is."

"I forgot that," said Happy New Year. "How would it be to send each a Nonsense Book like the one grandpa sent me last Christmas? It would be nice to have the presents all alike, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps so," began mamma, a bit doubtfully, but then the little girl said eagerly, "No! They'll have to be different. At least the Nonsense Book won't do, for April Fool's Day told me he was so tired of jokes he hoped never to hear another."

"You are right," said mamma; "it will be far better to have no two gifts alike. The cousins will like best something you have yourself made, and what fun you will have planning the gifts!"

Here Happy New Year slid off her mamma's lap to run into the next room and get a sheet of paper and a pencil, that she might write down the names of her Day cousins. The pencil proved to have a broken point, so she ran in again to her own little desk with its three drawers and six cubbyholes. In one of the cubbyholes lay her penknife, and soon the pencil had a fine sharp point. Then Happy New Year again climbed into mamma's lap.

Here is the list she wrote:—

St. Valentine's Day.
Washington's Birth Day.
St. Patrick's Day.
April Fool's Day.
Patriot's Day.
May Day.
Birth Day.
Independence Day.
Thanksgiving Day.
Christmas Day.

There were other Day cousins, for it was a mighty big family; but these were the favorites of Happy New Year.

You will like to hear what each of these cousins gladly received before the round, red sun bade good-night to Happy New Year Day. St. Valentine had this verse, copied very neatly on pink paper by Happy New Year:—

"Welcome each small offering
That a young child's love may bring,
Though perchance he stint himself
Of some childish joy or pelf,
That starves in its own plenty pent."

For Washington's Birth Day a fine pie was made, Bridget helping a great deal, to be sure, but Happy New Year putting in every bit of the raspberry filling between the layers.

St. Patrick's was such a little boy that he still wore round collars. So Happy New Year, having found some dainty bits of Irish lace, with the help of a paper pattern fashioned for him a pretty collar. This she tied with a bow of green ribbon.

Mamma said that since April Fool's Day was so tired of jokes he ought to be given something solemn. It was decided to send him "Rollo at Play." (He was seen afterward reading the book with great pleasure, but as sober as a judge.)

Patriot's Day had a penholder formed like an American flag. To dear little May Day was sent a box of candied violets. Birth Day's present was seven bayberry candles, all ready for her cake. Independence Day shouted "Hurrah!" on getting a generous jug of lemonade. Thanksgiving Day cried, "Now, this is what I've always needed," when he was handed two stones, a round flat one on which to place nuts, the other a smaller but thicker and heavier one with which to crack them. These stones Happy New Year had picked up on the seashore.

And Christmas? What offering was worthy Christmas, the Day of all the Days? To this cousin Happy New Year sent only her love. For, if you will think about it, you will agree that love is the dearest thing that comes to us in all the year. However, molasses candy is good, in its way, and after planning all these nice presents mamma and Happy New Year opened the kitchen door and found the candy well frozen. So, calling in all the family, who had just returned from a sleighride, every one had a Happy New Year feast.—*Caroline S. Allen, in Zion's Herald.*

The Presents.

Theodore was going to town, to the dentist's, and Dorothy cried at the breakfast-table because she could not go. But Aunt Alice whispered, for a secret, that she was going into town herself the next morning, and would take her. And Theodore told her that he would bring her something that afternoon. So Dorothy stopped crying.

As soon as Theodore had started, Dorothy began to wonder what he would bring home to her.

There were twenty-three beautiful new haystacks in the back lot. Dorothy went out to try them, but she did not enjoy tumbling on haystacks without Theodore.

When she had tried five, she went into the house and asked mother if it was not almost four o'clock.

"No, dear, it won't be four o'clock till after luncheon," mother said.

"Then, mother, won't you please have luncheon pretty soon?" Dorothy urged.

Mother kissed her and told her that they would have it just as soon as it was ready, and that she might go out in the kitchen and help Augusta shell peas. So Dorothy went out in the kitchen, and sat down on the doorstep and shelled one hundred peas.

After a while they had luncheon, and after that mother said that, if she would take a little nap, when she woke it would be nearer the time for Theodore to come.

Dorothy lay down and shut her eyes very hard for a long time, and by and by she went to sleep. When she woke, mother was just coming into the room with some clean dresses that Augusta had been ironing.

She let Dorothy choose which she would wear that afternoon, and Dorothy chose a muslin with a vine of small blue flowers, because she knew her brother liked it.

As soon as she was dressed, she went out to the gate to watch for Theodore. In just a little while she saw him coming up the hill with father, and ran to meet them.

She took hold of father's other hand, and all the time she was wondering hard what Theodore had brought her, but of course she could not ask.

When they reached the piazza, Theodore told her to shut her eyes, and when Dorothy

Digitized by Google

looked she was holding in her hands—well, I know you will be as surprised as Dorothy was—a baseball bat!

Dorothy's eyes opened wide.

"Is it for me, Theodore?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes," said Theodore, nodding to make her sure, "and it's a fine one! Just let me show you." He took the bat and swung it over his shoulder, whirling round on one foot. Then he handed it back to Dorothy.

"Th-ank you, Theodore," Dorothy said slowly; and then she ran and climbed up in mother's lap for a little while.

The next day it was Dorothy's turn to go to town. Theodore went out and tumbled on the haystacks, but he did not enjoy it very much alone, either. It was so much more fun with Dorothy.

Dorothy came home at noon, and when she came she handed Theodore a box wrapped in light brown paper.

"I've brought you something, Theodore."

Theodore undid it. You may guess three times what it was.

A doll's tea-set,—cups and saucers and plates, and the dearest little cream-pitcher and sugar-bowl and teapot, with pink roses on every one!

"Isn't it beautiful, Theodore?" Dorothy asked, looking up into his face for approval.

Theodore hesitated. "Quite," he said slowly, then added, "Thank you, Dorothy!" and put the box on the step.

Dorothy sat down and arranged the dishes on the piazza floor, while Theodore stood on the walk, swinging Dorothy's bat. Dorothy had told him he might take it.

They were both very quiet for a few minutes. Then Theodore said, "What let's play?"

And Dorothy said, "What let's?"

Then Theodore said, "Let's play for a little while that I brought you those dishes yesterday and you brought me this bat to-day."

Dorothy nodded. "Yes," she agreed. She went to him, and threw her arms impulsively about his neck.

"O Theodore, you were lovely to bring me these dishes!" she said. "Thank you!"

Theodore laid his arm on her shoulder.

"I'm glad you like them," he said. "But this bat's fine. I'm much obliged, Dorothy!"

"Is it a real good one, Theodore?" Dorothy asked anxiously.

"Fine," he repeated, "and just what I wanted!"

Dorothy looked at the dishes, and then at the bat, and after a few minutes she said, "Let's play this all the time, Theodore." And Theodore said: "All right. We will." *Youth's Companion.*

Why the Daisy was Praised.

A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to a peach-tree and said, "What are you doing for me?"

The tree said, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and in my boughs hangs the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into the palace for you."

The prince said, "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

Then he went down into the meadow, and said to the waving grass, "What are you doing?"

And the grass replied, "We are giving our lives for others—for your sheep and cattle—that they may be nourished."

"Well done," said the prince, "good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others."

And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said, "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said: "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds, I cannot give shelter to the cattle, I cannot send fruit unto the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows; they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, "There is none better than you."—*Home Herald.*

Where Lilies would not Grow.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a beautiful garden. Roses grew in it, and hollyhocks and sunflowers; but he wanted lilies more than anything else, and he could not have them because the ants would not allow them to grow. You know that lilies grow out of dry brown bulbs you plant in the ground. Over and over again the man bought these little brown bulbs and planted them, and every time he did it the ants came and ate them up. The ants thought he was very kind to put these lovely feasts in the ground so often, but after a little while they did not like the things the man put around the bulbs. They did not taste good. One night he put red pepper around the place where the bulbs were planted in nice little rings. One of the little ants got its feet in the pepper, and cried, "Oh, dear me, I'm burned awfully!" Then of course the other ants stayed away from the red line. They worked all night and dug little roads under the red pepper, and got to the nice bulb and ate it up.

Next time the man tried tar, and then kerosene, and then snuff, and then camphor. All of them were things the ants did not like; only they climbed over them somehow, or dug under them, or did something very wise. Anyway, they always ate up the lily bulbs, so the man had nothing left in his garden but roses and hollyhocks and sunflowers. He was not really a cruel man, but he began to feel very cruel when he thought of these clever little ants who loved to devour lily bulbs. One night he sat trying to think of what he could do. He wanted to kill every little ant that lived in his garden.

"What do ants like best of anything to eat?" he asked.

"A nice, juicy bone," said his wife.

"All right," he said. "I'm going to give them a feast to-night." Then he laughed just as the giant laughed when he thought he was going to catch Jack who climbed the bean-stalk. "Just wait till you see what I'm going to do!" That night he fixed a wonderful trap. On the ground beside a lily bulb he laid a sheet of sticky fly-paper. It was pegged down to the ground, so the wind would not blow it away; and in the middle of it he laid a nice, juicy, meaty little bone.

"Now," said the cruel man, "we'll see what will happen."

And the funniest thing did happen. The man got up very, very early in the morning.

"Come," he cried to his wife and all his little children, "come out to see my ant-trap. I'll wager there isn't an ant left alive in our garden."

And what do you suppose he found? All the meat and marrow was gone from the nice, juicy bone. The ants had sucked out the sweetness; and there was not one ant caught on the fly-paper, not one! They had smelled the nice, juicy bone, and gone to look for it, hundreds of them, then smelled of the fly-paper.

"It smells queer," said one little ant.

"It feels queer," cried another little ant. "I just touched it with one foot, and it grabbed and pulled me so I could hardly get away."

"What shall we do?" said the hundred of little ants.

"I'll tell you!" cried the queen. Every little ant stopped to listen. "Each one of you must bring grains of sand, and we will make a bridge over that dish that grabs you by the legs. Then, after the bridge is laid, we'll have a grand supper."

All the little ants set to work. They brought grains of sand each, till there were millions of grains and there was a beautiful straight road across the nasty, sticky fly-paper. It was wide enough for three or four little ants to travel on at once, so they went across just as fast as they could travel. If you had looked out there in the moonlight, you would have seen the nice, juicy bone just black with ants. They were tired after their hard work, and they were having a nice supper.

The man stood for a moment, and looked at the well-picked bone and the wonderful little bridge, and then said: "I guess we won't try to grow any lilies. I am not so clever as the little ants."—*Good Housekeeping.*

Two little boys witnessed a balloon ascension for the first time recently. "Oh, look, look there!" exclaimed the youngest. "What is that?" "It's a b'loon!" replied the elder. "What makes it go up so fast?" "Gas." "What is gas?" "Why, gas is—is—is melted wind!"

When a little girl received her first "very own" doll, after a succession of treasures inherited from her older sisters, she turned to her mother a face full of rapture. "I expected I'd have a doll some day," she said breathlessly; "but I didn't expect I should ever *have* my expect!"

The Children's Mission to Children

Instituted 1849. Incorporated 1864.

The Unitarian Children's Charity.

Contributions from the Sunday-schools are used to give assistance to needy children, in their own homes, or in homes, more or less permanent according to circumstances, which the Mission finds for them. All children cared for are in close relations with the central office.

Applications solicited from families within forty miles of Boston, who will take children to board or free of charge.

Last year the Mission provided 10,280 weeks of care.

Bequests and donations from adults much needed to meet constant demands for service.

PRESIDENT, HENRY M. WILLIAMS.
VICE-PRESIDENT, ENDICOTT P. SALTONSTALL.
CLERK, REV. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.
TREASURER, WILLIAM H. SLOCUM.

DIRECTORS: William Bacon, Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, George R. Blinn, Mary S. Brooks, Allston Burr, Mrs. Philip P. De Normandie, George W. Fox, Nathaniel T. Kidder, Mrs. George T. Rice, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Rev. Sydney B. Snow.

PARKER B. FIELD, GENERAL SECRETARY,
170 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

Foreign Notes.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

England.—Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D., for ten years minister of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Enfield, has assumed the pastorate of the King's Weigh House Church, Oxford Street, one of the leading Congregational churches of London. For some time this church was under the pastorate of Rev. John Hunter, D.D., the noted independent preacher of England and Scotland. Until recently its pastorate was assumed by Rev. Dr. R. J. Campbell, in addition to his work at the City Temple. Even the prestige of this remarkable man could not save the congregation from a seeming inevitable decrease in numbers and effectiveness. The West End of London is not favorable to the Congregational or Nonconformist churches. Rev. E. W. Lewis, a talented and devoted man, has since been its pastor, but recently resigned from conscientious scruples concerning his right to draw a comfortable salary when so many of his fellow-creatures are living on a pitiful wage or on charity. He has now left the ministry and is supporting himself and his family as best he can by the labor of his hand and his brain. As a final endeavor they have called Dr. Orchard, who is certainly one of the most brilliant men in the Nonconformist body in England at the present time. It would seem as if the society could not be kept from dissolution except by gifts of an unusual order. It should be added that Dr. Orchard is one of the most advanced liberals in the so-called Orthodox pulpit in England, a man of great power in the pulpit and great spiritual fervor. The *Christian Commonwealth* prints in full the interesting service at his installation. It is modelled on that of the Episcopal church and seems to us of Unitarian faith a strange blending of the conventional religion and the modern interpretation of Christianity.

The *Inquirer* of London, our Unitarian organ, is filled with letters concerning the war, its cause, conduct, and its justifiability, etc.; also with articles on the pro and con of compulsory military service. The editor is a man of ability, who does not hesitate to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Some of the other writers are more moderate in their attitude; some very much opposed to the war. Rev. Joseph Wicksteed has a noble article in a recent number.

We are glad to know that Rev. Dr. John Hunter has so far recovered from his recent indisposition as to be able to renew his valued services for the cause of liberal religion.

France.—The Union of the Women of France has inaugurated a service of hospital barges for the wounded. These floating hospitals can be easily moved about, and with their complement of surgeons and nurses will be able to render valuable assistance to the field hospitals, the resources of which are already severely taxed. Each barge will accommodate about forty wounded men and two surgeons, and can make the journey from the front to Paris in less than three days.

Under the title *Pendant La Guerre* the liberal Paris ministers are printing as a supplement to their journal *Évangile et Liberté* a series of sermons preached at the Oratoire in that city. Admirable discourses have been delivered by Revs. Charles Wagner, J. E. Roberty, Wilfred Monod, and others.

India.—Rammohun Day, in memory of the great Hindu theistic reformer, has become a national day throughout India. It falls on the 27th of September, and is celebrated in many places where the light of education and liberalism has penetrated.

The Brahmo Somaj has done a noble work among the sufferers by famine at Bandur. Some $5,000 has been raised and carefully expended. It affects one strangely to see the solicitude of the relief agent not only for human but for animal life. Thus, two thousand starving cattle were given fodder, and a herd of buffalo, fifty in number, was rescued. The agent refused to avail himself of a carriage to a distant place because of the sight of the starving horse. When the latter fell from exhaustion in front of his house, the agent took the best of care of it. Notwithstanding all, however, the poor creature died after a week. The reverence of the Hindu for animal life appears very strongly in this little story.

The growth of the liquor traffic in India has begun to alarm the government, and some stringent rules are being drawn up against it.

The *Indian Messenger* says that the war has done one good. It has stirred up Indian loyalty, and given an opportunity to the British nation to understand how real it is. That the Indian nation as a whole is loyal to the British throne is now beyond all cavil. Seventy thousand Indians have been sent to the theatre of war to fight side by side with their British and colonial fellow-subjects.

There are now about three hundred Hindu students in American schools and universities, and recently there has been organized a *Hindusthan Association of America*, with chapters at nearly all institutions of learning. Its principal object is to unite the students in behalf of the educational interests of India, and to promote a closer fellowship between Indians and Americans. It publishes also an excellent educational magazine called the *Hindusthan Student*. There is also connected with it a women's auxiliary.

Chicago Letter.

The churches in and about Chicago have had their usual Christmas sales and suppers, and the Christmas services for the children especially.

The supper and sales at Unity and the Third and Hinsdale Churches were unusually successful. At the Third Church a vaudeville programme added to the pleasure and the receipts. These occasions call together many old-time members living too far away for church services, and renew and cement old friendships. Ex-Senator and Mrs. Mason open their home each year to the society of the Third Church on New Year's Eve, and this is always a reunion of many old-time friends and a goodly gathering of the younger generation. The Sunday-school at the Third Church was adjourned on the Sunday before Christmas and invited to the main auditorium, the service and sermon being especially devoted to the children.

The Evanston Society always uses the service of the Unity Hymns and Chorals on these holidays. The Sunday before Christmas the regular Sunday-school service is given up and the pupils take part in the church service. They have done this ever since the church was built.

The Hinsdale Christmas service will be held in unison with other churches in the town. A large Christmas-tree is provided for the benefit of all the pupils together. This is a great event in the town and is looked forward to from one year to another. The new pastor, Rev. Newton Ben Knapp, is helping in the matter and is taking hold of the church work with fine enthusiasm, which is shared by all the congregation.

The First Church does not so much emphasize this anniversary week, but is doing strong work along the usual lines. There are two well-attended lecture classes considering "The Modern Scientific Outlook." The ladies meet Tuesday afternoons and the men Friday evenings, both doing the same work. The society has published three of Mr. Pulsford's sermons, which are for sale at Unitarian Headquarters. These are "The Leaven of God," "The Wide Prospect," "Mere Getting Together." The annual supper and social and business meeting will be held early in January.

A mission was conducted at Shelbyville, Ill., extending from November 29 through December 2, by Rev. Ernest C. Smith, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, and Dr. C. W. Reese of Alton, where the nearest Unitarian church is located. Mr. Smith preached twice on Sunday, his subjects being "Law and Grace" and "Faith, the Energizer." Monday evening Mr. Smith and Mr. Reese both spoke, Mr. Reese's subject being "Good and Bad Conscience." On Tuesday evening Rev. Albert R. Vail of Urbana gave an interesting talk on the Bahai movement, and Mr. Reese gave a short address on "Duty." Despite inclement weather through all the meetings, the attendance was very good. At the closing meeting the congregation expressed itself in favor of resuming biweekly meetings to be conducted by Mr. Reese.

The church at Quincy held a most successful sale, at which each subcommittee of the society assisted and worked as a harmonious whole. This society is growing rapidly under the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Greenman, with a new church building and recently purchased parsonage.

The Geneva church did not hold its annual sale this year. The Alliance has been meeting as usual at the homes of members, but the sewing has been done for the Red Cross and the Good Fellowship work that is active in Chicago. As a result several large packages have already been sent to help on the work in the city.

This Good Fellowship work has been carried on for a year or two, especially at Christmas time, when individuals or societies have taken charge of one or more families needing help, thereby lessening the labors of the Associated Charities. There is an unusually loud call for this help this year, when thousands of self-respecting families, absolutely unwilling to be placed on the list of the "deserving poor," are suffering for the necessities of life they themselves have usually given to others. While the call for the Belgian sufferers is loud, there is a real danger that home people will suffer from neglect. The argument that the more you send away the more you will give at home hardly holds good now, if it ever did.

One fine movement has been inaugurated here, and perhaps in other cities, on the home-helpful plan. The women's clubs have

organized an employment bureau to which girls out of employment go to obtain any work they can do, if there is none for them elsewhere in their particular line. The club members who have been making Red Cross articles now pay for having it done, several machines being kept busy in the rooms secured for their headquarters. Girls who prefer office work are helping in the families, at light work that they can do. Few of them have had any education or experience that would enable them to be of much service in the kitchen. One plan is for six club members to give one day's work in each week to one girl, doing the family mending, thus giving the girl a full week of work at living wages. Already several warm friendships have been formed between the girls and their employers. F. LE B.

Southern Letter.

As the Christmas season draws near it is interesting to note how the activities of many of the churches tend toward the Christmas sale, or bazaar, or shop, according to the section of the country in which the church is located. And it is well, for, while for very good reasons many of us would gladly do away with this method of adding to the church treasury, a well-managed fair usually brings out more of the varying abilities of the ladies connected with the church than any other social and money-raising function could do. However, it is the "exception which proves the rule," and surely, in reading the report from the New Orleans church, the many methods employed for keeping up the earnest church life do not include the Christmas fair, and it is doubtless quite unnecessary for them.

This church has been holding its services in the parish house pending the remodelling of the church. Those who have known the little church on Peters Avenue will hardly recognize it when they see it again, for the addition of an entrance tower to the front, a large new Sunday-school room which is built along the side of the church and can when needed be thrown into extra seating capacity for the church itself, the lowering of the church organ and pulpit and adding to the church auditorium through the addition of the old Sunday-school room, and the building of a two-story parsonage above the new Sunday-school room behind the tower has brought much change in the building, adding greatly to its efficiency for church needs. This work is rapidly nearing completion, and a happy occasion caused the workmen to hasten the work in November, for "the Bride" wedding was to be the first church wedding ever celebrated in the Peters Avenue church. The architect, workmen, Alliance, pastor, every one, in fact, lent willing aid to putting the building in at least temporary condition for the event. Since then the regular services have been held in the new Sunday-school instead of the parish house.

The Laymen's League meets the first Tuesday of each month, and began its winter programme by an "Introductory Talk" by Mr. Kent upon "The War in Europe," followed at the November meeting by Dr. Max Heller, who spoke of "The Underlying Causes of the War." The idea is to hear and discuss this subject from the angle of every nationality, in a broad and sympathetic spirit, each month having a speaker representing the point of view of a different nation.

The Women's Alliance meets for all-day meetings on the second Tuesday of the month, holding a business meeting in the forenoon, followed by luncheon, and a literary programme in the afternoon. A fine programme has been mapped out for the present year. The study class last year had a series of papers on a given topic by members of the Branch, but has varied this for the coming year by having well-known lecturers from outside the church to address the meetings on a variety of subjects relating to things of current interest. A series of three entertainments (costing 75 cents for the series), to raise money to buy chairs for the new Sunday-school room, and a Rummage Sale have been given this fall in addition to the usual congregational supper each month.

The Young People's Religious Union and the Sunday-school are actively at work, and union Thanksgiving services were held by the congregations of two Jewish churches and our own church.

The whole atmosphere of the church work is full of vital activity and of that delightful "church home" of just "folks" that the editorial in the December *Word and Work* describes.

The Houston church, the baby of the Unitarian denomination in Texas, is evidently growing well. Services were resumed after the long vacation the third Sunday in October, in Odd Fellows' Hall, with Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell in charge.

The outlook for the work there is very encouraging, several interested and helpful workers having been added to the membership.

On Sunday, December 6, the place of services was changed to the Queen Theatre. This is centrally located in the downtown district and has a large seating capacity. It is equipped with one of the finest pipe-organs in the South.

The Alliance is doing active work and has just held a Christmas sale which was quite successful. Meetings are held twice each month and two new members have been added to our ranks.

The church in San Antonio has just held a Christmas Shop which has been more successful than those held previously. Early in the summer each member of The Alliance pledged herself to have two articles to donate to the tables, and the result was an unusual number of dainty hand-made things.

Rev. G. H. Badger is conducting two evening classes in psychology, the second one being a necessity to accommodate those who could not gain entrance to the first because of restriction of numbers. A very interesting Browning study-class with Mr. Badger as leader is also becoming popular not only among Unitarians, but those of other denominations. The Men's Liberal Club meets twice a month, and after dining together listens to a wide-awake talk upon some topic of the day and follow it with round-table discussion.

The children of the Sunday-school and their friends were able to send $9 to the children of Belgium to help make Christmas real, while the girls of the Sunbeams Junior Alliance are very busy these days dressing dolls for Christmas, for some of the less fortunate children of San Antonio.

The many branches of the church activities in Louisville, Ky., are well enough established at this time in the season to be doing effective work. The Young Men's Club is meeting regularly every other week and has undertaken the study of the subjects of the day under the leadership of eminent lawyers, doctors, and theologians. The members are pledged to use their best efforts to popularize the church, and they provide ushers at the regular and vesper services.

The Laymen's League, with a membership of about seventy-five and affiliated with the national body, held its first meeting of the 1914–15 season on November 4, with Rev. Minot J. Savage as speaker. It is unnecessary to say that it was a large and enthusiastic meeting, there being sixty seated at supper.

The Henry Bethuel Vincent lecture-recital on the 11th was a decided success, especially as we had not considered it from a business standpoint, but only from a desire to afford the music-loving public a treat and to clear expenses. Mr. Vincent, the eminent music director of Chautauqua, is too well known to need any testimonial.

The literary programme in connection with the all-day meetings of the Women's Branch Alliance every second and fourth Thursday is conducted by Mr. Savage. "Misery and its Causes," by Devine, is read and discussed, and is a revelation to thinking as well as unthinking on the social problems, Mr. Devine being a deep student of the subject.

The Junior Alliance of Women has spent most of its time since the opening of church with preparations for the annual Christmas fair, but has also through a special committee collected and mended clothing for distribution among the needy, and appointed a committee for writing a cheery word to the sick, the absent, and the "stranger within the the gates."

The series of vesper services inaugurated on November 29, and held on the alternate Sunday afternoons at 4 P.M., are well attended, largely by persons of other fellowships. These sermons on "Evolution" promise to be an education to those who read and think but little along this line, and to inspire with a deeper reverence those for whom the natural processes all have been common-place. A. H. B.

International Union of Liberal Christian Women.

It has been suggested that the readers might like to hear what progress has been made by the Union in its efforts to facilitate correspondence between English people and their stranded friends and relations in Germany.

When the first shock of the outbreak of war was over, and the dust of the great social earthquake cleared away a little, the Union looked about to see what it could do to help. The Committee has its headquarters in London, but is composed of seven or eight persons living in as many different countries, and representing groups of women Liberals. These were at once asked to communicate with each other and to make known their mutual readiness to help one another as fellow-members of the Union. In this way a chain was formed of which Germany was a link—with Holland, England, Denmark, America, Geneva, and Italy and

Digitized by Google

Hungary. Though direct communication was not possible between London and the German members, there were other ways of managing, and the warmest response was the one that came from Frankfort.

It was arranged that the Union should start, in London, a sort of informal Correspondence Agency. As may be known to some, this could be carried on only with the help of neutral countries, and it is owing to the whole-hearted and ungrudging co-operation of Miss Van Eck of Leyden and Miss Westonholtz of Copenhagen that so much success has been obtained. That the Genevan, Italian, and American members stood ready to do their part goes without saying, and, indeed, at certain points the aid of some of these was sought and gladly given, while from Frankfort help was forthcoming for special cases in Germany. It was found that such correspondence must be limited to post-cards, and that there were a number of other conditions to be strictly observed if the communications sent were not to fall into the clutches of the censor. A circular describing these conditions was sent to all who applied for information at Essex Hall.

There was a good deal of business to be done between the agents themselves, besides other incidental correspondence for which the postal and other expenses on both sides have been amply met by the 1*s.* fee charged to each person using the agency. At the outset there arose a slight difficulty with Scotland Yard, which had to be convinced (in a rather terrifying interview) that nothing underhand was being attempted, that the G. P. O. was not being defrauded of its rights as sole letter-carrier, or the censor's eagle eye evaded. At first the Danish route was used as the nearest, but soon the fear of mines sent the Danish mail-boats round by Liverpool and the north of Scotland, and so Holland was, in future, mainly used. Miss Van Eck has been kept very busy, for her task has been to receive each card, add to it her own name and address, direct it to its destination in Dutch fashion, stamp and send it on its way, and to do the same for the replies as they came along. This, of course, necessitates very careful registration of all names and addresses sent to her care. All this has been tolerably straightforward. The difficulties arose when there was a question of getting information about the various civilian prisoners interned in Germany or Austria. Some of these appear to be mere boys, and the letters from their anxious kindred make sad reading. Here it was that the German members of the Union came in, giving their help most promptly and willingly in searching out and making known to us the places of detention of the missing men-folk. But for their co-operation we could have done nothing. It is a pity that there is no room here to print the letters from Fräulein Barth, the president of the *Verein für Religiöse Erziehung*, who said, "The idea is beautiful," and thanked those who had helped her own stranded German countrywomen in England, and declared her intention to put notices of the Agency into their Liberal religious papers so that her people might be able in return to make use of its services. That this has been done is evident from the number of German cards forwarded to London and transmitted to German exiles in England. With Fräulein Barth's help civilian prisoners have been heard of and communicated with in Berlin, Marburg, Leipsic, Dortmund, and other places. Most of them seem to have been very decently treated, the one exception being a boy who was kept in solitary confinement for three weeks!

Of course, correspondence limited to a few lines in a foreign language on an open card is not very satisfying. No one may mention the war or anything interesting at the moment. One or two applicants for help declined it on learning this restriction—"as they didn't see what they could write about *except* the war"! Still, even into a few innocent words much can be got that is reassuring and comforting, and so in most cases the main object was accomplished, and no little anxiety relieved.

Here and there a card seems to have fallen victim to the censor, whose methods are apparently as inscrutable as his temper is uncertain. Once there was a rumor that the Dutch and German postal authorities had fallen out, and preparations were made to send through other neutral countries. But the rumor proved false, and the cards still go through Holland and Denmark. It is doubly good of the Dutch women, for upon their country is falling with increasing weight the burden of their Belgian neighbors. Miss Van Eck writes very sadly of what her people are facing—evidently with the grim determination and quiet self-sacrifice so characteristic of the Dutch nation. She tells of "one small town of 5,000 inhabitants, into which poured 20,000 refugees, carrying all they had left in their pocket-handkerchiefs. They sleep everywhere, even in the cleared Protestant churches. We live in a quiet manner in our armed peace, helping each other. No feasts or concerts, even philanthropic, no fashions either. A wonderful time, and it has its blessings!"

It should be added that the Union officials are grateful alike for the encouragement and thanks they have received from friends whom they have been able to help, and for the very kindly forbearance and patience of others on whose behalf their efforts have proved less successful.—*The Inquirer.*

Peace Conferences on the War.

Continuing the policy inaugurated last year, the World Peace Foundation has arranged in Boston a series of weekly conferences for those interested in the peace cause, but especially for committees and individuals who are called upon to guide the studies or discussions of their own societies. "The War and its Outcome" is the general title for the series, and meetings will be held in the conference room of the Foundation, 40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, at four o'clock on Monday afternoons, January 4, 11, 18, and 25, and February 1, 8, and 15.

The programme has been divided into two parts; the topics to be discussed are: I., Underlying Causes of the War: 1, "Europe's outworn political system," 2, "Europe's racial conflicts," 3, "Europe's imperial conflicts"; II., The New Order that Should Come: 1, "Increase in democratic government," 2, "Character of new foreign policies," 3, "Effects on armaments and national defence," 4, "Growth of international co-operation and world organization."

The conferences will be conducted by Edwin D. Mead, Charles H. Levermore, George W. Nasmyth, Denys P. Myers, Albert G. Bryant, and Mrs. Anna Sturges Duryea of the World Peace Foundation; James L. Tryon, director of the New England Department of the American Peace Society; Jay W. Hudson and Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, lecturers of the Massachusetts Peace Society; and Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, secretary of the American School Peace League.

It is the desire of the conductors of the conferences to help those who are called upon to conduct programmes or lead opinion to clarify their own understanding of the European conflict, its causes and eventual results. The conferences will be free to all who desire to attend them. Notice of such intention is requested.

Revivals in Philadelphia.

The great revival which opens in Philadelphia on January 3 cannot be a matter of indifference to Unitarians. Rev. Charles E. St. John, Rev. Oscar B. Hawes, and Rev. Kenneth E. Evans have issued a circular letter which says: "We believe that Mr. Sunday does much good, and we gladly add our prayers to those of the multitude who are praying that very great good may result in Philadelphia. Nevertheless we cannot indorse Mr. Sunday's theology and methods, and we hear from our Unitarian ministers in cities where these revivals have been held that in the long run they have been detrimental to the religious life of those communities. We learn also that at Scranton, Erie, Pittsburgh, Colorado Springs, and no doubt at other places, Mr. Sunday has with bitter and scornful words assailed Unitarians, calling us agents of the devil, who are certain to be cast into hell. The time and opportunity have come for a strong and dignified protest against such injustice. We might of course treat the whole matter with silence, and go on our way unperturbed. But we have followed that course so often that now some of us would like to enter a more vigorous remonstrance."

A committee of twenty has therefore been appointed to act with a committee from the American Unitarian Association (Rev. S. A. Eliot, D.D., Rev. L. G. Wilson, and Rev. E. S. Wiers) in order to make a strong proclamation of the true religion of Jesus with its love to God that delivers from all fear and its love to man that ignores all sectarian bounds.

Plans are well under way. On Tuesday, December 29, Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., delivered an address on "The Impotence of the Christian Churches with Respect to the Prevention of War." On January 2 a Unitarian Book-room will be opened, where daily for eight or ten weeks tracts will be given to all who ask for them and books be sold or loaned to such as prefer fuller information. A paid attendant will be in charge, but a large number of volunteer helpers will give half a day or more each week to work in the book-room.

On January 2 one or more newspapers will start the publication of doctrinal and other statements regarding Unitarian churches which shall make certain that every day during Mr. Sunday's stay the public shall be able to read an authoritative statement of Unitarian thought and spirit.

Digitized by Google

With the expectation that by the middle of January considerable public interest in Unitarianism will have been aroused, a series of meetings will begin Sunday, the 17th. On that day at his morning services Mr. St. John will open the series with an appropriate sermon. At 8 P.M., Rev. W. L. Sullivan of All Souls' Church, New York, will preach at the First Church. A meeting will be held every evening of the ensuing week with the possible exception of Saturday. Mr. Sullivan will speak at each meeting with Mr. St. John assisting. On January 24, Mr. Hawes will open a week of daily meetings at the Germantown church. Mr. Sullivan will preach at the evening service of the 24th. The week-night meetings in Germantown will have for speakers, it is hoped, Rev. E. H. Reeman of Lancaster, and Rev. U. G. B. Pierce of Washington, who followed Dr. E. E. Hale in the chaplaincy of the United States Senate. After the week in Germantown there will probably be a final week of meetings at the Girard Avenue Church.

Finally, outside of the work of the committee, an important meeting of the National Federation of Religious Liberals will be held at the Friends Meeting-house on Race Street, February 22 to 24. If these plans or any considerable part of them are carried out successfully, they cannot fail to result in an increase of membership and in other betterment of the churches.

Earl Roberts's Message.

To the troops on home and foreign service one hundred and fifty thousand New Testaments have recently been given. Earl Roberts has addressed the following message in each copy: "I ask you to put your trust in God. He will watch over you and strengthen you. You will find in this little book guidance when you are in health, comfort when you are in sickness, and strength when you are in adversity. ROBERTS, F.M."

Unitarian Temperance Society.

From Prohibition States.

The Unitarian Temperance Society has sent a letter to every Unitarian minister in a prohibition State, asking him how in his opinion prohibition works. The following replies have been received:—

FROM LAWRENCE, KAN.

The present controversy which is waging in some of the magazines as to whether or not prohibition prohibits in Kansas makes one cautious about quoting statistics on the subject, but one of the best answers that can be given to your question "How has prohibition worked in the State of Kansas?" is found in the returns of our recent election. Billard, a popular man and one whose character commands respect, was candidate for governor on the platform of the reconsideration of prohibition. The total vote for governor was 508,200; of this number Billard received 47,201, or considerably less than one-tenth of the total vote. The people of Kansas evidently think they have a good thing and are determined to hold it fast. One seldom meets a Kansan who is not convinced that prohibition works in every way for the good of the State, and many are the tales which are told of a city or a community that has been redeemed and made prosperous when our laws against alcohol are enforced.

(Rev.) E. BURDETTE BACKUS.

FROM TOPEKA, KAN.

To tell how prohibition has worked in Kansas would take up more space than is allotted me. The great majority of the people of Kansas would say that it has worked successfully when compared with other States that do not have the prohibitory law, the antis to the contrary.

The amendment to the constitution was submitted to the voters of Kansas in the November election of 1880, and the legislature met in 1881 and enacted laws in harmony with the amendment. Since then the prohibitory law has been amended several times, and they have stood the tests of the courts; and political parties as such now accept the situation, and the question is no longer a political issue. Of course, there is a small element that opposes the prohibitory law, and in the recent campaign was placed in the field a candidate who represented this sentiment. The result of the November election indicates clearly what the people of Kansas think of the prohibitory law, and what it has done, when out of an estimated vote of 500,000 the anti-prohibition candidate received about 55,000.

In thirty years our villages have grown into splendid cities with paved streets, cement walks, and modern houses, with municipal light and water plants. Nearly every town has its high school. Nearly a third of the population is enrolled in the public and private schools. We have $16,000,000 worth of public school buildings, and a public endowment fund of $10,000,000. With several hundred newspapers and magazines in Kansas, only a few carry liquor advertisements. Illiteracy has been reduced from 49 per cent. to about 2 per cent. per capita, and that amount is almost entirely among the foreign element in the mining districts. With 105 counties in the State, 87 have no insane, 54 have no feeble-minded, and 90 have no inebriates. Thirty-eight county farms have no inmates.

In 1880, when the prohibitory amendment was adopted, Kansas was a poor State. There was but $30,000,000 in bank savings deposits. To-day there is $200,000,000.

In this State the assessed valuation of property for taxation is sufficient to give every man, woman, and child in the State $1,700. The average wealth of the nation is only $1,200; in Missouri $300 per capita as against $1,700 in Kansas.

I might go on and enumerate many more things prohibition has done for Kansas. I have mentioned only the material things, and have not touched upon the things that go to make up good citizenship and that makes Kansas one of the leading States in the Union. THEO. A. WILKIE.

FROM WICHITA, KAN.

Local option may be best for a manufacturing State with a large foreign population like Massachusetts, the State from which I came six years ago; but I am unqualifiedly in favor of State prohibition in a great agricultural State like this. While large quantities of intoxicants are sold by bootleggers and other disreputable violators of the law, especially when our officials are inactive, as they are half the time, it is next to impossible to secure them at restaurants, hotels, and drug stores. Naturally, we are subjected to petty annoyances at times. I have been refused alcohol for baths when apparently my wife's life hung by a thread; and, since a recent decision that any drug or extract which may cause intoxication if used in quantities cannot legally be sold in our State, I have been refused lemon and vanilla extract by my near-by druggist. We submit to these annoyances because we put the weal of the social body above the weal or convenience of individuals.

The failure of our resubmission candidate for governor, Billard, in our recent campaign to land more than a tenth of the vote of our State, and he is held in repute as a clean and singularly capable executive, which many of us feel is more than could be said of one of the candidates who ran far ahead of him, reveals the fact that our people think the repeal of our prohibitory law would be a great step backward. With this feeling I am in hearty accord, while at the same time I am pronouncedly opposed to the present national prohibition movement, and am glad that our temperance friends in California failed, for I am confident they would have been guilty of a heinous crime had they succeeded in their late campaign. (Rev.) EDWARD DAY.

Department of Religious Education.

Grading a Small Sunday School.

BY REV. FLORENCE BUCK.

PART II.

Sometimes there is a partial compromise between the uniform and the graded course of instruction. It consists of a one-topic lesson prepared for three or more groups. This method attempts to grade the instruction without grading the subject matter taught. The technical work of the teacher may thus be helped, but the pupils may not be getting the material best adapted to their years.

Experience, then, as well as educational theory, is declaring that a graded course of instruction is essential to the best Sunday-school teaching. Our religious fellowship was a pioneer in the introduction of such a course of lessons. To this day we lead the list of the religious denominations by having the highest percentage of schools using the graded system. This supremacy involves obligations. We are not content to stop with our present record. The number should steadily advance until a course adapted to developing life has won general acceptance in our schools.

Perhaps the most common objection to the use of the graded course of lessons is this one: "Our school is too small." This sounds like an adequate reason. There can be no actual division of the school into departments. Classes, if kept strictly graded, will contain only two or three members, so that little class spirit will be

HOME COMFORTS with careful attention. Pleasant, healthful surroundings, sunny rooms, resident physician. Sara E. Stevens, M.D., tel. Bellevue 1019 M. Boston. References, Dr. Edwin H. Brigham.

Digitized by Google

awakened. Will it not be better, it is asked, to allow the teacher to rejoice in a large class and the children to follow their inclinations in choosing their associates in the school, rather than to lay stress on the best method of teaching? Certainly there is here pointed out a quality of Sunday-school life which must not be lightly sacrificed. Experience proves that it is possible to conserve it, even while attaining the greater benefit of a course of study which commands the respect of the pupils and the confidence of the parents.

Let us, then, consider the method to be pursued in introducing a completely graded course of study, with special reference to the conditions found in a small school.

Before any changes are made, a plan should be drawn up on paper and carefully considered. This plan will show all the regular departments of the course from Kindergarten to Advanced, and the age limits of each. These divisions may in the school itself be as invisible as are the imaginary lines separating the earth's zones; but they are essential to an understanding of the graded scheme, and they mark the natural points of transition in child development. The names and age limits at present accepted and approved in our schools are shown in the pamphlet issued by this Department entitled "What to Do in Preparation for the New Beacon Course in Religious Education." The topic for study during each year of the child's life which the new course will present is also there stated. To determine what those subjects shall be in the school under consideration is the next step. The studies the pupils have already taken must guide the immediate decision. It would be manifestly absurd to give a class of thirteen-year-old pupils a year's lessons on the life of Jesus, just because that is the assignment for that year in the New Beacon Course, if these same pupils have just been studying that topic. It will very likely be necessary to make a list both of the subjects to be studied in each grade when the change is made and also those which will be the final selection when the adjustment is complete. Both these lists should be carefully considered first by the minister, superintendent, and all the teachers until they have agreed on the course; then they should be submitted to the parents of the children in each department and thoroughly discussed and explained. Much time, weeks or even months if necessary, should be given to this and all the preliminary work; for upon it depends the ultimate success of a graded course of instruction.

Text-books, teachers' helps, and pupils' expressional activity for each grade should next be determined. For this task, also, our leaflet "What to Do" will give valuable assistance. The material there suggested may not in every case be all that could be desired, but it was the best available at the time. Our Beacon series, our other publications, various graded courses published by other houses, and general literature, have been used in the suggestions. On some of the topics no adequate text-book can be found. For some grades there is no suitable hand work. But in the complete list there is more and better teaching material and more hand work than most of our schools are now using. A decision on the material to be used in each grade is an essential first step in the introduction of a graded course *whether pupils for that grade are at the time represented in the school or not.*

(To be continued.)

The Young People's Religious Union.

Student Assistants.

As the Young People's Religious Union is helping five college-town ministers in the western part of the country to employ student assistants, it may be interesting to hear what is being done in four of these places.

Lawrence, Kan.—"We were greatly handicapped by the loss of most of our workers and found it impossible to go on in the usual fashion of having the students take charge of the meetings on Sunday evenings, so Mr. McQuiston, who is my student assistant, and I decided that we would try to get up a series of talks by the professors from the University, to see if we could not get the students to come out to hear them and in that way get hold of enough to go on with our regular work. So I set to work and finally got a course on evolution. We have now had the third lecture, and the attendance has been far beyond our expectation. At the last one there were fully two hundred present, of whom about one hundred and seventy-five were University students. We try to have discussion after the talk. Whether or not we shall be able to make any permanent gain in this way is a question, but we intend to make the most of our opportunity. We feel that we are doing something even to get so many students into a Unitarian church, for there is no little prejudice against us here. Mr. McQuiston who is doing the work is a junior and very much in earnest in all that he does."

Ann Arbor, Mich.—"I have found and appointed a student assistant, Mr. Clarence Hunter, a sophomore in the University, whose people are Unitarians. It is only the generosity of the Young People's Religious Union which makes this possible, and which furnishes us with the means of regularly and persistently keeping in touch with the liberal students. Mr. Hunter ushers at the church service and gets the names of students who attend, as far as possible. He sends out all notices of church and Young People's Religious Union services and sociables to all our students."

Minneapolis, Minn.—"This year we have two student assistants, Miss Dorothy Dollenmeyer and Miss Ruth Wilson. The student attendance at church has been good, and the Liberal Union meetings at the University have been very largely attended. At times the hall allotted has been too small for the gatherings. A number of the younger professors attend, as well as the students, with a sprinkling of professors' wives and townspeople."

Lincoln, Neb.—"I have as my assistant, Miss Coruelia Frojier, who is a junior in the University. She is a very remarkable girl. Her enthusiasm, charming personality, and capacity for work make her almost an ideal helper. I am handicapped by not having a young man, especially to help with the Bohemians. We are having a larger average attendance of students this year than ever before, and a larger attendance at our Students' Liberal Religious Union. I regret that we miss so many students whom we ought to reach. This year we have a group of seniors from the Law School who have just discovered us. I have a young man in training for next year. He is earning his own way, so I shall be compelled to pay him in order to command any considerable amount of his time. I hope I can do so."

Religious Intelligence.

Announcements.

The Cambridge Ministers' Association meets January 4, at No. 3 Joy Street, Boston, Rev. George W. Cutter, M.D., host. Subject of paper, "Paley *vs.* Haeckel." Luncheon at 1 P.M.

The regular meeting of the Conference of Alliance Branches will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Monday, Jan. 4, 1915, at 10.30 A.M. Subjects: "Modern Youth as seen by the Parish Assistant," Mrs. Emma Abbott Allen; "Relation of the Alliance to the Young People," Miss Mary Lawrence.

The New England Fellowship Committee has received from Walter A. Tuttle of the Universalist ministry, an application for the certificate of commendation issued by this Committee. Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes, Robert F. Leavens, Secretary, 10 Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

The Social Service Council of Unitarian Women will hold its third annual meeting, Thursday, Jan. 7, 1915, at 10.30 A.M., in the vestry of Arlington Street Church. By vote of the directors, the president's annual report will be a review of the three years' work of the Council. This will be followed by brief reports from the chairmen of the three standing committees—the Italian committee, the committee on colored work, the committee on the South End Industrial School. All interested are welcome.

In addition to the four o'clock Sunday vespers, which are full liturgical services, the Second Church of Boston, Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell, minister, will begin on January 6, at four-thirty o'clock, a Wednesday Quiet Hour. This service, consisting of organ music with a prayer and short address, will be without liturgy, and is intended to provide the same meditative refreshment which is found in Friends meetings. Seats are free at all vesper services. The church is open daily from ten until six o'clock for rest and prayer.

Rev. William L. Sullivan of New York, whose sickness a few weeks ago prevented

The Society for Helping Destitute Mothers and Infants

Work begun 1873. Incorporated 1904.

Aims to render a mother (married or unmarried) self-supporting and able to retain her infant in her personal care.

Works without an institution. Personal friendship, advice and careful supervision have availed during forty years to save the lives of thousands of infants and enabled thousands of mothers to lead a self-respecting, upright life. With many we remain in relations for years.

Not intended for the depraved, the feeble-minded, or those requiring institutional care.

PRESIDENT, MRS. A. D. SHEFFIELD.
SECRETARY, MISS L. FREEMAN CLARKE.
TREASURER, MRS. BERTRAM GREENE (Louise Adèle Greene), 381 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Agent, Miss E. M. LOCKE, 279 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

his filling engagements to speak at the noon-day services in King's Chapel, will speak at the Chapel on January 8. Other speakers are: January 4, Rev. George A. Barrow, St. Luke's Church, Chelsea; January 5, Rev. W. Harris Crook, M.A., Oxford, England; January 6, Rev. Harris G. Hale, D.D., Leyden Church, Brookline; January 7, Rev. Howard N. Brown, D.D., King's Chapel; January 9, musical service, when Mr. Lang, organist, will be assisted by Mr. James W. White, who will sing a solo.

Meetings.

NEW YORK LEAGUE.—The special meeting of the year was held on the afternoon that the Executive Board of The Alliance met in New York, December 11. The audience was composed of many representative women of the denomination, coming from widely separated States and Canada. Miss Anna M. Bancroft said that she had the same old thing to say, but that thing was vital, "Make your influence far and near a power for good, a stimulus and inspiration." Mr. Charles Stelzle, the speaker for the afternoon, spoke on "The Call of the New Day to the Church." One of the calls asks to know what to do with the people in our cities. Over one-half of the people in New York State are in New York City. It is our excuse that the emigrant makes the problems for us, but facts tell us that the percentage of foreign-born people in this country has not increased since 1850. Another problem is the liquor problem. Something must take the place of the saloons. Let the modern church supply this need. The divorce problem is largely an economic problem and concerns working-people. Socialists have increased 400 per cent. in three years. You can't bluff or stamp it out; the only thing is to get rid of wrong conditions. Mr. Stelzle advocated no particular social system, but felt that the fundamental principles of Jesus must be preached and practically applied. We must stop talking of building up the church, and talk of building up people. Mrs. C. M. Atherton gave a five-minute paper on "The Leaders we Need"; Mrs. George H. Root, one on "The Work we Need"; Mrs. Sumner Coolidge, on "The Apprentices we Need"; and Mrs. C. U. Gilson, on "Alliance Programmes." After discussion, Mrs. John W. Loud of Canada gave an account of the Montreal Junior Alliance, and Mrs. Lillibridge told of some Cheerful Letter Work. Mrs. William Sullivan, chairman of the day, invited all present to the parlors for tea and social intercourse. Kathleen Warren Harding, Secretary.

Churches.

EAST LEXINGTON, MASS.—Follen Church (Second Parish), Rev. Harold L. Pickett: The church has had a prosperous year in several respects. Since the first of April there have been added 84 names to the list of active members. The attendance at the morning service has increased by more than a third. The Alliance reports the largest membership it has ever had, while the Sunday-school and Young People's Guild are gaining ground. During the fall the men of the parish held a lawn-bee, with the result that the appearance of the church grounds is much improved. A new heating-plant has been installed, and the greater part of the cost met from within the society. Recently the steeple of the church was fitted with new steel beams and otherwise repaired, and now a fine three-dial illuminated striking clock has been installed at the expense and request of the residents of the village and town. The new clock is to commence its friendly ministrations at the stroke of twelve on the eve of the new year, 1915. May 18 will mark the lapse of fifty years since the church became a union society through the formal uniting of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) and the Second Congregational Society (Unitarian). The society is in an auspicious position to serve the religious interests of the entire community, which it alone occupies. Our people are much encouraged at the present time, and are looking ahead with all good hopes.

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. J. H. Ecob, D.D.: The brave little band of the Flushing society have kept at their task, until now they have a building of their own, the only Unitarian church on Long Island outside of Brooklyn. December 10 was the date chosen this year by Miss Ida Slade and her Branch Alliance for their annual guest day. Miss Slade and her sister, Miss Nellie Slade, entertained at a luncheon before the meeting. As on the following day there was to be a meeting of the Executive Board of The Alliance in New York, many officers and directors of that body were present. Six States and Canada were represented, and thirty-five friends and co-workers partook of a delicious luncheon. Then all wended their way to the attractive new church building on the highest point of land in Flushing. The framework is completed and simple windows are in place. The church auditorium is not completed, as more funds are necessary, but a comfortable room, well lighted, in the basement, is furnished and heated, and affords a welcome meeting-place to the congregation. Miss Slade presided. In her opening sentences she said the Flushing people are very grateful for the friends who have made it possible to have the building so nearly completed. Among the furnishings already in use are the hymn-books compiled by Mrs. Beal of Arlington Street Church, Boston, and by her given to the Flushing Society, and service-books presented by a member of the Flushing congregation. Dr. Ecob gave a hearty welcome to the church, and said that the congregation were having their best time now, when all must work hard to accomplish the task well begun. Miss Bancroft congratulated the people of Flushing because a year ago when she visited them she saw their church on paper, and now she saw it an actual reality. She was followed by words from many guests, who told somewhat of their special work, and congratulated Flushing. To crown a memorable afternoon, Mrs. R. H. Davis, Alliance secretary, told some of the experiences of her Western trip. Dr. Ecob closed the meeting with a benediction.

SHELTER NECK, N.C.—A few weeks ago the second Farmers' Institute of the year was held, and proved to be an even greater success than the Institute held in March last. Two days were devoted to lectures and addresses given by representatives furnished from the State Agricultural Department at Raleigh. The corps of speakers included men and women who are leading experts in their various departments. They discussed farming in its scientific aspects; also matters of hygiene, sanitation, cooking, home building, care of children, etc. These meetings were preceded by a Harvest Thanksgiving Service in our church, the edifice being appropriately adorned with flowers, fruits, and vegetables, the music and minister's address being very apropos to the occasion. During the two days of the Institute there was a remarkably successful corn, fruit, flower, and vegetable show, which in extent, variety, and quality simply astonished all who visited. The judges were two ladies and two gentlemen—all farm and social betterment experts in the employ of the State. The following week, at a big corn show held in the city of Wilmington, our Carolina Industrial School won the prize offered for the most varied, complete, and attractive exhibit made. It included not only fresh and preserved fruits and vegetables (thirty-four varieties), but also samples of basket, bead, hand-loom and fancy needlework wrought by the pupils attending the schools at Swansboro and Shelter Neck. Mrs. A. A. Peterson was in charge of the exhibit, which lasted a week, and she was the recipient of many compliments for the products shown. A good many sales of articles shown was effected during the show. On Friday night, December 18, the Christmas-tree was shown in the auditorium of our new school-house. The tree, a magnificent holly full of berries, about sixteen feet high, was laden with useful presents which were distributed by a rotund Santa Claus. Then there was a moving-picture show; Christmas carol singing by the school-children; part songs by Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Bertha Roberts of New York, and Mr. Key. On Sunday, December 20, the Christmas service was held in the church, beautifully decorated for the occasion. An appeal was made in behalf of the Belgian refugees, and a goodly sum has been remitted to Mr. Henry Clews, treasurer of the Christmas Dollar Fund, while a large parcel of new underclothing made by the women-folk of the community has been forwarded to Boston for shipment to Belgium.

Personals.

Rev. Frederic J. Gauld, now of Leominster, Mass. has accepted a call to the First Unitarian Church of Toledo, Ohio, and will enter on his new work February 1.

The guests of honor at the annual New Year's reception of the American Unitarian Association will be Prof. J. C. Bose, from Calcutta, and Mrs. Bose. Prof. Bose is perhaps the most distinguished scientist in India; he has recently made important discoveries in the electrical field. He is returning from England, where he has been lecturing at the Oxford University. He is a prominent member of the Brahmo Somaj of India, and will bring her greeting.

The Russian government has placed an embargo on all kinds of lumber, to prevent its exportation; walnut lumber, including Circassian walnut, much prized by American furniture makers, is specifically mentioned.

Digitized by Google

Pleasantries.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickembury, "they moved further out into the residuary quarter of the city."

Ethel (studying grammar): "Say, Reggie, if a man druggist is called a pharmacist, what would you call a woman druggist?" Reggie: "A pharmacister, of course."

"The only objection I have to golf," said Miss Cayenne, "is that it sometimes becomes a trifle wearisome." "But you don't play the game." "No. But I have a friend who does."—*Washington Star.*

Jimmy wanted his tooth after it had been drawn, so the dentist wrapped it up in paper and gave it to him. "But what are you going to do with it, Jimmy?" he asked. "I am going to take it home, cram it full of sugar, and watch it ache."

Lady (who during a short trip had to put her pug dog in board at a neighbor's family): "Well, children, have you always been very kind to my pet?" Chorus: "Yes!" Little Carl (blurting out): "And he can swim, now, too!"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

An Irishman made certain statements in the House of Commons which brought from his English opponent the cry of treason. The Irishman responded, "I would have the honorable gentleman know that what is treason in England is reason in Ireland because of the absentee."—*Boston Herald.*

A few days ago a little friend of ours, three years old, stopped for her daily visit, but as we had other company we did not pay much attention to her chatter until she said that she would go home. I asked her to come over again, and she answered doubtfully, "Well, if you'd like to have me, I'll stay now." *Chicago Tribune.*

My husband, who is a minister, had occasion one afternoon while making calls to pass our home. Three-year-old Edward was playing in the yard. His father pretended not to see the child and walked past the gate without speaking. Amazement written on his face, Edward sprang up from his play and ran after his father, calling, "Say, is your name 'Daddy'?"

Pat came to the dentist's, but when he saw the gleaming pair of forceps approaching his face he positively refused to open his mouth. The dentist quietly told his page-boy to prick his patient with a pin, and, when Pat opened his mouth to yell, the dentist seized the tooth, and out it came. "It didn't hurt as much as you expected, did it?" the dentist asked, smiling. "Well, no," replied Pat, hesitatingly. "But," he added, placing his hand on the spot where the boy pricked him with the pin, "begorra, little did I think the roots would reach down like that."—*Northwestern Advocate.*

Horace sat and gnawed his pen, says *Answers*, concentrating a look of hatred on the blank sheet of paper before him. From his seat he could see others dashing off fluent essays on Henry VIII. "Two minutes more!" came from the teacher. Then Horace, in desperation, seized his pen and made a bid for fame. "Henry VIII. was a king of England. He was born at Anno Domino, and he had sixty wives. The first he ordered to be executed, but she was beheaded. He revoked the second, and the third died; and then he married Annie Bowling, the daughter of Tom Bowling. When he died he was succeeded on the throne by his Aunt Mary. Her full name was Mary Queen of Scots, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Our National Societies.

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 705 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association.

Founded in 1825.
The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Henry M. Williams, Esq.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Founded in 1827.
Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.
President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.
Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

The Alliance of Unitarian Women.

Organized in 1890.
Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Mrs. Caroline S. Atherton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Young People's Religious Union.

Organized in 1896.
Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."
Address correspondence to the *Secretary*, Miss Grace R. Torr.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

Unitarian Temperance Society.

Organized in 1866.
The practical working committee of the Unitarian churches to promote the cause of temperance by publishing and freely distributing pamphlets and tracts, arranging for conferences, and sending speakers upon request to give addresses on various phases of the temperance question.
Address correspondence to the *President*, Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N.J.
Address contributions to the *Treasurer*, Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 165 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

Organized in 1864. It meets biennially for the purpose of strengthening the churches that unite with it for more and better work for the kingdom of God.
President, Hon. Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, N.Y.; Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Charles A. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.; F. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; W. Loud, Montreal, Can.
General Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, Milwaukee, Wis., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Treasurer, Percy A. Atherton, 53 State Street, Boston.
Committee on Fellowship.—Executive Committee: Rev. Leon A. Harvey, New York, N.Y.; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Hingham, Mass.

National League of Unitarian Laymen.

Organized May 25, 1909, "to bring the men of the separate churches into closer acquaintance, co-operation, and fellowship."
Honorary President, Hon. William H. Taft.
President, Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Vice-Presidents: Charles W. Amos, St. Paul, Minn.; Cyril H. Burdett, New York City; Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville, Fla.; Milton T. Garvin, Lancaster, Pa.; Milton F. Harvey, Montreal, Can.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Elmer S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.
Field Secretary, Samuel B. Nobbs, Marlborough, Mass.

Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.

Organized in 1908, "to provide a fellowship for united action against all forms of social injustice, and to sustain one another in the application of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."
President, Rev. Alson H. Robinson, Newton Centre, Mass.
Honorary Vice-Presidents: Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. William M. Brundage, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Mr. Charles Zueblin.
Address correspondence and send contributions to the *Secretary-Treasurer*, Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 1039 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

PIPE & REED CHURCH ESTEY ORGANS 120 BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON — MASS.

WHY NOT READ THIS AD?
Underground Garbage Receiver
No Flies. No Litter. No Odors.
Opens with the foot: closes itself. Clean and sanitary. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 19 FOSTER STREET, LYNN, MASS.

Geo. H. Ellis Co.
PRINTERS
272 Congress Street, Boston

"JUBILATE DEO" HYMNAL
Edited by Rev. Charles W. Wendte
Price, 40 cents
By mail, 50 cents
Geo. H. Ellis Co.
272 Congress St., Boston.
Also an edition with services, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents per copy. Young People's Religious Union: 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Antique Views of ye Towne of Boston
BY
JAMES H. STARK
"Some of the views are taken from engravings now exceedingly rare, and all of them have an historical value."
LARGE QUARTO. 378 PP.
PRICE $5.00 POSTPAID
For Sale by GEO. H. ELLIS CO., 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational.

THE MISSES ALLEN SCHOOL
West Newton, Mass.
Address as above for circulars.

THE TUCKERMAN SCHOOL
FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS and PARISH ASSISTANTS. For particulars address the Dean.
MRS. CLARA T. GUILD,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL-LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
Exceptional health conditions. Careful supervision. Staff of trained teachers. Well-correlated courses in academic, agricultural, commercial, and domestic arts subjects. All that is promised in the catalogue is faithfully fulfilled. Low charges. Scholarships.
PROCTOR ACADEMY
ANDOVER, N.H.

Digitized by Google

BOUND IN LIBRARY
APR 19 1916
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 08039 4409
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google